

THE CORONATION  
HYMNAL

BY  
W. A. GORTON  
AND  
A. T. PIERSON

F-46.103

~~G653~~

FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.  
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

5CC

Section

4258







✓

# THE CORONATION HYMNAL

A SELECTION OF HYMNS  
AND SONGS

BY ✓

A. J. GORDON

AND ✓

ARTHUR T. PIERSON



PHILADELPHIA  
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY  
1420 Chestnut Street

---

COPYRIGHT, 1894, by A. J. GORDON.

---

## PREFACE.

---

THIS Hymn Book is the outcome of an extended and successful experiment in Congregational Singing, nearly all the pieces which it contains having been tested by actual use. This experiment has demonstrated two things: viz. 1st, That in order to put a book into the hands of every member of the Congregation — a *sine qua non* to the highest success — a smaller and less expensive hymnal than those now generally in use is imperatively demanded; 2d, That with the quickened pace of spiritual activity now visible in the Church, there is a call for a more rapid movement in the service of song. With a view of meeting these requirements we present the Coronation Hymnal to the public. It claims to be a selection rather than a collection. But though small and compact, it has undertaken to present the best and most widely accepted standard hymns and tunes in use in all our churches, combining with these an ample selection of the lively and stirring melodies known as gospel songs. This combination has been found to work so well in actual experience by meeting the demand of the most critical as well as the most popular taste, that our book is sent forth with strong confidence that it will meet a real need.

In issuing this Hymnal the Editors desire to express their sincere gratitude to many who have kindly aided them in their work: To Messrs. Biglow & Main for their generous permission to use several of their copyright tunes; to the eminent evangelistic singers, Messrs. I. D. Sankey, Geo. C. Stebbins, James McGranahan, and D. B. Towner for their concession of valuable music; to Dr. R. Lowry and Dr. W. H. Doane for rare selections, some of which appear for the first time in this book; to S. W. Cole and Mrs. Abby Clark-Ford, organists of the Clarendon St. Church, for several arrangements and original compositions; to Rev. C. L. Hutchins for the use of 218 and 226; to Dr. H. S. Cutler for the use of 309; to W. G. Fisher for the use

of 129 and 130; to E. O. Excell for the use of 336; to J. R. Sweney for the use of 337; to Dr. A. B. Simpson for the use of 340 and 361; to Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp for the use of 326 and 346; to Lieut. R. Kelso Carter for the use of 214; to Chas. B. J. Root for the use of 339; to Rev. W. G. Cooper for the use of 330; to Peter Bilhorn for the use of 328; to John Church & Co. for the use of 369; to Philip Phillips for the use of 399; to Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D., for the use of 400; to Rev. Thos. O. Lowe for the use of 376; to J. J. Lowe for the use of 370; to Miss Mary Whittle for the use of 387; to H. R. Palmer for the use of 367 and 389; to Mrs. E. Tourjèè for the use of 240, and to Rev. F. B. Meyer of London for the use of the exquisite Llanthony Hymns 164, 184, and 199, found in his excellent hymnal.

With a profound conviction that the service of song in the house of God has been committed to the church of regenerated souls as a sacred trust, and that this trust cannot be delegated to artistic and unconverted choirs without immense injury to the spiritual life of the people, this Hymnal is now sent forth with the prayer and hope that it may do something to help in this most important part of Christian worship.

THE EDITORS.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	NO.		NO.
WORSHIP . . . . .	1—29	THE CHURCH . . . . .	237—241
MORNING AND EVENING . . . . .	30—46	Baptism . . . . .	242—247
GOD:		The Lord's Supper . . . . .	248—255
His Glory . . . . .	47—50	Fellowship and Unity . . . . .	256—259
The Trinity . . . . .	51—52	Almsgiving . . . . .	260—261
CHRIST:		The Word and the Ministry . . . . .	262—267
His Advent . . . . .	55—60	Missions . . . . .	268—277, 356—360
His Ministry . . . . .	61—64	Building and Dedication . . . . .	278—279
His Triumphal Entry . . . . .	65—66	THE NATION . . . . .	280—281
His Agony in the Garden . . . . .	67	THE YEAR . . . . .	282—283
His Crucifixion . . . . .	68—79	PILGRIMAGE AND REST . . . . .	284—291
His Burial . . . . .	80—81	DEATH AND BURIAL . . . . .	292—295
His Resurrection . . . . .	82—88	CHRIST'S SECOND COMING . . . . .	296—301
His Ascension . . . . .	89—93	THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD . . . . .	302—305
His Intercession . . . . .	94—99	THE RAPTURE OF THE CHURCH . . . . .	306—307
HOLY SPIRIT . . . . .	100—111	THE MARRIAGE SUPPER . . . . .	308
SALVATION:		THE MILLENNIAL TRIUMPH . . . . .	309
Provided . . . . .	112—116	THE CONVERSION OF ISRAEL . . . . .	310—312
Invitations . . . . .	117—124	THE MILLENNIUM . . . . .	313—314
Acceptance and Trust . . . . .	125—132	THE JUDGMENT . . . . .	315—317
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE .		HEAVEN . . . . .	318—324
Union with Christ . . . . .	133—149	GOSPEL SONGS . . . . .	325—400
Love and Communion . . . . .	150—165		
Praise and Adoration . . . . .	166—175		
Penitence and Trust . . . . .	176—179		
Surrender and Consecration . . . . .	180—194		
Prayer and Communion . . . . .	195—203		
Warfare and Work . . . . .	204—222		
Trial and Trust . . . . .	223—236		



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/coronatio00gord>

# CORONATION HYMNAL.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate 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.

*"Far above all principality and power and might and dominion and every name that is named."* Eph. i: 21.

- I
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!<br>Let angels prostrate fall;<br>Bring forth the royal diadem,<br>And crown Him Lord of all.                  | 4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget,<br>The wormwood and the gall,<br>Go, spread your trophies at His feet,<br>And crown Him Lord of all. |
| 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,<br>Who fired this floating ball;<br>Now hail the strength of Israel's might,<br>And crown Him Lord of all. | 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,<br>On this terrestrial ball,<br>To Him all majesty ascribe,<br>And crown Him Lord of all.                  |
| 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,<br>Ye ransomed of the fall,<br>Hail Him who saves you by His grace,<br>And crown Him Lord of all.               | 6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,<br>We at His feet may fall;<br>We'll join the everlasting song,<br>And crown Him Lord of all.           |

Edward Perronet, 1780. a.

WORSHIP.

NICÆA. 11. 12. 12. 10.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823—1876), 1861.

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

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

2

"Holy, holy, holy Lord, God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." REV. iv: 8.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, hply! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! 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! Lord God Almighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Bp. Reginald Heber, 1826.

WORSHIP,

YORK. C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

1. Great God! how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we!

Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.

“Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever.” Ps. xlv: 6.

- 3
- 1 Great God, how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee.
  - 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
  - 3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in Thy view;

- To thee there 's nothing old appears,  
Great God, there 's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares;  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

E - ternal Sun of righteousness, Dis-play Thy beams di-vine, And cause the glo-ry of Thy face Up - on my heart to shine.

“The Lord God is a Sun and Shield.” Ps. lxxxiv: 7.

- 4
- 1 Eternal Sun of righteousness,  
Display Thy beams divine,  
And cause the glory of Thy face  
Upon my heart to shine.
  - 2 Light, in Thy light, oh, may I see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove,  
Revived, and cheered, and blest by Thee,  
The God of pardoning love.

- 3 Lift up Thy countenance serene,  
And let Thy happy child  
Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Father reconciled.
- 4 On me Thy promised peace bestow,  
The peace by Jesus given;—  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

1. 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!

5

"Thou that dwellest between the Cherubim." Ps. lxxxvi: 1.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,<br/>Thy majesty how bright!<br/>How beautiful Thy mercy-seat<br/>In depths of burning light!</p> <p>2 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,<br/>With deepest, tenderest fears;<br/>And worship Thee with tenderest hope,<br/>And penitential tears!</p> <p>3 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,<br/>Almighty as Thou art;<br/>For Thou hast stooped to ask of me<br/>The love of my poor heart.</p> | <p>4 No earthly father loves like Thee;<br/>No mother, half so mild,<br/>Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done<br/>With me Thy sinful child.</p> <p>5 Only to sit and think of God,<br/>Oh, what a joy it is! [name,<br/>To think the thought, to breathe the<br/>Earth has no higher bliss.</p> <p>6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,<br/>What rapture will it be,<br/>Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,<br/>And ever gaze on Thee!</p> |
|--|---|

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

DOWN'S. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, and raise your thot's above: Let every heart and voice accord, To sing that "God is love."

6

"God is love." 1 John v: 8.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,<br/>And raise your thoughts above:<br/>Let every heart and voice accord,<br/>To sing that "God is love."</p> <p>2 This precious truth his word declares,<br/>And all His mercies prove;<br/>Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,<br/>To show that "God is love."</p> | <p>3 Behold His patience, bearing long<br/>With those who from him rove;<br/>'Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,<br/>To teach them — "God is love."</p> <p>4 Oh, may we all, while here below,<br/>This best of blessings prove;<br/>Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,<br/>Proclaim that "God is love."</p> |
|---|--|

George Burder, 1830.

WORSHIP.

THRICE HOLY.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth Out of darkness,

at thy word Is-sued in - to glo-rious birth, All thy works be-fore thee stood,

And thine eye be-held them good, While they sung with sweet ac-cord Ho-ly, ho-ly,

ho-ly Lord. While they sung with sweet ac-cord, Ho-ly ho-ly, ho-ly Lord.

7 *And one cried unto another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.*

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord  
 God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth  
 Out of darkness, at thy word  
 Issued into glorious birth,  
 All thy works before thee stood,  
 And thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sung with sweet accord  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore:

Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by thee redeemed,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
 While the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King:  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Blending in sublime accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

WORSHIP.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. 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, sal - va - tion there.

8

"Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion." Ps. lxxv. 1.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits ;<br/>Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates ;<br/>All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,<br/>And find, through Christ, salvation there.</p> <p>2 Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;<br/>Leave not our trembling hearts to fail :<br/>O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,<br/>And still be found the sinner's friend.</p> <p>3 How blest Thy saints ! how safely led !<br/>How surely kept ! how richly fed !<br/>Saviour of all in earth and sea,<br/>How happy they who rest in Thee !</p> | <p>4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,<br/>Thy voice the troubled ocean stills !<br/>Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,<br/>And earth Thy bounty wide displays.</p> <p>5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;<br/>Thy clouds drop wealth the world around ;<br/>Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,<br/>And Nature smiles and owns her king.</p> <p>6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour ;<br/>The moral waste within restore ;<br/>Oh let Thy love our spring-tide be,<br/>And make us all bear fruit to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes ; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies.

9

"Day unto day uttereth speech." Ps. xix. 2.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Once more, my soul, the rising day<br/>Salutes thy waking eyes ;<br/>Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay<br/>To Him that rules the skies.</p> <p>2 Night unto night His name repeats,<br/>The day renews the sound,<br/>Wide as the heaven on which He sits<br/>To turn the seasons round.</p> | <p>3 'T is He supports my mortal frame ;<br/>My tongue shall speak His praise ;<br/>My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,<br/>And yet His wrath delays.</p> <p>4 Great God, let all my hours be Thine,<br/>While I enjoy the light ;<br/>Then shall my sun in smiles decline,<br/>And bring a pleasant night.</p> |
|--|---|

Isaac Watts, 1709.

WORSHIP.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say, "In Zi-on let us

all ap-pear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day."

IO "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord." Ps. cxii: 1.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear,  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;  
The Church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace, built for God,  
To show His milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair ;  
The Son of David holds His throne,  
And sits in judgment there.

- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;  
And while His awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest ;  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ; [dwell,  
There my best friends, my kindred,  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

St. ANN'S. C. M.

W. CROFT.

1. Sing to the Lord Je-hovah's name, And in His strength rejoice ; When His salvation is our theme, Ex- alt- ed be our voice.

II "O Come let us sing unto the Lord." Ps. xcv.

- 1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in His strength rejoice ;  
When His salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks, approach His awful sight,  
And psalms of honor sing ;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.

- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before His face ;  
Oh, may the creatures of His power,  
Be children of His grace !
- 4 Now is the time : He bends His ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
Come, lest He rouse His wrath, and swear  
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

WORSHIP.

GWALCHMAI. 7. 4.

1. Praise the Lord; His glories show, Al-le-lu-ia, Saints with-in His courts be-low, Al-le-lu-ia, An-gels round His throne a-bove, Al-le-lu-ia, Praise Him all who share His love, Al-le-lu-ia.

12

"Praise ye the Lord." Ps. cl.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Praise the Lord; His glories show,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>Saints within His courts below,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>Angels round His throne above;<br/>Alleluia,<br/>Praise Him, all who share His love,<br/>Alleluia.</p> | <p>3 Praise the Lord; His goodness trace,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>All the wonders of His grace,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>All that He hath borne and done,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>All He sends us through His Son,<br/>Alleluia.</p>      |
| <p>2 Earth, to Heaven exalt the strain,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>Send it, Heaven, to earth again;<br/>Alleluia,<br/>Age to age, and shore to shore,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>Praise Him, praise Him, evermore,<br/>Alleluia.</p> | <p>4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>In the concert bear your parts;<br/>Alleluia,<br/>All that breathe, your Lord adore,<br/>Alleluia,<br/>Praise Him, praise Him evermore,<br/>Alleluia.</p> |

1. How pleas-ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwell-ings are !

With long de - sire my spir - it faints To meet th' as-sem-bles of Thy saints.

13

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." Ps. lxxxiv: 1.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and Thee ?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high  
Around Thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace ;  
There they behold Thy gentler rays,  
And seek Thy face and learn Thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and thro' the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

LOWELL MASON.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord ! In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines ; But, when our eyes behold Thy word, We read Thy name in fairer lines.

"The heavens declare the glory of God." Is. xix: 1.

1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord !  
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;  
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days Thy power confess ;  
But the blest volume Thou hast writ  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 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.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

WORSHIP.

COVENANT, L. M.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. God of my life, thro' all my days I'll tune the grateful notes of praise; The song shall wake with op'ning

CHORUS.

light, And war-ble to the si-lent night. My song shall ev-er-more re-cord In praise the

mer-cies of the Lord; Thy faith-ful-ness my mouth shall show, While ceaseless ages onward flow.

15

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord." Ps. lxxxix: 1.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God of my life, through all my days<br/>I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;<br/>The song shall wake with opening light,<br/>And warble to the silent night.</p> <p>2 When anxious care would break my rest,<br/>And grief would tear my throbbing breast,<br/>The notes of praise, ascending high,<br/>Shall check the murmur and the sigh.</p> <p>3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,<br/>And all the powers of language fail,<br/>Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,<br/>And mean the thanks I cannot speak.</p> | <p>4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,<br/>And I am chained to earth no more,<br/>With what glad accents shall I rise,<br/>To join the music of the skies!</p> <p>5 Then shall I learn th'exalted strains<br/>That echo through the heavenly plains,<br/>And emulate, with joy unknown,<br/>The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.<br/><i>Phillip Doddridge. 1750.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>DOXOLOGY.</i></p> <p>To God the Father, God the Son,<br/>And God the Spirit, three in one,<br/>Be honor, praise, and glory given,<br/>By all on earth and all in heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

WORSHIP.

ETHELBERG. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. O God! Thou art my God a-lone, Ear-ly to thee my soul shall cry,  
A pil-grim in a land un-known, A thirs-ty land, whose springs are dry.

16 "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee." Ps. lxxiii: 1.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O God! Thou art my God alone,<br/>Early to Thee my soul shall cry,<br/>A pilgrim in a land unknown,<br/>A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.</p> <p>2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze<br/>I follow hard on Thee, my God;<br/>Thine hand, unseen, upholds my ways,<br/>I safely tread where Thou hast trod.</p> | <p>3 Better than life itself Thy love,<br/>Dearer than all beside to me,<br/>For whom have I in heaven above,<br/>Or what on earth, compared with Thee?</p> <p>4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,<br/>For all Thy mercy I will give;<br/>My soul shall still in God rejoice, [live.<br/>My tongue shall bless Thee while I</p> |
|--|--|

James Montgomery, 1822.

STERLING. L. M.

R. HARRISON.

Come, O my Soul! in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

17 "Praise the Lord, O my Soul." Ps. cxlvi: 1.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays,<br/>Attempt thy great Creator's praise:<br/>But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame?<br/>What mortal verse can reach the theme?</p> <p>2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,<br/>He glory like a garment wears;<br/>To form a robe of light divine,<br/>Ten thousand suns around Him shine.</p> | <p>3 In all our Maker's grand designs<br/>Almighty power with wisdom shines;<br/>His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,<br/>Declare the glory of His name.</p> <p>4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,<br/>Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;<br/>And let His praise employ thy tongue,<br/>Till listening worlds shall join the song!</p> |
|---|--|

Thomas Blacklock, 1754.

WORSHIP.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. Double.

BLUMENTHAL.

1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love; Pleas-ant are Thy  
courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spir - it longs and faints  
For the con - verse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, For thy fullness, God of grace.

18

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts." Ps. lxxxiv: 1.

- 1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fullness, God of grace.
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High;  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast;  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

- 3 Happy souls, their praises flow,  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the deserts rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sin and shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart;  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS. 7s.

J. S. BACH.

Pleasant are Thy courts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are Thy courts below, In this land of sin and woe.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

WORSHIP.

J. S. BACH.

1. Lord, we come be- fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;  
Oh, do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

19

"O come let us worship, and bow down." Ps. xcvi: 6.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Lord, we come before Thee now,<br/>At Thy feet we humbly bow;<br/>Oh, do not our suit disdain;<br/>Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?</p> <p>2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;<br/>In compassion now descend;<br/>Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,<br/>Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.</p> <p>3 In Thine own appointed way<br/>Now we seek Thee, here we stay;<br/>Lord, we know not how to go<br/>Till a blessing Thou bestow.</p> | <p>4 Send some message from Thy word<br/>That may joy and peace afford;<br/>Let Thy Spirit now impart<br/>Full salvation to each heart.</p> <p>5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;<br/>Let the time of joy return;<br/>Those who are cast down, lift up,<br/>Strong in faith, in love and hope.</p> <p>6 Grant that all may seek and find<br/>Thee a God supremely kind;<br/>Heal the sick, the captive free,<br/>Let us all rejoice in Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

William Hammond, 1745.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Stealing from the world away, We are come to seek Thy face; Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray, Grant us Thy reviving grace.

20

"Come ye yourselves apart." Mark vi: 31.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Stealing from the world away,<br/>We are come to seek Thy face;<br/>Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,<br/>Grant us Thy reviving grace.</p> <p>2 Yonder stars that gild the sky<br/>Shine but with a borrowed light:<br/>We, unless Thy light be nigh,<br/>Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.</p> | <p>3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel<br/>All our darkness, doubts, and fears:<br/>May Thy light within us dwell,<br/>Till eternal day appears.</p> <p>4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,<br/>Lift our every thought above;<br/>Hear the grateful songs we raise,<br/>Fill us with Thy perfect love.</p> |
|--|---|

Ray Palmer, 1859.

WORSHIP.

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. God is the ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade

Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.

21

"God is our Refuge and Strength." Ps. xlvii: 1.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 God is the refuge of His saints,<br/>When storms of sharp distress invade;<br/>Ere we can offer our complaints,<br/>Behold Him present with His aid.</p> <p>2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd<br/>Down to the deep, and buried there;<br/>Convulsions shake the solid world:<br/>Our faith shall never yield to fear.</p> <p>3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;<br/>In sacred peace our souls abide,<br/>While every nation, every shore,<br/>Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.</p> | <p>4 There is a stream whose gentle flow<br/>Supplies the city of our God;<br/>Life, love, and joy still gliding through,<br/>And watering our divine abode</p> <p>5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,<br/>Our grief allays, our fear controls;<br/>Sweet peace Thy promises afford, [souls.<br/>And give new strength to fainting</p> <p>6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,<br/>Secure against a threatening hour;<br/>Nor can her firm foundations move,<br/>Built on His truth, and armed with pow'r.</p> |
|--|--|

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will; Tumultuous passions, all be still! Nor let a murmuring tho't arise; His Ways are just, His counsels wise.

22

"My soul, wait thou only upon God." Ps. lxxii: 5.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will;<br/>Tumultuous passions, all be still!<br/>Nor let a murmuring thought arise;<br/>His ways are just, His counsels wise.</p> <p>2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,<br/>Performs His work, the cause conceals;<br/>But, though His methods are unknown,<br/>Judgment and truth support His throne.</p> | <p>3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,<br/>He executes His firm decrees:<br/>And by His saints it stands confest,<br/>That what He does is ever best.</p> <p>4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,<br/>Prostrate before His awful seat;<br/>And, 'midst the terrors of His rod,<br/>Trust in a wise and gracious God.</p> |
|---|--|

Benjamin Beddome, 1818

WENTWORTH. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4.

F. C. MAKER.

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splendor

and of joy, Beau-ty and light; So ma-ny glorious things are here, No-ble and right.

23

"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." Ps. xxxiii: 5.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 My God, I thank Thee, who hast made<br/>The earth so bright;<br/>So full of splendor and of joy,<br/>Beauty and light;<br/>So many glorious things are here,<br/>Noble and right.</p> <p>2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made<br/>Joy to abound;<br/>So many gentle thoughts and deeds<br/>Circling us round,<br/>That in the darkest spot of earth<br/>Some love is found.</p> <p>3 I thank Thee more that all our joy<br/>Is touched with pain;<br/>That shadows fall on brightest hours;<br/>That thorns remain;<br/>So that earth's bliss may be our guide,<br/>And not our chain.</p> | <p>4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon<br/>Our weak heart clings,<br/>Hast given us joys, tender and true,<br/>Yet all with wings;<br/>So that we see, gleaming on high,<br/>Diviner things.</p> <p>5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept<br/>The best in store;<br/>We have enough, yet not too much<br/>To long for more:<br/>A yearning for a deeper peace,<br/>Not known before.</p> <p>6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls<br/>Though amply blest,<br/>Can never find although they seek,<br/>A perfect rest,—<br/>Nor never shall, until they lean<br/>On Jesus' breast.</p> |
|---|--|

WORSHIP.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 10s.

READING.

I. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His

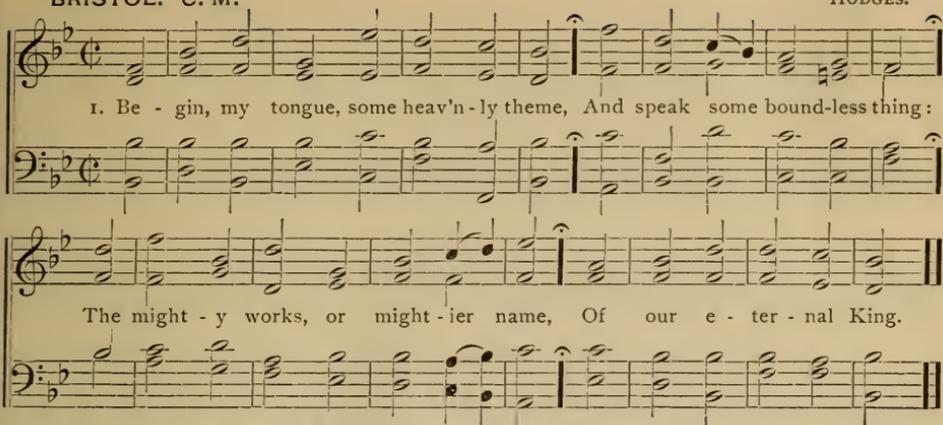
ex-cel-lent word ! What more can He say than to you he hath said, Who un-to the

Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled! Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled.

24.

"The foundation of God standeth sure." II Tim. ii: 19.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!  
I, 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 then, when gray 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."



I. 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.

25

*"My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord. Ps. cxlv. 21."*

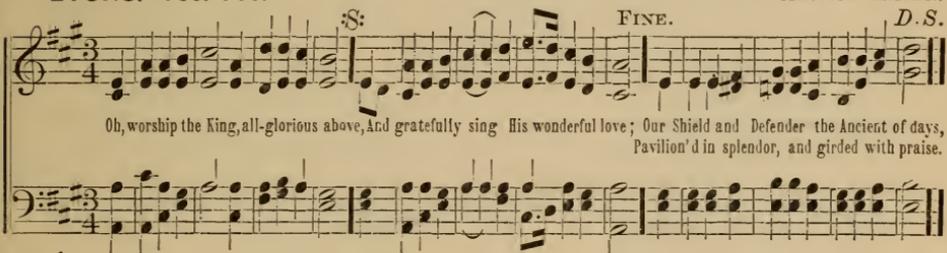
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,<br/>And speak some boundless thing:<br/>The mighty works, or mightier name,<br/>Of our eternal King.</p> <p>2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,<br/>And sound His power abroad;<br/>Sing the sweet promise of His grace,<br/>And the performing God.</p> | <p>3 His very word of grace is strong<br/>As that which built the skies;<br/>The voice that rolls the stars along<br/>Speaks all the promises.</p> <p>4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue<br/>But whisper "Thou art mine!"<br/>Those gentle words would raise my song<br/>To notes almost divine.</p> |
|---|--|

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

*Arr. from HAYDN.*

*D. S.*

LYONS. 10s. 11s.



Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above, And gratefully sing His wonderful love; Our Shield and Defender the Ancient of days, Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

26

*"Sing praises to our King." xlvi. 6.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,<br/>And gratefully sing His wonderful love;<br/>Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of<br/>days, [praise.<br/>Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with</p> <p>2 Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His<br/>grace, [space;<br/>Whose robe is the light, whose canopy<br/>His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-<br/>clouds form,<br/>And dark is His path on the wings of the<br/>storm.</p> | <p>3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can<br/>recite?<br/>It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,<br/>It streams from the hills, it descends to<br/>the plain,<br/>And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.</p> <p>4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,<br/>In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;<br/>Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the<br/>end! [Friend.<br/>Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and</p> |
|---|--|

*Robert Grant.*

WORSHIP.

BLESS THE LORD. C. M.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O thou my soul bless God the Lord, And all that in me is, Be lift - ed, up His

CHORUS.

ho - ly name To magni - fy and bless. "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me, Bless His ho - ly name." Bless His ho - ly

Copyright, 1890, by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

PSALM 103.

27

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O thou my soul bless God the Lord,<br/>And all that in me is,<br/>Be lifted up, His holy name<br/>To magnify and bless.</p> <p>2 Bless, O my soul the Lord thy God,<br/>And not forgetful be<br/>Of all His gracious benefits,<br/>He hath bestowed on thee.</p> <p>3 All thy iniquities who doth<br/>Most graciously forgive,<br/>Who thy diseases all and pains<br/>Doth heal and thee relieve.</p> <p>4 The Lord Jehovah gracious is,<br/>And He is merciful,<br/>Long-suffering and slow to wrath,<br/>In kindness plentiful.</p> <p>5 He will not chide continually,<br/>Nor keep His anger still ;<br/>With us He dealt not as we sinned,<br/>Nor did requite our ill.</p> | <p>6 For as the heaven in its height<br/>The earth surmounteth far ;<br/>So great to those that do him fear<br/>His tender mercies are.</p> <p>7 As far as east is distant from<br/>The west, so far hath He<br/>From us removed, in tender love,<br/>All our iniquity.</p> <p>8 O ye His angels, that excel<br/>In strength, bless ye the Lord ;<br/>Ye who obey what He commands,<br/>And hearken to His word.</p> <p>9 O bless and magnify the Lord,<br/>Ye glorious hosts of His ;<br/>Ye ministers that do fulfil<br/>Whate'er His pleasure is.</p> <p>10 O bless the Lord, all ye His works,<br/>Wherewith the world is stored,<br/>In His dominions everywhere,<br/>My soul bless thou the Lord.</p> |
|---|---|

Scotch Version.

WORSHIP.

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANCK, 1545.

1. 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:

28

"Lord Thou hast been our refuge in all generations." Ps. xc.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O God, our help in ages past,<br/>Our hope for years to come;<br/>Our shelter from the stormy blast,<br/>And our eternal home:</p> <p>2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne<br/>Thy saints have dwelt secure;<br/>Sufficient is Thine arm alone,<br/>And our defence is sure.</p> <p>3 Before the hills in order stood,<br/>Or earth received her frame,<br/>From everlasting Thou art God,<br/>To endless years the same.</p> | <p>4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,<br/>Are like an evening gone;<br/>Short as the watch that ends the night,<br/>Before the rising sun.</p> <p>5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,<br/>Bears all its sons away;<br/>They fly, forgotten, as a dream<br/>Dies at the opening day.</p> <p>6 O God, our help in ages past,<br/>Our hope for years to come,<br/>Be Thou our guard while troubles last,<br/>And our eternal home.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORG NÄGELI (1773—1836), 1832.

1. Come, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing! Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.

29

"O Come let us sing unto the Lord." Ps. xciv.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, sound His praise abroad,<br/>And hymns of glory sing!<br/>Jehovah is the sovereign God,<br/>The universal King.</p> <p>2 He formed the depths unknown;<br/>He gave the seas their bound;<br/>The watery worlds are all His own,<br/>And all the solid ground.</p> | <p>3 Come, worship at His throne,<br/>Come, bow before the Lord;<br/>We are His work, and not our own:<br/>He formed us by His word.</p> <p>4 To-day attend His voice,<br/>Nor dare provoke his rod;<br/>Come, like the people of His choice,<br/>And own your gracious God.</p> |
|--|--|

Isaac Watts, 1719.

MORNING WORSHIP.

ELLERTON. 10s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. A-gain re-returns the day of ho-ly rest, Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;  
When, like His own, He bade our labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

30

"Return unto thy rest, of my soul." Ps. cxvi: 6.

1 Again returns the day of holy rest,  
Which, when He made the world, Jeho-  
vah blest;  
When, like His own, He bade our labors  
cease,  
And all be piety, and all be peace.  
2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;

So shall He hear when fervently we raise  
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.  
3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes  
confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose  
precepts guide;  
In life our Guardian, and in death our  
Friend; [end.  
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall

William Mason, 1811.

German Evening Hymn.

DIJON. 7s.

1. On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise; Who, creation's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring.

31

"On the first day of the week." 1 Cor. xvi: 2.

1 On this day, the first of days,  
God the Father's name we praise;  
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,  
Did the world from darkness bring.  
2 On this day th' Eternal Son  
Over death His triumph won;  
On this day the Spirit came  
With His gifts of living flame.  
3 Father, who didst fashion me  
Image of Thyself to be,  
Fill me with Thy love divine,  
Let my every thought be Thine.

4 Holy Jesus, may I be  
Dead and buried here with Thee;  
And, by love inflamed, arise  
Unto Thee a sacrifice.  
5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,  
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;  
Best of gifts, Thyself, bestow;  
Make me burn Thy love to know.  
6 God, the blessed Three in One,  
Dwell within my heart alone;  
Thou dost give Thyself to me,  
May I give myself to Thee.

From the Latin by Sir H. W. Baker, 1860.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beautiful, most bright!

On Thee, the high and low-ly, Be - fore th'eternal throne, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.

32 "The Lord's Day." Rev. i: 10.

1 O day of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright!  
On Thee the high and lowly,  
Before th'eternal throne,  
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great Three in One!

2 On Thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On Thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on Thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining  
For 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.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.  
S. P. TUCKERMAN.

FAITH. C. M.

1. When the worn spirit wants repose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close That ends the weary week.

33 "The Lord thy God giveth thee rest." Deut. xxv: 19.

1 When the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs her God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the evening's close  
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,  
That opens on the sight,  
When first that soul-reviving morn  
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease;  
Yet, while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done;  
The world's long week be o'er;  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun;  
A day which fades no more?

James Edmeston, 1820.

MORNING WORSHIP.

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

I. O Je-sus, Lord of heavenly grace, Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou foun-tain of e-ter-nal light, Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

34

"The brightness of His glory." Heb. i: 3.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,<br/>Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,<br/>Thou fountain of eternal light, [night!<br/>Whose beams disperse the shades of</p> <p>2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,<br/>Shower down Thy radiance from above,<br/>And to our inward hearts convey<br/>The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray!</p> <p>3 And we the Father's help will claim,<br/>And sing the Father's glorious name;</p> | <p>His powerful succor we implore,<br/>That we may stand, to fall no more.</p> <p>4 Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!<br/>Let meekness be our morning ray,<br/>And faithful love our noonday light,<br/>And hope our sunset, calm and bright!</p> <p>5 O Christ! with each returning morn<br/>Thine image to our hearts is borne,<br/>Oh, may we ever clearly see<br/>Our Saviour and our God in Thee!</p> |
|---|---|

*Ambrose, 307-397; trans. by John Chandler, 1837.*

MORNINGTON.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

1. Come to the morning prayer, Come let us kneel and pray; Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff, To walk with God all day.

35

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray." Ps. lv: 17.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Come to the morning prayer,<br/>Come let us kneel and pray;<br/>Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,<br/>To walk with God all day.</p> <p>2 At noon beneath the Rock<br/>Of Ages rest and pray;<br/>Sweet is the shadow from the heat,<br/>When the sun smites by day.</p> | <p>3 At eve shut to the door,<br/>Round the home-altar pray,<br/>And finding there the house of God,<br/>At heaven's gate close the day.</p> <p>4 When midnight seals our eyes,<br/>Let each in spirit say,<br/>I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,<br/>With Thee to watch and pray.</p> |
|---|--|

*James Montgomery, 1812*

MORNING WORSHIP.

GILEAD. L. M.

MILGROVE.

1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light :

As in the dawn the shad-ows fly, We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

36

"He wakeneth morning by morning." Is. 1: 4.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Lord God of morning and of night,<br/>We thank Thee for Thy gift of light :<br/>As in the dawn the shadows fly,<br/>We seem to find Thee now more nigh.</p> <p>2 Fresh hopes have wakened in our hearts,<br/>Fresh force to do our daily parts ;<br/>Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore<br/>A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.</p> | <p>3 Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,<br/>Oft what we would we cannot do ;<br/>The sun may stand in zenith skies,<br/>But on the soul thick midnight lies.</p> <p>4 O Lord of lights, 't is Thou alone<br/>Canst make our darken'd hearts thine own ;<br/>Tho' this new day with joy we see,<br/>O Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!</p> |
|--|---|

*Francis Turner Palgrave, 1862.*

CANONBURY. L. M.

SCHUMANN.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.

37

"Awake thou that sleepest." Eph. v: 14.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun<br/>Thy daily stage of duty run ;<br/>Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise<br/>To pay thy morning sacrifice.</p> <p>2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,<br/>And with the angels bear thy part,<br/>Who, all night long, unwearied sing<br/>High praise to the eternal King.</p> <p>3 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,<br/>And hast refreshed me whilst I slept !</p> | <p>Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake<br/>I may of endless life partake !</p> <p>4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;<br/>Disperse my sins as morning dew ;<br/>Guard my first springs of thought and will,<br/>And with Thyself my spirit fill.</p> <p>5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,<br/>All I design, or do, or say ;<br/>That all my powers, with all their might,<br/>In Thy sole glory may unite.</p> |
|---|--|

*Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700.*

EVENING WORSHIP.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

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

38

"I will lay me down in peace." Ps. iv: 8.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,<br/>It is not night if Thou be near;<br/>Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise<br/>To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!</p> <p>2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep<br/>My wearied eyelids gently steep,<br/>Be my last thought, how sweet to rest<br/>Forever on my Saviour's breast!</p> <p>3 Abide with me from morn till eve,<br/>For without Thee I cannot live;</p> | <p>Abide with me when night is nigh,<br/>For without Thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4 If some poor wandering child of Thine<br/>Have spurned to-day the voice divine,<br/>Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;<br/>Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> <p>5 Come near and bless us when we wake,<br/>Ere through the world our way we take:<br/>Till in the ocean of Thy love<br/>We lose ourselves in heaven above.</p> |
|--|---|

John Keble, 1827.

GEORGE HEWS.

NIGHTFALL. 6s, 4s & 6s.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies: Let love a-wake, and pay Her evening sac - ri - fice.

39

"Let the lifting up of my hands be as the evening sacrifice." Ps. cxli: 2.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 The sun is sinking fast,<br/>The daylight dies;<br/>Let love awake, and pay<br/>Her evening sacrifice.</p> <p>2 As Christ upon the cross<br/>His head inclined,<br/>And to His Father's hands<br/>His parting soul resigned;</p> <p>3 So now herself my soul<br/>Would wholly give<br/>Into His sacred charge,<br/>In whom all spirits live;</p> | <p>4 So now, beneath His eye,<br/>Would calmly rest,<br/>Without a wish or thought<br/>Abiding in the breast;</p> <p>5 Save that His will be done,<br/>Whate'er betide;<br/>Dead to herself, and dead<br/>In Him to all beside.</p> <p>6 Thus would I live; yet now<br/>Not I, but He,<br/>In all His power and love,<br/>Henceforth alive in me.</p> |
|---|---|

Trans. from the Latin by E. Caswall, 1858.

EVENING WORSHIP.

EVENING PRAYER. 8s & 7s.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Sav-iour breathe an even-ing blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;  
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

*rit.*

Copyright, 1878, by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

40

"I will bless thee." GEN. xii: 2.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,<br/>Ere repose our spirits seal;<br/>Sin and want we come confessing;<br/>Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.</p> <p>2 Though destruction walk around us,<br/>Though the arrow near us fly,<br/>Angel guards from Thee surround us;<br/>We are safe if Thou art nigh.</p> | <p>3 Though the night be dark and dreary,<br/>Darkness cannot hide from Thee;<br/>Thou art He who, never weary,<br/>Watcheth where Thy people be.</p> <p>4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,<br/>And our couch become our tomb,<br/>May the morn in heaven awake us,<br/>Clad in light and deathless bloom.</p> |
|---|--|

James Edmeston, 1820.

BARNBY.

EMMELAR. 6s, 5s.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the even-ing Steal across the sky.

Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

41

"It is toward evening." LUKE xxiv: 29.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Now the day is over,<br/>Night is drawing nigh,<br/>Shadows of the evening<br/>Steal across the sky.</p> <p>2 Jesus give the weary<br/>Calm and sweet repose;<br/>With Thy tenderest blessing<br/>May our eyelids close.</p> <p>3 Grant to little children<br/>Visions bright of Thee;</p> | <p>Guard the sailor tossing<br/>On the deep blue sea.</p> <p>4 Through the long night-watches,<br/>May Thine angels spread<br/>Their white wings above me,<br/>Watching round my bed.</p> <p>5 When the morning wakens,<br/>Then may I arise,<br/>Pure and fresh and sinless<br/>In Thy holy eyes.</p> |
|---|--|

S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

EVENING WORSHIP.

ANGELUS. L. M.

JOSEPHI.

1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;

Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way! A-MEN.

42 "And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased." MARK i: 36.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 At even, ere the sun was set,<br/>The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;<br/>Oh, in what divers pains they met!<br/>Oh, with what joy they went away!</p> <p>2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,<br/>Oppressed with various ills, draw near;<br/>What if Thy form we cannot see?<br/>We know and feel that Thou art here.</p> <p>3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;<br/>For some are sick and some are sad;<br/>And some have never loved Thee well;<br/>And some have lost the love they had.</p> | <p>4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,<br/>For none are wholly free from sin;<br/>And they who fain would serve Thee best,<br/>Are conscious most of wrong within.</p> <p>5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;<br/>Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;<br/>Thy kind but searching glance can scan<br/>The very wounds that shame would hide.</p> <p>6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;<br/>No word from Thee can fruitless fall;<br/>Hear in this solemn evening hour,<br/>And in Thy mercy heal us all. AMEN.</p> |
|--|---|

*Rev. Henry Twells.*

NIGHTWATCH. 8, 6, 8.

A. J. G.

Ere I sleep, for ev-ery fav-or, This day showed, by my God, I will bless my Saviour.

43

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber." Ps. 121: 3.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Ere I sleep for every favor<br/>This day showed, by my God<br/>I will bless my Saviour.</p> <p>2 O my God, what shall I render<br/>To Thy name, still the same<br/>Gracious good and tender!</p> <p>3 Thou hast ordered all my goings<br/>In Thy way, heard me pray<br/>Sanctified my doings.</p> | <p>4 Leave me not, but ever love me;<br/>Let Thy peace, be my bliss,<br/>Till Thou hence remove me.</p> <p>5 Visit me with Thy salvation:<br/>Let Thy care now be near,<br/>Round my habitation.</p> <p>6 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,<br/>Safely keep, while I sleep<br/>Me with all Thy power.</p> |
|--|---|

*John Cennick, 1741*

EVENING WORSHIP.

TWILIGHT. 7s & 6s.

GOUNOD.

1. The night is closing o'er us, And shadows stalk a - broad; With hymn then, and with an - them, Give we ourselves to God, Give we ourselves to God. A - MEN.

44 "In the night thy song shall be with me." Ps. xlii: 8.

- 1 The night is closing o'er us,  
And shadows stalk abroad;  
With hymn then, and with anthem,  
Give we ourselves to God.
- 2 And Thou, O sun of angels,  
Watch o'er us from above;  
We fear no midnight terrors,  
Protected by Thy love.
- 3 True Light, shine forth, let darkness  
Far from our souls be thrust;

- That peace to all flow richly,  
Who Thee, the Saviour, trust.
- 4 So when as Judge Thou sittest  
In robes of light arrayed,  
We all may joy before Thee,  
Untroubled, undismayed.
- 5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesus,  
Sun of the angel-host,  
With God, the eternal Father,  
And God the Holy Ghost.

W. J. BLEW, 1867.

DUTY. S. M.

J. T. TUCKERMAN.

1. Our day of praise is done; The evening shadows fall; But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightenest all!

45 "God is light and in Him is no darkness." I JOHN ii: 3.

- 1 Our day of praise is done;  
The evening shadows fall;  
But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all!
- 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 oh, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!

- 4 Yet Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune my 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 life a daily 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.

EVENING WORSHIP.

EVENTIDE. 1 Os.

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the even-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide!

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh abide with me! AMEN.

46

"Abide with us; for the day is far spent." Luke xxiv: 29.

- 1 Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me!
- 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 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!
- 5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine 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!

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

CHANT.

GOD — HIS GLORY.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

i. E - ter - nal light ! e - ter - nal light ! How pure the soul must be, When, placed within Thy  
searching sight, It shrinks not, but with calm de - light Can live and look on Thee !

47 "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." 1 John 1: 5.

- 1 Eternal light ! eternal light !  
How pure the soul must be,  
When, placed within Thy searching sight,  
It shrinks not, but with calm delight  
Can live and look on Thee !
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne  
May bear the burning bliss ;  
But that is surely theirs alone,  
Since they have never, never known  
A fallen world like this.
- 3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Before the Ineffable appear,

- And on my naked spirit bear  
That uncreated beam ?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode ;  
An Offering and a Sacrifice,  
A Holy Spirit's energies,  
An Advocate with God.
- 5 These, these, prepare us for the light  
Of majesty above :  
The sons of ignorance and night  
Can stand in the eternal light,  
Through the eternal love.

Thomas Binney, 1826.

BEATITUDO. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly and reverend is the name Of our E - ter - nal King, Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry ; Thrice ho - ly let us sing.

48 "Holy and reverend is His name." Ps. cxi: 9.

- 1 Holy and reverend is the name  
Of our Eternal King,  
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry ;  
Thrice holy ! let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul ! to God ;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To His sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;  
A broken heart shall please Him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God ! preserve our souls  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart are Thy delight,  
And they Thy face shall see.

John Needham, 1768

GOD,—HIS GLORY.

TRURO. L. M.

C. BURNEY.

1. 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.

49

"Thou, Lord, art high above the earth." Ps. xcvi: 9.

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every  
cloud  
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort  
springs.  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 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.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ST. FRANCIS. 8. 31.

W. G. COUSINS.

1. O God of life, Whose pow'r benign Doth o'er the world in mercy shine, Accept our praise, for we are Thine. A - men.

50

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." Ps. xxix: 2.

- 1 O God of life, Whose power benign  
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,  
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.
- 2 O Father, Uncreated Lord,  
Be Thou in every land adored,  
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

- 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,  
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain  
For us did endless life regain.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care  
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,  
May we in Thy communion share.

- 5 O Holy Blessed Trinity,  
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;  
In us, O God, exalted be. Amen.

A. T. Russell, 1870.

1. Fa-ther of heav'n a - bove, Dwelling in light and love, An-cient of days,

Light un - ap - proach - a - ble, }  
Love in - ex - press - i - ble, } Thee, the In - vis - i - ble, Laud we and praise.

51

"Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?" Rev. xv: 4.

1 Father of heaven above,  
Dwelling in light and love,  
Ancient of days,  
Light unapproachable,  
Love inexpressible,  
Thee, the Invisible,  
Laud we and praise.

2 Christ the eternal Word,  
Christ the incarnate Lord,  
Saviour of all,  
High throned above all height,  
God of God, Light of Light.  
Increate, infinite,  
On Thee we call.

3 O God, the Holy Ghost,  
Whose fires of Pentecost  
Burn evermore,  
In this far wilderness  
Leave us not comfortless :  
Thee we love, thee we bless,  
Thee we adore.

4 Strike your harps, heavenly powers ;  
With your glad chant shall ours  
Trembling ascend :  
All praise, O God, to Thee,  
Three in One, One in Three,  
Praise everlastingly,  
World without end. Amen.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1877.

TRINITY. 7s. 5.

GREY.

1. Three in One, and One in Three, Rul-er of the earth and sea, Hear us while we lift to Thee, Ho - ly chant and psalm. A-men.

52

"The redeemed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion." Isa. li: 2.

1 Three in One, and One in Three,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights, with morning, shine :  
Lift on us Thy light divine ;  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven ;  
Fold us in the peace of heaven,  
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,  
Dimly here we worship Thee ;  
With the saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison, 1850.

CHRIST, — HIS ADVENT.

ADESTE FIDELES. 11s.

M. A. PORTOGALLO.

53

"Let us go even unto Bethlehem." Luke 11: 15.

1 O come, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing!  
Come, see in the manger the angels' dread  
King!  
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;  
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the  
skies; [despise;  
The womb of the Virgin He doth not  
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord:  
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

3 O hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,  
"To God in the highest, all glory be given!"  
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,  
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy  
birth,  
Be glory and honor through heaven and  
earth; [Word!  
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent  
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1848.

HUMMEL, C. M.

C. ZEUNER.

54

"We have seen His star in the east." Matt. 11: 2.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,  
With mild, benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to His abode;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our God,

3 Oh, haste to follow where it leads;  
The gracious call obey,  
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given;  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth  
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1820

CHRIST,—HIS ADVENT.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promis'd long; Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev-ry voice a song. And ev-ry voice a song, And ev - 'ry voice a song.

And ev'ry voice a song, And ev'ry voice a song. And ev - 'ry voice a song.  
"To preach deliverance to the captives." Luke iv: 2.

55

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,<br/>The Saviour promised long;<br/>Let every heart prepare a throne,<br/>And every voice a song.</p> <p>2 He comes the prisoners to release,<br/>In Satan's bondage held;<br/>The gates of brass before Him burst,<br/>The iron fetters yield.</p> | <p>3 He comes the broken heart to bind;<br/>The bleeding soul to cure;<br/>And, with the treasures of His grace,<br/>To enrich the humble poor.</p> <p>4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,<br/>Thy welcome shall proclaim,<br/>And heaven's eternal arches ring<br/>With Thy beloved name.</p> |
|--|--|

*Philip Doddridge, 1735.*

ST. AGATHA. 7s. 4.

rall. SOUTHGATE.

1. Bless-ed night, when Bethlehem's plain Echoed with the joyful strain, "Peace has come to earth again." Hal-le-lu - jah! A-men.

"On earth peace good will to men." Luke ii: 14.

56

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain<br/>Echoed with the joyful strain,<br/>"Peace has come to earth again."<br/>Hallelujah!</p> <p>2 Blessèd hills, that heard the song<br/>Of the glorious angel throng<br/>Swelling all your slopes along;<br/>Hallelujah!</p> <p>3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear,<br/>Fell the tidings glad and clear,<br/>"God to man is drawing near."<br/>Hallelujah!</p> | <p>4 Thus revealed to shepherd's eyes<br/>Hidden from the great and wise,<br/>Entering earth in holy guise —<br/>Hallelujah!</p> <p>5 We adore Thee as our King,<br/>And to Thee our song we sing;<br/>Our best offering to Thee bring,<br/>Hallelujah!</p> <p>6 Mighty King of Righteousness,<br/>King of Glory, King of Peace,<br/>Never shall Thy kingdom cease!<br/>Hallelujah!</p> |
|--|---|

*Horatius Bonar.*

CHRIST, — HIS ADVENT.

GOULD. C. M.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD.

I. Calm on the list'ning ear of night, Come heav'n's mel - o - dious strains,  
Where wild Ju-dæ - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver man - tled plains.

57

"There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." Luke ii: 13.

- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night,  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judæa stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above!  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;

- And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high;
- 4 "Glory to God," the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring;  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's Eternal King."
- 5 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Saviour now is born;  
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears, 1835.

Arr. by L. MASON.

MARLOW. C. M.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone around.

58

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Luke ii: 11.

- 1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel, of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said He; (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;)  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "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.

- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Address'd their joyful song.
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease."

Nahum Tate, 1703

CHRIST,—HIS ADVENT.

GAUDETE. 8s, 6s, 4.

S. SMITH.

1. Joy fills our in - most heart to-day: The roy - al Child is born: And an - gel hosts in

CHORUS.

glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn. Re - joice, re - joice! Th' in - car - nate Word Has

come on earth to dwell; No sweeter sound than this is heard — Em - man - u - el. Amen.

59

"They shall call his Name Emmanuel." Matt. i: 23.

1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day:  
The royal Child is born:  
And angel hosts in glad array  
His Advent keep this morn.

CHO. Rejoice, rejoice! The incarnate Word  
Has come on earth to dwell;  
No sweeter sound than this is heard—  
Emmanuel.

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,  
We wonder and adore;

And feel no bliss can ours transcend.  
No joy was sweet before. CHO.

3 For us the world must lose its charms  
Before the manger shrine,  
When, folded in thy mother's arms  
We see Thee, Babe divine. CHO.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,  
Shine on us, Holy Child;  
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,  
With service undefiled. CHO.

W. C. Dix, 1860.

CHRIST.—HIS ADVENT

NATIVITY. 7s. D.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. 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 triumph of the skies; Un-i - ver-sal na-ture say, Christ the Lord is born to - day!

60

"Glory to God in the highest." Luke ii: 14

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
Universal nature say,  
Christ the Lord is born to-day!
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb:  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail, the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus, our Immanuel here!
- 3 Hail! the heavenly Prince of peace!  
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.

- Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home!  
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head!  
Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruined nature now restore,  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours and ours to Thine!
- 5 Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;  
Stamp Thy image in its place;  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in Thy love!  
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,  
Thee, the Life, the heavenly Man:  
Oh, to all Thyself impart,  
Formed in each believing heart!

Charles Wesley, 1739; altered by Martin Madan, 1760.

CHRIST,—HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY.

HESPERUS. L. M.

H. BAKER. MUS. 211.

1. How beautiful were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine,

That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In won-drous love, O Son of God.

61 "In the beauty of holiness. Thou hast the dew of thy youth." Ps. cx: 3.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How beautiful were the marks divine,<br/>That in Thy meekness used to shine,<br/>That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod<br/>In wondrous love, O Son of God.</p> <p>2 O who like Thee, so mild, so bright,<br/>Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of Light,<br/>O who like Thee did ever go<br/>So patient, through a world of woe?</p> <p>3 O who like Thee, so humbly bore<br/>The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?</p> | <p>So meek, so lowly, yet so high,<br/>So glorious in humility?</p> <p>4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,<br/>Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;<br/>Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,<br/>And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.</p> <p>5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be<br/>Still more and more conformed to Thee,<br/>And learn of Thee, the lowly One,<br/>And like Thee, all my journey run.</p> |
|--|--|

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838.

HAMBURG. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. O Love! how deep, how broad, how high! It fills the heart with ecstasy, That God, the Son of God, should take Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

62 "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Eph. iii: 19.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O Love! how deep, how broad, how high!<br/>It fills the heart with ecstasy,<br/>That God, the Son of God, should take<br/>Our mortal form for mortals' sake.</p> <p>2 He sent no angel, to our race,<br/>Of higher or of lower place,<br/>But wore the robe of human frame<br/>Himself, and to this lost world came.</p> | <p>3 For us He prayed, for us He taught,<br/>For us His daily works He wrought,<br/>He bore the shameful cross and death;<br/>For us at length gave up His breath.</p> <p>4 For us He rose from death again,<br/>For us He went on high to reign,<br/>For us He sent the Spirit here<br/>To guide, to strengthen and to cheer.</p> |
|---|--|

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1851.

PARACLETE. C. M.

F. C. MAKER.

i. 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.

63

"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our confession." Heb. iii: 1.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O Jesus, when I think of Thee,<br/>Thy manger, cross, and throne,<br/>My spirit trusts exultingly<br/>In Thee, and Thee alone.</p> <p>2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;<br/>Then, glorious from Thy shame,<br/>I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,<br/>And reach heaven's mightiest name.</p> <p>3 For me Thou didst become a man,<br/>For me didst weep and die;</p> | <p>For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,<br/>For me ascend on high.</p> <p>4 O let me share Thy holy birth,<br/>Thy faith, Thy death to sin!<br/>And, strong amidst the toils of earth,<br/>My heavenly life begin.</p> <p>5 Then shall I know what means the strain<br/>Triumphant of Saint Paul:<br/>"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"<br/>"Christ is my all in all."</p> |
|---|--|

George W. Bethune, 1847.

DOWN'S. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone Around Thy steps below: What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.

64

"Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips." Ps. xlv: 2.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone<br/>Around Thy steps below:<br/>What patient love was seen in all<br/>Thy life and death of woe.</p> <p>2 Forever on Thy burdened heart<br/>A weight of sorrow hung;<br/>Yet no ungentle, murmuring word<br/>Escaped Thy silent tongue:</p> <p>3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,<br/>Thy friends unfaithful prove;</p> | <p>Unwearied in forgiveness still,<br/>Thy heart could only love.</p> <p>4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,<br/>Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve,<br/>Far more for others' sins, than all<br/>The wrongs that we receive.</p> <p>5 One with Thyself, may every eye<br/>In us, Thy brethren, see<br/>That gentleness and grace that spring<br/>From union, Lord with Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

CHRIST,—HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

WILLIAMS. L. M.

TEMPLI CARMINA.

i. Ride on! ride on in maj-es - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho-san - na cry!

Thine hum-ble beast pur - sues his road, With palms and scat-tered gar - ments strewed.

65

"Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting on an ass." Matt. xxi: 5.

- 1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!  
Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments  
strewed.
- 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.
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The winged squadrons of the sky

- Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 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.
- 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!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow The star is dim'd that lately shone; 'Tis midnight; in the garden now The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

66

"And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane." Mark xiv: 32.

- 1 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
'Tis midnight; in the garden now  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,  
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;  
E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,  
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know:  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1819.

CHRIST,—IN THE GARDEN.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lincs.

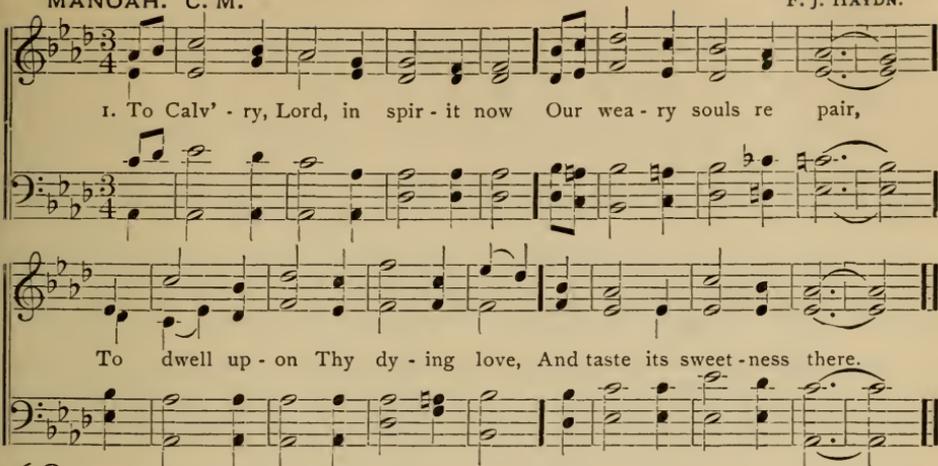
R. REDHEAD.

1. 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.

67

"Then cometh Jesus unto a place called Gethsemane." Matt. xxvi: 36.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see:  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour:  
 Turn not from His griefs away;  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
 View the Lord of life arraigned.  
 Oh the wormwood and the gall!  
 Oh 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 Him 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 seeks the skies;  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.



1. To Calv'ry, Lord, in spir-it now Our wea-ry souls re pair,  
To dwell up-on Thy dy-ing love, And taste its sweet-ness there.

68 "And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha." Matt. xxvii: 33.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now<br/>Our weary souls repair,<br/>To dwell upon Thy dying love,<br/>And taste its sweetness there.</p> <p>2 Sweet resting-place of every heart<br/>That feels the plague of sin,<br/>Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,<br/>The peace of God within.</p> <p>3 Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding<br/>With cords of love divine, [wounds,<br/>Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,<br/>And linked our life with Thine.</p> | <p>4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;<br/>Dear Lord, we wait to see<br/>Creation, all, — below, above, —<br/>Redeemed and blest by Thee.</p> <p>5 Our longing eyes would fain behold<br/>That bright and blessed brow,<br/>Once wrung with bitt'rst anguish, wear<br/>Its crown of glory now.</p> <p>6 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come.<br/>Responsive to our call! [reign<br/>Come, claim Thine ancient power and<br/>The heir and Lord of all.</p> |
|--|--|

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

T. A. ARNE.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

69 "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." Rev. v: 9.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,<br/>And did my Sovereign die?<br/>Would He devote that sacred head<br/>For such a worm as I?</p> <p>2 Was it for crimes that I had done<br/>He groaned upon the tree?<br/>Amazing pity! grace unknown!<br/>And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,<br/>And shut his glories in,</p> | <p>When God, the mighty Maker, died<br/>For man, the creature's sin.</p> <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face<br/>While His dear cross appears,<br/>Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,<br/>And melt mine eyes to tears!</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay<br/>The debt of love I owe;<br/>Here, Lord, I give myself away,<br/>'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|--|--|

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

PASSION CHORALE. 7s. 6s.

J. S. BACH.

i. O sa - cred Head once wound - ed, With grief and shame bow'd down,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.

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

Yes, tho' des - pised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

70

"I am crucified with Christ." Gal. ii: 20.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O sacred Head, once wounded,<br/>With grief and shame bow'd down,<br/>Now scornfully surrounded<br/>With thorns, Thine only crown.<br/>O sacred Head, what glory,<br/>What bliss till now was Thine!<br/>Yes, though despised and gory,<br/>I joy to call Thee mine.</p> <p>2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,<br/>Was all for sinners' gain;<br/>Mine, mine was the transgression,<br/>But Thine the deadly pain:<br/>Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!<br/>'Tis I deserve Thy place;<br/>Look on me with Thy favor,<br/>Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.</p> | <p>3 What language shall I borrow<br/>To thank Thee, dearest Friend,<br/>For this Thy dying sorrow,<br/>Thy pity without end?<br/>O make me Thine for ever;<br/>And should I fainting be,<br/>Lord, let me never, never<br/>Outlive my love for Thee.</p> <p>4 Be near me when I'm dying,<br/>O show Thy cross to me;<br/>And to my succour flying<br/>Come, Lord, and set me free.<br/>These eyes, new faith receiving,<br/>From Jesus shall not move;<br/>For he, who dies believing,<br/>Dies safely through Thy love.</p> |
|--|---|

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

ST. CROSS. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

I. O come and mourn with me a - while, O come ye to the Saviour's side;

Be-hold how pa-tient-ly He hangs; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A-men.

71 "Which also bewailed and lamented him." LUKE xxiii: 27.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O come and mourn with me awhile,<br/>O come ye to the Saviour's side;<br/>Behold how patiently He hangs;<br/>Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.</p> <p>2 Seven times he spake, seven words of love,<br/>And all three hours his silence cried<br/>For mercy on the souls of men;<br/>Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.</p> <p>3 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!<br/>Thy weak self-love and guilty pride</p> | <p>Betrayed, condemned, and scourged thy<br/>Jesus, our Lord, is crucified. [Lord;</p> <p>4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,<br/>Ask, and thou wilt not be denied:<br/>A broken heart love's cradle is;<br/>Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.</p> <p>5 O love of God, O sin of man,<br/>In this dread act your strength is tried;<br/>And victory remains with love;<br/>Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.</p> |
|---|---|

F. W. Faber, 1862.  
REDHEAD.

REDHEAD. 7s.

See the destined day arise, See a willing sacrifice;  
Jesus, to redeem our loss, Hangs upon the shameful cross. AMEN

72 "Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us." 1 Cor. v: 7.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 See the destined day arise,<br/>See a willing sacrifice;<br/>Jesus, to redeem our loss,<br/>Hangs upon the shameful cross.</p> <p>2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne<br/>Lifted on that tree of scorn,<br/>Every pang and bitter throe,<br/>Finishing Thy life of woe?</p> <p>3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,<br/>Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;</p> | <p>And with tender body bear<br/>Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?</p> <p>4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,<br/>Mingled from thy side with blood;<br/>Sign to all attesting eyes<br/>Of the finished sacrifice.</p> <p>5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace<br/>In that sacrifice to place<br/>All our trust for life renew'd,<br/>Pardon'd sin, and promised good.</p> |
|---|--|

Bishop Richard Mant, 1845.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

FLETCHER. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

I. O Je - sus! sweet the tears I shed, While at Thy cross I kneel,  
Gaze on Thy wound-ed, faint - ing head, And all Thy sor - rows feel.

73

"And sitting down they watched him there." Matt. xxvii : 36.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O Jesus! sweet the tears I shed,<br/>While at Thy cross I kneel,<br/>Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,<br/>And all Thy sorrows feel.</p> <p>2 My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,<br/>This heart so hard before;<br/>I hear Thee for the guilty plead,<br/>And grief o'erflows the more.</p> <p>3 'T was for the sinful Thou didst die,<br/>And I a sinner stand:<br/>What love speaks from Thy dying eye<br/>And from each piercéd hand!</p> | <p>4 I know this cleansing blood of Thine<br/>Was shed, dear Lord, for me;<br/>For me, for all — oh, grace divine! —<br/>Who look by faith on Thee.</p> <p>5 O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!<br/>By love my soul is drawn;<br/>Henceforth forever Thine I am;<br/>Here life and peace are born.</p> <p>6 In patient hope the cross I'll bear,<br/>Thine arm shall be my stay;<br/>And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare<br/>On Thy great judgment day.</p> |
|--|---|

Ray Palmer, 1867.

WM. HORSLEY.

HORSLEY. C. M.

1. This day the wondrous Mystery Is set before our eyes, Of Jesus stretch'd upon the Cross In - dying ag-o - nies. A-men.

74

"Behold the man." John xix : 5.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 This day the wondrous Mystery<br/>Is set before our eyes,<br/>Of Jesus stretched upon the Cross<br/>In dying agonies.</p> <p>2 O Deed of Love! the Prince becomes<br/>A victim for the slave;<br/>The sinner an acquittal finds,<br/>The innocent a grave.</p> <p>3 O blessed Jesus, valiant chief,<br/>We hail the triumph won</p> | <p>O'er sin, the world, and hell, and death,<br/>By Thee, the Incarnate Son!</p> <p>4 Be Thine the banner under which<br/>From this time forth we fight,<br/>Against the depth of Satan's guile,<br/>And all the powers of night.</p> <p>5 So, dead to our old life, may we<br/>A better life begin;<br/>And thro' Thy Cross, O Christ, at length<br/>A heavenly crown attain. AMEN.</p> |
|--|--|

Edward Caswall, 1876.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

DONCASTER. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER.

1. 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.

75 "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." PHIL. iii: 7.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 When I survey the wondrous cross<br/>On which the Prince of glory died,<br/>My richest gain I count but loss,<br/>And pour contempt on all my pride.</p> <p>2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast<br/>Save in the death of Christ my God:<br/>All the vain things that charm me most,<br/>I sacrifice them to His blood.</p> <p>3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,<br/>Sorrow and love flow mingled down!</p> | <p>Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,<br/>Or thorns compose so rich a crown?</p> <p>4 His dying crimson, like a robe,<br/>Spreads o'er His body on the tree;<br/>Then I am dead to all the globe,<br/>And all the globe is dead to me.</p> <p>5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,<br/>That were a present far too small:<br/>Love so amazing, so divine,<br/>Demands my soul, my life, my all!</p> |
|---|--|

Isaac Watts, 1709.  
GERMAN.

BATTY. 8s, 7s.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

76 "And sitting down they watched Him there. MATT. xxvii: 36.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,<br/>Which before the cross I spend,<br/>Life, and health, and peace possessing,<br/>From the sinner's dying Friend.</p> <p>2 Here I'll rest forever viewing<br/>Mercy's streams in streams of blood:<br/>Precious drops, my soul bedewing,<br/>Plead, and claim my peace with God.</p> <p>3 Truly blessed is the station,<br/>Low before His cross to lie;</p> | <p>Whilst I see divine compassion<br/>Beaming in His languid eye.</p> <p>4 Here it is I find my healing<br/>While upon the Lamb I gaze;<br/>Love I much? I've much forgiven,<br/>I'm a miracle of grace.</p> <p>5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation<br/>Fix my thankful heart on Thee,<br/>Till I taste Thy full salvation,<br/>And Thine unveil'd glory see.</p> |
|--|--|

James Allen, 1757.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

ERNAN. 10s.

L. MASON.

1. Slain for my soul, for all my sins defam'd, King, crown'd with thorns, with blasphemies proclaim'd,

High o'er the clouds Thy roy - al Sign I see: Thron'd on Thy glo - ry, Lord, re-mem-ber me.

77

"Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." Luke xxiii: 42.

- 1 Slain for my soul, for all my sins defamed,  
King, crown'd with thorns, with blasphemies proclaimed,  
High o'er the clouds Thy royal Sign I see:  
Throned on Thy glory, Lord, remember me.
- 2 For Thy tormentors, for my pardon sue;  
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."  
When they that pierced, when every eye, shall see  
Thee in Thy kingdom, Lord, remember me.
- 3 Think of me now with all Thy sorrows pressed;  
Think of me in Thy crowning of the blest;  
Confessed, besought, and worshipped on the Tree,  
Lord, in Thy Kingdom, still remember me.
- 4 'Mid all the thronging of Thy ransomed dead;  
With all the Book of Life before Thee spread;  
Tossed, like a waif, upon the living sea  
By angels parted, Lord, remember me.
- 5 Lord, ere I see Thy Kingdom, let me see  
Thy Paradise, and Paradise with Thee;  
There while I rest, from death, from sorrow free,  
Lord, in my resting still remember me.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

MOUNT CALVARY. 7s. 6 lines.

REDHEAD.

1. Heart of stone, re-lent, re-lent! Break, by Je-sus' cross sub-dued; See His bod-y mangled, rent,

Covered with a gore of blood! Sin-ful soul, what hast thou done? Cru-ci-fied God's on-ly Son.

78

"And they shall look on him whom they pierced." JOHN XIX: 37.

- 1 Heart of stone, relent, relent!  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
See His body mangled, rent,  
Covered with a gore of blood!  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Crucified God's only Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;  
Driven the nails that fixed Him there,  
Crowned with thorns His sacred head;

- Plunged into His side the spear;  
Made His soul a sacrifice,  
While for sinful man He dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain?  
Still to death thy Lord pursue?  
Open all His wounds again,  
And the shameful cross renew?  
No; with all my sins I'll part;  
Break, O break, my bleeding heart.

John Kruger, 1640; tr. by Charles Wesley, 1745, a.

PRAYER. S. M.

L. MARSHALL.

1. Oh, perfect life of love, All, all is finished now, All that He left His throne above To do for us below.

79

"By one sacrifice he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." HEB. II: 14.

- 1 Oh, perfect life of love,  
All, all is finished now,  
All that He left His throne above  
To do for us below.
- 2 No work is left undone  
Of all the Father willed;  
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,  
The Scripture have fulfilled.
- 3 No pain that we can share  
But He has felt the smart;

- All forms of human grief and care  
Have pierced that tender heart.
- 4 And on His thorn-crowned head,  
And on His sinless soul,  
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,  
That He might make us whole.
- 5 In perfect love He dies;  
For me He dies, for me;  
O all-atoning Sacrifice,  
I cling by faith to Thee!

Henry W. Baker. 1852.

CHRIST ENTOMBED.

CEMETERIUM. P. M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Thou, sore op-pressed, the sab-bath-rest, In yon still grave art keep-ing:

All Thy la-bour now is done, Past is all Thy weep-ing. A-men.

80

"For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His." Heb. iv: 10.

- 1 Thou, sore oppressed, the sabbath-rest  
In yon still grave art keeping:  
All Thy labour now is done,  
Past is all Thy weeping.
- 2 The strife is o'er, nought hurts Thee  
more:  
The heart at last has slumbered  
That in conflict sore for us  
Bore our sins unnumbered.
- 3 Thou awful tomb, once filled with gloom  
How blessèd and how holy

- Art thou now, since in the grave  
Slept the Saviour lowly!
- 4 How calm and blest the dead now rest  
Who in the Lord departed:  
All their works do follow them,  
Yea, they sleep glad-hearted!
- 5 O Lord, our Rock, soon grant Thy flock  
To see Thy Easter morning:  
Strife and pain will all be past  
When that day is dawning. Amen.

Catherine Winkworth, Tr. 1862.

ASHWELL. L. M.

L. MASCN.

1. He sleeps, and from His open side The mingled Blood and Water flow, That sanctify His mystic Bride, That wash her pure and white as snow.

81

"This is He that came by Water and Blood." 1 John v: 6.

- 1 He sleeps, and from His open side,  
The mingled Blood and Water flow,  
That sanctify His mystic Bride,  
That wash her pure and white as snow.
- 2 By these, instinct with life divine, [Eve,  
The Church comes forth the second  
The Mother of the faithful line  
Of all that by His Passion live.
- 3 O what a miracle of love  
Hath Christ, the second Adam, shown!

- That we might all be born of God  
The Word forsook His heav'nly throne.
- 4 For us, in sin's dark mazes lost,  
His heart's last drop of Blood He gave;  
His Life, His precious Life, it cost,  
Our dearly ransom'd souls to save.
- 5 Our souls with those dear streams bedew  
That still from Thee, O Jesu, flow;  
New grace, new hopes inspire; a new  
And better heart on us bestow.

John Wesley, 1741.

CHRIST RISEN.

SUDBURY. 7s.

T. CLARK.

1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain, Christ hath broken ev - ry chain ; Hark, an - gel - ic  
 voi - ces cry, Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah ! Praise the Lord !

82 "He is risen from the dead." Matt. xxviii: 7.

- 1 Christ the Lord is risen again,  
 Christ hath broken every chain ;  
 Hark ! angelic voices cry,  
 Singing evermore on high,  
 Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 2 He who bore all pain and loss,  
 Comfortless, upon the cross,  
 Lives in glory now on high,  
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry :  
 Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

- 3 He who slumbered in the grave  
 Is exalted now to save ;  
 Now through Christendom it rings  
 That the Lamb is King of kings :  
 Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 4 Now He bids us tell abroad  
 How the lost may be restored,  
 How the penitent forgiven,  
 How we, too, may enter heaven:  
 Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

Bohemian Easter Hymn, 1831. C. Winkworth, 1858.

THEODORA. 7s.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Jes - us Christ is ris - en to - day, Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Who did once up - on the cross Suffer to re - deem our loss.

83 "He is risen: He is not here." Mark xvi: 6.

- 1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,  
 Our triumphant holy day,  
 Who did once upon the cross  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
 Who endured the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.

- 3 But the pains which He endured  
 Our salvation has procured ;  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing.
- 4 Now be God the Father praised,  
 With the Son from death upraised,  
 And the Spirit ever blest :  
 One true God by all confessed.

Tr. from the Latin of the 15th century.

"Welcome happy morning," age to age shall say ; Hell to-day is vanquished heaven is won to-day.

Lo, the Dead is liv - ing, God for - ev - er more ! Him their true Creator, all His words adore.

## CHORUS.

"Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say; Hell today is vanquis'd, heav'n is won today. AMEN.

84

*"I have the keys of hell and death."*—REV. i: 18.

- 1 "Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say ;  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.  
Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore !  
Him their true Creator all His works adore. CHORUS.
- 2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing for her spring,  
All good gifts return'd with her returning King ;  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now. CHORUS.
- 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. CHORUS.
- 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 did'st put on. CHORUS.
- 5 Thou, of life the Author, death did'st undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show ;  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word ;  
'T is Thine own third morning ; rise my buried Lord ! CHORUS.
- 6 Loose the hearts long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain ;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again ;  
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nation's see ;  
Bring again our daylight ; day returns with Thee. CHORUS.

VICTORY. P. M.

CHRIST RISEN.

PALESTRINA, harmonized by STEWART.

*cres.* *f* *S:*

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! 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!

Org. *f*

85 "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things." Ps. cxviii: 1.

- Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
- 1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;  
The victory of life is won;  
The song of triumph has begun:—  
Alleluia!
  - 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 have quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead;  
All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!
  - 4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:  
Alleluia!
  - 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants  
That we may live and sing to Thee: [free,  
Alleluia!

Francis Pott, 1877.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNEY.

1. Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,  
Your sweetest notes employ,  
The Paschal victory to hymn  
In strains of holy joy.

86 "Judah is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up." GEN. xlix: 9.

- 1 Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,  
Your sweetest notes employ,  
The Paschal victory to hymn  
In strains of holy joy:
- 2 How Judah's Lion burst His chains,  
And bruised the serpent's head;  
And cried aloud, thro' death's domains,  
To wake the imprisoned dead.
- 3 From hell's devouring jaws the prey  
Alone our Leader bore;  
His ransomed hosts pursue the way  
Where He hath gone before.
- 4 Right gloriously He triumphs now;  
To Him all power is given;  
To Him in one communion bow  
All saints in earth and heaven.
- 5 And we, as these His deeds we sing,  
His soldiers we implore,  
Within His palace bright to bring  
And keep us evermore.
- 6 All glory to the Father;  
All glory to the Son;  
All glory, holy Ghost, to Thee;  
While endless ages run.

Fulbert, Tr. by Robert Campbell, 1850.

1. Je - sus lives! no long - er now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap - pall us;

Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

87

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore." Rev. 1: 18.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus lives! no longer now<br/>Can thy terrors, Death, appall us;<br/>Jesus lives! by this we know<br/>Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.</p> <p>2 Jesus lives! for us He died;<br/>Then, alone to Jesus living,<br/>Pure in heart may we abide,<br/>Glory to our Saviour giving.</p> | <p>3 Jesus lives! our hearts know well<br/>Nought from us His love shall sever;<br/>Life, nor death, nor powers of hell<br/>Tear us from His keeping ever.</p> <p>4 Jesus lives! to Him the throne<br/>Over all the world is given:<br/>May we go where He is gone,<br/>Rest and reign with Him in heaven.<br/>Alleluia! Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

Ch. F. Gellert, 1757; tr. by F. E. Cox, 1841, a.

E. J. HOPKINS.

## REDCLIFF. 8s. 4.

1. Morn's roseate hues have deck'd the sky; The Lord has risen with vict'ry: Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia!

88

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." John xii: 24.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky;<br/>The Lord has risen with victory:<br/>Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,<br/>Alleluia.</p> <p>2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,<br/>To cleanse the earth His Blood has given;<br/>Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:<br/>Alleluia.</p> <p>3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,<br/>Has given a glorious harvest-birth,<br/>Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth:<br/>Alleluia.</p> | <p>4 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,<br/>And fleshly passions crucifies,<br/>In body, like to Thine, shall rise:<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>5 O grant us then, with Thee to die,<br/>To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,<br/>And love the things above the sky:<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>6 Oh, praise the Father, and the Son,<br/>Who has for us the triumph won,<br/>And Holy Ghost,—the Three in One:<br/>Alleluia! Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

CHRIST ASCENDING.

LANCASHIRE. 7s. 6s.

H. SMART.

1. O Christ, Thou hast as-cend-ed Tri-um-phant-ly on high,  
 By cher-ub guards at-tend-ed And ar-mies of the sky:  
 Let earth tell forth the sto-ry,— Our ver-y flesh and bone,  
 Em-man-u-el, in glo-ry, As-cends his Fa-ther's throne. A-men.

“Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.”  
 Acts. vii. 56.

1 O Christ, Thou hast ascended  
 Triumphantly on high,  
 By cherub guards attended  
 And armies of the sky:  
 Let earth tell forth the story,—  
 Our very flesh and bone,  
 Emmanuel, in glory,  
 Ascends his Father's throne.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above Thee:  
 But canst Thou, Lord, forget  
 The little band who love Thee  
 And gaze from Olivet?  
 Nay, on Thy breast engraven  
 Thou bearest every name,  
 Our Priest in earth and heaven  
 Eternally the same.

2 There, there Thou standest pleading  
 The virtue of Thy blood,  
 For sinners interceding,  
 Our Advocate with God;  
 And every changeful fashion  
 Of our brief joys and cares  
 Finds thought in Thy compassion  
 And echo in Thy prayers.

4 Oh, for the priceless merit  
 Of Thy redeeming cross  
 Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold Spirit  
 And turn to gain our loss;  
 Till we by strong endeavor  
 In heart and mind ascend  
 And dwell with Thee forever  
 In raptures without end.

CHRIST CROWNED.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART.

I. { 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 ! Crown Him ! crown Him ! Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow.

90

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power." Rev. iv: 11.

- 1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;  
 See the Man of sorrows now  
 From the fight returned victorious !  
 Every knee to Him shall bow :  
 ||: Crown Him ! crown Him ! :||  
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him !  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings :  
 ||: Crown Him ! crown Him ! :||  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings !
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
 Saints and angels, crowd around Him !  
 Own His title, praise His name !  
 :|| Crown Him ! crown Him ! :||  
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !  
 Hark, those loud, triumphant chords !  
 Jesus takes the highest station ;  
 Oh, what joy the sight affords !  
 :|| Crown Him : crown Him ! :||  
 King of kings and Lord of lords !

CHRIST CROWNED.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

ELVY.

I. Crown Him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne ; Hark ! how the heav'nly

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 matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

91

"And on his head were many crowns." REV. xix : 20.

1 Crown Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne ;  
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own!  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee ;  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

3 Crown Him the Lord of life !  
Who triumphed o'er the grave ;  
Who rose victorious to 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.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love !  
Behold His hands and side,—  
Rich wounds, yet visible above  
In beauty glorified :  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him, the Lord of heaven,  
One with the Father known,  
One with the Spirit through Him given  
From yonder glorious throne !  
To Thee be endless praise,  
For Thou for us hast died ;  
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days  
Adored and magnified. AMEN.



1. O Christ, the Lord of heav'n, to Thee, Cloth'd with all maj - es - ty di - vine,  
E - ter - nal power and glo - ry be; E - ter - nal praise of right is Thine.

92

"He sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high." Heb. i: 3.

- 1 O Christ, the Lord of heaven, to Thee,  
Clothed with all majesty divine,  
Eternal power and glory be;  
Eternal praise of right is Thine.
- 2 Reign, Prince of life, who once Thy brow  
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;  
Reign, throned beside the Father now,  
Adored the Son of God first-born.
- 3 From angel hosts that round Thee stand,  
With forms more pure than spotless  
snow,

From the bright, burning seraph band,  
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

- 4 To Thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,  
Born of deep, fervent love, shall rise;  
All honor to Thy name belongs,  
Our lips would sound it to the skies.
- 5 Jesus! all earth shall speak the word;  
Jesus! all heaven shall sound it still;  
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,  
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

HUMMEL. C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.



1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns, is crown'd with glory now; A royal di - a - dem a - dorns the might-y Vic-tor's brow.

93

"We see Jesus crowned with glory and honor." Heb. ii: 9.

- 1 The head that once was crowned with  
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns,  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
The King of kings and Lord of lords,  
And heaven's eternal light:
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,

To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.

- 4 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above,  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.
- 5 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.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

CHRIST INTERCEDING.

COVENTRY. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, let us join our songs of praise To our as-cend-ed Priest ;

He en-tered heaven with all our names En-grav-en on His breast.

94

"And Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord." Ex. xxviii: 12.

- 1 Come, let us join our songs of praise  
To our ascended Priest ;  
He entered heaven with all our names  
Engraven on His breast.
- 2 Below He washed our guilt away,  
By His atoning blood ;  
Now He appears before the throne,  
And pleads our cause with God.
- 3 Clothed with our nature still, He knows  
The weakness of our frame,

And how to shield us from the foes  
Who He Himself o'ercame.

- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench  
The fervor of His love ;  
For us He died in kindness here,  
For us He lives above.
- 5 Oh ! may we ne'er forget His grace,  
Nor blush to bear His name ;  
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith—  
Our lips His praise proclaim.

Alexander Pirie, 1782.

BRADFORD. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. 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.

95

"Seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii: 25.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me ;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find Him lifting up my head,  
He brings salvation near ;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.

- 3 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word ;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.
- 4 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of Paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

1. Where high the heav'nly tem-ple stands, The house of God, not made with hands, A great High-Priest our

na - ture wears; The Pa-tron of man-kind ap-pears, The Pa - tron of man-kind ap-pears.

96

"A great High-Priest that is passed into the heavens." Heb. iv: 14.

1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God, not made with hands,  
A great High-Priest our nature wears;  
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow feeling of our pains;

And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part:  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1745.

DONIZETTI.

RAPHAEL. C. M.

1. The veil is rent:— lo! Je-sus stands Be - fore the throne of grace; And clouds of incense from His hands Fill all that glorious place.

97

"Through the veil that is to say His flesh." Heb. x: 20.

1 The veil is rent:— lo! Jesus stands  
Before the throne of grace;  
And clouds of incense from His hands  
Fill all that glorious place.

2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,  
Before and on the throne;  
And His own wounds in heaven declare  
His work on earth is done.

3 "'Tis finished!" on the cross He said,  
In agonies and blood;

"'Tis finished!" now He lives to plead,  
Before the face of God.

4 "'Tis finished!" here our souls can rest,  
His work can never fail:  
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
We enter through the veil.

5 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,  
His name, His blood, our plea;  
Assur'd our prayers and songs of praise  
Ascend by Him to Thee.

James G. Deck, 1839.

CHRIST INTERCEDING.

GOTTSCHALK. 7.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK. Arr. by E. P. PARKER.

1. Christ to heaven is gone before In the body here He wore;  
He that as our Brother died, Is our Brother glorified.

By per. OLIVER DITSON & Co., owners of Copyright.

98 "Made like unto His brethren." HEB. ii: 17.

- 1 Christ to heaven is gone before  
In the body here He wore;  
He that as our Brother died,  
Is our Brother glorified.
- 2 All the angels wondering own,  
'Tis our nature on the throne;  
"How He loved them, behold!"  
Trembles on the harps of gold.
- 3 Fear not, ye of little faith,  
For He hath abolished death;

- And no longer now we die,  
We but follow Christ on high.
- 4 And before each fainting one,  
Dreading the dark way alone,  
Now appear His footsteps bright,  
Far diffusing holiest light.
- 5 As our Shepherd He is there,  
With the comfort of His care;  
Fear no evil, doubt no more,  
Christ to heaven is gone before.

George Rawson, 1857.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Son of Man, Thyself has proved, Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,  
Our trials and our tears; Death's agonies and fears.

99 "That He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest." HEB. ii: 17.

- 1 O Son of Man, Thyself has proved  
Our trials and our tears;  
Life's thankless toil and scant repose  
Death's agonies and fears.
- 2 In all things like Thy brethren Thou  
Wast made, yet free from sin;  
Yet how unlike to us, O Lord;  
Replies the voice within.

- 3 O Son of God, in glory raised,  
Thou sittest on Thy throne:  
There by Thy pleadings and Thy grace  
Still succoring Thine own.
- 4 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge  
To Thee, O Christ, be given,  
To bind upon Thy crown the names  
Elect in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice, 1835.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

WRETFORD. 8s., 4s.

Rev. E. S. CARTER. I

1. 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.

100

"If I depart, I will send him unto you." John xvi: 7.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Our bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed<br/>His tender, last farewell,<br/>A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed<br/>With us to dwell.</p> <p>2 He came in tongues of living flame,<br/>To teach, convince, subdue;<br/>All powerful as the wind He came,<br/>As viewless too.</p> <p>3 He came sweet influence to impart,<br/>A gracious willing Guest,<br/>While He can find one humble heart<br/>Wherein to rest.</p> | <p>4 And His that gentle voice we hear,<br/>Soft as the breath of even, [fear.<br/>That checks each thought, that calms each<br/>And speaks of heaven.</p> <p>5 And every virtue we possess,<br/>And every victory won,<br/>And every thought of holiness,<br/>Are His alone.</p> <p>6 Spirit of purity and grace,<br/>Our weakness, pitying, see;<br/>O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,<br/>And meet for Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

Harriett Auber, 1829.

G. FRANC.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kindle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

101

"My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me." Ps. cxix: 25.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,<br/>With all Thy quickening powers;<br/>Kindle a flame of sacred love<br/>In these cold hearts of ours.</p> <p>2 See how we grovel here below,<br/>Fond of these earthly toys;<br/>Our souls — how heavily they go<br/>To reach eternal joys!</p> <p>3 In vain we tune our formal songs;<br/>In vain we strive to rise;</p> | <p>Hosannas languish on our tongues,<br/>And our devotion dies.</p> <p>4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live<br/>At this poor dying rate;<br/>Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,<br/>And Thine to us so great?</p> <p>5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,<br/>With all Thy quickening powers;<br/>Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,<br/>And that shall kindle ours.</p> |
|--|--|

Isaac Watts, 1709

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

EVENING PRAYER. 8. 7.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. Come, O Ho - ly Ghost, with - in us; and, re - mov - ing by Thy grace

Ev - 'ry taint and tinge of e - vil, make our hearts Thy dwell - ing place.

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. STEBBINS.

102

"For he dwelleth with you and shall be in you." JOHN xiv : 17.

- 1 Come, O Holy Ghost. within us ; and, removing by Thy grace  
Every taint and tinge of evil, make our hearts Thy dwelling place.
- 2 Be with us, O quickening Spirit ; Thou canst pierce the deepest night :  
Cleanse our base imaginations, change our darkness into light.
- 3 O Thou Holy One Who lovest wisdom always, be Thou kind,  
By Thy mystical anointing heal the blindness of our mind,
- 4 Thou that purifiest all things, as none else beside Thee can,  
Purify the clouded eyesight, Spirit, of our inner man ;
- 5 That by us our Heavenly Father may at last be seen and known :  
For the pure in heart shall see Him, and the pure in heart alone.

C. Stuart Calverly, 1860.

MONSELL. S. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY (1838— ), 1868.

1. O Blessed Paraclete, Assert Thine inward sway ; My body make the temple meet, For Thy perpetual stay.

103

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." 1 COR. vi : 19.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 O Blessed Paraclete<br/>Assert Thine inward sway ;<br/>My body make the temple meet,<br/>For Thy perpetual stay.</li> <li>2 Too long this house of Thine<br/>By alien loves possessed,<br/>Has shut from Thee its inner shrine,<br/>Kept Thee a slighted guest.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,<br/>The veil of my poor heart ;<br/>Enter Thy long forbidden rest,<br/>And nevermore depart.</li> <li>4 Oh, to be filled with Thee !<br/>I ask not aught beside ;<br/>For all unholy guests must flee,<br/>If Thou in me abide.</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

A. J. Gordon, 1890.

1. Come, O Cre - a - tor - Spir - it blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest;

Come with Thy grace and heaven - ly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

## 104

"Who hath given unto us his Holy Spirit." 1 Thess. iv: 8.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, O Creator-Spirit blest!<br/>And in our souls take up Thy rest;<br/>Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid<br/>To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.</p> <p>2 Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;<br/>O highest gift of God most high!<br/>O Fount of life! O Fire of love!<br/>And sweet anointing from above!</p> | <p>3 Kindle our senses from above,<br/>And make our hearts o'erflow with love,<br/>With patience firm, and virtue high,<br/>The weakness of our flesh supply.</p> <p>4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,<br/>And grant us Thy true peace instead;<br/>So shall we not, with Thee for guide,<br/>Turn from the path of life aside.</p> |
|--|---|

*Translated from the Latin by E. Caswall, 1849.*

## PIETAS. 8. 8. 6.

Arranged by W. C. FILBY.

1. To Thee, O Com-fort - er Di - vine, For all Thy grace and pow'r be-nign, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia.

## 105

"When the Comforter is come," John xiv: 26.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 To Thee, O Comforter Divine,<br/>For all Thy grace and power benign,<br/>Sing we Alleluia!</p> <p>2 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win<br/>The wandering from the ways of sin,<br/>Sing we Alleluia!</p> <p>3 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,<br/>Enlighten sanctify, and seal,<br/>Sing we Alleluia.</p> | <p>4 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown<br/>By every promise made our own,<br/>Sing we Alleluia!</p> <p>5 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,<br/>Of all His gifts, the sum and crown,<br/>Sing we Alleluia!</p> <p>6 To Thee, who art with God the Son,<br/>And God the Father, ever One,<br/>Sing we Alleluia!</p> |
|---|--|

*F. R. Havergal, 1876.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THATCHER. S. M.

1. The Ho - ly Ghost is here, Where saints in pray'r a - gree;  
As Je - sus' part - ing gift, - is near Each plead - ing com - pan - y.

106

"For he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." John xiv: 17.

1 The Holy Ghost is here,  
Where saints in pray'r agree;  
As Jesus' parting gift, He's near  
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is He,  
To be by prayer brought nigh,  
But here in present majesty  
As in His courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,  
An ever welcome guest;

He reigns with absolute control,  
As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are His shrine,  
And He the indwelling Lord;  
All hail, thou Comforter divine,  
Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to Thy will,  
We wait to feel Thy power,  
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,  
And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

PARACLETE. 7, 7, 7, 5.

H. C. CAMP.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, the in-fi - nite, Shine up - on our na-ture's might With Thy blessed inward light, Com-fort-er Di - vine!

107

"He shall give you another comforter." John xiv: 16.

Copyright, by H. C. Camp.

1 Holy Ghost, the infinite,  
Shine upon our nature's might  
With Thy blessed inward light,  
Comforter Divine!

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, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groaning plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,  
Earnest of our bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God,  
Bear us up the starry road  
To the height of Thine abode,  
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson, 1876

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HUMILITY. L. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And lighten with ce - les - tial fire;

Thou the a - noint - ing Spir - it art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts im - part.

108

*The comforter which is the Holy Ghost. John xiv: 13.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,<br/>And lighten with celestial fire;<br/>Thou the anointing Spirit art,<br/>Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart:</p> <p>2 Thy blessed unction from above<br/>Is comfort, life, and fire of love;<br/>Enable with perpetual light<br/>The dulness of our blinded sight:</p> | <p>3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face<br/>With the abundance of Thy grace:<br/>Keep far our foes, give peace at home;<br/>Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.</p> <p>4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,<br/>And Thee, of Both, to be but One;<br/>That thro' the ages all along<br/>This Name may be our endless song.</p> |
|--|---|

*Hymn of 8th century. Tr. by Bishop John Cosin, (1594, 1672.)*

GOTTLIEB. 6s, 4s.

F. C. MAKER.

1. O Ho-ly Ghost! a - rise, Thy temp - le fill: With cleansing fire baptize My yielded will.

109

*"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire." Matt. iii: 2.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O Holy Ghost! arise,<br/>Thy temple fill:<br/>With cleansing fire baptize<br/>My yielded will.</p> <p>2 Breath from above, refine<br/>My waiting heart:<br/>Impulse and power divine<br/>To me impart.</p> | <p>3 Thou very Light of Light,<br/>Poured from on high,<br/>Kindle with vision bright<br/>Mine inward eye.</p> <p>4 Cleanse, and illumine, and fill—<br/>It shall be so:<br/>Then send me where Thou will<br/>And I will go.</p> |
|---|--|

*A. J. Gordon, 1892.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT

EVELYN. 7s, 6s.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Spir - it blest, who art a - dored With the Fa - ther and the Word,

One e - ter - nal God and Lord, Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it.

II O

"The Spirit of Truth proceeding from the Father." John xv: 26.

- 1 Spirit blest, who art adored  
With the Father and the Word,  
One eternal God and Lord —  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 2 Spirit, showing us the way,  
Warning when we go astray,  
Pleading in us when we pray —  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

- 3 Spirit, strength, of all the weak,  
Giving courage to the meek,  
Teaching faltering tongues to speak —  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 4 Spirit guiding to the right,  
Spirit making darkness light,  
Spirit of resistless might —  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

T. B. Pollock (1836—).

HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE. 7s, 5s.

F. A. LADDS.

1. Ho - ly Spir-it, heavenly Dove, Thou dost dwell with-in, Breath of life and fire of love, Cleans-ing from all sin.

III

"By his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Rom. viii: 11.

- 1 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
Thou dost dwell within;  
Breath of life, and fire of love,  
Cleansing from all sin.
- 2 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow  
On Thy servants now,  
All Thy fulness let us know,  
While in prayer we bow.

- 3 All our evil passions slay,  
With Thy flaming sword;  
Comfort, heal us day by day,  
With Thy gentle word.
- 4 Holy, loving, true Thou art,  
Live within our breast;  
In the temple of our heart,  
Find Thy constant rest.

William Pollock, 1860. alt.

SALVATION.

SALISBURY. C. M.

GAUNTLETT.

1. Sal - va - tion, oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears,

A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

CHORUS.

Glory, hon - or, praise and power, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er! Je - sus Christ is

our Redeem - er; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord. AMEN.

112

"My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation." Ps. xiii: 5.

1 Salvation, oh, the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

CHO. Glory, honor, praise and power,  
Be unto the Lamb forever!  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;  
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day. CHO.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound. CHO.

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!  
To Thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues. CHO.

SALVATION, — PROVIDED.

PASCAL. H. M.

ANON.

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ! Speak gladness to this heart: They tell me all is done,

REFRAIN.

They bid my fear de-part. To whom, save Thee who canst alone For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

II 3

“Not having mine own righteousness.” Phil iii: 9.

- 1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ!  
Speak gladness to this heart:  
They tell me all is done,  
They bid my fear depart.
- 2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,  
Can heal my bruised soul;  
Thy stripes, not mine, contain  
The balm that makes me whole.
- 3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load

- Of sins that none could bear  
But the incarnate God.
- 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
Has paid the ransom due;  
Ten thousand deaths like mine  
Would have been all too few.
- 5 Thy righteousness alone  
Can clothe and beautify;  
I wrap it round my soul,  
In this I'll live and die.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.  
J. HASTINGS.

COWPER. C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood (Omit . . .) Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains.

II 4

“In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.” Zech. xiii: 1.

- 1 There is a fountain, fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,

- Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 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.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1779

SALVATION,—PROVIDED.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Earl of MORNINGTON.

1. Je - sus, the Lamb of God, Who us from hell to raise

Hast shed Thy rec - on - cil - ing blood, We give Thee end - less praise!

115

“Behold the Lamb of God.” John 1: 36.

- 1 Jesus, the Lamb of God,  
Who us from hell to raise  
Hast shed Thy reconciling blood,  
We give Thee endless praise!
- 2 God, and yet man, Thou art!  
True God, true man art Thou;  
Of man, and of man's earth a part,  
One with us Thou art now.
- 3 Great Sacrifice for sin,  
Giver of life for life,

- Restorer of the peace within,  
True ender of the strife;
- 4 True lover of the lost,  
From heaven Thou camest down,  
To pay for souls the righteous cost,  
And claim them for Thine own.
- 5 Rest of the weary, Thou!  
To Thee our rest we come;  
In Thee to find our dwelling now,  
Our everlasting home.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

LOWELL MASON.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.

116

“But by His own blood.” Heb. ix: 12.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 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 curséd 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.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## LOOK TO JESUS, 7s.

T. MORLEY.

1. Look to Je - sus and be saved, See Him hang - ing on the tree;

Guilt - y art thou and en - slaved, But He bears thy guilt for thee.

## II 7

"Look unto me and be saved." Isaiah xlv : 22

- 1 Look to Jesus and be saved,  
See Him hanging on the tree;  
Guilty art thou and enslaved,  
But He bears thy guilt for thee.
- 2 Look till thou canst see thy sin  
In His body crucified;  
All the lusts that lurked within,  
All thy wilfulness and pride.
- 3 Look and see the judgment fall  
On that guiltless, guilt-bowed head,

- He is made our sin. For all  
One hath died, and all are dead.
- 4 Look to Jesus, look and live;  
He has died thy death for thee.  
Look and trust and love and give  
All thou art His prize to be.
- 5 Look with awe, till wondering love  
Melts thy heart, and dims thine eyes,  
And with prostrate saints above  
Rapt in praise thy spirit lies.

Rev. W. Hay Aitken, 1880.

## OLNEY. S. M.

S. MASON.

1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whispering, "Sinner, come!" The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all His children, "Come!"

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'T is Jesus bids him come.

## II 8

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come." Rev. xxii : 17.

- 1 The Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"  
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all His children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the fountain, come!

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come."  
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;  
Oh blest Redeemer, come!

Bp. H. U. Underdonk, 1826.

SALVATION,—CALLS.

CLARENDON STREET. 7s.

L. MARSHALL.

1. Sure-ly Christ thy griefs has borne; Weep-ing soul, no long - er mourn;

View Him bleed - ing on the tree, Pour - ing out His life for thee.

119

"Surely He hath borne our griefs." Is. liiii. 4.

1 Surely Christ thy griefs has borne;  
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;  
View Him bleeding on the tree,  
Pouring out His life for thee.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
On the atoning Sacrifice;  
There the Incarnate Deity  
Numbered with transgressors see.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,  
Find Him mighty to redeem;  
At His feet thy burden lay,  
Look thy doubts and cares away.

4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,  
Ere I can by faith be healed;  
Since I scarce can look to Thee,  
Cast a gracious eye on me.

A. M. Toplady, 1770.

JESUS CHRIST IS PASSING BY. 7s.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP, by per.  
rit.

1. Jesus Christ is pass-ing by, Sin-ner, lift to Him thine eye; As the precious moments flee, Cry, be mer-ci-ful to me.

I 20

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Luke xviii. 37.

1 Jesus Christ is passing by,  
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;  
As the precious moments flee,  
Cry, be merciful to me.

2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,  
"What wilt thou then have of me?"  
Rise, and tell Him all thy need;  
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;  
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;  
Let it penetrate my soul,  
All my heart and life control."

4 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power  
Comes,— it is salvation's hour;  
Jesus gives from guilt release,  
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

J. Denham Smith, 1860.

SALVATION.—CALLS.

STEPHANOS. P. M.

H. W. BAKER.

I. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?  
 "Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing Be at rest." A - MEN.

I 21

"If any man serve Me, let Him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be." JOHN xii: 26.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,<br/>                 Art thou sore distressed?<br/>                 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,<br/>                 Be at rest."</p> <p>2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,<br/>                 If He be my Guide? —<br/>                 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,<br/>                 And His side."</p> <p>3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,<br/>                 That His brow adorns? —<br/>                 "Yea, a crown, in very surety;<br/>                 But of thorns."</p> <p>4 If I find Him, if I follow,<br/>                 What His gerdoun here? —</p> | <p>"Many a sorrow, many a labor,<br/>                 Many a tear."</p> <p>5 If I still hold closely to Him,<br/>                 What hath He at last? —<br/>                 "Sorrow banished, labor ended,<br/>                 Jordan passed."</p> <p>6 If I ask Him to receive me,<br/>                 Will He say me nay?<br/>                 "Not till earth, and not till heaven<br/>                 Pass away."</p> <p>7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,<br/>                 Is He sure to bless? —<br/>                 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,<br/>                 Answer, Yes."</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Stephen the Sabaite, Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.</i></p> |
|---|--|

ST. COLUMBA. 7s, 3l.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

I. Heal me, O my Saviour, heal; Heal me as I suppliant kneel; Heal me, and my par-don seal.

I 22

"Who healeth all our diseases." Ps. ciii: 3.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;<br/>                 Heal me as I suppliant kneel;<br/>                 Heal me, and my pardon seal.</p> <p>2 Thou the true Physician art;<br/>                 Thou, O Christ, can health impart,<br/>                 Binding up the bleeding heart.</p> | <p>3 Other comforters are gone;<br/>                 Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,<br/>                 Thou for all my sin atone.</p> <p>5 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;<br/>                 Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;<br/>                 To Thy mercy I appeal.</p> |
|--|---|

*Godfrey Thring, 1872.*

SALVATION-CALLS.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D. *Small notes for Organ.*

J. B. DYKES, 1861.

$\text{♩} = 84$ . 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,

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A - MEN.

123

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Matt. xi: 28.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast!"  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He hath made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

- I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that 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. AMEN.

*Horatius Bonar, 1860.*

SALVATION-CALLS.

ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s, D.

E. HUSBAND.

1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly patience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep Him standing there.

124

"Behold I stand at the door and knock." Rev. iii: 20.

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
We bear the name of Christians,  
His name and sign we bear:  
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!  
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking.  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred!  
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
Oh, 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!

*Bishop W. W. How, 1860.*

4 To Thee be praise for ever,  
Thou glorious King of kings!  
Thy wondrous love and favor  
Each ransomed spirit sings:  
We'll celebrate Thy glory  
With all Thy saints above,  
And shout the joyful story  
Of Thy redeeming love.

## ACCEPTANCE AND TRUST.

COME IN, O COME! 10s.

i. Come in, O come! The door stands o - pen now; I knew Thy

voice; Lord Je - sus, it was Thou; The sun has set long

since; the storms be - gin; 'Tis time for Thee, my Sav - iour; O come in!

125

*"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord."* Gen. xxiv: 31.

- 1 Come in, O come ! the door stands open now ;  
I knew Thy voice, Lord Jesus, it was Thou ;  
The sun has set long since ; the storms begin ;  
'T is time for Thee, my Saviour ; O come in !
- 2 Alas, ill-ordered shews the dreary room ;  
The household-stuff lies heaped amidst the gloom,  
The table empty stands, the couch undress'd ;  
Ah, what a welcome for th' Eternal Guest !
- 3 Yet welcome, and to-night ; this doleful scene  
Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in ;  
This dark confusion e'en at once demands  
Thine own bright presence, Lord, and ordering hands.
- 4 I seek no more to alter things, or mend,  
Before the coming of so great a Friend ;  
All were at best unseemly ; and t'were ill  
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.
- 5 Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart  
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art ;  
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,  
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in !

Rev. Hanley C. G. Moule, 1890.

ACCEPTANCE AND TRUST.

BENIGNUS. 7, 6, D.

Dr. A. S. HOLLOWAY.

I lay my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all and frees us From the accursed load;

I bring my guilt to Jesus, White in His blood most precious,  
To wash my crimson stains Till not a stain remains.

REFRAIN.

Then in Thy name I'll glory, In heav'n I'll tell the story Of Thy redeeming love.  
Thou Lamb of God most holy,

126

"Casting all your care upon Him." 1 Pet. v: 7.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all and frees us  
From the accursed load;  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a stain remains. REF.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in Him;  
He healeth 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 sorrow shares. REF.

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,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured. REF

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. REF.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

ACCEPTANCE AND TRUST.

VIA LUCIS. C. M. D.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

VOICES IN UNISON, OR SOLO.

I saw one toiling in the way 'Neath heavy bur-dens press'd, "Take thou my yoke" I

VOICES IN HARMONY.

heard him say "And bearing it find rest." I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,

Wear-y and faint and sore "O bur-den light! O eas-y yoke!" I now sing ev-er-more.

127

"If we suffer we shall also reign with Him."—II Tim ii: 12.

- 1 I saw one toiling in the way  
'Neath heavy burdens pressed,  
"Take thou my yoke" I heard him say  
"And bearing it find rest."  
I bowed my shoulder as he spoke,  
Wear-y and faint and sore,  
"O burden light! O easy yoke!"  
I now sing evermore.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In shame and anguish dread,  
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"  
The royal Sufferer said.

- I heard: and in his path of pain  
Submissive took my way,  
In loss for Christ, how rich the gain,  
I'm proving every day.
- 3 I saw one seated on a throne  
By myriad saints adored,  
"Hold fast, let no man take thy crown!"  
Was now His solemn word.  
Yea, Lord, Thy will my will hath won  
And my high thoughts cast down:  
Without thy yoke no glad 'well done'  
Without thy cross no crown!"

A. J. Gordon, 1892.

ACCEPTANCE AND TRUST.

BULLINGER. P. M. 8. 8. 8. 3.

E. W. BULLINGER.



1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!  
Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.

128

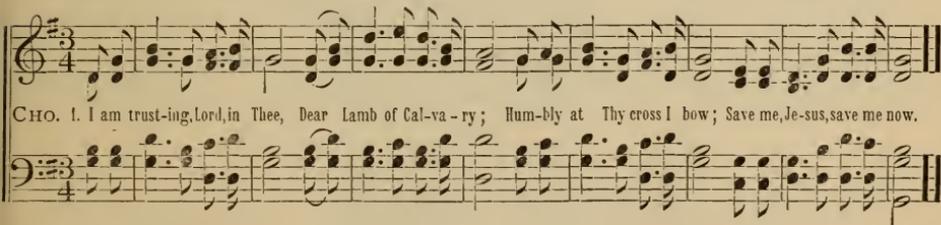
"The Lord knoweth them that trust in him." Nahum i: 7.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,<br/>Trusting only Thee!<br/>Trusting Thee for full salvation,<br/>Great and free.</p> <p>2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,<br/>At Thy feet I bow;<br/>For Thy grace and tender mercy,<br/>Trusting now.</p> <p>3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing<br/>In the crimson flood;<br/>Trusting Thee to make me holy<br/>By Thy blood.</p> | <p>4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;<br/>Thou alone shalt lead,<br/>Every day and hour supplying<br/>All my need.</p> <p>5 I am trusting Thee for power,<br/>Thine can never fail;<br/>Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me<br/>Must prevail.</p> <p>6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;<br/>Never let me fall;<br/>I am trusting Thee for ever<br/>And for all.</p> |
|---|--|

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE. 7s.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



CHO. 1. I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

129

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." Ps. li: 2.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, to Thy wounds I fly;<br/>Purge my sins of deepest dye;<br/>Lamb of God, for sinners slain,<br/>Wash away my crimson stain. CHO.</p> | <p>2 Plunge me in that sacred flood,<br/>In that fountain of Thy blood;<br/>Then Thy Father's eye shall see,<br/>Not a spot of guilt in me. CHO.</p> |
|---|--|

Charles Wesley, 1746.

ACCEPTANCE AND TRUST.

LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s, & 6s.

W. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I saw the cross of Jesus, When burden'd with my sin; I sought the cross of Jesus, To give me peace within!

I bro't my soul to Je-sus, He cleans'd it in His blood; And in the cross of Jesus I found my peace with God.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story, 'T will be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Jesus and His love.

130

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross." Col. 1: 20.

1 I saw the cross of Jesus,  
When burdened with my sin;  
I sought the cross of Jesus,  
To give me peace within!  
I brought my soul to Jesus,  
He cleansed it in His blood;  
And in the cross of Jesus  
I found my peace with God. CHO.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus !  
There let my weary heart  
Still rest in peace unshaken,  
Till with Him, ne'er to part;  
And then in strains of glory  
I'll sing His wondrous power,  
Where sin can never enter,  
And death is known no more. CHO.

Rev. Frederick Whitfield, 1870.

ACCEPTANCE AND TRUST.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 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!

131

"These are they that follow the Lamb." Rev. xiv: 4.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am — Thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED, I COME. S, 6.

WM. BLOW.

1. Drawn to the cross, which Thou hast blest, With healing gifts for souls distressed, To find in Thee my life, my rest, Christ crucified, I come.

132

"We preach Christ crucified." 1 Cor. 1: 23.

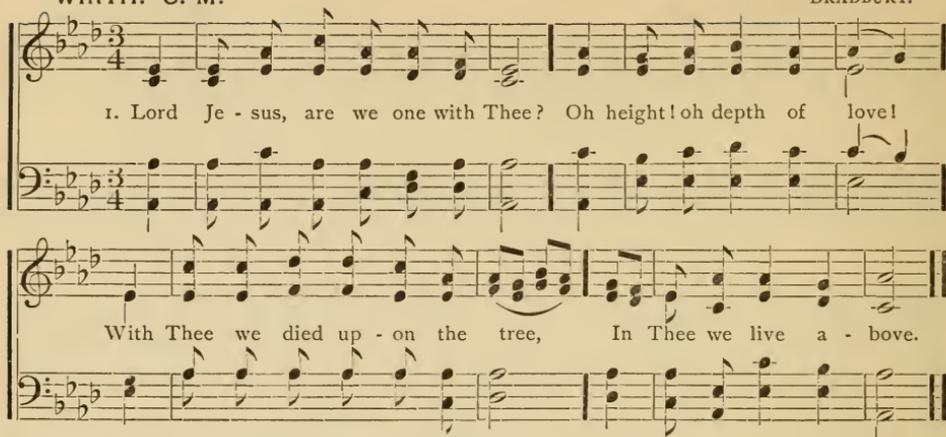
1 Drawn to the cross, which Thou hast blest  
With healing gifts for souls distressed,  
To find in Thee my life, my rest,  
Christ crucified, I come.

2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,  
Thy grace abused, my misspent years,  
Yet now to Thee, with contrite tears,  
Christ crucified, I come.

3 Wash me and take away each stain,  
Let nothing of my sin remain;  
For cleansing, though it be through pain,  
Christ crucified, I come.

4 And then for work to do for Thee  
Which shall so sweet a service be  
That angels well might envy,  
Christ crucified, I come.

Miss G. M. Irons, 1880



1. Lord Je - sus, are we one with Thee? Oh height! oh depth of love!  
With Thee we died up - on the tree, In Thee we live a - bove.

133

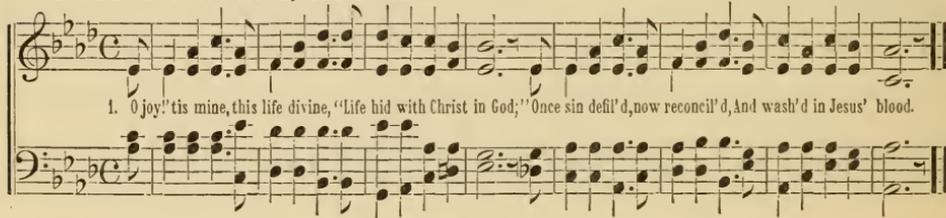
*"That they may be made perfect in one."* John xvii: 2, 3.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?<br/>Oh height! oh depth of love!<br/>With Thee we died upon the tree,<br/>In Thee we live above.</p> <p>2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake<br/>Thou didst from heaven come down,<br/>Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,<br/>In all our sorrows one.</p> <p>3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,<br/>Confessed and borne by Thee;<br/>The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine<br/>To set Thy members free.</p> | <p>4 Ascended now, in glory bright,<br/>Still one with us Thou art;<br/>Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,<br/>Thy saints and Thee can part.</p> <p>5 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own<br/>This wondrous mystery,<br/>That Thou with us art truly one,<br/>And we are one with Thee!</p> <p>6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,<br/>When, seated on Thy throne,<br/>Thou shalt to wondering worlds display<br/>That Thou with us art one,</p> |
|---|--|

*James G. Deck, 1837.*

## OH JOY! 'TIS MINE, THIS LIFE DIVINE.

EVANGEL ECHOES.



1. O joy! 'tis mine, this life divine, "Life hid with Christ in God;"  
Once sin defil'd, now reconcil'd, and wash'd in Jesus' blood.

134

*"Your life is hid with Christ in God."* Col. III: 3.

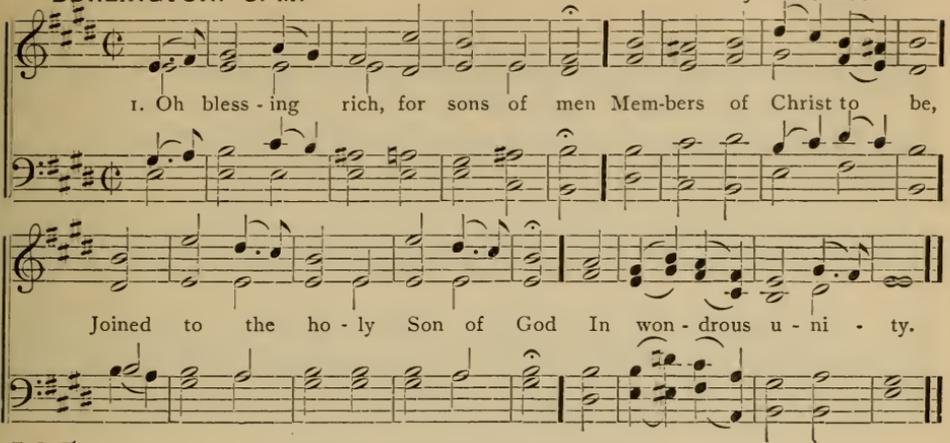
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O joy! 'tis mine, this life divine,<br/>"Life hid with Christ in God;"<br/>Once sin defiled, now reconciled,<br/>And washed in Jesus' blood.</p> <p>2 Oh, perfect love, all thought above,<br/>Is this indeed for me?<br/>Such matchless grace, in all I trace,<br/>Dear Lord, must come from Thee.</p> | <p>3 While here below His saints, we know,<br/>He makes His tender care;<br/>And grants them power, from hour to hour,<br/>Against the tempter's snare.</p> <p>4 How safe and blest are they who rest<br/>'Neath covert of His wings;<br/>Though foes assail, none can prevail<br/>Against our "King of kings."</p> |
|--|---|

*Effie Williamson, 1880.*

UNION WITH CHRIST.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. BURROUGHS.



1. Oh bless - ing rich, for sons of men Mem - bers of Christ to be,  
 Joined to the ho - ly Son of God In won - drous u - ni - ty.

135

"For we are members of His body." Eph. v. 30.

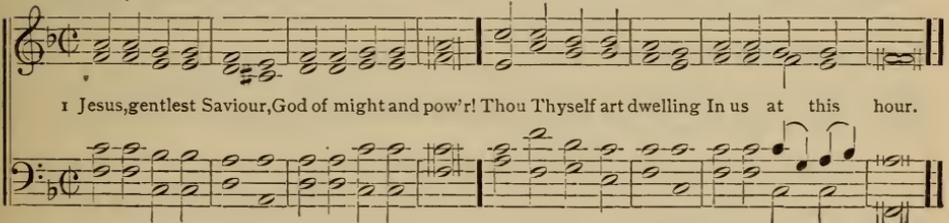
- 1 O blessing rich, for sons of men  
 Members of Christ to be,  
 Joined to the holy Son of God  
 In wondrous unity.
- 2 O Jesus, our great Head divine,  
 From whom most freely flow  
 The streams of life and strength and  
 To all the frame below: [warmth]
- 3 Keep us as members sound and whole  
 Within Thy body true;

- Build us into a temple fair,  
 Meet stones in order due.
- 4 Keep us good branches of Thy vine,  
 Large store of fruit to yield;  
 Keep us as sheep that wander not  
 From Thy most pleasant field.
- 5 For one with God, O Jesus blest,  
 We are, when one with Thee,  
 With saints on earth and saints at rest  
 A glorious company.

*Hymnologia Christiana*, 1863.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR. 6. 5.

DR. FILITZ'S COLLECTION.



1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and pow'r! Thou Thyself art dwelling In us at this hour.

136

"Christ in you, the hope and glory." Coloss. i. 27.

- 1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,  
 God of might and pow'r!  
 Thou Thyself art dwelling  
 In us at this hour.
- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,  
 Heaven is all too strait  
 For Thine endless glory,  
 And Thy royal state.
- 3 Yet the hearts of children  
 Hold what worlds cannot,

- And the God of wonders  
 Loves the lowly spot.
- 4 Jesus, gentlest Saviour!  
 Thou art in us now;  
 Fill us full of goodness,  
 Till our hearts o'erflow.
- 5 Pray the prayer within us  
 That to Heaven shall rise;  
 Sing the song that angels  
 Sing above the skies.

*F. W. Faber*, 1832.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

I LIFT MY HEART TO THEE. P. M.

T. M. MUDIE.

1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav-iour Divine, For Thou art all to me, And I am Thine.  
Is there on earth a clos-er bond than this, That "my Be-lov-ed's mine, and I am His?"

I37

"My Beloved is mine." Cart. vi: 3.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I lift my heart to Thee,<br/>Saviour Divine,<br/>For Thou art all to me,<br/>And I am Thine.<br/>Is there on earth a closer bond than this,<br/>That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His?"</p> <p>2 Thine am I by all ties ;<br/>But chiefly Thine,<br/>That through Thy sacrifice<br/>Thou, Lord, art mine. [wound<br/>By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly<br/>Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.</p> | <p>3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,<br/>I all things owe ;<br/>All that I have and am,<br/>And all I know.<br/>All that I have is now no longer mine,<br/>And I am not mine own ; Lord, I am Thine.</p> <p>4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep<br/>Me in Thy love,<br/>Until death's holy sleep<br/>Shall me remove [o'er,<br/>To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow<br/>Thou and Thine own are One for evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

C. E. Mudie, 1880.

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR. 8s & 5s.

1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him? Gladly let us render to Him, All we have and are !

I38

"Christ is all, and in all." Col. iii: 11.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him ;<br/>Who can tell how much we owe Him ?<br/>Gladly let us render to Him<br/>All we have and are !</p> <p>2 Jesus is the Name that charms us,<br/>He for conflict fits and arms us ;<br/>Nothing moves and nothing harms us<br/>When we trust in Him.</p> | <p>3 Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleaving,<br/>To Thyself, and still believing,<br/>Till the hour of our receiving<br/>Promised joys of heav'n.</p> <p>4 Then we shall be where we would be,<br/>Then we shall be what we should be,<br/>Things which are not now nor could be<br/>Then shall be our own !</p> |
|--|---|

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

MEDELSSOHN. L. M.

MEDELSSOHN.

1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,

To dwell with-in Thy wounds: then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

139

"And now little children abide in Him." 1 John ii: 28.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,<br/>To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,<br/>To dwell within Thy wounds: then pain<br/>Is sweet, and life or death is gain.</p> <p>2 Take my poor heart, and let it be<br/>Forever closed to all but Thee;<br/>Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear<br/>That pledge of love forever there.</p> <p>3 How blest are they who still abide<br/>Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side;<br/>Who life and strength from thence derive,<br/>And by Thee move, and in Thee live.</p> | <p>4 What are our works but sin and death,<br/>Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?<br/>Thou giv'st the pow'r Thy grace to move,<br/>Oh wondrous grace! Oh boundless love!</p> <p>5 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,<br/>To know the wonders Thou hast wrought!<br/>Unloose our stammering tongues to tell<br/>Thy love immense, unsearchable!</p> <p>6 First-born of many brethren Thou,<br/>To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow;<br/>To Thee our hearts and hands we give;<br/>Thine may we die, Thine may we live.</p> |
|---|--|

Count Zinzendorf, John and Anna Nitschman, 1737-8; Tr. by J. Wesley, 1740.

ASPIRATION. L. M.

GENEVAN PSALTER, 1545.

1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood, To dwell within Thy wounds: then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

ILLA. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

I. Je - sus, Thy blood and right - eous - ness My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress,

'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

140

"The Lord our righteousness." Jer. xxiii: 6.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness<br/>My beauty are, my glorious dress;<br/>'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,<br/>With joy shall I lift up my head.</p> <p>2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,<br/>For who aught to my charge shall lay?<br/>Fully absolved through these I am,<br/>From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.</p> | <p>3 This spotless robe the same appears,<br/>When ruined nature sinks in years,<br/>No age can change its glorious hue,<br/>The robe of Christ is ever new.</p> <p>4 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice;<br/>Bid, Lord, Thy mourning ones rejoice;<br/>Their beauty this, their glorious dress,<br/>Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.</p> |
|--|--|

Count Zinzendorf, 1739; tr. by John Wesley, 1740.  
J. MOUNTAIN.

JESUS IS THE SAME FOREVER.

I. Je - sus is the same for - ev - er; We may change, but Je - sus nev - er, Je - sus nev - er.

141

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." Heb. xiii: 8.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus is the same forever;<br/>We may change, but Jesus never,<br/>Jesus never.</p> <p>2 Oh, what rest in Him abiding,<br/>In His love and care confiding,<br/>Still confiding.</p> <p>3 He will lead us to perfection,<br/>And complete His great election,<br/>His election.</p> <p>4 Down the age His purpose ranges,<br/>Changeless in the midst of changes,<br/>Through all changes.</p> | <p>5 Day by day He walks beside us.<br/>Ours to shield us, ours to guide us.<br/>Shield and guide us.</p> <p>6 Calm we sleep, for He, unsleeping,<br/>Folds us with almighty keeping,<br/>Sleepless keeping.</p> <p>7 For the work He set before Him,<br/>We adore Him — fall before Him,<br/>We adore Him.</p> <p>8 Earth! to Heaven with praises raise Him!<br/>Heaven! with higher praising praise Him!<br/>Praise Him, praise Him!</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Wade Robinson, 1880

UNION WITH CHRIST.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME. 7s. 6l.

R. REDHEAD.

1. 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 that flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

142

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Psalm. lxl: 2.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side that flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly:  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6l.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side that flow'd,  
D.C. Be of sin the double cure: Save me from its guilt and power.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

CLEANSED IN OUR SAVIOUR'S BLOOD,

E. W. BULLINGER.

1. Cleansed in our Sav-iour's pre-cious blood, Filled with the ful-ness of our God,

Walk-ing by faith the path He trod; Al-le-lu-ia.

143

"By the which will we are sanctified. Heb. x: 10.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Cleansed in our Saviour's precious blood,<br/>Filled with the fulness of our God,<br/>Walking by faith the path He trod;<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>2 Leaning our heads on Jesus' breast,<br/>Knowing the joy of that sweet rest,<br/>Finding in Him the chief, the best!<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>3 Kept by His power from day to day,<br/>Held by His hand, we cannot stray,</p> | <p>Glory to glory all the way!<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>4 Living in us His own pure life,<br/>Giving us rest from inward strife, [life;<br/>From strength to strength, from death to<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>5 Oh, what a Saviour we have found;<br/>Well may we make the world resound<br/>With one continual joyous sound;<br/>Alleluia!</p> |
|---|---|

W. Spencer Walton, 1880.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

I. PLEYEL.

1. Complete in Thee! no work of mine May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine; Thy blood has pardon bought for me; And I am now complete in Thee.

144

"And ye are complete in Him." Coloss ii: 10.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Complete in Thee! no work of mine<br/>May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine,<br/>Thy blood has pardon bought for me,<br/>And I am now complete in Thee.</p> <p>2 Complete in Thee — no more shall sin,<br/>Thy grace has conquered, reign within;<br/>Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,<br/>And I shall stand complete in Thee.</p> | <p>3 Complete in Thee — each want supplied,<br/>And no good thing to me denied,<br/>Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,<br/>I ask no more — complete in Thee.</p> <p>4 Dear Saviour! when, before Thy bar,<br/>All tribes and tongues assembled are,<br/>Among Thy chosen may I be<br/>At Thy right hand — complete in Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

Aaron R. Wolfe, 1884

UNION WITH CHRIST.

O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO. 7s. 5.

A. L. PEACE, Mus. D.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I

give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.

I45

"Therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. xxxi: 3.

1 O Love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths, its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

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 glow, 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.

G. Matheson.

LET MY LIFE BE HID WITH THEE. 7s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Let my life be hid with Thee, Gracious Saviour, Lord of might; Saved from sin, from dangers free, Lightened by Thy perfect light.

I46

"Your life is hid with Christ in God." Coloss. iii: 3.

1 Let my life be hid with Thee,  
Gracious Saviour, Lord of might:  
Saved from sin, from dangers free,  
Lightened by Thy perfect light.

2 Let my life be hid with Thee,  
When my soul is vexed below;

Let me still Thy mercy see,  
When bowed down by grief and woe,

3 Let my life be hid with Thee,  
Bound within Thy life above,  
Living through eternity  
In the realms of peace and love.

Anon.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

IN CHRISTO. 10s, 4s.

HENRY MOULE.

1. Cloth'd in Thy righteousness, wash'd from my sin, Hearing the Spirit's voice witness within,

Lo! I be - fore Thee bow and a - dore Thee, Ev - er the same.

I47

"Not having my own righteousness." Phil. iii: 9.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Clothed in Thy righteousness, wash'd from my sin,<br/>Hearing the Spirit's voice witness within,<br/>Lo! I before Thee bow and adore Thee,<br/>Ever the same.</p> <p>2 Shine with the light of Immanuel's face,<br/>Infinite holiness, infinite grace:<br/>Shine on me ever, so to be never<br/>Darkened with sin.</p> | <p>3 Fain would I ever abide in Thee, Lord!<br/>Fain with Thy presence be filled, and Thy<br/>word, [Thee,<br/>Now, now receive me, never to grieve<br/>Never to stray.</p> <p>4 Holy, thrice Holy! Thy pardoning love<br/>Draws me to join the blest spirits above,<br/>Whose never-ending praises, ascending,<br/>Circle Thy throne!</p> |
|---|--|

Henry Moule, 1888.  
LOWELL MASON.

NAOMI. C. M.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Thy sovereign will denies, Let this petition rise :

I48

"God will be with me, so that I come again to my father's house in peace." Gen. xxviii: 20, 21.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss<br/>Thy sovereign will denies,<br/>Accepted at Thy throne of grace<br/>Let this petition rise :—</p> <p>2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,<br/>From every murmur free ;</p> | <p>The blessings of Thy grace impart,<br/>And let me live to Thee.</p> <p>3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine<br/>My path of life attend ;<br/>Thy presence through my journey shine,<br/>And crown my journey's end.</p> |
|--|---|

Annie Steele, 1760.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

LIVORNO. 10s.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. (1842 —) 1874.

1. A-bide in Thee, in that deep love of Thine, My Jesus, Lord, Thou Lamb of God divine;

Down, closely down, as living branch with tree, I would a-bide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee.

149

“Abide in me and I in you.” John xv: 3.

1 Abide in Thee, in that deep love of Thine,  
My Jesus, Lord, Thou Lamb of God di-  
vine;  
Down, closely down, as living branch  
with tree,  
I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee.

2 Abide in Thee, my Saviour God, I know  
How love of Thine, so vast in me may  
flow  
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,  
Now overflows to Thee, without alloy.

3 Abide in Thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,  
Can e'er prevail with Thy blest life within;  
Joined to Thyself, communing deep, my  
soul  
Knows nought besides its motions to con-  
trol.

4 Abide in Thee, 't is thus I only know  
The secrets of Thy mind e'en while be-  
low; [word,  
All joy and peace, and knowledge of Thy  
All pow'r and fruit, and service for the  
Lord.

Joseph Denham Smith, 1860.

CHANT.

LOVE AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

E. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended knee;

This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. DOANE. By permission.

150

"Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." John xxi: 15.

- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ,  
More love to Thee;  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea —  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek;  
Give what is best:  
Thus 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!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1875.

SAVIOUR, TEACH ME. 7s.

CHARLES THIRTLÉ.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o-bey; Sweet-er les-son cannot be, Loving Him who first lov'd me.

151

"We love Him because He first loved us." 1 John iv: 19.

- 1 Saviour, teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 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.

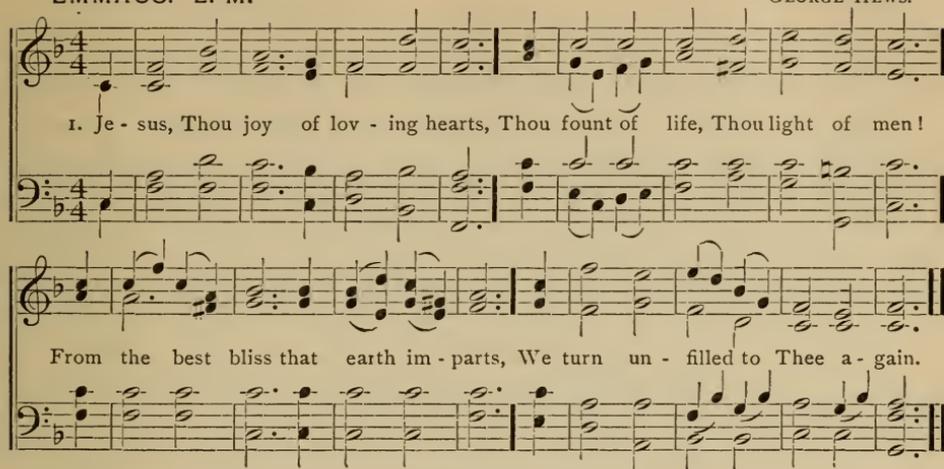
- 3 Love in loving finds employ —  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 4 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST

EMMAUS. L. M.

GEORGE HEWS.



I. 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.

152

"That your joy might be full." John xv: 2.

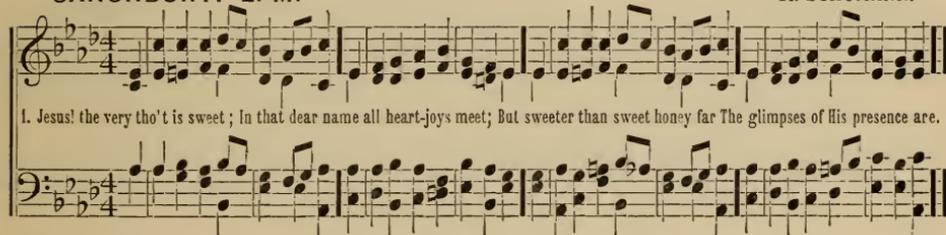
- 1 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts,  
Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, All in All!
- 3 We taste thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;

- 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 Thee 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; tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

R. SCHUMANN.

CANONBURY. L. M.



1. Jesus! the very tho't is sweet; In that dear name all heart-joys meet; But sweeter than sweet honey far The glimpses of His presence are.

153

"That beautiful name by which ye are called." James ii: 7.

- 1 Jesus! — the very thought is sweet;  
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;  
But sweeter than sweet honey far  
The glimpses of His presence are.
- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this:  
No name is heard more full of bliss;  
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,  
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.
- 3 Jesus, Thou sweetness, pure, and blest,  
Truth's fountain, light of souls distress'd,

- 4 Surpassing all that heart requires,  
Exceeding all that soul desires!
- 4 No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write, its blessedness:  
Alone who hath Thee in his heart  
Knows, love of Jesus what Thou art.
- 5 We follow Jesus now, and raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,  
That He at last may make us meet  
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.

Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1842.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

BRADFORD. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast ;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.

154

"Unto you therefore which believeth He is precious." 1 Pet. ii: 7.

- 1 Jesus! the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast ;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the 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, 1153; tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

FAITH. C. M.

S. T. TUCKERMAN.

1. Jesus, these eyes have never seen That ra-diant form of Thine! The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine!

155

"Whom not having seen ye love." 1 Pet. i: 8.

- 1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine!  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine!
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me;  
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot  
As when I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes  
When slumbers o'er me roll, [unsought,

- 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.

Ray Palmer, 1858.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

JESUS, JESUS, VISIT ME. 7s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus, vis - it me, How my soul longs af - ter Thee!  
When, my best, my dear - est friend, Shall our sep - a - ra - tion end?

156

"He satisfieth the longing soul." Ps. cvii: 9.

- 1 Jesus, Jesus, visit me,  
How my soul longs after Thee!  
When, my best, my dearest friend,  
Shall our separation end?
- 2 Lord, my longings never cease,  
Without Thee I find no peace:  
'T is my constant cry to Thee,  
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.
- 3 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!  
Art my shield and great reward;

- All my hope, my Saviour Thou,—  
To Thy sovereign will I bow.
- 4 Come, inhabit then my heart,  
Purge its sin, and heal its smart;  
See, I ever cry to Thee,  
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.
- 5 Patiently I wait Thy day;  
For this gift alone I pray,  
That when death shall visit me  
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

*J. Angelus. 1660; tr. by R. P. Dunn, 1858.*

HOLY LAMB, WHO THEE RECEIVE. 7s.

LEONARD MARSHALL.

1. Ho - ly Lamb, who Thee re - ceive, Who in Thee be - gin to live, Day and night they cry to Thee, As Thou art so let us be!

157

"Conformed to the image of His Son." Rom. viii: 29.

- 1 Holy Lamb, who Thee receive,  
Who in Thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to Thee,  
As Thou art so let us be!
- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast;  
See, I pant in Thee to rest;  
Gladly would I now be clean;  
Cleans me now from every sin.

- 3 Fix, oh fix my wav'ring mind,  
To Thy cross my spirit bind;  
Earthly passions far remove;  
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of sin and misery,  
Thine we are, Thou Son of God;  
Take the purchase of Thy blood!

*Anna Dober, 1735; tr. by John Wesley, 1740.*

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

ST. GREGORIUS. C. M.

TALLIS.

1. O Je - sus! King most won - der - ful, Thou con - quer - or re - nowned;

Thou sweet - ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found;

158

"Thou King of Saints." Rev. xv: 3.

- 1 O Jesus! King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned;  
Thou sweetness most ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found;
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below!  
Thou Fount of life and fire!

- Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire;
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,  
And ever Thee adore;  
'And, seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;  
Thee may we love alone;  
And ever in our life express  
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

LEANING ON THEE. 8s. 4s.

1. Lean-ing on Thee, my Guide, my Friend, My gra-cious Sav-iour, I am blest: Tho' weary Thou dost condescend To be my rest.

159

"Leaning on the Beloved." Cant. 8, 5.

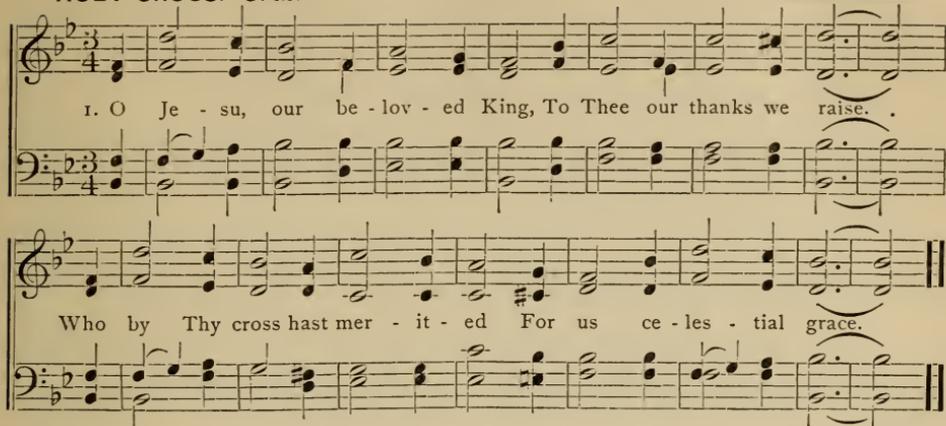
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 Leaning on Thee, my guide, my Friend,<br/>My gracious Saviour, I am blest:<br/>Though weary Thou dost condescend<br/>To be my rest.</li> <li>2 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith<br/>To Thee the future I confide:<br/>Each step of life's untrodden path<br/>Thy Love will guide.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,<br/>Too weak another voice to hear,<br/>Thy heavenly accents comfort speak;<br/>Be of good cheer.</li> <li>4 Leaning on Thee no fear alarms,<br/>Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;<br/>I feel "the everlasting arms,"<br/>I cannot sink.</li> </ol> |
|---|--|

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



1. O Je - su, our be - lov - ed King, To Thee our thanks we raise.  
Who by Thy cross hast mer - it - ed For us ce - les - tial grace.

160

"By grace are ye saved through faith." Eph. ii: 8.

1 O Jesu, our beloved King,  
To Thee our thanks we raise,  
Who by Thy cross hast merited  
For us celestial grace.

2 In Adam, in God's image made,  
With God at one to dwell;  
In Adam, fallen into sin,  
The heirs of death and hell;

3 That grace to which our native strength  
Could never have attained,  
That grace, O our Incarnate God,  
In Thee we have regained.

4 O gift of love, O gift immense,  
Surpassing nature's Law!  
What strength to will and to perform  
From this pure fount we draw.

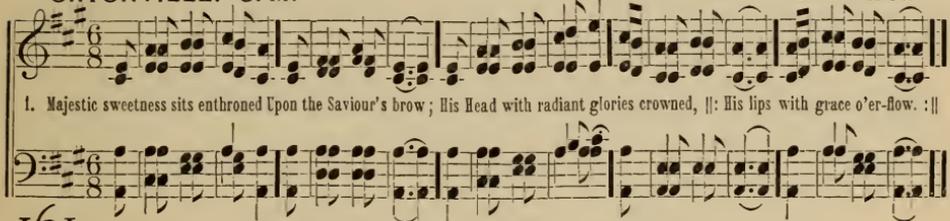
5 By this, to us is opened wide,  
Through faith's inviting door,  
A nobler realm, a brighter crown,  
Than Adam lost of yore.

6 O Jesu, on whose grace alone  
We by Thy grace depend;  
Grant us the grace to persevere  
In grace unto the end.

Edward Caswall, 1858.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.



1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His Head with radiant glories crowned, ||: His lips with grace o'er-flow. :||

161

"Behold thou art fair my Son." Cant. i: 15.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
||: His lips with grace o'erflow. :||

2 No mortal can with Him compare  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair  
||: That fill the heavenly train. :||

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. :||

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. :||

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.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

SAVIOUR! THY DYING LOVE. 6s. 4s.

D. MANSELL RAMSEY.

1. Sav-iour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee.

*ritard.*  
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

162

"For ye serve the Lord Christ." Col. iii: 24.

- 1 Saviour, Thy dying love  
Thou gavest me,  
Nor should I aught withhold,  
Dear Lord, from Thee.  
In love my soul would bow,  
My heart fulfill its vow,  
Some off'ring bring Thee now,  
Something for Thee.
- 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.

S. Dryden Phelps, 1862.

A. J. GORDON.

LEANING ON THE BELOVED. 7s.

1. On Thy bosom let me lean, Saviour, present tho' un - seen; Naught of grief or pain or care, Hurts me while re-clin-ing there.

163

"Who also leaned on his breast at supper." John xxi: 20.

- 1 On Thy bosom let me lean,  
Saviour, present though unseen;  
Naught of grief or pain or care,  
Hurts me while reclining there.
- 2 In the Father's bosom Thou  
Rested'st once, but callest now  
Sinners, by Thy blood made nigh,  
On Thy gracious breast to lie.

- 3 Heart of God's own heart of love,  
Center of all hearts above,  
Wondrous grace vouchsafed to me  
Near, so near Thy heart to be.
- 4 Jesus, grant me by Thy grace  
At Thy marriage feast a place,  
Where, in wedding garments dressed,  
I may in Thy bosom rest.

A. J. Gordon, 1893.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

JESUS! JESUS! JESUS! 6s.

*Slowly.*

1. Je - sus! Je - sus! Je - sus! Sing a - loud the Name;

Till it soft - ly, slow - ly, Sets all hearts a - flame.

164

"A name which is above every name." Phil. ii: 9.

1 Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!  
Sing aloud the Name;  
Till it softly, slowly,  
Sets all hearts aflame.

2 Jesus! Name of cleansing,  
Washing all our stains;  
Jesus! Name of healing,  
Balm for all our pains.

3 Jesus! Name of boldness,—  
Making cowards brave;  
Name! that in the battle,  
Certainly must save.

4 Jesus! Name of vict'ry,  
Stretching far away,  
Right across earth's war-fields,  
To the plains of day.

5 Jesus! Name of beauty,  
Beauty far too bright  
For our earth-bound fancy,  
For our mortal sight.

6 Jesus! be our joy-note  
In this vale of tears:  
Till we reach the Home-land,  
And th' eternal years.

Llanthony Abbey Hymns.  
WALCH.

SAWLEY. C. M.

1. My blessed Saviour, is Thy love So great, so full, so free! Behold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all, to Thee. A-men.

165

"The love of Christ constraineth us." 2 Cor. v: 14.

1 My blessed Saviour, is Thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Behold, I give my love, my heart,  
My life, my all, to Thee.

2 I love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in Thyself I see;  
I love Thee for that shameful cross  
Thou hast endured for me.

3 Though in the very form of God  
With heavenly glory crown'd,

Thou wouldst partake of human flesh  
Beset with troubles round.

4 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made  
In everything but sin,  
That we as like Thee might become  
As we unlike had been.

5 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In every beautiful grace;  
From glory thus to glory changed,  
As we behold Thy face.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

LAUDES DOMINI. P. M.

J. BARNEY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:

A-like at work and prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.

166

"The praises of Him, who hath called you." 1 PET. ii: 9.

1 When morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised :  
Alike at work and prayer,  
To Jesus I repair ;  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 To Thee, O God, above,  
I cry with glowing love,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised :  
This song of sacred joy,  
It never seems to cloy :  
    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.

4 When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast :  
    May Jesus Christ be praised :  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant I hear :  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised :  
The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised :  
Be this the eternal song,  
Through all the ages long,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

DIJON. 7.

GERMAN.

1. Je - sus! name of won-drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!  
Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty!

167 "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." MATT. i: 21.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Jesus! name decreed of old<br/>To the maiden-mother told,<br/>Kneeling in her lowly cell,<br/>By the angel Gabriel.</p> <p>3 Jesus! name of priceless worth<br/>To the fallen sons of earth,<br/>For the promise that it gave,<br/>"Jesus shall His people save."</p> | <p>4 Jesus! only name that's given<br/>Under all the mighty heaven,<br/>Whereby man, to sin enslaved,<br/>Bursts his fetters and is saved.</p> <p>5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!<br/>Human name of God above;<br/>Pleading only this we flee,<br/>Helpless, O our God, to Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

Bishop William W. How. 1854.

EUDOXIA. 6. 5.

GOULD.

1. At the name of Jesus Ev'ry knee shall bow, Ev'ry tongue confess Him King of Glo-ry now.

168

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow." PHIL. ii: 10.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 At the name of Jesus<br/>Ev'ry knee shall bow,<br/>Ev'ry tongue confess Him<br/>King of Glory now.</p> <p>2 'Tis the Father's pleasure<br/>We should call Him Lord,<br/>Who from the beginning,<br/>Was the mighty Word.</p> <p>3 In your hearts enthrone Him;<br/>There let Him subdue<br/>All that is not holy,<br/>All that is not true.</p> | <p>4 Crown Him as your Captain,<br/>In temptation's hour;<br/>Let His will enfold you<br/>In its light and power.</p> <p>5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus<br/>Shall return again,<br/>With His Father's glory,<br/>With His angel train.</p> <p>6 For all wreaths of empire<br/>Meet upon His brow:<br/>And our hearts confess Him<br/>King of Glory now.</p> |
|--|--|

Caroline M. Noel. 1887.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,

Which in my Sav-iour 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.

169

*"In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."* Col. i: 14.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,<br/>Oh, could I sound the glories forth,<br/>Which in my Saviour shine!<br/>I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings,<br/>And vie with Gabriel while he sings<br/>In notes almost divine.</p> <p>2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,<br/>My ransom from the dreadful guilt<br/>Of sin and wrath divine!<br/>I'd sing His glorious righteousness<br/>In which all-perfect, heavenly dress<br/>My soul shall ever shine.</p> | <p>3 I'd sing the characters He bears,<br/>And all the forms of love He wears,<br/>Exalted on His throne:<br/>In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,<br/>I would to everlasting days<br/>Make all His glories known.</p> <p>4 Well, the delightful day will come,<br/>When my dear Lord will bring me home,<br/>And I shall see His face:<br/>Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,<br/>A blest eternity I'll spend,<br/>Triumphant in His grace.</p> |
|--|---|

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

LYTE. 6s, 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names above, Je - sus, my Lord!

Oh, Thou art all to me!  
Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

By per. Heirs of J. P. HOLBROOK.

170

"And give him a name which is above every name." PHIL. ii: 9.

1 Jesus, Thy name I love,  
All other names above,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Oh, Thou art all to me!  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou blessed Son of God,  
Hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Oh, how great is Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 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!

4 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!

James G. Deck, 1837.

HAYDN. 6s, 6s, 8s, 6s.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. To Christ the Prince of Peace,  
The Son of God Most High,  
The Father of the world to come,  
Sing we with holy joy.

171

"The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." IS. ix: 6.

2 Deep in His heart for us  
The wound of love He bore;  
That love, which still He kindles in  
The hearts that Him adore.

3 O Jesus, victim blest,  
What else but love divine,  
Could Thee constrain to open thus,  
That sacred heart of Thine.

4 O Fount of endless life,  
O Spring of waters clear,  
O Flame celestial cleansing all,  
Who unto Thee draw near.

5 Hide me in Thy dear heart,  
For thither do I fly;  
Then seek Thy grace thro' life in death,  
Thine immortality.

Breviary, tr. E. Caswall. 1849.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

ST. PETER. C. M.

REINAGLE.

1 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.

172

"Unto you therefore which beliee, he is precious." 1 Pet: 1, 7.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds<br/>In a believer's ear!<br/>It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,<br/>And drives away his fear.</p> <p>2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,<br/>And calms the troubled breast;<br/>'Tis manna to the hungry soul,<br/>And to the weary, rest.</p> <p>3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,<br/>My Shield and Hiding-place,<br/>My never failing Treasury, filled<br/>With boundless stores of grace.</p> | <p>4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,<br/>My Prophet, Priest, and King;<br/>My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,<br/>Accept the praise I bring.</p> <p>5 Weak is the effort of my heart,<br/>And cold my warmest thought;<br/>But when I see Thee as Thou art,<br/>I'll praise Thee as I ought.</p> <p>6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim<br/>With every fleeting breath;<br/>And may the music of Thy name<br/>Refresh my soul in death.</p> |
|---|---|

John Newton, 1779.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL. MASON.

1. My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, I read my duty in Thy word; But in Thy life the law appears, Drawn out in living characters.

173

"Leaving us an example." 1 Pet: 21.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,<br/>I read my duty in Thy word;<br/>But in Thy life the law appears,<br/>Drawn out in living characters.</p> <p>2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,<br/>Such deference to Thy Father's will,<br/>Such love, and meekness so divine,<br/>I would transcribe and make them mine.</p> | <p>3 Cold mountains and the midnight air<br/>Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;<br/>The desert Thy temptations knew,<br/>Thy conflict and Thy victory too.</p> <p>4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear<br/>More of Thy gracious image here;<br/>Then God, the Judge, shall own my name<br/>Among the followers of the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

HOW MUCH I OWE. 7s. 6s. 8l.

P. W. BUSH.

1. When this passing world is done, When has sunk yon setting sun, When we stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er life's finished story, Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, Not till then how much I owe.

174

"Therefore, brethren, we are debtors." Rom. viii. 12.

- 1 When this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon setting sun,  
When we stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er life's finished story,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty, not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,

- Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 3 Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified.  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show  
By my life how much I owe.

*Robert M. McCheyne.*

NONE BUT THEE. 8, 8, 8, 3.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D. D.

1. None on earth and none in heav-en, Bless-ed Lord, I see; None to fill my soul's deep yearn-ing, None but Thee!

175

"There is none on earth that I desire beside Thee." Ps. lxxiii: 25.

- 1 None on earth, and none in heaven,  
Blessed Lord, I see;  
None to fill my soul's deep yearning,  
None but Thee!
- 2 Lamb of God, the altar filling,  
Thou hast set me free:  
Free from sin and self to live for  
None but Thee!
- 3 Thou, whose glory fills the heavens,  
Thou dost dwell in me:  
None, henceforth, my heart shall welcome  
None but Thee!

- 4 Storms may beat, and friends forsake me,  
Straight to Thee I flee,—  
Shelter sore for weary pilgrims,  
None but Thee!
- 5 All in all, Eternal Treasure,  
Thine the glory be,  
Mine to own in earth and heaven,  
None but Thee!
- 6 Hallelujahs sweetly blending!  
Heaven and earth agree,  
Sounding through th' eternal ages,  
None but Thee!

*Mrs. Samuel Smith. 1880.*

PENITENCE AND TRUST.

SPOHR. C. M.

SPOHR.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase ;

So longs my soul, O God for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace. A - MEN.

176

"My soul thirsteth for God." Ps. xlii : 2.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase ;  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Trust God, who will employ

- His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of our strength, how long shall I,  
Like one forgotten, mourn ?  
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed  
To the 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.

Henry F. Lyte. 1834.

REDHEAD. 7s.

REDHEAD.

1. Sinful, sighing to be blest ; Weary, waiting for my rest ;  
Bound, and longing to be free ; God be merciful to me. AMEN.

177

"God be merciful to me a sinner." LUKE xviii : 13.

- 2 Goodness I have none to plead,  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need ;  
God be merciful to me.
- 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes  
Dare not lift themselves to Thee ;  
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs ;  
God be merciful to me.
- 4 From this sinful heart of mine  
To Thy bosom I would flee ;

- I am not my own but Thine ;  
God be merciful to me.
- 5 There is One beside the Throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
Are in Him, and Him alone ;  
God be merciful to me.
- 6 He my cause will undertake,  
My Interpreter will be ;  
He's my all ; and for His sake  
God be merciful to me.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1870

PENITENCE AND TRUST.

RUTHERFORD. 7s, 6s, 8l.

CHARLES D'URHAN.

1. 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 cleansing fountain Where I can al-ways flee, The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.

I78

"Without me ye can do nothing." John xiv: 5.

- 1 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within:  
I need the cleansing fountain  
Where I can always flee,  
The blood of Christ most precious,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessed 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, blessed Jesus;  
I need a friend like Thee,—  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blessed 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 praise, Lord Jesus,  
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Frederick Whitefield, 1861.

S. HILL.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.

1. Jesus! our fainting spir-its cry, When wilt Thou show Thy face? Oh! when our longings sat-is-fy, And fill us with Thy grace?

I79

"For He satisfieth the longing soul." Ps. cvii: 9.

- 1 Jesus! our fainting spirits cry,  
When wilt Thou show Thy face?  
Oh! when our longings satisfy,  
And fill us with Thy grace?
- 2 We sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,  
With sighs and prayers and tears,  
To Thee our inmost cares impart,  
Our burdens and our fears.

- 3 Around Thy Father's throne on high,  
All heaven Thy glory sings;  
And earth, for which Thou cam'st to die,  
Loud with Thy praises rings.
- 4 Dear Lord! to Thee our prayers ascend:  
Our eyes Thy face would see:  
Oh! let our weary wanderings end,  
Our spirits rest in Thee!

Bernard of Clairvaux; tr. by R. P. Dunn, 1858.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

THINE, THINE FOREVER. C. M.

G. SMART.

1. "Thine, Thine for - ev - er"—bless - ed bond That knits us, Lord, to Thee:

May voice, and heart, and soul re - spond A - men, so let it be. A - MEN.

180

"I am thine: save me." Ps. cxix: 94.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 "Thine, Thine forever"—blessed bond<br/>That knits us, Lord, to Thee:<br/>May voice, and heart, and soul respond<br/>Amen, so let it be.</p> <p>2 When this world strikes its dulcet harp,<br/>And earth our heaven appears,<br/>Be "Thine forever," clear and sharp,<br/>God's trumpet in our ears.</p> <p>3 When sin in pleasure's soft disguise<br/>Would work us deadliest harm,<br/>May "Thine forever" from the skies<br/>Steal down and break the charm.</p> | <p>4 When Satan flings his fiery darts<br/>Against our weary shield,<br/>May "Thine forever" in our hearts<br/>Forbid us faint or yield.</p> <p>5 Thine all along the flowery spring,<br/>Along the summer prime,<br/>Till autumn fades in welcoming<br/>The silver frost of time.</p> <p>6 "Thine, Thine forever,"—body, soul,<br/>Henceforth devote to Thee,<br/>While everlasting ages roll:<br/>Amen, so let it be.</p> |
|--|---|

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1877.

THY WAY AND NOT MINE. 5. 5. 9.

German Melody.

1. Thy way and not mine, O Saviour di - vine, I yield to Thy gracious di - rec - tion.

181

"Not what I will but what thou wilt." Mark xiv: 36.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Thy way and not mine!<br/>O Saviour divine,<br/>I yield to Thy gracious direction.</p> <p>2 Thy will and not mine!<br/>To Thee I resign<br/>My spirit in cheerful subjection.</p> | <p>3 Thy life and not mine!<br/>Why should I repine<br/>At sharing Thy cross and rejection?</p> <p>4 Thy merit, not mine!<br/>In this shall I shine—<br/>The robe of Thy spotless perfection.</p> |
|--|---|

A. J. Gordon, 1894.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE. 7s.

From MOZART.

1. 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.

182

"Your members as servants to righteousness unto holiness." Rom. vi:19.

1 Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord to Thee ;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my 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 voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King ;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold ;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 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.

6 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, 1858.

ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, touch my eyes that I may see In cloudless rapture Thy dear face; And in that calm serenity, With patience run my glorious race.

183

"Your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." Rom. vi: 13.

1 Oh, touch my eyes that I may see  
In cloudless rapture Thy dear face ;  
And in that calm serenity,  
With patience run my glorious race.

2 Oh, loose my tongue that I may tell,  
With burning words, to sinners lost,  
That Thou did'st come to seek and save,  
To purchase them at such a cost.

3 Unstop my ears that I may hear  
The softest whisper of Thy love,  
To draw my heart from earthly things,  
And fix it on Thyself above.

4 Release my feet that I may run  
The way of holiness divine ;  
Held by Thy hand I cannot fall,  
Filled with Thy life I'll brightly shine.

W. Spencer Walton, 1880.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

LET ME COME CLOSER TO THEE, JESUS. Organist of LLANTHONY ABBEY.

1. Let me come clos-er to Thee, Je - sus, Oh! clos-er day by day,  
 Let me lean hard - er on Thee, Je - sus, Yes, hard - er all the way.

184

"My soul followeth hard after Thee." Ps. lxxiii: 8.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Let me come closer to Thee, Jesus,<br/>                 Oh! closer day by day,<br/>                 Let me lean harder on Thee, Jesus,<br/>                 Yes, harder all the way.</p> <p>2 Let me show forth Thy beauty, Jesus,<br/>                 Like sunshine on the hills,<br/>                 Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness<br/>                 In joyous, sparkling rills.</p> <p>3 Yes, like a fountain, precious Jesus,<br/>                 Make me and let me be ;</p> | <p>Keep me and use me daily, Jesus,<br/>                 For Thee, for only Thee.</p> <p>4 In all my heart and will, O Jesus,<br/>                 Be altogether King ;<br/>                 Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,<br/>                 To Thee in everything.</p> <p>5 Thirsting and hung'ring for Thee, Jesus,<br/>                 With blessed hunger here,<br/>                 Longing for home on Zion's mountain,<br/>                 No thirst, no hunger there.</p> |
|---|--|

Llanthony Abbey Hymns.

C R. DUNBAR. D.C.

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM. L. M.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me ; O may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God !

Copyright by C. E. Hudson.

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be! I'll live for Him who died for me, My Saviour and my God.

185

"Yield yourselves unto God." Rom. vi: 13.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My life, my love, I give to Thee,<br/>                 Thou Lamb of God who died for me ;<br/>                 O may I ever faithful be,<br/>                 My Saviour and my God !</p> <p>2 I now believe Thou dost receive,<br/>                 Since Thou my heart dost bid me give :</p> | <p>O may I ever faithful live,<br/>                 My Saviour and my God !</p> <p>3 O Christ who died on Calvary<br/>                 To save my soul and make it free,<br/>                 I consecrate my life to Thee,<br/>                 My Saviour and my God !</p> |
|--|--|

C. E. Hudson, 1890.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBBER.

I. O Je - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede;  
My heart be dai - ly near - er Thee, From sin be dai - ly freed.

186

"He must increase, but I must decrease." JOHN iii : 30.

- 1 O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,  
And all things else recede;  
My heart be daily nearer Thee,  
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day, let Thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace;  
My darkness vanish in Thy light;  
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,  
Fade every evil thought;

- That I am nothing, Thou art all,  
I would be daily taught.
- 4 Make this poor self grow less and less,  
Be Thou my life and aim;  
O, make me daily, through Thy grace,  
More worthy of Thy Name.
- 5 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might  
My every motive move;  
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,  
My passion and my love.

Rev. Johann Caspar Lavater (1741—1801), 1780.

AID. 6s & 4s.

ELLA WOLCOTT.

1. Fa-ther, to Thee I come, Own-ing how weak I am; Grant Thy sustaining arm, Lead me, I pray.

187

"Continue ye in my love." JOHN xv : 9.

- 1 Father, to Thee I come,  
Owning how weak I am;  
Grant Thy sustaining arm,  
Lead me, I pray.
- 2 More of Thy love I'd have;  
Nearer to Thee would live;  
Earnest heart-service give,  
Day after day.

- 3 When I shall tempted be,  
Nothing but clouds can see,  
Strengthen my trust in Thee,  
Let me not stray.
- 4 When comes that final night,  
Ere faith is changed to sight;  
Be Thou the perfect light,  
Leading to day.

Ella Wolcott. 1874.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

i. None but Christ; His mer-it hides me, He was fait-less, I am fair;

None but Christ, His wis-dom guides me, He was out-cast, I'm His care.

188

"There is none other name whereby we must be saved." ACTS iv : 12.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 None but Christ; His merit hides me,<br/>He was faultless, I am fair;<br/>None but Christ, His wisdom guides me,<br/>He was out-cast, I'm His care.</p> <p>2 None but Christ; His Spirit seals me,<br/>Gives me freedom with control;<br/>None but Christ, His bruising heals me,<br/>And His sorrow soothes my soul.</p> | <p>3 None but Christ; His life sustains me,<br/>Strength and song to me He is;<br/>None but Christ, His love constrains me,<br/>He is mine and I am His.</p> <p>4 His while living, His when dying,<br/>His at judgment's solemn trust;<br/>E'en in heaven, on Him relying,<br/>I will boast of none but Christ.</p> |
|--|--|

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

GORTON. S. M.

BEETHOVEN.

i. Je-sus, I live to Thee, The loveliest and best; My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.

189

"Whether we live therefore or die we are the Lord's." ROM. xiv : 8.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, I live to Thee,<br/>The loveliest and best;<br/>My life in Thee, Thy life in me,<br/>In Thy blest love I rest.</p> <p>2 Jesus, I die to Thee,<br/>Whenever death shall come;<br/>To die in Thee is life to me,<br/>In my eternal home.</p> | <p>3 Whether to live or die,<br/>I know not which is best;<br/>To live in Thee is bliss to me,<br/>To die is endless rest.</p> <p>4 Living or dying, Lord,<br/>I ask but to be Thine;<br/>My life in Thee, Thy life in me,<br/>Makes Heaven forever mine.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Henry Harbaugh. 1850.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

ST. JUDE. 6. D.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER (1786—1826), 1820.

1. 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 thro' joy,

Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

190

"Not my will, but thine be done." LUKE xxii : 42.

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:  
Oh, may Thy will be mine;  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign;  
Through sorrow or through joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 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.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolke (1672—1737), 1716.  
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick (1825— ), 1853. Ab.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

SUBJECTION. S. M.

GIOVANNI PAISIELLO.

1. Dear Lord and Mas-ter mine! Thy hap-py serv-ant see;

My Con-qu'ror, with what joy di-vine Thy cap-tive clings to Thee.

I91

"Your Lord and Master." JOHN xiii : 14.

- 1 Dear Lord and Master mine!  
Thy happy servant see;  
My Conqueror! with what joy divine  
Thy captive clings to Thee!
- 2 I would not walk alone,  
But still with Thee, my God,  
At every step my blindness own,  
And ask of Thee the road.
- 3 The weakness I enjoy  
That casts me on Thy breast;

The conflicts that Thy strength employ  
Make me divinely blest.

- 4 Dear Lord and Master mine!  
Still keep Thy servant true;  
My Guardian and my Guide divine!  
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.
- 5 My Conqueror and my King!  
Still keep me in Thy train;  
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring  
When Thou return'st to reign.

Thos. H. Gill. 1859.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. I cannot tell if short or long My earthly journey be; But, all the way, I know Thy rod And staff will comfort me.

I92

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Ps. xxiii : 4.

- 1 I cannot tell if short or long  
My earthly journey be;  
But, all the way, I know Thy rod  
And staff will comfort me.
- 2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,  
What need have I to care?  
Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt  
Beyond my strength to bear.
- 3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,  
My soul would not avoid;

Who follows Thee, O Lord, may be  
Cast down, but not destroyed.

- 4 Though over steep and rugged ways  
My weary feet be brought,  
Still following where Thy footprints lead,  
I take no anxious thought.
- 5 Oh, perfect peace! oh, endless rest!  
No care, no vain alarms;  
Beneath my every cross I find  
The Everlasting Arms.

Miss H. O. Knowlton.

SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

THE ALTERED MOTTO. 8s. 7s.

J. G. ROBINSON

1. Oh! the bitter shame and sorrow, That a time could ever be, When I let the Saviour's pity Plead in vain, and proudly answered, "All of self and none of Thee."

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD. By permission.

"He must increase, I must decrease." John iii: 30.

193

1 Oh! the bitter | shame and sorrow,  
That a time could | ever be,  
When I let the | Saviour's pity  
Plead in | vain, and proudly answered,  
"All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me: | I beheld Him  
Bleeding on th' ac | cursed tree,  
Heard Him pray, "For|give them, Father!"  
And my | wistful heart said faintly:  
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His | tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, | full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and | ah! so patient!  
Brought me | lower, while I whispered:  
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the | highest heavens,  
Deeper than the | deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at | last hath conquered:  
Grant me | now my soul's desire:  
"None of self, and all of Thee."

Theodore Monod, 1870.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

PAX DEI. 10s. 10s.

1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin: The blood of Je-sus whispers peace with-in.

194

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Isa. xxvi: 3.

- 1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin:  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 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 nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 6 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1877.

PRAYER AND COMMUNION.

DULCETTA. 8. 7.

BEETHOVEN.

I. 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.

195

"Lo I am with you always." MATT xxviii : 20.

1 Always with us, always with us;  
Words of cheer and words of love;  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none;  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream,  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

E. H. Nevin. 1858.

G. R. CALDECK.

PRAY ALWAYS.

I. Pray, al-ways pray; the Holy Spirit pleads With - in thee all thy daily, hour - ly needs. A - MEN.

196

"Praying always." EPH. vi : 18.

- 1 Pray, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads  
Within thee all thy daily, hourly needs.
- 2 Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heavy load  
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that flowed.
- 3 Pray, always pray; though weary, faint, and lone,  
Prayer nestles by the Father's shelt'ring throne.
- 4 Pray, always pray; amid the world's turmoil  
Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.
- 5 Pray, always pray; if joys thy pathway throng,  
Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angel's song.
- 6 All earthly things with earth shall fade away;  
Prayer grasps eternity; pray, always pray.

E. H. Bickersteth. 1861.

PRAYER AND COMMUNION.

RETREAT. L. M.

1. 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.

197

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace." Heb. iv: 16.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 From every stormy wind that blows,<br/>From every swelling tide of woes,<br/>There is a calm, a sure retreat,<br/>'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.</p> <p>2 There is a place where Jesus sheds<br/>The oil of gladness on our heads,<br/>A place than all beside more sweet;<br/>It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.</p> <p>3 There is a spot where spirits blend,<br/>Where friend holds fellowship with friend;<br/>Though sundered far, by faith they meet<br/>Around the common mercy-seat.</p> | <p>4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,<br/>When tempted, desolate, dismayed?<br/>Or how the hosts of hell defeat,<br/>Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?</p> <p>5 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,<br/>And time, and sense, seem all no more;<br/>And heaven comes down our souls to<br/>And glory crowns the mercy-seat. [greet,</p> <p>6 Oh let my hand forget her skill,<br/>My tongue be silent, cold and still,<br/>This bounding heart forget to beat,<br/>If I forget the mercy-seat!</p> |
|--|---|

Hugh Stowell, 1831.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Hast thou within a care so deep, It chases from thine eyelids sleep? To thy Redeemer take that care, And change anxiety to prayer.

198

"Casting all your care upon Him." 1 Pet. v: 7.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hast thou within a care so deep,<br/>It chases from thine eyelids sleep?<br/>To thy Redeemer take that care,<br/>And change anxiety to prayer.</p> <p>2 Hast thou a hope with which thy heart<br/>Would almost feel it death to part?<br/>Entreat thy God thy hope to crown,<br/>Or give thee strength to lay it down.</p> | <p>3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear<br/>May prove an idol worshipped here?<br/>Implore the Lord that nought may be<br/>A shadow between heaven and thee.</p> <p>4 What'er the care that breaks thy rest,<br/>What'er the wish that swells thy breast,<br/>Spread before God that wish, that care,<br/>And change anxiety to prayer.</p> |
|---|--|

Ryle's Collection.

PRAYER AND COMMUNION.

HUSH! LET A STILLNESS DEEP. 6s.

1. Hush! hush! let a stillness deep Brood o - ver ev - 'ry heart; Let ev - 'ry earth - ly

FINE.

thought Now ut - ter - ly de - part. Je - sus! say, "Peace, be still," For Thou art

*Repeat 1st verse after each verse.*

sure - ly here; Our hearts' deep yearnings fill, Our wait - ing spir - its cheer.

199

"Where two or three are gathered." Matt. xviii: 20.

- 1 Hush! hush! let a stillness deep  
Brood over every heart;  
Let every earthly thought  
Now utterly depart.
- 2 Jesus say "Peace be still,"  
For Thou art surely here;  
Our hearts' deep yearnings fill,  
Our waiting spirits cheer.
- 3 The "two or three" are here,  
And Thou art in the midst;  
We wait with open ear  
To do whate'er Thou bidst.

- 4 Command our yielded will,  
Control our willing heart;  
With Thy dear presence fill  
Our being's every part.
- 5 Jesus, Thou joy of joys,  
All bliss we find in Thee;  
Earth's treasures seem but toys  
Except Thy face I see.
- 6 We yield to Thee our all  
We take Thy all as ours;  
Now, Spirit, on us fall  
With all Thy quickening powers.

*Llanthony Abbey Hymns. Alt.*

PRAYER AND COMMUNION.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Safe into the haven guide;  
Till the storm of life is past; Oh, receive my soul at last. AMEN.

200

"As Christ also hath loved us." EPH. v: 2.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh, receive my soul at last!

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;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—  
Grace to pardon 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.

Charles Wesley, 1740

MARTYN. 7s. D.

FINE.

S. B. MARSH. D.C.

{ Jesus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo- som fly } { Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, }  
{ While the billows near me roll While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }  
D.C. Safe into the haven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!

PRAYER AND COMMUNION.

SULLIVAN. 6s, 4s.

S. EDMUND.

1. Near - er, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou our pray'r; E'en tho' a heavy cross Faint - ing we bear,

Still all our pray'r shall be, Near - er, O God, to Thee, Near - er, O God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

201

"Draw me, we will run after Thee." CANT. I: 4.

1 Nearer, O God, to Thee!  
Hear Thou our prayer;  
E'en though a heavy cross  
Fainting we bear,  
Still all our prayer shall be,  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

2 If where they led the Lord,  
We too are borne,  
Planting our steps in His,  
Weary and worn;  
There even let us be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 If Thou the cup of pain  
Givest to drink,  
Let not the trembling lip  
From the draught shrink;  
So by our woes to be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Though the great battle rage  
Hotly around,  
Still where our Captain fights  
Let us be found;  
Through toils and strife to be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 When, our course finished, we  
Breathe our last breath,  
Entering the shadowy  
Valley of death;  
There even shall we be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

6 And when Thou, Lord, once more  
Glorious shalt come,  
Oh! for a dwelling-place,  
In Thy bright home!  
Through all eternity  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Bishop W. W. How, 1876.

BETHANY. SECOND TUNE.

LOWELL MASON.

♩ = 100.

1 FINE. D. C.

By per. OLIVER DITSON & Co., owners of Copyright.

PRAYER AND COMMUNION.

WAVERTREE. L. M. 61.

WILLIAM SHORE.

1. { Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un-fath-om'd no man knows; }  
I see from far Thy beau-teous light, In-ly I sigh for Thy re- pose; }

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it find rest in Thee. A - MEN.

202

"Whom have I in heaven but thee?" Ps. lxxiii: 25.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,<br/>Whose depth unfathom'd no man<br/>knows:<br/>I see from far Thy beauteous light,<br/>Inly I sigh for Thy repose:<br/>My heart is pained, nor can it be<br/>At rest till it find rest in Thee.</p> <p>2 Is there a thing beneath the sun [share?<br/>That strives with Thee my heart to<br/>Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,<br/>The Lord of every motion there.<br/>Then shall my heart from earth be free,<br/>When it hath found repose in Thee.</p> | <p>3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I<br/>No more, but Christ in me, may<br/>live;<br/>My vile affections crucify,<br/>Nor let one darling lust survive;<br/>In all things nothing may I see,<br/>Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.</p> <p>4 Each moment draw from earth away<br/>My heart that lowly waits Thy call;<br/>Speak to my inmost soul, and say,<br/>I am thy love, thy God, thy all:<br/>To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,<br/>To taste Thy love, be all my choice.</p> |
|--|--|

Gerard Tersteegen, 1731, tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

EUNICE. C. M.

B. TURNER.

1. Bride of the Lamb, there is for thee Where Jesus is, thy heart should be,  
One only safe retreat; Thy home at His dear feet.

2. When Satan tracks thy lonely way,  
There his temptations meet;  
In Jesus' presence watch and pray,  
Yea, conquer at His feet.

203

"And Mary sat at Jesus' feet." LUKE x: 39.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Bride of the Lamb, there is for thee<br/>One only safe retreat;<br/>Where Jesus is, thy heart should be,<br/>Thy home at His dear feet.</p> <p>2 When Satan tracks thy lonely way,<br/>There his temptations meet;<br/>In Jesus' presence watch and pray,<br/>Yea, conquer at His feet.</p> | <p>3 Through tribulation hasten on,<br/>With Christ the cross is sweet;<br/>The "little while" will soon be gone;<br/>Keep only at His feet.</p> <p>4 Bride of the Lamb, forget the past,<br/>Prepare thy Lord to greet:<br/>'T is thine to share His throne, and cast<br/>Thy crown before His feet.</p> |
|--|---|

WARFARE AND WORK.

WATCH AND PRAY. 7s. 3.

CANON HAVERGAL.

“Chris-tian, seek not yet re- pose,” Hear thy guard-ian an- gel say;  
Thou art in the midst of foes; “Watch and pray.” A- men.

204

“Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer.” 1 Pet. iv: 7.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 “Christian, seek not yet repose,”<br/>Hear thy guardian angel say;<br/>Thou art in the midst of foes;<br/>“Watch and pray.”</p> <p>2 Principalities and powers,<br/>Mustering their unseen array,<br/>Wait for thy unguarded hours:<br/>“Watch and pray.”</p> <p>3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,<br/>Wear it ever night and day;<br/>Ambush’d lies the evil one;<br/>“Watch and pray.”</p> | <p>4 Hear the victors who o’ercame;<br/>Still they mark each warrior’s way;<br/>And with one sweet voice exclaim,<br/>“Watch and pray.”</p> <p>5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,<br/>Him thou lovest to obey;<br/>Hide within thy heart His word,<br/>“Watch and pray.”</p> <p>6 Watch, as if on that alone<br/>Hung the issue of the day;<br/>Pray, that help may be sent down;<br/>“Watch and pray.”</p> |
|--|--|

Charlott Elliott, 1834.

LOWELL MASON.

LABAN. S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

205

“Quit you like men, be strong.” 1 Cor. ii: 13.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My soul, be on thy guard,<br/>Ten thousand foes arise;<br/>And hosts of sin are pressing hard<br/>To draw thee from the skies.</p> <p>2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!<br/>The battle ne’er give o’er;<br/>Renew it boldly every day,<br/>And help divine implore.</p> | <p>3 Ne’er think the victory won,<br/>Nor lay thine armor down;<br/>Thine arduous work will not be done,<br/>Till thou obtain thy crown.</p> <p>4 Fight on, my soul, till death<br/>Shall bring thee to thy God!<br/>He’ll take thee at thy parting breath,<br/>Up to His blest abode.</p> |
|--|--|

George Heath, 1793.

ILLA. L. M.

1. Go, labour on; spend, and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;

It is the way the Mast-er went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still?

206

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord." 1 Cor. xv: 58.

1 Go, labour on; spend, and be spent,—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;  
Thy earthly loss is heav'nly gain:  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee  
not;  
The Master praises;— what are men?

3 Go, labour on while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hast'ning on;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest  
gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray:  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
The midnight cry, Behold I come. [voice]

Horatius Bonar, 1890.

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.

ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak in living echoes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, So let me seek Thy erring children lost and lone.

207

"My helpers in Christ Jesus." Rom. xvi: 3.

1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of thy tone;  
As thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,

I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing pow'r  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until Thy bless'd face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1858.

## THIS IS THE DAY OF TOIL. 6s.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. This is the day of toil Beneath earth's sultry noon, This is the day of ser-vice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon.

## CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu-jah ! Hal - le - lu-jah ! There remains a rest for us. Hal-le - lu-jah ! Hal - le-lujah ! There remains a rest for us.

208

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest." Heb. iv: 11.

Copyright, 1878, by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

- 1 This is the day of toil  
Beneath earth's sultry noon,  
This is the day of service true,  
But resting cometh soon. CHO.
- 2 Serve we our God in faith,  
No work for Him is vain ;  
Blessed and holy is the toil,  
And infinite the gain. CHO.
- 3 Spend and be spent would we,  
While lasteth time's brief day ;

- No turning back in coward fear,  
No lingering by the way. CHO.
- 4 Onward we press in haste,  
Upward our journey still ;  
Ours is the path the Master trod  
Through good report and ill. CHO.
- 5 The way may rougher grow,  
The weariness increase,  
We gird our loins and hasten on—  
The end, the end is peace. CHO.

Horatius Bonar. 1872.

ANCIENT.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S BATTLE-SONG. 7s. 3.

1. Comrades, come, take up your cross, Count your earthly gain but loss ; Crowns instead of earthly dross Wait us over there !

209

"Whosoever will come after me let him take up his cross and follow me." Mark viii: 34.

- 1 Comrades, come, take up your cross,  
Count your earthly gain but loss ;  
Crowns instead of earthly dross  
Wait us over there !
- 2 Round us throng unnumbered foes  
Sins, temptations, bitter woes,  
Yet o'er all our Saviour rose  
Conqueror for aye !
- 5 Chariot-wheels are coming near,  
Soon the Bridegroom will be here,

- Then His saints with Him appear,  
Clothed in spotless white.
- 4 Oh ! it's worth a lifelong fight,  
Worth the toil in darkest night,  
There to dwell in realms of light,  
There in full to rest.
- 5 Onward, then, with joy and song ;  
Though the fight be hard and strong,  
Heaven's rest will come e'er long,  
Ev'ry toil be done.

W. Mitchell, 188c.

WARFARE AND WORK.

VIGILATE. 7s. 3.

W. H. MONK.

1. For the war-fare, gird it on, Not un-til the fight be won

And the hot day's work is done, Lay . . . it by. A-men.

210

"The sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." Eph. vi: 17.

- 1 For the warfare gird it on;  
Not until the fight be won  
And the hot day's work is done,  
Lay it by.
- 2 Sharp its edge: oh use it well!  
Strong against the strongest spell,  
Ever framed in earth or hell,  
It will prove.
- 3 Weapon of the true and just  
Trust it strongly, warrior, trust;  
Keep it free from earthly rust:  
Win it must.

- 4 Strike for God and let each blow  
Tell on Satan's overthrow;  
Be the ruin of a foe:  
Strike for God!
- 5 Sword of God, thy power we hail;  
He who has thee cannot fail,  
He who trusts thee must prevail,  
Mighty sword!
- 6 Till the warfare shall be done,  
Till the victory be won,  
Till the triumph be begun,  
Grasp we thee

Horatius Bonar, 1850.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

GREATOREX COLLECTION.

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e-ter-nal Son.

211

"And having done all to stand." Eph. vi: 13.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on, [supplies  
Strong in the strength which God  
Through His eternal Son.
- 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,  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:
- 4 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

1. Come, la-bour on! Who dares stand idle on the har-vest-plain, While all around him waves the

gold-en grain? And to each servant does the Mas-ter say, "Go, work to-day."

212

"Go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. xxi: 28.

1 Come, labor on!  
Who dares stand idle on the harvest-plain,  
While all around him waves the golden grain  
And to each servant does the Master say,  
"Go, work to-day."

2 Come, labour on!  
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,  
To young and old the gospel-gladness bear;  
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,  
The night draws nigh!

3 Come, labour on!  
The enemy is watching night and day,  
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;  
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,  
He slumbered not.

4 Come, labour on!  
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!  
No arm so weak but may do service here;  
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfill  
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on!  
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun:  
"Servants, well done!"

6 Come, labour on!  
The toil is pleasant, and the harvest sure,  
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall  
O Lord, with Thee! [ be,

H. L. Ladds, 1888.

J. A. MAUNDERS.

MAUNDERS, 7s, 3l.

Je-sus, all Thy labour vast, All Thy woe and work are past, Yielding up Thy soul at last:

213

"And fill up that which is behind in the afflictions of Christ." Col. 1: 24.

1 Jesus, all Thy labour vast,  
All Thy woe and work are past,—  
Yielding up Thy soul at last:

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,  
And for Thee all peril dare,  
And enjoy Thy tender care:

3 Live in us in mercy still;  
All Thy holy work fulfil;  
Satisfy Thy loving will:

4 Brighten all our heavenward way,  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day.

S. B. Pollock, 1870.

## CROSS OF CHRIST! LEAD ONWARD. 6s, 5s, D.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Cross of Christ! lead onward, Thro' the Ho-ly War; In this sign we con-quer, Now and ev-er-more.

Not of man the pow-er, Not to man the fame; We are vic-tors on - ly In our Leader's name.

CHORUS. *slightly ritard.*

Cross of Christ! lead onward, Thro' the Holy War; In this sign we con-quer Now and ev-er-more.

214

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." Rev. xii: 11.

1 Cross of Christ! lead onward,  
Through the Holy War;  
In this sign we conquer,  
Now and evermore.  
Not of man the power,  
Not to man the fame;  
We are victors only  
In our Leader's name. CHO.

2 Not with pomp and pageant,  
Not in earthly pride;  
We must fight our battles  
Like the Crucified.  
Overcome by suff'ring,  
Conquer through defeat;  
Tried and tested daily  
In the furnace heat. CHO.

3 Panoplied in graces,  
Boid, yet humbly meek;  
Resting while we're working,  
Strong, but ever weak.

Timid, though courageous,  
Gaining as we give;  
Crucified with Jesus,  
Yet, in Him, we live. CHO.

4 By a cloud encompassed,  
Witnesses above;  
Saints, Apostles, Prophets,  
Precious ones we love;  
While "advance!" is sounding,  
Mounts the battle thrill.  
Cross of Christ! lead onward  
Where the Captain will. CHO.

5 Marching in the pathway  
That the Master trod,  
Walks One daily with us  
Like the Son of God.  
To the end enduring,  
Armor ne'er laid down  
Till the Cross leads upward  
To the blood-bought Crown. CHO.

WARFARE AND WORK.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'nly  
 race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.

215

"Let us run with patience the race which is set before us." Heb. xii: 2.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,<br/>             And press with vigor on;<br/>             A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,<br/>             And an immortal crown.</p> <p>2 A cloud of witnesses around<br/>             Hold thee in full survey;<br/>             Forget the steps already trod,<br/>             And onward urge thy way.</p> <p>3 'Tis God's all-animating voice<br/>             That calls thee from on high;</p> | <p>'Tis His own hand presents the prize<br/>             To thine aspiring eye;</p> <p>4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,<br/>             Which shall new lustre boast, [gems<br/>             When victors' wreaths and monarchs'<br/>             Shall blend in common dust.</p> <p>5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,<br/>             Have I my race begun;<br/>             And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet<br/>             I'll lay my honors down.</p> |
|---|--|

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

MAITLAND. C. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

216

"Let him take up his cross and follow me." Matt. xvi: 24.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,<br/>             And all the world go free?<br/>             No, there's a cross for every one,<br/>             And there's a cross for me.</p> <p>2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,<br/>             Till death shall set me free;<br/>             And then go home my crown to wear,<br/>             For there's a crown for me.</p> <p>3 Upon the crystal pavement, down<br/>             At Jesus' piercéd feet,</p> | <p>Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,<br/>             And His dear name repeat.</p> <p>4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall<br/>             Beneath heaven's arches high; [ring,<br/>             The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,<br/>             That lives, no more to die.</p> <p>5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!<br/>             O resurrection day!<br/>             Ye angels, from the stars come down,<br/>             And bear my soul away.</p> |
|--|--|

G. N. Allen, 1849, a.

WARFARE AND WORK.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6. 5. D.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, Mus. D.

1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground, How the pow'rs of e - vil,

Rage thy steps a - round? Chris-tian, up and smite them,

Counting gain but loss ; Smite them by the mer - it Of the Sav-iour's cross.

217

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." EPH. vi : 10.

- 1 Christian, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the powers of evil  
Rage thy steps around?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss ;  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the Saviour's Cross.
- 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin?  
Christian, never tremble,  
Never be downcast,  
Still thy trust in Jesus  
Ever hold thou 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 (660-732).  
J. Mason Neate, D.D., 1822.

WARFARE AND WORK.

FESTIVAL. 7s, 6s. D.

J. HEYWOOD.

1. Forth to the fight, ye ran-somed, Might-y in God's own might, Stemming the tide of bat-tle, Routing the hosts of night.

CHORUS.

Lift ye the blood-red banner, Wield ye the Spir-it's sword, Raise ye the Christian's war-ry—"The cross of Christ the Lord!"

218

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. vi: 12.

- 1 FORTH to the fight, ye ransomed,  
Mighty in God's own might,  
Stemming the tide of battle,  
Routing the hosts of night. CHO.
- 2 Fear not the din of battle,  
Follow where He has trod  
Perfecting strength in weakness—  
JESUS, INCARNATE GOD. CHO.

- 3 Arm ye against the battle,  
Watch ye, and fast, and pray;  
Peace shall succeed the warfare,  
Night shall be changed to day. CHO.
- 4 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you,  
Fight, for He bids you fight;  
There where the fray is thickest  
Close with the hosts of night. CHO

W. H. Kirby.

H. A. CROSBIE.

MOSSLEIGH. 7s, 7s.

1. 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.

219

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. xi: 13.

- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread  
With Jesus as your Fellow,  
To Jesus as your Head!
- 2 O happy if ye labor  
As Jesus did for men:  
O happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then!
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due:  
The crown that Jesus weareth  
He weareth it for you.

- 4 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure.
- 5 What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 6 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize.

WARFARE AND WORK.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

war, With the cross of Je - sus

220 "Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Heb. vi: 12.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go. CHO.

2 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. CHO.

3 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. CHO.

4 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. CHO.

WARFARE AND WORK.

MILITANT. 1 Os, 31.

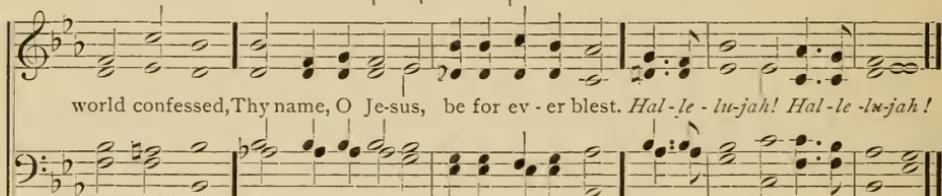
J. BARNEY.



1. For all Thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by faith be - fore the



world confessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blest. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



221

"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." 11 Tim. ii: 3.

1 For all Thy saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the world Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.  
2 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold, Fight as the saints who nobly fought of And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
3 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine! We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;

Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
4 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day: The saints triumphant rise in bright array: The King of glory passes on His way.  
5 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.

W. W. How, 1854.

HAYDN.

HAYDN. S. M.



1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earthly shame or loss? Bright shall the crown of glory be, When we have borne the cross.



222

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." 11 Tim. ii: 12.

1 Oh what, if we are Christ's Is earthly shame or loss? Bright shall the crown of glory be, When we have borne the cross.  
2 Keen was the trial once, Bitter the cup of woe, When martyr'd saints, baptized in blood, Christ's sufferings shared below.  
3 Bright is their glory now, Boundless their joy above,

Where, on the bosom of their God, They rest in perfect love.  
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.  
5 Enough if Thou at last The word of blessing give, And let us rest beneath Thy feet, Where saints and angels live.

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

TRIAL AND TRUST.

JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD. 6: 5s.

*Slowly.*

1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wip - ing ev - 'ry tear; Fold - ed in His

bo - som, What have we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low

Whith - er He doth lead, To the thirsty des - ert, Or the dew - y mead.

223

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Ps. xxiii: 1.

- 1 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
Wiping every tear;  
Folded in His bosom,  
What have we to fear?  
Only let us follow  
Whither He doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert,  
Or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd:  
Well we know His voice  
How its gentlest whisper  
Makes our heart rejoice;  
Even when He chideth,  
Tender is His tone:  
None but He shall guide us;  
We are His alone.

- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
For the sheep He bled;  
Every lamb is sprinkled  
With the blood He shed;  
Then on each He setteth  
His own secret sign,—  
"They that have My Spirit,"  
"These," saith He, "are Mine."
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd;  
Guarded by His arm,  
Though the wolves may raven,  
None can do us harm;  
When we tread death's valley,  
Dark with fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil,  
Victors o'er the tomb.

TRIAL AND TRUST.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

S. WEBBE.

CHOIR.

1. Come, ye dis-con-sol-ate, where'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fervently kneel;

CONGREGATION.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth hath no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal.

224

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow." Is xiv: 3.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
Earth hath no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816.

HORTON. 7s.

S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice, I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er, come!

225 "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi: 28.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,<br/>Come, and make my paths your choice,<br/>I will guide you to your home,<br/>Weary pilgrim, hither come!</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 Hither come! for here is found<br/>Balm that flows for every wound,<br/>Peace that ever shall endure,<br/>Rest eternal, sacred, sure.</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

Anna L. Barbauld, 1825

TRIAL AND TRUST.

PENITENCE. 6s, 5s, D.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me; Lest by base de - ni - al,  
I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver,  
With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall. AMEN.

226

"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." LUKE xxii : 32.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 In the hour of trial,<br/>Jesus pray for me;<br/>Lest by base denial,<br/>I depart from Thee.<br/>When Thou see'st me waver,<br/>With a look recall,<br/>Nor for fear or favor,<br/>Suffer me to fall.</p> <p>2 With forbidden pleasures<br/>Would this vain world charm;<br/>Or its sordid treasures<br/>Spread to work me harm;<br/>Bring to my remembrance<br/>Sad Gethsemane,<br/>Or in darker semblance<br/>Cross-crowned Calvary.</p> | <p>3 Should Thy mercy send me<br/>Sorrow, toil, and woe;<br/>Or should pain attend me<br/>On my path below:<br/>Grant that I may never<br/>Fail Thy hand to see;<br/>Grant that I may ever<br/>Cast my care on Thee.</p> <p>4 When my last hour cometh,<br/>Fraught with strife and pain,<br/>When my dust returneth<br/>To the dust again;<br/>On Thy truth relying<br/>Through that mortal strife,<br/>Jesus, take me, dying,<br/>To eternal life. AMEN.</p> |
|--|--|

TRIAL AND TRUST.

MUCH IN SORROW, 7s.

CHAS. R. FORD.

1. Much in sor-row, oft in woe, On-ward, Chris-tians, on-ward go;

Fight the fight and worn with strife Steep with tears the bread of life.

227

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. 6: 12.

- 1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Fight the fight and worn with strife  
Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Join the war, and face the foe;  
Faint not; much doth yet remain;  
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March, in heavenly armor clad;

- Fight, nor think the battle long;  
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not woe your course impede;  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then to battle move!  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Henry Kirke White, 1806; completed by Fanny Fuller Maitland, 1827.

WHERE THE MOURNER WEEPING. 6s & 5s.

W. JONES.

1. Where the mourner weep-ing Sheds the se-cret tear, God His watch is keep-ing, Though none else be near. A - men.

228

"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." JOHN xiv: 18.

- 1 Where the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping  
Though none else be near.
- 2 Jesus ne'er will leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy hidden woes.
- 3 Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,

- When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail.
- 4 All our woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
We in heaven shall know;
- 5 When our gracious Saviour,  
In the realms above,  
Crowns us with His favour,  
Fills us with His love. Amen.

TRIAL AND TRUST.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sa- viour di- vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol- ly thine.

229

"Behold the Lamb of God!" John 1: 36.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changless be,  
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

F. FILITZ.

CAPETOWN 7s, 5.

1. Ho- ly Fa-ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per- pet- ual ray; Grant us ev-'ry closing day Light at evening- time.

230

"I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep." John x: 14.

- 1 Holy Father, cheer our way  
With Thy love's perpetual ray:  
Grant us every closing day  
Light at evening-time.
- 2 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,  
Who Thy Father's flock dost keep,  
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,  
Guarded still by Thee.
- 3 In Thy promise firm we stand,  
None can pluck us from Thy hand,

- Speak, we hear, at Thy command,  
We will follow Thee.
- 4 Father, draw us to Thy Son,  
We with joy will follow on,  
Till the work of grace is done,  
And from sin set free,—
- 5 We in robes of glory dressed  
Join the assembly of the blest,  
Gathered to eternal rest,  
In the fold with Thee.

Henry Cooke, 1860.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and follow Thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
*D.S. Yet how rich is my condition,*

FINE. D.S.

Thou from hence my all shalt be! Perish every fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
*God and heav'n are still my own.*

231

"We have left all and followed Thee." Mark x: 28.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be!  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me —  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;

- O! while Thou dost smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r!  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
God's own hand will guide thee there;  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Henry F. Lyte, 1833.*  
ANON.

## SHADOW OF A MIGHTY ROCK. 7s.

1. Shad-ow of a Mighty Rock, Stretching o'er a wea-ry land, Hide me from the tempest's shock, Let me in Thy shelter stand.

232

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Is xxxii: 2.

- 1 Shadow of a Mighty Rock,  
Stretching o'er a weary land,  
Hide me from the tempest's shock,  
Let me in Thy shelter stand.
- 2 When Thy Presence, O my God,  
Brighter is than I can see,  
Shadow on the heavenward road,  
Let me find my shade in Thee.

- 3 Out of Thee are shades of death,  
Weary ways, and hours unblest;  
Shadow of the Rock, beneath  
Thee alone are joy and rest,
- 4 Till the race of life be run,  
Till my soul in rest be laid,  
God of gods, Thou art my Sun;  
Son of God, be Thou my Shade!

*J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.*

TRIAL AND TRUST.

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE. 6, 4.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the Ho-ly One, He gives re - lief;

Cling to the Gracious One Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One He will sustain.

233

"Let us hold fast our confession." Heb. iv: 10.

- 1 Cling to the Mighty One,  
Cling in thy grief;  
Cling to the Holy One,  
He gives relief;  
Cling to the Gracious One,  
Cling in thy pain;  
Cling to the Faithful One,  
He will sustain.
- 2 Cling to the Living One,  
Cling in thy woe;  
Cling to the Loving One,  
Through all below;

- Cling to the Pardoning One,  
He speaketh peace;  
Cling to the Healing One,  
Anguish shall cease.
- 3 Cling to the Piercéd One,  
Cling to His side;  
Cling to the Risen One,  
In Him abide;  
Cling to the Coming One,  
Hope shall arise;  
Cling to the Reigning One,  
Joy lights thine eyes.

Henry Bennett, 1852.

HEINLEIN. 7.

P. HEINLEIN. (1626—1686). 1677.

1. 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.

234

"All mine are Thine." John xvii: 10.

- 1 Thine forever! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above;  
Thine forever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine forever! oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest;  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end.

- 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 F. Maude, 1848.

TRIAL AND TRUST.

GENNESARET. 6s & 4s.

GEORGE HEWS.

I. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars la-bored heav-i-ly,

Foam glit-tered white, Trem-bled the mar-i-ners, Per-il was nigh;

Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I."

235

"It is I: be not afraid." Matt. xiv : 27.

- 1 Fierce was the wild billow,  
Dark was the night,  
Oars labored heavily,  
Foam glittered white,  
Trembled the mariners,  
Peril was nigh;  
Then said the God of God,  
"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."
- 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!"

TRIAL AND TRUST.

GUIDANCE. 5s & 8s.

GEORGE HEWS.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al -

though the way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and

fear - less: Guide us by Thy hand To our fa - ther - land.

236

"He leadeth me." Ps. xxiii: 2.

1 Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless:  
Guide us by Thy hand  
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For, through many a foe,  
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief,  
When temptations come alluring,  
Make us patient and enduring;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us.  
Till we safely stand  
In our fatherland.

THE CHURCH.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s.

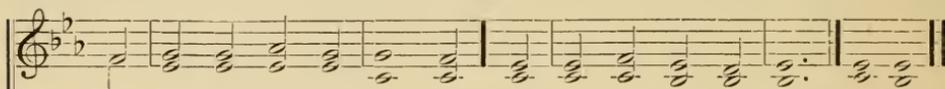
S. S. WESLEY.



1. 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.



237

"Upon this rock I will build my church." Matt. xvi: 18.

1 The Church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word:  
From heaven He came and sought her,  
To be His holy bride;  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

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 '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.

4 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
Oh, happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.



1. Church of the Liv - ing God, Pil - lar and ground of truth,  
Keep the old paths the fa - thers trod In thy il - lu - mined youth.

238

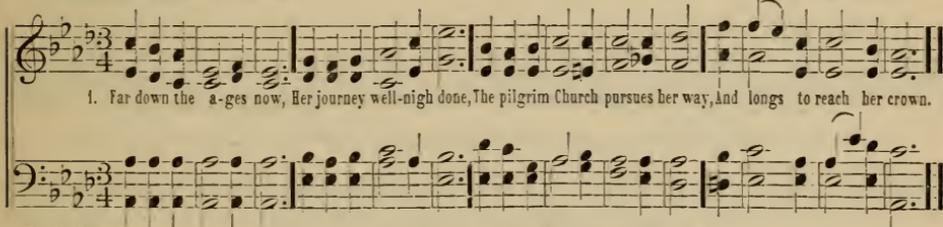
"Which is the Church of the living God." 1 Tim. iii: 15.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Church of the Living God,<br/>Pillar and ground of truth,<br/>Keep the old paths the fathers trod<br/>In thy illumined youth.</p> <p>2 Lo, in thy bosom lies<br/>The touchstone for the age;<br/>Seducing error shrinks and dies<br/>At light from yonder page.</p> <p>3 Once to the saints was given<br/>All blessed gospel lore;<br/>There, written down in words from<br/>Thou hast it evermore. [Heav'n,</p> | <p>4 Fear not, though doubts abound,<br/>And scoffing tongues deride;<br/>Love of God's Word finds surer ground<br/>When to the utmost tried.</p> <p>5 God's Spirit in the Church,<br/>Still lives unspent, untired,<br/>Inspiring hearts that fain would search<br/>The truths Himself inspired.</p> <p>6 Move, Holy Ghost, with might<br/>Amongst us as of old;<br/>Dispel the falsehood, and unite<br/>In true faith and true fold.</p> |
|---|--|

*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

J. E. SWEETSER.

GREENWOOD. S. M.



1. Far down the a - ges now, Her journey well - nigh done, The pilgrim Church pursues her way, And longs to reach her crown.

239

"The head over all things to the Church." Eph. i: 22.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Far down the ages now,<br/>Her journey well-nigh done,<br/>The pilgrim Church pursues her way,<br/>And longs to reach her crown.</p> <p>2 No wider is the gate,<br/>No broader is the way,<br/>No smoother is the ancient path<br/>That leads to light and day.</p> <p>3 No feebler is the foe,<br/>No slacker grows the fight</p> | <p>Nor less the need of armour tried,<br/>Of shield and helmet bright.</p> <p>4 Thus onward still we press,<br/>Through evil and through good,<br/>Through pain or poverty, or want,<br/>Through peril or through blood.</p> <p>5 Still faithful to our God,<br/>And to our Captain true,<br/>We follow where He leads the way,<br/>The Kingdom still in view.</p> |
|---|--|

*Horatius Bonar, 1850*

THE CHURCH.

WELLESLEY. 8s & 7s.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. 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?

240

"To Him be glory in the Church." EPH. iii: 21.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Lord, her watch Thy church is keeping;<br/>When shall earth Thy rule obey?<br/>When shall end the night of weeping,<br/>When shall break the promised day?</p> <p>2 See the whitening harvest languish,<br/>Waiting still the labourers' toil;<br/>Was it vain — Thy Son's deep anguish?<br/>Shall the strong retain the spoil?</p> <p>3 Give the word; in every nation<br/>Let the Gospel trumpet sound,</p> | <p>Witnessing a world's salvation,<br/>To the earth's remotest bound.</p> <p>4 Then the end: Thy Church completed,<br/>All Thy chosen gathered in,<br/>With their King in glory seated,<br/>Satan bound, and banished sin:</p> <p>5 Gone forever, parting, weeping,<br/>Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—<br/>Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping,<br/>Come, Lord Jesus. come to reign.</p> |
|--|---|

Henry Downton, 1877.

ST. BASIL. 7s. 31.

GERMAN CHORALE.

1. Je - sus, with Thy church abide, Be her Saviour, Lord and Guide, While on earth her faith is tried. Amen.

241

"Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it." EPH. v: 25.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, with Thy church abide,<br/>Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,<br/>While on earth her faith is tried.</p> <p>2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,<br/>Help her, patient to endure,<br/>Trusting in Thy promise sure:</p> <p>3 May she guide the poor and blind,<br/>Seek the lost until she find,<br/>And the broken-hearted bind:</p> | <p>4 Save her love from growing cold,<br/>Make her watchmen strong and bold,<br/>Fence her round — Thy peaceful fold.</p> <p>5 Help her in her time of fast,<br/>Till her toil and woe are past,<br/>And the Bridegroom come at last.</p> <p>6 May she then all glorious be,<br/>Spotless and from wrinkle free,<br/>Pure and bright and worthy Thee.</p> |
|---|---|

William Pollock, 1870.

BAPTISM.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l.

1. { Christ, who came my soul to save, En-tered Jordan's yielding wave, } By the Fa-ther's voice of love,  
Rose from out the crys-tal flood, Owned and seal'd the Son of God, }

By the heav'n-descending Dove; Saviour, Pattern, Guide for me, I like him bap-tiz'd would be. Amen.

242

"Jesus also being baptized and praying" Luke iii: 21.

- 1 Christ, who came my soul to save,  
Entered Jordan's yielding wave,  
Rose from out the crystal flood,  
Owned and sealed the Son of God,  
By the Father's voice of love,  
By the heaven-descending Dove;  
Saviour, Pattern. Guide for me,  
I like Him baptized would be.
- 2 In the garden, o'er His soul  
Sorrow's whelming waves did roll;  
Ah, on Calvary's cruel tree,  
Jesus bowed in death for me.

I with Him am crucified;  
All my hope is, He hath died;  
At His feet my place I take,  
Bear the cross for His dear sake.

- 3 In the new-made tomb He lay,  
Taking all its dread away;  
Burst He through its rock-bound door,  
Glorious now, and evermore.  
I with Christ would buried be  
In this rite required of me,  
Rising from the mystic flood,  
Living hence anew to God.

S. D. Phelps, 1857

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Do we not know that solemn word, That we are buried with the Lord? Baptized into His death, and then Put off the body of our sin?

243

"Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him." Col. ii: 12.

- 1 Do we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord?  
Baptized into His death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.

- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Within our mortal flesh again;  
The various lusts we served before  
Shall have dominion now no more.

Isaac Watts, 1709

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.

Thomas Ken, 1697

BAPTISM.

ERNAN. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, Dove di - vine, On these bap - tis - mal wa - ters shine,

And teach our hearts, in high - est strain, To praise the Lamb for sin - ners slain.

244

"The Holy Ghost descended like a dove upon him." Luke iii: 22.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,<br/>On these baptismal waters shine,<br/>And teach our hearts, in highest strain,<br/>To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.</p> <p>2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,<br/>And joyfully embrace Thy cause;<br/>We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,<br/>O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!</p> | <p>3 We plunge beneath Thy mystic flood,<br/>Oh, plunge us in Thy cleansing blood;<br/>We die to sin, and seek a grave<br/>With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.</p> <p>4 And as we rise, with Thee to live,<br/>Oh, let the Holy Spirit give<br/>The sealing unction from above,<br/>The breath of life, the fire of love!</p> |
|---|---|

*Adoniram Judson.*

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. fr. ROSSINI.

1. With Christ we share a mystic grave, With Christ we buried lie; But 'tis not in the darksome cave By mournful Cal - va - ry.

245

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death." Rom. vi: 4.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 With Christ we share a mystic grave,<br/>With Christ we buried lie;<br/>But 'tis not in the darksome cave<br/>By mournful Calvary.</p> <p>2 The pure and bright baptismal flood<br/>Entombs our nature's stain;<br/>New creatures from the cleansing wave<br/>With Christ we rise again.</p> | <p>3 Thrice blest, if, through this world of sin,<br/>And lust, and selfish care,<br/>Our resurrection-mantle white<br/>And undefiled we wear.</p> <p>4 Thrice blest, if, through the gate of death,<br/>Glorious at last and free,<br/>We to our joyful rising pass,<br/>O risen Lord, with Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

*John Mason Neale, 1851.*

1. Around thy grave, Lord Je-sus, Thine empty grave, we stand, With hearts all full of prais-es, To keep Thy blest command;  
By faith our souls re-jo- ing To trace Thy path of love, Thro' death's dark, angry billows, Up to the throne above. A-men.

246

"Now if we be dead with Christ." Rom. vi: 8.

- 1 Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,  
Thine empty grave, we stand,  
With hearts all full of praises,  
To keep Thy blest command;  
By faith our souls rejoicing  
To trace Thy path of love,  
Through death's dark, angry billows,  
Up to the throne above.
- 2 Lord Jesus, we remember  
The travail of Thy soul,  
When, in Thy love's deep pity,  
The waves did o'er Thee roll.  
Baptized in death's cold waters,  
For us Thy blood was shed;  
For us the Lord of glory  
Was numbered with the dead.

- 3 O Lord, Thou now art risen,  
Thy travail all is o'er;  
For sin Thou once hast suffered,  
Thou liv'st to die no more;  
Sin, death and hell are vanquished  
By Thee, Thy church's Head;  
And lo! we share Thy triumph,  
Thou first-born from the dead!
- 4 Into Thy death baptized,  
We own with Thee we died;  
With Thee, our Life, are risen,  
And shall be glorified.  
From sin, the world, and Satan,  
We're ransom'd by Thy blood,  
And now would walk as strangers,  
Alive with Thee, to God.

James G. Deck, 1845.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Buried in bap-tism with our Lord, We rise with Him to life restored; Not the bare life in Adam lost, But richer far, for more it cost.

247

"If ye then be risen with Christ." Coloss. iii: 1.

- 1 Buried in baptism with our Lord,  
We rise with Him, to life restored.  
Not the bare life in Adam lost,  
But richer far, for more it cost.
- 2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,  
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,

- How dear to Him our cleansing stood,  
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.
- 3 He by His blood atoned for sin,  
This precious blood can wash us clean,  
And He arrays us in the dress  
Of His unspotted righteousness.

Moravian Collection.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

DOLOMITE CHANT. 6s.

AUSTRIAN MELODY.

i. I hun-ger, and I thirst; Je-su, my man-na be: Ye liv-ing wa-ters burst

Out of the rock for me.

248 "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." John vi: 51.

- 1 I hunger, and I thirst;  
Jesu, my manna be:  
Ye living waters burst  
Out of the rock for me.
- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,  
My life-long wants supply;  
As living souls are fed,  
O feed me or I die.
- 3 Thou true Life-giving Vine,  
Let me Thy sweetness prove;

- 4 Renew my life with Thine,  
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod  
Since first their course began:  
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;  
Help me, Thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies  
My thirsting soul before,  
O living waters, rise  
Within me evermore.

Rev. J. B. S. Monsell, 1860.

ST. COLUMBIA. 7s. 3l.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

i. Je-sus, to Thy ta-ble led, Now let ev-'ry heart be fed With the true and living bread.

249 "To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Eph. iii: 19.

- 1 Jes us, to Thy table led,  
Now let every heart be fed  
With the true and living bread.
- 2 When on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 3 When we taste the mys'c wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine.

- 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release,  
Cold and wavering faith increase,  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand  
Till around Thy throne we stand  
In the bright and better land.

K. H. Baynes, 1863.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY CHRIST REDEEMED. 8s. 4.

W. L. REYNOLDS.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ re - stor'd, We keep the memo - ry a - dor'd,

And show the death of our dear Lord Un - til He come.

250

"Ye do show the Lord's death until he come." 1 Cor. xi: 26.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,<br/>We keep the memory adored,<br/>And show the death of our dear Lord<br/>Until He come.</p> <p>2 His body broken in our stead,<br/>Is here, in this memorial bread,<br/>And so our feeble love is fed<br/>Until He come.</p> <p>3 The drops of His dread agony,<br/>His life-blood shed for us we see;<br/>The wine shall tell the mystery<br/>Until He come.</p> | <p>4 And thus that dark betrayal night<br/>With the last advent we unite,<br/>By one blest chain of loving rite,<br/>Until He come.</p> <p>5 Until the trump of God be heard,<br/>Until the ancient graves be stirred,<br/>And, with the great commanding word,<br/>The Lord shall come.</p> <p>6 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate,<br/>Let not our hearts be desolate,<br/>But, strong in faith, in patience wait<br/>Until He come!</p> |
|--|--|

Geo. Rawson, 1857.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. With Jesus in the midst, We gather round the board; Tho' many, we are one in Christ, One body in the Lord.

251

"There am I in the midst of them." Matt. xviii: 20.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 With Jesus in the midst,<br/>We gather round the board;<br/>Though many, we are one in Christ,<br/>One body in the Lord.</p> <p>2 Our sins were laid on Him,<br/>When bruised on Calvary;<br/>With Christ we died and rose again,<br/>And sit with Him on high.</p> | <p>3 Faith eats the bread of life,<br/>And drinks the living wine;<br/>Thus we, in love together knit,<br/>On Jesus' breast recline.</p> <p>4 Soon shall the night be gone,<br/>The Morning Star appear,<br/>Soon shall the day of glory dawn<br/>Our longing hearts to cheer.</p> |
|--|--|

Bristol Hymns, 1870.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN. 8s. Double.

1. { Bod - y of Je - sus, oh sweet food! Blood of my Sav - iour, precious blood! }  
 { On these Thy gifts, E - ter - nal Priest, Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast. }

*D.C.* Till strengthened, as E - li - jah trod, I jour - ney to the mount of God.

*m.f.* Wea - ry and faint, I thirst and pine For Thee my bread, For Thee my wine,

*D.C.*

252

"Take, eat, this is my body." Matt. xxvi: 26.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Body of Jesus, oh sweet food!<br/>                 Blood of my Saviour, precious blood!<br/>                 On these Thy gifts, Eternal Priest,<br/>                 Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.<br/>                 Weary and faint, I thirst and pine<br/>                 For Thee my bread, for Thee my wine,<br/>                 Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,<br/>                 I journey to the mount of God.</p> | <p>2 Then clad in white, with crown and palm,<br/>                 At the great supper of the Lamb,<br/>                 Be mine with all Thy saints to rest,<br/>                 Like Him that leaned upon Thy breast.<br/>                 Saviour, till then I fain would know<br/>                 That feast above by this below,<br/>                 This bread of life, this wondrous food,<br/>                 Thy body and Thy precious blood.</p> |
|--|--|

*A. C. Coxe, 1858.*

HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Father, while we break this bread, And our Lord re - mem - ber thus, Make us one with Him our Head, Thou in Him and He in us.

253

"Dwelleth in me and I in him." John vi: 56.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Father, while we break this bread,<br/>                 And our Lord remember thus,<br/>                 Make us one with Him our Head,<br/>                 Thou in Him, and He in us.</p> <p>2 While to lips with praise that glow<br/>                 This communion cup we press,</p> | <p>Holy Father, make us grow<br/>                 More like Him we thus confess.</p> <p>3 Reconciled in Christ Thy Son,<br/>                 In whose name on Thee we call;<br/>                 Make us perfect, all in one,<br/>                 We in Him and Thou in all</p> |
|---|--|

*John Pierpont.*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

TILL HE COME. 7s. 6 lines.

REDHEAD.

1. "Till He come:" oh, let the words Ling-er on the trembling chords; Let the lit-tle while be-tween

In their golden light be seen; Let us think how heav'n and home Lie beyond that, "Till He come."

254

"Ye do show the Lord's death, till He come." 1 Cor. xi: 26.

1 "Till He come:" oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that — "Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,

All our life joy overcast?  
Hush, be every murmur dumb;  
It is only — "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine, and break the bread;  
Sweet memorials, — till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only — "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth. 1861.

BENEDICTION CHANT. 10s.

1. And now we rise; the symbols | disappear; The feast, tho' not the love, is | past and gone, The bread and wine remove; but | Thou art here, Nearer than ever; still my | shield and sun.

255

"Until that day when I drink it new with you." Matt. xxvi: 29.

1 And now we rise; the symbols | disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is | past and gone,  
The bread and wine remove; but | Thou art here,  
Nearer than ever; still my | shield and sun.

2 Feast after feast thus comes and | passes by,  
And passing points to the glad | feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the | festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of | bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar, 1850.

FELLOWSHIP AND UNITY.

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. 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.

256

"We are one body in Christ." Rom. xii: 5.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Blest be the tie that binds<br/>Our hearts in Christian love:<br/>The fellowship of kindred minds<br/>Is like to that above.</p> <p>2 Before our Father's throne<br/>We pour our ardent prayers;<br/>Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,<br/>Our comforts and our cares.</p> <p>3 We share our mutual woes,<br/>Our mutual burdens bear,<br/>And often for each other flows<br/>The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,<br/>It gives us inward pain;<br/>But we shall still be joined in heart,<br/>And hope to meet again.</p> <p>5 This glorious hope revives<br/>Our courage by the way;<br/>While each in expectation lives,<br/>And longs to see the day.</p> <p>6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,<br/>And sin, we shall be free,<br/>And perfect love and friendship reign<br/>Through all eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

John Fawcett, 1772.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. HOWARD.

1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who followed Thee, obeyed, a-dored, Our grateful hymn re-ceive.

257

"The patience and faith of the saints." Rev. xiii: 10.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 For all Thy saints, O Lord,<br/>Who strove in Thee to live,<br/>Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,<br/>Our grateful hymn receive.</p> <p>2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,<br/>Accept our thankful cry,<br/>Who counted Thee their great reward,<br/>And strove in Thee to die.</p> | <p>3 They all in life and death,<br/>With Thee, their Lord in view,<br/>Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath<br/>To suffer and to do.</p> <p>4 For this Thy name we bless,<br/>And humbly pray that we<br/>May follow them in holiness,<br/>And live and die in Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

Richard Mant, 1849.

1. One sole baptismal sign, One Lord be-low, a - bove, Zi - on, one faith is thine, One on - ly watchword, love :

From different temples though it rise, From different temples though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies.

different temples though it rise, From different temples though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies.

258

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Eph. 4: 5.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 One sole baptismal sign,<br/>One Lord below, above,<br/>Zion, one faith is thine,<br/>One only watchword, love :<br/>From different temples though it rise,<br/>One song ascendeth to the skies.</p> <p>2 Our Sacrifice is one ;<br/>One Priest before the throne,<br/>The slain, the risen Son,<br/>Redeemer, Lord alone :<br/>Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,<br/>Unite Thy people in their Head.</p> | <p>3 O may that holy prayer,<br/>His tenderest and His last,<br/>His constant, latest care<br/>Ere to His throne He passed,<br/>No longer unfulfilled remain,<br/>The world's offence, His people's stain !</p> <p>4 Head of Thy Church beneath,<br/>The catholic, the true,<br/>On all her members breathe,<br/>Her broken frame renew :<br/>Then shall Thy perfect will be done,<br/>When Christians love and live as one.</p> |
|--|--|

*Robert Robinson, 1780.*

1. Je - sus, our faith in - crease ; Fast knit, O Lord, to Thee, A - round us bind the bond of peace, The Spir - it's u - ni - ty.

259

"Lord, increase our faith." Luke xvii: 5.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, our faith increase ;<br/>Fast knit, O Lord, to Thee,<br/>Around us bind the bond of peace,<br/>The Spirit's unity.</p> <p>2 One God and Father ours,<br/>One Christ his gift of love,<br/>One Spirit shed in living showers,<br/>One home prepared above.</p> | <p>3 To one glad hope we cling,<br/>Through Jesus' life and death ;<br/>One theme of saving grace we sing,<br/>And ours one common faith.</p> <p>4 Then grant us, Lord, one mind,<br/>One will in all our ways,<br/>One heart to Thine own truth inclined,<br/>One mouth to speak Thy praise.</p> |
|---|---|

*Bristol Hymns, 1870.*

ALMSGIVING.

ADRIAN. S. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. 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.

260

*"Freely ye have received, freely give."* Matt. x: 8.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 We give Thee but Thine own,<br/>Whate'er the gift may be:<br/>All that we have is Thine alone,<br/>A trust, O Lord, from Thee.</p> <p>2 May we Thy bounties thus<br/>As stewards true, receive,<br/>And gladly as Thou blesses us<br/>To Thee our first fruits give.</p> <p>3 O hearts are bruised and dead,<br/>And homes are bare and cold,<br/>And lambs for whom the Saviour bled<br/>Are straying from the fold.</p> | <p>4 To comfort and to bless,<br/>To find a balm for woe,<br/>To tend the lone and fatherless,<br/>Is angels work below.</p> <p>5 The captive to release<br/>To God the lost to bring,<br/>To teach the way of life and peace,<br/>It is a Christian thing.</p> <p>6 And we believe Thy word,<br/>Though dim our faith may be;<br/>Whate'er for Thine, we do, O Lord,<br/>We do it unto Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

W. W. Howe, 1854.

OVIO. 8s & 7s.

1. With my substance I will honor My Redeemer and my Lord; Were ten thousand worlds my manor, All were nothing to His word.

261

*"Honor the Lord with thy substance."* Prov. iii: 9.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 With my substance I will honor<br/>My Redeemer and my Lord;<br/>Were ten thousand worlds my manor,<br/>It were nothing to His word.</p> <p>2 While the heralds of salvation<br/>His abounding grace proclaim,<br/>Let His friends, of every station,<br/>Gladly join to spread His fame.</p> | <p>3 Be His kingdom now promoted,<br/>Let the earth her Monarch know;<br/>Be my all to Him devoted;<br/>To my Lord my all I owe.</p> <p>4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!<br/>Praise Him, all ye hosts above!<br/>Shout, with joyful acclamations,<br/>His divine, victorious love!</p> |
|---|---|

Benjamin Francis, 1774.

THE WORD AND THE MINISTRY.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wisdom from on high, O Truth unchanged, unchanging, O Light of our dark sky ;

We praise Thee for the radiance, That from the hallowed page A lantern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age.

262

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Ps. cxix: 105.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O Word of God incarnate,<br/>O Wisdom from on high,<br/>O Truth unchanged, unchanging,<br/>O Light of our dark sky ;<br/>We praise Thee for the radiance,<br/>That from the hallowed page<br/>A lantern to our footsteps,<br/>Shines on from age to age.</p> <p>2 The Church from Thee, her Master,<br/>Received the gift divine ;<br/>And still that light she lifteth<br/>O'er all the earth to shine.<br/>It is the golden casket<br/>Where gems of truth are stored ;<br/>It is the heaven-drawn picture<br/>Of Thee, the living Word.</p> | <p>3 It floateth like a banner<br/>Before God's host unfurled ;<br/>It shineth like a beacon<br/>Above the darkling world ;<br/>It is the chart and compass,<br/>That o'er life's surging sea,<br/>' Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,<br/>Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.</p> <p>4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,<br/>A lamp of burnished gold,<br/>To bear before the nations<br/>Thy true light, as of old.<br/>O teach Thy wandering pilgrims<br/>By this their path to trace,<br/>Till, clouds and darkness ended,<br/>They see Thee face to face.</p> |
|---|---|

*Bp. W. W. How, 1860.*

MENDON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail, The moon forget her nightly tale, And deepest silence hush on high, The radiant chorus of the sky ; —

263

"The word of the Lord endureth forever." 1 Pet. i: 25.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,<br/>The moon forget her nightly tale,<br/>And deepest silence hush on high,<br/>The radiant chorus of the sky ; —</p> | <p>2 But fixed for everlasting years,<br/>Unmoved, among the wreck of spheres,<br/>Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,<br/>When heav'n and earth have pass'd away.</p> |
|---|---|

*Robert Grant, 1815.*

THE WORD AND THE MINISTRY.

NICHOLS. C. M.

GEORGE HEWS.

I 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.

264

"Thy testimonies are wonderful." Ps. cxix: 129.

- 1 Father of mercies ! in Thy word  
What endless glory shines ;  
Forever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;

- And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

L. MASON.

MARLOW. C. M.

Lamp of our feet whereby we trace Our path when wont to stray ;  
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the traveller's way ;

265

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." Ps. cxix: 105.

- 1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray ;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
Brook by the traveller's way ;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed ;  
True manna from on high ;  
Our guide, our chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky ;
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
Or radiant cloud by day ;

- When waves would whelm our tossing  
Our anchor and our stay ; [bark
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,  
Will of His glorious Son,  
Without Thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all a right to learn  
The wisdom it imparts,  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1827.

THE WORD AND THE MINISTRY.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. 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!

266

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace." Rom. x. 15.

- 1 How beautiful are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues  
And words of peace reveal!
- 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.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. With heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend Him whom we now to Thee commend;  
Thy faithful messenger secure, And make him to the end endure.

267

"That the power of Christ may rest on me." 11 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 With heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to Thee commend;  
Thy faithful messenger secure,  
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
Direct his feet in paths of peace;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil  
And arm him to obey Thy will.

- 3 Before him Thy protection send,  
Oh, love him, save him to the end;  
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart;  
In him thy mighty power exert;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Rowland Hill, 1774.

MISSIONS.

COMMISSION. L. M.

GEORGE HEWS.

1. O Spir-it of the liv-ing God, In all thy plen-i-tude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath  
trod, De-scent on our a - pos - tate race, De-scent on our a - pos - tate race.

268

*"I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh."* Joel ii: 28.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O Spirit of the living God,<br/>In all thy plenitude of grace,<br/>Where'er the foot of man hath trod,<br/>Descend on our apostate race.</p> <p>2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,<br/>To preach the reconciling word;<br/>Give power and unction from above,<br/>Where'er the joyful sound is heard.</p> <p>3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;<br/>Confusion, order in thy path;</p> | <p>Souls without strength inspire with might,<br/>Bid mercy triumph over wrath.</p> <p>4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare<br/>All the round earth her God to meet<br/>Breathe thou abroad like morning air,<br/>Till hearts of stone begin to beat.</p> <p>5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh<br/>The triumphs of the cross record;<br/>The name of Jesus glorify,<br/>Till every kindred call Him Lord.</p> |
|--|--|

*James Montgomery, 1825*

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Salvation through Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

269

*"Go ye therefore and teach all nations."* Matt. xxviii: 19.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim<br/>Salvation through Immanuel's name;<br/>To distant climes the tidings bear,<br/>And plant the rose of Sharon there.</p> <p>2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,<br/>With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,</p> | <p>Bid raging winds their fury cease,<br/>And hush the tempest into peace.</p> <p>3 And when your labors all are o'er,<br/>Then we shall meet to part no more;<br/>Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fail,<br/>And crown our Jesus Lord of all!</p> |
|---|---|

*Bourne Hall Drafer, 1803*

MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor-al strand, Where

Afric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand, From many an an-cient riv-er,

From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

270

"Come over and help us." Acts xvi: 9.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

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 learnt 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.

1. Hark! the swelling breezes, rising from a - far Bring the sounds of con-flict from the ho - ly war.

God is with our ar-mies, He the word has given, He is watching o'er you, mes-sen-gers of heaven. A - men.

271

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty."—Ps. xlv. 3.

- 1 Hark! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,  
Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war.  
God is with our armies, He the word has given,  
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.
- 2 Go, thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy way;  
Night upon the mountains changes into day;  
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall;  
Soon the world shall own thee victor over all.
- 3 O Thou blessed Saviour reigning now on high,  
May Thy faithful soldiers find Thee ever nigh.  
Bid the glorious mission speed from sea to sea,  
Till the whole creation worship only Thee.

UPLIFT THE BANNER. L. M.

H. B.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Uplift the banner! Let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The sun shall light its shining folds, The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

272

"And He shall set up an ensign for the nations." Is. xi. 12.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 Uplift the banner! Let it float<br/>Skyward and seaward, high and wide;<br/>The sun shall light its shining folds,<br/>The Cross, on which the Saviour died.</li> <li>2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend<br/>In anxious silence o'er the sign,<br/>And vainly seek to comprehend<br/>The wonder of the love Divine.</li> <li>3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands<br/>Shall see from far the glorious sight.</li> </ol> | <p>And nations, gathering at the call,<br/>Their spirits kindle in its light.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4 Uplift the banner! Let it float<br/>Skyward and seaward, high and wide:<br/>Our glory only in the Cross,<br/>Our only hope the Crucified.</li> <li>5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,<br/>Seaward and skyward let it shine<br/>Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours<br/>We conquer only in that sign.</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

Bishop George W. Doane, 1848.

MISSIONS.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run ;

His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

273

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea." Psalm. lxxii : 8.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun<br/>Does his successive journeys run ;<br/>His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,<br/>Till moons shall wax and wane no more.</p> <p>2 For Him snall endless prayer be made,<br/>And praises throng to crown His head ;<br/>His name like sweet perfume shall rise<br/>With every morning sacrifice.</p> <p>3 People and realms of every tongue<br/>Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;<br/>And infant voices shall proclaim<br/>Their early blessings on His name.</p> | <p>4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;<br/>The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;<br/>The weary find eternal rest,<br/>And all the sons of want are blest.</p> <p>5 Where He displays His healing power,<br/>Death and the curse are known no more ;<br/>In Him the tribes of Adam boast<br/>More blessings than their father lost.</p> <p>6 Let every creature rise and bring<br/>Peculiar honors to our King ;<br/>Angels descend with songs again,<br/>And earth repeat the loud Amen !</p> |
|---|---|

Isaac Watts, 1719.

JOHN HATTON.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. 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.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing ; The dark-ness disap- pears ; The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen - i-ten-tial tears ;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tid-ings from a - far, Of na-tions in com - mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

274

"The morning cometh." Is. xxi: 12.

- 1 The morning light is breaking ;  
The darkness disappears ;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears ;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 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 thine 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 !"

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

E. D. DEWETT.

ELMHURST. 8s, 6.

1. Send Thou, O Lord, to ev'ry place Swift messengers before Thy face, The heralds of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

275

"And sent messengers before his face." Luke ix: 52.

- 1 Send Thou, O Lord, to every place  
Swift messengers before Thy face,  
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,  
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.
- 2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King ;  
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring ;  
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring ;  
Send them where Thou wilt come.
- 3 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim ;  
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name !

- And far to lands of pagan shame,  
Send men where Thou wilt come.
- 4 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,  
The sword of Thine own deathless word ;  
And make them conq'rors, conq'ring Lord,  
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.
  - 5 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost  
From this broad land a mighty host,  
Their war cry, "We will seek the lost,  
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come !"

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, 1889.

MISSIONS.

ST. MAURA. H. M.

Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Mus. D., 1872.

1. Hills of the North, rejoice, Riv-er and mountain spring, Hark to the ad-vent voice,

Val-ley and low-land, sing : Tho' absent long, your Lord is nigh ; He, judgment brings and victory.

276

"Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord, for He cometh."—Ps. xcvi: 8, 9.

- 1 Hills of the North, rejoice,  
River and mountain spring,  
Hark to the advent voice,  
Valley and lowland, sing :  
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh :  
He judgment brings and victory.
- 2 Isles of the Southern seas,  
Keep in your coral caves  
Pent be each warring breeze,  
Lull'd be your restless waves :  
He comes to reign with boundless sway,  
And make your wastes His great highway.
- 3 Lands of the East, awake,  
Soon shall your sons be free ;  
The sleep of ages break,

- And rise to liberty.  
On your far hills, long cold and gray,  
Has dawn'd the everlasting day.
- 4 Shores of the utmost West,  
Ye that have waited long,  
Unvisited, unblest,  
Break forth to swelling song :  
High raise the note, that Jesus died,  
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.
- 5 Shout while ye journey home,  
Songs be in every mouth :  
Lo, from the North, we come,  
From East, and West, and South.  
City of God, the bond are free :  
We come to live and reign in Thee.

Rev. F. Oakley, 1890.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN (1810—1856).

1. O Lord, our God, arise, The cause of truth maintain, And wide o'er all the peopled world,  
Extend His blessed sway.

277

"Let God arise."—Ps. lxxviii: 1.

- 1 O Lord our God arise,  
The cause of truth maintain,  
And wide o'er all the peopled world,  
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life arise,  
Nor let Thy glory cease,  
Far spread the conquest of Thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.

- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expand Thy quickening wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruined world,  
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth arise,  
To God the Saviour sing :  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven  
Let echoing anthems ring.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.

BUILDING AND DEDICATION.

GROSTETE. L. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Come, Je - sus, from the sap-phire throne, Where Thy redeemed be - hold Thy face,

En - ter this tem-ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place.

278

"The glory of the Lord came unto the house." Ez. xliiii: 4.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,<br/>Where Thy redeemed behold Thy face,<br/>Enter this temple, now Thine own,<br/>And let Thy glory fill the place.</p> <p>2 We praise Thee that to-day we see<br/>Its sacred walls before Thee stand;<br/>'T is Thine for us—'t is ours for Thee;<br/>Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.</p> <p>3 Oft as returns the day of rest,<br/>Let heartfelt worship here ascend;<br/>With Thine own joy fill very breast,<br/>With Thine own pow'r Thy word attend.</p> | <p>4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,<br/>Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;<br/>O wipe the mourner's tears away,<br/>And give new strength to meet Thy will.</p> <p>5 When round this board Thine own shall<br/>And keep the feast of dying love, [meet,<br/>Be our communion ever sweet,<br/>With Thee, and with Thy Church above.</p> <p>6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;<br/>In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;<br/>Give help to climb the heavenward steep,<br/>Till Thy full glory we behold.</p> |
|--|--|

Ray Palmer, 1875.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

WARE. L. M.

1. O Jesus, our chief Corner-Stone, On Thee we rest, on Thee alone! The Rock of Ages, Thou; and we, As living stones, are built on Thee.

279

"Jesus Christ the chief corner-stone." Eph. ii: 20.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O Jesus, our chief Corner-stone,<br/>On Thee we rest, on Thee alone!<br/>The Rock of Ages, Thou; and we,<br/>As living stones, are built on Thee.</p> <p>2 In the beginning, Thou wast God;<br/>The heav'ns, by Thee, were spread abroad;<br/>By Thee, was earth's foundation laid;<br/>Thy power upholds what'er was made.</p> <p>3 We bless Thee, O Immanuel!<br/>Who dost in our own likeness dwell:</p> | <p>Thy human nature, temple true,<br/>Wherein the Father's face we view.</p> <p>4 On hearts in faith confessing Thee,<br/>The Christ, the Son of God, to be,<br/>Thy living Church, Thou dost maintain,<br/>And gates of death resist in vain.</p> <p>5 O Lord, accept our offering free,<br/>And may this house be reared for Thee:<br/>On Thee we build, on Thee alone,<br/>O Jesus, Thou our Corner-Stone.</p> |
|--|---|

Philip Phelps, 1879.

1. My country! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
fa - thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!

280

*"The land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."* Ex. xx: 12.

- 1 My country! 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee —  
Land of the noble, free —  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

## BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.

1. Lord! while for all mankind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast, Oh, hear us for our native land, The land we love the most.

281

*"He shall bless thee in the land."* Deut. xxviii: 8.

- 1 Lord! while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
Oh, hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.
- 2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless,  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Here may religion, pure and mild,  
Smile on our Sabbath hours;  
And piety and virtue bless  
The home of us and ours.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend:  
Be Thou our refuge and our trust.  
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford.

THE YEAR.

BENEVENTO. 7s, D.

S. WEBBE.

While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted thro' the form-er year, Many souls their race have run,  
D.S.—We a lit-tle long-er wait,

FINE. D.S.  
Ne-ver more to meet us here: Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low.  
But how lit-tle none can know.

282

“So teach us to number our days.” Ps. xc. 12.

- 1 While with ceaseless course the sun,  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here :  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the wing'd 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.

John Newton, 1779.

J. CLARK.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

1. Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break ! Melodious voices move ! On, rolling Time ! Thou canst not make The Father cease to love.

283

“The beginning of months.” Ex. xii. 2.

- 1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break !  
Melodious voices move !  
On, rolling Time ! Thou canst not make  
The Father cease to love.
- 2 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;  
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;  
Our sins are swelling evermore ;  
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 3 Lord, from this year more service win,  
More glory, more delight !

- O make its hours less sad with sin,  
Its days with Thee more bright !
- 4 Then we may bless its precious things,  
If earthly cheer should come ;  
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,  
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 5 O golden then the hours must be !  
The year must needs be sweet :  
Yes, Lord, with happy melody  
Thine opening grace we meet.

Thomas H. Gill, 1855

PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

LEAD THOU ME ON. 1Os, 4s.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light ! amid th' encircling gloom, The night is dark, and I am far from home  
Lead Thou me on;

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

284

"The Lamb in the midst of the throne shall lead them." Rev. vii: 17.

1 Lead, kindly Light ! amid the encircling  
Lead Thou me on : [gloom.  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on ;  
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on ; [now  
I loved to choose and see my path : but  
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 blessed me, sure  
Will lead me on [it still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
The night is gone ; [till  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile [awhile !

Which I have loved long since, and lost  
*John H. Newman, 1833.*

WE FOLLOW THEE. 8s, 3s.

SOUTHGATE. Arr.

1. Thro' good report and evil, Lord, Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,  
Still guided by Thy faithful word, We follow Thee.

285

"If a man will serve me, let him follow me." John xii: 26.

1 Through good report and evil, Lord,  
Still guided by Thy faithful word,—  
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—  
We follow Thee.

2 With enemies on every side,  
We lean on Thee, the Crucified ;  
Forsaking all on earth beside,  
We follow Thee.

3 Thou hast passed on before our face ;  
Thy footsteps on the way we trace ;  
Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace :  
We follow Thee.

4 Whom have we in the heaven above,  
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love ?  
Still in Thy light we onward move ;  
We follow Thee.

*Horatius Bonar, 1862.*

PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

RUTHERFORD. 7s, 6s. 8l.

D'URHAN.



1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn awakes.



Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But dayspring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Emman-u-el's land.



286

"Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear Him; that glory may dwell in our land." Ps. lxxxv: 9.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 The sands of time are sinking,<br/>The dawn of heaven breaks,<br/>The summer morn I've sighed for,<br/>The fair sweet morn awakes.<br/>Dark, dark hath been the midnight,<br/>But dayspring is at hand,<br/>And glory, glory dwelleth<br/>In Emmanuel's land.</p> <p>2 The King there in His beauty,<br/>Without a veil is seen;<br/>It were a well-spent journey,<br/>Though seven deaths lay between;<br/>The Lamb, with His fair army,<br/>Doth on Mount Zion stand,<br/>And glory, glory dwelleth<br/>In Emmanuel's land.</p> <p>3 O Christ He is the Fountain,<br/>The deep sweet well of love!<br/>The streams on earth I've tasted,<br/>More deep I'll drink above:<br/>There, to an ocean fulness,<br/>His mercy doth expand,<br/>And glory, glory dwelleth<br/>In Emmanuel's land.</p> | <p>4 With mercy and with judgment<br/>My web of time He wove;<br/>And aye the dews of sorrow<br/>Were lusted with his love:<br/>I'll bless the Hand that guided,<br/>I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,<br/>When throned where glory dwelleth<br/>In Emmanuel's land.</p> <p>5 Oh, I am my Beloved's<br/>And my Beloved's mine!<br/>He brings a poor vile sinner<br/>Into His "house of wine:"<br/>I stand upon His merit,<br/>I know no other stand,<br/>Not e'en where glory dwelleth,<br/>In Emmanuel's land.</p> <p>6 The bride eyes not her garment,<br/>But her dear bridegroom's face;<br/>I will not gaze at glory,<br/>But on my King of grace:<br/>Not at the crown He giveth,<br/>But on His piercèd hand;—<br/>The Lamb is all the glory<br/>Of Emmanuel's land.</p> |
|--|--|

PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

OVER YONDER. P. M.

Arranged from an ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Oh to be o-ver yon-der, In that land, that land of won-der, Where the angel voi-ces  
min-gle, and the an-gel harpers ring; To be free from care and sor-row And the  
anx-ious, dread to-mor-row, To rest in light and sun-shine, in the presence of the King.

287

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." Is. xxiii: 17.

- 1 Oh to be over yonder!  
In that land, that land of wonder,  
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harpers ring;  
To be free from care and sorrow  
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,  
To rest in light and sunshine, in the presence of the King.
- 2 Oh to be over yonder!  
My yearning heart grows fonder  
Of looking to the east, to see the day-star bring  
Some tidings of the waking,  
The cloudless, pure day breaking:  
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the King.
- 3 Oh to be over yonder!  
Alas! I sigh and wonder  
Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly thing.  
Each tie of earth must sever,  
And pass away forever;  
But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.
- 4 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,  
All lonely as I wander,  
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing.  
The midnight may be dreary,  
And the heart be worn and weary,  
But there's no more shadow yonder in the presence of the King.

PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS. 11s, 10s.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus — for the shad - ows length-en A - cross this  
lit - tle land - scape of our life; We would see Je - sus,  
our weak faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.

288

"We would see Jesus." John xii: 21.

- 1 We would see Jesus — for the shadows lengthen  
Across this little landscape of our life;  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen  
For the last weariness, the final strife.
- 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 — other lights are paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,  
We would not mourn them for we go to Thee.
- 4 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!

Ellen Ellis. 1858.

PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

LYNDHURST. 5. 5. D.

TREASURY.

1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.

All we have we of - fer ; all we hope to be ; Body, soul, and spir-it, all we yield to Thee.

289

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Rom. xiii: 11.

- 1 Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen whilst we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.  
All we have we offer ; all we hope to be ;  
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.
- 2 Farther, ever farther, from Thy wounded side  
Heedlessly we wandered, wandered far and wide ;  
Till Thou cam'st in mercy, seeking young and old,  
Lovingly to bear them, Saviour, to Thy fold.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 ar gel legions circle round Thy throne.
- 5 Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven.  
In our sadness bringing news of sin forgiven :  
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within :  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.
- 6 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God :  
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,  
Backward never looking till the prize is won.
- 7 Higher then and higher bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal ;  
Where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising praises to their King.

PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

BONAR. 9s, 5s.

GEO. C STEBBINS. By per.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-

yond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon,

REFRAIN.

I shall be soon. Love, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home, Lord, tarry not, Lord, tarry not, but come.

Copyright, 1860, by Geo. C. STEBBINS.

290

"For yet a little while." Heb. x: 37.

1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar. 1860.

PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

ST. SYLVESTER. P. M.

DYKES.

1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us onward to the dead :

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar - row bed !

CHORUS. 3d and 6th verses.

Life passeth soon: death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till thou appear; With Thee to live,

With Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' e - ter ni - ty. A - MEN.

291 "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Ps. xc : 12.

- 1 Days and moments quickly flying  
Speed us onward to the dead:  
Oh, how soon shall we be lying  
Each within his narrow bed!
- 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice:  
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make the eternal choice.
- 3 Mark we whither we are wending;  
Ponder how we soon must go  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe.  
Life passeth soon:  
Death draweth near:  
Keep us, good Lord, etc.

- 4 As a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapour so it flies;  
For the bygone years retreating  
Pardon grant, and make us wise —
- 5 Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin,  
Stay not in our work, nor slumber  
Till Thy holy rest we win.
- 6 Soon before the Judge all glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand;  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.  
Life passeth soon:  
Death draweth near:  
Keep us, good Lord, etc.

## DEATH AND BURIAL.

DOLOMITE CHANT. 6s.

Austrian Melody. Arr. by J. T. COOPER.

1. Hush! bless-ed are the dead In Je-sus' arms who rest, And lean their wea-ry head

For - ev - er on His breast. . . . . A - MEN.

292 "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. xiv: 13.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hush! blessèd are the dead<br/>In Jesus' arms who rest,<br/>And lean their weary head<br/>Forever on His breast.</p> <p>2 O beatific sight!<br/>No darkling veil between,<br/>They see the Light of Light,<br/>Whom here they loved unseen.</p> <p>3 Them the Good Shepherd leads,<br/>Where storms are never rife,<br/>In tranquil dewy meads<br/>Beside the Fount of Life.</p> | <p>4 Their voice, their touch, their smile,—<br/>Those love-springs flowing o'er,—<br/>Earth for its little while<br/>Shall never know them more.</p> <p>5 O tender hearts and true,<br/>Our long last vigil kept,<br/>We weep and mourn for you;<br/>Nor blame us: Jesus wept.</p> <p>6 But soon at break of day,<br/>His calm Almighty voice,<br/>Stronger than death, shall say,<br/>Awake,—arise,—rejoice.</p> |
|---|--|

*Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1866.*

REQUIEM. 11s. 6s.

C. J. VINCENT.

1. { A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weep-ing The loss of one they love. }  
{ But he is gone where the redeem'd are keep-ing (Omit. . . . .) } A fes-ti-val a - bove. A-men.

293 "I will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow." Jer. xxxi: 13.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping<br/>The loss of one they love; [keeping<br/>But he is gone where the redeemed are<br/>A festival above.</p> <p>2 The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple<br/>The funeral bell tolls slow;</p> | <p>But on the golden streets the holy people<br/>Are passing to and fro;</p> <p>3 And saying, as they meet, Rejoice!<br/>another,<br/>Long waited for, is come: [brother<br/>The Saviour's heart is glad: a younger<br/>Hath reached the Father's home.</p> |
|--|---|

*G. D. Burns, 1877.*

DEATH AND BURIAL.

THE LAST SLEEP. 4s, 6s, D.

J. BARNBY.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor-row; Rest, where none weep, Till th' eternal mor-row;  
 Though dark waves roll O'er the si- lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Je- sus can de- liv- er.

"He giveth his beloved sleep." Ps. cxxvii: 2.

294

- 1 Sleep thy last sleep,  
 Free from care and sorrow;  
 Rest, where none weep,  
 Till th' eternal morrow;  
 Though dark waves roll  
 O'er the silent river,  
 Thy fainting soul  
 Jesus can deliver.
- 2 Life's dream is past,  
 All its sin, its sadness;  
 Brightly at last,  
 Dawns a day of gladness.

- Under thy 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.

Edward Arthur Dayman, 1868.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Je- sus! Blessèd sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep, A calm and undisturb'd repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

295

"She is not dead, but sleepeth." Luke viii: 52.

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep,  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 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.
- 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.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be;  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 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.

Margaret Mackay, 1834

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

ECCE VENIT.

L. MARSHALL.

FINE.

1. { Be - hold! the bride-groom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night, }  
 { And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright; }  
*D.C. With lamp un-trimmed, un - burn - ing, and with slum-ber in his eyes.*

*D.C.*  
 But woe to that dull ser - vant, whom his Mas - ter shall sur - prise

296 "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh." MATT. xxv: 6.

- 1 Behold! the bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,  
 And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;  
 But woe to that dull servant, whom his Master shall surprise  
 With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.
- 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.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

DAY-DAWN.

L. MARSHALL.

1. Bride of the Lamb rejoice! Thy midnight watch is past; True to His promise, lo 't is He!

REFRAIN.

The Sav-iour comes at last. Then lift the ad - vent strain! Be - hold the Son is nigh!

Greet His ap-proach with glad re - frain, With hymns of ho - ly joy.

297

"Arise my love, my fair one, and come away." CANT II: 13.

1 Bride of the Lamb rejoice!  
Thy midnight watch is past;  
True to His promise, lo, 't is He!  
The Saviour comes at last.

REFRAIN.

Then lift the advent strain!  
Behold the Lord is nigh!  
Greet His approach with glad refrain  
With hymns of holy joy.

2 Amid the blest repose  
And glories of the throne,  
His heart's unwearied care hath made  
Thy sorrows all its own.

REFRAIN.

3 And now at length He comes  
To claim thee from above,  
In answer to the ceaseless call  
And deep desire of love.

REFRAIN.

4 Go, then thou blessed one,  
Thou weeping mourner rise!  
Go, for He calls thee now to share,  
His dwelling in the skies.

REFRAIN.

5 For thee His royal Bride  
His brightest glories shine:  
And happier still, His changeless heart,  
With all its love is thine.

REFRAIN.

Sir. Edward Denny, 1870.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

GREENLAND. 7s, 6s.

LAUSANNE PSALTER.

i. Rejoice, rejoice, be- liev-ers, And let your lights appear; The evening is ad-vanc-ing,

And dark-er night is near: The Bridegroom 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.

298

"Rejoicing in hope." Rom. xii: 12.

1 Rejoice, rejoice, believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near:  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He will draw nigh:  
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle!  
At midnight comes the cry.

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 hallelujahs clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till, in your jubilations,  
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 heart and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with Thee!

Laurenti, 1690; translated by Jane Borthwick.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

HOW LONG, O LORD. 7s. & 6s. Double.

MEDELSSOHN.  
*dim.*

*cres.*

1. How long, O Lord, our Saviour, Wilt Thou remain away? Our hearts are growing weary At Thy so long de - lay.

*p*

O when shall come the mo-ment, When brighter far than morn, The sunshine of Thy glory Shall on Thy people

*f* *dim.*

dawn? The sun-shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy . . . Thy people dawn.  
Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn.

299

"How long, O Lord, holy and true." Rev. vi: 10.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How long, O Lord, our Saviour,<br/>Wilt Thou remain away?<br/>Our hearts are growing weary<br/>At Thy so long delay.</p> <p>2 Oh! when shall come the moment,<br/>When, brighter far than morn,<br/>The sunshine of Thy glory<br/>Shall on Thy people dawn?</p> <p>3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,<br/>How long wilt Thou delay?<br/>And yet how few are grieving,<br/>That Thou dost absent stay.</p> | <p>4 Thy very Bride her portion<br/>And calling hath forgot,<br/>And seeks for ease and glory<br/>Where Thou, her Lord, art not.</p> <p>5 Oh! wake Thy slumbering virgins;<br/>Send forth the solemn cry,<br/>Let all Thy saints repeat it—<br/>"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"</p> <p>6 May all our lamps be burning,<br/>Our loins well girded be,<br/>Each longing heart preparing<br/>With joy Thy face to see!</p> |
|--|--|

J. G. Deck, 1837.

PAROUSIA. 7s, 6s.

H. LAHEE.

1. How long, O Lord, our Saviour, Wilt thou remain a-way? Our hearts are growing weary At Thy so long delay.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMES. 4s & 6s.

G. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Bridegroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for-sake.

RESPONSE. *ritard.*

All Hail! all Hail! Thou Lamb of God once slain, We worship Thee, We welcome Thee To earth again.

Copyright by Geo. C. Stebbins.

300

"Go ye out to meet Him." MATT. xxv: 6.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 The Bridegroom comes!<br/>Bride of the Lamb, awake!<br/>The midnight cry is heard;<br/>Thy sleep forsake. RES.</p> <p>2 The marriage day<br/>Has come; lift up thy head!<br/>Put on thy bridal robe,<br/>The feast is spread. RES.</p> | <p>3 Shake off earth's dust,<br/>And wash thy weary feet!<br/>Arise, make haste, go forth,<br/>The Bridegroom greet. RES.</p> <p>4 Sing the new song!<br/>Thy triumph has begun;<br/>Thy tears are wiped away,<br/>Thy night is done. RES.</p> |
|---|--|

Horatius Bonar, 1870.

ST. PHILIP. 7s, 3.

W. H. MONK.

1. Ev-en so Lord Je - sus come, Hope of all our hopes the sum, Take Thy waiting people home.

301

"Even so come Lord Jesus." REV. xxii: 21.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Even so Lord Jesus come;<br/>Hope of all our hopes the sum,<br/>Take Thy waiting people home.</p> <p>2 Long, so long, our blessed dead<br/>Wait, from out the grave's dark bed<br/>At Thine advent to be led.</p> | <p>3 Long, so long, the groaning earth,<br/>Cursed with war, and flood, and dearth<br/>Sighs for its redemption-birth.</p> <p>4 Wherefore come, we daily pray<br/>Wipe creation's curse away;<br/>Bring the resurrection-day.</p> |
|--|---|

A. J. Gordon, 1891.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

RESURRECTION MORN. 8s, 7s, 3.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,  
No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No . . . more pain.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey. By per. Bigelow & Main.

302

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption." I Cor. xv: 53.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 On the Resurrection morning,<br/>Soul and body meet again,<br/>No more sorrow, no more weeping,<br/>No more pain.</p> <p>2 Here awhile they must be parted,<br/>And the flesh its Sabbath keep,<br/>Waiting in a holy stillness,<br/>Wrapt in sleep.</p> <p>3 But the soul in contemplation,<br/>Utters earnest prayer and strong,<br/>Bursting at the Resurrection<br/>Into song.</p> | <p>4 Soul and body reunited,<br/>Thenceforth nothing shall divide,<br/>Waking up in Christ's own likeness,<br/>Satisfied.</p> <p>5 On that happy Easter morning<br/>All the graves their dead restore;<br/>Father, sister, child, and mother<br/>Meet once more.</p> <p>6 To that brightest of all meetings,<br/>Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;<br/>By Thy cross, through death and judgment<br/>Holding fast.</p> |
|---|--|

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

S. Baring-Gould.  
WILLIAM CROFT.

1. My faith shall triumph o'er the grave, And trample on the tomb; I know that my Redeemer lives, And on the clouds shall come.

303

"Yet in my flesh shall I see God." Job xix: 26.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,<br/>And trample on the tomb;<br/>I know that my Redeemer lives,<br/>And on the clouds shall come.</p> <p>2 I know that He shall soon appear<br/>In power and glory meet,<br/>And death, the last of all His foes,<br/>Lie vanquished at His feet.</p> | <p>3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour,<br/>And hold me for its prey,<br/>I know my sleeping dust shall rise<br/>On the last judgment-day.</p> <p>4 I in my flesh shall see my God,<br/>When He on earth shall stand;<br/>I shall with all His saints ascend<br/>To dwell at His right hand.</p> |
|---|---|

Anon, 1853.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

MORNING WATCH. P. M.

GOUNOD. Arr. by S. W. COLE.

1. Ye sad watch who are keeping, Lift up your heads with joy! Christ comes to wake the

REFRAIN.

sleeping, Ending henceforth your weeping. "Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words."

304

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout."—I THESS. iv: 16.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Ye sad watch who are keeping,<br/>Lift up your heads with joy!<br/>Christ comes to wake the sleeping,<br/>Ending henceforth your weeping,<br/>"Wherefore comfort ye one another<br/>with these words."</p> <p>2 Word of promise amazing,<br/>"Caught up to Him in clouds!"<br/>Jesus His saints upraising!<br/>Changing sorrow to praising!<br/>"Wherefore comfort ye one another<br/>with these words."</p> | <p>3 Hope of glory how cheering,<br/>"Evermore with the Lord!"<br/>Watchers, the day is nearing,<br/>Dawn of morning appearing,<br/>"Wherefore comfort ye one another<br/>with these words."</p> <p>4 Hark! the watchmen are crying,<br/>"Lo! in the clouds He comes!"<br/>Then there 'll be no more dying,<br/>No more sickness or sighing,<br/>"Wherefore comfort ye one another<br/>with these words."</p> |
|---|---|

A. J. Gordon, 1891.

HE SHALL DO WELL. 8, 3.

SOUTHGATE. ARR.

1. "Lord if he sleep, he shall do well!" Why should we weep? why should a knell,  
Dirging and deep, over him swell? He shall do well!

305

"Lord if he sleep, he shall do well." JOHN xi: 12.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 "Lord if he sleep, he shall do well!"<br/>Why should we weep? why should a knell<br/>Dirging and deep, over him swell?<br/>He shall do well!</p> <p>2 Long was his way, rugged and drear;<br/>All his sad day trouble was near—<br/>Now doth he lay every load here!<br/>He shall do well!</p> | <p>3 Nobly he wrought; strongly he ran;<br/>Bravely he fought, fought in the van;<br/>Rest hath he sought, he was but man:<br/>He shall do well!</p> <p>4 "Till the day break," here let him be,<br/>Then shall he wake, glorious and free,<br/>For Thy dear sake, like unto Thee,<br/>He shall do well!</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. William Pollock, 1870.

THE RAPTURE OF THE CHURCH.

CAUGHT UP. C. P. M.

Arr. by G. C. STEBBINS.

306 "Caught up together with them in clouds to meet the Lord in the air." 1 Thess. iv: 17.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Caught up! caught up! no wing required,<br/>Caught up to Him by love inspired,<br/>To meet Him in the air.<br/>Spurning the earth, with upward bound,<br/>Nor casting a single glance around,<br/>Nor listing a single earth-born sound,<br/>Caught up in the radiant air.</p> <p>2 Caught up, with rapture and surprise,<br/>Caught up, our fond affections rise<br/>Our coming Lord to meet;</p> | <p>Hearing the trumpet's glorious sound,<br/>Soaring to join the rising crowd,<br/>Gazing beyond the parted cloud,<br/>Beneath His pierced feet!</p> <p>3 O blessed, O thrice-blessed word!<br/>To be forever with the Lord,<br/>In heavenly beauty fair!<br/>Up, up! we long to hear the cry;<br/>Up, up! our absent Lord draws nigh;<br/>Yes; in the twinkling of an eye,<br/>Caught up in the radiant air!</p> |
|---|---|

*Times of Refreshing, 1870.*

307 "In the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." 1 Cor. xv: 52.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Hark to the trump! behold it breaks<br/>The sleep of ages now:<br/>And lo! the light of glory shines<br/>On many an aching brow.</p> <p>2 Changed in a moment — raised to life<br/>The quick, the dead arise,<br/>Responsive to the angel voice,<br/>That calls us to the skies.</p> | <p>3 Ascending through the crowded air<br/>On eagles' wings we soar,<br/>To dwell in the full joy of love,<br/>And sorrow there no more.</p> <p>4 O Lord that bright and blessed hope<br/>That cheered us through the past<br/>Of full eternal rest in Thee,<br/>Is all fulfilled at last.</p> |
|---|--|

*Sir Edward Denny, 1870.*

THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB.

LANCASHIRE. 7, 6, 8 lines.

HENRY SMART.

1. The Mar-riage Feast is read - y, The Mar-riage of the Lamb, He calls the faithful

chil - dren of faith - ful A - bra - ham: He calls them from their so - journ To

come to their a - bode; The children of the prom-ise, The Is - ra - el of God.

308 "The marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife hath made herself ready." Rev. xix: 7.

1 The Marriage Feast is ready,  
The Marriage of the Lamb,  
He calls the faithful children  
Of faithful Abraham:  
He calls them from their sojourn  
To come to their abode;  
The children of the promise,  
The Israel of God.

2 He calls them from their prison  
Fast bound in iron chains,  
Whose cup is mixed with weeping,  
Where sin with Satan reigns:  
Now from the golden portals  
The sounds of triumph ring;  
The triumph of the Victor,  
The Marriage of the King.

3 Nor sigh nor sorrow enter  
Where Jesus leads them in;  
Nor death may cross the threshold,  
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:

Now shades of night and darkness  
Are past and fled away,  
Before the radiant brightness  
Of everlasting day.

4 No tear-drops stain that threshold,  
No weeping eyes are there;  
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,  
And God hath stilled all care:  
The sunlight of the Presence,  
The bright Shechinah-flame,  
Lights up the bridal banquet  
Of God and of the Lamb.

5 The Rainbow of the promise  
Around the throne hath gleamed,  
To welcome them for ever  
To joys of the redeemed:  
They enter to their glory,  
The feast for them is spread,  
The bridal feast of Jesus,  
The first fruits of the dead. AMEN.

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.

309

"The armies in heaven followed Him." REV. xix: 14.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 The Son of God goes forth to war,<br/>A kingly crown to gain :<br/>His blood-red banner streams afar,<br/>Who follows in His train !<br/>Who best can drink his cup of woe,<br/>Triumphant over pain ;<br/>Who patient bears his cross below,<br/>He follows in His train.</p>               | <p>3 A glorious band, the chosen few,<br/>On whom the Spirit came : [knew.<br/>Twelve valient saints, their hope they<br/>And mocked the cross and flame :<br/>They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,<br/>The lion's gory mane ;<br/>They bow'd their necks the death to feel :<br/>Who follows in their train ?</p> |
| <p>2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye<br/>Could pierce beyond the grave,<br/>Who saw His Master in the sky,<br/>And called on Him to save :<br/>Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,<br/>In midst of mortal pain,<br/>He pray'd for them that did the wrong :<br/>Who follows in His train ?</p> | <p>4 A noble army, men and boys,<br/>The matron and the maid,<br/>Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,<br/>In robes of light arrayed :<br/>They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven<br/>Through peril, toil, and pain :<br/>O God ! to us may grace be given<br/>To follow in their train ! AMEN.</p>                   |

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

"For God is able to graft them in again." ROM. XI: 23.

- 1 Behold! O God, Thy chosen race,  
The stock whence sprang Immanuel,  
Scattered and peeled, and without place  
In all the earth wherein to dwell.  
*Have mercy, Lord, on Israel.*
- 2 As severed branches long they've lain,  
Their sight obscured by blinding scale,  
Yet Thou canst graft them in again,  
And from their eyes remove the veil.  
*Have mercy, Lord, on Israel.*
- 3 "Me whom they pierced they shall  
behold:"  
Saviour can this Thy promise fail?  
For these long outcast from Thy fold  
Shall not Thy cleansing blood avail?  
*Have mercy, Lord, on Israel.*
- 4 Daughter of Zion, rise, prepare  
Thy long rejected King to hail,  
Lift up thy penitential prayer  
From Judah's every hill and vale,  
*Have mercy, Lord, on Israel.*
- 5 Oh, when Thou comest in the clouds,  
And all the tribes of earth shall wail,  
The sleeping dead cast off their shrouds,  
The sun grow dark, the skies turn pale,  
*Have mercy, Lord, on Israel.*

A. J. Gordon, 1891.

G. R. CALDBECK.

ZION REJOICE. 10s.

1. Je-ru-sa-lem! Thy King at length has come, Lift up thy voice in song: no more be dumb. A-MEN.

"Awake, awake! put on thy strength, O Zion." Is. lii: 1.

- 1 Jerusalem! thy King at length has come,  
Lift up thy voice in song: no more be dumb.
- 2 Zion rejoice! thy widowhood is done,  
Thy mourning days are past, thy joy begun.
- 3 City of cities! O, what beauty thine!  
Joy of the blessed earth, arise and shine!
- 4 Peace, Salem, peace be now within thy gates!  
To thee earth crowds, on thee its grandeur waits.
- 5 Thou holy mount! from thee once more ascends  
The incense cloud, the song that never ends.

AMEN.

Horatius Bonar. 1872.

CONVERSION OF ISRAEL.

RANSOM. L. M. 6 lines.

CHARLES R. FORD.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are: MET. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el.

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are: That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here, Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are: Re-joyce! re-joyce! Im-man u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el.

Copyright, 1885, by C. R. Ford. — Published by permission.

312

“There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer.” Rom. xi: 26.

- 1 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.  
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,  
To free us from the enemy:  
From hell's abyss Thy people save,  
And give us victory o'er the grave,  
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,  
And bring us comfort from afar:  
And banish far from us the gloom

- Of sinful night and endless doom.  
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 4 Draw nigh! draw nigh, O David's key  
The Heavenly gate unfolds to thee;  
Make safe the way that leads on high  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,  
Who to Thy tribes from Sinai's height  
In ancient time didst give the law  
In cloud and majesty and awe.  
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

I. 'T is come — the glad mil - len - nial morn — The Son of Da - vid reigns,  
Sing, sing, O earth! for thou art free, And Sa - tan is in chains.

313

"And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Rev. xx: 4.

- 1 'T is come — the glad millennial morn —  
The Son of David reigns,  
Sing, sing, O earth! for thou art free,  
And Satan is in chains.
- 2 Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more  
The ruthless tyrant's rod;  
Nor lose again the gracious smile  
Of thine incarnate God.
- 3 But chiefly thou, O Solyma!  
Thou queen of cities, sing!
- With shouts of triumph welcome now  
Thy morning Star, thy King.
- 4 O blessed Lord we little dreamed  
Of such a morn as this:  
Such rivers of unmingled joy —  
Such full unbounded bliss.
- 5 And O how sweet the happy thought  
That all we taste and see  
We owe it to the dying Lamb  
We owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, 1870.  
H. BAKER

## QUEBEC. L. M.

1. Peace to the world! the Lord is come; Its days of conflict now are o'er; The Prince of Peace ascends the throne, And war has ceased from shore to shore!  
2. Joy to the earth! Messiah reigns! Earth's diadems are on His brow; Its rebel kingdoms are become His everlasting kingdom now.

314

"And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." Ps. lxxii: 7.

- 1 Peace to the world! the Lord is come;  
Its days of conflict now are o'er;  
The Prince of Peace ascends the throne,  
And war has ceased from shore to shore!
- 2 Joy to the earth! Messiah reigns!  
Earth's diadems are on His brow;  
Its rebel kingdoms are become  
His everlasting kingdom now.
- 3 Rest to the nations, blessed rest!  
The storm is hushed above, below:
- Joy to creation; welcome sound!  
After six thousand years of woe.
- 4 The earth again is Paradise,  
The desert blossoms as the rose,  
Far happier place than Eden this,  
Far brighter, sweeter days than those!
- 5 Oh! long expected, absent long,  
Star of creation's troubled gloom!  
Let heaven and earth break forth in song,  
Messiah, Saviour, Thou art come.

Horatius Bonar, 1859.

THE JUDGMENT.

JUDGMENT HYMN. 8s & 7s.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! } The trumpet sounds; the  
 { The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed: }

graves re - store The dead which they con - tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him!

315

"But the end of all things is at hand." 1 Pet. iv: 7.

- 1 Great God, what do I see and hear!  
 The end of things created!  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated:  
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
 The dead which they contained before:  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
 And greet the archangel's warning,  
 To meet the Saviour in the skies  
 On this auspicious morning:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Far over space to distant spheres,  
 The lightnings are prevailing:  
 The ungodly rise, and all their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing:  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 They shake before the Judge's throne,  
 All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Stay, fancy, stay, and drop thy wings,  
 Repress thy flight too daring!  
 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.

William Bengo Collyer, 1812.

THE JUDGMENT.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

I. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take Thy ransomed people home,

Shall I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, } Be found at Thy right hand? { Who sometimes am afraid to die, }

316

"We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Rom. xiv. 10.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come<br/>To take Thy ransomed people home,<br/>Shall I among them stand?<br/>Shall such a worthless worm as I,<br/>Who sometimes am afraid to die,<br/>Be found at Thy right hand?</p> <p>2 I love to meet among them now,<br/>Before Thy gracious feet to bow,<br/>Though vilest of them all:<br/>But — can I bear the piercing thought?<br/>What if my name should be left out,<br/>When Thou for them shalt call!</p> | <p>3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;<br/>Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,<br/>In this th' accepted day:<br/>Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,<br/>To still my unbelieving fear;<br/>Nor let me fall, I pray.</p> <p>4 Let me among Thy saints be found,<br/>Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,<br/>To see Thy smiling face;<br/>Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,<br/>While heav'n's resounding mansions ring<br/>With shouts of sovereign grace.</p> |
|--|--|

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1772, a.*

AYLESBURY. S. M.

J. CHETHAM.

1. And will the Judge descend, And must the dead arise, And not a single soul escape His all-discerning eyes?

317

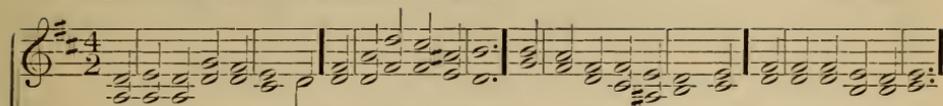
"Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord." 2 Cor. v. 11.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 And will the Judge descend,<br/>And must the dead arise,<br/>And not a single soul escape<br/>His all-discerning eyes?</p> <p>2 How will my heart endure<br/>The terrors of that day,<br/>When earth and heaven before His face<br/>Astonished shrink away?</p> | <p>3 But ere the trumpet shakes<br/>The mansions of the dead,<br/>Hark, from the Gospel's gentle voice<br/>What joyful tidings spread!</p> <p>4 Ye sinners, seek His grace<br/>Whose wrath ye cannot bear;<br/>Fly to the shelter of His cross,<br/>And find salvation there.</p> |
|--|---|

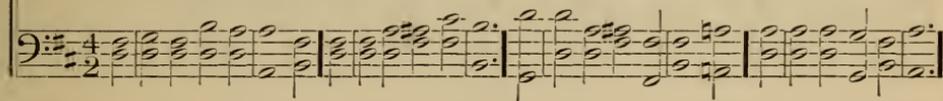
*Philip Doddridge. 1745*

## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. 7s &amp; 6s.

EWING.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en ! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice opprest.



I know not, oh I know not What joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare. A - men.



318

"The holy city, new Jerusalem." Rev. xxi: 2.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jerusalem the golden !<br/>         With milk and honey blest,<br/>         Beneath thy contemplation,<br/>         Sink heart and voice opprest.<br/>         I know not, oh, I know not<br/>         What joys await us there,<br/>         What radiancy of glory,<br/>         What bliss beyond compare.</p> <p>2 They stand, those halls of Zion,<br/>         All jubilant with song,<br/>         And bright with many an angel,<br/>         And all the martyr throng.<br/>         The Prince is ever in them,<br/>         The daylight is serene ;<br/>         The pastures of the blessed<br/>         Are decked in glorious sheen.</p> <p>3 O one, O only mansion !<br/>         O Paradise of joy !<br/>         Where tears are ever banished,<br/>         And smiles have no alloy ;</p> | <p>The Lamb is all thy splendor,<br/>         The Crucified thy praise ;<br/>         His laud and benediction<br/>         Thy ransomed people raise.</p> <p>4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !<br/>         Thou hast no time, bright day !<br/>         Dear fountain of refreshment<br/>         To pilgrims far away !<br/>         Upon the Rock of ages<br/>         They raise thy holy tower ;<br/>         Thine is the victor's laurel,<br/>         And thine the golden dower</p> <p>5 O sweet and blessed country,<br/>         The home of God's elect !<br/>         O sweet and blessed country,<br/>         That eager hearts expect !<br/>         Jesus, in mercy bring us<br/>         To that dear land of rest :<br/>         Who art, with God the Father,<br/>         And Spirit, ever blest.</p> |
|--|--|

HEAVEN.

HEAVEN. 6s. Double.

VON WEBER.

1. 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 crowned, And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a-round.

319

"I go to prepare a place for you." John xiv: 2.

1 There is a blessed home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

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 Oh, 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.

Str H. W. Baker, 1861.

HEAVEN.

RHINE. C. M.

BURGMÜLLER.

1. 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! In joy, and peace, and thee?

320

"And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass." Rev. xxi: 18.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jerusalem! my happy home!<br/>Name ever dear to me!<br/>When shall my labors have an end,<br/>In joy, and peace, and thee?</p> <p>2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built<br/>And pearly gates behold? [walls<br/>Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,<br/>And streets of shining gold?</p> <p>3 Oh when, thou city of my God,<br/>Shall I thy courts ascend,<br/>Where congregations ne'er break up,<br/>And Sabbaths have no end?</p> | <p>4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,<br/>Or feel at death dismay?<br/>I've Canaan's goodly land in view,<br/>And realms of endless day.</p> <p>5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,<br/>Around my Saviour stand;<br/>And soon my friends in Christ below<br/>Will join the glorious band.</p> <p>6 Jerusalem! my happy home!<br/>My soul still pants for thee;<br/>Then shall my labors have an end<br/>When I thy joys shall see.</p> |
|--|--|

Tr. from Latin hymn of 8th century, in *Eckington Coll.*, 1790.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

321

"Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Luke x: 20.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 When I can read my title clear<br/>To mansions in the skies,<br/>I bid farewell to every fear,<br/>And wipe my weeping eyes.</p> <p>2 Should earth against my soul engage,<br/>And fiery darts be hurled,<br/>Then I can smile at Satan's rage,<br/>And face a frowning world.</p> | <p>3 Let cares like a wild deluge come<br/>And storms of sorrow fall,<br/>May I but safely reach my home,<br/>My God, my heaven, my all.</p> <p>4 There shall I bathe my weary soul<br/>In seas of heavenly rest,<br/>And not a wave of trouble roll<br/>Across my peaceful breast.</p> |
|---|---|

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CASTLE RISING. D. C. M.

HERVEY.

i. 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! Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the

gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness, That set-teth nev-er-more! A-MEN.

322

"Till the day dawn." II Pet. 1: 19.

- 1 The roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away!  
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!  
Oh, for the golden floor!  
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,  
That setteth nevermore!
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How soon they tire and faint!  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint!

- Oh, for a heart that never sins!  
Oh, for a soul washed white!  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night!
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor fail to reach our crown!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1853.

PARADISE. 8s, 6s, & 6s.

BARNBY.

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where loy - al hearts and true  
hap - py land Where they that loved are blest? Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

323

"In the midst of the Paradise of God." Rev. ii: 7.

- 1 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.
- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;  
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 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.
- 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh 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.

HEAVEN.

NEARER HOME. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'T is

im-mortal-i-ty. Here, in the bo-dy pent, Ab-sent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my

REFRAIN.

moving tent A day's march nearer home, Nearer home, near-er home, A day's march near-er home.

324

"So shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. i: 17.

- 1 "Forever with the Lord!"  
 Amen! so let it be!  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'T is immortality.  
 Here, in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.
- 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 "Forever with the Lord!"  
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word  
 E'en here to me fulfil.  
 Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word,  
 And oft repeat before the throne,  
 "Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835.

GORTON. S. M.

BETHOVEN.

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" A-men! so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'T is immortality.

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

Rev. R. Lowry. By per.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord,

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
We're marching on to Zi - on,

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

Copyright, 1867, by Rev. R. Lowry.

325

"Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion." Ps. xlviii : 2.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Come, ye that love the Lord,<br/>And let your joys be known ;<br/>Join in a song with sweet accord,<br/>And thus surround the throne.</p> <p>2 Let those refuse to sing<br/>Who never knew our God,<br/>But children of the heavenly King<br/>May speak their joys abroad.</p> <p>3 The men of grace have found<br/>Glory begun below ;<br/>Celestial fruits on earthly ground<br/>From faith and hope may grow,</p> | <p>4 The hill of Zion yields<br/>A thousand sacred sweets,<br/>Before we reach the heavenly fields,<br/>Or walk the golden streets.</p> <p>5 There shall we see His face,<br/>And never, never sin ;<br/>There from the rivers of His grace<br/>Drink endless pleasures in.</p> <p>6 Then let our songs abound,<br/>And every tear be dry ;<br/>We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground<br/>To fairer worlds on high.</p> |
|---|--|

326 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised." Heb. x : 23.  
Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of  
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now  
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His  
burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of  
hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my  
mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
good - ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

327 HIDING IN THEE.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence." Ps. xxxi: 2.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My  
 2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In  
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe, I have

soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so  
 times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tem - pests of  
 fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en when

wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 life, on its wide, heav - ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 tri - als like sea - billows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

REFRAIN.

Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

328 SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

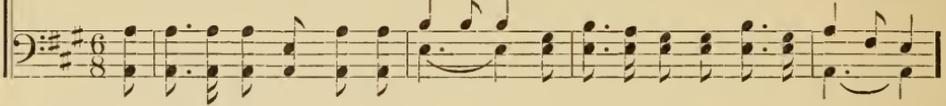
"Now the Lord of peace give you peace always." II THESS. iii: 16.

P. B.

P. BILHORN. By per.



1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, <sup>sweet strain,</sup> My debt by His death was all paid, <sup>re - frain,</sup>
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, <sup>was made,</sup> My heart with this peace did a-bound, <sup>all paid,</sup>
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, <sup>had crowned,</sup> And as I keep close to His side, <sup>a-bound,</sup>  
<sub>a - bide,</sub> <sub>His side,</sub>



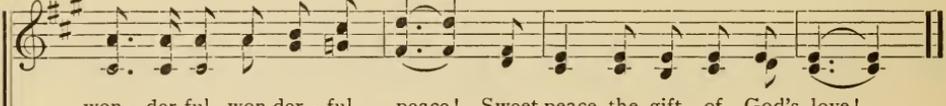
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 No oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.  
 In him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 There's noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



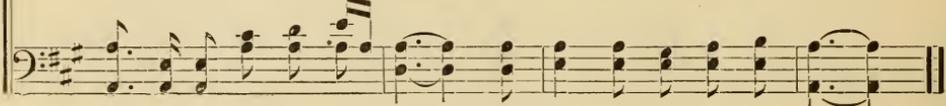
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! Oh,  
 a - bove!



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



329 COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"For with thee is the fountain of life." Ps. xxxvi: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the foun - tain, Come with thy bur - den of grief;  
 2. Come as thou art to the foun - tain, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee;  
 3. These are the words of the Sav - iour; They who re - pent and be - lieve,  
 4. Come and be healed at the foun - tain, List to the peace - speaking voice;

Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.  
 What tho' thy sins are like crim - son, White as the snow they shall be.  
 They who are will - ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re - ceive.  
 O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing, Now let the an - gels re - joice.

CHORUS.

Haste thee a - way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a mo - ment's de - lay;

Je - sus is wait - ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead - ing to - day.

330 TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE.

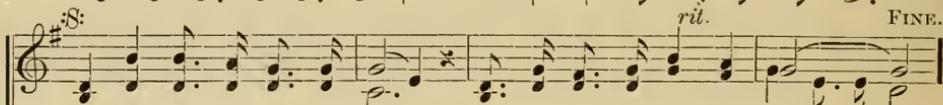
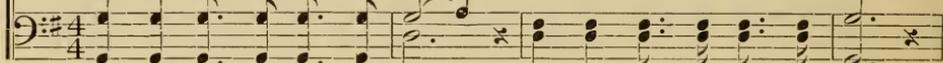
"Your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." Rom. vi: 13.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL, 1858.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.



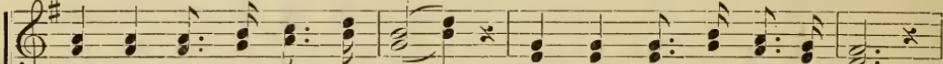
1. Take my life, and let it be            Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;  
 2. Take my lips, and let them be        Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;  
 3. Take my will, and make it Thine;      It shall be no lon - ger mine;



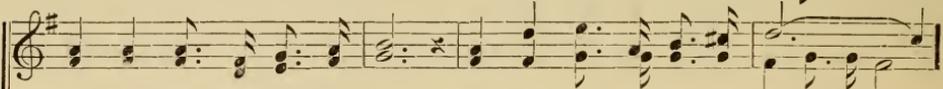
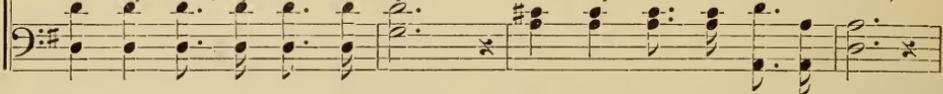
Take my hands, and let them move      At the im-pulse of Thy love; of Thy love.  
 Take my sil - ver, and my gold,        Not a mite would I with-hold; I with-hold.  
 Take my heart; it is Thine own!        It shall be Thy roy - al throne; roy-al throne.



*D. s.* Take my - self, and I will be,        Ev - er, on - ly, all, for Thee, all for Thee.



Take my feet, and let them be        Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;  
 Take my mo - ments and my days,      Let them flow in cease-less praise;  
 Take my love; my Lord, I pour        At Thy feet its treas-ure - store;



Take my voice, and let me sing        Al - ways, on - ly, for my King, for my King.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use        Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose. Thou shalt choose.  
 Take my - self, and I will be,        Ev - er, on - ly, all, for Thee! all for Thee!



CHORUS.

*D. S.*



Take my life, and let it be            Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;



336

SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.

"These were redeemed." Rev. xiv : 4.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed, Of my Re -  
 2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed, To do His  
 3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed, Dis - pell - ing  
 4. I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been re - deemed, All thro' His  
 5. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed, Where I shall

CHORUS.

deem - er, Sav - iour, King, Since I have been re - deemed. Since I . . . have been re -  
 will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 blood and right - eous - ness, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deemed, Since I have been redeemed, since

deemed, . . . Since I have been re - deemed, I will glo - ry in His name, Since  
 I have been re - deemed,

I . . . have been redeemed, I will glo - ry in the Sav - iour's name.  
 I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed.

GOSPEL SONGS.

337 CALVARY.

REV. W. M' K. DARWOOD.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

"The place which is called Calvary." Luke xxiii: 33.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-iour died, 'Twas there my  
 2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sav-iour  
 3. O Je - sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou shouldst

Lord was cru-ci - fied: 'T was on the cross He bled for  
 bows His head and dies; The opening veil re-veals the  
 give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag - o

me, And pur-chased there . . . . my par-don free.  
 way To heav-en's joys . . . . and end-less day.  
 ny,— In that dread hour . . . . on Cal - va - ry!—

CHORUS.  
*mf* O Cal - va - ry! *p* dark Cal - va - ry! *m* Where Je - sus shed His blood for *p* me, for me; *pp*

*mf* O Cal - va - ry! *ff* blest Cal - va - ry! *mf* 'T was there my Sav-iour died for me. *rit.* *p*

338

## WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

A. J. G.

*"The land that is very far off." Is. xxxiii: 17.*

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There is a land far out of sight, A calm un-trou-bled shore,  
 2. Each day as pil-grims reach that strand, All hearts with rap-ture swell;  
 3. For -ev - er with the Lord they reign, His face for - ev - er view;  
 4. Je - ru - sa - lem my glo - rious home, Thou ci - ty built on high,

Where they who said on earth good - night, Now meet to part no more.  
 Wel-comes are heard on ev - 'ry hand, But nev - er one fare - well.  
 For them no sin, no grief, no pain, No tear - ful last a - dieu!  
 When shall I to thy man - sions come, No more to say good - bye!

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good - bye in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good - bye, (good - bye,)

*Repeat Chorus pp.*

In that fair land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good - bye.

WE'II SAY GOOD MORNING IN GLORY.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away." Cant. ii: 17,

A. J. G.

A. J. GORDON.

1. The night is fast pass - ing, The day is at hand, day  
 2. With harps and with trum - pets The glo - ri - fied band, glo -  
 3. The Lamb on Mount Zi - on With nail pierc - éd hand, nail  
 4. Then sing wea - ry pil - grims You're near - ing the strand near -

is at hand, We've sight - ed the moun - tains of Beau - lah land,  
 ri - fied band, Are sound - ing their wel - come to Beau - lah land,  
 pierc - éd hand, Has o - pened the por - tals of Beau - lah land,  
 ing the strand, Where lov'd ones a - wait you in Beau - lah land,

REFRAIN.

Sweet Beau - lah land. We'll say good morn - ing in glo - ry, good

morn - ing, good morn - ing, We'll say good morn - ing, in glo -

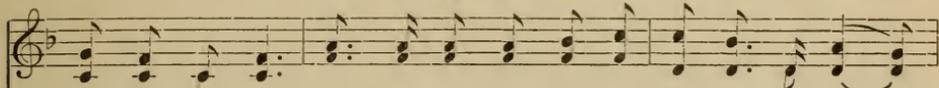
ry, When the dark - ness has turned to day.

340 HELD IN HIS MIGHTY ARMS.

W. M. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Deut. xxxiii: 27. W. MACOMBER. By per.



1. Safe is my ref - uge, sweet is my rest, Ill can - not harm me, nor  
 2. Press - ing my tear - stained cheek to His own, Hush - ing my grief with His  
 3. Tem - pests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my



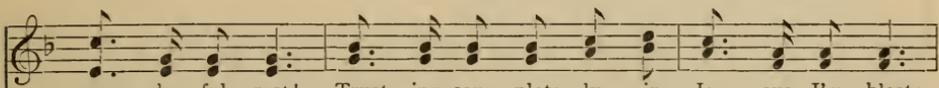
foes e'er mo - lest; Je - sus my spir - it so ten - der - ly calms,  
 sweet, gen - tle tone; Touch - ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,  
 shel - tered - re - treat; Free from all dan - ger, from dread a - larms,



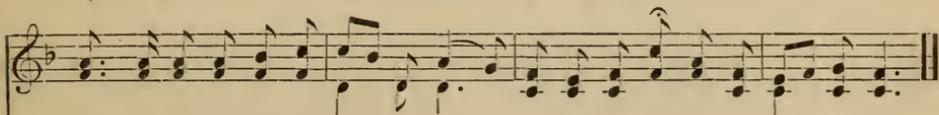
CHORUS.



Hold - ing me close in His might - y arms. Oh! what won - der - ful  
 Hold - ing me still in His might - y arms.  
 Hold - ing me safe in His might y arms.



won - der - ful rest! Trust - ing com - plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;



Sweet - ly He comforts and shields from alarms, Holding me safe in His might - y arms.



341 FATHER OF MERCIES!

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee," Ps. cxxx., 1.

R. L. FLETCHER.

R. LOWRY.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, un - to Thee, A pen - i - tent I  
 2. Per - verse and way - ward I have been, A wan - d'r'er in for -  
 3. Thy work of grace, O Lord, com - plete, By won - drous soul trans -  
 4. Help me to claim each prom - ise mine; My deep trans - gres - sion

come to - day; The blood of Christ my on - ly plea,  
 bid - den ways; Now would I turn a - way from sin,  
 form - ing power; Con - trite I fall be - fore Thy feet,  
 far re - move; Make me, O Lord, en - tire - ly Thine,

REFRAIN.

Thy precious word my hope and stay! Out of the depths I cry un - to Thee;  
 And let my life pro - claim Thy praise.  
 And look to Thee this sa - cred hour.  
 And fill my soul with heav'n - ly love.

O God, be mer - ci - ful! O God, be mer - ci - ful! O God, be mer - ci - ful un - to me!

342 LORD, WHERE THOU WILT.

"The perfect will of God." — ROM. xii: 2.

1. Lord, where Thou wilt — it mat - ters not to me, If Thou art near, and  
 2. Lord, where Thou wilt — it mat - ters not to me, Though skies may frown, and  
 3. Lord, where Thou wilt — it mat - ters not to me, If faith's clear eye the

I can cling to Thee; For I am weak, so weak, I am a - fraid  
 dark my path may be; I am con - tent, since Thou, my Life, my Light,  
 po - lar star may see; If I can read my ti - tle to a home

REFRAIN.

To take one step with - out Thy kind - ly aid. } Lead Thou my way, my  
 Canst pierce the veil that hangs o'er dark - est night. }  
 Where sin and death and night can nev - er come. }

faint - ing heart sus - tain; Lead Thou my way, and make my du - ty plain; Lead Thou my

way, then shall I fear no ill, If Thou, my "Rod and Staff," art with me still.

343 CLOSER TO THEE.

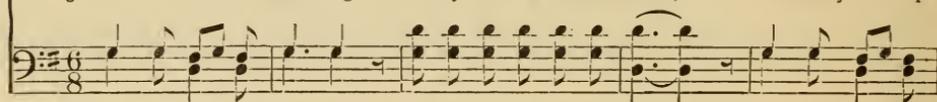
E. M. L.

"And He will draw nigh to thee"—James iv: 8.

E. M. LONG.



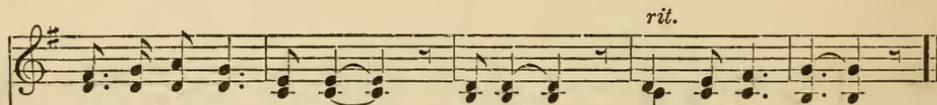
- |                                |                               |                     |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Draw me, Sav-iour, near-er, | Near-er and near-er to Thee;  | Let me see, still   |
| 2. As the ea-gles, soar-ing,   | High-er and high-er as-cend;  | Thus, while Thee a- |
| 3. As the riv-er flow-ing,     | Dai-ly draws near-er the sea; | Thus may I keep     |



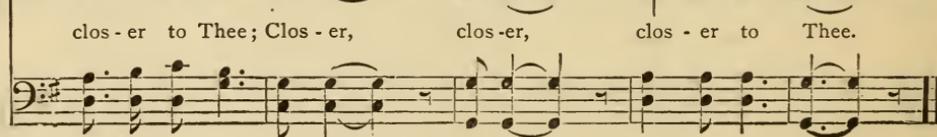
- |           |                        |                                     |
|-----------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| clear-er, | All Thy love for me.   | Freed from self, and whol-ly Thine, |
| dor-ing,  | Up-ward I would tend.  | Far from earth and sin a-way,       |
| go-ing,   | Till I'm lost in Thee. | E'er ad-vance and grow in grace,    |



- |  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| Let me in Thy beau-ty shine; While I sing, oh, may I be,   | } Drawn still closer, |
| Near-er heav-en's per-fect day; E-ven now, oh, may I be,   |                       |
| Till I see Thee face to face; Then I'll sing e-ter-nal-ly, |                       |



- clos-er to Thee; Clos-er, clos-er, clos-er to Thee.



## 344 THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

A. J. G., 1893.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." Is. xxxiii: 17.

A. J. GORDON.

1. I shall see the King in His beau-ty, In the land that is far a - way, When the  
 2. To be - hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah! my soul this were joy e-nough; 'Twill suf-  
 3. Who can tell the rap-tur-ous meet-ing, When the Lord shall bring home His own? With one  
 4. Oh! to none will the King be a stranger Of the throngs who sur-round His seat; For the  
 5. I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face transformed; And this

CHORUS.

shad-ows at length have lift-ed, And the darkness has turned to-day. I shall see Him in the  
 fice for the bliss of heav-en, That the Lamb is the light there-of.  
 sight all His saints are rav-ished, The Lamb in the midst of the throne.  
 hearts of the sav-ed will know Him, By the prints of the nails in His feet.  
 bo-dy of sin and dark-ness To the im-age of Christ con-formed.

glo-ry,— The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll then re-sound the sto-ry, With

all the ran-somed train! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb that once was

slain; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

## THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof." REV. XXI: 23.

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless - ed home a -  
 2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and  
 3. Then fol - low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark - freed

bove, From whence, are its rays of won - drous noon? Oh! "the  
 love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the  
 dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

## CHORUS.

LAMB is the light there - of." They shall walk in white, there shall

be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the

shout shall ring as the ran - somed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light there-of."

346

BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. iii: 20.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Be - hold Me stand - ing at the door, And hear Me  
 2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee, I wait - ed  
 3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - mem - ber  
 4. I bring thee joy from heaven a - bove, I bring thee

plead - ing ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice: O heart of  
 long and pa - tient - ly: Say, wea - ry heart, oppressed with  
 all My grief and pain; I died to ran - som thee from  
 par - don, peace, and love: Say wea - ry heart, oppressed with

sin, May I come in? may I come in?  
 sin, May I come in? may I come in?  
 sin; May I come in? may I come in?  
 sin, May I come in? may I come in?

REFRAIN.

Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me plead - ing ev - er - more: Say,

wea - ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

347 JESUS, I COME.

"Deliver me, O my God." Ps. lxxi: 4.

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out of my bond - age, sor - row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;  
 2. Out of my shame - ful fail - ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;  
 3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro - gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;  
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

In - to Thy free - dom, glad - ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick - ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,  
 Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de - spair in - to rap - tures a - bove,  
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy shel - ter - ing fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Out of dis - tress to ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

## I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." 1 Peter v: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS.

Miss H. M. WARNER.

1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,  
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter  
 3. I leave it all with Je - sus, Day by Day; Faith can firm - ly trust Him  
 4. Oh, leave it *all* with Je - sus, Droop - ing soul! Tell not *half* thy sto - ry,

And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper,  
 From life's woes; How to gild the tear - drop With His smile, Make the desert gar - den  
 Come what may. Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest In the calm sure ha - ven  
 But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hanging On His hand, Life and death are wait - ing

"'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—Hap - py day!  
 Bloom a - while: When my weak - ness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.  
 Of His breast: Love es - teems it heav - en To a - bide At His side.  
 His com - mand; Yet His ten - der bos - om Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

*cres.* From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—Hap - py day!  
 When my weak - ness lean - eth On His might All seems light,  
 Love es - teems it heav - en To a - bide At His side.  
 Yet His ten - der bos - om, Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!  
*rit.*

349 THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

"And they took Jesus and led him away." John xix: 16.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,  
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear  
 3. He died that we might be for-given; He died to make us good,  
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.  
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by his pre-cious blood.  
 He, on-ly, could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

*rit* . . . . .  
 And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. . .

352 HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR JESUS ?

"Behold I stand at the door and knock." Rev. III: 20.

Arr. by W. W. D.

C. C. WILLIAMS. By per.

1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;  
 2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied,  
 3. Have you a - ny time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?  
 4. Room and time now give to Je - sus; Soon will pass God's day of grace,

As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner, will you let Him in?  
 Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?  
 O to - day is time ac - cept - ed, To - mor - row you may call in vain.  
 Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Hast - en now, His word o - bey,

Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

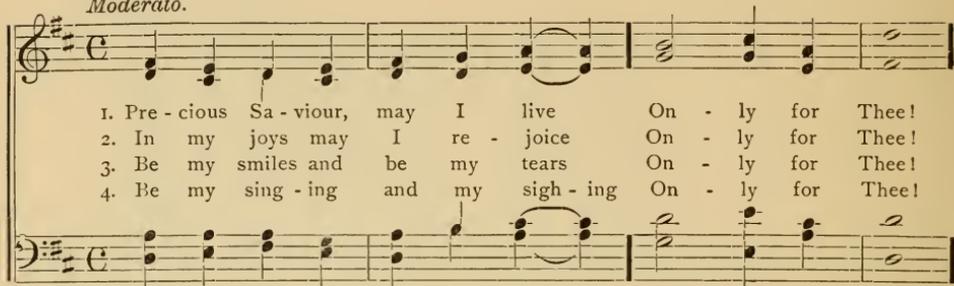
353 ONLY FOR THEE.

"No man save Jesus only." Matt: xvii. 8.

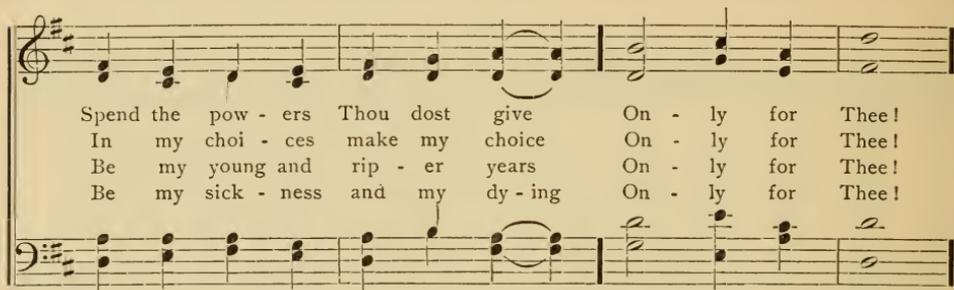
ELIZA A. WALKER.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

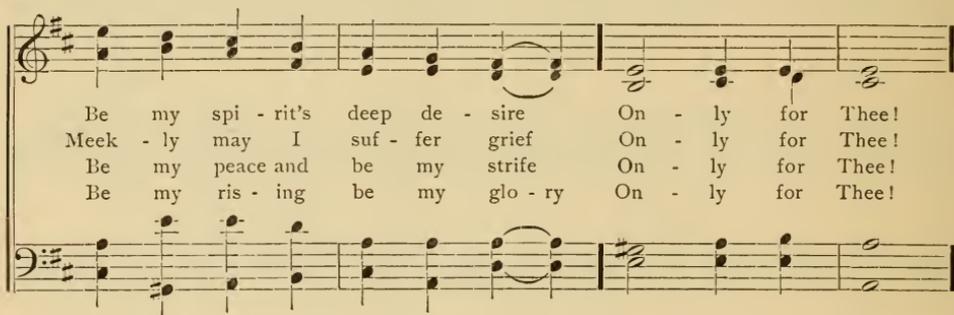
*Moderato.*



1. Pre - cious Sa - viour, may I live On - ly for Thee!  
 2. In my joys may I re - joice On - ly for Thee!  
 3. Be my smiles and be my tears On - ly for Thee!  
 4. Be my sing - ing and my sigh - ing On - ly for Thee!



Spend the pow - ers Thou dost give On - ly for Thee!  
 In my choi - ces make my choice On - ly for Thee!  
 Be my young and rip - er years On - ly for Thee!  
 Be my sick - ness and my dy - ing On - ly for Thee!



Be my spi - rit's deep de - sire On - ly for Thee!  
 Meek - ly may I suf - fer grief On - ly for Thee!  
 Be my peace and be my strife On - ly for Thee!  
 Be my ris - ing be my glo - ry On - ly for Thee!



May my in - tel - lect a - spire On - ly for Thee!  
 Grate - ful - ly ac - cept re - lief On - ly for Thee!  
 Be my love and be my life On - ly for Thee!  
 Be my whole e - ter - ni - ty On - ly for Thee!

GOSPEL SONGS.

but we know . . . . . that when He shall ap -

shall be: but we know, we know, we

pear . . . . .

know that when Heshall ap - pear, we know . . . that when He shall ap -  
we know, we know,

pear . . . . . we shall be like Him; we shall be  
know that when He shall ap - pear,

like Him, for we shall see Him as . . He is, . . . . .

like Him, for we shall see Him as . . He is, . . . . .

HE SHALL REIGN FROM SEA TO SEA.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

A. J. GORDON.

Ps. lxxii. 7.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O Church of Christ, be - hold at last The prom - ised sign ap - pear,—The  
 2. With gird - ed loins, make haste! make haste,Thy wit - ness to com - plete, That  
 3. And thou, O Is - rael, long in dust, A - rise and come a - way! See  
 4. Thy scattered sons are gath - 'ring home,The fig - tree buds a - gain; A  
 5. Then sing a - loud, O Pil - grim Church,Brief con - flict yet re - mains, And

gos - pel preached in all the world; And lo! the King draws near.  
 Christ may take His throne and bring All na - tions to His feet.  
 how the sun of right - eous-ness Sheds forth the beams of day.  
 lit - tle while and Dav - id's Son On Dav - id's throne shall reign.  
 then Im - man - u - el de - scends To bind thy foe in chains.

CHORUS.

He shall reign from sea to sea; When He girds on His con-queing

sword, All the ends of the earth shall see The sal - va - tion of our God.

## GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

G. M. J.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1 Far, far a-way, In heath-en dark-ness dwell-ing, Mil-lions of souls for  
 2. See o'er the world the o - pen doors in - vit - ing; Sol - diers of Christ, a -  
 3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call - ing, "Why will ye die?" re -  
 4. God speed the day when those of ev - 'ry na - tion "Glo - ry to God" tri -

ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal - va - tion's sto - ry tell - ing,  
 rise and en - ter in! Breth - ren, a - wake! our for - ces all u - nit - ing,  
 ech - o in His Name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap - pall - ing;  
 um-phant - ly shall sing; Ran - somed, re - deemed, re - joic - ing in sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

Look - ing to Je - sus, heed - ing not the cost?  
 Send forth the gos - pel, break the chains of sin. "All pow'r is giv - en un - to me,  
 Life and sal - va - tion, there - fore, go pro - claim.  
 Shout "Hal - le - lu - jah, for the Lord is King."

All pow'r is giv - en un - to me; Go ye in - to all the world and

preach the gos - pel, and lo, I am with you al - way."

GOSPEL SONGS.

358

GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL.

A. T. PIERSON, 1894.

"Go ye, therefore" Matt. xxviii: 19.

HARRY SANDERS.

1 Far down the a - ges comes that voice, Ma - jes - tic with com - mand, "Pro -  
 2. The voice of mil - lions, lost in sin, Rolls up like o - cean waves; A  
 3. The end of a - ges bring - eth near The com - ing of the Lord— Be -

claim my grace to all the race In ev - 'ry dis - tant land." And shall Thy blood for  
 dearth of bread o'er earth is spread, And on - ly Je - sus saves. With bread to spare shall  
 hold He stands; and, in His hands, The crowns of His re - ward. O Lord, a - rouse our

sin - ners shed, In vain, my Sa - viour, flow?" O let Thy call be heard by all: "Go,  
 we not heed This cry of want and woe? Time runs to waste; He bids us haste: "Go,  
 slug - gish souls, The rap - ture may we know, Quick to o - bey, when Thou dost say "Go,

REFRAIN.

preach my Gospel, go!" "Go preach, go preach, go, preach my Gospel, go."  
 preach my Gospel, go!" "Go preach, go preach,  
 preach my Gospel, go!"

*cres.*

Ring out, ring out the Lord's com - mand, "Go, preach my Gos - pel, go."

# 361 HIMSELF.

## GOSPEL SONGS.

"Christ is all and in all." Coloss. iii: 2.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Once it was the bless - ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the  
 2. Once 't was pain - ful try - ing, Now 't is per - fect trust; Once a half sal -  
 3. Once 't was bus - y plan - ning, Now 't is trust - ful prayer; Once 't was anx - ious  
 4. Once it was my work - ing, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to  
 5. Once I hoped in Je - sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were

feel - ing, Now it is His Word; Once His gifts I want - ed,  
 va - tion, Now the ut - ter - most; Once 't was cease - less hold - ing,  
 car - ing, Now He has the care; Once 't was what I want - ed,  
 use Him, Now He u - ses me; Once the pow'r I want - ed,  
 dy - ing, Now they bright - ly shine; Once for death I wait - ed,

Now the Giv - er own; Once I sought for heal - ing, Now Him - self a - lone.  
 Now He holds me fast; Once 't was con - stant drift - ing, Now my an - chor's cast.  
 Now what Je - sus says; Once 't was con - stant ask - ing, Now 't is cease - less praise.  
 Now the Might - y One; Once for self I la - bored, Now for Him a - lone.  
 Now His com - ing hail; And my hopes are anchored Safe with - in the vail.

### CHORUS.

All in all for - ev - er, Je - sus will I sing:

Ev - 'ry thing in Je - sus, And Je - sus ev - 'ry thing.

MORE THAN TONGUE CAN TELL.

"Greater love hath no man than this." John xv: 13.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,  
 2. The bit - ter sor - row that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,  
 3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be - fore the throne of God,  
 4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,

That I a ran - som'd soul might be, . . . Is more than tongue can tell !  
 That I might live for ev - er more, . . . Is more than tongue can tell !  
 The mer - it of His pre - cious blood, . . . Is more than tongue can tell !  
 The hope in Him, so bright and clear . . . Is more than tongue can tell !

CHORUS. tell!

His love is more than tongue can tell! than tongue can tell! His

love is more than tongue can tell! than tongue can tell! The

love that Je - sus had for me . . . Is more than tongue can tell !

GOSPEL SONGS.

363

TENDERLY HE LEADS US.

"He calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out." John x: 3.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Ten - der - ly He leads us, All our days be - low; . .  
 2. Thro' the Ho - ly Spi - rit, We are taught the way . .  
 3. They who ear - ly seek Him, With a hum - ble mind, . .

Care - ful - ly He shows us Ev - 'ry step we go. . .  
 Up - ward to His king - dom, Bright - er far than day. . .  
 Par - don, life, and com - fort, Ev - er more shall find. . .

REFRAIN.

Ten - der - ly He leads us, Ev - 'ry step we go; . .

Oh, how sweet to trust Him All the way be - low! . .

364 LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE!

"Let your light so shine before men." Matt. v: 16.

C. L. S.

B. D. TOWNER.

1. You have light re - ceived from Je - sus, Kin - dled by the love di - vine;  
 2. O, the depths of God's com - pas - sion, Ev - 'ry morn - ing sweet and new,  
 3. Thro' the pre - cious blood ac - cept - ed, Liv - ing 'neath the heav'n - ly ray,  
 4. Spread the gos - pel's joy - ful ti - dings, Brought by an - gels from a - bove,

Let the light that He has giv - en, Up - on oth - ers bright - ly shine.  
 Show to oth - ers of the mer - cy That the Fa - ther shows to you.  
 By the spi - rit of the Mas - ter, Be a light for all who stray.  
 Tell the world that God is gra - cious, And His ver - y name is love.

CHORUS.

Let your light so shine

Let your light so shine, so shine be - fore men, That they may see your good works,

*a little faster.*  
 And glo - ri - fy your Fa - ther which is in heav'n, And glo - ri - fy your

Father which is in heav'n, And glo - ri - fy your Fa - ther in heav'n.

365

JESUS! I AM RESTING, RESTING.

"We which have believed do enter into rest." Heb. iv: 3.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

J. MOUNTAIN.

*Joyfully.*

1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what *Thou* art;  
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing, kind - ness, Vast - er, broad - er than the sea!  
 3. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as *Thou* art,  
 4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;  
 CHORUS. *Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what *Thou* art;*

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.  
 Oh, how mar - vel - lous Thy good - ness, Lav - ished all on me!  
 And Thy love so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart;  
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad - ows flee.  
*I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.*

FINE.

*p*  
 Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,  
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,  
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, sup - plies its ev - 'ry need,  
 Bright - ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,

*cres.* *D. C. CHORUS.*

For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.  
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.  
 Com - pass - eth me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in - deed!  
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

"Whither Thou goest I will go." Ruth i: 16.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, A - ny-where He  
 2. A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may  
 3. A - ny-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark - ling

leads me in this world be - low. A - ny-where with - out him, dear - est  
 fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver  
 shad - ows round a - bout me creep; Know - ing I shall wak - en, nev - er

joys would fade, A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.  
 drear - est ways, A - ny-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.  
 more to roam, A - ny-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

A - ny - where! a - ny - where! Fear I can - not know;

A - ny - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

367 COME, SINNER, COME!

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden." Matt. xi: 28.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 2. Are you too hea - vy la - den? Come, sin - ner, come!  
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing; Come, sin - ner, come!

While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come, and re - ceive the bless - ing! Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will now re - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

368

## I'M WAITING FOR THEE, LORD.

*"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."* 1 Cor. i: 7.

E. W. BULLINGER.

1. I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord;  
 2. Mid dan - ger and fear, Lord, I'm oft wea - ry here, Lord,  
 3. For those gone be - fore, Lord, Thy love we a - dore, Lord,  
 4. E'en now let my ways, Lord, Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,

I'm wait - ing for Thee, For Thy com - ing a - gain.  
 The day must be near, Of Thy com - ing a - gain.  
 We'll meet them once more, At Thy com - ing a - gain.  
 For brief are the days Ere Thy com - ing a - gain.

Thou'rt gone o - ver there, Lord, A place to pre - pare, Lord—  
 'Tis all sun - shine there, Lord, No sigh - ing or care, Lord,  
 Thy blood was the sign, Lord, Which marked them as Thine, Lord,  
 I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord,

*f*  
 Thy glo - ry I'll share At Thy com - ing a - gain.  
 But glo - ry so fair At Thy com - ing a - gain.  
 And bright - ly They'll shine At Thy com - ing a - gain.  
 No tri - umph for me Like Thy com - ing a - gain.

369 THE NEW SONG.

"They sung as it were a new song before the throne." Rev. xiv: 3.

A. T. PIERSON.

P. P. BLISS.

*Allegretto.*

1. With harps and with vi - als there stands a great throng,  
 2. All these once were sin - ners, de - filed in His sight,  
 3. He mak - eth the reb - el a priest and a king,  
 4. How help - less and hope - less we sin - ners had been,  
 5. A - loud in His prais - es our voi - ces shall ring,

In the pres - ence of Je - sus, and sing this new song:  
 Now ar - rayed in pure gar - ments in praise they u - nite:  
 He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing:  
 If He nev - er had loved us till cleansed from our sin:  
 So that oth - ers be - liev - ing this new song shall sing:

CHORUS.

Un - to Him who hath loved us and washed us from

sin, Un - to Him be the glo - ry for ev - er, A - men.

## 370 HOLY GHOST, WITHIN US,

*"He shall be in you."* John xiv: 17.

A. T. PIERSON.

J. J. LOWE.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with - in us, Thou art more than near; . .  
 2. Thee no world - ling know - eth, Nor can he re - ceive; . .  
 3. Thou art guide from Heav - en In - to ways of truth; . .  
 4. Thou art ho - ly; make us Sanc - ti - fied in Thee; . .  
 5. Make us chos - en ves - sels Purged from sin's a - buse, . .

Why should we in - voke Thee, Since Thou dwell - est here!  
 To Thine own Thou com - est, Nev - er - more to leave.  
 Faint - ing souls to strength - en, And re - new their youth.  
 All sin's fet - ters bro - ken, Set us whol - ly free.  
 Filled with grace, and read - y For the Mas - ter's use.

## CHORUS.

In our hearts a - bid - ing, Shed God's love a - broad;

By Thy ho - ly guid - ing May we walk with God.

371 DAY BY DAY.

"Give us, day by day, our daily bread." Luke xi : 3.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1837.

MRS. ABBY CLARK-FORD.

1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les - son well;  
 2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads; Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;  
 3. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live:  
 4. Fond am - bi - tion, whis - per not; Hap - py is my hum - ble lot:  
 5. Oh, to live ex - empt from care, By the en - er - gy of prayer,

Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread.  
 Cast for - bod - ing fears a - way; Take the man - na of to - day.  
 So shall add - ed years ful - fill Not mine own, my Fa - ther's, will.  
 Anx - ious bus - y cares, a - way; I'm pro - vi - ded for to - day.  
 Strong in faith with mind sub - dued, Yet e - late with grat - i - tude!

CHORUS.

Day by day He feeds me, Hour by hour He leads me,  
 He feeds, He feeds, me, He leads, He leads me,

Ev - 'ry day, all the way To the Fa - ther - land.

372 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

Charles H. Spurgeon said as death approached, "There are four words by which I have lived and expect to die: 'JESUS DIED FOR ME.'"

A. T. P.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

1. My faith looks up in life or death, With simple trust;  
 2. For me, He died who knew no sin; Made sin for me;  
 3. He suffered for my sins, and so I shall not die;  
 4. To break my bondage to this world, And free the slave,  
 5. I'm re-con-ciled to God through Him, My mercy seat;  
 6. What grace to sin-ners such as I, New life to give,

Al-le-lu - ia! To Him who gave Him-self for me,  
 Al-le-lu - ia! That from the law of sin and death  
 Al-le-lu - ia! My lep-rous guilt He cleansed with blood,  
 Al-le-lu - ia! To make me son and heir of God  
 Al-le-lu - ia! There, sprin-kled with a-ton-ing blood,  
 Al-le-lu - ia! That, wheth-er I should wake or sleep,

UNISON.

CHORUS.

Just for un-just. Al-le-lu - ia! For me up-on the  
 He might set free! Al-le-lu - ia!  
 And brought me nigh! Al-le-lu - ia!  
 Him-self He gave. Al-le-lu - ia!  
 My God I meet. Al-le-lu - ia!  
 With Him I live! Al-le-lu - ia!

cross He bled, and lives a-gain who once was dead. Al-le-lu - ia!

376 THE BELOVED.

"I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine; He feedeth among the lilies." Can. vi: 3.

H. M. BRADLY.

THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Down in the val - ley a - mong the sweet lil - ies, Walks my Be - lov - ed, His  
 2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee?oh, haste to dis - cov - er Where is the place of Thy  
 3. Now I ap - proach Thee, Oh, fair - est Re - deem - er, Lured by Thy beau - ty to  
 4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels, Bright - er Thy smile than the

foot - prints I see; Haste I to fol - low Thee, Sav - iour and Lov - er—  
 fra - grant re - treat — Where Thou dost rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide,  
 dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy face from the heart that a - dores Thee,  
 sun in the sky; Gath - er me ten - der - ly, close to Thy bo - som,

CHORUS.

How the winds whis - per Thy dear name to me! Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord!  
 Shel - tered near foun - tains unsearched by the heat.  
 Hast Thou not sought me and, called me Thy Dove?  
 Faint with Thy lov - li - ness, thus let me die.

For me Thy life - blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord.

GOSPEL SONGS.

377 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

"Hear me; for I am poor and needy." Psalm lxxxvi: 1.

MRS. A. S. HAWKS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No  
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp -  
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come  
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And  
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most ho - ly one; Oh,

ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.  
 quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.  
 Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.  
 make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee! Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee! Oh,

bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come . . . to Thee.

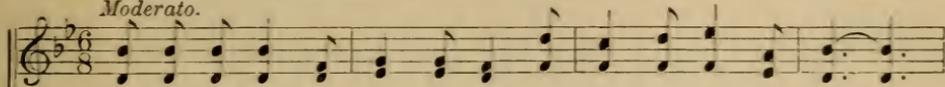
380 CAST ALL THY CARE.

A. J. G. 1892.

"Casting all your care upon Him." 1 Pet. ii:9.

D. B. TOWNER.

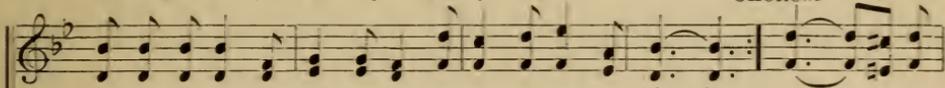
*Moderato.*



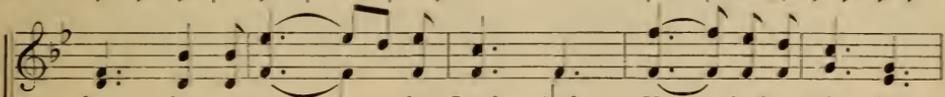
1. Cast all thy care up - on the Lord, To Him for suc - cor flee;
2. Cast all thy sins up - on the Lord, He bore them on the tree;
3. Cast all thy sor - rows on the Lord, Look up, His nail prints see!
4. Cast all thy bur - dens on the Lord, Too heav - y none can be:



CHORUS



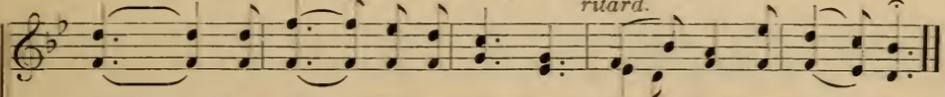
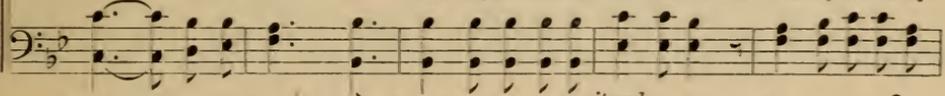
Tho' high enthron'd at God's right hand, He careth still for thee. Cast . . . thy  
Behold he liv - eth who was dead, And pleadeth still for thee. Cast thy burden up -  
Thy name is grav - en on His hands, He suffers still with thee.  
His shoulders which uplift the worlds Can bear thy load for thee.



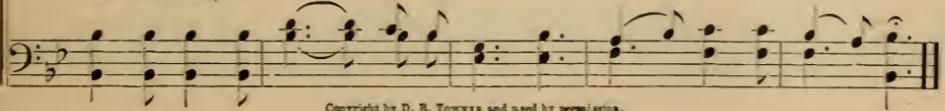
bur - den up - on . . . the Lord, And He shall sus - tain thee,  
on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, And,



He shall sus - tain thee; Cast thy bur - den up - on . . . the  
Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, Cast thy burden up



Lord, . . . And He shall sus - tain thee, He shall sus - tain thee.  
on the Lord,



381 JESUS, MY ROCK.

W. STEVENSON.

"As the shadow of a great rock." Is. xxxii: 2.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I rest in the shadow of Je - sus, my rock, Se - cure from the storm and the  
 2. My head He'll a - noint, and my cup He will fill; His good-ness and mer - cy will  
 3. The twilight a - waits me that com-eth to all, And soon o'er my path-way death's

tem-pest's rude shock; I dread not at noon - tide the sun's scorching ray, Nor  
 fol - low me still; I walk in green pastures with Je - sus to guide; No  
 shad - ow may fall; The Mas-ter will meet me at set - ting of sun, With

REFRAIN.

fear in the darkness when clo - ses the day. In the shadow of the Rock I am  
 e - vil I fear, all my wants are supplied.  
 am - ple re - ward and a bless - ed "Well done!"

rest-ing, I am resting; From the storm and tempest's shock I am resting, I am resting; I fear no

harm from the midnight's dread a-larm; I know I am sheltered in the shadow of the Rock.

GOSPEL SONGS.

382

MOVE FORWARD!

"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Ex. xiv: 15.

G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Move for - ward! val - iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and  
 2. Move for - ward! each and ev - 'ry one; The gold - en har - vest  
 3. Move for - ward! reap - ing as you move! An - gels are watch - ing  
 4. Move for - ward! day will die full soon; How quick - ly eve - ning

la - bored long; The time has come for you to rise, For  
 is be - gun; Ye reap - ers, come from glen and glade And  
 from a - bove! A - round are wit - nes - ses a host; A  
 fol - lows noon! Now is the time to work and pray; Let

CHORUS.  
 lo! the sun rolls up the skies. Move for - ward, move  
 wield the sic - kle's glit - t'ring blade.  
 rouse ye now and save the lost.  
 glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

Move for - ward,  
 for - ward, All a - long the line, . . . Move  
 move for - ward, All a - long the line, Move for - ward,

for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.

move for-ward,

move for-ward,

Copyright, 1885, by D. B. TOWNER. Used by his permission.

383 ABIDING.

CHAS. B. J. ROOT.

"Abide in me." John xv: 4.

D. C. WRIGHT.

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so won - drous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Saviour's feet ;  
 2. He speaks ; and by His word is giv'n His peace, a rich fore - taste of heav'n!  
 3. I live ; not I through Him a - lone, By whom the might - y work is done!  
 4. Now, rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the E - ter - nal Son!

I trust in Him, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm lean - ing on the cru - ci - fied!  
 Not as the world He peace doth give, 'T is thro' this hope my soul shall live.  
 Dead to my - self, a - live to Him, I count all loss His rest to gain.  
 Let all its pow'rs my soul em - ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy.

CHORUS.

A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, oh! so won - drous sweet! . . . .  
 wondrous sweet!

A - bid - ing in Him, I'm rest - ing in Him, oh! so won - drous sweet!

I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Sav - iour's feet. . .  
 at His feet.

I'm rest - ing in Him, rest - ing in Him, At the Sav - iour's feet. . . .

384 THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

"*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.*" — Isaiah 1: 18.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
 2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!  
 3. He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"  
 He is of great . . . . . com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;  
 "Look un-to Me, . . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;  
 Tho' they be red

DUET.

QUARTET.

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

*ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

385

PASS ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom. x: 13.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;  
 4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort More than life to me,

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 Heal my wound - ed bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

386 UPON HIS WORD I REST.

"The Scripture cannot be broken." John x: 35.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

1. Up - on the Word I rest, I rest each pil - grim day; This  
 2. Up - on the Word I rest, I rest so strong, so sure, So  
 3. Up - on the Word I stand, I stand; that can - not die: Christ

*rit.*  
 gold - en Staff is best For all the way. What Je - sus  
 full of com - fort blest, So sweet, so pure. The char - ter  
 seals it in my hand, He can - not lie. The Word that

*rit.* CHORUS. *Accelerando.*  
 Christ hath spo - ken Can - not be bro - ken. The Mas - ter hath said it! Re -  
 of sal - va - tion, Faith's broad foun - da - tion.  
 fail - eth nev - er A - bid - eth ev - er.

jo - ing in this, We ask not for sign or for to - ken, His word is e -

*rit.*  
 nough for our con - fi - dent bliss: The scrip - ture can - not be bro - ken.

GOSPEL SONGS.

387

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

"I will water it every moment." Is. xxvii: 3.

D. W. WHITTLE.

MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, his death reckoned mine;      Liv - ing with Je - sus, a  
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there,      Nev - er a bur - den that  
 3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan,      Nev - er a tear - drop and  
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel,      Nev - er a sick - ness that

new life di - vine;      Look - ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine,  
 He doth not bear,      Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share;  
 nev - er a moan;      Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne,  
 He can - not heal;      Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal,

CHORUS.

Mo - ment by mo - ment,      O Lord, I am Thine. Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm  
 Mo - ment by mo - ment      I'm un - der His care.  
 Mo - ment by mo - ment      He thinks of His own.  
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour,      a - bides with me still.

kept in His love;      Mo - ment by mo - ment I've life from a - bove;

Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine;      Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

WHERE ART THOU, SOUL?

And the Lord God called unto Adam and said, Where art thou? Gen. III: 9.

A. J. GORDON.

W. H. DOANE.

SOLO

1. Where art thou, soul? I hear God say: Why hid - est thou from Me? Why  
 2. Where art thou, soul? Why wilt thou die When I have brought thee life? Why  
 3. Where art thou, soul? Redeemed with blood, Ah! wilt thou yet a - gain Be  
 4. Where art thou, soul? I'm call - ing yet, I can - not give thee o'er; I've  
 5. Where art thou, soul? The day draws near, When thou, too late, shalt sigh, "My

dost thou turn thy face a - way, And from my pres - ence flee.  
 in sin's curse and bond - age lie, Its bit - ter pangs and strife?  
 tray and cru - ci - fy thy Lord, And give Him add - ed pain?  
 fol - lowed thee with pa - tient feet, Thro' wild and wood and moor.  
 God, why dost Thou shut Thine ear To my de - spair - ing cry?"

FULL PARTS.

I formed thee for a child of light, In - stead thou choos - est sin and night;  
 The price is paid to set thee free; For long long, years I've called to thee;  
 With wea - ry feet I sought for thee; And now thou stray - est far from me.  
 Oh, that thy bleat - ing heart would say, "Like a lost sheep I've gone a - stray."  
 Ah! then, give heed, while yet there's room; It hast - ens on that day of doom!

REFRAIN.

*Ritard.*

Where art thou, soul? where art thou? O soul, where art thou?

389 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." James 1: 12.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will  
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,  
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strength, and keep you;

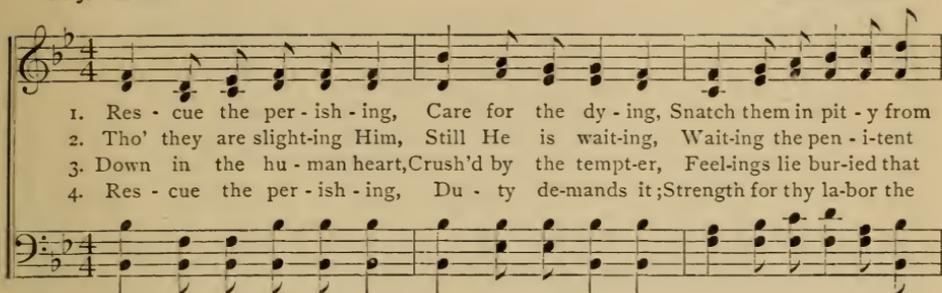
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

390 RESCUE THE PERISHING.

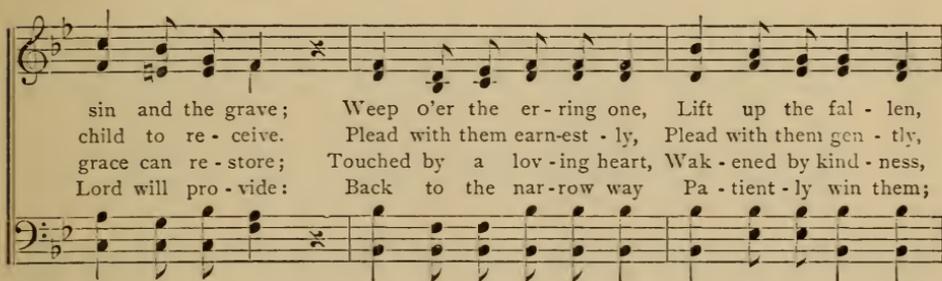
"He delivereth and rescueth." Dan. vi. 27.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

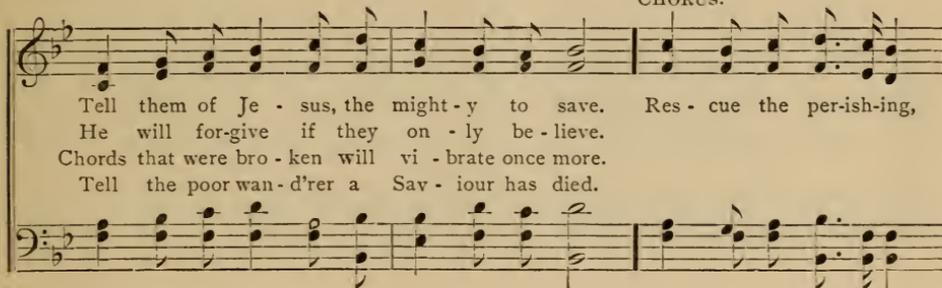


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
 2. Tho' they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent  
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

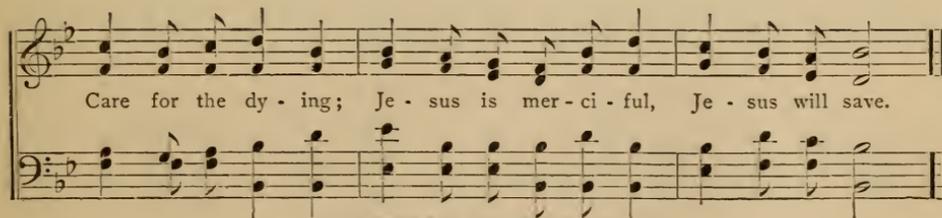


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fal - len,  
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,  
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.  
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more.  
 Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - iour has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

391

EVERLASTING ARMS OF LOVE.

REV. J. R. McDUFF. "And underneath are the everlasting arms." Deut. xxxiii: 27.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love Are be - neath, a - round, a - bove :  
 2. He Who on th'ac - curs - ed tree Gave His pre - cious life for me,  
 3. All things hast - en to de - cay; Earth and sea will pass a - way;  
 4. Scenes will va - ry, friends grow strange, But the changeless can - not change!

He Who left His throne of light, Guards me with His an - gels bright.  
 He it is that bears me on; His the arm I lean up - on.  
 Soon will yon - der cir - cling sun Cease His blaz - ing course to run.  
 Glad - ly will I jour - ney on, With His arm to lean up - on.

REFRAIN.

Sav - iour, keep me lest I fall, When the snares of earth en - thall.

Guide me with Thy faith - ful hand Till I reach the Fa - ther - land.

392 IN TENDERNESS HE SOUGHT ME.

"I have found my sheep that was lost." Luke xv: 6.

W. SPENCER WALTON

A. J. GORDON.

1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin, And  
 2. He wash'd the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He  
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed, A  
 4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While  
 5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest; I'm

on His shoulders brought me, Back to His fold a - gain. While an - gels in His  
 whispered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I nev - er heard a  
 mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed upon His head: I won - dered what He  
 with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It seems as if e -  
 wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When He will call us

pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang. . .  
 sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice! . . .  
 saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny. . .  
 ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise . . .  
 to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride. . .

CHORUS.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

393 ALONE WITH THEE.

"As Jesus was alone praying." Luke ix: 18.

Mrs. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

Mrs. ABBY CLARK-FORD.

1. In - to my clos - et flee - ing, as the dove Doth home - ward flee,  
 2. In the dim wood, by hu - man ear un - heard, Joy - ous and free,  
 3. A - mid the bu - sy cit - y, throng'd and gay, But One I see;  
 4. O sweet - est life! life hid with Christ in God! So seek - ing me

I haste a - way to pon - der o'er Thy love, A - lone with Thee.  
 Lord, I a - dore Thee, feast - ing on Thy word, A - lone with Thee.  
 Tast - ing sweet peace as un - ob - served I pray A - lone with Thee.  
 At home, and by the way - side, and a - broad, A - lone with Thee.

with Thee, . . . .

REFRAIN.

A - lone with Thee, A - lone with Thee, Lone - ly I can - not be, . . .

. . . With - in the se - cret place, . . Shut out from ev - 'ry face, .

. . . Thou, Fa - ther, art with me, Thou, Fa - ther, art with me. . .

396

THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

"If I may but touch his garment I shall be whole." Matt. x: 21.

R. L.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Weak and wea - ry, poor and sin - ful, Vain - ly I cry;  
 2. How the peo - ple press a - round Him, His word re - ceive;  
 3. Long my heart has felt its bur - den, Seek - ing for peace;

Bound and crushed with years of sor - row, What help is . nigh?  
 Sure - ly I may share His bless - ing, I too be - lieve.  
 Now, at last I find in Je - sus My sweet re - lease.

REFRAIN.

Let me touch the hem of His gar - ment, Let me

touch the hem of His gar - ment, Let me touch the hem of His

gar - ment, And the touch will make me whole.

## 397 SHOW ME THY FACE.

"Show me thy glory." Ex: xxxlii: 18.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

1. Show me Thy face—one tran - sient gleam Of love - li - ness di - vine,  
 2. Show me Thy face—my faith and love Shall henceforth fix - ed be,  
 3. Show me Thy face—I shall for - get The wea - ry days of yore,  
 4. Show me Thy face—the heav - iest cross Will then seem light to bear,

And I shall nev - er think or dream Of oth - er love save Thine:  
 And noth - ing here have power to move My soul's se - ren - i - ty.  
 The fret - ting ghosts of vain re - gret Shall haunt my soul no more.  
 There will be gain in ev - 'ry loss, And peace with ev - 'ry care.

All less - er light will dark - en quite, All low - er glo - ries wane,  
 My life shall seem a trance, a dream, And all I feel and see,  
 All doubts and fears for fu - ture years, In qui - et trust sub - side,  
 With such light feet the years will fleet, Life seem as brief as blest,

The beau - ti - ful of earth will scarce Seem beau - ti - ful a - gain.  
 Il - lu - sive, vi - sion - a - ry, — Thou, The one re - al - i - ty!  
 And nought but blest con - tent and calm, With - in my breast a - bide.  
 Till I have laid my bur - den down, Ard en - tered in - to rest.

398

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be." Deut. xxxiii: 25.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Mrs. ABBY CLARK-FORD.

1. Lord! for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray;  
 2. Let me both dil-i-gent-ly work And du-ly pray;  
 3. Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to o-bey;  
 4. Let me no wrong or i-dle word Un-think-ing say;  
 5. So for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray;

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to-day.  
 Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day.  
 Help me to mor-ti-fy my flesh, Just for to-day.  
 Set Thou a watch up-on my lips, Just for to-day.  
 But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to-day.

CHORUS.

"As thy day thy strength shall be," Won-drous word of love to me!

Lord, 'tis all I ask of Thee,—Strength for to-day.

399 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"Now they desire a better country." Heb. xi : 16.

PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and  
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions  
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid  
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the

o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day,  
 be; Near - er the great white throne to - day,  
 down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day,  
 brink; For I am near - er home to - day,

CHORUS.

Than I have been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near - er my home,  
 Near - er the crys - tal sea.  
 And near - er to the crown.  
 Per - haps, than now I think.

Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

GOSPEL SONGS.

400 GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Rom. xvi: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.  
 Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet  
 Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

401 Tune, NETTLETON. Key of E flat.

1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

2 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:  
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.

*Robert Robinson, 1758.*

402 Tune, SHINING SHORE. Key of G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger;  
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,  
"Let every lamp be burning;"  
We look afar across the wave,  
Our distant home discerning.  
For now we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,  
We will not yield to sorrow,  
For hope will sing, with courage bold,  
"There's glory on the morrow;"  
For now we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,  
Each chord on earth to sever,  
There, bright and joyous in the skies,  
There, is our home forever:  
For now we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

*David Nelson, c.*

403 Tune, ALL TO CHRIST. Key of E flat.

1 I hear the Saviour say,  
Thy strength indeed is small,  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in Me thy all in all.

CHO. — Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He wash'd it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy blood, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone. — CHO.

3 Then down beneath His cross  
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,  
For naught have I to bring —  
Thy grace must make me whole. — CHO.

*E. M. Hall.*

404 Tune, ITALIAN HYMN. Key of G.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise:  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

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.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart;  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

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.

*Charles Wesley, 1757.*

405 Tune, HE LEADETH ME. Key of D.

1 He leadeth me, O blessed thought,  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught,  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

REF. — He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me!  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 't is His hand that leadeth me. — REF.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 't is my God that leadeth me. — REF.

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. — REF.  
*Joseph Henry Gilmore, 1850.*

406 Tune, WHAT A FRIEND. Key of F.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Ev'rything to God in prayer.  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear —  
All because we do not carry  
Ev'rything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, —  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He 'll take and shield thee  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

*Joseph Scriven.*

407 Tune, WORK FOR THE NIGHT. Key of F

1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon:  
Fill the bright 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.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for the daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

*Sidney Dyer, 1865*

408 Tune, RATHBUN. Key of C.

1 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.

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.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day.

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.

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.

*John Bouring, 1825.*

I 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. 1696.*

2 S. M.  
 To God the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, One and Three,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall for ever be.  
*Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1741.*

3 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.  
*Bp. Thomas Ken. (1637—1711.) 1697.*

4 L. M.  
 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.  
*Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.*

5 L. M. 6l.  
 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. 1709.*

6 C. P. M.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
 And Saints on earth adore ;  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last,  
 When time shall be no more.  
*Tate and Brady. 1696. Alt.*

7 L. P. M.  
 Now to the great and sacred Three,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
 Eternal praise and glory given,  
 Through all the worlds where God is known,  
 By all the angels near the throne,  
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.  
*Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.*

8 H. M.  
 O God, for ever blest,  
 To Thee all praise be given ;  
 Thy Name Triune confess  
 By all in earth and heaven ;  
 As heretofore it was, is now,  
 And shall be so for evermore.  
*Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth. (1825—) 1870.*

9 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.  
*Unknown Author. 1827.*

IO 8, 7, D.  
 Praise the God of all creation ;  
 Praise the Father's boundless love ;  
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,  
 Priest and King enthroned above ;  
 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,  
 Him by whom our spirits live :  
 Undivided adoration  
 To the One Jehovah give.  
*Josiah Conder. (1789—1855.) 1836.*

II 8, 7, 4.  
 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. (1808—) 1866.*

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	NO.		NO.
Abide in Thee, in that deep love of Thine	149	Come, let us join our songs of praise	94
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	46	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	108
Abiding, oh, so wondrous sweet!	383	Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine	244
Again returns the day of holy rest	30	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	101
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?	69	Come, O Creator — Spirit blest!	104
All hail the power of Jesus' name	1	Come, O Holy Ghost, within us	102
Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail	263	Come, O my soul! in sacred lays	17
Always with us	195	Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	225
And now we rise; the symbols disappear	255	Come, sound His praise abroad	29
And will the Judge descend	317	Come to the morning prayer	35
A voice is heard on earth	293	"Come unto Me,"	379
Anywhere with Jesus	306	Come with thy sins to the fountain	329
Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus	246	Come, ye disconsolate	224
Art thou weary, art thou languid	121	Come, ye that know and fear the Lord	6
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	295	Come, ye that love the Lord	325
As pants the hart for cooling streams	176	Complete in Thee! no work of mine	144
At even, ere the sun was set	42	Comrades, come, take up your cross	209
At the name of Jesus	168	Cross of Christ! lead onward	214
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	37	Crown Him with many crowns	91
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	215		
		Day by day the manna fell	371
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	25	Days and moments quickly flying	291
Behold Me standing at the door	346	Dear Lord and Master mine!	191
Behold! O God, Thy chosen race	310	Do we not know that solemn word	243
Behold, the bridegroom cometh	296	Down in the valley	376
Beyond the smiling and the weeping	290	Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel	312
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine	326	Draw me, Saviour, nearer	343
Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain	56	Drawn to the cross which Thou hast blest	132
Blest be the tie that binds	256	Dying with Jesus	387
Body of Jesus, O sweet food	252		
Break, new-born year	283	Ere I sleep, for every favor	43
Bride of the Lamb, rejoice	297	Eternal light! eternal light!	47
Bride of the Lamb, there is for thee	293	Eternal Sun of righteousness	4
Bright was the guiding star that led	54	Even so, Lord Jesus, come	301
Buried in baptism with our Lord	247	Everlasting arms of love	391
By Christ redeemed	250		
		Far down the ages comes that voice	358
Calm on the listening ear of night	57	Far down the ages now	239
Cast all thy care upon the Lord	380	Far, far away, in heathen darkness	357
Caught up! Caught up!	306	Father of heaven above	51
Christian, dost thou see them	217	Father of mercies! in Thy word	264
"Christian, seek not yet repose"	204	Father of mercies, unto Thee	341
Christ the Lord is risen again	82	Father, to Thee I come	187
Christ to heaven is gone before	98	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	148
Christ, who came my soul to save	242	Father, while we break this bread	253
Church of the Living God	238	Fierce was the wild billow	235
Cleansed in our Saviour's precious blood	143	For all Thy saints, O Lord	257
Cling to the Mighty One	233	For all Thy saints, who from	221
Clothed in thy righteousness	147	Forever with the Lord	324
Come in, O come! the door stands open		For the warfare gird it on	210
now	125	Forth to the fight, ye ransomed	218
Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne	278	From every stormy wind that blows	197
Come, labor on!	212	From Greenland's icy mountains	270

	NO.		NO.
God be with you till we meet . . .	400	I saw the cross of Jesus . . .	130
God is the refuge of His saints . . .	21	I shall see the King in His beauty . . .	344
God of my life, through all my days . . .	15	I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God . . .	139
Go, labor on; spend and be spent . . .	206	I trust Thee, Lord, for cleansing . . .	374
Go to dark Gethsemane . . .	67	It is finished, Jesus cries . . .	338
Great God, how infinite art Thou! . . .	3	I yield to Thee, Thou crucified . . .	331
Great God, what do I see and hear! . . .	315		
		Jerusalem! my happy home! . . .	320
Hark! the bugle call of God . . .	359	Jerusalem the golden! . . .	318
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes . . .	55	Jerusalem! thy King at length has come . . .	311
Hark! the herald angels sing . . .	60	Jesus, all Thy labour vast . . .	213
Hark! the swelling breezes . . .	271	Jesus Christ is passing by . . .	120
Hark to the trump . . .	307	Jesus Christ is risen to-day . . .	83
Hast thou within a care so deep . . .	198	Jesus, gentlest Saviour . . .	136
Have you any room for Jesus . . .	352	Jesus! I am resting, resting . . .	365
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal . . .	122	Jesus, I live to Thee . . .	189
Heart of stone, relent, relent! . . .	78	Jesus, I my cross have taken . . .	231
Help me to be holy . . .	333	Jesus is our Shepherd . . .	223
He sleeps, and from His open side . . .	81	Jesus is the same forever . . .	141
High in the heavens; eternal God . . .	49	Jesus, Jesus, Jesus . . .	164
Hills of the North, rejoice . . .	276	Jesus, Jesus, visit me . . .	156
Holy and reverent is the name . . .	48	Jesus lives! no longer now . . .	87
Holy Father, cheer our way . . .	230	Jesus, lover of my soul . . .	200
Holy Ghost, the infinite . . .	107	Jesus, name of wondrous love . . .	167
Holy Ghost, within us . . .	370	Jesus! our fainting spirits cry . . .	179
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! . . .	2	Jesus, our faith increase . . .	259
Holy, holy, holy Lord . . .	7	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me . . .	373
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive . . .	157	Jesus shall reign . . .	273
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . .	111	Jesus, still lead on . . .	236
How beauteous are their feet . . .	266	Jesus, the Lamb of God . . .	115
How beauteous were the marks divine . . .	61	Jesus, these eyes have never seen . . .	155
How blest was that life . . .	378	Jesus! the very thought is sweet . . .	153
How did my heart rejoice to hear . . .	10	Jesus! the very thought of Thee . . .	154
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord . . .	24	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts . . .	152
How long, O Lord, our Saviour . . .	299	Jesus, to Thy wounds I fly . . .	129
How pleasant, how divinely fair . . .	13	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness . . .	140
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . .	172	Jesus, Thy name I love . . .	170
Hush, blessed are the dead . . .	292	Jesus, to Thy table led . . .	249
Hush! hush! let a stillness deep . . .	199	Jesus, with Thy church abide . . .	241
		Joy fills our inmost heart to-day . . .	59
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus . . .	128	Just as I am, without one plea . . .	131
I cannot tell if short or long . . .	192		
If never the gaze of sun and moon . . .	345	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace . . .	265
I have a song I love to sing . . .	336	Lead, kindly Light! . . .	284
I heard the voice of Jesus say . . .	123	Leaning on Thee, my Guide, my Friend . . .	159
I hunger, and I thirst . . .	248	Let me come closer to Thee, Jesus . . .	184
I know that my Redeemer lives . . .	95	Let my life be hid with Thee . . .	146
I lay my sins on Jesus . . .	126	Like a river glorious . . .	335
I left it all with Jesus . . .	348	Look to Jesus and be saved . . .	117
I lift my heart to Thee . . .	137	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious . . .	90
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord . . .	368	Lord, we come before Thee, now . . .	19
I need a Hand to lead me . . .	334	Lord! for to-morrow . . .	398
I need Thee ev'ry hour . . .	377	Lord God of morning and of night . . .	36
I need Thee, precious Jesus . . .	178	Lord, her watch Thy church is keep- ing . . .	240
In tenderness He sought me . . .	392	Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well . . .	395
In the hour of trial . . .	226	Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee? . . .	133
Into my closet fleeing . . .	393	Lord, speak to me, that I may speak . . .	207
I rest in the shadow . . .	381	Lord, where Thou wilt . . .	342
I saw one toiling in the way . . .	127	Lord! while for all mankind we pray . . .	281
		Loved with everlasting love . . .	354

	NO.		NO.
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned . . . . .	161	Once it was the blessing . . . . .	361
More love to Thee, O Christ . . . . .	150	Once more, my soul, the rising day . . . . .	9
Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky . . . . .	88	One sole baptismal sign . . . . .	258
Move forward! valiant men and strong . . . . .	382	One sweetly solemn thought . . . . .	399
Much in sorrow, oft in woe . . . . .	227	On the Resurrection morning . . . . .	302
Must Jesus bear the cross alone . . . . .	216	On this day, the first of days . . . . .	31
My blessed Saviour, is Thy love . . . . .	165	On Thy bosom let me lean . . . . .	163
My country! 'tis of thee . . . . .	280	Onward, Christian soldiers . . . . .	220
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord . . . . .	173	O Paradise, O Paradise . . . . .	323
My faith looks up in life . . . . .	372	O sacred Head, once wounded . . . . .	70
My faith looks up to Thee . . . . .	229	O safe to the Rock . . . . .	327
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave . . . . .	303	O Son of Man, Thyself has proved . . . . .	99
My God, how wonderful Thou art . . . . .	5	O Spirit of the living God . . . . .	268
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made . . . . .	23	O thou my soul, bless God the Lord . . . . .	27
My heart is resting . . . . .	394	O Thou to Whom we pray . . . . .	375
My Jesus, as Thou wilt . . . . .	190	Our bless'd Redeemer, ere He breathed . . . . .	100
My Jesus, I love Thee . . . . .	395	Our day of praise is done . . . . .	45
My life, my love, I give to Thee . . . . .	185	Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night . . . . .	347
My soul, be on thy guard . . . . .	205	O Word of God incarnate . . . . .	262
Nearer, O God, to Thee . . . . .	201	Pass me not, O gentle Saviour . . . . .	385
None but Christ; His merit hides me . . . . .	188	Peace, perfect peace . . . . .	194
None on earth, and none in heaven . . . . .	175	Peace to the world! the Lord is come . . . . .	314
Not all the blood of beasts . . . . .	116	Pleasant are Thy courts above . . . . .	18
Nothing to pay! ah, nothing to pay . . . . .	350	Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits . . . . .	8
Now the day is over . . . . .	41	Praise the Lord; His glories show . . . . .	12
O Blessed Paraclete . . . . .	103	Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him . . . . .	138
O blessing rich, for sons of men . . . . .	135	Pray, always pray . . . . .	196
O Christ, the Lord of heaven . . . . .	92	Precious Saviour, may I live . . . . .	353
O Christ, Thou hast ascended . . . . .	89	Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . . .	298
O Church of Christ, behold at last . . . . .	356	Rescue the perishing . . . . .	390
O come, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing . . . . .	53	Ride on! ride on in majesty! . . . . .	65
O come and mourn with me awhile . . . . .	71	Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . . . .	142
O day of rest and gladness . . . . .	32	Safe is my refuge, sweet is my rest . . . . .	340
Oft when the day is dreary . . . . .	351	Salvation, oh, the joyful sound . . . . .	112
O God of life, Whose power benign . . . . .	50	Saviour, blessed Saviour . . . . .	289
O God, our help in ages past . . . . .	28	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing . . . . .	40
O God! Thou art my God alone . . . . .	16	Saviour, teach me, day by day . . . . .	151
O happy band of pilgrims . . . . .	219	Saviour, Thy dying love . . . . .	162
Oh, could I speak the matchless worth . . . . .	169	See the destined day arise . . . . .	72
O Holy Ghost! arise . . . . .	109	Send Thou, O Lord, to every place . . . . .	275
Oh, perfect life of love . . . . .	79	Shadow of a mighty Rock . . . . .	232
Oh! the bitter shame and sorrow . . . . .	193	Show me Thy face . . . . .	397
Oh to be over yonder! . . . . .	297	Sinful, sighing to be blest . . . . .	177
Oh, touch my eyes that I may see . . . . .	183	Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name . . . . .	11
Oh what, if we are Christ's . . . . .	222	Slain for my soul, for all my sins defamed . . . . .	77
Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above . . . . .	26	Sleep thy last sleep . . . . .	294
O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me . . . . .	186	Soldiers of Christ, arise . . . . .	211
O Jesus! King most wonderful . . . . .	158	Sons of God, beloved in Jesus! . . . . .	355
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace . . . . .	34	Soon may the last glad song arise . . . . .	360
O Jesus, our beloved King . . . . .	160	Spirit blest, who art adored . . . . .	110
O Jesus, our chief corner-stone . . . . .	279	Stealing from the world away . . . . .	20
O Jesus! sweet the tears I shed . . . . .	73	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear . . . . .	38
O Jesus, Thou art standing . . . . .	124	Surely Christ thy griefs has borne . . . . .	119
O Jesus, when I think of Thee . . . . .	63	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . . . .	76
O joy! 'tis mine, this life divine . . . . .	134	Take my life, and let it be . . . . .	182
O Lord our God, arise . . . . .	277	Take my life, and let it be . . . . .	330
O Love! how deep, how broad, how high! . . . . .	62	Tenderly He leads us . . . . .	363
O Love that wilt not let me go . . . . .	145		
On Calv'ry's brow . . . . .	337		

	No.		No.
The Bridegroom comes! . . . . .	300	To Thee, O Comforter Divine . . . . .	105
The Church's one foundation . . . . .	237	Uplift the banner! . . . . .	272
The head that once was crowned with thorns . . . . .	93	Upon the Word I rest . . . . .	386
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!	14	Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will . . . . .	22
The Holy Ghost is here . . . . .	106	Weak and weary, poor and sinful . . . . .	396
The love that Jesus had for me . . . . .	362	We give Thee but Thine own . . . . .	260
The Marriage Feast is ready . . . . .	308	Welcome, happy morning . . . . .	84
The morning light is breaking . . . . .	274	We praise Thee, O God . . . . .	332
The night is closing o'er us . . . . .	44	We would see Jesus . . . . .	288
There comes to my heart one sweet strain	328	What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone . . . . .	64
There is a blessed home . . . . .	319	When I can read my title clear . . . . .	321
There is a fountain fill'd with blood . . . . .	114	When I survey the wondrous cross . . . . .	75
There is a green hill far away . . . . .	349	When morning gilds the skies . . . . .	166
The roseate hues of early dawn . . . . .	322	When the worn spirit wants repose . . . . .	33
The sands of time are sinking . . . . .	286	When this passing world is done . . . . .	174
The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . .	309	When Thou, my righteous Judge . . . . .	316
The Spirit in our hearts . . . . .	118	Where art thou, soul? . . . . .	388
The strife is o'er, the battle done . . . . .	85	Where high the heavenly temple stands . . . . .	96
The sun is sinking fast . . . . .	39	Where the mourner weeping . . . . .	228
The veil is rent :— lo! Jesus stands . . . . .	97	While Jesus whispers to you . . . . .	367
Thine forever! God of love . . . . .	234	While shepherds watched their flocks by night . . . . .	58
"Thine, Thine forever"—blessed bond . . . . .	180	While with ceaseless course the sun . . . . .	282
This day the wondrous Mystery . . . . .	74	With Christ we share a mystic grave . . . . .	245
This is the day of toil . . . . .	208	With harps and with vials . . . . .	369
Thou hidden love of God . . . . .	202	With heavenly power, O Lord . . . . .	267
Thou, sore oppressed, the sabbath-rest . . . . .	80	With Jesus in our midst . . . . .	51
Tho' your sins be as scarlet . . . . .	384	With my substance I will honor . . . . .	261
Three in One, and One in Three . . . . .	52	Ye choirs of new Jerusalem . . . . .	86
Through good report and evil, Lord . . . . .	285	Ye Christian heralds, go . . . . .	269
Thy way and not mine . . . . .	181	Ye sad watch who are keeping . . . . .	304
Thy works, not mine, O Christ! . . . . .	113	Yield not to temptation . . . . .	389
"Till He come;" oh, let the words . . . . .	254	You have light received from Jesus . . . . .	364
'T is come— the glad millennial morn . . . . .	313		
'T is midnight, and on Olive's brow . . . . .	66		
To Cal'ry, Lord, in spirit now . . . . .	68		
To Christ the Prince of Peace . . . . .	171		

## HYMNS WITHOUT MUSIC.

	No.		No.
Come Thou fount of every blessing . . . . .	401	I hear the Saviour say . . . . .	403
Come Thou almighty King . . . . .	404	My days are gliding . . . . .	402
He leadeth me, O blessed thought . . . . .	405	What a friend we have in Jesus . . . . .	406
In the cross of Christ I glory . . . . .	408	Work, for the night is coming . . . . .	407

## INDEX OF TUNES.

	NO.		NO.
Abiding. L. M. . . . .	383	Cemeterium. P. M. . . . .	80
Adeste Fideles. 11s . . . . .	53	Christ Crucified, I come. 8s, 6s . . . . .	132
Adrian. S. M. . . . .	260	Christmas. C. M. . . . .	215
Ahira. S. M. . . . .	238	Clarendon St. 7s . . . . .	119
Aid. 6s, 4s . . . . .	187	Cleansed in our Saviour's Blood . . . . .	143
All Saints. C. M. D. . . . .	309	Cling to the Mighty One. 6s, 4s . . . . .	233
Alone with Thee . . . . .	393	Closer to Thee . . . . .	343
America. 6s, 4s . . . . .	280	Come in, O come! 10s . . . . .	125
Ames. L. M. . . . .	13	Come, labor on! P. M. . . . .	212
Angelus. L. M. . . . .	42	Come, Sinner, come! . . . . .	367
Antioch. C. M. . . . .	55	Come to the Fountain . . . . .	329
Anywhere with Jesus . . . . .	366	Come unto Me . . . . .	379
Ariel. C. P. M. . . . .	169	Come, ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s . . . . .	224
Arlington. C. M. . . . .	69, 321	Commision. L. M. . . . .	268
Around Thy Grave, Lord Jesus. 7s, 6s . . . . .	246	Coronation. C. M. . . . .	1
Ashwell. L. M. . . . .	66, 81	Covenant. L. M. . . . .	15
Aspiration. L. M. . . . .	139	Coventry. C. M. . . . .	94
Atlantic. L. M. . . . .	92	Cowper. C. M. . . . .	114
Aurelia. 7s, 6s . . . . .	237	Cross of Christ! Lead Onward. 6s, 5s, D. 214 . . . . .	214
Aurelia. 7s, 6s, D. . . . .	32, 262		
Autumn. 8s, 7s, D. . . . .	231	Darley. L. M. . . . .	310
Aylesbury. S. M. . . . .	317	Day by Day . . . . .	371
		Day Dawn. 6s . . . . .	297
Balerna. C. M. . . . .	281	Dennis. S. M. . . . .	29, 256
Batty. 8s, 7s . . . . .	76	Diademata. S. M. D. . . . .	91
Beatitudo. C. M. . . . .	48	Dijon. 7s . . . . .	31, 167
Behold me standing at the Door . . . . .	346	Dolomite Chant. 6s . . . . .	248, 292
Belmont. C. M. . . . .	186	Doncaster. L. M. . . . .	75
Beloved, now are we . . . . .	355	Downs. C. M. . . . .	6, 64
Bemerton. C. M. . . . .	313	Duke Street. L. M. . . . .	8, 273
Benediction Chant. 10s . . . . .	255	Dulcetta. 8s, 7s . . . . .	195
Benevento. 7s, D. . . . .	282	Dundee. C. M. . . . .	28, 101
Benignus. 7s, 6s, D. . . . .	126	Duty. S. M. . . . .	45
Bethany. 6s, 4s . . . . .	201		
Blessed Assurance . . . . .	326	Ecce Venit. 14s. . . . .	296
Bless the Lord. C. M. . . . .	27	Ellerton. 10s . . . . .	30
Blumenthal. 7s, D. . . . .	18	Elmhurst. 8s, 6s . . . . .	275
Bonar. 9s, 5s . . . . .	290	Emmaus. L. M. . . . .	152
Bowdoin Square. C. M. . . . .	179	Emmelar. 6s, 5s . . . . .	41
Boylston. S. M. . . . .	116, 251, 259	Ernan. L. M. . . . .	77, 104, 183, 244
Bradford. C. M. . . . .	95, 154	Ethelburg. L. M. . . . .	16
Bristol. C. M. . . . .	25	Eudoxia. 6s, 5s . . . . .	168
Bullinger. P. M. . . . .	128	Eunice. C. M. . . . .	203
Burlington. C. M. . . . .	135	Evan. C. M. . . . .	4
By Christ Redeemed. 8s, 4s . . . . .	250	Evening Prayer. 8s, 7s . . . . .	40
		Evelyn, 7s, 6s . . . . .	116
Canonbury. L. M. . . . .	37, 153	Evening Prayer. 8s, 7s . . . . .	102
Capetown. 7s, 5s . . . . .	230	Eventide. 10s . . . . .	46
Calvary . . . . .	337	Everlasting Arms of Love . . . . .	391
Cambridge. C. M. . . . .	10		
Cast all thy Care . . . . .	380	Faith. C. M. . . . .	33, 155
Castle Rising. D. C. M. . . . .	322	Father of Mercies! . . . . .	341
Cought up. C. P. M., . . . . .	306	Federal Street. L. M. . . . .	198

	NO.		NO.
Festival. 7s, 6s, D. . . . .	218	I love to tell the Story. 7s, 6s . . . . .	130
Fletcher. C. M. . . . .	73	I'm waiting for Thee, Lord . . . . .	368
Gaudete. 8s, 6s, 4s . . . . .	59	In Christo. 10s, 4s . . . . .	147
Gennesaret, 6s, 4s . . . . .	235	I need a Hand to lead me . . . . .	334
Gethsemane. 7s, 6 lines . . . . .	67	I need Thee Every Hour . . . . .	377
Gilead. L. M. . . . .	36	In Tenderness He sought me . . . . .	392
God be with you . . . . .	400	Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s . . . . .	51
Go, preach My Gospel . . . . .	358	"It is finished," Jesus cries . . . . .	338
Gorton. S. M. . . . .	189, 324	I trust Thee, Lord . . . . .	374
Gottlieb. 6s, 4s . . . . .	109	I yield to Thee . . . . .	331
Gottschalk. 7s . . . . .	98	Jerusalem the Golden. 7s, 6s . . . . .	318
Gould. C. M. . . . .	57	Jesus Christ is passing by. 7s . . . . .	120
Go ye unto all the World . . . . .	357	Jesus, Gentlest Saviour. 6s, 5s . . . . .	136
Grace Church. L. M. . . . .	144	Jesus! I am resting, resting . . . . .	305
Greenland. 7s, 6s . . . . .	298	Jesus, I come . . . . .	347
Greenwood. S. M. . . . .	239	Jesus is near, Burdens to bear . . . . .	351
Grostete. L. M. . . . .	278	Jesus is our Shepherd. 6s, 5s . . . . .	223
Guidance. 5s, 8s . . . . .	236	Jesus is the Same Forever . . . . .	141
Gwalchmai. 7s, 4s . . . . .	12	Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! 6s . . . . .	164
Hamburg. L. M. . . . .	22, 62	Jesus, Jesus, visit me. 7s . . . . .	156
Hark, the Bugle Call . . . . .	359	Jesus, my Rock . . . . .	381
Harmony Grove. L. M. . . . .	267	Judgment Hymn. 8s, 7s . . . . .	315
Have you any Room for Jesus? . . . . .	352	Just for To-day . . . . .	398
Haydn. S. M. . . . .	171, 222	Kirkbraddan. 6s, 5s . . . . .	271
Heaven. 6s, D. . . . .	319	Laban. S. M. . . . .	205
Hebron. L. M. . . . .	173	Lancashire. 7s, 6s . . . . .	89
Heinlein. 7s . . . . .	234	Lancashire. 7s, 6s, 8 lines . . . . .	308
Held in His Mighty Arms . . . . .	340	Lanesboro'. C. M. . . . .	47
Help me to be Holy . . . . .	333	Laudes Domini. P. M. . . . .	166
He shall do Well. 8s, 3s . . . . .	305	Lead Thou me on. 10s, 4s . . . . .	284
He shall reign from Sea to Sea . . . . .	356	Leaning on the Beloved. 7s . . . . .	163
Hermas. 11s . . . . .	84	Leaning on Thee. 8s, 4s . . . . .	159
Hesperus. L. M. . . . .	61	Leighton. S. M. . . . .	211
Hiding in Thee . . . . .	327	Lenox. H. M. . . . .	258
Himself . . . . .	361	Let me come Closer to Thee, Jesus . . . . .	184
Holley. 7s . . . . .	253	Let my Life be hid with Thee. 7s . . . . .	146
Hollingside. 7s, D. . . . .	200	Let your Light so shine! . . . . .	364
Holy Cross. C. M. . . . .	160	Like a River Glorious. . . . .	335
Holy Ghost, within us . . . . .	370	Livorno. 10s . . . . .	149
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive. 7s . . . . .	157	Look to Jesus. 7s . . . . .	117
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove. 7s, 5s . . . . .	111	Lord, where Thou wilt . . . . .	342
Holy Trinity. C. M. . . . .	86	Louvan. L. M. . . . .	34
Horsley. C. M. . . . .	74	Lyndhurst. 6s, 5s, D. . . . .	289
Horton. 7s . . . . .	225	Lyons. 10s, 11s . . . . .	26
How long, O Lord. 7s, 6s, D. . . . .	299	Lyte. 6s, 4s . . . . .	170
How much I owe. 7s, 6s . . . . .	174	Maitland. C. M. . . . .	216
Humility. L. M. . . . .	108	Manoah. C. M. . . . .	68, 245
Hummel. C. M. . . . .	54, 93, 307	Marlow. C. M. . . . .	265, 58
Hursley. L. M. . . . .	38, 247	Martyn. 7s, D. . . . .	200
Hush! let a Stillness Deep. 6s . . . . .	199	Maunder. 7s, 3 lines . . . . .	213
I am His, and He is mine . . . . .	354	Melcombe. L. M. . . . .	273
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee. 7s. . . . .	129	Mendelssohn. L. M. . . . .	139
I know that He liveth . . . . .	378	Mendon. L. M. . . . .	263
I left it all with Jesus . . . . .	348	Meribah. C. P. M. . . . .	316
I lift my Heart to Thee. P. M. . . . .	137	Militant. 10s, 3 lines . . . . .	221
Illa. L. M. . . . .	140, 206	Missionary Chant. L. M. . . . .	269
I'll live for Him. L. M. . . . .	185	Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s . . . . .	270

INDEX OF TUNES.

vii

	No.		No.
Moment by Moment . . . . .	387	Rescue the Perishing . . . . .	390
Monsell. S. M. . . . .	103	Rest. L. M. . . . .	295
More Love to Thee, O Christ. 6s, 4s . . . . .	150	Resurrection Morn. 8s, 7s, 3s . . . . .	302
More than Tongue can tell . . . . .	362	Retreat. L. M. . . . .	197
Mornington. S. M. . . . .	35, 115	Revive us Again . . . . .	332
Morning Watch. P. M. . . . .	304	Rhine. C. M. . . . .	320
Mossleigh. 7s. . . . .	219	Rock of Ages, cleft for me. 7s, 6l . . . . .	142
Mount Calvary. 7s, 6 lines . . . . .	78	Rothwell. L. M. . . . .	96
Move Forward! . . . . .	382	Rutherford. 7s, 6s, 8 lines. . . . .	286, 178
Much in Sorrow. 7s . . . . .	227	Sacramental Hymn. 8s, D. . . . .	252
My Faith looks up . . . . .	372	Salisbury. C. M. . . . .	112
My Heart is resting, O my God. . . . .	394	Saviour, pilot me . . . . .	373
My Jesus, I love Thee . . . . .	395	Saviour, teach me. 7s . . . . .	151
Naomi. C. M. . . . .	148	Saviour, Thy Dying Love. 6s, 4s . . . . .	162
Nativity. 7s, D. . . . .	60	Sawley. C. M. . . . .	165
Nearer Home. S. M. D. . . . .	324	Schumann. S. M. . . . .	277
Nicaea. 11s, 12s, 12s, 10s . . . . .	2	Send out Thy Light . . . . .	360
Nichols. C. M. . . . .	264	Shadow of a Mighty Rock. 7s . . . . .	232
Nightfall. 6s, 4s, 6s . . . . .	39	Show me Thy Face . . . . .	397
Night Watch. 8s, 6s, 8s . . . . .	43	Since I have been redeemed . . . . .	336
None but Thee. 8s, 8s, 8s, 3s . . . . .	175	Spanish Hymn. 7s, 6 lines . . . . .	242
Nothing to pay . . . . .	350	Spohr. C. M. . . . .	176
Nottingham. C. M. . . . .	5, 283	Stephanos. P. M. . . . .	121
Nuremburg. 7s, 6 lines . . . . .	18, 19	Sterling. L. M. . . . .	17
Oh Joy! 't is mine, this Life Divine . . . . .	134	St. Agatha. 7s, 4s . . . . .	56
Olivet. 6s, 4s . . . . .	229	St. Agnes. C. M. . . . .	99, 192
Olney. S. M. . . . .	118	St. Albinus. 7s, 8s . . . . .	87
O Love that wilt not let me go. 7s, 5s . . . . .	145	St. Andrew of Crete. 6s, 5s, D. . . . .	217
One Sweetly Solemn Thought . . . . .	399	St. Ann's. C. M. . . . .	11, 303
Only for Thee . . . . .	353	St. Basil. 7s, 3l . . . . .	241
Ortonville. C. M. . . . .	161	St. Bride. S. M. . . . .	257
O Thou to whom we pray! . . . . .	375	St. Columba. 7s, 3l . . . . .	122, 249
Over Yonder. P. M. . . . .	287	St. Crispin. L. M. . . . .	207
Ovio. 8s, 7s . . . . .	261	St. Cross. L. M. . . . .	71
Paraclete. 7s, 7s, 7s, 5s . . . . .	107	St. Gertrude. 6s, 5s, D. . . . .	220
Paraclete. C. M. . . . .	63	St. Gregorius. C. M. . . . .	158
Paradise. 8s, 6s, 6s . . . . .	323	St. Hilda. 7s, 6s, D. . . . .	124
Parousia. 7s, 6s . . . . .	299	St. Maura. H. M. . . . .	276
Pascal. H. M. . . . .	113	St. Peter. C. M. . . . .	172
Pass me not . . . . .	385	St. Philip. 7s, 3s . . . . .	301
Passion Chorale. 7s, 6s . . . . .	70	St. Francis. 8s, 3l . . . . .	50
Pax Dei. 10s . . . . .	194	St. Sylvester. 8s, 7s . . . . .	188
Penitence. 6s, 5s, D. . . . .	226	St. Sylvester. P. M. . . . .	291
Peterboro'. C. M. . . . .	9	St. Thomas. S. M. . . . .	266
Pietas. 8s, 8s, 6s . . . . .	105	St. Jude. 6s, D. . . . .	190
Pleyelis Hymn. 7s . . . . .	20	Subjection. S. M. . . . .	191
Portuguese Hymn. 10s . . . . .	24	Sudbury. 7s . . . . .	82
Praise the Saviour. 8s, 5s. . . . .	138	Sullivan. 6s, 4s . . . . .	201
Pray Always. 10s . . . . .	196	Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love. . . . .	328
Prayer. S. M. . . . .	79	Take my Life, and let it be. 8s, 7s . . . . .	182
Quebec. L. M. . . . .	314	Take my Life and let it be . . . . .	330
Ransom. L. M. 6 lines . . . . .	312	Tamworth. 8s, 7s, 4s . . . . .	90
Raphael. C. M. . . . .	97	Tenderly He leads us . . . . .	363
Redcliff. 8s, 4s . . . . .	88	Thatcher. S. M. . . . .	106
Redhead. 7s . . . . .	72, 177	The Altered Motto. 8s, 7s . . . . .	193
Requiem. 11s, 6s . . . . .	293	The Beloved . . . . .	376
		The Bridegroom comes. 4s, 6s. . . . .	300
		The Christian's Battle-song. 7s, 3s . . . . .	209
		The Hem of His Garment . . . . .	396

	NO.		NO.
The King in His Beauty . . . . .	344	Vox Dilecti. C. M. D. . . . .	123
The Lamb is the Light Thereof. . . . .	345	Ward. L. M. . . . .	21
The Last Sleep. 4s, 6s, D. . . . .	294	Ware. L. M. . . . .	279
The New Song . . . . .	369	Watch and pray. 7s, 3s . . . . .	204
Theodora. 7s . . . . .	83	Wavertree. L. M. 6 lines . . . . .	202
There is a Green Hill Far Away . . . . .	349	Webb. 7s, 6s, D. . . . .	274
The Spirit in Our Hearts. S. M. . . . .	118	We follow Thee. 8s, 3s . . . . .	285
Thine, Thine Forever. C. M. . . . .	180	Wellesley. 8s, 7s . . . . .	240
This is the Day of Toil. 6s . . . . .	208	We'll never say Good Bye in Heaven . . . . .	338
Though your Sins be as Scarlet . . . . .	384	We'll say Good Morning in Glory . . . . .	339
Thrice Holy. 7s, D. . . . .	7	Wentworth. 8s, 4s . . . . .	23
Thy Way not mine. 5s, 5s, 9s . . . . .	181	We're marching to Zion . . . . .	325
Till He come. 7s, 6l . . . . .	254	We would see Jesus. 11s, 10s . . . . .	288
Toplady. 7s, 6l . . . . .	142	Where art thou, Soul? . . . . .	388
Trinity. 7s, 5s . . . . .	52	Where the Mourner weeping. 6s, 5s . . . . .	288
Truro. L. M. . . . .	49	Williams. L. M. . . . .	65
Twilight. 7s, 6s . . . . .	44	Wirth. C. M. . . . .	133
Uplift the Banner. L. M. . . . .	272	Wreford. 8s, 4s . . . . .	100
Upon His Word I rest . . . . .	386	Woodworth. L. M. . . . .	131
Uxbridge. L. M. . . . .	14, 243	Yield not to Temptation . . . . .	389
Via Lucis. C. M. D. . . . .	127	York. C. M. . . . .	3
Victory. P. M. . . . .	85	Zion, rejoice. 10s . . . . .	311
Vigilate. 7s, 3s . . . . .	210		











