

THE DURHAM MISSION
TUNE - BOOK

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THE

DURHAM

MISSION TUNE-BOOK

WITH SUPPLEMENT

CONTAINING

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE HYMN TUNES

CHANTS AND LITANIES

FOR THE DURHAM MISSION HYMN-BOOK

COMPILED BY

THE REV. NATHANIEL KEYMER, M.A.

Rector of Headon, Notts

And a Canon Missioner in the Diocese of Southwell

SIXTY-FIFTH THOUSAND

GRIFFITH FARRAN BROWNE & CO. LIMITED

35 BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN

LONDON

P R E F A C E.



WHEN the Durham Mission Hymn Book was published, it was thought that the method there adopted of suggesting appropriate tunes to be found in several well-known Tune Books would be sufficient ; this, however, has not proved to be the case, and a Tune Book has therefore been compiled in response to requests for suitable tunes in a compact form. The tunes are for the most part old favourites, a few are printed for the first time.

The Compiler desires to acknowledge with thanks the permission kindly given by the authors and owners mentioned below to use their copyright tunes and arrangements ; particularly he wishes to express his great indebtedness to his friends, Rev. W. Wanstall, Mr. R. H. Lindsay, and one who desires to be unnamed, for the help they have given him in the revision and rearrangement of the harmonies.

Every effort has been made to find the composer or owner of each tune : in the few cases in which the Compiler has failed to do so, he trusts that he has not infringed any copyright.

The tunes have been selected simply with a view to Mission use, and in this way it is humbly hoped that they may tend to the greater glory of God in His Church.

NATHANIEL KEYMER.

HEADON,

Ascension-tide, 1886.



In the Second Edition the only alterations are in tunes 57 (1), and 121 (1), and the ascription of a few more tunes to their composers.

N. K.

September, 1888.

Introductory Service of the Mission.

—:O:—

The Clergy (and Choir) shall meet the Missioners at the Church Porch, and shall conduct them to the Chancel step; the Clergy (and Choir) proceeding to their accustomed places; then, all kneeling, the Parish Priest shall say:

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

Then shall be sung, Hymn 12, "Come, Holy Ghost."

After which Hymn the Parish Priest shall say:

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers, neither take Thou vengeance of our sins: Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, &c.

Most merciful Father, we beseech Thee to send Thy heavenly blessing upon these Thy servants, whom Thou hast sent to preach a Mission in this place—that they may be clothed with righteousness, and that Thy Word, spoken by their mouths, may have such success, that it may never be spoken in vain. Grant also, that we may have grace to hear and receive what they shall deliver out of Thy most holy Word, or agreeable to the same, as the means of our salvation; that in all our words and deeds we may seek Thy glory, and the increase of Thy kingdom: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then the Parish Priest standing up, and turning towards the Missioners, shall say :—

REVEREND AND DEAR BRETHREN, You have come here at our invitation, and with the consent and blessing of——, Bishop of this Diocese, to preach a Mission in this place. We bid you a hearty welcome in the Name of the Lord ; and we commend to your loving care and faithful teaching the souls of those, who, during this Mission, shall assemble here : and we pray that God, Who has given you the will to do this work, may grant you strength and power to perform the same for His glory, and the good of many souls : through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve guide, and strengthen you now and for evermore. Amen.

Here shall follow Evensong (if it has not been said at an earlier hour).

After which one of the Missioners shall give an Address, and the Service shall be concluded as follows :

Hymn 57 (*all kneeling*), 56, or 58.

Collects for S. Peter : S. Barnabas : Third Sunday in Advent, &c.

The Blessing.

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PREFACE TO THE HYMN-BOOK.

IT is not probable that any Mission Hymn-Book will ever command general acceptance, nor is it to be desired. In Mission Work there must be variety of ideal and method, and, from this, the necessity of Hymn-Books answering to these. I have never yet found a Hymn-Book fully meeting my desires. Enquiry led me to know that this was a need felt by other Church Evangelists. This Mission Hymn-Book is sent forth with the hope that it may meet this need.

It has been compiled by Mr. Keymer and revised by me. We have had in its preparation the benefit of the advice of many experienced Missioners; they have informed us of the Hymns they have found practically useful. This Book is therefore the result of the experience of many clergy who have practical knowledge of the whole subject of Missions.

The addition to the Hymns of the prose contents of the Book will, we believe, make it a more valuable help to the Missioner than a mere Hymn-Book would be.

I would desire to express my most hearty gratitude to those Authors Owners, and Publishers who have kindly permitted their hymns to be printed. Especially would I thus thank Mrs. Monsell for the hymns of the late Dr. Monsell; Dr. Greeves for Wesley's hymns; Longman, Green & Co. for 77; Rev. J. Mills for hymns by late Rev. E. Caswall; Novello and Co. for 73; Mr. Hayes for the late Dr. Neale's hymns; Miss Hankey for "Tell me the old, old story"; Nisbet and Co. for Dr. Bonar's hymns; Bishop Walsham How for 76, 78; Miss Maria Havergal for hymns of late Miss F. R. Havergal; Rev. J. H. Lester for 34; Messrs. Morgan and Scott for 9, 17, 35, 37, 72, 88, 89, 92, 97, 105, 106, 115, 116, from "Sacred Songs and Solos"; Messrs. Richardson for Faber's hymns. In a few cases we have been unable to find out to whom we ought to apply for permission to use the hymns. I trust we have infringed no copyright; if we have done so, we offer our sincere apologies.

If this Hymn-Book should in any way meet the need of any of our Mission Clergy, the purpose of its preparation will have been attained. It is now sent forth with the earnest prayer that, by God's blessing on its ministry, it may be useful in the Missions in which its services may be enlisted.

GEORGE BODY.

*The College, Durham,
June 6, 1885*

Prayers on behalf of the Mission.

—:o:—

WE have sinned with our fathers, we have done amiss, and dealt wickedly. Wilt Thou not turn again, and quicken us, O Lord ;
That Thy people may rejoice in Thee ?

Let us pray.

O Lord Jesu Christ, Thou Great Shepherd of the sheep, Who seekest those that are gone astray, bindest up those that are broken, and healest those that are sick ; Bless, we beseech Thee, the efforts which Thy servants are making to convert souls unto Thee. Loosen the tongues of those who [shall] speak in Thy Name ; open the deaf ears of the wanderers, that they may hear the words which belong unto salvation ; soften all prejudices ; and grant that those whom Thou dost raise to newness of life may, through Thy Grace, persevere unto the end ; Of Thy mercy, O our God, Who art blessed, and livest, and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever.

Amen.

O Almighty God, Who, in Thy tender love towards mankind, didst send Thine Only-begotten Son to seek and to save that which was lost, bless the Mission in this place to the conversion of sinners, and to the strengthening of the faithful : for the glory of Thy Great Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

A Prayer for Use after a Mission.

—:o:—

Almighty God, Who, through Thine Only-begotten Son Jesu Christ, hast overcome death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life : We humbly beseech Thee, that, as by Thy special Grace preventing us (in the late Mission), Thou hast put into our minds good desires, so, by Thy continual help, we may bring the same to good effect, and may with thankful hearts persevere in Thy love and service to our life's end : through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

1

LEOMINSTER.

From "Church Hymns," by permission.

ANON.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with accompaniment in the bass staff. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with clear phrasing and repeat signs.

Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 288.

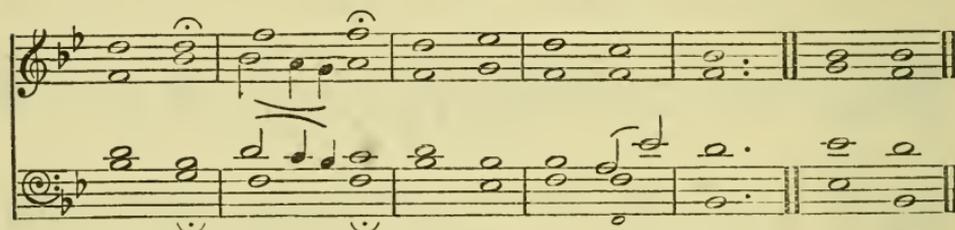
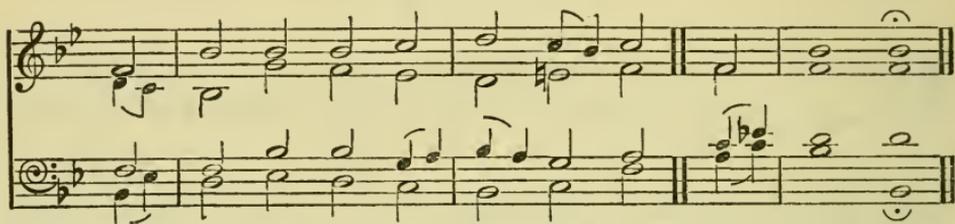
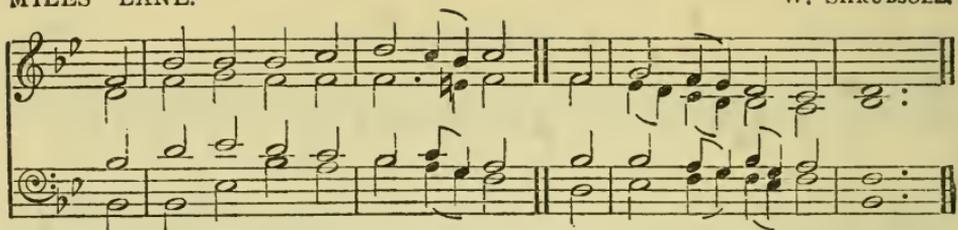
1 A few more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day;
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serenest clime:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that blest day;
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that calm day;
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that bright day,
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away. Amen.

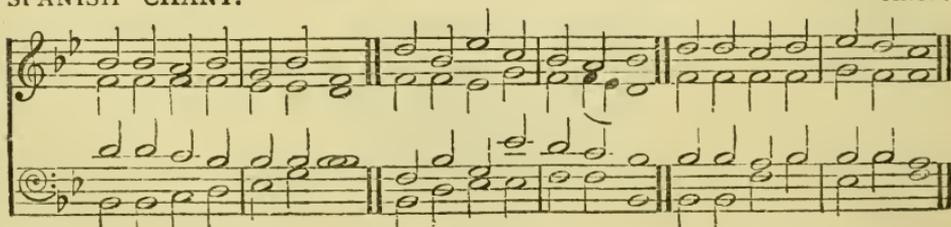


- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name ;
Let Angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from His Altar call ;
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His Grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His Feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all,

Amen.





1 ALL my sins uprising now,
 Wring my heart and brand my brow ;
 Sins of childhood, sins of youth,
 Despite done to Grace and Truth :
 Is there mercy left for me ?
 Jesus died ! He died for thee.

2 Deeds and words, and fancies vain,
 Darker, deadlier made the stain
 On the record kept on high,
 On my soul condemned to die ;
 Is there cleansing left for me ?
 Jesus bled ! He bled for thee.

3 Ah, my heart is hard within,
 Callous through repeated sin ;
 When I fain would kneel and pray,
 Satan steals the power away :
 Say, what hope remains for me ?
 Jesus prayed ! He prays for thee.

4 Once far back in earlier years,
 I bedewed my couch with tears ;
 Now no gracious drops will flow
 From my deeper fount of woe :
 Death and judgment wait for me !
 Jesus wept ! He wept for thee.

5 Dare I lift my shameful face,
 I who trampled on His Grace ?
 Dare I seek the Throne of Light
 Where His saints are clad in white ?
 How they all would shrink from me !
 Jesus bends ! He bends to thee.

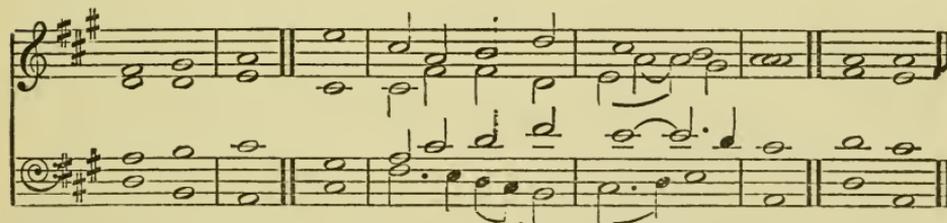
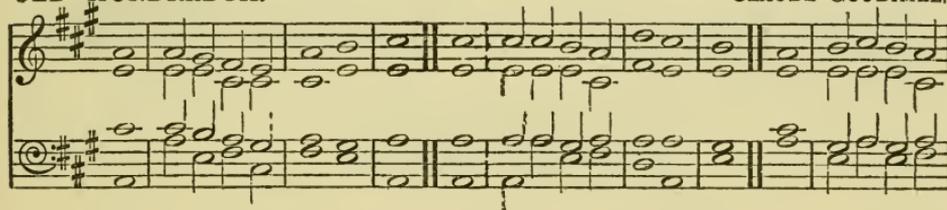
6 Jesus died—to make thee whole :
 Jesus bled—to wash thy soul :
 Jesus prayed—and thou hast part :
 Jesus wept—to break thy heart :
 Jesus bends : poor sinner, see,
 Rise, look up, He calleth thee.

Amen.

4

OLD HUNDREDTH.

CLAUDE GOUDIMEL,



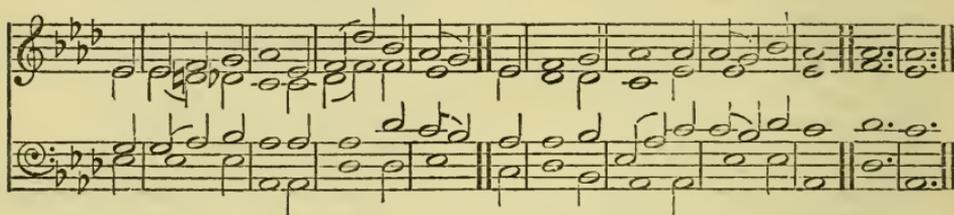
1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
 Without our aid He did us make ;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

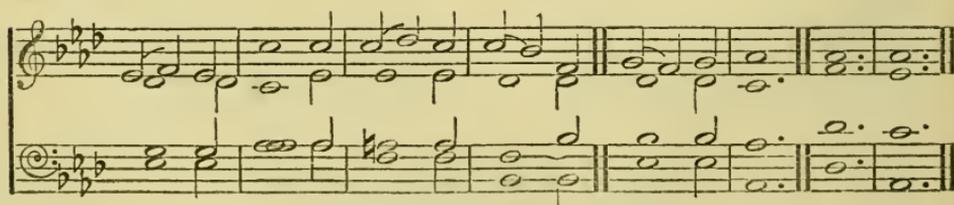
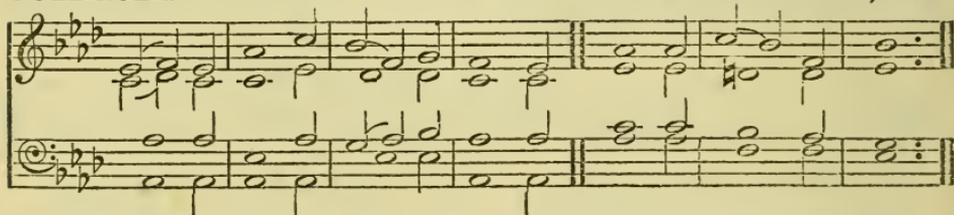
4 For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom Heaven and earth adore,
 From men and from the Angel-host
 Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.



Or, Tunes 7 and 81.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ALMIGHTY God, Whose Only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls, who Thy sweet mercy need ;</p> <p>2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.</p> <p>3 There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessed Word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell ;</p> | <p>4 And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife ;</p> <p>5 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.</p> <p>6 O give repentance, true and deep,
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.</p> <p>7 That so from Angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 254. Church Hymns, 333.

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."
- 3 Hath He Diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

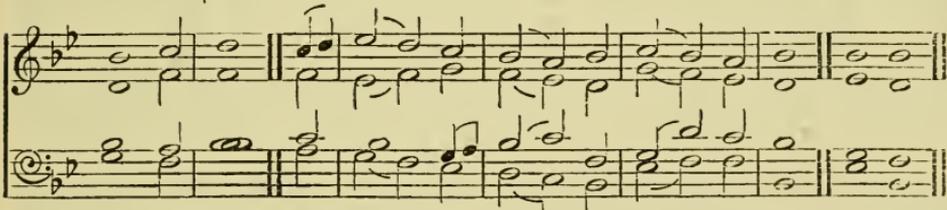
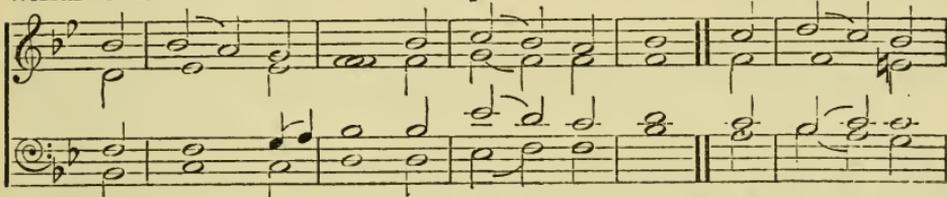
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!" Amen.

WAREHAM.

7

W. KNAPP.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 20. Church Hymns, 18.

- 1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy Form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ! Thou too art Man:
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide:

- 7 Thy Touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

From "Missioner's Hymnal," by permission.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century hymnals, with a focus on harmonic support for the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

- 1 AWAKE! for the trumpet is sounding afar;
 Then let us like soldiers engage in the war;
 The standard of Jesus with vigour defend,
 And never give up till the conflict shall end.
 On to the field! let us on to the field!
 Fearless and faithful, lead on to the field!
 We'll die in the battle, but never will
 yield; [field!
 Then fearless and faithful, lead on to the
- 2 The foe may surround us, but why should
 we fear? [near;
 To shield and protect us our Captain is

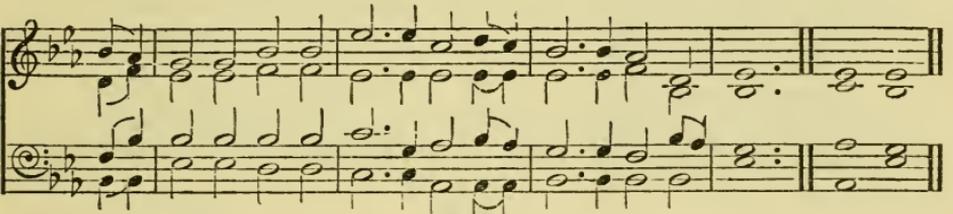
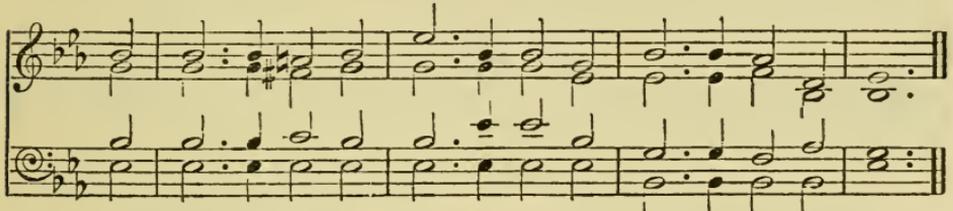
He bids us remember this truth in the
 fight—
 By watching and praying our arms we
 keep bright.
 On to the field! &c.

- 3 Then let us be valiant our foes to subdue;
 How cheering the prospect, our crown is
 in view; [give,
 A crown never-fading our Saviour will
 And they who have conquered, in glory
 shall live.
 On to the field! &c. Amen

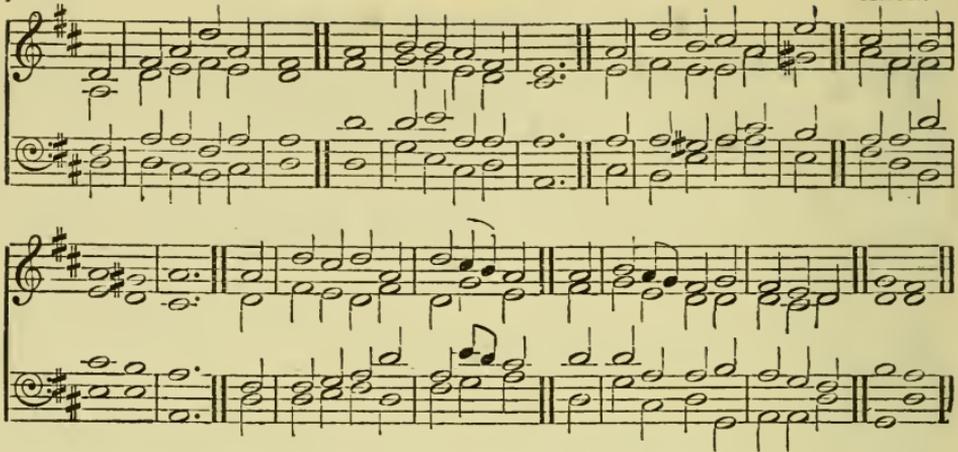
From "Sacred Songs and Solos" by permission.

BENEATH THE CROSS.

IRA D. SANKEY.

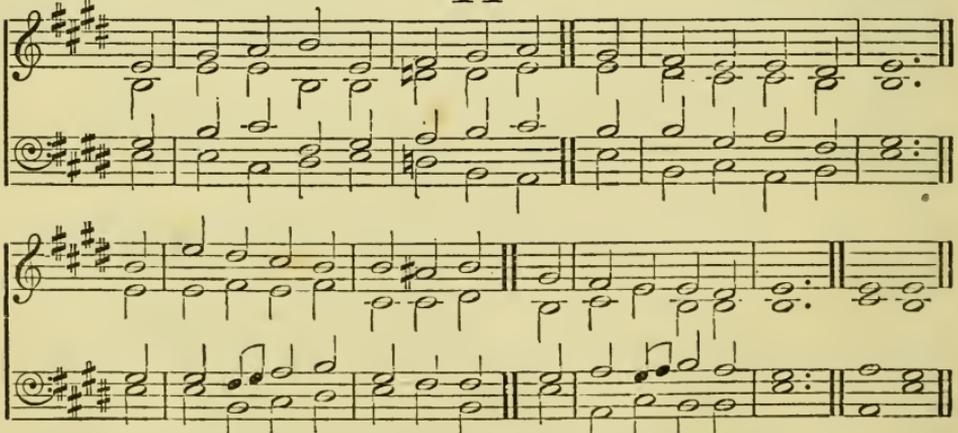


- 1 BENEATH the Cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock within a weary land ;
A home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat, and the burden of the day.
- 2 O safe and happy shelter, O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love, and Heaven's justice meet !
As to the holy Patriarch that wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross, to me, a ladder up to Heaven.
- 3 There lies beneath its shadow, but on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave that gapes both deep and wide ;
And there between us stands the Cross, two Arms out-stretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way from that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus, mine eye at times can see
The very dying Form of One, Who suffered there for me ;
And from my smitten heart, with tears, two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love, and my own worthlessness.
- 5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow, for my abiding place ;
I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His Face !
Content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame, my glory all the Cross. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 233.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow ;
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in His Blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> | <p>4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>5 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p>6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly Grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's Face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Amen.</p> |
|---|---|



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 352. Church Hymns, 170.

1 CHRIST is gone up ; yet ere He passed
From earth in Heaven to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

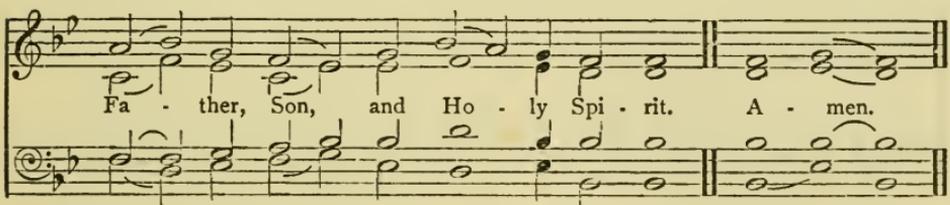
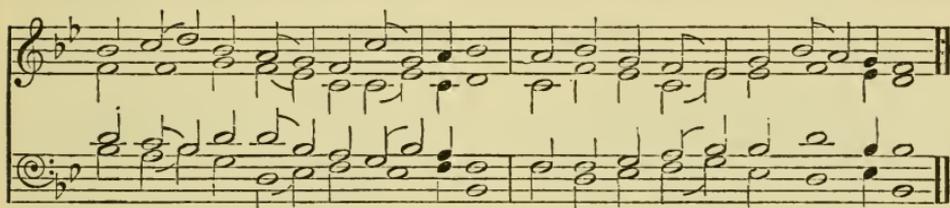
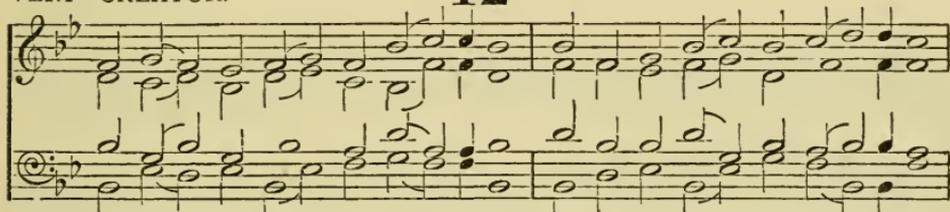
2 His twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of Grace ;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

3 So age by age, and year by year,
His Grace was handed on ;
And still the holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

4 Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold ;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one Fold. Amen

VENI CREATOR.

12



Or, Church Hymns, 346.

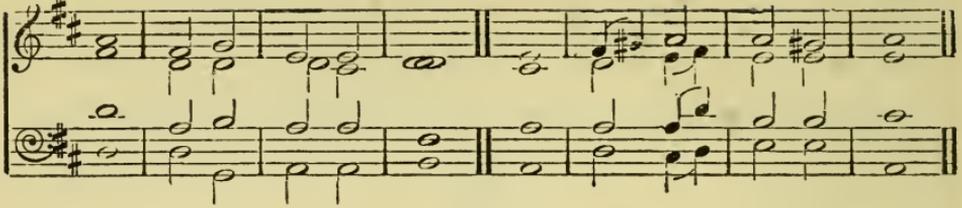
1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial Fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold Gifts impart :

2 Thy blessed Unction from above
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love ;
Enable with perpetual Light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy Grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 152.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.</p> <p>2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete ;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's Feet.</p> <p>3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.</p> | <p>4 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' Blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.</p> <p>5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.</p> <p>6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ; [love
Then we shall know, and praise, and
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 299. Church Hymns, 348.

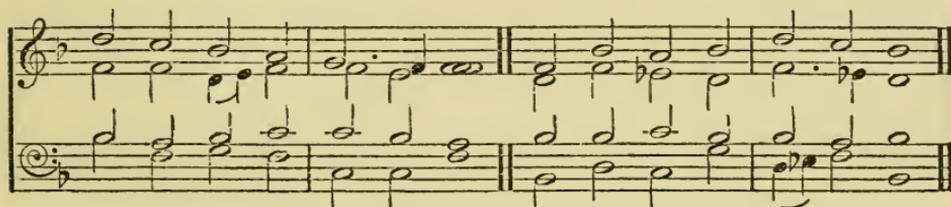
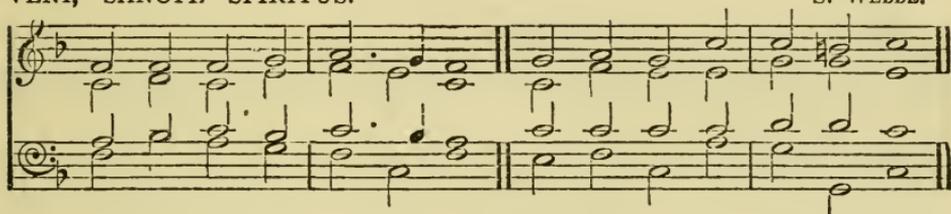
- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

15

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

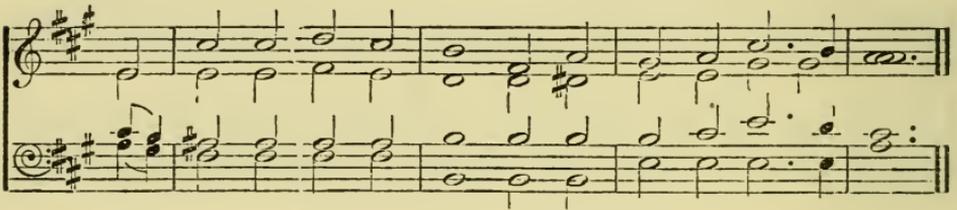
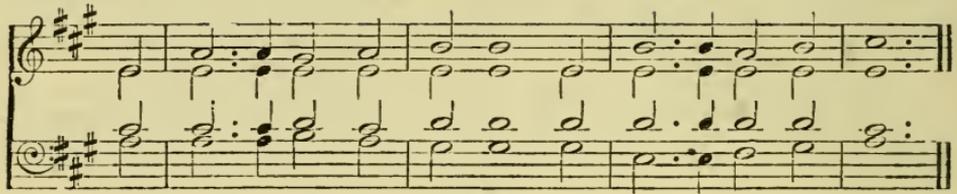
S. WEBBE.



- 1 COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come ;
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of Light Divine ;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine :
- 2 Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet refreshment here below ;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

- 3 O most Blessèd Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill ;
Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away ;
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.

- 5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold Gifts descend :
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end. Amen.



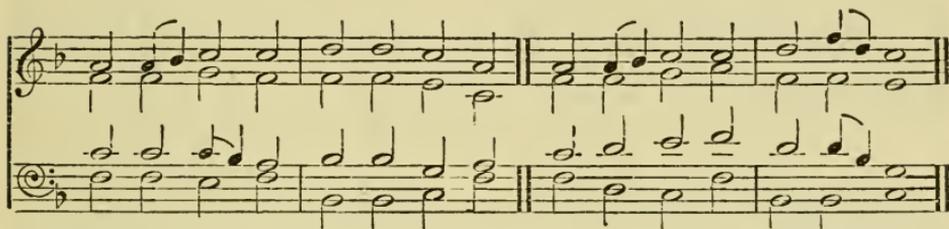
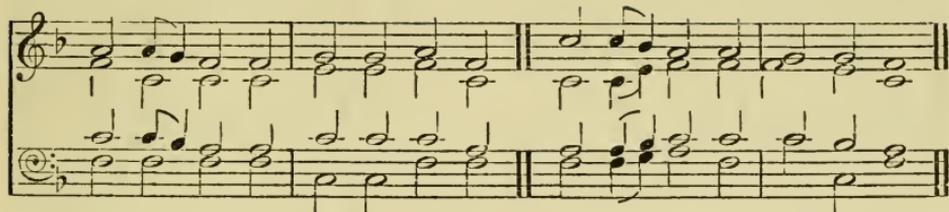
Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 256. Church Hymns, 351.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace ;
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.
O patient Voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 287.

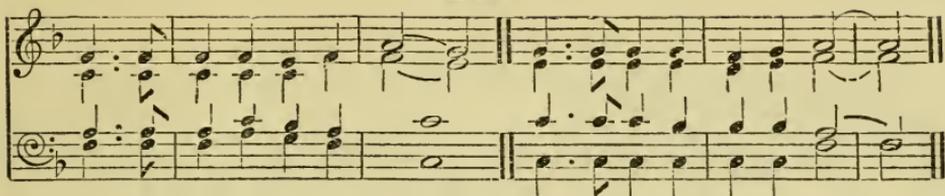
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|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able, He is willing; doubt no more.</p> <p>2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money come to Jesus Christ, and buy!</p> <p>3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous; sinners Jesus came to call.</p> <p>7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb:
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name:
Hallelujah! sinners here may sing the same. Amen.</p> | <p>4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam</p> <p>5 Agonising in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;
On the blood-stained cross behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies—
"It is finished!" finished the great Sacrifice.</p> <p>6 Lo! th' Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of His Blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good</p> |
|--|--|

From "S. Albans' Tune Book" by permission.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with clear note heads and stems, and some use of slurs and phrasing marks. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Or, Tune 84.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made ;
In the beautiful fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid ;
Oh, that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly ;
I would seek the gates of Zion,
Far beyond the starry sky !</p> <p>2 All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold ;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.</p> | <p>3 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the Angels swing their censers
In a ring about His Feet.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>4 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a beam of silver light.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>5 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
Oh, that I had wings, &c.</p> <p>6 Oh, I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain !
Oh, I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain !
Oh, that I had wings, &c. Amen</p> |
|---|---|

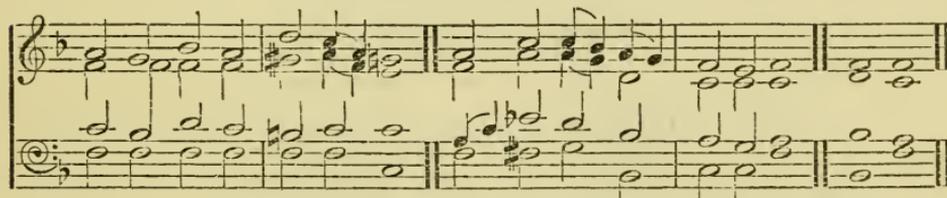
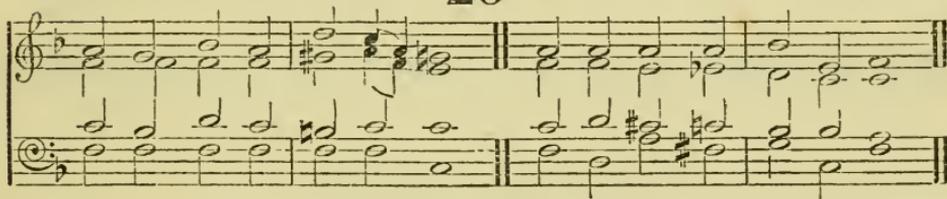


Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 289. Church Hymns, 88.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.</p> <p>2 Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight ;
Able now by Grace to save them,
O, that, while we can, we might !</p> | <p>3 Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame !
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came ;</p> <p>4 Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

20

WEBER.



Or, Tune 99. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 260.

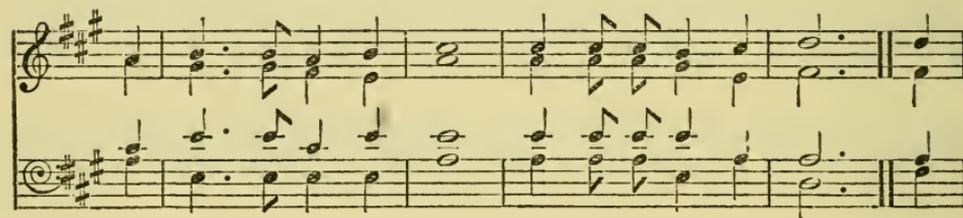
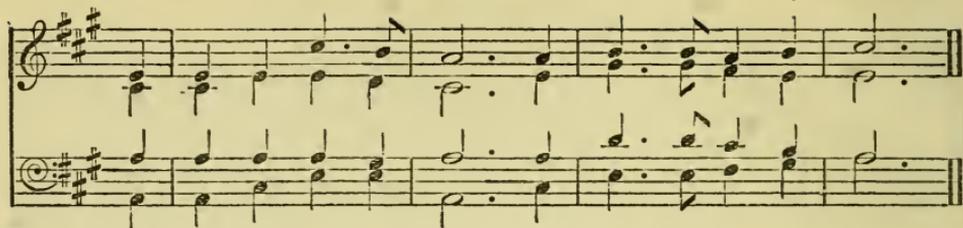
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare !</p> <p>2 I have long withstood His Grace,
Long provoked Him to His Face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.</p> <p>3 There for me the Saviour stands ;
Shows His Wounds and spreads His Hands !</p> | <p>God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.</p> <p>4 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all Thy Nature love ?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss Thy Feet ?</p> <p>5 If I rightly read Thy Heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine Ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

STELLA.

From "S. Albans' Tune Book" by permission.

Or, Tune 111. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 28, 370.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 FATHER, Who dost Thy children feed
 With Manna rained from above ;
 Who dost the Saving Chalice give,
 Filled by Thy Hand in wondrous love :
 We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament.</p> <p>2 O Word made Flesh, Whom we adore,
 The Living Bread sent down from heaven !
 Whose wondrous Passion here shown forth
 Is the great pledge of sin forgiven ;
 We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament.</p> <p>3 O Holy Spirit, Who dost deign
 These earthly elements to bless,
 Making the Bread His Flesh to be,
 The Wine His Blood, as we confess ;
 We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament.</p> | <p>4 Ye holy Angels, who, with us,
 Around God's Altar lowly bow,
 Adoring there the Crucified,
 Whose Precious Death is pleaded now,
 O praise Him for His mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament !</p> <p>5 Ye blessed Saints, enthroned on high,
 Who once the paths of earth did tread,
 Who reached in safety God's abode,
 As strengthened by this Living Bread ;
 O praise Him for His mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament !</p> <p>6 O Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Whom we love,
 Guide, strengthen, save us here below,
 And bring us to our home above,
 To praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
 To us in this Great Sacrament ! Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

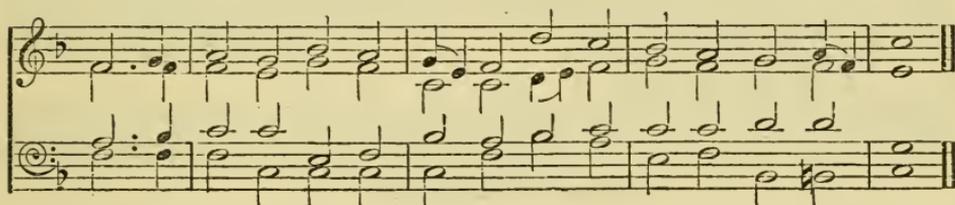
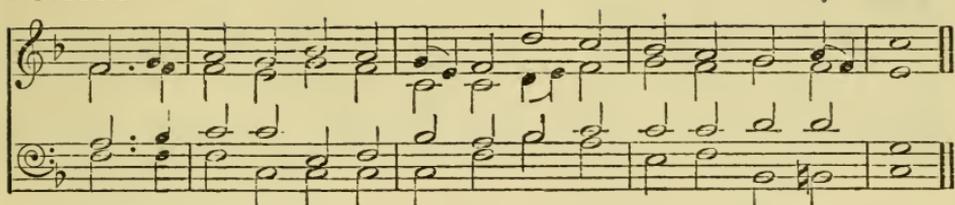


1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
 Amen, so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 And immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

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 "For ever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis Thy Will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil.
 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail;
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
 Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the Throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!" Amen.



1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, Whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His Own abode ;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

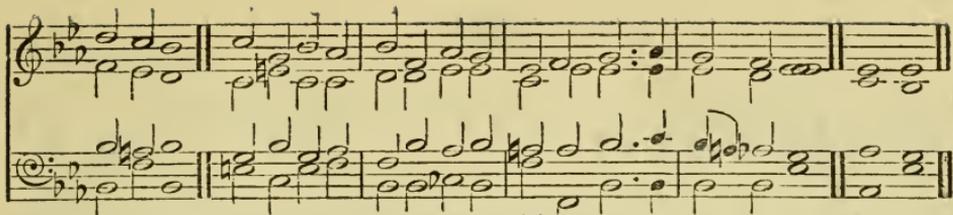
2 See, the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, when such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age !

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Thus they march, the pillar leading,
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Daily on the manna feeding,
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if in Zion's city
 Thou enrol my humble name,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in the shame :
 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp to show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know. Amen

Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 107.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 GLORY be to Jesus.
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins !</p> <p>2 Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find ;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind !</p> <p>3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.</p> <p>4 There the fainting spirit
Drinks of Life her fill :
There, as in a fountain,
Laves herself at will.</p> | <p>5 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.</p> <p>6 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs ;</p> <p>7 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with horror trembles ;
Heaven is filled with joy.</p> <p>8 Lift ye, then, your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood. Amen</p> |
|--|---|

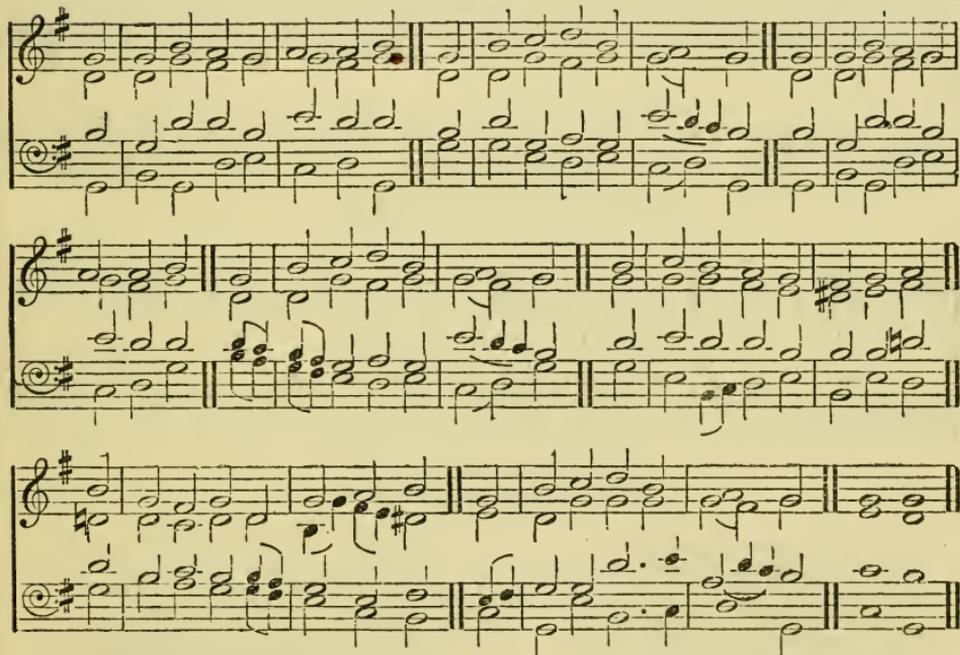


Or, Tune 121 (1).
(This should be sung or said kneeling.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 GOD of mercy and compassion,
 Look with pity upon me ;
 Father I—let me call Thee Father—
 'Tis Thy child returns to Thee !
 Jesus, Lord ! I ask for mercy,
 Let me not implore in vain !
 All my sins I now detest them,
 May I never sin again.</p> | <p>2 By my sins I have deservèd
 Death and endless misery,
 Hell with all its pains and torments,
 And for all eternity.
 Jesus, Lord ! &c.</p> <p>3 By my sins I have abandoned
 Right and claim to heaven above,
 Where the saints rejoice for ever
 In the boundless sea of love.
 Jesus, Lord ! &c.</p> |
|--|---|
- 4 See the Saviour, bleeding, dying,
 On the Cross of Calvary !
 To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,
 Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
 Jesus, Lord ! &c. Amen.

27

M. LUTHER.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.</p> <p>2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.</p> | <p>3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before His Throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.</p> <p>4 Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
 In deep abasement bending ;
 O shield us in that last dread hour,
 Thy wondrous love extending ;
 May we, in this our trial day,
 With faithful hearts Thy Word obey,
 And thus prepare to meet Thee. <i>Αμεν</i></p> |
|--|--|

Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 292 (1).

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, Thou great and glorious King !
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring :
 Hail, Thou Saviour, bleeding, dying,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 On Thy Grace alone relying,
 Seek we mercy through Thy Name.</p> <p>2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid ;
 By Almighty love anointed
 Thou hast full atonement made :
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy Blood ;
 Open is the gate of Heaven ;
 Peace is made for man with God.</p> | <p>3 Jesu, Hail ! Enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side !
 There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
 There Thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding
 Till in glory we appear.</p> <p>4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive !
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give !
 Help, ye bright Angelic Spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise</p> |
|---|--|

Amen

From "North Coates Supplemental Tune Book," by permission.

SARRATT.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

Or, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 260.

- 1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of Grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for Grace to love Thee more. Amen.

from "S. ALBANS TUNE BOOK," by permission.

Ho - ly &c.

1st. 2nd.

Ho - ly, &c.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 HOLY GHOST! come down upon Thy children,
Give us Grace and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!</p> <p>2 For all within us, good and holy,
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.
Holy-Ghost! &c.</p> | <p>3 For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
Holy Ghost! &c.</p> <p>4 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.
Holy Ghost! &c.</p> |
|---|--|

5 Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited
While our hearts were slowly turned?
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burned!
Holy Ghost! &c.

6 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our Lord;
O dearest Spirit! make us faithful
To Thy least and lightest word.
Holy Ghost! &c.

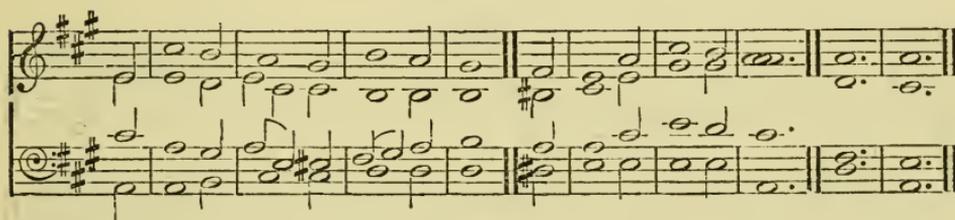
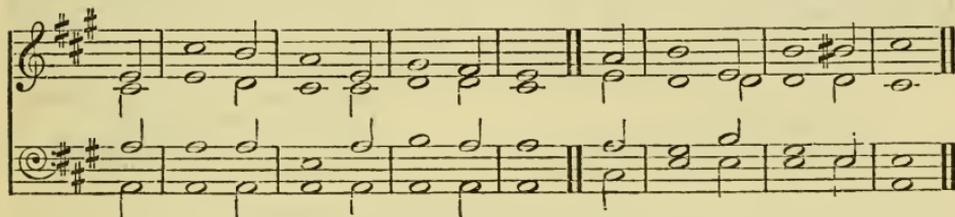
7 Ah, sweet Consoler! though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
They will not be always thus.
Holy Ghost! &c.

8 With hearts so vile, how dare we venture,
Holy Ghost, to love Thee so?
And how canst Thou with such compassion,
Bear so long with things so low?
Holy Ghost! &c. Amen.

31

HOLY CROSS.

MENDELSSOHN.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 438, 290.

1 How bright those glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

2 Lo ! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light ;
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

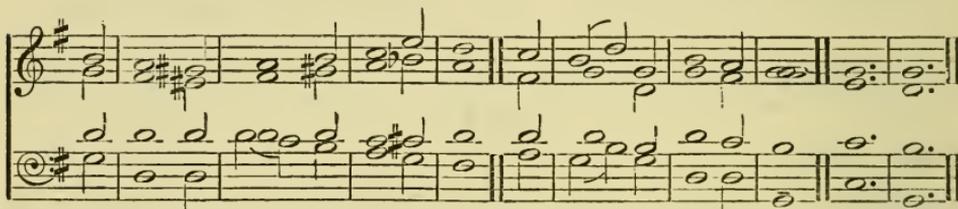
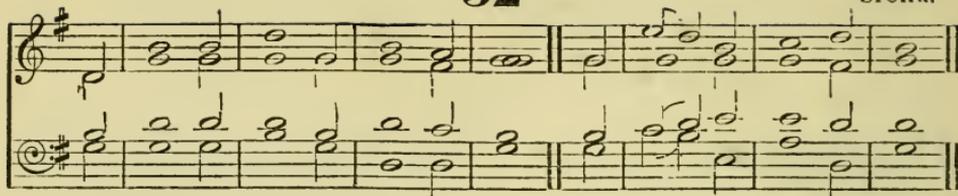
4 His Presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing :
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the Throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 450, 168.

1 How precious is the Book Divine
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears :
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearest light
Of an eternal day. Amen.

BELMONT.

S. WEBBE, Junr.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 176.

1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

ORG. *Ped.*

ORG. *Ped.*

ORG. *Ped.*

ORG. *Ped.*

1 HUSH, my soul, what Voice is pleading ?
 Thou canst feel its silent power ;
 Who is this that speaks so gently
 In this solemn evening hour ?
 " Stay, poor sinner ; life is fleeting,
 And thy soul is dark within ;
 Wilt thou wait till outer darkness
 Close in gloom thy life of sin ? "

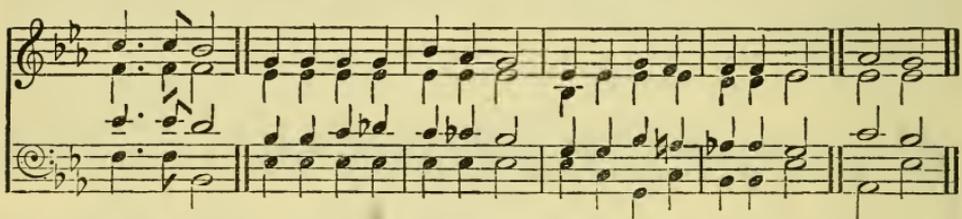
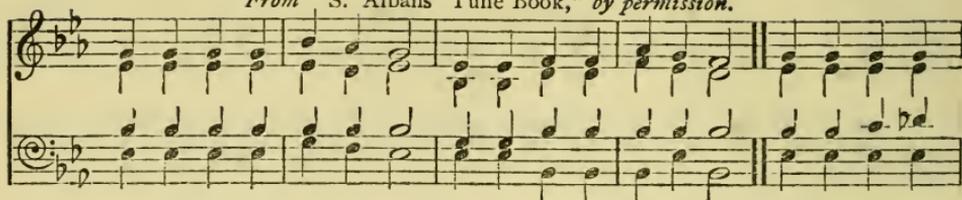
2 Hark ! it is a Voice of sweetness,
 Tenderly it speaks, and true !
 Dark and sad, yet strangely yearning
 For a peace I never knew,
 Half inclined to stay and listen,
 Half inclined to go away,
 Still I linger, for it whispers
 " Harden not thy heart to-day ! "

3 What is this that steals upon me ?
 Can it be that at my side,
 In His Own mysterious Presence,
 Stands the Wondrous Crucified ?
 " Why, poor sinner, wilt thou linger ?
 I am waiting to forgive ;
 See the meaning of these Wound-prints ;
 I have died, that thou may'st live ! "

4 Hush, my soul ! it is thy Saviour ;
 And He seeks His lost one now !
 He is waiting ; flee not from Him,
 Venture near, before Him bow.
 Tell thy sins ; He will forgive thee ;
 And He will not love thee less ;
 For the human Heart of Jesus
 Overflows with tenderness. Amen

35

From "S. Albans' Tune Book," by permission.



1 I AM coming to the Cross ;
I am poor and weak and blind ;
I am counting all but dross :
I shall full salvation find.
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at Thy Cross I bow,
Jesus, save me—save me now !

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me :
" I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust,
Now I know the Blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !
Perfected in Him I am :
I am every whit made whole ;
Glory, glory to the Lamb ! Amen.

36

WINTHORPE. From "North Coates Supplemental Tune Book," by permission.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.





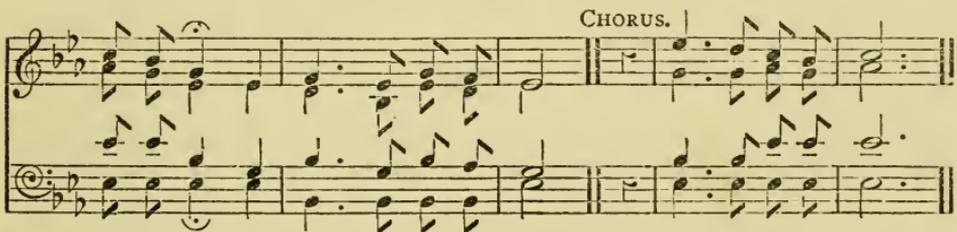
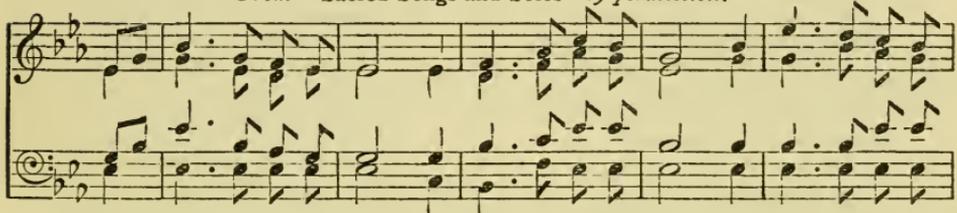
Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 257.

- 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 has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

- I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that 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 travelling days are done. Amen.

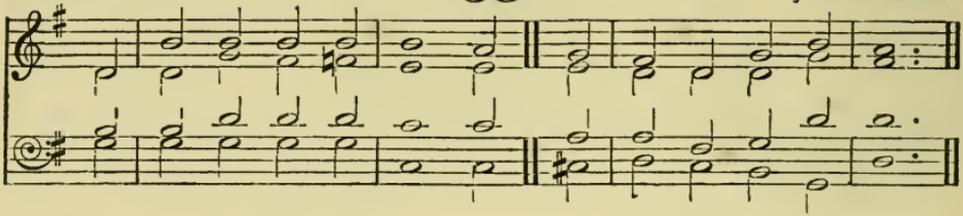
37

From "Sacred Songs and Solos" by permission.



- 1 I HEAR Thy welcome Voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious Blood
That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, Lord !
Coming now to Thee !
Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
That flowed on Calvary.
- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure !
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus Who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding Grace to welcome Grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 All hail, atoning Blood !
All hail, redeeming Grace !
All hail, the Gift of Christ our Lord
Our Strength and Righteousness. Amen



- 1 I LAV my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God !
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
- 2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His Blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 3 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
- 4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

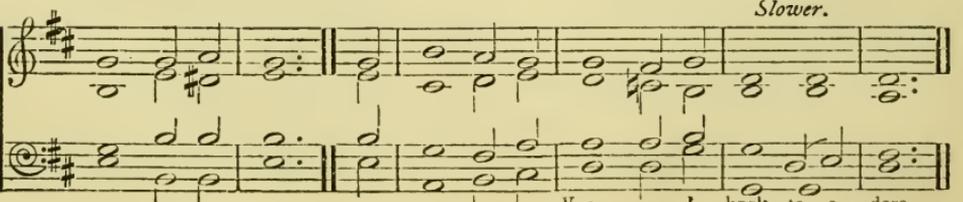
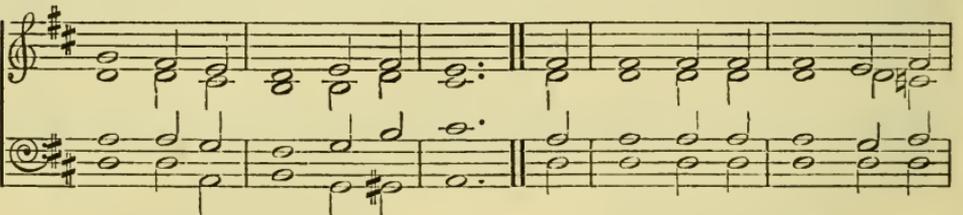
- 5 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His Right Hand me embraces,
I on His Breast recline.
- 6 I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.
- 7 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
- 8 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the Angels' song. Amen.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Rather slowly.

39

Rev. W. J. SHEFFIELD.



- V. 1. I knelt to a - dore.
V. 2. they have made in Thy Side.
V. 3. sha - dow of death.
V. 4. oc - ca - sion to mourn.

1 I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again;
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore,
And, as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.

2 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy Wounds they are deep,
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in Thy Side?

3 Ah, me! how the thorns have entangled Thy Hair,
And cruelly riven that Forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering Breath!
And lo, on Thy Face is the shadow of death!

4 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd! and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee?
Ah, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn!
Amen.

40

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Harmonized by L. J. H.



1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesu,
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, precious Jesu,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesu:
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 trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

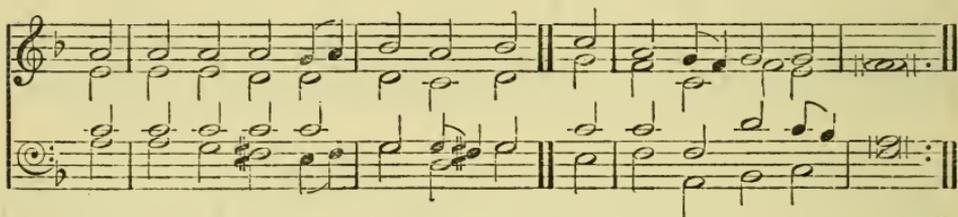
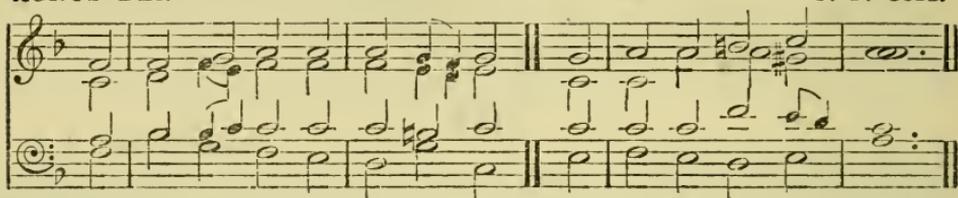
4 I need Thee, precious Jesu,
I need Thee, day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way;
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

5 I need Thee, precious Jesu,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled by the Rainbow
And seated on Thy Throne:
There, with Thy Blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesu,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

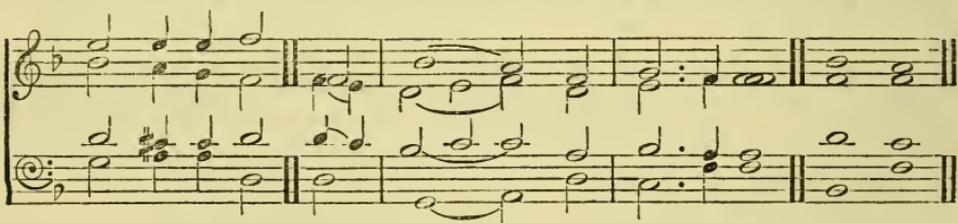
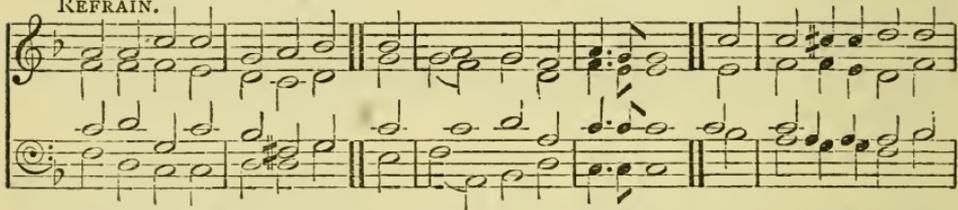
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AGNUS DEI.

G. F. COBB.



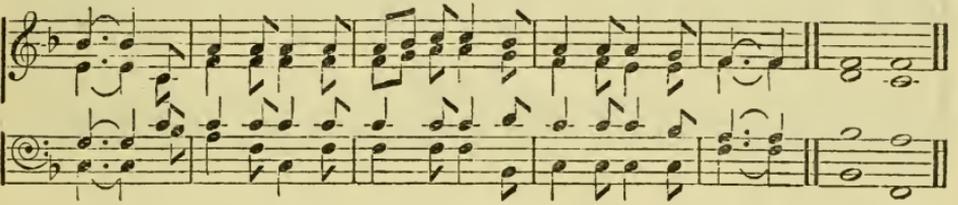
REFRAIN.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again
To intercede for me.</p> <p>2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and Blood,
Who fixed His languid Eyes on me,
As near His Cross I stood.</p> <p>3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that Look ;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.</p> | <p>4 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins His Blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.</p> <p>5 A second Look He gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This Blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."</p> <p>6 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of Grace,
It seals my pardon too.</p> <p>7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a Life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed. Amen</p> |
|--|--|

From "Sacred Songs and Solos" by permission.

THE WANDERING SHEEP.

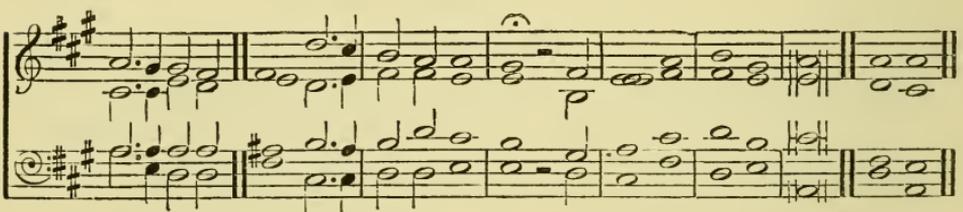
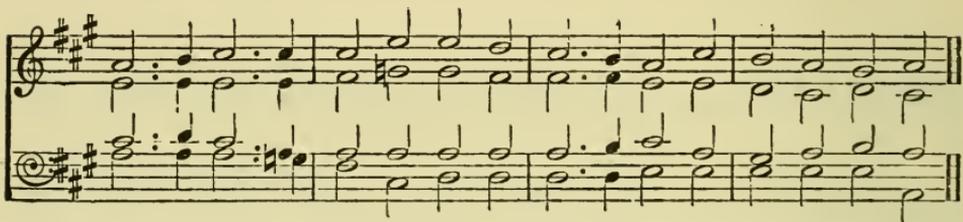


Or Tune 23.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's Voice,
I would not be controlled
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's Voice,
I loved afar to roam.</p> | <p>3 He spoke in tender love,
He raised my drooping head ;
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul He fed.
He washed my filth away,
He made me clean and fair ;
He brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer.</p> |
| <p>2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child ;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.</p> | <p>4 Jesus my Shepherd is :
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His Blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.</p> |
| <p>5 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
But now I love my Shepherd's Voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's Voice,
I love, I love His Home. Amen.</p> | |

43

From "The Oratory Tune Book," by permission.



1 I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! &c.

3 At last I stopped to listen,
His Voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind Eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! &c.

4 He took me on His Shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me,
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! &c.

5 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me!
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! &c. Amen.

Arranged by J. A. BIRCH.

Music by Rev. R. CECIL.

 $\text{♩} = 80.$

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa

Slower. $\text{♩} = 60.$

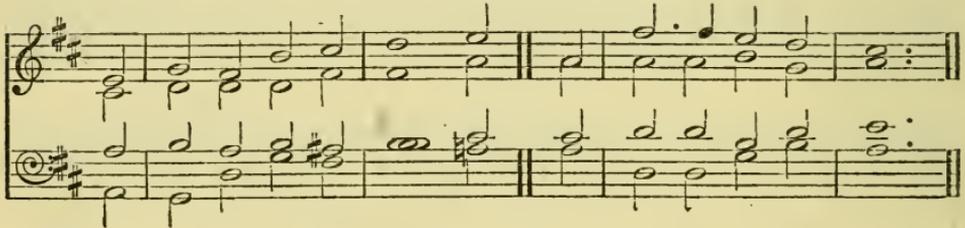
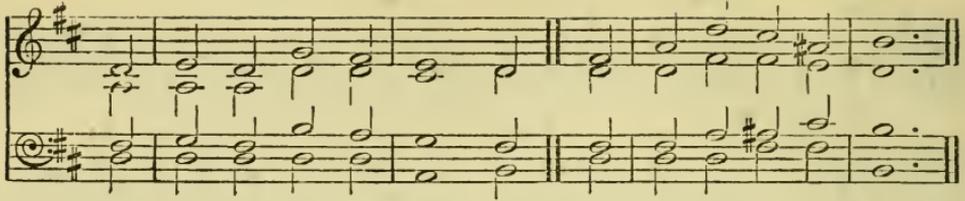
ther, And will say un - to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have

sin ned, have sin - ned, I have sin - ned a - gainst heav'n and be - fore Thee,

f $\text{♩} = 80.$

And am no more wor - thy to be call - ed Thy son. I will a - rise,

mf I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - - ther, *ppp* my Fa - - - ther.



- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress.
 I know not, oh, I know not
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an Angel,
 And all the Martyr throng ;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene :
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

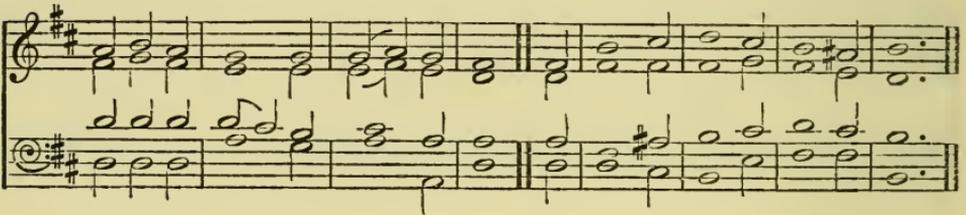
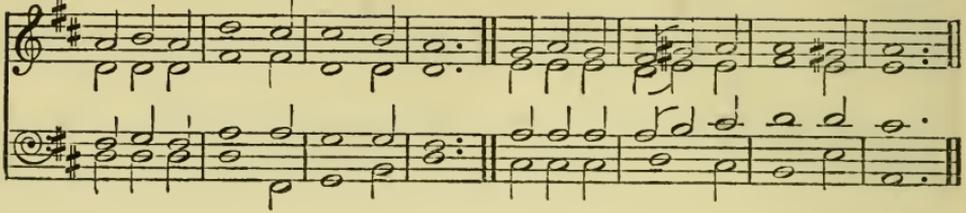
- 3 There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever Blest. Amen.



1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
 While the gathering waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

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.

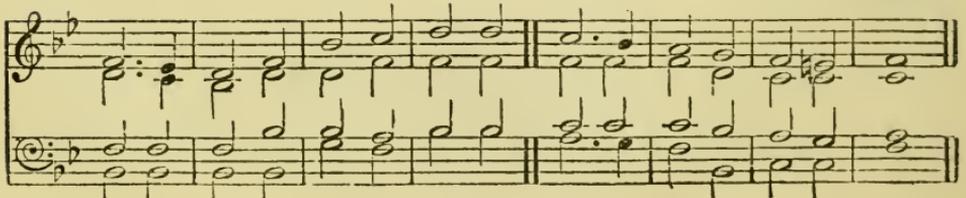
3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within,
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart.
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

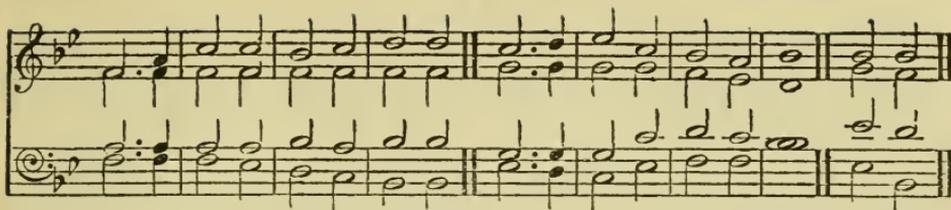


Or, Tune 111. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 191. Church Hymns, 399.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.</p> <p>2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.</p> | <p>3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought;
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.</p> <p>4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.</p> |
|--|--|

Amen.



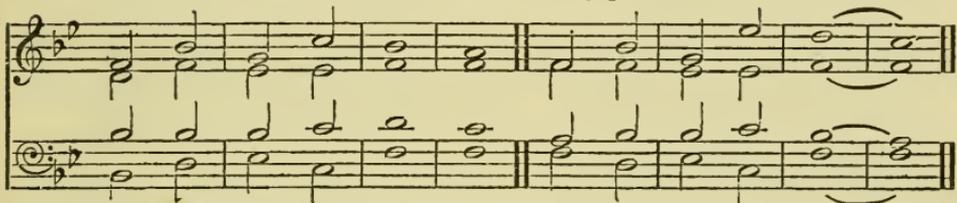


Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 403, 76. Church Hymns, 404.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet Voice soundeth,
Saying, " Christian, follow Me."</p> <p>2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.</p> | <p>3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, " Christian, love Me more."</p> <p>4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.</p> <p>5 Jesus, call us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

49

From "S. Albans' Tune Book," by permission.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 324. 346 in F.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, gentlest Saviour !
God of might and power !
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.</p> <p>2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.</p> <p>3 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.</p> | <p>4 Oh ! how can we thank Thee,
For a Gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.</p> <p>5 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.</p> <p>6 Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow. Amen</p> |
|--|---|

SICILIAN MARINERS.

ANON.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be :</p> <p>2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.</p> <p>3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts, and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue ;</p> <p>4 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me ;
Show Thy Face, and all is bright.</p> | <p>5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.</p> <p>6 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?</p> <p>7 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's Own Hand shall guide thee there</p> <p>8 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.</p> |
|---|--|

AMEN.

ANON.



- 1 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with
my soul ; [me whole.
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make
There is none in heaven or on earth like
Thee : [Lord, for me.
Thou hast died for sinners — therefore,
- 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless
worth, [Birth ;
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous
Written, and for ever, on Thy Cross of
shame, [Name.
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that
- 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy
ways, [days :
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly

- Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought
Thy Face— [grace.
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's
- 4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written
word, [heard ;
Though Thy Voice of pity I have never
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how
sweet —
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy Feet.
- 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt,
“ Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast
out ; ” [Blood,
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy
These my soul's salvation, Thou my
Saviour, God ! Amen.

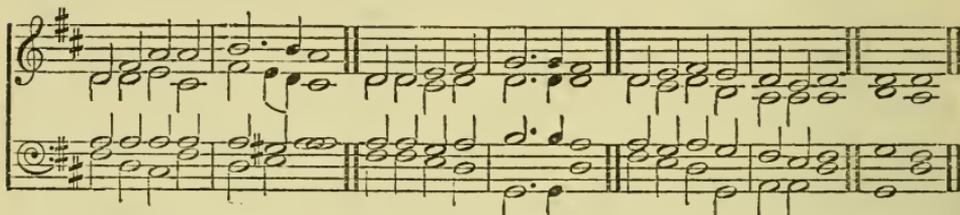
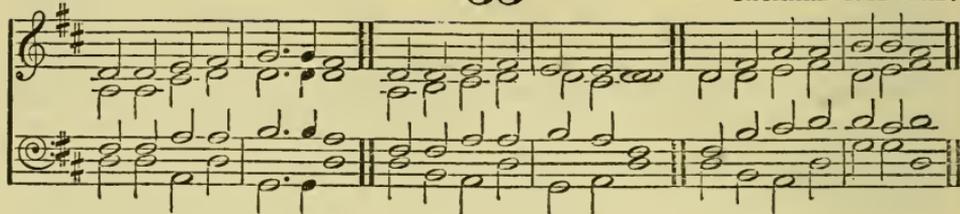
52

WORSLEY STANIFORTH.

Or, Tune 51. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 305.

- 1 JESUS ! Name of Sweetness ;
Jesus ! Sound of Love ;
Cheering exiles onward
To their rest above.
Jesus ! sweetest song-note
On the sinner's ear—
Jesus ! breath of gladness
While we wander here.
- 2 Jesus ! Name of Beauty,
Beauty far too bright
For our earth-bound fancy,
For our mortal sight.
Jesus ! sweet Refreshment,
When our Spirits faint,
Flashing forth sweet visions,
Love alone can paint.
- 3 Jesus ! Oh the deepness
Of the well-loved sound !
How it thrills and trembles
Through Creation's bound.

- Jesus ! O my Saviour !
Can I ever tell
Half the Love that saved me
From the pains of hell ?
- 4 Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
Words I cannot find,
Language fails to utter
Things which fill my mind.
Jesus ! how it comforts
This poor heart of mine,
When I hear Thee tell me
I am only Thine.
- 5 “ Jesus only ” shall be
My glad watchword here ;
“ Jesus only ” shall be
My own treasure *there* ;—
In the Land all sunlit,
Whence the night shades flee,
Where His Own dear Sunbeams
Light the Crystal Sea. Amen.



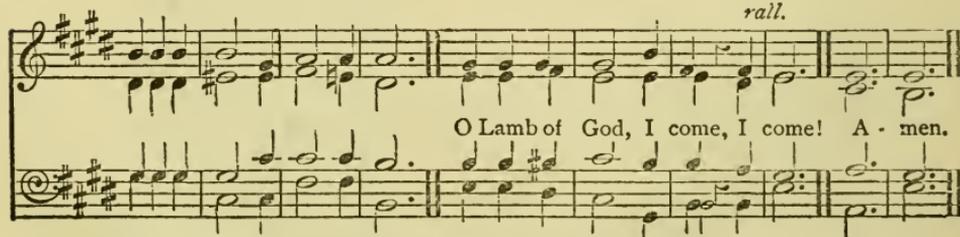
Or, Tunes 90 and 113.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JESU ! speak to me in love,
Restless, storm-tossed in my sin,
With Thy Mighty Voice, O Lord,
Thy great calm create within ;
Bid the stormy winds to cease,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.</p> <p>2 To Thee, Jesu, do I fly
Wakened from my soul's dread sleep ;
None but Thou can save me, Lord,
In this hour of anguish deep ;
Thou alone canst give release,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.</p> | <p>3 Weeping at Thy Feet I fall,
Wearied, burdened, lonely, sad ;
Thou dost bid me come, my Lord,
Thou alone canst make me glad :
Jesu, grant my soul release,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.</p> <p>4 Boldly at the Throne of Grace,
Lord, I now forgiveness seek ;
In Thy tender, pitying Love
To my soul Thy pardon speak.
Jesu ! make my anguish cease.
Bid, O bid me go in peace.</p> <p>5 Prince of Peace ! Who in Thy death
Didst for me the ransom pay,
Cleanse me in Thy precious Blood,
Give to me Thy Peace to-day.
Now, Lord, grant my soul release.
Now, Lord, bid me go in peace. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

54

S. CRISPIN.

SIR G. ELVEY.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 255.

- 1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst 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, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, and
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

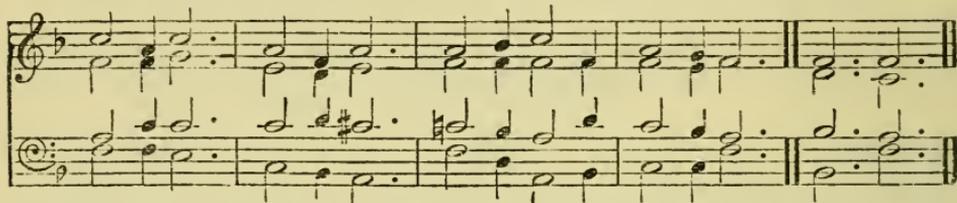
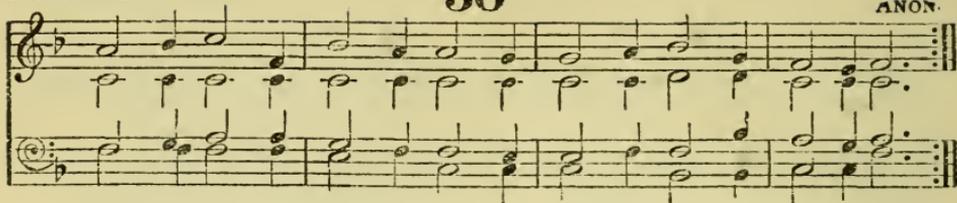
7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come! Amen.

HELMSLEY.

55

THOMAS OLIVERS.

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Blest redemption, long expected,
See! His solemn pomp to share;
All His saints, by men rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear!
- 5 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine Own:
Oh! come quickly!
Alleluia! come, Lord, come! Amen.



1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free ;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing :
Let Thy grace descend on me.
Even me ! Even me !
Let Thy grace descend on me.

2 Pass me not ! O gracious Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me ! &c.

3 Pass me not ! O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favour !
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
Even me ! &c.

4 Pass me not ! O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me.
Even me ! &c.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
O forgive and rescue me.
Even me ! &c.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless !
Blood of Christ, so rich and free !
Grace of God, so strong and boundless !
Magnify it all in me.
Even me !

7 Pass me not—but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee :
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.
Even me ! &c.

Amen.

57

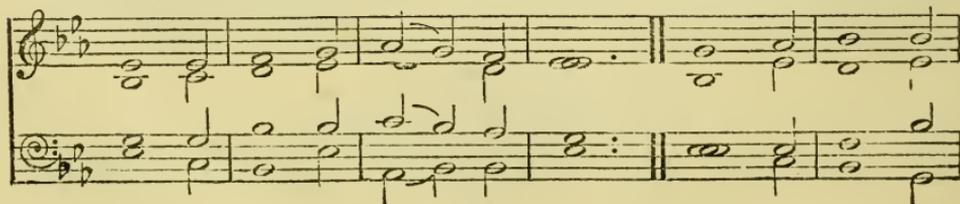
HEADON. (First Tune).

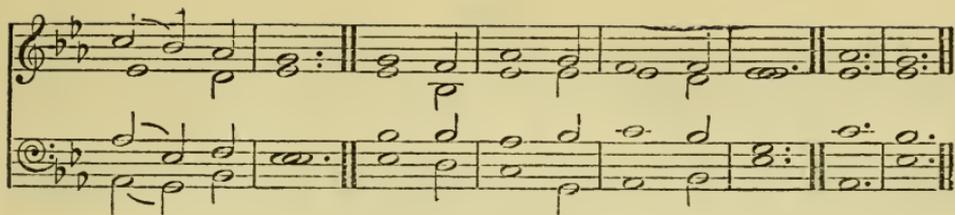
WILLIAM FREESTONE, 1886.



S. PHILIP (Second Tune).

W. H. MONK.





Or, Church Hymns, 419.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.</p> <p>2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.</p> <p>3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.</p> | <p>4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,</p> <p>5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.</p> <p>6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of Grace
Ere we shall behold Thy Face. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

58

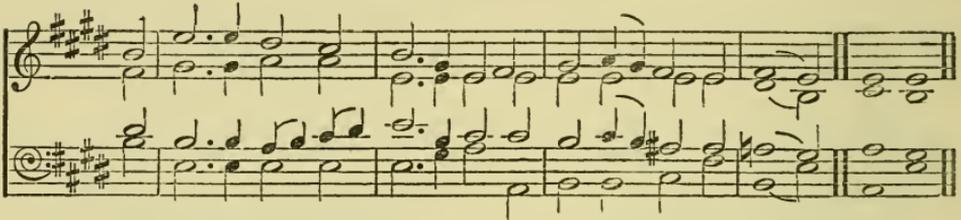
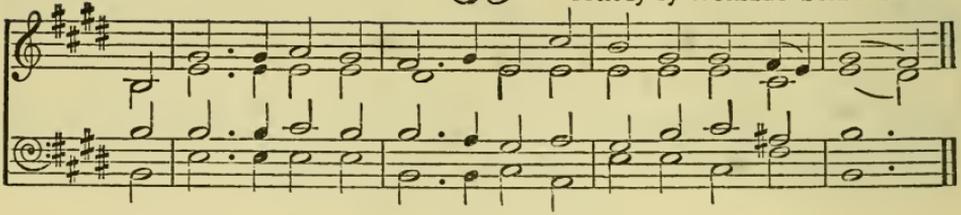
From "Irish Church Hymnal," by permission.

S. PETERSBURGH.



Or, Tunes 5 and 7. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 356.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> | <p>4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.</p> <p>5 O give Thine Own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.</p> <p>6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.</p> |
|---|--|
- 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until Thy Blessèd Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.



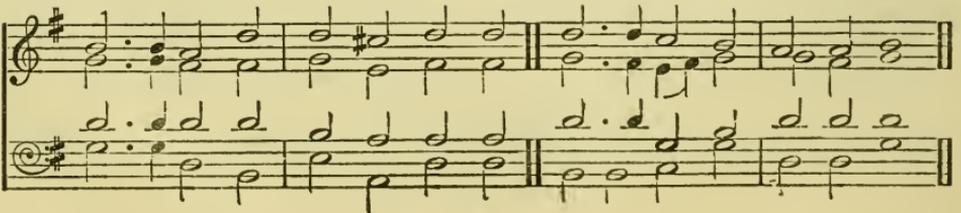
Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 247. Church Hymns, 424.

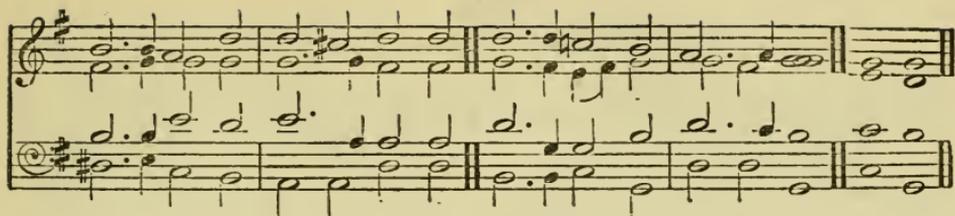
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|--|---|
| <p>1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.</p> <p>2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
O grant us power to pray ;
And, when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.</p> <p>3 God of all grace, we bring to Thee
A broken contrite heart ;
Give, what Thine Eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part ;</p> | <p>4 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;</p> <p>5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay :</p> <p>6 Give these, and then Thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

LUGANO.

60

ITALIAN CHORALE.





Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 436 ; or Tune 34.

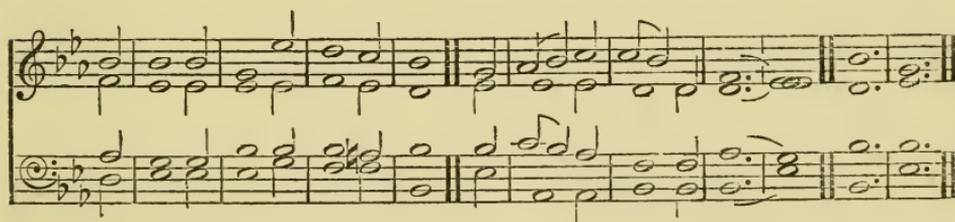
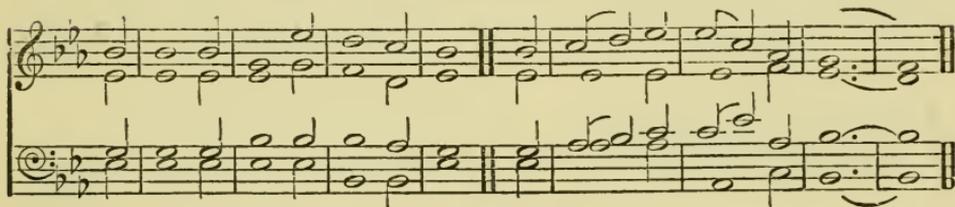
- 1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

- Thou we would be always blessing ;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee ;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Amen.

61

From "S. Albans' Tune Book," by permission.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 290, 248.

- 1 MEMBERS of Christ, Children of God,
Inheritors of heaven :
What titles, what a bright abode,
Mercy to man hath given !
- 2 Great God, how grateful we should be
For all that Thou hast done,
To make poor sinners one with Thee,
Through Thine Eternal Son !

- 3 What love but Thine would e'er have thought
That Only Son to give ?
What Blood but His could e'er have bought
The right for souls to live ?
- 4 What power but Thine Own gentle Grace
Could break a heart of sin ?
And then, into so vile a place
Would stoop to enter in ?

- 5 Father, the Spirit and the Blood
Shall not in vain be given ;
Members of Christ, Children of God,
We'll learn to live for heaven. Amen.

From "S. Albans' Tune Book," by permission.

Or Tunes, 63 and 85.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.</p> <p>2 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!</p> <p>3 O how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.</p> | <p>4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.</p> <p>5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.</p> <p>6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lic,
And gaze and gaze on Thee. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

AMERICA.

ANON.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.</p> | <p>2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace;</p> |
|--|---|

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony ;
E'en death itself ; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well ;
Not for the sake of winning heaven
Or of escaping hell ;

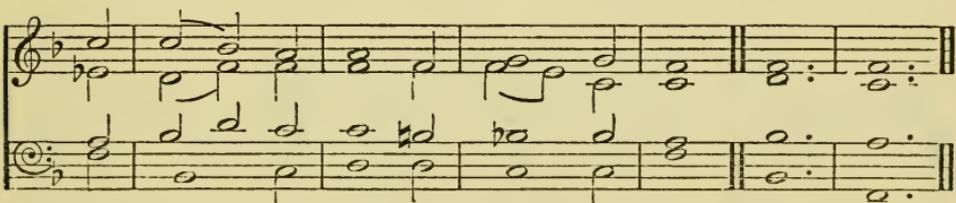
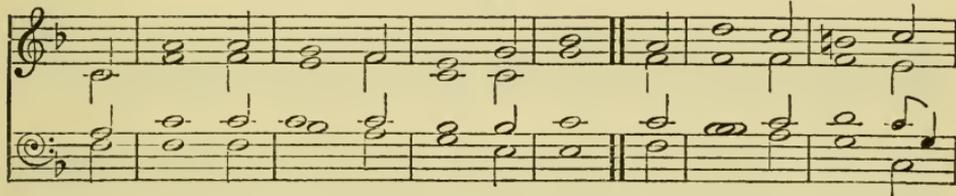
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord ?

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King. Amen.

LINDSAY.

64

R. H. LINDSAY.



1 My God ! my God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

2 I sin, and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done ;
As if Thy Blood had never flowed
To hinder sin or to atone.

3 I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

4 Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self, and love of Thee ?

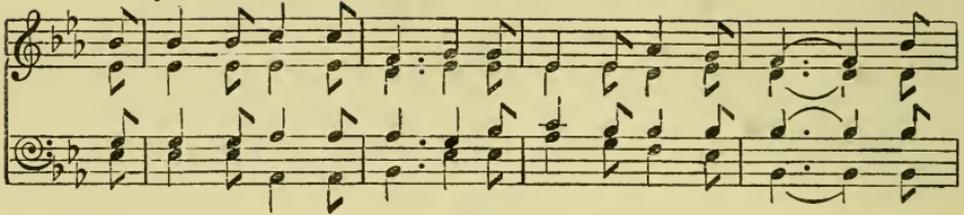
5 O, by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy Fear ;
And, by Thy Woes and Bloody Sweat,
O wash my guilty conscience clear !

6 Ever when tempted make me see,
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

7 And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him Who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear. Amen.

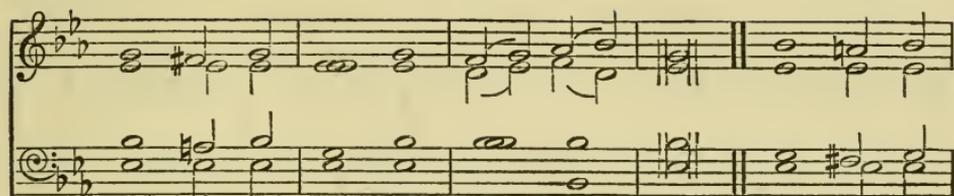
Slowly.

KNAPP.



- 1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
 They take such hold on me,
 I am not able to look up,
 Save only, Christ, to Thee :
 In Thee is all forgiveness,
 In Thee abundant grace ;
 My shadow and my sunshine
 The brightness of Thy Face.
- 2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
 How sad on Thee they fall !
 Seen through Thy gentle patience,
 I tenfold feel them all :
 I know they are forgiven,
 But still, their pain to me
 Is all the grief and anguish
 They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

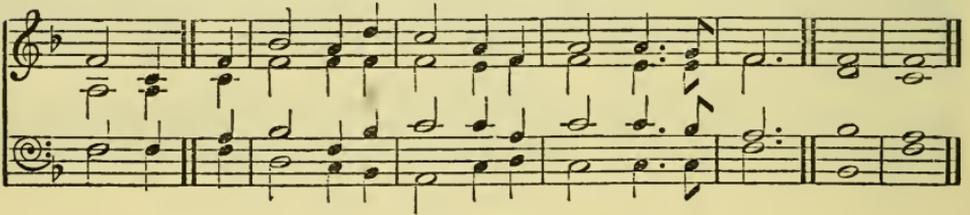
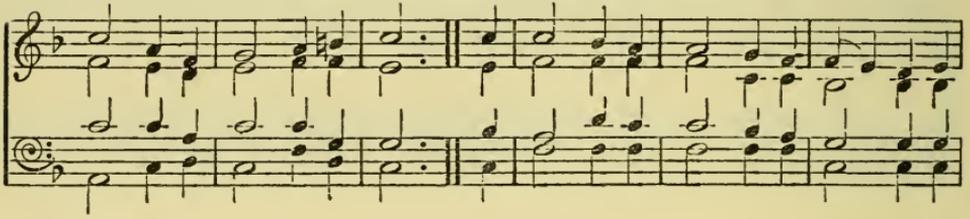
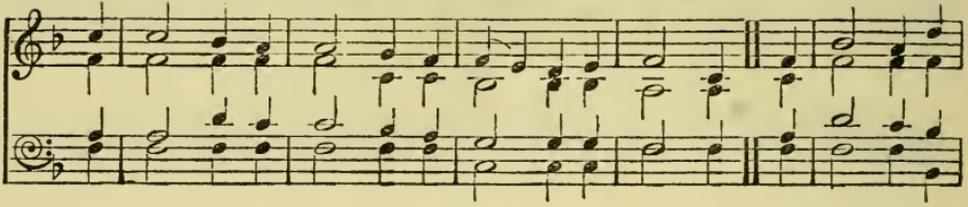
- 3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
 Their guilt I never knew,
 Till, with Thee in the desert,
 I near Thy trials drew !
 Till, with Thee in the garden,
 I heard Thy pleading prayer,
 And saw the sweat-drops bloody
 That told Thy sorrow there.
- 4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour !
 E'en in this time of woe,
 Shall tell of all Thy goodness,
 To suffering man below ;
 Thy goodness and Thy favour,
 Whose presence from above
 Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
 That live in Thee and love. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 764. Church Hymns, 412.

- 1 "No condemnation!" Can it be
That we are thus from guilt set free?
Our sinful souls by Thee washed white,
And we accepted in God's sight?
- 2 "No condemnation!" Dearest Lord,
Let me repose upon that word!
Let me be filled with this great thought,
That out of darkness I am brought!
- 3 "No condemnation!" Oh what bliss!
The world can give no joy like this!
For this is my most blest decree,
"No condemnation" if in Thee!
- 4 "No condemnation!" if in Thee!
How great Thy mercy and how free!
Lord, on this promise I depend,
Confirm me in it to the end.
- 5 "No condemnation!" Life is bright,
With this same solace for its light;
What matter if its path be rough?
"No condemnation!" 'tis enough!
- 6 "No condemnation!" Oh how sweet
When these same words my ears shall greet
Proceeding from Thy judgment throne.
"No condemnation for My own!" Amen.

From "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.



- 1 O COME to the merciful Saviour, Who calls you,
O come to the Lord, Who forgives and forgets ;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright Home above, where the sun never sets.
- 2 O come then to Jesus, Whose Arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace ;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.
- 3 Then come to the Saviour, Whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love ;
And fear not ! 'tis Jesus ! and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the Home and the Glory above.
- 4 Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt ?
Oh, fear not, and doubt not ! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour Whose Blood you have spilt !
- 5 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And swear at His Feet you will keep in His Grace :
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.
- 5 Then come to His Feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame !
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name. Amen.

MARTYRDOM.

68

HUGH WILSON.

Or, Tune 69.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;

- I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee !
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame !
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb ! Amen

SAWLEY ABBEY.

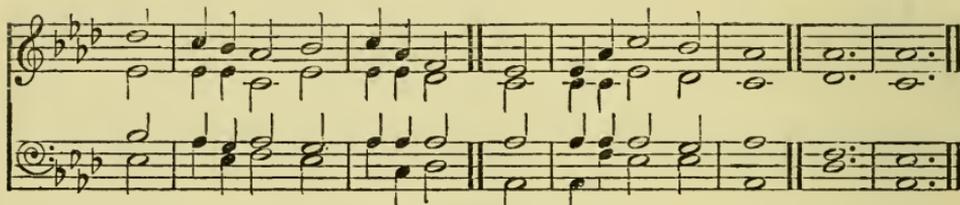
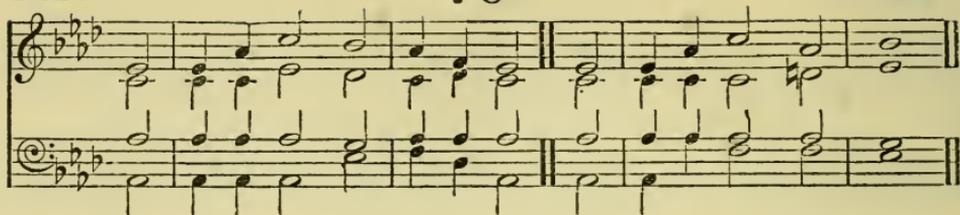
69

J. WALCH.

Or, Tune 68.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely shed for me :
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;

- Which neither life nor death can part
From Him That dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy Nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of love. Amen.



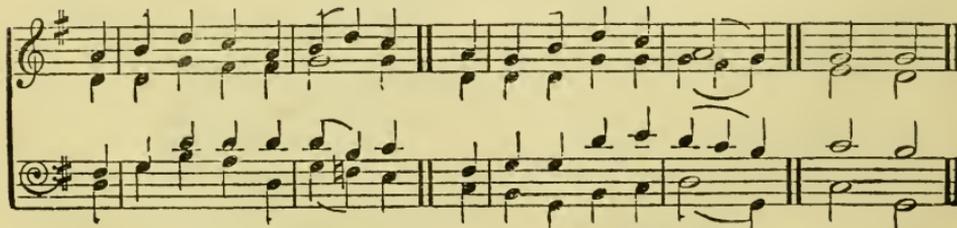
Or, Tune 14.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.</p> <p>2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.</p> <p>3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music to the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace !</p> | <p>4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His Blood can make the foulest clean,
His Blood availed for me.</p> <p>5 He speaks—and, listening to His Voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.</p> <p>6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.</p> <p>7 See all your sins on Jesus laid ;
The Lamb of God was slain,
His Soul was once an Offering made,
For every soul of man. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

71

REX AMORIS.

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



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 224. Church Hymns, 468.

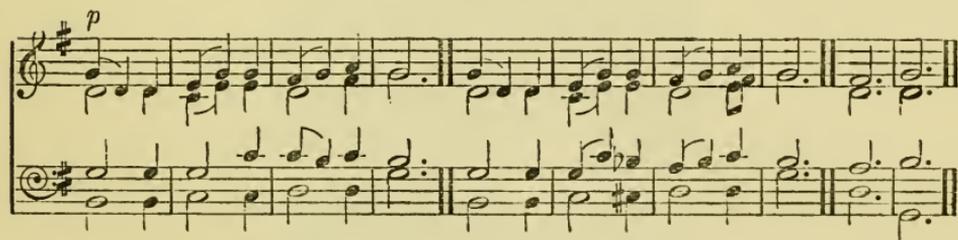
- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.
- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.
- 3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due ;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn ;

- 5 What are they but His Messengers
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they, save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light ?
- 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,
- 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?
- 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. Amen

72

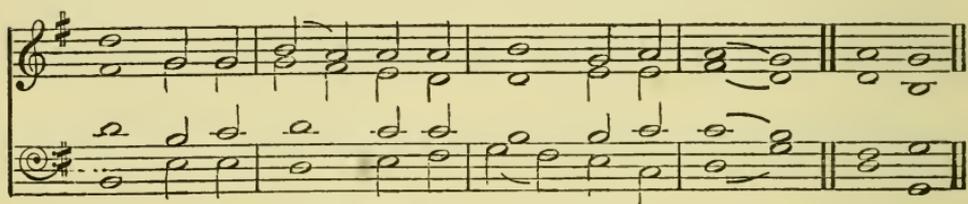
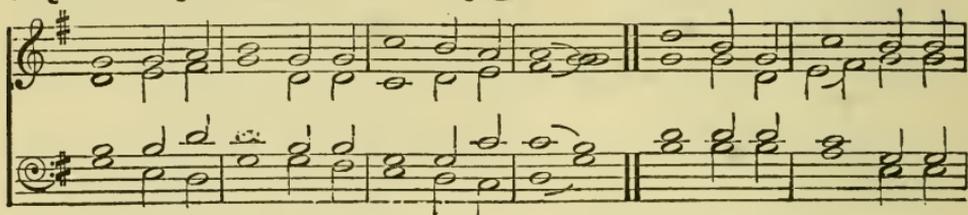
From "Lichfield Mission Tune Book," by permission.

T. MONOD.



- 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 the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive 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." Amen



- 1 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see !
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest !
- 2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and His Throne ?
What are the peace and the joy that they own ?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare !
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer:
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.
- 5 'There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore :
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Thro' our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all ;
Of Whom, the Father ; and in Whom, the Son ;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

From "The Children's Service Book" (Skeffington), by permission.

GERMAN.

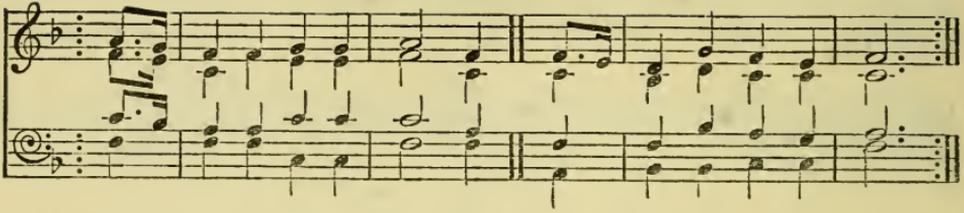
Rev. C. J. RIDSDALE.

Organ only.

O Je sus, Je sus, God and Man !

For love of &c.

- 1 O JESUS ! God and Man !
For love of children once a Child !
O Jesus ! God and Man !
We hail Thee, Saviour, sweet and mild.
- 2 O Jesus ! God and Man !
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for eternity.
- 3 O Jesus ! Mary's Son !
On Thee for grace we children call ;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.
- 4 O Jesus ! bless our work,
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive ;
O happy, happy they,
Who in the Church of Jesus live !
- 5 O God, most Great and Good,
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who so rememberest us always. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 271. Church Hymns, 450.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend !
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near :
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me—
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will :
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul !

4 O let me see Thy Features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake ;
The look that beamed on Peter
When he Thy Name denied ;
The look that draws Thy lovers
Close to Thy pierced Side.

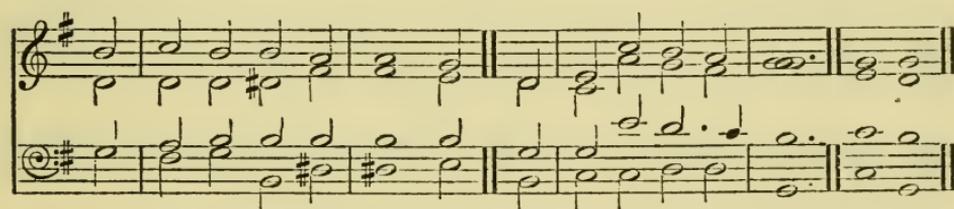
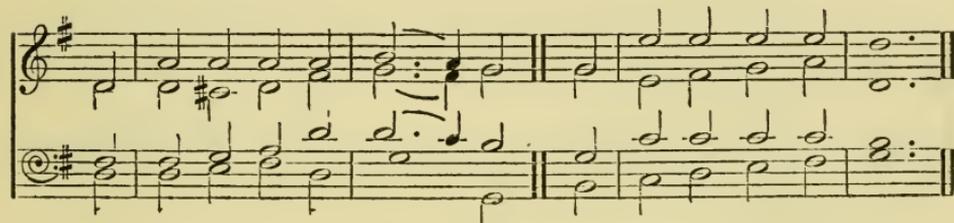
5 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me Grace to follow
My Master and my Friend !

6 O let me see Thy Foot-marks,
And in them plant my own ;
My hope to follow duly,
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour, and my Friend. Amen.

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CHENIES.

REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



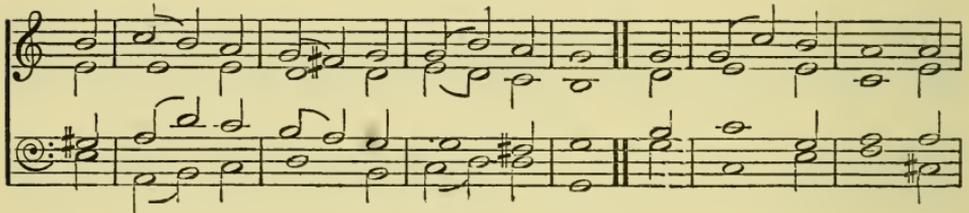
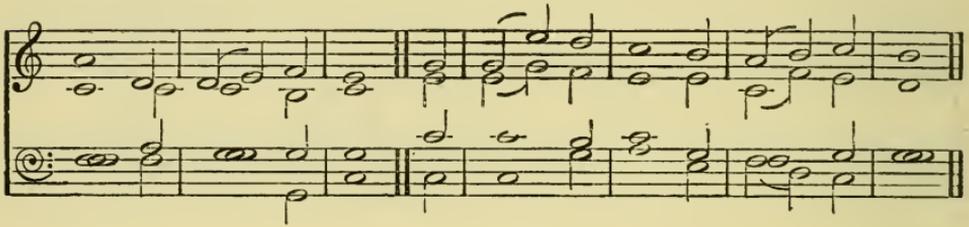
Or, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 198. *Church Hymns*, 450.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O JESU, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er :
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,
 His Name and Sign who bear,
 Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there.</p> | <p>2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
 And lo ! that Hand is scarred
 And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
 And tears Thy Face have marred ;
 O love, that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait !
 O sin, that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate !</p> |
| <p>3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 "I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
 We open now the door :
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us never more. Amen.</p> | |

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NEW RADNOR.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.



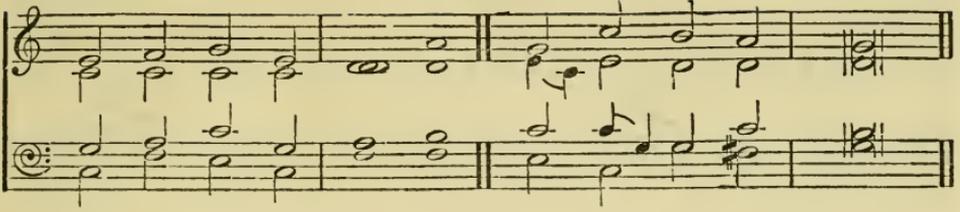
1 O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care,
Thro' all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn,
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, Who once in time wast slain, [woe ;
Pierced through and through with bitter
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, Who didst that ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise,
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, Who once o'er yonder skies,
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 346 in F.; 107; and 194.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O MY Saviour, lifted
From the earth for me,
Draw me, in Thy mercy,
Nearer unto Thee.</p> <p>2 Lift my earth-bound longings,
Fix them, Lord, above :
Draw me with the magnet
Of Thy mighty love.</p> <p>3 Lord, Thine Arms are stretching
Ever far and wide,</p> | <p>To enfold Thy children
To Thy loving Side.</p> <p>4 And I come, O Jesus :—
Dare I turn away ?
No ! Thy love hath conquered,
And I come to-day.</p> <p>5 Bringing all my burdens,
Sorrow, sin, and care,
At Thy Feet I lay them,
And I leave them there. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

S. STEPHEN.

79

JONES OF NAYLAND.

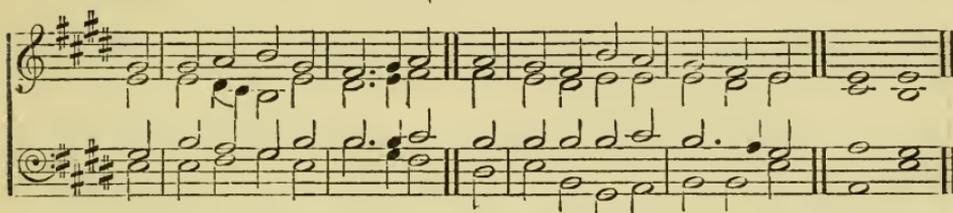
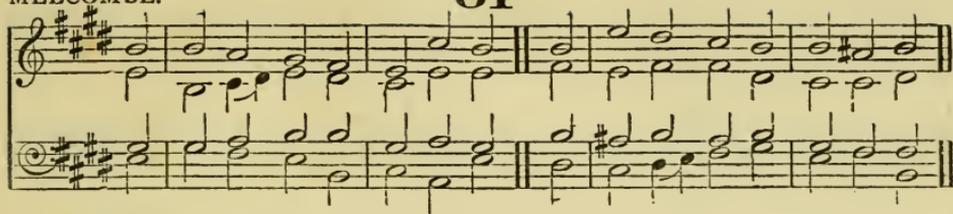


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious Life He gave ;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.</p> <p>2 " One Offering, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say !
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.</p> <p>3 For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the Mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood ;</p> | <p>4 Our Priest and Victim, adding nought
To His Atonement's power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.</p> <p>5 His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal Throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its Presence to His own.</p> <p>6 And so we show Thy Death, O Lord,
Till Thou again appear ;
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
We have an Altar here. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 391. Church Hymns, 480.

- 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.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before !
- 2 At the Sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee !
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory !
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
- 3 Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;

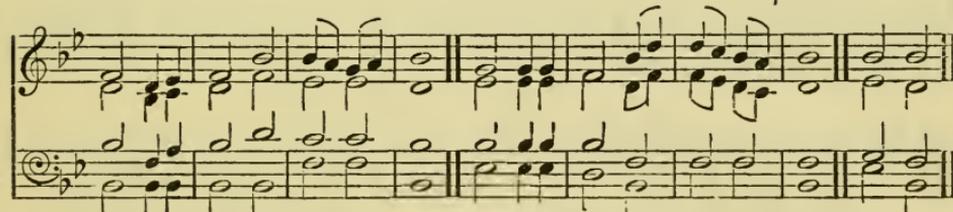
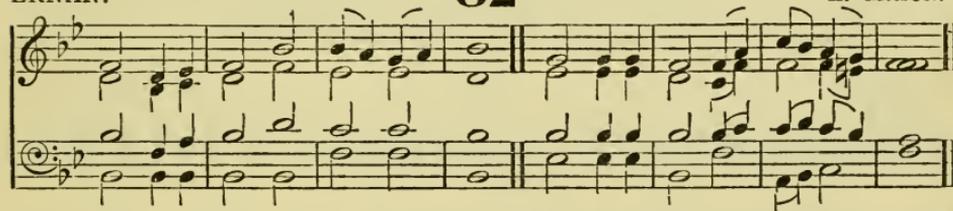
- We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain :
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, Christian soldiers, &c
- 5 Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song ;
 Glory, praise, and honour
 Unto Christ the King ;
 This through countless ages
 Men and Angels sing.
 Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
 Amen.



- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;

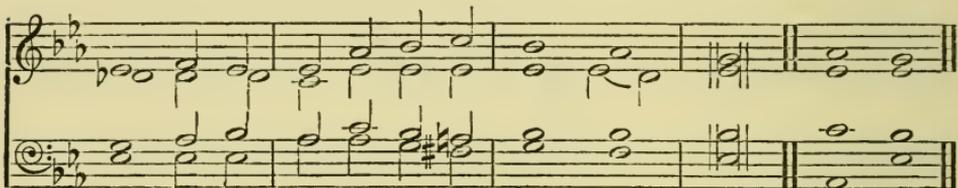
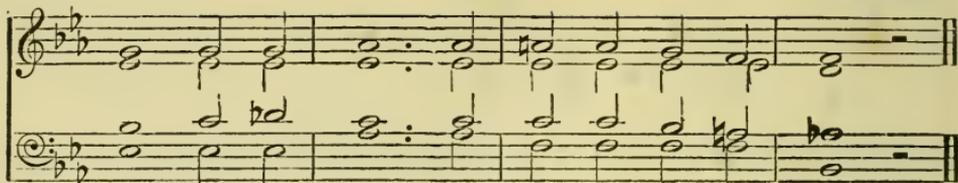
Souls without strength inspire with might :
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations : far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

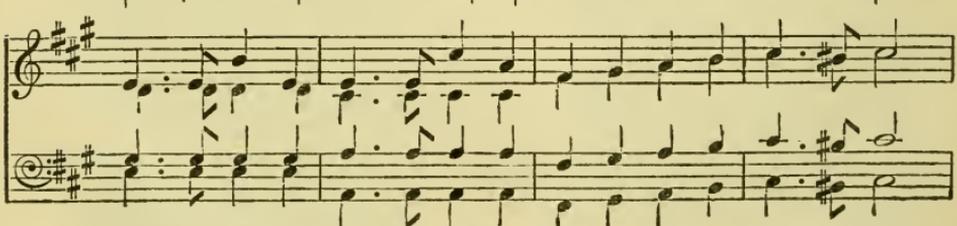
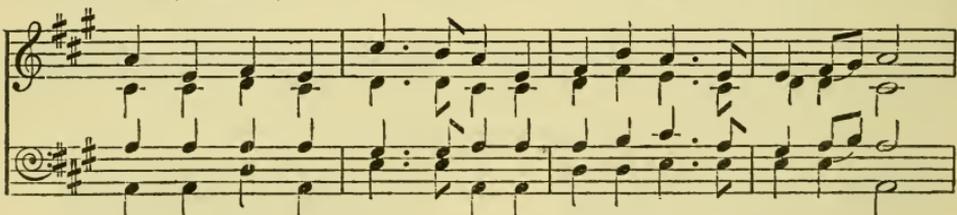


Or, Tunes 5, 7, 58, and 81.

- 1 O THOU, Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glist'ning dew Divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love ;
- 2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.
- 3 Give those, who teach, pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer ;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise Thy people there.
- 4 Give those, who learn, the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.
- 5 O bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.
- 6 If thus, good Lord, Thy Grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality. Amen.



- 1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
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, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.





Or, Tune 18. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 298. Church Hymns, 484 and 69.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His Feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in His faithfulness.

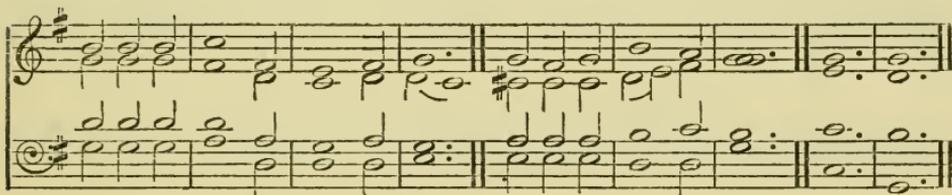
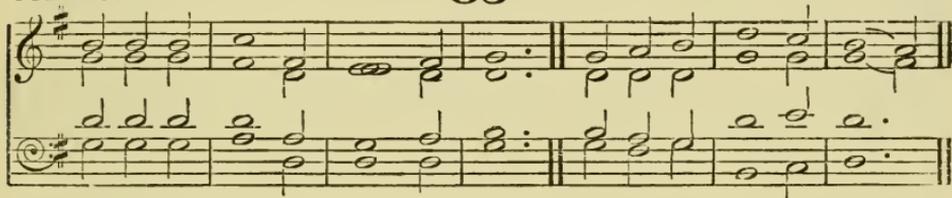
3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His Hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

COLYTON.

85

ANON.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 172 and 450.

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

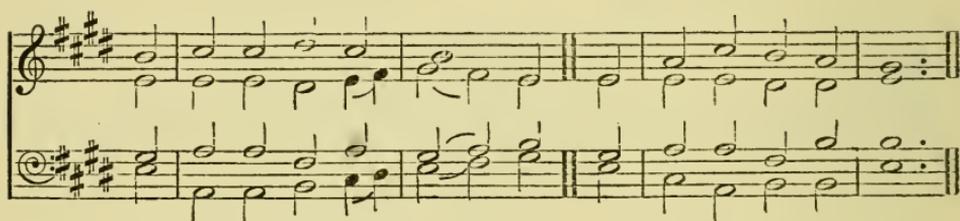
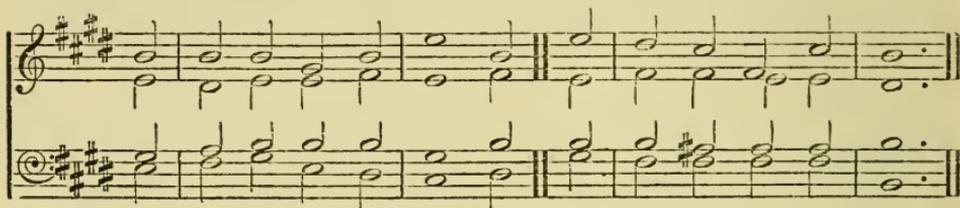
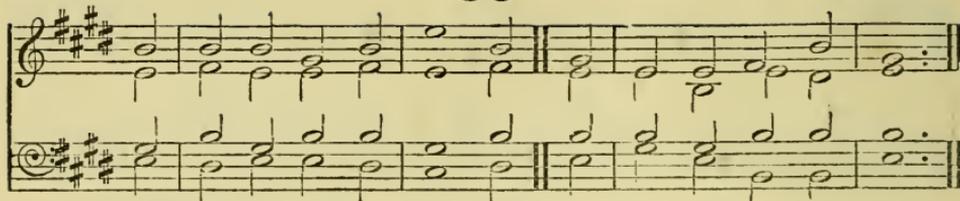
3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

5 O generous love ! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo ;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

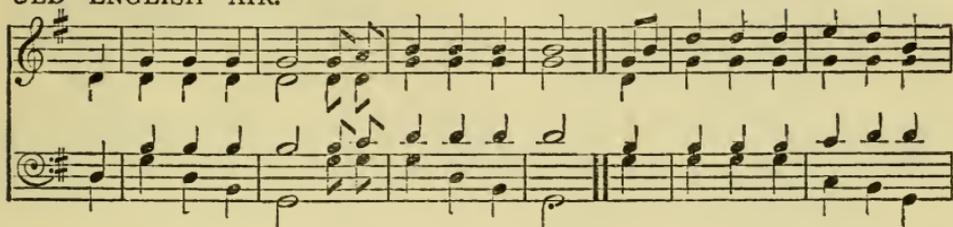


Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 228.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 REDEEMED, restored, forgiven
 Through Jesu's precious Blood,
 Heirs of His home in heaven,
 O praise our pardoning God !
 Praise Him in tuneful measures
 Who gave His Son to die ;
 Praise Him Whose sevenfold treasures
 Enrich and sanctify !</p> | <p>3 Dear Master, Thine the glory
 Of each recovered soul ;
 Ah ! who can tell the story
 Of love that made us whole ?
 Not ours, not ours the merit ;
 Be Thine alone the praise,
 And ours a thankful spirit
 To serve Thee all our days.</p> |
| <p>2 Once on the dreary mountain
 We wandered far and wide,
 Far from the cleansing Fountain,
 Far from the pierced Side ;
 But Jesus sought and found us
 And washed our guilt away ;
 With cords of love He bound us
 To be His own for aye.</p> | <p>4 Now keep us, Holy Saviour,
 In Thy true love and fear ;
 And grant us of Thy favour
 The grace to persevere ;
 Till, in Thy new creation,
 Earth's time-long travail o'er,
 We find our full salvation,
 And praise Thee evermore. Amen</p> |

From "Sacred Songs and Solos" by permission.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.



- 1 Rejoice and be glad ! The Redeemer has come !
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him Who was slain ;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth again.
- 2 Rejoice and be glad ! it is sunshine at last !
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.
- 3 Rejoice and be glad ; for the Blood hath been shed !
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.
- 4 Rejoice and be glad ! now the pardon is free !
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
- 5 Rejoice and be glad ; for the Lamb That was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
- 6 Rejoice and be glad ! our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us, on His throne in the sky.
- 7 Rejoice and be glad ! for He cometh again ;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb That was slain.
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him Who was slain ;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He cometh again.
Amer.

From "Sacred Songs and Solos" by permission.

CHORUS.

1 RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying ;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive ;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently ;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that Grace can restore ;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide ;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them ;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, &c. Amen.

From "Sacred Songs and Solos" by permission.

S. THOMAS.

Or, Tunes 13 and 91. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 395 (2).

- 1 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty Arm make bare ;
Speak with the Voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death ;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty Breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;

- And hungering for the Bread of Life,
Oh may our spirits be.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name ;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
 - 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers ;
The glory shall be all Thine Own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours ! Amen.

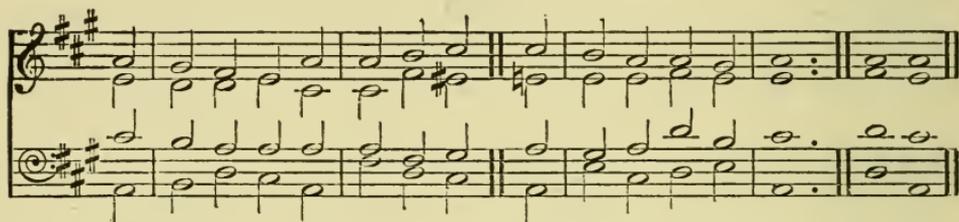
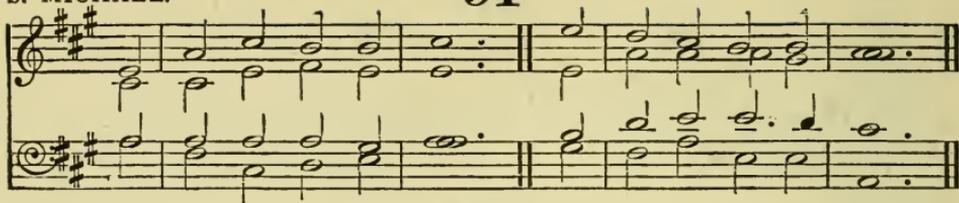
DISMISSAL.

90

ANON.

Or, Tunes 17, 53, and 113.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling :
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine 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. Amen.

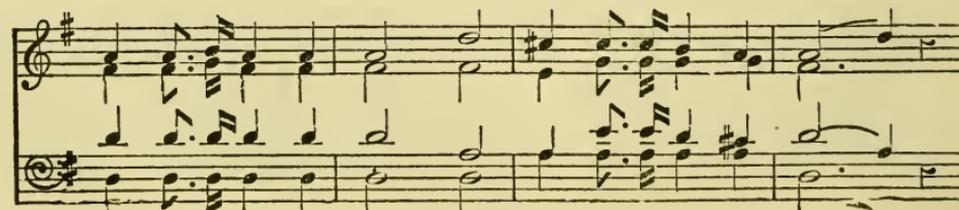
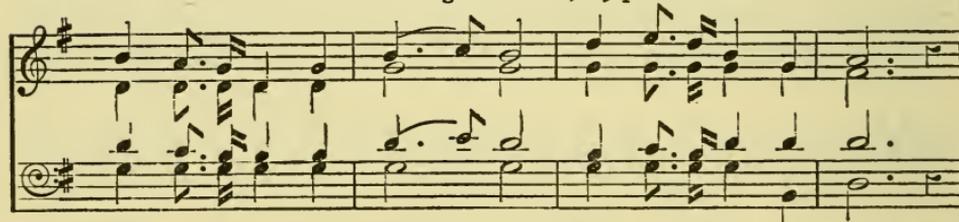


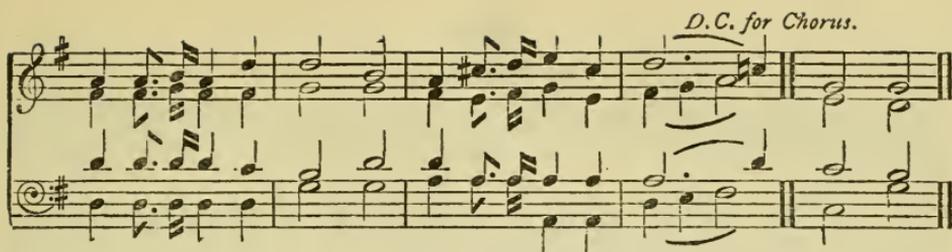
Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 180.

- 1 Room for the wanderer, room !
The gates stand open wide ;
Hasten, ere falls the midnight gloom,
To Jesus Crucified.
- 2 Room in the Church below ;
Room in the Church above !
Room for the souls who long to know
The depth of Jesu's love !
- 3 Room for earth's toilworn sons,
Faint with the noontide heat,

- Room for the Father's little ones :
Rest for the weary feet !
- 4 Room in that City bright,
That City up above,
Where Saints, in robes of purest white,
For ever sing His Love !
- 5 God's message rings sublime,
Its voice let all obey :
Lo, this is the accepted time ;
Lo, this is Mercy's day ! Amen.

From "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.





1 SAFE in the Arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle Breast,
There by His Love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of Angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the Arms of Jesus, &c.

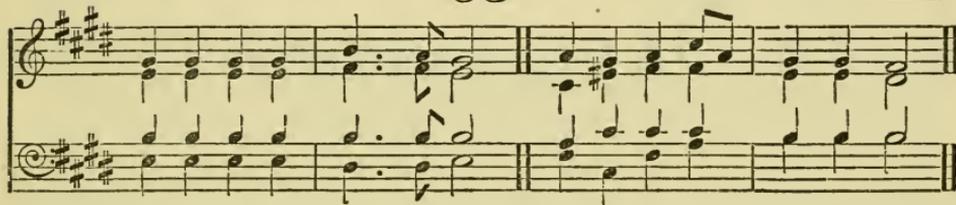
2 Safe in the Arms of Jesus,
Safe from corrodng care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the Arms of Jesus, &c.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the Arms of Jesus, &c.
Amen.

93

From MOZART.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 105 and 260.

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

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need ;
God, be merciful to me.

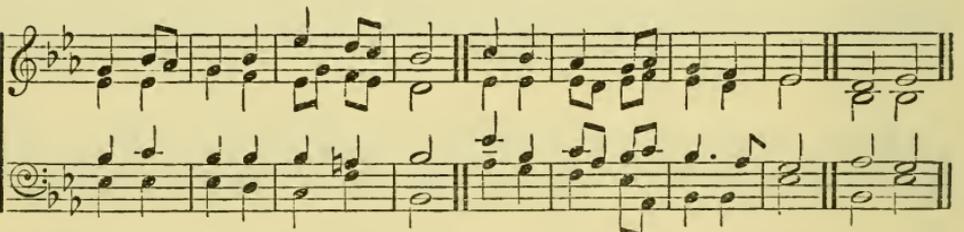
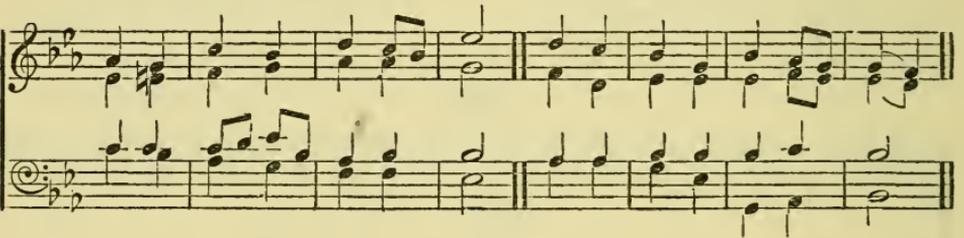
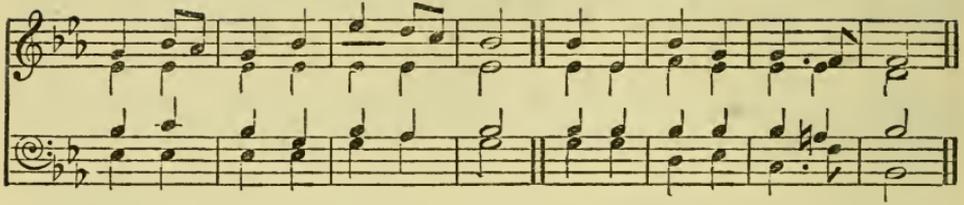
3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee ;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs :
God, be merciful to me.

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. Amen.

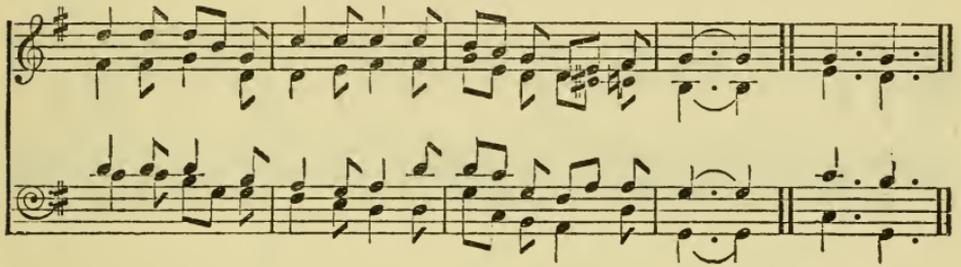
From "S. Albans' Tune Book," by permission.



Or, Tune 46. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 251. *Church Hymns*, 396.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why:
 God, Who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live!
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own Hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love, and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why:
 God, Who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself, that ye might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will you slight His grace and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why:
 He, Who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace His love:
 Will you not His grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?
- 4 Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin:
 Dead to God, while here you breathe.
 Pant ye after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die? Amen.



Or, Tune 91. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 270.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
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 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,
A crown of joy at last.
- 6 Jesu, Eternal Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

SAMARIA.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D D.



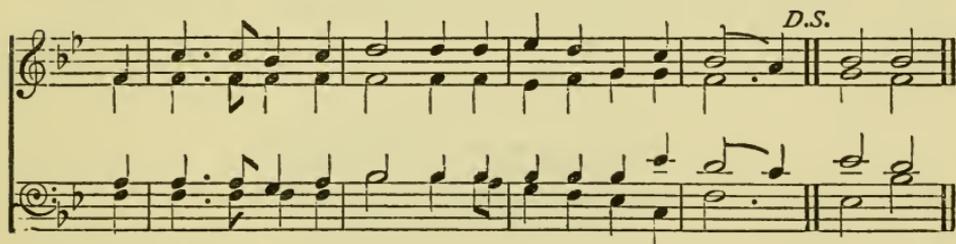
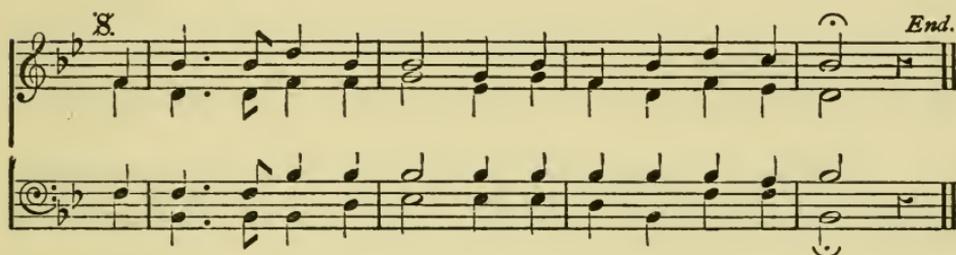
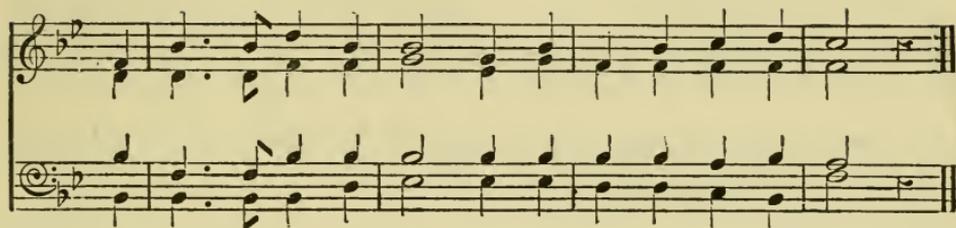
Or, Tunes 19 and 48. Hymns Ancient and Modern, 76.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?</p> <p>2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet ?</p> <p>3 It is God : His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems :
'Tis our Father : and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.</p> <p>4 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.</p> <p>5 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.</p> | <p>6 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in His Blood.</p> <p>7 There is Grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper Home of bliss.</p> <p>8 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind !
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.</p> <p>9 There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.</p> <p>10 Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,
And, oh ! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.</p> |
|--|--|

¶ If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His Word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

TINTERN.

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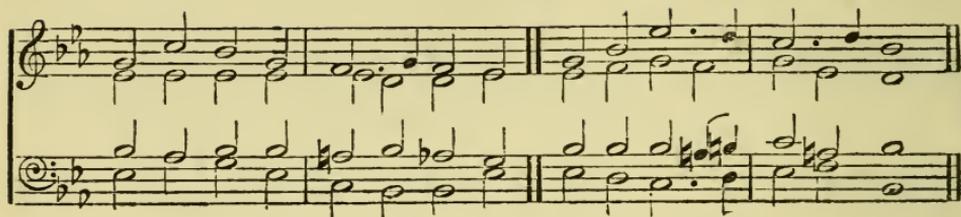


1 STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss ;
 From vict'ry unto vict'ry
 His army shall He lead :
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The trumpet call obey !
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day !
 "Quit you like men," and serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

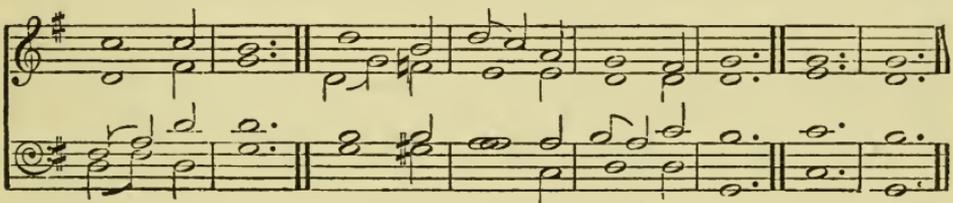
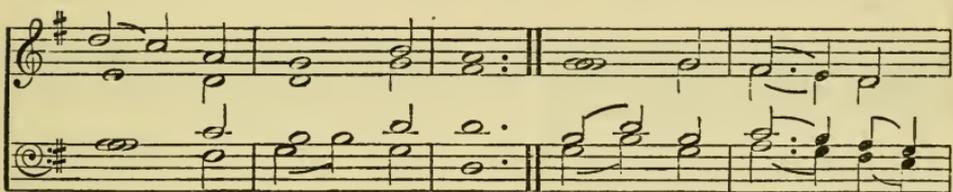
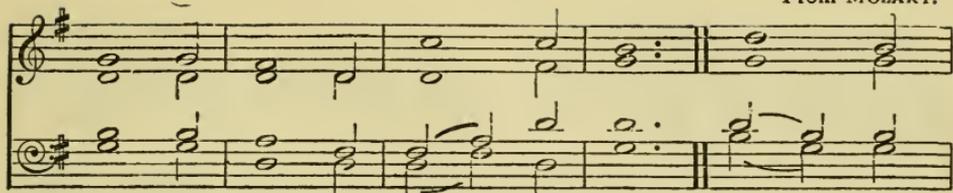
3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone :
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own :
 Put on the Gospel armour,
 And watching unto prayer,
 When duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song :
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be !
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 109.

- 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.
- 2 Here I rest, in wonder viewing,
Mercy poured in streams of Blood !
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His Feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His Death.
- 4 Lord ! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my thankful heart on Thee ;
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see. Amen.



- 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 heart, it is Thine Own,
It shall be Thy royal Throne ;
Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine.
- 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. Amen

First Tune.

KATE HANKEY.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and a half note D5 with a fermata. The middle staff is a treble clef with a more active melody, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, and includes several 'v' (accents) and a sharp sign. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a simple accompaniment of chords and single notes.

The second system of the musical score continues the three-staff format. The top staff continues the melody with a half note E5 and a quarter note D5. The middle staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including several 'v' (accents). The bottom staff continues the accompaniment with chords and single notes.

From "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.

Second Tune.

The first system of the second tune consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of chords, starting with a half note G4 and a quarter note A4. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a simple accompaniment of chords and single notes.

The second system of the second tune continues the two-staff format. The top staff continues the chordal melody with a half note B4 and a quarter note C5. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment with chords and single notes.



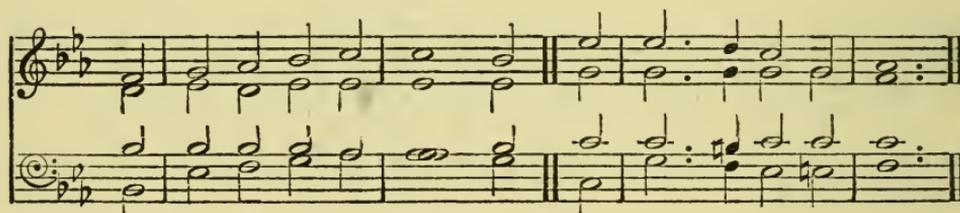
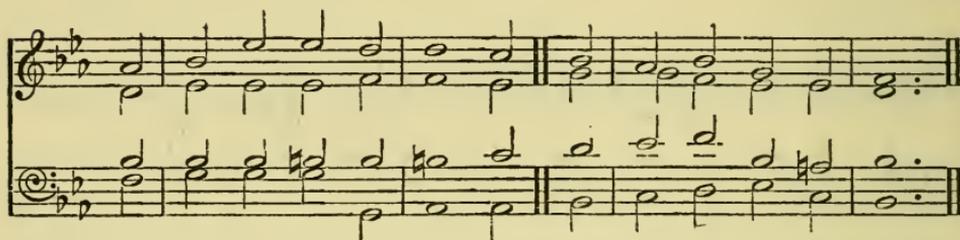
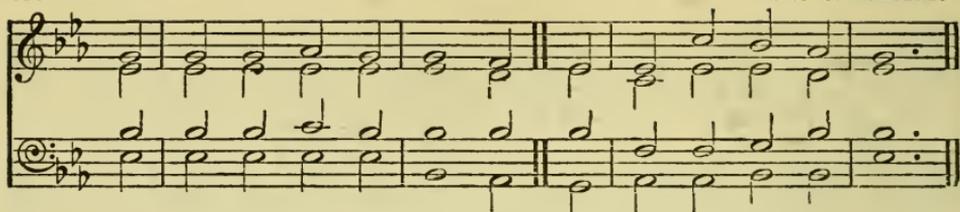
- 1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin,
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon ;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave,
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that story always
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole.
Amen.

At the end of each verse with Second
Tune, add :

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His Love.



- 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 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppress,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest ;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up " How long ?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

102

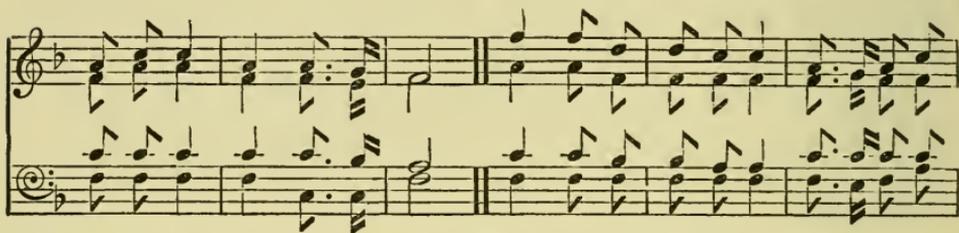
ANON.



- 1 THERE is a Fountain filled with Blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel'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 may I, though vile as he,
 Wash 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 :
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

(The following may be sung at the end of each verse :)

I do believe, I will believe,
 That Jesus died for me ;
 That on the Cross He shed His Blood
 From sin to set me free.



- 1 THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away ;
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day,
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free ;
 Lord, we shall live with Thee !
 Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye ;
 Kept by a Father's Hand,
 Love cannot die.
 On then to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun
 We'll reign for aye. Amen.



- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
We are marching through Emmanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound ;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er :
Not death's cold stream, nor Jordan's flood
Should fright us from the shore.
- 5 O Jesu, make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy fears that rise ;
Show us the Canaan that we love,
With faith's unclouded eyes. Amen.

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LIFE FOR A LOOK.

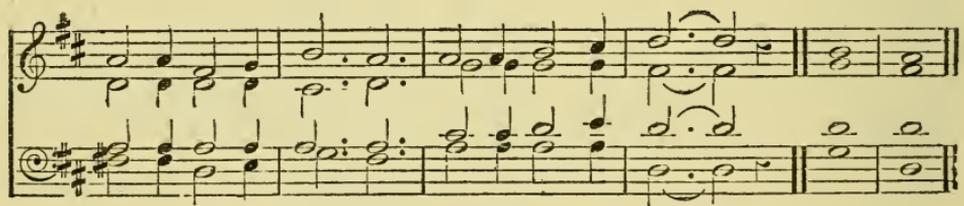
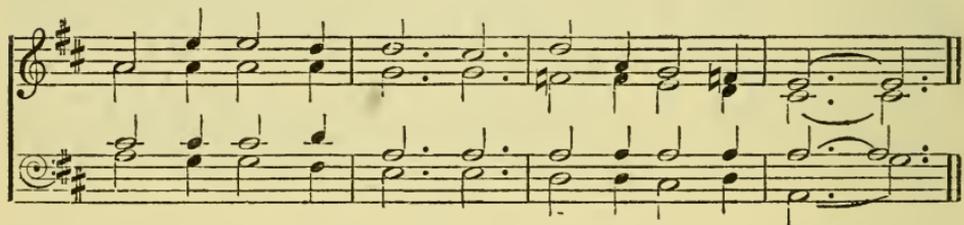
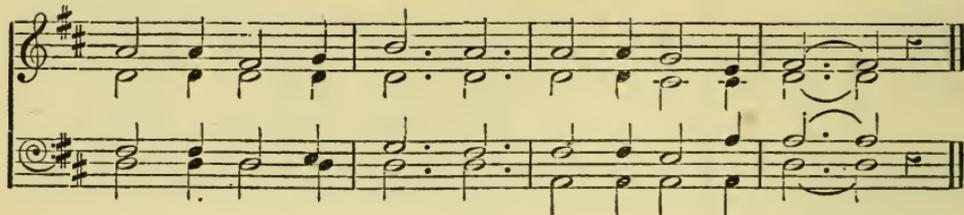
The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Life for a Look'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and bar lines. The final system concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in both staves.

- 1 THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved ;
Unto Him Who was nailed to the Tree.
- 2 Oh ! why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Him all thy sins were not laid ?
Oh ! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing Blood,
If His dying thy debt hath not paid ?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But the Blood that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, Who shed It, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 His anguish of Soul on the Cross hast thou seen ?
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred ?
- 5 There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee !
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him Who was nailed to the Tree. Amen.

From "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.



- 1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold ;
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold,
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
 Are they not enough for Thee?" [Mine
 But the Shepherd made answer : " This of
 Has wandered away from Me ;
 And although the road be rough and steep,
 I go to the desert to find My sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed ;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
 passed through
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry,
 Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those Blood-drops all
 the way,
 That mark out the mountain's track ?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone
 astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord ! whence are Thy Hands so rent
 and torn ?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a
 thorn."
- 5 And all through the mountains, thunder
 riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice ! I have found My sheep!"
 And the Angels echoed around the Throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
 own !" Amen.



1 **THOSE** eternal Bowers
 Man hath never trod,
 Those unfading flowers
 Round the Throne of God ;
 Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight ?
 Who at length attain them
 Clad in robes of white ?

2 He, who gladly barter
 All on earthly ground ;
 He who, like the Martyrs,
 Says " I will be crowned ;"
 He, whose one oblation
 Is a life of love ;
 Clinging to the nation
 Of the Blest above.

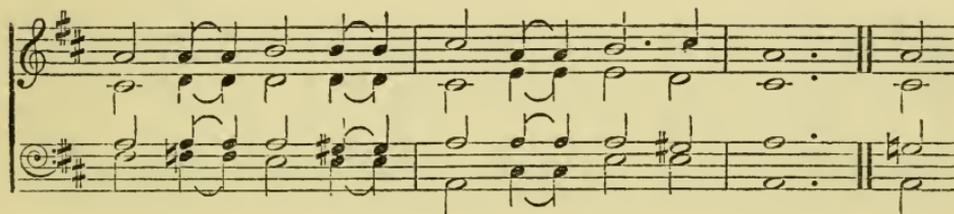
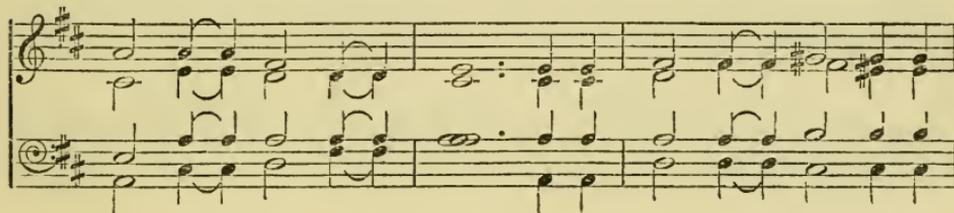
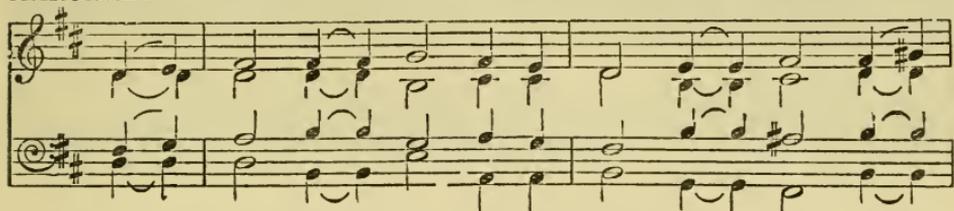
3 Shame upon you, legions
 Of the heavenly King,
 Denizens of regions
 Past imagining !
 What ! with pipe and tabor
 Fool away the light,
 When He bids you labour—
 When He tells you—" Fight !"

4 While I do my duty,
 Struggling through the tide,
 Whisper Thou of beauty
 On the other side !
 Tell me not the story
 Of *this* world's distress,
 Oh ! the future glory !
 Oh ! the loveliness ! Amen.

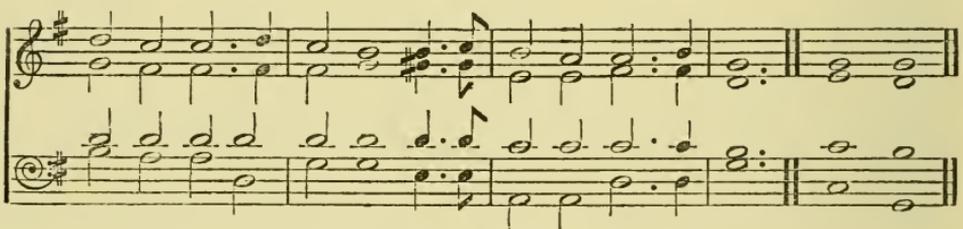
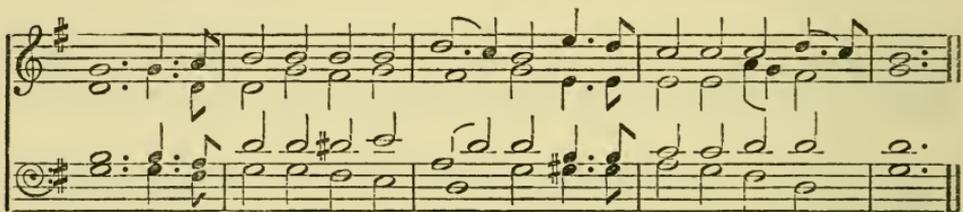
From "North Coates Supplemental Tune Book," by permission.

MARGARET.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

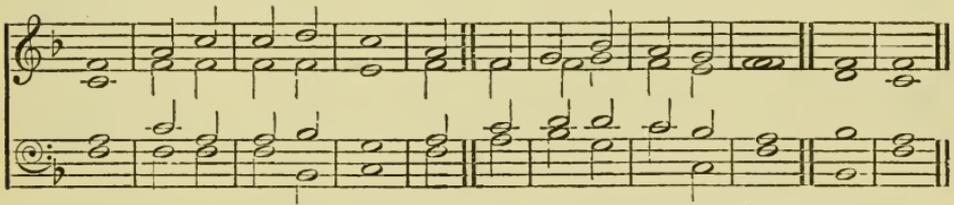
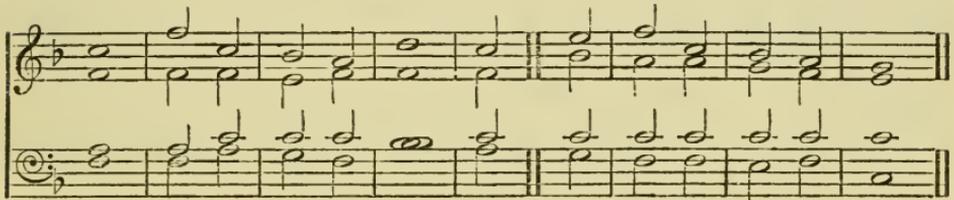
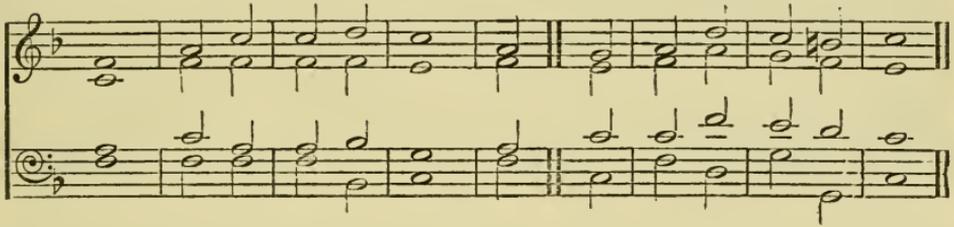
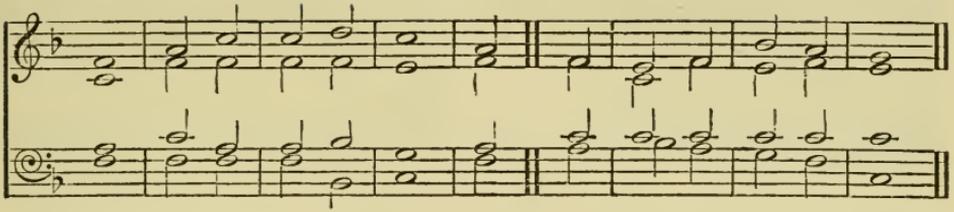


- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THOU didst leave Thy Throne and Thy
kingly Crown
When Thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found
For Thy holy Nativity : [no room
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.</p> | <p>3 The foxes found rest, and the bird had its
In the shade of the cedar tree ; [nest
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of
In the desert of Galilee : [God,
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.</p> |
| <p>2 Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree ;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility ;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.</p> | <p>4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy people free :
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of
thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary :
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.</p> |
| <p>5 When the heavens shall ring, and the Angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy Voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My Side for Thee :"
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee. Amen.</p> | |



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 274 and 76.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.</p> | <p>3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.</p> |
| <p>2 One the Light of God's Own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :
One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :</p> | <p>4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.</p> |



1 To-day Thy mercy calls us
 To wash away our sin,
 However great our trespass,
 Whatever we have been ;
 However long from mercy
 Our hearts have turned away,
 Thy precious Blood can cleanse us,
 And make us white to-day.

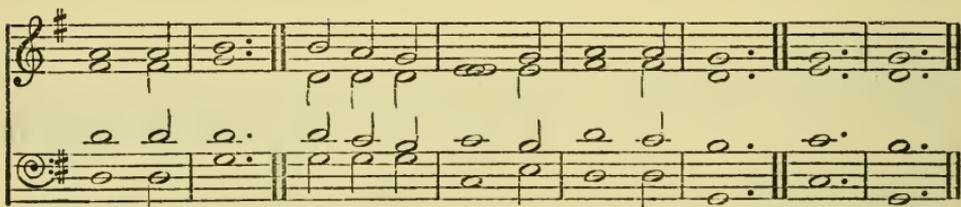
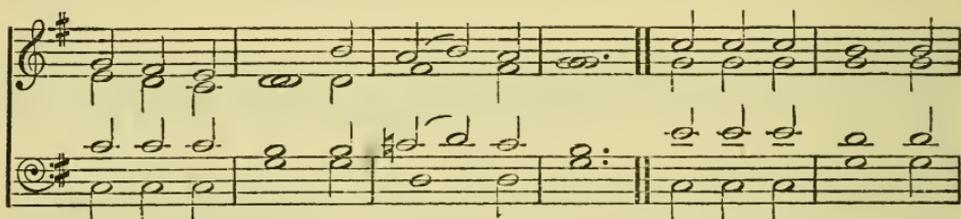
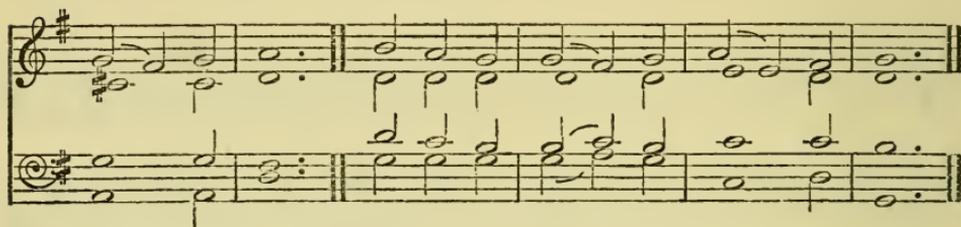
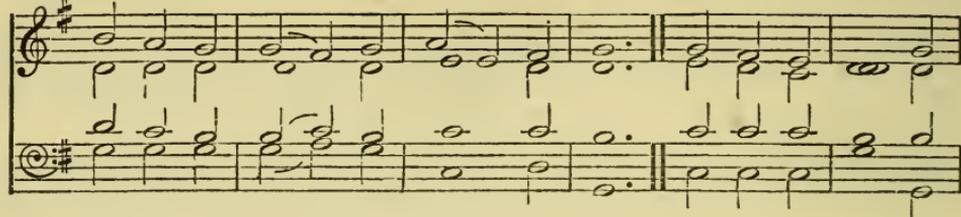
2 To-day Thy gate is open,
 And all who enter in
 Shall find a Father's welcome,
 And pardon for their sin.
 The past shall be forgotten,
 A present joy be given,
 A future grace be promised,
 A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
 His Holy Spirit waits ;
 His blessed Angels gather
 Around the heavenly gates ;
 No question will be asked us
 How often we have come ;
 Although we oft have wandered,
 It is our Father's Home !

4 O all-embracing mercy !
 O ever open door !
 What should we do without Thee
 When heart and eye run o'er ?
 When all things seem against us,
 To drive us to despair,
 We know one gate is open,
 One Ear will hear our prayer !

Amen.

S. FINBAR.



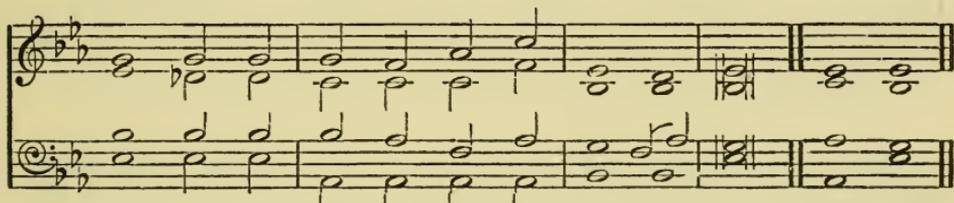
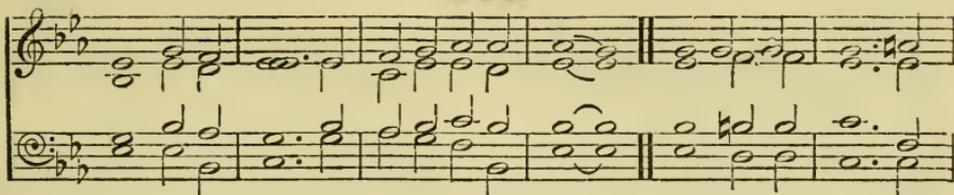
1 VICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim
 While thus Thy precious death we show ;
 Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
 In Thy great temple here below,
 Thou didst for all mankind atone,
 And standest now before the Throne.

2 Thou standest in the holiest Place,
 As now for guilty sinners slain ;
 Thy Blood of sprinkling speaks and prays,
 All-prevalent for helpless man ;
 Thy Blood is still our Ransom found,
 And spreads salvation all around.

3 The smoke of Thy Atonement here
 Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
 Made the new way to Heaven appear,
 And showed the Great Invisible ;
 Well pleased in Thee, our God looked down,
 And called His rebels to a Crown.

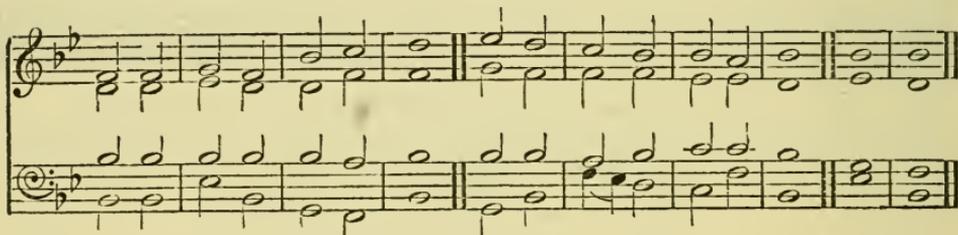
4 He still respects Thy Sacrifice,
 Its Savour sweet doth always please ;
 The Offering smokes through earth and skies
 Diffusing life, and joy, and peace ;
 To these Thy lower courts It comes,
 And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to Heaven,
 To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
 Thou art to all already given,
 Thou dost e'en now Thy Banquet crown :
 To every faithful soul appear,
 And show Thy Real Presence here. Amen.



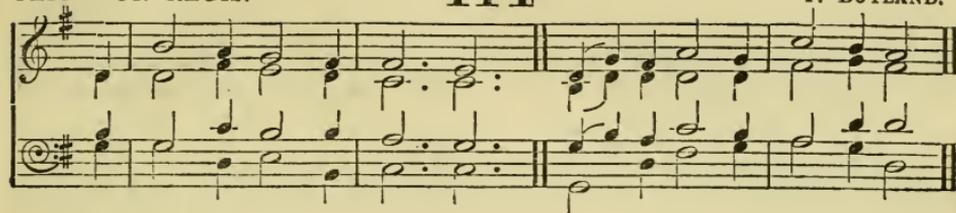
Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 252 and 27.

- 1 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me, "Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy Land ?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear ?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.
- 5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord ;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown ;
Mine the life won, and Thine the Lie laid down.
- 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.



Or, Tunes 3 and 53.

- 1 WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear Wounds of His :
Sink into the purple flood ;
Rise into the Life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown ;
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan :
Rise, exalted by His fall ;
Find in Christ your All in all
- 3 O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given !
Ye may now be happy too ;
Find on earth the life of heaven :
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed ;
God's first gracious promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind :
Blest in Christ this moment be !
Blest to all eternity ! Amen



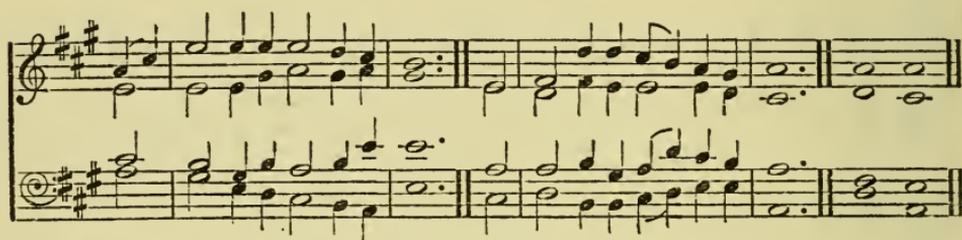
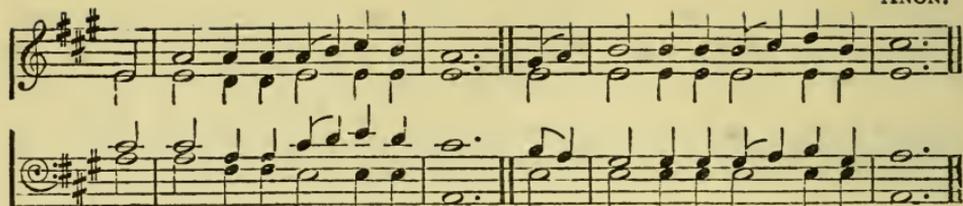
- 1 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 Just because we need Thee so ;
 None need Thee more than we do—
 None are half so vile or low.
 O bountiful salvation !
 O life eternal won !
 O plentiful redemption !
 O Blood of Mary's Son !
- 2 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 None will have us, Lord, save Thee,
 And we want none but Jesus,
 And His grace that makes us free.
 O bountiful salvation ! &c.
- 3 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 For our sins are worse than ever ;
 Dear Shepherd of the outcast !
 But Thy patience wearies never.
 O bountiful salvation ! &c.
- 4 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 With our broken faith again ;
 We know Thou wilt forgive us,
 Nor upbraid us, nor complain.
 O bountiful salvation ! &c.

- 5 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 It is love that makes us come ;
 We are certain of our welcome,
 Of our Father's welcome home.
 O bountiful salvation ! &c.
- 6 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 Fear brings us in our need ;
 For Thy Hand never breaketh
 Not the frailest bruised head.
 O bountiful salvation ! &c.
- 7 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 For to whom, Lord, can we go ?
 The words of life eternal
 From Thy Lips for ever flow.
 O bountiful salvation ! &c.
- 8 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !
 And Thou wilt not ask us why ;
 We cannot live without Thee,
 And still less without Thee die.
 O bountiful salvation ! &c.

Amen

115

ANON.

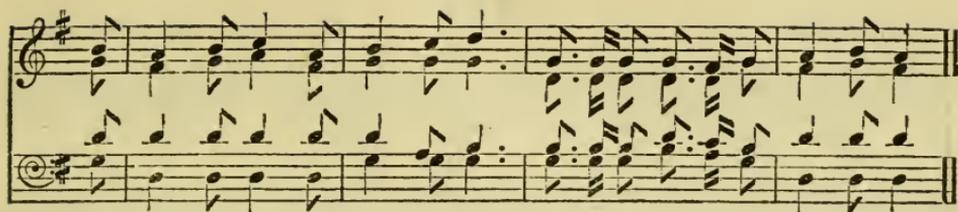


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there ?</p> <p>2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there ?</p> <p>3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there ?</p> | <p>4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise ;
But what must it be to be there ?</p> <p>5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above ;
But what must it be to be there ?</p> <p>6 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

116

From "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.





1 WHAT means this eager anxious throng
 Pressing our busy streets along—
 These wondrous gatherings day by day?
 What means this strange commotion pray?
 Voices in accents hushed reply,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

2 E'en children feel the potent spell,
 And haste their new-found joy to tell;
 In crowds they to the place repair,
 Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
 Hosannas mingle with the cry,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

3 Jesus; 'tis He Who once below
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
 And burdened hearts, where'er He came,
 Brought out their sick and deaf and lame.
 Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

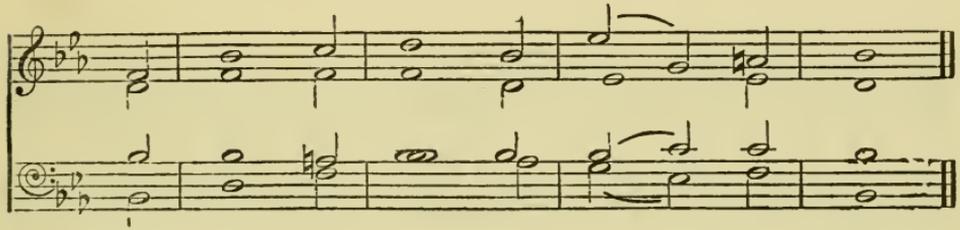
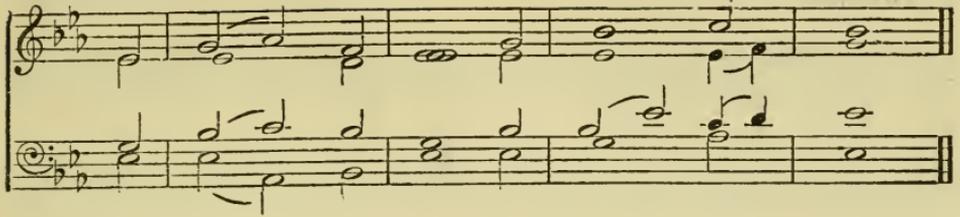
4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home:
 Lost wanderers from a Father's Face,
 Return, accept His proffered grace!
 Ye tempted! there's a refuge nigh,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”

5 But if you still this call refuse,
 And dare such wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:
 “Too late! too late!” will be the cry,
 “Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*” Amen.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support through chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 245.

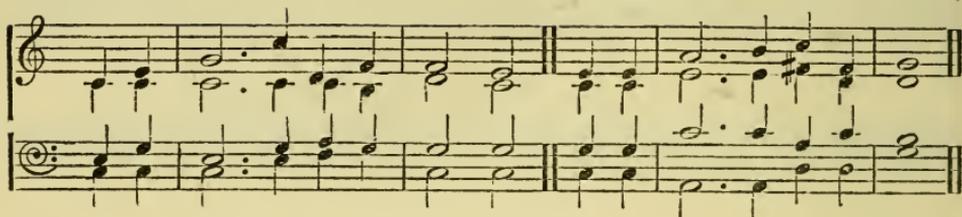
- 1 WHEN at Thy Footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.
- 2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye :
Think of the Blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that Blood my pardon buy.
- 3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy Hand ;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.
- 4 O think upon Thy holy Word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.
- 5 O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine ;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.
- 6 Thine Eye, Thine Ear, they are not dull ;
Thine Arm can never shortened be ;
Behold me here ; my heart is full ;
Behold, and spare, and succour me. Amen.



- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

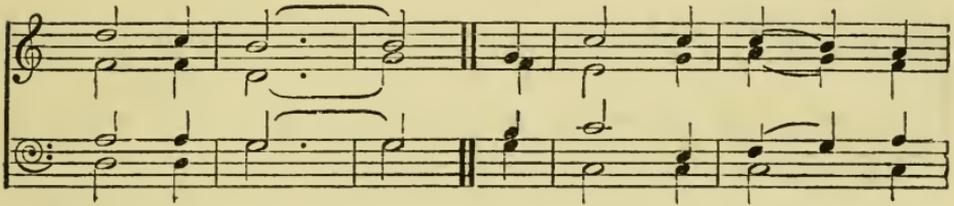
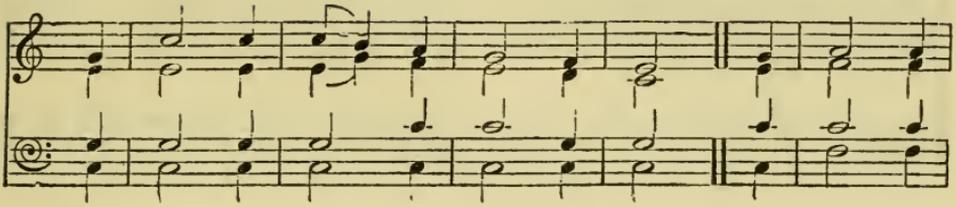
- 3 See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

- 5 To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.



Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 427.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia, hark ! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.</p> | <p>4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified :
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.</p> |
| <p>2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness ?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand ?
Whence came all this glorious band ?</p> | <p>5 These, like priests, have watched and
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still ;
Now in God's most Holy Place
Blest they stand before His Face.</p> |
| <p>3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.</p> | <p>6 With that holy throng uniting,
Then what rapture shall be mine !
In the Sun's bright beams delighting
I, too, like the stars shall shine :
Lord, for this my voice shall raise
Thanks to Thee and endless praise.
Amen.</p> |

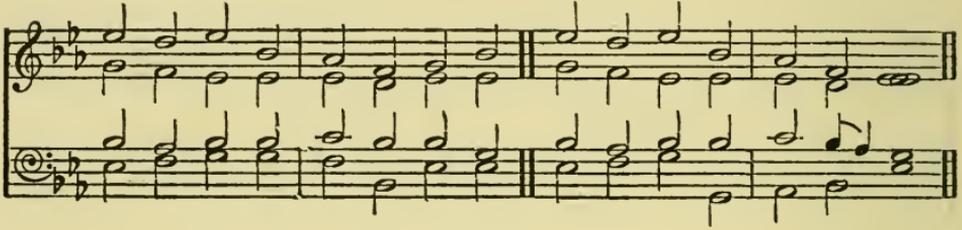
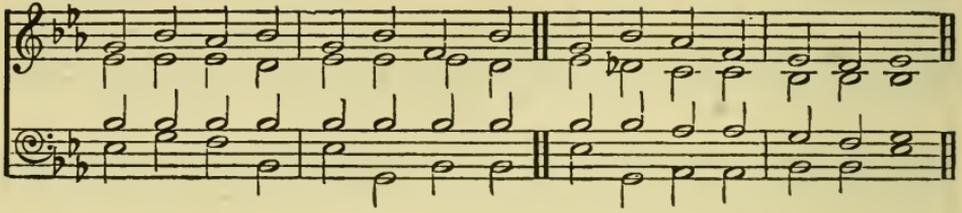


Or, Hymns Ancient and Modern, 221 and 238.

- 1 WITH Christ we share a mystic grave,
With Christ we buried lie ;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.
- 2 The pure and bright Baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain :
New creatures from the cleansing wave
With Christ we rise again.
- 3 Thrice blest, if through this world of sin.
And lust, and selfish care,
Our resurrection-mantle white
And undefiled we wear.
- 4 Thrice blest, if through the gate of Death,
Glorious at last and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O risen Lord, with Thee. Amen.

121 (1)

VESPER HYMN.



May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford. Amen.

OLD HUNDREDTH.

C. GOUDIMEL.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#). The music is written in a style characteristic of the 19th-century hymn tune, with a focus on chordal textures and simple melodic lines. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature remains D major. The music continues with similar chordal textures and melodic lines, maintaining the hymn's characteristic style. The notation includes various note values and rests, creating a steady and reverent atmosphere.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature remains D major. The music ends with a final chord and a double bar line, signifying the end of the hymn. The notation is clear and easy to read, suitable for a church service.

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. *Amen.*

LITANY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

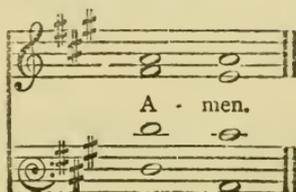
Rev. W. WANSTALL.

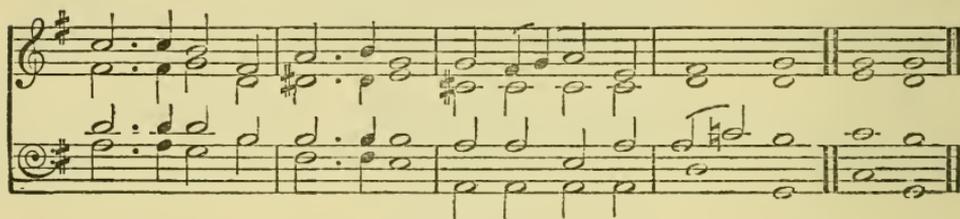
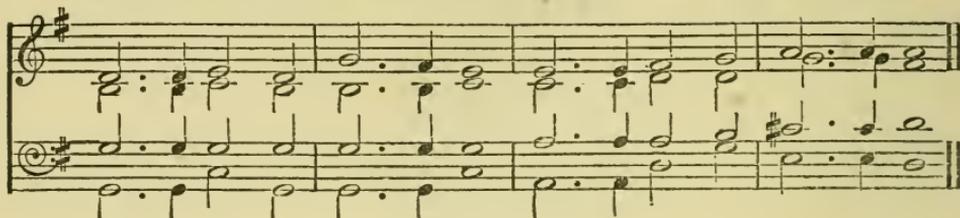
First and third parts.

Second part.

- (*First Part.*)
- 1 GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
See us kneeling at Thy Throne;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.
 - 2 Jesu, Who a little Child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
God and man hast reconciled;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
 - 3 Jesu, in a stable born,
On that wintry Christmas morn,
To the world a mark for scorn;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
 - 4 Jesu, Whom in midnight sky,
Angels welcomed with the cry,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 5 Jesu, Whom the shepherds greet,
Kneeling at Thine Infant Feet,
Finding there God's mercy-seat ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 6 Jesu, Whom the wise men sought,
And their richest offerings brought,
By a star divinely taught ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 7 Jesu, Who didst deign to flee,
In Thy earliest Infancy,
From King Herod's cruelty ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Jesu, Who didst all things make,
Yet obeyedst, for our sake,
Her whose nature Thou didst take ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 9 Jesu, Who hadst here to bear
Human sorrow, human care,
That Thou mightest with us share ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- (Second Part.) 10 From all vanity and pride,
Falsehoods told, and truth denied,
And from seeking faults to hide,
Keep us, Holy Jesu.
- 11 From much care for outward show,
From each angry word and blow,
And from joy at others' woe,
Keep us, Holy Jesu.
- 12 From refusing to obey,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Lest we from Thy Fold should stray,
Keep us, Holy Jesu.
- 13 That Thy Presence we may win,
From all thoughts and deeds of sin,
All that is not pure within,
Keep us, Holy Jesu.
- Third Part.) 14 By Thy coming here to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel,
Saving us from sin and hell,
Save us, Holy Jesu.
- 15 By Thy Childhood's early years,
By Thy Infant griefs and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.
- 16 By Thy Blood for us outpoured,
By Thy Name by all adored,
Save us, Jesu, God and Lord,
Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.





1 GOD the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne ;
 Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Life of those who die,
 Advocate with God on high,
 Hope of immortality,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

[Death.]

3 Thou, Whose Death to mortals gave
 Power to triumph o'er the grave,
 Living now from death to save,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

[Judgment.]

4 Thou, before Whose great white Thront
 All our doings must be shown,
 Pleading now for us Thine own,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

[Hell.]

5 Thou, Whose Death was borne that we,
 From the power of Satan free,
 Might not die eternally,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu.

[Heaven.]

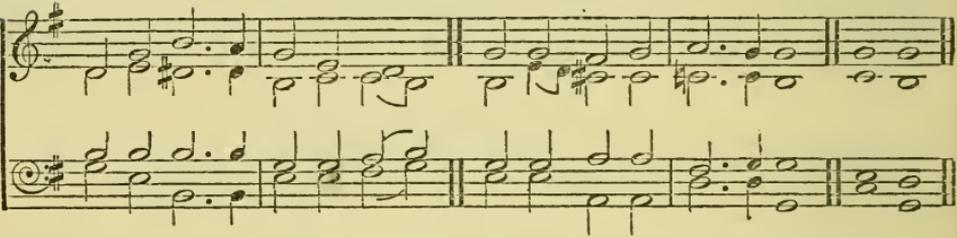
6 Thou, Who dost a place prepare,
 That in heavenly mansions fair
 Sinners may Thy glory share,
 Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.</p> <p>2 Christ, Whose Mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill,
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>3 Thou, Who leaving Crown and Throne
Camest here an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>4 Thou, with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy Feet,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>5 Thou, Whose saddened look did chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till in grief he wept and sighed ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>7 Thou, Who, hanging on the Tree,
To the thief said'st, "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me ;"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>8 Thou, Who on the Cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy Blood our stain,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>9 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>10 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our souls' offence,
And find truest penitence ;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>11 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy Face,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>12 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>13 That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>14 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore ;
We beseech Thee, Jesu. Amen</p> |
|--|--|

LITANY OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.

W. R. PULLEIN.



1 GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 By that hour of Agony,
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed, and crown of thorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 By Thy nailing to the Tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 By Thy seven Words then said,
By the bowing of Thy Head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

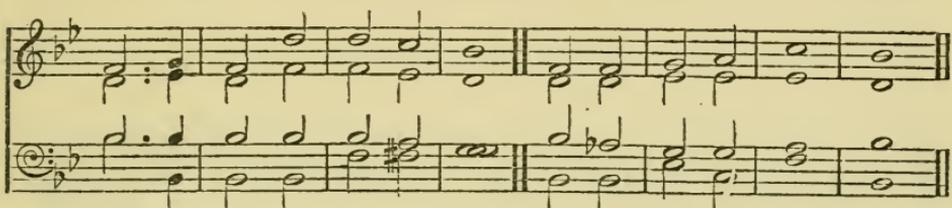
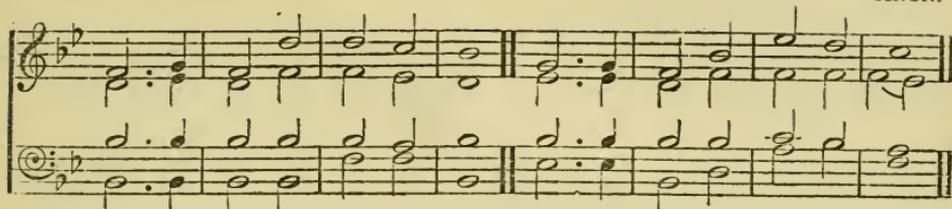
8 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

9 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss
But Thee only on Thy Cross :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

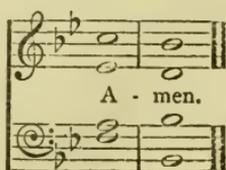
10 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past
We may see Thy Face at last :
Save us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

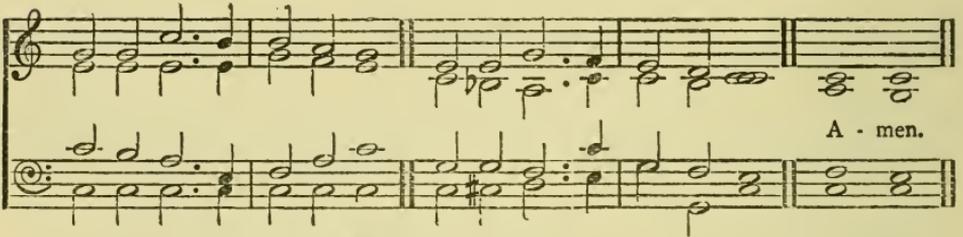
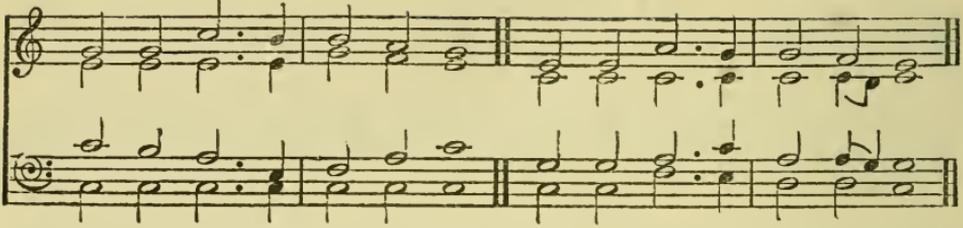
LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

ANON.



- 1 SPIRIT Blest, Who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One Eternal God and Lord,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 2 Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 3 Thou, by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 4 Thou, Who camest like a dove
From the opened skies above,
With the Father's power and love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 5 Thou, Whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 6 Thou, Whose power inspiring came,
Falling down like tongues of flame,
Where they met in Jesu's Name,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 7 Thou, Who yet the Church dost fill,
Making Jesus present still,
Showing us God's perfect will,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 8 Now Thy sevenfold gifts bestow :
Gifts of grace, our God to know.
Gifts of strength to quell the foe,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 9 Come, to raise up those that fall,
Leading back, with gentle call,
Those whose souls their sins entral,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 10 Come, to rescue us from ill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 11 Come, to show us all Thy way ;
Warn us when we go astray ;
Plead within us when we pray ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 12 Come, to bid our terrors cease ;
Come, to give our souls release ;
Come, to bid us go in peace ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 13 Come, to help the hearts that yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 14 Come, to strengthen all the weak ;
Give Thy courage to the meek ;
Teach our faltering tongues to speak
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 15 Come, Thou Fount of love and joy,
Bringing peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and dwell within our heart ;
Never more from thence depart,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 17 May we soon, from sin set free,
Rise our Father's Face to see,
Where Thy work shall perfect be !
Hear us, Holy Spirit.





1 GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, gathered in Thy Name,
Here Thy promised grace we claim ;
Thou, we know, art still the Same ;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 For Thy Church we pray to Thee,
Give her peace and unity,
From all error keep her free,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

4 Thou Who dost all hearts command,
Guide the rulers of our land,
That all wrong they may withstand,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

5 For Thy priests, dear Lord, we pray,
Be to them their Guide and stay,
Thou, the true and Living Way,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

6 All our loved ones we commend,
Lord, to Thee, man's truest Friend,
Guard and guide them to the end,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

7 Some on beds of sickness lie,
Some in want and hunger cry ;
Lord, their every need supply,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

8 Some are lonely, some are sad,
Some have lost what joy they had ;
With true comfort make them glad,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

9 Some are sunk in deadly sin
With no spark of love within ;
In their souls Thy work begin,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

10 Some have fallen from Thy grace,
Wearied in their heavenward race ;
May they yet their steps retrace,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

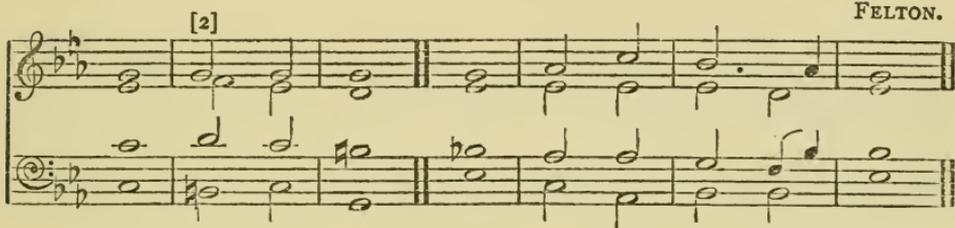
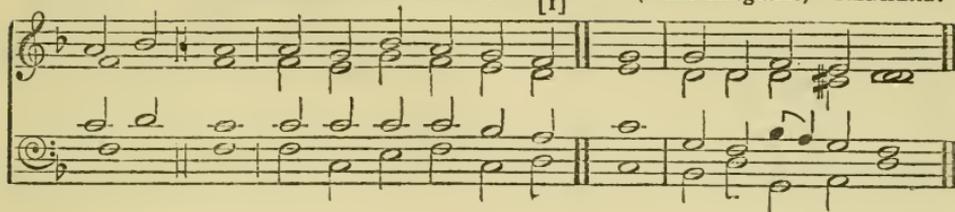
11 For the dying, Lord, we pray,
For the souls now passed away,
Spare them in the judgment day,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

12 Jesu, hear, for we are Thine,
On our brows we bear Thy Sign,
To Thy laws our hearts incline,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

13 Life for us may yet be long,
And temptation's power is strong,
Keep, O keep us, from all wrong,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

14 When our struggle here is o'er,
May we reach the heavenly shore,
Finding peace for evermore,
We beseech Thee, Jesu. Amen.

PSALM LI. A PSALM OF PENITENCE. [1] (Tone Irregular.) REDHEAD.



1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.

2 Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying, and clear when Thou art judged.

5 Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

6 But lo, Thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

7 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean: Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Turn Thy Face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

10 Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from Thy Presence: and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 O give me the comfort of Thy help again: and stablish me with Thy free Spirit.

13 Then shall I teach Thy ways unto the wicked: and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou that art the God of my health: and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness.

15 Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall shew Thy praise.

16 For Thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it Thee: but Thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

17 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt Thou not despise.

18 O be favourable and gracious unto Sion: build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-offerings and oblations: then shall they offer young bullocks upon Thine altar.

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

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

N.B.—The pointing is left to the choice of each Choir-master.

PSALM CIII. A PSALM OF PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

[1] (7th tone.) REDHEAD.

[2] M. ISABELLE HAYNE.

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

2 Praise the Lord, O my soul : and forget not all His benefits ;

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

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

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

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

7 He showed His ways unto Moses : His works unto the children of Israel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

14 For He knoweth whereof we are made : He remembereth that we are but dust.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

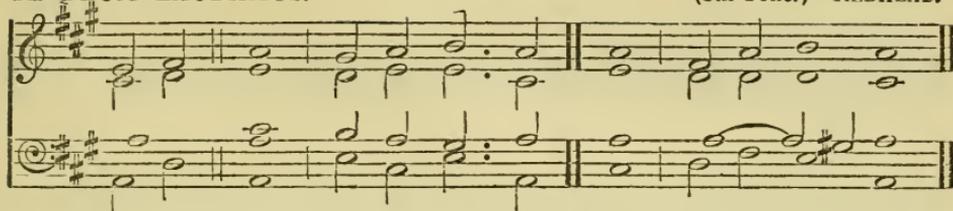
22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of His dominion : praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

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

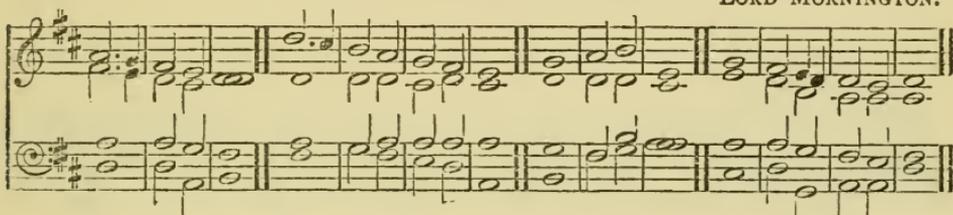
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

(8th Tone.) REDHEAD.



LORD MORNINGTON.



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

All the earth doth worship Thee : the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud : the Heavens and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim : continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty : of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles : praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise Thee.

The Holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge Thee ;

The Father : of an infinite Majesty ;

Thine honourable, true : and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost : the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man ; Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

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

Thou sittest at the right Hand of God : in the glory of the Father.

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

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants : whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood,

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints : in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless Thine heritage.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify Thee ;

And we worship Thy Name : ever world without end.

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

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

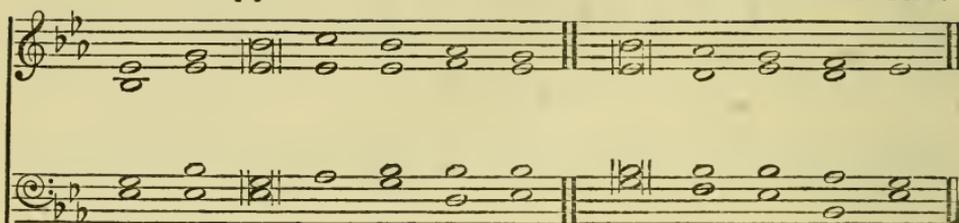
O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in Thee.

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

MAGNIFICAT.

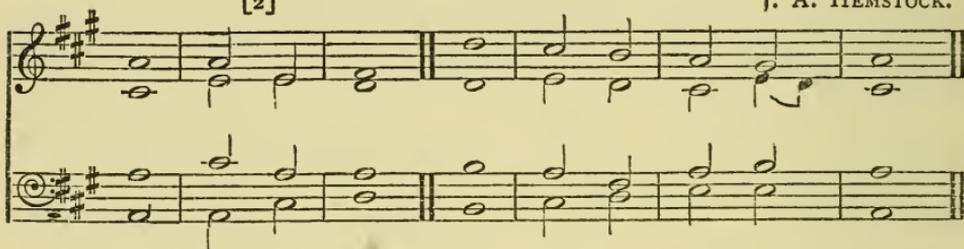
[1]

PARISIAN TONE.



[2]

J. A. HEMSTOCK.



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

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

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

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and Holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with His Arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

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

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

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

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end.

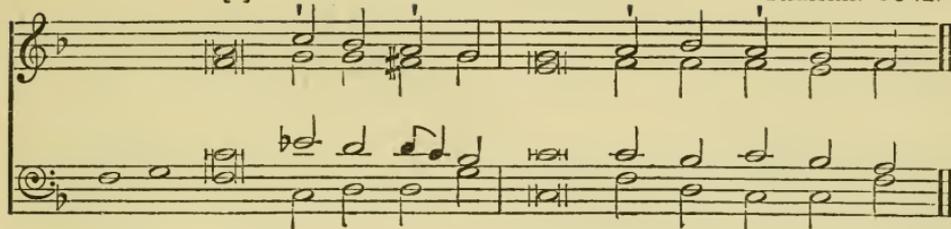
Amen

132

NUNC DIMITTIS.

[1]

PARISIAN TONE.



[2]

R. H. LINDSAY.



LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace : according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen : Thy salvation.

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

To be a Light to lighten the Gentiles : and to be the Glory of Thy people Israel.

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

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

133

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty : Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord : Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary : Suffered under Pontius Pilate : was Crucified, Dead, and Buried : He descended into Hell ; the third day He rose again from the dead : He ascended into

Heaven, and sitteth on the Right Hand of God the Father Almighty : from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost : the Holy Catholic Church : the Communion of Saints : the Forgiveness of Sins : the Resurrection of the Body : and the Life Everlasting. Amen.

134

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, Which art in Heaven : hallowed be Thy Name : Thy Kingdom come ; Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven : give us this day our daily bread : and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that

trespass against us : and lead us not into temptation : but deliver us from evil : for Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

THOU shalt have none other gods but Me.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

V.

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

VI.

Thou shalt do no murder.

VII.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.

Thou shalt not steal.

IX.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X.

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

136

THE THREE BAPTISMAL VOWS.

Question 1.

DOST thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led by them?

Answer. I renounce them all.

Question 2.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?

And in Jesus Christ His Only-begotten Son our Lord? And that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; that He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; that He went down into hell, and also did rise again the

third day; that He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right Hand of God the Father Almighty; and from thence shall come again at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead?

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholick Church; the Communion of Saints; the Remission of sins; the Resurrection of the flesh; and everlasting life after death?

Answer. All this I stedfastly believe.

Question 3.

Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy Life?

Answer. I will endeavour so to do, God being my helper.

SHORT ACTS OF FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, CONTRITION, TRUST,
AND SELF-SURRENDER.

Act of Faith.

I.

I BELIEVE in God the Father, Who hath made me.

I believe in God the Son, Who hath redeemed me.

I believe in God the Holy Ghost, Who sanctifieth me.

II.

My God, I believe in Thee, and I believe all that Thou teachest me through Thy Church, because Thou hast said it, and Thy Word is true.

Act of Hope.

My God, I hope in Thee, for Grace on earth, and for Glory in Heaven: because of Thy promises, Thy mercy, and Thy power.

Act of Love.

I.

My God, I love Thee, because Thou art so good, and I desire to love Thee more: and, for Thy sake, to love my neighbour as myself.

II.

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore, O make me love Thee more and more.

Act of Contrition, or Sorrow for Sin.

My God, I am sorry that I have offended Thee, Who art so good: Forgive me for the

sake of Jesus Christ, and make me always to be so sorry for my sins, that I may fear to sin again.

Act of Trust.

My God, I give myself to Thee, to live trusting in Thee,

I trust Thee for the pardon of a guilty past.

I trust Thee for protection, guidance, sustenance in the present.

I trust Thee for defence in the hour of my death.

I trust Thee for acquittal in judgment.

I trust Thee for bliss in eternity.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid.

Act of Self-surrender.

I.

O my God, because Thou hast made me a member of Jesus Christ, I offer and present unto Thee, myself, my soul, and body to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.

II.

My God, I give myself to Thee,

Thine ever, only Thine to be.

SOME HELPS TO A HOLY LIFE.

PRAYER to God every morning and evening.

A short prayer at mid-day.

Family prayer.

The reading of a short passage of the Bible daily.

Meditation daily (or on certain days) on some passage of Holy Scripture.

Daily self-examination.

In spiritual difficulties, to seek counsel and advice from a Clergyman.

The observance of Sunday as "the Lord's Day."

The worship of God in Church on Sundays; and, when possible, on week days.

Diligence in receiving Religious Instruction.

Regular receiving of the Holy Com-

munion: with careful preparation before, and thanksgiving after.

Moderation and carefulness about food, drink, sleep, amusement, and manner of dress.

Fasting or abstinence on Fridays, Vigils, and in Lent.

Almsgiving, and other works of Charity.

Watchfulness against evil speaking—against listening to, or repeating unkind tales about others.

Recollection of the Presence of God in daily life.

Watchfulness and prayer against the sin which most easily besets us.

N.B.—These may be useful in suggesting Mission resolutions.

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Come, ye sinners, poor and needy ..	Hart	17	Rejoice, and be glad	Bonar	87
Daily, daily, sing the praises ..	Baring-Gould	18	Rescue the perishing	Crosby	88
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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

DURHAM

MISSION TUNE BOOK.

- 139.—Faithful warriors, bearing. T. B. POLLOCK.
- 140.—Jesus is our Shepherd! wiping every tear.
- 141.—Jesus! Refuge of the weary. DODDRIDGE.
- 142.—Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing. T. FAWCETT.
- 143.—Lord, Thou hast made, and called us for Thine own.
T. B. POLLOCK.
- 144.—My Lord in glory reigning. S. BARING GOULD.
- 145.—Oft in danger, oft in woe. H. KIRKE WHITE.
- 146.—Return, O wanderer, to thy home. T. HASTINGS.
- 147.—Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear. J. KEBLE.
- 148.—We are soldiers of Christ, Who is mighty to save.
T. B. POLLOCK.
- 149.—Psalm CXXX.
- 150.—Psalm CL.
- 151.—The Mission Resolution.
- 152.—Forms of Service for the last night of a Mission.
- (1) The Durham Form of Service.
- (2) Another Form of Service.
- ADDITIONAL TUNES.

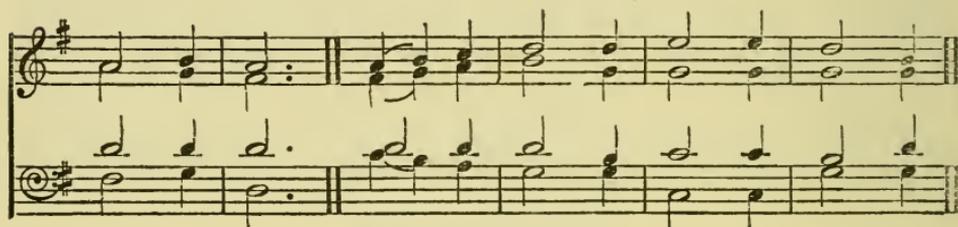
- 1 FAITHFUL warriors, bearing
Jesus' cross and shame ;
Faithful warriors, daring
All in Jesus' Name.
- 2 Hard the path and dreary
In a world of sin ;
Hard the fight and weary
With the lusts within.
- 3 Hark ! the Voice that calls you
"Warriors, follow Me ;
All that now befalls you
Shall your glory be."
- 4 On through strife and sorrow
Force your steadfast way :
Bright shall be to-morrow
After dark to-day.
- 5 There are holier treasures
Than the world can give :
There are lasting pleasures
Where the Angels live.
- 6 There are those that love you
In that happy land :
Round you and above you
Flocks the heavenly band.
- 7 Angels lift glad voices
As you draw more near ;
God Himself rejoices
When you persevere.
- 8 God will never leave you
Till your work is done ;
God will not deceive you
When the prize is won.
- 9 On His Word relying,
True and steadfast be ;
Every foe defying,
March to victory. Amen.

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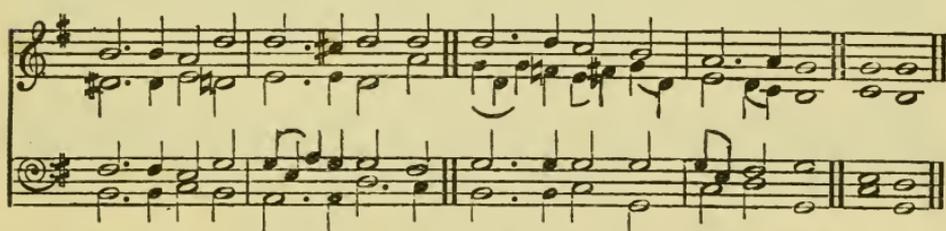
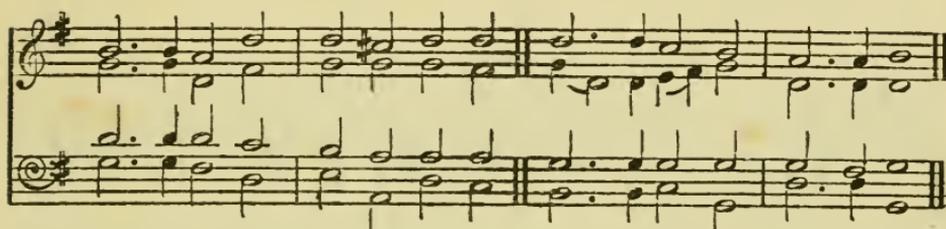


- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd ! wiping every tear !
Folded in His Bosom, what have we to fear ?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd ! well we know His Voice !
How its gentlest whisper makes the heart rejoice ;
Even when it chideth, gentle is its 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 sacred Sign,
For the young and tender must, saith He, be Mine.
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd ! guarded by His Arm,
Though the wolves may ravin, none may do us harm ;
When we tread death's valley, thro' the fearful gloom,
He will still be with us, Who o'ercame the tomb.
- 5 Jesus is our Shepherd ! He doth lead us now,
With His Grace so precious He doth us endow ;
Let us sing His praises with a thankful heart
Till in Heaven we meet Him, never more to part. Amen.

From "The Children's Hymn-Book, S.P.C.K." by permission.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JESUS ! Refuge of the weary !
Object of the spirit's love ;
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
Saviour from the world above.</p> <p>2 O how oft Thine Eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall ;
Yet Thou, on the Cross extended,
Bore the penalty for all,</p> <p>3 Yet, no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass Thy sacred Cross,
Though, 'neath thorns Thy Forehead
wreathing,
Dropped the Bloody Sweat for us.</p> <p>4 Yet Thy sinless Death hath bought us
Life eternal, peace, and rest ;
What Thy grace alone hath taught us,
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.</p> | <p>5 Jesus ! would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for Thee,
Would our eyes were ever turning
To Thy Cross of Agony.</p> <p>6 So, in pain and rapture blending,
Might our failing eyes grow dim,
While the heart would soar ascending
To the circling Cherubim.</p> <p>7 Then in glory parted never
From the Blessed Saviour's Side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the Cross and Crucified.</p> <p>8 Then the Wounds with which He bought
us,
We shall worship evermore ;
And the Shepherd Good, Who sought us,
With enraptured hearts adore. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|



1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, when'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day. Amen.

143

S. CLAIRE.

(First Tune.)

R. H. LINDSAY.

VERSE 1

Lord, Thou hast made and

- 1 LORD, Thou hast made and called us for Thine own ;
 Thou art our Life—we live by Thee alone ;
 Thy Truth believ'd turns darkness into light ;
 Thy Grace receiv'd turns weakness into might.

So we lift up our hearts to trust and dare,
 And we lift up our hands in work and prayer ;
 And we look to our Lord for strength and cheer,
 While we carry our cross and persevere.

- 2 We bless the Love that came to seek and save,
 That loos'd the bound, redeem'd the captive slave ;
 We bless the Love that called us one by one
 To share the Life of God's Incarnate Son.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

- 3 Our God goes with us, shewing night and day
 The onward path from which we dare not stray ;
 Around our tents the heavenly Manna lies,
 From Christ, our Rock, the living waters rise.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

- 4 We bless the Love that raises those who fall,
 That follows wanderers with pleading call ;
 That empties sin of all its deadly charms,
 And folds the outcast in a Father's Arms.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

- 5 We bless the Love that saves us day by day
 Through all the perils of our pilgrim way ;
 Till, warfare ended, and the desert passed,
 We safely reach the Promised Land at last.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

- 6 We run with patience, 'tis a glorious race ;
 We fight as those who wield the power of Grace ;
 We work, distrusting self, of God most sure ;
 The saved are those, who to the end endure.

So we lift up our hearts, &c. Amen.

143

(Second Tune.)

J. GRANVILLE SMITH.

Moderate.

The first system of the Moderato section consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The music features a melody in the upper staff with a steady accompaniment in the lower staff. The first measure of the upper staff has a fermata over the first note.

The second system of the Moderato section continues the two-staff arrangement. It features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The melody in the upper staff is supported by a consistent accompaniment in the lower staff.

CHORUS. *Briskly.*

The first system of the Chorus section consists of two staves. The key signature remains B-flat major. The time signature changes to 3/4. The music is more rhythmic and lively, with a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. A 3/4 time signature is explicitly written at the beginning of the second measure.

The second system of the Chorus section continues the two-staff arrangement. It features a melody in the upper staff with a bass line in the lower staff, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and B-flat major key.

The third system of the Chorus section consists of two staves. The music concludes with a final chord in the upper staff and a sustained bass line in the lower staff. The 3/4 time signature and B-flat major key are maintained.

1 **LORD, Thou hast made and called us for Thine own ;
Thou art our Life—we live by Thee alone ;
Thy Truth believ'd turns darkness into light ;
Thy Grace receiv'd turns weakness into might.**

So we lift up our hearts to trust and dare,
And we lift up our hands in work and prayer ;
And we look to our Lord for strength and cheer,
While we carry our cross and persevere.

2 We bless the Love that came to seek and save,
That loos'd the bound, redeem'd the captive slave ;
We bless the Love that called us one by one
To share the Life of God's Incarnate Son.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

3 Our God goes with us, shewing night and day
The onward path from which we dare not stray ;
Around our tents the heavenly Manna lies,
From Christ, our Rock, the living waters rise.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

4 We bless the Love that raises those who fall,
That follows wanderers with pleading call ;
That empties sin of all its deadly charms,
And folds the outcast in a Father's Arms.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

5 We bless the Love that saves us day by day
Through all the perils of our pilgrim way ;
Till, warfare ended, and the desert passed,
We safely reach the Promised Land at last.

So we lift up our hearts, &c.

6 We run with patience, 'tis a glorious race ;
We fight as those who wield the power of Grace ;
We work, distrusting self, of God most sure ;
The saved are those, who to the end endure.

So we lift up our hearts, &c. Amen.

- 1 My Lord in glory reigning
 Upon the glassy sea,
 By angel hosts surrounded,
 Is thinking still of me :
 My heart for joy is dancing,
 My lamp is burning clear,
 The Bridegroom bids me enter
 If I but persevere.
- 2 My Lord a land is ruling,
 The land of pure delight,
 Whence hate and night are banished
 And all is love and light :
 What though my lot be lowly !
 What though my way be drear !
 'Tis mine, 'tis mine that Kingdom,
 If I but persevere.
- 3 My Lord a home is building,
 A mansion passing fair,
 Of orient pearl and burnished gold,
 Of jewels, costly, rare :
 A home where naught is wanting,
 Away with doubt and fear !
 'Tis mine, 'tis mine that Mansion,
 If I but persevere.
- 4 My Lord a crown prepareth,
 A crown of dazzling light,
 For all His faithful children
 Who conquer in the fight :
 In sorest strife hard driven,
 This thought my heart will cheer,
 'Tis mine, that Crown of glory,
 If I but persevere.
- 5 My Lord a song is teaching
 The angel-choirs to sing :
 Through all the courts of Heaven
 The notes of welcome ring ;
 A song to greet the wanderer
 To Heaven's gate drawing near,
 'Tis mine, 'tis mine that welcome,
 If I but persevere. Amen.

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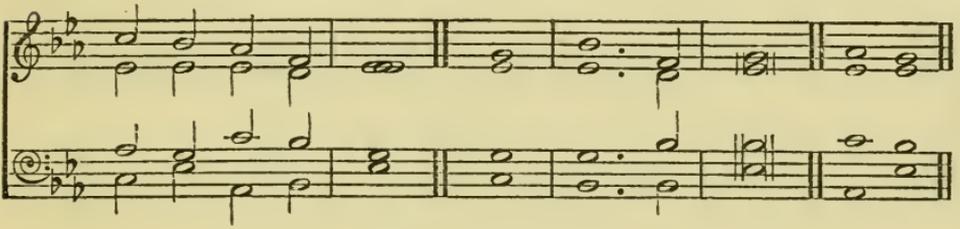
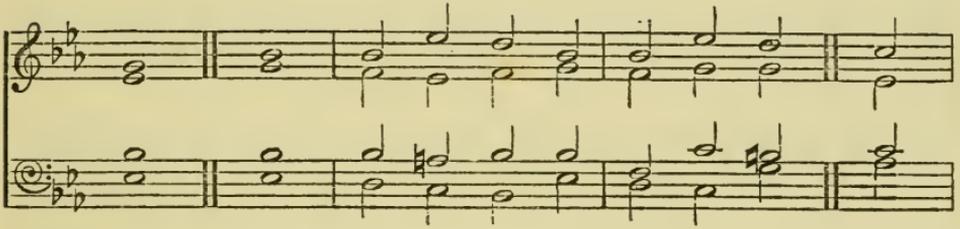
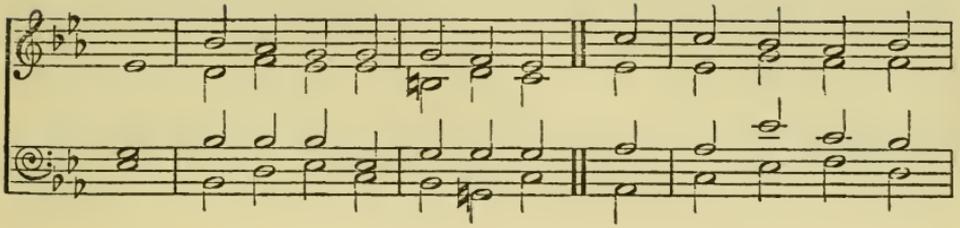
1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life !

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

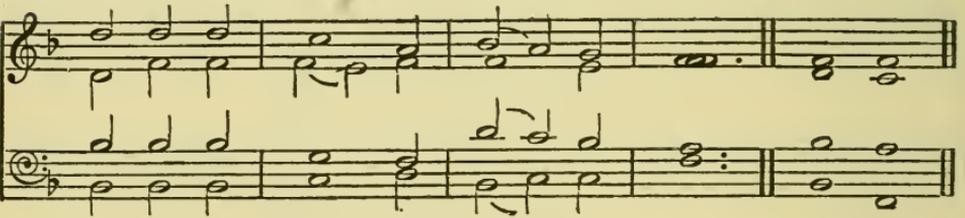
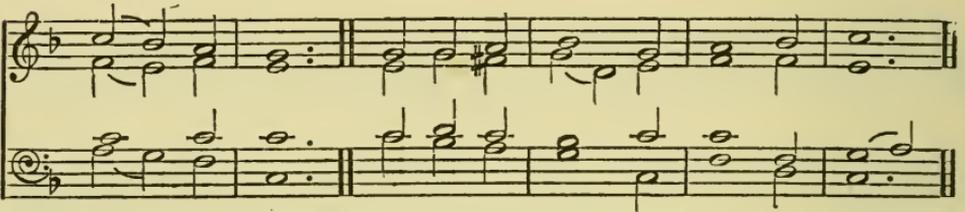
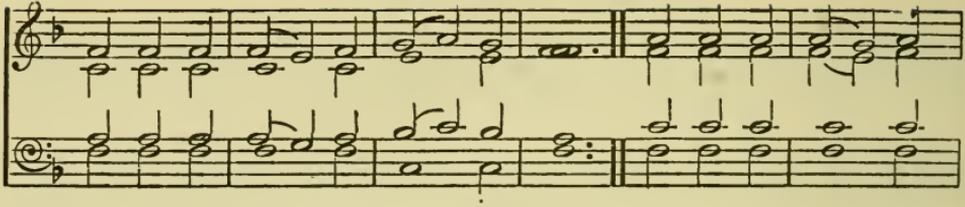
4 Onward then to glory move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove !
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise :
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.



- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
 Thy Father calls for thee :
 No longer now an exile roam
 In guilt and misery :
 Return, return.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee :
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
 Oh, now for refuge flee :
 Return, return.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay :
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day :
 Return, return. Amen.

HURSLEY.



1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with clear note heads and stems. The first system has two measures, the second has four measures, and the third has four measures. The music is primarily homophonic, with chords and simple melodic lines.

- 1 We are soldiers of Christ, Who is mighty to save,
And His banner the Cross is unfurl'd ;
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.
- 2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same ;
And we think of the Cross on which Jesus has died,
When we bear the reproach of His Name.
- 3 At the Font we were marked with the Cross on our brow,
Of our grace and our calling the sign :
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,
For the armour we wear is divine.
- 4 We will watch ready arm'd if the tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile :
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.
- 5 We will master the flesh, and its longing restrain,
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,
And our spirits their freedom shall win.
- 6 For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng ;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on high,
And the bright world to which we belong.
- 7 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where Christ leads the way ;
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.
- 8 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the might of our God we will stand ;
Oh ! what joy to be crown'd and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland. Amen.

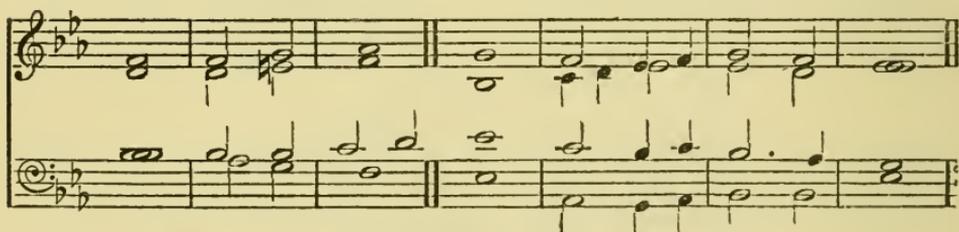
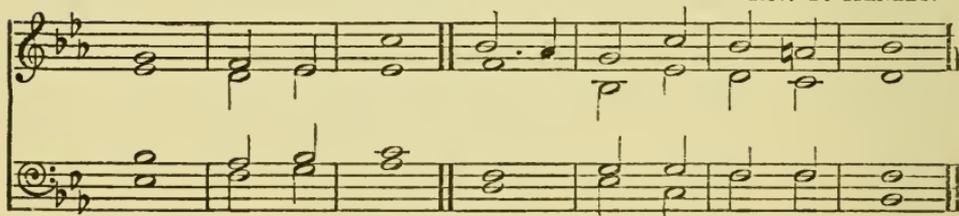


PSALM CXXX.

- 1 OUT of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord : Lord, hear my voice.
 - 2 O let Thine ears consider well : the voice of my complaint.
 - 3 If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss : O Lord, who may abide it ?
 - 4 For there is mercy with Thee : therefore shalt Thou be feared.
 - 5 I look for the Lord ; my soul doth wait for Him in His word is my trust.
 - 6 My soul fleeth unto the Lord : before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.
 - 7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy : and with Him is plenteous redemption.
 - 8 And He shall redeem Israel : from all his sins.
- Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be ; world without end. Amen.

150

Rev. P. HENLEY.



PSALM CL.

- 1 O PRAISE God in His holiness : praise Him in the firmament of His power.
 - 2 Praise Him in His noble acts : praise Him according to His excellent greatness.
 - 3 Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet : praise Him upon the lute and harp.
 - 4 Praise Him in the cymbals and dances : praise Him upon the strings and pipe.
 - 5 Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals : praise Him upon the loud cymbals.
 - 6 Let every thing that hath breath : praise the Lord.
- Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

The Mission Resolution.

The Mission Resolution is of very great importance to each soul.

A Mission is a *Message and a Call* from God to you.

During the Mission God has spoken to you by His Holy Spirit within you.

He has spoken to your *mind*, and made His Truth clearer to you.

He has touched your *heart*, convincing you of His love for you, and so has made you see more plainly the sinfulness of sin.

He has told you in your *conscience* what He asks of you.

“ Give up *something* ”—it holds you back from God.

“ Do *something* ”—the doing it will bring you nearer to God.

Now He appeals to your *Will* for your obedience.

Your Resolution is therefore of the *very greatest importance for you*, for it is the *resolve to give up your will to the Will of God*.

Read the suggestions given in the Hymn Book, page 141, and pray very earnestly about your Resolution.

If you need any help or guidance about your Resolution, or about any other matter, do not hesitate to ask the Missioner, or your Parish Priest, who will give you a Resolution Card, and will advise you and pray for you.

The best form in which to make your Resolution is as follows:—

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

In thankful remembrance of God's mercies to me in this Mission,

I resolve, with His help to _____

Write your resolution, and sign it, and keep it in your book of private prayer, or in some place where you will be often reminded to pray about it.

Forms of Service for the Last Night of a Mission.

(1.) THE DURHAM FORM OF SERVICE.

(Used in Canon Body's Missions.)

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

(All kneeling.)

Our Father,

Ÿ O Lord, open Thou our lips.
R And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

Ÿ O God, make speed to save us.
R O Lord, make haste to help us.

(All stand.)

Ÿ Glory be to the Father, &c.
R As it was in the beginning, &c.

Psalms 103 (129 in this book)
and 150 (150 in this book.)

Lesson Rev. vii. 9, &c., *or* Rev. v.

THE MAGNIFICAT (131.)

I believe in God, &c. (133.)

HYMN.

Collection during the singing of this Hymn

SERMON.

HYMN.

LAST WORDS

NUNC DIMITTIS (132.)

(All kneeling.)

1st and 2nd Post-Communion Collects
Assist us, &c.
O Almighty Lord, &c.

THE BLESSING.

RECESSIONAL HYMN.

(2.) ANOTHER FORM OF SERVICE.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN. 87, or 24, or 80, or 139.

SERMON.

HYMN 84, or 70, or 14.

Collection (if any) during this Hymn.

Explanation and Renewal of Baptismal Vows, 136.

HYMN 97, or 109, or 95, or 75, or 143.

*Any of the following Collects may then be said :**For Faith.* S. Mark, Trinity Sunday.*For Hope.* S. Stephen.*For Charity.* 6th or 7th Sunday after Trinity.*For Courage.* S. John the Baptist.*For Grace to imitate Christ.* 2nd Sunday after Easter.*For Grace to imitate the Saints.* All Saints.*For Perseverance.* 13th Sunday after Trinity.

Our Father, &c.

THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

TE DEUM 130, or 4, or 2.

(Or after the distribution of Memorials.)

[Here may follow the distribution of Mission Memorials. *The Missioners shall stand (or be seated) at the Sanctuary, or the Chancel step, and the people, under the direction of the Parochial Clergy or Churchwardens, coming up in order, two by two, shall receive at the Missioners' hands a Mission Memorial, and then return to their places. During the distribution of the Memorials, any of the following hymns may be sung: 18, 21, 23, 28, 33, 45, 73, 86, 101, 115, 119.*]

Afterwards the Missioner shall say :

Let us pray.

Collect for Perseverance. Easter Day.

Prevent us, O Lord.

THE BLESSING.

RECESSIONAL HYMN, 109, or 145, or 142.

ADDITIONAL TUNES.

1

BINGHAM.

FOR HYMN 39.

R. H. LINDSAY.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The music features a simple, hymn-like melody with a steady bass line.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature, with a consistent harmonic structure.

The third system of music is labeled "Ver. 4" above the first staff. It shows a variation of the melody, with some notes in the upper staff being beamed together and held over. The bass line remains consistent with the previous systems.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It features a final cadence with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of both staves.

2

From "Songs of the Church." by permission.

WALMER.

FOR HYMN 144.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment of quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The upper staff features a melodic line with some rests, and the lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the hymn. The upper staff has a more active melodic line, and the lower staff maintains the accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the hymn. The upper staff ends with a final chord, and the lower staff provides a final accompaniment.

3

West of England Traditional Melody.

FOR HYMN 63.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is written in a style typical of hymn accompaniment, with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system of music continues the piece from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the two-flat key signature. The piece concludes with a final chord in both hands.

4

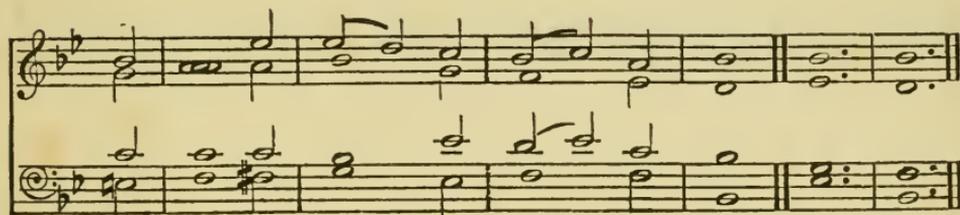
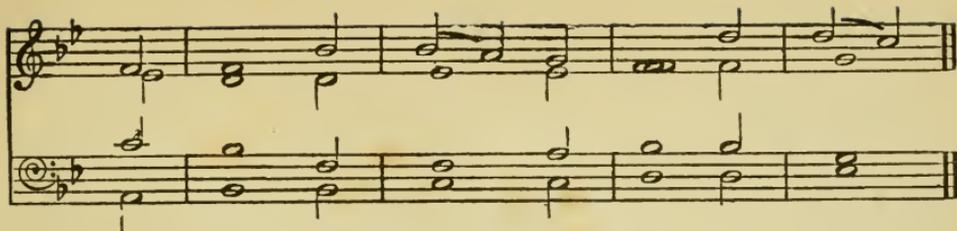
WALTON.

FOR HYMN 7, OR 82.

BEETHOVEN.

The first system of music for the second piece consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The music features a series of chords and intervals, with some chromatic movement in the bass line.

The second system of music continues the piece. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the one-flat key signature. The piece ends with a final chord in both hands.



5

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SNOWDON.

METRICAL LITANY.

