

HYMNAL

ANNUAL COLLECTIONS.

RESOLUTIONS

OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN REGARD TO COLLECTIONS.

Whereas, Many of our churches are not commensurate to our benevolent enterprises and needs, it is desirable to test the power of simultaneous efforts, and whereas in emergencies we often regret that the co-operation of all our churches to save our Boards from serious embarrassment, therefore

Resolved, 1 That this Assembly earnestly request all our churches that have no fixed time for the purpose to take up annual collections as follows, viz:

- For the Board of Domestic Missions on the first Sabbath of November
- For the Board of Foreign Missions on the first Sabbath of January
- For the Board of Education on the first Sabbath of March
- For the Colportage Fund of the Board of Publication on the first Sabbath of May
- For the Board of Church Extension on the first Sabbath of July
- For the Disabled Ministers' Fund on the first Sabbath of September

Resolved 2 That when the annual collections cannot be taken up on the days above designated, it be recommended to take them up as soon thereafter as possible.

2425 *Western Presbyterian 1866*

THE HYMNAL.—The Hymnal seems to meet sharp criticism only within the Church for whose use it was prepared. Outside, the strain of criticism is unexpectedly and unbrokenly favourable. The *Church Journal*, the organ of New York High-churchmen, and which is very averse to acknowledging that any thing is good which is found beyond its own circle, says: "The Old school Presbyterians have issued a volume which is a delightful surprise." After describing the contents of the book, and taking exceptions to some of the hymns, which, we suppose, are too thoroughly evangelical for its taste, it concludes by saying: "The neatness and beauty of the portly, red edged volume, however, are beyond all praise, and leave far in the shade any thing as yet done by us on this side of the water."—*Presbyterian*.

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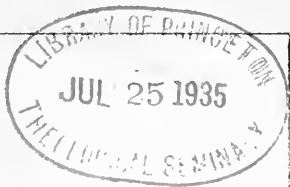


ՀԱՅԿԱԼ

Պատմության մասին

Գրողի անունը

Հրատարակչի անունը



HYMNAL

OF THE

Presbyterian Church.

ORDERED BY

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. General Assembly.

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Chants

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.



1
OUR Father which art in heaven ; |
Hallow · · ed | 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 debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors. ||
And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from |
evil ; ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, · ·
For | ever. · · A- | men. ||



2

Psalm 117.

OPRAISE the Lord, | all ye | nations; || praise | him, all | ye— |
 people. |
 For his merciful kindness is | great— | toward us: || and the
 truth of the Lord *endureth* for | ev · er. | Praise · ye the |
 Lord. ||

Psalm 138.

I WILL praise thee with my | whole— | heart: || before the gods
 will I | sing— | praise— | unto thee. ||
 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for
 thy loving-kindness and | for thy | truth: ||
 For thou hast magnified thy word a- | bove all | thy— |
 name. ||
 In the day when I cried | thou— | answeredst me, || and strength-
 enedst | me with | strength in · my | soul. ||
 All the kings of the earth shall | praise thee, · O | Lord, || when
 they hear the | words of | thy— | mouth. ||
 Yea, they shall sing in the | ways · of the | Lord: || for great is
 the | glory | of the | Lord. ||
 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect | unto · the |
 lowly: || but the proud he | knoweth · a- | far— | off. ||
 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, | thou · wilt re- | vive
 me: || thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath
 of mine enemies, and | thy right | hand shall | save me. ||
 The Lord will perfect | that · which con- | cerneth me: || thy
 mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the | works
 of | thine own | hands. ||

3

Glo. Pa.

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the |
 Holy | Ghost; ||
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev · er | shall be, ||
 world | without | end. · A- | men. ||

I WILL extol thee, my | God, O | King; || and I will bless thy |
name for | ever * and | ever. ||

Every day will I | bless— | thee; || and I will praise thy | name
for | ever * and | ever. ||

Great *is* the Lord, and | greatly to be | praised; || and his |
greatness | *is* un- | searchable. ||

One generation shall praise thy | works * to an- | other, || and
shall de- | clare thy | mighty | acts. ||

I will speak of the glorious honor | of thy | majesty, || and
of | thy— | wondrous | works. ||

And *men* shall speak of the might of thy | terrible | acts: ||
and | I * will de- | clare thy | greatness. ||

They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy * great | good-
ness, || and shall | sing of | thy— | righteousness. ||

The Lord *is* gracious, and | full of * com- | passion; || slow to |
anger, | and of * great | mercy. ||

The Lord *is* | good to | all: || and his tender mercies *are* | over |
all his | works. ||

All thy works shall | praise thee, * O | Lord; || and thy | saints
shall | bless— | thee. ||

They shall speak of the glory | of thy | kingdom, || and | talk
of | thy— | power; ||

To make known to the sons of men his | mighty | acts, || and
the glorious | majes * ty | of his | kingdom. ||

Thy kingdom *is* an ever- | lasting | kingdom, || and thy domin-
ion *endureth* through- | out all | gene- | rations. ||

The eyes of all | wait up- | on thee; || and thou givest | them
their | meat in * due | season. ||

Thou | openest * thine | hand, || and satisfiest the desire of |
every | living | thing. ||

The Lord *is* nigh unto all them that | call up * on | him, || to
all that | call up * on | him in | truth. ||

My mouth shall speak the | praise * of the | Lord: || and let all
flesh bless his holy | name for | ever * and | ever. ||



5

Psalm 65.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Zion: || and unto | thee ..
shall the | vow .. be per- | formed. ||

O thou that | hearest | prayer, || unto | thee shall | all flesh |
come. ||

Iniquities pre- | vail a- | gainst me: || *as for* our transgres-
sions, | thou shalt | purge .. them a- | way. ||

Blessed *is the man whom* thou chooseth, and causeth to approach
unto thee, that he may | dwell in .. thy | courts: || we shall be
satisfied with the goodness of thy house, | *even* .. of thy |
holy | temple. ||

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God
of | our sal- | vation; || *who art* the confidence of all the ends
of the earth, and of them that are a- | far off .. *up-* | *on* the |
sea: ||

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; *being* |
girded .. with | power: || which stilleth the noise of the seas,
the noise of their waves, and the | tumult | of the | people. ||

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are a- | fraid at .. thy |
tokens: || thou maketh the outgoings of the morning and |
evening | to re- | joice. ||

Thou visitest the | earth, and | waterest it: || thou greatly en-
richest it with the river of God, *which* is full of water: thou
preparatest them corn, when thou | hast .. so pro- | vided |
for it. ||

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest
the | furrows .. there- | of: || thou makest it soft with showers:
thou | blessest .. the | springing .. there- | of. ||

Thou crownest the | year with .. thy | goodness: || and thy |
paths— | drop— | fatness. ||

They drop *upon* the pastures | of the | wilderness: || and the
little hills re- | joice on | every | side. ||

The pastures are | clothed .. with | flocks: || the valleys also are
covered over with corn; they shout for | joy, they | also |
sing. ||

6

Psalm 96.

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

Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name; || show forth his sal- |
vation .. from | day to | day. ||

Declare his glory a- | mong the | heathen, || his wonders a- |
mong— | all— | people. ||

For the Lord is great, and greatly | to be | praised; || he is to
be | feared .. a- | bove all | gods. ||

For all the gods of the | nations .. are | idols: || but the |
Lord— | made the | heavens. ||

Honour and majesty | are be- | fore him: || strength and beauty
| are in | his— | sanctuary. ||

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people, || give
unto the | Lord— | glory .. and | strength. ||

Give unto the Lord the glory due | unto .. his | name: || bring
an offering, and | come in- | to his | courts. ||

O worship the Lord in the | beauty .. of | holiness: || fear be- |
fore him | all the | earth. ||

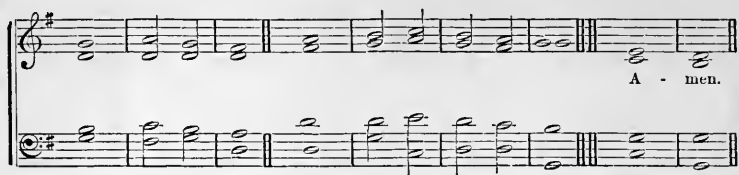
Say among the heathen that the | Lord— | reigneth; || the
world also shall be established, that it shall not be moved: he
shall | judge the | people | righteously. ||

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad; || let the
sea | roar, .. and the | fulness .. there- | of. ||

Let the field be joyful, and all that | is there- | in: || then shall
all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord: ||

REPEAT SECOND PART.

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



7

Psalm 98.

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done | mar-
vel-
lous | things: || his right hand, and his holy arm, hath |
gotten | him the | victory. ||

The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation: || his righteous-
ness hath he openly showed in the | sight— | of the |
heathen. ||

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the |
house of | Israel: || all the ends of the earth have seen the
sal- | vation | of our | God. ||

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth: || make a
loud noise, and re- | joice, and | sing— | praise. ||

Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp; || with the harp, and the |
voice— | of a | psalm. ||

With trumpets and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful noise
be- | fore the | Lord, the | King. ||

Let the sea roar, and the | fulness .. there- | of; || the world,
and | they that | dwell there- | in. ||

Let the floods | clap their | hands: || let the hills be joyful to- |
gether .. be- | fore the | Lord; ||

For he cometh to | judge the | earth; || with righteousness shall
he judge the world, and the | people | with— | equity. ||

8

Psalm 93.

THE Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is
clothed with strength, *wherewith* he hath | girded .. him- | self: ||
the world also is established, | that it | cannot .. be | moved. ||

Thy throne is es- | tablished .. of | old: || thou | *art* from | ever- |
lasting. ||

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted | up
their | voice; || the floods | lift— | up their | waves. ||

The Lord on high *is* mightier than the noise of | many |
waters, || *yea,* *than* the | mighty | waves .. of the | sea. ||

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



9

Psalm 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. || Serve
the Lord with gladness; come before his | presence | with— |
singing. ||

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

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, *and* into his | courts
with | praise: || be thankful unto | him, *and* | bless his |
name. ||

For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* | ever- | lasting; || and his
truth *en- | dureth* .. to all | gene- | rations. ||

10

Psalm 27.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; | whom .. shall I |
fear? || The Lord is the strength of my life; of | whom ..
shall I | be a- | fraid? ||

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after;
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the | days of ..
my | life, || to behold the beauty of the Lord, and | to in- |
quire .. in his | temple. ||

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- |
vilion; || in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he
shall set me | up, up- | on a | rock. ||

Hear, O Lord, when I | cry with .. my | voice: || have mercy also
up- | on me | and— | answer me. ||

When thou saidst, | Seek .. ye my | face; || mine heart said unto
thee, thy | face Lord | will I | seek. ||

Hide not Thy face far from me; put not thy servant a- | way
in | anger: || thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither
forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation. ||

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the | goodness .. of
the | Lord || in the | land— | of the | living. ||

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall | strengthen ..
thine | heart; || wait, I | say,— | on the | Lord. ||



11

Psalm 150.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God | in his | sanctuary: || praise
him in the | firma .. ment | of his | power. || Praise him for
his | mighty | acts: || praise him ac- | cording .. to his | excel-
lent | greatness. ||

Praise him with the | sound .. of the | trumpet: || praise him |
with the | psaltery .. and | harp. || Praise him with the
timbrel .. and | dance: || praise him with | stringed .. instru-
ments and | organs. ||

Praise him upon the | loud— | cymbals: || praise him upon
the | high— | sounding | cymbals. || Let every thing that |
hath— | breath || praise the | Lord. Praise | ye the | Lord. ||

12

Psalm 89.

I WILL sing of the mercies of the | Lord for | ever; || with my
mouth will I make known thy | faithful .. ness to | all ..
gene- | rations. || For I have said, Mercy shall be | built ..
up for | ever; || thy faithfulness shalt thou es- | tablish .. in
the | very | heavens. ||

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly | of the | saints, ||
and to be had in reverence of | all .. *them that | are a- | bout*
him. || O Lord God of hosts, who *is* a strong Lord | like ..
unto | thee; || or to thy | faithful .. ness | round a- | bout
thee? ||

Thou rulest the raging | of the | sea: || when the waves thereof
a- | rise,— | thou— | stillest them. || Justice and judgment
are the habitation | of thy | throne: || mercy and truth shall |
go be- | fore thy | face. ||



Blessed *is* the people that know the | joyful | sound: || they
shall walk, O Lord, in the | light— | of thy | countenance. ||
In thy name shall they re- | joice .. all the | day: || and in thy
righteousness | shall they | be ex- | alted. ||

For thou *art* the glory of | their— | strength: || and in thy favour
our | horn shall | be ex- | alted. || For the Lord *is* | our
de- | fence; || and the Holy One of | Isra .. el | *is* our | King. ||

SECOND PART.

Blessed *be* the Lord for | ever | more. || A- | men, and | A- |
men. ||

13

Psalm 146.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord. || Praise the | Lord,— | Ó my | soul. ||
While I live will I | praise the | Lord: || I will sing praises
unto my | God .. while I | have .. any | being. ||

Put not your | trust in | princes, || *nor* in the son of man, in |
whom *there* | *is* no | help. ||

His breath goeth forth, he re- | turneth .. to his | earth; || in that
very | day his | thoughts— | perish. ||

Happy *is* he that *hath* the God of Jacob | for his | help, || whose
hope *is* | in the | Lord his | God: ||

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that | therein |
is: || which | keepeth | truth for | ever: ||

Which executeth judgment | for .. the op- | pressed: || which
giveth food to the hungry. The | Lord— | looseth .. the |
prisoners: ||

The Lord openeth *the* | eyes .. of the | blind: || the Lord raiseth
them that are bowed down: the | Lord— | loveth .. the |
righteous. ||

The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the | father ..
less and | widow: || but the way of the wicked he | turneth |
upside | down. ||

The Lord shall | reign for | ever, || *even* thy God, O Zion, unto
all gene- | rations. | Praise .. ye the | Lord. ||



14

Psalm 103.

BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul: || and all that is within me, |
 bless his | holy | name. ||

Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his |
 benefits: ||

Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities; || who | healeth .. all |
 thy dis- | eases; ||

Who redeemeth thy | life .. from de- | struction; || who crowneth
 thee with loving- | kindness .. and | tender | mercies; ||

Who satisfieth thy mouth with | good— | things; || so that thy
 youth is re- | new .. ed | like the | eagle's. ||

The Lord executeth | righteousness .. and | judgment || for |
 all that | are op- | pressed; ||

He made known his | ways .. unto | Moses, || his acts unto the |
 children | of— | Israel. ||

The Lord is | merciful .. and | gracious, || slow to anger, and |
 plente .. ous | in— | mercy. ||

He will not | always | chide: || neither will he | keep his |
 anger .. for | ever. ||

He hath not dealt with us | after .. our | sins; || nor rewarded
 us ac- | cording .. to | our in- | iquities. ||

For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth, || so great is his
 mercy | toward | them that | fear him. ||

As far as the east is | from the | west, || so far hath he removed |
 our trans- | gressions | from us. ||

Like as a father | pitieth .. his | children, || so the Lord | piti- ..
 eth | them that | fear him. ||

For he | knoweth .. our | frame; || he re- | membereth .. that |
 we are | dust. ||

As for man, his | days .. are as | grass: || as a flower of the |
field so | he— | flourisheth. ||

For the wind passeth over it, | and it .. is | gone; || and the
place there- | of shall | know it .. no | more. ||

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting
upon | them that | fear him, || and his righteousness | unto |
children's | children; ||

To such as | keep his | covenant, || and to those that remember
his com- | mandments .. to | do— | them. ||

The Lord hath prepared his | throne .. in the | heavens; || and
his kingdom | ruleth | over | all. ||

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || that
do his commandments, hearkening unto the | voice of | his— |
word. ||

Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye ministers of | his,
that | do his | pleasure. ||

Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | minion: ||
bless the | Lord,— | O my | soul. ||

15

Psalm 95.

O COME, let us sing | unto .. the | Lord: || let us make a joyful
noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation. ||

Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and
make a joyful noise | unto | him with | psalms. ||

For the Lord is a | great— | God, || and a great | King a- |
bove all | gods. ||

In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth; || the strength
of the | hills is | his— | also. ||

The sea is his, and | he— | made it: || and his hands | formed ..
the | dry— | land. ||

O come, let us worship and | bow— | down: || let us kneel be- |
fore the | Lord our | Maker. ||

For he is | our— | God; || and we are the people of his pasture,
and the | sheep of | his— | hand. ||



16

Psalm 63.

O God, | thou art .. my | God; || early | will I | seek— | thee: ||
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh | longeth .. for | thee || in
a dry and thirsty land, | where no | water | is; ||

To see thy power and | thy— | glory, || so as I have seen |
thee— | in the | sanctuary. ||

Because thy loving-kindness is | better .. than | life, || my lips |
shall— | praise— | thee. ||

Thus will I bless thee | while I | live: || I will lift up my |
hands in | thy— | name. ||

My soul shall be satisfied as with | marrow .. and | fatness; ||
and my mouth shall | praise thee .. with | joyful | lips: ||

When I remember thee up- | on my | bed, || and meditate on |
thee .. in the | night— | watches. ||

Because thou hast been | my— | help, || therefore in the shadow
of thy | wings will | I re- | joice. ||

17

Psalm 57.

BE thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens; || let thy glory
be a- | bove— | all the | earth. ||

My heart is fixed, O God, my | heart is | fixed; || I will |
sing— | and give | praise. ||

Awake up, my glory; awake, | psaltery .. and | harp: || I my-
self | will a- | wake— | early. ||

I will praise thee, O Lord, a- | mong the | people: || I will sing
unto | thee a- | mong the | nations. ||

For thy mercy is great | unto .. the | heavens, || and thy |
truth— | unto .. the | clouds. ||

Be thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens; || let thy glory
be a- | bove— | all the | earth. ||



18

Psalms 42 and 43.

As the hart panteth | after .. the | water brooks, || so panteth my
soul after | thee, O | God. || My soul thirsteth for God, for
the | living | God: || when shall I come and ap- | pear be- |
fore— | God? ||

Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and *why* art thou dis-
quieted in me? | hope .. thou in | God: || for I shall yet |
praise— | him || *for* the | help— | of his | countenance. ||

Deep calleth unto deep at the | noise of .. thy | waterspouts: ||
all thy waves and thy billows are | gone— | over me. ||
Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness | in the |
day-time, || and in the night his song *shall be* with me, *and*
my prayer | unto .. the | God of .. my | life. ||

Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou dis-
quieted within me? | hope thou .. in | God: || for I shall yet |
praise— | him, || *who is* the health of my | counte .. nance, | and
my | God. ||

O send out thy light and thy truth: | let them | lead me; || let
them bring me unto thy holy hill, and | to thy | taberna-
cles. || Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my
ex- | ceeding | joy: || yea, upon the harp will I | praise
thee, .. O | God my | God. ||

Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou
disquieted within me? | hope in | God: || for I shall yet |
praise— | him, || *who is* the health of my | counte .. nance, |
and my | God. ||



19

Psalm 68.

SING unto God, sing praises | to his | name: || extol him that
rideth upon the heavens by his name | JAH, .. and re- | joice
be- | fore him. ||

A father of the fatherless, and a | judge .. of the | widows || is
God in his | holy | habi- | tation. ||

The Lord | gave the | word: || great *was* the company of | those
that | publish .. ed | it. ||

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive:
thou hast received | gifts for | men; || yea, *for* the rebellious
also, that the | Lord God .. might | dwell a- | mong them. ||

Blessed *be* the Lord, *who* daily loadeth | us *with* | benefits, || *even*
the | God of | our sal- | vation. ||

He that is our God is the | God of .. sal- | vation; || and unto
God the Lord *be-* | long the | issues .. from | death. ||

They have seen thy | goings, .. O | God; || *even* the goings of my
God, my | King,— | in the | sanctuary. ||

Bless ye God in the | congre- | gations, || *even* the | Lord, .. from
the | fountain .. of | Israel. ||

Ascribe ye strength | unto | God: || his excellency *is* over Israel,
and his | strength *is* | in the | clouds. ||

O God, *thou art* terrible out of thy | holy | places: || the God
of Israel *is* he that giveth strength and power unto *his* | peo-
ple. | Blessed .. *be* | God. ||

20

Isa. xxxii.

BEHOLD a king shall | reign in | righteousness, || and princes
shall | rule— | in— | judgment. ||

And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and
a covert | from the | tempest; || as rivers of water in a dry
place, as the shadow of a great | rock .. in a | weary | land. ||

And the work of righteousness | shall be | peace; || and the
effect of righteousness quietness and as- | surance | for— |
ever. ||



21

Psalm 122.

I WAS glad when they | said .. unto | me, || Let us go | into ..
 the | house .. of the | Lord. ||
 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je- | rusalem. ||
 Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact to- |
 gether: ||
 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the |
 testimony .. of | Israel, || to give thanks | unto .. the | name ..
 of the | Lord. ||
 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of
 the | house of | David. ||
 Pray for the | peace .. of Je- | rusalem: || they shall | prosper ..
 that | love— | thee. ||
 Peace be with- | in thy walls, || *and* pros- | perity .. with- | in
 thy | palaces. ||
 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now
 say, | Peace .. *be* with- | in— | thee. ||
 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— |
 thy— | good. ||

22

1 Chron. xxix. 10—13.

BLESSED be thou, Lord God of | Israel .. our | Father, || for |
 ever | and— | ever. ||
 Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, | and the | power, || and the
 glory, and the | victo .. ry, | and the | majesty: ||
 For all that is | in the | heaven || and in the | earth— | is— |
 thine; ||
 Thine is the | kingdom, .. O | Lord, || and thou art exalted as |
 Head a- | bove— | all. ||
 Both riches and honour | come of | thee, || and thou | reignest |
 over | all: ||
 And in thy hand is | power .. and | might; || and in thy hand
 it is to make great, and to give | strength— | unto | all: ||
 Now therefore, our God, we | thank— | thee, || and | praise
 thy | glori .. ous | name. ||

23

Luke i. 68—75.

BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel; || for he hath visited
 and re- | deem .. ed | his— | people, ||
 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us || in the |
 house .. of his | servant | David; ||
 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which
 have | been .. since the | world be- | gan : ||
 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the
 hand of | all that | hate— | us ; ||
 To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember
 his | holy | covenant ; || the oath which he | sware .. to our |
 father | Abraham, ||
 That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of
 the | hand of .. our | enemies, || might serve | him— | with-
 out | fear, ||
 In holiness and righteousness be- | fore— | him, || all the | days
 of | our— | life. ||

24

Psalm 118.

O GIVE thanks | unto .. the | Lord: || for he is good; because
 his | mercy .. en- | dureth .. for | ever. ||
 It is better to | trust .. in the | Lord || than to put | confi- ..
 dence | in— | man. ||
 The Lord is my | strength and | song, || and is be- | come— |
 my sal- | vation. ||
 Open to me the | gates of | righteousness: || I will go into them,
 and | I will | praise the | Lord: ||
 This gate | of the | Lord, || into which the | righteous |
 shall— | enter. ||
 I will | praise— | thee: || for thou hast heard me, and | art
 be- | come .. my sal- | vation. ||
 This is the day which the | Lord hath | made; || we will re- |
 joice .. and be | glad— | in it. ||
 Save now, I beseech thee, | O— | Lord: || O Lord, I be- |
 seech thee, .. send | now pros- | perity. ||
 Blessed be he that cometh in the | name .. of the | Lord: || we
 have blessed you | out .. of the | house .. of the | Lord. ||
 Thou art my God, and | I will | praise thee: || thou art my |
 God,— | I .. will ex- | alt thee. ||
 O give thanks | unto .. the | Lord; || for he is good: for his |
 mercy .. en- | dureth .. for | ever. ||



25

Psalm 92.

IT IS a good thing to give thanks | unto .. the | Lord, || and to
sing praises unto thy | name,— | O Most | High: || to show
forth thy loving-kindness | in the | morning, || and thy |
faithful .. ness | every | night, ||

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery;||
upon the | harp .. with a | solemn | sound. || For thou, Lord,
hast made me glad | through thy | work: || I will triumph in
the | works of | thy— | hands. ||

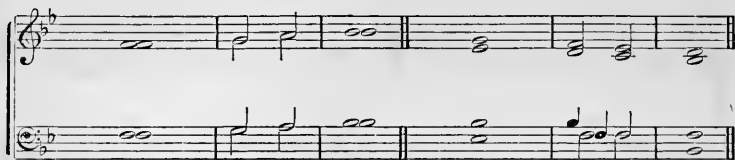
O Lord, how great are thy works! *and* thy thoughts are |
very | deep. || A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a |
fool .. under- | stand— | this. ||

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers
of in- | iquity .. do | flourish, || *it is* that they | shall be ..
de- | stroyed .. for | ever: ||

But thou, Lord, *art most* high for | ever | more. || For, lo, thine
enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the
workers of in- | iqui .. ty | shall be | scattered. || But my
horn shalt thou exalt like *the* | horn .. of a | unicorn: || I shall
be an- | ointed | with fresh | oil. ||

Mine eye also shall see *my desire* | on mine | enemies, || *and*
mine ears shall hear *my desire* of the | wicked .. that | rise
up .. a- | gainst me. || The righteous shall flourish | like the |
palm tree: || he shall | grow .. like a | cedar .. in | Lebanon. ||

Those that be planted in the | house of .. the | Lord || shall
flourish in the | courts— | of our | God. || To show that the |
Lord *is* | upright: || *he is* my rock, and *there is* | no un- |
righteous .. ness | in him. ||



26

Psalm 108.

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even |
with my | glory. || Awake, psaltery and harp: I, *myself* will
a- | wake— | early. ||

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing
praises unto thee a- | mong the | nations. || For thy mercy *is*
great above the heavens: and thy truth *reacheth* | unto ..
the | clouds. ||

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: and thy glory
above | all the | earth; || that thy beloved may be delivered:
save *with* thy right hand, | and— | answer me. ||

Give us help from trouble: for vain *is* the | help of | man. ||
Through God we shall do valiantly: for he *it is that* shall
tread | down our | enemies. ||

27

Psalm 121.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh ..
my | help. || My help *cometh* from the Lord, which made |
heaven ..and | earth. ||

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee |
will not | slumber. || Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall
neither | slumber .. nor | sleep. ||

The Lord *is* thy keeper: the Lord *is* thy shade upon thy |
right— | hand. || The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor
the | moon by | night. ||

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve
thy | soul. || The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy
coming in from this time forth, and even for | ever | more. ||



28

Psalm 33.

REJOICE in the Lord, | O ye | righteous; || for praise is |
 comely | for the | upright. ||
 Praise the | Lord with | harp; || sing unto him with the psaltery,
 and an | instru-ment | of ten | strings. ||
 Sing unto him a | new— | song; || play skilfully | with a |
 loud— | noise. ||
 For the word of the | Lord is | right; || and all his | works
 are | done in | truth. ||
 He loveth | righteousness and | judgment: || the earth is full
 of the | goodness | of the | Lord. ||
 By the word of the Lord were the | heavens | made; || and all
 the host of them by the | breath of | his— | mouth. ||
 He gathereth the waters of the sea together | as an | heap: || he
 layeth | up the | depth in | store-houses. ||
 Let all the earth | fear the | Lord: || let all the inhabitants of
 the | world stand in | awe— | of him. ||
 For he spake, | and it was | done; || he commanded, | and it |
 stood— | fast. ||
 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the | heathen to | nought: ||
 he maketh the devices of the | people of | none ef- | fect. ||
 The counsel of the Lord | standeth for | ever, || the thoughts
 of his heart to | all— | gene- | rations. ||
 Blessed is the nation whose | God is the | Lord; || and the
 people whom he hath | chosen for his | own in- | heritance. ||

29

Psalm 84.

How amiable are | thy— | tabernacles, || O | Lord— | of— |
 hosts! ||
 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts of the |
 Lord: || my heart and my flesh crieth | out for the | living |
 God. ||
 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest
 for herself, where she may | lay her | young, || even thine
 altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King, and | my— | God. ||

Blessed are they that | dwell in .. thy | house: || they will be | still— | praising | thee. ||

Blessed is the man whose | strength is .. in | thee; || in whose heart are the ways of them, who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the | rain .. also | filleth .. the | pools. ||

They go from | strength to | strength, || every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth .. be- | fore— | God. ||

O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer: || Give ear, | O— | God of | Jacob. ||

Behold, O | God our | shield, || and look upon the | face of | thine an- | ointed. ||

For a day in thy courts is better | than a | thousand. || I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to | dwell .. in the | tents of | wickedness. ||

For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield: || the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly. ||

O | Lord of | hosts, | blessed is the | man that | trusteth .. in | thee. ||

30

Hab. iii.

GOD came from Teman and the Holy One | from mount | Paran. || His glory covered the heavens, and the | earth was | full of .. his | praise. ||

His brightness was | as the | light. || Before him went the pestilence, and burning | coals went | forth at .. his | feet. ||

The mountains saw thee, | and they | trembled; || the deep uttered his voice, and lifted | up his | hands on | high. ||

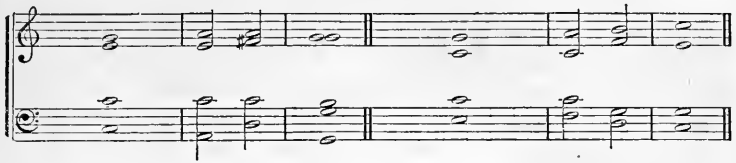
Thou wentest forth for the salvation | of thy | people, || even for sal- | vation .. with | thine an- | ointed. ||

Thou didst march through the land in | indig- | nation, || thou didst | thresh the | heathen .. in anger. ||

Thou wentest forth for the salvation | of thy | people, || even for sal- | vation .. with | thine an- | ointed. ||

I will rejoice | in the | Lord, || I will joy in the | God of | my sal- | vation. ||

The Lord God is | my— | strength, || and he will make me to | walk up .. on | my high | places. ||



31

Psalm 148.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens;
 praise him | in the | heights. || Praise ye him, all his angels:
 praise ye him, | all his | hosts. ||

Praise ye him, sun and moon; praise him, all ye | stars of |
 light. || Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that
 be a- | bove the | heavens. ||

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded,
 and | they were " cre- | ated. || He hath also established them
 for ever and ever; he hath made a decree which | shall not |
 pass. ||

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and | all— | deeps. ||
 Fire and hail; snow and vapour; stormy wind ful- | filling "
 his | word. ||

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and | all— | cedars. ||
 Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and | flying | fowl. ||

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all | judges "
 of the | earth: || Both young men and maidens; | old " men
 and | children: ||

Let them praise the | name " of the | Lord: || for his name
 alone is excellent; his glory is above the | earth and |
 heaven. ||

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of | all his |
 saints; || *even* of the children of Israel, a people near unto
 him. | Praise " ye the | Lord. ||

32

Psalm 36.

How excellent is thy loving- | kindness, " O | God! || There-
 fore the children of men put their trust under the shadow |
 of thy | wings. ||

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness | of thy |
 house; || and thou shalt make them drink of the river | of
 thy | pleasures. ||

For with thee is the | fountain " of | life: || in thy light shall
 we | see— | light. ||

33

Psalm 136.

Solo. 1. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Solo. 2. O give thanks unto the God of gods: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 4. To him who alone doeth great wonders: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 7. To him that made great lights: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night. ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 17. Who remembered us in our low estate: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 18. And hath redeemed us from our enemies: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 19. Who giveth food to all flesh: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||

Solo. 20. O give thanks unto the God of heaven: ||

Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||



34

Rev. iv. 8, 11.

HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord • God Al- | mighty, || which was,
and | is, and | is to | come. ||

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honour • and |
power; || for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure
they | are and | were cre- | ated. ||

Rev. v. 9, 10, 12, 13.

For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God | by thy |
blood, || and hast made us unto | our God | kings and |
priests. ||

Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, || to receive power, and
riches, and wisdom, and strength; and | honour, • and |
glory, • and | blessing. ||

Blessing, and honour, and | glory • and | power, || be unto him
that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for | ever •
and | ever. ||

Isa. vi. 3.

Holy, holy, holy, is the | Lord of | hosts: || the whole earth is |
full of | his— | glory. ||

Rev. vii. 10.

Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and |
unto • the | Lamb. || Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and
thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto
our | God for | ever • and | ever. ||

Luke ii. 14.

Glory to | God • in the | highest, || and on earth | peace, good |
will • toward | men. ||

Rev. i. 5, 6.

Unto him that | loved | us, || and washed us from our | sins
in | his own | blood. ||

And hath made us kings and priests unto | God • and his |
Father: || to him be glory and dominion for | ever • and |
ever. • A- | men. ||



35

Psalm 51.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- |
kindness: || according unto the multitude of thy tender
mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions. ||

Wash me thoroughly from | mine in- | iquity, || and cleanse |
me— | from my | sin. ||

For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my | sin is |
ever * be- | fore me. ||

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in |
thy— | sight: || that thou mightest be justified when thou
speakest, *and* be | clear— | when thou | judgest. ||

Create in me a clean heart, | O— | God; || and renew a |
right— | spirit * with- | in me. ||

Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || and take not thy |
Holy | Spirit | from me. ||

Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || and uphold
me | *with thy* | free— | Spirit. ||

Then will I teach trans- | gressors * thy | ways; || and sinners
shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. ||

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of | my
sal- | vation: || *and* my tongue shall sing a- | loud— | of
thy | righteousness. ||

O Lord, open | thou my | lips; || and my mouth shall |
show forth | thy— | praise. ||

36

Psalm 111.

PRAYE the Lord. I will praise the Lord with *my* | whole— |
heart, || in the assembly of the upright, and | *in* the | congre- |
gation. ||

The works of the | Lord *are* | great, || sought out of all them
that have | pleasure | there— | in. ||

His work *is* honourable | and— | glorious: || and his right-
eous- | ness en- | dureth * for | ever. ||



He hath made his wonderful works to | be re- | membered: ||
 the Lord *is* gracious and | full— | of com- | passion.
 He hath given meat unto | them that | fear him: || he will ever
 be | mindful | of his | covenant. ||
 He hath shewed his people the | power .. of his | works, || that
 he may give them the | herit .. age | of the | heathen. ||
 The works of his hands *are* | verity .. and | judgment; || all his
 com- | mandments | *are*— | sure. ||
 They stand fast for | ever .. and | ever, || *and are* done in |
 truth— | and up- | rightness. ||
 He sent redemption | unto .. his | people: || he hath commanded
 his covenant for ever: holy and | reve .. rend | *is* his | name. ||
 The fear of the Lord *is* the be- | ginning .. of | wisdom: || a good
 understanding have all they that do *his commandments*: his |
 praise en- | dureth .. for | ever. ||

37

Psalm 8.

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
 Who hast set thy glory a- | bove the | heavens. || Out of the
 mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength,
 because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the | ene ..
 my | and .. the a- | venger. ||
 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon
 and the stars, which | thou .. hast or- | dained. || What is
 man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of | man ..
 that thou | visit .. est | him. ||
 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou
 hast crowned him, with | glory .. and | honour. || Thou
 madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands:
 Thou hast put | all things | under .. his | feet. ||
 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of
 the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through
 the | paths .. of the | sea. || O Lord, our Lord, how excel-
 lent is thy name in | all the | earth. A- | men. ||



38

Psalm 116.

I | LOVE the | Lord, || because he hath heard my | voice .. and
my | suppli- | cations. ||

Because he hath inclined his | ear .. unto | me, || therefore will I
call upon him as | long— | as I | live. ||

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat |
hold up- | on me: || I found | trouble | and— | sorrow. ||

Then called I upon the | name .. of the | Lord; || O Lord, I be-
seech thee, de- | liver | my— | soul. ||

Gracious is the | Lord, and | righteous; || yea, our | God— |
is— | merciful. ||

The Lord pre- | serveth .. the | simple: || I was brought low,
and | he— | helped | me. ||

Return unto thy rest, | O my | soul; || for the Lord hath dealt |
bounti- | fully | with thee. ||

For thou hast delivered my | soul from | death, || mine eyes from
tears, and my | feet— | from— | falling. ||

What shall I render | unto .. the | Lord || for all his | bene- ..
fits | toward | me? ||

I will take the | cup of .. sal- | vation, || and call upon the |
name— | of the | Lord. ||

I will pay my vows | unto .. the | Lord || now in the | presence ..
of | all his | people. ||

Precious in the | sight .. of the | Lord || is the | death of |
his— | saints. ||

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the |
son of .. thy | handmaid: || thou hast | loosed | my— |
bonds. ||

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of | thanks— | giving, || and
will call upon the | name— | of the | Lord. ||

I will pay my vows | unto .. the | Lord || now in the | presence ..
of | all his | people. ||

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, | O
Je- | rusalem. || Praise | ye— | the— | Lord. ||

39

Isaiah lii. 7-10.

HOW BEAUTIFUL up- | on the | mountains || are the feet of him
 that bringeth good | tidings, .. that | publish .. eth | peace; ||
 That bringeth good tidings of good, that | publisheth .. sal- |
 vation; || that saith unto | Zion, .. Thy | God— | reigneth! ||
 Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice; || with the voice to- |
 gether .. shall | they— | sing: ||
 For they shall see | eye to | eye, || when the Lord shall | bring
 a- | gain— | Zion. ||
 Break | forth into | joy, || Sing together, ye waste | places | of
 Je- | rusalem: ||
 For the Lord hath | comforted .. his | people, || he hath re- |
 deemed .. Je- | rusa- | lem. ||
 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all
 the | nations; || and all the ends of the earth shall see the
 sal- | vation | of our | God. ||

40

Psalm 139.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and | known— | me. || Thou
 knowest my downsit- | ting and mine up- | rising, thou under-
 standest my | thought a- | far— | off. ||
 Thou compassest my path and my | lying | down, || and art ac-
 quainted with | all— | my— | ways. ||
 For there is not a | word .. in my | tongue, || but lo, O Lord,
 thou | knowest .. it | alto- | gether. ||
 Thou hast beset me be- | hind .. and be- | fore, || and | laid
 thine | hand up- | on me. ||
 Such knowledge is too | wonder .. ful | for me; || it is high, I
 | cannot .. at- | tain— | unto it. ||
 Whither shall I go from | thy— | Spirit? || or whither shall I |
 flee from | thy— | presence? ||
 If I say, Surely the | darkness .. shall | cover me; || even the |
 night .. shall be | light a- | bout me. ||
 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth |
 as the | day: || the darkness and the light are | both a- | like
 to thee. || How precious also are thy | thoughts .. unto | me, ||
 O God! how | great | is the | sum of them! ||
 Search me, O God, and | know my | heart; || try me, and |
 know— | my— | thoughts. || And see if there be any |
 wicked .. way | in me, || and lead me | in the | way .. ever-
 lasting. ||

Part 1. Regular. Coda. Part 2. Regular.

A - men.

Part 3. Irregular.

41

Glo: in excel:

I.

GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- |
will ·· towards | men. ||

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glo-
rify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy | great— | glory. ||

II.

O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- |
mighty! ||

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, ||

O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son ·· of the | Fa- | ther, ||

III.

That takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, || have mercy
up- | on— | us. ||

Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, || have
mercy up- | on— | us. ||

Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, || receive |
our— | prayer. ||

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ||
have mercy up- | on— | us. ||

I.

For thou only | art— | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord. ||

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high
in the | glory ·· of | God the | Father. | A- | men. ||



42

Psalm 48.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city | of
our | God, || in the | mountain | of his | holiness. ||

Beautiful for | situ- | ation, || the joy of the whole | earth,— |
is Mount | Zion, ||

On the sides of the north, the city of the | great— | King. ||
God is known in her | pala- | ces | for a | refuge. ||

We have thought of thy loving- | kindness, • O | God, || in
the | midst of | thy— | temple. ||

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the |
ends • of the | earth: || thy right | hand is | full of | righteous-
ness. ||

Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of | Judah • be |
glad, || because of | thy— | judg— | ments. ||

Walk about Zion, and go | round a- | bout her: || tell the |
towers | there— | of. ||

Mark ye well her bulwarks, con- | sider her • palaces; || that
ye may tell it to the | gene- | ration | following. ||

For this God is our God for- | ever • and | ever: || he will be
our | guide • even | unto | death. ||

43

Psalm 61.

FROM the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart
is | over- | whelmed: || lead me to the | Rock • that is |
higher • than | I.

For thou hast been a | shelter | for me, || and a strong |
tower | from the | enemy. ||

I will abide in thy tabernacle | for— | ever: || I will trust in
the | covert | of thy | wings. ||

For thou, O God, hast | heard my | vows: || thou hast given
me the heritage of | those that | fear thy | name. ||

So will I sing praise unto thy | name for | ever, || that I may |
daily • per- | form my | vows. ||

Part 1. Coda.

A - men.

Part 2.

44

I.

Te Deum.

WE praise thee, | O— | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be
the | Lord. ||

All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever- |
last— | ing. ||

To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the |
powers there- | in.

To thee cherubim, and seraphim con- | tinually .. do | cry, ||
Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Saba- | oth; ||

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. || The
glorious company of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fel-
lowship of the | prophets | praise— | thee. ||

The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee. || The holy church
throughout all the | world .. doth ac- | knowledge | thee, ||

The Father, of an | infi .. nite | majesty; || thine adorable, |
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 |
Fa— | ther. ||

II.

When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst
humble thyself to be | born— | of a | virgin. ||

When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness .. of | death, || thou
didst open the kingdom of | heaven .. to | all be- | lievers. ||

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 |
 ever- | lasting. ||
 O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; || govern
 them and | lift them | up for | ever. ||

I.

Day by day we | magni .. fy | thee; || and we worship thy name
 ever, | world with- | out— | end. ||
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with .. out | sin; || O
 Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mercy .. up- | on— | us, ||
 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as 'our | trust— |
 is in | thee. ||
 O Lord, in | thee .. have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con- |
 founded. || A- | men. ||

45 .

Psalm 46.

GOD is our | refuge .. and | strength, || a very | present | help
 in | trouble. ||
 Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth .. be re- | moved, ||
 and though the mountains be carried into the | midst— | of
 the | sea; ||
 Though the waters thereof | roar .. and be | troubled, || though
 the mountains | shake .. with the | swelling .. there- | of. ||
 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city ..
 of | God, || the holy place of the tabernacles | of the |
 Most— | High. ||
 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved: || God
 shall | help her, .. and | that right | early. ||
 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our |
 refuge. ||
 Be still, and know that | I am | God: || I will be exalted among
 the heathen, I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth. ||
 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our |
 refuge. ||



46

Isa. lx.

ARISE, shine, for thy | light is | come, || and the glory of the |
 Lord is | risen .. up- | on thee. ||

For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross |
 darkness .. the | people; || but the Lord shall arise upon thee,
 and his glory | shall be | seen up- | on thee. ||

And the Gentiles shall | come to .. thy | light: || and kings to
 the | brightness | of thy | rising. ||

Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather them-
 selves together, they | come to | thee: || thy sons shall come
 from far, and thy daughters shall be | nursed | at thy |
 side. ||

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall
 fear, and | be en- | larged; || because the abundance of the
 sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the | Gentiles ..
 shall | come .. unto | thee. ||

47

Luke ii.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding | in
 the | field, || keeping watch | over .. their | flocks by | night. ||

And lo, the angel of the | Lord .. came up- | on them, || and
 the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and | they
 were | sore a- | fraid. ||

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you
 good tidings of | great— | joy, || which shall | be to | all— |
 people. ||

For unto you is born this day in the | city .. of | David, || a
 Saviour | which is | Christ the | Lord. ||

And this shall be a | sign— | unto you: || ye shall find the babe
 wrapped in swaddling-clothes, | lying | in a | manger. ||

And suddenly there was | with the | angel || a multitude of
 the heavenly host, | praising | God and | saying, ||

Glory to | God .. in the | highest, || and on earth | peace, good |
 will .. towards | men. ||



48

Psalm 67.

God be merciful unto | us and | bless us; || and cause his | face
to | shine up- | on us; ||

That thy way may be | known up .. on | earth; || thy saving |
health a- | mong all | nations. ||

Let the people praise thee, | O— | God, || let all the | people |
praise— | thee. ||

O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: || for thou shalt
judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations .. up- |
on— | earth. ||

Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || let all the | people |
praise— | thee. ||

Then shall the earth | yield her | increase; || and God, even |
our own | God shall | bless us. ||

God shall | bless— | us; || and all the ends of the | earth shall |
fear— | him. ||

49

Psalm 147.

PRAISE the Lord, O Je- | rusa- | lem; || praise thy | God,— |
O— | Zion. ||

For he hath strengthened the | bars of .. thy | gates; || he hath
blessed thy | children | with— | in thee. ||

He maketh peace | in thy | borders, || and filleth thee with
the | finest | of the | wheat. ||

He giveth | snow like | wool: || he scattereth the | hoar-frost |
like— | ashes. ||

He casteth forth his | ice like | morsels; || who can | stand be- |
fore his | cold? ||

He sendeth out his | word, and | melteth them: || he causeth
his wind to blow, | and the | waters | flow. ||

He showeth his word | unto | Jacob, || his statutes and his |
judgments | unto | Israel. ||

He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments,
they | have not | known them. || Praise | ye— | the— | Lord. ||



50

Isaiah vi.

O ZION, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the |
 high— | mountain: || O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings,
 lift | up thy | voice with | strength; ||
 Lift it up, | be not .. a- | fraid; || say unto the cities of | Judah, ..
 Be- | hold your | God. ||
 Behold the Lord God will come with strong *hand*, and his
 arm shall | rule— | for him: || behold, his reward *is* with him,
 and | his— | work be- | fore him. ||

Psalm ciii. 17, 18.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon |
 them that | fear him, || and his righteousness | unto | chil-
 dren's | children. ||

To such as | keep his | covenant; || and to those that remember
 his com- | mandments .. to | do— | them. ||

Isa. xliv. 3, 4.

I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed, || and my | blessing ..
 up- | on thine | offspring: ||

And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, || as wil-
 lows | by the | water- | courses. ||

Mark x. 14.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and for- | bid them |
 not: || for of | such .. is the | kingdom .. of | God. ||

Acts ii. 39.

For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children; || and to
 all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God
 shall | call. ||

Ez. xxxvi. 25, 26.

Then will I sprinkle clean | water .. up- | on you, || and | ye
 shall | be— | clean: ||

A new heart also | will I | give you, || and a new spirit | will
 I | put with- | in you, ||

And I will take away the stony heart | out of .. your | flesh, ||
 and I will | give you .. a | heart of | flesh. ||

Isa. xl.

He shall feed his flock | like a | shepherd; || he shall gather
the lambs with his arm, and | carry .. them | in his |
bosom. ||

Isa. lxii.

For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusa-
lem's sake I | will not | rest, || until the righteousness thereof
go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof | as a | lamp
that | burneth. ||

And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all | kings
thy | glory: || and thou shalt be called by a new name, which
the | mouth .. of the | Lord shall | name. ||

Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the | hand of .. the |
Lord, || and a royal diadem | in the | hand of .. thy |
God. ||

Isa. lxiii.

Doubtless thou *art* our Father, though Abraham be ignorant
of us, and Israel ac- | knowledge .. us | not: || thou, O Lord,
art our Father, our Redeemer: thy | name is .. from | ever- |
lasting. ||

51

Psalms 126.

WHEN the Lord turned again the cap- | tivity .. of | Zion, ||
we were | like— | them that | dream. ||

Then was our mouth | filled .. with | laughter, || and our |
tongue— | with— | singing: ||

Then said they a- | mong the | heathen, || the Lord hath
done | great— | things— | for them. ||

The Lord hath done great | things for | us; || where- | of— |
we are | glad. ||

Turn again our captivity, | O— | Lord, || as the | streams— |
in the | south. ||

They that | sow in | tears || shall | reap— | in— | joy. ||

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing | precious | seed, ||
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, | bringing .. his |
sheaves— | with him. ||



52

Psalm 23.

THE LORD is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. || He maketh
me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the |
still— | waters. ||

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteous-
ness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for
thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they— | comfort me. ||

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine ene-
mies, thou anointest my head with oil: my | cup * runneth |
over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the |
Lord, for | ever. || A- | men. ||

53

Psalm 85.

LORD, thou hast been favourable | unto * thy | land: || thou
hast brought back the cap | tivity * of | Jacob. ||

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of thy | people, || thou hast
covered | all their | sin. ||

Thou hast taken away | all thy | wrath: || thou hast turned thy-
self from the fierceness of | thine— | anger. ||

Turn us, O God of | our sal- | vation, || and cause thine anger to-
ward | us to | cease. ||

Wilt thou be angry with | us for | ever? || Wilt thou draw out
thine anger to all | gene- | rations? ||

Wilt thou not re- | vive us * a- | gain: || that thy people may
re- | joice in | thee?

Shew us thy | mercy, * O | Lord, || and grant us | thy sal- |
vation. ||

I will hear what God the | Lord will | speak: || for he will
speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them
not turn a- | gain to | folly. ||

Surely his salvation is nigh | them that | fear him; || that glory
may dwell in | our— | land. ||



Mercy and truth are | met to- | gether; || righteousness and
 peace have | kissed .. each | other. ||
 Truth shall spring | out of .. the | earth; || and righteousness
 shall look | down from | heaven. ||
 Yea, the Lord shall give | that .. which is | good; || and our
 land shall | yield her | increase. ||
 Righteousness shall | go be- | fore him; || and shall set us in
 the way of | his— | steps. ||

54

Psalm 54.

I WILL bless the Lord at | all— | times: || his praise shall con-
 tinually | be in | my— | mouth. ||
 My soul shall make her | boast .. in the | Lord: || the humble
 shall | hear there .. of, | and be | glad. |
 Oh magnify the | Lord with | me, || and let us ex- | alt his |
 name to- | gether. ||
 I sought the Lord, | and he | heard me, || and delivered me
 from | all— | my— | fears. ||
 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about | them that |
 fear him, || and de- | liver- | eth— | them. ||
 Oh taste and see that the | Lord is | good: || blessed is the | man
 that | trusteth .. in | him. ||
 Oh fear the Lord, | ye his | saints: || for there is no want to |
 them that | fear— | him. ||
 The young lions do lack, and | suffer | hunger: || but they that
 seek the Lord shall not | want any | good— | thing. ||
 The righteous cry, and the | Lord— | heareth, || and delivereth
 them | out of | all their | troubles. ||
 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a | broken | heart; ||
 and saveth such as | be of .. a | contrite | spirit. ||
 Many are the afflictions | of the | righteous: || but the Lord de-
 livereth him | out of | them— | all. ||
 The Lord redeemeth the | soul of .. his | servants; || and none
 of them that trust in | him— | shall be | desolate. ||



55

Psalm 19

THE heavens declare the | glory .. of | God; || and the firma-
ment | sheweth | his— | handy-work. ||

Day unto day | utter .. eth | speech, || and night unto | night— |
sheweth | knowledge. ||

*There is no | speech nor | language || where their | voice— | is
not | heard. ||*

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to
the | end of .. the | world. || In them hath he set a | taber- ..
naclè | for the | sun, ||

Which is as a bridegroom coming | out of .. his | chamber, ||
and rejoiceth as a | strong .. man to | run a | race. ||

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit |
unto .. the | ends of it: || and there is nothing | hid .. from
the | heat there- | of. ||

The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting .. the | soul: || the
testimony of the Lord is | sure, .. making | wise the | simple. ||

The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing .. the | heart: ||
the commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening ..
the | eyes. ||

The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during .. for | ever: || the
judgments of the Lord are true *and* | righteous | alto- |
gether. ||

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine |
gold: || sweeter also than | honey, | and the | honeycomb. ||

Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned: | *and* in keeping
of | them .. *there is* | great re- | ward. ||

Who can under- | stand his | errors? || cleanse thou | me from |
secret | faults. ||

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*; let them
not have do- | minion | over me: || then shall I be upright,
and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans- | gression. ||

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my |
heart, || be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my | strength,
and | my re- | deemer. ||

BLESSED *are* the undefiled | in the | way, || who walk in the |
law— | of the | Lord. ||

Blessed *are* they that | keep his | testimonies, || *and that* | seek
him | with the " whole | heart. ||

They also do | no in- | iquity: || they | walk in | his— | ways.||
Thou hast commanded *us* to keep thy | precepts | diligently. ||

O that my ways were di- | rected " to | keep thy | statutes! ||
Then shall I | not be " a- | shamed, || when I have re- | spect
" unto | all " thy com- | mandments. ||

I will praise thee with up- | rightness " of | heart, || when I
shall have | learned " thy | righteous | judgments. ||

I will | keep thy | statutes: || O for- | sake me | not— | ut-
terly. ||

H.

Teach me, O Lord, the | way of " thy | statutes; || and I shall |
keep it | unto " the | end. ||

Give me understanding, and I shall | keep thy | law; || yea, I
shall ob- | serve it | with *my* " whole | heart. ||

Make me to go in the path of | thy com- | mandments; || for
therein | do— | I de- | light. ||

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and | not to | covetous-
ness. || Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; *and* |
quicken " thou | me in " thy | way. ||

Stablish thy word | unto thy | servant, || who *is de-* | voted | to
thy | fear. ||

Turn away my reproach | which I | fear: || for thy | judg-
ments | *are*— | good. ||

Behold, I have longed | after " thy | precepts: || quicken |
me— | in thy | righteousness. ||

M.

O how love I | thy— | law! || *it is* my medi- | tation | all the |
day. ||

Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser | than
mine | enemies: || for | they *are* | ever | with me. ||

I have more understanding than | all my | teachers: || for thy
testimonies | *are* my | medi- | tation. ||

I understand more than the ancients, because I | keep thy | pre-
cepts. || I have refrained my feet from every evil way,
that | I might | keep thy | word. ||

I have not departed | from thy | judgments: || for | thou hast |
taught— | me. ||



57

Psalm 2.

WHY do the | heathen | rage, || and the people im- | agine ..
a | vain— | thing? ||

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take |
counsel .. to- | gether, || against the Lord, and against | his
An- | ointed, | saying, ||

Let us break their | bands a- | sunder, || and cast a- | way
their | cords— | from us. ||

He that sitteth in the | heavens .. shall | laugh: || the Lord
shall | have them | in de- | rision. ||

Then shall he speak unto them | in his | wrath, || and vex
them | in his | sore dis- | pleasure. ||

Yet have I | set my | King || upon my | holy | hill of |
Zion. ||

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath | said .. unto | me, ||
Thou *art* my Son; this day have | I be- | gotten | thee. ||

Ask of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* | thine in- |
heritance, || and the uttermost parts of the | earth *for* | thy
pos- | session. ||

Thou shalt break them with a | rod of | iron; || thou shalt dash
them in pieces | like a | potter's | vessel. ||

Be wise now therefore, | O ye | kings: || be instructed, ye |
judges | of the | earth. ||

Serve the Lord | with— | fear, || and re- | joice— | with— |
trembling. ||

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when
his wrath is kindled | but a | little. || Blessed *are* all they
that | put their | trust in | him. ||



58

Isa. liii.

He is despised and re- | jected of | men ; || a man of | sorrows and
and ac- | quainted with | grief : ||

And we hid as it were our | faces | from him : || he was de-
spised and | we es- | teemed him | not. ||

Surely he hath borne our griefs and | carried our | sorrows : ||
yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten of | God and af-
flicted. ||

But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, || he was |
bruised for | our in- | iquities. ||

The chastisement of our peace | was up- | on him : || and with
his | stripes— | we are | healed. ||

All we, like sheep, have gone astray ; we have turned every one
to | his own | way ; || and the Lord hath laid on *him* the
in- | iqui- | ty | of us | all. ||

He was oppressed and | he was af- | flicted ; || yet he | open-
ed | not his mouth : ||

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before
her | shearers is | dumb, || so he | open- | eth | not his |
mouth. ||

Yet it pleased the | Lord to | bruise him ; || he hath | put— |
him to | grief. ||

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see
his seed, he shall pro- | long his | days, || and the pleasure
of the Lord shall | prosper | in his | hand. ||



59

Psalm 132.

I WILL not give sleep | to mine | eyes, || *or* slumber | to mine |
eye— | lids, || until I find out a place | for the | Lord, ||
a habitation for the | mighty | *God* of | Jacob. ||

Lo, we heard of it | at— | Ephratah: || we found it | in the |
fields of the | wood. | We will go | into his | taberna-
cles: || we will | worship | at his | footstool. ||

Arise, O Lord, | into his | rest; || thou, and the | ark— | of
thy | strength. || Let thy priests be | clothed with | right-
eousness; || and let thy | saints— | shout for | joy. ||

For the Lord hath | chosen | Zion; || he hath desired *it* | for
his | habi- | tation. || This is my | rest for | ever: || here will
I dwell; | for I | have de- | sired it. ||

60

1 Kings viii. 27-30, 56. 2 Chron. vi. 41.

BUT will God indeed | dwell on the | earth? || Behold the
heaven and the heaven of | heavens | cannot con- | tain
thee: || how much less | this— | house || that | I have |
build- | ed? ||

Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of | thy— | servant, ||
and to his suppli- | cation, O | Lord my | God, || to hearken
unto the cry and | to the | prayer || which thy servant |
prayeth be- | fore thee to- | day. ||



That thine eyes may be open toward this house | night and |
 day, || even toward the place of which thou hast | said,
 My | name shall be | there. || That thou mayest hearken |
 unto the | prayer || which thy servant shall | make toward
 this— | place. ||

And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of
 thy | people | Israel, || when they shall | pray— | toward
 this | place. || And hear thou in heaven | thy— | dwelling-
 place: || and when | thou— | hearest, for— | give. ||

Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his | people |
 Israel, || according to | all— | that he | promised. || There
 hath not failed one word of all | his good | promises, || which
 he promised by the | hand of | Moses his | servant. ||

Now therefore, arise, O Lord God, into | thy— | resting-place, ||
 thou, and the | ark— | of thy | strength: || let thy priests,
 O Lord God, be | clothed with sal- | vation, || and let thy |
 saints re- | joice in thy | goodness. ||

61

Psalm 91.

BECAUSE thou hast made the Lord, which | is my | refuge, ||
 even the Most | High, thy | habi- | tation; ||

There shall no | evil be— | fall thee, || neither shall any |
 plague come | nigh thy | dwelling. ||

For he shall give his angels | charge— | over thee, || to keep
 thee in | all— | thy— | ways. ||

They shall bear thee | up in their | hands, || lest thou dash
 thy | foot a- | gainst a | stone. ||

Thou shalt tread upon the | lion and | adder: || the young lion
 and the dragon shalt thou | trample | under | feet. ||

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will | I de- |
 liver him: || I will set him on high, because he | hath
 known | my— | name. ||

He shall call upon me, and | I will | answer him: || I will be
 with him in trouble; I will de- | liver | him, and | honour
 him. ||



62

Psalm 39.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my |
days, what it | is; || that I may | know how | frail I | am. ||
Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine
age is as | nothing be- | fore thee: || verily every man at
his best state is | alto- | gether | vanity. ||

And now, Lord, what | wait I | for? || My | hope— | is in |
thee. || I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth; || be- |
cause— | thou— | didst it. ||

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry: hold not
thy | peace at my | tears: || for I am a stranger with thee,
and a sojourner, as | all my | fathers | were. || O spare me
that I may re- | cover | strength, || before I go | hence and |
be no | more. ||

63

Psalm 25.

UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift | up my | soul. || O my | God,
I | trust in | thee: || let me not | be a- | shamed; || let not
mine | ene mie | triumph | over me. ||

Yea, let none that wait on | thee be a- | shamed; || let them
be ashamed which trans- | gress with- | out— | cause. || Show
me thy ways, O Lord; | teach me thy | paths. || Lead me |
in thy | truth, and | teach me: ||

For thou art the God of | my sal- | vation; || on thee do I |
wait— | all the | day. || Remember, O Lord, thy tender
mercies and thy | loving- | kindnesses; || For they | have
been | ever of | old. ||



Remember not the sins of my youth, nor | my trans- |
gressions; || according to thy mercy remember thou me, for
thy | goodness' | sake, O | Lord. || Good and upright | is
the | Lord: || Therefore will he teach | sinners | in the |
way. ||

The meek will he | guide in | judgment: || and the | meek ..
will he | teach his | way. || All the paths of the Lord are |
mercy ..and | truth || unto such as keep his | cove ..nant | and
his | testimonies. ||

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon | mine in- | iquity; ||
for | it— | is— | great. || What man is he that | feareth ..
the | Lord? || Him shall he teach in the | way that | he
shall | choose. ||

His soul shall | dwell at | ease; || and his | seed ..shall in- |
herit ..the | earth. || The secret of the Lord is with | them
that | fear him; || and he will | show them | his— | cove ..
nant. ||

64

Psalm 130.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord. || Lord,
hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to the | voice ..of
my | suppli- | cations. ||

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, | who shall |
stand? || But there is forgiveness with thee, that | thou— |
mayest ..be | feared. ||

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his | word ..do
I | hope. || My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they
that watch for the morning, I say, | more than ..they that |
watch ..for the | morning. ||

Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy,
and with him is | plenteous ..re- | demption. || And he shall
redeem Israel from | all— | his in- | iquities. ||



65

Psalm 41.

BLESSED is he that con- | sidereth ..the | poor; || the Lord will
 de- | liver ..him in | time of | trouble. ||
 The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall
 be blessed up- | on the | earth. || And thou wilt not deliver
 him unto the | will of | his— | enemies. ||
 The Lord will strengthen him upon the | bed of | languish-
 ing: || thou wilt make | all his | bed ..in his | sickness. ||

66

Psalm 112.

A GOOD man showeth | favour ..and | lendeth; || he will |
 guide ..his af- | fairs ..with dis- | cretion. ||
 Surely he shall not be | moved ..for | ever: || the righteous shall
 be in | ever- | lasting ..re- | membrance. ||
 He shall not be afraid of | evil | tidings. || His heart is fixed, |
 trusting | in the | Lord. ||
 He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness
 en- | dureth ..for | ever; || his horn | shall ..be ex- | alted ..
 with | honour. ||

67

Psalm 115.

NOR unto us, O Lord, | not ..unto | us, || but unto thy name
 give glory, for thy mercy, and | for thy | truth's— | sake. ||
 O Israel, trust | thou ..in the | Lord: || he is their | help and |
 their— | shield. ||
 O house of Aaron, | trust ..in the | Lord: || he is their | help
 and | their— | shield. ||
 Ye that fear the Lord, | trust ..in the | Lord: || he is their |
 help and | their— | shield. ||
 The Lord hath been mindful of us: | he will | bless us; || he
 will bless the house of Israel; he will | bless the | house of |
 Aaron. ||
 He will bless them that | fear the | Lord, || Both | small— |
 and— | great. ||



68

Psalm 24.

WHO shall ascend into the | hill ..of the | Lord? || and who
shall | stand ..in his | holy | place? ||

He that hath clean hands, and a | pure— | heart; || who hath
not lifted up his soul unto | vanity, ..nor | sworn de- | ceit-
fully. ||

He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord, || and righteous-
ness from the | God of ..his sal- | vation. ||

This is the generation of | them that | seek him, || that | seek
thy | face, O | Jacob. ||

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye ever- |
lasting | doors; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in. ||

Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord strong and mighty,
the Lord | mighty | in— | battle. ||

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye ever- |
lasting | doors; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in. ||

Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord of hosts, | he ..*is*
the | King of | glory. ||

69

Isaiah xii.

O LORD, | I will | praise thee: || Though thou wast angry with
me, thine anger is turned a- | way,— | and thou | comfortedst
me. ||

Behold, God is | my sal- | vation; || I will | trust and | not be ..
a- | fraid: ||

For the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and | my— | song: || he
also is be- | come— | my sal- | vation. ||

Declare his doings a- | mong the | people, || make mention that
his | name— | is ex- | alted. ||

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done | excel ..lent | things: ||
this is | known in | all the | earth. ||

Cry out and shout, thou in- | habitant ..of | Zion: || for great
is the Holy One of | Isra ..el | in the | midst of thee. ||

The Commandments.

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

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

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

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

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

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

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

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

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

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

The 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 arose 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.

* That is, he continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death, for a time.

GENERAL PRAISE

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

Lyons. 10, 11.



1

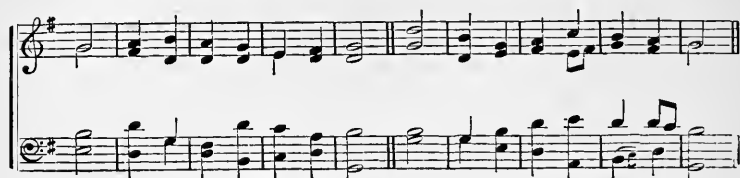
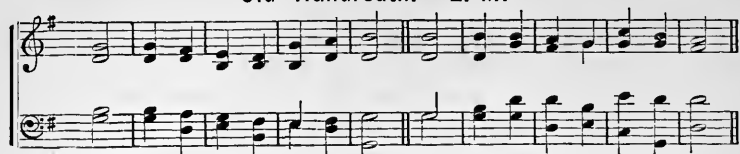
O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing His pow'r and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

We sing of Thy might, we sing of Thy grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
Thy chariots of wrath the thunder-clouds form,
And dark is Thy path on the wings of the storm.

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

O measureless Might, ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

Old Hundredth. L. M.



2

P. 100.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,—
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

We are Thy people, we Thy care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name!

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise:
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

3

P. 117.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise:
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

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

4

H. 367.

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

Know that the Lord 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.

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.

Because 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

P. 57.

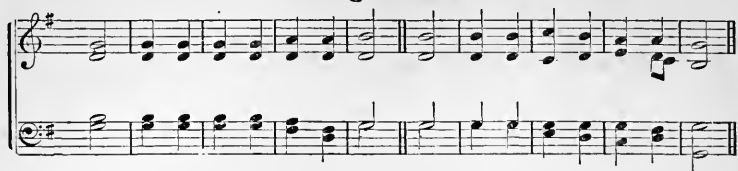
BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to Thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
Awake, and sing His glorious fame.

High o'er the earth Thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

Sterling. L. M.



6

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

With joy we to Thy courts repair,
And bow with adoration here;
Upon Thy name devoutly call
And own Thee Sovereign Lord of all.

The depths of earth are in Thy hand,
Her secret wealth at Thy command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to Thy empire lies.

Into Thy presence, Lord, we come,
To thank Thee for Thy favours done;
To Thee address in joyful songs
The praise that to Thy name belongs.

7

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led;
Open the portals of the sky.

Who is the King of glory—Who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame,
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Bowen. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Bowen. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.”

Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

8

—♦—
ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

All this for us Thy love hath done,
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Judgment Hymn. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

9

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,—
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be He, who went to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,—
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

10

— — — — —

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise Him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

P. 97.

Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne ;
Though gloomy clouds His ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

11



FATHER of heaven! whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

12



WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all:
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before Thy footstool fall.

Higher, still higher, swell the strain,
Creation's voice the note prolong,
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song!

Rockingham. L. M.



13

P. 65.

THE praise of Zion waits for Thee,
My God, and praise becomes Thy house;
Here shall Thy saints Thy glory see,
And here perform their public vows.

O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away the stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

Blest is the man whom Thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to Thee;
Give him a place within Thy house,
To taste Thy love divinely free.

Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own Thee Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see our Saviour's name adored.

To GOD the great, the ever blest,
 Let songs of honour be addressed;
 His mercy firm for ever stands,
 Give Him the thanks His love demands.

Who knows the wonders of Thy ways?
 Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise?
 Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
 And pay their duty to Thy will.

Remember what Thy mercy did
 For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed,
 And with the same salvation bless
 The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

O! may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
 And aid their triumphs with my voice;
 This is my glory, Lord, to be
 Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.



COME, let us sing the song of songs—
 The saints in heaven began the strain—
 The homage which to Christ belongs:
 "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

Slain to redeem us by His blood,
 To cleanse from every sinful stain,
 And make us kings and priests to God—
 "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

To Him who suffered on the tree,
 Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
 Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
 "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

To Him, enthroned by filial right,
 All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
 Honour, and majesty, and might:
 "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

Long as we live, and when we die,
 And while in heaven with Him we reign,
 This song our song of songs shall be,
 "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

Luton. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for a lute, consisting of two systems of two staves each. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of early modern lute tablature or notation, with many chords and arpeggiated figures.

16

P. 103.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
 His favours claim the highest praise;
 Why should the wonders He hath wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot?

'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.

His power He showed by Moses' hands,
 And gave to Israel His commands;
 But sent His truth and mercy down
 To all the nations by His Son.

Let the whole earth His power confess,
 Let the whole earth adore His grace;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.

17

P. 138.

— — — — —
 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.

To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

18



H. 195.

Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

Melancthon. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Melancthon. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines. The first system has two measures, and the second system has two measures. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

19

P. 93.

JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

But, ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At Thy rebuke the billows die.

For ever shall Thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

20

P. 148.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

The Lord, how absolute He reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce His terrors be.

High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.

Wide as His vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

21



P. 68.

LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While He pronounced His holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent His promised Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest,
He's our defence, our joy, our rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
Thou art the strength of every saint.

Duke Street. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Duke Street. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

22

P. 36.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines:
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens Thy designs.

For ever firm Thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep;
 Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

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

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from Thy presence, gracious Lord;
 And in Thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in Thy word.

23

H. 11.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To Him that earth's foundation laid;
 Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as He please.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules His people by His word;
 And there, as strong as His decrees,
 He sets His kindest promises.

Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words, on which His children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

O for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
T' embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

24



H. 134.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon:
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

25



THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Thou, Lord, art King! who then shall dare
Resist Thy will, distrust Thy care?
Holy and true are all Thy ways:
Let every creature speak Thy praise.

Thou, Lord, art King! exalt our strains,
O saints, our God, our Father reigns;
One Lord one empire all secures:
He reigns, and life and death are ours.

Arlington. C. M.



26

THE head, that once was crowned with thorns,
 Is crowned with glory now;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
 Is Thine, is Thine by right,—
 Thou King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom Thon dost reveal Thy love,
 And grant Thy name to know.

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

They suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
 They reign with Thee above,
 Their everlasting joy to know
 The mystery of Thy love.

Thy cross, dear Lord, is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Thee;
 Thy people's hope, Thy people's wealth,
 Their song eternally.

O God, my heart is fully bent
 To magnify Thy name;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Awake, my lute, nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay,
 While I with early hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.

To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell,
 And to those nations sing Thy praise
 That round about us dwell;

Because Thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heaven transcends,
 And far beyond the aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame;
 And let the world, with one consent,
 Confess Thy glorious name.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound His praise,
 Awake my harp to sing,
 Join all my powers the song to raise,
 And morning incense bring.

Among the people of Thy care,
 And through the nations round,
 Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
 And there Thy name resound.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the starry train;
 Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
 And teach the world Thy reign.

So shall Thy chosen sons rejoice,
 And throug Thy courts above;
 While sinners hear Thy pardoning voice,
 And taste redeeming love.

Coronation. C. M.



29

H. 378.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

30

H. 388.

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

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

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

31

P. 47.

—♦—♦—♦—
O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains,
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

Reharse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

In Israel stood His ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne.

York. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn titled 'York. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first system contains two measures of music, and the second system also contains two measures. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

32

H. 4.

GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view;
 To Thee, there's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

33

P. 90.

—♦—
 OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

34

P. 45.

I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule Thy saints by love.

Justice and truth attend Thee still,
But mercy is Thy choice:
And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill
With Christ's peculiar joys.

Brattle Street. C. M. Double.

35

Whilst Thee I seek, protecting Power!

H. 29.

Be my vain wishes stilled,

And may this consecrated hour

With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,

To Thee my thoughts would soar:

Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,

That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear

Thy ruling hand I see;

Each blessing to my soul most dear,

Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,

In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,

Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings the favoured hour,

Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,

My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,

The gathering storm shall see,

My steadfast heart shall know no fear—

That heart will rest on Thee.

Rayford. C. M. Double.

1st time.



2d time.



1st time.

2d time.



36

To God be glory, peace on earth,
 To all mankind good will;
 We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
 And glorify Thee still;
 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
 That fills our souls with light;
 O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
 And Father of all might!

And Thou, begotten Son of God,
 Before all time begun,
 O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
 The Father's only Son;
 Thou who the sins of all the world
 Dost fully take away,
 Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
 And hear us when we pray!

O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
 Upon the Father's throne,
 Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
 Who art the Holy One!
 Thou, only, with the Holy Ghost,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 In glory of the Father art,
 Most high for ever more!

Shirland. S. M.



37

H. 464.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

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

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

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

There shall we see Thy face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of Thy grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

St. Thomas. S. M.



38

P. 103.

My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

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

His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

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

Silver Street. S. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Silver Street. S. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and moving lines in both hands.

39

H. 175.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune,
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bade Him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease;
 Bow to the sceptre of His love,
 And take the offered peace.

Lord, we obey Thy call;
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation Thou hast brought,
 And love and praise Thy name.

40

P. 103.

O! BLESS the Lord, my soul,
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless His name,
 Whose favours are divine.

O! bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

41



P. 95.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

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

We worship at Thy throne,
We bow before Thee, Lord;
We are Thy works, and not our own,
Created by Thy word.

To-day we'll heed Thy voice,
Nor dare provoke Thy rod,—
Come, like the people of Thy choice,
And own our gracious God.

Trinity. 6, 4.



42

H. 18.

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

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

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

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

43

H. 467

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye His name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Sing loud for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

Jesus our Lord and God
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye His name;
Tell what His arm has done,
What spoils from death He won.
Sing His great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising Thy name,
We who have felt Thy blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound Thy dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

Join all the ransomed race
Our holy Lord to bless,
Praising Thy name;
In Thee we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

Swaine. H. M.



44

O HOLY, holy Lord,
 Creation's sovereign King,
 Thy majesty adored, let all Thy creatures sing:
 Who wast, and art, and art to be,
 Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

Great are Thy works of praise,
 O God of boundless might!
 All just and true Thy ways, Thou King of saints in light!
 Let all above, and all below,
 Conspire to show Thy power and love.

Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
 And magnify Thy name?
 Thy judgments sent abroad Thy holiness proclaim:
 Nations shall throng from every shore,
 And Thee adore in holy song.

While all the powers on high
 Their swelling chorus raise,
 We here on earth reply, and echo back Thy praise:
 Thy glory own, first, last, and best,
 God ever blest, and God alone!

45

THE Lord of heaven confess,
 On high His glory raise,
 Him let all angels bless, Him all His armies praise,
 Him glorify sun, moon, and stars,
 Ye higher spheres, and cloudy sky.

From God your beings are,
 Him therefore famous make;
 You all created were, when He the word but spake;
 And from that place, where fix'd you be
 By His decree, you cannot pass.

O let God's name be praised
 Above both earth and sky,
 For He His saints hath raised, and set their horn on high;
 E'en those that be of Isr'el race,
 Near to His grace. The Lord praise ye.

46

H. 13.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments He assumes are light and majesty.
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe,
 His wrath and justice stand to guard His holy law;
 And where His love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

Through all His ancient works,
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell, and breaks their curs'd designs.
 Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees, His sovereign will.

And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend,
 And will He write His name my Father and my Friend?
 I love His name, I love His word;
 Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

Luther. 7 Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Luther. 7 Double.' It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first system has a repeat sign at the end of the treble staff. The second system has a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) marking at the end of the bass staff.

47

HARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore;
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign,
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies;
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
 Sheathed His sword, He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With supreme, unbounded sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away;
 Then the end,—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ is God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

SON of God, to Thee we bow,—
 Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
 Thou the woman's promised Seed,
 Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.
 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
 Worthy is Thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.

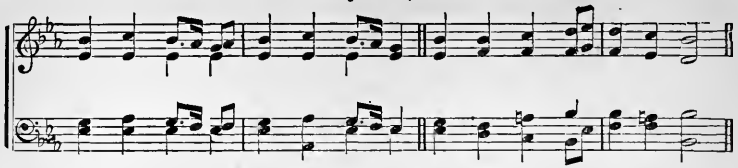
Thou hast the glad tidings brought
 Of salvation by Thee wrought,
 Wrought to set Thy people free,
 Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
 Thee, our Lord whom we adore,
 May we follow more and more;
 Guide and bless us with Thy love,
 Till we join Thy saints above.

—❖—

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 In the highest heavens adored,
 Author of all nature's frame,
 Father! hallowed be Thy name.
 Though estranged from Thee in heart,
 Doubtless Thou our Father art,
 From Thy hand our spirits came;
 Father! hallowed be Thy name.

Nor by nature's tie alone
 Thou art as our Father known;
 Nearer now in Christ our claim,
 Father! hallowed be Thy name.
 Born anew, oh may we feel
 Filial love, the Spirit's seal,
 Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame;
 Father! hallowed be Thy name.

Sicily. 8, 7.



Double, by repeating each strain, or 6 lines, by repeating the first strain.

50

H. 208.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, Thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By Thy merits we find favour,
 Life is given through Thy name.
 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

51

H. 253.

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

Worship, honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

52

—♦—
PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise to Thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise Him for His love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

53

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

H. 479.

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.

So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

THE CHURCH

ITS SEASONS AND OFFICES.

Dalston. S. P. M.



54

P. 93.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by Thy commands
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey Thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky;
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.

Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new,
There fixed Thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

55

P. 122.

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Sion's hill,
And here our vows and honours pay.

Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

Here David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Chalmers. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Chalmers. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and melodic lines.

56

Lo, God is here!—let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And, silent, bow before His face.

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

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

57

LORD of the harvest, bend Thine ear,
 In Zion's heritage appear;
 O send forth labourers filled with zeal,
 Swift to obey their Master's will.

Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
 The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
 Wide fields are opening to our view,
 The work is great, the labourers few.

Led by Thine own Almighty hand,
 Let Zion's sons, in many a band,
 Arise to bless the dying race,
 As heralds of redeeming grace.

Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
 Trained by the influence of the skies,
 In wisdom, knowledge, grace, to shine,
 Till every kingdom shall be Thine.



WHEN in these courts we seek Thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
 And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

When here Thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
 Still by the power of His great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

When children's voices raise their song
 Hosanna!—to the heav'nly King,
 Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
 Hosanna!—let the angels sing.

But will indeed Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest?
 Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?

That glory never hence depart!
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
 Thy kingdom come in every heart,
 In every bosom fix Thy throne.



WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to Thee commend;
 Thy faithful messenger secure,
 And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And arm him to obey Thy will.

When Thou, Chief Shepherd, shalt appear,
 And small and great before Thee stand,
 Oh, be the flock assembling here
 Found with the sheep on Thy right hand.

Hamburg. L. M.



60

H. 576.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love;
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let Thy God-like power be known.

Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise,
 While all their glowing souls are borne
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.

O let a holy flock await
 Numerous around Thy temple-gate;
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to Thee.

In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see Thy church arise;
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

61

H. 453.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
 I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

O warm my heart with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire:
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet Thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

62

—♦—
POUR out Thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless,
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

Within Thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
May we, Thine under-shepherds, be.

Then, when our work is finished here,
And we in hope our charge resign,—
When Thou, Chief Shepherd, shalt appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

63

H. 272.

—♦—
LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Louvan. L. M.



64

LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
 O God of mercy and of might!
 In pity look on those who stray,
 Benighted, in this land of light.

Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
 The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
 A wandering flock, and bring them all
 To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

Send them Thy mighty word to speak
 Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,—
 To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
 And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
 On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
 Shall grow with living waters green,
 And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

65



H. 587.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
 From Thy secure inclosure's bound,
 And lured by worldly joys away
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found;
 Remember still that they are Thine,
 That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
 Think that the seal of love divine,
 The sign of covenant grace they wear.

Winchelsea. L. M.



In all their erring, sinful years,
 O let them ne'er forgotten be;
 Remember all the prayers and tears,
 Which made them consecrate to Thee.

And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
 The wand'ers to Thy fold restore.

66



Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hebron. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Hebron. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

67

H. 486.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
 As grateful incense to the skies,
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

68

H. 522.

—♦—

GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
 Young children in Thyne arms to embrace,
 Still prove Thyself the infants' friend,
 Baptize them with Thy cleansing grace.

Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
 Be Thou their Guardian and their Guide,
 That they, directed by Thy truth,
 May never from Thy precepts slide.

To love Thy word their hearts incline,
 To understand it light impart;
 O Saviour, consecrate them Thine,
 Take full possession of their heart.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless His works and bless His word;
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
 How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

God in His temple let us meet,
 Low on our knees before Him bend:
 Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat,
 Here, on His Sabbath we attend.

Arise into Thy resting-place,
 Thou, and Thine ark of strength, O Lord!
 Shine through the veil—we seek Thy face;
 Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

With righteousness Thy priests array,
 Joyful Thy chosen people be;
 Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,
 Let all, be holiness to Thee.

Mendon. L. M.



71

P. 72.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

72

H. 487.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

Oberlin. L. M.



In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

O long expected day begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would I leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

73

H. 553.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every land declare Thy name,
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

Uxbridge. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Uxbridge. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the piece.

74

P. 84.

GREAT God, attend while Sion sings
 The joy that from Thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with Thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

God is our sun, He makes our day;
 God is our shield, He guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 And devils at Thy presence flee,
 Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

75

H. 534.

AT Thy command, our dearest Lord,
 Here we attend Thy dying feast;
 Thy love has spread the sacred board,
 To feed the faith of every guest.

Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
 And trusts for life in One that died;
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucified.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast contempt upon Thy cause,
We glory in our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

76

—♦—
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.

H. 557.

Be darkness at Thy coming light,
Confusion order in Thy path,
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations, far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record,
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

77

—♦—
JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

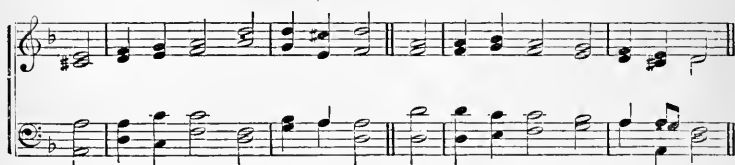
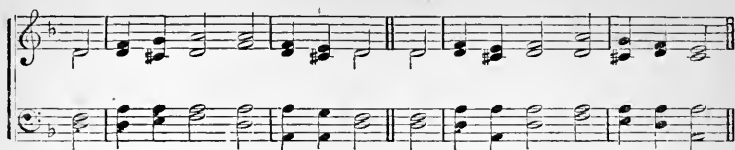
H. 531.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His glorious face,
And to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near His face.

Windham. L. M.



78

H. 530.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

"This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,
"Tis the new covenant in My blood."

"Do this, (He cried,) till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

79

P. 69.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm His holy soul.

Ward. L. M.



In long complaints He spends His breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of Thy law restored;
His scrows made Thy justice known,
And paid for follies not His own.

Oh for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

80

LORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise.

Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing Thy love.

Peterborough. C. M.



81

H. 524.

BEHOLD, what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings He extends
The riches of His grace.

He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in His arms He takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Thus to the parents and their seed
Let Thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

82

P. 78

—♦—
LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

Laight Street. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Laight Street. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

83

THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.

May those who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

Rochester. C. M.



84

H. 461.

COME, Thon Desire of all Thy saints,
 Our humble strains attend,
 While with our praises and complaints
 Low at Thy feet we bend.

When we Thy wondrous glories hear,
 And all Thy sufferings trace,
 What sweetly awful scenes appear,
 What rich unbounded grace!

How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise!
 How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies!

Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
 In us the heavenly flame,
 Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
 Our hearts adore Thy name.

85

H. 551

CHRIST and His cross is all our theme:
 The mysteries that we speak
 Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
 And folly to the Greek.

But souls enlightened from above
 With joy receive the word;
 They see what wisdom, power, and love
 Shine in their dying Lord.

The vital savour of His name
Restores their fainting breath,
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

Till God diffuse His graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

86

H. 517.

How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children in His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

Our God! how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

87

Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead
To living streams His little flock;
May we in flowery pastures feed,
Shade us at noon beneath the rock.

Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to His call;
Now may our hearts for Him rejoice,
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before Him stand,
Oh, be the flock assembling here
Found with the sheep on His right hand.

Cambridge. C. M.



88

H. 492.

DAUGHTER of Sion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array,
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.

They come, they come:—thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.

Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God His works destroy,
 With songs thy ransomed shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

89

H. 529.

JESUS, with all Thy saints above
 My tongue would bear her part,
 Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
 And sing Thy bleeding heart.

Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with His blood,
 And quenched His Father's flaming sword
 In His own vital flood.

All glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never ceasing praise,
 While angels live to know His name,
 Or saints to feel His grace.



THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours His own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

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

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

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

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



SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms!

"Permit them to approach," He cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name,
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to Thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,—
 Thine let our offspring be.

Naomi. C M.



92

H. 537.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget,
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember Thee:

Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quickening beams,
 And yet how slow devotion burns,
 How languid are its flames!

Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
 We would be like Thy saints above,
 And praise Thee while we live.

Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend,
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine,
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

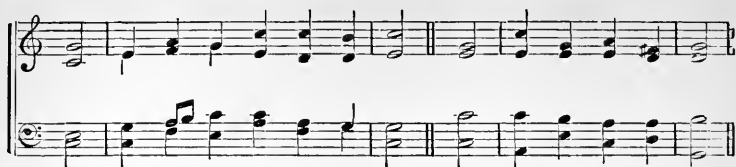
LORD, at Thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here,
 Oh make our joys the same.

With what divine and vast delight
 The good old man was filled,
 When fondly in His withered arms,
 He clasped the holy child!

“Thou art the light prepared to shine
 Upon the Gentile lands,
 Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
 To break their slavish bands.”

Jesus! the vision of Thy face,
 Hath overpowering charms!
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.

St. Ann's. C. M.



95

Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine own,
 Didst love them to the end;
 Oh still from Thy celestial throne,
 Let gifts of love descend.

The love the Father bears to Thee,
 His own eternal Son,
 Fill all Thy saints, till all shall be
 In pure affection one.

As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
 Warmed by love's holy flame,
 So let our deeds of kindness flow
 To all who bear Thy name.

One blessed fellowship in love
 Thy living Church should stand,
 Till faultless, she at last above,
 Shall shine at Thy right hand.

Oh glorious day when she, the Bride,
 With her dear Lord appears!
 When robed in beauty at His side,
 She shall forget her tears.

96

— — — — —
 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly He
 Is to be praised still,
 Within the city of our God,
 Upon His holy hill.

Mount Sion stands most beautiful,
The joy of all the land;
The city of the mighty King
On her north side doth stand.

Walk about Sion, and go round,
The high towers thereof tell:
Consider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well,

That ye may tell posterity;
For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore; He will
E'en unto death us guide.

97



H. 533.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

Colchester. C. M.



98

P. 122.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 "In Sion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day."

I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show His milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds His throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints,
 And while His awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest.

My soul shall pray for Sion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

How lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!

The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

For in Thy courts one day excels
A thousand; rather in

My God's house will I keep a door,
Than dwell in tents of sin.

For God the Lord's a sun and shield:

He'll grace and glory give,
And will withhold no good from them
That uprightly do live.

O Thou that art the Lord of hosts,

That man is truly blest,
Who, by assured confidence,
On Thee alone doth rest.

—♦—
THE Lord doth reign, and clothed is He

With majesty most bright;
His works do show Him cloth'd to be,
And girt about with might.

The world is also 'stablished,

That it cannot depart;
Thy throne is fixed of old, and Thou
From everlasting art.

The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,

They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And make a mighty noise.

But yet the Lord that is on high,

Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

Thy testimonies ev'ry one

In faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.

Stephens. C. M.



101

P. 102.

LET Sion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour,
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt His power.

Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the souls condemned to death,
Nor, when His saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
 In latter days shall rise
 On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes.

The beams that shine from Sion's hill,
 Shall lighten every land;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
 Shall all the world command.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
 Their millions slain deplore,
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years,
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come then—O come from every land,
 To worship at His shrine,
 And walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

—◆—
 LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
 And take the alarm they give;
 Now let them from Thy mouth, O God,
 Their solemn charge receive.

'Tis not a cause of small import,
 The pastor's care demands;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which Thou, Lord,
 Didst heavenly bliss forego;
 For souls, which must for ever live
 In raptures, or in woe.

May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see;
 And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for Thee.

Howard. C. M.



104

P. 132.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to Thy rest;
 Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be owned and blest.

Enter with all Thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and Thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let Thy praise be spread,
 Bless the provisions of Thy house,
 And fill Thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine,
 Justice and truth His court maintain,
 With love and power divine.

Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
 And as His kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
 And shame confound His foes.

105

H. 463.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of Thy salvation, Lord,
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of Thy word!

Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of Thy grace
Can my false heart retain.

How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

Great God, Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success,
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joy on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

106

H. 311.

—♦—
WHAT, though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What, though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

“Lo, I am with you!” saith the Lord:
Thy church shall safe abide,
For Thou wilt ne'er forsake Thine own,
Whose souls in Thee confide.

Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Balerma. C. M.



107

H. 469.

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow,
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

BLEST Jesus, come Thou gently down,
 And fill this hallowed place,
 Oh make Thy glorious goings known,
 Diffuse around Thy grace.

Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
 Disperse the gloom of night,
 Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
 And turn the shades to light.

Behold, and pity from above,
 Our cold and languid frame;
 Oh shed abroad Thy quickening love,
 And we'll adore Thy name.

All glorious Saviour, Source of grace,
 To Thee we raise our cry;
 Unveil the beauties of Thy face,
 To every waiting eye.

—♦—
 THE promise of my Father's love
 Shall stand for ever good;
 He said, and gave His soul to death,
 And sealed the grace with blood.

To this dear covenant of Thy word
 I set my worthless name,
 I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.

Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
 And glory shall be mine;
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
 And all my powers are Thine.

I call that legacy my own,
 Which Jesus did bequeath;
 'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
 And ratified in death.

Sweet is the mem'ry of His name,
 Who bless'd us in His will,
 And to His testament of love,
 Made His own blood the seal.

State Street. S. M.



110

H. 586.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
Our God, to Thee we pray,
Oh make us learn while we are young,
How we may cleanse our way.

Make us, unguarded youth,
The objects of Thy care,
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

Our hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine,
Unite them to Thyself alone,
And make us wholly Thine.

Oh let Thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ,
Be this through all our foll'wing days,
Our treasure and our joy.

To what Thy laws impart,
Be our whole soul inclined;
Oh let them dwell within our heart,
And sanctify our mind.

May Thy young servants learn,
By these to cleanse their way;
And may we here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great;
 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.

These temples of His grace,
 How beautiful they stand!
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.

In Sion God is known
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has His salvation shone!
 How fair His heavenly grace!

Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secure the fold,
 Where His own flocks have been.

In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair,
 Recall to mind His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

—♦—
 LORD, at this closing hour,
 Establish every heart
 Upon Thy word of truth and power,
 To keep us when we part.

Peace to our brethren give,
 Fill all our hearts with love,
 In faith and patience may we live,
 And seek our rest above.

Through changes, bright or drear,
 We would Thy will pursue,
 And toil to spread Thy kingdom here,
 Till we its glory view.

To God, the Only Wise,
 In every age adored,
 Let glory from the church arise
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Lisbon. S. M.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The bass line provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

113

P. 48.

FAR as Thy name is known,
 The world declares Thy praise;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
 Their songs of honour raise.

With joy Thy people stand
 On Sion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
 And counsels of Thy will.

Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compass and view Thy holy ground,
 And mark the building well:

The orders of Thy house,
 The worship of Thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorned with gold.

114

H. 485

—•—
 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise,
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

115

P. 137.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Olney. S. M.



116

H. 457.

How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!

Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

To Him their prayers and cries
All humbled souls present;
He listens to the broken sighs,
And grants them all they want.

To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

117

H. 509.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

O Lord, make bare Thine arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

118



To Thee, O God, in heaven!
This little one we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast giv'n,
Our dearest offering.

Here in a world of toil
Its little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief will come.

To Thee, O God! whose face
The angels do behold,
We bring it, praying that Thy grace
May keep,—Thine arms enfold.

To Thee, who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Thee who took them to Thy breast,
We bring this infant home.

Murray. H. M.



119

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

120

RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide Thy sacred light:
Oh, chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright millennial day.

Now send Thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word,
That heathen lands may own Thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

Then shall Thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of Thy grace,
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise till time shall end.

121

THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom the Surety died?
Or who shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

The ransom Christ hath paid—
The glorious work is done,
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
The resurrection, Thou!
All hail, incarnate Lord!
Before Thy throne we bow:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Lenox. H. M.



122

P. 84.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service here!
They praise Thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.

We go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence,
With gifts His hands are filled,
We have our blessings thence;
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

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.

Exalt the Son of God,
 The sin-atonig Lamb,
 Redemption in His blood
 To all the world proclaim:—The year, &c.

Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:—The year, &c.

The gospel trumpet sounds,
 Let all the nations hear,
 And earth's remotest bounds
 Before the throne appear:—The year, &c.

—♦—
 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When He had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above:—Lift up, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given:—Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home:—Lift up, &c.

Knox. H. M.



125

H. 501.

GREAT King of glory, come,
 And with Thy favour crown
 This temple as Thy dome,
 This people as Thy own;
 Beneath this roof, oh deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below.

Here may Thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend,
 All fragrant to the skies;
 Here may Thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.

Here may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe Thy truth and love,
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above,
 And willing crowds surround Thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.

126

—♦—

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build,
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled;
 On His great love our hopes we place,
 Of present grace and joys above.

Oh then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

127

—♦—
ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword—Love:
From diff'rent temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Head of Thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done—
When Christians love and live as one.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7.



128

H. 474.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow,
Oh do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

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

Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return,
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

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

To Thy temple I repair,
 Lord, I love to worship here,
 When within the veil I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.

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

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

While I hearken to Thy law
 Fill my soul with humble awe,
 Till Thy gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.

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

—◆—
 HEAVENLY Father! may Thy love
 Beam upon us from above;
 Let this infant find a place
 In Thy covenant of grace.

Son of God! be with us here,
 Listen to our humble prayer;
 Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt
 Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry,
 Thou this infant sanctify;
 Thine almighty power display,
 Seal it to redemption's day.

Great Jehovah!—Father, Son,
 Holy Spirit—Three in One,
 Let the blessing come from Thee,
 Thine shall all the glory be!

Hendon. 7.



131

LORD, behold us few and weak,
 Humbly at Thy feet we fall;
 See, we come Thy face to seek,
 Deign, oh deign to hear our call.

When we lay in sin and death,
 Thou didst pass and bid us live,
 Thou didst give Thy people faith,
 Thou didst all our sins forgive.

Jesus, Thou didst shed Thy blood,
 On this rock our hope we raise,
 Thou hast brought us near to God,
 Thine the work, and Thine the praise.

'Tis Thy will that we should be
 Separate from all around,
 Let our will with Thine agree,
 Let Thy people thus be found.

Let us bear each other's load,
 Faithful to each other prove,
 Till we gain the saints' abode,
 Till we take our place above.

There to see without a cloud,
 There with zeal untired to sing,
 Mix with heaven's triumphant crowd,
 And for ever praise our King.

132

H. 456.

LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,
 E'en on earth Thy temples are;
 Here Thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven, and much of Thee.

From Thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss, that softens all our woes,
 While Thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.

Here we supplicate Thy throne,
 Here Thou mak'st Thy glories known,
 Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
 Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

133

H. 245.

—♦—
 Lo! the stone is rolled away,
 Death yields up his mighty prey,
 Jesus, rising from the tomb,
 Scatters all its fearful gloom.

Praise Him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Every note with rapture swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell.

Let Immanuel be adored,
 Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
 To creation's utmost bound,
 Let th' eternal praise resound.

134

—♦—
 FATHER of eternal grace,
 Who hast loved our rebel race,
 Let Thy will, through Christ Thy Son,
 As in heaven, on earth be done.

Here in vain Thy will is known,
 Heard in thunder, graved on stone;
 By Thy grace Thy will impart,
 Write Thy law on every heart.

Let Thy reconciling word
 By all tribes of men be heard;
 Give the new creation birth,
 Let Thy will be done on earth.

Spanish Chant. 7. Double.



135

GOD of mercy, God of grace!
 Show the brightness of Thy face;
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
 Fill Thy Church with light divine,
 And Thy saving health extend
 To the earth's remotest end.

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

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

136

H. 527.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravished ear!
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day:
Up to My eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

137



H. 536.

BREAD of heav'n, on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed,
With the true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him that died.

Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,
To Thy cross I look and live;
Thou, my life, oh let me be
Rooted, grounded, built on Thee.

Sabbath. 7. 6 lines.

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 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is written in a simple, accessible style typical of 19th-century hymnals.

138

H. 452.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

Here we're come Thy name to praise,
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints;
 Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

Zion. 8, 7, 4.



139

WHO but Thou, almighty Spirit!
 Can the heathen world reclaim?
 Men may preach, but till Thou favour
 Pagans will be still the same.
 Mighty Spirit,
 Witness to the Saviour's name.

Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days;
 Come and bless bewildered nations,
 Change our prayers and tears to praise.
 Promised Spirit!
 Round the world diffuse Thy rays.

140

H. 575.

SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from Thee.

Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from Thee.

Harwell. 8, 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Harwell. 8, 7. Double.' It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The music is in a 2/4 time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests.

141

H. 494.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He whose word can ne'er be broken
 Chose thee for His own abode.
 Lord, Thy church is still Thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in Thy sight,
 Judah's temple far excelling,
 Beaming with the gospel's light.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake her true repose?
 With salvation's wall surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.
 Round her habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing, Lord, that Thou art near.

See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply her sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

SION'S King shall reign victorious,
 All the earth shall own His sway,
 He will make His kingdom glorious,
 He shall reign through endless day.
 Nations now from God estranged,
 Then shall see a glorious light;
 Night to day shall then be changed,
 Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

Then shall Israel all be saved,
 War and tumult then shall cease,
 While the greater Son of David
 Rules a conquered world in peace.
 Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
 Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
 Bring the nations help and healing,
 Make them subject to Thy reign!

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!

Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
 Heaven and earth His praises sing;
 We receive whom God appointed,
 For our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Missionary Hymn. 7, 6.

144

II. 562.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in their blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

145



HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
Thy reign on earth begun!
Thou com'st to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Kings shall fall down before Thee,
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore Thee,
Thy praise all people sing;
For Thou shalt have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

O'er every foe victorious
Thou on Thy throne shalt rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
Thy covenant remove;
Thy name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is—LOVE.

Huntington. 7, 6.



146

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
 O Food that angels eat,
 O Manna sent from heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet!
 Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled,
 Till, earth's delights resigning,
 Our every wish is stilled.

O Water, life bestowing,
 From out the Saviour's heart,
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art!
 Oh let us freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage;
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore,
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take—and doubt no more;
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee,
 Then death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see.

"Bright in the East." 11, 10.



147

H. 169.

BRIGHT in the east, lo! the son of the morning
 Dawns on our darkness, and lends us His aid,
 While His pure light, the horizon adorning,
 Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

New Haven. 6, 4.



148

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh now to all mankind
 Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light.

O HOLY Lord, our God,
 By heavenly hosts adored,
 Hear us, we pray;
 To Thee the cherubim,
 Angels and seraphim,
 Unceasing praises hymn—
 Their homage pay.

Here give Thy word success,
 And this Thy servant bless,
 His labours own;
 And while the sinner's Friend
 His life and words commend,
 Thy Holy Spirit send,
 And make Him known.

May every passing year
 More happy still appear
 Than this glad day;
 With numbers fill the place,
 Adorn Thy saints with grace,
 Thy truth may all embrace,
 O Lord, we pray.

—♦—

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways,—
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come Thy name to sing,
 And here our children bring
 To shout Thy praise.

Ever be near our side,
 Our Shepherd and our Guide,
 Our staff and song;
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thine endearing word
 Lead us where Thou hast trod;
 Make our faith strong.

Portuguese Hymn. 11, 10.

151.

H. 174.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
 To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour;
 ||:Oh come, and let us worship:||* at His feet.

O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension
 Our praise and rev'rence are an off'ring meet;
 Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us,
 Oh come, and let us worship at His feet.

Shout His almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 Let the celestial court His praise repeat;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest,—
 Oh come, and let us worship at His feet.

FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
 All glory and worship, and praise from earth and heaven
 As was, and is, and shall be for ever giv'n.

* The same repetition in each verse.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

ITS EXPERIENCES AND EXPRESSIONS.

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.

Seasons. L. M.



152

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my soul may flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

Oh voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."

I come; all else must fail and die,
 Earth has no resting-place for me;
 To Christ I lift my weeping eye,
 Thou art my hope; I come to Thee.

153

H. 297.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
 Oh burst these bonds, and set it free.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
 No foes, nor violence I fear,
 Nor fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

154

H. 351.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

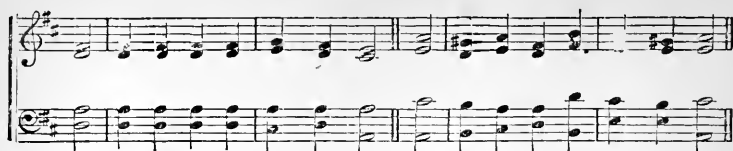
155

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our heart still whisp'ring, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

Ashwell. L. M.



156

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust Thy word!
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend an ear.

In Thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqu'ror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

157

—◆—
JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul was shed.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

158



H. 283.

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.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Watts. L. M.



159

H. 309

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
 To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fixed on Thine everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky?

If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here let me build and rest secure.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
 Since Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

160

H. 271.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
 'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;
 Else would my hope for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.

When some kind promise cheers my soul,
 Do I not find His healing voice
 The tempest of my fears control,
 And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

What less than Thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to Thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste His grace,
Lord, is it not Thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light, and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

161



H. 262.

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay ;
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved:

Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Missionary Chant. L. M.



162

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, from Thee
May such our blissful refuge be;
Securely may our ashes lie,
And wait Thy summons from on high.

163

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Anvern. L. M.



Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

164

H. 672.

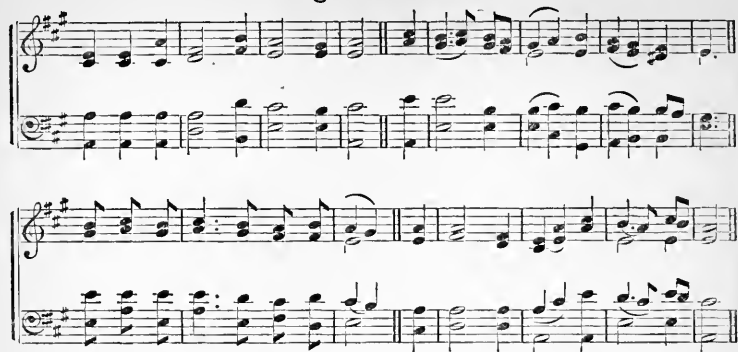
Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the bright dawn of heaven below.

Migdol. L. M.



165

H. 275.

MAY I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord;
 Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

Oh, be His service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 'Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to His supreme control,
 And in His kind commands rejoice.

Oh may I never faint, nor tire,
 Nor wand'ring leave His sacred ways;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live Thy praise.

166

— — — — —
 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
 How can my soul from Thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford?

Darley. L. M.



Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from Thee!—'tis death, 'tis more—
 'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is Thine.

167

H. 182.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
 That Thou the one thing needful art;
 I could from all things parted be,
 But never, never, Lord, from Thee.

Needful art Thou to make me live;
 Needful art Thou all grace to give;
 Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
 Needful to help me every day.

Needful is Thy most precious blood;
 Needful is Thy correcting rod;
 Needful is Thine indulgent care;
 Needful Thine all-prevailing prayer.

Needful art Thou to be my stay
 Through all life's dark and thorny way;
 Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
 When I yield up my soul to Thee.

Germany. L. M.



168

H. 120.

How oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
 But everlasting is Thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with His blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm His wondrous grace;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

The gospel bears my spirit up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

169

H. 267.

— — — — —

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose Thy way;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may not depart.

Gratitude. L. M.



Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

170



N. 669.

As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still:

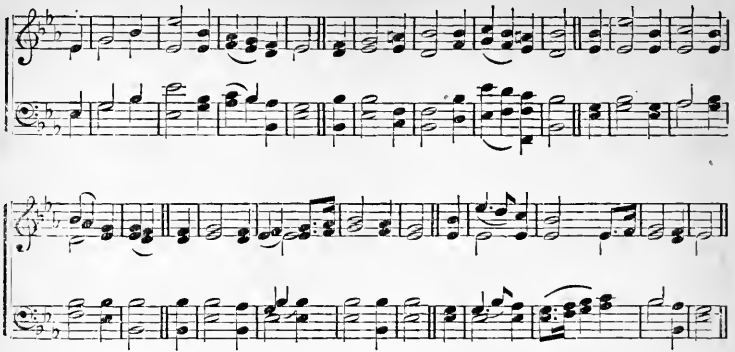
Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight His fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

*

Rothwell. L. M.



171

H. 276.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
 Awake and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint:

The mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young;
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop and die.

172

H. 661.

OH for a sight, a pleasing sight
 Of our almighty Father's throne!
 There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
 Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around Him stand,
 And thrones and powers before Him fall;
 The God shines gracious through the man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.

Shoel. L. M.



Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heavenly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King.

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst them there,
 And view Thy face, and sing and love?

173

H. 256.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down
 From God, the Father, and the Son.

Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger, and our refuge too.

Thy power and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin;
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.

The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,
 Thy cheering words awake our joys;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

Welton. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Welton. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

174

H. 257.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Send down Thy Spirit from above;
Let me His sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify, and heal.

He is the source of every grace,
Of light, and life, and holiness;
By Him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in Him be wrought.

Oh, let Thy Holy Spirit come,
And make my heart His constant home;
There His abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

175

II. 204.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The more I strove against sin's power,
I erred and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"

H. 230.

NATURE with open volume stands
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
 And every labour of His hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man
 His brightest form of glory shines;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
 In precious blood and crimson lines.

Oh the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where God the Saviour loved and died;
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak His name
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at His Father's throne.

H. 108.

No more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear His name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to His cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
 Oh, may my soul be found in Him,
 And of His righteousness partake.

The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before Thy throne;
 But faith can answer Thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

Federal Street. L. M.



178

H. 279.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind:

Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair;
 And, whilst I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
 Oh for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies.

179

P. 130.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts
 To Thee, my God, I raise my cries;
 If Thou severely mark our faults,
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace,
 Free to dispense Thy pardons there,
 That sinners may approach Thy face,
 And hope, and love, as well as fear.

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before Thy gate;—
When will my God His face display?

My trust is fixed upon Thy word,
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

Great is Thy love, and large Thy grace,
Through the redemption of Thy Son
To turn our feet from sinful ways,
And pardon what our hands have done.

180

II. 222.

—♦—
LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His own hand my head sustains.

181

II. 624.

—♦—
How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Hebron. L. M.



182

H. 32.

LORD, how mysterious are Thy ways!
 How blind are we, how mean our praise!
 Thy steps no mortal eyes explore,
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

Great God! I do not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then shall my future hours be praise.

Are darkness and distress my share,
 Give me to trust Thy guardian care;
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length through every cloud shall shine.

Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below,
 That Christ is mine,—this great request
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

183

H. 202.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—
 Jesus, no other name but Thine
 Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewildered in a dubious road.

No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordn'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

184



H. 349.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

185



H. 219.

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

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such def'rence to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,—
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy vict'ry too.

Be Thou my pattern,—make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

Windham. L. M.



186

P. 51.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not Thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee?

Oh wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
 Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

187

P. 51.

O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin;
 Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

188

H. 269.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blest abode.

Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

189

P. 51.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways,
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

Oh may Thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Stonefield. L. M.



190

H. 389.

STAND up, my soul, shake off Thy fears, ^a
 And gird the gospel armour on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

What though thy inward lusts rebel?
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

191

—♦—
 LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
 To search the starry vault profound;
 In vain would wing her flight sublime,
 To find creation's outmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sov'reign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that or this Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sov'reign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

192



P. 19.

THE heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

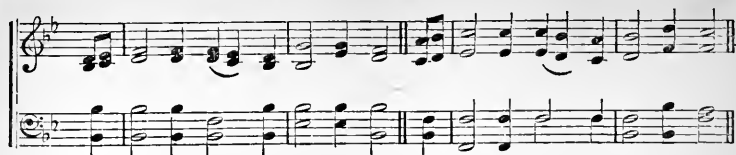
The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

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

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

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heav'n

Retreat. L. M.



193

H. 47C

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on angels' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Oh let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears,—
 The Advocate of saints appears.

He, who for men in mercy stood
 And poured on earth His precious blood,
 Pursues in heav'n His plan of grace,
 The Saviour of the chosen race.

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

Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains,
 And still remembers in the skies
 His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
 The Man of Sorrows had a part;
 He sympathizes in our grief,
 And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
 Let us make all our sorrows known;
 And ask the aids of heav'nly power
 To help us in the evil hour.

—♦—
 LORD, Thou wilt bring the joyful day:—
 Beyond earth's weariness and pains
 Thou hast a mansion far away,
 Where for Thine own a rest remains.

No sun there climbs the morning sky,
 There never falls the shade of night;
 God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
 O'er all shed everlasting light.

The bow of mercy spans the throne,
 Emblem of love and goodness there;
 While notes to mortals all unknown
 Float on the calm celestial air.

Tallis' Hymn. L. M.



196

THY Father's house!—thine own bright home!
 And Thou hast there a place for me!
 Though yet an exile here I roam,
 That distant home by faith I see.

I see its domes resplendent glow,
 Where beams of God's own glory fall,
 And trees of life immortal grow,
 Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

I know that Thou, who on the tree
 Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
 Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with Thee,
 And waitest to receive me there.

Thy love will there array my soul
 In Thine own robe of spotless hue;
 And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
 On Thee, with raptures ever new.

Oh, welcome day! when Thou my feet
 Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er,
 A Father's warm embrace to meet,
 And dwell at home for evermore.

197

—◆—
 THERE is none other name than Thine,
 Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
 On which to rest for sins forgiven,
 For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

There is none other name than Thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

There is none other name than Thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

Name, above every name! Thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
Rock of salvation, Thou art mine.

198

P. 17.

LORD, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign,
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

Oh glorious hour! Oh blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Medley. L. M. 6 lines.



199

H. 381

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Loving-Kindness. L. M.



Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

200

— — — — —
 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if Thou art mine!
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The healing of my broken heart,
 In strife, my peace, in loss, my gain,
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame, my glory and my crown:

In want, my plentiful supply,
 In weakness, my almighty power,
 In bonds, my perfect liberty,
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 Thee, in each grief, my joy I call,
 My life in death, my All in All.

Belville. L. M. 6 lines.



201

H. 226.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noonday walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When on the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps He leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly arm shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

202

H. 225.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If ought should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

203



THEE will I love, my Strength and Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy and Crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works,—and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till that pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy scepter or Thy rod;
What though my heart and flesh decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Brighton. 6 lines 8.

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 flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style, typical of 18th-century hymn tunes. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system concludes the piece.

204

WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod:
 Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn,—
 I have an advocate above,
 A friend before the throne of love.

Dear Saviour, full of truth and grace,
 Thou know'st the way me to restore;
 Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

205

—◇—
 O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
 The image of Thy God-head here,
 Who soughtest me with tender care
 Through all my wand'rings wide and drear;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
 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.

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

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above the skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

206



HERE is my heart,—I give it Thee;
My God, I heard Thee call, and say,
“Not to the world, my child,—to me!”
I heard Thy voice, and will obey:
Here is love’s off’ring to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring.

Here is my heart;—the gift, though poor,
Thou, O my God, wilt not despise;
Long have I sought to make it pure
And fit to meet Thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam’s fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all.

Here is my heart,—so hard before,
But now by Thy rich grace made meet;
Yet bruised and sad it can but pour
Its tears and anguish at Thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation’s joy to win.

Here is my heart,—its longings end
In Christ, as near His cross it draws;
It says, “Thou art my rest, my Friend,
Thy precious blood my ransom was;”
In Thee, the Saviour, it has found
That peace and blessedness abound.

Halifax Chapel. 86.



207

H. 76.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 "The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink to endless woe."

The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare;
 Yet when I found this truth remain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 I sunk in deep despair.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The gracious Saviour passed this way,
 And felt His pity move;
 The sinner, by His justice slain,
 Now by His grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

208

O THOU who hast redeemed of old,
 And bidst me of Thy strength lay hold,
 And be at peace with Thee,—
 Help me Thy benefits to own,
 And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
 O dying Lamb! for me.

Love, only love, Thy heart inclined,
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from Thy Throne above;
Love made my God a Man of grief,
Distressed Thee sore for my relief;—
Oh, mystery of Love!

As Thou hast loved and died for me,
So I will love, Saviour, love to Thee,
And all my life resign
Whatsoever I have, what'er I am;
My life be all with Thine the same,
And all Thy death be mine.

209



O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit
In transport at my Saviour's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear my Saviour's voice.

Ariel: 8, 6.



210

H. 185.

Oh! could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine;
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine:
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

Soon the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will call me home,
 And I shall see His face:
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

Rapture. · 8, 6.



211

H. 317.

O THOU, that hear'st the prayer of faith,
 Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
 That casts itself on Thee?
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my Lord has done
 And suffered once for me.

Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
 Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
 And Thine atoning blood:
 Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
 Thy merit shall avail for me,
 And bring me near to God.

Then snatch me from eternal death,
 The spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolation send:
 By Him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,
 "Thy Maker is thy Friend."

The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away:
 Unclogg'd by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings
 To everlasting day.

Meribah. C. P. M.



212

H. 648.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To take Thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at Thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But, can I bear the piercing thought,—
 What if my name should be left out
 When Thou for them shalt call?

O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
 Be Thou my only hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day;
 Thy pard'ning voice oh let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

Among Thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see Thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell

O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
 Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And saye me ere it be too late,—
 Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

Conway. C. M.



Repeat fifth line.

214

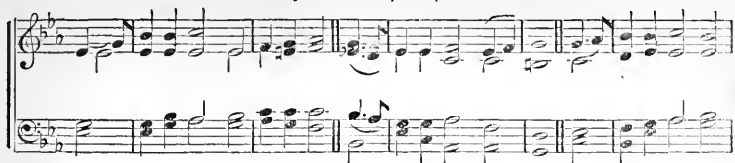
FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,—
 The changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see;
 I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes;
 A heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathize.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side,—
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
 Among my blessings be,
 P'd have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee;
 More careful,—not to serve Thee much,
 But please Thee perfectly.

Topaz. 86, 86, 8.



215

ALONG the mountain track of life,
 Along the weary lea,
 In rocks, in storms, in joy, in strife,
 Let this my heart-cry be,—
 Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

This pilgrim-path by Thee was trod,
 Jesus,—my King, by Thee,
 Traced by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy blood,
 In love, in death, for me:
 Oh bring my soul nearer to Thee.

Let every step, let every thought
 Sweet memories bear of Thee;
 And hear the soul Thy love hath bought,
 Whose every cry shall be
 “Nearer to Thee,” “Nearer to Thee.”

Thou wilt! Thou dost!—a still small voice
 Whispers of faith in Thee,
 Of hope that might in grief rejoice,
 If still the way-cry be,
 “Nearer to Thee,” “Nearer to Thee.”

Yet a few days to me, perhaps,
 And time shall no more be;
 But boundless love can know no lapse,
 Thou art eternity!
 Draw then, my soul, “Nearer to Thee.”

Bened. C. M. Double.



216

My God, lo! here before Thy face
 I cast me in the dust;
 Where is the hope of happier days?
 Where is my wonted trust?
 O Father, compass me about
 With love, for I am weak;
 Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt,
 Thy pitying glance I seek.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
 Thy covenant standeth fast;
 Who follows Thee in pious trust,
 Shall reach the goal at last:
 Though strange and winding seem the way
 While yet on earth I dwell,
 In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
 Thou, God, dost all things well.

217

I LOVE Thee, O my God, but not
 For what I hope thereby,
 Nor yet because who love Thee not
 Must die eternally;
 I love Thee, O my God, and still
 I ever will love Thee,
 Solely because my God Thou art,
 Who first hast loved me.

For me, to lowest depths of woe
 Thou didst Thyself abase,—
 For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
 And manifold disgrace,—
 For me didst suffer pains unknown,
 Blood-sweat and agony,
 Yea, death itself,—all, all for me,
 For me, Thine enemy.

Then shall I not, O Saviour mine,
 Shall I not love Thee well?
 Not with the hope of winning heav'n,
 Nor of escaping hell,—
 Not with the hope of earning aught,
 Nor seeking a reward,—
 But freely, fully, as Thyself
 Hast loved me, O Lord.

218



O LORD, when we the path retrace
 Which Thou on earth hast trod,—
 To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
 Thy faithfulness to God,—
 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
 Proved stronger than the grave;
 The very spear that pierced Thy side
 Drew forth the blood to save:

Faithful amid unfaithfulness,
 'Mid darkness only light,
 Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
 And in His will delight;
 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
 Or suff'ring, shame, and loss,—
 Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,
 Led only to the cross.

O Lord! with sorrow and with shame
 Before Thee we confess
 How little we, who bear Thy name,
 Thy mind, Thy ways express:
 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind,—
 We would obedient be,
 And all our rest and pleasure find
 In learning, Lord, of Thee.

Marlow. C. M.



219

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
 The Holy Ghost send down;
 Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
 And all Thy mercies crown.

Spirit of life, and light, and love,
 Thy heavenly influence give;
 Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
 That we in Christ may live.

To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of His grace,
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of His face.

220

— — — — —
 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence;
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know Thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 I'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

221

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus,—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

222

THY promise is my only plea,—
Jesus I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

Oh wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

Asmon. C. M.



223

P. 71.

My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin Thy praise,
 • Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of Thy grace?

Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore;
 And since I knew Thy graces first,
 I speak Thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march with courage in Thy strength,
 To see my Father, God.

When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but Thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King;
 My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
 Shall Thy salvation sing.

224

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

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself,—and all for one
That was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,—
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as Thyself hast loved me
O everlasting Lord?

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.

225



H 334.

My God, what gentle cords are Thine,
How soft, and yet how strong;
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

Thou saw'st us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One offering takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round Thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqu'ror's feet.

Hillhurst. C. M. Double.



226

JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend,
 As such I look to Thee;
 Now in the fulness of Thy love,
 O Lord, remember me:
 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary,
 Remember all Thy dying groans;
 And then remember me.

Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
 I yield myself to Thee;
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
 Dear Lord, remember me:
 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
 But Thy salvation's free;
 Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
 Howe'er oppressed I be,
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
 Do Thou remember me:
 And when I close my eyes in death,
 When creature-helps all flee,
 Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
 I pray, remember me.

227

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest,—
Lay down, Thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
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.

228

—♦—
THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,—
In Thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last ling'ring sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
“My Saviour died for me.”

St Ann's. C. M.



229

H. 390.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this dark world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign,—
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

230

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

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

Thou art the life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those, who put their trust in Thee;
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;—
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

231

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps;
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay;
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill:
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

232

BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell.

Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
E'en Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Sion's hills descend;
For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

Windsor. C. M.



233

H. 59.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

Thy body slain, dear Jesus, Thine,—
 And bathed in its own blood;
 While all exposed to wrath divine
 The glorious sufferer stood.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
 What snares beset my way;
 To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Nor let me be dismayed.

Do thou increase my faith and hope,
 When fears and foes prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

Oh keep me in Thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And never, never let me stray
 From happiness and Thee.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame,—
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

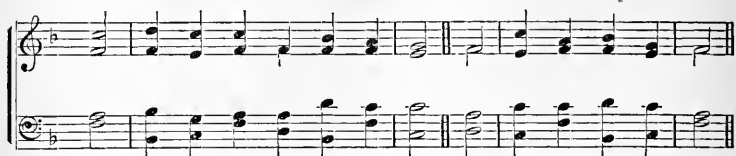
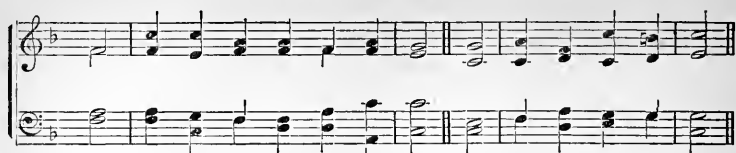
A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time;
 Man is but vanity and dust
 In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move
 Like shadows o'er the plain,
 They rage and strive, desire and love,—
 But all their noise is vain.

What should I wish or wait for then
 From creatures, earth, and dust?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

Mear. C. M.



236

H. 121.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,—
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

237

H. 398.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But oh when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,—
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

238

H. 266.

—♦—
COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Ortonville. C. M.



239

H. 392.

OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame,—
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

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.

Caswell. C. M.



240

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

No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair,
Who fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Maitland. C. M.



241

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

Before the great, the heavenly throne,
 At Jesus' pierced feet,
 Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
 And His dear name repeat.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
 O resurrection day!
 Let angels from Thy throne come down,
 And bear my soul away.

242

H. 95

FATHER, how wide Thy glories shine!
 How high Thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

But when we view Thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms;—

Latimer, C. M.



Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains;
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

243

P. 63.

EARLY, my God, without delay
 I haste to seek Thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without Thy cheering grace.

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
 Through all Thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when Thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As Thy forgiving love.

Cranmer. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Cranmer. C. M.' It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The music is written in a traditional hymn style with clear phrasing and repeat signs.

244

H. 172.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long; *
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts His sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the inward sight,
 And on the eyes obscured by sin
 To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of His grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.

* Repeat the second line.

COME, happy souls, approach our God,
 With new melodious songs,*
 We'll render to almighty grace
 The tribute of our tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent His equal Son
 To give us life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
 With a revenging rod,
 No hard commission, to perform
 The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, we may heal our wounds,
 And wipe our sorrows dry;
 We trust the mighty Saviour's name,
 And thus shall never die.

—♦—
 THRONED on a cloud our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare His way,*
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
 Lead on the dreadful day.

Heaven from above His call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice and their doom.

"But gather all my saints," He cries,
 "That made their peace with God
 By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 And sealed it with His blood."

Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
 Shall make the world confess
 Thy sentence of reward is right,
 And heaven adore Thy grace.

* Repeat the second line.

Geneva. C. M.



247

H. 9.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing,—
 The mighty works, or mightier name
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord
 For wretched dying men;"
 Thy hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

Thy very word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice that rolls the stars along
 Speaks all the promises.

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

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heaven secure!
 I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

AWAKE, my heart,—arise, my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice,
 To God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis He adorned my sinful soul,
 And made salvation mine;
 Upon a poor, polluted worm
 He makes His graces shine.

And, lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly robe excels
 What earthly princes wear!
 These ornaments how bright they shine,
 How white the garments are!

Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
 By the great sacred Three;
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy powers agree.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

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

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

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

Dundee. C. M.



250

H. 382.

COME, let our hearts and voices join
 To praise the Saviour's name,—
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his gracious hand,
 This Friend is always near;
 With heaven and earth at His command,
 He waits to answer prayer.

His love no end nor measure knows,
 No change can turn its course;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil His face,
 And clouds surround His throne,
 He hides the purpose of His grace
 To make it better known.

And when our dearest comforts fall,
 Before His sov'reign will,
 He never takes away our all,
 Himself He gives us still.

251

H. 31.

—◆—
 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

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

252

P. 139.

—◆—
IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.

Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

Antioch. C. M.



253

P. 98.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

254

H. 237.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
 “To be exalted thus.”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 “For He was slain for us.”

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

255

H. 368.

—♦—
LET them neglect Thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew Thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of Thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to Thy throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas He, and we'll adore His name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

256

H. 193.

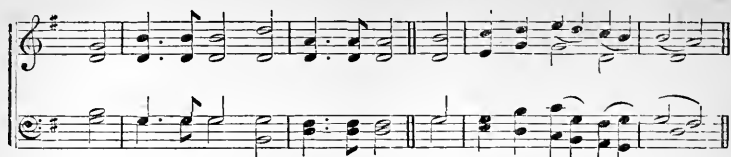
—♦—
THE Saviour! oh what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wond'ring eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

Oh the rich depth of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

Woodstock. C. M.



-257

II. 343.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below Thy praises sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To Thy commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

How many to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,—
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve:

“I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin
 High as a mountain rose;
 I know His courts, I’ll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

“Prostrate I’ll lie before His throne,
 And there my guilt confess;
 I’ll tell Him I’m a wretch undone
 Without His sov’reign grace.

“I’ll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 Perhaps He may command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.

“Perhaps He will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

“I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must for ever die.”

FATHER, whate’er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov’reign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey’s end.

Chester. C. M.



260

H. 330.

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

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

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treas'ry, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,—
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

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.

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

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I asked them, whence their vict'ry came?
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
 Possessed the promised rest.

Our glorious leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord;
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of His word.

Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return;"
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn,
 Oh take the wand'rer home.

Almighty grace, thy healing power,
 How glorious, how divine,
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore;
 Oh keep me at Thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

Naomi. C. M.



263

H. 98.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist Thy heav'nly love,
 Or trifle with Thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of Thy death
 The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by Thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.

But, if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins,
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

264

H. 88

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

265

H. 274.

—♦—♦—♦—
DIDST Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own Thy name,
Or Thy disciple be?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in Thy footsteps tread,
And glory in Thy cross.

Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near
Will guard thee in the way."

Oh, how my soul would rise and run
At this reviving word,
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow Thee, my Lord.

Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,—
If I may glorify Thy name,
And be Thy servant still.

Henderson. C. M.



266

P. 73.

God, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through life's dark wilderness;
 Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
 To dwell before Thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint,
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.

Aye to draw near to Thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ;
 My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

267

II. 229

How condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son!
 Our mis'ry reached His heav'nly mind,
 And pity brought Him down.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

268

H. 655.

—♦—
THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart?"

Oh wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste His love.

Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee
My spirit cannot rest.

Oh tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

Manoah. C. M.



269

P. 27.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"
 My heart replied, without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

Let not Thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 God of my life, I fly to Thee
 In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life His care,
 And all my need supply.

My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed,
 To see Thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceived.

270

H. 92

— — — — —
 THERE is a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word,
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

My soul obeys the mighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
 Oh help my unbelief.

Chimes. C. M.



To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul,
 From crimes of deepest dye.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus and my all.

271

P. 13.

How long wilt Thou conceal Thy face?
 My God, how long delay?
 When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
 That chase my fears away?

How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain?
 Thy word can all my foes control,
 And ease my raging pain.

Be Thou my sun, and Thou my shield,
 My soul in safety keep;
 Make haste before mine eyes are sealed
 In death's eternal sleep.

Thou wilt display Thy sov'reign grace,
 Whence all my comforts spring;
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And Thy salvation sing.

Ridgwood. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Ridgwood. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system has a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

272

H. 335.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My joy, my hope, my trust;
 Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish
 In Thee most richly meet;
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, —
 And sheds its fragrance there,
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of Thy name
 With my last, lab'ring breath;
 Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death.

273

H. 58.

I SAW one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
 As near His cross I stood.

Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

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."

Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the myst'ry of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

274



H. 421.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

'Tis Thou, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

'Tis Thou, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice,
Yet scatter'st, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

Our cov'nant God and Father, Thou,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss Thy scourging hand,
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To Thy supreme command.

Bartow. C. M.



275

II. 656.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee?

Oh when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of Thine;
 The veil of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
 Yet art Thou oft with me;
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
 As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
 When slumbers o'er me roll,
 Thine image ever fills my thought,
 And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone;
 I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
 Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart,
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
 All glorious as Thou art.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Nor to defend His cause,
 Maintain the honour of His word,
 The glory of His cross.

Jesus, my God, I know His name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands,
 And He can well secure
 What I've committed to His hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
 Before His Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

Evan. C. M.



278

P. 119: 16.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
 Lord, give me life divine;
 From vain desires and every lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of Thy grace,
 To speed me in Thy way;
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need Thy quick'ning powers;
 Thy word, that I have rested on,
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not Thy mercies sov'reign still,
 And Thou a faithful God?
 Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,
 To run the heav'nly road?

Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
 And long to see Thy face?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enliv'ning grace!

Then shall I love Thy gospel more
 And ne'er forget Thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning power
 To draw me near the Lord.

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye:

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

But to Thy house will I resort,
 To taste Thy mercies there;
 I will frequent Thy holy court,
 And worship in Thy fear.

Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the hist'ries of Thy love,
 And keep Thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise;
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

Hanover. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Hanover. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The first system has a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

281

H. 326.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if He appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's bright morning star,
 And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word ;
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe,
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

282

H. 254.

—••—
 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate His constant care,
 And sympathetic love.

Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned;

The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart,
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

283

P. 27.

—♦—
THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires;
Oh! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauties still,
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may Thy children hide:
God is a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

Patmos. C. M.



284

H. 338.

OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.

285

H. 631.

OH! for an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful powers.

Joyful with all the strength I have
 My quiv'ring lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave,
 And where the monster's sting?"

If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

286

H. 425.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee
My best, my only friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which shall ever run,
With waters sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise Thee more.

Siloam. C. M.



287

H. 214

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green: He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me,
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

288

H. 357.

JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast
 In cords of heav'nly love;
 Then sweetly draw me to Thy breast,
 Nor let me thence remove.

Draw me from all created good
 From self, the world, and sin,
 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
 And make me pure within.

Woodlawn. C. M.



Oh lead me to Thy mercy-seat,
 Attract me nearer still;
 Draw me, like Mary, to Thy feet,
 -To sit and learn Thy will.

Oh draw me by Thy providence,
 Thy Spirit, and Thy word,
 From all the things of time and sense,
 To Thee, my gracious Lord.

289

H. 406.

OH! that I knew the secret place
 Where I might find my God;
 I'd spread my wants before His face, *
 And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain,
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to His throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

* Repeat the third line.

Avon. C. M.



290

P. 119.

Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep His statutes still;
 Oh! that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do His will.

Oh! send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes,
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet, since I've not forgot Thy way,
 Restore Thy wand'ring sheep.

Make me to walk in Thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from Thy love.

Give me the presence of Thy grace;
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
 And make Thy praise my song.

No blood of goats nor heifers slain
 For sin could e'er atone;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

A soul oppressed with sin's desert
 My God will ne'er despise;
 An humble groan, a broken heart
 Is our best sacrifice.

—◆—
 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies,
 And upwards to Thy mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.

If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.

But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears but those which Thou hast shed,
 No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
 And all my sins forgive;
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

Tyndal. C. M.



293

II. 404.

O THOU who dri'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,*
 We could not fly to Thee.

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown;
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope, that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too;

Oh who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.

* Repeat the third line.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye,—

See, low before Thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn;
 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
 Hast Thou not said—Return?

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from Thy feet?
 Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way.

Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let Thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

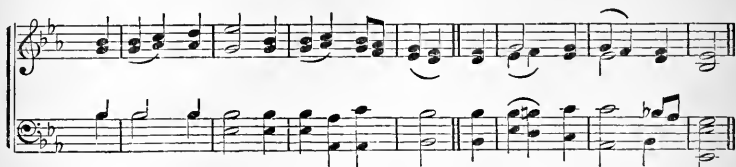
—♦—
 'Tis sweet to know that grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that Thy blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in Thy righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death;
 Sweet to experience, day by day,
 Thy Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on Thy faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on Thy covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from Thee.

Beveridge. C. M.



296

P. 116.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

Among the saints that fill Thy house
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

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

Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

SWEET was the time, when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

Soon as the morn the light revealed,
 His praises tuned my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevailed,
 His love was all my song.

In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw His glory shine;
 And when I read His holy word,
 I called each promise mine.

But now, when evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.

Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
 Oh make my soul Thy care;
 I know Thy mercy cannot fail,
 Let me that mercy share.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of Thy grace,
 Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.

Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
 By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
 From Jesus to depart.

Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
 The deep, repentant sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in Thine eye.

Then shall the mourner at Thy feet
 Rejoice to see Thy face,
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet
 Thy condescending grace.

Fountain. C. M.



299

H. 667.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbecluded eyes:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

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.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

My soul shall make her boast in Him,
 And celebrate His fame;
 Come magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt His name.

The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliv'rance He affords to all
 Who on His succour trust.

Oh! make but trial of His love;
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only They,
 Who in His truth confide.

Greenwood. C. M.



302

H. 35.

Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

Oh, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the cheering beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

—♦—
 How helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of her load!
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.

Can aught beneath a power divine,
 A stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine
 To form the heart anew.

'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
 And bid them upward rise;
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes;

To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live,—
 A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
 'Tis Thine alone to give.

Renew these wretched hearts of ours,
 Oh, give us life divine;
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Phuvah. C. M.



305

H. 187.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
 And where's our courage fled?
 Has restless sin, and raging hell
 Struck all our comforts dead?

Have we forgot th' almighty Name
 That formed the earth and sea?
 And can an all-creating arm
 Grow weary or decay?

Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell;
 He gives* the conquest to the weak,
 And treads their foes to hell.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
 And youthful vigour cease,
 But we that wait upon the Lord
 Shall feel our strength increase.

The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
 And taste the promised bliss,
 Till their unwearied feet arrive
 Where perfect pleasure is.

'TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groaned away a dying life,
 For thee, my soul, for thee.

Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God,—
 Those sins that pierced and nailed His flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilst, with a melting, broken heart,
 My murdered Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murd'ers too.

Dennis. S. M.



308

A FEW more* years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.

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.

A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild, rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.

A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath day.

'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;
 Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me, O God, by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

I dare not choose my lot,
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, O Lord, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,—
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee, O Lord, may seem,—
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou, O Lord, my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

BLEST Comforter Divine,
 Whose rays of heav'nly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And point our souls above;

Thou, who with "still small voice"
 Dost stop the sinner's way,
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay;

Thou, whose inspiring breath
 Can make the cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death
 A smile of glory wear;

Thou, who dost fill the heart
 With love to all our race,
 Blest Comforter! to us impart
 The blessings of Thy grace.

Olmutz. S. M.



311

P. 23.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky:—

To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,—
 Oh may it all my pow'rs engage
 To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And oh Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,—
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

—♦—
 BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love,—
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear,
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

The glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way,
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

Stillingfleet. S. M.



314

OUR times are in Thy hand,
O God, we wish them there;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to Thy care.

Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified;
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now our guard and guide.

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

But we are ling'ring here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

Conway. S. M.



Thou art gone up on high;—
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.

Oh, by Thy saving power
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high.

316



H. 395.

BLEST is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee;
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

Thy grace will, to the end,
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the love divine.

When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heav'nly flame,—
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon Thy name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at Thy control;
 Thy loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

Bayard. S. M.



317

H. 110.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

ENTHRONED is Jesus now
 Upon His heav'nly seat;
 The kingly crown is on His brow,
 The saints are at His feet.

In shining white they stand,
 A great and countless throng;
 A palmy sceptre in each hand,
 On every lip a song.

They sing the Lamb of God,
 Once slain on earth for them;
 The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
 Each wears his diadem.

Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
 Thy blessed help supply,
 That we may join that radiant host,
 Triumphant in the sky.

—◆—
 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
 So, Jesus, let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,—
 'Tis immortality.

Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from Thee we roam;
 Yet nightly pitch our moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.

"For ever with the Lord!"
 Saviour, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to us fulfil.

So when our latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death we shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as we are known,
 How shall we love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

Calvin. S. M.



320

OH, whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my troubles show
 And pour out my complaint?

My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah, why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay.

What worldly tie must break,
 What idol yet depart,
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?

Lord, break the fatal chain,
 And all my bonds remove;
 Nor let one bosom sin remain
 To keep me from Thy love.

321

— — — — —
 IT is Thy hand, my God,
 My sorrow comes from Thee
 I bow beneath Thy chast'ning rod,
 'Tis love that bruises me.

I know Thy will is right,
 Though it may seem severe;
 Thy path is still unsullied light,
 Though dark it oft appear.

Jesus for me hath died,
Thy Son Thou didst not spare:
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

Here my poor heart can rest,
My God, it cleaves to Thee:
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

322

—♦—
My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having Thee in all,
And having all in Thee.

323

—♦—
OH! who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

P. 19.

Aylesbury. S. M.



324

H. 49.

AH! how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God?
 If He contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath His rod.

If He our ways should mark
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults
 A just excuse devise?

All-seeing, pow'rful God,
 Who can with Thee contend?
 Or who, that tries th' unequal strife
 Shall prosper in the end?

Ah! how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None, none can meet Him and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

325

H. 642.

— — — — —
 AND must this body die,
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?

God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.

Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine
And every shape and every face
Look heav'nly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

326

P. 61.

—♦—
WHEN overwhelmed with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

Oh! lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'r of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

327

H. 331.

—♦—
NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

And when we taste Thy love
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

Gerar. S. M.



328

If God be on my side,
 Then let who will oppose;
 For oft ere now to Him I cried,
 And He hath quelled my foes.

Here I can firmly rest,
 I dare to boast of this,—
 That God, the highest, and the best,
 My Friend and Father is.

I rest upon the ground
 Of Jesus and His blood,
 For 'tis through Him that I have found
 The true eternal good.

His Spirit in me dwells,
 O'er all my mind He reigns,
 All care and sadness He dispels,
 And sooths away all pains.

He whispers in my breast
 Sweet words of holy cheer;
 How he, who seeks in God his rest,
 Shall ever find Him near.

The sun that glads mine eyes
 Is Christ, the Lord I love;
 I sing for joy of that which lies
 Stored up for us above.

I LIFT my soul to God,
 My trust is in His name;
 Let not the foes that seek my blood
 Still triumph in my shame.

From the first dawning light
 Till evening shades arise,
 For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever longing eyes.

Remember all Thy grace,
 And lead me in Thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.

The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn His ways,
 And every humble sinner find
 The methods of His grace.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way,
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

But, where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word,
 And all Thy judgments just;
 For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
 Are Thy directions given!
 Oh! may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

I hear Thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey;
 Send Thy good Spirit from above
 To guide me, lest I stray.

Mornington. S. M.



331

H. 87.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to mine ear:
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps *that* grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace first inscribed my name
 In God's eternal book;
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb
 Who all my sorrows took.

Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heav'nly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow:
 'Twas grace that kept me to this day
 And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone
 And well deserves the praise.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let Thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open Thou our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The gracious love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on every part,
 And new create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

IF through unruffled seas
 Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail,
 With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
 We'll own the fost'ring gale.

But should the surges rise,
 And rest delay to come,
 Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
 Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
 All yield to Thy control;
 Thy tender mercies shall illumine
 The midnight of the soul.

Teach us, in every state,
 To make Thy will our own;
 And, when the joys of sense depart,
 To live by faith alone.

Boylston. S. M.



334

H. 211.

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise.

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks th' accursed chain.

Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God,—
Thy sov'reign pow'r, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

—♦—
YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit too.

To God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

'Tis His almighty love,
 His counsel and His care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne;
 Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
 And make His wonders known.

To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and power belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
 To stand before Thy face;
 Thy Spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.

In Christ's obedience clothe,
 And wash me in His blood;
 So shall I lift my head with joy
 Among the sons of God.

Do Thou my sins subdue,
 Thy sov'reign love make known,
 The spirit of my mind renew,
 And save me in Thy Son.

Let me attest Thy pow'r,
 Let me Thy goodness prove,
 Till my full soul can hold no more
 Of everlasting love.

Golden Hill. S. M.



337

H. 301.

JESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray and never faint.

He bows His gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain:
 Yet we must wait till He appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

Though unbelief suggest,
 Why should we longer wait?
 He bids us never give Him rest,
 But be importunate.

Jesus the Lord will hear
 His chosen, when They cry;
 Yes, though He may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.

338

H. 335

Is this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,—
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind!
 What strange rebellious wretches we,
 And God as strangely kind!

Kentucky. S. M.



Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

339



P. 55.

THOU wilt regard my cries,
Oh my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath Thine angry rod.

Because They dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.

But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on Thine arm,
And rest upon Thy word.

Thine arm shall well sustain
The children of Thy love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

Neander. S. M.



340

H. 89.

NOR all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away,—
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

341

P. 25.

MINE eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord,
 I love to plead His promised grace,
 And rest upon His word.

When shall the sov'reign grace
 Of my forgiving God,
 Restore me from those dang'rous ways
 My wand'ring feet have trod?

★

Dover. S. M.



With every morning light
 My sorrow new begins;
 Look on my anguish and my pain,
 And pardon all my sins.

Oh keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame,
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.

342

P. 63.

— — — — —

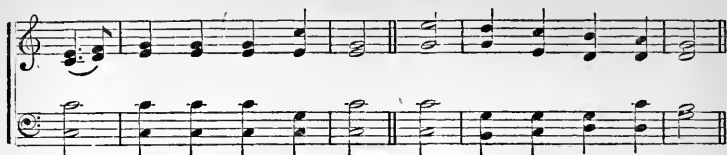
MY God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call Thee mine,
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste Thy love divine.

For life without Thy love
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compared with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.

Since Thou hast been my help,
 To Thee my spirit flies,
 And on Thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of Thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And He supports my steps.

Laban. S. M.



343

H. 170.

YE saints proclaim abroad
 The honours of our King;
 To Jesus, our incarnate God,
 Our songs of praises sing.

Not angels, round the throne
 Of Majesty above,
 Are half so much obliged as we
 To our Immanuel's love.

They never sunk so low,
 They are not raised so high;
 They never knew such depths of woe,
 Such heights of majesty.

The Saviour did not join
 Their nature to His own;
 For them He shed no blood divine,
 Nor breathed a single groan.

May we with angels vie
 The Saviour to adore;
 Our debts are greater far than theirs,
 Oh be our praises more!

344

H. 295.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

345

H. 355.

DEAR Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts we would resign,
And souls into Thy hands.

Accepted for Thy sake,
And justified by faith,
We of Thy righteousness partake,
And find in Thee our life.

To Thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee our head;
Shall form us to Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heav'n has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Pisgah. S. M. Double.



346

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
 I'm nearer home to-day,
 Than I have been before.
 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be,—
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.
 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where burdens are laid down,—
 Nearer to leave the cross,
 Nearer to gain the crown.
 But lying dark between,
 And winding through the night,
 The deep and unknown stream,
 Crossed ere we reach the light.
 Jesus, confirm my trust;
 Strengthen the hand of faith
 To feel Thee, when I stand
 Upon the shore of death.
 Be near me when my feet
 Are slipping o'er the brink,—
 For I am nearer home
 Perhaps, than now I think.

Wiltz. S. M. Double.



347

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Oh may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign:
 Through sorrow or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear:
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene,
 I gladly trust with Thee:
 Then to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

Wesley. S. M.



348

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my pray'r;
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;—
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.

I rest upon Thy word,
 Thy promise is for me;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee;
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love.

I WAS a wand'ring 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 Shepherd's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

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 wand'ring one.

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 wand'ring sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,—
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wand'ring sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold;
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heav'nly Father's voice,—
 I love, I love His home.

Gellert. H. M.



350

II. 194.

COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest pow'rs exert
 To celebrate His fame;
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to Him you owe.

He left His starry crown,
 And laid His robes aside,
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died;
 What He endured oh who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell?

From the dark grave He rose,
 The mansions of the dead,
 And thence His mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led;
 Up through the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe Thy love;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve;
 Our hearts, our all to Thee we give,—
 The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

COME, my Redeemer, come
 And deign to dwell with me;
 Come, and Thy right assume,
 And bid Thy rivals flee:
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
 And make my heart Thy lasting home.

Rule Thou in every thought
 And passion of my soul,
 Till all my pow'rs are brought
 Beneath Thy full control:
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
 And make my heart Thy lasting home.

Then shall my days be Thine,
 And all my heart be love,
 And joy and peace be mine,
 Such as are known above:
 Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
 And make my heart Thy lasting home.

O THOU that hearest pray'r,
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let Thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high;
 We plead the promise of Thy word,
 Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry,—
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply,
 Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
 And answer when Thy children pray.

Our heav'nly Father Thou,
 We children of Thy grace,—
 Oh, let Thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 We plead the promise of Thy word,
 Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

Harwich. H. M.



353

P. 121.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid,—
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made;
 God is the tow'r
 To which I fly; His grace is nigh
 In every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears;
 Those wakeful eyes,
 That never sleep, shall Israel keep
 When dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there;
 Thou art my sun,
 And Thou my shade, to guard my head
 By night or noon.

Hast Thou not giv'n Thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath;—
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die, till from on high
 Thou call me home.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore,—
 All are too mean to speak His worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

But oh, what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach His heav'nly grace!
 My eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love He bears for me.

Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;—
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.



JESUS, my great High-Priest,
 Offered His blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside;
 His pow'rful blood did once atone,—
 And now it pleads before the throne.

I love my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring soul, among
 The thousands of His sheep;
 He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

My great and glorious Lord,
 My Conqu'ror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the pow'r;—behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

Bethany. 6, 4.



356

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, *
 Nearer to Thee.

Though a lone wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 Pillowed on stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
 Steps up to heav'n,—
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy giv'n,—
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

* Repeat the sixth line.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

357

— — — — —
I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heav'n is my Father-land,
Heav'n is my home.

What though the tempests rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last,—
Heav'n is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my Father-land,—
Heav'n is my home.

Olivet. 6, 4.



358

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,—
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distress remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

359

—♦—
SAVIOUR, I look to Thee,—
Be not Thou far from me
'Mid storms that low'r;
On me Thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw
This trying hour.

Saviour, I look to Thee
Feeble as infancy,—
Gird up my heart;
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sov'reign right,
Thy strength impart.

Saviour, I look to Thee,—
Let me Thy fulness see,
Save me from fear;
While at Thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

Saviour, I look to Thee,—
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of pray'r;
Thou art my only aid,
On Thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade
While Thou art near.

Central Church. 6, 8.

360

H. 205.

WHEN I behold my heart
 With sin's deep stain impressed,
 Fain would I draw a curtain dark
 Across my guilty breast;
 Hiding from all, but most from Thee,
 My God, its vast iniquity.
 Oh, could I mount the wing
 Of the ascending morn,
 And be to earth's remotest ring
 Ere close of evening borne,
 I'd haste, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
 To hide me from myself and Thee.
 But whither shall I fly,
 Omniscient God, from Thee?
 Within the deep, impervious folds
 Of night's dark canopy?
 'Twere vain,—I could not 'scape Thy sight,
 For Thou Thyself, my God, art light.
 Jesus, to Thee I fly,
 In Thine embrace to rest;
 Oh shield me from Thy Father's frown,
 Within Thy shelt'ring breast:—
 But no! within that hiding-place,
 Frowns turn to smiles, and wrath to grace.

Lewin. 5, 8.



361

JESUS, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 And, although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless;—
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our Father-land.

If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go.

When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When temptations come alluring,
 Make us patient and enduring;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Father-land.

Rosefield. 7, 6 lines.



362

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
 Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
 Whither,—whither but to Thee,
 Can a trembling sinner fly?
 Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
 Save, oh save, my sinking soul.

Never bowed a martyred head
 Weighed with equal sorrow down,
 Never blood so rich was shed,
 Never king wore such a crown!
 To Thy cross and sacrifice
 Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

All my soul, by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there;
 By Thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair;
 Lord, Thou canst my guilt forgive,
 Thou hast bid me look and live.

While with broken heart I kneel,
 Sinks the inward storm to rest;
 Life,—immortal life I feel
 Kindled in my throbbing breast;
 Thine,—for ever Thine I am,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near,—
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If Thy light is hid from me;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see,—
 Till Thy inward light impart
 Warmth and gladness to my heart.

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

—♦—
 WHO are those before God's throne?
 What the crownéd host I see?
 As the skies with stars thick strown
 Is their shining company:
 Hallelujahs, hark, they sing,
 Solemn praise to God they bring.

They are those who much have borne,
 Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
 Who have wrestled night and morn
 With Thee, mighty God, in prayer;
 Now their strife hath found its close,
 God hath turned away their woes.

Cast my^o lot in earth and heav'n
 With Thy saints made like to Thee,
 Let my bonds be also riv'n,
 Make Thy child who loves Thee free;
 Near the throne where Thou dost shine
 May a place at last be mine.

Martyn. 7 Double.



365

H. 359.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

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.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;—
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,—
 Rise to all eternity.

Hotham. 7 Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Hotham. 7 Double.' It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century dance music, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. The first system has two measures, the second system has four measures, and the third system has four measures. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

366

JESUS, merciful and mild,
 * Lead me as a helpless child,—
 On no other arm but Thine
 Would my weary soul recline;
 I am weakness, Thou art might;
 I am darkness, Thou art light;
 I am all defiled with sin,
 Thou canst make me pure within.

Jesus, Saviour all divine,
 Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
 Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
 Reconciled my heart to God?
 Harken to my humble prayer,
 Let me Thine own image bear;
 Let me love Thee more and more,
 Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.

Horton. 7.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style, typical of hymn tunes. The first system has 8 measures, and the second system has 8 measures. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

367

HOLY Ghost, with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Ghost, with' joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,—
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

368

PRINCE of Peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask,—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

May Thy will, not mine, be done,—
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

369

—♦—
WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee,
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise?—

Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by Thy light,
Only mighty in Thy might?—

Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

370

—♦—
JESUS, cast a look on me,
Give me true simplicity;
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Simple, teachable, and mild;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.

Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

Sherlock. 7.



371

DEPTH of merey, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Canst Thou still Thy wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare?

We have long withstood Thy grace,
 Long provoked Thee to Thy face,
 Would not hear Thy gracious calls,
 Grieved Thee by a thousand falls.

Jesus, answer from above,
 Is not all Thy nature love?
 Wilt Thou not our crimes forget?
 Lo, we fall before Thy feet.

Lord, incline us to repent,
 Help us now our fall lament,
 Deeply our revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

372

HOLY Father, hear our cry,
 Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear,
 Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;—
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

Father, save us from our sin,
 Saviour, we Thy merey crave,
 Gracious Spirit, make us clean;—
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

Norwich. 7.



Father, let us taste Thy love,
 Saviour, fill our souls with peace,
 Spirit, come our hearts to move;—
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All Thy grace within us now;
 Be our Father and our God.

373

JESUS, save my dying soul,
 Make the broken spirit whole;
 Humble in the dust I lie,—
 Saviour, leave me not to die.

Jesus, full of every grace,
 Now reveal Thy smiling face;
 Grant the joys of sin forgiv'n,
 Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

All my guilt to Thee is known,
 Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
 All my help is from Thy cross,
 All beside I count but loss.

Lord, in Thee I now believe,
 Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?
 Helpless at Thy feet I lie,
 Saviour, leave me not to die.

Morning. 7 Double.



374

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee,—
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
 Oh, by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear Thy people when they cry.

By Thy birth and early years,
 By Thy human griefs and fears,
 By Thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 By Thy vict'ry in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,—
 Jesus, look with pitying eye,
 Hear Thy people when they cry.

By Thine hour of dark despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
 By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
 By Thy perfect sacrifice,—
 Jesus, look with pitying eye,
 Hear Thy people when they cry.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy pow'r from death to save,—
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heav'n restored,
Saviour, Prince exalted high,
Hear Thy people when they cry.

375



WHEN, along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubts and fear,—
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to Thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Ev'ry pang Thy members bear:
Full of tenderness Thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of pow'r, Thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Open, wide the gate of heav'n:
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever, ever, Lord, with Thee.

Huss. 4 lines 7.



376

JESUS, Jesus, visit me,
How my soul longs after Thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend,
Shall our separation end?

Lord, my longings never cease,—
Without Thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

Mean the joys of earth appear,—
All below is dark and drear;
Nought but Thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

Thou alone, my gracious Lord,
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour Thou,
To Thy sov'reign will I bow.

From my heart wilt Thou remove
All which Thou dost not approve,—
Let me own no God but Thee;
Glorify Thyself in me.

Come, inhabit then my heart,—
Purge its sin, and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be Thine;
 Thou hast made the darkness shine,
 Thou hast sent a cheering ray,
 Thou hast turned our night to day.

Darkness long involved us round,
 Till we knew the joyful sound;
 Then our darkness fled away,
 Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

They are blest, and none beside,
 They who in the truth abide;
 Clear the light that marks their way,
 Leading to eternal day.

Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
 Till we reach the saints' abode,—
 Till we see Thee throned above,
 As Thou art, the God of love.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As we journey we will sing,—
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Oh ye mourning souls be glad,
 Christ our Advocate is made;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 Soon we'll enter into rest;
 There our seat is now prepared,
 There our kingdom and reward.

Lord, submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

Penrynhurst. 4 lines 7.



379

H. 173

GOD with us! Oh glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame:
 God and man in Christ unite,
 Oh mysterious depth and height.

God with us! th' eternal Son
 Took our soul, our flesh, and bone:
 Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
 Swell the song with holy fire.

God with us! but tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;
 Yet did He our sins sustain,
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

God with us! Oh wondrous grace!
 Let us see Him face to face,
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King.

380

H. 268.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
 Let Thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me full of heav'n and love.

Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in His precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

381

—♦—
HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
“As Thou art, so let us be!”

Gladly would we now be clean,—
Cleanse us, Lord, from ev'ry sin:
Fix, oh, fix our wav'ring mind,
To Thy cross our spirit bind.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

382

—♦—
JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul,—
Only Thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee,
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee, I know:
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

—♦—
SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, earth and heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Oreb. 7.



383

FATHER, to Thy sinful child
 Though Thy law is reconciled,
 By Thy pard'ning grace I live;
 Daily still I cry,—Forgive.

Though my ransom-price He paid,
 Upon whom my guilt was laid,
 Humbly at Thy mercy-seat
 Full remission I entreat.

Lord, forgive me day by day
 Debts I cannot hope to pay,
 Duties I have left undone,
 Evils I have failed to shun;

Trespases in word or thought,
 Deeds from evil motive wrought,
 Cold ingratitude, distrust,
 Thoughts unhallowed and unjust.

Gracious Lord, if there are those
 Who my debtors are, or foes,
 I, who by forgiveness live,
 Here their trespases forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn
 Love for hatred to return;
 Then assured my heart shall be
 That Thou, Lord, hast pardoned me.

384

DAY by day the manna fell,
 Oh, to learn this lesson well:
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day the promise reads,
 Daily strength for daily needs;
 Cast foreboding fears away,
 Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand,
 All my sanguine hopes have planned
 To Thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make Thy promise mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give,
 Day by day to Thee I live;
 So shall added years fulfil,
 Not mine own,—my Father's will.

385

HEAV'NLY Father, to whose eye
 Future things unfolded lie,
 Through the desert where I stray
 Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lead me not,—for flesh is frail,—
 Where fierce trials would assail;
 Leave me not, in darkened hour,
 To withstand the tempter's pow'r.

Lord, uphold me day by day,
 Shed a light upon my way,
 Guide me through perplexing snares,
 Care for me in all my cares.

Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
 Trials long and sharp for me,
 Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
 Father, glorify Thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
 Feeling still that Thou art near;
 In the course my Saviour trod
 Tending still to Thee, my God.

Eshtemoa. 7.



386

SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shad'wing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the fresh'ning pastures grow.

Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee,—
And with thankful hearts rejoice
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

Saviour, when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call Thine own by name,
All our wand'ring steps reclaim.

Jesus, who Thy life didst give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live,
Let us in Thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

387

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face
May the world Thine image see.

Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

Dallas. 7.



Humble, holy, all resigned
 To Thy will,—Thy will be done;
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of Thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod,—
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

388



LORD, if Thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall, as my Master, be
 Clothéd with humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child,
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee,
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in Thy precious love.

Oh that all may seek and find
 Ev'ry good in Christ combined;
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

Benevento. 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Benevento. 7. Double.' It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century church music, featuring a mix of chords and melodic lines. The first system has two measures, the second has two measures, and the third has two measures. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

389

H. 589.


WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here;
 Fixed in their eternal state,
 They have done with all below;—
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

As the wingéd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,—
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,—
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view:
 Bless Thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found:
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh receive me into rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,—
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave;
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth shall fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

——
 EVERLASTING arms of love
 Are beneath, around, above:
 He who left His throne of light,
 And unnumbered angels bright,
 He who on th' accursed tree
 Gave His precious life for me,—
 He it is that bears me on,
 His the arm I lean upon.

He who wields creation's rod,
 He my Brother, yet my God,—
 Faithful He, whate'er betide,
 Is my everlasting Guide!
 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
 But the Changeless cannot change:
 Gladly will I journey on,
 With His arm to lean upon.

Jerome. 8 lines 7.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Jerome. 8 lines 7.' 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 clef, while the bass clef provides harmonic support with chords and some moving lines. The music is written in a clear, legible style typical of 19th-century hymnals.

392

H. 677.

HIGH in yonder realms of light
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love;—
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

Mid the chorus of the skies,
 Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark! their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find,—
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose;
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows;
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall leave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow, in eternal rest.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away
 Gird and deck the saints in light,—
 Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they:
 Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Vict'ry through His cross alone.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once of Adam's race;
 Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt,
 But were saved from all by grace:
 They were mortal, too, like us;—
 Ah! when we like them shall die,
 May our souls translated thus
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

—♦—
 JESUS, seek Thy wand'ring sheep,
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
 Take on Thee my ev'ry care,
 Bear me, on Thy bosom bear:
 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
 More and more in Thee rejoice;
 More and more of Thee receive,
 Ever in Thy spirit live,—

Live till all Thy life I know,
 Foll'wing Thee, my Lord, below;
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gathered to the fold above:
 Oh that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at Thy right hand,
 Take the crown so freely giv'n,
 Enter in by Thee to heav'n.

Toplady. 7 6 lines.



395

H. 199.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil the 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.

Nothing in my hand I bring
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

EVER patient, gentle, meek,
 Holy Saviour, was Thy mind,—
 Vainly in myself I seek
 Likeness to my Lord to find;—
 Yet that mind which was in Thee
 May be, must be formed in me.

Days of toil 'mid throngs of men
 Vexed not, ruffled not Thy soul;
 Still collected, calm, serene,
 Thou each feeling couldst control;—
 Lord, that mind which was in Thee
 May be, must be formed in me.

Though such griefs were Thine to bear,
 For each suff'rer Thou couldst feel,—
 Every mourner's burden share,
 Every wounded spirit heal;—
 Saviour, let Thy grace in me
 Form that mind which was in Thee.

When my pain is most intense,
 Let Thy cross my lesson prove;
 Let me hear Thee, e'en from thence,
 Breathing words of peace and love:—
 Saviour, let Thy grace in me
 Form that mind which was in Thee.

—♦—
 PITY, Lord! the child of clay,
 Who can only hope and pray;
 I would on Thy love depend,
 Thou who art the sinner's friend,
 Thou, the sinner's only plea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pity me.

Oh, where stillest streams are poured,
 In green pastures lead me, Lord;
 Bring me back, where angels sound
 Joy to the poor waud'rer found;
 Evermore my Shepherd be,
 Jesus, Saviour, pity me.

Oneida. 7 Double.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn titled "Oneida. 7 Double." It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The third system has two staves. The music is a simple, homophonic setting of the lyrics below.

In verses of ten lines observe repeat.

398

SHALL I not sing praise to Thee,
 Shall I not give thanks, O Lord?
 Since for us in all I see
 How Thou keepest watch and ward,—
 How the truest tend'rest love
 Ever fills Thy heart, my God,
 Helping, cheering on their road
 All who in Thy service move:
 All things else have but their day,—
 God's love only lasts for aye.

As the eagle o'er her nest
 Spreads her shelt'ring wings abroad,
 So from all that would molest
 Doth Thine arm defend me, Lord;
 From my youth up e'en till now
 Of the being Thou didst give,
 And the earthly life I live,
 Faithful Guardian still wert Thou:
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

As a father ne'er withdraws
 From a child His all of love,
 Though it often breaks his laws,
 Though it careless, wilful, prove,—
 Even so my loving Lord
 Doth my faults with pity see;
 With His rod He chastens me,
 Not avenging with His sword:
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

Since then neither change nor end
 In Thy love can e'er have place,
 Father, I beseech Thee, send
 Unto me Thy loving grace;—
 Help Thy feeble child, and give
 Strength to serve Thee day and night;
 Loving Thee with all my might,
 While on earth I yet must live,
 So shall I, when time is o'er,
 Praise and love Thee evermore.

399



WHAT within me and without
 Hourly on my spirit weighs,
 Burd'ning heart and soul with doubt,
 Dark'ning all my weary days?
 In it I behold Thy will,
 God, who givest rest and peace;
 And my heart is calm and still,
 Waiting till Thou send release.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me, keep me close to Thee;
 In the peace Thy love doth shed
 Let me dwell eternally.
 Be my All! in all I do
 Let me only seek Thy will;
 If my heart to Thee is true,
 All is peaceful, all is well.

Pascal. 7.

The image shows a musical score for 'Pascal. 7.' consisting of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first system contains two measures of music, and the second system contains two measures of music. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and phrasing slurs.

400

H. 305.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid me pray,
 Therefore will not say me nay.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die Thy people's death.

401

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pow'ful is Thine arm to keep
 All Thy flocks with safest care,—
 Fed in pastures large and fair.

Thee their Guide and Guard they own,—
 Thee they love, and Thee alone;
 Thee they follow day by day,
 Fearful lest their feet should stray.

Lord, Thy helpless sheep behold,
Gather all unto Thy fold;
Gently lead the wand'ers home,
Watch them, lest again they roam.

Bring Thy sheep, now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way;
Then, the fold and shepherd one,
We shall praise Thee round the throne.

402

—♦—
SON of God, Thy blessing grant;
Still supply mine every want:
Tree of life, Thine influence shed:
From Thy fulness I am fed.

Unsustained by Thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me, to the end:
Still preserve me by Thy grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

403

—♦—
HOLY GHOST, Thou Source of light,
We invoke Thy kindling ray:
Dawn upon our spirit's night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

Work in all; in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

Ramsey. 6 lines 7.



404

BLESSED Saviour, Thee I love
 All my other joys above;
 All my hopes in Thee abide,
 Thou my hope, and naught beside:
 Ever let my glory be
 Only, only, only Thee.

Once again beside the cross
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.

From beneath that thorny crown
 Trickle drops of cleansing down;
 Pardon from Thy piercéd side
 Now I take, while here I bide;—
 Only then I live to Thee,
 When Thy wounded self I see.

Blesséd Saviour! Thine am I,
 Thine to live, and Thine to die;
 Height or depth, or earthly pow'r
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;—
 Ever shall my glory be,
 Only, only, only Thee.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art;
 Make me as a weaned child:
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
 Fears to stir a step alone;
 Let me Thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

—♦—
 WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon radiant sun,
 When I stand with Christ on high,
 Looking o'er life's history,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not mine own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

Now on earth, as through a glass,
 Darkly let Thy glory pass;
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
 E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of the debt I owe.

Elliot. 8, 6.



407

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

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

Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea all I need in *Thee* to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

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

408

— — — — —
 MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 Oh, teach me from my heart to say
 "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

Hope. 8, 6.



If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
“Thy will, O Lord, be done!”

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will, O Lord, be done!”

409

OH, stronger Thou than death and hell,
Where is the foe Thou canst not quell?
What heavy grief can Christ not roll
From off the burdened soul?

If Jesus lives, can I be sad?
Knowing Thy love, I must be glad,
Though all the world were dead to me;—
Enough, if I have Thee!

No more to fear or grief I bow,—
God, my Redeemer, keeps me now;
The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive mourning far away.

Messiah, Lord, for this grace see
The whole world bring their thanks to Thee!
Ere long may we, thus raise above
More sweet the song we love.

Berea. 7, 6.



410

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

I lay my wants on Jesus,—
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heav'nly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

IN heav'nly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been:
 My hope I cannot measure,—
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

—♦—
 O LORD, Thy love's unbounded,—
 So full, so sweet, so free!
 Our thoughts are all confounded,
 Whene'er we think on Thee:
 For us Thou cam'st from heav'n,
 For us to bleed and die;
 That, purchased and forgiv'n,
 We might ascend on high.

Oh, let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to Thee;
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,
 But that which paineth Thee:
 Our joy, our one endeavour,
 Through suff'ring, conflict, shame,
 To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify Thy name.

Amsterdam. 7, 6.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century hymnals, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and bar lines.

413

II. 658.

RISE, my soul, and stretch Thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n, Thy native place;
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course,
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, -
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given, -
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

SAVIOUR, I Thy word believe,
 My unbelief remove;
 Now Thy quick'ning Spirit give,
 The unction from above:
 Show me, Lord, how good Thou art,
 Me with all Thy fulness fill,—
 Send the witness, in my heart
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

Dead in sin till then I lie,
 Bereft of pow'r to rise,
 Till Thy Spirit inwardly
 Thy saving blood applies:
 Now the mighty gift impart,
 My sin erase, pardon seal;
 Send the witness, in my heart
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

Let me in Thy love rejoice,
 Thy shrine, Thy pure abode;
 Tell me, by Thine inward voice,
 That I'm a child of God:
 Lord, I choose the better part,
 Here I wait Thy peace to feel;
 Send the witness,—in my heart
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

Whom the world cannot receive
 Oh manifest in me;
 Son of God, I cease to live
 Unless I live in Thee:
 Now impute Thy whole desert,
 Give the joy from which I fell,
 Breathe the witness,—in my heart
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

Canonbury. 7, 6.



415

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and pain weighed down,
 How scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thine only crown!
 How pale art Thou with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn!

O Lord of life and glory,
 What bliss till now was Thine!
 I read the wondrous story,
 I joy to call Thee mine.
 Thy grief and Thy compassion
 Were all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
 To praise Thee, heav'nly Friend,—
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 Lord make me Thine for ever,
 Nor let me faithless prove;
 Oh let me never, never
 Abuse such dying love.

Beza. 7, 6, 8.



416

LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find;
 Think on us who think on Thee,
 And ev'ry burdened soul release;
 Oh remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

By Thine agonizing pain
 And bloody sweat, we pray,—
 By Thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away;
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release;
 Oh remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Own us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
 Oh remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

Makemie. L. M. Double.



417

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r,—
 Dissolve Thou those bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in Thee;
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
 When clothed in Thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more by my sins
 The bosom on which I recline,
 Oh then shall the veil be removed,
 And round me Thy brightness be poured;
 I'll meet Him, whom absent I loved,—
 I'll see, whom unseen I adored.

And then nevermore shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose:
 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone;
 Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to His throne.

Hart. L. M. 6 lines.



418

BEAUTIFUL Zion built above,
 Beautiful city that I love;
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light;
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me.

Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir,
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conqu'rors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wand'ring cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace!
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;—
 Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

Autumn. 8, 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "Autumn. 8, 7. Double." It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, featuring a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word "END." written above the treble staff. A tempo or performance instruction "D. c. al." is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

419

HOLY Father, Thou hast taught us
 We should live to Thee alone;
 Year by year, Thy hand hath brought us
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When we wandered, Thou hast found us,—
 When we doubted, sent us light;
 Still Thine arm has been around us,
 All our paths were in Thy sight.

In the world will foes assail us,
 Craftier, stronger far than we;
 And the strife shall never fail us,
 Well we know, before we die.
 Therefore, Lord, we come believing
 Thou canst give the pow'r we need,—
 Through the pray'r of faith receiving
 Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.

We would trust in Thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
 Follow wholly Thy directing,
 Thou, our only guard from harm:
 Keep us from our own undoing,
 Help us turn to Thee when tried;
 Still our footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep us ever at Thy side.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
 Through this lonely vale of tears,—
 Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears:
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let Thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear:
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
 Till by angel bands attended
 We awake among the blest.

—♦—
 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by Thy love revealing
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Ev'ry burdened soul release;
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Still we wait for Thine appearing,—
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor, benighted heart:
 Come and manifest Thy favour
 To the ransomed, helpless race;
 Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

Bayley. 8, 7.

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 flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 8/7. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymnals. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system also ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the initials 'D. C.' (Da Capo) written above the staff.

422

H. 83.

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only Thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul Thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Oh what mercy flows from heaven!
 Oh what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way:
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
 Whilst astonished I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received Him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

423

TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
 For the day is passing by;
 See! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh:
 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west,
 Swift the night of death advances,—
 Shall it be the night of rest?

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
 Tarry with me through the darkness,—
 While I sleep still watch by me:
 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
 Lay my head upon Thy breast
 Till the morning; then awake me,—
 Morning of eternal rest!

424

—❖—

I WOULD love Thee, God and Father!
 My Redeemer, and my King!
 I would love Thee, for without Thee
 Life is but a bitter thing:
 I would love Thee,—ev'ry blessing
 Flows to me from out Thy throne:
 I would love Thee,—he who loves Thee
 Never feels himself alone.

I would love Thee; look upon me,
 Ever guide me with Thine eye:
 I would love Thee; if not nourished
 By Thy love, my soul would die.
 I would love Thee,—I do love Thee,—
 On Thy love my heart is set:
 While I love Thee, I will never
 My Redeemer's blood forget.

Middleton. 8, 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Middleton. 8, 7. Double.' It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 8/7. The first system has two measures, and the second system has two measures, ending with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction. The music is written in a style typical of 17th or 18th-century lute tablature or early keyboard music.

425

H. 63.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry,—
 Let me know Thy great salvation;
 See, I languish, faint, and die:
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
 Send, oh send me quick relief.

Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to Him who comfort gives?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to Him who ever lives?
 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the cursed tree,
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing
 That Thou suffer'dst thus for me.

With Thy righteousness and Spirit
 I am more than angels blessed;
 Heir with Thee, all things inherit,
 Peace, and joy, and endless rest:
 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with Thy love.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.
 Let the world neglect and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hopes have oft deceived me,
 Thou art faithful, Thou art true.

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,—
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 I may call Thee Abba, Father,
 I have set my heart on Thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

Let me know my full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 I would haste from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by pray'r;
 Heav'n's eternal day before me,
 Thine own hand to guide me there.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
 Soon shall close this earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass these pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Fount. 8, 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Fount. 8, 7. Double.' It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 7/8. The first system contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line. The second system also contains two measures of music, followed by a double bar line. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

427

H. 375.

COME, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount,—O fix me on it,—
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

Oh to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,—
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much and fearing more,
 Mighty God of my salvation,
 I Thy timely aid implore:
 Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,
 All my suff'rings to sustain;
 By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By Thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish,
 In Thy days of flesh below,
 When Thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of woe;
 When Thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burdened with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By Thy most severe temptation,
 In that dark, Satanic hour,
 By Thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse pow'r;
 By Thy fainting in the garden,
 By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of Thy Spirit,
 By Thine outcry on the tree,
 By Thine agonizing merit,—
 In my pangs remember me:
 By Thy death I now implore Thee,
 Lord, my dying soul befriending;
 Make me lovingly adore Thee,
 Make me faithful to the end.

Tennent. 8, 6.



429

O 'THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend!
 Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
 On this alone my hopes depend,
 That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,
 Far off appears my resting-place,
 And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
 Then, Saviour, plead for me.

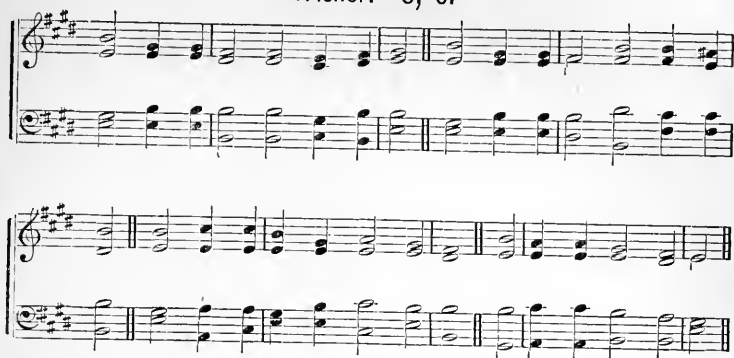
When I have erred and gone astray
 Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
 And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,
 Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
 Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
 Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
 And plead, oh, plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,
 Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
 Then to my fainting sight appear
 Pleading in heav'n for me.

When the full light of heav'nly day
 Reveals my sins in dread array,
 Say Thou hast washed them all away,—
 Oh, say Thou plead'st for me.

Wisner. 8, 6.



430

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
 Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
 Help me throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, I'll not repine;
 For, as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to Thee.

Though far from home, fatigued, oppressed,
 Here have I found a place of rest;
 An exile still, though not unblest,
 Because I cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and hopes remove,
 With patient, uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to Thee.

Though oft I seem to tread alone
 Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
 Still whispers, "Cling to me."

Though faith and hope are often tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside;
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
 The soul that clings to Thee.

Worthing. 8, 7.



431

II. 353.

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

Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,—
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

— — — — —
PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

CHRIST, above all glory seated,
 King eternal, strong to save,
 To Thee death, by death defeated,
 Triumph high and glory gave.

Thou art gone where now is given,
 What no mortal might could gain,—
 On th' eternal throne of heaven,
 In Thy Father's pow'r to reign.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
 Heav'n above and earth below,
 While the depths of hell before Thee
 Trembling and defeated bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring
 Follow Thee above the sky;
 Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,—
 Lift our souls to Thee on high.

So when Thou again in glory
 On the clouds of heav'n shalt shine,
 We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
 Owned for evermore as Thine.

ONE there is above all others
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed His blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God.

When He lived on earth abaséd,
 Friend of sinners was His name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

Oh for grace our hearts to soften,
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

Bartimeus. 8, 7.



434

“MERCY, O Thou Son of David,”
 Thus blind Bartimeus prayed,—
 “Others by Thy word are savéd,
 Now to me afford Thine aid.”

Many for his crying chid him,
 But he called the louder still,—
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 Come, and ask Me what you will.

Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but He could give.

“Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let mine eyes behold the day!”
 Straight he saw and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.

Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,
 “Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!

“Oh that all the blind but knew Him,
 And would be advised by me,
 Surely They would hasten to Him,
 He would cause them all to see.”

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
 Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

Come, Thou best of all donations
 God doth give, when men implore,—
 Having Thy sweet consolation
 We need wish for nothing more.

Author of the new creation,
 Let us now Thine influence prove;
 Make our hearts Thy habitation,
 Shed abroad a Saviour's love.

From that height that knows no measure,
 As a gracious rain descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 We can ask, or God can send.

Manifest Thy love for ever,
 Fence us in on every side;
 In distress be our Reliever,—
 Guard and teach, support and guide.

Hear, oh hear our supplication,
 Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
 Rest upon this congregation
 With the fulness of Thy grace.

—◆—
 COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints Thou art,
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

By Thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Vesper Hymn. 8, 7. Double.

437

H. 345.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry longing heart.

Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,—
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us now Thy life receive,—
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thine hosts above,—
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy precious love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

438

H. 410.

—♦—
SAVIOUR, hast Thou fled for ever
From my tempest-riven breast?
Will Thy gracious Spirit never
Come, and cheer, and make me blest?
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow
I have sighed to taste Thy love,
Hoping, on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

Peace, my soul, the Saviour hears thee,
He will chase Thy fears away;
'Tis His gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day:
Precious Saviour, have I found Thee?
Wilt Thou then my portion be?
Spread Thy shelt'ring arm around me,
Let me lean alone on Thee.

Through this world, so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint, and weary,
Keep me ever near Thy side;
Blessed be Thy name for ever,
For Thy pard'ning grace to me;
Sinners, doubt His promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.

Oliphant. 8, 7, 4.

The image shows a musical score for three systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with block chords and simple melodic lines. The first system has a treble staff with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment of chords. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the bass staff.

Repeat fifth line.

439

H. 220

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear Thy children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us ever turn to Thee.

Ever let us seek Thy favour,
 Ever let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

—♦—
 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine;
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Ev'ry pow'r and thought be Thine;
 Thine entirely,—
 Through eternal ages Thine.

Known to all to be Thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear,—
 All in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near:
 Shout, O Zion,
 Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

Judgment Hymn. 8, 7.



442

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.

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.

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 the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God! what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Low-at His cross I wait the day
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

Whitefield. 8, 7.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Whitefield. 8, 7.' It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The music is written in a clear, legible style typical of 19th-century hymnals.

443

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught, and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Now despairing, deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.

Mighty King, let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
 Oh come quickly, great Redeemer,
 Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

Calvary. 8, 7, 4.



444

H. 101.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finished,—Oh what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law,—
 Finished—all that God hath promised,
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth and all in heaven
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

LEAD us, heav'nly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee:
 Yet possessing
 Ev'ry blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,—
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending
 Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

—◆—

KEEP us, Lord, oh keep us ever,
 Vain our hope, if left by Thee;
 We are Thine,—oh leave us never,
 Till Thy glorious face we see;
 Then to praise Thee
 Through a bright eternity.

Precious is Thy word of promise,
 Precious to Thy people here;
 Never take Thy presence from us,
 Jesus, Saviour, still be near;
 Living, dying,
 May Thy name our spirits cheer.

The Shining Shore. 8, 7.



447

My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 These hours of toil and danger;
 For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning;
 For oh, we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where angel harps are ringing;
 For oh, we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
 For ever, oh, for ever!
 For oh, we stand, &c.

Fenelon. 8. 7.



448

NEAR the cross our station taking,
 Earthly cares and joys forsaking,
 Meet it is for us to mourn;
 'Twas for us Thou cam'st from heaven,
 'Twas for us Thy heart was riven,—
 All Thy griefs for us were borne.

When no eye its pity gave us,
 When there was no arm to save us,
 Thou Thy love and pow'r display'dst;
 By Thy stripes our help and healing,
 By Thy death our life revealing,
 Thou for us the ransom paid'st.

Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
 That from sin we may refrain us,
 In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;
 Thee our best affections giving,
 To Thy praise and honour living,
 May we in Thy glory live.

Baxter. 8, 7.



449

TAKE me, O my Father, take me,—
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying—
 Take me to Thy love, my God.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.

Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely, life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to Thee.

Father take me! all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast;
 In Thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest.

450

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

451

—♦—

FLOW my tears, O flow still faster,
 Thus my guilt and sin bemoan;
 Mourn, my heart, in deepest anguish,
 Over sorrows not thine own.

Can we view the Saviour given
 To the smiter's hands for us?
 Can we all unmoved, unhumbled,
 See Him mocked and slighted thus?

Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee
 In Thy toil and sorrow here?
 Can I nothing better yield Thee
 Than my unavailing tear?

Poor is all that I can offer,
 Soul and body while I live;
 Take it, O my Saviour, take it,—
 I have nothing more to give.

Loud and louder saints are singing,
 Glory, glory, Christ, to Thee!
 Over death and hell for ever
 Thou hast triumphed gloriously.

Alford. 8, 7.



452

I WILL love Thee, all my Treasure;
 I will love Thee, all my Strength;
 I will love Thee without measure,
 And without a stain at length:
 I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die and find Thee mine.

I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory,
 For the bliss Thy beams have brought;
 I will praise Thee, will adore Thee,
 For the light I long had sought,—
 Praise Thee that Thy words so blest
 Soothed my troubled soul to rest.

Be my heart more warmly glowing,
 Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
 And, its love, its ardor, showing,
 Let my spirit onward tread;
 Near to Thee, and nearer still
 Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

I will love in joy or sorrow,
 While I in this body dwell;
 I will love to-day, to-morrow,
 With a love no words can tell;
 I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die, and find Thee mine.

453

CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee
 For a season veil Thy face,
 Still I trust and cannot doubt Thee,
 Jesus, full of truth and grace;
 Resting on Thy word I stand,—
 None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

Oh, rebuke me not in anger,
 Suffer not my faith to fail;
 Let not pain, temptation, languor
 O'er my struggling heart prevail;
 Holding fast Thy word I stand,—
 None can pluck me from Thy hand.

In my heart Thy word I cherish,
 Though unseen, Thou still art near;
 Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
 What have I to do with fear?
 Trusting in Thy word I stand,—
 None can pluck me from Thy hand.

454

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices,
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, He sits on yonder throne,—
 Jesus rules the world alone.

King of glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,—
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
 Then, with angel choirs, we'll sing
 "Glory, glory to our King.

Haydn. 8, 7.



455

WELL for us—if all things losing,
 E'en ourselves we count as naught,
 Aye the one thing needful choosing,
 That with all true good is fraught:
 Well for us—if nothing knowing
 But our God, whose boundless love
 Makes the heart, where *it* is glowing,
 Calm and pure as hearts above.

Well for us—if, all forsaking,
 We walk not in shadows vain,
 But Thy path of peace are taking
 Through this vale of tears and pain:
 Oh that we our hearts might sever
 From earth's tempting vanities,
 Fixing them on Thee for ever,
 In whom all our fulness lies.

Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
 From Thee, Lord,—so might we cease
 Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
 And our conscience be at peace:
 Thou, Abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by Thy cross to Thee,—
 That our senses, soul, and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be.

456

STRIVE we will;—Lord, Thou dost call us,
 Thou wilt aid us by Thy grace;
 We'll cast off what would enthral us,
 And deter us from the race:
 Heav'nly trust will love to follow
 Watchfully our Master's ways;
 Lacks not comfort poor and hollow,
 Looks not earthward for its praise.

Heav'nly trust from worldly pleasure,—
 Worldly resource stands apart;
 For in heav'n is hid our treasure,
 There shall also be our heart:
 Soldiers of the cross, take courage!
 Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
 Daily conqu'ring sin and sorrow,
 Till our King o'er all shall reign.

457

—❖—

HARK! the church proclaims her honour,
 And her strength is only this,—
 God hath laid His choice upon her,
 And the work she doth is His:
 Thou Thy church hast firmly founded,
 And wilt guard what so began;
 We, by sin and foes surrounded,
 Build her bulwarks as we can.

Onward then! for, naught despairing,
 Calm we follow at Thy word,—
 Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
 Faithful witness to our Lord:
 Though we here must strive with weakness,
 Though in tears we often bend,
 What Thy might began in meekness
 Shall achieve a glorious end.

Anticipation. 8, 7.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "Anticipation. 8, 7." The score is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs) and consists of five systems of music. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines, with some notes beamed together. The piece appears to be in a minor key and has a 7/8 time signature.

458

IN the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfil my soul's request:
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you;
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

This is not my place of resting,
 Mine's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hastening,
 On to my eternal home:
 There is rest, &c.

In it all is light and glory,
 O'er it shines a nightless day;
 Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse hath passed away:
 There is rest, &c.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song:
There is rest, &c.

459



FOR Thy Sabbath, Lord, I bless Thee!
Let its calmness fill my breast,—
Let me through it now possess Thee,
And anticipate Thy rest:
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness,
Bid me quite forget my fear:
There is rest, &c.

So, when life's long week is over,
Blessed may it be to die;
Angels whisp'ring, as They hover,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh:
There is rest, &c.

Then, the heav'nly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine;
Rest of God,—the Sun and Centre
Of the bliss that is divine:
There is rest, &c.

Ayrshire. 8, 7.

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 7/8. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with clear note heads and stems.

For second hymn use also small notes.

460

BRIGHTLY gleams a holy radiance
 Round that undiscovered land,
 Where immortal hopes are anchored,
 And immortal joys expand;
 And that radiance pure and heav'nly,
 All undimmed by earthly blight,
 Is the shadow of Thy glory,—
 Thine the fountain of all light.

Darkness flees away before Thee,
 Sun and stars no more can shine,
 And the angels who adore Thee
 Bow beneath those rays divine;
 And through all the glorious city
 Thine is undivided might,—
 Thou its pow'r, and life, and glory,
 Thou the temple and the light.

Angel harps, Thy praise attuning,
Sing Thy wondrous love to man;
Countless millions glad are shouting
God Almighty and the Lamb!
The redeemed of every nation
"Walk in light" with the I AM,
And the shining hosts cry glory,
God Almighty and the Lamb!

461

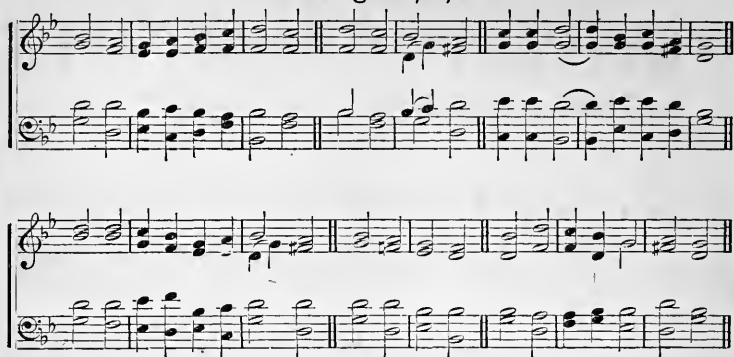


WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye:
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my ^{*}guide, my light, my all,—
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace:
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star,—the Star of Bethlehem!

Wartberg. 8, 4, 7.



462

JESUS, pitying Saviour, hear me,
 Draw Thou near me,
 Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me,
 For Thou knowest all my sorrow;
 Night and morrow
 Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Peace I cannot find; oh take me,
 Lord, and make me
 From the yoke of evil free;
 Calm this longing never-sleeping,
 Still my weeping,
 Grant me hope once more in Thee.

Thou, my God and King, hast known me,
 Yet hast shown me
 True and loving is Thy will;
 Though my heart from Thee oft ranges,
 Through its changes,
 Lord, Thy love is faithful still.

Here I bring my will, oh take it,
 Thine, Lord, make it,—
 Calm this troubled heart of mine;
 In Thy strength I too may conquer,
 Wait no longer,—
 Show in me Thy grace divine.

Verstegan. 10, 8.

In third verse use also the small notes.

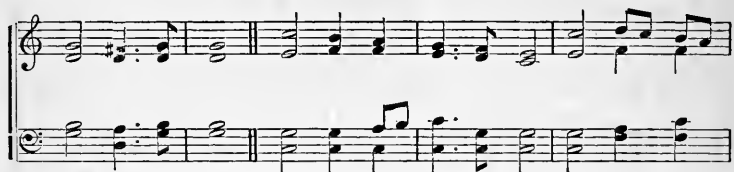
463

O SILENT Lamb, for me Thou hast endured,—
 Jesus, Thou holy, perfect, sinless One,
 Thy grief and bitter anguish have secured
 My soul's salvation, when this race is run;
 Then let me, to Thine image true,
 Thus meekly suffer with the crown in view.

The narrow way, that leads us up to heav'n,
 Must here through strife and tribulation lie;
 Then in the thorny path may strength be giv'n,
 This sinful flesh, O Lord, to crucify:
 Oh take this feebleness away,
 And make me strong to meet each future day.

So help me, Lord, Thy holy will to suffer,
 And still a learner at Thy feet to be;
 Give faith and patience when the way is rougher,
 And at the end a joyful victory;
 Thus grief itself is changed to song,
 Ofttimes on earth, but evermore ere long.

"Come, ye Disconsolate."



464

H. 411.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,—
 Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal:

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure:

Here see the bread of life,—see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
 Come to the feast prepared,—come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

Victory. 10.



465

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
 Angelic choristers sing as we come,
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
 Soon with our pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of bright spirits we go;
 Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before,—
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer us through death's chilling gloom,
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
 Harps of the blesséd, your voices we hear;
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

Death with his weapons may soon lay us low,
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be gone;
 Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully with Christ at home.

Melville. 11.

466

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 Thou ledest my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restorest when wand'ring, redeem'st when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,—
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

467

— — —
 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,—
 The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay;
 Though zuff'ring, and sorrow, and trial be near,
 The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads,
 His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds;
 The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
 And brings back the wand'ers all safe from the snares.

Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light,—
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might,—
 So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
 The Lord is our Leader, and heaven our home.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to us He hath said,—
To us who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

When through fiery trials our pathway shall lie,
Thy grace, all-sufficient, shall be our supply;
The flame shall not hurt us,—Thine only design
Our dross to consume, and our gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all Thy people shall prove
Thy sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall our temples adorn,
Like lambs we shall still in Thy bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
Thou wilt not, Thou wilt not desert to its foes;
That soul,—though all hell should endeavour to shake,
Thou wilt not,—no never,—no never forsake.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief He will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,—
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

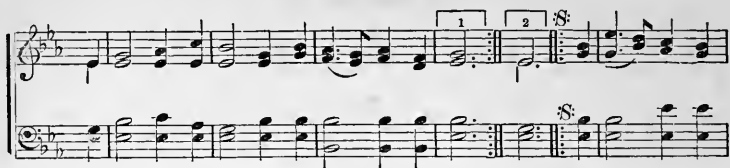
Though dark be my way, Thou, Lord, art my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis Thine to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word Thou hast spoken shall surely prevail.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant the conqueror's song.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, no goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Redeemer's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

Home. 11.



471

H. 670.

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
 Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
 Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
 All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

While here in the valley of 'conflict I stay,
 Oh give me submission, and strength as my day;
 In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my own glorious home.

Whate'er Thou deniest, oh give me Thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
 Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
 And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,—
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,—
 And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

Frederick. 11.



472

H. 627.

I WOULD not live away,—I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live away, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within;
 The rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 The cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live away, no—welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live away, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Eden. 11.



473

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me,
 Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for Thee;
 Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
 And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong;
 By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
 Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
 Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper art near.

Thy love, oh how faithful! so tender, so pure;
 Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
 That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
 That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace,—
 From restless vain wishes bid Thou my heart cease;
 In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
 Till glad to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.

Oh then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
 Made clean in the fountain that gushed from Thy side,
 I'll see Thy full glory, Thy face shall behold,
 And praise Thee for ever with raptures untold.

474

OH eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
 The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
 That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
 I tremble no more when I see Thee, Lord, near;
 I know that Thy presence my safe-guard will be,
 For, "Why are you troubled?" Thou say'st unto me.

Still looking, dear Saviour, oh may I be found,
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
 They bear me away in Thy presence to be,—
 I'll see Thee still nearer whom always I see.

Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
 Shall know how Thy love went before me each day,
 And wonder that ever mine eyes turned away.

475

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
 Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
 Then legal fears shook me,—I trembled to die;
 No refuge, no safety, in self could I see,
 Jehovah, Thou only my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before Thy sweet name,
 My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
 To drink at the fountain, so copious and free;
 Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast,
 Jehovah my Saviour,—I ne'er can be lost;
 In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
 Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield.

E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
 This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
 For, while from life's fever my God sets me free,
 Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be.

Scotland. 12.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Scotland. 12.'. 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 common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymn tunes, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the beginning and end. The third system has a repeat sign at the end.

476

H. 568

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
 For sin and uncleanness, and ev'ry transgression,
 His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon,—
 We'll praise Thee again, when we pass over Jordan.

All glory to God in the highest be given,
 All glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of His love, His salvation and glory:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

O Jesus, reign on, Thy kingdom is glorious,—
 O'er sin, death, and hell Thou wilt make us victorious;
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,—
 With harps in our hands, we will praise Thee evermore,—
 We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

OCCASIONAL

HOME, SCHOOL, NATION, TIMES.

Wilberforce. 7, 6.



477

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night,—all our night.

Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go;
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day,—all the day.

Thou our only Life and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
In Thy light may we abide
Till th' eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still,—homeward still.

Malvern. L. M.



478

P. 46.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

GREAT God! to Thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise;
 Oh let Thy merest tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

My days unclouded as they pass,
 And every gentle, rolling hour
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to Thy love and power.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of Thy love,
 Ungrateful can from Thee depart,
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus; His dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in Thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to Thy name.

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

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

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

Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere through the world my way I take;
 Abide with me till in Thy love
 I lose myself in heaven above.

Tallis' Hymn. L. M.

481

H. 438.

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

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,—
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

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

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

482

H. 450.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

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

Oh let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

483

H. 434.

—♦—
God of the morning, at Thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wand'ring star.

484

H. 446.

—♦—
MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

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

Berlin. L. M.



485

II. 599.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
 Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
 Shines through the realms of light and love,
 Inspiring angels with Thy praise.

Thy pow'r we own, Thy grace adore,—
 Thou deign'st to visit man below;
 And, in affliction's darkest hour,
 The humble shall Thy mercy know.

These western States at Thy command
 Rose from dependence and distress;
 Prosperity now crowns the land,
 And millions join Thy name to bless.

Praise is Thy due, eternal King,—
 We'll speak the wonders of Thy love;
 With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
 And emulate the hosts above.

Oh be Thou still our guardian God,
 Preserve these States from ev'ry foe,—
 From party rage, from scenes of blood,
 From sin, and every cause of woe.

Here may the great Redeemer reign,
 Display His grace, and saving power;
 Here liberty and truth maintain,
 Till empires fall to rise no more.

GREAT God, we sing Thy mighty hand
 By which supported still we stand:
 The opening year Thy mercy shows,
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By His incessant bounty fed,
 By His unerring counsels led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to Thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and Thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
 One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn,
 Let noise and vanity be gone;
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

Wells. L. M.



488

H. 596.

GOD of the passing year, to Thee
 Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
 With swelling heart and bending knee
 We offer Thee our song of praise.

We bless Thy name, almighty God,
 For all the kindness Thou hast shown
 To this fair land our fathers trod,
 This land we fondly call our own.

Here freedom spreads her banner' wide,
 And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
 For Thou our country's arms didst guide,
 And lead them on their conqu'ring way.

We praise Thee, that the gospel light
 Through all our land its radiance sheds,—
 Scatters the shades of error's night,
 And heav'nly blessings round us spreads.

When foes without, and foes within,
 With threat'ning ills our land have pressed,
 Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
 And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

O God, preserve us in Thy fear,—
 In troublous times our helper be;
 Diffuse Thy truth's bright precepts here,
 And may we worship only Thee.

Now may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend His people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

Well He considers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His grace accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

In His salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flag abroad.

Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

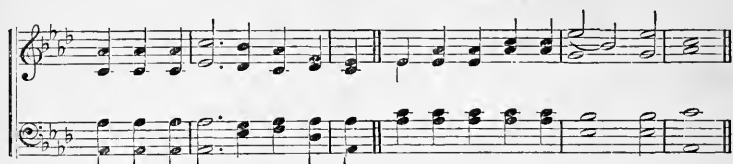
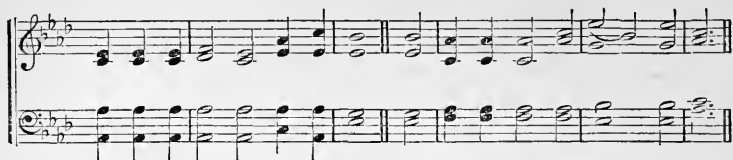
LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

Then what my thoughts design to do
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

Ware. L. M.



491

H. 401.

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

My soul, with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'returned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?

'Tis even so,—Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

492

H. 593.

ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
To hail Thee, Sov'reign of the year.

The flow'ry spring at Thy command
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

493

—♦—
ON Thee, O Lord our God, we call,
Before Thy throne devoutly fall;
Oh whither should the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?

Lord, we repent, we weep, we mourn,—
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh spare our guilty country, spare
The church Thine hand hath planted here.

We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,—
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to serve us too.

494

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

New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more with awe rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.

Oh guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

Quito. L. M. 6 lines.



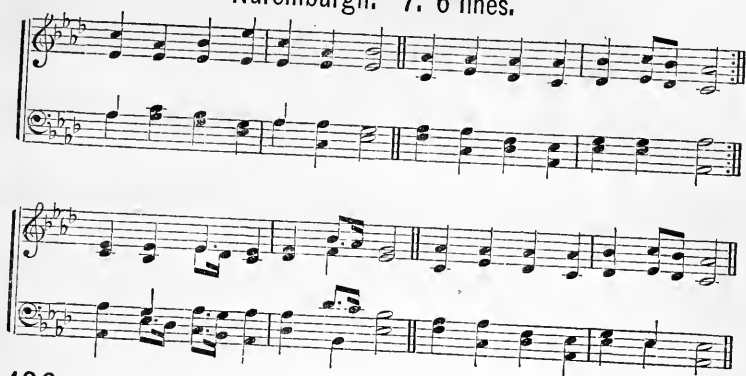
495

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
 The morning light salutes mine eyes,
 O Sun of Righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine;
 Oh chase the clouds of guilt away,
 And turn my darkness into day.

And when to heav'n's all glorious King
 My morning sacrifice I bring,
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,—
 Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
 And be my Advocate with God.

And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
 Jesus, Thy heav'nly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed;
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise
 To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

Nuremburgh. 7. 6 lines.



496

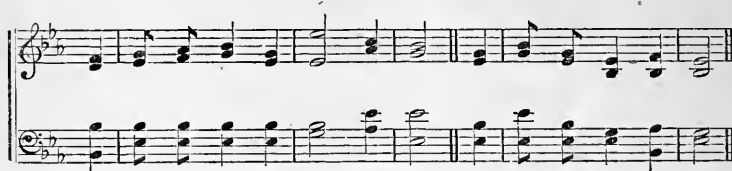
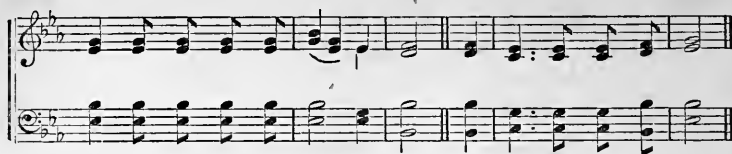
PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
 All to Thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,
 All the stores the garden yields,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,—
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 All to Thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams,—
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Elizabethtown. C. M.



497

H. 440.

GOD of my life, my morning song
 To Thee I cheerful raise;
 Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.

Preserved by Thy almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 To see the morning light.

While numbers spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes;
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And rose from sweet repose.

When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed,
 To guard my feeble clay.

Oh let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let Thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard;
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.

Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompassed me around;
 But oh how few returns of love
 Has my Creator found!

What have I done for Him who died,
 To save my wretched soul?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll!

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
 To Thy dear cross I flee,
 And to Thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by Thee.

LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray,
 I am for ever Thine;
 I fear before Thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and Thee.

I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon Thy grace alone.

Thus with my thoughts composed to peace
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

Christmas. C. M.



500

H. 445.

HOSANNA with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing Pow'r,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

Our lives are forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own Thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath His spreading wings.

OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise
 Shall in Thy strength rejoice;
 And, blest with Thy salvation, raise
 To heaven a cheerful voice.

Thy sure defence, through nations round,
 Hath spread our country's name,
 And all her humble efforts crowned
 With freedom and with fame.

In deep distress, a patriot band
 Implored Thy pow'r to save,—
 For liberty they prayed; Thy hand
 The timely blessing gave.

On Thee, in want, in woe, or pain,
 Our hearts alone rely;
 Our rights Thy mercy will maintain,
 And all our wants supply.

Thus, I ord, Thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
 And still exalt Thy fame;
 While we glad songs of praise prepare,
 For Thine almighty name.

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

Night unto night His name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heav'n on which He sits
 To turn the seasons round.

How many wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 And yet Thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.

Great God, let all my hours be Thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

Monson. C. M.



503

H. 449.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumb'ring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful pray'r.

I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
 The prospect does my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driv'n.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

504

H. 633.

How still and peaceful is the grave,
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree,
 Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease,
There passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the pris'ners, now released
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, poor, and rich,
Partake the same repose;
As there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,—
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

505



¶. 662.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon His word;
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

Farel. C. M.



506

H. 611.

AND is this' life prolonged to me?
 Are days and seasons giv'n?
 Shall I not then prepare to be
 A fitter heir for heav'n?

I will not let these moments pass,
 These golden hours be gone:
 Lord, I accept Thine offered grace,—
 I bow before Thy throne.

Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
 Through my Redeemer's blood;
 Now let my flesh and heart begin
 The honours of my God.

Let me no more my soul defile
 With sin's deceitful toys;
 Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
 Approach to heav'nly joys.

Oh may my thankful lips proclaim
 The wonders of Thy praise,
 And spread the savour of Thy name
 Where'er I spend my days.

On earth let my example shine;
 And, when I leave this state,
 May heav'n receive this soul of mine,
 To bliss divinely great.

GREAT King of nations, hear our pray'r,
 While at Thy feet we fall,
 And humbly with united cry
 To Thee for mercy call.

The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
 Oh turn us not away,
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
 And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
 And ours no less we own;
 Yet wond'rously, from age to age,
 Thy goodness hath been shown.

With one consent we meekly bow
 Beneath Thy chast'ning hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land.

With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we lift our prayer;
 "Correct us in Thy judgment, Lord,
 But in Thy mercy spare."

—♦—
 SEE, gracious God, before Thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend;
 'Tis on Thy sov'reign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
 Thy dreadful pow'r display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

What num'rous crimes increasing rise
 Through this apostate land,
 What land so favoured of the skies,
 Yet thoughtless of Thy hand.

Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By rich and sov'reign grace:
 Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
 And humbly seek Thy face.

Thatcher. S. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Thatcher. S. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a steady rhythm.

509

H. 443.

SERENE I laid me down
 Beneath God's guardian care;
 I slept, and I awoke and found
 My kind Preserver near.

Oh how shall I repay
 The bounties of my God?
 This feeble spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful load.

Dear Saviour, to Thy cross
 I bring my sacrifice;
 Tinged with Thy blood, it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.

My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to Thee;
 And in Thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

510

H. 608.

—♦—
 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
 Lodged in Thy sov'reign hand;
 And, if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 Oh make Thy servants truly wise,
 That They may live to-day.

One thing demands our care;
Oh be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

511

H. 442.

—♦—
THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

512

—♦—
IN all our ways, O God,
We would acknowledge Thee;
And seek to keep our hearts and house
From all defilement free.

Where'er we have a tent,
An altar will we raise;
And thither our oblations bring,
Our humble prayer and praise.

Oh hear Thy servants, Lord,
And let our household be
Devoted to Thyself alone,
A dwelling meet for Thee.

Coverdale. 7, 6.



513

I WANT to be with Jesus,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 There, right before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd wake the sweetest music,
 And praise Him day and night.

I never would be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear;
 But blessed, pure, and holy,
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive;
 For many little children
 Have gone to heav'n to live:
 Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 Oh send a shining angel,
 And bear me to the sky.

Oh, there I'll be with Jesus,
Among the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before Thee, Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heav'nly music,
And praise Thee day and night.

514

THIS night, O Lord, we bless Thee
For Thy protecting care,
And ere we rest address Thee
In lowly, fervent prayer:
From evil and temptation
Defend us through the night,
And round our habitation
Be Thou a wall of light.

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

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

Bunyan. 11.



515

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 That His arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look, when He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,—

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

I long for the joys of that glorious time,
 The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime,
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Columbia. 6, 4.

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 flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and some melodic lines.

516

LORD God, we worship Thee!
 Our nation's Friend,
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,
 And war doth end;
 ||: Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land, with one accord,
 Gives thanks to Thee.:||

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 Thou didst chastise,
 Yet still Thy anger spares,
 Thou heard'st our cries;
 ||: Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land;
 We worship Thee.:||

Lord God, we worship Thee,—
 Thee who hast blest!
 Oh may we live in peace,
 And none molest;
 ||: Oh crown us with Thy love,
 Fulfil our cry to Thee,
 O Father, grant our pray'r;
 We worship Thee.:||

America. 6, 4.



517

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

For her our pray'rs shall rise
To God above the skies,—
On Him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou for ever nigh;
God save the State.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

FATHER of love and pow'r,
 Guard Thou our evening hour,
 Shield with Thy might;
 For all Thy care this day
 Our grateful thanks we pay,
 And to our Father pray,
 Bless us to-night.

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

Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Shed forth Thy light;
 Heal ev'ry sinner's smart,
 Still ev'ry throbbing heart,
 And Thine own peace impart;
 Bless us to-night.

—◆—
 THE God of harvest, praise,—
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice:
 The valleys laugh and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

We bless Thy holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth:
 To glory in our lot
 Is comely,—but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amid our mirth.

Indiana. 7.

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 flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with block chords and simple melodic lines. The first system has two staves, the second has two staves, and the third has two staves. The music is in a common meter (4/4) and features a mix of chords and single notes.

520

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labour free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee:
 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity;
 Now from Thy eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye:
 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

521

— — — — —

FOR the mercies of the day,
 For this rest upon our way,
 Thanks to Thee alone be giv'n,
 Lord of earth and king of heav'n:
 Cold our services have been,
 Mingled ev'ry pray'r with sin,
 But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
 By Thy grace alone we live.

Dallas, 7.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Dallas, 7.' It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

While this thorny path we tread,
 May Thy love our footsteps lead;
 When our journey here is past,
 May we rest with Thee at last:
 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of our joy above;
 While their steps Thy children bend
 To the rest which knows no end.

522

—♦—
 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost and dear,
 Jesus, Son of David, hear.

Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn;
 Thou, our mortal grief hast borne;
 Thou hast shed the bitter tear;
 Jesus, Son of David, hear.

When the heart is sad within,
 With the sense of all its sin;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Jesus, Son of David, hear.

Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
 Though the sins were not Thine own,
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
 Jesus, Son of David, hear.

Wilmot. 7.



523

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
 Faithful through another year,
 Hear our song of thankfulness,
 Father, and Redeemer, hear!

In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of strength! be Thou our stay;
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread,
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own;
 Help, oh help us to endure,
 Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings!

SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
 Praises to our God belong;
 Saints and angels join to sing
 Praise to heav'n's almighty King.

Blessings from His lib'ral hand
 Pour around this happy land;
 Let our hearts, beneath His sway,
 Hail the bright, triumphant day.

Now to Thee our joys ascend,
 Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend;
 Guarded by Thy mighty pow'r,
 Peace and freedom bless our shore.

Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
 May we cheerfully obey;
 Never feel a tyrant's rod,
 Ever own and worship God.

Hark! the voice of nature sings
 Praises to the King of kings;
 Let us join the choral song,
 And the heav'nly notes prolong.

PRAISE on Thee, in Zion's gates,
 Daily, O Jehovah, waits;
 Unto Thee, O God, belong
 Grateful words and holy song.

Thou the hope and refuge art
 Of remotest lands apart;
 Distant isles and tribes unknown,
 'Mid the ocean waste and lone.

Thou dost visit earth, and rain
 Blessings on the thirsty plain,
 From the copious founts on high,
 From the rivers of the sky.

Thus the clouds Thy pow'r confess,
 And Thy paths drop fruitfulness,
 And the voice of song and mirth
 Rises from the tribes of earth.

Dorrance. 8, 7.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Dorrance. 8, 7.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style.

526

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dang'rous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

527

— — — — —
 BLEST be Thou, O God of Israel,
 Thou our Father and our Lord!
 Majesty is Thine for ever,—
 Ever be Thy name adored.

Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness,
 Glory, vict'ry, are Thine own;
 All is Thine in earth and heav'n,
 Over all Thy boundless throne.

Ovio. 8, 7.



Riches come of Thee, and honour,
 Pow'r and might to Thee belong;
 Thine it is to make us prosper,
 Only Thine to make us strong.

Lord, our God, for these Thy bounties
 Hymns of gratitude we raise;
 To Thy name, for ever glorious,
 Ever we address our praise.

528

—♦—
 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
 From Thy temple in the skies
 Hear Thy people's supplications;
 Now for their deliv'rance rise.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding;
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

Let that love vail our transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save Thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Ridley. 8, 7. Double.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The second system begins with a second ending bracket and ends with the word 'END.'. The third system ends with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket, with the instruction 'D. C. Al.' written below the staff.

529

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
 At Thy sacred feet we bow;
 Heart with heart, in blest communion,
 Join to crave Thy favour now.
 Though celestial choirs adore Thee,
 Let our prayer as incense rise;
 And our praise be set before Thee,
 Sweet as evening sacrifice.

Heav'nly Fount, Thy streams of blessing,
 Oft have cheered us on our way;
 By Thy pow'r and grace unceasing,
 We continue to this day.

Raise we then in glad emotion
 Thankful lays: and while we sing,
 Vow a pure, a full devotion
 To Thy work, O Saviour King.

When we tell the wondrous story
 Of Thy rich, exhaustless love,
 Send Thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
 On the youthful heart to move.
 O that He, the Ever-living,
 May descend, as fruitful rain,
 Till the wilderness, reviving,
 Blossom as the rose again.

Then may they, whom we have guided
Life's tempestuous ocean o'er,
In the house Thou hast provided
Meet us, to depart no more.
There, beside the crystal river
Flowing from th' eternal throne,
Shall arise to Thee for ever
Praise more meet than earth has known.

530



JESUS CHRIST, our Lord and Saviour,
Who hath bid us come to Thee,
Now extend to us Thy favour,
Little children though we be;
Low we humbly bend before Thee,
All unworthy of Thy love;
Lord of Life, and light, and glory,
Hear us from Thy throne above.

Thou who holdest high dominion
Over air, and earth, and sea,
Yet did'st bless the little children
That of old were brought to Thee:
Lord, this day we ask Thy blessing,
Send Thy Holy Spirit down;
May we all, our sins confessing,
Thee our Lord and Saviour own.

So, when death this frame shall sever,
(For we know that all must die,)
May our souls, O Lord, for ever
Live and reign with Thee on high:
O that we, to whom 'tis given
Here to join in praise and prayer,
May around Thy throne in heaven
Meet, and none be wanting there.

Canaan. C. M.



531

AROUND the throne of God in heav'n
 Thousands of children stand,
 Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
 A holy, happy band,
 Singing glory, glory, glory be to
 God on high.

In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, &c.

What brought them to that world above.
 That heav'n so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—
 How came those children there?
 Singing, &c.

Because the Saviour shed his blood,
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean!
 Singing, &c.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, &c.

Athens. C. M. Double.



532

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
 How loving Thou must be,
 To leave Thy home in heaven
 To guard a little child like me;
 Thy beautiful and shining face
 I see not, though so near;
 The sweetness of Thy soft low voice
 I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me, as my mother did
 When I was but a child;
 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
 Fighting with sin for me;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from Thee.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
 Morning and night to pray'r,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me Thou art there:
 Yes,—when I pray, Thou prayest too,
 Thy pray'r is then for me;
 And when I sleep Thou, sleeping not,
 Dost watch me lovingly.

Westminster. 5, 12.

Repeat third line.

533

COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

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

Oh, that each in the day
 Of Thy coming, may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work Thou did'st give me to do!"
 Oh, that each from Thee, Lord,
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

Beulah.



534

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.

Come to that 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.

Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright, above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord. 11

4

C. M.

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

5

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit too.

6

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be done
Through all eternity.

7

L. P. M. or L. M. (6 lines.)

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

8

L. C. M. or 8. 6. (6 lines.)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
Is now, and shall for ever last,
When time shall be no more.

9

H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

10

6, 4.

To the Great One in Three
The highest glories be
Hence evermore;
O God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Praises to Thee belong
On earth, in heaven.

7.

(Use 4 or 6 or 8 lines.)

PRAISES be to God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him all ye heav'nly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise Him all below the sky,
Praise the name of God, Most High;
As through countless ages past
Evermore His praise shall last.

12

7, 6.

To the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
New is given; and shall be so
While endless ages last.

13

11.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be ad-
dress'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
blest,
All glory and worship from earth and
from heav'n,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be
giv'n.

14

8, 7.

(Use 4 or 6 or 8 lines.)

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to th' eternal Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Hail the blessed Three in One;
Hallelujah!
Praise above, below the sky;
Loud proclaim Jehovah's glory,
Hail! the blessed Three in One.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

THIS HYMNAL claims to be an advance upon our previous facilities for praise. To the most valuable of our own "Psalms and Hymns" have been added many from the best collections at home and abroad.

Most of the familiar and popular TUNES, which have permanent value, will be found here. Some are now first transferred from the church music of Germany and England. A small number are new.

Hymns and Tunes associated by the church have not been intentionally sundered. There may be a few omissions, or modifications, rendered necessary by the exigencies of the plan and purpose of the book, which some will regret. But all this has been done carefully with intent to please the church, and to render the collection homogeneous and strictly devotional. A generous candor will appreciate the conflicting difficulties of such a work, and the impossibility of fully satisfying all.

Occasionally two tunes on opposite pages present a choice for differing tastes. In all cases the aim has been to secure the best musical expression for the sentiment, and also to promote CONGREGATIONAL SINGING. With this end in view, the tunes, at the suggestion of musical advisers, have been "set" low, and the notes "shortened," in a number of instances. This is necessary for most worshippers. Yet if in the judgment of any a tune is set *too low*, or if it is desirable to

bring in longer time, or even if some other and familiar tune is preferred in a given case, the Leader can readily make the requisite change.

The book is mainly indebted to Mr. C. C. CONVERSE for its musical arrangements. This gentleman has given to it, gratuitously, the benefit of the highest culture, and a warm interest in these wants of our church.

It is also under obligations for invaluable aid and counsel to Dr. LOWELL MASON, whose eminent ability and experience have been most generously accorded.

Acknowledgments are gratefully made of kind responses to our requests from the Proprietors of the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, by which very valuable additions have been secured for our collection; also for the frank and Christian liberality of Rev. Dr. R. Palmer, and of the Compilers of "Songs of the Church," and the "Plymouth Collection."

THE SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS, WITH CHANTS, will afford opportunity to recur to the modes of praise prevalent among the Reformers and earlier Christians; and at the same time provides for those who prefer to restrict themselves to an "inspired psalmody."

The division of the Hymns into FOUR TOPICAL SECTIONS, though not perfect, will facilitate the use of the book.

The *small numbers* above many of the hymns, on the right hand side of the page, are, by direction of the General Assembly to indicate those in our "Psalms and Hymns."

The index of SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS, alphabetically arranged, is as brief as possible, aiming to supplement the help from the "topical divisions." Therefore the same hymns are often referred to under several particulars. Such an index, to be of value, must allow this variety of application, and be not too minute.

According to the recommendation of the General Assembly an INDEX OF TEXTS has been provided. These texts, though not always alike related to the hymns referred to, will be suggestive. They may also aid in the use of the index of subjects.

The index of AUTHORS OF HYMNS, and that of TUNES, as well as that relating to SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING, and AUTHORS OF CHANTS, will speak for themselves. These all follow this note in the order designated below.

The Book will accomplish its design, so far as it induces ALL worshippers to take part in the praise of God, and to realize that Zion's songs, devoutly rendered, may be the joy and crown of our religious services.

HALLELUJAH! LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE, O GOD; LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.

JOHN M. KREBS

J. T. BACKUS

R. DAVIDSON

J. E. ROCKWELL

WILLIS LORD

Committee.

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FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

HYMNS.

159	A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,.....	Watts.
92	According to Thy gracious word,.....	Montgomery.
312	A charge to keep I have,.....	C. Wesley.
308	A few more years shall roll,.....	Bonar.
324	Ah! how shall fallen man,.....	Watts.
233	Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,.....	Watts.
234	Alas! what hourly dangers rise,.....	Mrs. Steele.
29	All hail! the power of Jesus' name,.....	Duncan.
4	All people that on earth do dwell,.....	Rouse.
8	All praise to Thee, eternal Lord,.....	Luther.
215	Along the mountain track of life,.....	Carey.
236	Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,.....	Newton.
229	Am I a soldier of the cross,.....	Watts.
506	And is this life prolonged to me,.....	Watts.
325	And must this body die,.....	Watts.
67	Another six days' work is done,.....	Stennett.
104	Arise, O King of grace, arise,.....	Watts.
73	Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,.....	Shrubsole.
531	Around the throne of God in heaven,.....	Mrs. Mackay.
162	Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,.....	Newton.
170	As when the weary traveller gains,.....	Watts.
75	At Thy command, our dearest Lord,.....	Watts.
207	Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,.....	Ockum.
248	Awake my heart, arise my tongue,.....	Watts.
481	Awake my soul, and with the sun,.....	Ken.
199	Awake my soul in joyful lays,.....	Medley.
28	Awake my soul to sound His praise,.....	Watts.
171	Awake our souls, away our fears,.....	Watts.
418	B EAUTIFUL Zion built above,.....	Beers.
2	Before Jehovah's awful throne,.....	Watts.
247	Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,.....	Watts.
469	Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near,.....	Newton.
232	Behold how good a thing it is,.....	Rouse.
330	Behold the morning sun,.....	Watts.
102	Behold the mountain of the Lord,.....	Bruce.
81	Behold what condescending love,.....	Dooldridge.
317	Behold what wondrous grace,.....	Watts.
5	Be Thou exalted, O my God,.....	Watts.
404	Blessed Saviour, Thee I love,.....	Dugfield.
16	Bless, O my soul, the living God,.....	Watts.
313	Blest be the tie that binds,.....	Farwell.
527	Blessed be Thou, O God of Israel,.....	Sib. Hymn-Book.
310	Blest Comforter divine,.....	Pratt's Coll.
316	Blest be the man, O God,.....	Toplady.
108	Blest Jesus, come Thou gently down,.....	Watts.
123	Blow ye the trumpet, blow,.....	C. Wesley.
377	Boundless glory, Lord, be Thine,.....	Scotch Coll.
137	Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed,.....	Embr.
147	Bright in the east, lo! the son of the morning,.....	Hebr.
460	Brightly gleams a holy radiance,.....	
378	C HILDREN of the heavenly King,.....	Cennick.
432	Christ above all glory seated,.....	Breviary.
85	Christ and His cross is all our theme,.....	Watts.
126	Christ is our Corner-stone,.....	J. Chandler.
363	Christ whose glory fills the skies,.....	Toplady.

HYMNS.

453	Clouds and darkness round about Thee,	<i>Sab. Hymn-Book</i>
350	Come, every pious heart,	<i>Sennett</i>
169	Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,	<i>Brown</i>
245	Come, happy souls, approach our God,	<i>Watts</i>
188	Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,	<i>Burder's Coll.</i>
332	Come, Holy Spirit, come,	<i>Hart.</i>
238	Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,	<i>Watts.</i>
258	Come, humble sinner, in whose breast,	<i>Jones.</i>
473	Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me,	<i>Dr. Roy Palmer.</i>
250	Come, let our hearts and voices join,	<i>Swaine.</i>
533	Come, let us anew,	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
254	Come, let us join our cheerful songs,	<i>Watts.</i>
257	Come, let us join our friends above,	<i>Watts.</i>
15	Come, let us sing the song of songs,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
351	Come, my Redeemer, come,	<i>Reed.</i>
400	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,	<i>Newton.</i>
60	Come, Sacred Spirit, from above,	<i>Doddridge.</i>
41	Come, sound His praise abroad,	<i>Watts.</i>
42	Come, Thou Almighty King,	<i>Madan's Coll.</i>
84	Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints,	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>
427	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,	<i>Robinson.</i>
436	Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,	<i>Madan's Coll.</i>
37	Come, we that love the Lord,	<i>Watts.</i>
464	Come, ye disconsolate,	<i>Moore.</i>
88	D AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
384	Day by day the manna fell,	<i>Conder.</i>
263	Dearest of all the names above,	<i>Watts.</i>
237	Dear Refuge of my weary soul,	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>
532	Dear Saviour, ever at my side,	<i>Faber.</i>
65	Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray,	<i>Hyde.</i>
345	Dear Saviour, we are Thine,	<i>Doddridge.</i>
298	Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall,	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>
107	Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear,	<i>Newton.</i>
79	Deep in our hearts let us record,	<i>Watts.</i>
371	Depth of mercy, can there be,	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
265	Didst Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,	<i>Kirkham.</i>
528	Dread Jehovah, God of nations,	<i>Sab. Hymn-Book.</i>
498	Dread Sovereign, let my evening song,	<i>Watts.</i>
242	E ARLY, my God, without delay,	<i>Watts.</i>
318	Enthroned is Jesus now,	<i>Judkins.</i>
219	Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,	<i>Humphries.</i>
492	Eternal source of every joy,	<i>Doddridge.</i>
173	Eternal Spirit, we confess,	<i>Watts.</i>
391	Everlasting arms of love,	<i>Macduff.</i>
396	Ever patient, gentle, meek,	<i>Sab. Hymn-Book.</i>
113	F AR as Thy name is known,	<i>Watts.</i>
61	Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,	<i>Watts.</i>
357	Father of eternal grace, Glorify, &c.,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
134	Father of eternal grace, Who, &c.,	<i>Conder.</i>
242	Father, how wide Thy glories shine,	<i>Watts.</i>
214	Father, I know that all my life,	<i>Miss Waring.</i>
11	Father of heaven, whose love profound,	<i>Eng. Cong. Coll.</i>
518	Father of love and power,	<i>Eng. Cong. Coll.</i>
174	Father of mercies, God of love,	<i>Heginbotham.</i>
383	Father, to Thy sinful child,	<i>Conder.</i>
259	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>
451	Flow my tears, O flow still faster,	<i>Laurentius.</i>
319	For ever with the Lord,	<i>Montgomery.</i>
521	For the mercies of the day,	<i>Noel.</i>
523	For Thy mercy and Thy grace,	<i>Sir Ro. Palmer.</i>
459	For Thy Sabbath, Lord, I bless Thee,	<i>Lonc. Cong. Coll.</i>
93	Frequent the day of God returns,	<i>Brown.</i>
3	From all that dwell below the skies,	<i>Watts.</i>
179	From deep distress and troubled thoughts,	<i>Watts.</i>
193	From every stormy wind that blows,	<i>Stovell.</i>
144	From Greenland's icy mountains,	<i>Heber.</i>
136	From the cross uplifted high,	<i>Haweis.</i>
428	Full of trembling expectation,	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
420	G ENTLY, Lord, oh gently lead us,	<i>Hastings.</i>
261	Give me the wings of faith to rise,	<i>Watts.</i>

HYMNS.

141	Glorious things of thee are spoken,	Newton.
43	Glory to God on high,	Hill's Coll.
482	Glory to Thee, my God, this night,	Ken.
517	God bless our native land,	J. S. Dwight.
70	God in His temple let us meet,	Montgomery.
478	God is the refuge of His saints,	Watts.
251	God moves in a mysterious way,	Cowper.
266	God, my supporter and my hope,	Watts.
135	God of mercy, God of grace,	Lyle.
497	God of my life, my morning song,	Mrs. Steele.
483	God of the morning at Thy voice,	Watts.
488	God of the passing year, to Thee,	Bacon.
379	God with us! oh glorious name,	Wood's Coll.
331	Grace, 'tis a charming sound,	Doddridge.
380	Gracious Spirit, Love Divine,	Stocken.
74	Great God, attend while Zion sings,	Watts.
32	Great God, how infinite art Thou,	Watts.
479	Great God, to Thee my evening song,	Mrs. Steele.
486	Great God, we sing Thy mighty hand,	Rippon.
442	Great God, what do I see and hear,	Luther.
96	Great is the Lord, and greatly He,	Rouse.
111	Great is the Lord, our God,	Watts.
125	Great King of glory, come,	Francis.
507	Great King of nations, hear our prayer,	Watts.
68	Great Saviour, who didst condescend,	Campbell's Coll.
439	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,	(Welsh) Williams.
422	H AILE! my ever blessed Jesus,	Wingrove.
50	Hail! Thou once despised Jesus,	Balswell.
145	Hail! to the Lord's anointed,	Montgomery.
454	Hark! ten thousand harps and voices,	Kelly.
457	Hark! the church proclaims her honour,	(Eng. Cho.) Preiswick.
244	Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,	Doddridge.
47	Hark! the song of jubilee,	Montgomery.
444	Hark! the voice of love and mercy,	Francis.
143	Hark! what mean those holy voices,	Cawood.
130	Heavenly Father, may Thy love,	Guest.
385	Heavenly Father, to whose eye,	Corder.
10	He reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns,	Watts.
206	Here is my heart, I give it Thee,	German Lyric.
22	High in the heavens, eternal God,	Watts.
392	High in yonder realms of light,	Raffles.
151	Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs,	Watts.
372	Holy Father, hear our cry,	Bonar.
419	Holy Father, Thou hast taught us,	Watts.
435	Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,	Gerhardt transl. by Toplady.
403	Holy Ghost, Thou source of light,	Sub. Hymn-Book.
367	Holy Ghost, with light divine,	Reed.
49	Holy, holy, holy Lord,	Corder.
381	Holy Lamb, who Thee receive,	Gerhardt transl. by J. Wesley.
500	Hosanna, with a cheerful sound,	Watts.
220	How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,	Addison.
117	How beauteous are their feet,	Watts.
181	How blest the righteous when he dies,	Mrs. Barbauld.
116	How charming is the place,	Stemmett.
267	How condescending and how kind,	Watts.
98	How did my heart rejoice to hear,	Watts.
468	How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,	Kennedy.
334	How heavy is the night,	Watts.
304	How helpless guilty nature lies,	Mrs. Steele.
86	How large the promise, how divine,	Watts.
271	How long wilt Thou conceal Thy face,	Watts.
99	How lovely is Thy dwelling-place,	Rouse.
262	How oft alas! this wretched heart,	Mrs. Steele.
168	How oft have sin and Satan strove,	Watts.
55	How pleased and blest was I,	Watts.
504	How still and peaceful is the grave,	Logan.
97	How sweet and awful is the place,	Watts.
260	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,	Newton.
328	I F God be on my side,	Gerhardt.
333	If through unruffled seas,	Pratt's Coll.
227	I heard the voice of Jesus say,	Bonar.
410	I lay my sins on Jesus,	Bonar.

HYMNS.

329	I lift my soul to God,	Watts
34	I'll speak the honours of my King,	Watts.
217	I love Thee, O my God, but not,	Xavier.
115	I love Thy kingdom, Lord,	Dwight.
503	I love to steal awhile away,	Mrs. Brown.
357	I'm but a stranger here,	Taylor.
277	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,	Watts.
252	In all my vast concerns with Thee,	Watts.
512	In all our ways, O God,	Beddome.
411	In heavenly love abiding,	Eng. Bapt. Coll.
494	In sleep's serene oblivion laid,	Hawkesworth.
458	In the Christian's home in glory,	
450	In the cross of Christ I glory,	Bowring.
475	I once was a stranger to grace and to God,	McCheprie.
273	I saw One hanging on a tree,	Newton.
178	I send the joys of earth away,	Watts.
338	Is this the kind return,	Watts.
515	I think when I read that sweet story of old,	
321	It is Thy hand, my God,	Darby.
231	I to the hills will lift my eyes,	Rouse.
513	I want to be with Jesus,	Benjamin.
349	I was a wandering sheep,	Bonar.
452	I will love Thee, all my treasure,	(Sab. Hymn-Book.) German.
424	I would love Thee, God and Father,	(Sab. Hymn-Book.) French.
472	I would not live alway,	Muldenberg.
19	J EHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light,	Watts.
275	Jerusalem, my happy home,	Dickson.
382	Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,	Wesley.
154	Jesus, and shall it ever be,	Grigg.
370	Jesus, cast a look on me,	Berridge.
530	Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour,	
167	Jesus, engrave it on my heart,	Medley.
425	Jesus, full of all compassion,	Turner.
51	Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,	Bakercoll.
272	Jesus, I love Thy charming name,	Doddridge.
426	Jesus, I my cross have taken,	Lyle.
77	Jesus is gone above the skies,	Watts.
376	Jesus, Jesus, visit me,	Angelus transl. by Duun.
362	Jesus, Lamb of God, for me,	Dr. Ray Palmer.
365	Jesus, Lover of my soul,	C. Wesley.
366	Jesus, merciful and mild,	Hastings.
175	Jesus, my all to heaven is gone,	Cennick.
355	Jesus, my great High Priest,	Watts.
288	Jesus, my Saviour, bind me fast,	Beddome.
348	Jesus, my strength, my hope,	C. Wesley.
462	Jesus, pitying Saviour, hear me,	Tersteegen.
373	Jesus, save my dying soul,	Hastings.
394	Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,	Kelly.
71	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,	Watts.
401	Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,	Ch. Psalmist.
361	Jesus, still lead on,	Zinzendorf.
477	Jesus, Sun of righteousness,	Rosenmoth.
276	Jesus, these eyes have never seen,	(Sab. Hymn-Book.) Dr. Roy Palmer.
183	Jesus, the Spring of joys divine,	Mrs. Steele.
221	Jesus, the very thought of Thee,	Bernard.
226	Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend,	Burnham.
163	Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,	Sab. Hymn-Book.—Bernard.—transl. by Dr. R. Palmer.
157	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,	Zinzendorf.
337	Jesus, who knows full well,	Newton.
89	Jesus, with all Thy saints above,	Watts.
354	Join all the glorious names,	Watts.
465	Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,	
253	Joy to the world, the Lord is come,	Watts.
407	Just as I am, without one plea,	Miss Elliot.
446	K EEP us Lord, oh keep us ever,	Sab. Hymn-Book.
416	L AMB of God, whose bleeding love,	C. Wesley.
445	Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us,	Edmonston.
82	Let children hear the mighty deeds,	Watts.
24	Let everlasting glories crown,	Watts.
180	Let me but hear my Saviour say,	Watts.
101	Let Zion and her sons rejoice,	Watts.

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103	Let Zion's watchmen all awake,	Doddridge.
255	Let them neglect Thy glory, Lord,	Watts.
490	Life is the time to serve the Lord,	Watts.
421	Light of those whose dreary dwelling,	C. Wesley.
56	Lo! God is here, let us adore,	Torsteegen transl. by Wesley.
443	Lo! He comes with clouds descending,	Brydges.
105	Long have I sat beneath the sound,	Watts.
64	Look from the sphere of endless day,	Bryant.
213	Lo! on a narrow neck of land,	C. Wesley.
112	Lord, at this closing hour,	Fitch.
94	Lord, at Thy temple we appear,	Watts.
131	Lord, behold us few and weak,	Kelly.
53	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,	(Eng. Cho.) Burder.
516	Lord God, we worship Thee,	(Eng. Cho.) Franck.
182	Lord, how mysterious are thy ways,	Mrs. Steele.
198	Lord, I am Thine, but Thou wilt prove,	Watts.
63	Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,	Davies.
388	Lord, if Thou the grace impart,	Madan.
280	Lord, I have made Thy word my choice,	Watts.
279	Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear,	Watts.
191	Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb,	(Sab. Hymn-Book.) Dr. R. Palmer.
80	Lord, now we part in Thy blest name,	Heber.
132	Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,	Turner.
57	Lord of the harvest, bend Thine ear,	Boardman's Coll.
122	Lord of the worlds above,	Watts.
95	Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine own,	Dr. Ray Palmer.
195	Lord, Thou wilt bring the joyful day,	Dr. Ray Palmer.
499	Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray,	Watts.
128	Lord, we come before Thee now,	Hammond.
21	Lord, when Thou didst ascend on high,	Watts.
133	Lo! the stone is rolled away,	Scott.
20	Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,	Watts.
437	Love divine, all love excelling,	C. Wesley.
240	MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned,	Stennett.
165	May I resolve with all my heart,	Mrs. Steele.
434	Mercy, O Thou Son of David,	
471	Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,	Denham.
341	Mine eyes and my desire,	Watts.
241	Must Jesus bear the cross alone,	Allen.
417	My days are gliding swiftly by,	Nelson.
185	My dear Redeemer and my Lord,	Watts.
358	My faith looks up to Thee,	Dr. Ray Palmer.
484	My God, how endless is Thy love,	Watts.
216	My God, lo, here before Thy face,	Drewes.
408	My God, my Father, while I stray,	Miss Elliot.
487	My God, permit me not to be,	Watts.
312	My God, permit my tongue,	Watts.
281	My God, the Spring of all my joys,	Watts.
225	My God, what gentle cords are Thine,	Doddridge.
347	My Jesus, as Thou wilt,	Schmolk.
223	My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,	Watts.
417	My Saviour, whom absent I love,	Cowper.
314	My soul, be on thy guard,	Heath.
278	My soul lies cleaving to the dust,	Watts.
38	My soul, repeat His praise,	Watts.
322	My spirit on Thy care,	Lyle.
176	NATURE with open volume stands,	Watts.
556	Nearer, my God, to Thee,	Miss Adams.
448	Near the cross our station taking,	Sab. Hymn-Book.
177	No more, my God, I boast no more,	Watts.
340	Not all the blood of beasts,	Watts.
327	Not with our mortal eyes,	Watts.
282	Now let our cheerful eyes survey,	Doddridge.
164	Now let our souls on wings sublime,	Gibbons.
489	Now may the God of power and grace,	Watts.
87	Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead,	Montgomery.
18	Now to the Lord a noble song,	Watts.
40	O BLESS the Lord, my soul,	Watts.
146	O Bread to pilgrims given,	(Sab. Hymn-Book.) Aquinas, transl. by Dr. R. Palmer.
156	O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord,	(Sab. Hymn-Book.) Gregory, transl. by Dr. R. Palmer.

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6	O come, loud anthems let us sing.....	<i>Tate and Brady</i>
210	O could I speak the matchless worth.....	<i>Meadley</i>
474	O eyes that are weary and hearts that are sore.....	<i>Plymouth Coll</i>
239	O for a closer walk with God.....	<i>Cooper</i>
285	O for an overcoming faith.....	<i>Watts.</i>
31	O for a shout of sacred joy.....	<i>Watts.</i>
172	O for a sight, a pleasing sight.....	<i>Watts.</i>
284	O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
27	O God, my heart is fully bent.....	<i>Tate and Brady.</i>
291	O God of mercy, hear my call.....	<i>Watts.</i>
66	O happy day that fixed my choice.....	<i>Doddridge.</i>
44	O holy, holy Lord.....	<i>Sub. Hymn-Book.</i>
149	O holy Lord, our God.....	<i>Young.</i>
430	O holy Saviour, Friend unseen.....	<i>Sub. Hymn-Book.</i>
286	O Lord, I would delight in Thee.....	<i>Ryland.</i>
412	O Lord, Thy love's unbounded.....	<i>Sub. Hymn-Book.</i>
218	O Lord, when we the path retrace.....	<i>Sub. Hymn-Book.</i>
509	O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
155	O Love Divine, that stooped to share.....	<i>O. W. Holmes.</i>
205	O Love, who formedst me to wear.....	<i>Schaffler.</i>
502	Once more, my soul, the rising day.....	<i>Watts.</i>
127	One sole baptismal sign.....	<i>Robinson.</i>
346	One sweetly solemn thought.....	<i>Miss Carey.</i>
433	One there is above all others.....	<i>Newton.</i>
493	On Thee, O Lord, our God, we call.....	<i>Sub. Hymn-Book.</i>
415	O sacred Head, once wounded.....	<i>Gerhardt, transl. by Dr. J. W. Alexander.</i>
463	O silent Lamb, for me Thou hast endured.....	<i>Bregutsky.</i>
76	O Spirit of the living God.....	<i>Montgomery.</i>
409	O stronger Thon than death and hell.....	<i>Heermann.</i>
289	O that I knew the secret place.....	<i>Watts.</i>
290	O that the Lord would guide my ways.....	<i>Watts.</i>
352	O Thou that hearest prayer.....	<i>Pratt's Coll.</i>
211	O Thou, that hearest the prayer of faith.....	<i>Toplady.</i>
187	O Thou, that hearest when sinners cry.....	<i>Watts.</i>
429	O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend.....	<i>Eng. Con. Coll.</i>
153	O Thou, to whose all-searching sight.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
293	O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear.....	<i>Moore.</i>
298	O Thou, who hast redeemed of old.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
294	O Thou, whose tender mercy hears.....	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>
23	Our God, our Help in ages past.....	<i>Watts.</i>
501	Our land, O Lord, with songs of praise.....	<i>Watts.</i>
7	Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
314	Our times are in Thy hand.....	<i>Bonar.</i>
320	O whither should I go.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
323	O who can ever find.....	<i>Watts.</i>
1	O worship the King all glorious above.....	<i>Sir R. Grant.</i>
393	P ALMS of glory, raiment bright.....	<i>Montgomery.</i>
274	Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand.....	<i>Doddridge.</i>
390	People of the living God.....	<i>Montgomery.</i>
397	Pity, Lord, the child of clay.....	<i>Sub. Hymn-Book.</i>
264	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	<i>Watts.</i>
62	Pour out Thy Spirit from on high.....	<i>Montgomery.</i>
23	Praise, everlasting praise be paid.....	<i>Watts.</i>
525	Praise waits on Thee in Zion's gates.....	<i>Croder.</i>
496	Praise to God, immortal praise.....	<i>Barbauld.</i>
52	Praise to Thee, Thou Great Creator.....	<i>Fawcett.</i>
336	Prepare me, gracious God.....	<i>Elliot.</i>
368	Prince of Peace, control my will.....	<i>Songs of the Church.</i>
292	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet.....	<i>Stennett.</i>
405	Q UIET, Lord, my froward heart.....	<i>Newton.</i>
39	R AISE your triumphant songs.....	<i>Watts.</i>
124	Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
413	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	<i>Whitefield.</i>
120	Rise, Sun of glory, rise.....	<i>Bender.</i>
395	Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	<i>Toplady.</i>
138	S AFELY through another week.....	<i>Newton.</i>
20	Salvation! oh the joyful sound.....	<i>Watts.</i>
428	Saviour, hast Thou fled for ever.....	<i>Mrs. McCuttee.</i>
359	Saviour, I look to Thee.....	<i>Hastings.</i>

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414	Saviour, I Thy word believe,.....	<i>Toplady.</i>
529	Saviour, King, in hallowed union,.....	<i>Boardman's Coll.</i>
440	Saviour, like a Shepherd, lead us,.....	
140	Saviour, visit Thy plantation,.....	<i>Newton.</i>
374	Saviour, when in dust to Thee,.....	<i>Sir R. Grant.</i>
526	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,.....	<i>Muldenberg.</i>
508	See, gracious God, before Thy throne,.....	<i>Steele.</i>
509	Serene I laid me down,.....	<i>E. Scott.</i>
91	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,.....	<i>Doddridge.</i>
398	Shall I not sing praise to Thee,.....	<i>Gerhardt.</i>
150	Shepherd of tender youth,.....	<i>Clem. Alexandrinus.</i>
386	Shepherd of the ransomed flock,.....	<i>Sab. Hymn-Book.</i>
186	Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
142	Sion's King shall reign victorious,.....	<i>Kelly.</i>
520	Softly now the light of day,.....	<i>Doane.</i>
184	So let our lips and lives express,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
402	Son of God, Thy blessing grant,.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
48	Son of God, to Thee we bow,.....	<i>Cennick.</i>
269	Soon as I heard my Father say,.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
485	Sovereign of all the worlds above,.....	<i>Furman.</i>
190	Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
161	Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
456	Strive we will,—Lord, Thou dost call us,.....	<i>Winkler.</i>
450	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,.....	<i>Keble.</i>
160	Sure the Blest Comforter is nigh,.....	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>
69	Sweet is the work, my God, my King,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
431	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,.....	<i>Robinson.</i>
297	Sweet was the time when first I felt,.....	<i>Newton.</i>
524	Swell the anthem, raise the song,.....	<i>N. Strong.</i>
449	T AKE me, O my Father, take me,.....	<i>Dr. Roy Palmer.</i>
423	Tarry with me, O my Saviour,.....	
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203	Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower,.....	<i>J. Wesley.</i>
519	The God of harvest praise,.....	<i>Montgomery.</i>
121	The happy morn is come,.....	<i>Sab. Hymn-Book.</i>
28	The Head, that once was crowned with thorns,.....	<i>Kelly.</i>
192	The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
100	The Lord doth reign, and clothed is He,.....	<i>Rouse.</i>
25	The Lord is King, lift up thy voice,.....	<i>Conder.</i>
406	The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,.....	<i>Montgomery.</i>
54	The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal, &c.,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
46	The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne, &c.,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
201	The Lord my pasture shall prepare,.....	<i>Addison.</i>
311	The Lord my Shepherd is,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
288	The Lord of glory is my light,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
45	The Lord of heaven confess,.....	<i>Rouse.</i>
9	The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,.....	<i>Heber.</i>
287	The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,.....	<i>Rouse.</i>
13	The praise of Sion waits for Thee,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
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72	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,.....	<i>Doddridge.</i>
90	This is the day the Lord hath made,.....	<i>Watts.</i>
514	This night, O Lord, we bless Thee,.....	
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228	Thou art my Hiding-Place, O Lord,.....	<i>Raffles.</i>
230	Thou art the way, to Thee alone,.....	<i>Doane.</i>
467	Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,.....	
470	Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,.....	<i>Newton.</i>
200	Thou Hidden Source of calm repose,.....	<i>C. Wesley.</i>
302	Thou Lovely Source of true delight,.....	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>
224	Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me,.....	<i>Xavier transl. by Mrs. Steele.</i>
166	Thou only Sovereign of my heart,.....	<i>Mrs. Steele.</i>

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83	Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands,	Bryant.
339	Thou wilt regard my cries,	Watts.
246	Throned on a cloud, our God shall come,	Watts.
301	Through all the changing scenes of life,	Tate and Brady.
491	Thus far my God has led me on,	Fawcett.
196	Thy Father's house, Thine own bright home,	(Sub. Hymn-Book.) Dr. R. Palmer.
222	Thy promise is my only plea,	Newton.
309	Thy way, not mine, O Lord,	German transl. by Bonar.
295	'Tis sweet to know that Grace divine,	Toppley.
36	To God be glory, peace on earth,	Telesphorus.
14	To God, the Great, the Ever Blest,	Watts.
335	To God, the Only Wise,	Watts.
510	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,	Doddridge.
118	To Thee, O God in heaven,	Book of Hymns.
129	To Thy temple I repair,	Montgomery.
307	'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord,	Watts.
78	'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,	Watts.
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58	When in these courts we seek Thy face,	Montgomery.
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 161 WARD.....*Scottish.*
 384 WAR*.....*Kingsley.*
 364 WARTBURG*.....*Gondmel arr.*
 154 WATTS*.....*German arr.*
 352 WELLS.....*Holtrajd.*
 164 WELTON.....*Malan.*
 275 WESLEY*.....*C.*
 414 WESTMINSTER*.....*Caravaggio.*
 349 WHITEFIELD*.....*Missal Book.*
 375 WILBERFORCE*.....*German arr.*
 406 WILMOT.....*Von Weber.*
 277 WILTZ.....*Preleur.*
 98 WINCHELSEA.....*Preleur.*
 100-170 WINDHAM.....*Read.*
 202 WINDSOR.....*Scottish.*
 339 WISNER.....*Scottish.*
 239 WOODLAWN.....*Nat. Ch. Har.*
 218 WOODSTOCK.....*Dutton.*
 340 WORTHING.....*English.*
 70 YORK.....*Milton r.*
 139 ZION*.....*Hastin, s.*











