

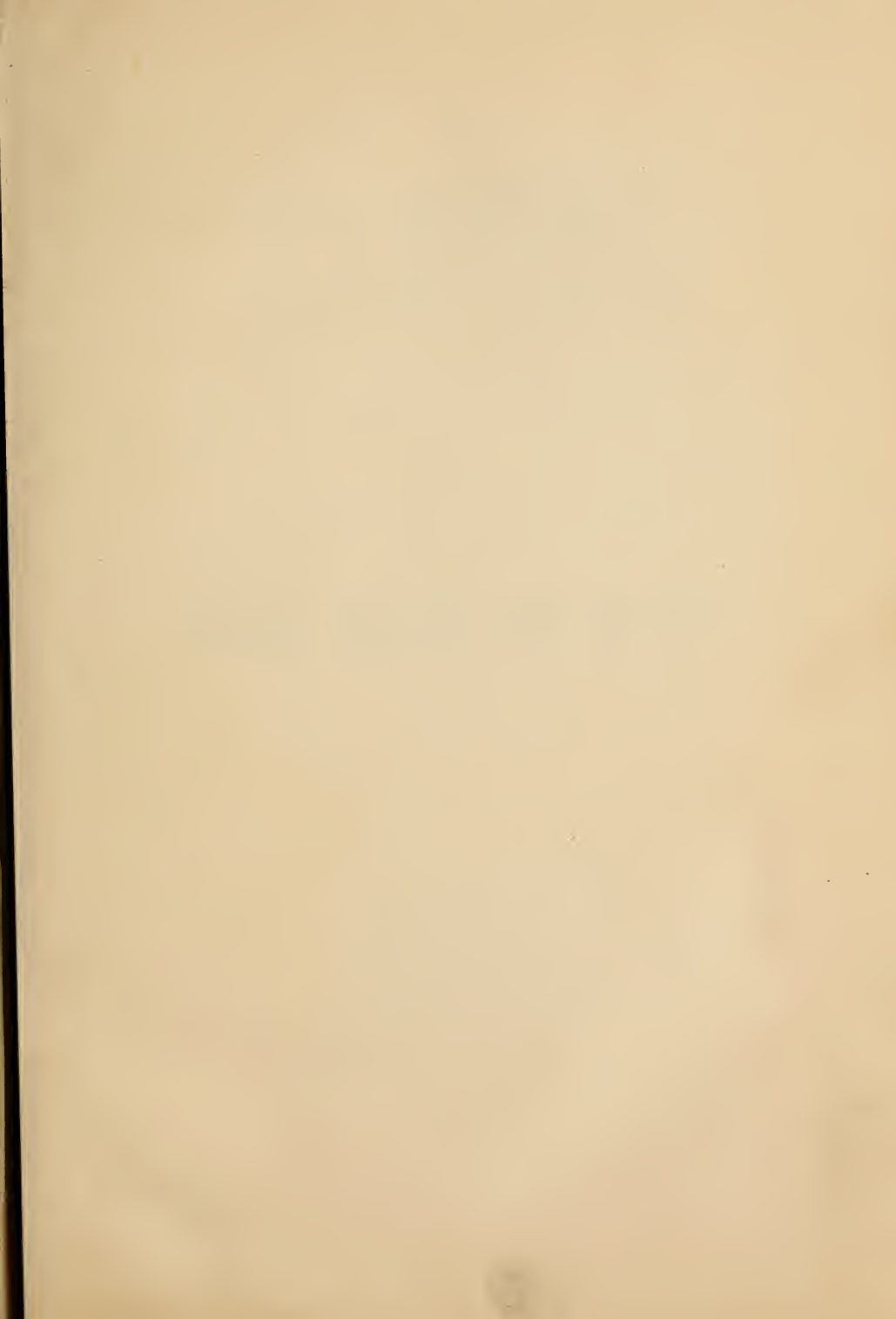


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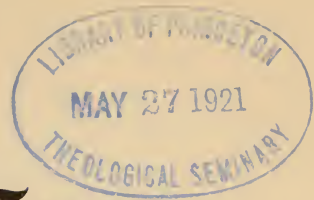




Church Hymns and Tunes

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✓ Church
Hymns and Tunes



EDITED BY

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AND

✓ WILLIAM F. BIDDLE

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Preface

The editors of Church Hymns and Tunes desire briefly to state the guiding intentions in the compiling of this work.

They have been:

1. That it shall be a book of reasonable size, — not a thesaurus of religious poems, but a moderate number of hymns for singing, carefully selected for their worth and beauty as expressions of Christian praise, and truth, and experience.

2. That the hymns selected shall have such lyric quality as to justify to modern judgment their being set to music and sung in the services of public worship.

3. That the tunes shall have dignity, worth, and appropriateness as music, and that their rhythmical accents shall always, as far as possible, coincide with the natural reading accents of the hymn.

4. That the best of the old and well-known hymns and tunes shall be retained.

5. That some of the best of the later and less known productions shall be included, to the end that our available possessions of worthy hymns and music may be enlarged and enriched.

These are high aims, and earnest efforts have been made towards reaching them. Careful thought and study have been given to a wide examination of ancient and modern hymnody in order to bring out of this treasure the best things, new and old. The selection includes hymns by authors belonging to almost every branch of the Christian Church.

The same care and thought have been given to seeking from all available sources of ancient melody and modern tune the best musical settings, being guided by our aims already stated and by the thought that the book is intended for the use of the congregation. There are many new tunes, mainly from the latest and best work of acknowledged leaders in English ecclesiastical music.

Much of the labor bestowed upon this work has been in directions where its success can only be recognized by thorough inspection and trial; but it is hoped and believed that appreciation will come with examination and will grow with use.

The editors desire to gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the friends, whose names cannot be separately mentioned, but who have rendered cordial and valuable help, and also to the many authors and composers whose hymns and tunes will be found in this collection.

Special thanks are due to those who have kindly given free permission for the use of copyright hymns — to the Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, D. D. for hymn 85; Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D. for hymn 362; Mrs. John Hay for the late Hon. John Hay's hymn, 423; Miss Alice M. Longfellow for ten hymns of the late Rev. Samuel Longfellow; Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D., for hymns 535 and 616; E. P. Dutton & Co., for the late Bishop Brooks' hymn, 132; Houghton, Mifflin and Company for the hymns of Mr. John G. Whittier, 291 and 420, and of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 107 and 626; Oliver Ditson & Co. for hymn 367; Rev. H. L. Crain for hymn 645.

The editors would also express their deep sense of obligation to the composers and owners of copyrights who have generously permitted the free use of their copyright tunes — the Biglow and Main Co. for "He Leadeth Me;" Mr. Walter Caldicott for "Civitas Dei;" Mrs. Arthur Cottman for "Caterham," "Dalehurst," "Eversley," "Mirfield," "St. Jude;" the Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, D. D. for "Ancient of Days;" Mrs. A. E.

Dyer for "Weston;" Mr. J. W. Elliott for "Kemsing;" Harvard University for "Bethlehem" (Barnby); Mr. H. M. Higgs for "Cara Patria;" Mr. G. Everett Hill for "Rex Triumphans;" the Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D. for "Watts" and "Eucharistic Hymn;" the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, D.D. for "Materna," "Penitence," "Pro Patria;" Mrs. F. G. Ilsley for "Ilsley;" Mr. C. S. Jekyll for "Stoneleigh;" Mr. J. C. Knox for "Knox;" the Rev. Lindsay B. Longacre for "New America;" Mr. L. H. Redner for "St. Louis;" Mr. F. L. Sealy for "Cantus Gloriosus;" the Rev. T. Herbert Spinney for "St. Denys;" Mr. C. G. Verrinder for "Verrinder;" Mr. Samuel Weeks for "Burlough," "Lustleigh;" Oliver Ditson & Co. for "Diligence;" Thomas Nelson and Sons for "Marion;" Presbyterian Board of Publication for "Glad Day," "Pilgrim Host;" Psalms and Hymns Trust (London) for "Ravenglas," "Evening Shadows;" Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for "Lundy;" Weeks & Co. for "Camden Road," "Perivale;" J. H. Vincent for "Bread of Life."

Acknowledgment and thanks are also due to those who have allowed the purchase of permission to use the following copyright tunes — to Mrs. Mary Blow for "Agnus Dei;" Mr. J. H. Gower, Mus. Doc. for "Meditation;" Mr. W. Crofton Hemmons for "Aurora;" the Rev. W. Garrett Horder for "Fides Patrum;" Mr. Robert Jackson for "Bekesbourne," "Niagara," "Trentham;" Mrs. Robert Lowry for "Need;" Mr. A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc. for "Cantone," "Lampadarius;" Mr. Horatio W. Parker, Mus. Doc. for "Foundation," "Garden City," "Jubilate," "King of Glory," "Stella;" Mr. H. J. Storer for "Brothers' Voices;" Mr. Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc. for "Consecration," "Hatfield Hall," "St. Ishmael," "Solatium Caritatis;" Hymns Ancient and Modern for "Misericordia," "Rangoon;" Novello, Ewer & Co. for "Day's Ending," "Lætitia," "Minster," "Ransomed Church;" Trustees of the Church Hymnary (Edinburg) for "Gratias Agimus," "Highgate;" Universalist Publishing House for "Eaton;" Wesleyan Methodist Conference (London) for "College Chapel," "Downfield," "Gersau," "Harrogate," "Lynton," "Noricum."

A sincere effort has been made to ascertain the authorship and ownership of copyright tunes and hymns in order to secure permission for their use previous to insertion. If any copyright has been infringed, or acknowledgment omitted, the editors would tender their apologies for unintentional failure and omission, and give the assurance that these, when known, will be remedied in future editions.

The book is now sent forth with the earnest hope that, through the divine blessing, its use may help to promote a richer and more devout worship of God in the sanctuary and in the home.

HERBERT B. TURNER.
WILLIAM F. BIDDLE.

Contents

	Page		Page
Preface	v	Index of Authors	xxix
Index of First Lines	ix	Index of Composers	xxxii
Index of Chants and Responses	xxi	The Commandments	xxxvii
Alphabetical Index of Tunes	xxii	Opening Sentences, The Lord's	
Metrical Index of Tunes	xxv	Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed	xxxviii

The Hymns

	Hymns		Hymns
Morning	1-11	Faith and Consecration	291-322
Evening	12-31	Love and Gratitude	323-344
The Lord's Day	32-45	Service	345-369
The Opening of Service	46-64	Warfare	370-394
The Close of Service	65-73	Trust and Resignation	395-427
The Holy Scriptures	74-82	Trial and Temptation	428-439
The Holy Trinity	83-89	Hope and Comfort	440-453
God's Majesty	90-102	The Communion of Saints	454-465
God's Fatherhood and Love	103-111	Prayer and Aspiration	466-496
Praise to God	112-125	Death	497-507
Our Lord Jesus Christ:		Life Everlasting	508-528
His Advent and Birth	126-146	The Church	529-541
His Ministry	147-163	Dedication	542-549
His Passion and Crucifixion	164-175	The Ministry	550-555
His Resurrection	176-187	Baptism	556-564
His Ascension	188-193	The Lord's Supper	565-581
His Intercession and Reign	194-207	Missions	582-606
His Second Coming	208-216	Offerings	607-611
Praise to Christ	217-233	Marriage	612-615
The Holy Spirit	234-244	Harvest and Thanksgiving	616-624
Salvation	245-255	National	625-632
Invitation	256-274	The Year and Travellers	633-644
Penitence	275-290	Requested Hymns	645-661

Doxologies			Page
Chants and Responses			556
			557



Index of First Lines

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
A charge to keep I have . . .	353	Rev. Charles Wesley	Laban	L. Mason
A few more years shall roll . . .	497	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{ Leominster (1) { Chalvey (2)	G. W. Martin Rev. L. G. Hayne
A little child, the Saviour came	562	W. Robertson	Highgate	F. C. Woods
A mighty fortress is our God . .	102	Martin Luther	Ein Feste Burg	Martin Luther
A parting hymn we sing . . .	570	Rev. A. R. Wolfe	Dennis	Arr. for H. G. Nageli
A voice by Jordan's shore . . .	163	Rev. S. Longfellow	Eastnor	A. King
Abide with me! fast falls . . .	28	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Eventide	W. H. Monk
According to Thy gracious . . .	569	James Montgomery	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
Again, as evening's shadow . . .	14	Rev. S. Longfellow	Canonbury	R. Schumann
Again our earthly cares we leave	47	Rev. John Newton	St. Stephen	W. Jones
Again returns the day of holy	34	William Mason	Langran	J. Langran
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	164	Rev. I. Watts	Martyrdom	H. Wilson
All glory, laud, and honor . . .	160	{ St. Theodulph { Tr. J. M. Neale	{ Lancashire (1) { College-Chapel (2)	H. Smart Rev. A. E. Sharpley
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name	220	Rev. E. Perronet	{ Coronation (1) { Miles Lane (2)	O. Holden W. Shrubsole
All my heart this night rejoices	140	Rev. Paul Gerhardt	{ All This Night (1) { Stella (2)	F. C. Maker H. W. Parker
All people that on earth . . .	650	William Kethe	Old Hundredth	Genevan Psalter
All praise to Him of Nazareth . .	568	William Cullen Bryant	Lucius	Fr. Templi Carmina
All praise to Thee, my God . . .	13	Bp. Thomas Ken	Tallis Eve. Hymn	Alt. fr. T. Tallis
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! . .	187	Lat. Tr. Rev. F. Pott	Victory	From Palestina
Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts and	186	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Lux Eoi	A. S. Sullivan
Alleluia, sing to Jesus . . .	193	W. C. Dix	Alleluia	S. S. Wesley
Alleluia, song of sweetness . . .	463	Tr. J. M. Neale	Alleluia, dul. Car.	E. J. Hopkins
Almighty Father, bless the . . .	68	Anonymous	Germany	Gardiner's Melodies
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	66	Rev. John Cawood	Arlington	Arr. from T. A. Arne
Always with us, always with us	451	Rev. E. H. Nevin	Brocklesbury	C. A. Barnard
Am I a soldier of the cross . . .	375	Rev. Isaac Watts	Mirfield	A. Cottman
Ancient of days who sittest . . .	85	Bp. W. C. Doane	{ Ancient of Days (1) { Strength & Stay (2)	T. A. Jeffery Rev. J. B. Dykes
And is the time approaching . . .	591	Jane Borthwick	Hatfield Hall	C. Vincent
Angels, from the realms of glory	137	J. Montgomery	{ Regent Square (1) { Minster (2)	H. Smart C. S. Jekyll
Angels, roll the rock away . . .	184	Rev. Thomas Scott	Easter	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Angel voices ever singing . . .	100	Rev. Francis Pott	{ Angel voices (1) { Angel voices (2)	A. S. Sullivan E. G. Monk
Another six days' work is done	41	Rev. J. Stennett	Hebron	L. Mason
Another year is dawning . . .	637	F. R. Havergal	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley
Approach, my soul, the mercy	477	Rev. John Newton	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty	565	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Peterborough	J. Goss
Art thou weary, art thou . . .	272	Rev. J. M. Neale	{ Stephanos (1) { Bullinger (2)	H. W. Baker E. W. Bullinger
As pants the hart for cooling . . .	483	Tate and Brady	Spohr	Arr. fr. L. Spohr
As the sun doth daily rise . . .	4	Anon. Tr. "O. B. C."	Innocents	Old French Melody
As with gladness men of old . . .	138	William C. Dix	Dix	Conrad Kocher
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep . .	504	Margaret Mackay	{ Ludington (1) { Rest (2)	W. F. Biddle W. B. Bradbury
At the name of Jesus . . .	205	Caroline M. Noel	Princethorpe	W. Pitts
At Thy feet, our God and Father	638	Rev. J. D. Burns	Vesper Hymn	Arr. J. Stevenson
Awake, and sing the song . . .	223	Wm. Hammond	{ Media (1) { St. Thomas (2)	J. Goss A. Williams
Awake, my soul, and with . . .	9	Bp. Thomas Ken	Morning Hymn	F. H. Barthelemon
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	320	Rev. S. Medley	Park Street	M. A. Venua
Awake, my soul, stretch every	376	Rev. P. Doddridge	Christmas	G. F. Handel

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Be still, my heart, these anxious	442	Rev. John Newton	Hebron	L. Mason
Before Jehovah's awful throne	91	Rev. Isaac Watts	Cannons	Handel
Before the day draws near its	29	Rev. John Ellerton	Day's Ending	J. Barnby
Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly	114	Rev. Isaac Watts	Christmas	Arr. from Handel
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh	216	Rev. Gerard Moultrie	Midnight	G. A. MacFarren
Behold, the Master passeth by	259	Bp. W. W. How	Warner	Geo. Kingsley
Behold the throne of grace	475	Rev. John Newton	Eastnor	A. King
Behold us, Lord, a little space	467	Rev. John Ellerton	Catherham	A. Cottman
Beneath the cross of Jesus	322	Elizabeth C. Clephane	St. Christopher	F. C. Maker
Beneath the shadow of the cross	646	Rev. S. Longfellow	Gouda	B. Tours
Blessed Jesus, here we stand	560	B. Schmolck	Tender Shepherd	J. Barnby
Blessed Saviour, thee I love	339	Rev. Geo. Duffield	Noricum	F. James
Blest be the tie that binds	457	Rev. John Fawcett	Boylston	L. Mason
Blest day of God, most calm	42	J. Mason	Bradfield	J. B. Calkin
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	249	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Lenox (1) Christ Church (2)	L. Edson C. Steggall
Book of grace, and book of	81	Thos. Mackellar	Mansfield	E. H. Turpin
Bow down Thine ear, Almighty	553	Rev. T. E. Powell	Mendon	Ger. Mel. Arr. S. Dyer
Bread of Heav'n, on Thee I feed	572	Josiah Conder	Spanish Hymn	Spanish Melody
Bread of the world in mercy	579	Bp. Reginald Heber	Eucharistic Hymn	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
Break Thou the bread of life	656	Mary A. Lathbury	{ Bread of Life (1) Coniston (2)	W. F. Sherwin R. Briant
Brief life is here our portion	523	Bernard of Cluny	Anfield	Anonymous
Brightest and best of the sons	144	Bp. Reginald Heber	{ St. Ninian (1) Brightest & Best 2	Rev. J. B. Dykes Rev. J. F. Thrupp
Brightly gleams our banner	388	T. J. Potter	Vexillum	H. Smart
By Christ redeemed, in Christ	580	George Rawson	Hanford	A. S. Sullivan
Call Jehovah thy salvation	418	James Montgomery	Trust	Arr. Mendelssohn
Calm on the listening ear	126	E. H. Sears	Gabriel	Arr. A. S. Sullivan
Cast thy burden on the Lord	414	Rev. John Cennick	St. Bees	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Child Jesus comes from	143	Hans C. Andersen	Andersen	N. W. Gade
Children of the heavenly King	334	Rev. John Cennick	Pleyel's Hymn	Ignace Pleyel
Christ, above all glory seated	207	Tr. by Bp. Woodford	St. Oswald	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Christ for the world we sing	588	Rev. Samuel Wolcott	St. Amory	W. F. Biddle
Christ is made the sure	540	Tr. Rev. J. M. Neale	Triumph	H. J. Gauntlett
Christ is our Corner-stone	548	Tr. Rev. J. Chandler	Darwall	Rev. J. Darwall
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!	177	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Resurrexit	A. S. Sullivan
Christ the Lord is risen again	181	Rev. M. Weisse	Lætabundus	E. J. Hopkins
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	180	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Vienna (1) Cantone (2)	J. H. Knecht A. H. Mann
Christ whose glory fills the skies	3	Rev. Charles Wesley	Charterhouse	A. S. Cooper
Christian, dost thou see them	389	{ St. Andrew of Crete Tr. J. M. Neale	{ St. And. of Cre. (1) Holy War (2)	J. B. Dykes J. Booth
Christian! seek not yet repose	390	Charlotte Elliott	Vigilate	W. H. Monk
City of God, how broad and far	529	Rev. Samuel Johnson	Chesterfield	Rev. T. Haweis
Come, every pious heart	206	Rev. Samuel Stennett	Raleigh	E. Prout
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly	235	Simon Browne	Mendon	Arr. by S. Dyer
Come, Holy Spirit, come	243	J. Hart	Mornington	Earl of Mornington
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove	236	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Come let us join our cheerful	218	Rev. Isaac Watts	Dedham	Wm. Gardiner
Come, let us sing the song of	330	James Montgomery	Duke Street	John Hatton
Come, my soul thou must be	5	Baron Von Canitz	Haydn	Joseph Haydn
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	471	Rev. John Newton	Alcester	C. H. Lloyd
"Come," said Jesus' sacred voice	264	Anna L. Barbauld	Forgiveness	G. M. Garrett
Come sound His praise abroad	51	Rev. Isaac Watts	Day of Praise	Charles Steggall
Come, Thou Almighty King	61	Anonymous	{ Italian Hymn (1) Dorchester (2)	F. De Giardini Waite's Psalmody
Come Thou fount of ev'ry	317	Rev. Robt. Robinson	{ Nettleton (1) Trust (2)	Rev. A. Nettleton Mendelssohn
Come, Thou long expected	141	Rev. Charles Wesley	Trust	Mendelssohn
Come to our poor nature's night See Holy Ghost, the Infinite				
Come to the Saviour now	262	John M. Wigner	Maker	F. C. Maker
Come unto Me when shadows	438	C. H. Esling	Strength and Stay	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Come unto Me, ye weary	267	W. C. Dix	{ Come Unto Me (1) Messiah (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes G. F. Handel

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Come, we that love the Lord . . .	52	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Thomas	A. Williams
Come, ye disconsolate	273	Thomas Moore	Come Ye Discon.	Samuel Webbe
Come, ye faithful, raise	176	John of Damascus	St. Kevin	A. S. Sullivan
Come, ye thankful people, come	618	Rev. Henry Alford	St. Geo. Windsor	G. J. Elvey
Courage, brother, do not stumble	387	Rev. N. Macleod	Courage, Brother	A. S. Sullivan
Cross of Jesus, cross of sorrow	174	J. S. Simpson	Cross of Jesus	J. Stainer
Crown Him with many crowns	198	M. Bridges	{ Diademata, No. 1 (1)	G. J. Elvey
Crown His head with endless	229	Rev. William Goode	{ Diademata, No. 2 (2)	J. Barnby
			Solatum Caritatis	Charles Vincent
Days and moments quickly . . .	505	Rev. Edw. Caswall	St. Sylvester	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Dear Lord and Father of	420	John G. Whittier	Whittier	F. C. Maker
Dear Saviour, we are Thine . . .	300	Rev. P. Doddridge	Earl	Rev. H. B. Turner
Depth of mercy, can there be . .	286	Rev. Charles Wesley	Pleyel's Hymn	Arr. fr. I. Pleyel
Draw nigh and take the body	578	Lat. Tr. J. M. Neale	Lammas	A. H. Brown
Draw nigh, draw nigh See O come, O come, Emmanuel				
Eternal Father! strong to save	642	William Whiting	Melita	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Everlasting arms of love	412	Rev. J. R. Macduff	Burleigh	S. Weekes
Ev'ry morning mercies new	2	Rev. G. Phillimore	Kelso	E. J. Hopkins
Far from my heavenly home	485	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Lyte	J. B. Wilkes
Father, again in Jesus' name	62	L. E. G. Whitmore	Longwood	J. Barnby
Father, hear Thy children call	289	Rev. T. B. Pollock	Landon	F. A. J. Hervey
Father, I know that all my life	292	Anna L. Waring	St. Bede	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Father, in Thy mysterious	659	Rev. S. Johnson	Welwyn	A. Scott-Gatty
Father, let me dedicate	636	Rev. L. Tuttiert	Gordon	J. Barnby
Father of all, to Thee	53	Rev. John Julian	Samuel	A. S. Sullivan
Father of all, Whose love	84	Edward Cooper	Rivaulx	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Father of love and power	31	George Rawson	Bethel	J. H. Cornell
Father of love, our guide	399	Rev. W. J. Irons	Gerontius	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Father of mercies, in Thy word	77	Anne Steele	Nox Præcessit	J. B. Calkin
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	402	Anne Steele	Naomi	Arr. by L. Mason
Father, Who art alone	641	E. J.	Raleigh	E. Prout
Fierce was the billow wild	159	Tr. by J. M. Neale	St. Sophronia	A. H. Brown
Fight the good fight with all . . .	372	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	Niagara	R. Jackson
Fling out the banner! let it float	584	Bp. G. W. Doane	Waltham	J. B. Calkin
For all the saints, who from	464	Bp. W. W. How	Sarum	J. Barnby
For all Thy saints, O Lord	456	Bp. Richard Mant	Day of Praise	C. Stegall
For the beauty of the earth	336	Folliott I. Pierpoint	St. Benet	W. H. Williamson
For the bread and for the wine	574	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Gratias Agimus	W. Alcock
For thee, O dear, dear country	521	Bernard of Cluny	Eden Grove	S. Smith
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	634	Rev. Henry Downton	Lawes	H. Lawes
Forever with the Lord	498	J. Montgomery	{ Nearer Home (1)	I. B. Woodbury
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	293	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Eve. Shadows (2)	J. T. Musgrave
Forward! be our watchword	394	Rev. Henry Alford	Canonbury	R. Schumann
Founded on Thee, our only Lord	546	Rev. S. F. Smith	Watchword	H. Smart
Fountain of good, to own Thy	608	P. Doddridge, E. Osler	Pentecost	W. Boyd
Friend of sinners, Lord of glory	337	Rev. Newman Hall	Perdita	W. F. Biddle
From all that dwell below	90	Rev. Isaac Watts	Moultrie	G. F. Cobb
From all Thy saints in warfare	459	Earl Nelson	Old Hundredth	Genevau Psalter
From every stormy wind that	468	Rev. Hugh Stowell	Savoy Chapel	J. B. Calkin
From Greenland's icy mountains	594	Bp. Reginald Heber	{ Ludington (1)	W. F. Biddle
From ocean unto ocean	627	R. Murray	{ Retreat (2)	T. Hastings
From the eastern mountains	139	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason
From the table now retiring	581	Rev. John Rowe	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason
			Princethorpe	William Pitts
			Whately	Dr. Pearce
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us	436	Thomas Hastings	Whately	Dr. Pearce
Give me the wings of faith	516	Rev. Isaac Watts	Lucius	Tr. Templi Carmina
Give, thou, thy youth to God	261	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Schumann	Fr. R. Schumann
Give to our God immortal praise	92	Rev. Isaac Watts	Warrington	Rev. R. Harrison

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Give to the winds thy fears . . .	449	Rev. Paul Gerhardt	Trentham	R. Jackson
Glorious things of Thee are . . .	541	Rev. John Newton	Austrian Hymn	Joseph Haydn
Glory, and praise, and honor <i>See All glory, laud and honor</i>				
Glory be to God the Father . . .	86	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Ennerdale	J. Clippingdale
Glory to Thee, my God, this night <i>See All praise to Thee</i>				
Go forward, Christian soldier	381	Rev. L. Tuttiert	Lustleigh	S. Weekes
Go, labor on, spend and be spent	357	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Welton	Rev. C. H. A. Malan
Go to dark Gethsemane . . .	171	J. Montgomery	Gethsemane	R. Redhead
God bless our native land . . .	631	{ Rev. C. T. Brooks } { Rev. J. S. Dwight }	New America	Rev. L. B. Longacre
God calling yet! shall I not hear	258	G. Tersteegen	La Barre	W. F. Biddle
God eternal, Lord of all . . .	99	Tr. by J. E. Millard	Ellingham	S. N. Godfrey
God in the gospel of His Son . . .	74	{ Rev. B. Beddome } { Rev. T. Cotterill }	Rockingham Old	Arr. E. Miller
God is Love, His mercy . . .	109	J. Bowring	All for Jesus	J. Stainer
God is the refuge of His saints	409	Rev. Isaac Watts	Ward	Arr. by L. Mason
God moves in a mysterious way	398	William Cowper	Dundee	Arr. from C. Tye
God, my King, Thy might . . .	121	Bp. Richard Mant	St. Oswald	Rev. J. B. Dykes
God of mercy, God of grace . . .	116	Rev. H. F. Lyte	St. Benet	W. H. Williamson
God of our Fathers, Whose . . .	628	Rev. D. C. Roberts	Pro Patria	H. W. Parker
God of pity, God of grace . . .	285	Eliza F. Morris	Thanet	V. Barton
God of the fathers! show their God shall charge his angel legions <i>See Call Jehovah thy salvation</i>	616	R. W. Raymond	Lasus	A. H. Mann
God's trumpet wakes the . . .	383	Rev. S. Longfellow	Nativity	H. Lahee
God, that madest earth and . . .	22	Bp. Reginald Heber	Temple	E. J. Hopkins
God, the All-merciful, earth . . .	632	Tr. H.F. Chorley	{ Russian Hymn (1) { Ultor Omnipotens	Alexis Lwoff A. S. Sullivan
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	248	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Silver Street	Isaac Smith
Gracious Saviour, gentle . . .	557	Jane E. Leeson	Dismissal	W. L. Viner
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine	241	John Stocker	Paraclete	Berthold Tours
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost . . .	239	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Charity	J. Stainer
Grant us thy light <i>See O grant us light, that we may</i>				
Great God, we sing that mighty	633	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Hursley	Asc. to P. Ritter
Great God, what do I see . . .	215	{ Barth. Ringwalt } { Rev. W. B. Collyer }	Luther's Hymn	J. Klug's Gesang- buch
Great is the Lord our God . . .	532	Rev. Isaac Watts	Bethlehem	S. Wesley
Great Shepherd of Thy people, Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	60 415	Rev. John Newton W. Williams	Ravenglas St. Raphael	J. Langran E. J. Hopkins
Hail! sacred day of earthly rest	45	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Dona	J. Goss
Hail the day that sees Him rise	189	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Ascension (1) { Laus Semp. (2)	W. H. Monk S. Reay
Hail! Thou once despised Jesus	227	Rev. J. Bakewell	{ St. Hilda (1) { Salvador (2)	J. Barnby J. Goss
Hail to the brightness of Zion's	605	Thomas Hastings	Wesley	L. Mason
Hail to the Lord's Anointed . . .	595	James Montgomery	Greenland	Lausanne Psalter
Hail to the Sabbath day . . .	36	Rev. S. G. Bulfinch	Olmutz	Arr. by L. Mason
Happy the man who knows his Hark! a thrilling voice is . . .	355 212	Rev. T. C. Upham Tr. by Rev. E. Caswall	Greenwood Lucerne	J. E. Sweetser T. A. Willis
Hark! hark! my soul . . .	527	Rev. F. W. Faber	{ Pilgrims (1) { Vox Angelica (2)	H. Smart Rev. J. B. Dykes
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	263	William Cowper	St. Bees	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Hark! ten thousand harps and Hark! the glad sound . . .	201 129	Rev. Thomas Kelly Rev. P. Doddridge	Harwell St. Saviour	Lowell Mason F. G. Baker
Hark! the herald angels sing . . .	135	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Mendelssohn (1) { Herald Angels (2) { Lætitia (1) { Onido (2)	Mendelssohn Rev. J. B. Dykes J. Barnby Arr. by L. Mason
Hark! the song of jubilee . . .	597	James Montgomery	Sanctuary	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Hark! the sound of holy voices	513	Bp. C. Wordsworth	{ Heber (1) { Kensington, N. (2)	E. J. Hopkins J. Tilleard
Hark! the voice of love and . . .	169	Rev. J. Evans	Sanctuary	J. Tilleard
Hark! what mean those holy	142	Rev. John Cawood	Sanctuary	Rev. J. B. Dykes

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
He has come, the Christ of God	130	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{ Burleigh (1) Glad Day (2)	S. Weckes W. W. Gilchrist
He leadeth me; O blessed . . .	416	Rev. J. H. Gilmore	{ He Leadeth Me (1) Lampadius (2)	W. B. Bradbury A. H. Mann
He that goeth forth with . . .	368	Thomas Hastings	Stockwell	D. E. Jones
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	279	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Lacrymæ	A. S. Sullivan
Hear our prayer, O Heav'nly	23	Harriet Parr	All for Jesus	J. Stainer
Heav'nly Father, may Thy love	559	Rev. Benjamin Guest	Newington	W. D. MacLagan
Heav'nly Father, Thou hast . .	039	Hester P. Hawkins	Lux Eoi	A. S. Sullivan
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee .	577	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Langran	J. Langran
High in the heav'ns, Eternal .	106	Rev. Isaac Watts	Ward	Arr. by L. Mason
Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts draw	269	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Abends (1) Niagara (2)	H. S. Oakeley R. Jackson
Holy Father, cheer our way . .	16	Rev. R. H. Robinson	Vesperi Lux	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Holy Father, great Creator . . .	87	Bp. A. V. Griswold	Regent Square	H. Smart
Holy Father, hear my cry . . .	88	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Dallas	Arr. M. L. Cherubini
Holy Father, in Thy mercy . . .	044	Isabella S. Stephenson	Bullinger	E. W. Bullinger
Holy Father, Thou hast taught	419	J. M. Neale	Promised Land	H. N. Bartlett
Holy Ghost, the Infinite . . .	238	George Rawson	Septem Voces	A. S. Sullivan
Holy Ghost, with light divine .	240	Rev. Andrew Reed	Ferrier	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God . .	1	Bp. Reginald Heber	Nicæ	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of	89	Bp. C. Wordsworth	St. Athanasius	E. J. Hopkins
Holy Spirit, truth divine . . .	242	Rev. S. Longfellow	Consecration	Charles Vincent
Hosanna to the living Lord! . .	50	Bp. Reginald Heber	Schumma	Rev. J. B. Dykes
How beauteous are their feet	550	Rev. Isaac Watts	Schumann	R. Schumann
How beauteous were the marks	155	Bp. A. C. Coxe	Lasus	A. H. Mann
How blessed, from the bonds	348	Rev. Carl J. P. Spitta	Selwyn	J. Tilleard
How firm a foundation . . .	427	G. Keith (?)	Adeste Fideles	J. Reading
How gentle God's commands	407	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Dennis	H. G. Nageli
How large the promise, how . .	504	Rev. Isaac Watts	Lynton	A. J. Jamouneau
How precious is the book divine	79	Rev. J. Fawcett	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
How sweetly flowed the gospel's	154	J. Bowring	Louvan	V. C. Taylor
How sweet the name of Jesus	324	Rev. John Newton	Sharon	T. Wallhead
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	654	F. R. Havergal	St. Helen's	R. P. Stewart
I bless the Christ of God . . .	404	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Clifton	J. Brabham
I could not do without Thee . .	311	F. R. Havergal	Eden Grove	Samuel Smith
I do not ask that life may be	428	Adelaide A. Procter	Serenity	Arr. W. V. Wallace
I heard the voice of Jesus say	147	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{ Vox Dilecti (1) Bellamy (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes W. F. Biddle
I know no life divided . . .	652	Rev. C. J. P. Spitta	Minden	H. H. Pierson
I know that my Redeemer lives	197	Rev. Charles Wesley	Bradford	G. F. Handel
I lay my sins on Jesus . . .	313	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Hatfield Hall	C. Vincent
I love Thy kingdom, Lord . . .	534	Rev. T. Dwight	St. Thomas	A. Williams
I need Thee every hour . . .	433	Annie S. Hawks	{ Need (1) Every hour (2)	Rev. R. Lowry Rev. P. R. Sleeman
I need Thee, precious Jesus . .	281	Frederick Whitfield	St. George's Bolton	J. Walch
I was a wandering sheep . . .	280	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{ Lebanon (1) Pastor Bonus (2)	J. Zundel A. J. Caldicott
I worship Thee, sweet Will . .	396	Rev. F. W. Faber	Belmont	Arr. fr. W. Gardiner
I would not live away . . .	506	W. A. Mühlenberg	Frederick	G. Kingsley
If Thou impart Thyself to me	655	Rev. Charles Wesley	Manoah	From Rossini
I'm but a stranger here . . .	519	Rev. T. R. Taylor	He'v'n is my home	A. S. Sullivan
I'm not ashamed to own my . .	349	Rev. Isaac Watts	Downs	L. Mason
Immortal Love, forever full . .	291	John G. Whittier	Beatitude	Rev. J. B. Dykes
In full and glad surrender . . .	308	F. R. Havergal	St. Alphege	H. J. Gauntlett
In heav'nly love abiding . . .	411	Anna L. Waring	Cara Patria	H. M. Higgs
In loud exalted strains . . .	542	Rev. Benj. Francis	King of Glory	H. W. Parker
In mem'ry of the Saviour's love	567	Rev. Thos. Cotterill	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
In the cross of Christ, I glory	173	J. Bowring	Rathbun	I. Conkey
In the dark and cloudy day . .	445	George Rawson	Irene	C. C. Scholefield
In the hour of trial . . .	432	James Montgomery	Penitence	S. Lane
In Thy name, O Lord . . .	57	Rev. Thomas Kelly	Heber	E. J. Hopkins
In token that thou shalt not . .	563	Rev. H. Alford	Marlow	Rev. J. Chetham
It came upon the midnight . . .	131	Rev. C. H. Sears	{ Knox (1) Cantus Glorio. (2)	J. C. Knox F. L. Sealy

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
It is not death to die	500	Rev. H. A. C. Malan	Greenwood	J. E. Sweetser
I've found a Friend, O such .	315	Rev. J. G. Small	Constance	A. S. Sullivan
Jerusalem, my happy home . .	510	Founded on "F. P. B."	Southwell	H. S. Irons
Jerusalem, the golden	520	Bernard of Cluny	{ Ewing (1) Urbs Beata (2)	A. Ewing G. F. LeJeune
Jesus, and shall it ever be . .	359	Rev. Joseph Grigg	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult	271	C. F. Alexander	{ Whatley (1) Galilee (2)	Dr. Pearce W. H. Jude
Jesus came; the heavens	209	Rev. Godfrey Thring	St. Pancras	H. Smart
Jesus Christ is risen to-day . .	179	Lat. Tate and Brady	{ Worgan (1) Easter Hymn(2)	Fr. Lyra Davidica W. H. Monk
Jesus, engrave it on my heart	252	Rev. Samuel Medley	Maryton	Rev. H. P. Smith
Jesus, I live to Thee	299	Rev. H. Harbaugh	Chiselhurst	J. Barnby
Jesus, I my cross have taken .	316	Rev. H. F. Lyte	{ Falfield (1) Disciple (2)	A. S. Sullivan W. A. Mozart
Jesus, I will trust Thee	302	Mary J. Walker	Trusting	John Adcock
Jesus lives! thy terrors now . .	178	Rev. C. F. Gellert	St. Albinus	H. J. Gauntlett
Jesus, Lord of life and glory . .	435	John J. Cummins	Blessing	J. Barnby
Jesus, Lover of my soul	306	Rev. C. Wesley	{ Hollingside (1) Martyn (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes S. B. Marsh
Jesus, Master, whom I serve . .	365	F. R. Havergal	Noricum	F. James
Jesus, Master, whose I am . . .	304	F. R. Havergal	Bekesbourne	R. Jackson
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	344	Rev. Henry Collins	St. Chrysostom	J. Barnby
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	437	Rev. J. R. Macduff	Hanford	A. S. Sullivan
Jesus, my strength, my hope . .	446	Rev. Charles Wesley	Boylston	L. Mason
Jesus shall reign where'er the	585	Rev. Isaac Watts	Missionary Chant	H. C. Zeuner
Jesus, the very tho't of Thee . .	326	Bernard of Clairvaux	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Jesus, these eyes have never . .	327	Rev. Ray Palmer	Nox Præcessit	J. B. Calkin
Jesus, Thou art the sinners . .	245	Rev. R. Burnham	Gerontius	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	571	Bernard of Clairvaux	Quebec	H. Baker
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	328	{ Rev. P. Gerhardt } { Rev. John Wesley }	Valete	A. S. Sullivan
Jesus! Thy name I love	221	Rev. J. G. Deck	Weston	A. E. Dyer
Jesus, to Thy table led	573	Rev. R. H. Baynes	Lacrymæ	A. S. Sullivan
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	49	William Cowper	Mendon	Ger. Melody
Join all the glorious names . . .	225	Rev. Isaac Watts	Harrogate	W. Sanderson
Joy to the world the Lord is . .	127	Rev. Isaac Watts	Nativity	H. Lahee
Just as I am, without one plea	283	Charlotte Elliott	{ Misericordia (1) Woodworth (2) Agnus Dei (3)	H. Smart W. H. Bradbury W. Blow
Kingdoms and thrones to God	93	Rev. Isaac Watts	Missionary Chant	C. Zeuner
Lamb of God, whose bleeding	576	Rev. Charles Wesley	Gersau	Rev. L. M. White
Lamp of our feet whereby we	76	Bernard Barton	Sawley	J. Walch
Lead, kindly Light, amid	424	Rev. J. H. Newman	{ Lux Benigna (1) Newman (2) Sandon (3)	Rev. J. B. Dykes C. H. Baptiste Calkin C. H. Purdy
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead	417	James Edmeston	{ Redemption (1) Verona (2)	C. Gounod J. H. Deane
Leaning on Thee, my guide, . .	320	Charlotte Elliott	Almsgiving	J. B. Dykes
Leave God to order all thy . . .	425	George Neumarck	Peniel	J. Booth
Let no hopeless tears be shed	503	Anonymous	St. Millicent	A. S. Sullivan
Let saints below in concert sing	454	Rev. Charles Wesley	Sharon	T. Wallhead
Let us, with a gladsome mind	120	John Milton	Posen	C. G. Strattner
Lift up your heads, ye gates . .	582	James Montgomery	Bracondale	Josiah Booth
Light of the lonely Pilgrim's heart	200	Edward Denny	Caterham	A. Cottman
Lo! God is here, let us adore . .	95	Gerhard Tersteegen	Litlington Tower	J. Barnby
Lo! He comes with clouds . . .	214	{ Rev. J. Cennick } { Rev. C. Wesley }	St. Thomas	S. Webbe (?)
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses	455	Scotch Paraphrases	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
Look, ye saints, the sight is . .	203	Rev. Thomas Kelly	{ Rex Triumphans Corfe Mullen (2)	G. E. Hill Rev. T. R. Matthews
Lord, dismiss us with Thy . . .	69	Anon (Asc. to Rev. J. Fawcett)	{ Sicilian Mariners St. Raphael (2)	Sicilian Melody E. J. Hopkins
Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!	112	Thomas Cotterill	Ch. Triumphant	J. W. Elliott
Lord God, the Holy Ghost . . .	244	J. Montgomery	Franconia	J. G. Ebeling

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Lord, her watch Thy church is	599	Rev. H. Downton	{ Everton (1) { Faben (2)	H. Smart J. H. Willcox
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine	297	Rev. Samuel Davies	Pentecost	W. Boyd
Lord I believe; Thy power I own	294	Rev. J. R. Wreford	Lynton	A. J. Jamouneau
Lord, I have made Thy word my	78	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Saviour	F. G. Baker
Lord, I hear of showers . . .	657	Elizabeth Codner	Etiam et Mihi	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt	10	Rev. Isaac Watts	Dalehurst	Arthur Cotman
Lord it belongs not to my care	397	Rev. Richard Baxter	Burlington	J. Burrows
Lord, lead the way the Saviour	345	Rev. Wm. Crosswell	Gouda	B. Tours
Lord of all being, thron'd afar	107	Oliver W. Holmes	Mendon	Arr. by S. Dyer
Lord of glory, Thou has bought	610	E. S. Alderson	Chilston	A. H. Mann
Lord of Hosts, to Thee we raise	544	James Montgomery	University Coll.	H. J. Gauntlett
Lord of mercy and of might . .	470	Bp. Reginald Heber	{ Ambrose (1) { St. Serban (2)	Arr. by H. Gauntlett E. H. Thorne
Lord of our life! and God of our	549	M. A. Von Lowenstern	Cloisters	J. Barnby
Lord of power, Lord of might	97	Rev. George Thring	Heathlands	H. Smart
Lord of the harvest, it is right	604	Rev. S. J. Stone	Harvest	C. J. Frost
Lord of the living harvest . .	554	J. S. B. Monsell	Holy Church	A. H. Brown
Lord of the worlds above . . .	537	Rev. Isaac Watts	Christ Church	C. Steggall
Lord, speak to me, that I may	358	F. R. Havergal	Holley	G. Hews
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	466	James Montgomery	Faith	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Lord, Thou lovest the cheerful	611	R. Murray	Bethany	H. Smart
Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven				
<i>See Round the Lord, in glory</i>				
Lord, we come before Thee now	54	William Hammond	Horton	X. von Wartensee
Lord, when we bend before Thy	46	J. D. Carlyle	Beatitudo	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Lord, while for all mankind we	630	Rev. J. R. Wreford	St. Anne	William Croft
Lord, Who at Cana's wedding	612	Adelaide Thrupp	Selwyn	J. Tilleard
Lord, with glowing heart I'd .	111	F. S. Key	Faben	J. H. Willcox
Love divine, all love excelling	58	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Beecher (1) { Promised Land(2)	J. Zundel H. N. Bartlett
Majestic sweetness sits . . .	323	Samuel Stennett	{ Burlington (1) { Ortonville (2)	J. F. Burrows T. Hastings
Mighty God, while angels bless	230	Rev. R. Robinson	Bethany	H. Smart
More love to Thee, O Christ . .	332	E. P. Prentiss	Propior Deo	A. S. Sullivan
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	347	{ Rev. T. Shepherd { Rev. C. Beecher, v. 4.5	Eversley (1) Maitland (2)	A. Cottman G. N. Allen
My country, 'tis of thee . . .	629	Rev. S. F. Smith	America	H. Carey
My days are gliding swiftly . .	494	Rev. David Nelson	Shining Shore	G. F. Root
My dear Redeemer, and my . .	150	Rev. Isaac Watts	Rockingham New	Lowell Mason
My faith looks up to Thee . . .	298	Rev. Ray Palmer	{ Olivet (1) { Faith (2)	L. Mason J. H. Cornell
My God, accept my heart this	295	Matthew Bridges	Azmon	Arr. by L. Mason
My God and Father				
<i>See My God, my Father</i>				
My God, how endless is Thy love	8	Rev. Isaac Watts	Angelus	J. G. W. Scheffler
My God, how wonderful Thou	101	Rev. F. W. Faber	Dundee	Scotch Psalter
My God, I thank Thee, who . .	341	Adelaide A. Procter	Wentworth	F. C. Maker
My God, is any hour so sweet	474	Charlotte Elliott	Almsgiving	Rev. J. B. Dykes
My God, my Father, while I . .	421	Charlotte Elliott	{ Hanford (1) { Troyte (2)	A. S. Sullivan A. H. D. Troyte
My gracious Lord, I own Thy	356	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Rockingham Old	E. Miller
My hope is built on nothing less	321	Rev. Edward Mote	St. Chrysostom	J. Barnby
My Jesus, as Thou wilt . . .	422	Benjamin Schmolke	Harland	J. Stainer
My soul, be on thy guard . . .	380	Rev. George Heath	{ Laban (1) { Calvin (2)	L. Mason Anonymous
My soul, repeat His praise . .	125	Rev. Isaac Watts	Schumann	R. Schumann
My spirit on Thy care	406	Rev. Henry F. Lyte	St. Andrew	J. Barnby
My times are in Thy hand . . .	408	William F. Lloyd	Barclay	Rev. H. B. Turner
Nearer, my God, to Thee . . .	489	Sarah F. Adams	{ Bethany (1) { Horbury (2)	L. Mason Rev. J. B. Dykes
Near the cross was Mary . . .	172	Tr. J. W. Alexander	Stabat Mater	Rev. J. B. Dykes
New every morning is the love	7	Rev. John Keble	Melcombe	Samuel Webbe
Not all the blood of beasts . .	301	Rev. Isaac Watts	Olmutz	Arr. by L. Mason
Not in dumb resignation . . .	423	Hon. John Hay	Civitas Dei	A. J. Caldicott

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Not what these hands have done	250	Rev. H. Bonar	State Street	J. C. Woodman
Now God be with us	19	Bohemian Brethren	Nightfall	J. Barnby
Now I resolve with all my heart	296	Anne Steele	Maryton	Rev. H. P. Smith
Now let our cheerful eyes survey	195	Rev. P. Doddridge	Vaughan	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Now may He who from the dead	72	Rev. John Newton	Cantone	A. H. Mann
Now, on land and sea	24	Rev. S. Longfellow	Sardis	Beethoven
Now rest, ye pilgrim host	535	R. W. Raymond	{ St. Ishmael (1) { Pilgrim Host (2)	C. Vincent W. W. Gilchrist
Now sing we a song for the . . .	622	J. W. Chadwick	Kemsing	J. W. Elliott
Now thank we all our God	333	Rev. M. Rinkart	Nun Danket	J. Cruger
Now the day is over	30	S. Baring-Gould	Merrial	J. Barnby
Now the laborer's task is o'er	502	Rev. John Ellerton	{ Requiescat (1) { Hebron (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes J. Barnby
Now to the Lord a noble song	118	Rev. Isaac Watts	Ware	G. Kingsley
O bless the Lord, my soul	124	J. Montgomery	St. Thomas	A. Williams
O blessed Son of God	645	Rev. H. L. Crain	{ Rialto (1) { Earl (2)	G. F. Root Rev. H. B. Turner
O bread to Pilgrims given	575	Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer	Holborn	T. Adams
O brothers, lift your voices . . .	382	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Brothers' Voices	H. J. Storer
O cease, my wandering soul . . .	247	W. A. Muhlenberg	Ferguson	G. Kingsley
O come, all ye faithful	146	Anon. Lat. 17th Cent.	Adeste Fideles	J. Reading
O come, and mourn with me . . .	167	Rev. F. W. Faber	St. Cross	Rev. J. B. Dykes
O come, O come, Emmanuel . . .	136	Anon. Tr. J. M. Neale	{ Veni Emmanuel 1 { Veni Emmanuel 2	Ancient Plain Song C. Gounod
O could I speak the matchless	224	Rev. S. Medley	Ariel	Arr. by L. Mason
O day of rest and gladness	32	Bp. C. Wordsworth	{ Bentley (1) { St. Anselm (2)	J. Hullah J. Barnby
O everlasting Light	487	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Domenica	H. S. Oakeley
O Father, hear my morning	11	Mrs. F. A. Percy	Eversley	Arthur Cottman
O for a closer walk with God	482	William Cowper	Belmont	Arr. f. W. Gardiner
O for a faith that will not	479	W. H. Bathurst	Bartlett	H. N. Bartlett
O for a heart to praise my God	481	Rev. Charles Wesley	Abridge	Isaac Smith
O for a thousand tongues to sing	217	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Newbold (1) { Sawley (2)	G. Kingsley J. Walch
O God, beneath Thy guiding	625	Rev. Leonard Bacon	Duke Street	J. Hatton
O God, in Whom we live and . . .	361	Rev. S. Longfellow	Louvan	V. C. Taylor
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	395	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Bristol	E. Hodges
O God of mercy, God of might	369	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Harlech	Welsh Air
O God, our help in ages past . . .	104	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Anne	William Croft
O God, the Rock of Ages	110	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Webb	G. J. Webb
O God, unseen, yet ever near . . .	566	Edward Osler	Sawley	J. Walch
O God, we praise Thee,	105	Nahum Tate	Anagola	J. H. Crossley
O grant us light, that we may . . .	234	Rev. L. Tuttiert	Otterbourne	Haydn, Arr. J. Turler
O happy band of pilgrims	364	St. Joseph, Tr. Neale	Lincoln	M. Vulpus
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen	318	Charlotte Elliott	Flemming	Arr. fr. Flemming
O Jesus, crucified for man	166	Bp. W. W. How	Lundy	C. H. Lloyd
O Jesus, I have promised	309	Rev. J. E. Bode	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott
O Jesus, King most wonderful . . .	194	Bernard of Clairvaux	Tiltey Abbey	A. H. Brown
O Jesus, Thou art standing	266	Bp. W. W. How	St. Edith	J. H. Knecht
O Jesus, when I think of Thee	325	G. W. Bethune	Green Hill	A. L. Peace
O Lamb of God, still	312	J. G. Deck	Lux Mundi	A. S. Sullivan
O little town of Bethlehem	132	Bp. Phillips Brooks	{ Bethlehem (1) { St. Louis (2)	J. Barnby L. H. Redner
O Lord, be with us when we sail	643	Rev. E. A. Dayman	Albano	V. Novello
O Lord of heav'n and earth	342	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Almsgiving	Rev. J. B. Dykes
O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King	626	Oliver W. Holmes	Ward	Old Scotch Melody
O Lord of Hosts, whose glory	545	Rev. J. M. Neale	Wareham	W. Knapp
O Lord, our God, arise	583	Anonymous	Laban	L. Mason
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	276	John Markant	Dundee	Arr. from C. Tye
O love divine and golden	613	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	Seabrook	W. F. Biddle
O love divine, how sweet Thou	493	Rev. Charles Wesley	Purleigh	A. H. Brown
O love divine, that stooped to . . .	431	Oliver W. Holmes	Birstall	A. Widdop
O love of God, how strong	108	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Rockingham Old	Arr. by E. Miller
O love that casts out fear	490	Rev. Horatius Bonar	St. Denys	F. Spinney
O Love that wilt not let me go	653	Rev. G. Matheson	Margaret	A. L. Peace

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
O Master, let me walk with Thee	362	Rev. Wash. Gladden	Maryton	H. P. Smith
O Master, when Thou callest . . .	363	Sarah G. Stock	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley
O mother dear, Jerusalem . . .	508	Founded on "F. B. P."	Materna	S. A. Ward
O One with God the Father . . .	233	Bp. W. W. How	Pearsall	St. Gall Gesangbuch
O Paradise! O Paradise! . . .	517	Rev. F. W. Faber	{ Paradise (1) Paradise (2)	J. Barnby H. Smart
O perfect Love, all human tho'ts	614	D. F. Blomfield	{ Perfect Love (1) Crofton (2)	J. Barnby Lord Crofton
O quickly come, dread judge . . .	210	Rev. L. Tuttielt	St. Petersburg	D. Bortniansky
O ronder thanks unto the Lord	340	Rev. A. E. Evans	Perivale	C. E. Kettle
O Sacred Head, now wounded	170	Rev. Paul Gerhardt	{ Passion Choral (1) St. Christopher (2)	H. L. Hassler F. C. Maker
O Saviour, precious Saviour . . .	232	F. R. Havergal	Westwood	R. H. McCartney
O Sion, haste, thy mission nigh	587	Mary A. Thomson	Tidings	J. Walch
O speed thee, Christian, on thy	373	Anonymous	Marlow	J. Chetham
O still in accents sweet and . . .	346	Rev. S. Longfellow	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
O Thou, from Whom all . . .	429	Rev. Thomas Haweis	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
O Thou great Teacher from . . .	607	Rev. T. C. Upham	Dedham	William Gardiner
O Thou not made with hands . . .	661	F. T. Palgrave	St. Veronica	F. H. Champneys
O Thou, the contrite sinner's . . .	204	Charlotte Elliott	Just as I am	J. Barnby
O Thou, whose own vast temple	543	William C. Bryant	Azmon	L. Mason
O Thou, whose tender mercy . . .	275	Anne Steele	Mear	A. Williams
O timely happy, timely wise. <i>See New every morning is the love</i>				
O what, if we are Christ's . . .	430	Henry W. Baker	Swainsthorpe	J. Booth
O what the joy and the glory . . .	528	P. Abelard, 12th Cent.	O quanta qualia	Ancient Plain Song
O where are kings and . . .	531	Bp. Arthur C. Coxo	St. Anne	W. Croft
O where is He that trod the sea	148	Rev. T. T. Lynch	Filius Dei	A. R. Gaul
O where shall rest be found . . .	486	James Montgomery	Newland	H. J. Gauntlett
O who like Thee, so calm. <i>See How beauteous were the marks</i>				
O wondrous type! O vision fair	151	Tr. by J. M. Neale	Keble	Rev. J. B. Dykes
O word of God incarnate . . .	82	Bp. William W. How	Magdalena	J. Stainer
Oft in danger, oft in woe . . .	392	{ H. K. White F. Fuller-Maitland }	University College	H. J. Gauntlett
Oh, worship the King . . .	63	Robert Grant	Hanover	W. Croft
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's	157	Rev. C. Coffin	Winchester	Crasselius
On our way rejoicing . . .	386	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	David	T. Morley
On the mountain's top . . .	598	Rev. Thomas Kelly	{ Heber (1) Zion (2)	E. J. Hopkins T. Hastings
Once in royal David's city . . .	145	C. F. Alexander	Irby	H. J. Gauntlett
One holy Church of God . . .	530	Rev. S. Longfellow	Newton	T. Jackson
One sole baptismal sign . . .	458	George Robinson	Harrogate	W. Sanderson
One sweetly solemn thought . . .	499	Phoebe Cary	Gorton	Arr. fr. Beethoven
One there is above all others . . .	255	Rev. John Newton	Gounod	C. Gounod
Onward, Christian soldiers . . .	393	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	St. Gertrude	A. S. Sullivan
Open now thy gates of beauty	56	Rev. B. Schmolck	{ Prescott (1) Neander (2)	R. P. Stewart Rev. J. Neander
Our blest Redeemer ere He . . .	237	Harriet Auber	St. Cuthbert	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Our country's voice is pleading	592	M. F. Anderson	Lancashire	H. Smart
Our day of praise is done . . .	21	Rev. John Ellerton	Garden City	W. Parker
Out of the deep I call . . .	277	Rev. H. W. Baker	St. Bride	S. Howard
Peace, perfect peace . . .	453	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	{ Pax Tecum (1) Cœna Dom. (2)	C. T. Calbeck A. S. Sullivan
Pour out Thy Spirit from on	551	James Montgomery	Easton	Mozart
Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion	119	Henry F. Lyte	Germany	Gardiner's Melodies
Praise, my soul, the King . . .	122	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Praise My Soul	J. Goss
Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns . . .	123	Foundling Ch. Coll.	St. Asaph	W. B. Bambridge
Praise to God, immortal praise	620	Anna L. Barbauld	Dix	C. Kocher
Praises to Him whose love has	226	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Duke Street	J. Hatton
Prayer is the soul's sincere . . .	651	James Montgomery	St. Agnes	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Present with the two or three	472	Fanny Freer	Lacrymæ	A. S. Sullivan
Purer yet and purer . . .	491	J. W. von Goethe	Lyndhurst	Anonymous
Rejoice, rejoice, believers! . . .	213	L. Laurenti, Tr.	Greenland	Lusanne Psalter

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Rejoice, the Lord is king . .	199	Rev. Charles Wesley	{ Arthur's Seat (1) { Jubilate (2)	Arr. from J. Goss H. W. Parker
Rejoice, ye pure in heart . .	377	Rev. E. H. Plumtre	Marion	A. H. Messiter
Ride on! ride on in majesty .	156	Rev. H. H. Milman	St. Drostan	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	190	Matthew Bridges	{ Verrinder (1) { Fiat Lux (2)	C. G. Verrinder Rev. J. B. Dykes
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy	492	Rev. R. Seagrave	Amsterdam	Arr. J. Nares
Rock of Ages, cleft for me . .	251	Rev. A. M. Toplady	{ Toplady (1) { Gethsemane (2)	T. Hastings R. Redhead
Round the Lord, in glory seated	59	Richard Mant	{ St. Frideswide (1) { Ransm'd Church	C. H. Lloyd J. Barnby
Safely through another week	35	Rev. John Newton	Sabbath	L. Mason
Saints of God! the dawn is . .	600	Mary Maxwell	Regent Square	H. Smart
Saviour, again to Thy dear . .	73	Rev. John Ellerton	{ Pax Dei (1) { Ellers (2)	Rev. J. B. Dykes E. J. Hopkins
Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen	366	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Ruth	S. Smith
Saviour, breathe an evening .	26	James Edmeston	Lucerne	T. A. Willis
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us	473	Anonymous	Jesu, Bone Pastor	J. H. Willcox
Saviour, now the day is ending	70	Sarah Doudney	Gounod	C. Gounod
Saviour, source of every blessing	228	Rev. R. Robinson	Trust	Mendelssohn
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	602	Bp. A. C. Coxe	{ Falfield (1) { St. Oswald (2)	A. S. Sullivan J. B. Dykes
Saviour, teach me day by day	335	Jane E. Leeson	Halsey	W. F. Biddle
Saviour, Thy dying love . . .	649	Rev. S. Dryden Phelps	Heaven my home	A. S. Sullivan
Saviour! when in dust to Thee	282	Robert Grant	Spanish Hymn	Spanish Melody
Saviour, Who Thy flock art . .	558	W. A. Muhlenberg	Arundel	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Saviour, Who Thy life didst give	590	A. De F. Lockwood	Consecration	C. Vincent
See, Israel's gentle Shepherd .	561	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Ravenglas	J. Langran
See, the Conqueror mounts in	192	Bp. C. Wordsworth	Rex Gloriæ	H. Smart
Shepherd of tender youth . .	231	Earliest known hymn	Kirby Bedon	E. Bunnett
Shout the glad tidings . . .	128	W. A. Muhlenberg	Avison	C. Avison
Since Jesus is my friend . . .	403	Rev. Paul Gerhardt	Greenwood	J. E. Sweetser
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous	465	Latin, 5th Cent.	Alleluia Perenne	W. H. Monk
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn	134	Bp. C. Wordsworth	St. Athanasius	E. J. Hopkins
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	331	Rev. S. B. Monsell	Jordan	J. Barnby
Sing to the Lord, our might . .	39	Rev. Henry F. Lyte	Domenica	H. S. Oakeley
Sing with all the sons of glory	183	Rev. W. J. Irons	Sursum Voces	H. E. Button
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	265	Rev. Charles Wesley	Benevento	S. Webbe
Sleep thy last sleep	501	Rev. E. A. Dayman	Requiem	J. Barnby
So let our lips and lives express	360	Rev. Isaac Watts	Hamburg	Arr. by L. Mason
Softly fades the twilight ray . .	71	Rev. S. F. Smith	Solitude	L. T. Downes
Softly now the light of day . .	20	Bp. George W. Doane	Seymour	C. M. von Weber
Soldiers of Christ, arise	378	Rev. Charles Wesley	Amerton	W. Haynes
Soldiers of the cross, arise . .	603	Bp. W. W. How	Innocents	Old French Melody
Songs of praise the angels sang	98	James Montgomery	{ Vienna (1) { Honiton (2)	J. H. Knecht E. Flood
Souls of men! why will ye . .	268	Rev. F. W. Faber	Ilsley	F. G. Ilsley
Sow in the morn thy seed . . .	354	J. Montgomery	Aldersgate	G. P. Merrick
Speed Thy servants, Saviour . .	601	Rev. Thomas Kelly	Blessing	J. Barnby
Spirit of God! descend	648	Rev. George Croly	Ellers	E. J. Hopkins
Stand, soldier of the cross . . .	556	Bp. E. H. Bickersteth	Silver Street	Isaac Smith
Stand up, and bless the Lord . .	113	James Montgomery	Swainsthorpe	J. Booth
Stand up, my soul, shake off . .	371	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	Wareham	W. Knapp
Stand up, stand up for Jesus . .	384	Rev. George Duffield	{ Webb { Stand up for Jesus	J. G. Webb J. Barnby
Standing at the portal	635	F. R. Havergal	St. Alban	Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn
Still, still with Thee	658	Mrs. H. B. Stowe	Alverstoke	J. Barnby
Still with Thee, O my God . . .	480	Rev. J. D. Burns	St. Giles	J. M. Bell
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour . .	15	Rev. John Keble	Hursley	P. Ritter
Surrounded by unnumbered . .	385	Gerald Massey	{ Fides Patrum (1) { Credo (2)	G. P. Harris J. Stainer
Sweet is the solemn voice that	533	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Warrington	Rev. R. Harrison
Sweet is the work, my God . . .	40	Rev. Isaac Watts	Duke Street	J. Hatton
Sweet is the work, O Lord . . .	38	Harriet Auber	Greenwood	J. E. Sweetser
Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord . . .	476	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	St. Andrew	J. Barnby

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we Sweet the moments, rich in . . .	67 175	Frederick W. Faber James Allen	St. Matthias Brocklesbury	W. H. Monk C. A. Barnard
Take my heart, O Father, take it	314	Dr. Bartol's Coll.	{ Crowell (1) Repose (2)	"Narrative Hymns" C. J. Dickinson
Take my life and let it be . . .	307	Rev. F. R. Havergal	Ellingham	S. N. Godfrey
Take up thy cross the Saviour	257	C. W. Everest	Blockley	T. Blockley
Tarry with me, O my Saviour	25	Caroline L. Smith	St. Sylvester	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Teach me, my God and King	351	Rev. George Herbert	Franconia	J. G. Ebeling
Teach me to live! 'tis easier far	660	Ellen E. Burman	Spes Mea	J. S. Warburton
Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way	152	Rev. W. T. Matson	Oxford	J. Stainer
Teach us what Thy love has . . .	288	Rev. T. B. Pollock	Agapé	G. Herbert
Ten thousand times	525	Rev. Henry Alford	Alford	J. B. Dykes
The Church's one foundation	536	Rev. S. J. Stone	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley
The day is past and over	18	Anatolius, Tr. by J. M. Neale	{ St. Anatolius (1) St. Anatolius (2)	A. H. Brown Rev. J. B. Dykes
The day of praise is done				
The day of Resurrection	182	John of Damascus	{ Rotterdam (1) Lancashire (2)	B. Tours H. Smart
The eternal gates lift up <i>See The golden gates are lifted</i>				
The God of Abraham praise . . .	117	T. Olivers	{ Leoni (1) Covenant (2)	Jewish Melody J. Stainer
The God of harvest praise . . .	621	James Montgomery	Amory	W. F. Biddle
The golden gates are lifted up	191	C. F. Alexander	Hermann	N. Hermann
The Head that once was crowned	196	Rev. Thomas Kelly	St. Magnus	Jeremiah Clark
The heav'ns declare Thy glory	75	Rev. Isaac Watts	Lundy	C. H. Lloyd
The Homeland! O the	522	Rev. H. R. Haweis	The Homeland	A. S. Sullivan
The King of glory standeth . . .	253	C. L. S. Bancroft	Berthold	B. Tours
The King of love my Shepherd is	410	Rev. H. W. Baker	Dominus Regit Me	Rev. J. B. Dykes
The Lord be with us as we bend	65	Rev. John Ellerton	Bartlett	H. N. Bartlett
The Lord is King, lift up thy . . .	94	Josiah Conder	Mainzer	J. Mainzer
The Lord is rich and merciful	274	Rev. T. T. Lynch	Aurora	H. F. Benson
The Lord my Shepherd is	405	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Giles	J. M. Bell
The morning light is breaking	593	Rev. F. S. Smith	Webb	G. J. Webb
The roseate hues of early dawn	484	C. F. Alexander	{ Castle Rising (1) Roseate Hues (2)	F. A. J. Hervey J. Barnby
The sands of time are sinking	526	Anne R. Cousin	Rutherford	C. D'Urhan
The shadows of the evening . . .	12	Adelaide A. Procter	S. Leonard	Henry Hiles
The Son of God goes forth to war	370	Bp. Reginald Heber	{ All Saints New (1) Warrior (2) St. Anne (3)	H. S. Cutler Rev. A. Macdonald W. Croft
The spacious firmament on high	96	J. Addison	Creation	F. J. Haydn
The Spirit breathes upon	80	William Cowper	Emmanuel	Arr. fr. Beethoven
The Spirit in our hearts	260	H. U. Onderdonk	St. Andrew	J. Barnby
The strife is o'er, the battle done <i>See Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!</i>				
The sun is sinking fast	27	Latin Hymn, Tr. E. Caswall	{ Hopkins (1) Sun is Sinking (2)	J. H. Hopkins Henry Smart
The voice that breathed o'er . . .	615	Rev. John Keble	Matrimony	J. Stainer
The world is very evil	524	Bernard of Cluny	Pearsall	St. Gall Gesangbuch
Thee will I love	338	J. Scheffler	Baynard	J. Booth
There is a blessed home	518	Rev. H. W. Baker	Blessed Home	J. Stainer
There is a fountain filled	647	William Cowper	Cowper	L. Mason
There is a green hill far away	165	C. F. Alexander	Meditation	J. H. Gower
There is a holy sacrifice	284	Charlotte Elliott	Rischohme	H. J. Gauntlett
There is a land of pure delight	509	Rev. Isaac Watt	{ St. Marguerite (1) Smart (2)	Rev. E. C. Walker H. Smart
There is a safe and secret place	401	Rev. H. F. Lyte	Eversley	Arthur Cottman
There is an eye that never sleeps	478	Rev. J. C. Wallace	Bradfield	J. B. Calkin
There is an hour of peaceful rest	515	Rev. W. B. Tappan	{ Peaceful Rest (1) Newcastle (2)	J. Barnby H. L. Morley
There is no night in heaven . . .	511	Rev. F. M. Knollys	Garden City	H. W. Parker
There's a wideness in God's . . . <i>See Souls of men, why will ye scatter</i>				
They who seek the throne	488	Oliver Holden	Seymour	Arr. fr. Weber
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of . .	149	Rev. E. H. Plumptre	Deliverance	J. Barnby
Thine forever! God of love . . .	305	M. F. Maude	Glebe	Rev. J. B. Dykes

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
This is not my place of resting	512	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Sardis	Arr. fr. Beethoven
This is the day of light . . .	37	Rev. John Ellerton	Amberst	Rev. H. B. Turner
This is the day the Lord hath	43	Rev. Isaac Watts	Downs	L. Mason
This night, O Lord, we bless . .	17	Rev. J. D. Burns	Minden	H. H. Pierson
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	208	F. R. Havergal	Beverly	W. H. Monk
Thou art gone to the grave, but I	507	Bp. Reginald Heber	Victory	J. Barnby
Thou art gone up on high . . .	188	Emma Toke	Ascension	H. J. Gauntlett
Thou art the way; to Thee alone	246	Bp. G. W. Doane	Eversley	A. Cottman
Thou didst leave Thy throne	158	Emily E. S. Elliott	Margaret	Rev. T. R. Matthews
Thou hidden love of God, whose	495	G. Tersteegen	Baynard	J. Booth
Thou hidden source of calm . . .	441	Rev. Charles Wesley	Pater Omnium	H. J. E. Holmes
Thou knowest, Lord	439	Jane Borthwick	Grasmere	J. Barnby
Thou Lord of life, our saving.	609	Rev. S. Longfellow	Germany	Gardiner's Melodies
Thou, to whom the sick	161	Rev. Godfrey Thring	Stoneleigh	C. S. Jekyll
Thou, Whose Almighty word . . .	589	Rev. John Marriott	{ Italian Hymn (1) { Westerdale (2)	Felice de Giardini H. Hiles
Thou very present aid	448	Charles Wesley	Downfield	H. E. Button
Though faint, yet pursuing . . .	450	Rev. J. N. Darby	{ Foundation (1) { Judea (2)	H. W. Parker Rev. J. B. Dykes
Thro' all the changing scenes	103	Tate and Brady	Horsley	W. Horsley
Through the night of doubt . . .	461	B. S. Ingemann	St. Asaph	W. S. Bambridge
Thy life was giv'n for me	303	F. R. Havergal	Harrow	J. Farmer
Thy way, not mine, O Lord . . .	426	Rev. Horatius Bonar	St. Denys	F. Spinney
To Him who for our sins	343	Rev. A. T. Russell	Comforter Divine	S. Reay
To our Redeemer's glorious . . .	219	Anne Steele	St. Stephen	Rev. W. Jones
To the name of our Salvation . . .	254	Tr. J. M. Neale	Redemption	C. Gounod
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	310	J. S. B. Monsell	St. Edith	J. H. Knecht
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we	624	William C. Dix	Golden Sheaves	A. S. Sullivan
To Thy temple I repair	55	James Montgomery	Nuremberg	J. R. Ahle
To-day beneath benignant skies	547	Denis Wortman	Valete	A. S. Sullivan
To-day Thy mercy calls me . . .	270	Oswald Allen	Blairgowrie	Rev. J. B. Dykes
Trumpet of God, sound high . . .	606	A. Brooks	Rangoon	C. Wood
Upward where the stars are . . .	514	Rev. Horatius Bonar	Bonar	J. B. Calkin
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord	413	William F. Lloyd	Lonsdale	F. A. Hervey
Walk in the light; so shalt thou	440	Bernard Barton	Chesterfield	T. Haweis
Watchman, tell us of the night	596	John Bowring	St. Geo's, Windsor	G. J. Elvey
We bid Thee welcome	552	James Montgomery	Keble	Rev. J. B. Dykes
We bless Thee for Thy peace . . .	444	Anonymous	Camden Road	A. Hudson
We cannot always trace the way	452	John Bowring	Lux Æterna	C. Gounod
We give immortal praise	83	Rev. Isaac Watts	{ Watts (1) { Mansfield (2)	Rev. J. S. B. Hodge J. Barnby
We give Thee but Thine own	352	Bp. W. W. How	Swainthorpe	J. Booth
We give Thee thanks, O God . . .	619	R. M. Oford	Hampton	Rev. H. B. Turner
We have not known Thee	287	Rev. T. B. Pollock	St. Chrysostom	J. Barnby
We love the place, O God	538	Rev. W. Bullock	St. Cecilia	Rev. L. G. Hayne
We march, we march to victory	379	Rev. Gerard Moultrie	March to Victory	J. Barnby
We plough the fields and scatter	623	Matthias Claudius	Wir Pflugen	J. A. P. Schulz
We pray Thee, Jesus, who didst	555	Rev. G. Phillimore	Dona	J. Goss
We thank Thee, Lord, for this	617	Bishop Cotton	Eaton	G. W. Chadwick
We would see Jesus for	496	Ellen S. Ellis	Perfect Love	J. Barnby
Weary of earth and laden with	290	Rev. S. J. Stone	Langran	J. Langran
Welcome, delightful morn	33	Hayward	{ Christ Church (1) { Mansfield (2)	C. Steggall J. Barnby
Welcome, happy morning, age	185	V. Fortunatus	{ Wel.Hap.Mor. (1) { Fortunatus (2)	J. B. Calkin A. S. Sullivan
What are these in bright array <i>See Who are these in bright array</i>				
What grace, O Lord, and beauty	162	E. Denny	Marguerite	E. C. Walker
What shall I render to my God	48	Rev. Isaac Watts	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
When all Thy mercies, O God	115	Joseph Addison	Sabbata (Sharon)	H. F. Hemy
When Christ from Heaven came	211	C. F. Alexander	Liampadarius	A. H. Mann
When I can read my title clear	443	Rev. Isaac Watts	Arlington	T. A. Arne
When I survey the wondrous.	168	Rev. Isaac Watts	Hamburg	Arr. by L. Mason
When morning gilds the skies	222	Tr. Rev. E. Caswall	Laudes Domini	J. Barnby
When our heads are bowed	434	Rev. H. H. Milman	Redhead	R. Redhead

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR	NAME OF TUNE	COMPOSER
When, streaming from	6	William Shrubsole	Pater Omnium	H. J. E. Holmes
When the weary, seeking rest	469	Rev. Horatius Bonar	{ Elijah (1) Intercession (2)	J. Stainer W. H. Callcott
Where'er have trod Thy sacred	153	Anonymous	Festus	German Chorale
Wheresoever two or three . .	319	Josiah Conder	Irene	C. C. Scholefield
While shepherds watched their	133	Nahum Tate	Carol	R. S. Willis
While Thee I seek, protecting	400	H. M. Williams	Beatitudo	Rev. J. B. Dykes
While with ceaseless course .	640	Rev. John Newton	Benevento	Arr. from S. Webbe
Who are these in bright array	460	James Montgomery	Waveney	R. S. Newman
Who are these like stars . . .	462	Rev. H. T. Schenk	All Saints Old	Darmst. Gesangb.
Who is on the Lord's side . .	391	F. R. Havergal	Armageddon	Arr. by J. Goss
Who is this, that comes from	202	Rev. Thomas Kelly	Prescott	R. P. Stewart
With broken heart, and contrite	278	Rev. C. Elven	Babylon Streams	T. Campian
With joy we hail the sacred day	44	Harriet Auber	Fernshaw	J. Booth
With tearful eyes I look around	256	Charlotte Elliott	Louvan	V. C. Taylor
With Thee, my Lord, my God <i>See Still with Thee, O my God</i>				
Work, for the night is coming	367	Anna L. Coghill	Diligence	L. Mason
Workman of God, O lose not.	374	Rev. F. W. Faber	Dedham	W. Gardiner
Ye Christian heralds, go	586	Rev. B. H. Draper	Park Street	Arr. fr. Venua
Ye servants of God, your . . .	64	Rev. Charles Wesley	Lyons	Arr. fr. Haydn
Ye servants of the Lord	350	Rev. Philip Doddridge	Day of Praise	C. Steggall
Your harps, ye trembling saints	447	Rev. A. M. Toplady	Olmutz	Arr. by L. Mason
Zion stands by hills surrounded	539	Thomas Kelly	Ashburton	S. Wesley

Index of Chants and Responses

Chants

O come let us sing unto the Lord	1- 7	Venite, Exultemus Domino	<i>Psalm XCV</i>
We Praise Thee, O God	8-10	Te Deum Laudamus	
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel	11-16	Benedictus	<i>Luke i: 68</i>
O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands	17-22	Jubilate Deo	<i>Psalm C</i>
My soul doth magnify the Lord.	23-29	Magnificat.	<i>Luke i: 46</i>
O sing unto the Lord a new song	30-36	Cantate Domino	<i>Psalm XCVIII</i>
It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord	37-40	Bonum est	<i>Psalm XCII</i>
God be merciful unto us and bless us	41-46	Deus Misereatur	<i>Psalm LXVII</i>
Praise the Lord, O my soul. . .	47-53	Benedic, Anima Mea	<i>Psalm CIII</i>
Glory be to God on high	54-56	Gloria in Excelsis Deo. . . .	
Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant	57-58	Nunc Dimittis	<i>Luke ii: 29</i>
Lord, let me know mine end . .	59-62	Lord, let me know mine end	<i>Psalm XXXIX</i>
Lord Thou hast been our refuge	63-66	Domine Refugium	<i>Psalm XC</i>
The Lord is my Shepherd	67-70	Dominus Regit Me	<i>Psalm XXI</i>
The mercy of the Lord is from	71-72	Baptismal Chant	<i>Psalm ciii: 17, 18</i> <i>Ez. xxxvi; 25, 26</i>

Responses

Gloria Patri	1-3
Responses to the Commandments	4-6
Gloria Tibi.	7-12
Dresden Amen	13
Threefold Amen	14
Fourfold Amen	15
Sevenfold Amen	16

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

- Abends, 269
 Abridge, 481
 Adeste Fideles, 146, 427
 Agapé, 288
 Agnus Dei, 283³
 Albano, 643
 Alcester, 471
 Aldersgate, 354
 Alford, 525
 All for Jesus, 23, 109
 All Saints New, 370¹
 All Saints Old, 462
 All this Night, 140¹
 Alleluia, 193
 Alleluia dulce Carmen, 463
 Alleluia Perenne, 465
 Almsgiving, 320, 342, 474
 Alverstoake, 658
 Ambrose, 470¹
 America, 629
 Amertown, 378
 Amherst, 37
 Amory, 588, 621
 Amsterdam, 492
 Anagola, 105
 Ancient of Days, 85
 Andersen, 143
 Anfield, 523
 Angelus, 8
 Angel Voices (Sullivan), 100¹
 Angel Voices (Monk), 100²
 Ariel, 224
 Arlington, 66, 443
 Armageddon, 391
 Arthur's Seat, 199¹
 Arundel, 558
 Ascension (Monk), 189
 Ascension (Gauntlett), 188
 Ashburton, 539
 Aurelia, 363, 536, 637
 Aurora, 274
 Austrian Hymn, 541
 Avison, 128
 Azmon, 295, 543
- Babylon's Streams, 278
 Barclay, 408
 Bartlett, 65, 479
 Baynard, 338, 495
 Beatitudo, 46, 291, 400
 Beecher, 58¹
 Bekesbourne, 304
 Bellamy, 147²
 Belmont, 396, 482
 Benevento, 265, 640
 Bentley, 32¹
 Berthold, 253
 Bethany (Smart), 230, 611
 Bethany (Mason), 489¹
 Bethel, 31
 Bethlehem (Barnby), 132¹
 Bethlehem (Wesley), 532
 Beverly, 208
 Birstall, 431
 Blairgowrie, 270
 Blessed Home, 518
 Blessing, 435, 601
 Blockley, 257
 Bonar, 514
 Boylston, 446, 457
- Bracondale, 582
 Bradfield, 42, 478
 Bradford, 197
 Bread of Life, 656¹
 Brightest and Best, 144²
 Bristol, 395
 Brocklesbury, 175, 451
 Brothers' Voices, 382
 Bullinger, 272², 644
 Burleigh, 130², 412
 Burlington, 323, 397
- Calvin, 380²
 Camden Road, 444
 Cannons, 91
 Canonbury, 14, 293
 Cantone, 72, 180¹
 Cantus Gloriosus, 131²
 Cara Patria, 411
 Carol, 133
 Castle Rising, 484¹
 Caterham, 200, 467
 Chalvey, 497²
 Charity, 239
 Charterhouse, 3
 Chesterfield, 440, 529
 Chilston, 610
 Chisellhurst, 299
 Christ Church, 33, 249², 537
 Christmas, 114, 376
 Church Triumphant, 112
 Civitas Dei, 423
 Clifton, 404
 Cloisters, 549
 Cœna Domini, 453²
 College Chapel, 160²
 Come Unto Me, 267¹
 Come Ye Disconsolate, 273
 Comforter Divine, 343
 Coniston, 656²
 Consecration, 242, 590
 Constance, 315
 Corfe Mullen, 203²
 Coronation, 220¹
 Courage Brother, 387
 Covenant, 117²
 Cowper, 647
 Creation, 96
 Credo, 385²
 Crofton, 614²
 Cross of Jesus, 174
 Crowell, 314¹
- Dalehurst, 10, 429, 477, 569
 Dallas, 88
 Darwall, 548
 David, 386
 Day of Praise, 51, 350, 456
 Day of Rest, 309
 Day's Ending, 29
 Dedham, 218, 374, 607
 Deliverance, 149
 Dennis, 407, 570
 Diademata, No. 1, 198
 Diademata, No. 2, 198²
 Diligence, 367
 Disciple, 316²
 Dismissal, 557
 Dix, 138, 620
 Domenica, 39, 487
- Dominus Regit Me, 410
 Dona, 45, 555
 Dorchester, 61²
 Downfield, 448
 Downs, 43, 349
 Duke Street, 40, 226, 330, 625
 Dundee, 101, 276, 398
- Earl, 300, 645²
 Easter, 184
 Easter Hymn, 179²
 Eastnor, 163, 475
 Easton, 551
 Eaton, 617
 Eden Grove, 311, 521
 Ein Feste Burg, 102
 Elijah, 469
 Ellers, 73², 648
 Ellingham, 99, 307
 Emmanuel, 80
 Emmerdale, 86
 Etiam et Mihi, 657
 Eucharistic Hymn, 579
 Evening Shadows, 498²
 Eventide, 28
 Eversley, 11, 246, 347, 401
 Everton, 599
 Every Hour, 433²
 Ewing, 520¹
- Faben, 111, 599²
 Faith, 298²
 Faith, 466
 Falfield, 316, 602¹
 Federal Street, 359
 Ferguson, 247
 Fernshaw, 44
 Ferrier, 240
 Festus, 153
 Fiat Lux, 190²
 Fides Patrum, 385
 Filius Dei, 148
 Fleming, 318
 Forgiveness, 264
 Fortunatus, 185²
 Foundation, 450
 Franconia, 244, 351
 Frederick, 506
- Gabriel, 126
 Galilee, 271²
 Garden City, 21, 511
 Germany, 68, 119, 609
 Gerontius, 245, 399
 Gersau, 576
 Gethsemane, 171, 251²
 Glad Day, 130²
 Glebe, 305
 Golden Sheaves, 624
 Gordon, 636
 Gorton, 499
 Gouda, 345, 646
 Gounod, 70, 255
 Gramercy, 439
 Gratus Agimus, 574
 Green Hill, 325
 Greenland, 213, 595
 Greenwood, 38, 355, 403, 500
- Halsey, 335
 Hamburg, 168, 360

- Hampton, 619
 Hanford, 421¹, 437, 580
 Hanover, 63
 Harland, 422
 Harlech, 369
 Harrogate, 225, 458
 Harrow, 303
 Harvest, 604
 Harwell, 201
 Hatfield Hall, 313, 591
 Haydn, 5
 Heathlands, 97
 Heaven is My Home, 519, 649
 Heber, 57, 169, 598
 Hebron (Mason), 41, 442
 Hebron (Barnby), 502²
 He Leadeth Me, 416
 Herald Angels, 135²
 Hermann, 191
 Highgate, 562
 Holburn, 575
 Holley, 358
 Hollingside, 306¹
 Holy Church, 554
 Holy War, 389²
 Honiton, 98²
 Hopkins, 27¹
 Horbury, 489²
 Horsley, 103
 Horton, 54
 Hosanna, 50
 Hursley, 15, 633

 Hlsley, 268
 Innocents, 4, 603
 Intercession, 469²
 Irby, 145
 Irene, 319, 445
 Italian Hymn, 61, 589¹

 Jesu, Bone Pastor, 473
 Jordan, 331
 Jubilate, 199²
 Judea, 450²
 Just as I am, 204

 Keble, 151, 552
 Kelso, 2
 Kemsing, 622
 Kensington New, 169²
 King of Glory, 542
 Kirby Bedon, 231
 Knox, 131¹

 Laban, 353, 380, 583
 La Barre, 258
 Lactrymæ, 279, 472, 573
 Lætabundus, 181
 Lætitia, 597
 Lammas, 378
 Lampadarius, 211, 416²
 Lancashire, 160¹, 182², 592
 Landon, 289
 Langran, 34, 290, 577
 Lasus, 155, 616
 Laudes Domini, 222
 Laus Sempiterna, 189²
 Lawes, 634
 Lebanon, 280
 Lenox, 249¹
 Leominster, 497
 Leoni, 117¹
 Lincoln, 364
 Littleington Tower, 95
 Longwood, 62
 Lonsdale, 413
 Louvan, 154, 256, 361
 Lucerne, 26, 212
 Lucius, 516, 568
 Ludington, 468, 504¹
 Lundy, 75, 166
 Lustleigh, 381
 Luther's Hymn, 215
 Lux Æterna, 542
 Lux Benigna, 424¹
 Lux Eoi, 186, 639

 Lux Mundi, 312
 Lyndhurst, 491
 Lynton, 294, 564
 Lyons, 64
 Lyte, 485

 Magdalena, 82
 Mainzer, 94
 Maitland, 347²
 Maker, 262
 Manoah, 655
 Mansfield (Turpin), 81
 Mansfield (Barnby), 33², 83²
 March to Victory, 379
 Margaret (Matthews), 158
 Margaret (Peace), 653
 Marguerite, 162
 Marion, 377
 Marlow, 373, 563
 Martyn, 306²
 Martyrdom, 164
 Maryton, 252, 296, 362
 Materna, 508
 Matrimony, 615
 Mear, 275
 Media, 223¹
 Meditation, 165
 Melcombe, 7
 Melita, 642
 Mendelssohn, 135¹
 Mendon, 49, 107, 235, 553
 Merrial, 30
 Messiah, 267²
 Midnight, 216
 Miles Lane, 220²
 Minden, 17, 652
 Minster, 137²
 Mirfield, 375
 Misericordia, 283¹
 Missionary Chant, 93, 585
 Missionary Hymn, 594, 627
 Morning Hymn, 9
 Mornington, 243
 Moultrie, 337

 Naomi, 402
 Nativity, 127, 383
 Neander, 56²
 Nearer Home, 498¹
 Need, 433
 Nettleton, 317¹
 New America, 631
 Newbold, 217
 Newcastle, 515²
 Newington, 559
 Newland, 486
 Newman, 424²
 Newton, 530
 Niagara, 269², 372
 Nicæa, 1
 Nightfall, 19
 Noricum, 339, 365
 Nox Præcessit, 77, 327
 Nun Danket, 333
 Nuremberg, 55

 Old Hundredth, 90, 650
 Olivet, 298¹
 Olmutz, 36, 301, 447
 Onido, 597²
 O Quanta Qualia, 528
 Ortonville, 323²
 Otterbourne, 234
 Oxford, 152

 Paraclete, 241
 Paradise (Barnby), 517¹
 Paradise (Smart), 517²
 Park Street, 329, 586
 Passion Chorale, 170¹
 Pastor Bonus, 280²
 Pater Omniun, 6, 441
 Pax Dei, 73
 Pax Tecum, 453¹
 Peaceful Rest, 515
 Pearsall, 233, 524

 Peniel, 425
 Penitence, 432
 Pentecost, 297, 546
 Perdita, 608
 Perfect Love, 496, 614
 Perivale, 340
 Peterborough, 565
 Pilgrims, 527
 Pleyel's Hymn, 286, 334
 Posen, 120
 Praise My Soul, 122
 Prescott, 56, 202
 Princetnoorpe, 139, 205
 Promised Land, 58², 419
 Pro Patria, 628
 Propior Deo, 332
 Purligh, 493

 Quebec, 571

 Raleigh, 206, 641
 Rangoon, 606
 Ransomed Church, 59²
 Rathbun, 173
 Ravenglas, 60, 561
 Redemption, 254, 417
 Regent Square, 87, 137, 600
 Repose, 314²
 Requiem, 501
 Requiëscat, 502
 Rest, 504²
 Resurrexit, 177
 Retreat, 468²
 Rex Gloriæ, 192
 Rex Triumphans, 203
 Rialto, 645¹
 Risholme, 284
 Rivaulx, 84
 Rockingham New, 150
 Rockingham Old, 74, 108, 356
 Roseate Hues, 484²
 Rotterdam, 182¹
 Russian Hymn, 632
 Ruth, 366
 Rutherford, 526

 St. Agnes, 79, 236, 326, 346, 651
 St. Alban, 635
 St. Albinus, 178
 St. Alphege, 308
 St. Anatolius, No. 2, 18
 St. Anatolius, No. 3, 18²
 St. Andrew, 250, 260, 406, 476
 St. Andrew of Crete, 389¹
 St. Anne, 104, 531, 630
 St. Anne (Sullivan), 370³
 St. Anselm, 32²
 St. Asaph, 123, 461
 St. Athanasius, 89, 134
 St. Bede, 292
 St. Bees, 263, 414
 St. Benet, 116, 336
 St. Bride, 277
 St. Cecilia, 538
 St. Christopher, 170², 322
 St. Chrysostom, 287, 321, 344
 St. Cross, 167
 St. Cuthbert, 237
 St. Denys, 426, 490
 St. Drostane, 156
 St. Edith, 266, 310
 St. Frideswide, 59¹
 St. George's, Bolton, 281
 St. George's, Windsor, 596, 618
 St. Gertrude, 393
 St. Giles, 405, 480
 St. Helen's, 654
 St. Hilda, 227
 St. Ishmael, 535¹
 St. Kevin, 176
 St. Leonard, 12
 St. Louis, 132²
 St. Magnus, 196
 St. Marguerite, 509
 St. Matthias, 67
 St. Millicent, 503
 St. Ninian, 144

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES

- St. Oswald, 121, 207, 602²
 St. Pancras, 209
 St. Peter, 48, 455, 567
 St. Petersburg, 210
 St. Raphael, 69², 415
 St. Saviour, 78, 129
 St. Serban, 470²
 St. Sophronia, 159
 St. Stephen, 47, 219
 St. Sylvester, 25, 505
 St. Thomas (Webbe), 214
 St. Thomas (Williams), 52, 124,
 223², 534
 St. Veronica, 661
 Sabbata, 115
 Sabbath, 35
 Salvator, 227²
 Samuel, 53
 Sanctuary, 142, 513
 Sandon, 424³
 Sardis, 24, 512
 Sarum, 464
 Savoy Chapel, 459
 Sawley, 76, 217², 566
 Schumann, 125, 261, 550
 Seabrook, 613
 Selwyn, 348, 612
 Septem Voces, 238
 Serenity, 428
 Seymour, 20, 488
 Sharon, 324, 454
 Shining Shore, 494
 Sicilian Mariners, 69
 Silver Street, 248, 556
 Smart, 509²
 Solatium Caritatis, 229
 Solitude, 71
 Southwell, 510
 Spanish Hymn, 282, 572
 Spes Mea, 660
 Spohr, 483
 Stabat Mater, 172
 Stand up for Jesus, 384²
 Stoneleigh, 161
 Stella, 140²
 Stephanos, 272
 Stockwell, 368
 Strength and Stay, 85², 438
 Sursum Voces, 183
 Swainsthorpe, 113, 352, 430
 Tallis's Evening Hymn, 13
 Temple, 22
 Tender Shepherd, 560
 Thanet, 285
 The Homeland, 522
 The Pilgrim Host, 535²
 The Sun is Sinking Fast, 27²
 Tidings, 587
 Tilty Abbey, 194
 Toplady, 251
 Trentham, 449
 Triumph, 540
 Troyte, No. 1. (Chant), 421²
 Trust, 141, 228, 317², 418
 Trusting, 302
 Ultor Omnipotens, 632²
 University College, 392, 544
 Urbs Beata, 520²
 Valet, 328, 547
 Vaughan, 195
 Veni Emmanuel (Plain Song), 136
 Veni Emmanuel (Gounod), 136²
 Verona, 417²
 Verrinder, 190¹
 Vesper Hymn, 638
 Vesperi Lux, 16
 Vexillum, 388
 Victory (Palestrina) 187
 Victory (Barnby), 507
 Vienna, 98¹, 180²
 Vigilae, 390
 Vox Angelica, 527²
 Vox Dilecti, 147
 Waltham, 584
 Ward, 106, 409, 626
 Ware, 118
 Wareham, 371, 545
 Warner, 259
 Warrington, 92, 533
 Warrior, 370²
 Watchword, 394
 Watts, 83¹
 Waveney, 460
 Webb, 110, 384¹, 593
 Welcome Happy Morning, 185
 Welton, 357
 Welwyn, 659
 Wentworth, 341
 Wesley, 605
 Westerdale, 589²
 Weston, 221
 Westwood, 232
 Whatley, 271¹, 436, 581
 Whittier, 420
 Winchester New, 157
 Wir Pflügen, 623
 Woodworth, 283²
 Worgan, 179
 Zion, 598²

Metrical Index of Tunes

Short Metre.

Aldersgate	354
Amerton	378
Amherst	37
Barelay	408
Bethlehem (Wesley)	532
Boylston	446, 457
Calvin	380 ²
Chiselhurst	299
Clifton	404
Day of Praise	51, 350, 456
Dennis	407, 570
Domenica	39, 487
Downfield	448
Earl	300, 645 ²
Eastnor	163, 475
Ferguson	247
Franconia	244, 351
Garden City	21, 511
Gorton	499
Greenwood	38, 355, 403, 500
Laban	353, 380, 583
Lyte	485
Marion (with Refrain)	377
Media	223 ¹
Mornington	243
Newland	486
Olmutz	36, 301, 447
Rialto	645 ¹
St. Andrew	250, 260, 406, 476
St. Bride	277
St. Giles	405, 480
St. Thomas	52, 124, 223 ² , 534
Schumann	125, 261, 550
Silver Street	248, 556
Swainsthorpe	113, 352, 430
Trentham	449

Short Metre, Double.

Ascension (Gauntlett)	188
Chalvey	497 ²
Diademata, No. 1	198
Diademata, No. 2	198 ²
Evening Shadows	498 ²
Lebanon	280
Leominster	497
Nearer Home	498 ¹
Pastor Bonus	280 ¹
St. Ishmael	535
The Pilgrim Host	535 ²

Common Metre.

Abridge	481
Albano	643
Arlington	66, 443
Azmon	295, 543
Bartlett	65, 479
Beatusudo	46, 291, 400
Belmont	396, 482
Bracondale	582
Bradfield	42, 478
Bradford	197
Bristol	395
Burlington	323 ¹ , 397
Camden Road	444
Caterham	200, 467

Chesterfield	440, 529
Christmas	114, 376
Coronation	220 ¹
Cowper	647
Dalehurst	10, 429, 477, 569
Dedham	218, 374, 607
Downs	43, 349
Dundee	101, 276, 398
Emmanuel	80
Eversley	11, 246, 347 ¹ , 401
Faith	466
Fernshaw	44
Gerontius	245, 399
Gouda	345, 646
Green Hill	325
Hermann	191
Horsley	103
Lucius	516, 568
Lynton	294, 564
Maitland	347 ²
Manoah	655
Marguerite	162
Marlow	373, 563
Martyrdom	164
Mear	275
Meditation	165
Miles Lane	220 ²
Mirfield	375
Naomi	402
Nativity	127, 383
Newbold	217
Newton	530
Nox Processit	77, 327
Ortonville	323 ²
Perdita	608
Pevenglas	60, 561
St. Agnes	79, 236, 326, 346, 651
St. Anne	104, 531, 630
St. Anne (Sullivan)	370 ³
St. Magnus	196
St. Marguerite	509
St. Peter	48, 455, 567
St. Saviour	78, 129
St. Stephen	47, 219
Sabbata	115
Sawley	76, 217 ² , 566
Serenity	428
Sharon	324, 454
Smart	509 ²
Southwell	510
Spohr	483
Tilney Abbey	194
Vaughan	195

Common Metre, six lines.

St. Bede	292
--------------------	-----

Common Metre, Double.

All Saints New	370 ¹
Anagola	105
Aurora	274
Bellamy	147 ²
Bethlehem (Barnby)	132 ¹
Cantus Gloriosus	131 ¹
Carol	133
Castle Rising	484 ¹
Deliverance	149
Filius De	148

Gabriel	12
Knox	131 ¹
Materna	508
Roseate Hues	484 ²
St. Leonard	12
St. Louis	132 ²
Selwyn	348, 612
Vox Dilecti	147
Warrior	370 ³

Long Metre.

Abends	261
Angelus	7
Babylon's Streams	278
Birstall	431
Blockley	259
Cannons	91
Canonbury	14, 293
Church Triumphant	112
Duke Street	40, 226, 330, 625
Easton	551
Eaton	617
Federal Street	359
Festus	153
Germany	68, 119, 609
Hamburg	168, 360
Hebron	41, 442
Highgate	562
Holley	358
Hosanna and chorus	50
Hursley	15, 633
Keble	151, 552
La Barre	258
Lampadarius	211, 416 ²
Lasus	155, 616
Litlington Tower	95
Louvan	154, 256, 361
Ludington	468, 504 ¹
Lundy	75, 166
Mainzer	94
Maryton	252, 296, 362
Melcombe	7
Mendon	49, 107, 235, 553
Missionary Chant	93, 585
Morning Hymn	9
Niagara	269 ² , 372
Old Hundredth	90, 650
Otterbourne	234
Oxford	152
Park Street	329, 586
Pentecost	297, 546
Quebec	571
Rest	504 ²
Retreat	468 ²
Rivaulx	84
Rockingham New	150
Rockingham Old	74, 108, 356
St. Cross	167
St. Drostan	156
Tallis's Evening Hymn	13
Waltham	584
Ward	106, 409, 626
Ware	118
Wareham	371, 545
Warner	259
Warrington	92, 533
Welton	357
Winchester New	157

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES

Long Metre, six lines.
 St. Petersburg 210

Long Metre, Double.
 Creation 96
 He Leadeth Me, with Refrain. 416
 Jordan 331

4.6.4.6. Double
 Requiem 501

6.4.6.4.
 Every Hour 433²

6.4.6.4. Double.
 St. Sophronia 159

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
 Bethany 489¹
 Horbury 489²
 Propior Deo 332

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.
 Heaven is My Home 519, 649

6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.
 Need 433¹

6.4.6.6. .
 Hopkins 27¹
 The Sun is Sinking Fast 27²

6.5.6.5.
 Merrial 30

6.5.6.5. Double.
 David 386
 Holy War 389²
 Lyndhurst 491
 Penitence 432
 Princethorpe 139, 205
 Ruth 366
 St. Alban, with Refrain 635
 St. Andrew of Crete 389¹
 Trusting 302
 Vexillum 388

6.5.6.5. Twelve Lines.
 Armageddon 391
 St. Gertrude 393
 Watchword 394

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
 America 629
 Amory 588, 621
 Bethel 31, 298²
 Dorchester 61²
 Fiat Lux 190²

Italian Hymn 61, 589¹
 Kirby Bedon 231
 New America 631
 Olivet 298¹
 Verrinder 190¹
 Westerdale 589²
 Weston 221

6.6.6.6.
 St. Cecilia 538
 St. Denys 426, 490

Six 6's.
 Harrow 303
 Laudes Domini 222
 St. Veronica 661

Eight 6's.
 Blessed Home 518
 Harland 422
 Maker 262

6.6.6.6.8.8.
 Arthur's Seat 199¹
 Christ Church 33, 249², 537
 Darwall 548
 Harrogate 225, 458
 Jubilate 199²
 King of Glory 542
 Lenox 249¹
 Mansfield (Baraby) 33², 83²
 Raleigh 206, 641
 Samuel 53
 Watts 83¹

6.6.8.4. Double.
 Covenant 117²
 Leoni 117¹

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.
 Nun Danket 333

7.5.7.5. Double.
 Gordon 636

7.5.7.5. Double 8.8.
 Elijah 469
 Intercession 469²

7.6.7.5. Double.
 Diligence 367

7.6.7.6.
 College Chapel 160²
 Lincoln 364
 Matrimony 615
 St. Alphege 308

7.6.7.6. Double.
 Amsterdam 492
 Anfield 523
 Aurelia 363, 536, 637
 Bentley 32¹
 Berthold 253
 Blaigowrie 270

Brothers' Voices 382
 Cara Patria 411
 Come Unto Me 267¹
 Day of Rest 309
 Eden Grove 311, 521
 Ewing 520¹
 Greenland 213, 595
 Hatfield Hall 313, 591
 Holburn 575
 Holy Church 554
 Lancashire 160¹ 182², 592
 Lustleigh 381
 Lux Mundi 312
 Magdalena 82
 Messiah 267²
 Minden 17, 652
 Missionary Hymn 594, 627
 Passion Chorale 170¹
 Pearsall 233, 524
 Rotterdam 182¹
 St. Anselm 32²
 St. Christopher 170², 322
 St. Edith 266, 310
 St. George's Bolton 281
 St. Kevin 176
 Savoy Chapel 459
 Seabrook 613
 Stand up for Jesus 384²
 The Homeland 522
 Urbs Beata, with Refrain 520²
 Webb 110, 384¹, 593
 Westwood 232
 Wir Pflügen 623

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.
 Rutherford 526

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
 Gersau 576

7.6.7.6.8.8.
 St. Anatolius No. 2 18¹
 St. Anatolius No. 3 18²

7.6.8.6. Double.
 Alford 525
 Civitas Dei 423

7.7.4.
 St. Millicent 503

7.7.7.
 Lacrymæ 279, 472, 573

7.7.7.3.
 Vigilate 390

7.7.7.5.
 Ambrose 470¹
 Charity 239
 Irene 319, 445
 St. Serban 470²
 Septem Voces 238
 Thanet 285
 Vesperi Lux 16

7.7.7.6.
 Agapé 288
 Gratus Agimus 574
 Landon 289

7.7.7.7.					
Alcester	471				
Ascension (Monk) with Alle- luia	189 ¹				
Cantone	72, 180 ¹				
Consecration	242, 590				
Dallas	88				
Easter Hymn, with Alleluia	179 ²				
Ellingham	99, 307				
Ferrier	240				
Forgiveness	264				
Glad Day	130 ²				
Glebe	305				
Halsey	335				
Horton	54				
Innocents	4, 603				
Lætabundus, with Alleluia	181				
Laus Sempiterna, with Alle- luia	189 ²				
Lawes	634				
Lonsdale	413				
Newington	559				
Nuremberg	55				
Paraclete	241				
Pleyel's Hymn	286, 334				
Posen	120				
St. Bees	263, 414				
St. Seymour	20, 488				
Solitude	71				
University College	392, 544				
Vienna	98 ¹ , 180 ²				
Worgan, with Alleluia	179 ¹				
Six 7's.					
Bekesbourne	304				
Charterhouse	3				
Dix	138, 620				
Gethsemane	171, 251 ²				
Heathlands	97				
Kelso	2				
Noricum	339, 365				
St. Athanasius	89, 134				
St. Benet	116, 336				
Sabbath	35				
Spanish Hymn	572				
Toplady	251 ¹				
Eight 7's.					
Benevento	265, 640				
Burleigh	130 ¹ , 412				
Herald Angels, with Re- frain	135 ²				
Hollingside	306				
Honiton	98 ²				
Lætitia	597 ¹				
Martyn	306 ²				
Mendelssohn, and Refrain	135 ¹				
Onido	597 ²				
St. George's Windsor	596, 618				
Spanish Hymn	282				
Waveney	460				
7.7.7.7.8.7.					
Easter	184				
7.7.7.7.8.8.					
Hebron (Barnby)	502 ²				
Requiescat	502 ¹				
7.8.7.8.					
St. Albinus, with Alleluia	178				
7.8.7.8.8.8.					
Tender Shepherd	560				
8.4.7.8.4.7.					
Haydn	5				
8.4.8.4.8.4.					
Wentworth	341				
8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.					
Temple	22				
8.5.8.3.					
Bullinger	272 ² , 644				
Stephanos	272 ¹				
St. Helen's	654				
8.5.8.5.8.7.					
Angel Voices (Sullivan)	100 ¹				
Angel Voices (Monk)	100 ²				
8.6.6. Double.					
All This Night	140 ¹				
Stella	140 ²				
8.6.8.4.					
Dona	45, 555				
St. Cuthbert	237				
8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.					
Paradise (Barnby)	517 ¹				
Paradise (Smart)	517 ²				
8.6.8.8.6.					
Newcastle	515 ²				
Peaceful Rest	515 ¹				
Whittier	420				
8.7.8.4.					
Mansfield (Turpin)	81				
8.7.8.7.					
All for Jesus	23, 109				
Arundel	558				
Brocklesbury	175, 451				
Chilton	610				
Cross of Jesus	174				
Crowell	314 ¹				
Dominus Regit Me. (Iambic)	410				
Galilee	271 ²				
Hampton (Iambic)	619				
Lucerne	26, 212				
Perivale (Iambic)	340				
Rathbun	173				
Repose	314 ²				
St. Oswald	121, 207, 602 ²				
St. Sylvester	25, 505				
Sardis	24, 512				
Solatium Caritatis	229				
Stockwell	368				
Trust	141, 228, 317 ² , 418				
Whatley	271 ¹ , 436, 581				
8.7.8.7. Double.					
Alleluia	193				
Austrian Hymn	541				
Beecher	58 ¹				
Bethany (Smart)	230, 611				
Constance	315				
Courage Brother	387				
Disciple	316 ²				
Everton	599 ¹				
Faben	111, 599 ²				
Falfield	316, 602 ¹				
Golden Sheaves	624				
Ilsey	268				
Lux Poi	186, 639				
Moultrie	337				
Nettleton	317 ¹				
Promised Land	58 ² , 419				
Ransomed Church	59 ²				
Rex Gloriae	192				
St. Asaph	123, 461				
St. Frideswide	59 ¹				
St. Hilda	227				
Salvator	227 ²				
Sanctuary	142, 513				
Shining Shore	494				
Sursum Voces	183				
Vesper Hymn	638				
8.7.8.7.3.					
Etiam et Mihi	657				
8.7.8.7.4.7.					
Ashburton	539				
Blessing	435, 601				
Corfe Mullen	203 ²				
Dismissal	557				
Ennerdale	86				
Heber	57, 169 ¹ , 598 ¹				
Jesu, Bone Pastor	473				
Kensington New	169 ²				
Minster	137 ²				
Regent Square	87, 137 ¹ , 600				
Rex Triumphans	203 ¹				
St. Pancras	209				
St. Raphael	69 ² , 415				
St. Thomas (Webbe)	214				
Sicilian Mariners	69 ¹				
Zion	598 ²				
8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.					
Ein Feste Burg	102				
8.7.8.7.7.7.					
All Saints Old	462				
Gounod	70, 255				
Harwell, with Refrain	201				
Irby	145				
Neander	56 ²				
Prescott	56 ¹ , 202				
Stoneleigh	161				
8.7.8.7.8.7.					
Alleluia dulce Carmen	463				
Praise My Soul	122				
Redemption	254, 417				
Triumph	540				
Verona	417 ²				
8.7.8.7.8.8.					
Andersen, and Refrain	143				
8.7.8.7.8.8.7.					
Luther's Hymn	215				
8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.7.					
Beverly	208				
8.8.6.					
Comforter Divine	343				

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES

8.8.6.8.8.6.		10.4.10.4.10.10.		Strength and Stay . . .	85 ² , 438
Ariel	224	Lux Benigna	424 ¹	Tidings, with Refrain . . .	587
Purleigh	493	Newman	424 ²	Welwyn	659
		Sandon	424 ³	Wesley	605
8.8.7.8.8.7.		10.10.		11.10.11.10.9.11.	
Bonar	514	Cæna Domini	453 ²	Pilgrims	527
8.8.7. Double.		Lammas	578	Vox Angelica	527 ²
Stabat Mater	172	Pax Tecum	453 ¹		
8.8.8.4.		10.10.7.		11.11.11.5.	
Almsgiving	320, 342, 474	Alleluia Perenne	465	Cloisters	549
Hanford	421 ¹ , 437, 580	Harvest	604	Nightfall	19
Lux Æterna	452				
Riseholme	284	10.10.10.4		11.11.11.11.	
Victory	187	Sarum	464	Adeste Fideles	427
8.8.8.6.		10.10.10.10.		Foundation	450 ¹
Agnus Dei	283 ¹	Bread of Life	656 ¹	Frederick	506
Flemming	318	Coniston	656 ²	Judea	450 ²
Harlech	369	Ellers	73 ² , 648	Welcome Happy Morning, with Refrain	185 ¹
Just as I am	204	Eventide	28	Five 11's.	
Misericordia	283 ¹	Langran	34, 290, 577	Fortunatus	185 ²
Woodworth	283 ²	Longwood	62		
8.8.8.8.6.		O Quanta Qualia	528	11.12.12.10.	
Margaret	653	Pax Dei	73 ¹	Nicæ	1
Six 8's.		Pro Patria	628	13.11.13.11.	
Baynard	338, 495	Spes Mea	660	Victory (Barnby)	507
Credo	385 ¹	10.10.11.11.		14.14.14.14.	
Fides Patrum	385 ¹	Hanover	63	Midnight	216
Melita	642	Lyons	64	Irregular.	
Pater Omnium	6, 441	11.10.11.9.		Adeste Fideles	146
Peniel	425	Russian Hymn	632 ¹	Avison	128
St. Chrysostom	287, 321, 344	Ultor Omnipotens	632 ²	Grasmere	439
St. Matthias	67	11.10.11.10.		March to Victory	379
Valete	328, 547	Alverstoke	658	Margaret	158
Veni Emmanuel (Gounod)	136 ²	Ancient of Days	85	Rangoon	606
Veni Emmanuel (Plain song)	136	Brightest and Best	144 ²	Resurrexit	177
Eight 8's.		Come ye Disconsolates	273	Troyte No. 1, Chant	421 ²
Peterborough	565	Crofton	614 ²		
9.8.9.8.		Perfect Love	496, 614		
Day's Ending	29	St. Ninian	144 ¹		
Eucharistic Hymn	579				
Kemsing	622				

Index of Authors

ABELARD, Peter (1079-1142)	528	CASWALL, Rev. Edw. (1814-1878) 27 (<i>Tr.</i>), 194 (<i>Tr.</i>), 212 (<i>Tr.</i>), 222 (<i>Tr.</i>), 326 (<i>Tr.</i>)	66, 142
ADAMS, Sarah Flower (1805-1848)	489	CAWOOD, Rev. John (1775-1852)	66, 142
ADDISON, Joseph (1673-1719)	96, 115	CENNICK, Rev. John (1718-1755) 214 (<i>part</i>), 334, 414	
ALDERSON, Mrs. Eliza Sibbald (1818-1888)	610	CHADWICK, Rev. John White (1840-1904)	622
ALEXANDER, Mrs. Cecil Frances (1818-1895), 145, 165, 191, 211, 271, 484		CHANDLER, Rev. John (1806-1876)	157, 548
ALEXANDER, Rev. James Waddell (1804-1859), 170 (<i>Tr.</i>), 172 (<i>Tr.</i>)		CHORLEY, Henry Fothergill (1808-1872)	632 (<i>Tr.</i>)
ALFORD, Rev. Henry (1810-1871) 394, 525, 563, 618		CLAUDIUS, Matthias (1740-1815)	623
ALLEN, Rev. James (1734-1804)	175	CLEPHANE, Miss Elizabeth Cecilia (1830-1869) 322	
ALLEN, Oswald (1816-1878)	270	CODNER, Mrs. Elizabeth	657
ANATOLIUS (d. 458, Duffield, 8th Cent. Julian) 18, 159		COFFIN, Rev. Charles (1676-1749)	157
ANDERSEN, Hans Christian (1805-1875)	143	COGHILL, Mrs. Anna L.	367
ANDERSON, Maria Frances (1819 —)	592	COLLINS, Rev. Henry (<i>grad. about</i> 1830, Oxford, c. 1854)	344
ANONYMOUS, 4, 61, 68, 69, 136, 146, 153, 373, 444, 473, 503, 575, 583		COLLYER, Rev. Wm. Bengo, D.D. (1782-1854) 215 (<i>part</i>)	
AUBER, Harriet (1773-1862)	38, 44, 237	CONDER, Josiah (1789-1855)	94, 319, 572
BACON, Rev. Leonard (1802-1881)	625	COOPER, Rev. Edward (1770-1833)	84
BAKER, Sir Henry Williams, Bart. (1821-1879)	277	COTTERILL, Rev. Thomas (1779-1823) 47 (<i>part</i>), 74 (<i>part</i>), 112, 567	
BAKEWELL, Rev. John (1721-1819)	227	COTTON, Bishop Geo. Edw. Lynch (1813-1866) 617	
BANCROFT, Mrs. Charite Lees (1841 —)	253	COUSIN, Mrs. Anne Ross (1824 —)	526
BARBAULD, Mrs. Anna Letitia (1743-1825) 264, 620		COWPER, William, (1731-1800) 49, 80, 263, 398, 482, 647	
BARING-GOULD, Rev. Sabine (1834 —)	30, 393, 461 (<i>Tr.</i>)	COX, Miss Frances Elizabeth (1812-1897) 178 (<i>Tr.</i>), 462 (<i>Tr.</i>)	
BARTOL, DR. COLL.	314	COXE, Bishop Arthur Cleveland, D.D. (1818-1896) 155, 531, 602	
BARTON, Bernard (1784-1849)	76, 440	CRAIN, Rev. H. L.	645
BATHURST, Rev. Wm. Hiley (1796-1877)	479	CROLY, Rev. George, LL.D. (1780-1860)	648
BAXTER, Rev. Richard (1615-1691)	397	CROSWELL, Rev. William, D.D. (1804-1851)	345
BAYNES, Rev. Robert Hall (1831 —)	573	CUMMINGS, John James (1795-1867)	435
BEDDOME, Rev. Benjamin (1717-1795)	74 (<i>part</i>)	DARBY, Rev. J. N. (1800-1882)	450
BECHER, Rev. Charles (1815-1900)	347 (<i>part</i>)	DAVIES, Rev. Samuel (1724-1761)	297
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (1091-1153) 194, 326, 571		DAYMAN, Rev. Edw. Arthur (1807-1890)	501, 643
BERNARD OF CLUNY (12th Cent.) 520, 521, 523, 524		DECK, Rev. James George (1802-c. 1884)	221, 312
BETHUNE, Rev. Geo. Washington, D.D. (1805-1862) 325, 500 (<i>Tr.</i>)		DENNY, Sir Edward, Bart. (1796-1889)	162, 200
BICKERSTETH, Bishop Edw. Henry, D.D. (1825 —)	110, 382, 453, 556	DEXTER, Rev. Henry Martin, D.D. (1821-1890) (earliest known hymn of Chr. Church, c. 200) 231 (<i>Tr.</i>)	
BLOFIELD, Miss Dorothy F. (1858 —)	614 (<i>part</i>)	DIX, William Chatterton (1837-1898), 138, 193, 267, 624	
BODE, Rev. John Ernest (1816-1874)	309	DOANE, Bishop Geo. Washington, D.D. (1799-1859) 20, 246, 584	
<i>Bohemian Brethren</i>	19 (<i>Tr.</i>)	DOANE, Bishop Wm. Crowell, D.D. (1832 —), 85	
BONAR, Rev. Horatius (1808-1889), 86, 88, 108, 130, 147, 226, 250, 261, 280, 313, 357, 404, 426, 469, 487, 490, 497, 512, 514, 574, 577		DODDRIDGE, Rev. Philip (1702-1751) 129, 195, 248, 300, 350, 356, 376, 395, 407, 561, 608, (<i>part</i>), 633	
BORTHWICK, Miss Jane (1813 —), 258 (<i>Tr.</i>), 348 (<i>Tr.</i>), 422, (<i>Tr.</i>), 439 (<i>part</i>), 591		DOUDNEY, Sarah (1843 —)	70
BOWRING, Sir John, LL.D. (1792-1872), 109, 154, 173, 452, 596		DOWNTON, Rev. Henry (1818-1885)	599, 634
BRADY, Rev. Nicholas (1659-1726)	103, 179, 483	DRAPER, Rev. Bourne Hall (1775-1843)	586
BRIDGES, Matthew (1800-1894)	190, 198, 295	DUFFIELD, Rev. George, D.D. (1818-1888) 339, 384	
BROOKS, A.	606	DWIGHT, Rev. John Sullivan (1813-1893) 631 (<i>part</i>)	
BROOKS, Rev. Charles Timothy (1813-1883), 631 (<i>part</i>)		DWIGHT, Rev. Timothy (1752-1817)	534
BROOKS, Bishop Phillips, D.D. (1835-1893)	132	“E. J.”	641
BROWNE, Rev. Simon (c. 1680-1732)	235	EDMESTON, James (1791-1867)	26, 417
BRYANT, Wm. Collin (1794-1878)	543, 568	ELLERTON, Rev. John (1826-1893) 21, 29, 37, 65, 73, 185 (<i>Tr.</i>), 465 (<i>Tr.</i>), 467, 502, 614 (<i>part</i>)	
BUCKOLL, Rev. Henry James (1803-1871) 5 (<i>Tr.</i>)		ELLIOTT, Miss Charlotte (1789-1871) 204, 256, 283, 284, 318, 320, 390, 421, 437, 474	
BULFINCH, Rev. Stephen Greenleaf (1809-1870) 36		ELLIOTT, Miss Emily Elizabeth Steele (1835-1897) 158	
BULLOCK, Rev. William (1798-1874)	538	ELLIS, Ellen S.	496
BURMAN, Ellen Elizabeth	660	ELVEN, Rev. Cornelius (1797-1873)	278
BURNHAM, Rev. Richard (1749-1816)	245	ESLING, Catherine Harrison (1812 —)	438
BURNS, Rev. James Drummond (1823-1864) 17, 480, 638		EVANS, Rev. Albert Eubule (<i>ordained</i> , 1864)	340
CAMPBELL, Miss Jane Montgomery (1817-1878) 623 (<i>Tr.</i>)		EVANS, Rev. Jonathan (c. 1748-1809)	169
CANITZ, Friedrich Rudolph Ludwig von (1654-1699) 5		EVEREST, Charles William (1814-1877)	257
CARLYLE, Rev. Joseph Dacre (1759-1804)	46		
CARY, Miss Phœbe (1824-1871)	499		

FABER, Rev. Frederick W. (1814-1863) 67, 101, 167, 268, 374, 396, 517, 527	LÖWENSTERN, Matthäus Apelles von (1594-1648) 549
FAWCETT, Rev. John (1740-1817) . . . 69, 79, 457	LUTHER, Rev. Martin, D.D. (1483-1546) . . . 102
"F. B. P." (16th or 17th Cent.) . . . 508, 510	LYNCH, Rev. Thomas Toke (1818-1871) . . . 148, 274
FINDLATER, Mrs. Sarah (1823) — 213 (<i>Tr.</i>), 439 (<i>part</i>)	LYTE, Rev. Henry Francis (1793-1847), 28, 39, 116, 119, 122, 316, 401, 406, 485, 533
FORTUNATUS, Venantius Honorius Clementianus (c. 530-609) . . . 185	MACDUFF, Rev. John R. (1818) . . . 412, 437
<i>Founding Chapel Collection (published, 1774)</i> . . . 123	MACKAY, Mrs. Margaret (1802-1887) . . . 504
FRANCIS, Rev. Benjamin (1734-1799) . . . 542	MACKELLAR, Thomas (1812-1899) . . . 81
FREER, Fanny . . . 472	MACLEOD, Rev. Norman (1812-1872) . . . 387
FULLER-MAITLAND, Frances Sara (1809-1877) 392 (<i>part</i>)	MALAN, Rev. Henri Abraham César (1787-1864) 500
GAMBOLD, Bishop John (1710-1771) . . . 112 (<i>Tr.</i>)	MANT, Bishop Richard (1776-1848) . . . 59, 121, 456
GELLERT, Rev. Christian Fürchtegott (1715-1769) 178	MARKANT, Rev. John (16th Cent. — c. 1561) . . . 276
GERHARDT, Rev. Paul (1607-1676) 140, 170, 328, 403, 449	MARRIOTT, Rev. John (1780-1825) . . . 589
GILMORE, Rev. Joseph H. . . . 416	MASON, Rev. John (1634-1694) . . . 42
GLADDEN, Rev. Washington (1836) — . . . 362	MASON, Rev. William (1725-1797) . . . 34
GOETHE, von Johann Wolfgang (1749-1832) . . . 491	MASSEY, Gerald (1828) — . . . 385
GOODE, Rev. William (1762-1816) . . . 229	MATHESON, Rev. George (1842-1906) . . . 633
GRANT, Sir Robert (1785-1838) . . . 63, 282	MATSON, Rev. William Tidd (1833) — . . . 152
GRIGG, Rev. Joseph (c. 1720-1768) . . . 359	MAUDE, Mrs. Mary Fowler (1819-1848) . . . 305
GRISWOLD, Bishop Alexander Viets, D.D. (1766-1843) . . . 87	MAXWELL, Mrs. Mary Hamlin (1814-1853) . . . 600
GUEST, Rev. Benjamin (1788-1869) . . . 559	MEDLEY, Rev. Samuel (1738-1799) . . . 224, 252, 329
GURNEY, Rev. Archer Thomson (1820-1887) . . . 177	MILLARD, Rev. James Elwin, D.D. (1823) — . . . 99 (<i>Tr.</i>)
HALL, Rev. (Christopher) Newman, D.D. (1816-1902) . . . 337	MILMAN, Rev. Henry Hart, D.D. (1791-1868) . . . 156, 434
HAMMOND, Rev. William (1719-1783) . . . 54, 223	MILTON, John (1608-1674) . . . 120
HARBAUGH, Rev. Henry, D.D. (1817-1867) . . . 299	MONSELL, Rev. John Samuel Bewley, LL.D. (1811-1875) . . . 310, 331, 372, 386, 476, 554, 613
HART, Rev. Joseph (1712-1768) . . . 243 (<i>All'd</i>)	MONTGOMERY, James (1771-1854), 59, 98, 113, 124, 137, 171, 244, 330, 354, 418, 432, 460, 466, 486, 498, 510, 544, 551, 552, 566, 582, 595, 597, 621, 651
HASTINGS, Thomas, Mus. Doc. (1784-1872), 368, 436, 605	MOORE, Thomas (1779-1852) . . . 273
HAVERGAL, Miss Frances Ridley (1836-1879), 208, 232, 303, 304, 307, 308, 311, 358, 365, 391, 635, 637, 654	MORRIS, Eliza F. . . . 285
HAWEIS, Rev. Thomas, LL.B., M.D. (1732-1820) 429, 522	MOTE, Rev. Edward (1797-1874) . . . 321
HAWKINS, Hester P. . . . 639	MOULTRIE, Rev. Gerard (1829-1885) . . . 216, 379
HAWKS, Mrs. Annie Sherwood (1835) — . . . 433	MÜHLENBERG, Rev. Wm. Augustus (1796-1877) 128, 247, 506, 558
HAY, Hon. John (1838-1905) . . . 423	MURRAY, Rev. R., D.D. . . . 611, 627
HAYWARD (John Dobbell's Coll. 1806) . . . 33	NEALE, Rev. John Mason (1818-1866) 18, 136, 151, 159, 160, 176, 182, 254, 272, 364, 388, 419, 463, 520, 521, 523, 524, 528, 540, 545, 578
HEATH, Rev. George (— 1822) . . . 380	(All translations except 419, 545)
HEBER, Bishop Reginald, D.D. (1783-1826) 1, 22 (<i>part</i>) 50, 144, 370, 470, 507, 579, 594	NELSON, Rev. David . . . 494
HEDGE, Rev. Frederick Henry, D.D. (1805-1890) 102 (<i>Tr.</i>)	NELSON, Horatio, 3d Earl (1823) — . . . 459
HERBERT, Rev. George (1593-1632) . . . 351	NEUMARCK, George (1621-1681) . . . 425
HOLDEN, Oliver (1765-1844) . . . 488	NEVIN, Rev. Edwin Henry (1814-1889) . . . 451
HOLMES, Oliver Wendell, M.D., LL.D. (1809-1894) 107, 431, 626	NEWMAN, Cardinal John Henry, D.D. (1801-1890) 424
How, Bishop Wm. Walsham, D.D. (1823-1897) 82, 166, 233, 259, 266, 352, 464, 603	NEWTON, Rev. John (1725-1807) 35, 47 (<i>part</i>), 60, 72, 255, 324, 442, 471, 475, 477, 541, 640
INGEMANN, Bernhardt Severin (1789-1862) . . . 461	NOEL, Miss Caroline Maria (1817-1877) . . . 205
IRONS, Rev. Wm. Josiah, D.D. (1812-1883) 183, 399	OFFORD, R. M. (1846) — . . . 619
J., E. . . . 641	OLIVERS, Rev. Thomas (1725-1799) . . . 117
JOHN OF DAMASCUS (c. 700) . . . 176, 182	ONDERDONK, Bishop Henry Ustic, D.D. (1789-1858) 260
JOHNSON, Rev. Samuel (1822-1882) . . . 529, 639	OSLER, Edward, M.D. (1798-1863) 123 (<i>part</i>), 566, 608
JULIAN, Rev. John, D.D. (1839) — . . . 53	P., B. F. (16th or 17th Cent.) . . . 508, 510
KEBLE, Rev. John (1792-1866) . . . 7, 15, 615	PALGRAVE, Francis Turner (1824-1897) . . . 661
KEITH, Geo. ? (1639-1716) (Leonard Bacon, c. 1787 Church Book) . . . 427	PALMER, Rev. Ray, D.D. (1808-1887) 298, 327, 571 (<i>Tr.</i>), 575 (<i>Tr.</i>)
KELLY, Rev. Thomas (1769-1854), 57, 196, 201, 202, 203, 539, 598, 601	PARR, Harriet (1828-1900) . . . 23
KEN, Bishop Thomas, D.D. (1637-1711) . . . 9, 13	PERCY, Mrs. F. A. (1843) . . . 115
KETHE, Rev. William (16th Century) . . . 650	PERRONET, Rev. Edward (1726-1792) . . . 220 (<i>part</i>)
KEY, Francis Scott (1779-1843) . . . 111	PHELPS, Rev. S. Dryden, D.D. (1816-1895) . . . 649
KNOLLYS, Rev. Francis Minden (1815-1863) . . . 511	PHILLIMORE, Rev. Greville (1821-1884) . . . 2, 555
LATHBURY, Miss Mary A. (1841) — . . . 656	PIERPONT, Folliott Sandford (1835) — . . . 336
LAURENTI, Laurentius (1660-1722) . . . 213	PLUMPTRE, Rev. Edw. Hayes, D.D. (1821-1891) 149, 377
LEESON, Miss Jane Elizabeth (1807-1882) 335, 557	POLLOCK, Rev. Thos. Benson, M.A. (1836-1896) 287, 288, 289
LITTLEDALE, Rev. Richard Frederick, LL.D., D.C.C. (1833-1890) . . . 503, (<i>Tr.</i>)	POTT, Rev. Francis, M.A. (1832) —, 100, 187 (<i>Tr.</i>)
LOYD, Wm. Freeman (1791-1853) . . . 408, 413	POTTER, Rev. Thos. Joseph (1827-1873) . . . 388
LOCKWOOD, Amelia DeF. . . . 590	POWELL, Rev. Thos. Edward, M.A. (1823-1901) 553
LONGFELLOW, Rev. Samuel (1819-1892) 14, 24, 163, 242, 346, 361, 383, 530, 609, 646	PRENTISS, Mrs. Elizabeth Payson (1818-1878) 332
	PROCTER, Miss Adelaide Anne (1825-1864), 12, 341, 428
	RAWSON, George (1807-1889) . . . 31, 238, 445, 580
	RAYMOND, Rossiter Worthington (1840) — . . . 535, 616
	REED, Rev. Andrew, D.D. (1787-1862) . . . 240
	RINGWALT, Bartholomew (1530-1598) . . . 215 (<i>part</i>)

RINKART, Rev. Martin (1586-1649) 333
 RIPPOON, Rev. John, D.D. (1715-1836) . . . 220 (*part*)
 ROBERTS, Rev. Daniel C., D.D. (1841 —) . . 628
 ROBINSON, George 458
 ROBINSON, Rev. Richard Hayes (1842-1892) . 16
 ROBINSON, Rev. Robert (1735-1790) . . . 228, 230, 317
 ROWE, Rev. John (1764-1833) 581
 RUSSELL, Rev. Arthur Tozer (1806-1874) . . 343
Russian Tr. (H. F. Chorley) 632
 RYLAND, Rev. John, D.D. (— 1825) 561

THRING, Rev. Godfrey (1823-1899), 45, 97, 139, 161, 209, 279, 366, 369
 THRUPP, Adelaide 612
 TOKE, Mrs. Emma Leslie (1812-1872) 188
 TOPLADY, Rev. Augustus Montague (1740-1778) . 251, 447
 TUTTIETT, Rev. Lawrence (1825-1897), 210, 234, 381, 636
 UPHAM, Rev. Thomas C. (1799-1872) . . . 355, 607

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE (660-732) 388
 ST. JOSEPH 364
 ST. THEODULPH, Bishop of Orleans (c. 820) . 159
 SCHEFFLER, Johann, M.D. (1624-1677) . . . 338
 SCHENK, Rev. Heiprich Theobald (1656-1727) . 462
 SCHMOLCK, Rev. Benjamin (1672-1737) . . . 56, 422
Scotch Paraphrases 455
 SCOTT, Rev. Thomas (1705-1775) 184
 SEAGRAVE, Rev. Robert (1693-1764) 492
 SEARS, Rev. Edmund Hamilton, D.D. (1810-1876) 126, 131
 SHEPHERD, Rev. Thomas (1665-1739) . . . 347 (*part*)
 SHRUBSOLE, William (1759-1829) 6
 SIMPSON, James S. 174
 SMALL, Rev. James Grindly (1817-1888) . . . 315
 SMITH, Mrs. Caroline Louisa (1827 —) . . . 25
 SMITH, Rev. Samuel Francis, D.D. (1808-1895) 71, 546, 593, 629
 SPITTA, Rev. Carl Johann Philipp, DD. (1801-1859) 348, 652
 STEELE, Miss Anne (1716-1778) 77, 219, 275, 296, 402
 STENNETT, Rev. Joseph (1663-1713) 41
 STENNETT, Rev. Samuel, D.D., (c. 1727-1795) 206, 323
 STEPHENSON, Isabella S. 644
 STOCK, Sarah Geraldine (1838 —) 363
 STOCKER, John 241
 STONE, Rev. Samuel John (1839-1900) 290, 536, 604
 STOWE, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (1811-1896) . . 658
 STOWELL, Rev. Hugh (1799-1865) 468
 TAPPAN, Rev. Wm. Bingham (1794-1849) . . . 515
 TATE, Nahum (1652-1715) 105 (*Tr.*), 133
 TATE and BRADY'S Psalms (1696), 103, 179 (*Tr.*), 483
 TAYLOR, Rev. Thos. Rawson (1807-1835) . . . 519
 TERSTEEGEN, Gerhard (1697-1769) 95, 258, 495
 THOMSON, Mrs. Mary A. 587

WALKER, Mrs. Mary Jane 302
 WALLACE, Rev. James Cowden (c. 1793-1841) . 478
 WARING, Miss Anna Latitia (1820 —) 292, 411
 WATTS, Rev. Isaac, D.D. (1674-1748), 8, 10, 40, 43, 48, 51, 52, 75, 78, 83, 90, 91 (*part*), 92, 93, 104, 106, 114, 118, 125, 127, 150, 164, 168, 218, 225, 236, 301, 349, 360, 371, 375, 405, 409, 443, 509, 516, 532, 537, 550, 585
 WEISSE, Rev. Michael (c. 1480-1534) 181
 WESLEY, Rev. Charles (1707-1788), 3, 58, 64, 135, 141, 180, 189, 197, 199, 214 (*part*), 217, 249, 265, 269, 286, 293, 306, 353, 378, 441, 446, 448, 454, 481, 493, 576, 655
 WESLEY, Rev. John (1703-1791), 91 (*part*), 328, 338 (*Tr.*), 449 (*Tr.*), 495 (*Tr.*)
 WHATELEY, Archbishop Richard (1787-1863) 22
 WHITE, Henry Kirke (1785-1806) 392 (*part*)
 WHITEFIELD, Frederick (1829 —) 281
 WHITING, William (1825-1878) 642
 WHITMORE, Lady Lucy Eliz. Georgiana (1792-1840) . 62
 WHITTIER, John Greenleaf (1807-1892). . . 291, 420
 WIGNER, John M. (1844 —) 262
 WILLIAMS, Miss Helen Maria (1762-1827) . . . 400
 WILLIAMS, Rev. Wm. (1717-1791) 415
 WINKWORTH, Miss Catherine (1829-1878), 19, 56, 140, 181, 333, 425 (*Tr.*)
 WOLCOTT, Rev. Samuel, D.D. (1813-1886) . . . 588
 WOLFE, Rev. Aaron Roberts (1821 —) 570
 WOODFORD, Bishop James Russell, D.D. (1820-1885) 207 (*Tr.*)
 WORDSWORTH, Bishop Christopher, D.D. (1807-1885) . . 32, 89, 134, 186, 192, 239, 342, 513, 565
 WORTMAN, Rev. Denis, D.D. (1835 —) 547
 WREFORD, Rev. John Reynell, D.D. (1800-1881) 294, 630

Index of Composers

- ADAMS, T.**
Holborn, 575
- ADCOCK, JOHN (1838 —)**
Trusting, 302
- AHLE, JOHANN RUDOLPH (1625-1673)**
Nuremberg, 55
- ALCOCK, W.**
Gratias Agimus, 574
- ALLEN, GEORGE NELSON (1812-1877)**
Maitland, 347²
- ANCIENT PLAIN SONG**
O Quanta Qualia, 528
Veni Emmanuel, 136¹
- ANONYMOUS**
Anfield, 523
Calvin, 380²
Lyndhurst, 491
- ARNE, THOMAS A. (1710-1778)**
Arlington, 66, 443
- AVISON, CHARLES (1710-1770)**
Avison, 128
- BAKER, FREDERICK GEORGE (1842-1872)**
St. Saviour, 78, 129
- BAKER, SIR HENRY WILLIAMS, BART. (1821-1877)**
Quebec, 571
Stephanos, 272¹
- B. MBRIDGE, WILLIAM SAMUEL, Mus. Bac. (1842 —)**
St. Asaph, 123, 461
- BARNARD, MRS. CHARLOTTE ARLINGTON (1830-1869)**
Brockslesbury, 175, 451
- BARNBY, SIR JOSEPH (1838-1896)**
Alverstoke, 658
Bethlehem, 132¹
Blessing, 435, 601
Cloisters, 549
Chiselhurst, 299
Days Ending, 29
Deliverance, 149
Diademata, 198²
Gordon, 636
Grasmere, 439
Hebron, 502²
Jordan, 331
Just as I am, 204
Lætitia, 597¹
Laudes Domini, 222
Litlington Tower, 95
Longwood, 62
Mansfield, 33² 83²
March to Victory, 379
Merrial, 30
- Nightfall, 19
Paradise, 517¹
Peaceful Rest, 515¹
Perfect Love, 496, 614
Ransomed Church, 59²
Requiem, 501
Roseate Hues, 484²
St. Andrew, 260, 406, 476
St. Anselm, 32²
St. Chrysostom, 287, 321, 344
St. Hilda, 227¹
Sarum, 464
Stand Up for Jesus, 384²
Tender Shepherd, 560
Victory, 507
- BARTHELÉMON, FRANCOIS HIP-POLITE (1741-1805)**
Morning Hymn, 9
- BARTLETT, HOMER N. (1845 —)**
Bartlett, 65, 479
Promised Land, 58², 419
- BARTON, V.**
Thanet, 285
- BETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770-1827)**
Emmanuel, 80
Gorton, 499
Sardis, 24, 512
- BELL, J. M.**
St. Giles, 405, 480
- BENSON, H. F.**
Aurora, 274
- BIDDLE, WM. FOSTER (1834 —)**
Amory, 588, 621
Bellamy, 147²
Halsey, 335
La Barre, 258
Ludington, 468 504
Perdita, 608
Seabrook, 613
- BLOCKLEY, T.**
Blockley, 257
- BLOW, Rev. WILLIAM**
Agnus Dei, 283³
- BOOTH, JOSIAH (1852 —)**
Baynard, 338, 495
Bracondale, 582
Fernshaw, 44
Holy War, 389²
Peniel, 425
Swainsthorpe, 113, 352, 430
- BORTNIANSKY, DIMITRI (1752-1828)**
St. Petersburg, 210
- BOYD, Rev. WM. (1840 —)**
Pentecost, 297, 546
- BRABHAM, J.**
Clifton, 404
- BRADBURY, WM. BATCHELDER (1816-1868)**
He Leadeth Me, 416
Rest, 504²
Woodworth, 283²
- BRIANT, ROWLAND**
Coniston, 656²
- BROWN, ARTHUR HENRY (1830- —)**
Holy Church, 554
Lammas, 578
Purleigh, 493
St. Anatolius, No. 2, 18
St. Sophronia, 159
Tiltley Abbey, 194
- BULLINGER, ETHELBERT WM., D.D. (1837 —)**
Bullinger, 272², 644
- BUNNETT, EDWARD, Mus. Doc. (1834 —)**
Kirby Bedon, 231
- BURROWS, JOHN FRECKLETON (1787-1852)**
Burlington, 323¹, 397
- BUTTON, H. ELLIOTT**
Downfield, 448
Sursum Voces, 183
- CALDBECK, C. T. (1870 —)**
Pax Tecum, 453
- CALDECOTT, ALFRED JAMES, Mus. Bac. (1842-1897)**
Civitas Dei, 423
Pastor Bonus, 280²
- CALKIN, JOHN BAPTISTE (1827 —)**
Bonar, 514
Bradfield, 42, 478
Newman, 424²
Nox Præcessit, 77, 327
Savoy Chapel, 459
Waltham, 584
Welcome Happy Morning, 185
- CALLCOTT, WILLIAM HUTCHINS (1807-1882)**
Intercession, 469²
(Last two lines fr. Mendelssohn)
- CAMPAN, THOMAS (— 1619)**
Babylon's Stream, 278
- CAREY, HENRY (1685-1743)**
America, 629
- CARR, BENJAMIN, arr. by**
Spanish Hymn, 572
- CHADWICK, GEORGE WHITFIELD (1854 —)**
Eaton, 617
- CHAMPNEYS, F. H.**
St. Veronica, 661

- CHERUBINI MARIA LUIGI (1760-1842)
Dallas, 88
- CHEATHAM, Rev. JOHN (1685? - 1760)
Marlow, 373, 563
- CLARK, JEREMIAH (1669-1707)
St. Magnus, 196
- CLIPPINGDALE, J.
Ennerdale, 86
- COBB, GERARD FRANCIS (1838-)
Moultrie, 337
- CONKEY, ITHAMAR (1815-1867)
Rathbun, 173
- COOPER, ALEXANDER SAMUEL (1835-)
Charterhouse, 3
- CORNELL, JOHN HENRY (1828-1894)
Bethel, 31
Faith, 298²
- COTTMAN, ARTHUR (1842-1879)
Caterham, 200, 467
Dalehurst, 10, 429, 477, 569
Eversley, 11, 246, 347, 401
Mirfield, 375
- CRASSELLIUS (1667-1724)
Winchester New, 157
- CROFT, WM., Mus. Doc. (1678-1727)
Hanover, 63
St. Anne, 104, 531, 630
St. Anne (Sullivan) 370³
- CROFTON, LORD
Crofton, 614²
- CROSSLEY, J. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc. (1846-)
Anagola, 105
- CRÜGER, JOHANN (1598-1662)
Nun Danket, 333
- CUTLER, HENRY S., Mus. Doc. (1824-1902)
All Saints New, 370¹
- DARWALL, Rev. JOHN (1731-1789)
Darwall, 548
- DEANE, J. H. (1824-1881)
Verona, 417²
- DICKINSON, Rev. C. J. (1822-1883)
Repose, 314²
- DOWNES, LEWIS THOS. (1827-)
Solitude, 71
- D'URHAN, CHRÉTIEN (1788-1845)
Rutherford, 526
- DYER, ARTHUR E. (1843-)
Weston, 221
- DYKES, Rev. JOHN BACCHUS, Mus. Doc. (1823-1876)
Almsgiving, 320, 342, 474
Arundel, 558
Beatitude, 46, 291, 400
Blairgowrie, 270
Come Unto Me, 267
- Dominus Regit Me, 410
Easter, 184
Etiam et Mihi, 657
Faith, 466
Ferrier, 240
Fiat Lux, 190²
Gerontius, 245, 399
Glebe, 305
Herald Angels, 135²
Hollingside, 306¹
Horbury, 489²
Hosanna, 50
Judea, 450²
Keble, 151, 552
Lux Benigna, 424
Melita, 642
Nicea, 1
Pax Dei, 73¹
Requiescat, 502¹
Rivaulx, 84
St. Agnes, 79, 236, 326, 346, 651
St. Alban, 635
Arr. fr. Haydn
St. Anatolius No. 3, 18³
St. Andrew of Crete, 389¹
St. Bede, 292
St. Bees, 263, 414
St. Cross, 167
St. Cuthbert, 237
St. Drostane, 156
St. Ninian, 144
St. Oswald, 121, 207, 602²
St. Sylvester, 25, 505
Sanctuary, 142, 513
Stabat Mater, 172
Strength and Stay, 85², 438
Vaughan, 195
Vesper Lux, 16
Vox Angelica, 527²
Vox Dilecti, 147
- EBELING, JOHANN GEO. (1620-1676)
Franconia, 244, 351
- EDSON, Lewis, (1748-1820)
Lenox, 249
- ELLIOT, JAMES WM. (1833-)
Church Triumphant, 112
Day of Rest, 309
Kemsing, 622
- ELVEY, Sir GEO. JOHN, Mus. Doc. (1816-1893)
Diademata, 198¹
St. George's Windsor, 596, 618
- EWING, ALEXANDER (1830-1895)
Ewing, 520¹
- FARMER, J. (1836-)
Harrow, 303
- FLEMMING, F. F. (1778-1813)
Flemming, 318
- FLOOD, EDWIN (1800-1869)
Honiton, 98²
- FRENCH MELODY, OLD
Innocents, 4, 603
- FROST, C. J.
Harvest, 604
- GADE, NIELS W. (1817-1890)
Andersen, 143
- GARDINER, WM. (1770-1853)
Belmont, 396, 482
Dedham, 218, 374, 607
Germany, 68, 119, 609
- GARRETT, GEO. MURSELL, Mus. Doc. (1834-1897)
Forgiveness, 264
- GAUL, ALFRED ROBERT, Mus. Bac. (1837-)
Filius Dei, 148
- GAUNTLETT, HENRY JOHN, Mus. Doc. (1805-1876)
Ambrose, 470
Ascensioal, 188
Irby, 145
Newland, 486
Riseholme, 284
St. Albinus, 178
St. Alphege, 308
Triumph, 540
University College, 392, 544
- GENEVAN PSALTER
Old Hundredth, 90, 650
- GERMAN CHORALE
Festus, 153
- GERMAN MELODY (arr. by S. Dyer)
Mendon, 49, 107, 235, 553
- GESANGBUCH, J. KLUG'S
Luther's Hymn, 215
- GIARDINI, FÉLICE DE (1716-1796)
Italian Hymn, 61¹, 589²
- GILCHRIST, WM. WALLACE, Mus. Doc. (1846-)
Glad Day, 130²
The Pilgrim Host, 535²
- GLASER, CARL GOTTHILF (1784-1829)
Azmon, 295, 543
- GODFREY, NATHANIEL STEDMAN (1817-1883)
Ellingham, 99, 307
- GOSS, Sir JOHN, Mus. Doc. (1800-1880)
Armageddon, 391
Arthur's Seat, 199¹
Dona, 45, 555
Media, 223¹
Peterborough, 565
Praise my Soul, 122
Salvation, 227²
- GOUNOD, CHARLES FRANÇOIS (1818-1893)
Gounod, 70, 255
Lux Aeterna, 452
Redemption, 254, 417¹
Veni Emmanuel, 136²
- GOWER, JOHN HENRY, Mus. Doc. (1855-)
Meditation, 165
- HANDEL, GEO. FREDERICK (1685-1759)
Bradford, 197
Cannons, 91
Christmas, 114, 376
Messiah, 267²
- HARRIS, G. PERCY
Fides Patrum, 385¹
- HARRISON, Rev. RALPH (1748-1810)
Warrington, 92, 533
- HASSLER, HANS LEONARD (1564-1612)
Passion Chorale, 170

INDEX OF COMPOSERS

- HASTINGS, THOMAS, Mus. Doc. (1784-1872)
Ortonville, 323²
Retreat, 468²
Toplady, 251¹
Zion, 598²
- HATTON, JOHN (—d. 1793)
Duke Street, 40, 226, 330, 625
- HAWES, Rev. THOMAS (1733-1820)
Chesterfield, 440, 529
- HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEPH, Mus. Doc. (1732-1819)
Austrian Hymn, 541
Creation, 96
Haydn, 5
Otterbourne, 234
St. Alban, 635
- HAYDN, MICHAEL
Lyons, 64
- HAYNE, LEIGHTON GEORGE, Mus. Doc. (1836-1883)
Chalvey, 497²
St. Cecilia, 538
- HAYNES, W. (1829-1902)
Amertou, 378
- HEMY, HENRI FREDERICK (1818-1889)
Sabbata, 115
- HERBERT, G.
Agapé, 288
- HERMANN, NICOLAUS (—d. 1561)
Hermann, 191
- HERVEY, Rev. FREDERICK ALFRED JOHN (1846 —)
Castle Rising, 484¹
London, 289
Lonsdale, 413
- HEWS, GEORGE (1806-1873)
Holley, 358
- HIGGS, H. M.
Cara Patria, 411
- HILES, HENRY, Mus. Doc. (1826 —)
St. Leonard, 12
Westerdale, 589²
- HILL, G. EVERETT
Rex Triumphans, 203¹
- HODGES, EDWARD, Mus. Doc. (1796-1867)
Bristol, 395
- HODGES, Rev. J. S. BACH, S.T.D. (1830 —)
Eucharistic Hymn, 579
Watts, 83
- HOLDEN, OLIVER (1765-1844)
Coronation, 220¹
- HOLMES, H. J. E. (1852 —)
Pater Omnium, 6, 441
- HOPKINS, EDWARD JOHN, Mus. Doc. (1818-1901)
Alleluia, Dulce Carmen, 463
Ellers, 73², 648
Heber, 57, 169, 598
Hopkins, 27¹
Kelso, 2
Lætabundus, 181
St. Athanasius, 89, 134
St. Raphael, 69², 415
Temple, 22
- HORSLEY, WILLIAM (1774-1858)
Horsley, 103
- HOWARD, SAMUEL, Mus. Doc. (1710-1782)
St. Bride, 277
- HUDSON, A.
Camden Road, 444
- HULLAH, JOHN, LL.D. (1812-1884)
Bentley, 32¹
- HUSBAND, Rev. EDWARD (1843 —)
St. Edith, 266, 310
- ILSLEY, FRANK GRENVILLE (1831-1887)
Ilsley, 268
- IRONS, HERBERT STEPHEN (1834 —)
Southwell, 510
- JACKSON, ROBERT (1842 —)
Bekesbourne, 304
Niagara, 269², 372
Trentham, 449
- JACKSON, T.
Newton, 530
- JAMES, F.
Noricum, 339, 365
- JAMOUCHEAU, A. J.
Lynton, 294, 564
- JEFFERY, J. ALBERT, Mus. Doc.
Ancient of Days, 85¹
- JEKYLL, C. S. (1842 —)
Minster, 137²
Stoneleigh, 161
- JEWISH MELODY
Leoni, 117¹
- JONES, DARIUS ELIOT (1815-1881)
Stockwell, 368
- JONES, Rev. WM. (1726-1800)
St. Stephen, 47, 219
- JUDE, W. H.
Gallilee, 271²
- KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, St. Gall
Pearsall, 233, 524
- KETTLE, CHAS. EDW. (1833 —)
Perivale, 340
- KING ALFRED, Mus. Doc. (1837 —)
Eastnor, 163, 475
- KINGSLEY, GEORGE (1811-1884)
Ferguson, 247
Frederick, 506
Newbold, 217¹
Ware, 118
Warner, 259
- KNAPP, WILLIAM (1698-1768)
Wareham, 371, 545
- KNECHT JUSTIN HEINRICH (1752-1817)
St. Edith, 266, 310
Vienna, 98¹, 180²
- KNOX, JAMES C.
Knox, 131¹
- KOCHER, CONRAD (1786-1872)
Dix, 138, 620
- LAHEE, HENRY (1826 —)
Nativity, 127, 383
- LANE, SPENCER (1843 —)
Penitence, 432
- LANGRAN, JAMES, Mus. Doc. (1835 —)
Langran, 34, 290, 577
Ravenglas, 60, 561
- LAUSANNE, PSALTER
Greenland, 213, 595
- LAWES, HENRY (1596-1662)
Laves, 634
- LE JEUNE, GEORGE FITZ-CURWOOD (1842-1904)
Urbs Beata, 520²
- LOYD, CHARLES HARFORD, Mus. Doc. (1849 —)
St. Frideswide, 59¹
Lundy, 75, 166
Alcester, 471
- LONGACRE, Rev. L. B.
New America, 631
- LOWRY, Rev. ROBERT, D.D. (1826 —)
Need, 433¹
- LUTHER, MARTIN (1483-1546)
Ein Feste Burg, 102
- LWOFF, ALEXIS FEODOROVITCH (1799-1870)
Russian Hymn, 632¹
- LYRA, DAVIDICA (1708)
Worgan, 179
- MCCARTNEY, R. H.
Westwood, 232
- MCDONALD, Rev. ARCHIBALD
Warrior, 370²
- MACFARREN, Sir GEO. ALEXANDER, Mus. Doc. (1813-1887)
Midnight, 216
- MACLAGAN, ARCHBISHOP W. D. (1826 —)
Newington, 559
- MAINZER, JOSEPH (1801-1851)
Mainzer, 94
- MALAN, Rev. HENRI ABRAHAM CÉSAR (1787-1864)
Welton, 357
- MAKER, FREDERICK CHARLES (1844 —)
All this Night, 140¹
Maker, 262
St. Christopher, 170², 322
Wentworth, 341
Whittier, 420
- MANN, ARTHUR HENRY, Mus. Doc. (1850 —)
Cantone, 72, 180
Chilston, 610¹
Lampadius, 211, 416²
Lasus, 155, 616
- MARSH, SIMEON BUTLER (1798-1875)
Martyr, 306²

- MARTIN, GEO. WM. (1828-1881)
Leominster, 497¹
- MASON, LOWELL, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872)
Bethany, 489¹
Boylston, 446, 457
Cowper, 647
Diligence, 367
Downs, 43, 349
Hamburg, 168, 360
Harwell, 201
Hebron, 41, 442
Laban, 353, 380, 583
Missionary Hymn, 594, 627
Olivet, 298¹
Olmutz, 36, 301, 447
Rockingham New, 150
Sabbath, 35
Ward, 106, 409, 626
Wesley, 605
- MATTHEWS, Rev. TIMOTHY RICHARD (1826 —)
Corfe Mullen, 203
Margaret, 158
- MENDELSSOHN, BARTHOLODY FELIX, Ph.D. (1809-1847)
Mendelssohn, 135
Trust, 141, 228, 317², 418
- MERRICK, Rev. Sir G. P., Mus. Doc.
Aldersgate, 354
- MESSITER, ARTHUR HENRY, Mus. Doc. (1831-1903)
Marion, 377
- MILLER, EDW., Mus. Doc. (1731-1807)
Rockingham Old, 74, 108, 356¹
- MONK, WM. HENRY, Mus. Doc. (1823-1889)
Alleluia Perenne, 465
Angel Voices, 100²
Ascension, 189¹
Beverly, 208
Easter Hymn, 179²
Eventide, 28
Hursley, 633
St. Matthias, 67
Vigilate, 390
- MORLEY, H. L.
Newcastle, 515²
- MORLEY, THOMAS (1845-1891)
David, 386
- MORNINGTON, GARRETT WELLESLEY, Earl of, Mus. Doc. (1735-1781)
Mornington, 243
- MOZART, JOHANN WOLFGANG AMADEUS (1756-1791)
Ariel, 224
Disciple, 316²
Easton, 551
- MUSGRAVE, J. T.
Evening Shadows, 498²
- NÄGELI, HANS GEORGE (1768-1836)
Dennis, 407, 570
Naomi, 402
- NARES, JAMES, Mus. Doc. (1715-1783)
Amsterdam, 492
- NARRATIVE HYMNS
Crowell, 314¹
- NEANDER, Rev. JOACHIM (1640-1680)
Neander, 56²
- NETTLETON, Rev. ASAHEL, D.D. (1783-1844)
Nettleton, 317
- NEWMAN, RICHARD STINSON (1850 —)
Waveney, 460
- NOVELLO, VINCENT (1781-1861)
Albano, 643
- OAKELEY, SIR HERBERT STANLEY, Mus. Doc., LL.D., D.C.L. (1830 —)
Domenica, 39, 487
Abends, 269
- OLIVER, HENRY KEMBLE (1800-1885)
Federal Street, 359
- PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PIERLIGIDA (1524-1594)
Victory, 187
- PARKER, Prof. HORATIO WILLIAM, Mus. Doc. (1863 —)
Foundation, 450
Garden City, 21, 511
Jubilate, 199²
King of Glory, 542
Pro Patria, 628
Stella, 140²
- PEACE, ALBERT LISTER, Mus. Doc. (1844 —)
Green Hill, 325
Margaret, 658
- PEARCE, C. W., Mus. Doc. (1856 —)
Whatley, 271, 436, 581
- PIERSON, H. H. (1815-1873)
Minden, 17, 652
- PITTS, WILLIAM (1829-1903)
Princethorpe, 139, 205
- PLEYEL, IGNAZ (1757-1831)
Onido, 597²
Pleyel's Hymn, 286, 334
- PROUT, E., Mus. Doc. (1835 —)
Raleigh, 206, 641
- PURDAY, CHARLES HENRY (1799-1885)
Sandon, 424³
- READING, JOHN (1677-1764)
Adeste Fideles, 146, 427
- REAY, SAMUEL, Mus. Bac. (1822 —)
Comforter Divine, 343
Laus Sempiterna, 189²
- REDHEAD, RICHARD (1820-1901)
Gethsemane, 171, 251²
Redhead, 434
- REDNER, LEWIS HENRY (1831 —)
St. Louis, 132²
- REINAGLE, ALEXANDER ROBERT (1799-1877)
St. Peter, 48, 455, 567
- RITTER, PETER (1760-1846)
Hursley, 15
- ROOT, GEORGE FREDERICK (1820-1895)
Shining Shore, 494
Rialto, 645¹
- SANDERSON, W.
Hartogate, 225, 458
- SCHAEFFLER, JOHANN G. W.
Angelus, 8
- SCHOLEFIELD, Rev. CLEMENT COTTERRILL (1839 —)
Irene, 319, 445
- SCHULZ, JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER (1747-1800)
Wir Pfügen, 623
- SCHUMANN, ROBERT (1810-1856)
Canonbury, 14, 293
Schumann, 125, 261, 550
- SCOTT-GATTY, A.
Welwyn, 659
- SEALEY, F. L. (1858 —)
Cantus Gloriosus, 131²
- SHARPLEY, Rev. A. E.
College Chapel, 160²
- SHERWIN, W. F.
Bread of Life, 656¹
- SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM (1760-1806)
Miles Lane, 220²
- SICILIAN MELODY
Sicilian Mariners, 69
- SLEEMAN, Rev. PHILIP R.
Every Hour, 433²
- SMART, HENRY (1813-1879)
Bethany, 611, 230
Everton, 599¹
Heathlands, 97
Lancashire, 160¹, 182¹, 592
Misericordia, 283
Paradise, 517²
Pilgrims, 527¹
Regent Square, 87, 137¹, 600
Rex Glorie, 192
St. Pancras, 209²
Smart, 509²
The Sun is Sinking Fast, 27²
Vexillum, 388
Watchword (Forward) 394
- SMITH, Rev. H. PERCY (1825-1898)
Maryton, 296, 362
- SMITH, ISAAC (1735-1800)
Abridge, 481
Silver Street, 248, 556
- SMITH, SAMUEL (1804-1873)
Eden Grove, 311, 521
Ruth, 366
- SPANISH MELODY
Spanish Hymn, 282, 572
- SPINNEY, F. (1850 —)
St. Denys, 426, 490
- SPOHR, LOUIS (1784-1859)
Spohr, 483
- STAINER, Sir JOHN, Mus. Doc. (1840-1901)
All for Jesus (Wycliffe), 23, 109
Blessed Home, 518
Charity, 239
Covenant, 117²
Credo, 385²

- Cross of Jesus, 174
Elijah, 469¹
Harland, 422
Magdalena, 82
Matrimony, 615
Oxford, 152
- STEGGALL, CHARLES, Mus. Doc. (1826 —)
Christ Church, 33, 249², 537
Day of Praise, 51, 350, 456
- STEWART, SIR ROBERT PRESCOTT, Mus. Doc. (1825-1894)
Prescott, 56, 202
St. Helen's, 654
- STEVENSON, JOHN
Vesper Hymn, 638
- STORER (1871 —), HENRY JOHNSON
Brothers' Voices, 382
- STÖRL, JOHANN GEORGE CHRISTIAN (1676-1743)
All Saints Old, 462
- STRATTNER, G. C. (1650-1705)
Posen, 120
- SULLIVAN, SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR, Mus. Doc. (1842-1900)
Angel Voices, 100¹
Cœna Domini, 453²
Constance, 315
Courage, Brother, 387
Falfield, 316¹, 602²
Fortunatus, 185²
Gabriel, 126
Golden Sheaves, 624
Heaven is my Home, 519, 649
Hanford, 421¹
Lacrymæ, 279, 472, 573
Lux Eoi, 186, 639
Lux Mundi, 312
Propior Deo, 332
Resurrexit, 177
St. Gertrude, 393
St. Kevin, 176
St. Millicent, 503
Samuel, 53
Septem Voces, 238
The Homeland, 522
Ultor Omnipotens, 632²
Valete, 547
Valete, 328
- SWEETSER, JOSEPH EMERSON (1825-1873)
Greenwood, 38, 355, 403, 500
- TALLIS, THOMAS (1520-1585)
Tallis's Evening Hymn, 13
- TAYLOR, VIRGIL CORYDON (1817 —)
Louvan, 154, 256, 361
- THORNE, EDW. HENRY (1834 —)
St. Serban, 470²
- THRUPP, Rev. JOSEPH F. (1827-1867)
Brightest and Best, 144²
- TILLEARD, JAMES (1827-1876)
Kensington New, 169
Selwyn, 348, 612
- TOURS, BERTHOLD (1838-1897)
Berthold, 253
Gouda, 345, 646
Paraclete, 241
Rotterdam, 182¹
- TROYTE, ARTHUR HENRY DYKE (1811-1857)
Troyte No. 1, Chant, 421²
- TURNER, Rev. H. B., D.D. (1852 —)
Amherst, 37
Barclay, 408
Earl, 300, 645²
Hampton, 619
- TURPIN, EDMUND HART, Mus. Doc. (1835 —)
Mansfield, 81
- TYE, CHRISTOPHER, Mus. Doc. (— 1580)
Dundee (Scotch Psalter, 1615), 101, 276, 398
- VENUA, FREDERICK MARC ANTOINE (1788-1872)
Park Street, 329, 586
- VERRINDER, C. G., Mus. Doc. (1873)
Verrinder, 190
- VINCENT, CHARLES, Mus. Doc. (1852 —)
Consecration, 242, 590
Hatfield Hall, 313, 591
St. Ishmael, 535¹
Solatium Caritatis, 229
- VINER, W. L.
Dismissal, 557
- VULPIUS, MELCHOIR (c. 1560-1616)
Lincoln, 364
- WAITE'S PSALMODY
Dorchester, 61²
- WALCH, JAMES (1837 —)
St. George's Bolton, 281
Sawley, 76, 217², 566
Tidings, 587
- WALKER, Rev. EDW. C.
Marguerite, 162
St. Marguerite, 509
- WALLACE, WM. VINCENT (1815-1865)
Serenity, 428
- WALLHEAD, THOMAS
Sharon, 324, 454
- WARBURTON, J. S.
Spes Mea, 660
- WARD, SAMUEL AUGUSTUS (1847 —)
Materna, 508
- WARTENSEE, X., VON (1786-1868)
Horton, 54
- WEBB, GEORGE JAMES (1803-1887)
Webb, 110, 384¹, 593
- WEBBE, SAMUEL (1740-1816)
Benevento, 265, 640
Come ye Disconsolate, 273
Melcombe, 7
St. Thomas, 214
- WEBER, CARL MARIA VON (1786-1826)
Seymour, 20, 488
- WEEKES, S., Mus. Doc. (1843 —)
Burleigh, 130, 412
Lustleigh, 381
- WELSH AIR
Harlech, 369
- WESLEY, SAMUEL SEBASTIAN, Mus. Doc. (1810-1876)
Alleluia (Wesley), 193
Ashburton, 539
Aurelia, 363, 536, 637
Bethlehem, 532
- WHITE, Rev. L. M.
Gersau, 576
- WIDDOP, A.
Birstall, 431
- WILLCOX, JOHN HENRY, Mus. Doc. (1827-1875)
Faben, 111, 599²
Jesu, Bone Pastor, 473
- WILKES, JOHN B. (1840 —)
Lyte, 485.
- WILLIAMS, AARON (1731-1776)
St. Thomas, 52, 124, 223², 534
- WILLIAMS, A.
Mear, 275
- WILLIAMSON, W. H.
St. Benet, 116, 336
- WILLIS, RICHARD STORRA (1819 —)
Carol, 133
- WILLIS, T. A.
Lucerne, 26, 212
- WILSON, HUGH (1764-1824)
Martyrdom, 164
- WOODBURY, I. B.
Nearer Home, 498¹
- WOOD, C.
Rangoon, 606
- WOODMAN, J. C. (1813-1894)
State Street, 250
- WOODS, F. C.
Highgate, 562
- ZEUNER, CHAS. HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER (1795-1857)
Missionary Chant, 93, 585
- ZUNDEL, JOHN (1815-1882)
Beecher, 58¹
Lebanon, 280¹

The Ten Commandments

EXODUS XX : 1-17.

God spake all these words, saying :

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

MATT. XXII : 37-40.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Opening Sentences

The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy; and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High: to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering and come before Him. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him all the earth.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father Who art in heaven:

Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

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

Church Hymns and Tunes

MORNING

1

NICÆA 11.12.12.10.

Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1861

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, blessed 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,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 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, blessèd Trinity!

KELSO Six 7s.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1872

Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;

Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure. A - men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Ev'ry morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailling prayer and praise.

Re.: GREVILLE PHILLIMORE, 1863

CHARTERHOUSE Six 7s.

A. S. COOPER

Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,

Sun of right-eous-ness a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night:

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear. A-men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see:
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

4

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7.

Old French Melody

As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright-'ning all the morn-ing skies,

So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! A-men.

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

HAYDN 8.4.7.8.4.7

Arr. from JOSEPH HAYDN

Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing

O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come to Him who made this splen - dor;

See thou ren - der ll thy fee - ble powers can pay. A - men.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth.
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;

He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

BARON VON CANITZ, 1700. Tr. Rev. J. H. BUCKOLL, 1841

PATER OMNIUM Six 8s.

H. J. E. HOLMES, 1875

When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morning light sa - lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine:

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day. A-men.

2 As ev'ry day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

3 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, grieving o'er my guilt and shame,

Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

4 When each day's scenes and labors close
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1813

7

MELCOMBE L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK

New ev - ry morn-ing is the love Our wak'ning and up - ris - ing prove;

Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and pow'r and thought. Amen.

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
Is set to hallow all we find,

New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1827. Ab.

ANGELUS L. M.

JOHANN G. W. SCHEFFLER, 1657

My God, how end - less is thy love: Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;

And morning mer - cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - men.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

MORNING HYMN L. M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON, 1780

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake.

Bishop THOMAS KEN, 1695

DALEHURST C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872

Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high;

To Thee will I di-rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye: A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.</p> <p>3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.</p> | <p>4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.</p> <p>5 O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.</p> |
|--|--|

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

EVERSLEY C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN

O Fa-ther, hear my morn-ing prayer, Thy aid im-part to me,

That I may make my life to-day Ac-cept-a-ble to Thee. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 May this desire my spirit rule,
And as the moments fly
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die.</p> <p>3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win,
With shining vict'ry meet,</p> | <p>Some sin that strives for mastery
Find overthrow complete.</p> <p>4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

Mrs. F. A. PERCY

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

HENRY HILES, 1867

The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the dark-ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie:

Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory, chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within the heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Alt. from THOMAS TALLIS, 1560

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own al-might-y wings. A-men.

- 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 Thy judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
- Sleep that may me more vig'rous 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.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incensant sing, and never tire.

Bishop THOMAS KEN, 1693 (text of 1709)

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1839

A-gain, as eve-ning's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hallowed walls;

And eve-ning hymn and evening prayer Rise mingling on the ho-ly air. A-men.

- 2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
- Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1859

HURSLEY L. M.

PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861

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

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes. A-men.

- 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 ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

REV. JOHN KEEBLE, 1820

VESPERI LUX 7.7.7.5.

REV. J. B. DYKES

Ho-ly Fa-ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per-pet-ual ray:

Grant us ev-'ry clos-ing day Light at eve-ning time. A-men.

- 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.
- 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
- Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.
- 4 Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

REV. RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON, 1869

MINDEN 7.6.7.6.D.

H. H. PIERSON

This night, O Lord, we bless Thee For Thy pro - tect - ing care,

And, ere we rest, ad - dress Thee In low - ly, fer - vent prayer:

From e - vil and temp - ta - tion De - fend us through the night,

And round our hab - i - ta - tion Be Thou a wall of light. A-men.

2 On Thee our whole reliance
 From day to day we cast,
 To Thee, with firm affiance,
 Would cleave from first to last;
 To Thee, through Jesus' merit,
 For needful grace we come,
 And trust that Thy good Spirit
 Will guide us safely home.

3 What may be on the morrow
 Our foresight cannot see;
 But be it joy or sorrow,
 We know it comes from Thee.
 And nothing can take from us,
 Where'er our steps may move,
 The staff of Thy sure promise,
 The shield of Thy true love.

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

A. H. BROWN, 1862

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I

pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me

in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

2 The joys of day are over.

I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.

O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over.

I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.

O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils

Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

ANATOLIUS, 800. Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1853

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 3. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

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

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O

Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night. A - men.

19

NIGHTFALL 11.11.11.5.

J. BARNEY, 1872

Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and

dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His shad - ow

here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A - men.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.
- 3 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.

SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from CARL M. VON WEBER, 1826

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way:

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - men.

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 forever pass away:

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1824

GARDEN CITY S. M.

H. W. PARKER, 1890

Our day of praise is done, . . The eve - ning shad - ows fall, . .

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A - men.

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

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,

We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

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

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1867

TEMPLE 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1867

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, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,

Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A-men.

2 And when morn again shall call us
 To run life's way,
 May we still, whate'er befall us,
 Thy will obey.
 From the power of evil hide us,
 In the narrow pathway guide us,
 Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
 The livelong day.

3 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.

ALL FOR JESUS (Wycliffe) 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1872

Hear our pray'r, O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;

Bid Thine an - gels, pure and ho - ly, Round our bed their vig - ils keep. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.</p> <p>3 Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.</p> | <p>4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.</p> <p>5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home.</p> |
|---|---|

HARRIET PARR, 1856

SARDIS 8.7.8.7.

BEEHOVEN

Now, on land and sea de-scend-ing, Brings the night its peace pro-found;

Let our ves-per hymn be blend-ing With the ho - ly calm a-round. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story, —
Their Creator's changeless love.</p> <p>3 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care Who cares for all,</p> | <p>Cease we fearing, cease we grieving:
At His touch our burdens fall.</p> <p>4 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1839

ST. SYLVESTER 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, For the day is pass-ing by;
See! the shades of eve-ning gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh. A-men.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast,
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest!

CAROLINE L. SMITH, 1852

LUCERNE 8.7.8.7.

T. A. WILLIS, 1876

Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re- pose our spir- its seal;
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A-men.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,

Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820

HOPKINS (Twilight) 6.4.6.6. (*First Tune*)

J. H. HOPKINS, 1872

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide —
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Latin Hymn, 18th Century. Tr. E. CASWALL, 1838

(*Second Tune*)

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST 6.4.6.6.

HENRY SMART, 1872

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let

love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

EVENTIDE 10.10.10.10.

W. H. MONK, 1861

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 fail, and com - forts flee,

Help of the help - less, O 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 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 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.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

DAY'S ENDING 9.8.9.8.

J. BARNEY, 1896

Be-fore the day draws near its end - ing, And eve-ning steals o'er earth and sky,

Once more to Thee our hymns ascending Shall speak Thy praises, Lord most High. Amen.

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- 2 Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love, and faultless tone.
- 3 Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee;
Thy Christ hath said, Thou, Father, seekest
For such as these to worship Thee.
- 4 When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1880

MERRIAL 6.5.6.5.

J. BARNEY, 1868

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

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A-men.

BETHEL 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J. H. CORNELL, 1872

Fa - ther of love and power, Guard Thou our eve - ning hour, Shield with Thy

might; For all Thy care this day Our grate - ful thanks we pay,

And to our Fa - ther pray, Bless us to - night! A-men.

2 Jesus Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night!

3 Spirit of holiness,
Gently transforming grace,
Indwelling Light;
Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possess,
Calm us to perfect rest,
Bless us to-night!

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853

(MERRIAL) 6.5.6.5.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

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

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through 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 Thy holy eyes.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1865

O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,

Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

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 blest;

To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1838

32

ST. ANSELM 7.6.7.6.D.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNEY, 1869

O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm .

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,

Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A-men.

SABBATH Six 7's.

L. MASON, 1824

Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest. A-men.

- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

- 4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824

Hail to the Sab - bath day: The day di - vine - ly given:

When men to God their hom-age pay, And earth draws near to heaven. A-men.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour
 Within Thy courts we bend,
 And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod;

Nor only is the day Thine own
 When man draws near to God.

4 Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
 And purer worship may we pay
 In heaven's unclouded light.

REV. STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULLFINCH, 1832

AMHERST S. M.

Rev. H. B. TURNER

This is the day of light; Let there be light to - day:

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. A-men.

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2 This is the day of rest:
 Our failing strength renew!
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
 Thy peace our spirits fill:
 Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer;
 Let earth to heaven draw near:
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
 Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days!
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death!

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1868

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo-rious acts to sing,

To praise Thy name and hear Thy word, And grate-ful of-fer-ings bring. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.</p> <p>3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice</p> | <p>With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.</p> <p>4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

HARRIET AUBER, 1829

DOMENICA S. M.

H. S. OAKELEY, 1874

Sing to the Lord, our Might, With ho - ly fer - vor sing;

Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heav'n-ly King. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.</p> <p>3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.</p> | <p>4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.</p> <p>5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A-men.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

HEBRON L. M.

L. MASON, 1830

An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the hours thy God hath blest. A - men.

- 2 This day may our devotion rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And heaven that sweet repose bestow
Which none but they who feel it know! 4
- 3 That peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
- Which for the church of God remains, —
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

REV. J. STENNETT, 1712

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1872

Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of days;

The la-borer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of prayer and praise. A-men.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;

4 This day I must with God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

J. MASON, 1683

DOWNS C. M.

L. MASON, 1832

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;

Let heaven re-joyce, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A-men.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

FERNSHAW C. M.

J. BOOTH, 1887

With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called His own;

With joy the sum-mons we o - bey To wor-ship at His throne. A-men.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829

DONA 8.6.8.4.

J. GOSS, 1872

Hail! sa - cred day of earth-ly rest, From toil and trou-ble free;

Hail! day of light, that bring-est light And joy to me. A-men.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

3 On all I think, or say, or do
A ray of light divine

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given;
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1858

BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1875

Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne And our con - fes - sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.</p> <p>3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.</p> | <p>4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.</p> <p>5 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.</p> |
|---|---|

J. D. CARLYLE, 1804

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

W. JONES, 1789

A - gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And in Thy courts ap - pear;

A - gain, with joy - ful feet, we come To meet our Sav - iour here. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.</p> <p>3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;</p> | <p>And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.</p> <p>4 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Ver. 1, THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826

What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind-ness shown?

My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs address Thy throne. A-men.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DYER, 1824

Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer-cy-seat;

Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground. Amen.

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.

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;

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.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1769

HOSANNA L. M. *With Chorus*

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1865

Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' In - car - nate Word:

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Ho - san - na sing!

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A - men.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1867

Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:
 Je - ho - vah is the sov-'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King. A-men.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all His own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord,

We are His work, and not our own;
 He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
 Nor dare provoke His rod:
 Come, like the people of His choice,
 And own your gracious God.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS' Coll., 1762

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne. A-men.

2 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

SAMUEL 6.6.6.6.8.8.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Fa - ther of all, to Thee With lov - ing hearts we pray,

Through Him, in mer - cy given, The Life, the Truth, the Way;

From heav'n, Thy throne, in mercy shed Thy blessings on each bend - ed head. A-men.

2 Father of all, to Thee
 Our contrite hearts we raise,
 Unstrung by sin and pain,
 Long voiceless in Thy praise;
 Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
 Until they tremble into song.

That have no voice but tears;
 Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
 Lead gently on each trembling child.

3 Father of all, to Thee
 We breathe unuttered fears,
 Deep-hidden in our souls,

4 Father of all, may we
 In praise our tongues employ,
 When gladness fills the soul
 With deep and hallowed joy;
 In storm and calm give us to see
 The path of peace, which leads to Thee.

REV. JOHN JULIAN, 1874

HORTON 7.7.7.7.

SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE. Arr.

Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

O do not our suit dis-dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A-men.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745

55

NUREMBERG 7.7.7.7.

J. R. AHLE, 1664

To Thy tem - ple I re - pair, Lord, I love to wor - ship there,

When with - in the veil I meet Christ be - fore the mer - cy-seat. A-men.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,

Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1812

O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,

Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer:

O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A - men.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To thy heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Rev. BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1732. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1863

O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,

Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer:

O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A - men.

57

HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1868

In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near:

Teach us to re - joice with trem - bling; Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear,

Hear with meek - ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. A - men.

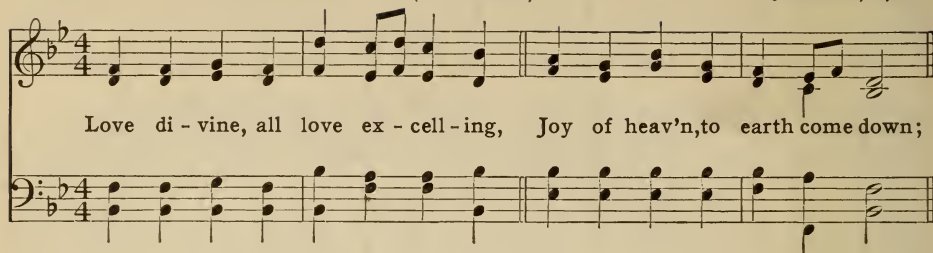
2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
 Thee, Thy people shall adore;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceived before;
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

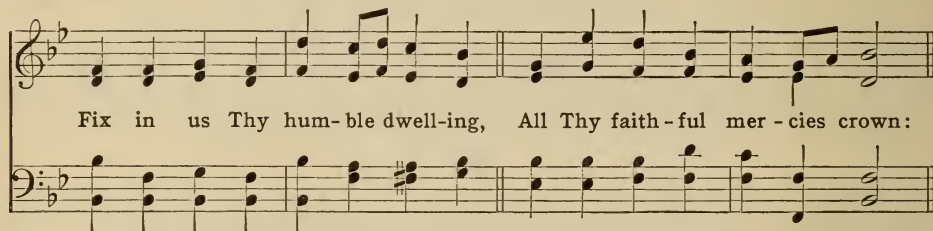
BEECHER 8.7.8.7.D.

(First Tune)


J. ZUNDEL, 1870



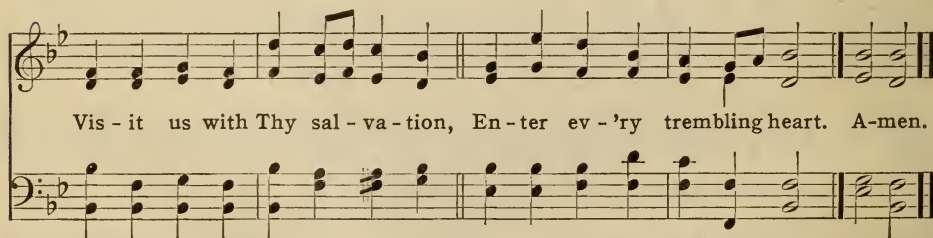
Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art:



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart. A - men.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast:
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest:
 Take away our love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Sudden return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee:

Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1747

58

PROMISED LAND 8.7.8.7.D. (Second Tune)

HOMER N. BARTLETT, 1903

Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8.7.8.7.D. There are 'x' marks above the first measure of the treble staff and the eighth measure of the bass staff.

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It follows the same format with treble and bass staves and lyrics.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art:

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. It follows the same format with treble and bass staves and lyrics.

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart. A-men.

The fourth and final system of musical notation for this hymn. It concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in both staves. It follows the same format with treble and bass staves and lyrics.

Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn.

"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored:

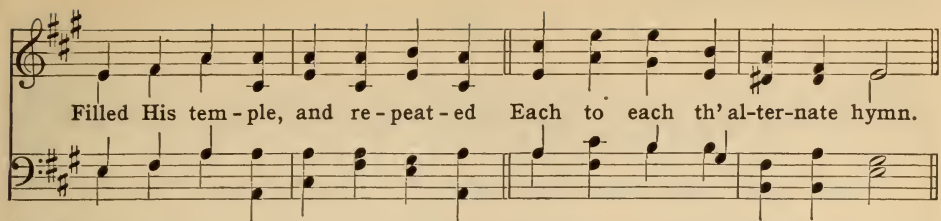
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" A - men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.

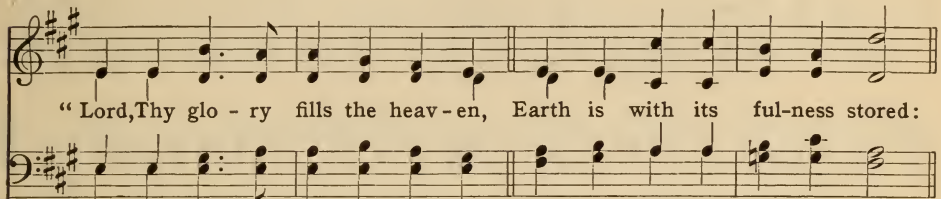
3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored:
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," blessing
 Thee the Lord of Hosts most high.

RICHARD MANT, 1837

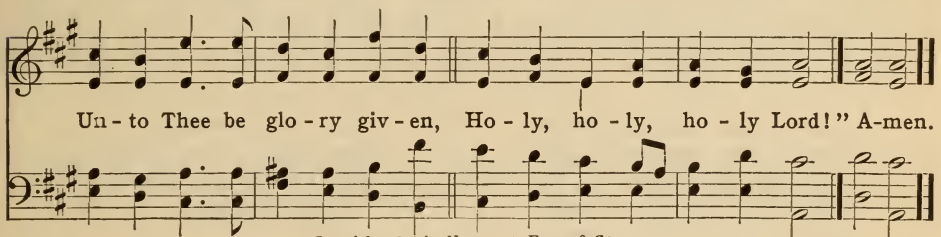
Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim



Filled His tem-ple, and re-peat-ed Each to each th'al-ter-nate hymn.



“Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful-ness stored:



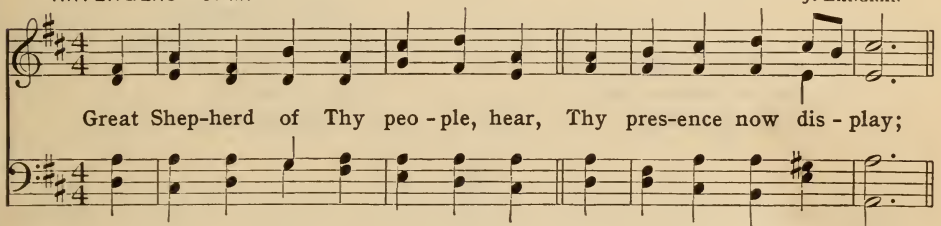
Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!” A-men.

Copyright, 1896, by NOVELLO, EWER & Co.

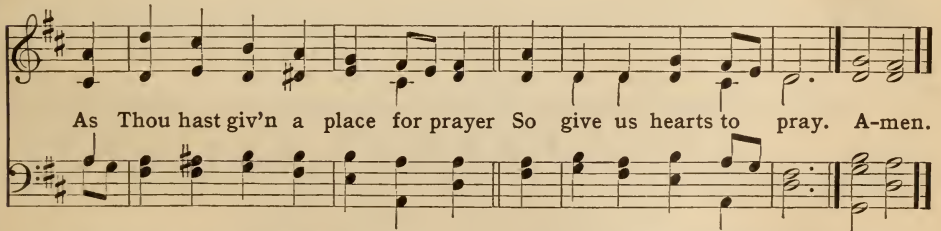
60

RAVENGLAS C. M.

J. LANGRAN



Great Shep-herd of Thy peo-ple, hear, Thy pres-ence now dis-play;



As Thou hast giv'n a place for prayer So give us hearts to pray. A-men.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our feeble hopes to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,

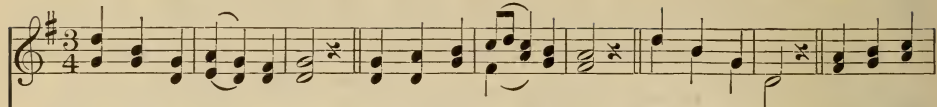
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

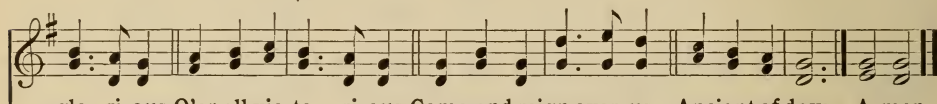
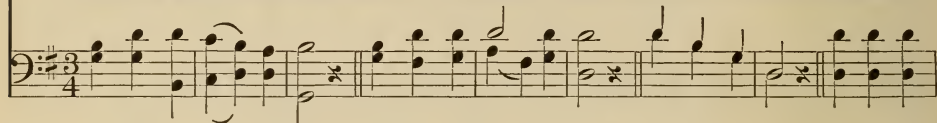
61

ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune*)

FELICE DE' GIARDINI, 1769



Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father, all-



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days. A-men.



2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:

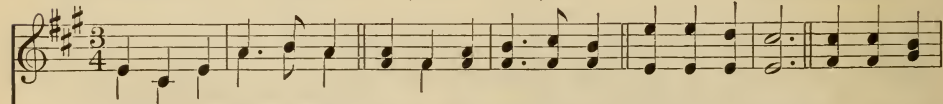
4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon.

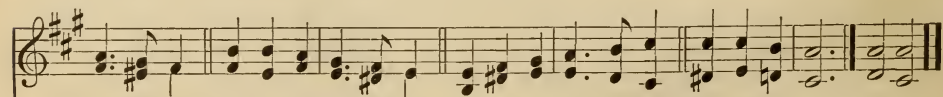
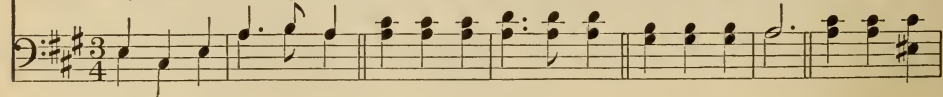
61

DORCHESTER 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune*)

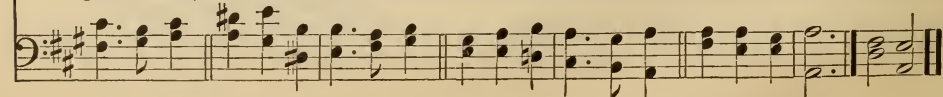
WAITE'S Psalmody



Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days. A-men.



LONGWOOD 10.10.10.10.

J. BARNBY, 1883

Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces

raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in!

HANOVER 10.10.11.11.

W. CROFT, 1703

Oh, wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove; Oh, grate-ful-ly

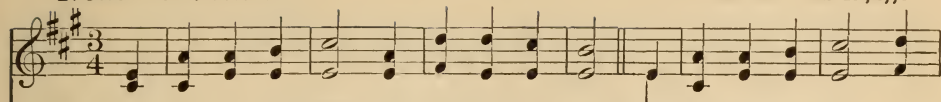
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.

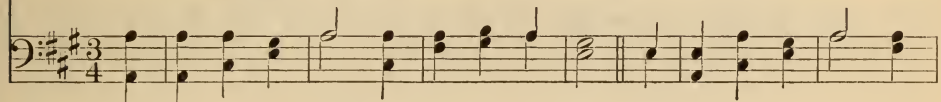
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 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.
- 5 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!
- 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

LYONS 10.10.11.11.

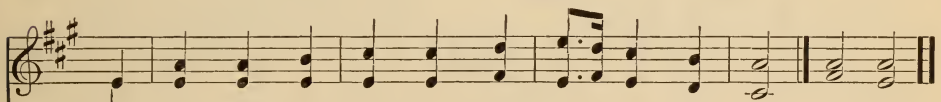
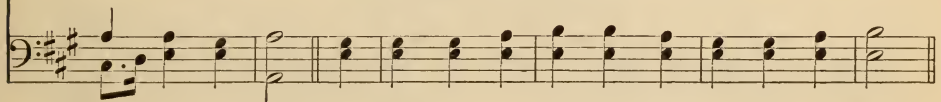
Arr. from MICHAEL HAYDN, 1770



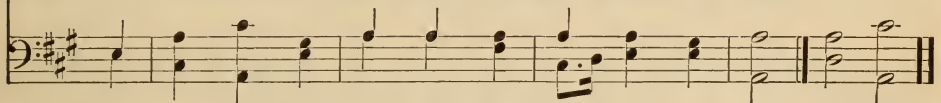
Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His



won-der-ful name; The name, all- vic- to-rious, of Je- sus ex- tol;



His king- dom is glo- rious, and rules o- ver all. A- men.



- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh — His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

BARTLETT C. M.

H. N. BARTLETT, 1903

The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to re-ceive; His

gift of peace up-on us send, Be-fore His courts we leave. A-men.

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2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;

Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,
His nightly watch to keep;
Crown with His peace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1872

ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. ARNE, 1762

Al-might-y God, Thy word is cast Like seed up-on the ground;

O may it grow in hum-ble hearts, And righteous fruits a-bound. A-men.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,

But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

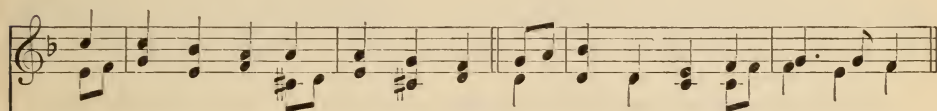
REV. JOHN CAWOOD, 1816

ST. MATTHIAS Six 8s.

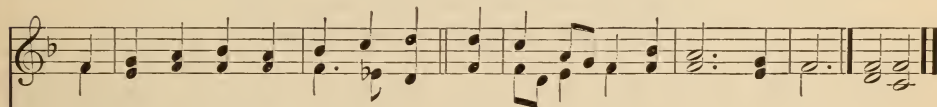
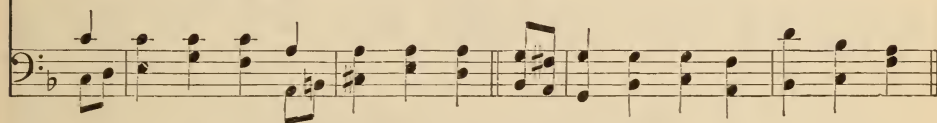
W. H. MONK, 1861



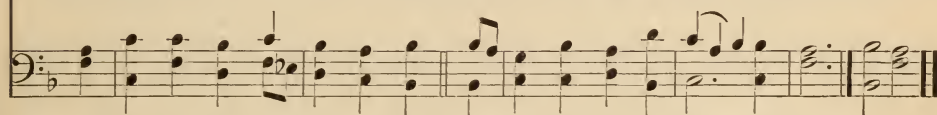
Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;



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



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



2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 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.

5 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.

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815

Al-mighty Fa - ther, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;

O may the pre-cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a - bun-dant fruit. A-men.

2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face.
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

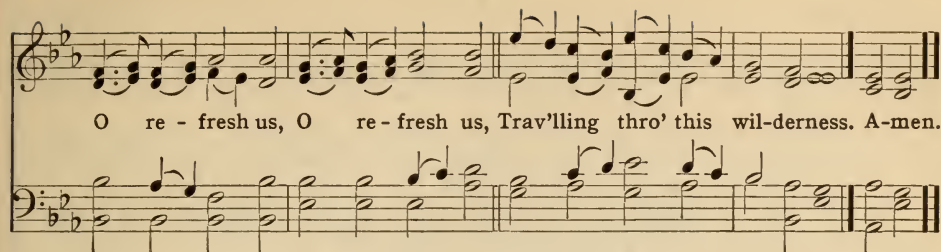
Anon.

SICILIAN MARINERS 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune*)

Sicilian Melody

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace:



O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-derness. A-men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
 Saviour, from the world away,
 Let no fear of death appal us,
 Glad Thy summons to obey:
 May we ever
 Reign with Thee in endless day.


Anon. 1773 (ascribed to Rev. JOHN FAWCETT)

69

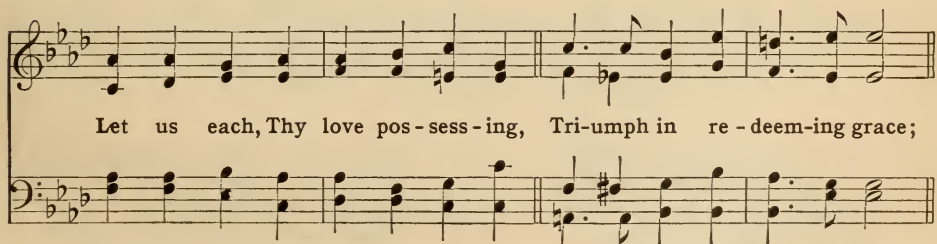
ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(Second Tune)

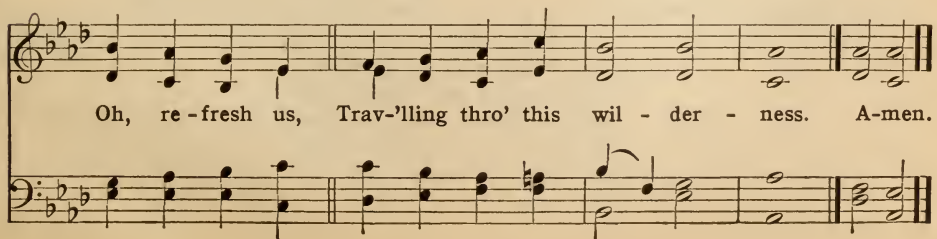
E. J. HOPKINS, 1862



Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;



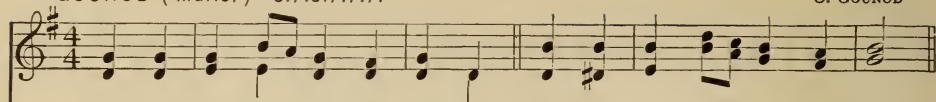
Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;



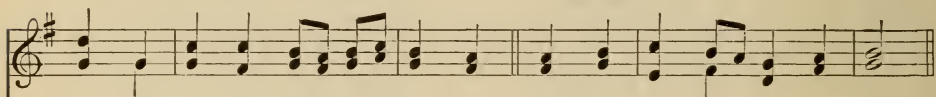
Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A-men.

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8.7.8.7.7.7.

C. GOUNOD



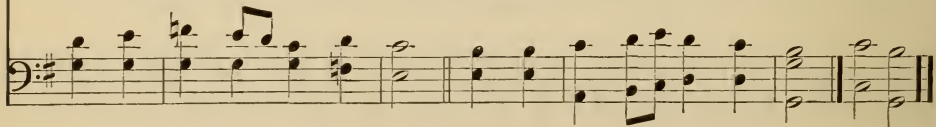
Sav - iour, now the day is end - ing And the shades of eve - ning fall,



Let Thy Ho - ly Dove de - scend - ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all;



Set Thy seal on ev - 'ry heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part. A - men.



2 Bless the gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

SOLITUDE 7.7.7.7.

L. T. DOWNES, 1851

Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun When the Chris - tian's course is run. A - men.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
When the evening worshiper

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose
Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall close.

Rev. S. F. SMITH, 1832

CANTONE 7.7.7.7.

A. H. MANN, 1894

Now may He, Who from the dead Brought the Shep - herd of the sheep,

Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep. A - men.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

73

PAX DEI 10.10.10.10.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

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 worship cease, Then, low - ly kneeling, 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, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

73

ELLERS 10.10.10.10.

(Second Tune)

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1866

E. J. HOPKINS, 1871

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 worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A-men.

73

ELLERS 10.10.10.10.

(Second Tune, Unison Setting)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1871

Sav-our, 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 cease,

Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace. 2 Grant us Thy peace up-

on our homeward way; With Thee be-gan, with Thee shall end the day;

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have

CLOSE OF SERVICE

call'd up - on Thy name. 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night,

Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger

keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,

and our stay in strife; . . . Then, when Thy voice shall bid the conflict cease, . . .

Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Att. by E. MILLER, 1790

God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known;

Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - men.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

VERSES 1, 2, REV. BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787
VERSES 3, 4, 5, REV. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819

LUNDY L. M.

C. H. LLOYD

The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry star Thy wisdom shines;

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines. A - men.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. 1719

SAWLEY C. M.

J. WALCH, 1860

Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;

Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-ller's way; A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;</p> <p>3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day,
When waves would whirl our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.</p> | <p>4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?</p> <p>5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.</p> |
|---|--|

BERNARD BARTON, 1827

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1875

Fa-ther of mer-cies, in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines!

For-ev-er be Thy name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.</p> <p>3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;</p> | <p>And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.</p> <p>4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.</p> |
|---|--|

ANNE STEELE, 1760

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. BAKER, 1872

Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice, My last - ing her - it - age:
 There shall my no - blest pow'rs re - jice, My warm - est tho'ts en - gage. A - men.

- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
 And keep Thy laws in sight;
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,

- Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have:
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

ST. AGNES C. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1866

How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given:
 Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A - men.

- 2 Its light, descending from above,
 Our gloomy world to cheer,
 Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
 And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
 And where his feet have trod;
 And brings to view the matchless grace
 Of a forgiving God.

- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782

EMMANUEL C. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN

The Spir - it breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight;

Pre - cepts and prom - is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light. A - men.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779

MANSFIELD 8.7.8.4.

E. H. TURPIN, 1889

Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth,

Won - drous is thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth. A - men.

- 2 Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee.
- 3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,

- As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to me!"
- 4 Book of life, when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1843

O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the ra - dian - ce That from the hal - lowed page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,
 Received the gift divine;
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine;
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Thee, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass,
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old.
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

WATTS 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. S. B. HODGES

We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For

all our com - forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent His own e -

ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A - men.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

MANSFIELD 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNBY, 1893

We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For

all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent His own e -

ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A - men.

84

RIVAULX L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Fa-ther of all, Whose love profound A ran-som for our souls hath found,

Be-fore Thy throne we sin-ners bend: To us Thy pard'ning love ex-tend. A-men.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah, — Father, Spirit, Son, —
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

ANCIENT OF DAYS 11.10.11.10. (*First Tune*)

T. A. JEFFERY, 1886

First system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics: "An-cient of days, Who sittest, thron'd in glo - ry;". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics: "To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has bless'd the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

Third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "wide world's wondrous sto-ry, With light and life since Eden's dawn-ing day. A-men." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a repeat sign.

- 2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
 In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
 Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
 To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
 To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
 Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
 And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-Giver,
 Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
 From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
 Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
 Praise we the goodness that has crowned our day;
 Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
 Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

BISHOP WILLIAM CROSSWELL DOANE, 1886

85

(Second Tune)

STRENGTH AND STAY 11.10.11.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

An - cient of days, Who sit - test, thron'd in glo - ry; To Thee all

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Strength and Stay'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line accompaniment. The lyrics 'An - cient of days, Who sit - test, thron'd in glo - ry; To Thee all' are written below the notes.

knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has bless'd the

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has bless'd the' are written below the notes.

wide world's wondrous sto - ry, With light and life since Eden's dawning day. A-men.

The third and final system of musical notation for this page. It concludes the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'wide world's wondrous sto - ry, With light and life since Eden's dawning day. A-men.' are written below the notes.

ENNERDALE 8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. CLIPPINGDALE

Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One:

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A - men.

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

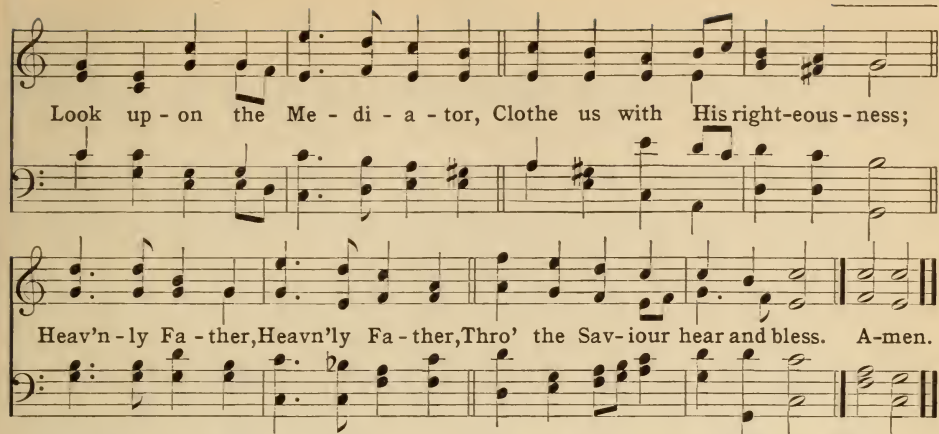
4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7.

H. SMART, 1867

Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love and peace,



Look up on the Me-di-a-tor, Clothe us with His right-eous-ness;
Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Heav'n'ly Fa-ther, Thro' the Sav-iour hear and bless. A-men.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,

Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

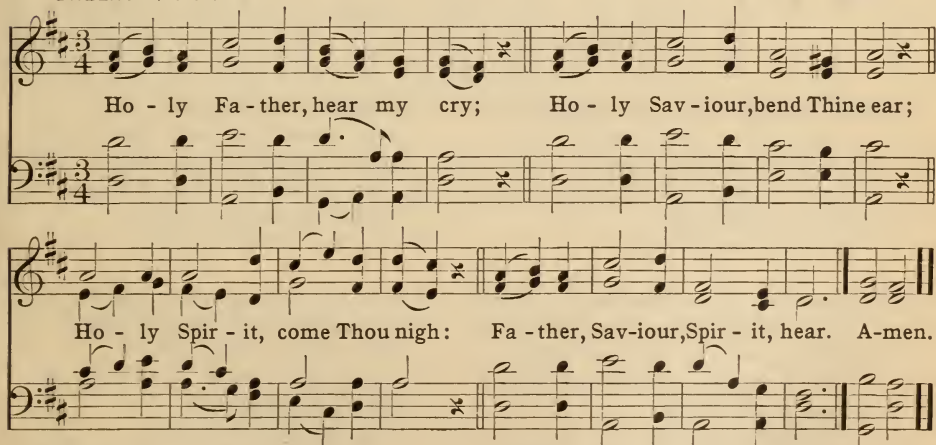
4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Bishop A. V. GRISWOLD, 1837

88

DALLAS 7.7.7.7.

Art. from CHERUBINI



Ho-ly Fa-ther, hear my cry; Ho-ly Sav-iour, bend Thine ear;
Ho-ly Spir-it, come Thou nigh: Fa-ther, Sav-iour, Spir-it, hear. A-men.

2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;

Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1843

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, E - ter - nal King,

By the heav'ns and earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,

Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid;
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.</p> | <p>4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.</p> |
| <p>3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.</p> | <p>5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.</p> |
- 6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One, and Persons Three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:

Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue. A-men.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

CANNONS L. M.

HANDEL

Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A-men.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid, 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
Made us of clay, and formed us men; High as the heavens our voices raise;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
He brought us to His fold again. Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 3 We are His people, we His care, 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Our souls and all our mortal frame: Vast as eternity Thy love;
What lasting honors shall we rear, Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name? When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1741

Give to our God im-mor-tal praise; Mercy and truth are all His ways: Wonders of

grace to God be-long; Re-peat His mer-cies in your song. A-men.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

93

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. ZEUNER, 1832

Kingdoms and thrones to God be-long; Crown Him, ye na-tions, in your song:

His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse; His honors shall enrich your verse. A-men.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

MAINZER L. M.

J. MAINZER, c. 1845

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn 'The Lord is King'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time, with chords and a vocal line.

The Lord is King: lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns re-joice:

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn 'The Lord is King'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time, with chords and a vocal line.

From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om-nip - o - tent is King. A-men.

2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

4 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!" [ring,

3 The Lord is King: child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

5 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824

LITLINGTON TOWER L. M.

J. BARNBY, 1862

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn 'Lo, God is here'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time, with chords and a vocal line.

Lo, God is here, let us a - dore, And own how dread-ful is this place;

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn 'Lo, God is here'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time, with chords and a vocal line.

Musical notation for the third system of the hymn 'Lo, God is here'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time, with chords and a vocal line.

Let all with-in us feel His pow'r, And si - lent bow be - fore His face. A-men.

2 Lo, God is here: Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -

the - real sky, And span-gl'd heav'ns a shin - ing frame, Their

great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th' unwea-ried sun from day to day,

Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play, And pub - lish-es . . . to

Ped.

ev - 'ry land The work of an . . . al-might-y hand. A-men.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

J. ADDISON, 1712

97

HEATHLANDS Six 7s.

H. SMART, 1867

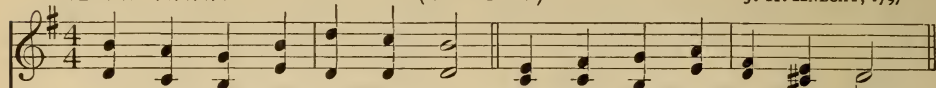
Lord of pow - er, Lord of might; God and Fa - ther of us all;

Lord of day, and Lord of night, Lis - ten to our sol - emn call.

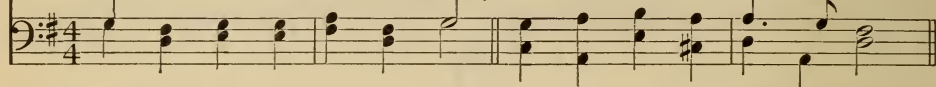
Lis - ten, whilst to Thee we raise Songs of prayer, and songs of praise. A - men.

- 2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,
 Great Creator of all good;
 Fill our souls with light divine;
 Give us with our daily food
 Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
 Blessings rich for evermore.
- 3 Graft within our heart of hearts
 Love undying for Thy name;
 Bid us ere the day departs
 Spread afar our Maker's fame:
 Young and old together bless,
 Clothe our souls with righteousness.

- 4 Full of years, and full of peace,
 May our life on earth be blest;
 When our trials here shall cease,
 And at last we sink to rest,
 Fountain of eternal love,
 Call us to our home above.



Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done. A - men.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

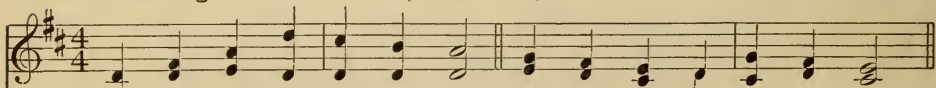
4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

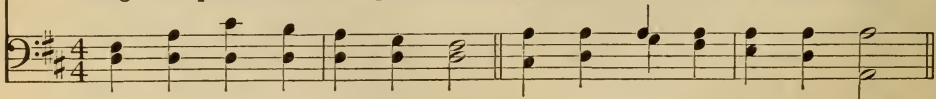
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

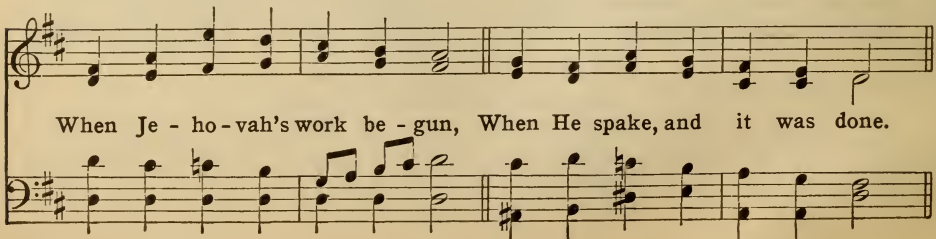
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819



Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - u - ias rang,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done.



2 Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;

Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty. A-men.

99

ELLINGHAM 7.7.7.7.

S. N. GODFREY, 1881

God e - ter - nal, Lord of all, Low - ly at Thy feet we fall;

All the earth doth wor-ship Thee; We a - mid the throng would be. A-men.

2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice Holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly Powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified Apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

4 With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;

For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear!

6 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

100

ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.7.

(First Tune)

A. SULLIVAN, 1872

An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thousandson - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. A - men.

2 Thou Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT, 1866

100

ANGEL VOICES 8.5.8.5.8.7.

(Second Tune)

E. G. MONK

An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel-harps, for ev - er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thou-sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might. A - men.

101

DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615

My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy maj - es - ty how bright,

How beau-ti - ful Thy mer - cy-seat In depths of burn-ing light. A-men.

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

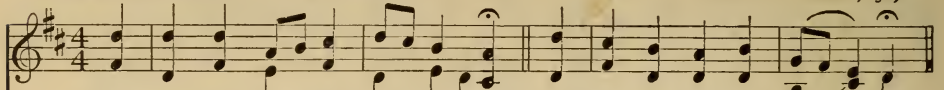
3 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;

4 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

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

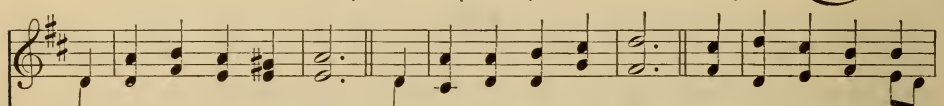
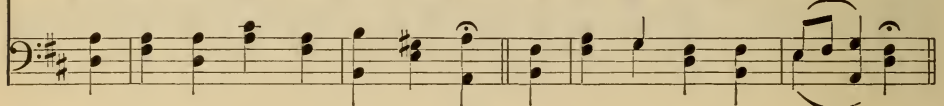
6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.



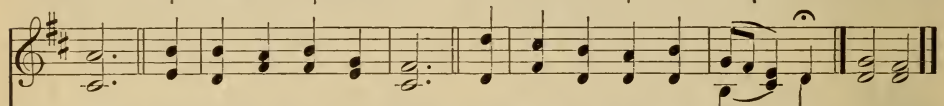
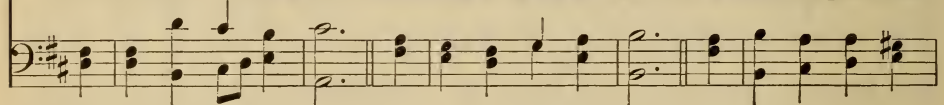
A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;



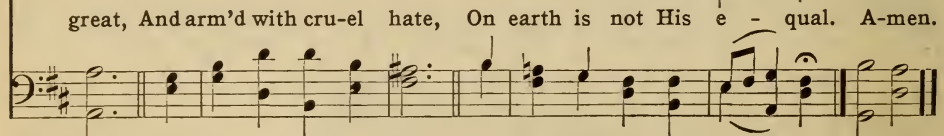
Our help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing;



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are



great, And arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not His e - qual. A-men.



2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing, —
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He!
 Lord Sabaoth, His name,
 From age to age the same;
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:

The prince of darkness grim —
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure;
 For lo, his doom is sure;
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers —
 No thanks to them — abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
 Through Him Who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill,
 God's truth abideth still;
 His kingdom is for ever.

103

HORSLEY C. M.

W. HORSLEY, 1844

Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy,
The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ. A-men.

- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succor trust.

- 4 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 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.

TATE and BRADY, 1696

104

ST. ANNE C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter-nal home: A-men.

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;

- Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

O God, we praise Thee, and con-fess, That Thou the on - ly Lord And

ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored. To

Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; To Thee the powers on high, Both

Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim, Con - tin - ual - ly do cry: A - men.

2 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.
The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

3 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.
Thy honored, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by L. MASON, 1830

High in the heav'ns, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines;

Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.</p> <p>3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring.</p> | <p>The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.</p> <p>4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DYER, 1824

Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;

Cen-ter and soul of ev-'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.</p> <p>3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.</p> | <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.</p> <p>5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.</p> |
|--|--|

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by E. MILLER, 1790

O love of God, how strong and true! E - ter - nal, and yet ev - er new;

Un-com-pre-hended and unbought, Be-yond all knowledge and all thought. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!</p> <p>3 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read Thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.</p> <p>4 We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;</p> | <p>Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.</p> <p>5 We read Thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of Thy might.</p> <p>6 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1861

ALL FOR JESUS 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1872

God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love. - A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Death and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.</p> <p>3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;</p> | <p>From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.</p> <p>4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.</p> |
|---|--|

J. BOWRING, 1825

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

G. J. WEBB, 1830

O God, the Rock of Ages, Who ever-more hast been,

What time the tem-pest rages, Our dwell-ing-place se-rene;

Be-fore Thy first cre-a-tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end-less gen-er-a-tions The Ev-er-last-ing Thou! A-men.

2 Our years are like the shadows
 On sunny hills that lie,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die:
 A sleep, a dream, a story
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.

On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till, clothed in light for ever,
 We see Thee face to face:
 A joy no language measures;
 A fountain brimming o'er;
 An endless flow of pleasures;
 An ocean without shore.

FABEN 8.7.8.7.D.

J. H. WILLCOX, 1849

Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,

For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:

Help, O God, my weak en-deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A - men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Lord God of hosts, by all a - dored! Thy name we praise with one ac - cord;

The earth and heav'ns are full of Thee, Thy light, Thy love, Thy maj - es - ty. A - men.

- 2 Loud alleluias to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to Thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.
- 4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity!
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets aid to swell the song;
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.
- 5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.
- Tr. by JOHN GAMEBOLD, 1754. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1810

Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice: Stand

up and bless the Lord, your God, With heart, and soul, and voice. A - men.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL, 1728

Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'n - ly theme, And speak some bound-less

thing; The might-y works, or might - ier name Of

our e - ter - nal King, Of our e - ter - nal King. Amen.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet praises of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

3 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

SABBATA (Sharon) C. M.

H. F. HEMV, 1865

When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, ..

Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. A-men.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face:
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712

116

ST. BENET Six 7s.

W. H. WILLIAMSON

God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face;

Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy church with light di - vine;

And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end. A-men.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing 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. A-men.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on His oath depend,
 I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
 The Lord, our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace;
 On Zion's sacred height
 His kingdom He maintains,
 And, glorious with His saints in light,
 Forever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:

Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

T. OLIVERS, 1770

117

COVENANT 6.6.8.4.D.

(Second Tune)

J. STAINER, 1889

The God of A-braham praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing 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. A-men.

WARE L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838

Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue!

Ho-san-na to th' e-ter-nal name, And all His boundless love pro-claim. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of His grace!
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.</p> <p>3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.</p> | <p>4 Grace,—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.</p> <p>5 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where He unveils His lovely face,
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815

Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates:

All flesh shall to Thy throne re - pair, And find, thro' Christ, salva - tion there. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!</p> <p>3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.</p> | <p>4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
The clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.</p> <p>5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore:
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-men.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, 1624

God my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy name;

Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A-men.

2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,

4 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1824

Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;

Ransom'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A - men.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;

Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guidance He hath made. A - men.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail;
 God hath made His saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
 Lord, we offer unto Thee;
 Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
 In glad homage bend the knee.
 All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
 We would bow before Thy throne:
 As Thine angels serve before Thee,
 So on earth Thy will be done.

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS' Coll., 1762

O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to Thee pro-claim!
 And all that is with-in me join To bless His ho-ly name! A-men.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 His mercies bear in mind!
 Forget not all His benefits!
 The Lord to thee is kind.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.

3 He will not always chide;
 He will with patience wait;
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.

5 Then bless His holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
 O bless the Lord, my soul!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

SCHUMANN S. M.

R. SCHUMANN

My soul, re-peat His praise Whose mer-cies are so great;
 Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate. A-men.

2 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of His grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

3 His power subdues our sins,
 And His forgiving love,

4 The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear His name
 Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

126

GABRIEL C.M.D.

Traditional. Arr. by A. SULLIVAN

Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo-dious strains,

Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver-man-tled plains;

Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;

And an - gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air. A-men.

2 The answering 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 Glory to God! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay, —
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834

NATIVITY C. M.

HENRY LAHEE, 1855

4/4 time signature. Treble and bass clefs. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music consists of two staves with lyrics underneath.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

4/4 time signature. Treble and bass clefs. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music consists of two staves with lyrics underneath.

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.</p> | <p>He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.</p> |
| <p>3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:</p> | <p>4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.</p> |

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

AVISON Irregular
1st Chorus

C. AVISON

6/4 time signature. Treble and bass clefs. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music consists of two staves with lyrics underneath.

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing, . . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

6/4 time signature. Treble and bass clefs. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music consists of two staves with lyrics underneath.

si-ah is King! | Si-on, the mar-vel-lous sto-ry be tell-ing, The

Son of the High-est, how low-ly His birth! The bright-est arch-an-gel in

Repeat 1st Chorus
 glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth:

Chorus after the last verse
 Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing, . . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King. A-men.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
 How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
 His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
 Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. BAKER, 1872

Hark! the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour prom-ised long:

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev-'ry voice a song. A-men.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735

BURLEIGH Eight 7s.

(First Tune)

S. WEEKES

He has come, the Christ of God; Left for us His glad a-bode;

Stoop-ing from His throne of bliss, To this dark-some wil-der-ness!

2 He has come, the Prince of Peace; Come to bid our sor-rows cease;

Come to scat-ter, with His light, All the sha-dows of our night. A-men.

3 He, the mighty King, has come,
 Making this poor earth His home;
 Come to bear our sin's sad load,
 Son of David, Son of God.

5 Unto us a Child is born;
 Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
 Out of all the morns of time
 Half so glorious in its prime.

4 He has come, whose name of grace
 Speaks deliverance to our race;
 Left for us His glad abode,
 Son of Mary, Son of God.

6 Unto us a Son is given;
 He has come from God's own heaven,
 Bringing with Him from above
 Holy peace, and holy love.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857

130

GLAD DAY 7.7.7.7.

(Second Tune)

WILLIAM W. GILCHRIST, 1895

He has come, the Christ of God: Left for us His glad a - bode;

Stoop - ing from His throne of bliss, To this dark-some wil-der-ness! A-men.

It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, . .

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;

Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;

The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - men.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world:
 Above its sad and lonely plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow!
 Look now, for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing:
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
 By prophets seen of old,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Shall come the time foretold,
 When the new heaven and earth shall own
 The Prince of Peace, their King,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1849

131

CANTUS GLORIOSUS C. M. D. (*Second Tune*)

F. L. SEALY, 1892

It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;

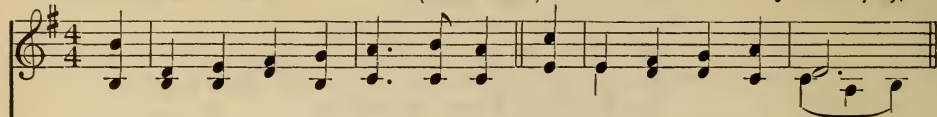
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra - cious King:"

The earth in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A-men.

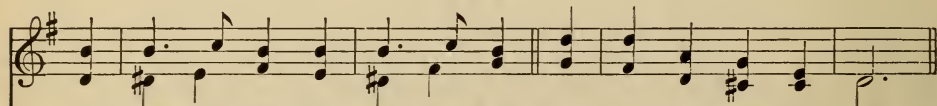
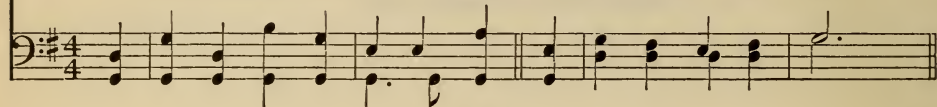
BETHLEHEM C. M. D.

(First Tune)

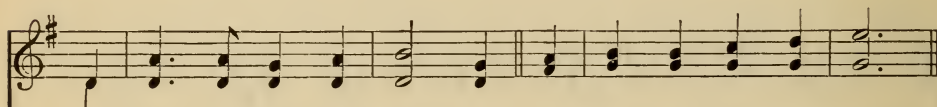
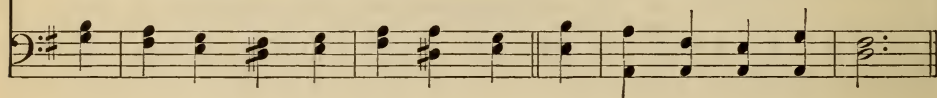
J. BARNEY, 1894



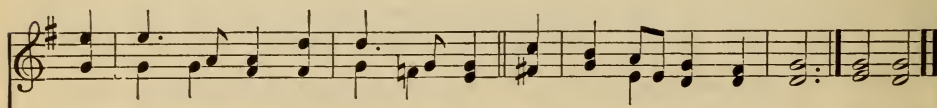
O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie; . .



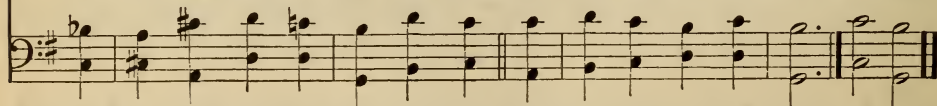
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in Thee to - night. A-men.



2 For Christ is born of Mary,
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given;
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray,
 Cast out our sin and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels,
 The great glad tidings tell,
 O, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Immanuel!

© Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1866

132

ST. LOUIS C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

L. H. REDNER, 1880

O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

CAROL C. M. D.

R. S. WILLIS, 1849

While Shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their trou - bled mind;

"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you, and all man - kind. A - men.

2 "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 meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 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."

ST. ATHANASIUS Six 7s.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1872

Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn; Un - to us a Child is born,

Un - to us a Son is given, God Him - self comes down from heaven.

Sing, O sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A-men.

2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
And on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
He is Son of Man that we
By Him sons of God may be.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

(First Tune)

MENDELSSOHN Eight 7s. *With Refrain*

MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim Christ is born in

Refrain

Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-men.

Ped.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!

3 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.
 Risen with healing in His wings,
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

135

(Second Tune)

HERALD ANGELS Eight 7s. *With Refrain*

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867

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

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye

na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim

Christ is born in Beth - le - hem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

Refrain

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King! A - men.

VENI EMMANUEL Si; 8s.

(First Tune)

Ancient Plain Song
13th Century

O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el,

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

Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el! A-men.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
 And open wide our heavenly home;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
 Who once, from Sinai's flaming height
 Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851

136

VENI EMMANUEL Six 8s.

(Second Tune)

C. GOUNOD, 1872

O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,"

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

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear."

Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra - el! A-men.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. The lyrics are: "Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra - el! A-men."

An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King. A - men.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the infant-light;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of nations,
 Ye have seen His natal star;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 All creation, join in praising
 God the Father, Spirit, Son—
 Evermore your voices raising
 To th' Eternal Three in One;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

137

MINSTER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(Second Tune)

C. S. JEVYLL

An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,

Ye who sang cre - a-tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth;

Come and wor-ship, Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

DIX Six 7s.

Arr. from CONRAD KOCHER, 1836

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, beam-ing bright;

So, most gracious God, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

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 Thy 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.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

PRINCETHORPE 6.5.6.5.D.

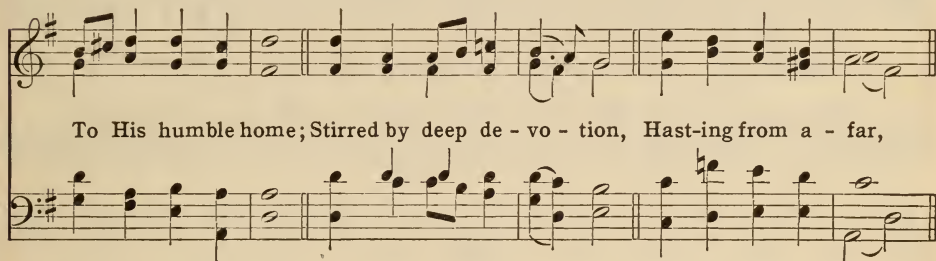
W. PITTS



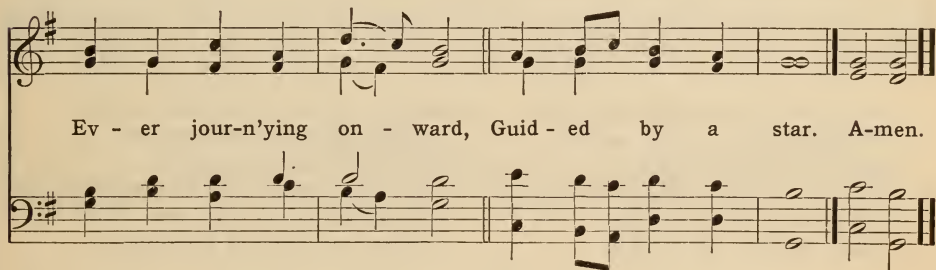
From the eastern mountains Press-ing on they come, Wise men in their wis - dom



To His humble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,



Ev - er jour-n'yng on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. A-men.



- 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.
- 3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

- 4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.
- 5 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

(First Tune)

ALL THIS NIGHT (Nativity New) 8.6.6.D.

F. C. MAKER, 1881

All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,

Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,

Till the air ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A-men.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger
Soft and sweet, doth entreat —
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your Saviour gives you."

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning:
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

REV. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653. Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858

(Second Tune)

STELLA 8.6.6.D.

HORATIO W. PARKER

All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,

Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,

Till the air ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A-men.

141

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Come, Thou long-ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free:

From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee. A-men.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King,

Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

SANCTUARY 8.7.8.7.D.

Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1871

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing thro' the skies?

Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise;

Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:

"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God Most High. A-men.

- 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 praises sing:
O 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 ye 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.

ANDERSEN 8.7.8.7.8.8. *With Refrain*

N. W. GADE

Child Je-sus comes from Heav'nly height To save us from sin's

keep-ing; On man-ger straw, in darksome night, The Blessed One lies sleep-ing. The

star smiles down, the an-gels greet, The ox-en kiss the ba-by's feet: Al-le-

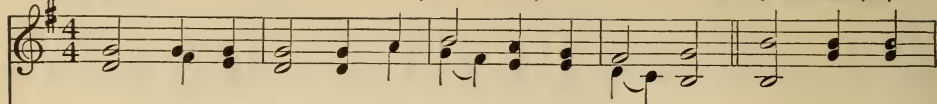
lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Child Je-sus, Christ the Lord. A-men.

- 2 Take courage, soul in grief cast down,
 Forget the bitter dealing:
 A Child is born in David's town
 To touch all souls with healing.
 Then let us go and seek the Child,
 Children like Him meek, undefiled.
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Child Jesus! Christ the Lord!

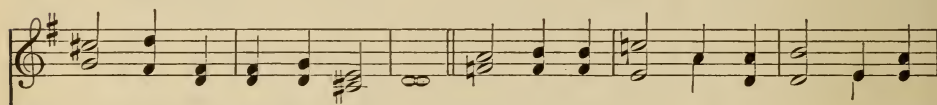
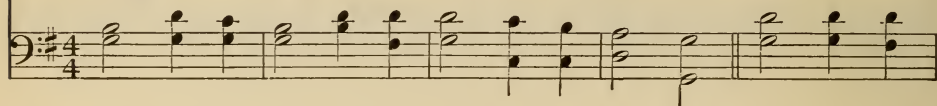
ST. NINIAN 11.10.11.10.

(First Tune)

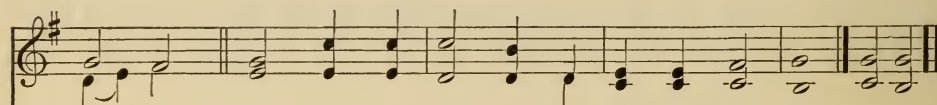
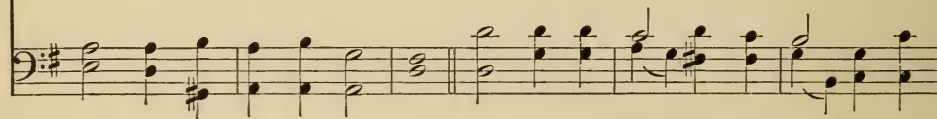
Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1872



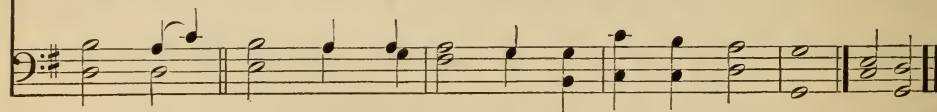
Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our



dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a -



dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1811

144

(Second Tune)

BRIGHTEST AND BEST 11.10.11.10.

Rev. J. F. THRUPP, 1848

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

ri - zon a-dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Redeem-er is laid. A-men.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

IRBY 8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1856

Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,

Where a moth - er laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed:

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye to

Beth - le - hem with one glad ac - cord. Lo! in a man - ger lies the King of

An - gels; O come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a -

dore Him, O come let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men.

2 O sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye that hear in heaven God's holy word.
Give to our Father glory in the highest;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 O Hail! Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,
O Jesus! for ever more be Thy name adored.
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;

Orgl

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on 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. A - men.

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 life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

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.

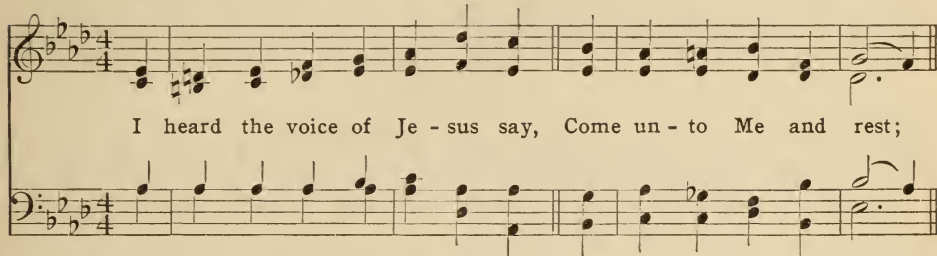
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1846

147

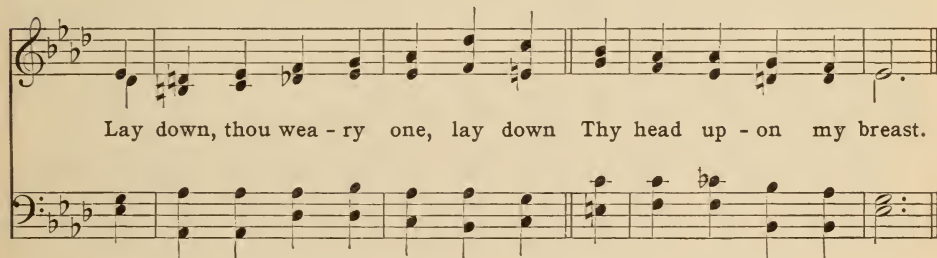
BELLAMY C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

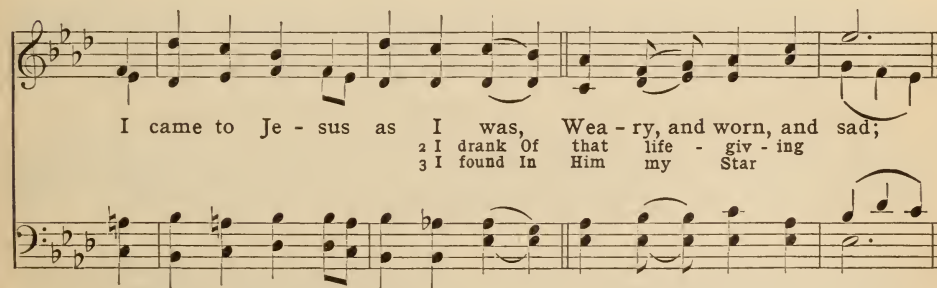
W. F. BIDDLE



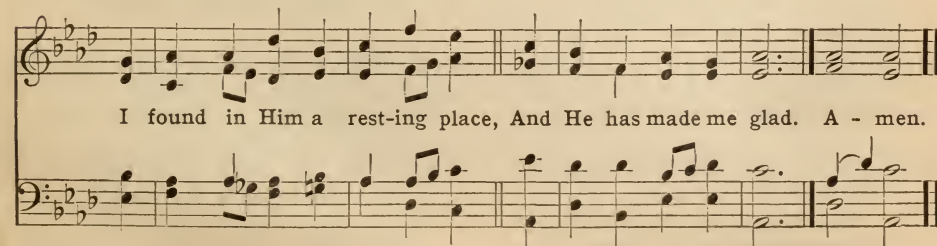
I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
1 I drank Of that life - giv - ing
3 I found In Him my Star



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

O, where is He that trod the sea, O, where is He that spake,

And de-mons from their vic-tims flee, The dead their slum-bers break?

The pal-sied rise in free-dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,

And from blind eyes, be-night-ed long, Bright beams of morning spring. A - men.

2 O, where is He that trod the sea,
 O, where is He that spake,
 And dark waves, rolling heavily,
 A glassy smoothness take;
 And lepers, whose own flesh has been
 A solitary grave,
 See with amazement that they are clean,
 And cry, 'Tis He can save.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea,
 'Tis only He can save;
 To thousands hungering wearily,
 A wondrous meal He gave:

Full soon, with food celestial fed,
 Their mystic fare they take;
 'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
 And harvest when He brake.

4 O, where is He that trod the sea;
 My soul, the Lord is here:
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
 To leap, to look, to hear,
 Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:
 Art thou diseased, or dumb?
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
 "I come," saith Christ, "I come."

DELIVERANCE C. M. D.

J. BARNBY, 1867

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;

It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal-sied and the lame,

The lep-er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame. A-men.

2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore.
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830

My dear Re-deem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;

But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char-ac-ters. A-men.

- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, The desert Thy temptations knew,
Such deference to Thy Father's will, Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine. 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer; Among the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

KEBLE L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1874

O wondrous type! O vi-sion fair Of glo - ry that the Church shall share,

Which Christ up-on the mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows! Amen.

- 2 From age to age the tale declare, 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
How with the three disciples there, By this great vision's mystery;
Where Moses and Elias meet, For which in joyful strains we raise
The Lord holds converse high and sweet. The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
- 3 With shining face and bright array, 5 O Father, with th' eternal Son,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day And Holy Spirit ever One,
What glory shall be theirs above, Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
Who joy in God with perfect love. To see Thy glory face to face.

Latin. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1854

OXFORD L. M.

J. STAINER

Teach me, O Lord, Thy ho - ly way, And give me an o - be-dient mind; That

in Thy ser - vice I may find My soul's de-light from day to day. A-men.

- 2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessèd land.
- 4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.
- 3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod;
And, meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.
- 5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee:
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

Rev. WILLIAM T. MATSON, 1887

FESTUS L. M.

German Chorale, 1784

Wher-e'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,

Where men in bu - sy concourse meet, Or in the lone - ly wil - der - ness. A-men.

- 2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.
- 3 Oh, may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be.

Anon., 1864

LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR, 1847

How sweet-ly flowed the gos-pel's sound From lips of gen - tle-ness and grace,

When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and rev'rence filled the place. A-men.

- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke, 3 "Come, wanderers, to My Father's home,
To heaven He led His followers' way; Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke, Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Unveiling an immortal day. Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blessed.

JOHN BOWRING, 1823

LASUS L. M.

A. H. MANN

How beauteous were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meekness used to shine,

That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God. A-men.

- 2 O Who like Thee, so mild, so bright, 4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of light, Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
O Who like Thee did ever go Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
So patient, through a world of woe? And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 3 O Who like Thee, so humbly bore 5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before? Still more and more conformed to Thee,
So meek, so lowly, yet so high, And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
So glorious in humility? And like Thee, all my journey run.

BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1838

156

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;

O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. A-men.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death, and conquered sin.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

REV. H. H. MILMAN, 1827

157

WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

CRASSELIUS, 1690

On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - noun - ces that the Lord is nigh;

A - wake, and hearken for he brings Glad tid - ings of the King of kings. A-men.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

REV. C. COFFIN, 1736. TR. J. CHANDLER, 1837

MARGARET Irregular

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home was there

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A - men.

Use the binds and quarter notes as the words require

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
 But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
 And in great humility.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
 In the shade of the forest tree;
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
 In the desert of Galilee.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest me.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT, 1864

159

ST. SOPHRONIA 6.4.6.4.D.

A. H. BROWN

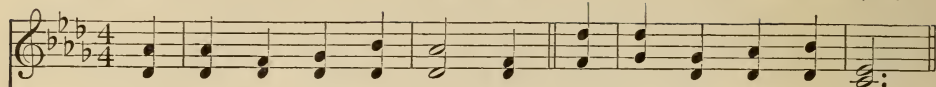
Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night,

Oars la-bored heav - i - ly, Foam glim-mered white; Trem-bled the mar-i - ners,

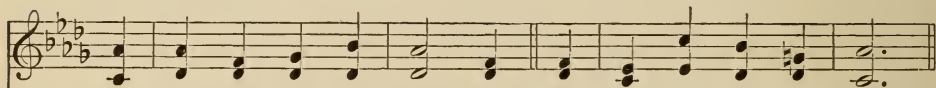
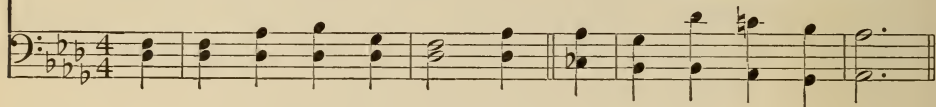
Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It . . . I!" A-men.

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

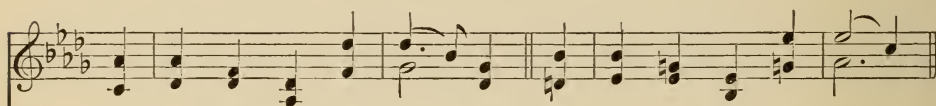
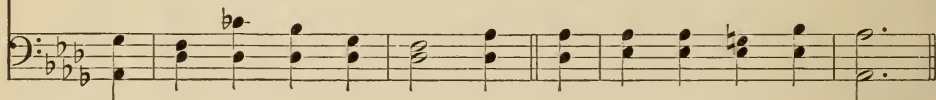
2 Ridge of the mountain-wave
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I!"



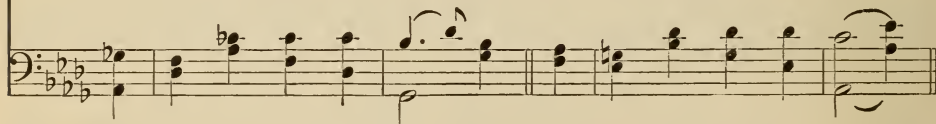
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re-deem - er, King!



To whom the lips of chil - dren 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 com - est, The King and bless - ed One. A-men.



2 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.

3 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
ST. THEODULPH, 820. Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851

160

COLLEGE CHAPEL 7.6.7.6.

(Second Tune)

Rev. A. E. SHARPLEY, 1904

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!
The com - pa - ny of

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. A - men.

Small notes at beginning are for 3d and 4th verses

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest.
Thou good and gracious King.

STONELEIGH 8.7.8.7.7.7.

C. S. JERYLL

Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,

Still with heal - ing words re - ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain;

Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat. A - men.

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- 2 Every care, and every sorrow,
 Be it great, or be it small,
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 When, where'er, it may befall,
 Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 Still the weary, sick and dying
 Need a brother's loving care;
 On Thy higher help relying
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

- 4 May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart;
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.
- 5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
 To Thy healing power yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

MARGUERITE C. M.

E. C. WALKER, 1876

What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! A - men.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. DENNY, 1839

EASTNOR S. M.

A. KING, 1863

A voice by Jor - dan's shore, A sum - mons stern and clear: "Re -

form; be just, and sin no more: God's judgment draw - eth near!" A - men.

2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
"Love God; thy neighbor love: for see
God's mercy draweth near!"

3 O voice of duty, still
Speak forth: I hear with awe;

In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

4 Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

MARTYRDOM C. M.

H. WILSON, 1800

A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - ereign die?
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness!
And melt, mine eyes, to tears!

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

MEDITATION C. M.

JOHN H. GOWER, 1890

There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - men.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven;
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848

166

LUNDY L. M.

C. H. LLOYD

O Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - rious on Thy throne,

Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scan The mys - t'ry of Thy love unknown. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.</p> <p>3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.</p> | <p>4 And day by day, O Lord, we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.</p> <p>5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.</p> |
|---|---|

Bishop W. W. How, 1871

167

ST. CROSS L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1861

O come, and mourn with me a - while; O come ye to the Sav - iour's side;

O come, to - geth - er let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.</p> <p>3 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;</p> | <p>Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.</p> <p>4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824

When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A-men.

- 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.
- 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.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(First Tune)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1868

Hark, the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;

See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:

“It is finished!” Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry. A-men.

2 “It is finished!” O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
“It is finished!”
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel’s name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. JONATHAN EVANS, 1787

169

KENSINGTON NEW 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune*)

J. TILLEARD, 1866

Hark, the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;

See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:

“It is finished! It is finished!” Hear the dy - ing Sav-iour cry. A-men.

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed 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 gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinner's 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 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in Thy body broken,
 I thus with safety hide:
 My Lord of life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside the cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?

O make me Thine forever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.

REV. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656

Tr. by JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, 1829

170

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7.6.7.6.D. (*Second Tune*)

F. C. MAKER, 1889

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed 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. A - men.

GETHSEMANE Six 7s.

R. REDHEAD, 1853

Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;

Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;

Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

STABAT MATER 8.8.7.D.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1875

Near the cross was Ma - ry weep-ing, There her mournful sta-tion keep-ing,

Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son; There, in speech-less an-guish groan-ing,

Yearning, trem-bling, sighing, moaning, Thro' her soul the sword had gone. A-men.

2 When no eye its pity gave us,
 When there was no arm to save us,
 He His love and power displayed:
 By His stripes He wrought our healing,
 By His death, our life revealing,
 He for us the ransom paid.

3 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
 That from sin we may refrain us,
 In Thy griefs may deeply grieve:
 Thee our best affections giving,
 To Thy glory ever living,
 May we in Thy glory live.

Latin. Tr. by Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER, 1842

173

RATHBUN 8 7.8.7.

I. CONKEY, 1851

In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new luster to the day.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWRING, 1825

CROSS OF JESUS 8.7.8.7.

J. STAINER, 1887

Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, Where the blood of Christ was shed,

Per - fect man on thee did suf - fer, Per - fect God on thee has bled! A-men.

2 Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in light ere worlds could be,
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,
Crucified by sin for me.

3 O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!

Very God Himself is bearing
All the sufferings of time!

4 Evermore for human failure
By His passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely He will know our need.

JAMES S. SIMPSON, 1886

175

BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7.

C. A. BARNARD

Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross we spend;

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, Thro' the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. A-men.

2 Here we sit, in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,
Make and plead our peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.

4 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

JAMES ALLEN, 1759

ST. KEVIN 7.6.7.6.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness!

God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness.

Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters,

Led them with un-moisten'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who, with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection!

4 "Alleluia!" now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who, triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
"Alleluia" with the Son,
God the Father praising;
"Alleluia" yet again
To the Spirit raising.

RESURREXIT Irregular

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain!

For our gain He suf-fered loss By Di-vine de-cree;

He hath died up-on the cross, But our God is He.

Refrain

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain!

Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain. A-men.

2 See the chains of death are broken!

Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging

Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice!
He o'er all shall reign!"

REV. ARCHER T. GURNEY, 1862

178

ST. ALBINUS 7.8.7.8. *With Alleluia*

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872

Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pal us; Je-sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thral us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

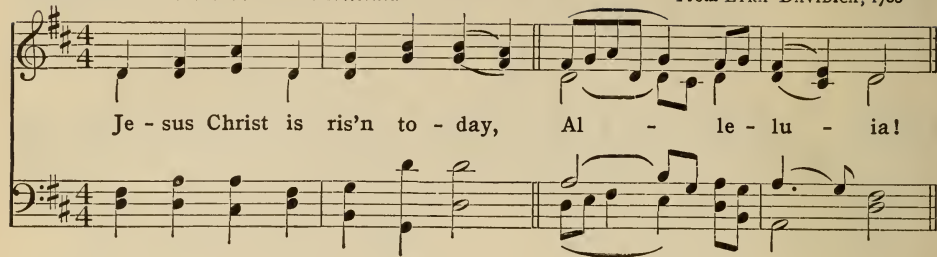
5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

REV. C. F. GELLERT, 1757. TR. FRANCIS E. COX, 1849

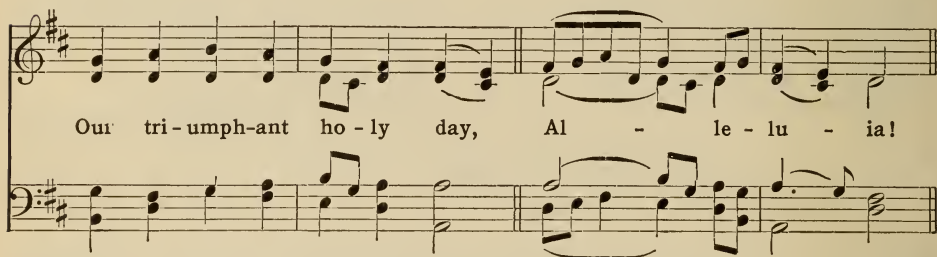
(First Tune)

WORGAN 7.7.7.7. With Alleluia

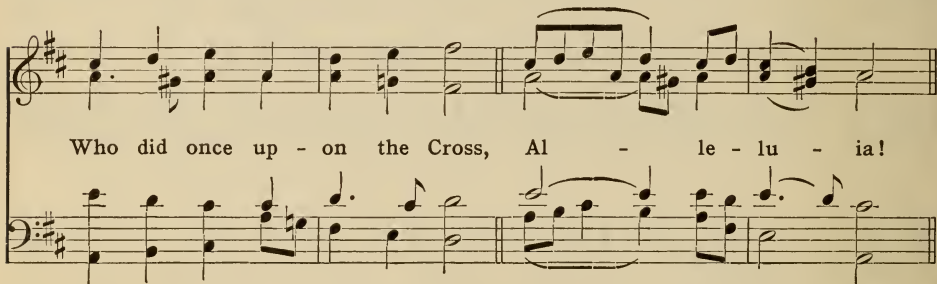
From LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708



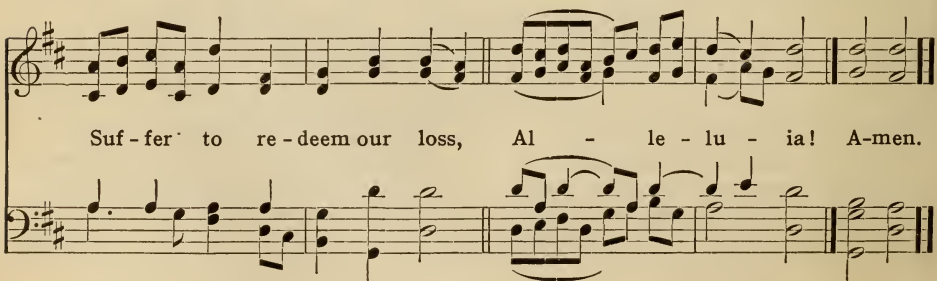
Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
 Our salvation have procured;
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing.

Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
 Praise eternal as His love;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

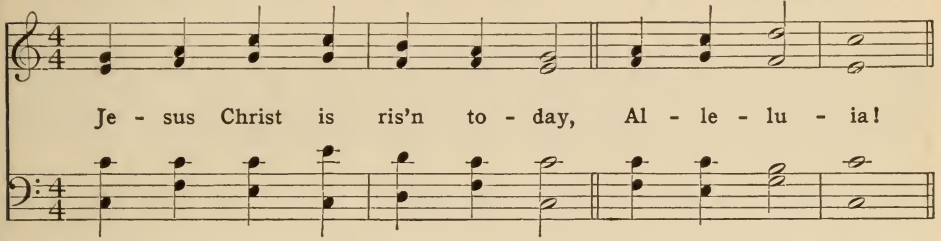
Latin. TATE and BRAD

179

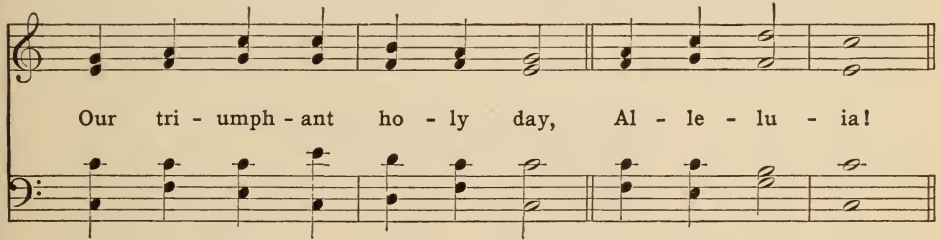
(Second Tune)

EASTER HYMN 7.7.7.7. With Alleluia

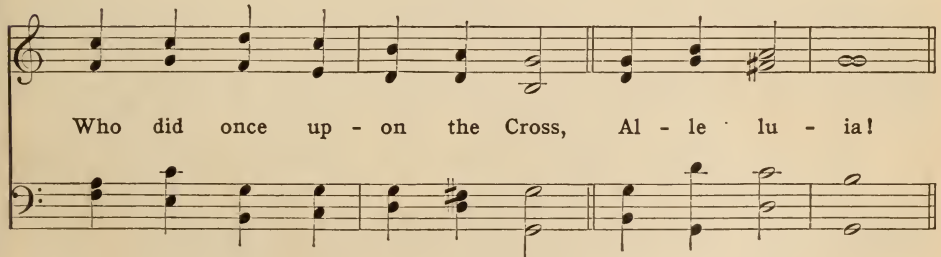
W. H. MONK, 1854



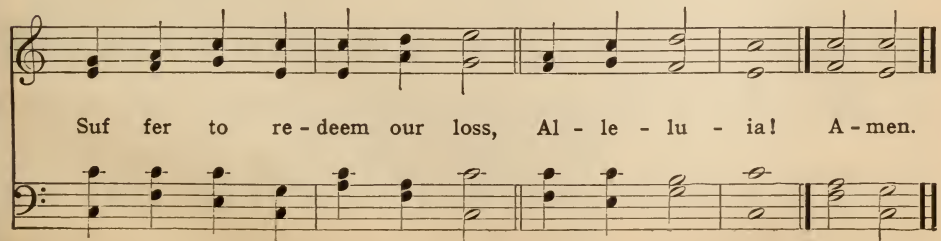
Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!



Suf fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

CANTONE 7.7.7.7.

(First Tune)

A. H. MANN, 1894

Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re- ply. A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

VIENNA 7.7.7.7.

(Second Tune)

J. H. KNECHT, 1797

Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re- ply. A-men.

LÆTABUNDUS 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia*

E. J. HOPKINS

Christ the Lord is risen a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ hath bro - ken

ev - 'ry chain; Al - le - lu - ia! Hark! an - gel - ic voi - ces cry, Al - le -

lu - ia! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say, Alleluia!

4 He Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia!

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia!

ROTTERDAM 7.6.7.6.D.

(First Tune)

B. TOURS, 1875

The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad:

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
 Let earth her song begin;
 Let the round world keep triumph
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

JOHN of Damascus, ab. 700. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1862

182

LANCASHIRE 7.6.7.6.D.

(Second Tune)

H. SMART, 1867

The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad:

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.

SURSUM VOCES 8.7.8.7.D.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON

Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the form - er days be - long:

All a - round the clouds are break - ing, Soon the storms of time shall cease,

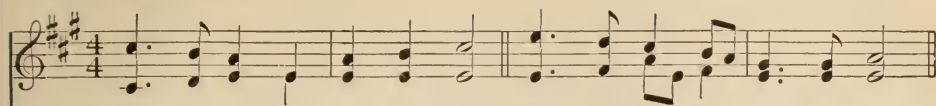
In God's like - ness man, a - wak - ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace. A - men.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
 All that eye has yet perceived!
 Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
 Never that full joy conceived.
 God has promised, Christ prepares it,
 There on high our welcome waits;
 Every humble spirit shares it,
 Christ has passed the eternal gates.

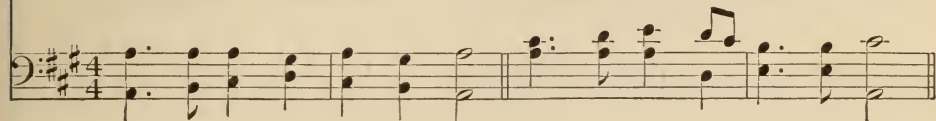
3 Life eternal! O what wonders
 Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
 Saints shall stand before the throne!
 O to enter that bright portal,
 See that glowing firmament,
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
 "Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"

EASTER 7.7.7.8.7

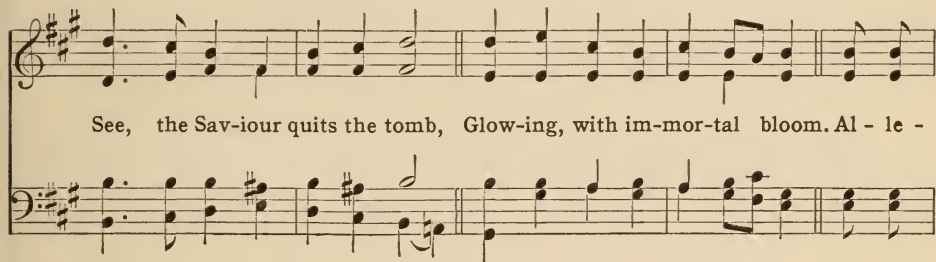
Rev. J. B. DYKES



An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the might - y prey!



See, the Sav-iour quits the tomb, Glow-ing, with im-mor-tal bloom. Al - le -



lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen . . to-day. A-men.



2 'Tis the Saviour: angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount Thy throne,
Thy great Father's and Thine own.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

4 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres:
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

(First Tune)

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING ||.||.||.||. With Refrain

J. B. CALKIN, 1866

Wel-come,hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is

vanquished,heav'n is won to-day; Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,

God for ev-er-more! Him,their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.

8vas.

Refrain in Unison

Wel-come,happy morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is

vanquished, heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv - ing,

God for-ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a - tor, all His works a-dore. Amen.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!

Refrain. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say, etc.

"Wel-come, happy morning!" age to age shall say; Hell today is vanquish'd, heav'n is

won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-

ator, all His works adore! "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. A-men.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voi - ces heav'n - ward raise:

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:

He, Who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

VICTORY 8.8.8.4.

From PALESTRINA, 1588

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

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! A - men.

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

Alleluia!

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

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!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee.

Alleluia!

ASCENSION S. M. D.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1877

Unison

Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;

Harmony

And round Thy throne un-ces-ing - ly Glad songs of praise a - rise.

But we are lin - g'ring here With sin and care op - pressed:

Lord, send Thy prom-ised Com-fort - er, And lead us to Thy rest. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up on high:
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto Thy crown.
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.

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

Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;

Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

189

(Second Tune)

LAUS SEMPITERNA 7.7.7.7. With Alleluias

S. REAY

Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

VERRINDER 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(First Tune)

C. G. VERRINDER

Rise, glo - rious Con - queror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies;

As - sume Thy right; And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are

backward rolled, Pass through those gates of gold, And reign in light. A-men.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train.
Praises all heaven inspire,
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain.

3 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.

4 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
Thy heritage.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848

FIAT LUX 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(Second Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

Rise, glo - rious Con - queror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies;

As-sume Thy right; And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are backward rolled,

Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light. A-men.

191

HERMANN C. M.

Alt. from NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1560

The gold-en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide,

The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Fa-ther's side. A-men.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

REX GLORIÆ 8.7.8.7.D.

H. SMART, 1868

See, the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph, See the King in roy-al state,

Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'nly pal-ace gate;

Hark, the choirs of an-gel voi-ces Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,

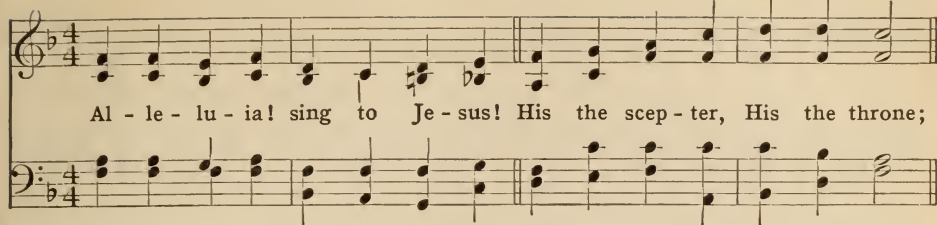
And the por-tals high are lift-ed, To re-ceive their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory;
 He Who on the cross did suffer,
 He Who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

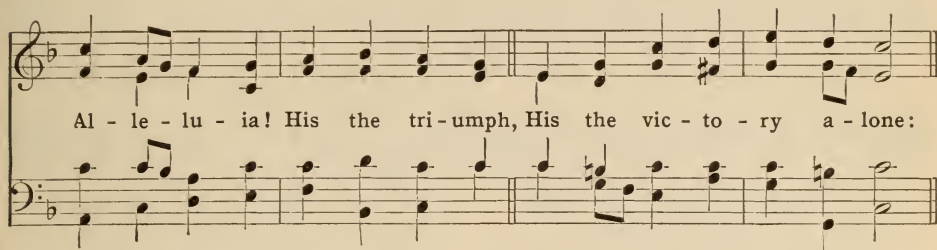
3 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand,
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand;
 Jesus reigns adored by angels,
 Man with God is on the throne,
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

ALLELUIA (Wesley) 8.7.8.7.D.

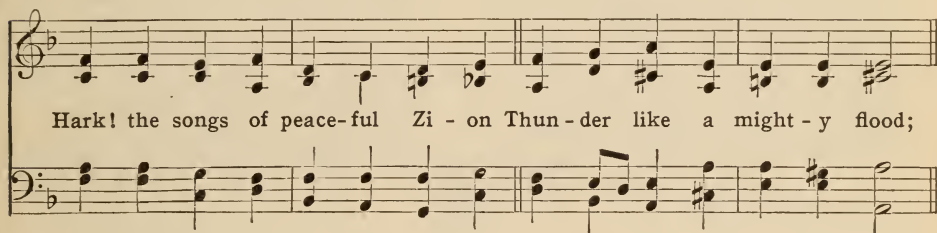
SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1868



Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne;



Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:



Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood;



Je - sus, out of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hath redeemed us by His blood. A - men.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans,
 Are we left in sorrow now;
 Alleluia! He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how:
 Though the cloud from sight received Him,
 When the forty days were o'er,
 Shall our hearts forget His promise,
 "I am with you evermore"?"

3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,
 Thou on earth our food, our stay;
 Alleluia! here the sinful
 Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
 His the scepter, His the throne;
 Alleluia! His the triumph,
 His the victory alone:
 Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
 Thunder like a mighty flood;
 Jesus, out of every nation,
 Hath redeemed us by His blood.

TILTEY ABBEY C. M.

A. H. BROWN

O Je-sus, King most won-der-ful, Thou Con-quer-or re-nowned,
Thou sweetness most in-ef-fa-ble, In whom all joys are found! A-men.

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

BERNARD of Clairvaux (1091-1153). Tr. Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849

VAUGHAN C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

Now let our cheer-ful eyes sur-vey Our great High-Priest a-bove,
And cel-e-brate His con-stant care, His sym-pa-thy and love. A-men.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the heavenly host,
With matchless honor crowned;

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from His care depart.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1738

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1708

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. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, by sovereign right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.</p> <p>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:</p> <p>4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;</p> | <p>Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.</p> <p>5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.</p> <p>6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.</p> |
|--|--|

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1820

BRADFORD C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1741

I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.</p> <p>3 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe</p> | <p>Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.</p> <p>4 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;

Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
 Before the worlds began,
 And ye, who trod where He hath trod,
 Crown Him the Son of Man;
 Who every grief hath known
 That wrings the human breast,
 And takes and bears them for His own,
 That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,
 And rose victorious in the strife
 For those He came to save;
 His glories now we sing
 Who died, and rose on high,
 Who died, eternal life to bring,
 And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above;
 Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,
 The wondrous name of Love.

Crown Him with many crowns,
 As thrones before Him fall,
 Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
 For He is King of all.

M. BRIDGES, 1848

198

DIADEMATA, No. 2 S. M. D.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNBY, 1872

Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;

Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

ARTHUR'S SEAT 6.6.6.6.8.8. (First Tune)

Arr. from J. Goss, 1874

Re - joi - ce, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, . . . And tri - umph ev - er - more.

Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Re-joyce! a - gain I say, re-joyce! A-men.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound,— Rejoice!

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1744

JUBILATE 6.6.6.6.8.8. (Second Tune)

H. W. PARKER

Re-joyce, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore! Mor-tals, give thanks and

sing, And triumph ev - ermore. Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! again I

say, rejoice! Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! again I say, rejoice! A-men.

200

CATERHAM C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Light of the lone - ly pilgrim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,

A - rise, and with Thy morning beams Chase all our griefs a - way. A-men.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
Praises unto Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans —
The air, the earth, the sea —
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

PRESCOTT 8.7.8.7.7.7.

R. P. STEWART, 1868

Who is this that comes from E-dom, All His rai-ment stained with blood,

To the cap - tive speak - ing free - dom, Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good;

Glo-rious in the garb He wears, Glo-rious in the spoil He bears? A-men.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Traveling onward in His might;
 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious
 To His people is the sight!
 Satan conquered, and the grave,
 Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 This the Saviour has effected
 By His mighty arm alone;
 See the throne for Him erected;
 'Tis an everlasting throne:
 'Tis the great reward He gains,
 Glorious fruit of all His pains.
- 4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever,
 Wear the crown so dearly won;
 Never shall Thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
 Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
 Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

REX TRIUMPHANS 8.7.8.7.4.7. (First Tune)

G. EVERETT HILL, 1885

Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious! See the Man of sor-rows now;

From the fight re-tur-ned vic-to-ri-ous, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;

Crown Him, crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic-tor's brow. A-men.

Copyright, 1885, by G. EVERETT HILL

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him; 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings; Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 In the seat of power enthroned Him, Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings; Own His title, praise His name;
 Crown Him, crown Him! Crown Him, crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings. Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him, crown Him!
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1804

CORFE MULLEN 8.7.8.7.4.7. (Second Tune)

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS

Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious! See the Man of sor-rows now;

From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;

Crown Him, crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow. A-men.

204

JUST AS I AM 8.8.8.6.

J. BARNBY, 1893

O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,

On this a-lone my hopes de-pend—That Thou wilt plead for me. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.</p> <p>3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.</p> <p>6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away:
O say, Thou plead'st for me.</p> | <p>4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.</p> <p>5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.</p> |
|---|---|

PRINCETHORPE 6.5.6.5.D.

W. PITTS

At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con-

fess Him King of glo - ry now: 'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure

We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty word. A - men.

2 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed:

3 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;

Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

CAROLINE M. NOEL, 1870

RALEIGH 6.6.6.6.8.8.

E. PROUT, 1887

Come, ev - 'ry pi - ous heart, That loves the Sav - iour's name, Your

no-blest pow'r ex-ert To cel-e-brate His fame: Tell all a-bove, and

all be-low, The debt of love to Him you owe. A-men.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes

In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787

207

ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1857

Christ, a-bove all glo-ry seat-ed, King tri-umphant, strong to save,

Dy-ing, Thou hast death de-feat-ed, Bur-ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A-men.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain;
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and defeated, bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky:

Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high!

5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We, Thy flock, may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore;
In Thy Father's might abiding,
With one Spirit evermore!

Latin, 7th century. Tr. by Bishop J. R. WOODFORD, 1863

BEVERLY 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.

W. H. MONK, 1875

Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour! Thou art com-ing, O my King!

In Thy beau-ty all re-splend-ent, In Thy glo-ry all trans-cend-ent;

Well may we re-joice and sing; Com-ing: in the op-'ning east Her-ald bright-ness

slowly swells; Com-ing: O Thou glorious Priest! Hear we not Thy golden bells? A-men.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say;
 What an anthem that will be,
 Music rapturously sweet,
 Pouring out our love to Thee
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
 We are witnesses for this;
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss;
 Showing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming, we are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail;
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure;
 Certainly shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure.

5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, our own belovèd Lord!
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing
 Brought to Thee with one accord;
 Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned;
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

209

ST. PANCRAS 8.7.8.7.4.7.

HENRY SMART, 1868

Je - sus came; the heav'ns a - dor - ing: Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
 When our hearts are bowed with care;
 Jesus comes again in answer
 To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
 Alleluia!
 Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
 Bringing news of sins forgiven;
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
 Alleluia!
 Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
 Alleluia!
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the heavens shall pass away;
 Jesus comes again in glory;
 Let us then our homage pay,
 Ever singing,
 Till the dawn of endless day.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1866

O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw-ful though Thine ad-vent be,

All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee:

O quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-solve when Thou art near. A-men.

2 O quickly come, great King of all;
 Reign all around us, and within;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
 O quickly come; for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
 For death is mighty all around;
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found:
 O quickly come; for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all;
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
 And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day:
 O quickly come; for round Thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

211

LAMPADARIUS L. M.

A. H. MANN, 1894

When Christ from Heav'n came down of old, He took our na-ture poor and low; He

wore no form of an-gel mould, But shared our weak-ness and our woe. A-men.

- 2 But when He cometh back once more, O Son of Man, so pitying found
Then shall be set the great white throne; For all the tears Thy people shed:
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him Who sits thereon.
- 4 Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great Day of Judgment save.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

212

LUCERNE 8.7.8.7.

T. A. WILLIS, 1876

Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing: "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;

"Cast a-way the dreams of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!" A-men.

- 2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 4 So, when next He comes in glory
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
Not for chastening, but salvation,
Unto us shall He appear.
- 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
- Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

Latin, 5th Cent. Tr. by Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848

GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.D.

LAUSANNE PSALTER, 1790

Re - joi - ce, re - joi - ce, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;

The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.

The Bride - groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry. A - men.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
 Replenish them with oil;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of sin and toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Until in songs of triumph
 Ye meet the angel choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 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,
 And ever be with Thee!

ST. THOMAS 8.7.8.7.4.7.

S. WEBBE (?)

Lo, He comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;

Thou-sand an - gel - hosts at - tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign. A-men.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to a tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All His saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Alleluia!
 See the day of God appear.
- 4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
 Alleluia!
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

LUTHER'S HYMN 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

J. KLUG'S Gesangbuch, 1535

Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!

The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!

The trum - pet sounds: the graves re - store The dead which they con -

tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him! A-men.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

MIDNIGHT 14.14.14.14.

G. A. MACFARREN, 1872

Be - hold, the Bridegroom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night,

And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burn - ing bright;

But woe to that dull ser - vant, whom His Mas - ter shall sur - prise

With lamp untrimm'd, un - burn - ing, and with slum - ber in his eyes. A - men.

2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us."

3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! He comes to meet the Bride."

4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glory of the Son.

O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries

of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.</p> | <p>4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.</p> |
| <p>3 He speaks; and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.</p> | <p>5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.</p> |

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise;

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace. A-men.

DEDHAM C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1830

Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
 Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 "To be exalted thus;" And air, and earth, and seas,
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 "For He was slain for us." And speak Thine endless praise.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever Thine. 5 Let all creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

REV. WILLIAM JONES, 1789

To our Re-deem-er's glo-rious name A - wake the sa - cred song:
 O may His love — im-mor-tal flame — Tune ev-'ry heart and tongue. A-men.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach, 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 What mortal tongue display! Our humble thanks to Thee,
 Imagination's utmost stretch May every heart with rapture say,
 In wonder dies away. "The Saviour died for me."
 3 He left His radiant throne on high, 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme.
 Left the bright realms of bliss, Fill every heart and tongue,
 And came to earth to bleed and die: Till strangers love Thy charming name,
 Was ever love like this? And join the sacred song.

ANNE STEELE, 1760

220

CORONATION C. M.

(First Tune)

O. HOLDEN, 1793

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!</p> | <p>4 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!</p> |
| <p>3 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!</p> | <p>5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!</p> |
- 6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, 1779-80. v. 6. REV. J. RIPPON, 1787

220

MILES LANE C. M.

(Second Tune)

W. SHRUBSOLE, 1785

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal

di - adem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

221

WESTON 6.6.4.6.6.4.

A. E. DVER

Je - sus! Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my

Lord! O Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to please I see,

Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord! A-men.

2 When unto Thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 What need I now to fear?
 What earthly grief or care?
 Since Thou art ever near,
 Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon Thou wilt come again;
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Then Thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

LAUDES DOMINI Six 6s.

J. BARNEY, 1868

When morn - ing 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. A - men.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 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!

3 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 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!

223

MEDIA S. M.

(First Tune)

J. Goss

A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name. A - men.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come."
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

3 Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King!

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

WM. HAMMOND, 1745

223

ST. THOMAS S. M.

(Second Tune)

A. WILLIAMS' Coll., 1762

A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name. A - men.

ARIEL 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Arr. from MOZART, by L. MASON, 1836

O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which
in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789

HARROGATE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

W. SANDERSON, 1904

Join all the glo-rious names Of wis-dom, love and power That

ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels ev - er bore; All are too mean to

speak His worth, Too mean to set our Sav - iour forth. A - men.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came,
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks

No sacrifice beside:
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My Saviour and my Lord,
 My conqueror and my king,
 Thy scepter and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing:
 Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
 In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

226

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793

Prais - es to Him whose love has given, In Christ, His Son, the life of heaven;

Who for our dark - ness gives us light, And turns to day our deep - est night. A - men.

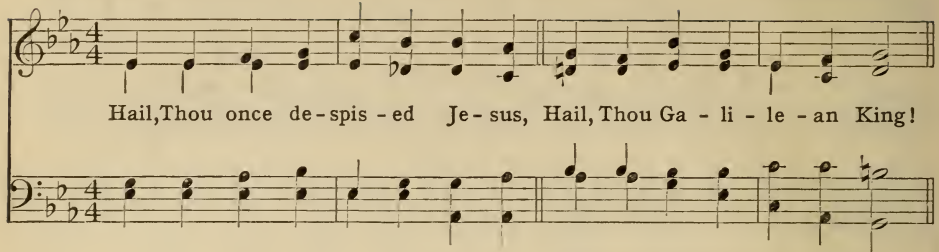
2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
 To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
 Who lived to die, who died to rise,
 The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him Who sheds abroad
 Within our hearts the love of God;

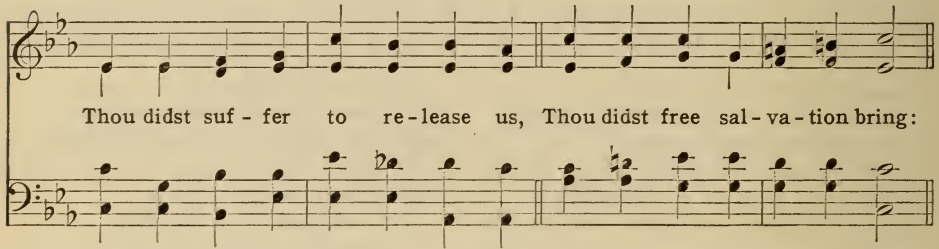
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
 Fountain of joy and holiness!

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
 The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
 To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
 The sinner's endless song of praise.

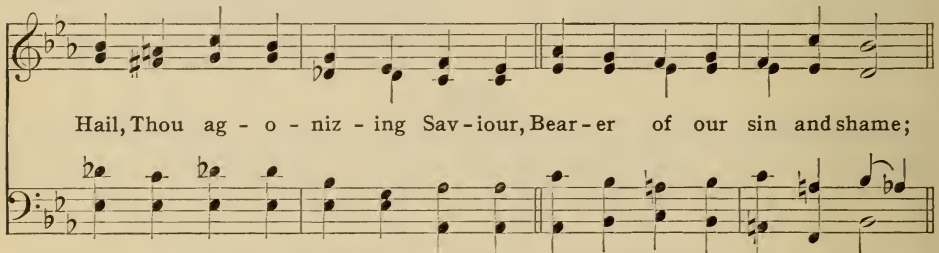
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1856



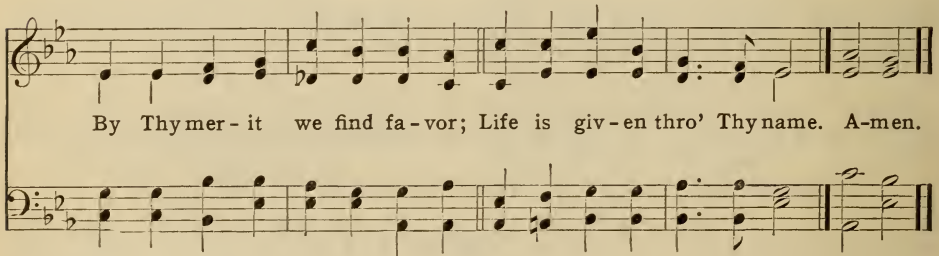
Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus, Hail, Thou Ga-li-le-an King!



Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring:



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame;



By Thy mer-it we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name. A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
 There forever 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 in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, 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.

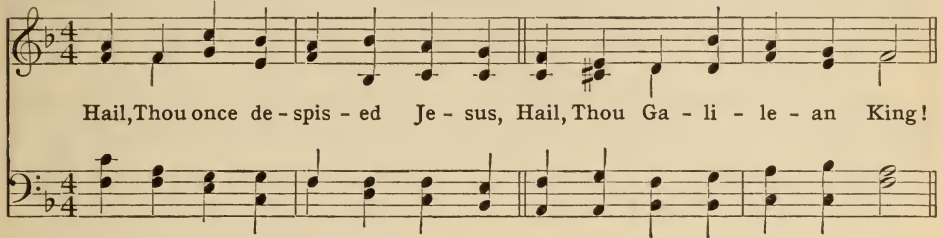
Rev. J. BAKEWELL, 1760

227

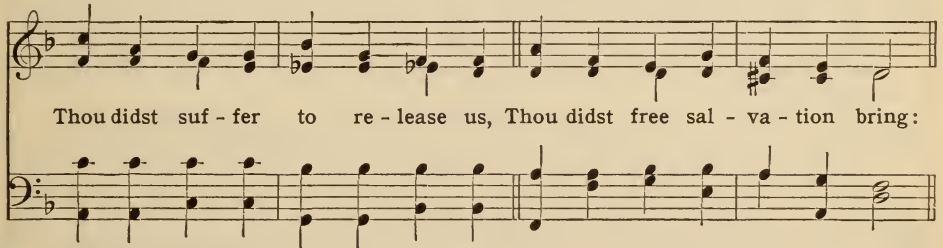
SALVATOR 8.7.8.7.D.

(Second Tune)

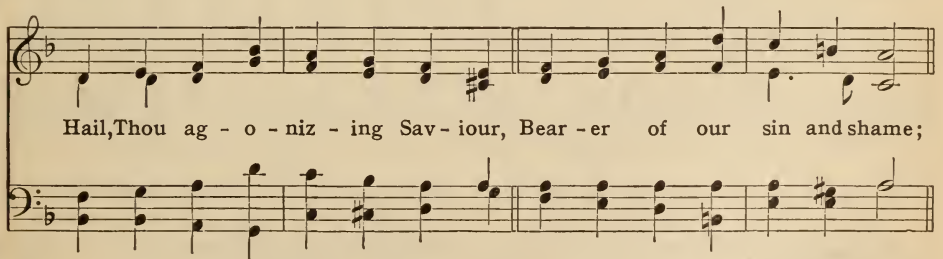
J. Goss



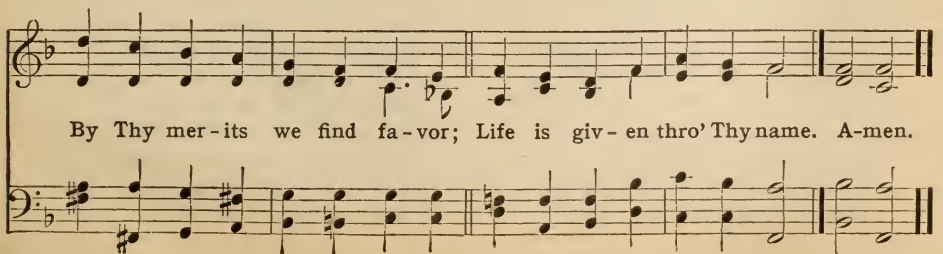
Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus, Hail, Thou Ga-li-le-an King!



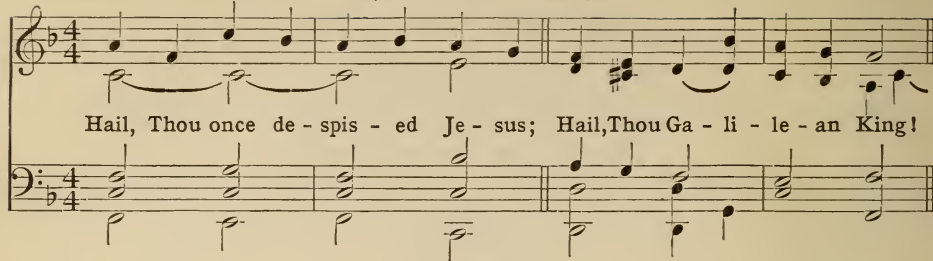
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring:



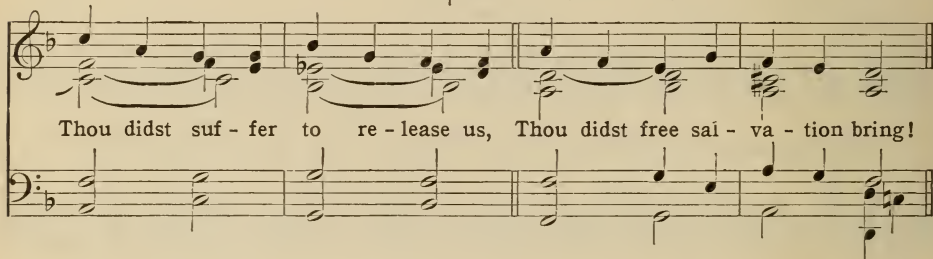
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame;



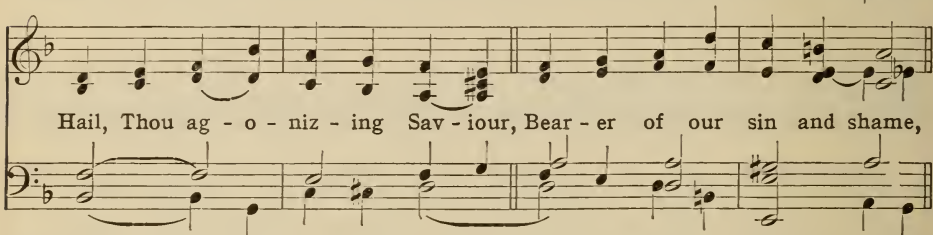
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name. A-men.



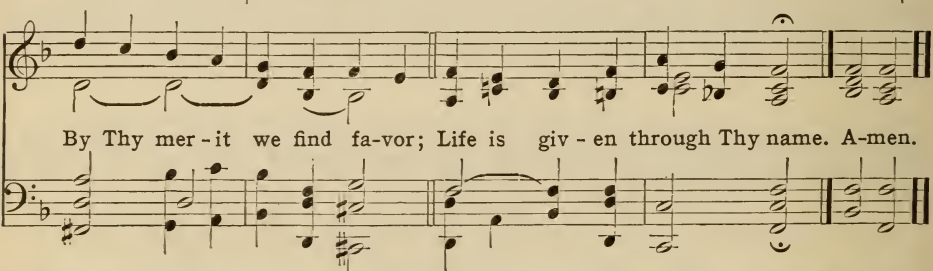
Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus; Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!



Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring!



Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame,



By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through Thy name. A - men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
 There forever 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 in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, 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.

228

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Sav-iour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise. A-men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;

Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1738

229

SOLATIUM CARITATIS 8.7.8.7.

CHAS. VINCENT

Crown His head with end-less bless-ing, Who, in God the Fa-ther's name,

With com-pas-sion nev-er ceas-ing, Comes sal-va-tion to pro-claim. A-men.

2 Hail! ye saints! who know His favor,
Who within His gates are found,—
There, on high exalt the Saviour,
Let His courts with praise resound.

3 Jesus! Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;

Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints! His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

Rev WILLIAM GOODE, 1811

BETHANY 8.7.8.7.D.

H. SMART, 1867

Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?

Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme.

Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,

Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise. A - men.

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
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long, —
 Thought is poor, and poor expression, —
 Who can sing that wondrous song?
 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
 Flow my praise, for ever flow.
 Reascend, immortal Saviour,
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
 Thence return, and reign for ever:
 Be the kingdom all Thine own!

Shep-herd of ten-der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth,

Through de-vious ways; Christ our tri-umph-ant king, We come Thy

name to sing, And here our chil-dren bring To shout Thy praise. A-men.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
In all our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou didst not disdain,
Help from above.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our king!

WESTWOOD 7.6.7.6.D.

R. H. McCARTNEY

O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom yet un-seen we love,

O name of might and fa-vor, All oth-er names a-bove:

We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a-lone we sing;

We praise Thee, and con-fess Thee Our ho-ly Lord and king! A-men.

2 O bringer of salvation,
 Who wondrously hast wrought,
 Thyself the revelation
 Of love beyond our thought:
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our holy Lord and king!

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power divine;
 The glory that excelleth,
 O Son of God, is Thine:

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our holy Lord and king!

4 O grant the consummation
 Of this our song above,
 In endless adoration,
 And everlasting love:
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
 Where perfect praises ring,
 And evermore confess Thee
 Our Saviour and our king!

PEARSALL 7.6.7.6.D.

St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863

O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,

The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light;

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;

The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
 O heavenly light, arise,
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,
 And hide Thee from our eyes!
 We long to tread the footprints
 That Thou Thyself hast trod;
 We long to see the pathway
 That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
 With radiance of Thy grace;
 O Jesus, turn upon us
 The brightness of Thy face.
 We need no star to guide us,
 As on our way we press,
 If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
 O Sun of righteousness.

OTTERBOURNE L. M.

HAYDN. Arr. by J. TURLE

O grant us light, that we may know The wisdom Thou a-lone canst give;

That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless where'er we live. A-men.

2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

REV. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1864

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. DYER, 1824

Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er ev'-ry thought and step preside. A-men.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

REV. SIMON BROWNE, 1720

236

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1866

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

237

ST. CUTHBERT 8.6.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1861

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

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be - queathed With us to dwell. A - men.

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

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each thought, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

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

HARRIET AUBER, 1829

SEPTEM VOCES 7.7.7.5.

Arr. by A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite, Shine up - on our na - ture's night

With Thy bless - ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er di - vine! A - men.

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!

4 In us "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine!

5 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine!

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853

CHARITY 7.7.7.5.

J. STAINER, 1868

Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most

Voices in Unison

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n - ly love. A - men.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862

240

FERRIER 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark-ness in - to day. A-men.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long has sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine,
 Cast down every idol-throne;
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

REV. ANDREW REED, 1817

241

PARACLETE 7.7.7.7.

BERTHOLD TOURS

Gra-cious Spir - it, Dove di - vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine;

All my guilt - y fears re-move, Fill me full of Heav'n and love. A-men

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free,
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in His precious blood.

Breathe Thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
 Seal salvation on my heart,

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way,
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

JOHN STOCKER, 1777

CONSECRATION 7.7.7.7.

CHAS. VINCENT

Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A-men.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquility.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the dark-ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes. A-men.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. HART, 1759. Alt. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

244

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. EBELING, 1738

Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,

As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r. A-men.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

GERONTIUS C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's Friend: As such I look to Thee;

Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me. A - men.

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Howe'er forsaken or despised,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then remember me.

Rev. RICHARD BURNHAM, 1796

EVERSLEY C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Thou art the way: to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee; And

he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - men.

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 those 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.

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824

247

FERGUSON S. M.

G. KINGSLEY, 1843

O cease, my wan-d'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam;

All the wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home. A-men.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Rev. WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1826

248

SILVER STREET S. M.

I. SMITH, c. 1770

Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear;

Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear. A-men.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

249

LENOX 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(First Tune)

L. EDSON, 1782

Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The glad-ly solemn sound; Let all the na-tions know,

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come,

The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home! A-men.

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1750

249

CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8. (Second Tune)

C. STEGGALL, 1865

Blow ye the trum-pet, blow! The glad-ly sol-emn sound;

Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,

The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home! A - men.

250

STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN, 1844

Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul;

Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.</p> | <p>4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.</p> |
| <p>3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.</p> | <p>5 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine:
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.</p> |

251

TOPLADY Six 7s.

(First Tune)

T. HASTINGS, 1830

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

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

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A - men.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone;
 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

251

GETHSEMANE Six 7s.

(Second Tune)

R. REDHEAD, 1853

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

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

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A-men.

252

MARYTON L. M.

Rev. H. P. SMITH, 1874

Je - sus, en-grave it on my heart, That Thou the one thing need-ful art;

I could from all things parted be, But nev - er, nev - er, Lord, from Thee. A-men.

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is Thy indulgent care;
Needful Thy 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,
Through 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!

BERTHOLD (Amsterdam) 7.6.7.6.D.

B. TOURS, 1872

The King of glo - ry stand - eth Be - side that heart of sin,

His might - y voice com - mand - eth The rag - ing waves with - in;

The floods of deep - est an - guish Roll back - ward at His will,

As o'er the storm a - ris - eth His man - date, "Peace, be still." A-men.

- 2 At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done!
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won:
While we with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true,
That e'en our kingly Jesus
Can form such hearts anew.
- 3 But sometimes in the stillness,
He gently draweth near,
And whispers words of welcome,
Into the sinner's ear;

- With anxious heart He waiteth
The answer of His cry,
That oft repeated question,
"O wherefore wilt thou die?"
- 4 O Christ, His love is mighty!
Long-suffering is His grace!
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from His face!
Our hearts up-leap in gladness,
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above.

REDEMPTION 8.7.8.7.8.7.

C. GOUNOD, 1872

To the name of our sal-va-tion Laud and hon-or let us pay,

Which for ma-ny a gen - er - a - tion Hid in God's fore-knowl-edge lay,

But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day. A-men.

2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

4 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

3 'Tis the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

5 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessèd name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8.7.8.7.7.7.

C. GOUNOD

One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
 "Friend of sinners" was His name;
 Now above all glory raisèd,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 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.

256

LOUVAN L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, 1847

With tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'n-ly whis-per, "Come to Me!" A-men.

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest, Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
It tells me where my soul may flee: I am thy portion; Come to Me!"
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!" 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1847

257

BLOCKLEY L. M.

T. BLOCKLEY, 1861

Take up thy cross, the Sav-iour said, If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be;

De-ny thy-self, the world forsake, And hum-bly fol-low af-ter Me. A-men.

- 2 Take up Thy cross; let not its weight The Lord for thee the cross endured,
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm; To save thy soul from death and hell.
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm. 4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; For only he who bears the cross
Nor let the foolish pride rebel; May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1833

LA BARRE L. M.

W. F. BIDDLE

God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie? A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?

I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEBEEN, 1730. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853

WARNER L. M.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY, 1853

Behold, the Mas-ter pass-eth by! O seest thou not His plead-ing eye?
With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and follow Me!" A-men.

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,

Counting His earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

4 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, alt. 1874

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. BARNEY, 1866

The Spir - it in our hearts Is whis-p'ring, "Sin - ner, come;"

The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His chil-dren, "Come." A-men.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

H. U. ONDERDONK, 1826

SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. R. SCHUMANN

Give, thou, thy youth to God, With all its bud - ding love;

Send up thy open-ing heart to Him, Fix it on One a - bove. A-men.

2 Be early wise for heaven,
Choose, thou, the narrow way;
The gate is strait, the road is rough,
But it will end in day.

So shall He ever take thy side,
And bear thee safe through all.

3 Take, thou, the side of God,
In things or great or small,

4 Quail not before the bad,
Be brave for truth and right,
Fear God alone, and ever walk
As in His holy sight.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR

MAKER Eight 6s.

F. C. MAKER, 1881

Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee;

In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee;

He wait - eth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace, and love,

True joy on earth be - low, A home in heav'n a - bove. A - men.

2 Come to the Saviour now,
 Ye who have wandered far,
 Renew your solemn vow,
 For His by right you are;
 Come, like poor wandering sheep
 Returning to His fold;
 His arm will safely keep,
 His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,
 Whate'er your burdens be;
 Hear now His loving call,
 "Cast all your care on Me."
 Come, and for every grief
 In Jesus you will find
 A sure and safe relief,
 A loving friend and kind.

263

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me? A-men.

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
- Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1768

264

FORGIVENESS 7.7.7.7.

G. M. GARRETT, 1872

"Come," said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, "Come, and make My paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come. A-men.

- 2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
- Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;
- 4 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1792

Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why;

God, Who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live;

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands,

Why, ye thank - less crea - tures, why Will ye cross His love, and die? A - men.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 God Who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live:
 Will you let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 God, Who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love:
 Will you not the grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

ST. EDITH 7.6.7.6.D.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799
Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871

O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

COME UNTO ME 7.6.7.6.D. (First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

Org. *f*

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A - men.

2 Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!

Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1867

267

MESSIAH 7.6.7.6.D.

(Second Tune)

G. F. HANDEL
Arr. by A. SULLIVAN

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace, . .

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-men.

ILSLEY 8.7.8.7.D.

F. G. ILSLEY, 1887

Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?

Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?

Was there ev-er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,

As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet? A-men.

- 2 It is God: His love looks mighty
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 3 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good!
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.
- 4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
- 5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

269

ABENDS L. M.

(First Tune)

H. S. OAKELEY, 1873

Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsts draw nigh! 'Tis God in - vites the fall - en race:

Mer-cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos-pel grace. A-men.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find My grace is free for all!

3 See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye weary, wandering, burdened souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind,
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

269

NIAGARA L. M.

(Second Tune)

R. JACKSON

Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsts draw nigh! 'Tis God in-vites the fall - en race:

Mer-cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos-pel grace. A-men.

To - day Thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;

How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,

How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,

Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to day. A-men.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

271

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7.

(First Tune)

Dr. PEARCE, 1890

Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol - low me." A-men.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

5 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

271

GALILEE 8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

W. H. JUDE

Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low me." A-men.

STEPHANOS 8.5.8.3.

(First Tune)

H. W. BAKER, 1868

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest." A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>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."</p> | <p>5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."</p> |
| <p>3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."</p> | <p>6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."</p> |
| <p>4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."</p> | <p>7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."</p> |

Based on an early Greek Hymn. Rev. J. M. NEALE, 1862

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3.

(Second Tune)

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, 1877

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be . . . at rest." A-men.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE 11.70.11.10.

S. WEBBE, 1790

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;

Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel:

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A-men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

AURORA C. M. D.

H. F. BENSON

The Lord is rich and mer - ci - ful, The Lord is ver - y kind; O

come to Him, come now to Him, With a be - liev - ing mind.

His com - forts, they shall strengthen thee, Like flow - ing wa - ters cool;

And He shall for thy spir - it be A foun - tain ev - er full. A - men.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
 Our God is very high;
 O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
 And have security:
 He shall be to thee like the sea,
 And thou shalt surely feel
 His wind, that bloweth healthily
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
 As all the ages tell;
 O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
 Then with thee it is well.
 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
 Therein to work and live;
 And He shall be to thee a rest
 When evening hours arrive.

Rev. THOMAS T LYNCH, 1850

275

MEAR C. M.

A. WILLIAMS' Coll., 1762

O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh,

Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weep - ing eye; A - men.

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
 Hast Thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
 To drive me from Thy feet?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let Thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from C. TVE, 1553

O Lord, turn not Thy face a - way From them that low - ly lie,

La - ment - ing sore their sin - ful life, With tears and bit - ter cry. A - men.

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are, Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,

As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, we mercy ask,
This is the total sum;

For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

JOHN MARKANT, 1562. Alt. by Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

277

ST. BRIDE S. M.

S. HOWARD, 1762

Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;

Be - fore Thy throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me. A - men.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame,

From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868

BABYLON'S STREAMS L. M.

T. CAMPBELL, 1613

With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, I cry:

Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me. A - men.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare to lift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN, 1852

LACRYMÆ 7.7.7.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I

sup - pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal. A - men.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

4 Thou the true physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1866

I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam. A-men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1843

280

PASTOR BONUS S. M. D.

(Second Tune)

A. J. CALDICOTT

I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam. A-men.

I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with-in;

I need the cleans-ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea. A-men.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store;
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne:
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be,
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

SPANISH HYMN Eight 7s.

Spanish Melody, 1824

Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,

Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power:
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

- 4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Just as I am, with-out 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. A-men.

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.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
By fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, 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.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, 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.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

Just as I am, with-out 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. A-men.

283

AGNUS DEI 8.8.8.6.

(Third Tune)

W. BLOW

Just as I am, with-out 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. A-men.

284

RISEHOLME 8.8.8.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT

There is a ho - ly sac - ri - fice Which God in heaven will not de-spise,

Yea, which is pre - cious in His eyes, The con - trite heart. A-men.

2 That lofty One, before Whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest cry,
And cheer and bless and purify
The contrite heart.

4 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;
Such as Thou art, I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

THANET 7.7.7.5.

V. BARTON

God of pit - y, God of grace, When we hum-bly seek Thy face,

Bend from heav'n, Thy dwell - ing place; Hear, for - give, and save. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save.</p> <p>3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.</p> <p>4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,</p> | <p>With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.</p> <p>5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.</p> <p>6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive and save.</p> |
|---|--|

ELIZA F. MORRIS, 1858

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790

Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?

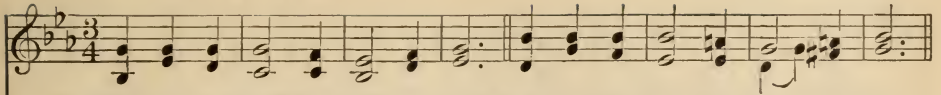
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.</p> |
|---|---|

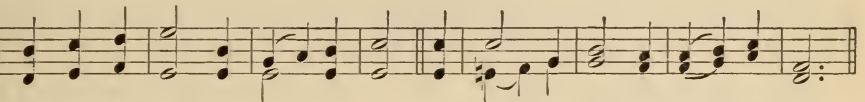
REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

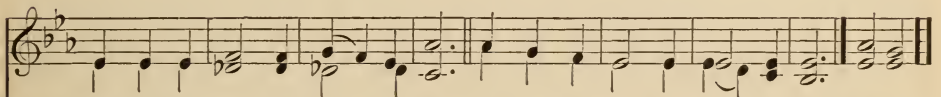
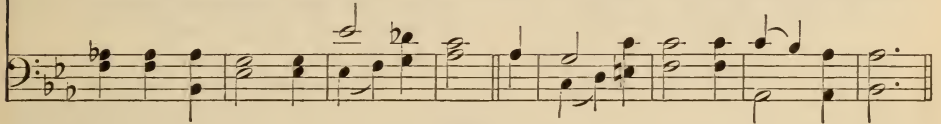
J. BARNEY, 1872



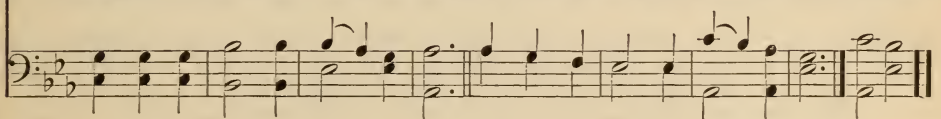
We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learn'd Thy wis-dom, grace, and power;



The things of earth have filled our tho't, And tri - fles of the pass - ing hour.



Lord, give us light Thy truth to see, And make us wise in knowing Thee. A-men.



2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that God was nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

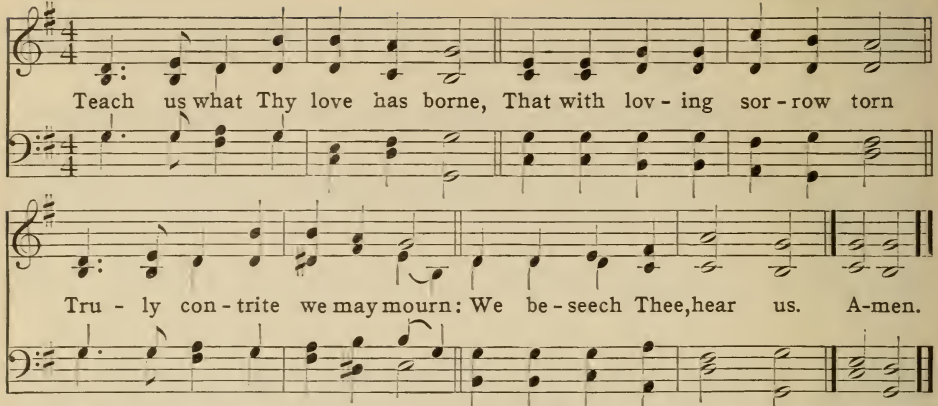
4 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see.
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

AGAPÉ 7.7.7.6.

G. HERBERT, 1854



Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with lov-ing sor-row torn
Tru-ly con-trite we may mourn: We be-seech Thee,hear us. A-men.

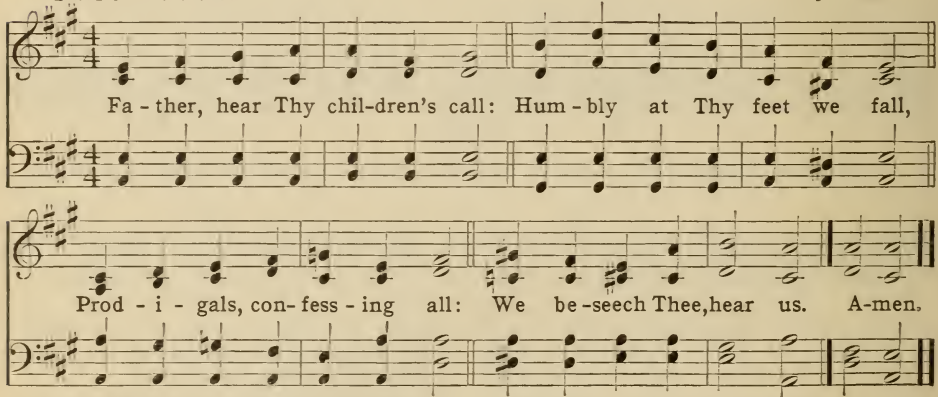
- 2 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Grant us love, Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,

- And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 All our weak endeavors bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1875

LANDON 7.7.7.6.

F. A. J. HERVEY



Fa-ther, hear Thy chil-dren's call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,
Prod-i-gals, con-fess-ing all: We be-seech Thee,hear us. A-men.

- 2 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

- 5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1875

LANGRAN 10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN, 1862

Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look at

heav'n 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." A-men.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867

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! A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.</p> <p>3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown:</p> <p>4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.</p> | <p>5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.</p> <p>6 Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame; [said
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.</p> <p>7 Our 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.</p> |
|--|---|

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1866

ST. BEDE (Slingsby) C. M. 61.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867

Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por - tioned out for me:

The chan - ges that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In- tent on pleas- ing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850

293

CANONBURY L. M.

R. SCHUMANN, 1839

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai- ly la- bor to pur- sue;

Thee, on- ly Thee, re- solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A-men.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above;
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,

6 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

LYNTON C. M.

A. J. JAMOUNEAU, 1904

Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;

I wan-der com - fort - less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray. A-men.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know,
My faith is cold and weak;

My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

REV. JOHN R. WREFORD, 1837

295

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from C. G. GLASER, by LOWELL MASON, 1839

My God! ac-cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A-men.

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

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,

That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

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 BRIGES, 1848

MARYTON L. M.

Rev. H. PERCY SMITH, 1874

Now I re-solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord;

Nor from His precepts e'er de-part, Whose ser-vice is a rich re-ward. A-men.

- 2 O be His service all my joy;
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,

- To yield to His supreme control,
 And in His kind commands rejoice.
- 4 O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live Thy praise.

ANNE STEELE, 1760

PENTECOST L. M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1874

Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;

With full con-sent Thine would I be, And own Thy sov'reign right in me. A-men.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
 Among the children of Thy grace;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
 Be Thine through all eternity;

- The vow is past beyond repeal;
 Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.

Rev. SAMUEL DAVIES, 1769

OLIVET 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(First Tune)

LOWELL MASON, 1832

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A-men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

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;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Rev. RAY PALMER, 1830

BETHEL 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

(Second Tune)

J. H. CORNELL, 1872

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di -

vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,

O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A-men.

299

CHISELHURST S. M.

J. BARNEY, 1887

Je - sus, I live to Thee, Thou love - li - est and best; My life in

Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

EARL S. M.

Rev. H. B. TURNER

Dear Sav - iour, we are Thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands;

Our names, our hearts, we would re-sign; Our souls are in Thy hands. A-men.

Copyright, 1893, by H. B. TURNER

- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our head;

- Shall form in us Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735

301

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824

OLMUTZ S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain: A-men.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

TRUSTING 6.5.6.5.D.

JOHN ADCOCK, 1905

Je - sus, I will trust Thee! Trust Thee with my soul,

Guilt - y, lost, and help - less, Thou canst make me whole.

There is none in heav - en Or on earth like Thee;

Thou hast died for sin - ners—Therefore, Lord, for me. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. BARNES & Co.

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee!
 Name of matchless worth,
 Spoken by the angel
 At Thy wondrous birth;
 Written, and for ever,
 On Thy cross of shame:
 Sinners read and worship,
 Trusting in that name.

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee!
 Pond'ring all Thy ways,
 Full of love and mercy
 All Thine earthly days.

Sinners gathered round Thee,
 Lepers sought Thy face,
 None too vile or loathsome
 For a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I do trust Thee!
 Trust without a doubt;
 Whosoever cometh
 Thou wilt not cast out.
 Faithful is Thy promise;
 Precious is Thy blood;
 These my soul's salvation,
 Thou my Saviour God!

HARROW Six 6s.

J. FARMER

Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,

That I might ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead.

Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A-men.

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gav'st Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1858

BEKESBOURNE Six 7s.

R. JACKSON

Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Pur - chased Thine a - lone to be, .

By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb, Shed so will-ing-ly for me;

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a-lone. A-men.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
 Now Thy name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
 Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near:
 Let Thy presence in me shine
 All my homeward way to cheer.
 Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
 O be Thou my All in all.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1878

305

GLEBE 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1874

Thine for-ev-er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a-bove;

Thine for-ev-er may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty. A-men.

2 Thine forever! Lord of life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife;
 Thou, the life, the truth, the way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep;

Safe alone beneath Thy care,
 Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! Thou our guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE, 1848

HOLLINGSIDE Eight 7s.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1861

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters 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 ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

2 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!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 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!

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

306

MARTYN Eight 7s.

(Second Tune)

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,

While the near - er wa - ters 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 ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

ELLINGHAM 7.7.7.7.

S. N. GODFREY, 1881

Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee:

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise. A - men.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love:
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart: it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874

ST. ALPHEGE 7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848

In full and glad sur - ren - der I give my - self to Thee,

Thine ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And ev - er - more to be. A - men.

2 O Son of God Who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
Myself and my possessions
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
Oh, make my heart Thy throne:

It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1869

DAY OF REST 7.6.7.6.D.

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1875

O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my friend;

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,

Voices in Unison Nor wan - der from the path - way *In Harmony* If Thou wilt be my guide. A - men.

2 O let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my friend.

ST. EDITH 7.6.7.6.D.

J. H. KNECHT, 1799
REV. EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871

To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My spir - it turns for rest,

My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;

Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - men.

- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.
- 3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

- 4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.
- 5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

EDEN GROVE 7.6.7.6.D.

SAMUEL SMITH

I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-our of the lost,

Whose pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;

Thy right-eous-ness, Thy par-don, Thy pre-cious blood, must be

My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea. A-men.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'ven when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me, What doubts and fears with - in!

The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean. A-men.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth,
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

HATFIELD HALL 7.6.7.6.D.

CHAS. VINCENT, 1890

I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He

bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load: I

bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains White,

in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A - men.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus,
 Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord:
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is poured.

- 4 I long to be like Jesus, —
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child;
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing, with saints, His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone. A-men.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound it:
Make it to be wholly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Dr. BARTOL'S Coll., 1849

Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone. A-men.

CONSTANCE 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1875

I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;

And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,

For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A-men.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
 I'll hold it for the Giver;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven:

Eternal glory gleams afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavor:
 So now to watch, to work, to war;
 And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend
 So kind and true and tender!
 So wise a counsellor and guide,
 So mighty a defender!
 From Him who loves me now so well
 What power my soul shall sever?
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
 No: I am His for ever.

Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own! A-men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

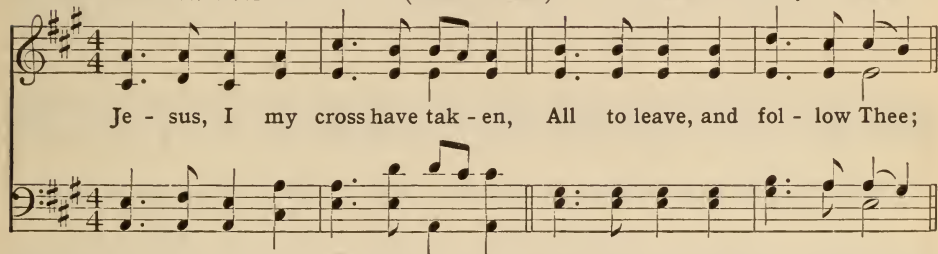
REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1825

316

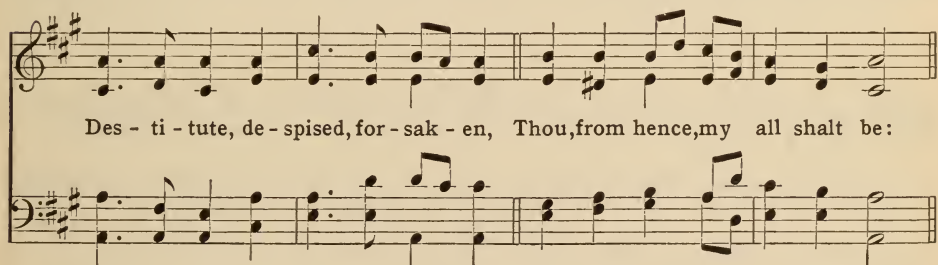
DISCIPLE 8.7.8.7.D.

(Second Tune)

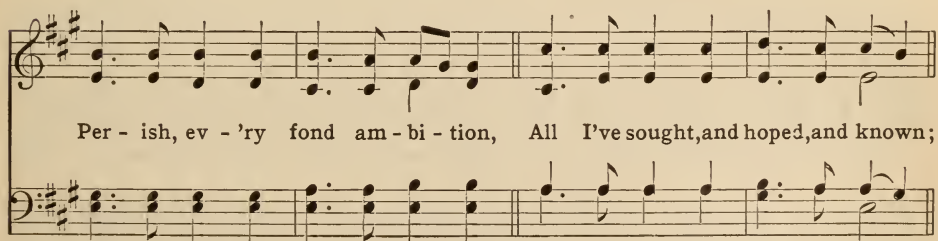
MOZART. Arr. by H. P. MAIN



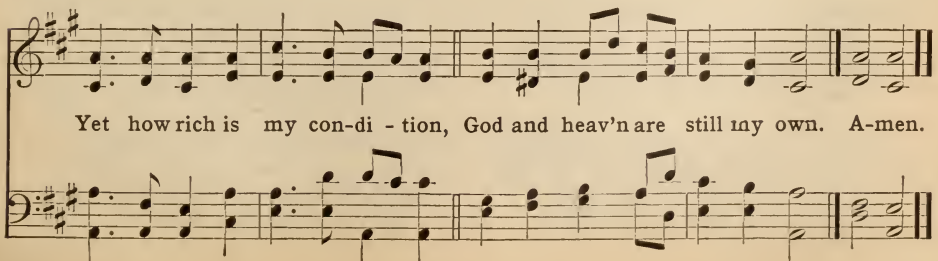
Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;



Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:



Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.

(First Tune)

JOHN WYETH, 1810

Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;

2. Teach me some me-lodious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love. A-men.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safety to arrive at home:

5 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

317

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; A-men.

318

FLEMMING 8.8.8.6.

Arr. fr. F. F. FLEMMING, 1810

O ho-ly Saviour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,

Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee! A-men.

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

3 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside:

How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

4 Blest is my lot whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

IRENE 7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD

Where-so - ev - er two or three Meet in Chris-tian com - pa - ny,

Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee; Gra-cious Sav-iour, hear. A-men.

2 When, amid the gloom of night
Storms arise and perils fright,
Let Thy voice our hearts delight,
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief;
Then shall longest nights grow brief;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

4 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be Thou our help indeed;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

JOSIAH CONDER

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1865

Lean-ing on Thee, my guide, my friend, My gra-cious Sav - iour!

I am blest; Tho' weary, Thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest. A-men.

2 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,

Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the "everlasting arms,"
I cannot sink.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

J. BARNBY, 1872

My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and

right - eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id

rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A-men.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found!
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand;

The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land.

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 Two wonders I confess,—
 The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow,
 For my abiding place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face:
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,—
 My sinful self, my only shame,—
 My glory all the cross.

323

BURLINGTON C. M.

(First Tune)

J. F. BURROWS, 1830

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - thron'd Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;

His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A - men.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787

323

ORTONVILLE C. M.

(Second Tune)

T. HASTINGS, 1837

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - thron'd Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;

His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A - men.

SHARON C. M.

T. WALLHEAD, 1877

How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, guardian, friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

5 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.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

GREEN HILL C. M.

A. L. PEACE, 1885

O Je - sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man - ger, cross, and throne,

My spir - it trusts ex - ult - ing - ly In Thee, and Thee a - lone. A - men.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach Thy mightiest name.

For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847

326

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1866

Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A-men.

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory 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 through eternity.

BERNARD of Clairvaux. Tr. by REV. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848

327

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1873

Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy bless - ed face and mine. A-men.

- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1858

VALETE Six 8s.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;

O knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri - val there:

Thine whol - ly, Thine a - lone, I am; Be Thou a - lone my con - stant flame. A - men.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
 O may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
 Strange fires far from my soul remove;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies:
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
 How wondrous things Thy love hath
 Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!
 Direct my work, inspire my thought;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
 In weakness, be Thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
 And save me, Who for me hast died.

REV. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653
 REV. JOHN WESLEY, 1739, alt.

PARK STREET L. M.

M. A. VENUA, 1810

A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -

deem - er's praise: He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing -

kind - ness, O how free, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! A - men.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1787

330

DUKE STREET L. M.

JOHN HATTON, c. 1793

Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heav'n be - gan the strain,

The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A - men.

- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 3 To Him, enthroned, by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,

- Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853

JORDAN L. M. D.

J. BARNEY, 1872

Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voi-ces raise:

To us His gra-cious gifts be long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom angels serve and saints a-dore,

The Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost, To Whom be praise for ev-er-more. A-men.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord; for He is good:
And praise His name, for it is fair.

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God; for He is great:
Trust in His name, for it is true.

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

4 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.

Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

PROPIOR DEO 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

A. SULLIVAN, 1872

More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make,

On bend - ed . knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, . More love to Thee. A-men.

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!

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!

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!

Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;

Who, from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way

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

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

334

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790

Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-men.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

REV. JOHN CENNICK, 1742

335

HALSEY 7.7.7.7.

W. F. BIDDLE, 1897

Sav-iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-bey;
Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing Him who first lov'd me. A-men.

Copyright, 1898, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy:
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

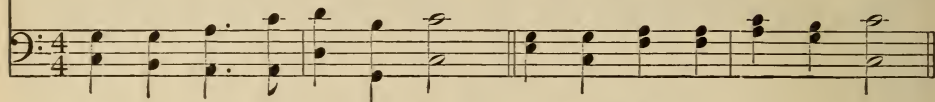
JANE E. LEESON, 1842

ST. BENET Six 7s.

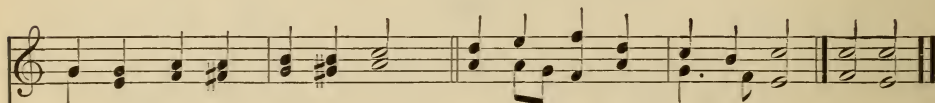
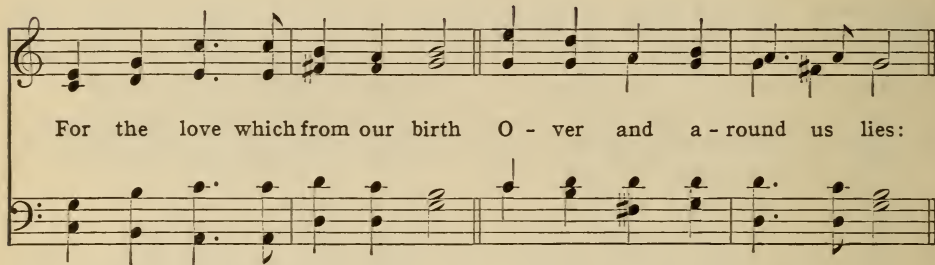
W. H. WILLIAMSON



For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,



For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:



Christ, our God, to Thee we raise This, our sac - ri - fice of praise. A-men.



2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

5 For Thy church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

MOULTRIE 8.7.8.7.D.

G. F. COBB, 1860

Friend of sin - ners, Lord of glo - ry, Low - ly, might - y, broth - er, King!

Mus - ing o'er Thy won - drous sto - ry, Grate - ful we Thy prais - es sing:

Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pi - ty blend—

Praise we must the grace which gave us Je - sus Christ, the sin - ners' friend. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!—
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!—
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend!</p> | <p>3 O to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each thought conformed to Thee:
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinners' friend!</p> |
|---|---|

All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side;

Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - men.

2 Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away;
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows, let me see
 Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
 Thine to live, and Thine to die;
 Height or depth, or earthly power,
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
 Ever shall my glory be,
 Only, only, only Thee.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1851

340

PERIVALE 8.7.8.7. Iambic

C. E. KETTLE

O ren - der thanks un - to the Lord, And cease your prais - es nev - er,

Whose countless ben - e - fits are poured On us His chil - dren ev - er. A - men.

2 His works bear witness to the might
 Which fails His chosen never;
 And hymn His praises in the sight
 Of men and angels ever.

3 By day the glorious sun ascends
 Heaven's arch, and tarries never—
 An emblem of the God who lends
 His light and love forever.

4 By night the borrowed moonbeams shed
 A grace which faileth never;
 And tell us of a church, whose head
 Enlighthens her forever.

5 And so each star however faint,
 Which shines and loiters never,
 Reminds us of some earnest saint
 Whose life is bright forever.

6 So tending heavenward, Lord, may we
 Soon meet Thee to part never,
 And all Thy matchless beauty see,
 And taste Thy love forever.

7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Whose mercy changeth never,
 From man and from the angel host
 Be praise and glory ever.

Rev. A. EUBULE EVANS, 1863

WENTWORTH 8.4.8.4.8.4.

F. C. MAKER, 1876

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright, So

full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light; So

man - y glo - rious things are here, So pure and right. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.</p> | <p>4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.</p> |
| <p>3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.</p> | <p>5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.</p> |

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1858

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv-est all? A-men.

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd one
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

7 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1872

343

COMFORTER DIVINE 8.8.6.

S. REAY

To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him, for all His dy-ing pain,

Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 To Him the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing ye Alleluia!

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

J. BARSBY, 1872

Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;

Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing-place Pour down the rich-es of Thy grace:

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a-dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A-men.

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
 How can I love Thee as I ought?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy name?
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
 O make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 So far exceeding hope or thought!
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
 So make me love Thee more and more.
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
 To Thee my heart and soul belong:
 All that I have or am is Thine;
 And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
 O make me love Thee more and more.

345

GOUDA C. M.

B. TOURS, 1872

Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob-sure,

And let our treas-ures still be spent, Like His, up-on the poor. A-men.

2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Rev. WILLIAM CROSSWELL, 1831

346

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1866

O still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,

"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More la-bor'rs for the Lord!" A-men.

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred!
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

347

EVERSLEY C. M.

(First Tune)

A. COTTMAN

Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A-men.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

REV. THOMAS SHEPHERD, 1693
V. 4, 5, REV. CHARLES BERTNER, 1855

347

MAITLAND C. M.

(Second Tune)

G. N. ALLEN, 1850

Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A-men.

SELWYN C. M. D.

J. TILLEARD

How bless - ed, from the bonds of sin And earth-ly fet - ters free,

In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy serv - ant, Lord, to be;

The hard - est toil to un - der - take With joy at Thy com - mand,

The meanest of - fice to re - ceive With meekness at Thy hand. A - men.

2 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company;
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

DOWNS C. M.

L. MASON, 1832

I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,

Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross. A-men.

- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

350

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

C. STEGGALL, 1867

Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,

Ob - serv - ant of His heav'n - ly word, And watch - ful at His gate. A-men.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

351

FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. EBELING, 1754

Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see,

And what I do in an - y-thing, To do it as for Thee; A-men.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be

But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

Rev. GEORGE HERBERT, 1632

352

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. BOOTH, 1837

We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:

All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-men.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854

LABAN S. M.

L. MASON, 1830

A . . charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky; A-men.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,

- And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

REV. CHARLES WRSLEY, 1762

ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. MERRICK, 1887

Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand;

To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land. A-men.

- 2 Thou know'st not which may thrive
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.
- 3 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.
- 5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. MONTGOMERY, 1819

355

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

Hap - py the man, who knows His Mas - ter to o - bey;

Whose life of care and la - bor flows, Where God points out the way. A-men.

- 2 He riseth to his task,
Soon as the word is given,
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask,
When orders come from heaven.
3 Nothing he calls his own;
Nothing he hath to say;

- His feet are shod for God alone,
And God alone obey.
4 Give us, O God, this mind,
Which waits for Thy command,
And doth his highest pleasure find
In Thy great work to stand.

REV. THOMAS C. UPHAM, 1872

356

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

E. MILLER, 1790

My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - 'ry ser-vice I can pay,

And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dic-tates and o - bey. A-men.

- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend!
3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;

- Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

WELTON L. M.

Rev. C. H. A. MALAN, 1880

Go, la-labor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will:

It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still? A-men.

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for aught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,— what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign

Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

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!"

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1857

HOLLEY L. M.

G. HEWS, 1835

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy erring children lost and lone. A-men.

2 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

3 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

4 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

5 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1872

359

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. OLIVER, 1832

Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-sham'd of Thee?

Asham'd of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days! A-men.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765

360

HAMBURG L. M.

Att. by LOWELL MASON, 1824

So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;

So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine. A-men.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1709

LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR, 1847

O God, in Whom we live and move, Thy love is law, Thy law is love;

Thy pres-ent Spir-it waits to fill The soul which comes to do Thy will. A-men.

- 2 Unto Thy children's spirits teach Nor suffers one true word or thought,
Thy love, beyond the powers of speech; Or deed of love, to come to nought.
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of Thy law.
- 3 Its patient working doth fulfil 4 Such faith, O God! our spirits fill,
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will, That we may work in patience still:
Who works for justice, works for Thee;
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

MARYTON L. M.

H. P. SMITH, 1874

O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free,

Tell me thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
By some clear winning word of love; In trust that triumphs over wrong.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
In closer, dearer company, Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864

O Mas - ter, when Thou call - est, No voice may say Thee nay,

For blest are they that fol - low Where Thou dost lead the way:

In fresh - est prime of morn - ing, Or full - est glow of noon,

The note of heav'n-ly warn - ing Can nev - er come too soon. A-men.

2 O Master, where Thou callest,
 No foot may shrink in fear,
 For they who trust Thee wholly
 Shall find Thee ever near:
 And chamber still and lonely,
 Or busy harvest-field,
 Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
 Shall precious produce yield.

3 O Master, whom Thou callest,
 No heart may dare refuse;
 'Tis honor, highest honor,
 When Thou dost deign to use:

Our brightest and our fairest,
 Our dearest—all are Thine;
 Thou Who for each one carest,
 We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,
 We too who serve at home,
 May watch and pray together
 Until Thy kingdom come:
 In Thee for aye united,
 Our song of hope we raise,
 Till that blest shore is sighted
 When all shall turn to praise.

LINCOLN 7.6.7.6.

M. VULPIUS, 1604

O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread

With Je - sus as your fel - low, To Je - sus as your head. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!</p> <p>3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.</p> <p>4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;</p> | <p>5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;</p> <p>6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?</p> <p>7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!</p> |
|--|--|

ST. JOSEPH. TR. J. M. NEALE

365

NORICUM Six 7s.

F. JAMES, 1904

Je - sus, Mas - ter, whom I serve, Tho' so fee - bly and so ill,

Strength-en hand and heart and nerve All Thy bid - ding to ful - fil;

O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me. A-men.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874

366

RUTH 6.5.6.5.D.

S. SMITH, 1865

Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces

rais - ing Prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer,

All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-men.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;

Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1858

DILIGENCE 7.6.7.5.D.

LOWELL MASON, 1864

Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A-men.

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2 Work, for the night is coming:
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon;
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies;
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

368

STOCKWELL 8.7.8.7.

D. E. JONES, 1851

He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. A - men.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.
Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;

Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1836

369

HARLECH 8.8.8.6.

Welsh Air

O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pi - ty grant Thy light;

Teach us as ev - er in Thysight, To live our life to Thee. A - men.

2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.
4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:

Then teach us, whatsoever betide,
To love them all in Thee.
5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.
6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

REV. GODFREY THRING, 1879

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>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?</p> | <p>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 brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?</p> |
|--|---|

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
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

370

WARRIOR C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

Rev. A. MACDONALD, 1877

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umphant o - ver pain,

Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A-men.

ST ANNE
Voices in Unison

Organ

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to

Ped.

gain: His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train?

Harmony

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o - ver pain,

Choir Organ No Pedals

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.

Unison (Men's Voices if preferred)

3 The mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,

Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds

Peds.!

Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;

Harmony

4 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,

Choir Organ No Pedals

He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?

Unison (Trebles only, if preferred)

5 A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,

No Pedals

Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame.

Unison (Men's voices if preferred)

Ped.

6 They met the ty-rant's bran-dish'd steel, The li-on's go-ry mane,

They bow'd their necks, the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?

Harmony

7 A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

Choir Organ. No Pedals

A - round the Sav-iour's throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed.

Unison. Slower

8 They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Through per - il,

Slower

ff Full

Ped.

toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n

rall. pp

To fol - low in their train. A - men, A - - men.

pp

pp

pp 16 ft. Ped. only

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;

March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus our great Cap-tain's gone. A-men.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course, There peace and joy eternal reign,
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes; And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.

2 Run the straight race through God's good Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; [grace, Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

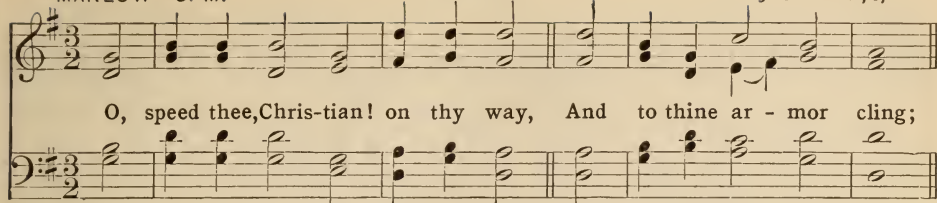
3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide,
 His boundless mercy will provide;
 4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
 He changeth not, and thou art dear:
 Only believe, and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863

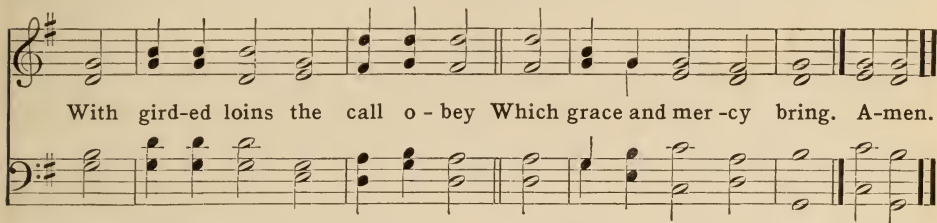
373

MARLOW C. M.

J. CHETHAM, 1718



O, speed thee, Chris-tian! on thy way, And to thine ar - mor cling;



With gird-ed loins the call o - bey Which grace and mer-cy bring. A-men.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

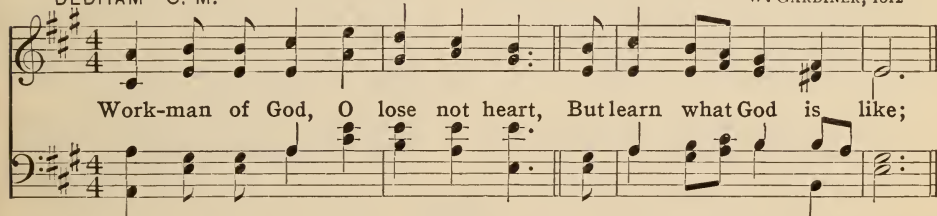
3 O, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs
Are heard before the throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

Anon.

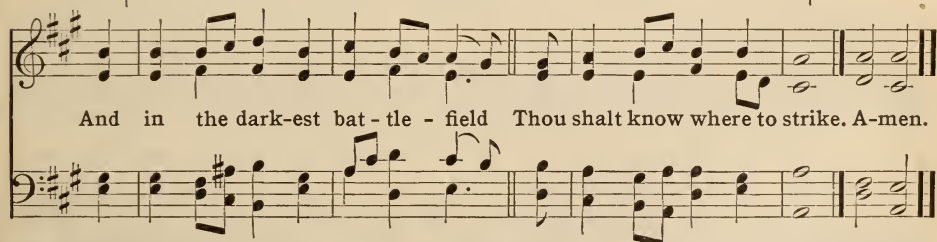
374

DEDHAM C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1812



Work-man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;



And in the dark-est bat-tle - field Thou shalt know where to strike. A-men.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine,
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,

And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

6 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

MIRFIELD C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?</p> <p>3 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?</p> <p>4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;</p> | <p>I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.</p> <p>5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.</p> <p>6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1723

CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1728

A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly race de-

mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an immor - tal crown. A-men.

MARION S. M. *With Refrain*

A. H. MESSITER, 1883

Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.

Refrain

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A - men.

Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

5 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array;
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

6 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

7 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

REV. EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1865

(CHRISTMAS) C. M.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

AMERTON S. M.

W. HAYNES

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,

Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son. A-men.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,

Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

MARCH TO VICTORY Irregular

J. BARNEY, 1869

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,

With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

FINE *Last verse only*

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us. A-men.

His arm

We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to

meet Him; And we put to . . flight the . . ar - mies of night,

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of day may greet Him. We

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the cross of Calvary,
Our watch-word, the Incarnation.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

380

LABAN S. M.

(First Tune)

L. MASON, 1830

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A-men.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

REV. GEORGE HEATH, 1781

380

CALVIN S. M.

(Second Tune)

Anon.

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A-men.

LUSTLEIGH 7.6.7.6.D.

S. WEEKES

Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true:

The Lord Him-self, thy lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due.

His love fore-tells thy tri-als, He knows thine hour-ly need;

He can, with bread of heav-en, Thy faint-ing spir-it feed. A-men.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more are o'er thee watching
 Than human eyes can know.
 Trust only Christ, thy captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished,
 And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call Thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night;
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light;
 When morn His face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past;
 O pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last.

BROTHERS' VOICES 7.6.7.6.D.

H. J. STORER

O bro - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um-phant songs to raise,

Spirited
f

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of music. The top system features a vocal line in 4/4 time with lyrics: "O bro - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um-phant songs to raise,". Below it is a bass line. The second system is a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, marked "Spirited" and "f", with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a treble and bass line with chords and melodic lines.

Till heav'n on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise!

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. The top system features a vocal line in 4/4 time with lyrics: "Till heav'n on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise!". Below it is a bass line. The second system is a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, continuing from the previous system, with a treble and bass line.

Ten thou-sand hearts are bound-ing With ho - ly hopes and free; .

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth systems of music. The top system features a vocal line in 4/4 time with lyrics: "Ten thou-sand hearts are bound-ing With ho - ly hopes and free; .". Below it is a bass line. The second system is a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, continuing from the previous system, with a treble and bass line.

The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of ju - bi - lee. A-men.

This block contains the musical notation for the first hymn. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2 O, Christian brothers, glorious
 Shall be the conflict's close:
 The cross hath been victorious,
 And shall be o'er its foes.
 Faith is our battle-token:
 Our Leader all controls;
 Our trophies, fetters broken;
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
 To Thee all praise be due!
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
 Has freed our brethren too.
 Not unto us: in glory
 The angels catch the strain,
 And cast their crowns before Thee
 Exultingly again.

Bishop E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1848

383

NATIVITY C. M.

H. LAHEE, 1855

God's trumpet wakes the slumb'ring world: Now each man to his post!

This block contains the musical notation for the second hymn. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The red-cross ban-ner is un-furled: Who joins the glo - rious host. A-men.

This block contains the musical notation for the second part of the second hymn. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2 He who in fealty to the truth,
 And counting all the cost,
 Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
 He joins the noble host.

4 He who with calm, undaunted will
 Ne'er counts the battle lost
 But, though defeated, battles still,—
 He joins the faithful host.

3 He who no anger on his tongue,
 Nor any idle boast,
 Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
 He joins the sacred host.

5 He who is ready for the Cross,
 The cause despised loves most,
 And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
 He joins the martyr host.

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

(First Tune)

G. J. WEBB, 1837

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

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;
Let 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,
Each piece put on with 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.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1858

384

(Second Tune)

STAND UP FOR JESUS 7.6.7.6.D.

J. BARNEY, 1889

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

385

FIDES PATRUM Six 8s.

(First Tune)

G. PERCY HARRIS, 1905

Sur-round-ed by un-number'd foes, A-against my soul the bat-tle goes;

Yet tho' I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest:

I lift my tear-ful eyes a - bove, — His ban-ner o - ver me is love. A-men.

Org.

Copyright, 1905, by W. GARRETT HORDER

2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
 Though flesh may faint upon the field;
 He waves before my fading sight
 The branch of palm, the crown of light:
 I lift my brightening eyes above, —
 His banner over me is love.

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
 His veil of splendor curtain Him;
 And in the midnight of my fear
 I may not feel Him standing near:
 But, as I lift mine eyes above,
 His banner over me is love.

GERALD MASSEY, 1869

385

CREDO Six 8s.

(Second Tune)

J. STAINER, 1875

Sur-round-ed by un - num-ber'd foes, A-against my soul the bat-tle goes;

Yet tho' I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest:

Slower

I lift my tear-ful eyes a - bove,—His ban-ner o - ver me is love. A-men.

Org.

386

DAVID 6.5.6.5.D.

T. MORLEY

On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move, Hearn-en to our

prais-es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can-not

be! Is our sky be - cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! A-men.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader;
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6.5.6.5.D.

J. B. DYKES, 1868

Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground,

How the hosts of dark-ness Com-press thee a-round?

Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss;

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol-dier of the cross. A-men.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goadng into sin?
 Christian, never tremble;
 Never be downcast;
 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.

4 " Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;

But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

St. ANDREW of Crete, 700. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1862

389

HOLY WAR 6.5.6.5.D.

(Second Tune)

J. BOOTH, 1887

Voices in Unison

Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground,

How the hosts of dark-ness Com-pass thee a-round?

Harmony

Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss;

Orgān Ped.

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol-dier of . . . the cross. A-men.

Chris-tian! seek not yet re- pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way,

Thou art in the midst of foes: "Watch . . and pray." A-men.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
"Watch and pray."

4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
"Watch and pray."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His

help - ers Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for

Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine,

We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine. A - men.

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood,
 For Thy diadem:
 With Thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By Thy grand redemption,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful,
 For our Captain's band;
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848

Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Chris-tians, on-ward go:

Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;

4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

V. 1, 2, HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804
V. 3, 4, FRANCES FULLER-MAITLAND, 1827

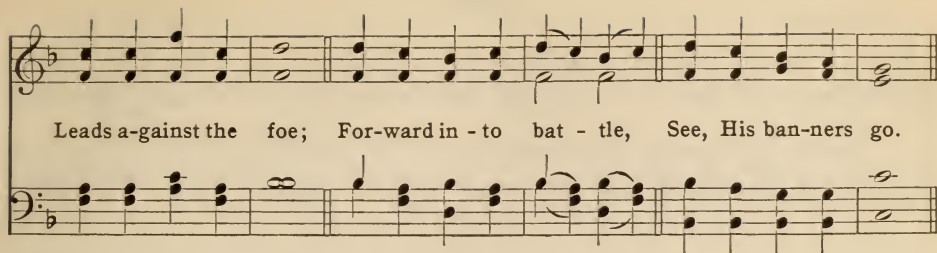
393

ST. GERTRUDE 6.5.6.5. 12 |.

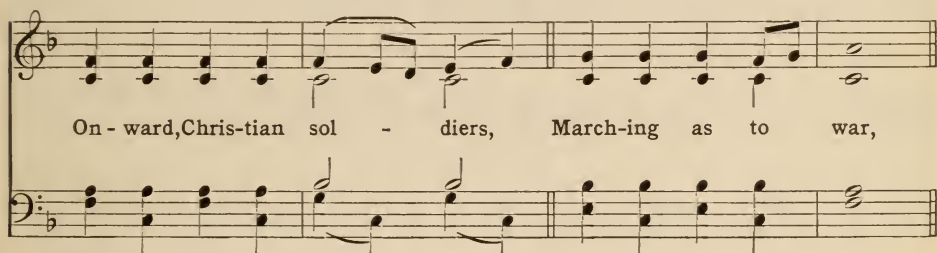
A. SULLIVAN, 1871

On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of

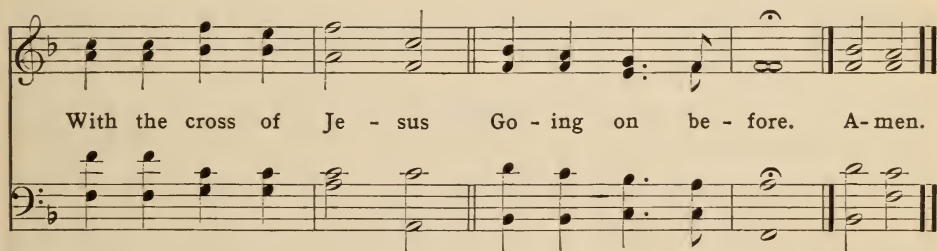
Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore: Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter



Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.



On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A-men.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory:
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 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 through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

WATCHWORD (Forward) 6.5.6.5. 12 1.

H. SMART, 1872

Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us,
 Not a look be-hind. Burns the fie-ry pil-lar At our ar-my's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des-ert,
 Thro' the toil and fight! Jordan flows before us; Zi-on beams with light. A-men.

- 2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind:
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace;
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's face.
 Forward, all the life-time,
 Climb from height to height,
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth.
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day;

- Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward, through the darkness
 Forward, into light!
- 4 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared:
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these have uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

395

BRISTOL C. M.

E. HODGES, 1843

O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;

Who through this wea-ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led. A - men.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present Give us each day our daily bread,
 Before Thy throne of grace: And raiment fit provide.

God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And, at our Father's loved abode,
 Our souls arrive in peace.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1737

396

BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812

I wor - ship thee, sweet Will of God, And all thy ways a - dore,

And ev - 'ry day I live I seem To love thee more and more. A - men.

2 I have no cares, O blessèd Will,
 For all my cares are Thine;
 I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.

3 Man's weakness waiting upon God
 Its end can never miss,

4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

BURLINGTON C. M.

J. BURROWES, 1830

Lord, it be- longs not to my care Wheth- er I die or live;

To love and serve thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.</p> <p>3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessèd face to see; [meet</p> | <p>For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?</p> <p>4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.</p> |
|--|--|

REV. RICHARD BAXTER, 1681

DUNDEE C. M.

Att. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553

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. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.</p> <p>3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.</p> | <p>4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.</p> <p>5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.</p> |
|--|---|

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772

GERONTIUS C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Fa-ther of love, our guide and friend, O lead us gen-tly on,

Un-til life's tri-al-time shali end, And heav'n-ly peace be won. A-men.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

4 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

3 But if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

5 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

REV. WILLIAM J. IRONS, 1844

400

BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

While Thee I seek, pro-ject-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled;

And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be filled. A-men.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

5 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1786

EVERSLEY C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN

There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Re - served for all the heirs of grace: O be that ref - uge mine! A - men.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

402

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from HANS G. NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON, 1836

Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - men.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. Alt. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776

403

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be - long, It mat - ters
not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong. A - men.

- 2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer:
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near;
- 3 How God hath built above,
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

- 4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings,—
Sees nought but sunshine glad.
- 5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

REV. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656

404

CLIFTON S. M.

J. BRABHAM, 1863

I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;
And with un - fal - t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine. A - men.

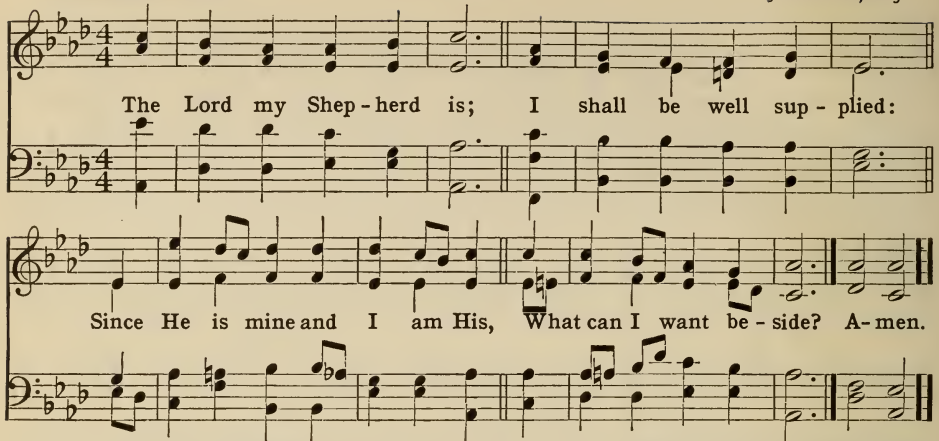
- 2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

- 4 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.
- 5 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1863

ST. GILES S. M.

J. M. BELL, 1835



The Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied:
 Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-men.

- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows;
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim;
 And guides me, in His own right way,
 For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;

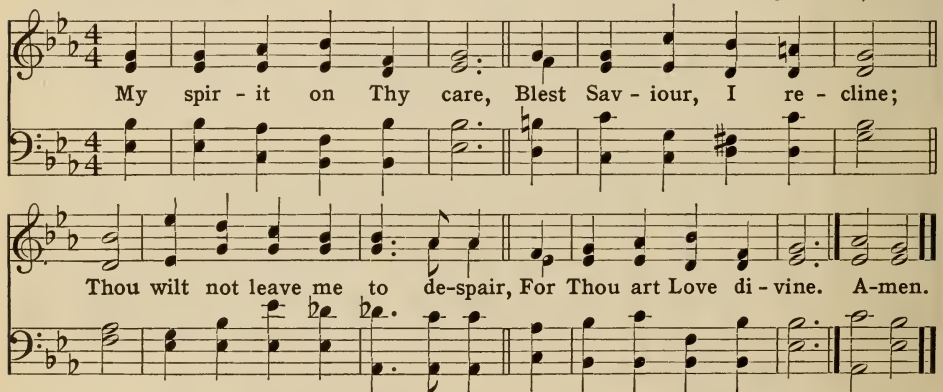
- Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

406

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. BARNEY, 1866



My spir-it on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;
 Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art Love di-vine. A-men.

- 2 In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform;

- Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me;
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

DENNIS S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI

How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!

"Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care." A - men.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

BARCLAY S. M.

REV. H. B. TURNER

My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care. A - men.

Copyright, 1905, by H. B. TURNER

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?

A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835

WARD L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830

God is the ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade:

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold Him pres - ent with His aid. A - men.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

410

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er. A - men.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

411

REV. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868

CARA PATRIA 7.6.7.6.D.

H. M. HIGGS

In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es 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-mayed? A-men.

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.

Ev - er - last - ing arms of love Are be - neath, a - round, a - bove;

He who left His throne of light, And un - num - bered an - gels bright;

He who on th'ac - curs - ed tree Gave His pre - cious life for me;

He it is that bears me on, His the arm I lean up - on. A - men.

2 All things hasten to decay,
 Earth and sea will pass away,
 Soon will yonder circling sun
 Cease his blazing course to run.
 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
 But the Changeless cannot change:
 Gladly will I journey on,
 With His arm to lean upon.

LONSDALE 7.7.7.7.

F. A. J. HERVEY

Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To His gra-cious prom - ise flee,

Lay - ing hold up - on His word, "As thy days, thy strength shall be." A-men.

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar, still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be." 4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1862

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word;

Thou shalt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness. A-men.

- 2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid." 4 He will gird thee by His power,
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean then, loving, on His word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

REV. JOHN CENNICK, 1745

ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1862

Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand:

Bread of heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more. A - men.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

W. WILLIAMS, 1745

416

*(First Tune)*HE LEADETH ME L. M. D. *With Refrain*

W. B. BRADBURY, 1864

He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Content, whatever lot I see,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine;
- 4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1862

416

(Second Tune)

LAMPADARIUS L. M. *Without Refrain*

A. H. MANN, 1894

He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. Amen.

REDEMPTION 8.7.8.7.8.7.

(First Tune)

C. GOUNOD, 1872

Lead us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos-sess-ing ev - 'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1821

VERONA 8.7.8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

J. H. DEANE

Lead us, Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us, O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;

Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

418

TRUST 8.7.8.7.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Call Je-ho-vah thy sal-va-tion, Rest be-neath th' Al-mighty's shade,

In His se-cret hab-i-ta-tion Dwell, and nev-er be dis-mayed. A-men.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

4 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;

Though thou walk through hostile regions
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

PROMISED LAND 8.7.8.7.D.

HOMER N. BARTLETT, 1903

Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone;

Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me On through dan - gers oft un - known.

When I wan - dered, Thou hast found me; When I doubt - ed, sent me light;

Still Thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in Thy sight. A - men.

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2 In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I;
 And the strife may never fail me,
 Well I know, before I die.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need;
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength, — the Spirit's strength indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
 Follow wholly Thy directing,
 Thou, mine only guard from harm!
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to Thee when tried;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at Thy side.

WHITTIER 8.6.8.8.6.

F. C. MAKER

Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our fev-'rish ways!

Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur-er lives thy

ser-vice find, In deep-er rev-'rence, praise. A-men.

- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!
- 4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.
- 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.
- 6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

421

HANFORD 8.8.8.4.

(First Tune)

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"</p> | <p>5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"</p> <p>7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."</p> |
|---|--|

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834

421

TROYTE, No. 1. (Chant)

(Second Tune)

A. H. D. TROYTE, 1857

My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!" A-men.

HARLAND Eight 6s.

J. STAINER

My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.

Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
 Straight to my home above,
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

CIVITAS DEI 7.6.8.6.D.

A. J. CALDICOTT

Organ Not in dumb res - ig - na - tion We lift our hands on high;

Not like the nerve-less fa - tal - ist Con - tent to trust and die.

Our faith springs like the ea - gle Who soars to meet the sun,

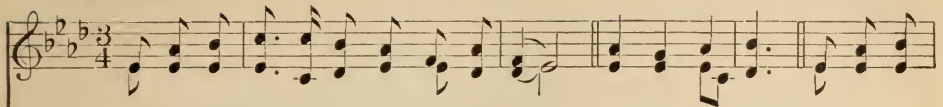
And cries ex - ult - ing un - to Thee O Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

2 When tyrant feet are trampling
 Upon the common weal,
 Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
 Beneath the iron heel.
 In Thy name we assert our right
 By sword or tongue or pen,
 And e'en the headsman's axe may flash
 Thy message unto men.

3 Thy will! It strengthens weakness,
 It bids the strong be just;
 No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
 No brow to seek the dust.
 Wherever man oppresses man
 Beneath Thy liberal sun
 O Lord be there Thine arm made bare,
 Thy righteous will be done!

LUX BENIGNA 10.4.10.4.10.10. (*First Tune*)

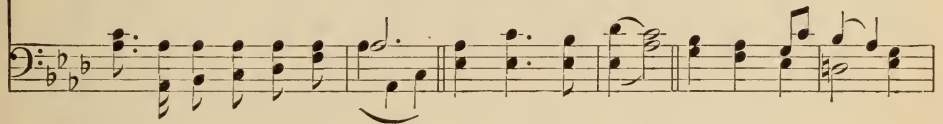
Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867



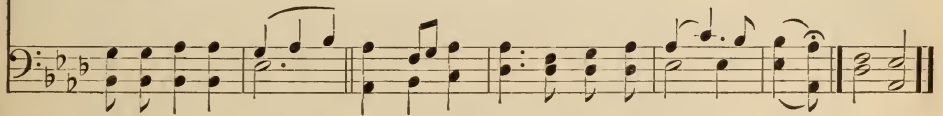
Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I



do not ask to see . . . The 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 has 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!

NEWMAN 10.4.10.4.10.10.

(Second Tune)

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1867

1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - midth'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on,
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on,

mf *Swell*

Ped. *Man.*

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: I lov'd the gar - ish

p

Ped. *Man.*

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.

rit. *p*

3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,

Man.

Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

f Gt. Full

Ped.

The night is gone, The night is gone; And with the morn those

p Sw.

Man.

an-gel fa-ces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while. A-men.

rit.

SANDON 10.4.10.4.10.10.

(Third Tune)

C. H. PURDAY, 1860

Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on, The
 night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep Thou my
 feet; I do not ask to see The 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 has 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!

REV. JOHN H. NEWMAN, 1833

PENIEL Six 8s.

J. BOOTH, 1887

Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in Him what-e'er be - tide;

Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil days Thine all - suf - fi - cient strength and guide:

Who trusts in God's unchang - ing love, Builds on the rock that naught can move. A - men.

- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still
 And wait in cheerful hope content
 To take whate'er His gracious will,
 His all discerning love hath sent:
 Doubt not our inmost wants are known
 To Him who chose us for his own.

Geo. Neumarck. Tr. Cath. Winkworth

426

ST. DENYS 6.6.6.6.

F. SPINNEY

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be! . . .

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path . . . for me. A - men.

- 2 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
- 3 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine: so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
- 4 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,

- As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness, or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
- 6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great, or small;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

ADESTE FIDELES (Portuguese Hymn) 11s.

How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
 you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
 fled. To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? A - men.

- 2 "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.
- 3 "When through 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.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "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.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

428

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from W. V. WALLACE, 1855

I do not ask that life may be, O Lord, a pleasant road;
Nor that Thou wouldest take from me Aught of its weary load. A-men.

- 2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,
Dear Lord, lead me aright: [bleed,
Though strength should fail, and heart should
Lead me through peace to light.
- 3 I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;

Let me, in darkness, feel Thy hand,
And simply follow Thee.

- 4 Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night:
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1862

429

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me. A-men.

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.

- 5 And O when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!

REV. THOMAS HAWES, 1792

SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. BOOTH, 1887

O what, if we are Christ's, Is earth-ly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glo-ry be, When we have borne the cross. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Keen was the trial once,
The bitter cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.</p> <p>3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.</p> | <p>4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.</p> <p>5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.</p> |
|---|---|

BIRSTALL L. M.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1852

A. WIDDOP, 1790

O Love di-vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-t'rest tear,

On Thee we cast each earthborn care: We smile at pain while Thou art near! A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.</p> <p>3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear;</p> | <p>The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!</p> <p>4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!</p> |
|--|--|

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1859

PENITENCE 6.5.6.5.D.

S. LANE, 1879

In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee:

When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . .

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.

2 With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm,
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice;

Then, upon Thine altar
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On Thy truth relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me, dying,
 To eternal life.

NEED 6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.

(First Tune)

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, 1872

I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

Refrain

I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A-men.

Copyright, 1900, by MARY RUNYON LOWRY. Renewal. Used by permission

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!
I need Thee, etc.

433

EVERY HOUR 6.4.6.4.

(Second Tune)

Rev. P. R. SLEEMAN, 1863

The Refrain is omitted

I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford. A-men.

434

REDHEAD 7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD, 1853

When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. A-men.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,

Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

BLESSING 8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. BARNEY, 1886

Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra - cious ear;

While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear:

By Thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord. A - men.

- 2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

436

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7.

DR. PEARCE, 1890

Gent - ly, Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,

Through the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change appears. A - men.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,

Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

437

HANFORD 8.8.8.4.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;

I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest. A - men.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my light.

4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my life.

5 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, what'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

REV. JOHN R. MACDUFF, 1851

Come un - to Me, when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad

heart is wea - ry and dis-tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly

Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A-men.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
 Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

GRASMERE Irregular

J. BARNBY, 1872

Thou know-est, Lord, the wea-ri-ness and sor-row Of the sad heart that

comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to-day, and bur-dens for to-mor-row,

Bless-ings im-plored, and sins to be con-fessed: We come be-fore Thee

at Thy gra-cious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-est, Lord. A-men.

- 2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
 How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
 He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
 And brought back life and hope and strength again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be crossed at last.
 O, what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord!
- 4 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
 And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
 On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
 Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
 And follow on to know as we are known.

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. HAWBIS, 1792

Walk in the light: so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love His

Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove. A - men.

2 Walk in the light: and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

4 Walk in the light: and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

5 Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

6 Walk in the light: and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

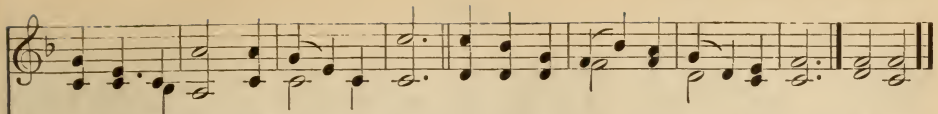
BERNARD BARTON, 1826

PATER OMNIUM Six 8s.

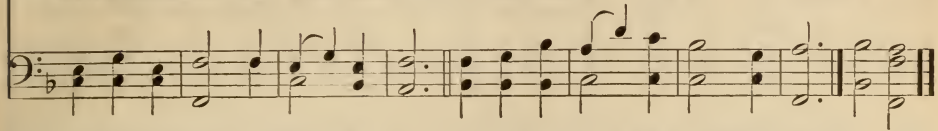
H. J. E. HOLMES, 1875

Thou hid - den source of calm re - pose, Thou all suf - fi - cient Love di - vine,

My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am while Thou art mine:



And lo! from sin and grief and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name. A-men.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace
And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with Thy great name, are given
Pardon and holiness and Heaven.</p> | <p>3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art, —
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;</p> |
|--|--|

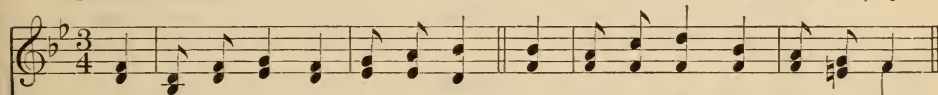
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my all in all.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

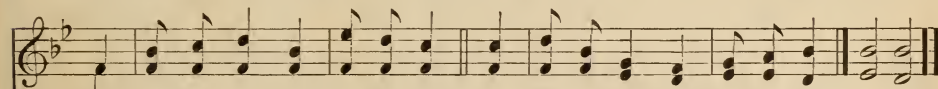
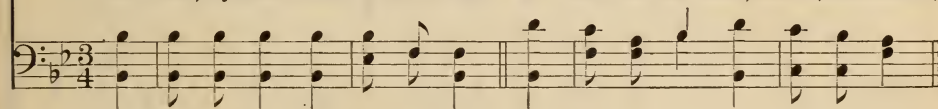
442

HEBRON L. M.

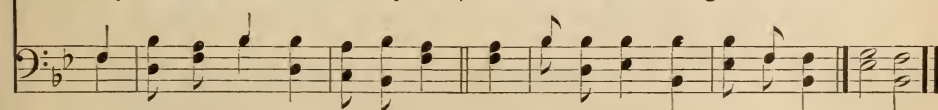
LOWELL MASON, 1830



Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are bur-dens, thorns, and snares;



They cast dis-hon - or on thy Lord, And con-tra-dict His gracious word. A-men.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if He provide,
Or lose thy way, with such a guide?</p> | <p>4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?</p> |
| <p>3 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.</p> | <p>5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For Heaven will make amends for all.</p> |

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. ARNE, 1762

When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. A-men.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

444

CAMDEN ROAD C. M.

A. HUDSON

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea,

Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A-men.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

445

IRENE 7.7.7.5.

Rev. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, 1874

In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way,
 And the last hope will not stay, Sav - iour, com - fort me. A - men.

- 2 When the secret idol's gone,
 That my poor heart yearned upon,
 Desolate, bereft, alone,
 Saviour, comfort me.
- 3 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
 In the darkness crucified,
 Bid me in Thy love confide:
 Saviour, comfort me.
- 4 In these hours of sad distress,
 Let me know He loves no less,

- Bids me trust His faithfulness:
 Saviour, comfort me.
- 5 Not unduly let me grieve,
 Meekly the kind stripes receive
 Let me humbly still believe;
 Saviour, comfort me.
- 6 So shall it be good for me
 Much afflicted now to be,
 If Thou wilt but tenderly,
 Saviour, comfort me.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853

446

BOYLSTON S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832

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. A - men.

- 2 Give me on Thee to wait
 Till I can all things do, —
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 3 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I rest upon Thy word;
 The promise is for me;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee.
- 5 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1824

Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake. A-men.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,

Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1772

DOWNFIELD S. M.

H. E. BUTTON, 1904

Thou ve - ry pres - ent aid In suf - f'ring and dis - tress! The

soul, which still on Thee is stayed, Is kept in per - fect peace. A-men.

TRENTHAM S. M.

R. JACKSON

Musical notation for the first system of 'TRENTHAM S. M.' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a vocal line.

Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis-mayed: God hears thy

Musical notation for the second system of 'TRENTHAM S. M.' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a vocal line.

sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.</p> <p>3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.</p> | <p>4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.</p> <p>5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Tr. by Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1739

DOWNFIELD S. M.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.</p> <p>3 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Helps me to bear my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.</p> | <p>4 Jesus, to Whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature streams are dry;
I have the fountain still.</p> <p>5 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One,
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749

Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way;

The Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay;

Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,

The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A - men.

whom can we

- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.
- 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares,

- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
 So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
 The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home.

Rev. J. N. DAREY, 1858

450

JUDEA | | . | | . | | . | | . | | .

(Second Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES

Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way;

The Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay;

Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be near,

The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A - men.

BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7.

CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD

Al - ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;

Thus the ris - en Sav-iour whis-pers, From His dwell - ing-place a - bove. A-men.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much, and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Rev. EDWARD H. NEVIN, 1857

452

LUX ÆTERNA 8.8.8.4.

C. GOUNOD

We can-not al-ways trace the way Where Thou, our gra-cious Lord, dost move,

But we can al - ways sure - ly say That Thou art love. A-men.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth,—our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary spring;
For Thou art love.

In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;

4 Yes! Thou art love; a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is love.

JOHN BOWRING. 1838

453

PAX TECUM 10. 10.

(First Tune)

G. T. CALDBECK, 1878

Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin? The
blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A-men.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, — this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop EDWARD BICKERSTETH, 1870

453

CÆNA DOMINI 10. 10.

(Second Tune)

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A-men.

SHARON C. M.

T. WALLHEAD, 1877

Let saints be - low in con - cert sing With those to glo - ry gone;

For all the ser - vants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. A-men.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;

4 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1759

ST. PETER C. M.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826

Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En - com - pass us a - round!

Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glo - ry crowned. A-men.

2 Let us with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Scotch Paraphrases, 1745

456

DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1867

For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,

Who fol - low'd Thee, o - bey'd, a - dor'd, Our grate-ful hymn re - ceive. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die. | Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do. |
| 3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view, | 4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee. |

Bishop RICHARD MANT, 1837

457

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. MASON, 1832

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:

The fel - low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares. | 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again. |
| 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear. | 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. |

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772

HARROGATE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

W. SANDERSON, 1904

One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord be - low, a - bove, Zi -

on, one faith is thine, One on - ly watch-word, love: From diff'rent tem-ples

though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A-men.

- 2 Our Sacrifice is one;
 One priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone:
 Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
 Unite Thy people in their Head.
- 3 O may that holy prayer,
 His tenderest and His last,
 His constant, latest care
 Ere to His throne He passed,
 No longer unfulfilled remain,
 The world's offence, His people's stain!

- 4 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.

SAVOY CHAPEL 7.6.7.6.D.

J. B. CALKIN, 1870

From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,

To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con-qu'rors be;

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A-men.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 And all the sacred throng,
 Who wear the spotless raiment,
 Who raise the ceaseless song;
 For these, passed on before us,
 Saviour, we Thee adore,
 And, walking in their footsteps,
 Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
 And praise we God the Son,
 And God the Holy Spirit,
 Eternal Three in One;
 Till all the ransomed number
 Fall down before the throne,
 And honor, power, and glory
 Ascribe to God alone.

WAVENEY Eight 7s.

R. S. NEWMAN

Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in-num - er - a - ble throng,

Round the al - tar night and day, Hymn-ing one tri - um-phant song:

"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,

Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob - tain, New do-min - ion ev-'ry hour." A-men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great afflictions came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fear,
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.

ST. ASAPH 8.7.8.7.D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE, 1872

Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,

Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - ised land:

Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;

Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Stepping fear - less thro' the night. A - men.

2 One the light of God's own presence
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread;
 One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one,
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun;

One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
 Onward, with the cross our aid;
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade:
 Soon shall come the great awaking,
 Soon the rending of the tomb;
 Then the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom.

ALL SAINTS OLD 8.7.8.7.7.7.

DARMSTÄDTER GESANGBUCH, 1698

Arr. by J. G. C. STÖRL, 1711

Who are these like stars ap-pear - ing, These be - fore God's throne who stand?

Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?

Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav'n - ly King. A - men.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

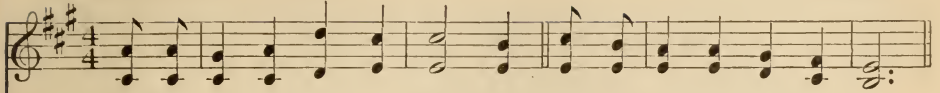
4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and
Offering up to Christ their will; [waited,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

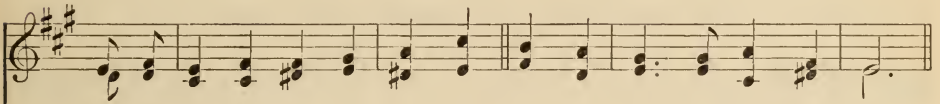
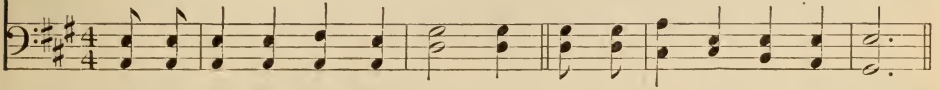
463

ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN 8.7.8.7.8.7.

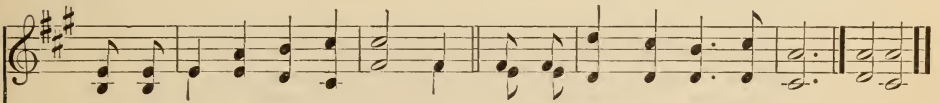
E. J. HOPKINS, 1872



Al - le - lu - ia! song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy e - ter - nal lay;



Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Of the choirs in heav-'nly day,



Which the an-gels sing, a - bid - ing In the house of God al - way. A-men.



2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, mother ever best;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel's waters,
Sit in bondage and distressed.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Midst our joyful strains are borne;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.

4 Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all our heart's deep longing
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

SARUM 10.10.10.4.

J. BARNBY, 1869

For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,

be for - ev - er blessed: Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

- 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 light of light. Alleluia!
- 3 O, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 O, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

ALLELUIA PERENNE 10.10.7.

W. H. MONK, 1868

Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, Ye

cit - i - zens of heav'n, oh, sweetly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A-men.

2 Ye powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

FAITH C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1867

Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev-'rence and with fear;

Though dust and ash - es in Thy sight, We may—we must draw near. A-men.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

5 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son
Shall pray, and pray aright.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1818

CATERHAM C. M.

A. COTTMAN

Be - hold us, Lord, a lit - tle space From dai - ly tasks set free,

And met with - in Thy ho - ly place To rest a - while with Thee. A-men.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870

468

LUDINGTON L. M.

(First Tune)

W. F. BIDDLE

From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat. A-men.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.</p> | <p>4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?</p> |
| <p>3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.</p> | <p>5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.</p> |

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, 1827

468

RETREAT L. M.

(Second Tune)

T. HASTINGS, 1842

From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat. A-men.

When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y -

la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek -ing peace,

On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall.

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A-men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love;
 When the proud man, in his pride,
 Stoops to seek Thy face;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace:
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee;
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee:
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
 Youth or maiden fair;
 When the aged, trusting still,
 Seek Thy face in prayer;
 When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low;
 When the orphan brings to Thee
 All his orphan woe:
 Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866

469

(Second Tune)

INTERCESSION 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.

W. H. CALLCOTT, 1867
The last two lines from MENDELSSOHN, 1846

When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav-y -

la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace,

On Thy name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall: . . .

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A-men.

470

AMBROSE 7.7.7.5.

(First Tune)

Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872
From a Gregorian Tone, VIII. 1.

Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light,

Mak-er, teach-er, in-fi-nite, Je-sus, hear and save. A-men.

2 Mighty monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

470

ST. SERBAN 7.7.7.5.

(Second Tune)

E. H. THORNE

Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light,

Mak-er, teach-er, in-fin-ite, Je-sus, hear and save. A-men.

471

ALCESTER 7.7.7.7.

C. H. LLOYD, 1892

Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;

He Him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A - men.

- 2 With my burden I begin:
Lord remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 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 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, . / 9

472

LACRYMÆ 7.7.7.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872

Pres - ent with the two or three Deign, most gra - cious

God, to be, While we lift our souls to Thee. A - men.

- 2 Jesus, by Thy blood alone,
Who didst for our sins atone,
Dare we come before Thy throne.
- 3 Thou who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.
- 4 Thou hast led us in the way,
And hast taught us how to say,
"Abba, Father," when we pray.

- 5 Holy Spirit, from on high
Helping our infirmity,
Aid us in our feeble cry.
- 6 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
But there stands within the veil
One who ever doth prevail.
- 7 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

FANNY FREER

JESU, BONE PASTOR 8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. H. WILLCOX

Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:

Bless - ed Je - sus! Bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A - men.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Hear Thy children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

474

ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to
ev - ning - star, As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of pray'r? A-men.

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;

What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834

475

EASTNOR S. M.

A. KING, 1863

Be - hold the throne of grace, The prom - ise calls me near;
There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to ans - wer pray'r. A-men.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;

I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

ST. ANDREW S. M.

J. BARNBY, 1866

Sweet is Thy mer - cy Lord; Be - fore Thy mer - cy seat
My soul, a - dor - ing, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer - cy sweet. A-men.

- 2 My need, and Thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.
- 3 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

- 4 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.
- 5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus ans - wers pray'r;
There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A-men.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779

478

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. CALKIN, 1872

There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;

There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light; A-men.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

REV. JAMES C. WALLACE, 1830

479

BARTLETT C. M.

HOMER N. BARTLETT

O for a faith that will not shrink Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe;

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe; A-men.

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2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831

ST. GILES S. M.

J. M. BELL, 1885

Still with Thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be,
By day, by night; at home, a-broad, I would be still with Thee. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.</p> <p>3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.</p> <p>4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;</p> | <p>The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.</p> <p>5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.</p> <p>6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

REV. JAMES D. BURNS, 1857

ABRIDGE C. M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly shed for me! A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.</p> <p>3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;</p> | <p>Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.</p> <p>4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.</p> |
|--|--|

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742

482

BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from W. GARDINER, 1812

O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A-men.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O holy Dove; return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772

483

SPOHR C. M.

Arr. from L. SPOHR, 1830

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. A-men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, 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.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE and BRADY, 1696

The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,

The crim-son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!

O for the pear - ly gates of heav'n! O for the gold - en floor!

O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set-teth nev - er - more! A-men.

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:
 O for a heart that never sins,
 O for a soul washed white,
 O 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:
 O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
 O by Thy life laid down,
 O that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852

484

ROSEATE HUES C. M. D.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNBY, 1892

The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,

The crim-son of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way!

O for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! O for the gold-en floor!

O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more. A-men.

LYTE S. M.

J. B. WILKES, 1861

Far from my heav-n'ly home, Far from my Fa-ther's breast, Faint-ing I

cry, "Blest Spir - it, come And speed me to my rest." A-men.

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

5 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1858

O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o-cean depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A-men.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

487

DOMENICA S. M.

H. S. OAKELEY, 1874

O ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day,
Dis - pel - ler of the an - cient night In which cre - a - tion lay; A-men.

- 2 O everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.
- 3 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.
- 4 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

- 5 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.
- 6 O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.
- 7 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1861

488

SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from C. VON WEBER, 1826

They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry - where. A-men.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,

- 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1835

489

BETHANY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

(First Tune)

L. MASON, 1856

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my

God, to Thee, Near-er my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A-men.

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

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
Bethel 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, 1841

489

HORBURY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

(Second Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1861

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A-men.

490

ST. DENYS 6.6.6.6.

F. SPINNEY

O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,

Tar - ry no more with-out, But come and dwell with - in! A-men.

- 2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.
- 3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;

- Thou living water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.
- 4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

LYNDHURST 6.5.6.5.D.

Anon.

Pur - er yet and pur - er, I would be in mind Dear - er yet and

dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing

God without a fear, Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A - men.

2 Calmer yet and calmer,
 In the hour of pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To His will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light;
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest;

4 Swifter yet and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on:
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

AMSTERDAM 7.6.7.6.D.

Foundry Collection, 1742
Arr. by J. NARES

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

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.

PURLEIGH 8.8.6.8.8.6.

A. H. BROWN

O Love di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart

All tak-en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove

The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.</p> | <p>4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.</p> |
| <p>3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.</p> | <p>5 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.</p> |

SHINING SHORE 8.7.8.7.D.

G. F. ROOT, 1835

My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;

For, O, we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may ai - most dis - cov - er. A - men.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest nought can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.
 For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand;
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
 Forever, O, forever!
 For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand;
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

We would see Je - sus, for the shad-ows length-en O - ver this

lit - tle landscape of our life. We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to

strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A-men.

- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 4 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 5 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;

O wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath-day:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that sweet day;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood.
 And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1844

497

CHALVEY S. M. D.

(Second Tune)

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, 1868

A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;

O, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A-men.

For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty!

Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,

Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A-men.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 Then, then I feel, that He
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

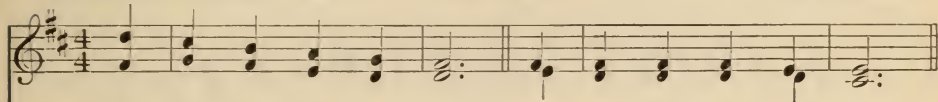
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1835

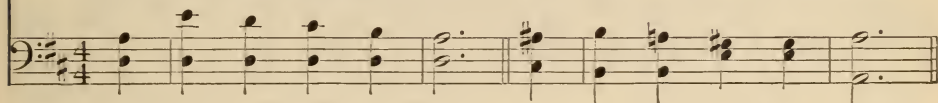
498

EVENING SHADOWS S. M. D. (Second Tune)

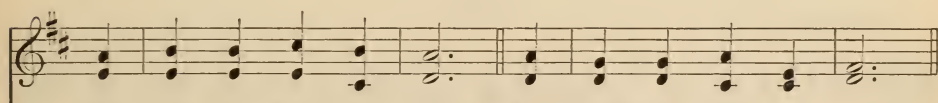
J. T. MUSGRAVE



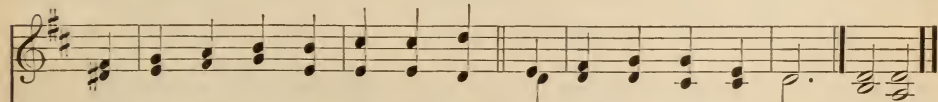
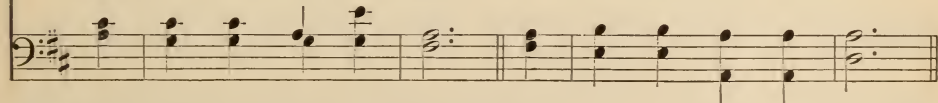
For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!



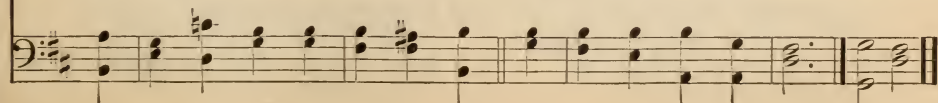
Life from the dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty!



Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,



Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A-men.



GORTON S. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN

One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Near-er my home am I to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore. A-men.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer my Saviour's glorious throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
- 4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,

There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

- 5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

- 6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

PHOEBE CARY, 1852

500

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849

It is not death to die,— To leave this wea - ry road, And, 'mid the
broth - er - hood on high, To be at home with God. A-men.

- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

- 3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise, on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die:
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. CÉSAR MALAN, 1832
 Tr. Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847

501

REQUIEM 4.6.4.6.D.

J. BARNBY, 1869

Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor-row; Rest, where none weep,

Till th'e-ter-nal mor-row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si-lent

riv-er, Thy faint-ing soul Je-sus can de-liv-er. A-men.

2 Life's dream is past,
 All its sin and sadness;
 Brightly at last
 Dawns a day of gladness:
 Under the sod,
 Earth, receive our treasure,
 To rest in God,
 Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
 Those in life the dearest,
 They shall return,
 Christ, when Thou appearest:
 Soon shall Thy voice
 Comfort those now weeping,
 Bidding rejoice
 All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. EDWARD A. DAYMAN, 1868

502

REQUIESCAT 7.7.7.8.8.

(First Tune)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

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 servant 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 me now Thy servant sleeping.

3 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.

4 "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.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, 1871

502

HEBRON 7.7.7.8.8.

(Second Tune)

J. BARNEY

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 gra - cious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleep - ing. A - men.

503

ST. MILLICENT 7. 7. 4.

A. SULLIVAN

Let no hope - less tears be shed; Ho - ly

is this nar - row bed. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run, —
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence.
Alleluia!

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above!
Alleluia!

504

LUDINGTON L. M.

(First Tune)

W. F. BIDDLE

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - disturb'd re - pose Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

7 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY, 1832

504

REST L. M.

(Second Tune)

W. B. BRADBURY, 1843

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.

Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on - ward to the dead:

O how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.</p> | <p>4 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.</p> |
| <p>3 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise;</p> | <p>5 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand:
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.</p> |

6 Life pass-eth soon: Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' eter - - ni - ty. A - men.

I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter

storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid morn-ings that

dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer. A-men.

- 2 I would not live always, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 7 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not de - plore thee,

Though sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb;

The Sav - iour hath passed through its por - tal be - fore thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom. A-men.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

MATERNA C. M. D.

S. A. WARD, 1882

O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? . .

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil! . .

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A-men.

- 2 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With jewels rare do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing pure and fine.
No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

- 4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

509

ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

(First Tune)

Rev. E. C. WALKER, 1876

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-men.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

509

SMART C. M.

(Second Tune)

HENRY SMART

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

saints im-mor - tal

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-men.

SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. IRONS, 1861

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, and thee? A-men.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Founded on "F. P. B." in MS. of 16th or 17th cent.

GARDEN CITY S. M.

H. W. PARKER, 1890

There is no night in heaven; In that blest world a - bove

Work nev-er can bring wea-ri-ness, For work it - self is love. A - men.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng
All holy is their spotless robe!
All holy is their song!

5 Lord Jesus, be our guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!

Rev. FRANCIS M. KNOLLYS, 1859

512

SARDIS 8.7.8.7.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN

This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come;

On-ward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter - nal home. A-men.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad and weary,
Never, never sin again.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1845

SANCTUARY 8.7.8.7.D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1871

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:

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Cloth'd in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
 Who prepared the way for Christ,
 King, apostle, saint, confessor,
 Martyr and evangelist;
 Sainly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And by death to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

4 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.

BONAR 8.8.7.8.8.7.

(Voices in Unison)

J. B. CALKIN, 1866

Up-ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,

Round the nev - er chang-ing pole; Up-ward where the sky is bright-est,

Up-ward where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long-ing soul. A-men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

PEACEFUL REST 8.6.8.8.6.

(First Tune)

J. BARNEY

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wan-der'rs giv'n;

There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - 'ry

wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heav'n. A-men.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1818

NEWCASTLE 8.6.8.8.6.

(Second Tune)

H. L. MORLEY, 1877

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wan-der'rs giv'n;

There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - 'ry

wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heav'n. A-men.

516

LUCIUS C. M.

From Templi Carmina

Give me the wings of faith to rise, With - in the veil, and see

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be. A-men.

- 2 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 3 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
- And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 4 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

PARADISE 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.

(First Tune)

J. BARNEY, 1866

O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
loy - - al

All rap-ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!

The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!

I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1862

517

PARADISE 8.6.8.6.6 6.6.6.

(Second Tune)

H. SMART, 1868

O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

The first system of musical notation for 'Paradise' consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-men.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

BLESSED HOME Eight 6s.

J. STAINER, 1875

There is a bless-ed home. Be-yond this land of woe,

Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crown'd, And

ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round. A-men.

- 2 There is a land of peace:
 Good angels know it well;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb Who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands, and feet, and side;

- To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done!
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God!
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe!
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love!
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

A. SULLIVAN, 1872

I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home;

Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home:

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;

Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home. A-men.

2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home:
 And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best;
 And there I too shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
 Heaven is my home;
 What'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home:
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All-jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng:
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessèd
 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.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

520

(Second Tune)

URBS BEATA 7.6.7.6.D.

With Refrain

G. F. LE JEUNE, 1887

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

Refrain

Je - ru - - - - - sa - lem the gold - en!

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - men.

Org.

EDEN GROVE 7.6.7.6.D.

S. SMITH

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

2 O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart,
 And none, O Peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise:
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They build thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethysts unpriced;
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

THE HOMELAND 7.6.7.6.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1867

The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:

I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near. A-men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there;
 The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears,
 And when I think of the Homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
 Are waiting me to come
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invade their holy home:
 O dear, dear native country!
 O rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland
 Of His eternal love.

Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short - liv'd care;

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there!

O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,

For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest! A - men.

- 2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.
- 3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And 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.

- 4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.
- 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

PEARSALL 7.6.7.6.D.

ST. GALL KATHOLISCHE GESANGBUCH, 1863

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, who comes in mer - cy, The Judge, who comes with might,

To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - men.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead;
 To the light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.

3 O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
 Sweet cure of all distressed!

Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect;
 O sweet and blessèd country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

ALFORD 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

Rev. J. B. DUKES, 1875

Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,

The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steep-s of light:

'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:

Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-men.

2 What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign:
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

RUTHERFORD 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN, 1834
Har. E. F. RIMBAULT, 1867

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - men.

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love:

I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 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 Emmanuel's land.

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

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 pilgrims of the night! A-men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.
*Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*

3 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.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

527

(Second Tune)

VOX ANGELICA 11.10.11.10.9.11.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1868

Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

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! Sing -

- ing Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

O QUANTA QUALIA 10.10.10.10.

Ancient Plain-song

O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those end - less

Sab-baths the bless-ed ones see; . . . Crown for the val - iant, to

wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
 What are the peace and the joy that they own?
 Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
 All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
 We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
 Thy blessèd people eternally raise,

4 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
 One and unending is that triumph-song
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.

5 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

529

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

Rev. T. HAWES, 1792

Cit - y of God, how broad and far Out-spread thy walls sub-lime!

The true thy char-tered free-men are Of ev - ery age and clime. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent!</p> <p>3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!</p> | <p>4 How gleam thy watchfires through the
With never-fainting ray: [night
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!</p> <p>5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
The eternal city stands.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864

530

NEWTON C. M.

T. JACKSON

One ho - ly Church of God ap - pears Thro' ev - 'ry age and race,

Un-wast-ed by the lapse of years, Unchang'd by chang-ing place. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence, or with psalm.</p> <p>3 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;</p> | <p>And feet on mercy's errand swift,
Do make her pilgrimage.</p> <p>4 O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864

ST. ANNE C. M.

W. CROFT, 1708

O, where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-men.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad, [her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,

3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!

A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bishop ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839

BETHLEHEM, S. M.

S. WESLEY, 1837

Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;

He makes His churches His a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat. A-men.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

533

WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. R. HARRISON, 1784

Sweet is the sol-lemn voice that calls The Christian to the house of pray'r; I love to stand with-in its walls, For Thou, O Lord, art pres-ent there. A-men.

- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts And imitate the blessèd throng
Where two or three for worship meet, That mingle hearts and songs above.
- For thither Christ himself resorts, 4 Within these walls may peace abound;
And makes the little band complete. May all our hearts in one agree;
- 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song, Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
To join in holy praise and love, May peace and concord ever be.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

534

ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. WILLIAMS' Coll., 1762

I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
The Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood. A-men.

- 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 deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800

Unison

Now rest, ye pil-grim host, Look back up-on your way,

Harmony

The mountains climbed, the tor-rents crossed, Thro' many a wea-ry day.

From this vic-to-rious height, How fair the past ap-pears,

God's grace and glo-ry shin-ing bright On all the by-gone years. A-men.

2 How many, at His call,
Have parted from our throng!
They watch us from the crystal wall,
And echo back our song.
They rest, beyond complaints,
Beyond all sighs and tears:
Praise be to God for all His saints
Who wrought in bygone years.

3 The banners they upbore
Our hands still lift on high;
The Lord they followed evermore
To us is also nigh.
Arise, arise, and tread
The future without fears;
He leadeth still, whose hand hath led
Through all the bygone years.

4 When we have reached the home
 We seek with weary feet,
 Our children's children still shall come
 To keep these ranks complete;
 And He, whose host is one
 In all the countless spheres,
 Will guide His marching servants on
 Through everlasting years.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, 1879, 1893

535

THE PILGRIM HOST S. M. D. (*Second Tune*)

W. W. GILCHRIST, 1895

Now rest, ye pil-grim host, . . . Look back up - on your way, . . .

The moun-tains climbed, the tor - rents crossed, Thro' many a wea - ry day. . .

From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,
 How fair the past ap - pears, . . .

God's grace and glo - ry shin - ing bright On all the by - gone years. A-men.

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864

The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;

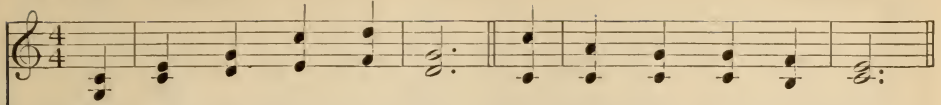
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

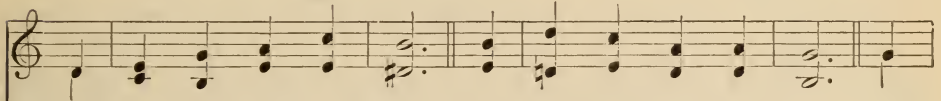
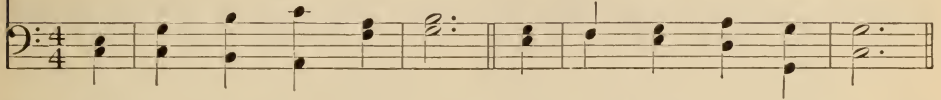
3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppressed,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.



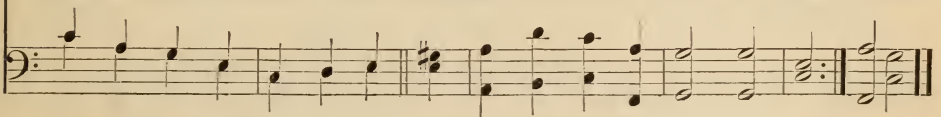
Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair



The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples, are: To



Thine a - bode my heart as-pires, With warm de - sires to see my God. A-men.



2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

ST. CECILIA 6.6.6.6.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, 1863

We love the place, O God, Where - in Thine hon - or dwells;

The joy of Thine a - bode All earth - ly joy ex - cels. A-men.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O! we long to know
The triumph-song of Heaven.

3 We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

5 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

Rev. WILLIAM BULLOCK

ASHBURTON 8.7.8.7.4.7.

S. WESLEY

Zi - on stands by hills sur-round-ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine:

All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms com-bine.

Hap - py Zi - on! What a fa - vored lot is thine! A-men.

2 Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in His sight:
 God is with thee,
 God thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804

540

TRIUMPH 8s. 7s. 6l.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852

Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, And the pre - cious cor - ner - stone,

Chos - en of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the church in one,

Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A-men.

2 All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved by God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody;
 God the One in Three adoring,
 Singing everlastingly.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear Thy people, as they pray,
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they supplicate to gain,
 Here to have and hold forever
 Those good things their prayers obtain;
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 With Thy blessed ones to reign.

Latin (8th century). Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE, 1851

Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He whose word can - not be bro-ken Formed thee for His own a - bode:

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A-men.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise;

O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, . Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; . .

But Si - on, with His pres - ence blest, Is His de - light, His chos - en rest,

Is His de - light, His chos - en rest. A - men.

Small notes to be played by the Organ

2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from CARL G. GLASER, 1828, by LOWELL MASON, 1839

O Thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship Thee. A - men.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1835

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848

Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise:

Thou Thy peo - ple's hearts pre - pare, Here to meet for praise and pray'r! A - men.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

3 Here to Thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land!

4 Alleluia! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
Alleluia! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821

545

WAREHAM L. M.

W. KNAPP, 1738

O Lord of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.</p> <p>3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.</p> <p>4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;</p> | <p>And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.</p> <p>5 Endue the hearts that guide with skill,
Preserve the hands that work from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.</p> <p>6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. JOHN M. NEALE, 1844

546

PENTECOST L. M.

W. BOYD, 1868

Found-ed on Thee, our on - ly Lord, On Thee, the ev - er - last - ing Rock,

Thy church shall stand, as stands Thy word, Nor fear the storm, nor dread the shock. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 For Thee our waiting spirits yearn,
For Thee this house of praise we rear;
To Thee with longing hearts we turn:
Come, fix Thy glorious presence here.</p> <p>3 Come, with Thy Spirit and Thy power,
The Conqueror, once the Crucified;</p> | <p>Our God, our strength, our king, our tower,
Here plant Thy throne, and here abide.</p> <p>4 Accept the work our hands have wrought;
Accept, O God, this earthly shrine;
Be Thou our rock, our life, our thought,
And we, as living temples, Thine.</p> |
|---|---|

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1894

VALETE Six 8s.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

To-day be-neath be-nignant skies, 'Mid scenes Thy fa-vor beau-ti-fies,

Our hopes and pray'rs to Thee we raise, And found a tem-ple to Thy praise;

Our humble work pro-pi-tious own, As now we lay this cor-ner-stone. A-men.

- 2 Except the Lord the house do build, 3 Here may the truth and right grow strong,
 Except with grace the work be filled,
 All labor's vain. O, Christ, impart
 Thy loving spirit to each heart:
 By Thee, to Thee, on Thee alone,
 We build, Thou fairest Corner-Stone!
- Here love prevail Thy saints among,
 Here sinners feel Thy quickening grace,
 And seek with hasting joy Thy face;
 And thousands gladly make Thee known
 As their eternal Corner-Stone.

- 4 Build Thou the walls! Make them so glow
 With glory, we on earth below
 The eternal splendors shall foresee;
 Grandeur than Salem's may they be,
 All luminous with grace Thine own,
 From topmost peak to corner-stone!

DARWALL 6.6.6.8.8.

Rev. JOHN DARWALL, 1770

Christ is our Cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build;

With His true saints a - lone The courts of Heav'n are filled:

On His great love our hopes we place Of present grace and joys a - bove. A-men.

2 O then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing;
 And thus proclaim in joyful song
 Both loud and long that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
 For evermore draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh;
 In copious shower on all who pray
 Each holy day Thy blessings pour!

4 Here may we gain from Heaven
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day when all the blest
 To endless rest are called away!

Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our

night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy

Church - 's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A-men.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileasth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven.

SCHUMANN S. M.

R. SCHUMANN

How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill,
Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal! A-men.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!

Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707

EASTON L. M.

MOZART

Pour out Thy Spir-it from on high; Lord, Thine or-dain-ed ser-vants bless;
Gra-ces and gifts to each sup-ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. A-men.

2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;
3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;

To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;
4 Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign.
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

KEBLE L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1875

We bid thee wel-come in the name Of Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Head:

Come as a ser-vant: so He came; And we re-ceive thee in His stead. A-men.

- 2 Come as a shepherd: gua d and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 4 Come as teacher: sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 5 Come as a messenger of peace:
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by S. DYER, 1824

Bow down Thine ear, Al-might-y Lord, And hear Thy Church's sup-pliant cry

For all who preach Thy sav-ing word, And wait up-on Thy min-is-try. A-men.

- 2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hast called to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.
- 4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.
- 3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.
- 5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win.

REV. THOMAS E. POWELL, 1864

HOLY CHURCH 7.6.7.6.D.

A. H. BROWN

Lord of the liv - ing har - vest, That whit - ens o'er the plain,

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,

And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A-men.

2 As lab'ers in Thy vineyard
 Still faithful may they be,
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee;
 To ask no other wages,
 When Thou shalt call them home,
 But to have shared the travail
 Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Be with them, God the Father;
 Be with them, God the Son;
 And God the Holy Spirit,—
 Most blessèd Three in One!
 Within Thy sacred temple
 Be with them where they stand,
 To guide and teach Thy people
 Throughout our native land.

DONA 8.6.8.4.

J. Goss, 1872

We pray Thee, Je - sus, who didst first The sa - cred band or - dain,

In or - der due and ho - ly life Thy Church sus - tain. A-men.

2 We pray Thee, Jesus, with Thy gifts Thy chosen servants bless,
With doctrine incorrupt and pure And righteousness.

4 O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come,
Pastor and people fill,
Till all the happy tribes of earth
Shall do His will.

3 We pray Thee, Jesus, that their course
May still be clothed with power,
With miracles of love and strength,
Meet for the hour.

5 Then to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost her praise
One living, undivided Church
Shall ever raise.

REV. GREVILLE PHILLIMORE, 1863

556

SILVER STREET S. M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770

Stand, sol - dier of the cross, Thy high al - le - giance claim,

And vow to hold the world but loss For thy Re-deem - er's name. A-men.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's, —
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled, —

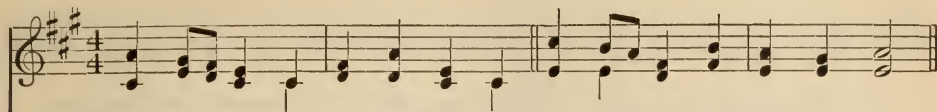
4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

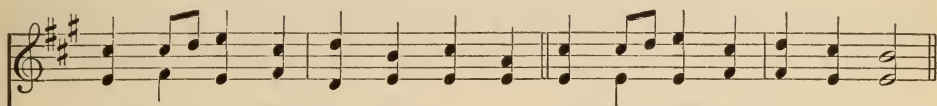
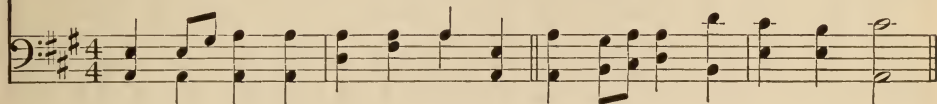
Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870

DISMISSAL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

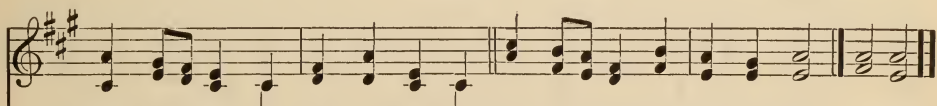
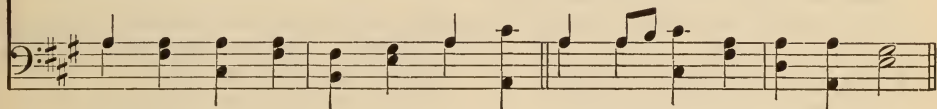
W. L. VINER, 1840



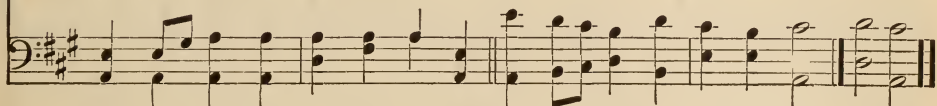
Gra - cious Sav-iour, gen - tle shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;



Gath-ered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bos - om, may they be;



Sweet-ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-men.



2 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
 Fill their minds with heavenly light;
 Let Thy love and grace constrain them
 To approve whate'er is right;
 Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
 Let them prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 With both lips and hearts, unfeignèd,
 Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
 Then with all Thy saints in glory,
 Join to praise their Lord and King.

ARUNDEL 8.7.8.7

Rev. J. B. DYKES

Sav-our, Who Thy flock art feed-ing With the shepherd's kind-est care,

All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bos-om share; A-men.

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG, 1826

559

NEWINGTON 7.7.7.7.

W. D. MACLAGAN, 1875

Heav'n-ly Fa-ther! may Thy love Beam up-on us from a-bove;

Let this in-fant find a place In Thy cov-e-nant of grace. A-men.

2 Son of God! be with us here;
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Thine almighty power display;
Seal it to redemption's day.

3 Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry:
Thou this infant sanctify;

4 Great Jehovah! — Father, Son,
Holy Spirit — Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee;
Thine shall all the glory be!

Rev. BENJAMIN GUEST, 1835

Bless-ed Je - sus, here we stand, Met to do as Thou hast spo - ken;

And this child, at Thy com-mand, Now we bring to Thee in to - ken

That to Christ it here is giv - en, For of such shall be His heav-en. A-men.

2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
 Take the pledge we bring, O take it;
 Let us here Thy glory see,
 And in tender pity make it
 Now Thy child, and leave it never —
 Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

3 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
 What our hearts so dearly treasure;
 Heavenward lead our burdened sighs;
 Pour Thy blessing without measure;
 Write the name we now have given,
 Write it in the book of heaven.

RAVENGLAS C. M.

J. LANGRAN

See, Is-rael's gen-tle Shep-herd stands With all en-gag-ing charms;

Hark, how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms. A-men.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."
 3 He'll lead them to the heavenly streams,
 Where living waters flow;

- And guide them to the fruitful fields,
 Where trees of knowledge grow.
 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
 Shall be its Shepherd's care;
 While folded in the Saviour's arms,
 'Tis safe from every snare.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

HIGHGATE L. M.

F. C. Woods

A lit-tle child the Sav-iour came, The Might-y God was still His name,

And an-gels worshipp'd as He lay The seem-ing in-fant of a day. A-men.

- 2 He Who, a little child, began
 The life divine to show to man,
 Proclaims from heaven the message free.
 "Let little children come to Me."
 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
 Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
 Their souls with saving grace endow;
 Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

- 4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
 Them safely in Thy way to guard;
 Thy blessing on their lives command,
 And write their names upon Thy hand.
 5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue
 Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
 May these, with all the heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

W. ROBERTSON

563

MARLOW C. M.

Rev. J. CHETHAM'S Psalmody, 1718

In to-ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,

We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone. A-men.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD, 1832

564

LYNTON C. M.

A. J. JAMOUNEAU, 1904

How large the prom - ise, how di - vine, To A-braham and his seed:

"I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need." A-men.

2 The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure:
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

He takes young children in His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;

4 Our God! how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

PETERBOROUGH Eight 8s.

J. Goss, 1864

Arm these Thy sol-diers, might-y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;

Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly fight a - gainst the foe,

With ban - ner of the cross un - furled, And by it o - ver - come the world;

And so at last re - ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
With strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three,
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

566

SAWLEY C. M.

J. WALCH, 1860

O God, un - seen, yet ev - er near, Thy pres - ence may we feel;

And thus, in - spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. A - men.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food:

4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

EDWARD OSLER, 1836

567

ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826

In mem - 'ry of the Sav - iour's love, We keep the sa - cred feast,

Where ev - 'ry hum - ble, con - trite heart Is made a wel - come guest. A - men.

2 By faith we take the bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
The cup in token of His blood,
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

Rev. THOMAS COTTERILL. 1835

LUCIUS C. M.

From Templi Carmina

All praise to Him of Naz - a - reth The ho - ly One who came,

For love of man, to die a death Of ag - o - ny and shame! A-men.

2 In tender memory of His grave,
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life He gave
So freely, for our sake.

3 A boundless love He bore mankind;
O may at least a part
Of that strong love descend, and find
A place in every heart!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1864

569

DALEHURST C. M.

A. COTTMAN, 1872

Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A-men.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from H. G. NÄGELI, by L. MASON, 1845

A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord;

A - gain our grate-ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord. A - men.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,

The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

REV. AARON R. WOLFE, 1858

QUEBEC L. M.

HENRY BAKER, 1866

Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,

From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold The fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, c. 1150. Tr. Rev. RAY PALMER, 1858

SPANISH HYMN Six 7s.

Spanish Melody
Arr. by BENJ. CARR, 1824

Bread of heav'n, on Thee I feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed:

Ev - er may my soul be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread;

Day by day with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died. A-men.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,
To Thy cross I look, and live:
Thou, my Life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824

LACRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1872

Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.</p> <p>3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.</p> <p>4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.</p> | <p>5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.</p> <p>6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.</p> <p>7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. R. H. BAYNES, 1864

574

GRATIAS AGIMUS 7.7.7.6.

W. ALCOCK

For the bread and for the wine, For the pledge that seals Him mine,

For the words of love di-vine, We give Thee thanks, O Lord. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 For the feast of love and peace,
Bidding all our sorrows cease,
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.</p> <p>3 Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith the seal and sign
Of the heavenly and divine!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.</p> <p>4 For the words that turn our eye
To the cross of Calvary,</p> | <p>Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.</p> <p>5 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
"Do ye this until I come."
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.</p> <p>6 For that coming, here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1874

HOLBORN 7.6.7.6.D.

T. ADAMS, 1890

O bread to pil-grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat,

O man - na sent from heav - en, For heav'n-born na - ture's meet;

Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly filled;

Till, earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is stilled. A-men.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
 Forth from the Saviour's heart,
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art:
 O let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage;
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take, and doubt no more:
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee;
 Then, death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see.

GERSAU 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

REV. L. M. WHITE, 1904

Lamb of God, whose bleed-ing love We now re - call to mind,

Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find;

Think on us who think on Thee; And ev - 'ry strug-gling soul re - lease;

O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace. A-men.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and trouble cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

LANGRAN 10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN, 1862

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and
 han- dle things un - seen, Here grasp with firm - er hand th' e - ter - nal grace,
 And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. A-men.

- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
 This is the heavenly table spread for me:
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 This brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
- 4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1855

LAMMAS 10.10.

A. H. BROWN, 1839

Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord, . .

And drink the ho - ly blood for you . . . out-poured. A-men.

- 2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear Cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 6 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
- 7 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

Latin, 680. Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851

579

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN 9.8.9.8.

Rev. J. S. B. HODGES, 1869

Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop REGINALD HEBBER, 1827

HANFORD 8.8.8.4.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

By Christ redeemed, in Christ re-stored. We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord Un - til He come. A-men.

2 His body broken in our stead
 Is here in this memorial bread,
 And so our feeble love is fed
 Until He come.

3 The streams of His dread agony,
 His life-blood shed for us, we see;
 The wine shall tell the mystery
 Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
 With the last advent we unite

By one blest chain of loving rite
 Until He come:

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,
 And, with the great commanding word,
 The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate
 Let not your hearts be desolate,
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait
 Until He come.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1857

WHATLEY 8.7.8.7.

Dr. PEARCE, 1890

From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 May our souls, re-fresh-ment finding, Grow in all things like our Head! A-men.

2 His example while beholding,
 May our lives His image bear;
 Him our Lord and Master calling,
 His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
 Walking steadfast in His way,
 Joy attend us in believ'ing,
 Peace from God, through endless day.

Rev. JOHN ROWE, 1806

BRACONDALE C. M.

JOSIAH BOOTH

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glo-ry pass; The cross is in the field. A-men.

- 2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.
- 3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.
- 4 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
- 5 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song:
- 6 "Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield; .
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The cross hath won the field."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1843

LABAN S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1839

O Lord our God, arise, The cause of truth main-tain,
And wide o'er all the peo-pled world Ex-tend her bless-ed reign. A-men.

- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease,
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
- 4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.
- And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

Anon., 1800: enlarged in Wardlaw's Selection, 1803

WALTHAM L. M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872

Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.</p> <p>3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.</p> <p>4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,</p> | <p>Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.</p> <p>5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!</p> <p>6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.</p> |
|--|--|

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE, 1848

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. ZEUNER, 1832

Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-men.

PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from F. M. A. VENUA, c. 1810

Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion through Im -

man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the

Rose of Shar-on there. And plant the Rose of Shar-on there. A-men.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all.

Rev. BOURNE H. DRAPER, 1803

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719

TIDINGS 11.10.11.10. *with Refrain*

J. WALCH, 1889

O Si-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the

world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will-ing

Refrain

One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night: Pub-lish glad tid-ings;

Tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je-sus, Redemtion and re-lease. A-men.

- 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win. *Refrain*
- 3 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move is love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above. *Refrain*
- 4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay. *Refrain*
- 5 He comes again—O Sion, ere Thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face. *Refrain*

AMORY 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

W. F. BIDDLE

Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing

zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,

By sin and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by JOHN B. PRATT

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our God.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

ITALIAN HYMN 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (First Tune)

FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769

Thou Whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the gos - pel day

Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A-men.

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light.

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813

WESTERDALE 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (Second Tune)

H. HILES

Thou, Whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum-bly pray, And where the

gos-pel day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light! A-men.

590

CONSECRATION 7.7.7.7.

CHAS. VINCENT

Sav-iour, Who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ran-somed be,

Rest we not till all the world Hears that love, and turns to Thee. A-men.

2 Help us that we falter not,
Though the fields are white and wide,
And the reapers, sorely pressed,
Call for aid on every side.

Leading darkened nations forth
Into Thine eternal day.

3 Guide us that with swifter feet
We may speed us on our way,

4 Sweet the service — blest the toil —
Thine alone the glory be;
Oh, baptize our souls anew;
Consecrate us all to Thee.

HATFIELD HALL 7.6.7.6.D.

C. VINCENT, 1890

And is the time ap-proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?

Shall ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?

And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A-men.

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?
- 3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?

Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

- 4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Our coun-try's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise!

His prov - i - dence is lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies;

Day-gleams are o'er it brightening, And prom - ise clothes the soil;

Wide fields, for har - vest whit-'ning, In - vite the reap-er's toil. A-men.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west,
 Till all, His cross beholding,
 In Him are fully blessed.
 Great Author of salvation,
 Haste, haste the glorious day,
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy scepter shall obey!

WEBB 7.6.7.6.D.

G. J. WEBB, 1837

The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 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.

GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.D.

Lausanne Psalter, 1790

Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,

To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A - men.

2 He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth:
 Before Him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever,
 That name to us is Love.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR Eight 7s.

G. J. ELVEY, 1858

Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are:

Trav-'ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star;

Watch-man, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?

Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el. A-men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends:
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn:
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home:
 Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come.

LÆTITIA Eight 7s.

(First Tune)

J. BARNBY, 1894

Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar,

Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:

Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;

Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A - men.

Copyright, 1894, by NOVELLO, EWER & Co.

2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
 From the center to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed His sword: He speaks; 'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 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:
 Alleluia! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

597

ONIDO Eight 7s.

(Second Tune)

PLEVEL. Arr. by L. MASON, 1840

Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun-ders roar,

Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore:

Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;

Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A-men.

HEBER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(First Tune)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1863

On the mountain's top ap -'pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her - ald stands,

Wel-come news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands.

Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands. A-men.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He Himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blessed;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1802

598

ZION 8.7.8.7.4.7.

(Second Tune)

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,

Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands.

Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands;

Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands. A-men.

Lord, her watch Thy church is keep-ing: When shall earth thy rule o - bey?

When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom - ised day?

See the whit-'ning har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the laborers' toil;

Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re-tain the spoil? A-men.

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
 Millions yet have never heard:
 Can they hear without a preacher?
 Lord Almighty, give the word!
 Give the word! in every nation
 Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
 Witnessing a world's salvation,
 To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end! Thy church completed,
 All Thy chosen gathered in,
 With their King in glory seated,
 Satan bound, and banished sin;
 Gone for ever parting, weeping,
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
 Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping;
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

Rev. HENRY DOWNTON, 1867

599

FABEN 8.7.8.7.D.

(Second Tune)

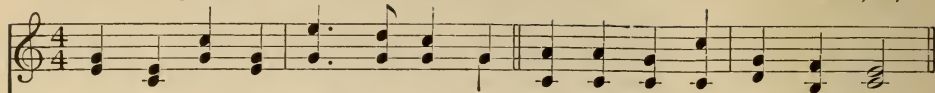
J. H. WILLCOX, 1849

Lord, her watch Thy church is keep-ing: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey? .

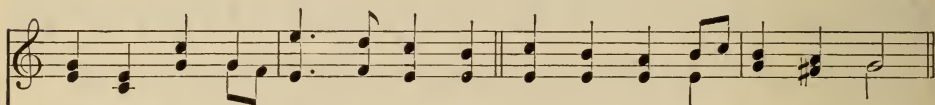
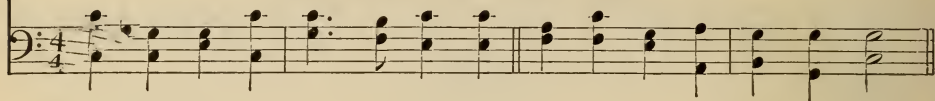
When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom-ised day?

See the whit-'ning har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the la-borers' toil;

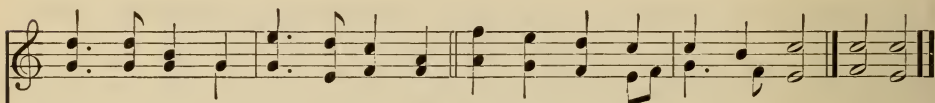
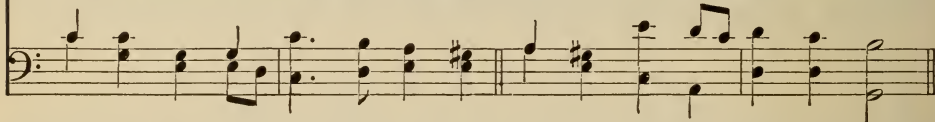
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re-tain the spoil? A-men.



Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of our com-ing Lord;



O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Mas-ter's word:



Pray for reap-ers, Pray for reap-ers In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.



2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest home.

Speed Thy ser-vants, Sav-iour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;

They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;

Be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a-lone that saves. A-men.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain;
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see:

6 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone.

FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.D.

(First Tune)

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

Sav-iour, sprin - kle ma - ny na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be;

By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee!

2 Of Thy Cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;

Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A - men.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 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.

5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

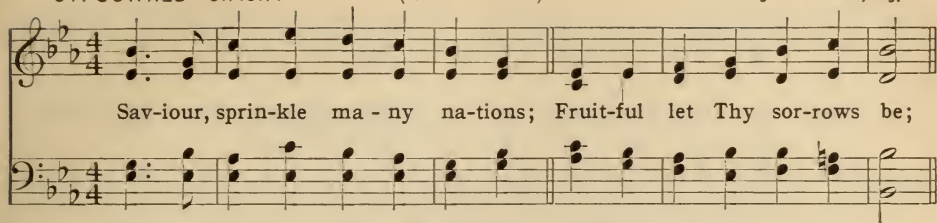
6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

602

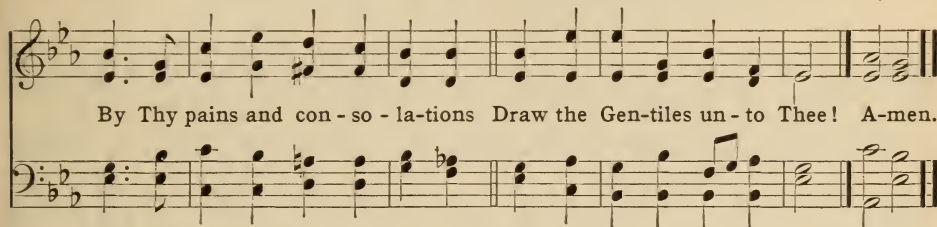
ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

(Second Tune)

J. B. DYKES, 1857



Sav-iour, sprin-kle ma - ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;

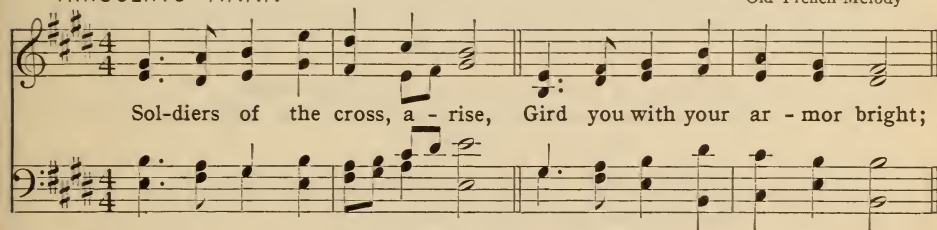


By Thy pains and con - so - la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un - to Thee! A-men.

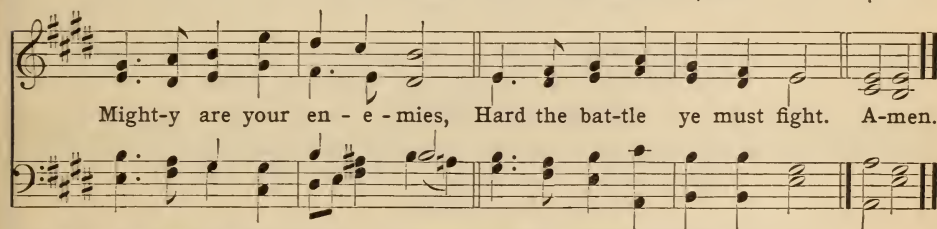
603

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7.

Old French Melody



Sol-diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright;



Might-y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat-tle ye must fight. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.</p> | <p>5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.</p> |
| <p>3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.</p> | <p>6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.</p> |
| <p>4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.</p> | <p>7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.</p> |

HARVEST 10. 10. 7.

C. J. FROST, 1889

Lord of the har - vest, it is right and meet That we should

lay ob-la-tions at Thy feet, With joy - ful Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

- 2 Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,
Who sing the Alleluia!
- 3 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia.
- 4 O Christ, Who in the wide world's ghostly sea
Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia.
- 5 To Thee, Eternal Spirit, Who again
Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,
We sing our Alleluia.
- 6 Yea, west and east the companies go forth:
"We come!" is sounding to the south and north:
To God sing Alleluia.
- 7 The fishermen of Jesus far away
Seek in new waters an immortal prey:
To Christ sing Alleluia.
- 8 The Holy Dove is brooding o'er the deep,
And careless hearts are waking out of sleep;
To Him sing Alleluia.
- 9 Yea, for sweet hope new-born — blest work begun —
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
Adoring Alleluia.
- 10 Glory to God! the church in patience cries;
Glory to God! the church at rest replies,
With endless Alleluia.

WESLEY 11.10.11.10.

L. MASON, 1830

Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the

lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and

morn-ing, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign. A-men.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

RANGOON Irregular

C. WOOD, 1904

Trum-pet of God, sound high; Till the hearts of the hea - then shake,

And the souls that in slum - ber lie, At the

voice of the Lord a - wake. Till the fen - ced cit - ies fall At the

blast of the gos - pel call, Trum - pet of God, sound high! A-men.

Copyright, 1904, by Hymns A. & M.

2 Hosts of the Lord, go forth;
 Go, strong in the power of His rest,
 Till the south be at one with the north,
 And peace upon east and west;
 Till the far-off lands shall thrill
 With the gladness of God's good will,
 Hosts of the Lord, go forth.

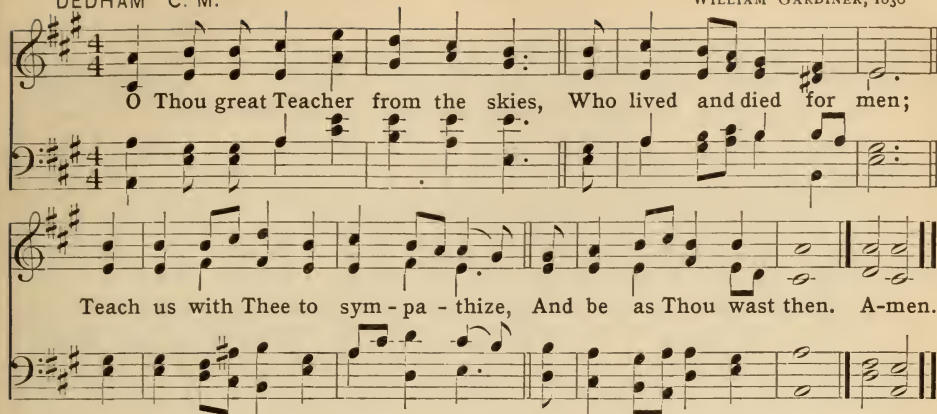
3 Come, as of old, like fire;
 O force of the Lord, descend,
 Till with love of the world's desire
 Earth burn to its utmost end,
 Till the ransomed people sing
 To the glory of Christ the King,
 Come, as of old, like fire.

Rev. A. BROOKS

607

DEDHAM C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER, 1830



O Thou great Teacher from the skies, Who lived and died for men;
Teach us with Thee to sym-pa-thize, And be as Thou wast then. A-men.

- 2 It was the glory of Thy heart,
Whate'er Thou hadst to give;
For others' sufferings to impart,
For others' good to live.
- 3 Be Thou in us a living soul;
Be Thou our spirit's power;

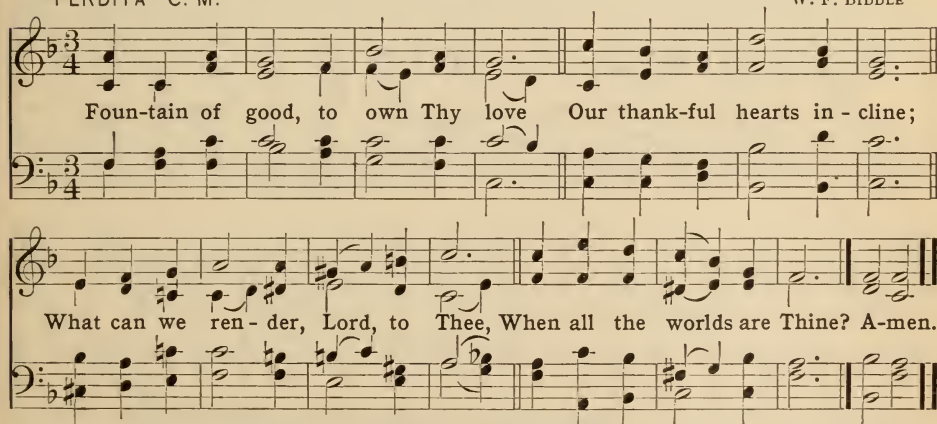
- Its secret thought, its life's control,
To guide it every hour.
- 4 We need like Thee a spirit true,
A just and generous mind,
Which seeks, in all it has to do,
The good of all mankind.

Rev. THOMAS C. UPHAM, 1872

608

PERDITA C. M.

W. F. BIDDLE



Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline;
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.
- 3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.
- 4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
- 5 Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.
- 6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1755. E. OSLER, 1836

GERMANY L. M.

WM. GARDINER'S Sacred Melodies, 1815

Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,
Our gifts are still our tru - est wealth, To serve Thee our sin - cer - est pray'r! A-men.

- 2 As on the river's rising tide [sea, Until the lame shall leap again
Flow strength and coolness from the And the parched lips with gladness ring.
So through the ways our hands provide 4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought!
May quickening life flow in from Thee, — Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned,
3 To heal the wound, to still the pain, Ours is the faith, the will, the thought —
And strength to failing pulses bring, The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1886

CHILSTON 8.7.8.7.

A. H. MANN, 1892

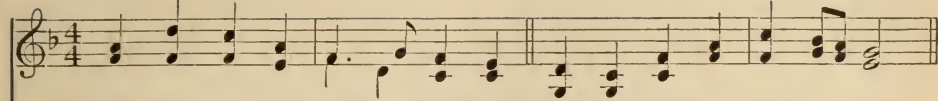
Lord of glo - ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life-blood as the price,
Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice. A-men.

- 2 And with that hast freely given Wondrous honor hast Thou given
Blessings countless as the sand, To our humblest charity,
To the evil and unthankful In Thine own mysterious sentence,
With Thine own unsparing hand. "Ye have done it unto Me."
3 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee, 6 Can it be, O gracious Master,
Gladly, freely of Thine own; Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
With the sunshine of Thy goodness Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone; "Give as I have given to you?"
4 Till our cold and selfish natures, 7 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
That more happy and more blessèd But O best of all Thy graces,
'Tis to give than to receive. Give us Thine own charity.

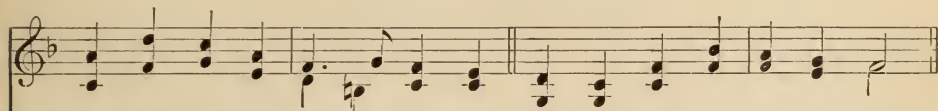
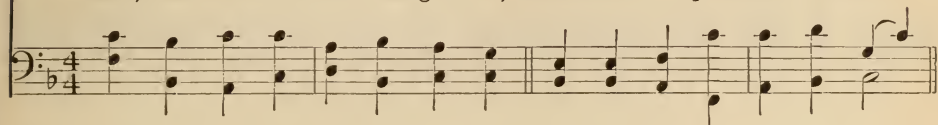
MRS. E. S. ALDERSON, 1868

BETHANY 8.7.8.7.D.

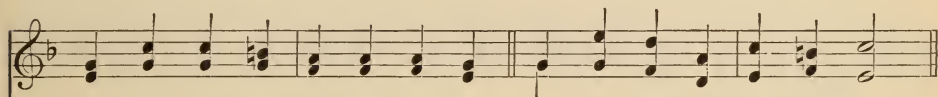
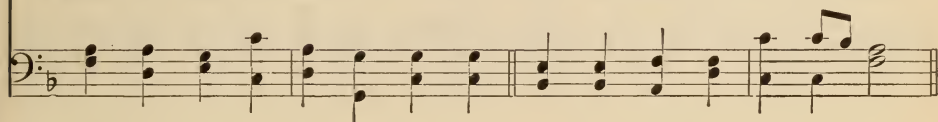
H. SMART, 1867



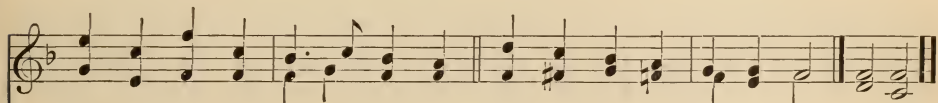
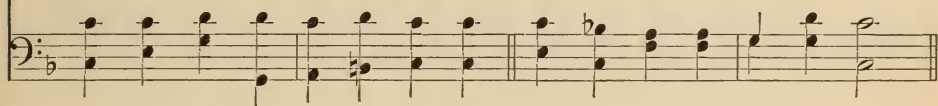
Lord, Thou lov'st the cheer - ful giv - er, Who with o - pen heart and hand



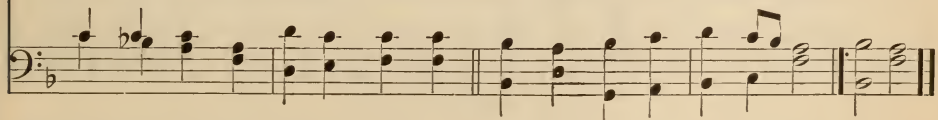
Bless - es free - ly, as a riv - er That re - fresh - es all the land;



Grant us, then, the grace of giv - ing With a spir - it large and free,



That our life and all our liv - ing We may con - se - crate to Thee. A - men.



2 Thine own life Thou freely gavest
As an offering on the cross
For each sinner whom Thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.
Blest by Thee with gifts and graces,
May we heed Thy Church's call,
Gladly in all times and places
Give to Thee who givest all.

3 Saviour, Thou hast freely given
All the blessings we enjoy,
Earthly store and bread of heaven,
Love and peace without alloy;
Humbly now we bow before Thee,
And our all to Thee resign;
For the kingdom, power, and glory
Are, O Lord, for ever Thine.

SELWYN C. M. D.

J. TILLEARD

Lord, Who at Ca - na's wed-ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,

Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy pres-ence here;

For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,

Pro-claim-ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee. A-men.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
 The golden thread of life,
 The bond that none may dare to break,
 That bindeth man and wife;
 Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
 No evil shall destroy,
 Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
 And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
 O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
 That each may wake the other's zeal
 To love Thee more and more:
 O grant them here in peace to live,
 In purity and love,
 And, this world leaving, to receive
 A crown of life above!

SEABROOK 7.6.7.6.D.

W. F. BIDDLE

O Love di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height!

To Thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light;

O Love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest!

Be - neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest. A - men.

Copyright, 1905, by W. F. BIDDLE

2 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love.
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
And there for ever sharing:
It's joy where "God is Love."

O per-fect Love, all hu-man tho'ts trans-cend-ing, Low-ly we

kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no

end-ing, Whom Thou for ev-er-more dost join in one. A-men.

2 O perfect life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD, 1883; doxology (REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1875) added

O per-fect Love, all hu-man tho'ts trans-cend-ing, Low-ly we .

kneel in pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no
end - ing, Whom Thou for - ev - er - more dost join in one. A-men.

615

MATRIMONY 7.6.7.6.

J. STAINER

The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear-liest wed-ding day,

The pri-mal marriage bless-ing, It hath not passed a - way. A-men.

- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, holy Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

- 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!
- 6 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,
- 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

LASUS L. M.

A. H. MANN

God of the fa-thers! show their sons Where Thine al-might-y pur - pose runs;

Give strength and wisdom ev - er new, Thy word to hear, Thy will to do! A-men.

2 Our soldiers lead, our rulers guide;
In happy hearts and homes abide,
And bid Thy glory ever shine
Upon this nation that is Thine!

3 Make Thou its sunrise flag to glow
Triumphant over every foe,

And brighter still, when wars shall cease,
To shed the morning gleams of peace!
4 Thou hast delivered; Thou wilt keep
While generations wake and sleep.
Ever with Thee they live, who stand
To guard for Thee the fatherland!

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, 1900

EATON L. M.

G. W. CHADWICK, 1838

We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The güt-t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea;

For all their beau-ty, all their worth, Their light and glo-ry come from Thee. A-men.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the
ground,

The trees that weave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
Thou glorious Father, in Thy sight,

Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

Bishop COTTON, 1856

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR Eight 7s.

G. J. ELVEY, 1858

Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home:

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home. A - men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.

HAMPTON 8.7.8.7. (lambic)

Rev. H. B. TURNER

We give Thee thanks, O God, this day, For mer - cies nev - er fail - ing;

Thy love hath brought us on our way, For all our wants a - vail - ing. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by H. B. TURNER

2 No less that love hath met our need
Than when the manna falling
Did day by day Thy people feed,
To love and praises calling.

3 The smitten rock poured forth of old
Its crystal waters gleaming;
And still the same glad tale is told,
For us the floods are streaming.

4 The seasons come, the seasons go,
But each shall find us singing;
For each shall greet us, well we know,
New favors from Thee bringing.

5 Through endless years Thou art the same,
Thy mercy changes never;
Then blessèd be Thy mighty name
Forever and forever.

R. M. OFFORD, 1895

620

DIX Six 7s.

C. KOCHER, 1838

Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy:

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A-men.

- 2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

- Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1772

621

AMORY 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

W. F. BIDDLE

The God of harvest praise, In loud thanksgivings raise Hand, heart, and voice;

The val - leys laugh and sing, For - ests and moun - tains ring,

The plains their trib - ute bring, The streams re - joice. A-men.

Copyright, 1905, by JOHN B. PRATT

- 2 Yea, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst 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 ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825

KEMSING 9.8.9.8.

J. W. ELLIOTT

Now sing we a song for the har-vest: Thanksgiv-ing and hon-or and praise

For all that the boun-ti-ful Giv-er Hath giv-en to glad-den our days. A-men.

2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But the song it goes deeper and higher;
There are harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

6 And these have been gathered and gar-
nered,
Some golden with honor and gain,
And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

J. W. CHADWICK

WIR PFLÜGEN 7.6.7.6.D. *With Refrain*

J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1800

We plough the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land,

But it is fed and wa-tered By God's al-might-y hand;

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,

The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh - ing rain.

All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;

Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all . . His love. A-men.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food,
No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

GOLDEN SHEAVES 8.7.8.7.D.

A. SULLIVAN, 1874

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,

To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:

Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,

The val - leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing. A - men.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary:

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1793

O God, beneath Thy guid - ing hand Our ex-iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;

And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshipp'd Thee. A-men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song,
the prayer:

Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

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

And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their
graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

REV. LEONARD BACON, 1833 (text of 1845)

626

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by L. MASON, 1830

O Lord of hosts, Al-might-y King, Be-hold the sac - ri - fice we bring:

To ev-'ry arm Thy strength impart; Thy Spir-it shed thro' ev -'ry heart. A-men.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations, sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1861

From o - cean un - to o - cean Our land shall own Thee Lord,

And, filled with true de - vo - tion, O - bey Thy sov'-reign word.

Our prai - ries and our moun-tains, Our for - ests and each field,

Our riv - ers, lakes, and foun-tains To Thee shall trib - ute yield. A-men.

- 2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand,
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.
- 3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving-kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day,

- Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.
- 4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show,
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

God of our fa-thers, Whose al-might-y hand Leads forth in beau-ty


all the star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor through the

skies, Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise. A-men.

- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

H. CAREY, 1743



My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

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.

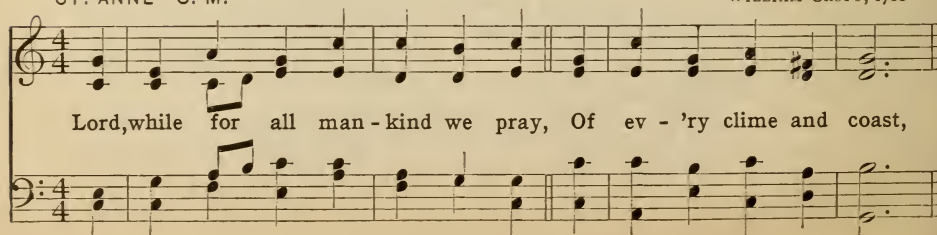
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

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.

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832

ST. ANNE C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708



Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,

O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most. A-men.

- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

Rev. J. R. WRETFORD, 1837

631

NEW AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Rev. L. B. LONGACRE, 1855

God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand

Through storm and night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might. A-men.

- 2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, c. 1833. Rev. JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844

God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en

Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

2 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
 Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
 Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
 Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
 Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Russian: Tr. H. F. CHORLEY, 1842

632

(Second Tune)

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS 11.10.11.9.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1874

God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en

Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861

Great God, we sing that might-y hand, By which sup-port - ed still we stand:

The op'ning year Thy mer-cy shows; Let mer-cy crown it till it close. A-men.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,

We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

634

LAWES 7.7.7.7.

H. LAWES

For Thy mer-cy and Thy grace, Con-stant thro' an - oth - er year,

Hear our song of thank - ful-ness; Je - sus, our Re-deem - er, hear. A-men.

2 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

3 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

REV. HENRY DOWNTON, 1841

ST. ALBAN 6.5.6.5.D. *With Refrain*

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, by Rev. J. B. DYKES

Stand-ing at the por - tal Of the op-'ning year, Words of com-fort meet us,

Hush-ing ev - 'ry fear; Spo-ken thro' the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice,

Refrain
Tender, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re - joice. Onward then, and fear not!

Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a-way. A-men.

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand,
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

3 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

GORDON 7.5.7.5.D

J. BARNEY

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, Free - dom dare I claim;

This a - lone shall be my prayer: Glo - ri - fy Thy name. A-men.

2 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.

3 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.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home, —
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on;
"Glorify Thy name."

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1864

An - oth - er year is dawn - ing, Dear Fa - ther, let it be

In work - ing or in wait - ing An - oth - er year with thee;

An - oth - er year of prog - ress, An - oth - er year of praise,

An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy pres - ence all the days; A - men.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face,
Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Another year of trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest, —

3 Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love,
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
Dear Father, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

VESPER HYMN 8.7.8.7.D.

Russian. Arr. by JOHN STEVENSON, 1818

At Thy feet, our God and Fa-ther, Who hast blessed us all our days,

We with grate-ful hearts would gath-er, To be-gin the year with praise,

Praise for light so bright-ly shin-ing On our steps from heav'n a-bove,

Praise for mer-cies dai-ly twin-ing Round us gold-en chords of love. A-men.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
 On the cross for sinners shown,
 We would praise Thee, and surrender
 All our hearts to be Thine own.
 With so blest a friend provided,
 We upon our way would go,
 Sure of being safely guided,
 Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter
 When Thy gracious face we see;
 Every burden will be lighter
 When we know it comes from Thee.
 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
 Give us strength to serve and wait,
 Till the glory breaks before us,
 Through the city's open gate.

LUX EOI 8.7.8.7.D.

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1875

Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Thou hast bro't us Safe - ly to the pres - ent day,

Gen - tly lead - ing on our foot - steps, Watch - ing o'er us all the way.

Friend and guide thro' life's long jour - ney, Grate - ful hearts to Thee we bring;

But for love so true and changeless How shall we fit prais - es sing? A - men.

2 Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past,
Watchful care and loving-kindness
Always near from first to last,
Tender love, divine protection
Ever with us day and night;
Blessings more than we can number
Strow the path with golden light.

3 Shadows deep have crossed our pathway;
We have trembled in the storm;
Clouds have gathered round so darkly
That we could not see Thy form;

Yet Thy love hath never left us
In our griefs alone to be,
And the help each gave the other
Was the strength that came from Thee.

4 Many that we loved have left us,
Reaching first their journey's end;
Now they wait to give us welcome,
Brother, sister, child, and friend.
When at last our journey's over,
And we pass away from sight,
Father, take us through the darkness
Into everlasting light.

BENEVENTO Eight 7s.

Arr. from S. WEBBE, 1792

While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed thro' the for-mer year,

Man-y souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;

We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle none can know. A-men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view:
 Bless Thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told
 May we dwell with Thee above.

Fa - ther, Who art a - lone Our help - er and our stay,

O hear us, as we plead For loved ones far a - way,

And shield with Thine almighty hand Our wander-ers by sea and land. A-men.

2 For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

4 Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail;
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

3 O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

5 We all are travelers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
Till we shall mount to God, —
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the fatherland above.

E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave,

Who bid'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap - point-ed lim - its keep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A - men.

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

And gavest light, and life, and peace;
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,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,

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,
Thus ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1860

O Lord, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,

Our guard, when on the si - lent deck The night - ly watch we keep. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.</p> <p>3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.</p> <p>4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,</p> | <p>And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;</p> <p>5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."</p> <p>6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. EDWARD A. DAYMAN, 1865

644

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3.

E. W. BULLINGER, 1877

Ho - ly Fa - ther, in Thy mer - cy, Hear our anx - ious pray'r;

Keep our loved ones, now far ab - sent, 'Neath Thy care. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.</p> <p>3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.</p> <p>4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;</p> | <p>May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.</p> <p>5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.</p> <p>6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three, [them
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep
Near to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

ISABELLA S. STEPHENSON, 1889

645

RIALTO S. M.

(First Tune)

GEO. F. ROOT

O bless - ed Son of God, In love and faith we plead,

That Thou wouldst bind our minds and hearts In Broth - er - hood of need. A - men.

2 Our Elder Brother Thou,
Whose heritage we share,
Our kindred lives we offer Thee,
In Brotherhood of prayer.

4 To serve Thy kingdom, Lord,
To quiet sin's turmoil,
Do Thou ordain and consecrate
Our Brotherhood of toil.

3 Thou didst the will of Him
Who sent Thee from above;
Thou sendest us, as He sent Thee,
In Brotherhood of love.

5 Thou Man of Galilee,
O wilt Thou live again!
Abide within, control, inspire
Our Brotherhood of men.

Rev. H. L. CRAIN, 1906

645

EARL S. M.

(Second Tune)

REV. H. B. TURNER, 1893

O bless - ed Son of God, In love and faith we plead,

That Thou wouldst bind our minds and hearts In Broth - er - hood of need. A - men.

646

GOUDA C. M.

E. TOURS.

Be - neath the shad - ow of the cross, As earth - ly hopes re - move,

His new commandment Je - sus gives, His bless - ed word of love. Amen.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

647

COWPER C. M.

L. MASON, 1830

There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins; And

sinner's plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779

Spir - it of God! de-scend up-on my heart; Wean it from earth, thro'

all its puls-es move; Stoop to my weak-ness, might-y as Thou art,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love A-men.

- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross, then teach my heart to cling!
O, let me seek Thee, and O, let me find!
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love;
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame!

Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,

Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee:

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,

Some of - fering bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee. A-men.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have —
Thy gifts so free —
Ever in joy or grief,
My Lord, for Thee;
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.</p> <p>3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:</p> | <p>Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.</p> <p>4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.</p> |
|--|--|

REV. WILLIAM KETHE, 1561

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1866

Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut-tered or un - ex - pressed;

The mo-tion of a hid - den fire That trem-bles in the breast. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.</p> <p>3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.</p> <p>4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,</p> | <p>While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"</p> <p>5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.</p> <p>6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.</p> |
|---|--|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819

MINDEN 7.6.7.6.D.

H. H. PIERSON

I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from Thee;

In Thee is life pro - vid - ed For all man - kind and me :

I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in Thee;

Thy death it is which frees us, From death e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 I fear no tribulation,
 Since, whatso'er it be,
 It makes no separation
 Between my Lord and me:
 If Thou, my Lord and teacher,
 Vouchsafe to be my own,
 Though poor, I shall be richer
 Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
 And write it on my heart,
 To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
 That Thou my Saviour art;
 Without Thy love to guide me,
 I should be wholly lost;
 The floods would quickly hide me,
 On life's wide ocean tost.

O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my

wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,

That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be. A-men.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, 1882

I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on-ly Thee!

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free. A - men.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
 At Thy feet I bow;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
 In the crimson flood;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy
 By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
 Thou alone shalt lead,

Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Thine can never fail;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1874

655

MANOAH C. M.

Arr. from ROSSINI

If Thou im-part Thy-self to me, No oth - er good I need;

If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free, I shall be free in - deed. A - men.

2 I cannot rest till in Thy blood
 I full redemption have;
 But Thou, thro' whom I come to God,
 Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
 Thou wilt redeem my soul:

Lord, I believe — and not in vain;
 My faith shall make me whole.

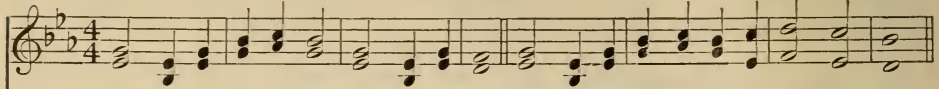
4 I too, with Thee, shall walk in white;
 With all Thy saints shall prove
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and
 Of everlasting Love. [height,

REV. CHARLES WESLEY

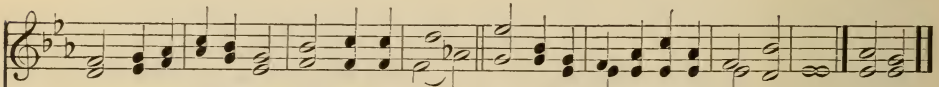
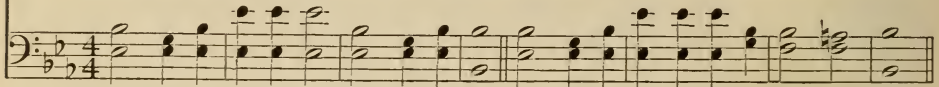
656

BREAD OF LIFE 10.10.10.10. (First Tune)

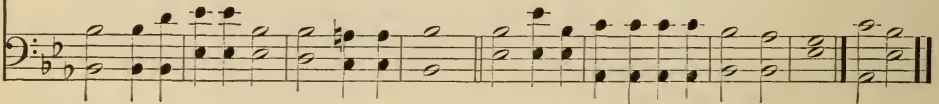
W. F. SHERWIN, 1877



Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea.



Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word! Amen.



Copyright, 1877, by J. H. VINCENT

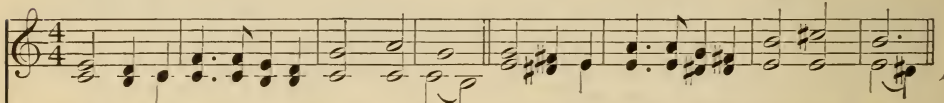
2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1880

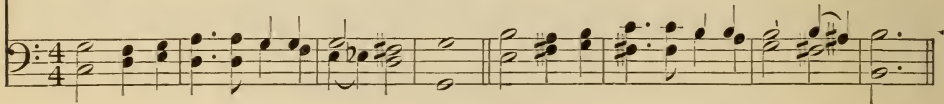
656

CONISTON 10.10.10.10. (Second Tune)

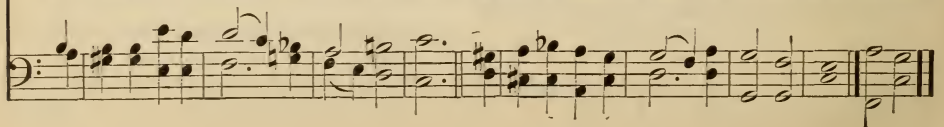
ROWLAND BRIANT



Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea.



Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word! A-men.



ETIAM ET MIHI 8.7.8.7.3

Rev. J. B. DYKES, 1870

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scat-t'ring

full and free! Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing;

Let some por-tion fall on me, E-ven me! A-men.

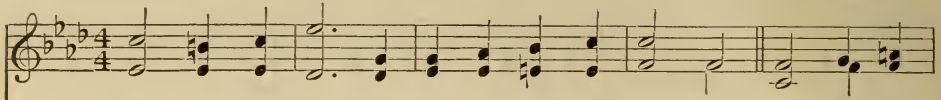
2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me,
 Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me!

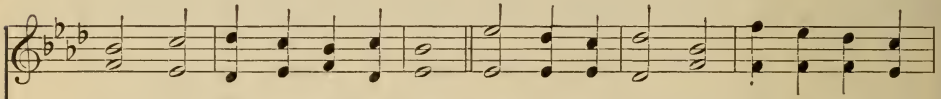
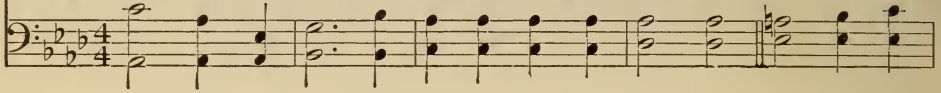
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favor;
 When Thou comest, call for me,
 Even me!

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 O forgive and rescue me,
 Even me!

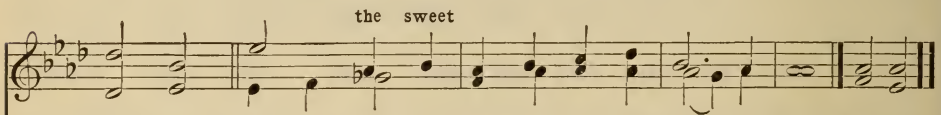
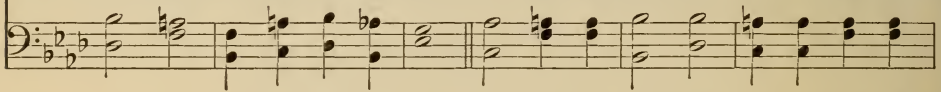
6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me!



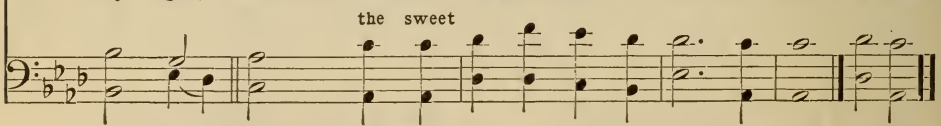
Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird



wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - lier than the



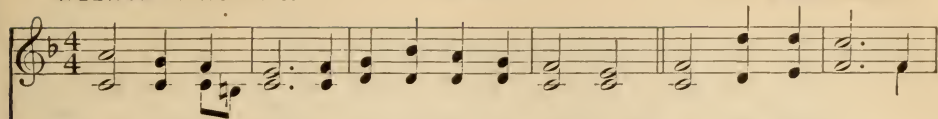
day - light, Dawns the sweet con - sciousness, I am with Thee! A - men.



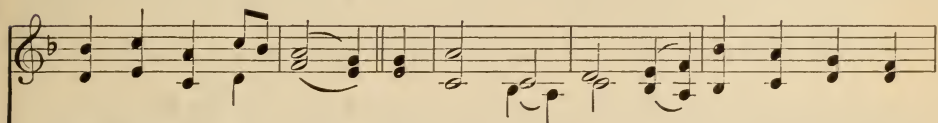
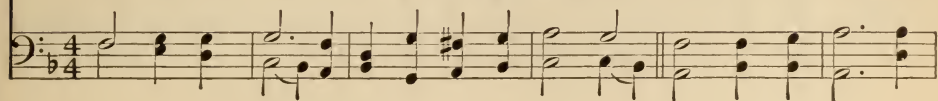
- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
- 4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

WELWYN 11.10.11.10.

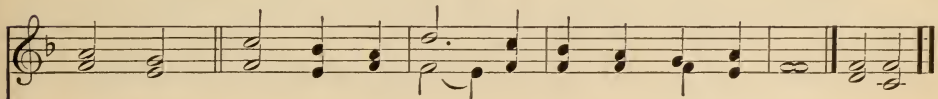
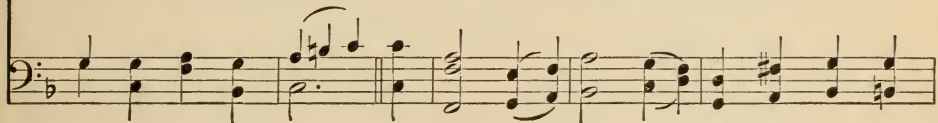
A. SCOTT-GATTY



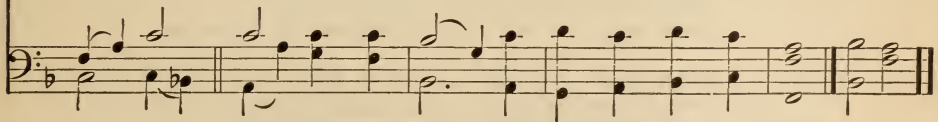
Fa - ther, in Thy mys-te-rious presence kneel-ing, Fain would our sculs feel



all Thy kind - ling love, . For we are . weak and need some deep re -



veal - ing Of trust and strength and calm-ness from a - bove. A-men.



2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love, —
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Teach me to live! 'Tis ea-sier far to die— Gent-ly and

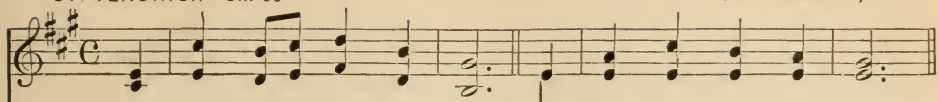
si-lent-ly to pass a-way— On earth's long night to close the heavy

eye, . . . And wa-ken in the glo-rious realms of day. A-men.

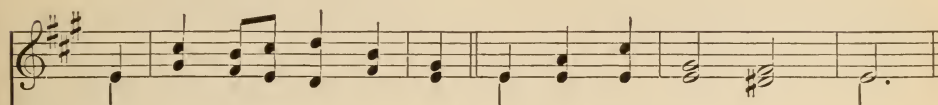
- 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life:
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.
- 3 Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine:
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will,
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.
- 4 Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.
- 5 Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

ST. VERONICA Six 6s

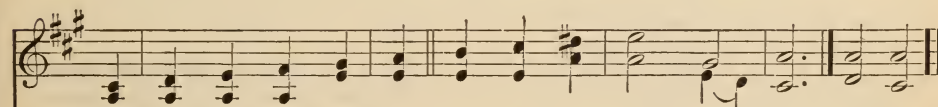
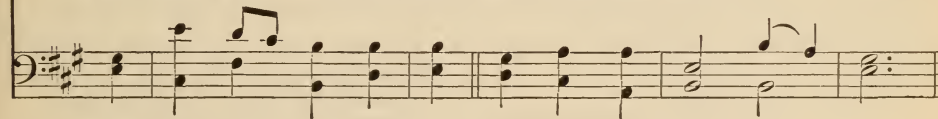
F. H. CHAMPNEYS, 1880



O Thou, not made with hands, Not throned a - bove the skies,



Not walled with shin - ing walls, Not framed with stones of price,



More bright than gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem. A - men.



2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the ways of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

5 Not throned above the skies,
Not golden-walled afar;
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are;
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

- 1 S. M.
We give Thee glory, Lord,
Thy majesty adore;
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We bless for evermore.
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866
- 2 S. M. D.
Thee, Father, Spirit, Son,
We joyfully adore;
We bless the Eternal Three in One,
Who reigns for evermore:
Thou glorious Trinity,
By earth and heaven adored,
We glorify, we worship Thee,
The universal Lord.
Rev. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1872
- 3 C. M.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
TATE and BRADY'S New Version, 1696
- 4 C. M. D.
The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming Word
And new-creating Breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.
Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709
- 5 L. M.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Bishop THOMAS KEN, 1693
- 6 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.
Rev. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1843
- 7 6.6.6.6.
To Father, and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal praises be.
Anon., 1871
- 8 7.6.7.6.D.
Great God of earth and heaven,
To Thee our songs we raise;
To Thee be glory given
And everlasting praise:
We joyfully confess Thee,
Eternal Triune God;
We magnify, we bless Thee,
And spread Thy praise abroad.
Rev. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1872
- 9 7.7.7.7.
Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740
- 10 8.7.8.7.
Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.
Anon., 1827
- 11 8.7.8.7.4.7. or 8.7.8.7.8.7.
Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1866
- 12 8.8.8.8.8.8.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.
Rev. ISAAC WATTS (first 4 lines), 1709

Chants and Responses

Directions for Chanting

The vertical dividing-lines in the words for chanting represent those bars in the music that follow the reciting notes. The recitation ends and the rhythmic part of the chant begins with the accented syllable, which is to be considered as having the first of the two counts of a full measure preceding the printed measures of the cadence.

If no other word or syllable comes between the accent and the following bar, then the accented syllable must be held through both beats or counts of this preliminary measure.

If only one short syllable comes between the accent and the bar, this can usually be taken as the second half of the second beat of the preliminary measure.

For example, beginning on the accented syllable to count two beats :

1	2	1	2				
O	come	let	us	síng	unto	the	Lord.
<hr/>							
1	2	1	2	1	2		
Let	us	heartily	rejoíce	in	the	strength	of our Sal- vation.
<hr/>							
1	2	1	2				
The	sea	is	Hís	and	He	made	it.
<hr/>							
1	2	1	2	1	2		
And	His	hánds	pre-	pared	the	dry	land.
<hr/>							
1	2	1	2				
Glory	be	to	the	Fáther	and	to	the Son.
<hr/>							
1	2	1	2	1	2		
Ánd				to	the	Ho-	ly Ghost.
<hr/>							
1	2	1	2				
As	it	was	in	the	beginning*		
				is	nów	and	ev-
						er	shall
							be.
<hr/>							
1	2	1	2	1	2		
Wórl	d			without	end	A-	men.

The asterisk (*) signifies a slight pause for breath in a long recitation.

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

1

R. WOODWARD

2

G. J. ELVRY

3

J. JONES

4

R. GOODSON

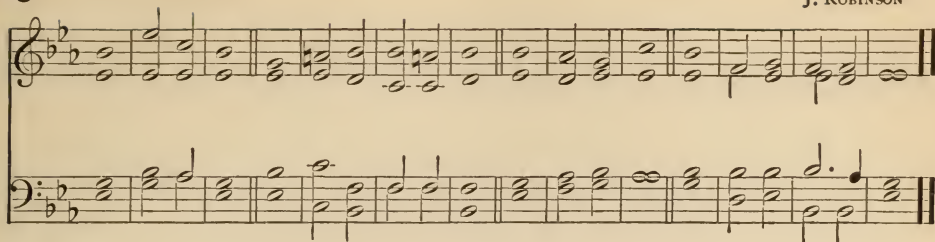
5

J. RANDALL

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO

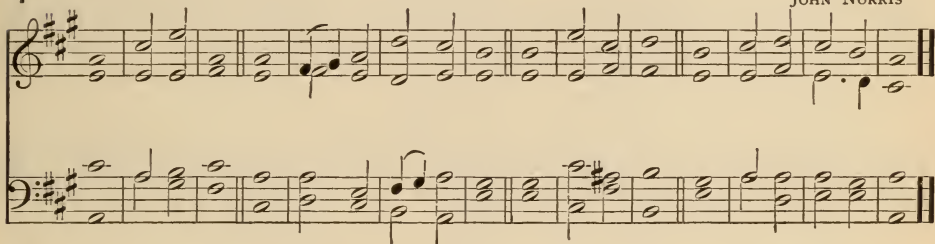
6

J. ROBINSON



7

JOHN NORRIS



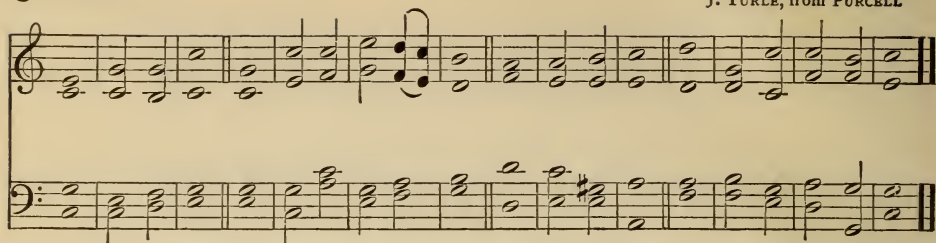
Psalm XCV

1	O come let us sing	unto	the	Lord;		
	Let us heartily rejoice	in the	strength	of	our	sal- vation.
2	Let us come before His présence with	thanks-		—	giving,	
	And shôw ourselves	glad	in	Him	with	psalms.
3	For the Lórd is a	great	—	God:		
	And a gréat	King	a-	bove	all	gods.
4	In His hands are all the córners	of	the	earth:		
	And the stréngth of the	hills	is	His	—	also.
5	The sea is His	and	He	made it:		
	And His hánds pre-	pared	the	dry	—	land.
6	O come let us wórship and	fall	—	down:		
	And knéel be-	fore	the	Lord	our	Maker.
7	For Hé is the	Lord	our	God:		
	And we are the people of His pasture,*					
	ánd the	sheep	of	His	—	hand.
8	O worship the Lórd in the	beauty	of	holiness:		
	Let the whole éarth	stand	in	awe	of	Him.
²¹ part 9	For He cometh, for He cómeth . . . to	judge	the	earth:		
	And with righteousness to judge the					
	wórdl and the	peo-	ple	with	His	truth.
	Glory be to the Fáther	and	to	the	Son	
	Afd	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów, and	ev-	er	shall be,		
	Wórdl without	end	—	A-	—	men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

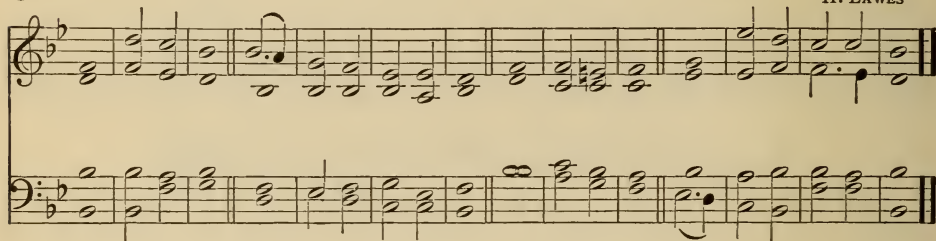
8

J. TURLE, from PURCELL



9

H. LAWES

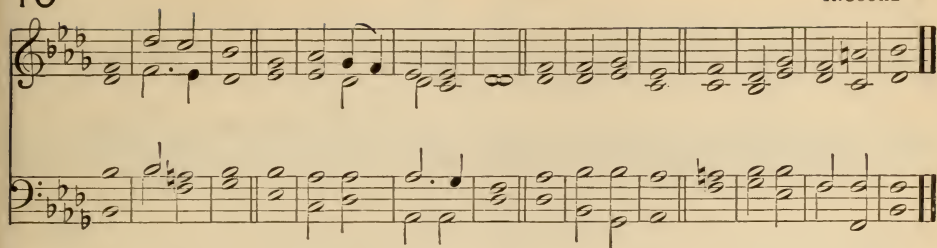


1	We praise.....	Thy	O	God;	
	We acknowledge.....	Thy	to	be	the Lord.
	All the eárrh.....	doth	wor-	ship	Thee
	Thé.....	Fa-	ther	ev-	er- lasting.
2	To Thee all Aángels.....	cry	a-	loud;	
	The Heávens.....	and	all	the	powers there- in.
	To Thee Chérubim.....	and	Ser-	aph-	im;
	Cón-.....	tin-	ual-	ly	do cry.
3	Hóly.....	Ho-	ly	Hóly;	
	Lórd.....	God	of	Sa-	ba- oth.
	Heaven and earth are fúll....	of the	Ma-	jes-	ty
	Óf.....	Thy	—	Glo-	— ry.
4	The glorious cómpany.....	of	the	A-	postles
	Praíse.....	—	—	—	Thee.
	The goodly féllowship.....	of	the	prophets	
	Praíse.....	—	—	—	Thee.
5	The nóble.....	army	of	Martyrs	
	Praíse.....	—	—	—	Thee.
	The Holy Chúrch.....	throughout	all	the	world
	Dóth.....	ac-	know-	—	— ledge Thee.
6	Thé.....	Fa-	—	ther	
	Óf.....	an	infi-	nite	ma- jes- ty.
	Thine adorable, trúe.....	and	on-	ly	Son
	Also the Holy Ghóst.....	the	Com-	—	fort- er.
7	Thóu art.....	the	King	of	glory
	ó.....	—	—	—	Christ.
	Thou art the éver-.....	last-	ing	Son	
	óf.....	—	the	Fa-	— ther.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

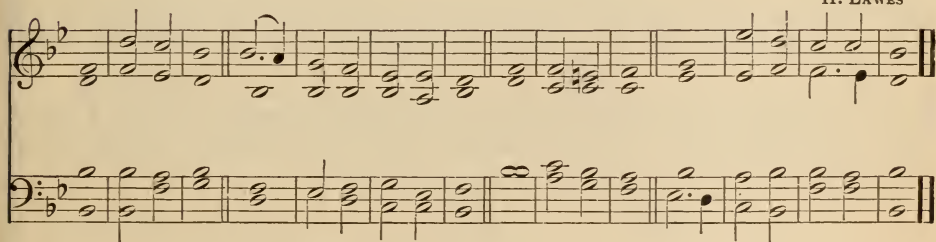
10

R. COOKE



8	When Thou tookest upón Thee .to de-	liv-	er	man.
	Thou didst humble Thysélf..... to be	born	—	a Virgin.
	When Thou hadst overcôme..... the	sharpness	of	death.
	Thou didst open the kíngdom..... of	Heaven	to	all be- lievers.
9	Thou sittest at the right.....	hand	of	God .
	Iní..... the	glo-	ry	of the Father.
	We belieéve..... that	Thou	shalt	come
	Tó.....	be	—	our — judge.
10	We therefore práy Thee.....	help	Thy	servants,
	Whom Thou hast redéemed.....	with	Thy	pre- cious blood.
	Make them to be númered.....	with	Thy	saints
	In.....	glo-	ry	ev- er- lasting.
11	O Lórd.....	save	Thy	people,
	Añd.....	bless	Thine	her- it- age.
	Góv.....	—	ern	them,
	Añd.....	lift	them	up for ever.

H. LAWES



12	Dáy.....	by	—	day,
	Wé.....	mag-	ni-	fy — Thee.
	Añd..... we	worship	Thy	name
	Éver.....	world	with-	out — end.
13	Vóuch.....	safe	O	Lord,
	To kéept us..... this	day	with-	out — sin;
	O Lórd..... have	mercy	up-	on us,
	Háve.....	mer-	—	cy up- on us.
14	O Lord, let Thy mércy.....	be	up-	on us,
	As..... our	trust	—	is in Thee.
	O Lord in Théé.....	have	I	trústed;
	Lét..... me	nev-	er	be con- founded.

BENEDICTUS

11 W. CROFT	12 H. ALDRICK

13 M. GREENE	14 J. TURLE

15	Anon.

16	R. LANGDON

Luke i: 68

<p>1 Blessed be the Lórd..... God For He hath vísited..... and</p> <p>2 And hath raised up a míghty... sal- va- In the hóuse..... of</p> <p>3 As He spake by the móuth.... of His ho- Which have béen..... sence</p> <p>4 That we should be sáved..... from And fróm..... the hand</p> <p>Glory be to the Fáther..... and to the Son.</p> <p>Aíd..... to the Ho- ly Ghost;</p> <p>As it was in the beginning* is nów . and ev- Wórlđ..... without end.</p>	<p>of Israel; re- deemed His people;</p> <p>tion for us;</p> <p>His ser- vant David.</p> <p>ly prophets; the world be- gan;</p> <p>our enemies, of all that hate us.</p> <p>the Ho- ly Ghost;</p> <p>er shall be, — A- — men.</p>
--	---

JUBILATE DEO

17 W. RUSSELL 18 E. J. HOPKINS

19 G. A. MACFARREN 20 J. BARNEY

21 J. S. SMITH

22 R. WOODWARD

Psalm C.

1	O be joyful in the Lórd.	all	ye lands.
	Serve the Lord with gladness* and		
	come before His.	pre-	sence with a song.
2	Be ye sure that the Lord He is God*;		
	it is He that hath made us ánd. . . not	we	our- selves.
	We are His people ánd. the	sheep	of His — pasture.
3	O go your way into His gates with		
	thanksgiving* and into. His	courts	with praise.
	Be thankful unto Hím. and	speak	good of His name.
4	For the Lord is gracious,* His mércy. . is	ev-	er- lasting;
	And His truth endureth from géner-	ation	to gen- er- ation.
	Glory be to the Fáther.	and	to the Son
	Aáñd.	to	the Ho- ly Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów. . and	ev-	er shall be;
	Wórlđ. without	— A-	— men.

MAGNIFICAT

23

A. H. BROWN

24

E. G. MONK

25

E. J. HOPKINS

26

P. ARMES

27

H. HILES

MAGNIFICAT

28

H. SMART

29

H. ALDRICH

Luke 1 : 46

1	My soul doth mág-..... ní-	fy	the	Lord;
	And my spirit háth..... re-	joiced	in	God my Saviour.
2	Fór..... He	hath	re-	garded
	The lów-..... lí-	ness	of	His hand maiden.
3	Fór..... be-	hold	from	henceforth
	All..... gener-	ations	shall	call me blessed.
4	For He that is míghty..... hath	magni-	fied	me.
	Aíd.....	ho-	ly	is His name.
5	And His mércy..... is on	them	that	fear Him,
	Thróugh-.....	out	all	gen- er- ations.
6	He hath showed stréngth.....	with	His	arm.
	He hath scattered the proud			
	in the imá-..... gin-	a-	tion	of their hearts.
7	He hath put down the míghty.....	from	their	seat.
	And háth..... ex-	alted	the	humble and meek.
8	He hath filled the húngry.....	with	good	— things;
	And the rích..... He hath	sent	—	empty a- way.
9	He remembering His mércy hath			
	hólpén..... His	ser-	vant	Israel;
	As He promised to our forefathers*			
	A ^b raham.....	and	his	seed for ever.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to	the Son.
	Aíd.....	to	the	Ho- ly Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów.. and	ev-	er	shall be;
	Wórlđ..... without	end	—	A- — men.

CANTATE DOMINO

30

J. BATTISHILL

31

G. A. MACFARREN

32

W. RUSSELL

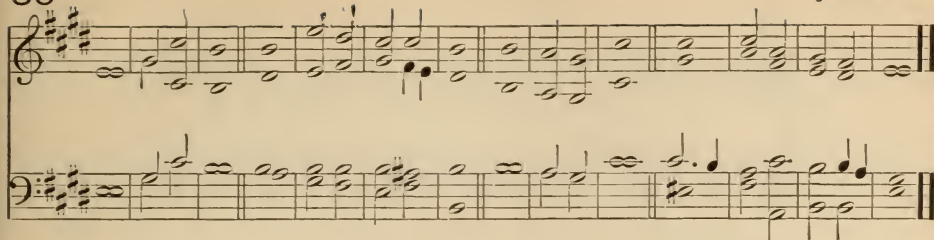
33

W. CROTCH

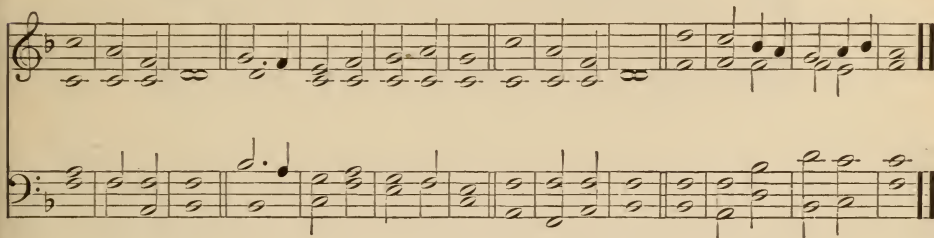
34

B.

35



36



Psalm XCVIII

- | | | | | |
|---|--|--------|------|------------------------|
| 1 | O sing unto the Lórd..... a | new | — | song; |
| | For Hé..... hath | done | — | marvel- lous things. |
| | With His own right hand* and with His | ho- | ly | arm, |
| | Háth..... He | gotten | Him- | self the victory. |
| 2 | The Lord decláred..... | His | sal- | vation; |
| | His righteousness hath He | | | |
| | openly shówed..... in the | sight | — | of the heathen. |
| | He hath remembered His mercy | | | |
| | and truth tóward the | house | of | Israel; |
| | And all the ends of the world | | | |
| | have séen the sal- | va- | tion | of our God. |
| 3 | Show yourselves joyful unto the Lórd.. | all | ye | lands; |
| | Siúg..... re- | joice | and | give — thanks. |
| | Praise the Lórd..... up- | on | the | harp; |
| | Sing to the hárp..... with a | psalm | of | thanks- — giving. |
| 4 | With trúmpets..... | also | and | shawms, |
| | O show yourselves jóyful..... be- | fore | the | Lord the king. |
| | Let the sea make a noise* and áll that | there- | in | is; |
| | The round wórd..... and | they | that | dwel there- in. |
| 5 | Let the floods clap their hands* and let | | | |
| | the hills be joyful togethé..... be- | fore | the | Lord; |
| | Fór..... He | cometh | to | judge the earth. |
| | With righteousness sháll..... He | judge | the | world, |
| | Aíd..... the | peo- | ple | with — equity. |
| | Glory be to the Fáther..... | and | to | the Son, |
| | Aíd..... | to | the | Ho- ly Ghost; |
| | As it was in the begining* is nów .and | ev- | er | shall be, |
| | Wórd without | end | — | A- — men. |

BONUM EST

37

J. NARES

38

B.

39

J. Goss

40

J. Goss

Psalm XCII

1	It is a good thing to give thánks	unto	the	Lord;
	And to sing praises únto	Thy	name	— O most highest;
2	To tell of Thy loving kindness éarly ..	in	the	morning,
	And of Thy trúth	in	the	night — season.
3	Upon an instrument of ten strings*			
	ánd	up-	on	the lute.
	Upon a loud ínstrument	and	up-	on the harp.
4	For Thou Lord hast made me glád . . .	through	Thy	works,
	And I will rejoice in giving			
	praise for the óper-	a-	tions	of Thy hands.
	Glory be to the Fáther	and	to	the Son,
	Ánd	to	the	Ho- ly Ghost.
	As it was in the beginning* is nów . and	ev-	er	shall be,
	Wórd	without	—	A- — men.

DEUS MISEREATUR

41

J. BARNBY

42

H. ALDRICH

43

R. N. PARKE

44

R. FARRANT

45

J. R. MATTHEWS

46

J. T. MUSGRAVE

Psalms LXVII

1	God be merciful únto.....	us	and	bleſs us;
	And ſhow us the light of His			
	countenance* and..... be	merci-	ful	un- to us.
2	That Thy wáy..... may be	known-upon	earth,	
	Thy ſáving..... health	a-	mong	all nations.
3	Let the people práiſe.....	Thee	O God;	
	Yeá..... let	all	the peo-	ple práiſe Thee.
4	O let the nations rejoice.....	and	be glad,	
	For Thou ſhalt judge the folk			
	righteouſly* and góvern..... the	nations	up- on	— earth.
5	Let the people práiſe.....	Thee	O God;	
	Yeá..... let	all	the peo-	ple práiſe Thee.
6	Then ſhall the eárrh bring.....	forth	her	increase,
	And God, even our own Gód,...	give	— us	His bleſſing.
7	Gód..... ſhall	bleſs	— us,	
	And all the énds..... of the	world	ſhall	fear — Him.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,
	And.....	to	the	Ho- ly Ghóſt.
	Ás it was in the beginning* is nów . and	ev-	er	ſhall be,
	Wórlđ..... without	end	— A-	— men.

2d part 7

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

47

Oxford Chant

48

F. A. G. OUSELEY

49

G. F. ELVEY

50

E. J. HOPKINS

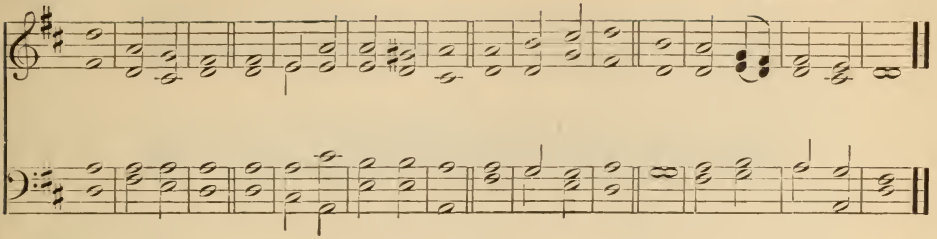
51

J. BARNEY

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

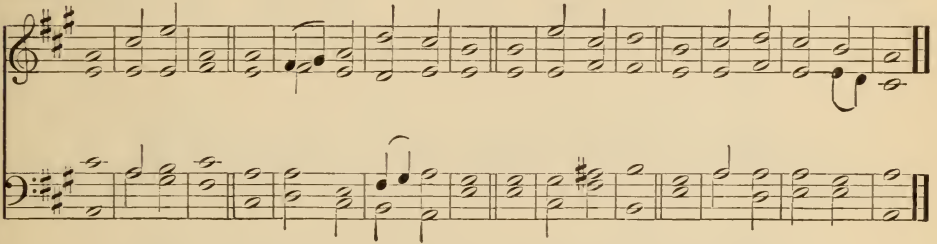
52

WILLIAM BOYCE



53

NORRIS



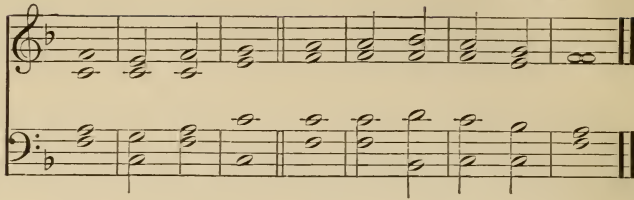
Psalm CIII

1	Praise the Lórd.....	O	my soul,	
	And all that is withín me.....	praise	His ho- ly name.	
2	Praise the Lórd.....	O	my soul,	
	Aíd..... for-	get	not all	His benefits.
3	Who forgiveth.....	all	thy sin,	
	And héaleth.....	all	— thine	in- firmities.
4	Who saveth thy lífe	from	de- struction,	
	And crowneth thée.....	with	and lov- ing kindness.	
5	O praise the Lord ye angels]			
	of His,* yé that..... ex-	cel	in strength,	
	Ye that fulfil His commandment*]			
	and hearken únto..... the	voice	— of	His word.
6	O praise the Lórd,.....all	ye	His hosts,	
	Ye sérvants..... of	His	that do	His pleasure.
²¹ part	7 O speak good of the Lord all ye]			
	works of His* in all piáces..... of	His	do- minion,	
	Praise théu	the	— O	my soul.
	Glory bé to the Fáther.....	and	to the Son,	
	Aíd.....	to	the Ho- ly Ghost.	
	As it was in the beginning* is nów. and	ev-	er shall be	
	Wórd..... without	end	— A — men,	

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

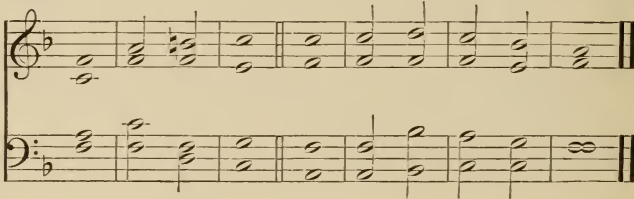
54

Old Church Melody



Glory bé.....to | God on | high,
 And on eáirth..... | peace good will to | men.
 We praise Thee, we bless Thée... we | wor- ship | Thee,
 We glorify Thee, we give thánks...to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

55



O Lord Góð..... | heaven- ly | King;
 Góð..... the | Fa- ther | Al- — | mighty.
 O Lord, the only begotten Són..... | Je- sus | Christ.
 O Lord God, Lamb of Góð..... | Son — | of the | Father.

56



That takest awáy..... the | sins of the | world,
 Have mércy..... up- on — | us.
 Thou that takest awáy..... the | sins of the | world,
 Have mércy..... up- on — | us.
 Thou that takest awáy..... the | sins of the | world,
 Ré-..... ceive our prayer.
 Thou that sittest at the right hánd... of | God the | Father,
 Have mércy..... up- on — | us.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

A-men.

For Thou ónly.....	art	—	holy,		
Thóu.....	on-	ly	art	the	Lord.
Thou only, O Chríst,.....	with the	Ho-	ly	Ghost,	
Art most high.....	in the	glory	of	God	the Father. Amen.

NUNC DIMITTIS

57 Verses 1.2.& 3.

J. Goss

Verse 4. & Gloria.

J. Goss

58 Verses 1.2.& 3.

J. BARNEY

Verse 4. & Gloria

J. BARNEY

Luke ii. 29.

1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant . . de-	part	in	peace,		
Ac-.....	cord-	ing	to	Thy	word.
2 Fór.....	mine	eyes	have	seen,	
Thý.....	—	sal-	va-	—	tion.
3 Which.....	Thou	hast	pre-	pared,	
Befóre.....	the	face	of	all	— people;
4 To be a líght.....	to	lighten	the	Gentiles,	
And to be the glóry.....	of	Thy	peo-	ple	Israel.
Glóry be to the FátHer.....	and	to the	Son,		
Afid.....	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is nów, . . and	ev-	er	shall	be,	
WórlD.....	without	—	A-	—	men.

LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END

59

CHAS. VINCENT

60

W. CROFT

61

J. FLINTOFT

62

B.

From Psalm XXXIX

<p>1 Lord, let me know mine end* and the número.....</p> <p>That I may be certifiéd..... how</p> <p>2 Behold, Thou hast made my days as it wére..... a</p> <p>And mine age is even as nothing in re- spect of Thee,* and verily every man líving..... is</p> <p>3 For man walketh in a vain shadow,* and disquéteth..... him- self</p> <p>He heapeth up riches, and cannot téll.. who</p> <p>4 And now Lórd,..... what Trúly..... my</p> <p>5 Deliver me from áll..... mine And make me nót..... a re- buke</p> <p>6 When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin* Thou makest his beauty to consume away* like as it were a móth.....</p> <p>Every mán.....</p>	<p>of my days, I have to live.</p> <p>span — long,</p> <p>al- to- geth- er vanity.</p> <p>self in vain; shall gath- er them.</p> <p>is my hope. is even in Thee.</p> <p>mine of- fences. — unto the foolish.</p> <p>fretting a garment; there- fore is but vanity.</p>
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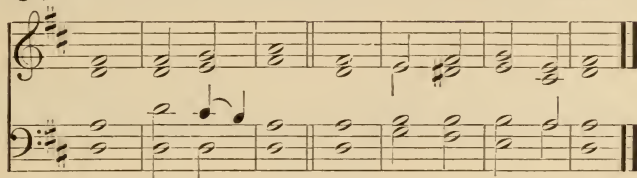
LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END

7	Hear my prayer O Lord,* and with								
	Thine éars..... con-	sider	my	calling.					
	Hóld not..... Thy	peace	—	at	my	tears.			
8	For I am a stranger with Theé.....	and	a	sojourner,					
	As.....	all	my	fath-ers	were.				
^{3d part} 9	O spare me a little* that I máy.. re-	cover	my	strength,					
	Before I go hénce.....	and	be	no	more	seen.			
	Glory be to the FátHer.....	and	to	the	Son,				
	Aíd.....	to	the	Ho-	ly	Ghost.			
	As it was in the beginning* is nów.. and	ev-	er	shall	be,				
	Wórd..... without	end	—	A-	—	men.			

DOMINE REFUGIUM

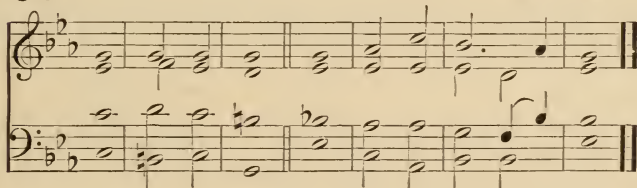
63

L. T. DOWNES



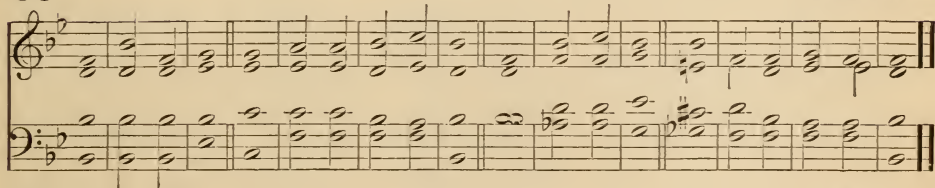
64

W. FELTON



65

BEETHOVEN



66

T. MORLEY



Psalm XC

1	Lord, Thóu..... hast	been	our	refuge		
	From óne..... gener-	a-	tion	to	an-	other.
2	Before the mountains were brought]					
	forth* or ever the éarth... and the	world	were	made.		
	Thóu art God from everlásting,.. and	world	with-	out	—	end.

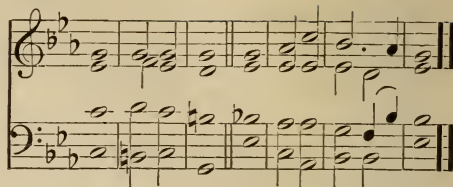
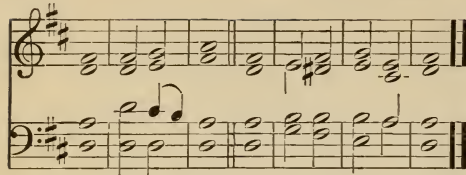
DOMINE REFUGIUM

63

L. T. DOWNES

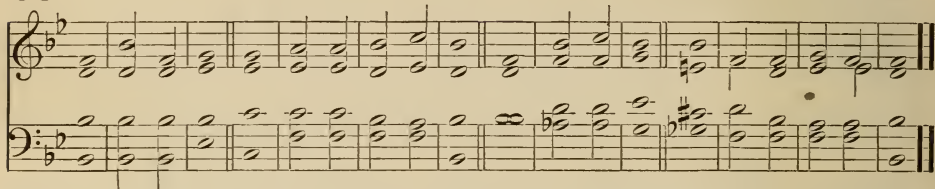
64

W. FELTON



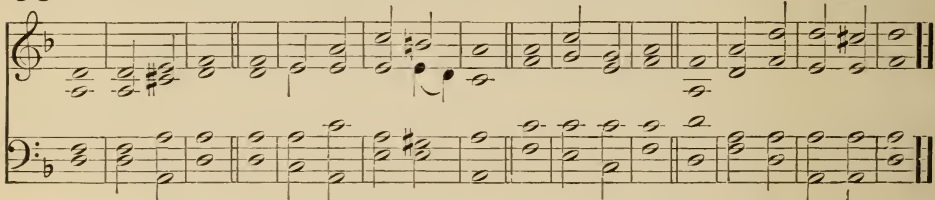
65

BEETHOVEN



66

T. MORLEY



3	Thou turnest mán.....	to	de-	struction;
	Again Thou sayest Cóme..... a-	gain	ye	children of men.
4	For a thousand years in Thy sight are	but	as	yesterday,
	Seeing that is pást..... as a	watch	—	in the night.
5	As soon as Thou scatterest them* they			
	are éven.....	as	a	sleep,
	And fáde..... away	sudden-	ly	like the grass.
6	In the morning it is gréen.....and	grow-	eth	up,
	But in the evening it is cut dówn...	dri-	ed	up and withered.
7	For we consume awáy..... in	Thy	dis-	pleasure.
	And are afráid.....at Thy	wrath-	ful	in- dig- nation.
8	Thou hast sét..... our mis-	deeds	be-	fore Thee.
	And our secret síns..... in the	light	—	of Thy countenance.
9	For when Thou art angry, áll... our	days	are	gone;
	We bring our years to an end* as it			
	wére..... a	tale	—	that is told.
10	The days of our age are threescore			
	years and ten,* and though men be			
	so strong that they cóme..... to	four	score	years,
	Yet is their strength then but labor			
	and sorrow,* so soon páseth it. a-	way	and	we are gone.
II	O teách us..... to	number	our	days.
part	That we may apfl..... our	hearts	—	to wisdom.
	Glory be to the Fáther.....	and	to the	Son,
	Afd.....	to	the	Ho- ly Ghost.
	As it was in the begining* is nów. and	ev-	er	shall be,
	Wórlđ..... without	end	—	A- — men.

DOMINUS REGIT ME

<p>67 CHAS. VINCENT</p>	<p>68 MACFARREN</p>
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<p>69</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">ROBINSON</p>
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<p>70</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Dr. S. A. PEARCE</p>
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Psalm XXIII

<p>1 The Lórd..... I'.....</p> <p>2 He maketh me to lie dówn..... He leadeth mé.....</p> <p>3 Hé..... He leadeth me in the paths of ríghteousness.....</p> <p>4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death* I' will . For Thou art with me*, Thy rod and Thy</p> <p>5 Thou preparast a table before me* in the présence..... Thou anointest my head with oíl; . . . my</p> <p>6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me*, áll..... the And I will dwéll..... in the Glory be to the Fáther..... Aúd..... As it was in the beginning* is nów, and Wórl'd..... without</p>	<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 10%;">is</td> <td style="width: 10%;">my</td> <td style="width: 10%;">Shepherd,</td> <td style="width: 10%;"></td> <td style="width: 10%;"></td> <td style="width: 10%;"></td> </tr> <tr> <td>shall</td> <td>not</td> <td>—</td> <td>want.</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>in</td> <td>green</td> <td>—</td> <td>pastures;</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>be-</td> <td>side</td> <td>the</td> <td>still</td> <td>—</td> <td>waters.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>re-</td> <td>storeth</td> <td>my</td> <td>soul,</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>for</td> <td>His</td> <td>Name's</td> <td>—</td> <td>sake.</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>fear</td> <td>no</td> <td>evil,</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>staff</td> <td>they</td> <td>com-</td> <td>fort</td> <td> </td> <td>me.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>of</td> <td>mine</td> <td>enemies;</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>cup</td> <td>—</td> <td>run-</td> <td>neth</td> <td> </td> <td>over.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>days</td> <td>of my</td> <td>life,</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>house</td> <td>of the</td> <td>Lórd</td> <td>for</td> <td> </td> <td>ever.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>and</td> <td>to the</td> <td>Son,</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>to</td> <td>the</td> <td>Ho-</td> <td>ly</td> <td> </td> <td>Ghost.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>ev-</td> <td>er</td> <td>shall</td> <td>be,</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>—</td> <td>A-</td> <td>—</td> <td>men.</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	is	my	Shepherd,				shall	not	—	want.			in	green	—	pastures;			be-	side	the	still	—	waters.	re-	storeth	my	soul,			for	His	Name's	—	sake.		fear	no	evil,				staff	they	com-	fort		me.	of	mine	enemies;				cup	—	run-	neth		over.	days	of my	life,				house	of the	Lórd	for		ever.	and	to the	Son,				to	the	Ho-	ly		Ghost.	ev-	er	shall	be,			—	A-	—	men.		
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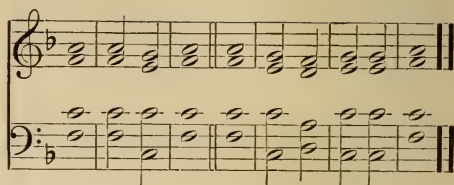
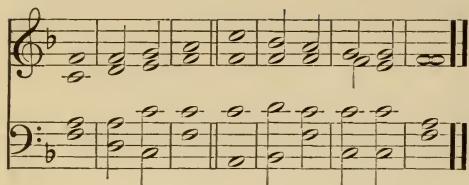
BAPTISMAL CHANT

71

R. FARRANT

72

T. TALLIS



BEFORE THE ADMINISTRATION

Ps. ciii. 17, 18

- 1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting* to everlasting.....up- on them that fear Him,
 And his righteousness..... un- to chil- dren's | children.
 2 To súch.....as keep His Covenant,
 And to those that remember Hís..com- mand- ments to do — | them.

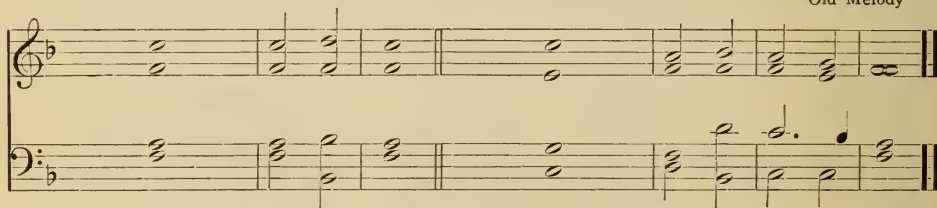
Mark x. 14

- 3 Suffer the little children
 to come unto Mé.....and for- bid them | not.
 Fór.....of | such is the kingdom of | Heaven.

Acts ii. 39

- 4 For the promise is unto yóuand | to your | children,
 And to all that are afar off,*
 even as mány.....as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Old Melody



AFTER THE ADMINISTRATION

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26

- 5 Then will I sprínkleclean | water up- on you,
 And..... ye shall be — | clean.
 6 A new heart álso..... will I give you,
 And a new spírit..... will I put with- | in you.
 7 And I will take away the strong héart out of your flesh,
 And I'.....will give you a heart of flesh.

Is. xlv. 3, 4

- 8 I will pour my Spíritup- on thy | seed,
 And..... my blessing up- on thy | offspring.
 9 And they shall spring úp..... as a- mong the grass
 As willows.....by the wa- ter | courses.

GLORIA PATRI

W. BOYCE

1

Glory be to the Fátther..... | and to the Son,
 Aíd..... | to the Ho- ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is nów, . and ev- er | shall be,
 Wórd..... without | end — | A- — | men.

2

J. ROBINSON

Glory be to the Fátther..... | and to the Son,
 Aíd..... | to the Ho- ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is nów, . and ev- er | shall be,
 Wórd..... without | end — | A- — | men.

3

H. W. GREATOREX

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

TO THE COMMANDMENTS

4

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us And in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th

Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . us, And write all these thy

words in our hearts, We be - seech . . . Thee.

5

G. J. ELVEY

Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to

TO THE COMMANDMENTS

After the 10th

keep this law. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all

these thy laws in our hearts, thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

6

B. TOURS

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts' to keep this law.

After the 10th

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our

hearts, we be - seech Thee, we be - seech Thee.

Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,

Round the al - tar, night and day, Hymn-ing one tri-umph-ant song?

"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,

Wis-dom, rich-es to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-ery hour." A-men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fear,
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.

Index of Subjects

<p>Abba, Father Jesus I my cross have . . . 316 Thou hidden love of God . . 495</p> <p>Abiding in Christ O Lamb of God still keep . 312 O holy Saviour 318 In heavenly love abiding . 411</p> <p>Almsgiving O Lord of Heaven and Earth 342 Lord, lead the way 345 We give thee but thine own 352 O God of mercy God of might 369 Thou Lord of life our saving 609</p> <p>Angels Our day of praise is done . 21 Songs of praise the angels . 98 Angel voices ever singing . 100 Calm on the listening ear . 126 It came upon the midnight . 131 While Shepherds watched . 133 Hark the herald angels . . . 135 Hark what mean those . . . 142 Hark, hark my soul 527</p> <p>Anniversary Now thank we all our God . 333 O God of Bethel 395 Now rest ye pilgrim host . 535 At thy feet, our God and . . 638</p> <p>Apostles, The Twelve Behold the master passeth . 259 Jesus calls us; o'er the . . . 271 The Son of God goes forth . 370</p> <p>Ashamed of Jesus I'm not ashamed to own . 349 Jesus and shall it ever be 359</p> <p>Aspiration 479-496 O one with God the Father . 233 Come thou fount of every . 317 More love to Thee, O Christ . 332 Forward be our watchword . 394 I do not ask that life may be 428 Walk in the light so shalt . 440 When I can read my title . 443 We bless Thee for Thy peace 444</p> <p>Assurance I heard the voice of Jesus . 147 I know that my Redeemer . 197 Stand up, my soul 371 In heavenly love abiding . 411</p> <p>Atonement Hark! the voice of love . . 169 Hail, Thou once despised . 227 Thou art the way; to Thee 246 Not what these hands have . 250 Rock of Ages 251 Not all the blood of beasts . 301 I lay my sins on Jesus . . . 313 My hope is built 321</p> <p>Baptism 556-564</p> <p>Brevity of Life Our God, our help in Ages past. See O God our help, etc. 104 O God the Rock of Ages . . 110 My soul, repeat His praise . 125 Work for the night is coming 367 A few more years shall roll 497 Brief life is here our portion 523 While with ceaseless course . 640</p>	<p>Burial When our heads are bowed 434 Sleep thy last sleep 501 Now the laborer's task is o'er 502 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep 504 And see DEATH, the LIFE EVERLASTING and COM- MUNION OF SAINTS.</p> <p>Calvary There is a green hill far away 165 Go to dark Gethsemane . . 171</p> <p>Children Once in royal David's city . 145 Shepherd of tender youth . 231 Saviour, teach me day by . . 335 Saviour, like a Shepherd . . 473 Children, Christ's love for . 561</p> <p>Christ, our Lord Jesus ABIDING WITH BELIEVERS Sun of my soul 15 Abide with me! 28 O Jesus, King most 194 Jesus, the very thought of . 326 ADVENT AND BIRTH . 126-146 ALL IN ALL 318 ASCENSION 188-193 BLOOD OF. See PASSION There is a fountain filled with blood 647 Also, Peace, perfect peace . 453 BRIDEGROOM Rejoice, rejoice, believers! . 213 Behold, the Bridegroom . . 216 BURDEN BEARER 313 CALL OF 257-267 Also 270-272 CAPTAIN The Son of God goes forth . 370 Stand up, my soul; shake . 371 Who is on the Lord's side . 391 Onward, Christian soldiers . 393 CHARACTER OF My dear Redeemer 150 How beautiful were the . . 155 What grace, O Lord 162 CHILDHOOD OF All praise to Thee 13 Once in royal David's city . 145 CONQUEROR See the conqueror mounts in 192 O Jesus, King most 194 Who is this that comes from 202 Look, ye saints; the sight is 203 CORNER-STONE Christ is made the sure . . 540 Christ is our corner-stone . 548 CORONATION OF The head that once was . . 196 Crown Him with many . . . 198 Hark, ten thousand harps . 201 Look, ye saints, the sight is 203 All hail the power of Jesus' . 220 CREATOR Hosanna to the living Lord . 50 At the name of Jesus . . . 205 DIVINITY OF Mighty God while angels . . 230 Jesus, my Lord, my God . . 344 I'm not ashamed to own my 349</p>	<p>EMMANUEL Sing, O sing, this blessed . 134 O Come, O Come Emman- uel 136</p> <p>EPIPHANY OF As with gladness men of old 138 From the eastern mountains 139 Brightest and best of the . . 144 O, one with God the Father 233</p> <p>EXAMPLE OF O who like Thee so calm . 155 See How beauteous were the 155 My dear Redeemer and my 150 Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy 152 Go to dark Gethsemane . . 171</p> <p>FOUNTAIN I heard the voice of Jesus say 147 The sands of time are . . . 526</p> <p>FRIEND O Thou, the contrite sinner's 204 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's 245 One there is above all others 255 I've found a Friend 315 O Holy Saviour, Friend . . 318</p> <p>HIDING-PLACE Rock of Ages 251 Jesus, Lover of my soul . . 306 O Lamb of God, still 312 Approach, my soul 477</p> <p>HUMILITY OF Thou didst leave Thy throne 158 O sacred Head now wounded 170 HUMILITY OF 155</p> <p>INTERCESSION AND REIGN 194-207</p> <p>KNOCKING AT THE DOOR O Jesus, Thou art standing 266 Lift up your heads 582</p> <p>LAMB OF GOD Come, let us join 218 Awake and sing the song . 223 Hail, Thou once despised . 227 Just as I am 283 O Lamb of God, still 312 I lay my sins on Jesus . . . 313 LIFE ON EARTH 148-152 On Jordan's bank the 157 Fierce was the billow wild . 159 What grace, O Lord, and 162 Thou art the way; to Thee 246 Behold the Master passeth by 259 O Master, let me walk with 362 O who like Thee so calm . . 155 See How beauteous were the 155</p> <p>LIFE, THE O quickly come, dread Judge 210 Thou art the Way 246</p> <p>LIGHT Christ, whose glory fills . . 3 From the eastern mountains 139 O One with God 233 O Everlasting Light 487</p> <p>LORD Hosanna to the living Lord . 50 The Head that once was . . 196 Crown him with many . . . 198 At the name of Jesus 205 All hail the power of Jesus . 220 Jesus, Thy name I love . . . 221</p>
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INDEX OF SUBJECTS

Mighty God, while angels . . . 230
 Jesus, my Lord, my God . . . 344
 LOVE OF
 Love divine, all love . . . 58
 To our Redeemer's glorious . . . 219
 One there is above . . . 255
 Hark, my soul, it is . . . 263
 Immortal love forever full . . . 291
 Jesus, Thy woundless . . . 328
 O love that will not let . . . 653
 MAN OF SORROWS
 What grace, O Lord, and . . . 162
 When our heads are bowed . . . 434
 MASTER
 Ye servants of God . . . 64
 Immortal Love forever full . . . 291
 O Master, let me walk . . . 362
 MINISTRY OF . . . 147-163
 MIRACLES OF
 O where is He that trod . . . 148
 Thine arm, O Lord, in days . . . 149
 Fierce was the billow wild . . . 159
 NATIVITY OF . . . 130-135
 Also, Calm on the listening . . . 126
 Joy to the world, the Lord . . . 127
 NATIVITY OF . . . 140-146
 Also, Thou didn't leave Thy . . . 158
 ONE WITH THE FATHER . . . 233
 PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION . . . 164-175
 PASSOVER, OUR
 Christ the Lord is risen . . . 181
 Hail, Thou once despised . . . 227
 PATIENCE OF
 O who like Thee so calm . . . 155
 See How beautiful were the . . . 162
 What grace, O Lord . . . 162
 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . . . 263
 O Jesus, Thou art standing . . . 266
 Depth of mercy . . . 286
 O Master, let me walk . . . 362
 PHYSICIAN, THE
 O where is He that trod . . . 148
 Thine Arm, O Lord, in days . . . 149
 POVERTY OF . . . 158
 PRAYERS OF
 My dear Redeemer and my . . . 150
 Go to dark Gethsemane . . . 171
 One sole baptismal sign . . . 458
 PRECIOUSNESS OF. See Love
 Also, Jesus, Thy Name I . . . 221
 O could I speak the . . . 224
 PRESENCE OF
 Alleluia! sing to Jesus . . . 193
 Jesus came, the Heavens . . . 209
 Immortal love, forever full . . . 291
 O Jesus, I have promised . . . 309
 O Master, let me walk . . . 362
 Jesus, Thou joy of loving . . . 571
 See Christ abiding, etc. . . . 187
 RESURRECTION . . . 176-187
 ROCK
 Rock of Ages . . . 251
 My hope is built on nothing . . . 321
 SAVIOUR
 Hosanna to the living Lord . . . 50
 O could I speak the . . . 224
 Hail, Thou once despised . . . 227
 O Saviour, precious Saviour . . . 232
 Saviour, blessed Saviour . . . 366
 Lord of mercy and of might . . . 470
 Saviour, sprinkle many . . . 602
 SECOND COMING . . . 208-216
 SHEPHERD
 Shepherd of tender youth . . . 231
 Was there ever kindest . . .
 See Souls of men who will ye . . . 268
 I was a wandering sheep . . . 280
 The King of love my . . . 410
 Saviour, like a Shepherd . . . 473
 Hark, hark, my soul . . . 527
 See Israel's gentle shepherd . . . 561
 SON OF DAVID
 This is the day . . . 43
 All glory, laud, and honor . . . 160
 SON OF GOD
 O who like Thee so calm . . . 155

See How beautiful were the . . . 155
 The Son of God goes forth . . . 370
 SYMPATHY OF
 O Love Divine, that stooped . . . 431
 When our heads are bowed . . . 434
 TEMPTATION OF . . . 150
 TRANSFIGURATION OF . . . 151
 TRIUMPHAL ENTRY
 Ride on! ride on in majesty! . . . 156
 All glory, laud, and honor . . . 160
 UNSEEN
 O Holy Saviour, Friend . . . 318
 Jesus, these eyes have never . . . 327
 WALKING ON THE SEA
 Fierce was the billow wild . . . 159
 Eternal Father, strong to . . . 642
 WAY, TRUTH AND LIFE
 Father of all, to Thee . . . 53
 Thou art the Way . . . 246
 WORD OF GOD . . . 82
 WORDS ON THE CROSS . . . 169
 CHRISTIANS
 EXAMPLE OF . . . 360
 TRIUMPH OF
 Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . 213
 Children of the heavenly . . . 324
 Brief life is here our portion . . . 533
 Church, The . . . 529-541
 AFFLICTED
 Alleluia, song of sweetness . . . 463
 Lord of our life! and God of . . . 549
 On the mountain's top . . . 598
 ATTACHMENT TO
 I love Thy kingdom, Lord . . . 534
 Lord of the worlds above . . . 537
 CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN . . . 50
 COMMUNION OF SAINTS . . . 454-465
 CONTINUITY AND PERMANENCE OF
 City of God, how broad . . . 529
 O where are kings . . . 531
 SACRAMENTS OF . . . 295-297
 Thine forever! God of love . . . 305
 I'm not ashamed to own my . . . 349
 Jesus and shall it ever be . . . 359
 Stand, soldier of the cross . . . 556
 Saviour, Who Thy flock art . . . 558
 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd . . . 561
 Arm these Thy soldiers . . . 565
 SECURITY OF
 A mighty fortress is . . . 102
 Children of the Heavenly . . . 334
 God is the refuge . . . 409
 O, where are kings and . . . 531
 Glorious things of Thee are . . . 541
 TRIUMPH OF
 Hark! the sound of holy . . . 513
 Give me the wings of faith . . . 516
 On the mountain's top . . . 598
 Hail to the brightness . . . 605
 UNITY OF
 Blest be the tie . . . 457
 One sole baptismal sign . . . 458
 Through the night of doubt . . . 461
 City of God, how broad and . . . 529
 The Church's one foundation . . . 536
 And is the time approaching . . . 591
 WORK OF
 Blow ye the trumpet, blow! . . . 249
 Jesus calls us; o'er the . . . 271
 Take my life, and let it be . . . 307
 O Jesus, I have promised . . . 309
 Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . 316
 O Lord of heav'n and earth . . . 342
 Also . . . 357-370
 Soldiers of Christ arise . . . 378
 O brothers lift your voices . . . 382
 Stand up, stand up for . . . 384
 On our way rejoicing . . . 386
 Thou Lord of life . . . 609
 CITY OF GOD
 City of God, how broad and . . . 529
 Glorious things of Thee are . . . 541
 Cleave of Service . . . 65-73
 Coming to Christ. See INVITATION.

Communion of Saints . . . 454-465
 Communion with Christ . . . 310-312
 Love divine, all love . . . 58
 I know that my Redeemer . . . 197
 One there is, above all others . . . 255
 Immortal Love, forever full . . . 291
 I've found a Friend; O such . . . 315
 O holy Saviour! Friend . . . 318
 Jesus, my Lord, my God, . . . 344
 My spirit on Thy care . . . 406
 Peace, perfect peace . . . 453
 Confession of Christ . . . 295-297
 Thine forever! God of love . . . 305
 I'm not ashamed to own my . . . 349
 Jesus, and shall it ever be . . . 359
 Arm these Thy soldiers . . . 565
 Confession of Sin . . . 276-290
 Confidence. See TRUST
 A mighty fortress is our God . . . 102
 Also, Children of the . . . 334
 Conflict with Sin . . . 435-437
 A charge to keep I have . . . 353
 Stand up, my soul, shake . . . 371
 Fight the good fight with all . . . 372
 Am I a soldier of the cross? . . . 375
 Awake, my soul, stretch . . . 376
 My soul, be on thy guard . . . 380
 Surrounded by unnumber'd . . . 385
 Christian seek not yet repose . . . 390
 In the hour of trial . . . 432
 I need Thee ev'ry hour . . . 433
 CONSECRATION
 See FAITH AND CONSECRATION . . . 291-322
 Also, I know no life divided . . . 652
 Constancy
 Awake, my soul . . . 9
 O Jesus, I have promised . . . 309
 Fight the good fight . . . 372
 Contentment
 Father, I know that all my . . . 292
 My God, I thank Thee . . . 341
 Lord, it belongs not to my . . . 397
 Father, whatever of earthly . . . 402
 In heav'nly love abiding . . . 411
 CONVERSION. See REPENTANCE AND FAITH IN CHRIST.
 Corner-stone, Laying of a
 The Church's one . . . 536
 Christ is made the sure . . . 540
 O Lord of hosts, whose glory . . . 545
 Christ is our corner-stone . . . 548
 Courage . . . 370-384
 Cross . . . 164-175
 BANNER OF THE
 Rejoice ye pure in heart . . . 377
 Brightly gleams our banner . . . 388
 Onward, Christian soldiers . . . 393
 Fling out the banner . . . 584
 BEARING OF THE
 Take up thy cross, the . . . 257
 Jesus, I my cross have . . . 316
 Must Jesus bear the cross . . . 347
 O what, if we are Christ's . . . 430
 GLORIFYING IN THE
 When I survey the wondrous . . . 168
 In the cross of Christ I glory . . . 173
 SALVATION BY THE
 Sweet the moments . . . 175
 Not all the blood of beasts . . . 301
 Beneath the cross of Jesus . . . 322
 CROWN OF LIFE
 Must Jesus bear the cross . . . 347
 Awake, my soul; stretch . . . 376
 Stand up, stand up for Jesus . . . 384
 O what, if we are Christ's . . . 430
 DAILY DUTIES
 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord . . . 293
 Teach me, my God and King . . . 351
 MERCIES
 Ev'ry morning mercies new . . . 2
 New every morning is the . . . 7
 My God, how endless . . . 8
 DARKNESS, SPIRITUAL
 Out of the deep I call . . . 277
 Your harps, ye trembling . . . 447

O for a closer walk 482
 As pants the hart 483
 DAY OF GRACE. See INVITATION
 Also, Great God what do I see 215
Death 497-507
 ANTICIPATED
 Tarry with me 25
 Abide with me 28
 Gently, Lord, O gently lead 436
 OF CHRISTIANS
 For all the saints 464
 Asleep in Jesus 504
 CONFIDENCE IN
 Lord, it belongs not to my . . 397
 O for a faith 479
 One sweetly solemn thought 499
 I would not live alway 506
 I'm but a stranger here 519
 CONQUERED
 OF A MINISTER 502
 SECOND 486
 SUDDEN 26
Dedication of a Church 542-549
 Jesus, where'er Thy people . . 49
 Christ is made the sure 540
 Thou, whose unmeasured temple
 See O Thou, Whose own 543
 OF A HOSPITAL 609
Doubt
 O grant us light that we may 234
 Lord, I believe 294
 Commit thou all thy fears . . . 449
 See Give to the winds thy
Epiphany, The. See CHRIST
Eternity
 O God, our Help in ages 104
 O where shall rest be found 486
 Forever with the Lord 498
Evangelistic Services 432-437
 See INVITATION 256-274
PENITENCE 275-290
FAITH IN CHRIST 291-322
 Also, Tarry with me, O my . . 25
 O bless the Lord, my 124
 My soul, repeat His praise . . 125
 O where is He that trod 148
 Alas, and did my Saviour . . . 164
 There is a green hill 165
 Hark, the voice of love and . . 169
 O sacred Head, now wounded . . 170
 All hail the power of Jesus' . . 220
 O Saviour, precious Saviour . . 232
 Come, Holy Spirit, come 243
 Not what these hands have . . 250
 Now I resolve with all my . . 296
 Not all the blood of beasts . . 301
 Thy life was given for me . . . 303
 To Thee, O dear, dear 310
 O Lamb of God, still keep me . 312
 I've found a Friend 315
 Must Jesus bear the cross . . . 347
 Jesus, and shall it ever be . . 359
 Stand up, stand up for Jesus 384
 O where shall rest be found 486
 Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . 489
 Days and moments quickly . . 505
Evening 12-31
 Also, Sweet Saviour, bless us . 67
Example of Christ 148-159
 What grace, O Lord, and . . . 162
 A voice by Jordan's shore . . . 163
 Thou art the way, to Thee . . . 246
 Behold, the Master passeth . . 259
 O Master, let me walk with . . 362
 Jesus, the very tho't of Thee . . 326
Example of Christians
 So let our lips and lives 360
Faith and Consecration 291-322
 IN CHRIST
 Holy Father hear my cry 88
 I heard the voice of Jesus say 147
 Thou did'st leave Thy throne 158
 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's . . 245
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . 251
 Just as I am 283

Jesus, Lover of my soul 306
 I lay my sins on Jesus 313
 Approach, my soul, the 477
 Lift up your heads, ye gates 582
 I am trusting Thee Lord
 Jesus 654
 If Thou impart Thyself to me 655
 CONFESSION OF 295-297
 Thine forever! God of Love 305
 I lay my sins on Jesus 313
 I'm not ashamed to own 349
 Jesus, and shall it ever be . . 359
 Arm these Thy soldiers 565
 HOPE AND CHARITY compared with Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost 239
 JUSTIFICATION BY
 Not what these hands have 250
 Rock of Ages 251
 Just as I am 283
 Not all the blood of beasts . . 301
 PRAYER FOR
 Lord I believe: Thy power I 294
 O for a faith that will not . . 479
Fear cast out
 In heavenly love abiding . . . 411
 Commit thou all thy fears . . . 449
 See Give to the winds thy
Feeding the Multitude
 O where is He that trod the 148
Following Christ
 Behold, the Master passeth . . 259
 Jesus calls us 271
 Lord, lead the way the 345
 O Master, let me walk with . . 362
 The Son of God goes forth . . . 370
Forgiveness. See INVITATION AND REPENTANCE
 What grace, O Lord, and . . . 162
Gethsemane
 Go to dark Gethsemane 171
God
 GOD'S MAJESTY 90-102
 COMPRESSION OF
 Praise, my soul, the King 122
 O bless the Lord, my soul . . . 124
 My soul, repeat His praise . . 125
 Was there ever kindest 268
 See Souls of men, why will ye
 The Lord is rich and merciful 274
CREATOR
 Come, sound His praise 51
 Oh, worship the King 63
 Give to our God immortal . . . 92
 The spacious firmament 96
 All people that on earth 650
DECRETES OF
 The Lord is King, lift up 94
 God moves in a mysterious 398
DEFENDER
 Oh, worship the King 63
 Call Jehovah thy Salvation . . . 418
DELIVERER 103
DWELLING-PLACE 110
ETERNAL
 My God, how wonderful 101
 Our God, our help in ages . . . 104
 See O God our help in ages 104
 O God, the Rock of Ages . . . 110
FAITHFULNESS OF
 Thro' all the changing 103
 The God of Abraham praise 117
 Let us with a glad some mind 120
 How gentle God's commands 407
 How firm a foundation 427
FATHER. See FATHERHOOD AND LOVE 103-111
 Also, My God, how 101
FORTRESS
 A mighty fortress is our God 102
GLORY OF. See HIS MAJESTY
GRACE OF. See GRACE OF GOD 92
 Also, Give to our God 106
 High in the heavens 106
 My soul, repeat His praise . . 125

GREATNESS OF. See HIS MAJESTY AND GREATNESS
GUARDIAN
 Come, gracious Spirit 235
 Great God, we sing that 633
GUIDE 415-417
 Father of love, our guide 399
 Lead, kindly Light 424
 Gently Lord, O gently 436
JEHOVAH. 117
JUSTICE OF. 106
LOVE OF. See God's FATHERHOOD AND LOVE 103-111
 Also, New every morning 7
 My God, how endless is 8
 Come, we that love the Lord 52
 Oh, worship the King 63
 Praise, my soul, the King of 122
 O bless the Lord, my soul . . . 124
 My soul repeat His praise . . . 125
 Was there ever kindest 268
 See Souls of men, why will ye
 Depth of mercy, can there be 286
 Thee will I love, my strength, 338
 Thou hidden love of God 495
 Lord I hear of showers of blessings 657
MAJESTY OF. See HOLY TRINITY and HIS MAJESTY
MERCIES OF
 Ev'ry morning mercies new . . . 2
 New every morning 7
 My God, how endless is 8
 When all thy mercies 115
 My soul, repeat His praise . . . 125
MERCY OF. See LOVE OF, COMPRESSION OF
 Also, DEPTH OF MERCY 286
 Sweet is Thy mercy 476
OMNIPOTENT
 Come, sound His praise 51
 The Lord is King 94
 Hark, the song of jubilee 597
OMNIPRESENT
 Lord of all being 107
 Teach me, my God and King 351
PRESENCE OF
 The Lord be with us 65
 Lo, God is here 95
 Still with Thee, O my God . . . 480
 Still, still with Thee 658
 Father in Thy mysterious . . . 659
PROTECTOR
 This night, O Lord, we bless 17
 Saviour, breathe an evening 26
 And see God, REFUGE
REFUGE
 A mighty fortress 102
 There is a safe and secret . . . 401
 God is the refuge of His 409
 Call Jehovah thy Salvation . . . 418
ROCK OF AGES 110
SEARCHER OF HEARTS. 5
SHEPHERD
 The Lord my Shepherd is 405
 The King of Love my 410
 In heav'nly love abiding 411
UNCHANGEABLE
 O God, our help in ages past 104
 O God, the Rock of Ages . . . 110
WISE
 The Lord is King! lift up 94
 God is Love, His mercy 109
GOOD WORKS
 Not what these hands have 250
 So let our lips and lives 360
Gospel. See EVANGELISTIC SERVICES
BANNER 584
EXCELLENCY OF
 God, in the gospel of His Son 74
 The heav'n's declare Thy 75
 The Spirit breathes upon 80
 How beauteous are their feet 550

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

Grace
 Grace, 'tis a charming sound . . . 248
 Not what these hands have . . . 250
 Was there ever kindest . . . 268
 Souls of men! why will ye . . . 268
 Not all the blood of beasts . . . 301
 Thy life was given for me . . . 303
CONVERTING
 Lord, with glowing heart . . . 111
 Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine . . . 241
 Come Thou Fount of ev'ry . . . 317
 Come to our poor nature's
 night . . .
 See Holy Ghost, the . . . 238
FREE
 Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . 249
 Behold the throne of grace . . . 475
FULNESS OF
 "Come," said Jesus' sacred
 voice . . . 264
 Was there ever kindest . . .
 See Souls of men why will ye . . . 263
 Come, ye disconsolate . . . 273
 The Lord is rich and . . . 274
JUSTIFYING
 Rock of Ages . . . 251
 Weary of earth and laden . . . 290
MAGNIFIED
 Come, we that love the Lord . . . 52
 Lord, with glowing heart . . . 111
 I heard the voice of Jesus . . . 147
 Sweet the moments, rich . . . 175
 Awake and sing the song . . . 223
 Grace, 'tis a charming sound . . . 248
 Awake, my soul, in joyful . . . 329
QUICKENING . . . 236
RENEWING . . . 243
SANCTIFYING
 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly . . . 236
 Come to our poor nature's . . .
 See Holy Ghost, the Infinite . . . 238
 Grace, 'tis a charming sound . . . 248
 Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . 316
Gratitude
 My God, how endless is . . . 8
 Lord, with glowing heart . . . 111
 When all Thy mercies . . . 115
 Praise, my soul, the King . . . 122
 O bless the Lord . . . 124
 Thy life was given for me . . . 303
 Now thank we all our God . . . 333
 Thee will I love, my . . . 338
 My God, I thank Thee . . . 341
 O Lord of heaven and earth . . . 342
Harvest and Thanksgiving
 616-624
NATURAL. See HARVEST
SPIRITUAL
 Almighty God, Thy word . . . 66
 He that goeth forth with . . . 368
HEALING
SPIRITUAL
 O where is He that trod the . . . 148
 Thine arm, O Lord, in days . . . 149
Heart
NEW
 Jesus, Lord of life . . . 435
 O for a heart to praise . . . 481
SURRENDERED . . . 295
Heaven. See LIFE EVERLASTING
ANTICIPATED
 Children of the heavenly . . . 334
 Forward be our watchword . . . 394
 When I can read my title . . . 443
 Far from my heavenly home . . . 485
 Rise, my soul, and stretch . . . 492
CHRIST IN
 Upward where the stars . . . 514
 There is a blessed home . . . 518
 The sands of time are . . . 526
CURE OF SORROW. . . . 273
HOME
 Forever with the Lord . . . 498
 There is a blessed home . . . 518
 I'm but a stranger here . . . 519
NEARNESS TO . . . 497-499
REDEEMED IN . . . 459-464

Also, Hark the sound of holy . . . 513
 Give me the wings of faith . . . 516
REUNIONS OF . . . 525
WORSHIP OF
 Our day of praise is done . . . 21
 Round the Lord in glory . . . 59
 The God of Abraham . . . 117
 Hark, ten thousand harps . . . 201
 Come let us join our . . . 218
 Alleluia, song of sweetness . . . 463
 Sing Alleluia forth . . . 465
Holiness
 Come, gracious Spirit . . . 238
 O Paradise, O Paradise . . . 517
 of God. See THE HOLY
TRINITY
Holy Ghost
 See HOLY SPIRIT
Also . . . 74-77
 And How precious is the . . . 79
 The Spirit breathes upon . . . 80
 O word of God incarnate . . . 82
COMFORTER
 Our blest Redeemer, ere He . . . 237
 Come to our poor nature's . . . 238
ILLUMINATOR
 O grant us light, that we may . . . 234
 Thou, whose Almighty . . . 589
INVOKED . . . 234-243
Also, O for a closer walk . . . 482
 Spirit of God descend upon
 my heart . . . 648
STRIVING . . . 265-274
Also, Take up thy cross, the . . . 257
 God calling yet, shall I not . . . 258
 The Spirit in our hearts . . . 260
WITNESSING . . . 238-242
Hope . . . 446-449
Also, My hope is built on . . . 321
 Children of the heavenly . . . 334
 As pants the hart . . . 483
Hospitals
 Thine arm, O Lord, in days . . . 149
 Thou Lord of life, our . . . 609
Humility
 O who like Thee so calm . . . 155
 O Master, let me walk . . . 362
 O for a heart to praise . . . 481
Imitation of Christ
 My dear Redeemer and my . . . 150
 O for a heart to praise . . . 481
Imputation
 Alas, and did my Saviour . . . 164
 O sacred Head, now . . . 170
 Hail, Thou once-despised . . . 227
 Not what these hands have . . . 250
 Not all the blood of beasts . . . 301
 Installation of Pastor . . . 553
Intercession. GENERAL
 Now the day is over . . . 30
 When the weary, seeking . . . 469
 Invitation . . . 256-274
Israel
 See THE DESERT
 Forward be our watchword . . . 394
 Guide me, O Thou Great . . . 415
 There is a land of pure . . . 509
IN EXILE
 Far from my heavenly home . . . 485
RESTORATION OF
 Hail to the brightness of . . . 605
SALVATION OF . . . 591
Jacob's Vision and Vow
 O God of Bethel . . . 395
 Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . 489
Jehovah . . . 117
Jerusalem, The New
 O Mother dear, Jerusalem . . . 508
 Jerusalem, my happy home . . . 510
 Jerusalem the golden . . . 520
Jesus, The Name of
 Jesus, Thy name I love . . . 221
 I lay my sins on Jesus . . . 313
 How sweet the name of . . . 324
John the Baptist . . . 157
Joy
 Come, we that love the Lord . . . 52

Praise, my soul, the King . . . 122
 Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . 149
 Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . 213
 O for a thousand tongues . . . 217
 Jesus, the very thought of . . . 326
 Awake, my soul, in joyful . . . 329
 Children of the heavenly king . . . 334
 My God, I thank Thee . . . 341
 O happy land of pilgrims . . . 364
 Rejoice, ye pure in heart . . . 377
 Jesus, Thou joy of loving . . . 571
Jubilee
 Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . 249
 Hark! the song of Jubilee . . . 597
Judgment . . . 208-216
Also, The world is very evil . . . 524
Kingdom of Christ
PRAYER FOR
 Come, Thou long-expected . . . 141
 O Lord, our God, arise . . . 583
 And is the time approaching . . . 591
 Saviour, sprinkle many . . . 602
PROGRESS OF
 Lift up your heads, ye gates . . . 582
 The morning light is . . . 593
TRUMPET OF . . . 205-216
Also, Rejoice, the Lord is . . . 199
 Jesus shall reign where'er . . . 585
 Hail to the Lord's Anointed . . . 595
 Hark! the song of Jubilee . . . 597
Law
 of God. See The Holy
 Scriptures
Also, How gentle God's . . . 407
AND GOSPEL
 A voice by Jordan's shore . . . 163
 Not all the blood of beasts . . . 301
Life
 Everlasting . . . 508-528
SOLEMNITY OF
 A charge to keep I have . . . 353
 O where shall rest be found . . . 486
Light
CREATION OF . . . 589
FORWARD INTO . . . 394
GUIDING . . . 424
PRAYED FOR
 O grant us light . . . 234
 Thou, whose almighty word . . . 589
WALKING IN THE . . . 440
Likeness to Christ
 My dear Redeemer and my . . . 150
 I lay my sins on Jesus . . . 313
 O for a heart to praise . . . 481
Litanies
 Saviour, when in dust to . . . 282
 Father, hear Thy children's . . . 289
 Jesus, Lord of life and glory . . . 435
 Lord of mercy and of might . . . 470
Longing after God
 As pants the hart . . . 483
 Saviour, sprinkle many . . . 602
Looking to Jesus . . . 290-298
Also, I heard the voice of . . . 147
 With tearful eyes I look . . . 256
 Just as I am . . . 283
 Lord's Day, The . . . 32-45
 Lord's Supper, The . . . 565-581
Love
ABIDING IN GOD'S
 In heavenly love abiding . . . 411
BANNER OF
 Surrounded by unnumbered . . . 385
BROTHERLY
 What grace, O Lord, and . . . 162
 Father, I know that all . . . 292
 Blest be the tie . . . 457
Love and Gratitude . . . 323-344
CHRIST ASKING OUR LOVE . . . 271
TO CHRIST . . . 310-335
Also, Love divine, all love . . . 58
 I know that my Redeemer . . . 197
 Jesus! Thy name I love . . . 221
 O could I speak the . . . 224
 One there is above all others . . . 255
 Immortal Love, forever full . . . 294
 Jesus, my Lord, my God . . . 341

My spirit on Thy care . . .	406	Arm these Thy soldiers . . .	565	Approach, my soul, the . . .	277
Peace, perfect peace . . .	453	Pain, its Ministry	341	Rest	
TO THE CHURCH	534	Paradise	517	I heard the voice of Jesus . . .	147
TO GOD		Pardon		Art thou weary	272
My God, how wonderful . . .	101	OFFERED. See INVITATION		Thou knowest, Lord	439
Thee will I love, my Strength	338	SOUGHT. See PENITENCE		Peace, perfect peace	453
As pants the hart	483	FOUND		O where shall rest be found . .	486
Thou hidden love of God . . .	495	I heard the voice of Jesus . . .	147	Thou hidden love of God	495
PRAYED FOR		Sweet the moments, rich	175	O Paradise, O Paradise	517
What grace, O Lord	162	I've found a Friend	315	Restoration	
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost . .	239	Awake, my soul, in joyful . . .	329	OF CHRIST	176-178
Marriage	612-615	Patience		OF ALL MEN	215
Martyrs		OF CHRIST. See CHRIST		OF BELIEVERS	
The Son of God goes forth . . .	370	OF CHRISTIANS		Allerluia! Allerluia! Hearts . . .	186
O what if we are Christ's . . .	430	O Holy Saviour, Friend	318	I would not live away	506
From all Thy saints in	459	O Master, let me walk	362	Revival	
Who are these in bright	460	God moves in a mysterious . . .	398	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly . . .	236
Who are these like stars	462	Wait, my soul, upon the	413	He that goeth forth with	368
Hark, the sound of holy	513	Peace		On the mountain's top	598
Give me the wings of faith . . .	516	CIVIL		Sacraments	
Mercy-seat		It came upon the midnight . . .	131	BAPTISM	556-564
Jesus, where'er Thy people . . .	49	And is the time approaching . . .	591	LORD'S SUPPER	565-581
From every stormy wind	468	FOR THE CHURCH	549	Saints, Communion of	454-465
Ministry, The	550-555	SPIRITUAL	400-411	Salvation	245-255
COMMISSION OF		Saviour, again to Thy dear . . .	73	Sanctification	
Ye servants of the Lord	350	Fierce was the billow wild . . .	159	Love Divine, all love	58
How beauteous are their feet . .	550	"Come," said Jesus' sacred . . .	264	My dear Redeemer and my	150
INCREASE OF	346	I do not ask that life may be . .	428	Come, gracious Spirit	235
PRAYER FOR		We bless Thee for Thy peace . . .	444	Come to our poor nature's	
Bow down Thine ear	553	Penitence	275-290	See Holy Ghost, the Infinite . . .	238
Arm these Thy soldiers	565	Penitence		Jesus, I my cross have taken . . .	316
Ministry of Christ	148-163	Thee arm, O Lord, in days . . .	149	Jesus, Thy boundless love to . . .	328
Also, Thou art the Way, to	246	Call Jehovah thy salvation	418	More love to Thee, O Christ . . .	332
Missions	582-606	Pilgrim Fathers		So let our lips and lives	360
GENERAL	582-591	O God, beneath Thy guiding . . .	625	Walk in the light	440
Also, Blow ye the trumpet	249	Pilgrimage		Jesus, my Strength, my	446
Soldiers of the cross, arise	378	CHILDREN of the heavenly . . .	334	O for a heart to praise	481
FOREIGN	584-594	O happy band of pilgrims	364	O for a closer walk with God . . .	482
Also, From the eastern	139	Forward! be our watchword	394	Nearer, my God, to Thee	489
Light of the lonely pilgrim's . . .	200	Guide me, O Thou great	416	Rise, my soul, and stretch	492
Saviour, sprinkle many	602	Gently, Lord, O gently	435	Sanctuary, LOVE for	
Hail to the brightness	605	Through the night of doubt	461	See OPENING OF SERVICE and	
Home		Far from my heavenly home	485	LORD'S DAY	
Thou whose almighty word	589	I'm but a stranger here	519	Also, Lord of the worlds	537
Soldiers of the cross	603	Hark! hark! my soul	527	We love the place, O God	538
My country, 'tis of thee	629	Now rest, ye pilgrim host	535	Scientific Societies	
God bless our native land	631	Poverty		The Lord is King	94
FOR THE JEWS	591	My Jesus, as Thou wilt	422	Lord of all being, throned	107
Missionaries, Departure of	586	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	426	O grant us light, that	234
Morning	1-11	O for a faith that will not	479	Thou whose almighty word	589
National	625-632	Praise to Christ	217-232	Schools and Colleges	
Nature, God in		Praise to God	112-125	CHAPEL SERVICES. See	
The spacious firmament	96	Prayer	466-478	MORNING, ETC.	
Lord of all being, throned	107	Also, Prayer is the soul's		O grant us light	234
Praise the Lord, ye heavens	123	sincere	651	Forth in Thy name, O Lord	293
We plough the fields, and	623	Preparatory Services		Teach me, my God and	351
Nearness		Lord, we come before Thee	54	Scriptures, The Holy	74-82
TO GOD		We have not known Thee as	287	Also, Break Thou the bread	656
O for a closer walk	482	O Lamb of God, still keep me . . .	312	Sea, for those at	
Nearer, my God, to Thee	489	The King of love my	410	Seamen, Prayer for	
TO HEAVEN	497-501	Jesus, Thou joy of loving	571	Now the day is over	30
Need of Christ		Prodigal, The		Fierce was the billow wild	159
I could not do without Thee . . .	311	I was a wandering sheep	280	When the weary, seeking	469
I need Thee every hour	433	Father, hear Thy children's	289	Eternal Father, strong to	642
Obedience		Promised Land	509	O Lord, be with us when	643
Saviour, teach me day by day . . .	335	Promises		Seasons, The	623
Lord, it belongs not to my	397	High in the heavens, Eternal . . .	106	See HARVEST and THE YEAR	
Offerings	607-611	Begin, my tongue, some	114	Seed-time and Harvest	
Also, O Lord of heaven and	342	God is the refuge of His	409	Almighty God, Thy word is	66
We give Thee but Thine own	352	How firm a foundation	427	He that goeth forth with	368
O God of mercy, God of	369	Behold the throne of grace	475	We plough the fields and	623
FOR THE POOR		Race, The Christian	371-376	Self-Denial	
Lord, lead the way the	345	Regeneration	238-243	When I survey the wondrous	168
We give Thee but Thine own	352	Also, O for a heart to praise	481	Jesus, I my cross have taken	316
O God of mercy, God of	369	Remembering Christ	569	Must Jesus bear the cross	347
Old Age		Remember me		Am I a soldier of the cross	375
Tarry with me, O my	25	Jesus, Thou art the sinner's	245	Thou hidden Love of God	495
Abide with me, fast falls	28	O Thou, from whom all	429	Beneath the shadow of the	
Ye servants of the Lord	350	Renouncing all for Christ		cross	646
Go, labor on; spend, and	357	When I survey the wondrous	168	Servants of Christ	348-351
How firm a foundation	427	Jesus calls us; o'er the	271	Service	345-369
Onward	376-394	Jesus, I my cross have taken	316	O blessed Son of God	645
Also, Through the night of	461	Repentance and CONFESSION		Saviour Thy dying love	649
Opening of Service	46-64	OF SIN	276-291	Teach me to live	660
Ordination		Also, Lord, when we bend	46	O Thou not made with hands . . .	661
How beauteous are their	550	Father, again in Jesus' name	62	Sickness	
Bow down Thine ear	553	O Thou, the contrite sinner's	204	O Thou from Whom all	429

O Love Divine, that stooped 431
 Sin. See PENITENCE
 HATRED OF
 Alas, and did my Saviour . . . 164
 O for a closer walk with . . . 482
 LAID ON CHRIST 313
 Soldiers
 ARMY HYMN
 O Lord of Hosts, Almighty. 626
 OF CHRIST 370-394
Also, Arm these Thy soldiers 565
 Soldiers of the cross, arise . . . 603
 Solitude 480
 Spirit, THE HOLY 234-244
 Star in the East 138-140
Also, Brightest and best of . . . 144
 Stars, The
 The heavens declare Thy . . . 75
 The spacious firmament on . . . 96
Strength as our Day 413
 Temperance
 So let our lips and lives . . . 360
 O brothers, lift your voices 382
 Soldiers of the cross 603
 Temptation
 O Jesus, I have promised . . . 309
 My soul, be on thy guard . . . 380
 Christian, seek not yet 390
 Thanksgiving . . . 115-122, 617-631
Also, Now thank we all our 333
 Throne of Grace
 Father, whate'er of 402
 Behold, the throne of grace 475
 To-day
 To-day Thy mercy calls me 270
 Forth in Thy name, O Lord 293
 One sweetly solemn thought 499
 To-morrow
 This night, O Lord, we bless 17
 Thou knowest, Lord, the . . . 439
 Travellers 641-644
 Trial and Temptation . . . 428-439
 Trials
 BLESSINGS OF
 Must Jesus bear the cross . . . 347
 O happy band of pilgrims . . . 364
 God moves in a mysterious 398
 O what if we are Christ's . . . 430
 Who are these in bright . . . 460
 COMFORT IN
 Come, ye disconsolate 273
 While Thee I seek 400
 He leadeth me 416
 How firm a foundation 427
 ENCOURAGEMENT IN
 God is Love, His mercy . . . 109

Of in danger, oft in woe . . . 392
 Wait, my soul, upon the . . . 413
 Cast thy burden on the Lord 414
 Give to the winds thy fears 449
 As pants the hart 483
 A few more years shall roll 497
 There is a blessed home . . . 518
 PRAYER IN
 My faith looks up to Thee . . . 298
 Jesus, Lover of my soul . . . 306
 O Holy Saviour, Friend . . . 318
 O Thou, from whom all . . . 429
 In the hour of trial 432
 Gently, Lord, O gently lead 436
 REFUGE IN 431-439
Also, With tearful eyes I
 look 256
 How gently God's 407
 God is the refuge of His . . . 409
 Call Jehovah thy salvation 418
 From every stormy wind . . . 468
 SUBMISSION IN 421-429
Also, Father, I know that all 292
 Father, whate'er of earthly. 402
 Trinity, The Holy 83-89
Also, Come, Thou Almighty 61
 Lead us, heavenly Father . . . 417
 O Lord our God, arise 583
 Thou, whose almighty word 589
 Trouble, Time of
 With tearful eyes I look . . . 256
 O Love divine, that stooped 431
 Trust and Resignation . . . 395-427
 Truth
 Thou art the Way 246
 O Lord, our God, arise . . . 583
 Unseen but loved
 Jesus, these eyes have never 327
 Voice of Jesus
 I heard the voice of Jesus . . . 147
 A voice by Jordan's shore . . . 163
 "Come," said Jesus' sacred 264
 Come unto me, ye weary . . . 267
 Weary of earth, and laden . . . 290
 Vows to God
 What shall I render to 48
 My God, accept my heart . . . 295
 Now I resolve with all 296
 Lord, I am Thine 297
 Thine forever, God of love . . . 335
 O Jesus, I have promised . . . 309
 I'm not ashamed to own . . . 319
 Jesus, and shall it ever be . . 359
 Am these Thy soldiers 565

Waiting on God
 Wait, my soul, upon the . . . 413
 Jesus, my Strength, my . . . 446
 Walking with God
 O Master, let me walk with 362
 O for a closer walk with God 482
 War
 O Lord of Hosts, Almighty 626
 Warfare 370-394
 Watchfulness
 Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . 213
 A charge to keep I have . . . 353
 My soul, be on thy guard . . . 380
 Christian, seek not yet 390
 Jesus, my Strength, my 446
 The world is very evil 524
 Watchmen
 Ye servants of the Lord 350
 How beautiful are their feet 550
 Water of Life 147
 Weary, Rest for the
 "Come," said Jesus' sacred 264
 Come unto me, ye weary . . . 267
 Art thou weary, art thou . . . 272
 Weary of earth, and laden . . . 290
 Thou knowest, Lord, the . . . 439
 O where shall rest be found 486
 Weddi-g Hymns 614, 615
 Will of God 421-426
Also, High in the heavens . . . 106
 Wisdom of God
 The Lord is King: lift up 94
 God is love; His mercy 109
 Witness of the Spirit 238-242
 Witnesses, Cloud of 376
 WIDOW
 DANGERS AND TEMPTA-
 TIONS IN THE
 Forth in Thy name 293
 Am I a soldier of the Cross 375
 My soul, be on thy guard . . . 380
 Jesus, Lord of life and glory 435
 Thou hidden Love of God . . . 495
 TURNED FROM
 Jesus, I my cross have 316
 Rise, my soul, and stretch . . . 492
 Worship, Times of 1-73
 Year, The 633-640
Also, O God, our Help in ages 104
 O God, the Rock of Ages . . . 110
 O God of Bethel 395
 My times are in Thy hand . . . 408
 Rise, my soul, and stretch . . . 492
 A few more years shall roll 497
 I'm but a stranger here 519

The Psalter
and
Scripture Selections
for
Responsive Reading

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY
REV. HERBERT B. TURNER, D. D.

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Index of Selections

	PAGE		PAGE
Preface	4	Psalm CVI	41
The Beatitudes	5	CVII	22
A General Confession. A General Thanksgiving.....	6	CXI	15
Psalm I.....	10	CXII	10
VIII	12	CXIII	32
XV	10	CXV	32
XIX	9	CXVI	40
XX	30	CXVII	40
XXIII	26	CXVIII	23
XXIV	7	CXIX	43
XXV	36	CXXI	30
XXVII	8	CXXII	8
XXXII	37	CXXIII	30
XXXIII	21	CXXV	29
XXXIV	19	CXXVI	29
XXXVI	12	CXXX	37
XL	33	CXXXV	16
XLII	31	CXXXVI	24
XLVI	26	CXXXVII	29
XLVIII	18	CXXXVIII	24
LI	35	CXXXIX	38
LXI	34	CXLV	52
LXII	34	CXLVI	16
LXIII	31	CXLVII	16
LXV	18	CXLVIII	13
LXVI	20	CL	13
LXVII	52, 55	Isaiah IX, 2-8	44
LXXII	40	XI, 1-9	45
LXXIII	26	XXXV	46
LXXXIV	7	XL, 1-11	47
LXXXVI	39	XLII, 1-10	44
LXXXIX	25	LIII	50
XC	26	LV	48
XCI	27	LX	53
XCV	15	LXI	54
XCVI	11	Deuteronomy XXVIII, 1-14	55
XCVII	14	Revelation XXI, 1-4, 23, 24; XXII, 1-5, 14, 17, 20, 21	56
XCVIII	14	Christmas	49
XCIX	41	Good Friday	50
C	12	Easter	51
CIII	28	Thanksgiving Day	52
CIV	42	Missions	53, 54
CV	41	The Nation	55

Preface

IN the selection and arrangement of these Responsive Readings the Revised Version has been used with the exception that in a few psalms, where the new rendering changes familiar passages, certain words and expressions, that have become endeared by years of use, are retained unchanged.

The psalms have been arranged in parallelism and with a view to unity of thought.

Long selections have been avoided and the last response of each reading has been given to the congregation.

Imprecatory psalms and passages have been omitted and there has been the constant endeavor to make selections that can be appropriated and heartily used in public worship as expressions of personal praise and prayer and thanksgiving.

The Beatitudes

(Matt. 5, 3-12)

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

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

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

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

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

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

A General Confession

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

A General Thanksgiving

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ, our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

The Psalter.

SELECTION 1

PSALMS 84, 24

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;

3 My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

4 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

5 Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

6 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

7 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the high ways to Zion.

8 Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;

9 Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

10 They go from strength to strength, every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

11 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

12 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

13 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

14 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

15 For the Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

16 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

17 The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

18 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

19 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?

20 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood, and hath not sworn deceitfully.

21 He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

22 This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

23 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

24 And the King of glory shall come in.

25 Who is the King of glory?

26 The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

27 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

28 And the King of glory shall come in.

29 Who is this King of glory?

30 The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 2

PSALMS 122, 27

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together:

4 Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord,

5 For a testimony unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

6 For there are set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

7 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

8 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

9 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

10 For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

11 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

12 The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

13 When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh, even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

14 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

15 Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

16 One thing have I asked of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.

17 To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

18 For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion: in the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me.

19 He shall lift me up upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round

about me; and I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;

20 I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

21 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

22 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

23 Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger.

24 Thou hast been my help; cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

25 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

26 Teach me thy way, O Lord; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

27 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

28 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

29 Wait for the Lord: be strong, and let thine heart take courage.

30 Yea, wait thou for the Lord.

SELECTION 3

PSALM 19

1 The heavens declare the glory of God;

2 And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

3 Day unto day uttereth speech,

4 And night unto night showeth knowledge.

5 There is no speech nor language;

6 Their voice cannot be heard.

7 Their line is gone out through all the earth;

8 And their words to the end of the world.

9 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

10 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

11 His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it;

12 And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

13 The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:

14 The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

15 The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

16 The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

17 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever:

18 The ordinances of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

19 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

20 Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

21 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

22 In keeping them there is great reward.

23 Who can discern his errors?

24 Clear thou me from hidden faults.

25 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

26 Then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

27 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,

28 Oh Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 4

PSALMS I, 15, 112

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,

2 Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;

3 But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

4 And on his law doth he meditate day and night.

5 And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,

6 That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,

7 Whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

8 The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

9 Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,

10 Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

11 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

12 But the way of the wicked shall perish.

13 Lord, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

14 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart;

15 He that slandereth not with his tongue,

16 Nor doeth evil to his friend, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;

17 In whose eyes a reprobate is despised, but who honoreth them that fear the Lord;

18 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not;

19 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

20 He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

21 Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord,

22 That delighteth greatly in his commandments.

23 His seed shall be mighty upon earth:

24 The generation of the upright shall be blessed.

25 Wealth and riches are in his house; and his righteousness endureth for ever.

26 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

27 Well is it with the man that dealeth graciously and lendeth; he shall maintain his cause in judgment.

28 For he shall never be moved; the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

29 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

30 His heart is established, he shall not be afraid.

SELECTION 5

PSALMS 95, 1-7, 96

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

2 Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

3 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;

4 Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

5 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

6 In his hand are the deep places of the earth;

7 The heights of the mountains are his also.

8 The sea is his and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

9 O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

10 For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

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

12 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

13 Declare his glory among the nations, his marvelous works among all the peoples.

14 For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

15 For all the gods of the peoples are idols; but the Lord made the heavens.

16 Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

17 Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

18 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

19 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

20 Say among the nations, the Lord reigneth:

21 The world also is stablished that it cannot be moved: he shall judge the peoples with equity.

22 Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;

23 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

24 Let the field exult, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy before the Lord.

25 For he cometh; for he cometh to judge the earth:

26 He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION 6

PSALMS 100, 36, 5-9, 8

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and we are his;

4 We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

5 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:

6 Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.

7 For the Lord is good; his mercy endureth forever; and his faithfulness unto all generations.

8 Thy lovingkindness, O Lord, is in the heavens; thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.

9 Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God;

10 Thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

11 How precious is thy lovingkindness, O God!

12 And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings.

13 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;

14 And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

15 For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

16 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.

17 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries,

18 That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

19 When I consider thy heavens,
the work of thy fingers, the moon
and the stars, which thou hast or-
dained;

20 What is man, that thou art
mindful of him? And the son of
man, that thou visitest him?

21 For thou hast made him but
little lower than God, and crownest
him with glory and honour.

22 Thou madest him to have do-
minion over the works of thy hands;
thou hast put all things under his
feet:

23 All sheep and oxen, yea, and
the beasts of the field;

24 The fowl of the air, and the
fish of the sea,

25 Whatsoever passeth through
the paths of the seas.

26 O Lord, our Lord, how excel-
lent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 7

PSALMS 148, 150

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye
the Lord from the heavens.

2 Praise him in the heights.

3 Praise ye him, all his angels:

4 Praise ye him, all his host.

5 Praise ye him, sun and moon:

6 Praise him, all ye stars of light.

7 Praise him, ye heavens of
heavens, and ye waters that be above
the heavens.

8 Let them praise the name of

the Lord; for he commanded, and
they were created.

9 He hath also established them
for ever and ever:

10 He hath made a decree which
shall not pass away.

11 Praise the Lord from the
earth, ye dragons, and all deeps;

12 Fire and hail, snow and vapor;
stormy wind, fulfilling his word;

13 Mountains and all hills; fruit-
ful trees and all cedars;

14 Beasts and all cattle; creeping
things and flying fowl;

15 Kings of the earth and all peo-
ples; princes and all judges of the
earth;

16 Both young men and maidens;
old men and children:

17 Let them praise the name of
the Lord;

18 For his name alone is exalted;
his glory is above the earth and
heaven.

19 And he hath lifted up the
horn of his people, the praise of all
his saints;

20 Even of the children of Israel,
a people near unto him. Praise ye
the Lord.

21 Praise ye the Lord. Praise
God in his sanctuary:

22 Praise him in the firmament
of his power.

23 Praise him for his mighty
acts: praise him according to his ex-
cellent greatness.

24 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 8

PSALMS 97, 98

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;

2 Let the multitude of isles be glad.

3 Clouds and darkness are round about him:

4 Righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne.

5 The heavens declare his righteousness,

6 And all the peoples have seen his glory.

7 Ashamed be all they that serve graven images,

8 That boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

9 Zion heard and was glad, and the daughters of Judah rejoiced, because of thy judgments, O Lord.

10 For thou, Lord, art most high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

11 O ye that love the Lord, hate evil:

12 He preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

13 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

14 Be glad in the Lord, ye right-

eous; and give thanks to his holy name.

15 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

16 His right hand, and his holy arm hath wrought salvation for him.

17 The Lord hath made known his salvation:

18 His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.

19 He hath remembered his mercy and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:

20 All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

21 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:

22 Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

23 Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp: with the harp and the voice of melody.

24 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

25 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

26 The world, and they that dwell therein;

27 Let the floods clap their hands;

28 Let the hills sing for joy together before the Lord.

29 For he cometh to judge the earth;

30 He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with equity.

SELECTION 9

PSALMS 92, 111

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,

2 And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;

3 To show forth thy lovingkindness in the morning,

4 And thy faithfulness every night;

5 With an instrument of ten strings, and with the psaltery;

6 With a solemn sound upon the harp.

7 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work:

8 I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

9 How great are thy works, O Lord! Thy thoughts are very deep.

10 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

11 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish;

12 It is that they shall be destroyed for ever.

13 The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree:

14 He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

15 They that are planted in the house of the Lord;

16 Shall flourish in the courts of our God.

17 Praise ye the Lord. I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart,

18 In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.

19 The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

20 His work is honour and majesty: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

21 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:

22 The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

23 He hath given food unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

24 He hath showed his people the power of his works, in giving them the heritage of the nations.

25 The works of his hands are truth and judgment; all his precepts are sure.

26 They are established for ever and ever, they are done in truth and uprightness.

27 He hath sent redemption unto his people; he hath commanded his covenant for ever:

28 Holy and reverend is his name.

29 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;

30 **A good understanding have all they that do his commandments; his praise endureth for ever.**

SELECTION 10

PSALM 147

1 Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;

2 For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

3 The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

4 He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

5 He telleth the number of the stars; he giveth them all their names.

6 Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; his understanding is infinite.

7 The Lord upholdeth the meek; he bringeth the wicked down to the ground.

8 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praises upon the harp unto our God,

9 Who covereth the heavens with clouds,

10 Who prepareth rain for the earth,

11 Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

12 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

13 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; Praise thy God, O Zion.

14 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;

15 He hath blessed thy children within thee.

16 He maketh peace in thy borders;

17 He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

18 He sendeth out his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

19 He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

20 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

21 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

22 He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

23 He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

24 He hath not dealt so with any nation; and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 11

PSALMS 135, 146

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the name of the Lord;

2 Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord:

3 Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God.

4 Praise ye the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

5 For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his own possession.

6 For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods.

7 The idols of the nations are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

8 They have mouths, but they speak not;

9 Eyes have they, but they see not;

10 They have ears, but they hear not;

11 Neither is there any breath in their mouths.

12 They that make them shall be like unto them;

13 Yea, every one that trusteth in them.

14 O house of Israel, bless ye the Lord:

15 O house of Aaron, bless ye the Lord:

16 O house of Levi, bless ye the Lord:

17 Ye that fear the Lord, bless ye the Lord.

18 Blessed be the Lord out of

Zion, who dwelleth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

19 Praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

20 While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

21 Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

22 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

23 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:

24 Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is;

25 Who keepeth truth for ever; who executeth justice for the oppressed; who giveth food to the hungry.

26 The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;

27 The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous;

28 The Lord preserveth the strangers; he upholdeth the fatherless and widow;

29 But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

30 The Lord will reign for ever, thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 12

PSALMS 65, 48

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:

5 We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, the holy place of thy temple.

6 By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness, O God of our salvation;

7 Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

8 Who by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded about with might:

9 Who stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves, and the tumult of the peoples.

10 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:

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

12 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it;

13 The river of God is full of

water; thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

14 Thou waterest its furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof:

15 Thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

16 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

17 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the hills are girded with joy.

18 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

19 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

20 In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.

21 Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,

22 The city of the great King.

23 God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.

24 We have thought on thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

25 As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth:

26 Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

27 Let Mount Zion be glad, let

the daughters of Judah rejoice, because of thy judgments.

28 Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof;

29 Mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces: that ye may tell it to the generation following.

30 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 13

PSALM 34

1 I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

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

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he answered me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened; and their faces shall never be confounded.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is

good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

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

12 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 The righteous cried, and the Lord heard, and delivered them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

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

21 Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

SELECTION 14

PSALM 66

1 Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:

2 Sing forth the glory of his name: make his praise glorious.

3 Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!

4 Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

5 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; and they shall sing to thy name.

6 Come and see the works of God; he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

7 He turned the sea into dry land; they went through the river on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

8 He ruleth by his might for ever; his eyes observe the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

9 O bless our God, ye peoples, and make the voice of his praise to be heard;

10 Who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

11 For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

12 Thou broughtest us into the net; thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.

13 Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water;

14 But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

15 I will come into thy house with burnt-offerings; I will pay thee my vows,

16 Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in distress.

17 I will offer unto thee burnt-offerings of fatlings, with the incense of rams; I will offer bullocks with goats.

18 Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

19 I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

20 If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear:

21 But verily God hath heard; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

22 Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

SELECTION 15

PSALM 33

1 Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: praise is comely for the upright.

2 Give thanks unto the Lord with harp: sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.

3 Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise.

4 For the word of the Lord is right; and all his work is done in faithfulness.

5 He loveth righteousness and justice:

6 The earth is full of the lovingkindness of the Lord.

7 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made;

8 And all of the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

9 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: he layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

10 Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

11 For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

12 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to naught:

13 He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none effect.

14 The counsel of the Lord standeth fast for ever,

15 The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

16 Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

17 The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men;

18 From the place of his habitation he looketh forth upon all the inhabitants of the earth;

19 He that fashioneth the hearts of them all, that considereth all their works.

20 There is no king saved by the multitude of an host: a mighty man is not delivered by great strength.

21 An horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great power.

22 Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his lovingkindness;

23 To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

24 Our soul hath waited for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

25 For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

26 Let thy lovingkindness, O Lord, be upon us, according as we have hoped in thee.

SELECTION 16

PSALM 107, 1-22

1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary,

3 And gathered out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way; they found no city of habitation.

5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

6 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

7 He led them also by a straight way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

8 Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

9 For he satisfieth the longing soul, and the hungry soul he filleth with good.

10 Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron,

11 Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

12 Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

13 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

14 He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

15 Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

16 For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

17 Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

18 Their soul abhorreth all manner of food; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

19 Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

20 He sendeth his word, and healeth them, and delivereth them from their destructions.

21 Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

22 And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with singing.

SELECTION 17

PSALM 118, 1-9, 14-29

1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth forever.

3 Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

4 Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

5 Out of my distress I called upon the Lord:

6 The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

7 The Lord is on my side: I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

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

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

10 The Lord is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.

11 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:

12 The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

13 The right hand of the Lord is exalted: The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

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

15 The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

16 Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

17 This is the gate of the Lord; the righteous shall enter into it.

18 I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me, and art become my salvation.

19 The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

20 This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

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

22 Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

23 Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:

24 We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

25 The Lord is God, and he hath given us light:

26 Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

27 Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

28 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 18

PSALMS 136, 1-9, 23-26, 138

1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

3 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

4 To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

5 To him that by understanding made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

6 To him that spread forth the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

7 To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

8 The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

9 The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

10 Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

11 And hath delivered us from our adversaries: for his mercy endureth for ever.

12 He giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

13 O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

14 I will give thee thanks with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praises unto thee.

15 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and give thanks unto thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth:

16 For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

17 In the day that I called thou answerest me, thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.

18 All the kings of the earth shall give thee thanks, O Lord, for they have heard the words of thy mouth.

19 Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord.

20 For though the Lord be high yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the haughty he knoweth from afar.

21 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me;

22 Thou shalt stretch forth thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

23 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me:

24 Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 19

PSALM 89, 1-18

1 I will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever :

2 With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

3 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever ;

4 Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

5 I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant ;

6 Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

7 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord ;

8 Thy faithfulness also in the assembly of the holy ones.

9 For who in the skies can be compared unto the Lord ?

10 Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto the Lord ?

11 A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones,

12 And to be feared above all them that are round about him.

13 O Lord God of hosts, who is a mighty one, like unto thee, O Jehovah ?

14 And thy faithfulness is round about thee.

15 Thou rulest the pride of the sea : when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

16 Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain ;

17 Thou hast scattered thine enemies with the arm of thy strength.

18 The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine :

19 The world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

20 The north and the south, thou hast created them :

21 Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name.

22 Thou hast a mighty arm ; strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

23 Righteousness and justice are the foundation of thy throne :

24 Lovingkindness and truth go before thy face.

25 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound : they walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

26 In thy name do they rejoice all the day ; and in thy righteousness are they exalted.

27 For thou art the glory of their strength ; and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

28 For our shield belongeth unto the Lord ; and our king to the Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION 20

PSALMS 46, 23, 73: 27-28

1 God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear,
though the earth do change,

3 And though the mountains be
moved in the heart of the seas;

4 Though the waters thereof roar
and be troubled,

5 Though the mountains tremble
with the swelling thereof.

6 There is a river, the streams
whereof make glad the city of God,

7 The holy place of the taber-
nacles of the Most High.

8 God is in the midst of her; she
shall not be moved:

9 God will help her, and that
right early.

10 The nations raged, the king-
doms were moved: he uttered his
voice, the earth melted.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us;
the God of Jacob is our refuge.

12 Come, behold the works of the
Lord, what desolations he hath
made in the earth.

13 He maketh wars to cease unto
the end of the earth;

14 He breaketh the bow, and cut-
teth the spear in sunder; he burneth
the chariots in the fire.

15 Be still, and know that I am
God: I will be exalted among the

nations, I will be exalted in the
earth.

16 The Lord of hosts is with us;
the God of Jacob is our refuge.

17 The Lord is my Shepherd: I
shall not want.

18 He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures:

19 He leadeth me beside the still
waters. He restoreth my soul:

20 He leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.

21 Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil:

22 For thou art with me: thy rod
and thy staff they comfort me.

23 Thou preparest a table before
me in the presence of mine enemies:

24 Thou anointest my head with
oil; my cup runneth over.

25 Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all the days of my
life:

26 And I will dwell in the house
of the Lord for ever.

27 For lo, they that are far from
thee shall perish.

28 But it is good for me to draw
near unto God: I have made the
Lord Jehovah my refuge.

SELECTION 21

PSALM 90

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwell-
ing place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

3 Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

4 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

5 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

6 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:

7 In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

8 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;

9 In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

10 For we are consumed in thine anger, and in thy wrath are we troubled.

11 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,

12 Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

13 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:

14 We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.

15 The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years;

16 Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

17 Who knoweth the power of

thine anger, and thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?

18 So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.

19 Return, O Lord; how long?

20 And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

21 Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness;

22 That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

23 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,

24 And the years wherein we have seen evil.

25 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children.

26 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:

27 And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

28 Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 22

PSALM 91

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,

2 Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

3 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;

4 My God, in whom I trust.

5 For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,

6 And from the noisome pestilence.

7 He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:

8 His truth is a shield and a buckler.

9 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;

10 Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

11 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness;

12 Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

13 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;

14 But it shall not come nigh thee.

15 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

16 For thou, O Lord, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

17 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

18 For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

19 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

20 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:

21 The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.

22 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

23 I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

24 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;

25 I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.

26 With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 23

PSALM 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

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

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

5 Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

6 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

7 The Lord executeth righteousness,

8 And judgments for all that are oppressed.

9 He made known his ways unto Moses,

10 His doings unto the children of Israel.

11 The Lord is merciful and gracious,

12 Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

13 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

14 He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

15 For as the heaven is high above the earth,

16 So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

17 As far as the east is from the west,

18 So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

19 Like as a father pitieth his children,

20 So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

21 For he knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

22 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

23 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;

24 And the place thereof shall know it no more.

25 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,

26 And his righteousness unto children's children;

27 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

28 The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

29 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength.

30 That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

31 Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

32 Bless the Lord, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion: Bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 24

PSALMS 125, 137: 1-4, 126

1 They that trust in the Lord are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

2 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from this time forth and for evermore.

3 For the sceptre of wickedness shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;

4 That the righteous put not forth their hands unto iniquity.

5 Do good, O Lord, unto those that are good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

6 But as for such as turn aside
unto their crooked ways,

7 The Lord shall lead them forth
with the workers of iniquity. Peace
be upon Israel.

8 By the rivers of Babylon, there
we sat down, yea, we wept, when
we remembered Zion.

9 Upon the willows in the midst
thereof we hanged up our harps.

10 For there they that led us cap-
tive required of us songs;

11 And they that wasted us re-
quired of us mirth, saying, sing us
one of the songs of Zion.

12 How shall we sing the Lord's
song in a strange land?

13 When the Lord brought back
those that returned to Zion, we were
like unto them that dream.

14 Then was our mouth filled
with laughter, and our tongue with
singing:

15 Then said they among the na-
tions, the Lord hath done great
things for them.

16 The Lord hath done great
things for us, whereof we are glad.

17 Turn again our captivity, O
Lord, as the streams in the South.

18 They that sow in tears shall
reap in joy.

19 He that goeth forth and weep-
eth, bearing seed for sowing,

20 Shall doubtless come again
with joy, bringing his sheaves with
him.

SELECTION 25

PSALMS 121, 123, 20

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto
the hills; from whence shall my
help come?

2 My help cometh from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to
be moved; he that keepeth thee
will not slumber.

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

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

6 The sun shall not smite thee by
day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall keep thee from
all evil; he shall keep thy soul.

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

9 Unto thee do I lift up mine
eyes, O thou that sittest in the
heavens.

10 Behold, as the eyes of ser-
vants look unto the hand of their
master, as the eyes of a maiden unto
the hand of her mistress;

11 So our eyes look unto the
Lord our God, until he have mercy
upon us.

12 Have mercy upon us, O Lord,
have mercy upon us.

13 The Lord answer thee in the
day of trouble; the name of the God
of Jacob set thee up on high;

14 Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

15 Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

16 Grant thee thy heart's desire, and fulfil all thy counsel.

17 We will triumph in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

18 Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed;

19 He will answer him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

20 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: But we will make mention of the name of the Lord our God.

21 They are bowed down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

22 Save, Lord: let the King answer us when we call.

SELECTION 26

PSALMS 42, 63: 1-8

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:

3 When shall I come and appear before God?

4 My tears have been my food

day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

5 These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me;

6 How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

7 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

8 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

9 O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

10 Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.

11 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls:

12 All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

13 Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day-time,

14 And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

15 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

16 As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me; while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

17 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

18 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

19 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:

20 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is.

21 So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary, to see thy power and thy glory.

22 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

23 So will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

24 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;

25 And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;

26 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night-watches.

27 For thou hast been my help, and in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

28 My soul followeth hard after thee: Thy right hand upholdeth me.

SELECTION 27

PSALMS 113: 1-6, 115

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

2 Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.

3 From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

4 The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his seat on high,

6 That humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth?

7 Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,

8 For thy lovingkindness, and for thy truth's sake.

9 Wherefore should the nations say, Where is now their God?

10 But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he pleased.

11 Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

12 They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not;

13 They have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not;

14 They have hands, but they

SELECTION 28

PSALM 40

handle not; teet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat.

15 They that make them shall be like unto them; yea, every one that trusteth in them.

16 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

17 O house of Aaron, trust ye in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

18 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

19 The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us:

20 He will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

21 He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.

22 The Lord increase you more and more, you and your children.

23 Blessed are ye of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

24 The heavens are the heavens of the Lord; but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

25 The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence;

26 But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise ye the Lord.

1 I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay;

3 And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

4 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:

5 Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

6 Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust,

7 And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

8 Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to usward:

9 They cannot be set in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

10 Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in;

11 Mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

12 Then said I, Lo, I am come; in the roll of the book it is written of me:

13 I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart.

14 I have published righteousness in the great congregation;

15 Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

16 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart;

17 I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:

18 I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

19 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:

20 Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

21 For innumerable evils have compassed me about, mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;

22 They are more than the hairs of mine head, and my heart hath failed me.

23 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord.

24 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

25 Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

26 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

SELECTION 29

PSALMS 61, 62

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

3 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

4 For thou hast been a refuge for me, a strong tower from the enemy.

5 I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever: I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

6 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

7 Thou wilt prolong the king's life; his years shall be as many generations.

8 He shall abide before God for ever:

9 O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.

10 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

11 My soul waiteth in silence for God only: from him cometh my salvation.

12 He only is my rock and my salvation:

13 He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.

14 My soul, wait thou in silence

for God only; for my expectation is from him.

15 He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my high tower; I shall not be moved.

16 With God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

17 Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

18 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:

19 In the balances they will go up; they are together lighter than vanity.

20 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:

21 If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.

22 God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God.

23 Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth lovingkindness;

24 For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

SELECTION 30

PSALM 51

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

2 According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

3 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

4 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

5 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight:

6 That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

7 Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

8 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

9 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

10 Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

11 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

12 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

13 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

14 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

15 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation: and uphold me with a willing spirit.

16 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

17 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;

18 And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

19 O Lord, open thou my lips;

20 And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

21 For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:

22 Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.

23 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:

24 A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 31

PSALM 25

1 Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, in thee have I trusted, let me not be ashamed;

3 Let not mine enemies triumph over me.

4 Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed:

5 They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.

6 Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

7 Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;

8 For thou art the God of my

salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

9 Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

10 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

11 According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

12 Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

13 The meek will he guide in justice; and the meek will he teach his way.

14 All the paths of the Lord are lovingkindness and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

15 For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

16 What man is he that feareth the Lord?

17 Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.

18 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the land.

19 The friendship of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

20 Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

21 Turn thee unto me, and have

mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

22 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: Oh bring thou me out of my distresses.

23 Consider mine affliction and my travail; and forgive all my sins.

24 Consider mine enemies, for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

25 O keep my soul, and deliver me:

26 Let me not be put to shame, for I put my trust in thee.

27 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait on thee.

28 Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

SELECTION 32

PSALMS 32, 130

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my groaning all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid:

6 I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

7 For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

8 Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.

9 Thou art my hiding-place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;

10 Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

11 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

12 I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.

13 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

14 Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.

15 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked;

16 But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

17 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous;

18 And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

19 Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

20 Lord, hear my voice: Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

21 If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who could stand?

22 But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

23 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

24 My soul looketh for the Lord more than watchmen look for the morning.

25 Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.

26 O Israel, hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy,

27 And with him is plenteous redemption.

28 And he will redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

SELECTION 33

PSALM 139: 1-18, 23, 24

1 O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

3 Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

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

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

6 Such knowledge is too wonder-

ful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

7 Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:

9 If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

10 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

11 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

12 If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night;

13 Even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day:

14 The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

15 I will give thanks unto thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:

16 Wonderful are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

17 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

18 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

19 Search me, O God, and know

my heart: try me, and know my thoughts;

20 And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 34

PSALM 86

1 Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and answer me; for I am poor and needy.

2 Preserve my soul; for I am godly: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord; for unto thee do I cry all the day long.

4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant; for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;

6 And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

7 Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and hearken unto the voice of my supplications.

8 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee; for thou wilt answer me.

9 There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord;

10 Neither are there any works like unto thy works.

11 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;

12 And they shall glorify thy name. For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

13 Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

14 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart; and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

15 For great is thy lovingkindness toward me; and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit.

16 O God, the proud are risen up against me, and the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul.

17 And have not set thee before them.

18 But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

19 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;

20 Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thy handmaid.

21 Show me a token for good, that they who hate me may see it, and be put to shame,

22 Because thou, Lord, hast helped me, and comforted me.

SELECTION 35

PSALMS 116, 117

1 I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 The cords of death compassed me, and the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

6 The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he saved me.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

10 I believe, for I will speak: I was greatly afflicted:

11 I said in my haste, all men are liars.

12 What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

13 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

14 I will pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people.

15 Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

16 O Lord, truly I am thy servant: I am thy servant, the son of thy handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds.

17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

18 I will pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people;

19 In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

20 O praise the Lord, all ye nations; laud him, all ye peoples.

21 For his mercy is great toward us;

22 And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 36

PSALM 72

1 Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with justice.

3 The mountains shall bring

peace to the people, and the hills, in righteousness.

4 He shall judge the poor of the people,

5 He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

6 They shall fear thee while the sun endureth, and so long as the moon, throughout all generations.

7 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.

8 In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

9 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the River unto the ends of the earth.

10 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

11 The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall render tribute:

12 The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

13 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him;

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

15 He shall have pity on the poor and needy, and the souls of the needy he shall save.

16 He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence; and

precious shall their blood be in his sight:

17 And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

18 And men shall pray for him continually; they shall bless him all the day long.

19 There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;

20 The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

21 His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun:

22 And men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him happy.

23 Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things:

24 And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

SELECTION 37

PSALMS 99, 105: 1-8, 106: 1-5

1 The Lord reigneth; let the peoples tremble:

2 He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

3 The Lord is great in Zion; and he is high above all the peoples.

4 Let them praise thy great and terrible name: holy is he.

5 The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity, thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

6 Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool: holy is he.

7 Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name;

8 They called upon the Lord, and he answered them.

9 He spake unto them in the pillar of cloud:

10 They kept his testimonies, and the statute that he gave them.

11 Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God:

12 Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their doings.

13 Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy.

14 O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name; make known his doings among the peoples.

15 Sing unto him, sing praises unto him; talk ye of all his marvellous works.

16 Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

17 Seek ye the Lord and his strength; seek his face evermore.

18 Remember his marvellous

works that he hath done, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth,

19 He is the Lord our God: his judgments are in all the earth.

20 He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.

21 Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

22 For his mercy endureth for ever.

23 Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord or show forth all his praise?

24 Blessed are they that keep judgment and he that doeth righteousness at all times.

25 Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people;

26 O visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the prosperity of thy chosen,

27 That I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation,

28 That I may glory with thine inheritance.

SELECTION 38

PSALM 104

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great;

thou art clothed with honor and majesty :

2 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment ; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain ;

3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters ; who maketh the clouds his chariot ;

4 Who walketh upon the wings of the wind ; who maketh winds his messengers ; flames of fire his ministers ;

5 Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be moved for ever.

6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture ; the waters stood above the mountains.

7 At thy rebuke they fled ; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

8 They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys, unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over ; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

10 He sendeth forth springs into the valleys ; they run among the mountains ;

11 They give drink to every beast of the field ; the wild asses quench their thirst.

12 By them the fowl of the heavens have their habitation ; they sing among the branches.

13 He watereth the mountains from his chambers : the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man ;

15 That he may bring forth food out of the earth, and bread that strengtheneth man's heart.

16 He appointed the moon for seasons : the sun knoweth his going down.

17 Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.

18 The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their food from God.

19 The sun ariseth, they get them away, and lay them down in their dens.

20 Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

21 O Lord, how manifold are thy works !

22 In wisdom hast thou made them all ; the earth is full of thy riches.

SELECTION 39

PSALM 119: 1-8, 33-36, 41, 43

1 Blessed are they that are perfect in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart.

3 Yea, they do no unrighteousness; they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us thy precepts, that we should observe them diligently.

5 O that my ways were established to observe thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will give thanks unto thee with uprightness of heart, when I learn thy righteous judgments.

8 I will observe thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

9 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

10 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

11 Thy word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.

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

13 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

14 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

15 I will meditate on thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

16 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

17 Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live; so will I observe thy word.

18 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

19 Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

20 Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

21 Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

22 Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

23 Let thy mercies also come unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

24 So shall I observe thy law continually for ever and ever.

SELECTION 40

ISAIAH 9, 2-8, 42, 1-10

1 The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

2 They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

3 Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy:

4 They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

5 For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

6 And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

7 Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end,

8 Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom,

9 To establish it, and to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever.

10 The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this.

11 Behold my servant, whom I uphold; my chosen, in whom my soul delighteth:

12 I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles:

13 He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

14 A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench:

15 He shall bring forth judgment in truth.

16 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth;

17 And the isles shall wait for his law.

18 Thus saith God the Lord, he

that created the heavens, and stretched them forth;

19 He that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it;

20 He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

21 I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,

22 And give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

23 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon,

24 And them that sitteth in darkness out of the prison house.

25 I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images.

26 Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth.

SELECTION 41

ISAIAH II: 1-9

1 And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse,

2 And a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit:

3 And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,

4 The spirit of wisdom and understanding,

5 The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

6 And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord:

7 And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,

8 Neither decide after the hearing of his ears:

9 But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth.

10 And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

11 And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

12 And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

13 And the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

14 The cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

15 And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,

16 And the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den.

17 They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:

18 For the earth shall be full of

the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

SELECTION 42

ISAIAH 35

1 The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;

2 And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

3 It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing;

4 The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon:

5 They shall see the glory of the Lord, the excellency of our God.

6 Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

7 Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not:

8 Behold, your God will come with vengeance, with the recompense of God; he will come and save you.

9 Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,

10 And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

11 Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

12 For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

13 And the glowing sand shall

become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water :

14 In the habitation of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

15 And an highway shall be there, and a way,

16 And it shall be called The way of holiness ;

17 The unclean shall not pass over it ; but it shall be for the redeemed.

18 The wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err therein.

19 No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, they shall not be found there ;

20 But the redeemed shall walk there ;

21 And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come singing unto Zion ; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads :

22 They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SELECTION 43

ISAIAH 40, 1-11

1 Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

2 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,

3 That her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned ;

4 That she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

5 The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord,

6 Make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

7 Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low :

8 And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain :

9 And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

10 The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry ?

11 All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field :

12 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass.

13 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

14 O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain ;

15 O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength ;

16 Lift it up, be not afraid ; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God !

17 Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him;

18 Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompence before him.

19 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom,

20 And shall gently lead those that have their young.

SELECTION 44

ISAIAH 55

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money;

2 Come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

3 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?

4 And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

5 Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

6 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live:

7 And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

8 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples.

9 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,

10 And a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee,

11 Because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

12 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

13 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts:

14 And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

15 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

16 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

17 For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

18 And maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

19 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:

20 It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please,

21 And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

22 For ye shall go out with joy,
and be led forth with peace:

23 The mountains and the hills
shall break forth before you into
singing,

24 And all the trees of the field
shall clap their hands.

25 Instead of the thorn shall
come up the fir tree, and instead of
the brier shall come up the myrtle
tree:

26 And it shall be to the Lord for
a name, for an everlasting sign that
shall not be cut off.

SELECTION 45

Christmas

1 In the beginning was the Word,
and the Word was with God, and
the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning
with God.

3 And the Word became flesh,
and dwelt among us, and we beheld
his glory.

4 Glory as of the only begotten
from the Father, full of grace and
truth.¹

5 For God so loved the world,
that he gave his only begotten Son,

6 That whosoever believeth on
him should not perish, but have eter-
nal life.²

7 And thou shalt call his name

Jesus; for it is he that shall save his
people from their sins.³

8 My soul doth magnify the
Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced
in God my Saviour.

9 For he hath looked upon the
low estate of his handmaiden: for
behold, from henceforth all genera-
tions shall call me blessed.

10 For he that is mighty hath
done to me great things; and holy
is his name.

11 And his mercy is unto genera-
tions and generations on them that
fear him.⁴

12 And she brought forth her
firstborn son; and she wrapped him
in swaddling clothes, and laid him
in a manger.

13 Because there was no room
for them in the inn.

14 And there were shepherds in
the same country abiding in the field,
and keeping watch by night over
their flock.

15 And an angel of the Lord
stood by them, and the glory of the
Lord shone round about them: and
they were sore afraid.

16 And the angel said unto them,
Be not afraid; for behold, I bring
you good tidings of great joy which
shall be to all the people:

17 For there is born to you this
day in the city of David a Saviour,
who is Christ the Lord.

¹ JOHN i. 1, 2, 14.

² JOHN iii. 16.

³ MATT. i. 21.

⁴ LUKE i. 46-50.

18 And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

19 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

20 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will toward men.⁵

SELECTION 46

ISAIAH 53

Good Friday

1 Who hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

2 For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground;

3 He hath no form or comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

4 He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

5 And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

6 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

7 Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

8 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

9 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

10 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

11 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

12 He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth;

13 As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb; so he opened not his mouth.

14 By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered

15 That he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

16 And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in his death;

17 Although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

18 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

19 When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days,

20 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

21 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied:

⁵ LUKE ii, 8-14.

22 By the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many: and he shall bear their iniquities.

23 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great,

24 And he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

25 Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors:

26 Yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 47

Easter

1 Now late on the sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week,

2 Came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

3 And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven,

4 And came and rolled away the stone, and sat upon it.

5 His appearance was as lighting, and his raiment white as snow:

6 And for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men.

7 And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified.

8 He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

9 And go quickly, and tell his disciples, He is risen from the dead;

10 And lo, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo: I have told you.

11 And they departed quickly from the tomb with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word.

12 And behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. Be not afraid.¹

13 I am the resurrection, and the life:

14 He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.²

15 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

16 Who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

17 Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

18 Who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.³

19 If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above,

¹ MATT. xxviii. 1-10.

² JOHN xi. 25

³ I PETER i. 3-5.

20 Where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God.

21 Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth.

22 For ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

23 When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory.⁴

24 Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.⁵

SELECTION 48

PSALMS 145, 67: 5-7

Thanksgiving Day

1 I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

2 Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

4 One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5 Of the glorious majesty of thine honor, and of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.

6 And men shall speak of the

might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness.

7 They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

8 The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

9 The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

10 All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Lord. And thy saints shall bless thee.

11 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

12 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

15 The eyes of all wait for thee; and thou givest them their food in due season.

16 Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

17 The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works.

18 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

⁴ COL. iii. 1-4.

⁵ I COR. xv. 57.

19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry and will save them.

20 The Lord preserveth all them that love him; but all the wicked will he destroy.

21 My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

22 Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

23 The earth hath yielded its increase: God, even our own God, will bless us.

24 God will bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 49

ISAIAH 60

Missions

1 Arise, shine; for thy light is come,

2 And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

3 For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples:

4 But the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

5 The nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

6 Lift up thine eyes round about,

and see: they all gather themselves together, they come to thee:

7 Thy gates also shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day or night;

8 That men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations, and their kings led with them.

9 For that nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish;

10 Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

11 The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together;

12 To beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

13 And the sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee;

14 And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;

15 And they shall call thee The city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

16 Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passed through thee,

17 I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

18 Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, desolation nor destruction within thy borders;

19 But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

20 The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:

21 But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

22 Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself.

23 For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

24 Thy people also shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land for ever.

25 The branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

26 The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in its time.

SELECTION 50

ISAIAH 61; MATT. 28:19-20

Missions

1 The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

2 He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

3 To proclaim the year of Jeho-

vah's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God;

4 To comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,

5 To give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

6 That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

7 And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations,

8 And they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

9 And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks,

10 And aliens shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers.

11 But ye shall be named the priests of the Lord: men shall call you the ministers of our God:

12 Ye shall eat the wealth of the nations, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

13 Instead of your shame ye shall have double; and instead of dishonor they shall rejoice in their portion:

14 Therefore in their land they shall possess double: everlasting joy shall be unto them.

15 For I the Lord love justice, I hate robbery with iniquity;

16 And I will give them their

SELECTION 51

DEUT. 28: 1-14; PSALM 67: 1-4

The Nation

recompense in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them.

17 And their seed shall be known among the nations, and their offspring among the peoples:

18 All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

19 I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God;

20 For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,

21 As a bridegroom decketh himself with a garland,

22 And as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

23 For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth;

24 So the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

25 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;

26 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

1 And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God,

2 To observe to do all his commandments which I command thee this day,

3 That the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth:

4 And all these blessings shall come upon thee, and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.

5 Blessed shalt thou be in the city,

6 And blessed shalt thou be in the field.

7 Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle,

8 The increase of thy kine, and the young of thy flock.

9 Blessed shall be thy basket and thy kneadingtrough.

10 Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.

11 The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thee:

12 They shall come out against thee one way, and shall flee before thee seven ways.

13 The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy barns, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto:

14 And he shall bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

15 The Lord shall establish thee for an holy people unto himself, as he hath sworn unto thee;

16 If thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in his ways.

17 And all the peoples of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord;

18 And they shall be afraid of thee.

19 And the Lord shall make thee plenteous for good, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground,

20 In the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers to give thee.

21 The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure the heaven to give the rain of thy land in its season, and to bless all the work of thine hand:

22 If thou shalt hearken unto the commandments of the Lord thy God, which I command thee this day, to observe and to do them;

23 And shalt not turn aside from any of the words which I command you this day, to the right hand, or to the left, to go after other gods to serve them.

24 God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us;

25 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy salvation among all nations.

26 Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

27 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy;

28 For thou wilt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

SELECTION 52

REV. xxi: 1-4, 23, 24; xxii: 1-5, 14, 17, 20, 21.

1 And I saw a new heaven and a new earth:

2 For the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

3 And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God,

4 Made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

5 And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them,

6 And they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God:

7 And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes;

8 And death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

9 And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it :

10 For the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

11 And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof :

12 And the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it.

13 And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal,

14 Proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof.

15 And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month :

16 And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

17 And there shall be no curse any more :

18 And the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein :

19 And his servants shall do him service ;

20 And they shall see his face ; and his name shall be on their foreheads.

21 And there shall be night no more ; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun ;

22 For the Lord God shall give them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.

23 Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to come to the tree of life,

24 And may enter in by the gates into the city.

25 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.

26 And he that heareth, let him say, Come.

27 And he that is athirst, let him come :

28 And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

29 He which testifieth these things saith, Yea : I come quickly.

30 Amen : come, Lord Jesus.

31 The grace of the Lord Jesus be with you all.

32 Amen.

