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HYMNS AND SONGS,
FOR
SOCIAL AND SABBATH WORSHIP,

*May be had direct of the Publishers, or may
be ordered of*

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✓
HYMNS AND SONGS



FOR

SOCIAL AND SABBATH WORSHIP.

✓ ✓ EDITED BY ✓

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, ZACHARY EDDY,
PHILIP SCHAFF.



NEW YORK:
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P R E F A C E .

THIS Book is not a mere abridgment of HYMNS AND SONGS OF PRAISE. It omits a great deal ; but it also contains a considerable amount of material not found in the larger collection. As in that Book, so in this, along with much that is fresh and new, most of the Hymns, and most of the Tunes, are the old favorites. Our aim has been, first of all, to meet the requirements of social worship. What may be called Prayer-meeting Hymns are the most prominent. But we have had also in mind the many Sabbath congregations which, for one reason or another, have been wanting a smaller book. Provision has accordingly been made for all the ordinary occasions of Church life.

In abridging Hymns, which we have chosen to do rather than reduce their number, great pains have been taken not to mutilate them. The text is commonly that of the authors themselves. The alterations adopted are such as have been advisedly made, and almost universally approved. In any case, each Hymn is so edited as to tell its own story. The dates in parentheses, which are never repeated at the same opening, are of the author's birth and death, if ascertained. The date that follows is either of composition (if certainly known), or of publication. A second or third date indicates revision by the author himself.

The musical adaptations have been carefully studied. Many of them are simply traditional, and consequently beyond, if not always above, debate. Some had to be nicely weighed in the balance with rival candidates ; and some, it is hoped, will be thought none the less of for being new.

Thanks are due to MESSRS. BIGLOW & MAIN for the use of their large musical library ; also to Mr. HUBERT P. MAIN for valuable assistance in editing both Hymns and Tunes. But we are under special obligations to the Rev. LEWIS W. MUDGE, who has made several of the Indexes, and read all the proof ; whose varied experience, good judgment, and rare critical acumen have been of great service to us.

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK,
ZACHARY EDDY,
PHILIP SCHAFF.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1875.



CONTENTS.

	HYMNS.	PAGES.
PREFACE.....		iii
OPENING CHANT.....		vi
OPENING AND CLOSING OF SERVICE.....	I—74.....	I—32
SABBATH PRAISE.....	75—125.....	33—55
GOD'S WORD.....	126—134.....	56—59
THE GREAT SALVATION.....	135—146.....	59—63
CHRIST.....	147—223.....	64—99
SALVATION OFFERED.....	224—257.....	100—115
SALVATION SOUGHT AND FOUND.....	258—345.....	116—155
PILGRIM SONGS.....	346—405.....	156—183
CHRISTIAN LIFE.....	406—483.....	184—217
BAPTISM.....	484—489.....	218, 219
CONFESSION OF FAITH.....	490—494.....	220, 221
LORD'S SUPPER.....	495—505.....	222—225
COMMUNION OF SAINTS.....	506—516.....	226—231
CHURCH DEDICATION.....	517—521.....	232, 233
FOR THOSE AT SEA.....	522—525.....	234, 235
THE KINGDOM OF GOD.....	526—555.....	236—247
CHRISTIAN WORK.....	556—580.....	248—257
LIFE AND DEATH.....	581—603.....	258—267
CHRIST'S COMING.....	604—611.....	268—271
HEAVEN.....	612—636.....	272—285
TIMES AND SEASONS.....	637—660.....	286—296
DOXOLOGIES.....		297, 298
CHANTS.....		299—317
ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.....		318, 319
METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.....		320, 321
INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.....		322—324
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.....		325—339
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.....		340—347
INDEX TO CHANTS.....		348
INDEX OF AUTHORS.....		349—351
INDEX OF COMPOSERS.....		352, 353

OPENING CHANT.

OUR FATHER.

Thomas Tallis. (c. 1529—1585.) 1575.

The Lord's Prayer.
Matt. vi. 9—13.

OUR Father, who | art in | heaven, || Hallowed | be — | Thy — | name.

Thy | kingdom | come. || Thy will be done on earth, | as it | is in | heaven.

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

And lead us not | into temp- | tation, || But de- | liver | us from | evil:

For Thine is the kingdom, and the | power, and the | glory, || For- | ever. | A — | men.

HYMNS AND SONGS.

INVOCATION.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.

I. COME, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise:

Father all-glo-rious, O'er all vic-to-rious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

I

The Trinity invoked.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call. | 4 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. |
| 3 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. | 5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. |

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1757.

MESSIAH. 7. D.

Louis Joseph Ferdinand Herold. (1791—1833.) 1830.
 Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.

1. HOLY, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts ! When heaven and earth, Out of darkness, at Thy word,

Is - sued in - to glorious birth, All Thy works before Thee stood, And Thine eye be -

held them good, While they sang with sweet accord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord !

2

Thrice Holy.
 Is. vi. 3.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore ;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King :
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1836, 1853.

3

The Song of the Ransomed.
 Rev. v. 13.

- 1 SEE the ransomed millions stand,
 Palms of conquest in their hand ;
 This before the throne their strain,
 " Hell is vanquished, death is slain ;
 Blessing, honor, glory, might,
 Are the Conqueror's native right ;
 Thrones and powers before Him fall.
 Lamb of God, and Lord of all ! "
- 2 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour ;
 Come in glory and in power ;
 Still Thy foes are unsubdued ;
 Nature sighs to be renewed.
 Time has nearly reached its sum ;
 All things, with Thy bride, say " Come ; "
 Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
 Come, and reign for evermore.

Josiah Conder. (1789—1855.) 1836.

HARWELL. 8, 7, D.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1840.

I. { PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him, Praise Him, angels, in the height ; }
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ; Praise Him, all ye stars and light. } Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken :

Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed ; Laws which never shall be brok-en For their guidance He hath made.

Praise from the whole Creation.
Ps. cxlviii.

- 4
2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.
- 3
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee ;
Young and old. Thy praise confessing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne ;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Rev. John Kempthorne. (1775-1838.) 1809. vs. 1, 2.
Edward Osler. (1798-1863.) 1836. v. 3, alt.

Thrice Holy.

Is. vi. 1-3. John xii. 41.

- 5
I ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim

- Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.
" Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
" Earth is with its fulness stored ;
" Unto Thee be glory given,
" Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "
- 2
Heaven is still with glory ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy, " singing,
" Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High. "
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
- 3
" Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored :
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy ! blessing
Thee the Lord of Hosts most High.

Ep. Richard Mant. (1776-1848.) 1837. ab.

DARWELL. H. M.

Rev. John Darwell. c. 1750.

I. I GIVE im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For
all my com-forts here, And bet-ter hopes a - b - ove; He sent His
own E - ter - nal Son To die for sins That man had done.

6

Praise to the Trinity.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

7

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 To Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him that formed our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.
- 3 Let every saint above,
And angels round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The Sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise His honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

NICAEA. 11, 12, 13, 10.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.

I. HO - LY, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the

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

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

8

"Which was, and is, and is to come."
Rev. iv. 8.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity!

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1827.

ERNAN. J. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1850.

I. COME, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it blest, And in our souls take up Thy rest;

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

9 "Veni, Creator Spiritus."

- 2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry ;
O highest gift of God most high,
O Fount of life, O Fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above !
- 3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
And weakness of our flesh supply.
- 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Unknown Author of the 7th or 8th Century.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814—) 1849. 2b. and alt.

IO *The Operations of the Spirit.*

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

II

"Where two or three."

Matt. xviii. 20.

- I "WHERE two or three, with sweet
accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word :
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1778.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Lowell Mason. 1832.

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn 'Rockingham'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 3/4 time. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are: I. FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my re-lig-ious hours a-lone;

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn 'Rockingham'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 3/4 time. The melody continues from the first system. The lyrics are: Fain would mine eyes my Sav-iour see: I wait a vis-it, Lord, from Thee.

- I2** *Delight in Worship.*
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
 - 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet Thine entertainments are:
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
 - 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine,
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.
- Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

- I3** *"Jam lucis orto sidere."*
- 1 WHILE now the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.
 - 2 So when the daylight leaves the sky,
And night's dark hours once more are
nigh,
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
Sing glory to our God again.
- Ambrose of Milan. (340—397.)
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) ab. and alt.

- I4** *Christ always near His People.*
- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art
found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
 - 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
 - 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
 - 4 Here may we prove the power of
prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
 - 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine
ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.
- William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1760. ab.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Adapted by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1825.

I. LORD God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As

on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power,

15 *The Descent of the Spirit.*

- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1825.

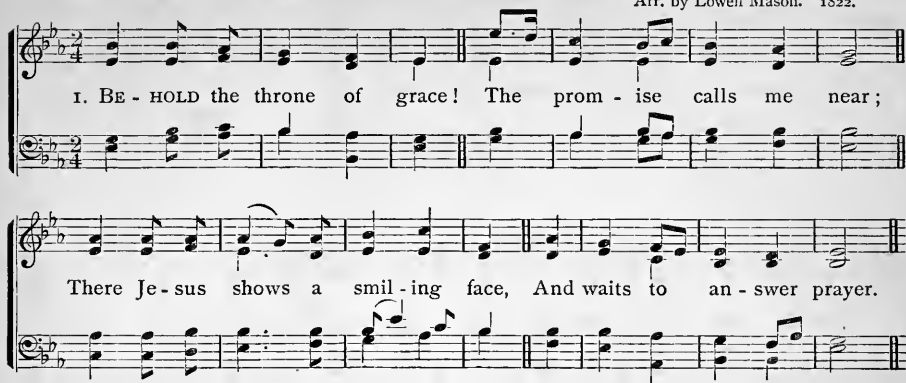
16 *To the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 4 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God,
The Eternal Prince of Peace.
- 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

Rev. Joseph Hart. (1712—1768.) 1759. ab.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Lord Garret Wellesley Mornington. (1720—1781.) 1760.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1822.



I. BE - HOLD the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near;
There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer.

- 17** *"Ask what thou wilt."*
1 Kings iii, 5.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
 - 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?
 - 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
 - 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

- 2 O let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on Thee rely.
Mrs. Phæbe Hinsdale Brown. (1783—1861.) 1819.

- 18** *"Thy work revive."*
- 1 O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

- 19** *Parting Hymn.*
- 1 O HAPPY, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet:
There shall we see each others' face,
And all our brethren greet.
 - 2 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest;
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

Spanish Melody. From Marchio.

i. FA-THER, Thine E-lect who lov-est With an ev-er-last-ing love;

Sav-our, who the bar-re-mov-est From the ho-ly home a-bove;
D.S. List to Thy glad peo-ple sing-ing, "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!"

Spir-it, dai-ly meet-ness bring-ing For the glo-ry there up-stored;

20

"Holy, holy, holy Lord."

- 2 Lord, with sin-bound souls Thou bearest,
Struggling towards this strain divine;
Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest
That thrice awful name of Thine.
But Thou listenest, O how sweetly!
When from holy lips outpoured,
Rings through heaven this strain full
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!" [meety,
- 3 Shall we, Lord, meet voices never
Bring to that eternal hymn?
Hallow us to help the endeavor
Of Thy pure-lipped Seraphim:
Hark! their own high strain we bring
Listen to the full accord! [Thee;
Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Thomas Hornblower Gill. (1819-) 1860. ab.

21

Praise on Earth and in Heaven.
Rev. iv. 11.

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine 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.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739-1817.) 1767. alt.

22

"Lead us.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet 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.

2 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.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830, 1850, 1859.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.

1. SHEP-HERD of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love... and truth Through de - vious ways;
Christ, our tri - um-phant King, We come Thy name to sing; Hither our child-ren bring To shout Thy praise.

23

Στόμιον πάλων ἀδαῶν.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

From Clement of Alexandria. (—220.)
Tr. by Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter. (1821—) 1846, 1849

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732-1809.) 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.

1. COME, Ho-ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, My sin - ful mal - a - dies re - move ;

Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide, O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side.

24 *Prayer for Light and Guidance.*

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way ;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment, to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray ;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

5 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God ;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must
give,
And sure directions how to live.

Rev. Simon Erowne. (1680-1732.) 1720. ab.

25 *Teachings of the Spirit.*

1 COME, bless'd Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are uncon-
fined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths Thy word re-
veals ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
The book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I
stray, [abroad,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Rev. Benjamin Eddome. (1717-1795.) 1818.

26 *Thanks for the Gospel.*

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

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

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

4 Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treacherous
 I'd call them vanity and lies, [art,
 And bind the Gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

ERNAN. L. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1850.

i. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds, In union sweet, ac - cord - ing minds;

How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

27

Christian Fellowship.

- 2 To each the soul of each how dear,
 What jealous love, what holy fear!
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
 For human guilt and mortal woe;
 Their ardent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place
 Where God reveals His awful face;
 How high, how strong, their raptures
 swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When nature droops her sickening fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Earbauld. (1743—1825.) 1795. sl. alt.

28

The Christian Farewell.

2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- i THY presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
 Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
 In every place Thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
 When absent, Thou dost make us share
 Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy
 care.
- 3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
 And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard and guide us still as Thine.
- 4 Give us, O Lord, within Thy house
 Again to pay our thankful vows;
 Or if that joy no more be known.
 O let us meet around Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. alt.

RETREAT. L. M.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1840.

1. FROM ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

29

The Mercy-Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet :
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend ; [meet
Though sundered far, by faith they
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. (1799—1865.) 1832. ab.

30 "*O quam juvat fratres, Deus.*"

1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee :
On Thee alone their heart relies ;
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed
on heaven.

4 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Santolius Victorinus. (1630—1697.) 1736.
Tr. by Rev. John Chandler. (1806—) 1837.

31

Retirement and Meditation.

Titus ii. 12.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest Love.

2 Why should my passions mix with
earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me
thence.

I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

32 *Prayer for Rest in God.*
Tune—HURSLEY, p. 12.

1 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.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame;
Teach it to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now the Saviour see:
O soothe and cheer my burdened
heart,

And bid my Spirit rest in Thee.

Rev. Henry Forster Burder's Coll. 1826.

ROSEFIELD. 7. 61.

Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.

1. { BLESS-ED are the sons of God; They are bought with Christ's own blood; }
{ They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter - nal they shall have: }

With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

33 *"Numbered with God's Sons."*

2 God did love them in His Son,
Long before the world begun;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Rev. Joseph Humphreys. (1720—) 1743. ab.

ALETTA. 7.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816-1868.) 1858.

I. LORD, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow ;

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

- 34** *"Ye shall seek Me, and find Me."*
Jer. xxix. 13.
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend ;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 - 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay :
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
 - 4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
 - 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
- Rev. William Hammond. (-1783.) 1745. ab.

- 35** *"Ask what I shall give thee."*
1 Kings iii. 5.
- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;

- He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
 - 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
 - 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
 - 5 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.
 - 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.
- Rev. John Newton. (1725-1807.) 1779. ab.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

Ignace Pleyel. (1757—1831.) 1800.

I. SOFT-LY now, the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

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

36

The fading Light.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
 - 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 - 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.
- Bp. George Washington Doane. (1799—1859.) 1824.

37

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 FOR the mercies of the day
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of Heaven.
- 2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;

But Thou canst and wilt forgive:
By Thy grace alone we live.

- 3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

Unknown. Rev. Baptist Wriothlesley Noel's Selection.
1832. ab.

38

"Part in Peace."

- 1 PART in peace, Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him:
Part in peace, Christ's death was peace;
Let us die our' death in Him.
- 2 Part in peace, Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease:
Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams. (1805—1848.) 1841. alt.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D. William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1859.

1. } (SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,)
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and..... } wishes known:
 D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet, hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief, *D. C.*

- 39** "Sweet Hour of Prayer."
 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless :
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight :
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
 To seize the everlasting prize ;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.
 Rev. W. W. Walford. 1846.
- 40** *Evening Prayer for Healing.*
 Mark i. 32.
 1 At even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
 O in what divers pains they met,
 O with what joy they went away.
- Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw
 near :
 What if Thy form we cannot see ?
 We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
 For some are sick, and some are sad,
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had ;
 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin ;
 And they who fain would serve Thee
 best,
 Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
 tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would
 hide ;
 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.
 Rev. Henry Twells. (1823—) 1868. ab,

FOREST. L. M.

Aaron Chapin. 1813.

I. WHAT va-rious hin-dran - ces we meet, In com-ing to a mer-cy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be oft - en there?

41 *Exhortation to Prayer.*
 Col. iv. 2.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud
 withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor
 bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."
 William Cowper. (1731-1800.) 1779. ab.

42 *The Love of God shed abroad in the Heart.*
 Eph. iii. 16.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love, in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and
 feel,
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward
 strength;
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height and breadth and
 length
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done,
 By all the Church, through Christ, His
 Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1709.

Dismission.

43

1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;
 Help us to feed upon Thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every burdened soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

3 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.

Rev. Joseph Hart. (1712-1768.) 1762. vs. 1, 2.
 Bp. Thomas Ken. (1637-1711.) 1697. v. 3.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1833.

1. COME, HO-ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Di-vine-ly

good Thou art ; Thy sa-cred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart : O come to - day !

44

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour !
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast ;
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest !
- 4 Come, all the faithful bless ;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ :
Give virtue's rich reward ;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy !

Robert II. King of France. (972—1031.)
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1858.

45

Evening Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of love and power,
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.
- 2 Jesus Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite :
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe ;
Bless us to-night.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light :
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart ;
Bless us to-night.

George Rawson. (1807—) 1853.

DALLAS. 7.

From Maria Luigi Cherubini. (1760-1842.)

I. GRA-CIOUS Spir - it, Dove Di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine ;

All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me full of heaven and love.

46 *Prayer for Peace and Rest.*

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker. 1776. ab.

47 *Light, Power, Joy.*

1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleans this guilty heart of mine ;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;

Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne ;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed. (1787-1862.) 1843. ab.

48 *"Granted is the Saviour's Prayer."*

1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter,
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to His heaven restored.

2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode ;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

3 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast :
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life :
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too !

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1739. ab.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1840.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed,
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.

49

Prayer.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853. ab.

50

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?

Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

51

"Far from the world."

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;

- Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author, and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of love Divine,
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Saviour, Thou art mine !

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1799. ab.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, Jr. 1829.

I. I LOVE to steal a - while a - way, From ev - ery cumbering care,

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

52 *Evening Twilight.*

- 2 I love, in solitude, to shed
 The penitential tear ;
 And all His promises to plead
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore ;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love, by faith, to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phoebe Hinsdale Brown. (1783—1861.) 1824.

53 *The Spirit's Influences desired.*

Acts x. 44.

- 1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
 Behold Thy servants wait ;
 With longing eyes and lifted hands,
 We flock around Thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven ;
 And bear, with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 4 Diffuse, O God, those copious showers,
 That earth its fruit may yield,
 And change the barren wilderness
 To Carmel's flowery field.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

ADRIAN. S. M.

John Edgar Gould. (1822—) 1846.

I. BE - HOLD, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way;
His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

54

For a Lord's Day Morning.
Ps. xix.

- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given:
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

55

"The Day-star from on high."

- 1 WE lift our hearts to Thee,
Thou Day-star from on high;
The sun itself is but Thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let Thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of Thy love
Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beautiful nature now,
How dark and sad before:

With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

- 4 May we this life improve
To mourn for errors past;
And live, this short, revolving day,
As if it were our last.

Rev. John Wesley? (1703—1791.) 1741. ab. and alt.

56

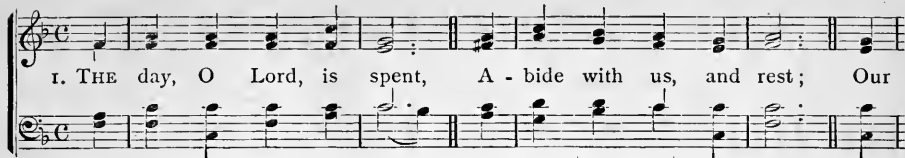
The Sweetness of the Sabbath.
Ps. xcii.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy
And grateful offerings bring. [word,
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of
Still on the theme to dwell. [night,
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee
And in Thy name rejoice. [best,
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Miss Harriet Auber. (1773—1862.) 1829. alt.

RENOVATION. S. M.

Johann Nepomuk Hummel. (1778-1837.)



"The Day is far spent."
Luke xxiv. 29.

- 57
2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.
Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818-1866.) 1854.

- 58 *The Worship that never ceases.*
1 OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But, O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir.

- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.
Rev. John Ellerton. (1826-) 1867.
- 59 *Praise to God from all Nations.*
Ps. cxvii.
1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Thomas Tallis. (-1585.) c. 1567.

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

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

60 *A Morning Hymn.*

- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
I may of endless life partake. [wake,
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guide my first springs of thought and
And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- Bp. Thomas Ken. (1637-1711.) 1697, 1709. ab.

61 *An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous
make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- Bp. Thomas Ken. 1697, 1709. ab.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.

I. SUN of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:

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

62

"Abide with us."
Luke xxiv. 29.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine ;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble. (1792—1866.) 1827. ab.

63

An Evening Hymn.
Ps. iv.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in His name forbids my fear ;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart ;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall
come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

Rev. Darius Eliot Jones. (1815—) 1848.

I. SAV-IOUR, breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re- pose our spir- its seal ;

Sin and want we come con- fess- ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

64 *Evening Blessing.*

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.
James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1820.

65 *Evening Shadows.*

- 1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

- 3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour;
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest.

Mrs. Caroline Sprague Smith. 1855. ab.

66 *An Evening Prayer.*

- 1 HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.
- 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.
- 3 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Miss Harriet Parr. 1856. ab. and sl. alt.

VESPERS. 8, 7.

Arr. from Friedrich von Flotow. (1812—)

I. CALL Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th'Almighty's shade,

In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed.

67

Safety in God.
Ps. xci.

- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 3 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.
- 4 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile re-
gions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.
- 6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;

Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822. ab.

68

Our Need of God.
Ps. cxvii.

- 1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.
- 2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without His grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.
- 4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer ad-
dressed.

Miss Harriet Auber. (1773—1862.) 1829.

HALLE. 7. 61.

From Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1798.

1. { FA - THER, by Thy love and power, Comes a - gain the eve - ning hour; }
 Light has van - ished, la - bors cease, Wea - ry crea - tures rest in peace: }

We to Thee our - selves re - sign, Let our lat - est thoughts be Thine.

69

Evening Hymn.

- 2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
 This our feeble evening prayer ;
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day
 We, like sheep, have gone astray ;
 Blesséd Saviour, we, through Thee,
 Pray that we may pardoned be.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Breath of balm,
 Fall on us in evening's calm ;
 Yet awhile, before we sleep,
 We with Thee will vigil keep.
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.
- 4 Blesséd Trinity, be near
 Through the hours of darkness drear ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Round us set th' angelic host,
 Till the flood of morning rays
 Wake us to a song of praise.

Prof. Joseph Anstice. (1803—1836.) 1836. ab. and alt.

70

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Now from labor and from care
 Evening hours have set me free,
 In the work of praise and prayer,
 Lord, I would converse with Thee :
 O behold me from above,
 Fill me with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe
 Wither all my earthly joys ;
 Naught can charm me here below,
 But my Saviour's melting voice :
 Lord, forgive, Thy grace restore,
 Make me Thine forevermore.
- 3 For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the Gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quickening power,
 Grateful notes to Thee I raise :
 O accept the song of praise.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1831.

EVENTIDE. 10.

William Henry Monk. 1861.

1. A-BIDE with me : fast falls the eventide ; The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-orts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.

71

"Abide with me."

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793-1847.) 1847. ab.

ALFAN. 8, 7, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1854.

1. } In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near: }
 { Teach us to re - joice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear, }

Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.

- 72 "Speak, for Thy servant heareth."
 1 Sam. iii, 10.
- 2 While our days on earth are length-
 ened,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strength-
 ened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory
 Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
 Thee Thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceived before ;
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.
- Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769-1855.) 1815.

- 73 *Dismission.*
- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us now, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound :

- May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.
- Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley. (1725-1786.) 1774.
- 74 "Thine entirely."
- 1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine :
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be Thine,
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages Thine.
- 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear ;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near ;
 Shout, O Zion,
 Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here.
- Rev. William Mason. (1725-1797.) 1794.

SABBATH. 7. 61.

Lowell Mason. 1824.

1. SAFELY, thro' an-oth-er 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 e-ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

75

"Safely, through another Week."

- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconcil'd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779.

76

Creator, Saviour, Comforter.

- 1 GREAT Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest:
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.
- 2 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom:
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.
- 3 Bless'd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

Mrs. Julia Anne Elliott. (—1841.) 1835.

EL PARAN. I. M.

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz. (1747—1800.)
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.

I. AN - OTH - ER six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun :

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath blest.

77

The Day of Holy Rest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

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

4 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.

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

Rev. Joseph Stennett. (1663—1713.) 1732. ab. and much alt.

78

"Sacred Rest."
Ps. xcii.

I 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.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab. and sl. alt.

AMES. L. M.

Sigismund Neukomm. (1778—1858.) 1837.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1840.

I. GREAT God, at-tend while Zi - on sings The joy that from Thy pres-ence springs:

To spend one day with Thee on earth, Ex-ceeds a thousand days... of mirth.

79

God and His Church.
Ps. lxxxiv.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun, He makes our day;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

80

An Exhortation to praise God.
Ps. xcvi. 1—6.

- 1 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.
- 2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favors past;

To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

- 3 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Tate and Brady. 1696. ab.

81

The eternal Sabbath.
Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

LANESBORO. C. M.

William Dixon. 1790.

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

all ap-pear, In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the sol-ern day!"

82

Going to Church.
Ps. cxvii.

- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises, and complaints ;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

83

Lord's Day Morning.
Ps. lxxiii.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine :
My God repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move ;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab. and sl. alt.

MEAR. C. M.

Welsh Air. Aaron Williams. (1731-1776.) 1760.

I. LORD, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ;

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

84

For the Lord's Day Morning.
Ps. v.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

85

"The Day the Lord hath made."
Ps. cxviii.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own ;

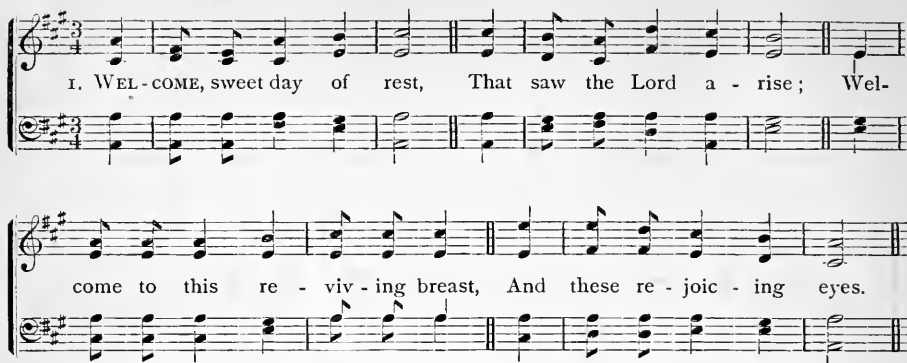
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumphs
spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which He
reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

LISBON. S. M.

Daniel Read. (1757-1836.) 1785.



I. WEL-COME, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise; Wel-come to this re-viv-ing breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes.

86

The Lord's Day welcomed.

- 2 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.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1709.

87

"Bless the Lord."
Neh. ix. 5.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

- 3 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery. (1771-1854.) 1825. ab.

88

The Pleasures of Worship.

- 1 How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad.
- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1778. ab.

AHRA. (LEIGHTON.) S. M.

Henry Wellington Greatorex. (1816—1857.) 1849.

1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sav - iour and our King, Let

all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.

89

"The only Wise."
Jude 24, 25.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

90

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.
Ps. xcix.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.

3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft He made His vengeance known
When they abused His grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

BEMERTON. C. M.

Henry Wellington Greatorex. (1816—1857.) 1849.

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

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

91 *God's Presence in the Sanctuary.*

- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. alt.

92 *Sincerity in Worship.*

- 1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Rev. Joseph Dacre Carlyle. (1759—1804.) 1805. ab.

93

Christ's Triumph.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A heathen world in gloom ;
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb.
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

- 4 And now His conq'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While, broke beneath His powerful
Death's iron sceptre lies. [cross,
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773, 1825.
ab. and alt.

BROWNELL. L. M. 61.

Arr. from Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.)



I. FORTH from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to Thine al-tar's shade we fly ;

Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Sav-iour, we seek Thy shel-ter here :

Wear-y and weak, Thy grace we pray ; Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a-way.

94

Flying to the Shadow of the Altar.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
'Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1827.

HENDON. 7.

Rev. Cesar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787-1864.) 1830.

I. LET us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mercies

shall en - dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.

95 *Wonders of Creation, Providence, and Grace.*
Ps. cxxxvi.

- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton. (1608-1674.) 1624. ab. and alt.

96 *A Day in the Lord's Courts.*

- 1 To Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery. (1771-1854.) 1825. ab.

MENDEBRAS. 7, 6. D.

German Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.

1. { O DAY of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright: } On thee, the high and low - ly,
Through a - ges joined in tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the Great God Tri - une.

97 "The Day which the Lord hath made."
Ps. cxviii. 24.

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

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

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth. (1807—) 1862. ab. and alt.

98 'Αναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

1 THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus. (—c. 780.)
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862.

LISCHER. II. M.

Friedrich Schneider. (1786—1853.) 1840.

I. WELCOME, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest: I hail thy kind re-turn;
 Lord, make these moments blest; From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to
 reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar... to reach im-mor-tal joys.

99

Sabbath Morning.

- 2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill His throne with grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face;
 Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers,
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours;
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.
- Hayward. In John Dobell's Collection. 1806.

100

Longing for the House of God.
Ps. lxxxiv.

- I LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!

To Thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires, to see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear;
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat, when God our King
 Shall thither bring our willing feet!
- 4 The Lord His people loves;
 His hand no good withholds,
 From those His heart approves,
 From pure and upright souls:
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.
- Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719, ab.

HADDAM. H. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1822.

I. THE Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments He assumes Are light and

maj-es-ty: His glo-ries shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.

- 101** *"The Lord reigneth."*
 Ps. xciii; xcvii.
- 2 The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guide His holy law;
 And where His love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all His ancient works,
 Surprising wisdom shines;
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs:
 Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees, His sovereign will.
- 4 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

- 102** *God our Preserver.*
 Ps. cxxi.
- I 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 tower to which I fly;
 His grace is nigh in every hour.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Hast Thou not given 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Guillaume Franck, 1545.

I. ALL peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice.

103 *All People summoned to Worship.*

Ps. c.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His name
always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure :
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Rev. William Kethe. 1561.

104*Grateful Adoration.*

Ps. c.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
- 5 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719, ab. and alt.

Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1741.

105*Praise from all Nations.*

Ps. cxvii.

- 1 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.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

Aaron Williams. (1731—1776.) 1760.

1. 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 Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

106

Going to Church.
Ps. cxii.

2 Zion, 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.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there ;
He bids the saints be glad ;
He makes the sinner sad ;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 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 !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;

And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

107

"Heaven begun below."

1 'Tis Heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where His name is known :
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before His throne !

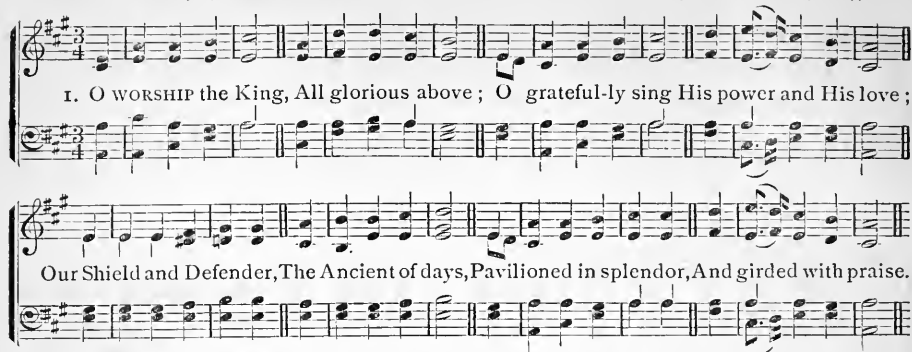
2 O what sweet company
We then shall hear and see ;
What harmony will there abound,
When souls unnumbered sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found !

3 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home ;
And may I never thence remove,
Till from the Church below
To that on high I go,
And there commune in perfect love.

Rev. Joseph Swain. (1761—1796.) 1792. ab. and alt.

LYONS. 5, 5, 6, 5.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1770.



I. O WORSHIP the King, All glorious above; O grateful-ly sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, The Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, And girded with praise.

108 *The Majesty and Mercy of God.*
Ps. civ.

2 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.

3 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant. (1785—1838.) 1839. ab.

109 *Jesus worshipped.*

I YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save:
And still He is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation,
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
And infinite love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1744.

ST. GERVAIS. 7.

Arr. by Rev. William Henry Havergal. (1793—1870.)

1. SONGS of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,

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

II O *"Glory to God in the highest."*
Luke ii. 13.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of
praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853.

III *The unfailing Mercies of God.*

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored:
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.
- 4 Then with angel-harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.
- 5 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored.

Rev. Benjamin Williams. 1778. ab.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.

I. PRAISES to Him whose love has given, In Christ, His Son, the Life of Heaven ;

Who for our dark ness gives us light, And turns to day our deep-est night.

II 2 *Praise for Salvation.*

- 2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame ;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Praises to Him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.
- 4 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God ;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness !
- 5 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow ;
To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.
Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1861. ab. and alt.

II 3 *"Vexilla Regis prodeunt."*

- I THE royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow ;

- Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid ;
- 2 Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.
- 3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood !
- 4 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
- 5 To Thee Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Venantius Fortunatus. (530—609.) c. 575.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. ab. & alt.

II4 *The Trinity humbly worshipped.*

1 FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound

A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :

To us Thy saving grace extend.

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

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

John Cooper. 1810.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

From a Gregorian Chant.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

i. I'LL praise my Mak-er with my breath ; And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall em-ploy my no-bler powers ; { My days of praise shall ne'er be past, }
D. s. Or im-mor-tal*-i - ty en - dures. { While life, and thought, and being last, }

II5 *God praised for His Goodness and Truth.*

Ps. cxlvi.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their
train ;

His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves the opprest, He feeds the
poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience
peace ;

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet re-
lease.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me
breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

HUMMEL. C. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.

I. THE Lord our God is full of might; The winds o - bey His will;

He speaks, and in His heaven-ly height The roll - ing sun stands still.

116

The Majesty of God.

- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force com-
Without His high behest, [bine;]
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs wait His nod;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate our God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds un-
known,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chained to His throne a volume lie,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.
- Henry Kirke White. (1785—1806.) 1806.

117

The Divine Decrees.

- I KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Master's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she
The honors of her God. [sings]
- 6 In Thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.
- Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1706. ab. and alt.

THATCHER. S. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.) 1732.

I. OUR HEAVEN-ly Fa-ther calls, And Christ in-vites us near; With
both our friend-ship shall be sweet, And our com-mun-ion dear.

II 18 *Communion with God and Christ.*

1 John i. 3.

- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care ;
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

II 19 *Abounding Compassion of God.*

Ps. ciii. 8—12.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,

So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

II 20*"He knoweth our Frame."*

Ps. ciii. 13—18.

- 1 THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

TRURO. L. M.

Charles Burney. (1726—1814.) 1760.

I. HIGH in the heavens, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines;

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

121 *General Providence and special Grace.*
Ps. xxxvi. 5-9.

- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort
The sons of Adam in distress [springs;
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 4 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

122 *"Bless the Lord."*
Ps. ciii.

- 1 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.

- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders He hath
Be lost in silence and forgot? [wrought
- 3 '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.
- 4 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

123 *God's unspeakable Glory.*

- 1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak His
fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Almighty power with wisdom shines ;
 His works, through all this wondrous
 frame,
 Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, His glories sing ;
 And let His praise employ thy tongue,
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Rev. Thomas Blacklock. (1721—1791.) 1754.

DOWN'S. C. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

I. JE - HO - VAH, God, Thy gra - cious power On ev - ery hand we see :

O may the bless - ings of each hour Lead all our thoughts to Thee.

124 *Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.*
 Ps. cxxxix.

2 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies ;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 Thy hand, O God, we see ;
 And all the blessings we receive,
 Proceed alone from Thee.

4 In all the varying scenes of time,
 On Thee our hopes depend ;
 Through every age, in every clime,
 Our Father, and our Friend.

Rev. John Thomson. (1782—1818.) 1810.

125 *Resignation to God's Will.*

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,

O who so wise to choose our lot,
 Or to appoint our ways ?

2 Good, when He gives, supremely
 good ;

Nor less when He denies ;
 E'en crosses, from His sovereign
 hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
 So constant and so kind ?
 To His unerring gracious will
 Be every wish resigned.

4 In Thy fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name ;
 There let it fill some humble place
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Rev. James Hervey. (1714—1758.) 1746. alt.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody. Hugh Wilson. 1768.
 Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1836.

1. LA - DEN with guilt, and full of fears, I fly to Thee, my Lord,

And not a glimpse of hope ap - pears, But in Thy writ - ten word.

126 *The Scriptures our only Help and Guide.*

- 2 The volume of my Father's grace,
 Does all my grief assuage ;
 Here I behold my Saviour's face
 Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life,
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 4 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command ;
 Nor I forsake the happy road,
 That leads to Thy right hand.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1709. ab.

127 *The Light and Glory of the Word.*

Ps. cxix. 130. 2 Cor. iv. 4.

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

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

William Cowper. (1731-1800.) 1779. ab.

128 *A Lamp, and a Light.*

Ps. cxix. 105. 2 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given :
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 Its light, descending from above,
 Our gloomy world to cheer,
 Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
 And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
 And where his feet have trod ;
 And brings to view the matchless grace
 Of a forgiving God.

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

5 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739—1817.) 1782. ab.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

John Hatton. c. 1790.

I. THE heavens declare Thy glo - ry, Lord ; In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines ;
But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.

129

The two Revelations.

Ps. xix.

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

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

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

5 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

130

God's Word our Guide."

1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known :
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His
name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides
our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
4 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word ;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1787. ab. and alt.
Rev. Thomas Cotterill. (1779—1823.) 1819. ab.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792.

I. FA-THER of mer - cies, in Thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!
For - ev - er be.. Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

131

The Riches of God's Word.
Ps. cxix.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near ;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

132

"Lamp of our Feet."

- 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly
grace,
Brook by the traveller's way ;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;

- Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky ;
- 3 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

Bernard Barton. (1784—1849.) 1827. ab.

133

"Hail, sacred Truth."

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth, whose piercing
rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing, o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Jesus, Thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet ;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 O send Thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze ;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of Thy grace.

John Buttress. 1820.

SALVATION. 7, G. D.

Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)

I. O WORD of God In-carn - ate, O Wisdom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-
 changing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the ra-diance That
 from the hallowed page, A lan-tern to our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.

I 34 "O Word of God incarnate."

- 2 The Church from Thee, her Master,
 Received the gift divine;
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Thee, the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass,
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 Mid mists, and rocks, and quick-
 sands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.
- 3, O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old.

O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

Rev. William Walsham How. (1823—) 1867.

I 35

"Mighty to save."
 Is. lxiii. 1.

- 1 HE comes in blood-stained garments;
 Upon His brow a crown;
 The gates of brass fly open,
 The iron bands drop down;
 From off the fettered captive
 The chains of Satan fall,
 While angels shout triumphant,
 That Christ is Lord of all.
- 2 O Christ, His love is mighty,
 Long-suffering is His grace;
 And glorious is the splendor
 That beameth from His face.
 Our hearts up-leap in gladness
 When we behold that love,
 As we go singing onward
 To dwell with Him above.
- Mrs. Charitie Lees Bancroft. (1841—) 1860. ab.

HENRY. C. M.

Sylvanus Billings Pond. (1815—1871.) 1835.

I. SAL - VA - TION, O..... the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to..... our ears;

A sov - ereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

136*Salvation.*

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

137*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

138*"The Way, the Truth, the Life."*
John xiv. 6.

- 1 THOU art the Way: To Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bp. George Washington Doane. (1799—1859.) 1824.

139

Trust in Christ.

- 1 O JESUS, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.
- 2 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die ;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

- 3 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin !
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.
- 4 Then shall I know what means the
Triumphant of Saint Paul : [strain
"To live is Christ, to die is gain ;"
"Christ is my All in all."

Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1847. ab.

VALENTIA. C. M.

Traugott Maximilian Eberwein. (1775—1831.)
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.

I. THE Sav- iour calls, let ev - ery ear At - tend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

140

"The Saviour calls."
John vii. 37.

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760 ab.

141

"The Incarnate Mystery."
1 Cor. i. 22—29.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,

Who can resist Thy heavenly Love,
Or trifle with Thy blood ?

- 2 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find :
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 3 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins :
His name forbids my slavish fear ;
His grace removes my sins.
- 4 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

Isaac Smith. 1770.

I. GRACE, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear; Heaven
with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all... the earth shall hear.

I42

Saving Grace.
Eph. ii. 5.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

I43

"The Song of Moses and the Lamb."
Rev. xv. 3.

- I AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;

Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come ;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
- 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond. (—1783.) 1745. ab. and alt.
Rev. Martin Madan. (1726—1790.) 1760. First 5 vs.

I44

"Sweet is Thy Mercy."
Ps. cix. 20.

- I SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord ;
Before Thy mercy-seat
My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word,
And owns Thy mercy sweet.
- 2 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

3 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell. (1811—) 1862. ab.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

William Tansur. (1699—1774.) 1743.

I. RAISE your tri - umph - ant songs To an im - mor - tal tune;
Let the wide earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.

I45 *Christ sent to save us.*

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

I46 *Christ our Righteousness.*

1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,

Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curséd chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing
grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

ZERAIH. C. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1837.

1. THE race that long in darkness pined Have seen a glo-rious Light; The peo-ple dwell in Day, who dwell

In Death's sur-rounding night, The peo-ple dwell in Day, who dwell In Death's surround-ing night.

147 *The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*
Is. ix. 1-7.

- 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below.

Rev. John Morrison. (1749-1798.) 1770. ab.

148 *Song of the Angels.*
Luke ii. 7-15.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
Begin, and never cease." [men
Tate and Brady's Supplement. 1703.

149 *The Saviour's Errand.*
Is. lxi.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1735.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

From George Frederick Handel. Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre-pare Him room,

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and na-ture sing.

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.

150

"Joy to the World."
Ps. xcvi.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns :
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 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.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and
And makes the nations prove [grace,
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

151

Christ's Coming.
Ps. xcvi.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue :
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.
- 3 Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

MORNING STAR. 7. D.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

I. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are: Traveller, o'er yon
mountain's height See that glo-ry-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
joy or hope foretell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

152

"What of the Night?"
Is. xxi. 11.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.) 1825. sl. alt.

153

"The Herald Angels."

- I HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

- 2 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1739. ab. and alt.

154

The Names and Offices of Christ.

- I BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born:
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

2 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The incarnate Deity :
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet ;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1853.

BETHLEHEM. 7. 61.

German Air.

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold ;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright ;

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

155

The guiding Star.
Matt. ii. 10.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts more rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down :
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William Chatterton Dix. (1837—) 1860.

CAPELLO. L. M.

Rudolf Kreutzer. (1766—1831.)

I. WHEN marshalled on the night - ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,
One star a - lone of all the train Can fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.

156

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 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.
- 3 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 foundering
bark.
- 4 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.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm and danger's
It led me to the port of peace. [thrill,
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White. (1785—1806.) 1806.

157

"Quæ stella sole pulchrior."

- I WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shame the sun's less radiant
light ?

It shines to announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

- 2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed :"
And lo, the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.
- 3 O Jesus, while the star of grace,
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines

so well.

Prof. Charles Coffin. (1676—1749.) 1736. alt.
Tr. by Rev. John Chandler. (1806—) 1837. ab.

158

The Birth at Bethlehem.

- I WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill ;
When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the
night [light ;
Watched o'er their flocks by starry
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heaven with songs of triumph
rung, [sung :
While thus they struck their harps, and

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
Renewed, creation smiles again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

Thomas Campbell. (1777—1844.) 1820. ab.

FOLSOM. 11, 10.

Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)

1. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

159

"Star of the East."

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1811.

WILMOT, 8, 7.

Carl Maria von Weber. (1786—1826.)

I. HARK! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sounding through the skies?

Lo, the an-gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

160*The holy Voices.*

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
“Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high.
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing:
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy:
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
‘Glory be to God most high.’”

Rev. John Cawood. (1775—1852.) 1819. ab.

161*Desired of all Nations.*

- 1 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.

- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1744.

162*Christ praised.*

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 2 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives :
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

4 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne
Thence return and reign forever ;
Be the Kingdom all Thine own.
Rev. Robert Robinson. (1735—1790.) 1774. sl. alt.

FINNEY. 8, 7, 4.

Carl Maria von Weber.

1. { ANGELS, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth, }
{ Ye who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry, Now proclaim Messiah's birth : } Come and worship,

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

163 "Good Tidings of great Joy."
Luke ii. 10.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing ;
Yonder shines the infant-light :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King,

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence ;
Mercy calls you, break your chains :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1825. ab.

164 *Christ's Coming.*

1 JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high ;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven ;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Now the gate of death is riven.

3 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away ;
Jesus comes again in glory ;
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah ! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Rev. Godfrey Thring. (1823—) 1866. ab.

CAROL. C. M. D.

Richard Storrs Willis. (1819—)

1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending

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

heaven's all-gracious King." The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

165

Christmas Carol.

- 2 Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blesséd angels sing.
- 3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- 5 For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall o'er all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears. (1810—). 1850.

166

Christmas Song.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains ;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high :

- O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.
- 3 Glory to God ! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills ;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills !
"Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring :
"Peace on the earth ; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1835. ab.

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from Gioacchino Rossini. (1792—1868.)

I. BE - HOLD, where, in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine ;
The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

167

"Who went about doing Good."

Acts x. 38.

- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
A Friend and Servant found, [tears,
He washed their feet, He wiped their
And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life :
He labored for their good.

- 5 To God He left His righteous cause,
And still His task pursued ;
With humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear ;
O may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

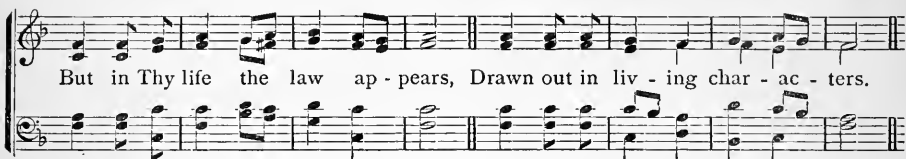
Prof. William Enfield. (1741—1797.) 1771. alt.

HAMBURG. (GREGORIAN.) L. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1825.



1. MY dear Redeem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word.



But in Thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

168

Christ's Example.

1 Pet. ii. 21.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them
mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my
name

Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

169

Christ in the Desert.

1 AWHILE in spirit, Lord, to Thee
Into the desert would we flee;
Awhile upon the barren steep
Thy Fast with Thee in spirit keep;

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
The daily snares of sin to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
Man liveth not by bread alone.

3 And while at Thy command we pray,
Give us our bread from day to day,
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou Living
Bread.

4 Incarnate Lord, we come to Thee,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our Helper in the strife,
Be Thou our True, our inward Life.

Rev. Joseph Francis Thrupp. 1860?

170

Christ's Works of Mercy.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping
head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld His face, for He was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.

3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the sou.

4 His touch the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed ;
Warm tears o'er Lazarus He shed,
Then spake the word that raised the
dead.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1797. ab.

I71 *The Meekness of Christ.* L. M.

1 How beautiful were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God.

2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to
Thee,
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever, on the road,
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God.

Ep. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. (1818—) 1840. ab.

VARIATION. C. M. D.

Johann C. H. Rink. (1770—1846.)
Arr. by George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1849.

1. { O, WHERE is He that trod the sea, O, where is He that spake, }
And demons from their vic-tims flee, The dead their slumbers break; { The pal-sied rise in freedom strong,

The dumb men talk and sing, And from blind eyes, be-night-ed long, Bright beams of morning spring.

I72 "O, where is He that trod the Sea?"

2 O, where is He that trod the sea,
'Tis only He can save ;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave :
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their mystic fare they take ; [bread,
'Twas springtide when He blest the
And harvest when He brake.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea,
My soul, the Lord is here :
Let all Thy fears be hushed in thee ;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine : thy needs He'll satisfy :
Art thou diseased, or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," said Christ, "I come."

Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch. (1818—1871.) 1855. ab.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1853.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.

I73

Christ in Gethsemane.

- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
- Rev. William Bingham Tappan. (1794—1849.) 1819.

I74

"Behold the Man!"

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of Grievs condemned for you:
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they
tear;
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood.

- 3 See there, His temples crowned with
thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side.
- 4 O Thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth Thy heart to sinners move:
Sprinkle on us Thy precious blood,
And melt us with Thy dying love.
- 5 The rocks could feel Thy powerful
death,
And tremble and asunder part:
O rend with Thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart.
- Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

I75

Gazing upon the Cross.

- 1 LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O Holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of Thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Rev. William Walsham How. (1823—) 1854.

REDHEAD. 7. 61.

Richard Redhead. 1853.

1. Go to dark Geth-se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Re - deemer's con - flict see,

Watch with Him one bit - ter hour: Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

176 *Christ our Example in Suffering.*

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that Miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822, 1853.

177 *"By Thy Night of Agony."*

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

2 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

Rev. Isaac Williams. (1802—1865.) 1844. ab. and alt.

CRUCIFIX. 7, 6. D.

Greek Melody.

1. { O SACRED Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, }
 Now scorn-ful - ly sur-round - ed With thorns, Thine only crown; } O sa-cred Head, what glo - ry,
 What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

I78 "Salve, caput cruentatum."

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain:
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine forever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.
- 4 Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy cross to me;
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free:
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux. (1001—1153.)

Rev. Paul Gerhardt. (1606—1676.) 1659.

Rev. James Waddell Alexander. (1804—1850.) 1849. ab.

I79

Standing at the Door.

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

Rev. William Walsham How. (1823—) 1854.

AVON. (MARTYRDOM.) C. M.

Hugh Wilson. 1768.

I. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

180 *Godly Sorrow in View of Christ's Sufferings.*

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, mine eyes, to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674--1748.) 1709. ab.

181 *Kneeling at the Cross.*

- 1 O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.

- 2 My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.
- 3 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from Thy dying
eye,
And from each piercéd hand.
- 4 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on Thee.
- 5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, Thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.
- 6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt
spare,
On Thy great judgment-day.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808--) 1867.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Henry Kemble Oliver. (1800—) 1832.

1. WHEN I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

182

Crucifixion to the World.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree ;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1672—1748.) 1709.

" 'Tis finished !"
John xix. 30.

183

1 " 'Tis finished !" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and died :
" 'Tis finished !" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished ! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient Prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished ! this My dying groan
Shall sin's of every kind atone ;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this My last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished ! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
'Tis finished ! let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1778. ab.

184

"Our Lord is crucified."

1 O COME, and mourn with me awhile ;
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
O come, together let us mourn ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 How fast His hands and feet are
nailed ; [dried ;
His throat with parching thirst is
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Seven times He spake, seven words of
love ;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab.
and alt.

I85 *The Song of Songs.*

1 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 !”

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God :
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !”

3 To Him 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 !”

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might :
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !”

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

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1853. ab. and alt.

I86 *Our Priest and King.*

1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of noble praise above.

2 'Twas He who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His precious blood ;

'Tis He who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move ;
Though with our sins we pierced Him
once,

He now displays His pard'ning love.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1707. ab. and sl. alt.

I87 *The enthroned High Priest.*

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

2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

3 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..

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies.
His tears, and agonies, and cries..

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

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

Michael Bruce. (1746—1767.) 1781.

BREST. 8, 7, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.

I. HARK, the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry ;

See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky :

"It is finished!" "It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.

188 "It is finished!"

- 2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 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!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans. (1749—1809.) 1787. ab.

189 "Thou art worthy, O Lord."

Rev. iv. 11.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross!
Who redeemed our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us;
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus.
- 2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded.
'Tis too vast to comprehend:
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinner's Friend.
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we "Everlasting glory
Be to God, and to the Lamb:"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1809.

- 2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice :
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see ;
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with
thorns.
- 3 See thy God His head bow down,
Hear the Man of Sorrows groan ;
For thy ransom, there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed ;
Bleeds the guiltless for the unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.
- 4 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem ;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away ;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1759,
1770. ab.

- 1 HEART of stone, relent, relent ;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued !
See His body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood ;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
Crucified the Incarnate Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there,
Crowned with thorns His sacred
head,
Pierced Him with the cruel spear,
Made His soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man He dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain ?
Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
Open all His wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew ?
No ; with all my sins I'll part ;
Break, O break, my bleeding heart !

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1745. alt.

The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But lo, what sudden joys I see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to His Father's court He flies ;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the
skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and
tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of
hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

5 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy
sting ?"

"And where's thy victory, boasting
grave ?"

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1706. ab.
Alt. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.)

What joy the blest assurance gives ;
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of His blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns ap-
pears ;
But in the Saviour's loving face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black, despairing
thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour ;
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760.

MIGDOL. L. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1841.

1. OUR Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.

194

"Our Lord is risen."
Ps. xxiv.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."
- 4 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The Lord that all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."
- 5 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 "Who is this King of glory, who?"
"The Lord of glorious power pos-
sessed,
The King of saints and angels, too:
God over all, forever blest."

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1743. ab.

195

"He lives."

- 1 "I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:"
What comfort this sweet sentence
gives,
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 4 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and
King.
- 5 He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Jesus, still the same:
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

Rev. Samuel Medley. (1738—1799.) 1789. ab. and sl. alt.

STOW. H. M.

English Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1833.

I. YES, the Re-deem - er rose; The Sav - iour left the dead; And
o'er our hell - ish foes High raised His con-quer- ing head; In
wild dis - may, the guards a - round Fell to the ground, and sunk a - way.

196 *The Resurrection of Christ.* Luke xxiv. 34.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet :
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear ;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air :
Their anthems say, 'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead ; He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell :
Transported cry, 'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die.'

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with Thy blood !
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

197 *Captivity led captive.* Ps. lxxviii. 18. Eph. iv. 8.

1 THE happy morn is come ;
The Saviour leaves the grave ;
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save :

Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Hail the triumphant Lord !
The resurrection Thou !
We bless Thy sacred word,
Before Thy throne we bow :

Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792. ab.

198

The Work that saves.

- 1 DONE is the work that saves,
Once and forever done ;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one :
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.
- 2 The sacrifice is o'er,
The veil is rent in twain,
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain :
Why stand we then without, in fear ?
The blood divine invites us near.

HASTINGS. C. L. M.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1832.

1. How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn, That gilds the sa-cred tomb, Where Christ the cru-ci-fied was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom ! O weep no more the Saviour slain, The Lord is risen, He lives a - gain.

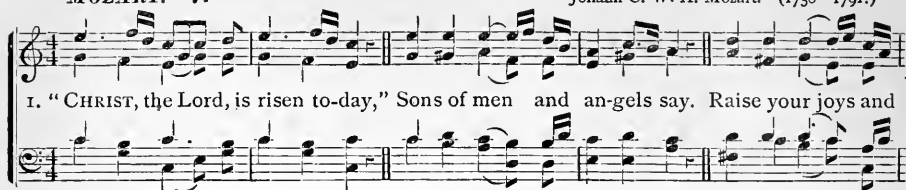
199 *The Sepulchre on Sabbath Morning.*

- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord ;
"Behold the place, He is not here."
The tomb is all unbarred :
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.
- 3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend ;
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend :
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.
- 4 How tranquil now the rising day !
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears :
O weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.
- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die !
Since He has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings. 1832.

MOZART. 7.

Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)



I. "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day," Sons of men and an-gels say. Raise your joys and



triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply; Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply.

200

"He is risen."
Mark xvi. 6.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise:
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1739. ab.

201

"Christus ist erstanden."

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain:
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high.
- 2 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.
- 3 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings,
That the Lamb is King of kings.
- 4 Now He bids us tell abroad,
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.
- 5 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away;
Let us sing by night and day.

Rev. Michael Weisse. (—1540.) 1531.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829—) 1858. ab.

HERALD ANGELS. 7. D.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (1809-1847.) 1846.

1. HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Ravished from our wish-ful eyes; Christ, a-while to mor-tals given,

Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. { There the glo - rious tri - umph waits; }
Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates; } Wide un - fold the ra - diant scene,

Take the King of Glo - ry in, Wide un - fold the ra - diant scene, Take the King of Glo - ry in.

202

Christ ascending.

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves :
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
See, He lifts His hands above ;
See, He shows the prints of love ;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

3 Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent, He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1739. ab.

203

The Shout of Triumph.

1 SONS of Zion, raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's King belongs ;
His the victor's crown and fame,
Glory to the Saviour's name.
Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes ;
Glorious is the work achieved,
Satan vanquished, man relieved.

2 Sing we then the Victor's praise,
Go ye forth and strew the ways ;
Bid Him welcome to His throne,
He is worthy, He alone.
Place the crown upon His brow ;
Every knee to Him shall bow ;
Him the brightest seraph sings,
Heaven proclaims Him " King of
kings."

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769-1855.) 1839.

DORT. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

1. GLO-ry to God on high, Let praises fill the sky! Praise ye His name. An-gels His

name a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore, And saints cry ev-ermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"

204

"Worthy the Lamb."

- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name.
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 To Him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye His name!
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising His name;
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Rev. James Allen. (1734—1804.) 1761. ab.

205

Praise to Jesus.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears;
Dry up your mournful tears;
Join our glad theme;
Beauty for ashes bring;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Hark how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love
Dwell on His name;
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Rev. James Boden. (1757—1841.) 1801. sl. alt.

206. *Christ ascending.*

- 1 RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies ;
 Assume Thy right ;
 And where, in many a fold,
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign, in light.
- 2 Victor o'er death and hell,
 Cherubic legions swell
 The radiant train :
 Praises all heaven inspire ;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And claps his wings of fire,
 Thou Lamb once slain.

- 3 Enter, Incarnate God !
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down :
 Blow the full trumpets, blow,
 Wider yon portals throw,
 Saviour, triumphant, go,
 And take Thy crown.
- 4 Lion of Judah, Hail !
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age :
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges. (1800—) 1848. ab.

ALEXANDER. S. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.

I. THE Lord on high as - cends, Once more to take His seat: Ce-
 les - tial powers re - joic - ing fly, His glad re - turn to greet.

207 *"Ascendens in altum Dominus."*

- 2 The mighty battle gained,
 The world's great Prince undone,
 Before His Father He presents
 The mortal palm He won.
- 3 Upborne above the clouds,
 Sweet hope He sheds on all ;
 He flings the gates of Eden back,
 Shut fast by Adam's fall.

- 4 To our Redeemer's name
 All thanks and praise be given,
 That He hath borne our mortal shape,
 To tread the courts of heaven.
- 5 May we, while waiting Christ,
 To heavenly works arise,
 And ever live such saintly lives,
 That we may reach the skies.

Ambrose of Milan. (340—397.)
 Tr. by Robert Corbet Singleton. 1870. ab.

BROWN, C. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.

I. THE head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now ;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.

208 "Perfect through Sufferings."
 Heb. ii. 10.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
 Is His, is His by right,
 "The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
 And heaven's eternal light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below
 To whom He manifests His love,
 And grants His name to know :
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given ;
 Their name, an everlasting name,
 Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him above ;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Him ;
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1820.

209 *The Gates opened.*

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,

And smile to see our Father there,
 Upon a throne of love.

- 2 Now we may bow before His feet,
 And venture near the Lord :
 No fiery cherub guards His seat,
 Nor double flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
 Are opened by the Son ;
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach the almighty throne.
- 4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring
 Great Advocate on high ;
 And glory to the eternal King,
 That lays His fury by.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

210 "The Desire of all Nations."
 Hag. ii. 7.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is Thine,
 Thou glorious Prince of Grace !
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come bending at Thy feet ;
 To Thee their prayers and songs ascend,
 In Thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thy exhaustless store;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph, and their joy;
They find their all in Thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739—1817.) 1782. ab.

BRADFORD. C. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.) 1741.



I. I KNOW that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
A to-ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.

211

Rejoicing in Hope.
Rom. xii. 12.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.
3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.
5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

212 *Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.*
Heb. iv. 16; v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;

His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. alt.

SILOAM. C. M.

Isaac Beverly Woodbury. (1819—1858.) 1842.

1. O MEAN may seem this house of clay, Yet 'twas the Lord's a - bode ;

Our feet may mourn this thorn - y way, Yet here Em - man - uel trod.

213 *Our double Kindred to Emmanuel.*
1 Cor. xv. 47, 49.

- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear ;
This watch the Lord did keep ;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear ;
These tears the Lord did weep.
- 3 O vale of tears no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell !
O happy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel !
- 4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.
- 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.
- 6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine !
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine !

Thomas Hornblower Gill. (1819—) 1860. ab.

214 "Clothed with our Nature still."

- 1 COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest ;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on His breast.
- 2 Below He washed our guilt away,
By His atoning blood ;
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.
- 3 Clothed with our nature still, He
knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which He Himself o'ercame.
- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervors of His love ;
For us He died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.
- 5 O may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to wear His name ;
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,
Our mouths His praise proclaim.

Rev. Alexander Pirie. (—1804.) 1786.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

Spanish Melody. From Marechio.

1. HAIL, Thou once de - spis - éd Je - sus, Hail, thou Ga - li - le - an king!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring:
D. S. By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through Thy Name.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame

215 "Enthroned in Glory."

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

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

Rev. John Bakewell. (1721-1819.) 1760. alt.
Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740-1778.) 1776.

216 "Thou art worthy."

(Second Part of preceding Hymn.)

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

2 Soon we shall, with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate;
Gladly sing the amazing story
Of His dying love so great:
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crowned with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell.

Rev. John Bakewell. 1760. alt.
Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. 1776.

CORONATION. C. M.

Oliver Holden. (1756-1831.) 1793.

1. ALL hail the power of Je-sus' Name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,

And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

217

"Lord of all."
Acts x. 36.

- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 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.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet. (-1792.) 1780. ab. and alt.

218

The Lamb worshipped by all Creatures.
Rev. v. 11-13.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus;" [cry,
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1709.

MILES LANE. C. M.

Rev. William Shrubsole. (1729—1797.) 1793.
Har. by Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.

I. BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb, A-midst His Father's throne: Prepare new honors

for His name, And songs be-fore un - known, And songs be - fore un - known.

219 *To the Lamb that was slain.*
Rev. v. 6—12.

- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on Thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with
Hast set the prisoners free, [blood,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. ab.

220 *"Our great High Priest above."*

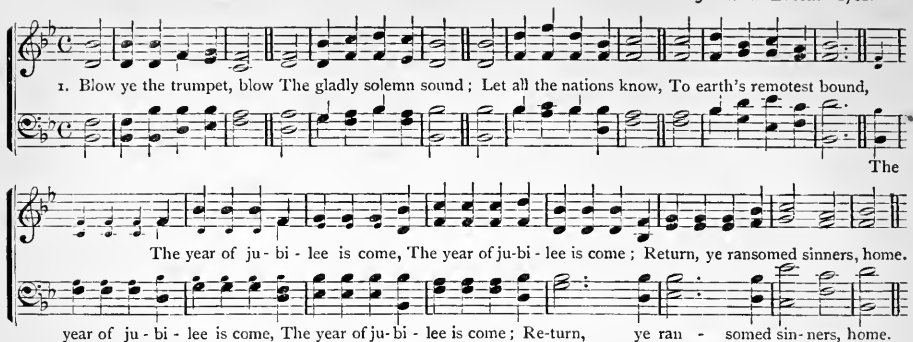
- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,

- And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honors crowned;
- 3 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.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and
crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

LENOX. H. M.

Jonathan Edson. 1782.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
The
The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

221 "The Year of Jubilee is come."

- 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest.
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1750. ab.

WARSAW. H. M.

Thomas Clark. 1804.



1. REJOICE, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King adore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And
triumph ev-er-more: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

222 "The Lord is King."

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice.
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's
voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1748. ab.

HARWELL. 8, 7. 61.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1840.

1. { Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise : }
Sing to Him Who found the ransom, Ancient of e - ter - nal days : } God Eter - nal, Word In-car-nate,

Whom the Heaven of heavens o-beys : God E - ter - nal, Word In-car-nate, Whom the Heaven of heavens obeys.

223 A Hymn of Praise to the Redeemer.

- 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Forced the Lord of Life to die ;
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.
- 3 Now on those eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all
bright,
Where unceasing hallelujahs

- They upraise, the sons of light :
Zion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.
- 4 Bring your harps and bring your in-
cense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay ;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day :
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

Rev. Job Hupton. (1762-1849.) 1808. ab.
Alt. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818-1866.) 1851.

MARLOW. C. M.

English Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

1. LET ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice ;

The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.

224 *Without Money and without Price.*
Is. lv. 1, 2.

- 2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging
thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

225 *Christ's Commission.*
John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless, was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your
wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry ;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

SCOTLAND. 12, 11.

John Clarke. (1770—1818.) 1800.

1. THE voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For A-dam's lost race, Christ has opened a fount-ain; { For sin, and un-cleanness, and ev-ery trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our par-don, We'll praise Him a-free-ly, in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most free-ly, in streams of sal-va-tion. } gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan, We'll praise Him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

226

"The Voice of Free Grace."

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, O flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy, 'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hallelujah, etc.
- 3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, He is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it, O trust in His passion,
He saves us most freely, O glorious salvation! Hallelujah, etc.

Rev. Richard Burdsall. (1735—1824.) 1796. ab. and alt.

227

"The merciful Saviour."

- 1 O COME to the merciful Saviour that calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above, where the sun never sets.
- 2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace.
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.
- 3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab.

HENLEY. 11, 10.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1854.

1. COME un - to me, when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - trest,
Seek - ing for com - fort from your Heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

228 *Christ giving Rest.*

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, [dim,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling, [only hymn.
Soft are the tones which raise the heav-

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness, [rudely pressed ;
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too
Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
Unknown Author. 1854. ab.

EXPOSTULATION. 11.

Rev. Josiah Hopkins. (1786—1862.) 1830.

1. DE - LAY not, de - lay not ; O sin - ner, draw near, The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee ;
No price is de - mand - ed, the Sav - iour is here, Re - demption is purchased, sal - va - tion is free.

229 *"Delay not !"*

2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy
God ? [refuse
A fountain is opened :—how canst thou
To wash and be cleansed in His pard-
ning blood ?
3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee
to-day ;

Her voice is not heard in the vale of
the tomb, [away.
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
4 Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of
grace, [its sad flight ;
Long grieved and resisted, may take
And leave thee in darkness to finish
thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1831.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.

I. O SIN-NER, why so long de-lay? Why from thy blesséd Sav-iour stay?

All things are read-y now: This is the Lord's ac-cept-ed hour,

His day of grace; con-fess His power, And to His scep-tre bow.

230

The gracious Call.

- 2 Why wilt thou thus His Spirit grieve;
Why wilt thou not at once believe?
Say wherefore dost thou doubt?
Come, weary one, to Him for rest,
O come to Jesus and be blest;
He will not cast thee out.
- 3 Come gladly now to Him who died,
Come to the Saviour crucified;
He waits with outstretched hands.
The nail-prints in those hands I see:
They plead with God, they plead with
To join His chosen band. thee,
- 4 Obey thy Master's gracious call,
Low at His feet for mercy fall;
He waits to welcome thee:
O sinner, ere it be too late,
Flee thou to mercy's open gate;
Christ waits to welcome thee.

Rev. Eli Corwin. (1824—) 1874.

231

The Response.
Acts ix. 6.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee;
Against Thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against Thy love?
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
Come, take possession of Thine own,
For Thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by Thee.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

BAVARIA. 8, 7, 61.

German Melody.

Fine.

I. COME to Cal-vary's ho-ly mount-ain, Sin-ners ru-ined by the fall;
D. C. In a full, per-pet-ual tide,... Op-ened when our Sav-iour died.

Here a pure and heal-ing fount-ain Flows to you, to me, to all, *D. C.*

232

A Fountain opened.

- 2 Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,

Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more:

- 4 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

* James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819.

BELMONT. 8, 7, 4.

Jeremiah Ingalls. (1764—1838.) 1805.

Fine.

I. COME, ye sin-ners poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
D. C. He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing; doubt no more.

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, joined with power: *D. C.*

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

Jean Jacques Rousseau. (1712—1778.) 1750.

I. COME, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore:

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, joined with power:

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.

233 "Come, and welcome."

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 4 Lo, the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Rev. Joseph Hart. (1712—1768.) 1759. ab.

234 "Hear, and live."

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
' Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in His name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in His name."
- 3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Rev. Jonathan Allen. 1801. ab.

SESSIONS. L. M.

Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820-) 1847.

i. COME, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev-ery soul be Je-sus' guest ;

You need not one be left be-hind, For God has bid-den all man-kind.

235

"The Gospel Feast."
Luke xiv. 16-24.

- 1 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come sinner,
thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, then, ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and
blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1747. ab.

236

"All Things are now ready."
Luke xiv. 17.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss His late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding
hands.

- 3 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive, the lost is found!"

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

237

No Hope after Death.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 3 Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming
sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Rev. Timothy Dwight. (1752-1817.) 1800. ab.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.

Samuel Webbe. (1740-1816.) 1800.

Choir.

I. COME, ye desolate, where'er ye languish, Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;

Congregation.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

238

"Come, ye desolate."

- 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
 Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore. (1779-1852.) 1816. vs. 1, 2. alt.
 Thomas Hastings. (1784-1872.) v. 3.

TO-DAY. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1831.

I. TO-DAY the Saviour calls : Ye wanderers, come ; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam ?

239

"To-Day."

- 2 To-day the Saviour calls :
 O hear Him now ;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls :
 For refuge fly ;

The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.

- 4 The Spirit calls to-day :
 Yield to His power ;
 O grieve Him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808-) 1831.
 Alt. by Thomas Hastings. 1831.

HORTON. 7.

Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee. (1786—)

I. COME, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice ;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

240

The gracious Call.

Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;
- 4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna Læticia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1825. ab. and alt.

241

"Why will ye die ?"

Tune, MARTYN. 7. D.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live ;

- He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankful creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ;
God who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live :
Will you let Him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why ;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooded you to embrace His love :
Will you not His grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die ?

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1745. ab.

ROSEFIELD. 7. 6 l.

Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.

I. { FROM the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die, }
 { What me - lo - dious sounds I hear, Burst - ing on my rav - ished ear: }

“Love’s re - deem - ing work is done, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.”

- 242 “Let him come unto Me.”
 John vii. 37.
- 2 “Sprinkled now with blood the throne;
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On My piercéd body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid:
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 3 “Spread for thee, the festal board
 See with richest dainties stored;
 To thy Father’s bosom prest,
 Yet again a child confest,
 Never from His house to roam;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 “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.”
 Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792.

- 243 “Take the Peace the Gospel brings.”
 Ps. cxxxv. 2.
- 1 YE that in His courts are found,
 Listening to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care;
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View His bloody sacrifice;
 See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.
 Rev. Rowland Hill. (1744—1833.) 1774.

MARTYN. 7. D.

Simeon Butler Marsh. (1798—) 1834.

Fine. *D. C.*

OLNEY. S. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1832.

I. THE Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sin-ner, come," The

Bride, the Church of Christ, pro - claims To all His chil - dren, "Come."

244 "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."
Rev. xxii. 17-20.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come ;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life :
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so ; I wait Thine hour ;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Bp. Henry Ustick Onderdonk. (1789-1858.) 1826.

245 "The Land of Peace."

1 COME to the land of peace ;
From shadows come away ;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land ;

For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace ;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

5 "Come to our peaceful home,"
The saints and angels say,
"Forsake the world, no longer roam ;
O wanderer, come away !"

Briggs' Collection.

246 *The Uncertainty of Life.*
James iv. 13-15.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 Since on this wingéd hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

3 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die

In sudden, endless night.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702-1751.) 1755. ab.

GORTON. S. M.

Ludwig von Beethoven. (1770—1827)

1. YE trembling cap-tives, hear; The gos-pel trum-pet sounds; No

mu-sic more can charm the ear, Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

247 *The Gospel Trumpet.*

- 2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news is spread afar,
And vengeance is no more.
- 3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee's release
With eager rapture claims.
- 4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all His willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

Samuel Boyce. 1801. sl. alt.

248 *"Now is the accepted Time."*

2 Cor. vi. 2.

- 1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
Pardon and peace He freely gives;
Then why should you delay?

- 3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with Thy love:
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

John Dobell. (1757—1840.) 1806. ab.

249 *"Behold the Ark of God."*

- 1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg. (1796—). 1826. ab.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.

1. BE-HOLD, a stran-ger's at the door: He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before ;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

250

Christ knocking at the Door.

Cant. v. 2. Rev. iii. 20.

- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need ;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands :
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin ;
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn ;
His feet, departed, ne'er return !
Admit Him ; or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg. (—1768.) 1765. ab. and alt.

251

"Return !"

Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thine injured Father's face ;

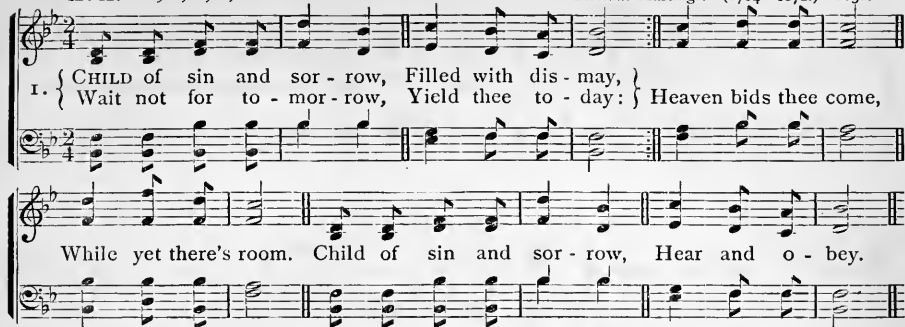
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, "No longer
mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. William Bengo Collyer. (1782—1854.) 1812. ab.

AVA. 6, 4, 6, 4, 4.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1832.



1. { CHILD of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, }
 { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day: } Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

252 "Child of Sin and Sorrow."

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high:
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or the rushing tide;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

Thomas Hastings. 1832.

STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3.

William Henry Monk. 1861.



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

253 Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.

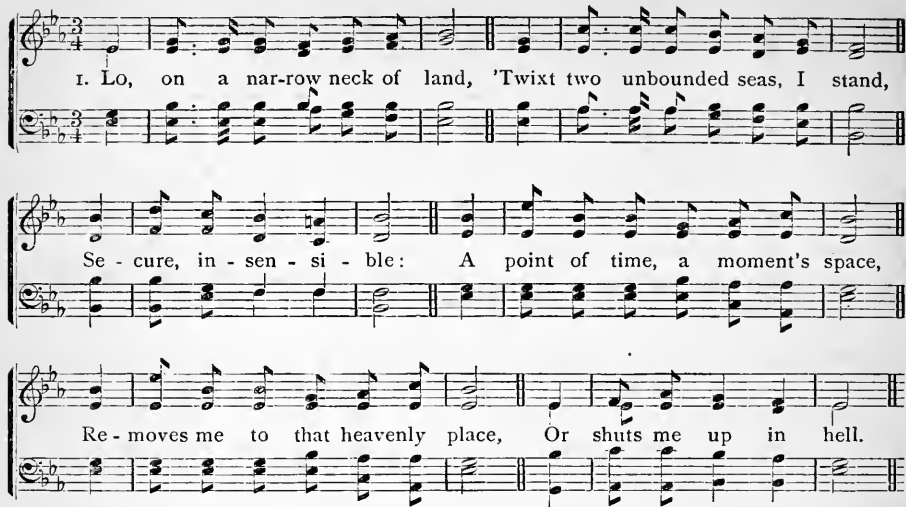
2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide? [prints,
 "In His feet and hands are wound-
 And His side."
 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown in very surety,
 But of thorns!"

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
 .What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past!"
 5 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away!"

Stephen of St. Sabas. (725—794.)
 Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862. ab.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1839.



I. LO, on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Se - cure, in - sen - si - ble: A point of time, a moment's space,
Re - moves me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

254 *Death and Judgment anticipated.*

- 2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in dread 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?
- 4 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.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1749. ab. and alt. v. 4.

255 *The Prayer of Faith.*

- 1 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 hath done,
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is Thy Friend."

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740-1778.) 1759. ab.

GANGES. C. P. M.

S. Chandler. 1790.

I. WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth - less worm as I,
Who some - times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?

256 *The Judgment anticipated.*

- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet 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 ?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace ;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day ;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. (1707—1791.) 1772. ab.
and alt.257 *Sinai, and the Saviour.*

- I 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."

- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

Rev. Sampson Occum. (1723—1792.) 1760. alt.
Rev. Asahel Nettleton. (1783—1844.) 1824. ab.

BRADEN. S. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.

1. O WHERE shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere

vain the o - cean - depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

258 *The Issues of Life and Death.*

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853. ab.

259 *The shining Light.*

- 1 My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;

I feel, alas, that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Annanias Davisson. 1817.

I. DID Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let

floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

260

Tears of Penitence.

- 2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see :
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.
Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1787.

261 *God's Goodness leading to Repentance.*
Rom. ii. 4.

- 1 Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind !
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind ?
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let old ingratitude

Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

262

Mercy implored.

- 1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before Thy feet I fall,
And for Thy mercy cry.
- 2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done ;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through Thine incarnate Son.
- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies ;
To Thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.
- 4 One gracious look of Thine
Will ease my troubled breast ;
O let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. 1818. ab.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Daniel Read. (1757—1836.) 1785.

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there ;
 But wisdom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

263

The broad Road.

- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command ;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
 Create my heart entirely new—
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

264

Sin confessed.
Ps. li.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Behold, I fall before Thy face ;
 My only refuge is Thy grace ;
 No outward forms can make me clean ;
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 3 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling
 priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.

- 4 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone,
 Hath power sufficient to atone ;
 Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

265

Pleading for Pardon.
Ps. li.

- 1 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 ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of Thy grace ;
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 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.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
 word, [there,
 Would light on some sweet promise
 Some sure support against despair.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

WARNER. L. M.

Giacchino Rossini. (1792—1868.)
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.

I. LIFE is the time to serve the Lord, The time to in-sure the great re - ward ;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.

266

This our only Probation.
Ecc. ix. 10.

- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 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.

- 4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

267

Seeking Rest in Christ.
Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed
blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

268

A contrite Heart.
Ps. li.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 O 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 righteous-
ness.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab. and alt.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.

1. GOD call- ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum- bers lie?...

269

"Gott rufet noch."

- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from Thee I
part; [heart.
The voice of God hath reached my

Gerhard Tersteegen. (1697—1769.) 1730.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1854. ab. and alt.

270

"Come to Me!"

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me!"
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:

O, to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to
Me!"

- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to Me!"
- 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to Me!"

Miss Charlotte Elliott. (1789—1871.) 1841. ab.

271

Help only in Christ.
Gal. iii. 22.

- 1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open Thine arms and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis Thou alone canst make me
whole;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here, then, to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1739. ab.

LOUVAN. L. M.

Virgil Corydon Taylor. (1817—) 1847.

I. WITH brok-en heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me.

272 *The Prayer of the Publican.*

Luke xviii. 13.

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and
hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven. (1797—) 1852.

273 *The Spirit entreated to stay.*

- I STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,

Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn
heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;
- 3 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;
- 4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Now in Thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.
- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

HERMON. C. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.

I. IN e - vil long I took de - light, Un-awed by shame or fear,
Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.

274

At the Cross.

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood ;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain ;
Where could my trembling soul be
For I the Lord had slain. [hid,
- 6 A second look He gave, that said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live."

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

275

In Pilate's Hall.

- I I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien ;

Their shouts of " crucify " appall,
With blasphemy between.

- 2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one ;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.
- 3 I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and
mock
I feel that I am one.
- 4 Around yon cross the throng I see,
Mocking the Sufferer's groan ;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.
- 5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.
- 6 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin ;
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1803—) 1857.

PASS ME NOT. 8, 5.

William Howard Doane. (1832—) 1869.

I. PASS me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art
D. s. While on oth-ers Thou art
smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Sav-our, Sav-our, Hear my hum-ble cry.
call-ing, Do not pass me by.

276

"Pass me not."

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief!
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merits,
Would I seek Thy face,

- Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace!
- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom on earth have I besides Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee!

Mrs. Fanny Jane Crosby Van Alstyne. (1823—) 1869.
Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1862.

EVEN ME. 8, 7.

I. { LORD, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free; }
{ Showers, the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me, }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop-pings fall on me.

277

"Bless me, even me also."
Gen. xxvii. 34.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. 1860. ab.

ALETTA. 7.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1858.

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

278

After a Relapse into Sin.
Heb. x. 29.

- 2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1740. ab.

279

The Penitent pardoned.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused Thee to Thy face,
Trampled on Thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might Thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;

Justly might Thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

- 4 But with Thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Thou canst soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

Rev. Thomas Raffles. (1788—1863.) 1812. ab.

280

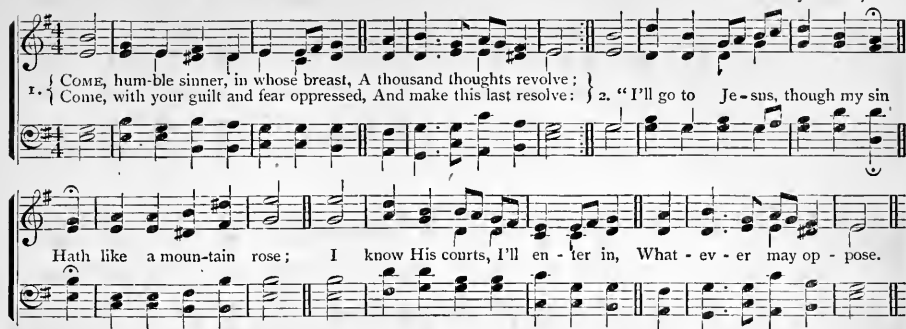
Rest in Christ.

- 1 JESUS, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey:
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
- 2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;
- 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
- 4 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1747. ab. and alt.
Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1779.

TENNESSEE. C. M.

Robert Boyd. 1817.



1. { COME, hum-ble sinner, in whose breast, A thousand thoughts revolve; }
 2. { Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve: } 2. "I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin
 Hath like a moun-tain rose; I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op- pose.

281

"I'll go to Jesus."

- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
 And there my guilt confess;
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 Perhaps He may command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.

- 5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But, if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die"

Rev. Edmund Jones. (1732—1765.) c. 1760.

WOODLAND. C. M.

Nathaniel D. Gould. (1782—1864.) 1832.



1. JE - SUS, Thou art the sin-ner's Friend: As such I look to Thee; Now, in the ful - ness
 of Thy love, Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

282

"Remember me."

- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all Thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
 I yield myself to Thee;
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
 But Thy salvation's free;
 Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 5 And when I close my eyes in death,
 When creature-helps all flee,
 Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
 I pray, remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham. (1749—1810.) 1783. ab.

DORRANCE. (TALMAR.) 8, 7.

Isaac Beverly Woodbury. (1819—1858.) 1850.

I. JE - SUS, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear Thy hum - ble suppliant's cry ;

Let me know Thy great sal - va - tion : See, I lan - guish, faint, and die.

283

"Have Mercy."
Mark x. 47.

- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?
- 4 On the word Thy blood hath sealéd
Hangs my everlasting all ;
Let Thy arm be now revealéd ;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall.
- 5 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perished sueing
For the boasted Saviour's aid.
- 6 *Saved!*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above ;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love.

Rev. Daniel Turner. (1710—1798.) 1787. ab.

284

"Take me."

- 1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me,
Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son ;

- That, which Thou wouldst have me,
make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.
- 2 Long from Thee my footsteps stray -
ing,
Thorny proved the way I trod ;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.
- 3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin ;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
- 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine :
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.
- 5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree ;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee ;
- 6 Father, take me ; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast ;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1865.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.

i. JUST as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

285

"Just as I am."
John vi. 37.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve :
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down :
Now, to be Thine, yea, *Thine alone*,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Miss Charlotte Elliot. (1789—1871.) 1836.

286

"Entirely Thine."

- 1 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.
- 2 Grant one pòor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I
die,
Be Thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal ;
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at 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.
- 5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Rev. Samuel Davies. (1724—1761.) 1769.

ROCK OF AGES. 7. 61.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

287

"Rock of Ages."

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close 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.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1776. sl. alt.

TOPLADY. 7. 61.

288

"Only Thee."

- 1 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.
- 2 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down ;
Pardon from Thy piercéd hand
Now I take, while here I stand :
Only then I live to Thee,
When Thy wounded side I see.
- 3 Blesséd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die ;
Height or depth, or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more :
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee !

Rev. George Duffield. (1818—) 1859. ab.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830.

Fine. *D. C.*

OLIVET. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

1. MY faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Sav-iour Di-vine: Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.

289 "My Faith looks up to Thee."

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1868—) 1830.

290 "Jesus, my Lord!"

- 1 JESUS, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord !
O Thou art all to me ;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !
- 2 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord !
What need I now to fear ?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord !
- 3 Soon Thou wilt come again :
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord !
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

James George Deck. 1837. ab.

BARTIMEUS. 8, 7.

Stephen Jenks. (—1856.) 1808.

1. "MER-CY, O Thou Son of Da-vid," Thus blind Bar-ti-me-us prayed;

"Oth-ers by Thy word are sav-ed, Now to me af-ford Thine aid."

291

Prayer for Sight.
Mark x. 47, 48.

- 2 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."
- 3 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.
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.
- 5 O methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
- 6 "O 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."

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779.

292

"He received his sight."
Mark x. 51, 52.

- 1 LORD, I know Thy grace is nigh me,
Though Thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master, pass not by me;
Son of David, pity me.
- 2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste Thy loving-kindness;
"Lord, I would receive my sight."
- 3 I would see Thee and adore Thee,
And Thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore Thee:
Let me see Thy face and live.
- 4 Ah, what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!
- 5 Room, ye saints that throng behind
Him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find Him
Who can turn their night to day.

Rev. Hervey Doddridge Ganse. (1822—) 1869.

COMFORT. 6, 9.

American Melody.



1. O how hap-py are they Who the Sav-iour o-bey, And have laid up their treas-ures a-bove;
Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.

293 "How happy are they."

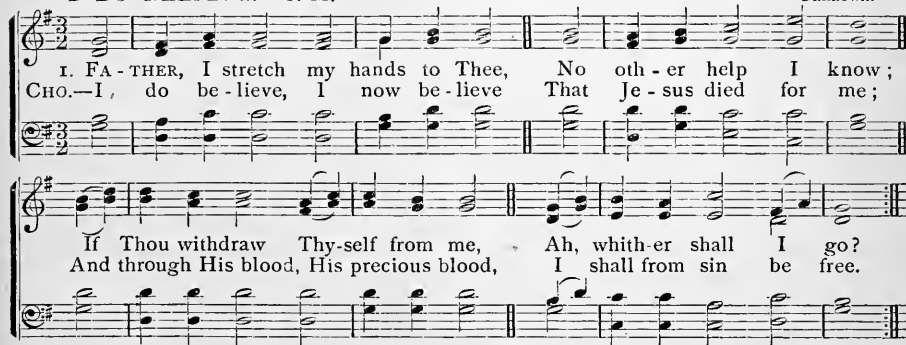
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more

- Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1749. ab. and sl. alt.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

Unknown.



1. FA-THER, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
CHO.-I, do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;

If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
And through His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

294 A Prayer for Faith.

- 2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death! *Cho.*
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;

- And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour. *Cho.*
- 4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1741. ab., alt. and Cho. added.

PENITENCE. 7, 6. D.

William Henry Oakley. (1808—) 1835.

I. VAIN, de - lu - sive world, adieu, With all of creature good ; Only Je - sus I pur - sue,
D. s. On - ly Je - sus will I know,

Who bought me with His blood ; All thy pleasures I forego ; . . All thy pomps, thy wealth and
And Jesus cru - ci - fied. [pride : *D.S.*

295

Only Jesus, and Him crucified.
1 Cor. iii. 2.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity ;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me ;
Me to save from endless woe,
Christ, th' atoning Victim died :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in His grace to grow,
Ever in His faith abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 4 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree ;
Only of His love I speak,
Who freely died for me ;

While I sojourn here below,
Nothing will I seek beside ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab. and a.1.

296

"Look upon me, Lord."

- 1 SAVIOUR, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from Thy gracious eye ;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Look, as when Thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him wel'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again ;
Speak my paradise restored ;
Redeem me by Thy grace alone ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1833.

1. NOT all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain,

Could give the guilt-y con-science peace, Or wash a-way the stain.

297 *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curs'd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

298 *"And can I yet delay?"*

- 1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
Thine only love to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My Life, my Portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure,
now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740. ab.

COWPER. C. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

I. I've found the pearl of great-est price, My heart doth sing for joy; And

sing I must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song employ, Christ shall my song employ.

299

Singing for Joy.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

Rev. John Mason. (—1694.) 1683. ab. and alt.

300

Fear disarmed.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Wrapt in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay;

But sovereign mercy reached us there,
And smiled despair away.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering
eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

301

"Old Things are passed away."
2 Cor. v. 17.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

- 3 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious
voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee:
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

Rev. John Newton. (1725-1807.) 1779. ab.

IMMANUEL. C. M.

American Melody.

I. THERE is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
D. s. And sin-ners, &c.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,... Lose all their guilt-y stains;
D. S.

Fine.

- 302** "A Fountain opened."
Zech. xiii. 1.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lispng, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless
And formed by power divine, [years,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

William Cowper. (1731-1800.) 1779.

LEBANON. S. M. D.

John Zundel. (1815—) 1855.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D. S. I did not love my Fa-ther's voice,

Fine. I would not be con-trolled: I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a-far to roam.

303

Lost but found.

- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His
blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1844. ab.

TRUSTING. 7.

William Gustavus Fischer. (1835—) 1869.

1. I AM com- ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;

CHO. I am trust- ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear.. Lamb of Cal- va- ry;
I am count- ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal- va- tion find,
Hum- bly at Thy cross I bow: Save me, Je- sus, save me now.

304

- 2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore. *Cho.*

- 3 In the promises I trust:
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

Rev. William McDonald. (1820—) 1869. ab.

ATHENS. C. M. D.

Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.

I. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
D. S. I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad. *Fine.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; *D. S.*

305

The Voice from Galilee.
John i. 16.

- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
vived,
And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1857. sl. alt.

306

"Amazing Grace."

- 1 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!
- 2 Thro' 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.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

CRAWFORD. 8, 7. D.

Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820—) 1863.

Fine.

I. { HAIL, my ev - er bless-éd Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is pre - cious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
Love I much, I've much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace. }

D. C.

O what mer - cy flows from heav - en, O what joy and hap - pi - ness!

307 "A Miracle of Grace."

- 2 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 host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness.
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
While, 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've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove. 1806.

308 Praise for pardoning Grace.

- I LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.

- Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key. (1799—1843.) 1857.

JESU BONE PASTOR. (AMOR.) 8, 7, 6l.

John Henry Willcox. (1827—)

I. JE - SUS is the Name we treas-ure; Name be - yond what words can tell;
Name of glad-ness, Name of pleas-ure, Ear and heart de - light - ing well;
Name of sweet-ness, pass - ing meas-ure, Sav - ing us from sin and hell.

309

Christ's Name precious.

- 2 'Tis the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.
- 3 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, when'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 4 Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blesséd Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

Unknown Author of the 14th and 15th Century.
Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. ab.
and alt.

310

"Ich will Dich lieben."

1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 I WILL love Thee, all my treasure;
I will love Thee, all my strength;
I will love Thee without measure,
And will love Thee right at length:
I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine.
- 2 I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory,
For Thy beams have gladness bro't;
I will praise Thee, will adore Thee,
For the light I vainly sought;
Praise Thee that Thy words so blest
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.
- 3 I will love in joy or sorrow,
Crowning joy! will love Thee well;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell:
I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die, and find Thee mine.

Johann Angelus Silesius. (1624—1677.) 1657.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1854. ab.

NETTLETON. 8, 7. D.

Rev. Asahel Nettleton. (1783—1844.) 1824.



1. { COME, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love.

311

Grateful Recollection.

- 2 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,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be:
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson. (1735—1790.) 1758.

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul."

Ps. ciii.

312

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven;
 To His feet thy tribute bring,

Ransomed, healed, restored, for-
 given,
 Evermore His praises sing:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise the everlasting King.

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares
 us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834. ab. and alt.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821—) 1861.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7, D.

Arr. from Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)

1. SWEET the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
D. s. Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here I'll sit, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood:

313

Before the Cross.

- 2 Truly blesséd 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 Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know.

Rev. James Allen. (1734—1804.) 1757. alt.
Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley. (1725—1786.) 1771.

314

"Closer than a Brother."
(Abridged Form.)

- 1 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 our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
- 2 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

HEBRON. L. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

I. JE - sus, my All, to Heaven is gone, He that I placed my hopes up - on ;

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till Him I view.

315 "The Way to God."

- 2 The way the holy Prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go ; for all the paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the Way."
- 5 Lo, glad I come ; and Thou, dear
Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am :
Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live.
- 6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God !"

Rev. John Cennick. (1717—1755.) 1743. ab.

316 *Christ, our Light and Life.*

- 1 LORD, I was blind ! I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace ;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.
- 2 Lord, I was deaf ! I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.
- 3 Lord, I was dumb ! I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name ;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.
- 4 Lord, I was dead ! I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;
But now, since Thou hast quickened
me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.
- 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live, and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

Rev. William Tidd Matson. 1866.

317

The new Joy.

- 1 THE Saviour smiles ; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll ;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.
- 2 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven ;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.
- 3 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain ;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.
- 4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine ;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.
- Abraham Lucas Hillhouse. (1792—1859.) 1822. ab.

318

Parting with earthly Joys.

- 1 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.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair ;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me
there.
- 3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous
seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

319 *Longing for Communion with Christ.*

- 1 O THAT I could for ever dwell
With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all His tender words repeat.
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this ?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.
- 4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake ;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Rev. Andrew Reed. (1787—1862.) 1842. ab.

320

Jesus the Best Beloved.

- 1 JESUS, this heart within me burns,
To tell Thee all its conscious love ;
And from earth's low delights it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.
- 2 Though oft these lips my love have
told,
They still the story would repeat ;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old
That thrills me bending at Thy feet.
- 3 I breathe my words into Thine ear ;
I seem to fix mine eyes on Thine ;
And sure that Thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call Thee mine.
- 4 Reign Thou sole Sovereign of my
heart ;
My all I yield to Thy control ;
O let me never from Thee part,
Thou Best Belovéd of my soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1869. ab.

PENEU. 8. 61.

American Melody.

I. { COME, O Thou Trav-el - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but can-not see ; }
 { My com-pa - ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with Thee ; }

With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.

321

Wrestling Jacob.
 Gen. xxxii. 24.

- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am?
 My sin and misery declare ;
 Thyself hast called me by my name ;
 Look on Thy hands, and read it there :
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
 Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

BRADEN. S. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1844.

I. I BLESS the Christ of God ; I rest on love di - vine ; And
 with un - falt - ering lip and heart, I call this Sav-iour mine.

322

"I bless the Christ of God."

- 2 His cross dispels each doubt ;
 I bury in His tomb
 Each thought of unbelief and fear,
 Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 3 I praise the God of grace ;
 I trust His truth and might ;
 He calls me His, I call Him mine,
 My God, my joy, my light.

- 4 'Tis He who saveth me,
 And freely pardon gives ;
 I love because He loveth me,
 I live because He lives.
- 5 My life with Him is hid,
 My death has passed away,
 My clouds have melted into light,
 My midnight into day.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1863. ab.

COLLINS. L. M. D.

Jeremiah Ingalls. (1764—1838.) 1805.

I. { JE - SUS, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav-iour, when I call; }
 { Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace; }

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore, O make me love Thee more and more ;

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore, O make me love Thee more and more.

323 "O make me love Thee more and more.

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
 How can I love Thee as I ought;
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy name?
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 How great the joy that Thou hast
 brought,
 So far exceeding hope or thought!
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
 To Thee my heart and soul belong;
 All that I have or am is Thine,
 And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore, [mine;
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Rev. Henry Collins. 1852.

324 "Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden."

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains in me:
 While Jesus' blood thro' earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!
- 3 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast.
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.

Rev. John Andrew Rothe. (1688—1758.) 1728.
 Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1740. ab.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1837.

I. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

325 "Majestic Sweetness."

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1787.

326 *Christ precious.*

1 Pet. ii. 7.

- I 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.

- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last, laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
arms,
The antidote of death.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

327 "Jesu, Rex admirabilis."

- I O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found;
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire;
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;

- And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux. (1091-1153.) 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814-) 1849.

DEDHAM. C. M.

William Gardiner. (1770-1853.) 1830.

I. O. FOR a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise ;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

328 *Converting Grace commemorated.*

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1740. ab.

329 "*Jesu, dulcis memoria.*"

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;

- But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. 1849.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

Devereux. Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.

1. Do not I love Thee, O... my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see;

And turn each curs - éd i - dol out, That dares to ri - val Thee.

- 330** "Thou knowest that I love Thee."
John xxi. 15.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
 - 3 Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure
bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
 - 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
 - 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy Name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
 - 6 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

- 331** Unseen, but loved.
1 Pet. i. 8.
- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blesséd face and mine.
 - 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.
 - 3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
 - 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.
 - 5 When death these mortal eyes shall
And still this throbbing heart, [seal,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1858.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody. Hugh Wilson. 1768.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1836.

1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear ;
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

332

The sweet Name.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton. (1725-1807.) 1779. ab.

333

"O Deus, ego amo Te."

- 1 My God, I love Thee : not because
I hope for heaven thereby,

- Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;
- 3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony ;
Yea, death itself ; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O bless'd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well ?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast lov'd me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- 6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

Francis Xavier. (1506-1552.) 1552.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall. (1814-) 1849. sl. alt.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.

I. O COULD I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

334 "Make His Praise glorious."

Ps. lxvii. 2.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine ;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face ;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley. (1738—1799.) 1789. ab.

335

Desiring to love.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 God only knows the love of God ;
O 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.
- 3 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab.

ZEBULON. H. M.

Lowell Mason. 1830.

1. JOIN all the glo-ri-ous names Of wis-dom, love, and power, That
ev - er mor-tals knew, That an - gels ev - er bore: [Omit...] All

are too mean to speak His worth, To mean to set my Sav - iour forth.

336

Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name ;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power ; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

337

"Behold the Man."
Tune, WARSAW, p. 98.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;

- The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1742. ab.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Christian Lyre. 1830.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,

His loving-kind-ness is so free; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kind-ness is so free.

338 'The Loving-Kindness of the Lord.'

Is. lxiii. 7.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

Rev. Samuel Medley. (1738—1799.) 1787. ab.

THE SWEETEST NAME. 8, 7.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1860.

I. } THERE IS no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
The name be-fore His wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, [Omit...] giv-en.
D.C. For there's no word ear-ev-er heard, So dear, so sweet as [Omit...] Je-sus.

1st. 2d. Fine.

REFRAIN. D.C.

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je-sus;

339 "No Name so sweet."

2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote His name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him. *Cho.*

3 So now upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus. *Cho.*

Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1858. ab.

SONG. 8, 5.

German Melody. Adams' Church Pastorals. 1864.

I. SING of Je - sus, sing for ev - er, Of the love that chang-es nev - er,

Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He makes His own?

340

"Sing unto the Lord."
Ps. xxvi. 2.

2 With His blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew Him not, He sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all the way He speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven, and sought them,
Him who by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1767—1835.) 1815. ab.

341

Our Song on Earth and in Heaven.

I SAINTS in glory, we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of songs, Thou art, O Saviour,
All that endless day.

2 Theme of Adam, when forgiven,
Theme of Abraham, David, Stephen;
Souls, ye chant it entering heaven,
Now, henceforth, alway.

3 Come, ye angels, round us gather,
While to Jesus we draw nearer;
In His throne He'll seat forever
Those for whom He died.

4 Underneath His throne a river,
Clear as crystal, flows forever,
Like His fulness, failing never:
Hail enthronéd Lamb!

5 O the unsearchable Redeemer!
Shoreless Ocean, sounded never!
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus Christ, the same.

S. P. Mahmied. ab.

CONTRAST. 8. D.

Jonathan Edson. 1782.
Fine.

I. { How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! }
 D. c. { Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers Have all lost their sweet-ness to me. }
 D. c. { But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May. }

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

342

None but Jesus.
Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music His voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.
 I should, were He always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

- 3 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind.
 While blest with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Rev. John Newton. (1725-1807.) 1779. ab.

REVIVE US AGAIN. 11, 12.

English Melody.

r. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died, and is now gone a-bove.

lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.

343

- 2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of Light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Rev. W. P. Mackay. 1863.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. 6.

John Thomas Grape. (1833—) 1865.

1. { I... HEAR the Sav-our say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray, [Omit.....] Find in

CHORUS.

Me thine All in all. Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I

owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

344 "Jesus paid it all."

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*
- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. *Cho.*
- 4 When from my dying bed,
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*
- 5 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him completè,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

345

Wounded for us.

- 1 THY tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessèd day.—*Cho.*
- 2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole. *Cho.*
- 3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God.—*Cho.*
- 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.—*Cho.*

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

NUREMBURG. 7.

Johann Rudolph Ahle. (1625-1673.) 1664.

1. CHIL-DREN of 'the Heaven-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;

Sing your Sav-iour's wor- thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.

346

Rejoicing on our Way.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick. (1717-1755.) 1742. ab.

347

Redeeming Love.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;

Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest ;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Rev. Martin Madan? (1726-1790.) 1763. ab.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

Isaac Smith. 1770.

1. FROM E - gypt late - ly come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our bet - ter home,
Where we our rest shall gain. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are on our way to God.

348

Seeking a Country.
Heb. xi. 14.

- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 3 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
- 4 We soon shall join the throng ;
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1812, 1853. ab.

This is the day of service true,
But the rest cometh soon.

Hallelujah !

There remains a rest for us.

- 2 Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day ;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

- 3 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still ;
Ours is the path the Master trod,
Through good report and ill.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

- 4 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase ;
We gird our loins, and hasten on :
The end, the end in peace.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1866. ab.

349

Pressing on.

- 1 THIS is the day of toil
Beneath earth's sultry noon ;

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1864.

1. HE lead - eth me: O bless - éd thought, O words with heavenly com - fort fraught, Whate'er I do, wher-

CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own

hand He lead - eth me; His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

350

"He leadeth me."

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me. *Cho.*

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *Cho.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me. *Cho.*

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore. 1859.

351

Home in View.

1 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.

2 So 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.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 '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.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807). 1779. ab. and alt.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 11, 6, 5.

Calvin Sears Harrington. c. 1864.

1. IN some way or oth - er the Lord will provide: It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will provide."

- 352 "The Lord will provide."
2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in His *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."
3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide:
And this be the token,

- No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."
4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide:
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."
Mrs. Martha Walker Cook. (1807-1874) c. 1864.

I'M A PILGRIM. 9, 11, 10, 10.

German Melody. D. C.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night; } Do not detain me, for I am go - ing
d. c. I'm a pilgrim, &c. } To where the fountains are ever flowing: }

- 353 "Strangers and Pilgrims."
Heb. xi. 13.
2 There the glory is ever shining:
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana. (1810-) 1840.

OLIPHANT. 8, 7, 4.

Pierre-Marie-François de Sales Baillet. (1771—1842.) 1830.
 Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

I. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand: Bread of heav - en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

354

Prayer for Guidance.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream doth
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar [flow;
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. Peter Williams. (1719—1796.) 1771. v. 1.
 Rev. William Williams. (1717—1791.) 1773. ab.

355

"And He led them on safely."

Ps. lxxviii. 53.

I SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
 Without Thee we cannot go;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low:

Let Thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through,
 2 When we halt, no track discovering,
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path the pillar hovering,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us;
 Thus we shall not miss our way.
 3 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
 Manna shall our camp surround;
 Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt feed us;
 Streams shall from the rock abound:
 Happy Israel,
 What a Saviour thou hast found!
 4 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way,
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
 And Thy people,
 Led by Thee, shall win the day.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1812. ab.

SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1862.

I. { SAV-IOUR, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare. }

Bless-éd Je - sus, Bless-éd Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are ;

Bless-éd Je - sus, Bless-éd Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

356

Prayer for Guidance.

- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray ;
Blesséd Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free ;
Blesséd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will ;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill ;
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
- Miss Dorothy Ann Thrupp. (1779—1847.) 1838.

357

Prayer for Guidance.

Numbers x. 33.

- I LEAD us, Heavenly 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 every blessing,
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us ;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1820.

AMSTERDAM. 7, 6. D.

James Nares. (1715-1783.) 1760.

1. { RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; }
 { Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Towards heaven, thy native place: } Sun and moon and stars de-cay;

Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

358

The Pilgrim's Song.
Heb. xi. 13.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So, a soul, that's born of God,
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
 Whilst I that coast explore;
 Flattering world, with all thy snares
 Solicit me no more!
 Pilgrims fix not here their home;
 Strangers tarry but a night;
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 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.
 Rev. Robert Seagrave. (1633-) 1742 ab.

359

"Time is winging us away."

- 1 TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb;
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb;
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon, above,
 Far beyond the world's annoy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

John Burton. (1773-1822.) 1815.

GUIDE. 5, 8.

American Melody.

1. JE-SUS, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be cheerless, We will fol-low,
 calm and fearless: Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa-ther - land, To our Fa-ther - land.

360 "Jesus, geh voran."

- 2 If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go.
- 3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When temptations come alluring,

- Make us patient and enduring;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.
- 4 Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland.

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf. (1700—1760.) 1721.
 Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1853. sl. alt.

JESUS, GUIDE. 10, 8.

William Howard Doane. (1832—) 1870.

1. THE way is dark; I | cannot see at all. My Je - sus, guide, my Je-sus, guide!
 O let me feel the | clasping of Thy hand Close by my side, close by my side.

361 "My Jesus, guide."

- 2 The way is rough; my | feet are very sore,
 My Jesus, aid! my Jesus, aid!
 O let me lean while | yet Thou leadest on,
 Nor me upbraid! nor me upbraid!
- 3 The way is long; I | fear I yet may fall.
 My Jesus, keep! my Jesus, keep!

- O let my faith out- | last the weary road,
 No more to weep! no more to weep!
- 4 The way, it ends; the | radiant gate appears!
 All trials past! all trials past!
 My spirit hastes and | bounds with joy, to be
 At home at last! at home at last!

James Upham. 1869.

STRACATHRO. C. M.

Scotch Melody.

1. O GOD of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;

Who through this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led;

362

Jacob's Vow.
Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1737.
Michael Bruce. (1746—1767.) 1781. alt.

363

The hard Way.

- 1 OUR journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

- 2 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come !
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home.
- 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.
- 4 Eternal glories to the King,
Who brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab.

364

"A Priest for ever."
Ps. cx. 4. Heb. v. 6.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee ;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let me ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to me speak ;
In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And Thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay ;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more
And Christ shall be my song. [loud,
Rev. John Cennick. (1717-1755.) 1745. alt.

HEBER. C. M.

George Kingsley. (1811-) 1838.

1. IN all my Lord's ap - point-ed ways, My jour - ney I'll pur - sue ;

Hin - der me not, ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.

365 "Hinder me not."
Gen. xxiv. 56.
2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes ;
Hinder me not ! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at His command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
'To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not ! come, welcome death !
I'll gladly go with thee.

Rev. John Ryland. (1753-1825.) 1773. ab.

366 *The High-way to Zion.*
Is. xxxv. 8-10.
1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing :

Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, crying, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's
strength ;
Pursue His footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755.

NEARER MY HOME. 6, 6, 6, 4.

John M. Evans. 1863.

I. A CROWN of glo-ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yon-der realms of light

CHORUS.
Prepared for me. I'm near-er my home, nearer my home, nearer my home to-

day; Yes, nearer my home in heaven to-day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

367

"A Crown of Glory."

- 2 Jesus, be Thou my Guide,
And all my steps attend;
O keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my Friend.

- 3 Be Thou my Shield and Sun,
My Saviour and my Guard;
And when my work is done,
My great Reward.

Unknown Author. 1863. ab.

DAWN. S. M.

Rev. Edwin Pond Parker. (1836—) 1871.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Nearer my parting hour am I Than e'er I was be-fore.

368

Nearing Home.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;

- 3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus, to Thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.
Miss Phæbe Cary. (1825—1871.) 1852. ab. and alt.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is carried by the soprano and tenor parts. The lyrics are: "1. YOUR harps, ye tremb-ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake." The score includes a piano accompaniment in the lower register.

369 *Weak Believers encouraged.*

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break
through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;

Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1772. ab.

370 *Through the Sea.*

Ps. cvii. 24.

1 WE'RE bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme;
We leave the shore at His command,
Forsaking all for Him.

2 The Lord Himself will keep
His people safe from harm;
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship,
With His almighty arm.

3 Then let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore,
Where all the ransomed dwell.

4 And when we gain the land,
How happy shall we be!
How shall we bless the mighty Hand
That led us through the sea!

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1835.) 1809. ab.

HOMeward BOUND. 10, 4.

Calvin Sears Harrington. 1853.

Fine.

I. { OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ; }
 { Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ; }
 D. C. Promise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

D. C.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode.

371

Homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it
 We're homeward bound ; [roars ;
 Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly
 We're homeward bound ; [shores ;
 Steady ! O pilot, stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady ! we soon shall outweather the
 gale ; [sail ;
 O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking
 We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven we now
 glide,
 We're home at last ;
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last ;
 Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
 We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.

Anonymous. 1853.

SHINING SHORE. 8, 7. D.

George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1856.

S. *1st.* *2d. Fine.*

I. { MY days are gliding swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would
 not detain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and [Omit.] dan-ger ;
 D. S. just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis [Omit.] cov-er.

CHORUS.

D. S.

For, O we stand on Jordan's strand ; Our friends are pass-ing o - ver ; And

372

Jordan's Strand.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
"Let every lamp be burning:" *Cho.*
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;

- 4 That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing: *Cho.*
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come!" and there's
our home,
Forever, O forever: *Cho.*

Rev. David Nelson. (1793-1844.) 1835.

GOING HOME. L. M.

William Miller. (1810-) 1854.

I. { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }
{ Its glittering towers the sun out-shine; That heavenly man-sion shall be mine. }

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more,

To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

373 "My heavenly Home is bright and fair."

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
Be mine a happier lot to own, [flow,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

Rev. William Hunter. (1811-) 1843.

BETHANY. 6, 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1859.

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee: E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

374

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."
Gen. xxviii. 10—12.

- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams. (1805—1848.) 1840.

375

"Jesus is mine."

- 1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break, every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.
- 2 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. 1845. ab.

O.A.K. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason. 1854.

1. MORE love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee;

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

376

"More Love to Thee!"
John xxi. 17.

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss. (1819—) 1869.

377

"Jesus is mine."

- 1 Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine:
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.
- 2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine:
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine:
O what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Henry Joy McCracken Hope. (1809—1872.) 1852. ab.

GOSHEN. 11.

German Melody.

1. THE Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know ; I feed in green pastures, safe-fold - ed I rest ;

He lead - eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

378

"I will fear no evil."

Ps. xxiii. 4.

- 2 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.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more ?
- 4 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.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822.

379

"Faint, yet pursuing."

- 1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way ;
 The Lord is our Leader, His Word is our stay ;
 Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
 The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear ?
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint ;
 The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint ;
 The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
 But how can we falter ? our help is in God.

Unknown Author. 1858. ab.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

John Reading, (1690—1766.) 1760.

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

ex-cel-lent word ! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to

Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?

380

"Exceeding great and precious Promises."

2 Pet. i. 4.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress:
- 4 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

George Keith. 1787. ab.

MENDON. L. M.

German. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

I. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus thy great Cap - tain's gone.

381

The Christian Warfare.

- 2 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.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate:
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. ab. and alt.

382

"The good Fight."

1 Tim. vi. 12.

- 1 FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
Lay hold on life, and it shall be [right];
Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race through God's
good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;

Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

- 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell. (1811—) 1863.

383

The Call to Vigilance.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes:
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host:
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 3 Come, then, my soul, now learn to
wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of
hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should His faithful followers fear?

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773. ab.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795-1857.) 1832.

1. A-WAKE, our souls, away our fears, Let ev-ery trembling thought be gone ;

A - wake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer-ful cour - age on.

384

The Christian Race.

Is. xl. 28-31.

- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless
Is ever new, and ever young ; [power,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While such as trust their nativestrength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

385

Walking by Faith.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;

Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

386

The City yet to come.

Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 2 Zion ! Jehovah is her strength !
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are
blest :
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769-1855.) 1812, 1853. ab.

LABAN. S. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1830.

Musical score for the hymn "The whole Armor." It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are: "I. SOL-DIERS of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong". The second system also has a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are: "in the strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son." The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a steady rhythm.

387

"The whole Armor."
Eph. vi. 11-18.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;
- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
Rev. Charles Wesley. (1703-1788.) 1749. ab.

388

"Be on thy Guard."

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down ;

Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.

- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

George Heath. 1781.

389

"Watch and pray."
Eph. v. 14.

- 1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul ;
Say to me now, "Awake, awake !
And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
- 3 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be ;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee.
- 4 Myself I cannot save ;
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls. (1764—1838.) 1805.

I. A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;

390 "Keep the Charge of the Lord."
Lev. viii. 35.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1762.

391 "Weigh not thy Life."

- 1 MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil:

- For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Unknown Author.

392 God in All.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee;
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the Way,
In all be Thou the End.
- 3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

Rev. George Herbert. (1593—1632.) 1635. ab.

WEBB. 7, 6. D.

George James Webb. (1803—) 1830.

1. STAND up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban-ner,
D. s. Till ev-ery foe is vanquished,

Fine.
It must not suffer loss: From victory unto vic-tory His ar-my shall He lead,
D. S.
And Christ is Lord indeed.

393 "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, Jr. (1818—) 1858. ab.

394 "Go forward, Christian Soldier."

- 1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.
- 2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possess;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.
- 3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light;
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttielt. (1825—) 1866. ab

SPANISH HYMN. 7. D.

Spanish Melody.

Fine.

I. { BRETHREN, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear; }
 D. C. { Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end: }
 D. C. Soon the joy-ful news will come, "Child, your Fa-ther calls, come home!"

D. C.
 For-ward, then, with cour-age go; Long we shall not dwell be-low;

395 *The Conflict soon over.*

2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part:
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within;
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home!"

Rev. Joseph Swain. (1761-1796.) 1792.

396 *"Was von aussen und von innen."*

1 LORD, Thou art my Rock of strength,
 And my home is in Thine arms;
 Thou wilt send me help at length,
 And I feel no wild alarms.

Sin nor death can pierce the shield
 Thy defence has o'er me thrown;
 Up to Thee myself I yield,
 And my sorrows are Thine own.

2 When my trials tarry long,
 Unto Thee I look and wait,
 Knowing none, though keen and
 strong,
 Can my trust in Thee abate.
 And this faith I long have nursed
 Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
 Thou my heart didst open first,
 Thou didst set this hope in me.

3 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.
 Where the heart to Thee is true,
 All is peaceful, calm and still.

Rev. August Hermann Franke. (1663-1727.) 1711.
 Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829-) 1855. ab.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)

I. AM I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I

fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?

397

"Quit you like Men."

1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1720.

398

Pressing on.

Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

MAITLAND. C. M.

Aaron Chapin. c. 1820.

1. MUST Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.

399

No Cross, no Crown.

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.
- 5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall
ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed
sing,
That lives, no more to die.
- 6 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!

Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

G. N. Allen. vs. 1-3. 1849. alt.

400

"I am not ashamed."

² Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name,
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise
stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

EATHBUN. 8, 7.

Ithamar Conkey. (1815—1867.) 1851.



1. IN the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head su-blime.

401

Glorying in the Cross.
Gal. vi. 14.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
'Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.) 1825.

402

"God is Love."
1 John iv. 8.

- 1 God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness stream-
God is wisdom, God is love. [eth:
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

403

"I would love Thee."

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 I would love Thee: may Thy bright-
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes; [ness
I would love Thee: may Thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.
- 4 I would love Thee, I have vowed it:
On Thy love my heart is set;
While I love Thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

Madame Jeanne M. B. de la M. Guyon. (1648—1717.) 1710.

ELLESDIE. S, 7. D.

Arr. from Johann C. W. A. Mozart. (1756—1791.)

1. JE - SUS, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee ;

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
D. s. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own !

Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;

404

"We have left all."
Mark x. 28.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like man, untrue ;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
me,

Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father ;
I have stayed my heart on Thee :
Storms may howl, and clouds may
gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1825.

405

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase :
Fill each breast with consolation ;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise ;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

Unknown Author. 1775.

HAMBURG. (GREGORIAN.) L. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1825.

I. JE - SUS, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a - shamed of Thee?

A-shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?

406

Not ashamed of Jesus.
Rom. i. 16. Heb. ii. 11.

- 2 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.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg. (-1768.) 1765. ab. and alt.
Rev. Benjamin Francis. (1734—1799.) 1787.

407

Bearing the Cross for Christ.

- 1 My precious Lord, for Thy dear Name
I bear the cross, despise the shame;
Nor do I faint, while Thou art near;
I lean on Thee; how can I fear?
- 2 No other name but Thine is given
To cheer my soul, in earth or heaven;
No other wealth will I require;
No other friend can I desire.

- 3 Yea, into nothing would I fall
For Thee alone, my All in all;
To feel Thy love, my only joy,
To tell Thy love, my sole employ.

Moravian Collection. 1754. ab.

408

All in all.
Col. iii. 11.

- 1 IN Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high;
And Christ will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my Hope, my Strength, and
Guide; [died;
For me He bled, and groaned, and
He is my Sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme Delight.
- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss;
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend;
On Him alone I now depend.
- 4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my Salvation and my All,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

John Dobell's (1757—1840) Collection. 1806.

ASAPH. L. M.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (1809—1847.)



I. O THOU, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shin-eth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.

409 "Seelenbräutigam, o Du Gottes-Lamm."

- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as 'Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

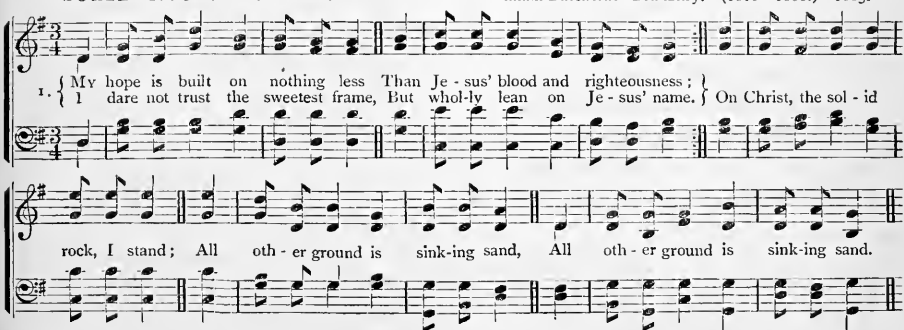
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart, [heart.
And raise my head, and cheer my
- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

Gerhard Tersteegen. (1697—1769.)

Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1738. ab.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 61.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1865.



1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; }
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name. } On Christ, the sol - id
rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

410 *The solid Rock.*

- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote. 1865.

MESSIAH. 7. D.

Louis Joseph Ferdinand Herold. (1791—1833.) 1830.
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.


I. JE-SUS, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of
life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; O receive my soul at last.

411 "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1740.

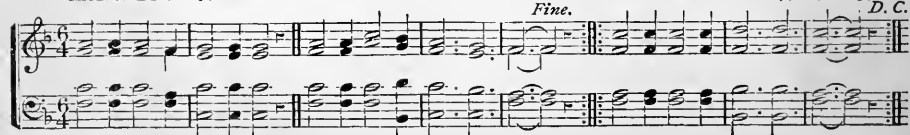
MARTYN. 7. D.

412 "All I want."

- 1 THOU, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 2 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740.

Simeon Butler Marsh. (1798—) 1834.



Fine. *D. C.*

HENDON. 7.

Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.

I. HARK, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear His word; Jesus speaks, and

speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me? Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

413 "Lovest thou Me?"

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

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

414 "Loving Him who first loved me."

- 1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace:
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Unknown Author. 1854. ab.

415 "Cast thy Burden upon the Lord."

Ps. lv. 22.

- 1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless,
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."
- 3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Rev. Rowland Hill. (1744—1833.) 1783, v. 1.
George Rawson. (1807—) 1857. ab. and much alt.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.

I. O FOR a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

416

"A closer Walk."
Gen. v. 24. 1 John ii. 6.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

417 *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

418

"Let us return."
Hos. vi. 1-4.

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

- 2 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light :
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground ;
- 5 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

Rev. John Morrison. (1749—1798.) 1781. ab.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1835.

HEATH. C. M.

I. As pants the hart for cool- ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.

Panting for God.
Ps. xlii.

- 419
- 2 For Thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine ?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none so blest as I.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find Him still
Thy health's eternal spring.
- Applied to cleanse my soul from
guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades pre-
vailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 4 Rise, Saviour, help me to prevail,
And make my soul Thy care ;
I know Thy mercy cannot fail :
Let me that mercy share.

Tate and Brady. 1696. alt.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

420 "O that I were as in Months past!"

Job xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab. and alt.

SESSIONS. I. M.

Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820—) 1847.

1. THE bil-lows swell, the winds are high, Clouds o - ver-cast my win - try sky ;

Out of the depths to Thee I call, My fears are great, my strength is small.

421

Storm and Tempest.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the
storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

422

Looking upwards.

- 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;

- When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep com-
plaint ?
Where, but with Thee, whose open
door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer
prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to
plead.

William Cowper. 1779. ab.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

Ami Bost. Arr. by Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1837.

1. When sins and fears pre-vail-ing rise, And faint-ing hope al-most ex-pires,
Je-sus, to Thee I lift mine eyes; To Thee I breathe my soul's de-sires.

423

"Ye shall live also."
John xiv. 19.

2 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?

3 If my Immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

Restoring and preserving Grace.
Ps. cxxviii.

424

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

2 The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the
great;
But from His throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

3 Amid a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;

Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

425

Christ all-sufficient.

1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art
near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath
died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me; [harm
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can
The weakest shielded by Thine arm.

James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1844.

WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

Crane. In Jocelin's Chorister's Companion. 1782.

1. O'er when the waves of passion rise, And storms of life conceal the skies, And o'er the ocean sweep,

Tossed in the long tempestuous night, We feel no ray of heavenly light To cheer the lonely deep.

426

The Tempest.

- 2 But lo, in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."
- 3 Ah, Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save,
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift walking on the wave.
- 4 He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.
- 5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of
Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise;
O, if Thy Spirit still remain,

Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749, ab. and alt.

427 "*Verzage nicht, du Hütlein klein.*"

- 1 FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes
faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown:
God is with us; we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.
- 3 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make
Fight for us once again! [bare;
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end.

Gustavus Adolphus. (1504—1632.) 1631. in prose.

Rev. Jacob Fabricius. (1593—1654.) 1631. in verse.

Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829—) 1855, ab. and alt.

WALES. 8, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1858.

1. THROUGH the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well: Free and changelless is His fa - vor;
D. S. Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;

Fine. All, all is well. Pre-cious is the blood that healed us; Per - fect is the grace that sealed us;
All must be well. *D. S.*

428 "All is well."

- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright-to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

Mrs. Mary Bowly Peters. (—1856.) 1847.

429 "A Friend above all others."

- 1 THERE'S a Friend above all others;
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how He loves!

- Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us;
O how He loves!
- 2 All thy sins shall be forgiven;
O how He loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven;
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee;
Naught but good shall e'er betide
thee;
Safe to glory He will guide thee;
O how He loves!
- 3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder;
O how He loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder;
O how He loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
O how He loves!

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. alt.
Miss Marianne Nunn. (1779—1847.)

STATE STREET. S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman. 1844.

1. JE - SUS, my Strength, my Hope, On Thee I cast my care,

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

430

Watching and Praying.
 Luke xviii. 1. Phil. iv. 13.

- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On Thee, Almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;
- 4 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain
 The consecrated cross.
- 5 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the Tempter fly ;
- 6 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

431

"Out of the Depths."
 Ps. cxxx.

- 1 OUT of the depths of woe,
 To Thee, O Lord, I cry ;
 Darkness surrounds me, but I know
 That Thou art ever nigh.
- 2 I cast my hope on Thee ;
 Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive ;
 Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
 Who in Thy sight could live ?
- 3 Humbly I wait on Thee,
 Confessing all my sin ;
 Lord, I am knocking at Thy gate ;
 Open, and take me in.
- 4 Glory to God above !
 The waters soon will cease ;
 For lo, the swift-returning Dove
 Brings home the sign of peace.
- 5 Though storms His face obscure,
 And dangers threaten loud,
 Jehovah's covenant is sure,
 His bow is in the cloud.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822. ab.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Annianus Davison. 1817.

1. HAVE mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind; Let
me, op - pressed with loads of guilt, Thy wont - ed mer - cy find.

432

"Have Mercy."
Ps. ii.

- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed, and, though con-
demned,
Must own Thy judgment right.

Tate and Brady. 1676. ab.

433

"Out of the Depths."
Ps. cxxx.

- 1 OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee,
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.
- 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.
- 3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the Precious Name.
- 4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;

Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821-) 1868.

434

Prayer for perfect Peace.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy fallen creature's cry,
And show Thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.
- 2 From hell's oppressive power,
From earth and sin release,
And to Thy Father's grace restore,
And to Thy perfect peace.
- 3 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from Thee.
- 4 O then, impute, impart,
To me Thy righteousness;
And let me taste how good Thou art,
How full of truth and grace.
- 5 That Thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

(Rev. Charles Wesley. 1747. ab.

DENFIELD. (AZMON.) C. M.

Carl Gotthilf Gläser. (1784—1829.) 1828.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.

I. O FOR a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly spilt for me !

435

"Make me a clean Heart."
Ps. li. 10.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

436

Spiritual Freedom.

- 1 O LORD, impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need ;
When Thou, the Son, shalt make me
I shall be free indeed. [free,
- 2 I cannot rest till in Thy blood
I full redemption have ;

- But Thou, thro' whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.
- 4 I too with Thee shall walk in white ;
With all Thy saints shall prove
The length, and depth, and breadth,
and height
Of everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740. ab. and alt.

437

For a tender Conscience.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved Thy love.

5 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1749. ab.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison. (1748—1810.) 1786.

1. JE - SUS, Thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad :

Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root - ed and fixed in God.

438 *The refining Fire of the Holy Spirit.*

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume :
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call ;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart ;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740. ab. and alt.

439

Breathing after Holiness.

Ps. cxix. 5, 133, 176, 35.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still ;
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do His will !

2 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

3 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip :
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

Spanish Melody. From Marchio.

i. LOVE Di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown :
D. s. Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart.

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

440

"Love Divine."

- 2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest ;
Take away our power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receivè ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
ing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1747. ab, and sl. alt.

441

Joy.

- i TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee :
Child of heaven, shouldst thou re-
pine ?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by
prayer :
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee
there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1833.

EDINBURG. 11.

Edward L. White. (—1851.)

I. I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God, I knew not my danger, and
felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Je-ho-vah, my
Sav-our, seemed nothing to me. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Hal-le-
lu-jah to the Lamb. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

A - men.

442

"The Lord our Righteousness."

- 2 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. *Cho.*
- 3 My terrors all vanished before His 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. *Cho.*
- 4 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! *Cho.*
- 5 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. *Cho.*

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1839.

1. My God, the Spring of all my joys, The Life of my de - lights,

The Glo - ry of my bright-est days, And Com - fort of my nights!

443

Licht in Darkness.

- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And He my Rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me
shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

444

Happiness only in God.

Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,

I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

- 2 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light ;
'Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 3 To Thee we owe our wealth and
friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner
things,
But they are not my God.
- 4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Guillaume Franck. 1545.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'God our Portion here and hereafter.' It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'I. GOD, my Sup - port - er and my Hope, My Help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy held me up When sink - ing in de - spair.'

445 *God our Portion here and hereafter.*
Ps. lxxiii. 23-28.

- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 4 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.
- 5 But 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

446 *Christ our Strength and Righteousness.*
Ps. lxxi

- 1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,

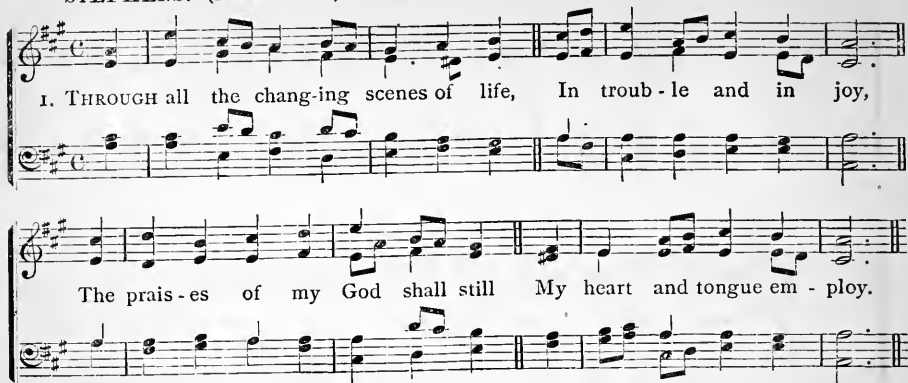
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy
strength
To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and
hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

STEPHENS. (NAYLAND.) C. M.

Rev. William Jones. (1726—1800.) 1784.



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

447

Safety in God.
Ps. xxxiv.

- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name:
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will
then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Tate and Brady. 1696. ab.

448

Great Things done for us.
Ps. cxvii.

- I WHEN God revealed His gracious
name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown
strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are
great,
And shout the blessings home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.

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

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

449 *Our Heavenly Father.*

- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O Everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
- 3 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling
hope,
And penitential tears.
- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab.

450 *The inner Calm.*

- 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.
- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.
- 3 Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;
- 4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;
- 5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
through
Who hate Thy holy Name.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

GLORY. S. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison. (1748-1810.) 1786.

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

451 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
 - 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
 - 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
 - 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground
- Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1709. ab.

452

"All in all."
Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 My God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art All in all.
- 2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;

- They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

453 *"Our Captain leads us on."*

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake My victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious
wreath,
And thou shalt reign with Me:

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith,
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in His might
The victor's meed receive ;
They claim a kingdom in His right,
Which God will freely give.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1703-1788.) 1749. ab. and sl. alt.

THATCHER. S. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685-1759.) 1732.

I. BE - HOLD what won-drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God !

454 *Adoption.*
1 John iii. 1. Gal. vi. 6.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure, [sin,
May purge our souls from sense and
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father ! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

Our House above.

455
1 WE have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands ;

And firm as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure ;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

3 Beneath our earthly load
We labor now and groan,
And hasten toward that house of
God,
And struggle to be gone.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given,
And then triumphantly come down
And take us up to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1759. ab. and sl. alt.

EWING. 7, 6. D.

Bp. Alexander Ewing. (-1873.) 1861.

1. IN heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-

fid - ing, For noth - ing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My

heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?

456

"I will fear no Evil."
Ps. xxiii. 4.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Miss Anna Lactitia Waring. 1850. sl. alt.

457

"O Jesu, meine Sonne."

1 I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee:
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me;
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee:
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought in dying,
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Rev. Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. (1801-1859.) 1833.
Tr. by Richard Massie. 1860. ab.

YARMOUTH. 7, 6. D.

1st time.

2d time.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1835.

1. { SOMETIMES a light surprises The Christian while he sings ; [the soul a-
It is the Lord who rises [Omit.....] With healing in His wings : When comforts are declining, He grants

gain A season of clear shining, A season of clear shining, A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.

458

Joy and Peace.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

459

"Shew forth His Salvation."

Ps. xcvi. 2.

- 1 To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings :
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story,
Of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleas'd, Thou shalt hear :
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode ;
There cast my crown before Thee ;
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee :
What can an angel more ?

Rev. Thomas Haweis. (1732—1820.) 1792.

DENNIS. S. M.

Hans Georg Naegeli. (1773-1836.) 1832.
Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816-1868.) 1849.

1. THE Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied: Since

He is mine, and I am His, What can I want be-side?

460

The Lord our Shepherd.
Ps. xxiii.

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup, with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1719.

461

Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.
Ps. ciii. 1-7.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

VARINA. C. M. 61.

Christian Heinrich Rink. (1770—1846.)
Arr. by George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1849.

I. FA - THER, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
The chang-es that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.

462 *"My Times are in Thy Hand."*
Ps. xxxi, 15.

- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Miss Anna Laetitia Waring. 1850. ab. and alt.

463 *Far off, yet near.*

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh.
- 2 We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
But still, Thou art not there:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?
- 3 O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, tho' veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest:
O come, 'Thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest.

Josiah Conder. (1789—1855.) 1822.

NAOMI. C. M.

Hans Georg Naegeli. (1768—1836.) 1832.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.

I. FA - THER, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—

- 464** "A calm, a thankful Heart."
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.
Miss Anne Steele. (1717—1778.) 1760. ab.

- 465** "Sweet Will of God."
1 I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.
2 I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet :
I cannot fear Thee, blesséd Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.
3 I have no cares, O blesséd Will,
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;

- God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most
wrong,
If it be His sweet will.
Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab.

- 466** *The Mysteries of Providence.*
1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

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

William Cowper. (1731-1800.) 1779.

Ignace Pleyel. (1757-1831.) 1791.

Arr. by Nahum Mitchell. (1770-1853.) 1812.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

1. WHILE Thee I seek, pro- tect- ing Power, Be my vain wish- es stilled; And may this con- se-
 crat- ed hour With bet- ter hopes be filled. Thy love the powers of thought be- stowed, To
 Thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer- cy o'er, my life has flowed, That mer- cy I a- dore.

467 *Habitual Devotion.*

2 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see:
 Each blessing to my soul more 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.

3 When gladness wings my favored 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 lowering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on Thee.

Miss Helen Maria Williams. (1762-1827.) 1786.

468 *Humble Reliance.*

1 MY God, my Father, blissful Name,
 O may I call Thee mine?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?
 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly;
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye?

2 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign,
 For Thou art good and just and wise:
 O bend my will to Thine.
 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear;
 And let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust His tender care.

Miss Anne Steele. 1760. ab.

WARD. L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

I. GOD is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade ;

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

469 *Safety and Triumph of God's People.*

Ps. xlvii.

- 2 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.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the City of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with
power.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. alt.

470

Divine Protection.

Ps. cxxi.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies :
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the
flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts He
made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, He guards our
way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
- 5 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719. ab.

GILEAD. L. M.

Etienne Henri Mehul. (1763-1817.)

I. THE Lord is King: lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens re-joice;
From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord om-nip-o-tent is King.

471 "The Lord reigneth."
Ps. cxvii.

- 2 The Lord is King: who then shall dare Resist His will, distrust His care, Or murmur at His wise decrees, Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King: child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just; Holy and true are all His ways: Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 O when His wisdom can mistake, His might decay, His love forsake, Then may His children cease to sing, The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder. (1789-1855.) 1824. ab.

Praising God forever.
Ps. cxlvi.

- 472**
- 1 God of my life, through all its days My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light, And warble to the silent night.
 - 2 When anxious cares would break my rest, And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
 - 3 When death or nature shall prevail, And all its powers of language fail,

- Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chained to flesh no more, With what glad accents shall I rise, To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown, The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702-1751.) 1755.

473 "Be still, and know that I am God."

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will! Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise: His ways are just, His counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs His work, the cause conceals;
And, tho' His footsteps are unknown, Judgment and truth support His throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed, That what He does is ever best.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717-1795.) 1818. ab.

FRANKLIN SQUARE. S. M.

Sylvanus Billings Pond. (1815—1871.) Before 1850.

I. GIVE to the wind thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-mayed;

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

474

"Befiehl du deine Wege."

- 2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt. (1606—1676.) 1659.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1739. ab.

475

Trust in Providence.
Matt. vi. 25. 1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;

Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt. 1659.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. 1739. ab.

476

Sailing on.

- 1 IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1772. ab.
and much alt.

DENNIS. S. M.

Hans Georg Naegeli. (1773—1836.) 1832.
 Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! "Come,
 cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care."

- 477** *God's Care a Remedy for ours.*
 1 Pet. v. 7.
- 2 While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell;
 That hand, which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide His children well.
 - 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind?
 Hasten to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
 - 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Down to the present day;
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,
 And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

- 478** *Safety in God.*
 Ps. xxxi.
- 1 MY spirit, on Thy care,
 Blest Saviour, I recline:
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 For Thou art Love Divine.
 - 2 In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.
 - 3 Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform;

Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.

- 4 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me;
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

- 479** *Importunity in Prayer.*
 Luke xviii. 1-7.
- 1 OUR Lord, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray, and never faint.
 - 2 He bows His gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain;
 Yet we must wait till He appear,
 And pray, and pray again.
 - 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry;
 Yes, though He may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
 - 4 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause His care.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. 1b. and alt.

ST. JUDE. 6. D.

Carl Maria Von Weber. (1786—1826.) 1820.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

480 "Mein Jesu, wie Du willst."

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a
tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.

Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolke. (1672—1737.) 1716.
Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1853. ab.

481 "Thy Way, not mine."

- 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me 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, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 2 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

AURELIA. 7, 6. D.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley. 1863.

1. I NEED Thee, pre-cious Je-sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and
guilt-y, My heart is dead with-in; I need the cleans-ing fount-ain Where
I can al-ways flee, The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.

482

"He is precious."
1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:

There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Rev. Frederick Whitfield. (1829—) 1859. ab. and si. alt.

483

"Still keep me."

- 1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

James George Deck. 1857. ab.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Thomas Augustine Arne. (1710—1778.) 1762.

1. WE long to move and breathe in Thee, In - spired with Thine own breath

To live Thy life, O Lord, and be Bap - tized in - to Thy death.

484

Baptism of Adults.

- 2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise in love;
We here are planted in Thy woe,
But we shall bloom above.
- 3 Above we shall Thy glory share,
As we Thy cross have borne;
E'en we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the thorns have worn.
- 4 Thy crown of thorns is all our boast,
While now we fall before
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And tremble, love, adore.

Unknown Author.

485

Profession and Covenant.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength
But on His grace rely,

That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1717—1795.) 1818.

486

Christ's Regard for Children.
Mark x. 13-16.

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

487

The Token of the Covenant.

- 1 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.
- 3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

- 4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;
- 5 Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow, that wears His cross,
Hereafter share His crown.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1832.

BERA. L. M.

John Edgar Gould. (1822—) 1849.



1. A LITTLE child the Sav- iour came, The mighty God was still His Name,
And an- gels worshipped, as He lay, The seeming in - fant of a day.

488 "Let little Children come to Me."

- 2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man, [free,
Proclaims from heaven the message
"Let little children come to Me."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine :
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.
- 4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard ;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

Rev. William Robertson. (—1743.) 1751. ab.

489 *Prayer for the Children of the Church.*

- 1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should
stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,

And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be
found ;

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 wanderers to Thy fold restore.

Mrs. Ann Bradley Hyde. (—1872.) 1824.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Arr. from Edward Francis Rimbault. (1816—)

I. { O HAP- PY day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. *Fine.*

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day. *D. S.*

490

The happy Bond.
 2 Chron. xv. 15.

- 2 O 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.
- 3 '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.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 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.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755.

491

Trusting the Merits of Christ.
 Phil. iii. 7-9.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
 O may my soul be found in Him,
 And of His righteousness partake.
- 4 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

MESSIAH. 7. D.

Louis Joseph Ferdinand Herold. (1791—1833.) 1830.
Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1833.

I. 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 spir - it turns, Turns, a fu - gi -
tive unblest; Brethren, where your al-tar burns, O receive me in - to rest!

492 *Choosing the Portion of God's Heritage.*
Ruth i. 16, 17.

2 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 can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853. ab.

493 *The burdened Pilgrim welcomed.*

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate:
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly light appears.

2 Hark, it is the Bridegroom's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest:

Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Sealed, by signs the chosen know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

Rev. George Crable. (1754—1832.) 1807. ab.

494 "Thine for ever!"

1 THINE for ever!—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
Thine for ever!—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

2 Thine for ever!—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
Thine for ever!—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude. 1848. ab.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

1. COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord, En - ter in Je - sus' pre - cious name ;

We welcome thee with one ac - cord, And trust the Sav - iour does the same.

495 "Come in!"

2 Those joys, which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove ;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows
known, [fears,
We'll share each other's hopes and
And count a brother's case our own.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1812. ab.

496 *Glorying in the Cross.*

1 AT Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

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

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on Thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

4 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

497 *The Table spread.*

1 My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly
food !

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for you the Victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

HEBRON. L. M.

Lowell Mason. 1830.

I. JE - SUS, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou light of men,

From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.

498 "Jesu, Dulcedo cordium."

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux. (1091—1153.) 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1838. ab.

499 *The sweet Wonders of the Cross.*

1 O THE sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died :
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding
side.

2 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

500 "Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit."

1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea :
"Jesus hath lived, and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who ought to my charge shall
lay ?

While, through Thy blood, absolved I
am

From sin's tremendous urch
and shame.

4 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.

5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice ;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

Count Nikolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf. (1700—1760.) 1739.
Tr. by Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1740. ab. †

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.

I. IF hu-man kindness meets re - turn, And owns the grate-ful tie;

If ten-der thoughts with-in us burn, To feel a friend is nigh;

501 *Grateful and tender Remembrance.*

- 2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?
- 3 While yet His anguished soul sur-
veyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed
"Meet, and remember Me."
- 4 Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy
shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas Noel. (1782—1851.) 1813.

502 *Remembrance pledged.*

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;

Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:
- 5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow
dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom
come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody. Hugh Wilson. 1768.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1836.

i. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with - in the doors,
While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores.

503

At the Table.

- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 3 "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?"
- 4 '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.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God ;
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1709.

504

The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven.

- i HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all Thy ways, we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they
praise,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From hence our spirits rise ;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1745.

505

"Worthy the Lamb."

- i "WORTHY the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love."
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy
sting ?
Thy victory, O Grave ?"

James Montgomery. 1825, 1853, ab.

MELODY. (CHELMSFORD.) G. M.

Aaron Chapin. 1813.

I. OUR souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Ce - ment - ed, mixed in one,

One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth be - gun.

506

"Knit together in Love."
Col. ii. 2.

- 2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke and fed and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows ;
But pour a mighty flood :
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God.
- 5 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
And sett'st Thy starry crown,
When all Thy sparkling gems shall
shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own ;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

Rev. William Edward Miller. (1766—1839.) 1800.

507

Resting in Hope.

- 1 My Lord, my Love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear ;
But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.
- 2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie ;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

Rev. John Mason. 1683. ab.

508

At Parting.

- 1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are joined in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do His work below.
- 3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742. ab.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)

I. COME, let us join our friends a - bove That have obtained the prize, And on the
 ea - gle wings of love, To joy ce - les - tial rise, To joy ce - les - tial rise.

509

One Church, one Army.

- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,
 One Church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 E'en now to their eternal home
 Some happy spirits fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant Guide ;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1759. ab. and alt.

510

"The Saints above."

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came ?
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod ;
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

SWEET HOME. 11.

Sir Henry Rowley Bishop. (1780—1855.) 1829.

i. 'MID scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to the soul is com-mu-nion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; pare me, dear Sav-iour, for glo-ry, my home.

511

"In Glory, at Home."

- 2 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.
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 4 Whate'er Thou deniest, O 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.
- 5 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.

VOX ANGELICA. 11, 10.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.

1. HARK, hark, my soul : an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :

How sweet the truth those bless'd strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

512

"Pilgrims of the Night."

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home. *Cho.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. *Cho.*
- 4 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
Life's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. *Cho.*
- 5 Angels, sing on : your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. *Cho.*

Rev. Frederick William Faber. (1814—1863.) 1849. ab. and alt.

BOYLSTON, S. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

513

Brotherly Love.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett. (1739—1817.) 1772.

514

Cross and Crown.

- 1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in
blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.
- 5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821—) 1852.

BADEA. S. M.

German Melody.

i. I LOVE Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.

515

Love to the Church.
Ps. cxxxvii.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight. (1752—1817.) 1800. ab.

516

The Blessedness of Gospel-times.
Is. lii. 7-9. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- i How beautiful are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!

Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited
for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

ST. MARTIN'S, C. M.

William Tansur. (1699—1774.) 1735.

I. A - RISE, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest ;

Lo, Thy Church waits with long - ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest.

517

Prayer of Dedication.

Ps. cxxii.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

518

God's Blessing invoked.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.
- 3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow
And pure devotion rise, [warm,
While round these hallowed walls the
storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant. (1794—) 1826.

519

On opening a Place for Worship. 7.
TUNE, PLEVEL'S HYMN, p. 17.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise :
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread ;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Hear reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825.

SICILY. 8, 7, 4.

Sicilian Melody.

I. { CHRIST is made the sure Foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and Cor - ner - Stone, }
Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the Church in one, }

Ho - ly Zi - on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

520 "Angulare Fundamentum."

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody ;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray ;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Unknown Author of the 8th century.

Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. ab.
and alt.

521

Zion secure.

Ps. cxv. 2.

1 ZION stands by hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine !

2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring Thee forth more
bright,
But can never cease to love Thee ;
Thou art precious in His sight :
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1806. ab.

PILGRIM. 8, 7. D.

George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.

1. TOSSED up - on life's rag - ing Lil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know, Thou didst press a sail-or's

pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe. Nev - er slumb'ring, nev - er sleep - ing, Though the

night be dark and drear, Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - ing, "All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.

522 *Christ on the Lake of Galilee.*

Mark iv. 35.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red;
Darkly tho' the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry,
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in Heaven's wide
haven,

Storm and tempest vex no more.

Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1847. alt.

523 *"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."* L. M.

TUNE, AMES, p. 35.

1 ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

2 I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and
death.

4 In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Emma C. Willard. (1787—1870.) 1830.

WAVE. 8, 7, 4.

Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816-1868.) 1844.

1. STAR of peace, to wan-derers wear-y, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi-lot's
vis-ion drear-y, Far, far at sea; Cheer the pi-lot's vis-ion drear-y, Far, far at sea.

524 *The guiding Star.*

- 2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;

Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

- 4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee:
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

Mrs. Jane Bell Cross Simpson. 1830. ab.

DRESDEN. L. M. 61.

Arr. by Aaron Williams. (1731-1776.) 1760.

1. ETERNAL Fa-ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave, Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own ap-point-ed lim-its keep; O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per-il on the sea.

525 *"For those in Peril on the Sea."*

- 2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst in the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,

And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

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

William Whiting. (1825-). 1860.

MIDDLETON. 8, 7, D.

English Melody.

Fine.

1. { Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God !
 He whose word can - not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a - bode : }
 D. C. With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

D. C.
 On the Rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose ?

526

The City of God.
 Is. xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they
 pray.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807). 1779.

527

"Igjennem Nat og Traengsel."

- 1 THRO' the night of doubt and sorrow,
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.

And before us through the darkness
 Gleaming clear the guiding Light ;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 And steps fearless through the night.

- 2 One the light of God's dear presence,
 Never in its work to fail,
 Which illumines the wild rough places
 Of this gloomy haunted vale.
 One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires.
- 3 One the strain which mouths of thou-
 sands
 Lift as from the heart of one ;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun,
 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the Resurrection shore,
 With One Father o'er us shining
 In His love for evermore.

Bernhardt Severin Ingemann. (1789—1862.

Tr. by Rev. Sabine Baring Gould. (1834—) 1867. ab.)

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830.

I. ON the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo, the sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome
news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands.

528

Good Tidings to Zion.
Is. lii. 7.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For Thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1806.

529

Light in the Darkness.
Matt. iv. 16.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day:
Send the Gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams. (1717—1791.) 1772. ab. and alt.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

William Croft. (1677-1727.) 1712.

I. O CIT - Y of the Lord, be - gin The u - ni - ver - sal song ;
And let the scattered vil - la - ges The joy - ful notes pro - long.

530

God praised for His Gospel.
Is. xlii. 10-12.

- 2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice ;
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accent rude, rejoice.
- 3 O from the streams of distant lands,
Unto Jehovah sing ;
And joyful from the mountain-tops
Shout to the Lord, the King.
- 4 Let all combined, with one accord,
The Saviour's glories raise,
Till, in the earth's remotest bounds,
The nations sound His praise.

Michael Bruce. (1746-1767.) 1781. ab.

531

The immovable Kingdom.

- 1 O WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came ?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong ;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God !

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
ing her,
And tempests are abroad ;

- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Ep. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. (1818-) 1833. alt.

532

The Millennium.
Micah iv. 1, 2. Is. ii. 1-4.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God they'll say,
And to His house, we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares soon they beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

6 Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce. 1781.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Thomas Augustine Arne. (1710—1778.) 1744.

I. DAUGHTER of Zi - on, from the dust Ex - alt thy fall - en head ;

A - gain in Thy Re - deem-er trust : He calls thee from the dead.

533 *The Restoration of Israel.*

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North."

4 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.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825, 1853.

534 *The Spirit creating all Things new.*

I SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed ;

Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word : that healing
sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
When Thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How shall the ransomed raise their
voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

James Montgomery. 1825, 1853.

HUMMEL. C. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795—1857.) 1832.

I. GREAT God, the na - tions of the earth Are by cre - a - tion Thine ;

And in Thy works, by all be - held, Thy ra - dant glo - ries shine,

535 *The Gospel for all Nations.*

Mark xiii. 10.

- 2 But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings
The spacious earth around, [spread
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of Thy praise.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons. (1720—1785.) 1769. ab. and alt.

536 *Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

Ps. cii. 13-21.

- I LET Zion and her sons rejoice ;
Behold the promised hour : [voice,
Her God hath heard her mourning
And comes t'exalt His power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes ;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;

Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

- 4 This shall be known when we are
And left on long record, [dead,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

537 *Prayer for Home Missions.*

- I ON Zion and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright.
- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Streamed forth from land to land ;
And empires now behold its day ;
And still its beams expand.
- 3 But ah, our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light ;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.
- 4 Thou, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let Thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

Bp. Henry Ustick Onderdonk. (1789—1858.) 1826. ab.

BEMINSTER. 7.

Bristol Collection.

1. SPREAD, O spread, thou might - y word, Spread the king - dom of the Lord,

Where - so - e'er His breath has given Life to be - ings meant for heaven.

538 "Walte, walte nah und fern."

2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who forever doth remove,
By His holy sacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.

4 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

5 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

6 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee:
Let the nations, far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

Rev. Jonathan Frederic Bahnmaier. (1774-1841.) 1823.
Tr. by Miss Catherine Winkworth. (1829-) 1858. ab.

539 Honoring the Lord with our Substance. 8, 7.
Prov. iii. 9.

1 WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let His friends of every station
Gladly join to spread His fame.

Rev. Benjamin Francis. (1734-1799.) 1787. ab.

540 Christ's universal Reign.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark, the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice:
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Rev. Leonard Bacon. (1802-) 1833.

MISSIONARY CHANT. I. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795-1857.) 1832.



I. YE Christian heralds, go, pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
To dis - tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

541

"Go ye into all the World."
Mark xvi. 15.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Mrs. Voke. 1816.

542

The Spirit accompanying the Word.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with
might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptizē the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;

The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery. (1771-1854.) 1825. ab.

543

Light in Darkness.
Is. ix. 2.

- 1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands.
Shall come Thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in Thy courts to worship Thee.
- 3 O light of Zion, now arise,
Let the glad morning bless our eyes:
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

Rev. Leonard Bacon. (1802-) 1845.

544

For a Missionary Meeting.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid; and, O impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

Rev. William Bengo Collyer. (1782—1854.) 1812. ab.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

John Hatton. c. 1790.

I. JE-SUS shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

545

Christ's Dominion.
Ps. lxxii.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume shall
rise

With every morning sacrifice.

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

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no
more;

In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;

Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab. and sl. alt.

546

The holy City purified and guarded.
Is. lii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Tho' humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's
strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and sl. alt.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6. D.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1823.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

547 "From Greenland's icy Mountains."

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783—1826.) 1819.

548 *The final Reign of Christ.*

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign ?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply :
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

James Edmeston. (1791—1867.) 1822. alt.

549 "The Gospel Banner."

1 Now be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world :
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.

The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830. ab.

WEBB. 7, 6. D.

George James Webb. (1803—) 1830.

1. THE morn-ing light is break-ing, The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
D. S. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,

To pen-i-ten-tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o-ccean Brings tid-ings from a-far
D. S. Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

550 "The Morning Light is breaking."

- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808—) 1831. ab.

551 "Hail to the Lord's Anointed!"

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;

- Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822. ab.

HERALD ANGELS. 7. D.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (1809-1847.) 1846.

1. Go, ye mes - sengers of God, Like the beams of morn - ing fly; Take the won - der - working rod,

Wave the ban - ner cross on high: { Where the loft - y min - a - ret }
{ Gleams a - long the morning skies, } Wave it till the crescent set,

And the "Star of Ja - cob" rise; Wave it till the crescent set, And the "Star of Ja - cob" rise.

552 "Go, ye Messengers of God."

- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th'oppressed forever weep.
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Rev. Joshua Marsden. 1812.

553 *The Victory anticipated.*

Ps. lxxii.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more
- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of Heaven.

Miss Harriet Auber. (1773-1862.) 1829. ab.

BENEVENTO. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe. (1740—1816.) c. 1770.

I. SEE, how great a flame aspires, Kindled by a spark of grace: Je - sus' love the
d. s. Kindled in some hearts it is; O that all might
na-tions fires, Sets the kingdoms on a blaze. Fire to bring on earth He came;
catch the flame, All par-take the glo-rious bliss.

554 "Jesus' Love the Nations fires."

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
Lo, the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above;
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the riches of His love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749. ab. and sl. alt.

555 "The Song of Jubilee."

1 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.

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

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

James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1825. 1717.

HARK, THE VOICE. 8, 7, D.

Philip P. Van Arsdale. (1816—) 1869.

1. HARK, the voice of Je - sus calling, Who will go a - way to-day? Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
D. S. Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing,
Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free:
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

Fine. *D. S.*

556

Your Mission.

- 2 If you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite ;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all ;
If you can not rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
- 4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly, when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March. (1816—) 1869.

557

"Come over and help us."

Acts xvi. 9.

- 1 HARK, what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die."
Lost and helpless and desponding,
Wrapt in error's night they lie ;
To their cries your hearts responding,
Haste to help them ere they die.
- 2 Hark, again those lamentations
Rolling sadly through the sky ;
Louder cry the heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die."
Hear the heathen's sad complaining ;
Christians, hear their dying cry ;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die.

Rev. John Cawood. (1775—1852.) 1819. alt.

558

The Call to Service.

- 1 WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling ;
'To be living is sublime.
Hark, the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray.
Hark, what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight ;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right !

On ! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad.
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. (1818—) 1840.

CRAWFORD. 8, 7. D.

Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820—) 1863.

Fine.

I. { SAVIOUR, sprin- kle man- y na- tions, Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be ; }
By Thy pains and con- so - la - tions, Draw the Gen- tiles un - to Thee : }
D. C. Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold.

D. C.

Of Thy Cross the wondrous sto - ry, Be it to the na- tions told ;

559 "So shall He sprinkle many Nations."
Is. lii. 15.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain ;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretch'd the hand, and strained the
For Thy Spirit, new creating [sight,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. 1851.

560 *Sowing and Reaping.*

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above :
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine ;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear ;
Look again : the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1836.

TELL THE STORY. 7, 6, D.

William Gustavus Fischer. (1835—) 1869.

1. I LOVE to tell the sto-ry, Of un-seen things above, Of Je-sus and His glory, Of Je-sus and His love.

I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.
I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Jesus and His love.

561

"I love to tell the Story."

- 2 I love to tell the story ;
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ! .
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat,
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.
- 4 I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey. 1865.

562

"The Lord's Salvation."
[Omitting the Chorus.]

- 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.
How long the holy City
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity ;
Rebuild her walls again.
- 2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see ;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

563

"The blood-red Banner."
[Omitting the Chorus.]

- 1 UPLIFT the blood-red banner,
And shout, with trumpet's sound,
Deliverance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound;
Earth's jubilee of glory,
The year of full release:
O tell the wondrous story,
Go forth and publish peace.

- 2 Go forth, Confessors, Martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ;
For Christ claim every nation,
Your banner wide unfurled;
Go forth and preach salvation,
Salvation for the world.

Benjamin Gough. (1805—) 1865. ab.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7, 6, D.

William Howard Doane. (1832—) 1869.

1. TELL me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of
p. s. For I am weak and wea - ry, And
Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, Tell me the old, old
help-less and de - filed.

Fine. *D. S. CHORUS.*

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

564

"Tell me the old, old Story."

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

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

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

Miss Kate Hankey. 1865.

LOUVAN. L. M.

Virgil Corydon Taylor. (1817-) 1847.

I. MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right To ev-ery ser-vice I can pay,
And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dic-tates and o-bey.

565

Serving Christ.
Phil. i. 22.

2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702-1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

566

For Grace to surrender all.

1 JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are Thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey;

Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

James Montgomery. (1771-1854.) 1825. ab.

567

The useful Life.

1 GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;

The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,

The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808-) 1857. ab.

568

Adorning the Doctrine.
Titus ii. 10-13.

1 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.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God ;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and
Our inward piety approve. [love,
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blesséd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709. sl. alt.

Grief for the Sins of Men.
Ps. cxix. 136, 158.

- 569**
1 **ARISE**, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded thro' the Són ;
The world abused, the soul undone.
- 3 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the firebrands from the
flame.
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755. ab. and alt.

The Vision of dry Bones.
Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 570**
1 **LOOK** down, O Lord, with pitying eye :
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
And can these perished bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to Thee is known ;
That wondrous work is all Thine own.

- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till Thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of
death :
Dry bones obey Thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when Thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the
ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755.

571

"Come, Sacred Spirit !"
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

- 1 **COME**, Sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy god-like power be known.
- 2 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.
- 3 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755. ab.

572

Hoping for a Revival.

- 1 **WHILE** I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is Mine.
- 2 Though for a time I hide My face,
Rely upon My love and power ;
Still wrestle at a throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour."

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab.

MIDDLETON. 8, 7, D.

English Melody.

Fine.

I. { SAV - IOUR, vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain : }
 All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain. }
 D. C. Lest, for want of Thine as - sist - ance, Ev - ery plant should droop and die.

Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high, D. C.

573

Prayer for Rain.

- 2 Once, O Lord, Thy garden flourished ;
 Every part looked gay and green ;
 Then Thy word our spirits nourished :
 Happy seasons we have seen.
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see :
 Lord, Thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from Thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent ;
 Make us prevalent in prayer ;
 Let each one esteemed Thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snare.
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive Thy work afresh.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779. ab. and alt.

574

Prayer for Light.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,

- Come, and by Thy love's revealing
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart :
 Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race ;
 Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel-grace.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince,
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By Thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release,
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1745

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Arr. from John Day's Psalter. 1562.

I. YE serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait, Ob-

serv - ant of His heaven-ly word, And watch - ful at His gate.

575

The watchful Servant.

Luke xii. 35-38.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, He's near :
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.
Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. sl. alt.

576

Sowing beside all Waters.

Is. xxxii. 20.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles
grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
 - 3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale alike 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
 - 4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
 - 5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
 - 6 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, " Harvest home! "
- James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1825. ab.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

1. CHRIST for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and

them that mourn, The faint and o - verborne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

577

"Christ for the World."

- 2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.
- 3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.
- 4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott. (1813—) 1869.

578

"Speed on Thy Word."

- 1 LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:
O let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed His word.
- 2 Hail, blesséd Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!
- 3 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His word.

Rev. Hugh Stowell. (1799—1865.) 1854 ab. and sl. alt.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.

1. SOUND, sound the truth a - broad, Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world:

Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the day is won, And from his loft - y throne Sa - tan is hurled.

579

Called to Missionary Work.
Is. lviii. 1.

- 2 Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's own command,
Bear ye His name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door;
Silence is shame.

- 3 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1820. ab.

580

"Let there be Light!"
Gen. i. 3. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day

Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

- 4 Blesséd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

Rev. John Marriott. (1780—1825.) 1813.

FAITHFUL. C. M.

Samuel Parkman Tuckerman. (1818—) 1848.

I. THROUGH sorrow's night and dan-ger's path, A - mid the deepening gloom,

We, soldiers of an in - jured King, Are marching to the tomb.

581 "Marching to the Tomb."

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall
rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,

And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

Henry Kirke White. (1785—1806.) 1806.

582 *The March to Canaan.*

- 1 FORTH to the Land of Promise bound,
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.
- 2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.
- 3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.
- 4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1828.

AVON. (MARTYRDOM.) C. M.

Hugh Wilson. 1768.

1. WHEN lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trem-bling house of clay,

'Tis sweet to look be-yond the cage, And long to fly a-way ;

583

In Sickness.

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own ;
- 4 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend ;
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His ;
- 6 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady. (1740—1778.) 1776. ab.

584

Dying Hymn.

- 1 EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills.
Ye gates of death, give way.
- 2 My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight ;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.
- 3 The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.
- 4 That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go :
I know that my Redeemer lives,
That I shall live, I know.
- 5 The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King :
O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting !

Miss Alice Cary. (1820—1871.) 1870.

REST. L. M.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1843.

1. A-SLEEP in Je - sus: blesséd sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - disturbed re - pose; Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

585

"Asleep in Jesus."

- 2 Asleep in Jesus: O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus: peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus: O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high
- 5 Asleep in Jesus: far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay. 1832. ab.

586

The Death of the Righteous.
Num. xxiii. 10.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternated well:
How bright th' unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773. ab. and alt.

587

At the Interment of a Body.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
 Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed:
 Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
 The morning break, and pierce the
 shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
 Attend, O earth, His sovereign word ;
 Restore thy trust : a glorious form
 Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1734. alt.

ROSEDALE. L. M.

George Frederick Root. (1820—) 1843.

1. WHY should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mor-tals are :

Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

588 *Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in
 haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

2 The race appointed I have run,
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won,
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
 I bow before Thee in the dust ;
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at Thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I held so dear ;
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless prove a Friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
 I give my spirit to Thy hand ;
 Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home :
 Now, O my God, let trouble cease ;
 Now let Thy servant die in peace.

Michael Bruce. (1746—1767.) 1781.

589 *Dying in the Lord.*

1 THE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home :
 At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
 And let Thy servant die in peace.

MAGDALENE. 6, 5.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me ; Lest by base de - ni - al I de-part from Thee :

When Thou seest me wav-er, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf-fer me to fall.

590

The Hour of Trial.

- 2 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice :
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drain the cup.
- 3 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
'To eternal life.
James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1853. ab.

591

House set in Order.

- 1 SET thy house in order,
Thou shalt die, not live ;

- May the voice to each one
Solemn warning give :
Pilgrims here and strangers,
Weak and frail alike,
Who can tell among us
Where the blow may strike ?
- 2 Set thy house in order,
All its bulwarks tell ;
Try the ground beneath thee,
Stir and delve it well :
Soon shall break the tempest ;
Would'st thou bide the shock ?
Hearer be and doer,
Founded on the rock.
- 3 Set thy house in order,
Gather up thy stores,
Every weapon brighten
For thy Captain's wars
Sort out all thy treasures,
Earthly dross remove ;
Three alone are lasting,
Faith, and hope, and love.
Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1865. ab.

592

Journeying on.

- 1 BRIGHTER still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.
- 2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;

Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

- 3 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal ;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring. (1823—) 1854. ab.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1831.

i. LOW-LY and solemn be Thy children's cry to Thee, Fa-ther Di-vine: A hymn of

suppliant breath, Owing that life and death, Owing that life and death Alike are Thine.

593

A Funeral Hymn.

- 2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou.
- 3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;

From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God

- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine :
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans. (1794—1835.) 1832. ab.

CHINA. C. M.

Timothy Swan. (1758-1842.) 1800.

I. WHY do we mourn de - part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.

594 *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more
slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members
rest
But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674-1748.) 1709.

595 *Why should we weep?*

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

Rev. John Rippon. (1751-1836.) 1787. ab.

596 *The Blessedness of dying Saints.*

Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven
proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are:
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

597 *Death of an Infant.*

1 WITH joy I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er the Saviour's face;
While infants in His tender arms
Receive His smiling grace.

2 "I take these little lambs," said He,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in Me,
In Me be ever blest.

3 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve My love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

4 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
"Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever Thine."

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab.

ENOS. 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

Uzziah C. Burnap. (1834—) 1869.

1. No, no, it is not dy - ing To go un - to our God, This gloomy earth for -
sak - ing, Our journey homeward tak - ing, A - long the star - ry road.

598 *"Non, ce n'est pas mourir."*

2 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."

3 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

5 O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind:
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, drops alone we find.

Rev. Cesar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1841.
Tr. by Prof. Robinson Potter Dunn. (1825—1867.) 1852.

GORTON. S. M.

Ludwig von Beethoven. (1770—1827.)

I. FOR ev - er with the Lord: A - men, so let it be; Life
from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

599 "For ever with the Lord."

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 "Forever with the Lord;"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
- James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1835. ab.

600 "The Death of the Righteous."

- 1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord:
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,

Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.
- Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808—) 1831.

601 *Resting in Hope.*

- 1 REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.
- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine nomore
Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power :
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser. (1825—) 1849.

I. FAR from my heaven - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest."

602

Far from Home.
Ps. cxxxvii.

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung :
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue ?
3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.
4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road :
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saint's abode ?
5 God of my life, be near :
On Thee my hopes I cast ;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

603

"Non, ce n'est pas mourir."

1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,

And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.
3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the
air
Of boundless liberty.
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1841.
Tr. by Rev. George Washington Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1847.

PEARSALL. 7, 6. D.

Katholisches Gesangbuch.

1. THE world is ver-y e - vil, The times are waxing late; Be so-ber and keep vig-il, The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge that comes in mercy, The Judge that comes with might, To terminate the e - vil, To di - adem the right.

604

"Hora novissima."

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
- 3 O Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn.
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.

Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1858. ab. and sl. alt.

605

"Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen."

- 1 REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.

The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

- 3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti. (1660—1722.)

Tr. by Miss Jane Borthwick. 1853. ab. and sl. alt.

606

The Pilgrims of Jesus.

- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men ;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.
- 2 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus wearth,
He wearth it for you.

- The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure :
- 3 What are they, but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth ?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies ;
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium. (—883.)
Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862. ab. and sl. alt.

WARSAW. II. M.

Thomas Clark. 1804.

1. COME, every pi-ous heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest powers exert To

cel-e-brate His fame : Tell all above, and all below, The debt of love to Him you owe.

607

The Lord will come.

- 2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What He endured, O who can tell,—
To save our souls from death and hell !
- 3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead ;
And thence His mighty foes

- In glorious triumph led :
Up thro' the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.
- 4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see His lovely face
And ever be in His embrace.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1787. ab.

HARWELL. 8, 7, 61.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1840.

1. { HARK, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove! } See, He sits on yonder throne;
 Je-sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je-sus reigns, the God of love; } See, He sits on yonder throne;

Je-sus rules the world a-lone; See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.

608

Worshipped of Angels.
Heb. i. 6.

2 King of glory, reign forever!
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine
 Happy objects of Thy grace, [own;
 Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

Rev. Thomas Kelly. (1769—1855.) 1804. ab.

609

"Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne?"

1 WHO are these like stars appearing,
 These, before God's throne who
 stand?

Each a golden crown is wearing,
 Who are all this glorious band?
 Alleluia! hark, they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
 For their Saviour's honor long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng:
 These, who well the fight sustained,
 Triumph thro' the Lamb have gained.

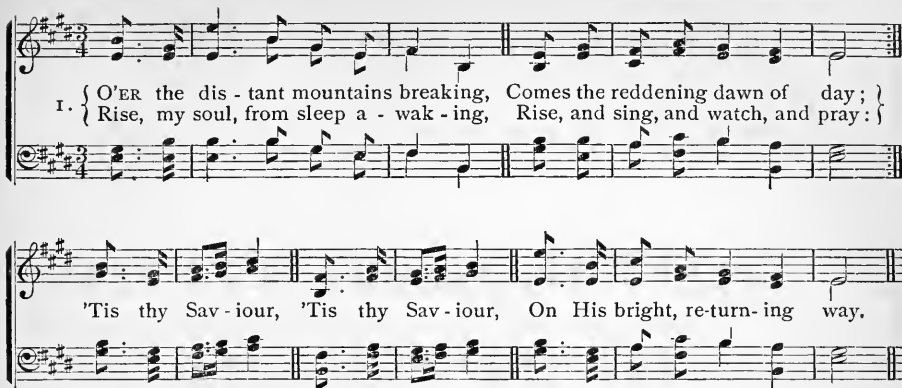
3 These, like priests have watched and
 waited,
 Offering up to Christ their will,
 Soul and body consecrated,
 Day and night they serve Him still:
 Now, in God's most holy place,
 Blest they stand before His face.

4 Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds
 them,
 On Mount Zion's pastures fair;
 From His central throne He leads
 them
 By the living fountain there:
 Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
 Free He gives the cooling stream.

Rev. Heinrich Theodor Schenk. (—1727.)
Tr. by Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. ab.

TAMWORTH. 8, 7, 4.

Charles Lockhart. (—1816.) c. 1790.



I. { O'ER the dis-tant mountains breaking, Comes the reddening dawn of day; }
 { Rise, my soul, from sleep-a-wak-ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray: }

'Tis thy Sav-iour, 'Tis thy Sav-iour, On His bright, re-turn-ing way.

610

"Surely I come quickly."

Rev. xxii. 20.

- 2 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
 Far away from Thee I pine;
 When, O when, shall I the gladness
 Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
 O my Saviour,
 When shall I be wholly Thine?
- 3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand;
 Keep me in my lowly station,
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,
 O my Saviour,
 In Thy bright and promised land.
- 4 With my lamp well-trimmed and burn-
 ing,
 Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
 Watching for Thy glad returning
 To restore me to my home,
 Come, my Saviour,
 O my Saviour, quickly come.

Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell. (1811—) 1863. ab.

611

Christ's Second Coming.

- 1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain;

- Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold
 Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All His saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.
- 4 Yea, amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1758.
 Rev. Martin Madan. (1726—1790.) 1760. ab.

TAPPAN. C. M.

George Kingsley. (1811—) 1838.

I. ON Jordan's rug-ged banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's

fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

612

The Promised Land.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:

Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. (1727—1795.) 1787. ab.

613

Heavenly Hope.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls. (1764—1838.) 1805.

The

1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our be- lieving eyes:
The earth and seas are earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll- ing skies.
The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.
The earth and seas are passed a-way, passed a-way, The earth and seas are passed a - way.

614 "A new Heaven and a new Earth."
Rev. xxi. 1-4.

- 2 From the third heaven where God re-
That holy, happy place, [sides,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the
From every weeping eye; [tears
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die." [fears,
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

615 "Sweet Fields."

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

- Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709.

EWING. 7, 6. D.

Bp. Alexander Ewing. (—1873.) 1861.

I. JE - RU - SA - LEM the gold-en, With milk and hon-ey blest, Be-neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-press: I know not, O I know not, What so - cial joys are there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What light be-yond compare.

616

"Urbs Syon aurea."

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.

Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. alt.

617

"O bona Patria."

- 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;

- For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only Mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints built up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ;
 Thou hast no time, bright day :
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away.
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.
 Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. 1851. alt.

618 "*Urbs Syon inclitya, Gloria.*"

1 JERUSALEM the glorious,
 The home of the elect,
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect :
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en here thy walls discern ;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive and pant and yearn.

2 New mansion of new people,
 Whom God's own love and light
 Promote, increase, make holy,
 Identify, unite.
 And there the band of prophets
 United praise ascribes,
 And there the twelve-fold chorus
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes.

3 And there the Sole-Begotten
 Is Lord in regal state ;
 He, Judah's mystic Lion,
 He, Lamb immaculate.
 O fields that know no sorrow,
 O state that fears no strife,
 O princely bowers, O land of flowers,
 O realm and home of life.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.
 Tr. by Rev. John Mason Neale. 1851. alt.

619 *The Saints marching up.*

1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :

'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin :
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky ;
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
 O day, for which Creation
 And all its tribes were made ;
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore ;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more.
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late :
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.) 1866.

620 *The Country beyond the Stars.*

1 MY soul, there is a country
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged sentry,
 All skilful in the wars.
 There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.

2 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thine ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan. (1621—1695.) 1650.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D.

Jean Maria Giromovichi. (1745—1804.)

1. O MOTHER dear, Je-ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py har - bor of God's saints, O

sweet and pleasant soil; In thee no sorrow can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

621 "O Mother dear, Jerusalem."

- 2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!
- 3 Right through thy streets with pleasing
sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side.
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripened
fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

- 4 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.
O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Rev. Francis Baker. 1616. alt.
Rev. David Dickson. (1583—1663.) 1649. ab.

622

Resigned to Death.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise:
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who reap the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host to appear,
 And worship at Thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 I come, to find them all again
 In that eternal day.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1759. ab.

RHINE. C. M.

Arr. from Friedrich Burgmüller. (1804—) c. 1840.

I. JE - RU - SA - LEM, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labors
 have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? In joy, and peace, and thee?

623 "Jerusalem, my happy Home."

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 And pearly gates behold; [walls
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
 3 O when, thou City of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
 4 There happier bowers than Eden's
 bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats, through rude and stormy
 scenes
 I onward press to you.
 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end
 When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown. Williams and Boden's Collection. 1801. ab.

CONTRAST. 8. D.

Jonathan Edson, 1782.

Fine.

I. YE an-gels, who stand round the throne, And view my Im-mn-u-el's face,
In rap-turous songs make Him known, Tune all your soft harps to His praise : }
d. c. When oth-ers sunk down in de-spair, Con-firmed by His pow-er, you stood.

He formed you the spir-its you are, So hap-py, so no-ble, so good ;

D. C.

624

Panting for Heaven.

- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat :
He snatched you from hell and the
grave,
He ransomed from death and despair ;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong :
I'm fettered, and chained up in clay ;
I struggle, and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name ;
I want, O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder, and worship with you.

Miss Maria De Fleury. 1791.

625

"The King in His Beauty."

Is. xxxiii. 17, 24.

- 1 I LONG to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The King in His beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love :
I languish and die to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed His abode ;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God !
- 2 With Him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word ;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.
But when, on Thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in Thee.
- 3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the City above !
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give ;
And when from the body set free,
O then to the City receive.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708-1788.) 1762. ab.

BEULAH. 7. D.

Irish Melody. Arr. by Elam Ives, Jr. (1802—1864.) 1846.

1. WHAT are these in bright ar - ray, This in - num - er - a - ble throng, Round the al - tar night and day,
D. S. Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain,

Fine. Hymning one tri - umphant song: "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,
New do - min - ion ev - ery hour." *D. S.*

626

The Song of the Sealed.
Rev. vii. 9-16.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great afflictions came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.
James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1819, 1853.

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.

- 2 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.
- 3 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 heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Rev. Thomas Raffles. (1783—1863.) 1812. ab. and alt.

627

The happy Saints.

- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. 7, 6, 7, 5. Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)

1. WORK, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is spark - ling,
D. S. Work, for the night is com - ing,

Fine. Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
When man's work is done. *cres.* *D. S.*

628

Work.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Rev. Sidney Dyer.

WOODLAND. C. M. 51.

Nathaniel D. Gould. (1781—1864.) 1832.

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for

souls distrest, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis found a - bove, in heaven.

629

The Heavenly Rest.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;

- And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal,
bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan. (1794—1849.) 1822, 1846.
ab.

WE SHALL MEET. 8, 6, 7, 7, 6.

Hubert Platt Main. (1839—) 1867.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, By-and-by, by-and-by; And the dark-ness
shall be o-ver, By-and-by, by-and-by; With the toil-some jour-ney done, And the
glo-rious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By-and-by, by-and-by.

630

"We shall meet."

- 2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
- 3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by;

- And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend, and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.
- 4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
All the blest ones who have gone
To the land of life and song,
We with shoutings shall rejoice,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

Rev. John Atkinson. 1867.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8, 7.

Rev. William McDonald. (1820—) 1858.

I. IN the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest; There my Saviour's

gone be-fore me, To ful-fil my soul's re-quest. } CHORUS.
 { There is rest for the wea-ry,
 { On the oth-er side of Jordan,

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you. }
 In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

631 "Rest for the Weary."

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*
- 3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial centre
 I a crown of life shall wear. *Cho.*
- 4 And the grave shall then be conquer'd,
 And the sting of death be lost;
 And our bark, all safely anchored,
 Never more be tempest-tost. *Cho.*
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gate will ope before ye,
 You shall find an entrance thro'. *Ch.*

Rev. Samuel Young Harmer. (1809—) 1856.

632 *The Multitude before the Throne.*

[Omitting the Chorus.]

- 1 HARK the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah! Lord to Thee.
- 2 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stand,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hand.
- 3 They have come from tribulation,
 And have washed their robes in
 blood,
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were, and firm they stood.
- 4 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And by death to life immortal
 They were born, and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite.

6 Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth. (1807—) 1863. ab.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER. 8, 7.

Rev. Robert Lowry. (1826—) 1864.

1. SHALL we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod ; With its crys- tal tide for-

CHORUS.

ev - er Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the

beau-ti - ful riv - er ; Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

633

The River of Life.

Rev. xxii. 1.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day. *Cho.*

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne. *Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;

Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace. *Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

Rev. Robert Lowry. 1864.

NEW JERUSALEM. 7, 6, 7, 7, 7.

Old English Melody.

1. WE are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet a-round His throne,
When He makes His peo-ple one In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

634

"New Jerusalem."

- 2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
||: From the new: || Jerusalem.
- 3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun,
O trembling morning-star,
Our journey's almost done
||: To the new: || Jerusalem.

- 4 O holy, heavenly Home,
O rest eternal there:
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care
||: In the new: || Jerusalem.
- 5 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord, Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with Thee
||: To the new: || Jerusalem.

Rev. Charles Beecher. (1819—) 1857.

LISCHER. II. M.

Friedrich Schneider. (1786—1853.) 1840.

1. { SAFE Home, safe Home in port! Rent cord-age, shat-tered deck, }
{ Torn sails, pro-vis-ions short, And on - ly not a wreck: } But O the joy up - on the shore,
To tell our voy - age per - ils o'er! To tell... our voy - - - age per - ils o'er!
To tell our voy - age, &c.

635

"Safe Home."

2 No more the foe can harm :
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly had he failed,
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

3 The lamb is in the fold
 In perfect safety penned :
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end ;
 But One came by with wounded side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

Joseph of the Studium. (—883.)
 Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1862. ab.

JOYFULLY. 10. D.

Rev. Abraham Dow Merrill. (1796—) 1845.

I. { JOY - FUL - LY, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright
 { An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

spir - its a - bove ; } { Soon with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low, }
 haste to thy home. } { Home to that land of de - light will I go ; } Pil - grim and

stran - ger, no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

636

Moving onward.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed
 on before,
 Waiting, they watch me approaching
 the shore ;
 Singing to cheer me through death's
 chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
 Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear ;
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high
 dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay
 me low,
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the
 blow ;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the
 tomb ;
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre
 be gone ;
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Rev. William Hunter. (1811—) 1843.

BENEVENTO. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe. (1740—1816.) c. 1770.

I. WHILE with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the former year, Man - y souls their
D. s. They have done with all be-low; We a lit - tle

race have run, Never - more to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ter - nal state,
long - er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

637

The new Year.

- 2 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.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807). 1779.

638

The old Year.

- 1 THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our thanks shall rise to Thee:

Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful praises swell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell.

- 2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more:
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.
- 3 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse each heart and make us
Thine;
Let Thy grace within us live,
As our future suns decline;
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, let us fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1832.

639

For New Year's Eve.

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our songs 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.

2 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore 'Thine own;
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

Rev. Henry Downton. (1818—) 1839. ab.

COME, LET US ANEW. 11, 5.

Samuel Webbe. c. 1770.

1. COME, let us a-new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand
still, till the Master ap-pear. His a-dor-a-ble will Let us gladly ful-fil, And our
tal-ents im-prove { By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love, }
{ By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of..... } love.

1st time. *2d time.*

640

New Year's Day.

2 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.

3 O that each in the day
Of His coming might say,
"I have fought my way through,
"I have finished the work Thou didst
give me to do."
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into My joy, and sit down on My
throne."

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1783.) 1750.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Guillaume Franck. 1545.

I. OUR God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home :

641

Man frail, and God eternal.
Ps. xc.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

642

God's eternal Dominion.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we :
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view ;
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are
drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares ;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art Thou,
What worthless worms are we ;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. ab.

DOWN'S. C. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

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

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

643 *Mercies of God recounted.*

- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast
Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison. (1672—1719.) 1712. ab.

644 *Thanksgiving for Preservation of Life.*
Ps. cvii.

- 1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass un-
hurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will ;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths.
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Joseph Addison. 1712. ab. and alt.

LÜTZEN. C. M.

Nicholaus Hermann, (—1561.) 1554.

1. WITH songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high ;

O - ver the heavens He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

645

The revolving Seasons.
Ps. cxlvii.

- 2 He sends His showers of blessings
down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains
crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends His word and melts the
snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word :

With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719. ab.

646

"The Voice of Praise."
Ps. lxvi.

- 1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired ;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows ;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades
of death,
To realms of endless day.

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw. (1779—1853.) 1803. ab.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1833.

1. A FEW more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb.

647 "A few more Years."

- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time ;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
- 6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who
lives
That we with Him may reign.

- 7 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1857. ab.

648

Our Fathers.
Zech. i. 5.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea ;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes, and
cares,
And wealth and honor gone.
- 3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before Thy face.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

ST. PAUL'S. L. M.

Johann Friedrich Lampe. (—1750.) 1745.

I. E - TER-NAL Source of ev - ery joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em-employ,

While in Thy tem-ple we ap-pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

649

For New Year's Day.
Ps. lxxv. II.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the
whole :

The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant
stores ;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;

Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no
more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.) 1755. ab. and alt.

650 For the opening and closing Year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. 1755. ab. and alt.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Henry Kemble Oliver. (1800—) 1832.

I. WHILE o'er our guilt-y land, O Lord, We view the ter - rors of Thy sword,
O whither shall the help-less fly? To whom but Thee di - rect their cry?

651 *Deliverance from national judgments im-
plored.*

- 2 On Thee, our Guardian God, we call;
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?
- 3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The Church which Thou hast planted
here.

- 4 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

- 5 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings
On guilty lands in helpless woe; [down
Let them prevail and help us too.

Rev. Samuel Davies. (1724—1761.) 1769.

652 *Humble Confession of Sin.*

- 1 IN prayer together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all,
And weep before the Judge, and say,
O turn from us Thy wrath away.
- 2 Thy grace have we offended sore
By sins, O God, which we deplore;

Pour down upon us from above
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

- 3 Forgive the sin that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please Thee here and evermore.

Rev. John Mason Neale. (1818—1866.) 1851. alt.
Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker. (1821—) 1861. ab.

653 *Forefathers' Day.*

- 1 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped
Thee.

- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song,
the prayer:
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

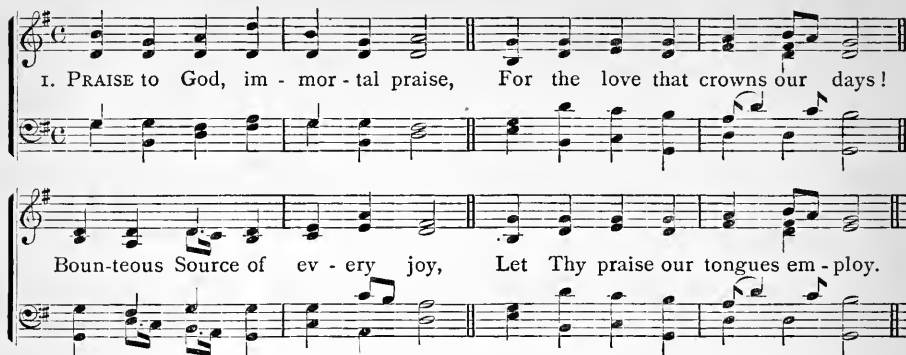
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their
graves.

- 4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon. (1802—) 1833, 1845. ab.

NUREMBURG. 7.

Johann Rudolph Ahle. (1625—1673.) 1664.



I. PRAISE to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
Boun-teous Source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

654

Thanksgiving.
Ps. lxxv.

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky ;
3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;
4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. (1743—1825.) 1773. ab. and alt.

655

Thanksgiving or Fast.

- 1 God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our land.
2 On our fields of grass and grain
Drop, O Lord, the kindly rain ;

O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.

- 3 Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea ;
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

- 4 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee ;
Let the powers by Thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained.

- 5 In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace ;
Thus, united we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh. (1818—1867.) 1860. ab. and alt.

656

Exhortation to Praise.
Ps. cl.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
Praise Him, all that share His love.
2 Earth, to heaven exalt the strain,
Send it, heaven, to earth again ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

3 Praise the Lord, His goodness trace,
All the wonders of His grace;
All that He hath borne and done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834, 1841.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

William Tansur. (1699—1774.) 1735.

I. LET chil - dren hear the might - y deeds, Which God per - formed of old ;

Which in our young - er years we saw, And which our fa - thers told.

657 *The Story handed down.*
Ps. lxxviii.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practice His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

658 *God's Dealings with our Fathers.*
Ps. xliii.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,

Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.

2 For not their courage, not their sword,
To them salvation gave;
Nor strength that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save.

3 But Thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who Thy great name adored.

4 As Thee their God our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King:
O therefore, as Thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To Thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless Thy name.

Tate and Brady. 1696. ab. and alt.

AMERICA. 6, 4.

John Bull? (1563—1628.) 1605.
Henry Carey. (1693—1743.)

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

659

National Hymn.

- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. (1808—) 1832.

660

"God save the State."

- 1 God bless our native land:
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Rev. John Sullivan Dwight. (1812—) 1844.

- I** *C. M.*
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
Tate and Brady. 1696.
- 2** *S. M.*
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.
Rev. John Wesley. (1703—1791.) 1741.
- 3** *L. M.*
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Bp. Thomas Ken. (1637—1711.) 1697.
- 4** *L. M.*
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.
- 5** *L. M. 6l.*
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.
Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. First 4 lines.
- 6** *C. P. M.*
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant
And saints on earth adore; [host
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.
Tate and Brady. 1696. alt.

- 7** *L. P. M.*
Now to the great and sacred Three.
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is
known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and
heaven. *Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.*
- 8** *H. M.*
O GOD, for ever blest,
To Thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so forevermore.
Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth. (1825—) 1870.
- 9** *S, 7.*
PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.
Unknown Author. 1827.
- 10** *S, 7, D.*
WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy name:
Young and old their praise expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As the angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!
Edward Osler. (1798—1863.) 1836.
- 11** *S, 7, 4.*
GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.
Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1866.

12 **7, 6. D.**
 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 To praise Thee evermore:
 Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to Thee.
 Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1746. alt.

13 **7.**
 SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as His love:
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Rev. Charles Wesley. 1740.

14 **7. 61.**
 PRAISE the Name of God most high,
 Praise Him, all below the sky,
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.
 Unknown Author. 1827.

15 **7. 61.**
 GOD the Father, God of grace,
 Saviour, born of mortal race,
 Comforter, our Life and Light,
 One in essence, love and might;
 Thee whom all in heaven adore,
 We would worship evermore.
 Rev. Ray Palmer. (1808—) 1873.

16 **7. D.**
 PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
 Angels waiting on His word,
 Saints that walk with Him in white,
 Pilgrims walking in His light:
 Glory to the Eternal One,
 Glory to His Only Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be
 Now, and through eternity.
 Rev. Alexander Ramsay Thompson. (1822—) 1869.

17 **6, 4.**
 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.
 Rev. Charles Wesley. 1757.

18 **6, 4.**
 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given:
 Crown Him in every song;
 To Him your hearts belong,
 Let all His praise prolong
 On earth, in heaven.
 Rev. Edwin Francis Hatfield. (1807—). 1843.

19 **10.**
 To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be address;
 From age to age, ye saints, His name
 adore,
 And spread His fame, till time shall
 be no more.
 Rev. Simon Browne. (1680—1732.) 1720. alt.

20 **10, 11.**
 ALL glory to God, the Father and Son,
 And Spirit of grace, the great Three in
 One;
 Let highest ascriptions forever be given
 By all the creation on earth and in
 heaven.
 Rippon's Collection. 1778.

21 **11.**
 O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be ad-
 drest, [ever blest,
 With Christ and the Spirit, One God
 All glory and worship, from earth and
 from heaven, [given.
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be
 Unknown Author.

BEATUS VIR.

Gregorian. Arr. by Thomas Tallis. (1529—1585.) 1565.



3

Ps. i.

- 1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel | of the un- | godly, ||
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the | seat — | of the |
scornful.
- 2 But his delight is in the | law of the | Lord ; || And in His law doth he |
medi - tate | day and | night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers of | water, || That bringeth
forth his | fruit — | in his | season ;
- 4 His leaf also | shall not | wither ; || And whatso- | ever he | doeth shall |
prosper.
- 5 The ungodly | are not | so : || But are like the chaff which the | wind — |
driveth a- | way.
- 6 Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand in the | judgment, || Nor sinners in
the congre- | gation | of the | righteous.
- 7 For the Lord knoweth the | way of the | righteous : || But the way of the un- |
godly | shall — | perish.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.



4

Ps. xxiii.

- 1 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.
- 2 He restoreth my soul ; He leadeth me in paths of righteousness 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.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, 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.

GLORIA PATRI.

Henry Purcell. (1658—1695.)



5

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · · shall | be, || World without | end.

A- | men, A- | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

Richard Langdon. (—1798.)



6

Ps. lxxvii.

1 GOD be merciful unto us, and | bless — | us, || And cause His | face to | shine
up- | on us,

2 That Thy way may be known up- | on — | earth, || Thy saving | health a- |
mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God ! || Let all the | people | praise — |
Thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy, || For Thou shalt judge the people
righteously, and govern the | na - tions up- | on — | earth.

5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God ! || Let all the | people | praise — |
Thee.

6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase, || And God, even our own | God,
shall | bless — | us.

7 God shall | bless — | us, || And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | Him.

8 God shall | bless — | us, || And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | Him.

QUAM DILECTA.

Thomas Saunders Dupuis. (1733—1796.)



7

Ps. lxxxiv.

- 1 How amiable are Thy | taber- | nacles || O | Lord — | of — | hosts !
- 2 My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the | courts · · of the | Lord || My heart
and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an 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.
- 4 Blessèd are they that | dwell in · · Thy | house || They will be | still — | praising' |
Thee.
- 5 Blessèd is the man whose | strength · · is in | Thee || In whose heart | are the |
ways of | them.
- 6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make · · it a | well || The rain |
also | filleth · · the | pools.
- 7 They go from | strength to | strength || Every one of them in Zion ap- | pear-
eth · · be- | fore — | God.
- 8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer || Give ear, | O — | God of | Jacob.
- 9 Behold, O | God our | shield || And look upon the | face of | Thine an- | ointed.
- 10 For a day in Thy courts is better | than a | thousand || I had rather be a door-
keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the | tents of | wicked- |
ness.
- 11 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.
- 12 O | Lord of | hosts || Blessèd is the | man that | trusteth · · in | Thee.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS.



8

Ps. xcvi.

- 1 O COME, let us | sing · · unto the | Lord || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
of | our sal- | vation.

- 2 Let us come before His presence with | thanks- — | giving || And show our- selves | glad in | Him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great — | God || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In His hands are all the corners | of the | earth || And the strength of the | hills is | His — | also.
- 5 The sea is His | and He | made it || And His hands pre- | pared ·· the | dry — | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For He is the | Lord our | God || And we are the people of His pasture, | and the | sheep ·· of His | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of | holiness || Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | Him.
- *9 For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth || And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.

CANTATE DOMINO.



9

Ps. xxviii.

- 1 O SING unto the Lord a new song : for He hath done | marvel ·· ous | things ; || His right hand and His holy arm hath | gotten | Him the | victory.
- 2 The Lord hath made known | His sal- | vation ; || His righteousness hath He openly showed | in the | sight ·· of the | heathen.
- 3 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel ; || All the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth || Make a loud noise, and re- | joice and | sing — | praise.
- 5 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp, || With the harp, | and the | voice ·· of a | psalm:
- 6 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet || Make a joyful noise be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
- 7 Let the sea roar, and the | fulness ·· there- | of ; || The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
- 8 Let the floods | clap their | hands, || Let the hills be | joyful ·· to- | gether
- *9 Before the Lord ; for He cometh to | judge the | earth ; || With righteousness shall He judge the world, | and the | people ·· with | equity.

JUBILATE DEO.

Gregorian.

**IO**

Ps. c.

- 1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands || Serve the Lord with glad-
ness ; come before His | presence | with — | singing.
- 2 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.
- 3 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise ||
Be thankful unto Him, | and — | bless His | name.
- 4 For the Lord is good ; His mercy is | ever- | lasting || And His truth endureth
to | all — | gene- | rations.

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA.

Charles Norris. (1740—1790.)

**II**

Ps. ciii.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul ; || And all that is within me, | praise His |
holy | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul ; || And for- | get not | all His | benefits.
- 3 Who forgiveth | all Thy | sin, || And | healeth · · all | thine in- | firmities.
- 4 Who saveth thy | life · · from de- | struction ; || And crowneth thee with | mercy
· · and | loving- | kindness.
- 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength ; || Ye that
fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | His — | word.
- 6 O praise the Lord, | all · · ye His | hosts ; || Ye servants of | His that | do His |
pleasure.
- *7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His do- | min-
ion. || Praise thou the | Lord, O | — my | soul.

LEVAVI OCVLOS.

12

Ps. cxxi.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto the | hills || From whence | cometh | my — | help.
- 2 My help cometh | from the | Lord || Which | made — | heaven ·· and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy | foot ·· to be | moved ; || He that | keepeth ·· thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, He that | keepeth | Israel || Shall neither | slumber | nor — | sleep.
- 5 The Lord | is thy | keeper ; || The Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right — | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not | smite thee ·· by | day, || Nor the | moon — | by — | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all — | evil ; || He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in || From this time forth, and | even ·· for | ever- | more.

LÆTATUS SUM.

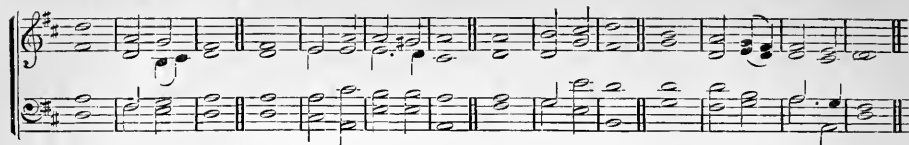


13

Ps. cxxii.

- 1 I WAS glad when they said | unto | me, || Let us go in- | to the | house ·· of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O | — Je- | rusa- | lem.
- 3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || That | is com- | pact to- | gether :
- 4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes ·· of the | Lord, || Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un- | to the | name ·· of the | Lord.
- 5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || The thrones | of the | house of | David.
- 6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem ; || They shall | prosper ·· that | love — | thee.
- 7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls || And prosperi- | ty with- | in thy | palaces.
- 8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes || I will now say, | Peace — | be with- | in thee.
- 9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek — | thy — | good.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.



I4

Ps. cl.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God | in His | sanctuary : || Praise him in the | firma - ment | of His | power.
- 2 Praise Him for His | mighty | acts : || Praise Him ac - | cording to His | excel - lent | greatness.
- 3 Praise Him with the | sound of the | trumpet : || Praise Him | with the | psaltery and | harp.
- 4 Praise Him with the | timbrel and | dance : || Praise Him with | stringed | instru - | ments and | organs.
- 5 Praise Him upon the | loud — | cymbals : || Praise Him upon the | high — | sounding | cymbals.
- 6 Let every thing that | hath — | breath, || Praise the | Lord. Praise | ye the | Lord.

DESPECTUM ET NOVISSIMUM.

Flintoft.



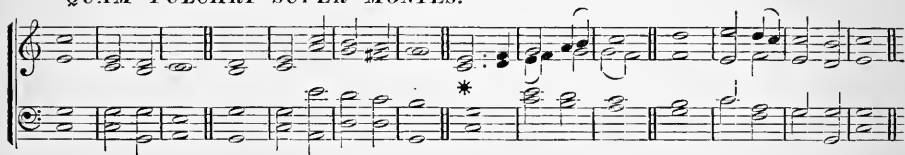
I5

Isaiah liii.

- 1 HE is despised and rejected of men ; A man of sorrows and ac - | quainted with | grief : || And we hid as it were our faces from Him ; He was despised and | we es - | teemed Him | not.
- 2 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and | carried our | sorrows : || Yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of | God, — | and af - | flicted.
- 3 But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for | our in - | iquities ; || The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and | with His | stripes we are | healed.
- 4 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 - | iquity | of us | all.
- 5 He was oppressed and | He was af - | flicted ; || Yet He | open - ed | not his | mouth.

- 6 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.
- 7 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him ; yea, 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.
- 8 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper | in His | hand, || He shall see of the travail of His soul, | and — | shall be | satisfied.

QUAM PULCHRI SUPER MONTES.



- 16** Isaiah lii. 7-9.
- 1 How beautiful up- | on the | mountains || Are the feet of him that bringeth good | tidings, ·· that | publish - eth | peace ;
- 2 That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth | sal- — | vation ; || That saith unto Zion, | thy — | God — | reigneth !
- 3 Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice ; | With the voice to- | gether | shall they | sing :
- 4 For they shall see | eye to | eye, || When the Lord shall | bring a- | gain — | Zion.
- 5 Break forth | into | joy, || Sing together, ye waste places | of Je- | rusa- | lem.
- 6 For the Lord hath comforted | His — | people, || He hath re- | deemed ·· Je- | rusa- | lem.
- *7 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.

BENEDICTUS DOMINUS.

Thomas Saunders Dupuis. (1733-1796.)



- 17** Luke i. 68-71.
- 1 BLESSED be the Lord God of | Isra- | el, || For He hath visited | and re- | deemed ·· His | people ;
- 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us || In the house | of His | servant | David.



3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets, || Which have been | since
the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || And from the | hand of | all
that | hate us.

ET PASTORES ERANT.

Gregorian.



I8

Luke ii. 8-14.

1 AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding | in the | field, || Keep-
ing watch | over · their | flocks by | night.

2 And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord
shone | round a- | bout them; || And | they were | sore a- | fraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, | Fear — | not; || For, behold! I bring you
tidings of great joy, which | shall be | to all | people.

4 For unto you is born this day, in the city of | David, · a | Saviour, || Which |
is — | Christ the | Lord.

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

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

7 Glory to God | in the | highest, || And on earth | peace, good- | will to | men.

MAGNIFICAT.

Rev. Samuel Wesley. (1662—1735.)



I9

Luke i. 46-55.

1 MY soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, || And my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God
my | Saviour.

- 2 For He hath regarded the low estate of | His hand- | maiden ; || For behold,
 from henceforth all gener- | ations ·· shall | call me | blessed.
- 3 For He that is mighty hath done to | me great | things, || And | holy | is His |
 Name.
- 4 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him, || From gener- | ation ·· to | gener- |
 ation.
- 5 He hath showed strength | with His | arm, || He hath scattered the proud in
 the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts.
- 6 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, || And exalted | them of | low
 de- | gree.
- 7 He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, || And the rich He | hath sent |
 empty ·· a- | way.
- 8 He hath holpen his servant | Isra- | el, || In re- | membrance | of His | mercy.
- *9 As He spake to our fathers, to | Abra- | ham, || And | to his | seed for- | ever.

PATER NOSTER.



20

- 1 OUR Father who art in heaven, | hallow - ed | be Thy | name ; || Thy kingdom
 come, Thy will be done on | earth ·· as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread ; || And forgive us our trespasses, as we
 forgive them that | trespass ·· a- | gainst — | us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil ; || For Thine is
 the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. | A — | — | men.

VENITE AD ME.

Philip Hayes. (1739—1797.)



21

Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 COME unto Me, all ye that labor, and are | heavy | laden, || And | I will | give
 you | rest.
- 2 Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and | lowly ·· in |
 heart, || And ye shall find | rest — | unto ·· your | souls.
- 3 For My | yoke is | easy || And | My — | burden ·· is | light.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



22

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

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, || We glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,



5 That takest away the | sins of the | world, || Have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world, || Have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world, || Re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || Have mercy | upon | us.



9 For Thou | only art | holy: || Thou | only | art the | Lord:

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

GLORIA PATRI.

Ludwig Spohr. (1784—1859.)

23 GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son: || And | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || World | with - out | end. A - men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

William Crotch. (1775—1847.)

24

- 1 We praise Thee, | O — | God; || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord. ||
 All the earth doth | worship | Thee, || the Father | ever- | last — | ing.
- 2 To Thee all Angels | cry a - | loud; || the Heavens, and | all the | powers ..
 there- | in. || To Thee Cherubim, and | Sera- | phim || con- | tin - ual - | ly
 do | cry,
- 3 Holy, | Holy, | Holy, || Lord | God of | Saba- | oth; || Heaven and earth are
 full of the | Majes- | ty || of | Thy — | glo- — | ry.
- 4 The glorious company | of the | Apostles || praise | — — | — — | Thee; ||
 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
- 5 The noble army | of — | Martyrs || praise | — — | — — | Thee. || The holy
 Church throughout | all the | world || doth | — ac- | knowledge | Thee,
- 6 The | Fa- — | ther || of an | in - finite | Majes- | ty; || Thine a- | dora - ble, |
 true, || and | on — | ly — | Son;
- 7 Also the | Holy | Ghost, || the | Com- — | — fort- | er. || Thou art the | King
 of | Glory, || O | — — | — — | Christ.
- 8 Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son || of | — the | Fa- — | ther. || When Thou
 tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || Thou didst humble Thyself to be |
 born — | of a | Virgin.



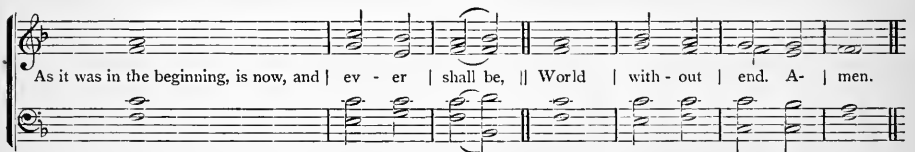
- 9 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death, || Thou didst open
the Kingdom of Heaven to | all be- | liev- — | ers. || Thou sittest at the
right hand | of — | God || in the glory | of the | Fa- — | ther.
- 10 We believe that | Thou shalt | come || to | be — | our — | Judge. || We
therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants, || whom Thou hast redeemed |
with Thy | precious | blood.
- 11 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints || in glory | ever- | last- — |
ing. || O Lord, | save Thy | people, || and | bless Thine | heri- | tage.
- 12 Gov- | — ern | them || and | lift them | up for- | ever. || Day | by — | day ||
we | magni- | fy — | Thee.
- 13 And we worship | Thy — | Name, || ever, | world with- | out — | end. ||
Vouchsafe, | O — | Lord, || to keep us | this day | without | sin.
- 14 O Lord, have mercy up- | on — | us, || have | mercy · up- | on — | us. || O
Lord, let Thy mercy be up- | on — | us, || as our | trust — | is in | Thee.
- *15 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted, || let me never | be con- | found- — | ed.

GLORIA PATRI.

Gregorian.



25 GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son; || And | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;



As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || World | with - out | end. A- | men.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.

Thomas Tallis. (c. 1529—1585.) 1575.



26

Before the Administration.

Ps. ciii. 17, 18.

- 1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that |
fear Him, || And His righteousness | unto | children's | children.
- 2 To such as keep His | cove- | nant; || And to those that remember His com- |
mand - ments to | do — | them.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.



27

Mark x. 14.

- 1 SUFFER little children to come unto Me, and for- | bid them | not: || For of |
such · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.

Acts ii. 39.

- 2 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.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.



28

After the Administration.

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.

- 1 THEN will I sprinkle clean | water · up- | on you, || And | ye shall | be — |
clean :
- 2 A new heart also | will I | give you, || And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in ·
you,
- 3 And I will take away the stony heart | out of · your | flesh, || And I will |
give · you a | heart of | flesh.
- Is. xlv. 3, 4.
- 4 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed, || And my | blessing · up- | on thine |
offspring :
- 5 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, || As | willows · by the |
water- | courses.

PASCHA NOSTRUM.

William Hayes. (1708—1779.)



29

1 Cor. v. 7, 8. Rom. vi. 9-11.

- 1 CHRIST our passover is sacri- | ficed | for us, || Therefore | let us | keep the | feast.
- 2 Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice ·· and | wicked -
ness, || But with the unleavened bread of sin- | ceri - ty | and — | truth.
- 3 Christ, being raised from the dead, | dieth ·· no | more ; || Death hath no more
do- | minion | over | Him.
- 4 For in that He died, He died unto | sin — | once : || But in that He liveth,
He | liveth | unto | God.
- 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin, || But alive
unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
- 6 Now is Christ risen | from the | dead, || And become the first- | fruits of | them
that | slept.
- 7 For since by | man came | death, || By man came also the resur- | rection | of
the | dead.
- 8 For as in Adam | all — | die, || Even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- |
live.

AUDIVI VOCEM.



30

Rev. xiv. 13 ; xx. 6 ; i. 5, 6.

- 1 I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying | unto ·· me, | Write, || Blessed are the
dead, who die | in the | Lord from | henceforth :
- 2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest | from their | labors, || And their |
works do | follow | them.
- 3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first | resur- | rection ; || On such
the | second ·· death | hath no | power ;

- 4 But they shall be priests of God | and of | Christ, || And shall reign with | Him
a | thousand | years.
- 5 Unto Him that | loved | us, || And washed us from our sins | in His | own — |
blood,
- 6 And hath made us kings and priests to God | and His | Father ; || To Him be
glory and do- | minion ·· for | ever ·· and | ever.

FROM THE RECESSES.



31

- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends. O | Father! | hear it ;
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear and | meekness,
For- | give its | weakness.
- 2 We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us :—
We hear Thy voice—it | counsels ·· and it | courts us :—
And then we turn away!—yet | still Thy | kindness
For- | gives our | blindness.
- 3 Who can resist Thy gentle call,—appealing
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?—
O who can hear the accents | of Thy | mercy,
And | never | love Thee?
- 4 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds of | holiness,— || and let them blossom
In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright and | vernal,—
And | spring e- | ternal.
- 5 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk—and | seraphs ·· are the | wardens ;—
Where every flower, brought safe through | death's dark | portal,
Be- | comes im- | mortal.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.)

*Fine.**D. C.*

Close. Thy will be done!

32

- 1 "Thy will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run ; ||
Yet still our grâteful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."
- 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done!"
- 3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
Is ours : — to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

Sir John Bowring. (1792-1872.) 1825. ab.

AVISON. 11, 11, 12, 11.

Charles Avison. (1710-1770.)

SHOUT the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-

| 1st & 2d verses.

| Ending for 3d verse.

Fine.

si - ah is King! si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King!

1. Zi - on the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the

high - est, how low - ly His birth, The bright - est arch - an - gel in

glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth.

D. C.

33

The City of God.

- 2 Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news, let the earth echo round ;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
Ye angels the full hallelujah be singing ;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenburg. (1796—) 1823.

34

Miriam's Song.

- 1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave ;
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel, etc.
- 2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

Thomas Moore. (1779—1852.) 1816. sl. alt.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

A.	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
Adrian	24	Christmas	180, 227
Ahira (Leighton)	39	Collins	145
Aletta	16, 124	Come, let us anew	257
Alexander	91	Come, ye disconsolate	107
All to Christ I owe	155	Comfort	131
Alvan	32	Contrast	154, 278
America	296	Coronation	96
Ames	35	Cowper	134
(Amor) Jesu Bone Pastor	139	Crawford	138, 249
Amsterdam	162	Crucifix	78
Antioch	65		
Ariel	150	D.	
Arlington	218, 233	Dallas	21
Asaph	185	Dalston	47
Athens	137	Darwell	4
Aurelia	217	Dawn	165
Autumn	10, 95, 198	Decliam	147
Ava	113	Denfield (Azmon)	196
Avison	316	Dennis	208, 215
Avon (Martyrdom)	79, 259	Dorrance (Talmar)	136
(Azmon) Denfield	196	Dort	90
		Downs	55, 289
B.		Dresden	235
Badea	231	Duke Street	57, 243
Balerna	56, 149, 225	Dundee	201, 288
Bartimeus	130		
Bavaria	104	E.	
Beautiful River	283	Edinburgh	109
Belmont	104	Elizabethtown	188, 203, 224
Bernerton	40	Ellesdie	141, 193
Benninster	241	El Paran	34
Benevento	247, 286	Enos	265
Bera	219	Ernan	6, 13
Bethany	170	Evening Hymn	26
Bethlehem	67	Even Me	123
Beulah	279	Eventide	31
Boardman	148	Ewing	206, 274
Boylston	230	Expostulation	102
Braden	116, 144		
Bradford	93	F.	
Brattle Street	211	Faithful	258
Brest	82	Federal Street	80, 293
Brown	92	Finney	71
Brownell	41	Folsom	69
Byefield	22	Forst	19
		Franklin Square	214
C.			
Capello	68	G.	
Carol	72	Ganges	115
(Chelmsford) Melody	226	Gilead	213
Chesterfield	58	Glory	204
China	264	Going Home	169
		Golden Hill	117, 195
		Gorton	111, 266
		Goshen	172
		Gratitude	191
		Greenville	105
		Greenwood	267
		(Gregorian) Hamburg	74, 184
		Guide	163
		H.	
		Haddam	45
		Halle	30
		Hamburg (Gregorian)	74, 184
		Happy Day	220
		Hark, the voice	248
		Harwell	3, 99, 270
		Hastings	87
		He leatheth me	158
		Heath	189
		Heber	165
		Hebron	142, 223
		Hendon	42, 187
		Henley	102
		Henry	60
		Herald Angels	89, 246
		Hermon	122
		Homeward Bound	168
		Horton	108
		Hummel	52, 290
		Hursley	12, 27
		I.	
		I do believe	131
		I'm a Pilgrim	159
		Immanuel	135
		Italian Hymn	1, 11, 257
		J.	
		Jesu, Bone Pastor (Amor)	139
		Jesus, Guide	163
		Joyfully	285
		K.	
		Kentucky	177
		L.	
		Laban	176
		Lanesboro'	36
		Lebanon	136
		(Leighton) Ahira	39
		Lenox	98
		Lisbon	38
		Lischer	44, 284
		Louvan	121, 252

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Loving-kindness.....	152	Rosedale.....	261	Work, for the Night.....	280
Lützen.....	240	Rosefield.....	15, 109		
Lyons.....	48			Y.	
				Yarmouth.....	207
M.		S.			
Magdalene.....	262	Sabbath.....	33	Z.	
Maifland.....	131	Salvation.....	59	Zebulon.....	151
Manoah.....	73	Scotland.....	101	Zephyr.....	112
Marlow.....	100	Sessions.....	106, 190	Zerah.....	64
Martyn.....	136	Shawmut.....	133, 201	Zion.....	237
(Martyrdom) Avon.....	79, 259	Shepherd.....	161		
Mear.....	37	Shining Shore.....	168		
Meinhold.....	83	Sicily.....	233		
Melody (Chelmsford).....	236	Siloam.....	94		
Mendebras.....	43	Silver Street.....	62, 157		
Mendon.....	174	Solid Rock.....	18		
Meribah.....	103, 114	Song.....	153		
Messiah.....	2, 133, 231	Spanish Hymn.....	179		
Middleton.....	236, 254	St. Ann's.....	238		
Migdol.....	85	St. Asaph.....	27		
Miles' Lane.....	97	St. Gervais.....	49		
Missionary Chant.....	50, 175, 242	St. Jude.....	216		
Missionary Hymn.....	244	St. Martin's.....	232, 295		
Morning Star.....	61	St. Michael.....	255		
Mornington.....	9	St. Paul's.....	292		
Mozart.....	88	St. Thomas.....	63		
		State Street.....	194		
N.		Stephanos.....	113		
Naomi.....	210	Stephens (Nayland).....	202		
Nashville.....	510	Stockwell.....	28		
(Nayland) Stephens.....	202	Stow.....	86		
Nearer my Home.....	166	Stracathro.....	162		
Nettleton.....	149	Sweet Home.....	238		
New Haven.....	20	Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	18		
New Jerusalem.....	234				
Nicaea.....	5	T.			
Northfield.....	273	(Talmor) Dornance.....	126		
Nuremburg.....	156, 204	Tamworth.....	271		
		Tappan.....	272		
O.		Tell the Story.....	250		
Oak.....	171	Tennessee.....	125		
Oakville.....	200	Thatcher.....	53, 205		
Old Hundred.....	43	The Lord will provide.....	159		
Oliphant.....	160	The old, old Story.....	251		
Olive's Brow.....	76	The sweetest Name.....	132		
Olivet.....	120, 256, 263	To-day.....	107		
Olmutz.....	8, 167	Toplady.....	123		
Olney.....	110	Truro.....	54		
Ortonville.....	146	Trusting.....	136		
P.		U.			
Park Street.....	84	Uxbridge.....	222		
Pass me not.....	123				
Pearsall.....	268	V.			
Penitence.....	132	Valentia.....	61		
Pennel.....	144	Varina.....	75, 209		
Peterborough.....	197	Vespers.....	29		
Pilgrim.....	234	Vox Angelica.....	239		
Pleyel's Hymn.....	17				
Portuguese Hymn.....	173	VV.			
		Wales.....	193		
R.		Ward.....	212		
Rathbun.....	182	Warner.....	119		
Redhead.....	77	Warsaw.....	98, 239		
Renovation.....	25	Wave.....	235		
Rest.....	260	We shall meet.....	251		
Rest for the Weary.....	282	Webb.....	173, 245		
Retreat.....	14	Willoughby.....	192		
Revive us again.....	154	Wilmot.....	70		
Rhine.....	277	Windham.....	118		
Rock of Ages.....	128	Woodland.....	125, 290		
Rockingham.....	7	Woodstock.....	23		
		Woodworth.....	120, 127		

INDEX TO CHANTS.

	PAGE
A.	
Andivi Vocem.....	314
B.	
Baptismal Chant.....	312, 313
Beatus Vir.....	300
Benedic Anima Mea.....	304
Benedictus Dominus.....	307
C.	
Cantate Domino.....	303
D.	
Despectum et Novissimum.....	306
Deus Misereatur.....	301
Dominus Regit Me.....	300
E.	
Et Pastores Erant.....	368
F.	
From the Recesses.....	315
G.	
Gloria in Excelsis.....	310
Gloria Patri.....	301, 311, 312
J.	
Jesus, Guide.....	163
Jubilate Deo.....	304
L.	
Lætatus Sum.....	305
Laudate Dominum.....	306
Levavi Oculos.....	304
M.	
Magnificat.....	308
P.	
Pascha Nostrum.....	314
Pater Noster.....	309
Q.	
Quam Dilecta.....	302
Quam Pulchri.....	307
T.	
Te Deum Laudamus.....	311
The Ten Commandments.....	299
Thy Will be done.....	316
V.	
Venite ad Me.....	309
Venite, Exultemus.....	302

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Stow.....	85	Amsterdam	162	The sweetest Name.....	152
Warsaw.....	93, 269	Anrelia.....	217	Vespers.....	29
Zebulun.....	131	Crucifix.....	78	Wilmot.....	70
	5, 5, 6, 5.	Ewing.....	206, 274		
Lyons.....	48	Mendebras.....	43		8, 7, 4.
	5, 8.	Missionary Hymn.....	244	Alvan.....	22
Guide.....	163	Pearsall.....	263	Belmont.....	104
	6.	Penitence.....	132	Best.....	12
All to Christ I owe.....	155	Salvation.....	59	Finney.....	71
St. Jude, sl.....	216	Tell the Story.....	250	Greenville.....	105
	6, 4.	The old, old Story.....	251	Oliphant.....	160
America.....	296	Webb.....	178, 245	Shepherd.....	161
Bethany.....	170	Yarmouth.....	207	Sicily.....	233
Dort.....	90		7, 6, 7, 5.	Tamworth.....	271
Italian Hymn.....	1, 11, 277	Work, for the Night.....	280	Wave.....	235
New Haven.....	20		7, 6, 7, 7, 6.	Zion.....	237
Oak.....	171	Enos.....	265		9, 11, 10, 10.
Olivet.....	129, 256, 233		7, 6, 7, 7, 7.	I'm a Pilgrim.....	159
To-day.....	107	New Jerusalem.....	284		10.
	6, 4, 6, 4, 4, 4.		8.	Eventide.....	31
Ava.....	113	Contrast, sl.....	154, 278	Joyfully.....	215
	6, 5.	Penuel, Gl.....	141		10, 4.
Magdalene.....	262		8, 4.	Homeward Bound.....	168
	6, 6, 6, 4.	Wales.....	193		10, 8.
Nearer my Home.....	165		8, 5.	Jesus, Guide.....	163
	6, 9.	Pass me not.....	123		10, 11; 11, 11, 12, 11.
Comfort.....	131	Song.....	133	Avison.....	316
	7.		8, 5, 8, 3.		11.
Aletta.....	16, 124	Stephanos.....	113	Edinburgh.....	199
Beminstor.....	241		8, 6; 7, 7, 7, 6.	Expostulation.....	162
Benevento, sl.....	247, 236	We shall meet.....	281	Goshen.....	172
Bethlehem, Gl.....	67		8, 7.	Portuguese Hymn.....	172
Beulah, sl.....	279	(Amor) Jesu Bone Pastor, sl.....	139	Sweet Home.....	228
Dallas.....	21	Autumn, sl.....	10, 95, 198		11, 5.
Halle, Gl.....	39	Bartimeus.....	130	Come, let us anew.....	287
Hendon.....	42, 187	Bavaria, Gl.....	104		11, 6, 5.
Herald Angels, sl.....	89, 246	Beautiful River.....	283	The Lord will provide.....	159
Horton.....	103	Crawford, sl.....	138, 249		11, 10.
Martyr, sl.....	109, 186	Dornance (Talmar).....	126	Come, ye disconsolate.....	107
Meinhold, Gl.....	83	Ellesdie, sl.....	141, 133	Folsom.....	69
Messiah, sl.....	2, 186, 221	Even Me.....	123	Hemley.....	102
Morning Star, sl.....	63	Hark, the voice, sl.....	248	Vox Angelica.....	229
Mozart.....	88	Harwell, 6 or sl.....	3, 99, 270		11, 12.
Nuremberg.....	156, 294	Jesu, Bone Pastor (Amor), sl.....	139	Revive us again.....	154
Pleyel's Hymn.....	17	Middleton, sl.....	236, 254		11, 12, 12, 10.
Redhead, Gl.....	77	Nettleton, sl.....	140	Nicaea.....	5
Rock of Ages, Gl.....	128	Pilgrim, sl.....	234		12, 11.
Rosefield, Gl.....	15, 109	Rathbun.....	182	Scotland.....	101
Sabbath, Gl.....	33	Rest for the Weary.....	282		
Spanish Hymn, sl.....	179	Shining Shore, sl.....	168		
St. Gervais.....	49	Stockwell.....	28		
Toplady, Gl.....	128	(Talmar) Dornance.....	126		
Trusting.....	136				

INDEX OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

<p>Genesis.</p> <p>1: 2..... 534 1: 3..... 580 2: 2, 3..... 76 5: 24..... 416 19: 17..... 226 22: 8, 14..... 352 24: 31..... 465 24: 53..... 365 27: 31..... 276, 377 28: 11-12..... 374 28: 21-22..... 333 32: 21..... 321</p> <p>Exodus.</p> <p>20: 11..... 76 25: 22..... 29</p> <p>Leviticus.</p> <p>8: 35..... 390</p> <p>Numbers.</p> <p>19: 33..... 354, 357 11: 9..... 395 23: 19..... 533 24: 17-19..... 552</p> <p>Deuteronomy.</p> <p>34: 1-4..... 612, 615</p> <p>Joshua.</p> <p>14: 8..... 457</p> <p>Judges.</p> <p>8: 4..... 379</p> <p>Ruth.</p> <p>1: 16, 17..... 491</p> <p>1st Samuel.</p> <p>3: 10..... 72 7: 12..... 311</p> <p>1st Kings.</p> <p>3: 5..... 17, 35 8..... 518, 519 18: 44..... 554</p> <p>2d Kings.</p> <p>4: 26..... 428 20: 1..... 591</p> <p>2d Chronicles.</p> <p>15: 15..... 490</p>	<p>Nehemiah.</p> <p>9: 5..... 87</p> <p>Esther.</p> <p>4: 16..... 281</p> <p>Job.</p> <p>3: 17..... 629, 631 19: 25..... 195 29: 2..... 420 38..... 116</p> <p>Psalms.</p> <p>2..... 551 4..... 61, 62 5..... 84 11..... 562 18..... 150 19..... 54, 123, 129 23..... 303, 318, 439 23: 2, 3..... 359 23: 1-4..... 455 24..... 194, 265 28: 2..... 349 37: 5..... 411 29..... 55 31..... 475 31: 3..... 359, 361 31: 15..... 125, 462, 467 34..... 447 35: 5-9..... 121 41: 1-3..... 137, 399 42: 3..... 317 49..... 419 44..... 653 45: 2..... 325 46..... 439 46: 10..... 473, 474 48: 14..... 354 51..... 264, 265, 432 51: 1..... 262 51: 10..... 435 51: 17..... 263 55: 22..... 415 62..... 395 63..... 83, 536, 537 65..... 654 65: 2..... 255 65: 11..... 649, 659 66..... 646 66: 2..... 324, 410 68: 18..... 197 69: 15..... 432 71..... 446, 466, 643 72..... 545, 549, 553</p>	<p>HYMN</p> <p>72: 15..... 551 73: 22-28..... 445 73: 24..... 355 73: 25..... 342, 444, 452 77: 19..... 466 78..... 651 78: 53..... 555 80..... 573 83: 1..... 356, 357 84..... 79, 109 85: 6..... 343 88..... 237 90..... 641 90: 5, 6..... 359, 637 91..... 64, 67 92..... 56, 78 93..... 101 95: 1-6..... 80 96..... 151, 459 96: 2..... 459 97..... 101, 451, 471 98..... 159 99..... 90 100..... 103, 104 102: 13-21..... 536 103..... 122, 312 103: 1-7..... 461 103: 8-12..... 119 103: 13-18..... 120 104..... 168 107..... 644 107: 24..... 370 109: 30..... 144 110: 4..... 364 117..... 59, 105 118..... 85 118: 6..... 395 118: 24..... 97 119..... 131, 439 119: 105..... 128, 130, 132 119: 130..... 127 119: 136, 153..... 559 119: 176..... 393 121..... 102, 470 122..... 82, 106, 545 125..... 526, 531 126: 2..... 521 126..... 448, 569 127..... 68 130..... 421, 431, 433 132..... 517, 520 135: 2..... 243 136..... 95 137..... 515, 602</p>	<p>HYMN</p> <p>137: 2..... 369 138..... 424 139..... 134, 499 146..... 115, 472 147..... 645 148..... 4, 111 150..... 655</p> <p>Proverbs.</p> <p>1: 20-23..... 269 3: 9..... 539 8: 4..... 259 18: 24..... 314, 429</p> <p>Ecclesiastes.</p> <p>9: 10..... 237, 266</p> <p>Canticles.</p> <p>2: 16..... 375, 377, 449 5: 2..... 179, 290 5: 10-16..... 325</p> <p>Isaiah.</p> <p>2: 1-4..... 532 4: 6..... 411 6: 1-3..... 5 6: 3..... 2, 8, 20, 111 6: 8..... 556 9: 1-7..... 147 9: 2..... 543 9: 6..... 154 21: 11..... 152 26: 3..... 424 26: 4..... 287 27: 13..... 221 32: 1..... 548 32: 20..... 576 33: 17, 24..... 625 33: 20, 21..... 526 35: 8-10..... 346, 366 38: 1..... 591 40: 9..... 544 40: 23-31..... 331 42: 7..... 529 42: 10-12..... 530, 549 43: 6..... 553 49: 15..... 449 52: 1, 2..... 546 52: 7-9..... 516, 523 52: 15..... 529 53: 1..... 234, 533 53: 4, 5, 12..... 190 55: 1, 2..... 251, 224, 233 55: 4..... 360</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

	HYMN
57: 15.....	463
58: 1.....	579
61: 1, 2.....	112, 149, 316
61: 10.....	451
63: 1.....	115
63: 7.....	333

Jeremiah.

3: 12, 14, 22.....	251
9: 1.....	569
23: 6.....	112, 500
29: 13.....	35
31: 3.....	533
31: 18-20.....	251

Ezekiel.

11: 19.....	261
19: 31.....	241
30: 26.....	231
33: 11.....	241
30: 37.....	571
37: 3.....	570

Daniel.

2: 41.....	531
------------	-----

Hosea.

6: 1-4.....	413
11: 8.....	273

Micah.

4: 1, 2.....	532
6: 6.....	207

Habakkuk.

3: 2.....	18
3: 17.....	458

Haggai.

2: 7.....	161, 210
-----------	----------

Zechariah.

1: 8.....	643
13: 1.....	223, 232, 302

Matthew.

1: 21.....	290, 309, 328, 332
3: 39.....	339
2: 1-10.....	156, 157, 159
2: 10.....	155
3: 7.....	259
4: 1-11.....	169
4: 16.....	529
6: 25.....	463, 475
7: 7.....	35
8: 23-27.....	421, 522, 525
9: 35.....	170
10: 40-42.....	495
11: 19.....	314
11: 28.....	267, 270, 280
11: 23-30.....	223, 233, 240
12: 20.....	212
13: 1-8.....	576
13: 16, 17.....	516
13: 46.....	299
14: 35, 36.....	172
14: 27.....	426
18: 20.....	11
19: 13, 14.....	486, 488, 507
21: 1-12.....	566
21: 23.....	556

	HYMN
25: 1-12.....	372, 605
25: 21.....	649
25: 31-46.....	254, 256
26: 26-30.....	496, 497, 503
26: 36.....	173, 1, 6, 177
26: 41.....	383
27: 1-175, 176, 183, 184, 215	215
27: 46.....	120
29: 1.....	211
29: 1-6.....	153
29: 19.....	541, 552

Mark.

1: 12, 13.....	169
1: 32.....	470
4: 23.....	506
4: 38.....	522, 525
4: 39.....	431
6: 50.....	426
8: 33.....	406
10: 13-16.....	486, 488, 507
10: 28.....	404
10: 47.....	283, 391
10: 51, 52.....	252
13: 10.....	535
13: 33.....	388
13: 37.....	390
14: 1-3.....	613
14: 22-25.....	496, 497
14: 32-35.....	173, 176
14: 36.....	40
15: 1-3.....	176, 133, 181, 215
16: 6.....	159, 200
16: 15.....	541, 552

Luke.

2: 7-15, 143, 153, 162, 163	163
2: 13.....	110
2: 14.....	100, 165, 166
2: 29.....	539
2: 32.....	529
3: 7.....	259
4: 1-13.....	169
4: 13.....	112, 153
4: 18, 19.....	149, 221
7: 34.....	314
7: 47.....	307, 313
8: 22-35.....	421, 522, 525
9: 23.....	263, 309, 404
10: 20.....	337
10: 39.....	319, 335
12: 32.....	346, 427
12: 35-38.....	375, 605
14: 16-24.....	235, 503
14: 27.....	296
15: 18.....	251
16: 19-31.....	272
18: 1.....	499
18: 1-7.....	479
18: 13.....	272
18: 16.....	486, 488
18: 37, 38.....	276, 277
19: 41.....	260
22: 19.....	501, 502
22: 19, 20.....	496, 497, 503
23: 1-3.....	176, 182, 184, 275
23: 42.....	282, 480
23: 55.....	192
24: 1.....	76
24: 29.....	57, 62, 65, 71

	HYMN
24: 24.....	196
24: 44, 45.....	180

John.

1: 9, 14, 17.....	194
1: 16.....	265
3: 7.....	237
3: 16.....	145, 225
4: 34.....	567
4: 35.....	556
6: 23, 51, 53-57.....	498
6: 37.....	285
7: 37.....	140, 242
8: 26.....	426
9: 4.....	319, 633
10: 3, 4.....	350, 356
12: 41.....	5
14: 2.....	373, 599
11: 6.....	138, 315
14: 16.....	48
14: 19.....	423
18: 1.....	173, 176
19: 1.....	176, 182, 184, 275
19: 2.....	178
19: 5.....	337
19: 39.....	133, 188
19: 34.....	313, 287
21: 15.....	390, 413
21: 17.....	316

Acts.

1: 9.....	267
2: 1-3.....	15
2: 4.....	542
2: 13.....	469
2: 47.....	465
9: 6.....	251
9: 11.....	49
10: 23.....	564
10: 26.....	217
10: 33.....	167, 170
10: 44.....	53
11: 23.....	494
13: 47.....	547
16: 9.....	547, 557
26: 22.....	650

Romans.

1: 16.....	406
2: 4.....	261
6: 3.....	484
8: 14, 16.....	50
8: 31.....	395
10: 1.....	569
10: 10.....	485
10: 21.....	269
12: 5.....	508, 513
12: 12.....	211
13: 11.....	368
14: 11.....	542

1st Corinthians.

1: 22-29.....	141
1: 30.....	146
2: 2.....	295
5: 7.....	215
10: 31.....	392
11: 23-26.....	496, 497, 503
11: 24.....	501, 502
15: 19, 20.....	507
15: 43.....	601

	HYMN
15: 47, 49.....	213
15: 55.....	584
15: 53.....	567
16: 13.....	323, 391, 397

2d Corinthians.

1: 12.....	427
1: 22.....	46, 50
4: 4.....	127
4: 6.....	539
5: 1.....	455
5: 7.....	335
5: 14.....	132, 535
5: 17.....	301
5: 21.....	424
6: 2.....	243, 252
13: 11.....	23
15: 15.....	490

Galatians.

3: 22.....	271
6: 6.....	454
6: 14.....	132, 461

Ephesians.

1: 13, 14.....	50
2: 5.....	132
2: 8.....	206
2: 9.....	245
3: 15.....	569
3: 16.....	42
4: 4-6.....	509, 513, 527
4: 8.....	197
4: 25.....	568
4: 33.....	229, 230
5: 14.....	389
6: 11-13.....	389, 393
6: 11-18.....	387
6: 13.....	392
6: 14.....	381

Philippians.

1: 21.....	139
1: 22.....	481, 565
1: 23.....	624
2: 9.....	336
2: 10.....	309, 542
3: 7-9.....	491, 515
3: 12-14.....	398
4: 11.....	464, 465
4: 13.....	430

Colossians.

2: 2.....	56
3: 11.....	408, 412, 45
3: 23.....	393
4: 2.....	41

1st Thessalonians.

4: 14.....	585
4: 17.....	599
4: 18.....	594, 595

1st Timothy.

6: 12.....	382
------------	-----

2d Timothy.

1: 12.....	400
2: 3, 4.....	394
3: 16.....	126, 128
4: 6.....	647

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns.

ABBA, FATHER.
 454 Behold what wondrous
 404 Jesus, I my cross

ABRAHAMIC COVENANT.
 489 Dear Saviour, if these lambs

ACCEPTED TIME.
 248 Now is the accepted time
 230 To-day the Saviour calls
 247 While life prolongs its

ACCESS TO GOD.
 337 Arise, my soul, arise
 17 Behold the throne of grace
 209 Come, let us lift our joyful
 118 Our heavenly Father calls

ACTIVITY—See *Christian Activity*.

ADOPTION.
 454 Behold what wondrous
 33 Blessed are the sons of God
 468 My God, my Father

ADORATION—See *Christ, God, Holy Spirit, and Trinity*.

ADVENT—See *Christ, Advent of*

ADVOCATE—See *Christ*.

AFFLICTIONS:
BLESSINGS OF.
 466 God moves in a mysterious
 399 Must Jesus bear the cross
 125 Since all the varying scenes
 458 Sometimes a light surprises
 626 What are these in bright

COMFORT UNDER.
 238 Come, ye disconsolate,
 445 God, my supporter and my
 512 Hark, hark, my soul, angelic
 350 He leadeth me, O blessed
 380 How firm a foundation
 629 There is an hour of peaceful
 428 Through the love of God
 594 Why do we mourn departing
 535 Why should our tears in

COURAGE IN.
 647 A few more years shall roll
 397 Am I a soldier of the cross
 415 Cast thy burden on the
 475 Commit thou all thy griefs
 441 Take, my soul, thy fill
 378 The Lord is my Shepherd

PRAYER IN.
 450 Calm me, my God, and keep
 22 Gently, Lord, O gently lead
 432 God of my life, to Thee
 590 In the hour of trial
 289 My faith looks up to Thee
 409 O Thou, to whose all-search
 431 Out of the depths of woe

AFFLICTIONS:
REFUGE IN.
 67 Call Jehovah thy salvation
 228 Come unto me when
 425 Fountain of grace, rich
 29 From every stormy wind
 469 God is the refuge of His
 350 How firm a foundation
 477 How gentle God's commands
 411 Jesus, Lover of my soul
 240 Jesus, Thy name I love
 336 Lord, Thou art my Rock
 434 To God I cried when
 533 When languor and disease
 187 Where high the heavenly
 270 With tearful eyes I look

REJOICING IN.
 305 I heard the voice of Jesus
 631 In the Christian's home in
 635 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I
 119 My soul, repeat His praise
 514 O what, if we are Christ's
 471 The Lord is King, lift up
 370 We're bound for yonder
 626 What are these in bright
 467 While Thee I seek

SUBMISSION UNDER.
 462 Father, I know that all my
 464 Father, whate'er of earthly
 465 I worship Thee, sweet Will
 468 My God, my Father
 430 My Jesus, as Thou wilt
 431 Thy way, not mine
 473 Wait, O my soul, Thy

ALARM.
 257 Awaked by Sinai's awful
 254 Lo, on a narrow reek
 259 My former hopes are fled
 258 O where shall rest be found
 237 While life prolongs its

ALL IN ALL—See *Christ and God*.

ALL IS WELL.
 428 Through the love of God

ALMS—See *Charity*.

ANGELS:
AT CORONATION OF CHRIST.
 217 All hail the power of Jesus'
 218 Come, let us join our

AT RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.
 201 Christ, the Lord, is risen
 196 Yes, the Redeemer rose

JOY OF.
 624 Ye angels, who stand round

MINISTRY OF.
 512 Hark, hark, my soul

ANGELS:
 64 Saviour, breathe an evening
SONG OF.
 166 Calm on the listening ear
 153 Hark, the herald angels
 160 Hark, what mean those
 165 It came upon the midnight
 158 When Jordan hushed his
 148 While shepherds watched

ASCENSION OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.

ASHAMED OF JESUS.
 400 I'm not ashamed to own
 466 Jesus, and shall it ever be

ASLEEP IN JESUS—See *Death*.

ASPIRATIONS:
FOR CHRIST.
 354 Guide me, O Thou great
 482 I need Thee, precious Jesus
 376 More love to Thee, O Christ
 335 O Love Divine, how sweet
 319 O that I could for ever
 62 Sinner of my soul

FOR DIVINE GRACE.
 42 Come, dearest Lord, descend
 430 Jesus, my strength, my
 435 O for a heart to praise

FOR FIDELITY.
 437 I want a principle
 433 O Lamb of God, still keep
 439 O that the Lord would guide

FOR GOD.
 419 As pants the hart for
 403 I would love Thee, God
 468 My God, my Father
 374 Nearer, my God, to Thee
 284 Take me, O my Father

FOR HEAVEN.
 351 As when the weary traveller
 602 Far from my heavenly
 625 I long to behold Him
 623 Jerusalem, my happy home
 511 'Mid scenes of confusion
 621 O mother dear, Jerusalem
 610 O'er the distant mountains
 358 Rise, my soul, and stretch
 624 Ye angels, who stand round

FOR HOLINESS.
 462 Father, I know that all
 289 My faith looks up to Thee
 416 O for a closer walk
 436 O Lord, impart Thyself
 409 O Thou to whose all-search
 434 We long to move and

ASPIRATIONS:

- FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.
 44 Come, Holy Ghost, in love
 47 Holy Ghost, with light
 277 Lord, I hear of showers
 FOR PEACE AND REST.
 434 Jesus, my Lord, attend
 332 O God of Bethel, by whose
 237 O that my load of sins
 OF FAITH—See *Faith*.
 OF HOPE—See *Hope*.

ASSURANCE:

- DECLARED.
 346 Children of the heavenly
 195 I know that my Redeemer
 211 I know that my Redeemer
 456 In heavenly love abiding
 377 Now I have found a Friend
 DISCOVERED.
 337 Arise, my soul, arise
 423 When sins and fears
 50 Why should the children of
 369 Your harps, ye trembling

ATONEMENT:

- COMPLETED.
 221 Blow ye the trumpet
 209 Christ, the Lord, is risen
 201 Christ, the Lord, is risen
 225 Come, happy souls
 209 Come, let us lift our
 235 Come, sinners, to the
 193 Doue is the work that saves
 188 Hark, the voice of love
 190 Surely Christ thy griefs
 197 The happy morn is come
 183 " 'Tis finished," so the

NEEDED.

- 223 Come, ye faithful, raise
 141 Dearest of all the names
 146 How heavy is the night
 264 Lord, I am vile, conceived
 297 Not all the blood of beasts
 237 Rock of ages, cleft for me

SUFFICIENT.

- 233 Come, ye sinners, poor
 242 From the cross uplifted
 215 Hail, Thou once despised
 193 He lives, the great
 224 Let every mortal ear
 324 Now I have found the
 178 O sacred Head, now
 234 Sinners, will you scorn
 223 The voice of free grace
 133 Thou art the Way

BACKSLIDING—See *Declension*.

BAPTISM:

- ADULT.
 437 In token that thou shalt
 434 We long to move and
 INFANT.
 483 A little child the Saviour
 489 Dear Saviour, if these lambs
 436 See Israel's gentle Shepherd
 OF HOLY SPIRIT.
 512 O Spirit of the living God

BEING OF GOD—See *God*.

- BELIEVERS—See *Christians* and
Saints.

- BENEVOLENCE—See *Charity*.
 BEREAVEMENT—See *Afflictions*,
Death, and *Funeral Hymns*.

BIBLE—See *Word of God*.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

- 291 Mercy, O Thou Son of
 292 Lord, I know Thy grace
 BLOOD OF CHRIST—See *Atonement* and *Christ*.
 BREVITY OF LIFE—See *Life*.
 BROTHERLY LOVE—See *Communion of Saints*.
 BURIAL—See *Funeral Hymns*.

CALVARY.

- 232 Come to Calvary's holy
 176 Go to dark Gethsemane
 Also see *Christ crucified*.
 CHANGE OF HEART—See *Conversion*.

CHARITY.

- 556 Hark, the voice of Jesus
 539 With my substance I will
 Also see *Communion of Saints*.
 CHASTENINGS—See *Afflictions*.
 CHILDREN.

- 356 Saviour, like a Shepherd
 486 See Israel's gentle Shepherd
 23 Shepherd of tender youth

CHRIST:

- ABIDING WITH BELIEVERS.
 57 The day, O Lord, is spent
 62 Sun of my soul
 ADORATION OF.

- 219 Behold the glories of the
 162 Brightness of the Father's
 205 Come, all ye saints of God
 218 Come, let us join our
 209 Come, let us lift our joyful
 204 Glory to God on high
 215 Hail, thou once despised
 603 Hark, ten thousand harps
 219 Infinite excellence is Thine
 323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
 320 Jesus, the very thought
 230 Jesus, Thy name I love
 ADVENT, FIRST.

- 163 Angels from the realms of
 154 Bright and joyful is the
 153 Brightest and best of the
 161 Come, Thou long-expected
 149 Hark, the glad sound, the
 153 Hark, the herald angels
 160 Hark, what mean those
 159 Joy to the world, the
 151 Sing to the Lord, ye distant
 147 The race that long in
 158 When Jordan hushed his
 148 While shepherds watched
 Also see *Star of Bethlehem*.

ADVENT, SECOND—See *Second Coming of*.

ADVOCATE

- 209 Come, let us lift our joyful
 193 He lives, the great Redeemer
 282 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's

AGONY.

- 180 Alas, and did I Saviour
 176 Go to dark Gethsemane
 275 I see the crowd in Pilate's
 177 Lord, in this Thy mercy's
 173 'Tis midnight; and on

ALL IN ALL.

- 344 I hear the Saviour say
 408 In Christ I've all my
 412 Thou, O Christ, art all I
 345 Thy tears, not mine

CHRIST:

- ALPHA AND OMEGA.
 440 Love Divine, all love
 ANNUNCIATION OF.
 166 Calm on the listening ear
 165 It came upon the midnight
 Also see *Advent of* and *Angels*,
Song of.

ASCENSION OF.

- 242 Hail the day that sees Him
 194 Our Lord is risen from
 206 Rise, glorious Conqueror
 207 The Lord on high ascends

ATONEMENT OF.

- 180 Alas! and did my Saviour
 337 Arise, my soul, arise
 215 Hail, Thou once despised
 297 Not all the blood of beasts
 181 O Jesus, sweet the tears I
 190 Surely Christ thy griefs
 564 Tell me the old, old story
 245 Thy tears, not mine
 Also see *Atonement*.

BEAUTY OF.

- 625 I long to behold Him
 325 Majestic sweetness sits

BENEVOLENCE OF.

- 170 When, like a stranger, on

BIRTH OF—See *Advent*.

BLOOD OF.

- 232 Come to Calvary's holy
 274 In evil long I took delight
 174 Ye that pass by, behold

CAPTAIN.

- 427 Fear not, O little flock
 453 Our Captain leads us on
 381 Stand up, my soul, shake off

CHARACTER OF.

- 167 Behold, where in a mortal
 171 How beautiful were the
 168 My dear Redeemer, and
 108 O worship the King

COMING TO—See *Conversion*.COMMUNION WITH—See *Communion*.COMPASSION OF—See *Love of*.

- 212 With joy we meditate the
 CONDESCENSION OF—See *Incar-*
nate.

CONQUEROR.

- 93 Again the Lord of life
 135 He comes in blood-stained
 194 Our Lord is risen from
 206 Rise, glorious Conqueror
 203 Sons of Zion, raise your
 207 The Lord on high ascends

CORNER-STONE.

- 520 Christ is made the sure

CORONATION OF.

- 217 All hail the power of Jesus'
 203 Sons of Zion, raise your
 CROSS OF—See *Cross*.

CRUCIFIXION OF—See *Sacrifice*
and *Passion*.

DAY-STAR.

- 55 We lift our hearts to Thee.
 158 When Jordan hushed his

DEATH OF—See *Atonement* and
Passion of.

DELIGHT IN.

- 301 Let worldly minds the
 328 Oh, for a thousand tongues
 624 Ye angels, who stand round

CHRIST :

DESIRE OF NATIONS.

- 151 Come, Thou long-expected
153 Hark, the herald angels
210 Infinite excellence is Thine

DIVINITY OF.

- 154 Bright and joyful is the
172 O, where is He that trod

EXALTED.

- 177 All hail the power of Jesus!
210 Behold the glories of the
231 Come, ye faithful, raise
232 Rejoice, the Lord is King
203 The head that once was

EXAMPLE.

- 157 Behold, where, in a mortal
176 Go to dark Gethsemane
153 My dear Redeemer, and

EXCELLENCE OF.

- 210 Infinite excellence is Thine.
154 O could I speak the

FAITH IN—See *Faith*.

- 207 Not all the blood of beasts
FINISHED WORK OF.

- 231 Blow ye the trumpet
193 Done is the work that
183 Hark, the voice of love and
183 Thou art the Way: to Thee
153 " 'Tis finished," so the

FORERUNNER.

- 333 Our journey is a thorny

FOUNTAIN.

- 232 Come to Calvary's holy
425 Fountain of grace, rich, full
305 I heard the voice of Jesus
302 There is a fountain filled

FRIEND.

- 193 He lives, the great Redeemer
432 I need Thee, precious Jesus
377 Now I have found a Friend
314 One there is, above all
429 There's a Friend above

FRIEND OF SINNERS.

- 321 Come, O Thou Traveller
271 Jesus, the sinner's Friend
232 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's

FULLNESS OF.

- 425 Fountain of grace, rich, full
305 I heard the voice of Jesus
195 I know that my Redeemer
299 I've found the pearl of
412 Thou, O Christ, art all I
624 Ye angels, who stand round

GLORIFYING IN.

- 400 I'm not ashamed to own
41 In the cross of Christ I
406 Jesus, and shall it ever
437 My precious Lord, for Thy

GLORY OF.

- 219 Behold the glories of the
153 Glory, glory everlasting
215 Hail, thou once despis'd
603 Hark, ten thousand harps
611 Lo, He comes, with clouds
203 The head that once was

GRACE OF.

- 306 Amazing grace, how sweet
112 Grace, 'tis a charming
143 How heavy is the night
335 Majestic sweetness sits
133 Salvation, O the joyful
212 With joy we meditate

GRATITUDE TO—See *Gratitude*.

CHRIST :

HIDING-PLACE.

- 411 Jesus, Lover of my soul
433 O Lamb of God, still keep

HIGH PRIEST.

- 337 Arise, my soul, arise
214 Come, let us join in songs
198 Done is the work that
211 I know that my Redeemer
229 Now let our cheerful eyes
186 Now to the Lord, who
187 Where high the heavenly
212 With joy we meditate

HOPE OF HIS PEOPLE.

- 131 Dearest of all the names
423 When sins and fears

HUMANITY OF.

- 169 Awhile in spirit, Lord, with
167 Behold, where, in a mortal
214 Come, let us join in songs
411 Dearest of all the names
171 How beauteous were the
163 My dear Redeemer, and
213 O mean may seem this
170 When, like a stranger on
187 Where high the heavenly
212 With joy we meditate the

HUMILITY OF.

- 171 How beauteous were the

IMMANUEL.

- 141 Dearest of all the names
213 O mean may seem this

INCARNATE—See *Humanity of*.

- 134 O Word of God Incarnate

INCOMPARABLE.

- 300 Jesus is the Name we
325 Majestic sweetness sits

IN GETHESEMANE.

- 176 Go to dark Gethsemane
172 Lord, in this Thy mercy's
173 'Tis midnight; and on

INTERCESSION OF.

- 317 Arise, my soul, arise
232 Hail the day that sees Him
193 He lives, the great

INVITATION OF.

- 240 Come, said Jesus' sacred
242 From the cross uplifted
335 I heard the voice of Jesus
241 Sinners, turn, why will ye
140 The Saviour calls, let
270 With tearful eyes I look

JUDGE.

- 611 Lo, He comes, with clouds
234 Lo, on a narrow neck of
236 When Thou, my righteous

KING OF GLORY.

- 200 Christ, the Lord, is risen
603 Hark, ten thousand harps
150 Joy to the world, the Lord
194 Our Lord is risen from the
203 Sons of Zion, raise your

KING OF SAINTS.

- 103 O worship the King
100 Ye servants of God

KING SOVEREIGN

- 336 Join all the glorious names
327 O Jesus, King most
222 Rejoice, the Lord is King

KNOCKING.

- 250 Behold, a stranger's at the
179 O Jesus, Thou art standing

CHRIST :

LAMB OF GOD.

- 219 Behold the glories of the
205 Come, all ye saints of God
218 Come, let us join our
185 Come, let us sing the song
204 Glory to God on high
215 Hail, Thou once despis'd
297 Not all the blood of

LEADER.

- 234 Go forward, Christian
310 He leadeth me: O blessed
381 Stand up, my soul, shake
361 The way is dark; I cannot

LIFE.

- 305 I heard the voice of Jesus
316 Lord, I was blind, I could

LIFE OF—See *Ministry of*.

LIGHT.

- 305 I heard the voice of Jesus
316 Lord, I was blind, I could
443 My God, the Spring of all

LONG-SUFFERING OF.

- 119 O Jesus, Thou art standing

LORD.

- 217 All hail the power of Jesus!
290 Jesus, Thy Name I love
203 The head that once was

LOVE OF.

- 278 Depth of mercy, can there
214 Come, let us join in songs
189 Glory, glory everlasting
413 Hark, my soul, it is the
135 He comes in blood-stained
449 Love Divine, all love
347 Now begin the heavenly
335 O Love divine, how sweet
314 One there is, above all others
137 Plunged in a gulf of dark
564 Tell me the old, old story

LOVELINESS OF.

- 331 Jesus, these eyes have never
329 Jesus, the very thought
325 Majestic sweetness sits
327 O Jesus, King most
364 Thou dear Redeemer, dying

LOVING-KINDNESS OF.

- 338 Awake, my soul, to joyful
MAN OF SORROWS.

190 Surely Christ thy griefs

MEDIATOR—See *Intercession of*.

- 214 Come, let us join in songs

MEEKNESS OF.

- 167 Behold, where, in a mortal
171 How beauteous were the
163 My dear Redeemer, and

MERCY OF.

- 324 Now I have found the
145 Raise your triumphant
144 Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord

MINISTRY OF.

- 167 Behold, where, in a mortal
163 My dear Redeemer, and
172 O where is He that trod
170 When, like a stranger,

MIRACLES OF—See *Ministry of*.

MISSION OF.

- 167 Behold, where, in a mortal
235 Come, happy souls,
149 Hark, the glad sound, the
150 Joy to the world, the Lord
580 Thou, whose almighty

CHRIST:

MORNING-STAR.

443 My God, the Spring of all
NAME OF.

141 Dearest of all the names
332 How sweet the name of
325 Jesus, I love Thy charming
303 Jesus is the Name we
250 Jesus, Thy Name I love
325 O for a thousand tongues
339 There is no name so sweet

NAMES OF.

154 Bright and joyful is the
325 Join all the glorious names
147 The race that long in

NATIVITY—See *Advent*.

OFFICES OF.

337 Hail, my ever-blessed Jesus
332 Join all the glorious names

ONLY PLEA.

271 Jesus, the sinner's Friend
245 Just as I am, without one
235 Vain, delusive world, adieu

OUR PASSOVER.

201 Christ, the Lord, is risen
215 Hail, thou once despised.

PASSION.

133 Alas! and did my Saviour
133 Go to dark Gethsemane
191 Heart of stone, relent
274 In evil long I took
275 I see the crowd in Pilate's
177 Lord, in this Thy mercy's
175 Lord Jesus, when we stand
184 O come, and mourn with
173 O sacred Head, now
193 O worship the King
190 Surely Christ Thy griefs
163 The royal banners forward
107 'Tis Heaven begun below
132 When I survey the
174 Ye that pass by, behold
199 Ye servants of God

PATTERN—See *Example*.

PHYSICIAN.

202 Lord, I know Thy grace
211 Mercy, O Thou Son of
170 When, like a stranger on

POWER OF—See *Divinity of*.

PRECIOUS.

332 How sweet the name of
432 I need Thee, precious
325 Jesus, I love Thy charming
311 Jesus, these eyes have
323 Jesus, the very thought of
443 My God, the Spring of all
334 O could I speak the
364 Thou dear Redeemer, dying

PRESENCE OF.

342 How tedious and tasteless
14 Jesus, where'er Thy people
11 Where two or three, with

PRIEST.

221 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
214 Come, let us join in songs
336 Join all the glorious names
136 Now to the Lord, who
212 With joy we meditate the

PRINCE OF PEACE.

152 Watchman, tell us of the

PROPHET.

214 Come, let us join in songs

160 Hark, what mean those

CHRIST:

336 Join all the glorious names
136 Now to the Lord, who

RAMSOM.

162 Brightness of the Father's
223 Come, ye faithful, raise

REDEEMER.

219 Behold the glories of the
139 Glory, glory everlasting
195, 211 I know that my

REFUGE.

411 Jesus, Lover of my soul
395 Lord, Thou art my Rock
483 O Lamb of God, still keep

REIGNING.

192 He dies, the Friend of
551 Hail to the Lord's anointed
603 Hark, ten thousand harps
555 Hark, the song of jubel
553 Hasten, Lord, the glorious
1.0 Joy to the world, the Lord
222 Rejoice, the Lord is King
266 Rise, glorious Conqueror
151 Sing to the Lord, ye distant
203 Sons of Zion, raise your
208 The head that once was
207 The Lord on high ascends
510 Wake the song of jubilee
543 When shall the voice of
109 Ye servants of God

RESURRECTION OF.

201 Christ, the Lord, is risen ago
200 Christ, the Lord, is risen to
202 Hail the day that sees Him
192 He dies, the Friend of
193 He lives, the great Redeemer
130 How calm and beautiful
195 I know that my Redeemer
194 Our Lord is risen from
197 The happy morn is come
196 Yes, the Redeemer rose

RIGHTeousNESS OF.

146 How heavy is the night
434 Jesus, my Lord, attend
590 Jesus, Thy blood and
410 My hope is built on nothing
446 My Saviour, my almighty
491 No more, my God, I boast

ROCK.

526 Glorious things of thee are
410 My hope is built on nothing
287 Rock of ages, cleft for me

SACRIFICE—See *Passion of*.

409 Alas! and did my Saviour
337 Arise, my soul, arise
297 Not all the blood of beasts
181 O Jesus, sweet the tears I
313 Sweet the moments, rich

SAVIOUR, THE.

412 I once was a stranger to
177 Lord, in this Thy mercy's
334 O could I speak the
178 O sacred Head, now wounded
Also see *Passion and Sacrifice of*.

SECOND COMING OF.

607 Come, every pious heart
164 Jesus came, the heavens
611 Lo, He comes, with clouds
254 Lo, on a narrow neck
614 Lo, what a glorious sight
610 O'er the distant mountains
3 See the ransomed millions

CHRIST:

256 When Thou, my righteous
SHEPHERD.

456 In heavenly love abiding
303 I was a wandering sheep
356 Saviour, like a shepherd
23 Shepherd of tender youth
378 The Lord is my shepherd
400 The Lord my Shepherd is

SONG OF SONGS.

341 Saints in glory, we
SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

529 O'er the gloomy hills of

SURETY.

337 Arise, my soul, arise

SYMPATHY OF.

220 Now let our cheerful eyes

137 Where high the heavenly

212 With joy we meditate

TEMPTATION OF.

169 Awhile in spirit, Lord

TRUST IN—See *Trust*.

VICTORIOUS—See *Conqueror*.

WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE.

315 Jesus, my All, to Heaven

138 Thou art the Way; to Thee

WEeping.

260 Did Christ o'er sinners weep

WORD OF GOD.

134 O Word of God, Incarnate

CHRIST'S GRACE EXTOLLED.

366 Amazing grace, how sweet

143 Awake, and sing the song

451 Come, we that love the

142 Grace, 'tis a charming

305 I heard the voice of Jesus

561 I love to tell the story

313 Sweet the moments, rich

448 When God revealed His

CHRISTIANS—See *Saints*.

CHRIST, THE LIFE OF.

375 Fade, fade, each earthly

423 When sins and fears

CONFLICTS OF.

419 As pants the hart for

452 God of my life, through all

411 Jesus, Lover of my soul

424 Jesus, my Lord, attend

416 O for a closer walk

420 Sweet was the time when

CONQUERORS THROUGH CHRIST.

358 Awake, my soul, stretch

363 Our journey is a thorny

Also see *Warfare*.

DUTIES OF.

390 A charge to keep I have

567 Go, labor on; spend and

568 So let our lips and lives

ENCOURAGEMENTS OF.

354 Awake, our souls, away

346 Children of the heavenly

427 Fear not, O little flock

349 How firm a foundation

456 In heavenly love abiding

381 Stand up, my soul, shake

378 The Lord is my Shepherd

498 Through the love of God

359 Your harps, ye trembling

EXAMPLE OF.

518 Give me the wings of faith

560 So let our lips and lives

FELLOWSHIP OF—See *Communion*.

CHRISTIANS:

GRACES OF.
 450 Calm me, my God, and
 464 Father, whate'er of earthly
 437 I want a principle
 430 Jesus, my Strength, my
 435 O for a heart to praise
 593 So let our lips and lives
 Also see *Faith, Hope, and Love*.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

CALLS TO.

567 Go, labor on; spend and
 536 Hark, the voice of Jesus
 393 Stand up, stand up for
 553 We are living, we are
 623 Work, for the night is

DUTY OF.

390 A charge to keep I have
 397 Am I a soldier of the cross
 566 Jesus, our best beloved
 555 My gracious Lord, I own
 564 So let our lips and lives
 392 Teach me, my God, and

ENCOURAGEMENT IN.

641 Come, let us anew
 832 Fight the good fight with
 563 He that goeth forth with
 391 My soul, weigh not thy
 349 'This is the day of toil
 573 Sow in the morn' thy seed

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY — See *Ministry*.

CHRISTMAS — See *Angels, Song of, and Christ, Advent of*.

CHURCH:

BELOVED OF GOD.

526 Glorious things of thee are
 523 On the mountain's top
 521 Zion stands by hills

BELOVED OF SAINTS.

82 How did my heart rejoice
 515 I love Thy kingdom, Lord
 492 People of the living God

GLORY OF.

533 Daughter of Zion, from the
 526 Glorious things of thee are
 614 Lo, what a glorious sight
 546 Triumphant Zion, lift thy

INCREASE OF — See *Missions*.

543 Though now the nations sit

REJOICING.

83 Early, my God, without
 79 Great God, attend while
 536 Let Zion and her sons

SECURE.

531 O where are kings and
 521 Zion stands by hills

TRIUMPH OF.

536 Let Zion and her sons
 523 On the mountain's top
 516 Triumphant Zion, lift thy
 152 Watchman, tell us of the

UNITY OF.

508 Bless be the dear, uniting
 513 Bless be the tie that binds
 509 Come, let us join our
 504 Happy the souls to Jesus

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

518 Bless be the dear, uniting
 513 Bless be the tie that binds
 43 Dismiss us with Thy
 405, 73 Lord, dismiss us with
 19 O happy, happy place

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

38 Part in peace, Christ's life
 59 Thy name, Almighty
 28 Thy presence, everlasting

CLOSET — See *Meditation*.

COMFORT.

252 Child of sin and sorrow
 228 Come unto me, when
 Also see *Afflictions*.

COMING TO CHRIST — See *Sinners*.

COMMUNION:

OF SAINTS.

513 Bless be the tie that binds
 503 Come, let us join our
 504 Happy the souls to Jesus
 27 How bless the sacred tie
 511 'Mid scenes of confusion
 39 O Lord, how joyful 'tis to
 506 Our sons, by love together
 527 Through the night of doubt

WITH GOD.

51 Far from the world, O
 445 God, my Supporter and
 452 My God, my life, my
 444 My God, my Portion, and
 443 My God, the spring of all
 113 Our heavenly Father calls

WITH CHRIST.

12 Far from my thoughts, vain
 335 O Love divine, how sweet
 349 O that I could for ever

323 Sweet the moments, rich

CONFESSION OF FAITH — See *Faith*.CONFESSION OF SIN — See *Sin*.

CONFIDENCE.

415 Cast thy burden on the
 380 How firm a foundation
 401 In the cross of Christ
 410 My hope is built on nothing
 378 The Lord is my Shepherd

CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

435 O for a heart to praise
 Also see *Christ, Example of*.

CONSCIENCE.

437 I want a principle within
 297 Not all the blood of beasts
 439 O that the Lord would

CONSECRATION:

OF POSSESSIONS,
 182 When I survey the
 539 With my substance I will

OF SELF.

293 And can I yet delay
 286 Lord, I am Thine, entirely
 74 Welcome, welcome, dear
 182 When I survey the
 485 Witness, ye men and angels

RENEWED.

418 Come, let us to the Lord
 416 O for a closer walk
 288 Once again beside the cross

TO CHRIST.

566 Jesus, our best beloved
 565 My gracious Lord, I own

CONSOLATION — See *Afflictions*.

CONSTANCY.

390 A charge to keep I have
 393 Awake, my soul, stretch
 382 Fight the good fight with
 394 Go forward, Christian
 391 My soul, weigh not thy life

CONSTANCY.

453 Our Captain leads us on
 392 Teach me, my God, my

CONTENTMENT.

375 Fade, fade, each earthly
 464 Father, whate'er of earthly
 342 How tedious and tasteless
 433 Sometimes a light surprises
 423 Through the love of God

CONTRITION.

183 Alas, and did my Saviour
 131 O Jesus, sweet the tears I
 276 Pass me not, O gentle

313 Sweet the moments, rich

CONVERSION.

396 Amazing grace, how sweet
 298 And can I yet delay
 337 Arise, my soul, arise
 257 Awaked by Sinai's awful
 294 Father, I stretch my hands
 307 Hail, my ever blessed
 304 I am coming to the cross
 305 I heard the voice of Jesus
 561 I love to tell the story
 318 I send the joys of earth
 303 I was a wandering sheep
 404 Jesus, I my cross have
 315 Jesus, my All, to Heaven
 285 Just as I am, without
 391 Let worldly minds the

316 Lord, I was blind! I could

231 Lord, Thou hast won, at

303 Lord, with glowing heart

377 Now I have found a Friend

293 O how happy are they

317 The Saviour smiles; upon

443 When God revealed His

Also see *Faith*.

CONVERTS WELCOMED.

435 Come in, Thou blessed of
 493 Pilgrim, burdened with thy

COURAGE.

397 Am I a soldier of the cross
 384 Awake, our souls, away
 395 Brethren, while we sojourn
 382 Fight the good fight with
 394 Go forward, Christian
 391 My soul, weigh not thy life
 341 Stand up, my soul, shake

393 Stand up, stand up for Jesus

COVENANT, ENTERING INTO.

365 In all my Lord's appointed
 286 Lord, I am Thine, entirely
 492 People of the living God
 484 Thine for ever, God
 435 Witness, ye men and

CROSS:

AT THE CROSS.

304 I am coming to the cross
 275 I see the crowd in Pilate's
 274 In evil long I took delight
 286 Lord, I am Thine, entirely
 175 Lord Jesus, when we stand
 184 O come, and mourn with
 181 O Jesus, sweet the tears I
 178 O sacred Head, now
 190 Surely Christ thy griefs hath
 313 Sweet the moments, rich in
 182 When I survey the wondrous
 174 Ye that pass by, behold the

BEARING.

400 I'm not ashamed to own
 404 Jesus, I my cross have

- CROSS:**
 399 Must Jesus bear the cross
 407 My precious Lord, for Thy
 514 O what, if we are Christ's
GLORYING IN:
 496 At Thy command, our
 491 In the cross of Christ
 407 My precious Lord, for Thy
POWER OF:
 499 O the sweet wonders of
 2:8 The head that once was
SOLDIER OF:
 397 Am I a soldier of the cross
 393 Stand up, stand up for
CROWNS OF GLORY
 337 A crown of glory bright
 336 Awake, my soul, stretch
 336 Sing, ye redeemed of the
 331 Stand up, my soul, shake
 624 Ye urge s, who stand round
CRUCIFIXION—See Christ.
TO THE WORLD.
 491 No more, my God, I boast
 132 When I survey the
 Also see *Forsaking all for Christ.*
- DARKNESS, SPIRITUAL.**
 419 As parts the hart for
 422 God of my life, to Thee
 411 Jesus, Lover of my soul
 574 Light of those whose dreary
 433 Out of the deep I call
 431 Out of the depths
 5) Why should the children of
 Also see *Delusion.*
- DAY OF GRACE.**
 250 Behold, a stranger's at the
 252 Child of sin and sorrow
 235 Life is the time to serve
 254 Lo, on a narrow neck of
 248 Now is the accepted time
 253 O where shall rest be found
 239 To-day the Saviour calls
 237 While life prolongs its
- DEATH:**
ANTICIPATED.
 592 Brighter still and brighter
 632 Far from my heavenly
 539 Forever with the Lord
 582 Forth to the Land of
 22 Gently, Lord, O gently lead
 591 Set thy house in order
 581 Through sorrow's night and
BED OF.
 584 Earth with its dark and
 590 In the hour of trial
 589 The hour of my departure's
 583 When languor and disease
CONFIDENCE IN.
 632 And let this feeble body
 380 How firm a foundation
 603 It is not death to die
 588 Why should we start and
CONQUERED.
 584 Earth with its dark and
 598 No, no, it is not dying
 587 Unveil thy bosom, faithful
OF INFANTS.
 597 With joy I see a thousand
OF SAINTS.
 585 Asleep in Jesus: blessed
 596 Hear what the voice from
 586 How blest the righteous
- DEATH:**
 600 O for the death of those
 601 Rest for the toiling hand
 595 Why sh.uld our tears in
DECLENSION, SPIRITUAL.
 417 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
 418 Come, let us to the Lord
 273 Depth of mercy, can there
 416 O for a closer walk with
 179 O Jesus, Thou art standing
 251 Return, O wanderer
 573 Saviour, visit Thy plantation
 429 Sweet was the time when
DEDICATION OF CHURCH.
 517 Arise, O King of grace,
 519 Lord of Hosts, to Thee we
 518 O Thou, whose own vast
DELAY, DANGER OF.
 293 And can I yet delay?
 250 Behold, a stranger's at the
 223 Delay not, delay not
 243 Now is the accepted time
 230 O sinner, why so long
 230 To-day the Saviour calls
 246 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine
DEPENDENCE:
ON CHRIST.
 289 My faith looks up to Thee
 473 My spirit, on Thy care
 See *Christ, All in All.*
ON GOD.
 67 Call Jehovah thy salvation
 415 Cast thy burden on the
 642 Great God, how infinite art
 63 Vainly through night's
ON GRACE.
 306 Amazing grace, how sweet
 112 Grace, 'tis a charming
DELIVERANCE.
 426 Oft when the waves of
 431 Out of the depths
 447 Through all the changing
DEPRAVITY:
NATIVE—See Sin, Original.
UNIVERSAL.
 569 Arise, my tenderest
 146 How heavy is the night
 573 Look down, O Lord, with
 137 Plunged in a gulf of dark
DEPRESSION—See Darkness.
RESPONDENCY—See Christian,
Conflicts of.
DISMISSIONS—See Close of Ser-
vice.
DOUBTS AND FEARS.
 474 Give to the winds thy fears
 476 If, through unruffled seas
 468 My God, my Father
 423 When sins and fears
DOXOLOGIES.
 105 From all that dwell below
 8 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
 21 Praise to Thee, Thou great
 5 Round the Lord in glory
 59 Thy name, Almighty
 Pages 297, 298
DUTES—See Christian.
- ETERNITY.**
 639 Forever with the Lord
 649 Great God, how infinite art
 234 Lo, on a narrow neck of
 214 Lo, what a glorious sight
- ETERNITY.**
 253 O where shall rest be found
 256 When Thou, my righteous
 637 While with ceaseless course
EVENING.
 71 Abide with me; fast falls
 61 All praise to Thee, my God
 40 At even, ere the sun was
 592 Brighter still and brighter
 69 Father, by Thy love and
 45 Father of love and power
 37 For the mercies of the
 66 Hear my prayer, O heavenly
 70 Now from labor and from
 58 Our day of praise is done
 64 Saviour, breathe an evening
 36 Softly now the light of day
 62 Snn of my soul, Thou
 65 Tarry with me, O my
 57 The day, O Lord, is spent
 63 Thus far the Lord has led
 59 Thy name, Almighty,
 68 Vainly through night's
OF LIFE—See Death, Bed of.
 71 Abide with me; fast falls
OF LORD'S DAY—See Lord's Day.
- EXAMPLE:**
OF CHRIST—See Christ.
OF CHRISTIANS—See Christians.
- EXPOSTULATION.**
 250 Behold, a stranger's at the
 191 Heart of stone, relent
 241 Sinners, turn, why will ye
 234 Sinners, will you scorn
 239 To-day the Saviour calls
 237 While life prolongs its
- FAITH:**
ACT OF.
 294 Father, I stretch my hands
 304 I am coming to the cross
 271 Jesus, the sinner's Friend
 285 Just as I am, without one
 292 Lord, I know Thy grace is
 291 " Mercy, O Thou Son of "
 284 Take me, O my Father
 See *Conversion.*
ASPIRATION OF.
 510 Give me the wings of faith
 411 Jesus, Lover of my soul
 233 My faith looks up to Thee
 139 O Jesus, when I think of
 436 O Lord, impart Thyself
 412 Thou, O Christ, art all I
ASSURANCE OF.
 322 I bless the Christ of God
 300 The Saviour, O what
 302 There is a fountain
 See *Assurance.*
BLESSEDNESS OF.
 305 I heard the voice of Jesus
 293 O how happy are they
CONFESSION OF.
 406 Jesus, and shall it ever be
 404 Jesus, I my cross have
 490 O happy day that fixed
 452 People of the living God
 See *Covenant.*
JUSTIFICATION BY.
 491 No more, my God, I boast
 297 Not all the blood of beasts
 287 Rock of ages, cleft for me

FAITH:

- PRAYER OF.
255 O Thou, that hearest the
WALKING BY.
510 Give me the wings of faith
385 'Tis by the faith of joys
- FALL OF MAN—See *Depravity*
and *Sin*.
- FAMILY WORSHIP.
40 At even, when the sun was
61 All praise to Thee, my God
69 Awake, my soul, and with
592 Brighter still and brighter
67 Call Jehovah thy salvation
69 Father, by Thy love and
52 I love to steal awhile away
70 Now from labor and from
332 O God of Be-ebel, by whose
64 Saviour, breathe an evening
356 Saviour, like a shepherd
23 Shepherd of tender youth
35 Softly now the light of day
62 Soul of my soul, Thou
31 Sweet hour of prayer
61 Thus far the Lord has led
63 Vainly through night's
See *Evening, Morning, Praise,*
and *Prayer*.
- FASTS.
652 In prayer together let us
651 While o'er our guilty land
- FESTIVALS—See *Christmas, Na-*
tional, Thanksgiving-day, and
Year.
- FOREFATHERS' DAY.
637 Let children hear the
653 My country, 'tis of thee
658 O Lord, our fathers oft have
653 Our God, beneath Thy
- FORGIVENESS OF SIN—See *Sin-*
ner.
- FORMALITY.
263 Broad is the road that leads
417 Come, Holy Spirit
92 Lord, when we bend before
- FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST.
293 And can I yet delay
318 I send the joys of earth
404 Jesus, I my cross have
301 Let worldly minds the
412 People of the living God
74 Welcome, welcome, dear
182 When I survey the
205 Vain, delusive world, adieu
- FOUNTAIN:
OF BLOOD.
232 Come to Calvary's holy
392 There is a fountain filled
174 Ye that pass by, behold
- OF LIVING WATER.
525 Glorious things of thee are
224 Let every mortal ear attend
140 The Saviour calls, let every
- FRAILTY OF MAN—See *Life*.
- FUNERAL HYMNS.
531 Lowly and solemn be
594 Why do we mourn departing
537 Unveiled thy bosom, faithful
- FUTURE PUNISHMENT.
253 O where shall rest be found
237 While life prolongs its
See *Judgment*.

GETHESEMANE—See *Christ*.

GOD:

- ADORATION OF.
103 All people that on earth do
104 Before Jehovah's awful
122 Bless, O my soul, the living
- ALL IN ALL.
452 My God, my life, my love
444 My God, my portion and my
- ALMIGHTY—See *Unabhängig*.
- ATTRIBUTES OF.
449 My God, how wonderful
- BEING OF.
117 Keep silence, all created
129 The heavens declare Thy
- COMMUNION WITH—See *Commu-*
nion.
- COMPASSION OF.
119 My soul, repeat His praise
123 The pity of the Lord
- CREATOR.
123 Come, O my soul, in sacred
115 I'll praise my Maker with
80 O come, loud anthems let
- DECREES OF.
456 God moves in a mysterious
117 Keep silence, all created
471 The Lord is King: lift up
473 Wait, O my soul, thy
- ETERNAL.
642 Great God, how infinite art
641 Our God, our help in ages
- FAITHFULNESS OF.
415 Cast thy burden on the
389 How firm a foundation
447 Through all the changing
- FATHER.
454 Behold what wondrous
403 I would love Thee, God and
101 The Lord Jehovah reigns
- FORBEARING OF—See *Long-suf-*
fering of.
- GLORY OF.
123 Come, O my soul, in sacred
20 Father, Thine elect, who
5 Round the Lord, in glory
129 The heavens declare Thy
- GOODNESS OF.
122 Bless, O my soul, the living
115 I'll praise my Maker with
125 Since all the varying scenes
- GRACE OF.
122 Bless, O my soul, the living
121 High in the heavens
308 Lord, with glowing heart
- GUIDE.
354 Guide me, O Thou great
350 He leadeth me; O blessed
357 Lead us, Heavenly Father
- HELPER.
427 Fear not, O little flock, the
445 God, my Supporter and
641 Our God, our help in ages
- HOLINESS OF.
90 Exalt the Lord our God
111 Holy, holy, holy, Lord
8 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
2 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of
84 Lord, in the morning Thou
5 Round the Lord in glory
- IMMUTABLE—See *Unchangeable*.
- INCOMPREHENSIBLE.
474 Give to the winds thy

GOD:

- 466 God moves in a mysterious
473 Wait, O my soul, thy
INFINITE—See *Eternal*.
- JEHOVAH.
114 Father of Heaven, whose
101 The Lord Jehovah reigns
- JUDGE—See *Christ*.
- LONG-SUFFERING OF.
273 Depth of mercy, can there
289 God calling yet I shall I not
- LOVE OF.
402 God is love; His mercy
449 My God, how wonderful
452 My God, my life, my Love
7 To Him that chose us first
- MAJESTY OF.
108 O worship the King, all
116 The Lord our God is full of
- MERCY OF.
111 Holy, holy, holy Lord
119 My soul, repeat His praise
144 Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord
- MERCIES OF.
649 Eternal source of every joy
95 Let us, with a gladsome
461 O bless the Lord, my soul
643 When all Thy mercies, O
- OMNIPOTENT.
644 How are Thy servants
116 The Lord our God is full of
- OMNIPRESENT.
463 Beyond, beyond the
124 Jehovah, God, Thy gracious
OMNISCIENT.
124 Jehovah, God, Thy gracious
- PITY OF—See *Compassion of*.
- PORTION.
415 God, my Supporter and
441 My God, my Portion and
443 My God, the Spring of all
- PRaise OF—See *Praise*.
- PRESENCE OF.
79 Great God, attend while
85 Welcome, sweet day of rest
- PROVIDENCE OF.
67 Call Jehovah thy salvation
466 God moves in a mysterious
350 He leadeth me; O blessed
121 High in the heavens, eternal
644 How are Thy servants
476 If, through unruffled seas
352 In some way or other
124 Jehovah, God, Thy gracious
95 Let us, with a gladsome
125 Since all the varying scenes
102 Upward I lift mine eyes
643 When all Thy mercies, O
467 While Thee I seek
- REIGNING—See *Sovereign*.
- RECONCILED.
357 Arise, my soul, arise
- REFUGE.
469 God is the refuge of His
379 Though faint, yet pursuing
470 Up to the hills I lift mine
102 Upward I lift mine
- SAFETY IN.
478 My spirit, on Thy care
447 Through all the changing
- SHEPHERD—See *Christ*.
- SOVEREIGN.
474 Give to the wind thy fears

GOD:

- 471 The Lord is King: lift up
101 The Lord Jehovah reigns

SUPREME.

- 104 Before Jehovah's awful
1 Come, Thou almighty King
612 Great God, how infinite art
117 Keep silence, all created

TRUTH OF.

- 121 High in the heavens
115 I'll praise my Maker with
59 Thy name, Almighty Lord

UNCHANGABLE.

- 612 Great God, how infinite art
641 Our God, our help in ages
4 Praise the Lord, ye heavens

WATCHFUL CARE OF.

- 104 Before Jehovah's awful
474 Give to the wind thy fears
417 How gentle God's
478 My spirit, on Thy care
470 Up to the hills I lift
See *Providences of*.

WILL OF.

- 465 I worship Thee, sweet Will
473 Wait, O my soul, thy

WISDOM OF.

- 123 Come, O my soul, in sacred
402 God is love; His mercy
471 The Lord is King: lift up
89 To God, the only wise
473 Wait, O my soul, thy

WORKS OF.

- 123 Come, O my soul, in sacred
108 O worship the King, all
129 The heavens declare Thy

GOOD WORKS.

- 640 Come, let us anew
491 No more, my God, I boast
568 So let our lips and lives

GOSPEL:

BANNER.

- 549 Now be the gospel banner

EXCELLENCE OF.

- 54 Behold the morning sun
136 God, in the gospel of His
516 How beautiful are their
25 Let everlasting glories
55 We lift our hearts to Thee

FEAST.

- 235 Come, sinners, to the gospel
233 Come, ye disconsolate
242 From the cross uplifted
224 Let every mortal ear
235 Sinners, obey the gospel

FREEDOM OF.

- 221 Blow ye the trumpet
263 Life is the time to serve
244 The Spirit, in our hearts
226 The voice of free grace

FULLNESS OF.

- 223 Come, ye disconsolate
136 Salvation, O the joyful
226 The voice of free grace

INVITATIONS OF.

- 252 Child of sin and sorrow
240 Come, said Jesus' sacred
235 Come, sinners, to the gospel
233 Come, ye sinners, poor and
243 Now is the accepted time
140 The Saviour calls, let every
213 Ye that in His courts are

GOSPEL:

MESSAGE.

- 561 I love to tell the story
234 Sinners, will you scorn the
564 Tell me the old, old story
RECEPTION OF—See *Conversion*.

REJECTION OF.

- 241 Sinners, turn, why will ye
237 While life prolongs its

SPREAD OF.

- 578 Lord of all power and might
579 Sound, sound the truth
563 Uplift the blood-red
See *Missions*.

TRIUMPH OF.

- 553 Hasten, Lord, the glorious
129 The heavens declare Thy
530 The morning light is
See *Kingdom of Christ*.

TRUMPET.

- 221 Blow ye the trumpet
247 Ye trembling captives, hear

GRACE:

- ASPIRATIONS FOR DIVINE—See
Aspirations.

CONVERTING.

- 25 Come, blessed Spirit,
311 Come, Thou Fount of every
46 Gracious Spirit, Dove
47 Holy Ghost, with light
344 I hear the Saviour say
303 Lord, with glowing heart

FREE.

- 221 Blow ye the trumpet
235 Come, sinners, to the gospel
243 Now is the accepted time
227 O come to the merciful
234 Sinners, will you scorn the
244 The Spirit in our hearts
226 The voice of free grace cries

FRUITS OF.

- 568 So let our lips and lives

FULLNESS OF.

- 240 Come, said Jesus' sacred
245 Come to the land of
223 Come unto me, when
233 Come, ye disconsolate
231 Come, ye sinners, poor and
224 Let every mortal ear attend
140 The Saviour calls, let every
243 Ye that in His courts are

JUSTIFYING.

- 237 Awaken by Sinai's awful
491 No more, my God, I boast
237 Rock of ages, clef for me

MIRACLE OF.

- 307 Hail, my ever blessed Jesus

QUICKENING.

- 32 Come, Holy Spirit, calm
417 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly

RENEWING.

- 16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
534 Spirit of power and might
448 When God revealed His

REVIVING.

- 16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
571 Come, sacred Spirit, from
15 Lord God, the Holy Ghost
343 We praise Thee, O God

SANCTIFYING.

- 24 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
47 Holy Ghost, with light
146 How heavy is the night

GRACE:

SOVEREIGN.

- 306 Amazing grace, how sweet
142 Grace, 'tis a charming
146 How heavy is the night
424 To God I cried when

GRACES, CHRISTIAN—See *Christians, Faith, Hope, and Love*.

GRATITUDE.

- 311 Come, Thou Fount of every
322 I bless the Christ of God
344 I hear the Saviour say
310 I will love Thee, all
303 I was a wandering sheep
315 Jesus, my All, to Heaven is
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
320 Jesus, this heart within me
312 Praise, my soul, the King
340 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever

GRAVE—See *Death and Funeral Hymns*.GRIEVING THE SPIRIT—See *Holy Spirit*.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

- 167 Behold, where in a mortal
430 Jesus, my Strength, my
438 Jesus, Thine all-victorious
168 My dear Redeemer, and my
435 O for a heart to praise my
439 O that the Lord would
409 O Thou, to whose
358 Rise, my soul, and stretch
568 So let our lips and lives

GUIDANCE.

- 456 In heavenly love abiding
378 The Lord is my Shepherd
460 The Lord my Shepherd is

Sought.

- 24 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
22 Gently, Lord, O gently lead
354 Guide me, O Thou great
300 Jesus; still lead on
357 Lead us, heavenly Father
362 O God of Bethel, by whose
356 Saviour, like a shepherd
275 Saviour, through the desert
361 The way is dark; I cannot
494 Thine for ever!—God of

GUILT—See *Sin*.HAPPINESS—See *Joy*.

HEART:

- CHANGE OF—See *Regeneration*.

CLEAN.

- 16 Come, Holy Spirit, come

- 435 O for a heart to praise

CONTRITE.

- 268 A broken heart, my God

- 272 With broken heart and

SURRENDER OF.

- 298 And can I yet delay
269 God calling yet: shall I not
231 Lord, Thou hast won, at
74 Welcome, welcome, dear

VILE—See *Sin*.

HEATHEN.

- 569 Arise, my tenderest
547 From Greenland's icy
557 Hark, what mean those
570 I look down, O Lord, with
543 Though now the nations

HEAVEN :

ANTICIPATED.

- 622 And let this feeble body fail
 351 As when the weary traveller
 457 I know no life divided
 353 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm
 373 My heavenly home is bright
 612 On Jordan's rugged banks I
 634 We are on our journey
 336 We've no abiding city here
 613 When I can read my title

BLESSEDNESS OF.

- 625 I long to behold Him
 614 Lo, what a glorious sight
 507 My Lord, my Love, was
 612 On Jordan's rugged banks I
 333 Our journey is a thorny
 633 Shall we gather at the river
 615 There is a land of pure

HOME.

- 599 Forever with the Lord
 617 For thee, O dear, dear
 631 In the Christian's home in
 623 Jerusalem, my happy home
 618 Jerusalem the glorious
 616 Jerusalem the golden
 635 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I
 511 'Mid scenes of confusion
 373 My heavenly home is bright
 371 On an ocean all
 635 Safe Home, safe Home in
 604 The world is very evil
 634 We are on our journey home
 455 We have a house above

LONGED FOR—See *Aspirations*.

NEARNESS TO.

- 367 A crown of glory bright
 372 My days are gliding swiftly
 368 One sweetly solemn tho't
 369 Your harps, ye trembling

PRAISE OF.

- 510 Give me the wings of faith
 8 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
 3 See the ransomed millions
 609 Who are these like stars
 See *Christ, Lamb of God*.

PROSPECT OF.

- 367 A crown of glory bright
 373 My heavenly home is bright
 620 My soul, there is a country
 621 O mother dear, Jerusalem
 514 O what, if we are Christ's
 441 Take, my soul, thy fill
 630 We shall meet beyond the

REST OF.

- 631 In the Christian's home in
 629 There is an hour of peaceful
 349 This is the day of toil
 386 We've no abiding city here

SECURITY OF.

- 612 On Jordan's rugged banks I
 81 Thine earthly Sabbaths
 455 We have a house above

SOCIETY OF.

- 510 Give me the wings of faith
 627 High in yonder realms of
 3 See the ransomed millions
 619 Ten thousand times ten
 626 What are these in bright
 609 Who are these like stars

SONGS OF.

- 632 Hark the sound of holy
 627 High in yonder realms of

HEAVEN :

634 Ye angels, who stand round

HEIRSHIP—See *Adoption*.

HELL—See *Future Punishment*.

HOLINESS—See *God, Heaven, and Saints*.

HOLY SCRIPTURES—See *Word of God*.

HOLY SPIRIT :

ABSENCE OF.

418 Come, let us to the Lord

COMFORTER.

- 44 Come, Holy Ghost, in love
 9 Come, O Creator Spirit
 47 Holy Ghost, with light
 50 Why should the children of

DESCENT OF.

- 571 Come, Sacred Spirit, from
 48 Granted is the Saviour's
 25 Lord God, the Holy Ghost

DIVINE.

- 48 Granted is the Saviour's
 47 Holy Ghost, with light
 15 Lord God, the Holy Ghost
 534 Spirit of power and might

EARNEST OF.

- 46 Gracious Spirit, Dove
 53 Great Father of each perfect
 50 Why should the children of

ENLIGHTENER.

- 25 Come, blessed Spirit, source
 10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
 47 Holy Ghost, with light

GRIEVED.

- 252 Child of sin and sorrow
 229 Delay not, delay not, O
 230 O sinner, why so long
 273 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit
 239 To-day the Saviour calls

GUIDE.

- 24 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
 9 Come, O Creator Spirit

INDWELLING.

- 9 Come, O Creator Spirit
 441 Take, my soul, thy fill
 50 Why should the children of

INFLUENCE OF.

- 44 Come, Holy Ghost, in love
 32 Come, Holy Spirit, calm
 16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
 24, 417 Come, Holy Spirit, heav
 10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
 570 Look down, O Lord, with
 534 Spirit of power and might

INVOKED—See *Prayer*.

PRAYED FOR—See *Prayer*.

REGENERATING.

- 16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
 570 Look down, O Lord, with
 534 Spirit of power and might

SANCTIFYING.

- 32 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my
 16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
 24 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly
 9 Come, O Creator Spirit
 47 Holy Ghost, with light

STRIVING.

- 269 God calling yet, shall I
 244 The Spirit, in our hearts

WITNESS OF—See *Earnest of*.

HOME MISSIONS—See *Missions*.

HOPE :

ASPIRATIONS OF.

- 454 Behold what wondrous
 445 God, my Supporter and
 472 God of my life, through all
 410 In the cross of Christ I
 411 Jesus, Lover of my soul
 438 Through the love of God
 See *Heaven, Anticipated*.

IN AFFLICTION—See *Afflictions*.

IN CHRIST.

- 400 I'm not ashamed to own
 324 Now I have found the
 423 When sins and fears
 IN DEATH—See *Death*.

IN GOD.

- 469 God is the refuge of His
 431 Out of the depths of woe
 369 Your harps, ye trembling

OF HEAVEN—See *Heaven*.

HUMILIATION—See *Fasts*.

OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.

HUMILITY—See *Meekness*.

IMMORTALITY.

- 599 Forever with the Lord
 512 Hark, hark, my soul
 603 It is not death to die
 258 O where shall rest be found
 601 Rest for the toiling hand
 581 Through sorrow's night
 455 We have a house above
 See *Eternity and Heaven*.

IMPORTUNITY—See *Prayer*.

IMPUTATION.

- 190 Alas! and did my Saviour
 215 Hail, thou once despised
 401 No more, my God, I boast
 297 Not all the blood of beasts
 178 O sacred Head, now
 345 Thy tears, not mine, O

INCARNATION—See *Christ*.

INFANT SALVATION.

- 597 With joy I see a thousand

INGRATITUDE.

- 261 Is this the kind return

INSPIRATION—See *Word of God*.

128 How precious is the book

INSTALLATION—See *Ministry*.

INTERCESSION—See *Christ*.

INVITATIONS—See *Gospel, Grace, and Sinners*.

INVOCATION.

- 77 Another six days' work is
 42 Come, dearest Lord
 1 Come, Thou almighty King
 12 Far from my thoughts, vain
 94 Forth from the dark and
 76 Great Creator, who this day
 72 In Thy name, O Lord
 14 Jesus, where'er Thy people
 84 Lord, in the morning Thou
 34 Lord, we come before Thee
 75 Safely, through another
 99 Welcome, delightful morn
 11 Where two or three, with
 See *Prayer and Praise*.

ISRAEL.

- 533 Daughter of Zion, from the
 536 Let Zion and her sons
 562 O that the Lord's salvation

JERUSALEM, NEW.

- 623 Jerusalem, my happy home
618 Jerusalem the glorious
616 Jerusalem the golden
621 O mother dear, Jerusalem
634 We are on our journey

JOINING THE CHURCH—See *Faith, Confession of, and Converts Welcomed.*

JOY, SPIRITUAL.

- 338 Awake, my soul, to joyful
346 Children of the heavenly
451 Come, we that love the
375 Fade, fade each earthly joy
342 How tedious and tasteless
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
329 Jesus, the very thought of
347 Now begin the heavenly
328 O for a thousand tongues
606 O happy band of pilgrims
605 Rejoice, rejoice, believers
222 Rejoice, the Lord is King
458 Sometimes a light surprises
317 The Saviour smiles; upon
459 To Thee, my God and

-IN HOPE—See *Sinners.*

JUBILEE.

- 221 Blow ye the trumpet
555 Hark, the song of jubilee
510 Wake the song of jubilee

JUDGMENT, THE.

- 611 Lo, He comes with clouds
234 Lo, on a narrow neck of
610 O'er the distant mountains
634 The world is very evil
255 When Thou, my righteous

JUSTIFICATION—See *Faith, Justifying.*

KINGDOM OF CHRIST:

PRAYER FOR.

- 535 Great God, the nations of
542 O Spirit of the living God
559 Saviour, sprinkle many
534 Spirit of power and might

PROGRESS OF.

- 577 Christ for the world we
551 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
555 Hark, the song of jubilee
553 Hasten, Lord, the glorious
545 Jesus shall reign where'er
578 Lord of all power and
549 Now be the Gospel banner
529 O'er the gloomy hills of
554 See, how great a flame
550 The morning light is
548 When shall the voice of

LAMB OF GOD—See *Christ.*LAST HOURS—See *Death, Bed of.*

LATTER DAY.

- 532 Behold the Mountain of
534 Spirit of power and might
540 Wake the song of jubilee
548 When shall the voice of

LAW OF GOD—See *Word of God.*

LIFE:

- BEVITY OF.
617 A few more years shall roll
648 How swift the torrent rolls
359 Time is winging us away
637 While with ceaseless course

LIFE:

OBJECT OF.

- 266 Life is the time to serve the
391 My soul, weigh not thy life
258 O where shall rest be found
358 Rise, my soul, and stretch

SOLEMNITY OF.

- 390 A charge to keep I have
254 Lo, on a narrow neck of

UNCERTAINTY OF.

- 368 One sweetly solemn thought
65 Tarry with me, O my
246 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine
257 While life prolongs its

VANITY OF.

- 642 Great God, how infinite art
641 Our God, our help in ages

LONGINGS—See *Aspirations.*

LOOKING TO JESUS.

- 232 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's
233 My faith looks up to Thee
270 With tearful eyes I look

LORD'S DAY AND WORSHIP:

DELIGHT IN.

- 91 Again our earthly cares we
103 All people that on earth do
83 Early, my God, without
12 Far from my thoughts, vain
94 Forth from the dark and
79 Great God, attend while
83 How charming is the place
82 How did my heart rejoice
106 How pleased and blest
72 In Thy name, O Lord
95 Let us with a glad some
100 Lord of the worlds above
56 Sweet is the work, O Lord
81 Thine earthly Sabbaths,
107 'Tis Heaven begun below
96 To Thy temple I repair

EVENING

- 71 Abide with me: fast falls
70 Now from labor and from
53 Our day of praise is done
57 The day, O Lord, is spent

MORNING.

- 93 Again the Lord of life and
77 Another six days' work is
76 Great Creator, who this day
84 Lord, in the morning Thou
75 Safely thro' another week:
78 Sweet is the work, my God
99 Welcome, delightful morn

WELCOMED.

- 97 O day of rest and gladness
98 The day of resurrection
85 This is the day the Lord
86 Welcome, sweet day of rest
See *Invocation and Close of Service.*

LORD'S SUPPER:

- 502 According to Thy gracious
496 At Thy command our
503 How sweet and awful is the
501 If human kindness meets
498 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving
497 My God, and is Thy table
313 Sweet the moments, rich in
See *Cross.*

LOVE:

- OF CHRIST—See *Christ.*
OF GOD—See *God.*

LOVE:

FOR CHRIST.

- 330 Do not I love Thee, O my
307 Hail, my ever blessed Jesus
332 How sweet the Name of
551 I love to tell the story
310 I will love Thee, all my
336 Jesus, I love Thy charming
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
321 Jesus, these eyes have
320 Jesus, this heart within me
308 Lord, with glowing heart
376 More love to Thee, O
323 My God, I love Thee; not
334 O could I speak the
325 O Love divine, how sweet
44 Saviour, teach me, day by
364 Thou dear Redeemer, dying
FOR GOD.

- 493 I would love Thee, God and
452 My God, my Life, my Love
444 My God, my Portion, and
443 My God, the spring of all

FOR SAINTS.

- 508 Bless be the dear, uniting
513 Bless be the tie that binds
504 Happy the souls to Jesus
596 Our souls, by love together
527 Through the night of doubt
FOR THE CHURCH.
515 I love Thy kingdom, Lord

MAN, FALL OF—See *Depravity, Martyrs.*

MARTYRS.

- 627 High in yonder realms of
626 What are these in bright
MEDITATION.
51 Far from the world, O Lord
52 I love to steal awhile away
31 My God, permit me not to
319 O that I could for ever
313 Sweet the moments, rich in
583 When languor and disease

MEEKNESS.

- 167 Behold, where in a mortal
171 How beauteous were the
168 My dear Redeemer and my

MERCY:

- OF GOD—See *God.*
SORGIV—See *Sinners.*

MERCY—SEAT.

- 198 Done is the work that saves
29 From every stormy wind
88 How charming is the place
14 Jesus, where'er Thy people
41 What various hindrances

MILLENNIUM—See *Latter Day.*

MINISTRY.

- 544 Assembled at Thy great
552 Go, ye messengers of God
516 How beauteous are their
542 O Spirit of the living God
579 Sound, sound the truth
563 Uplift the blood-red banner
541 Ye Christian heralds, go

MIRACLES—See *Christ.*MISSIONS—See *Kingdom of Christ.*

HOME.

- 556 Hark, the voice of Jesus
537 On Zion and on Lebanon

FOREIGN.

- 569 Arise, my tenderest
544 Assembled at Thy great

MISSIONS:

- 427 Fear not, O little flock, the
547 From Greenland's icy
535 Great God, the nations of
557 Hark, what mean those
516 How beauteous are their
570 Look down, O Lord, with
530 O city of the Lord, begin
529 O'er the gloomy hills of
528 Spread, O spread, Thou
530 Thou, whose Almighty
543 Though now the nations sit
152 Watchman, tell us of the
518 When shall the voice of
530 With my substance I will

MISSIONARIES.

- 552 Go, ye messengers of God
563 Uplift the blood-red banner

WORKS, CALLS TO.

- 557 Hark, what mean those
560 He that goeth forth with
579 Sound, sound the truth
553 We are living, we are

MORNING.

- 60 Awake, my soul, and with
54 Behold the morning sun
83 Early, my God, without
56 Sweet is the work, O Lord
459 To Thee, my God and
13 While now the daylight

Of LORD'S DAY—See *Lord's Day*.

MORTALITY—See *Death* and *Life*.

NATIONAL.

- 630 God bless our native land
655 God of nations, King of
637 Let children hear the
653 My country, 'tis of thee
653 O Lord, our fathers oft have
633 Our God, beneath Thy

NATURE.

- 54 Behold, the morning sun
4 Praise the Lord, ye heavens
129 The heavens declare Thy

NEARNESS TO GOD.

- 374 Nearer, my God, to Thee
416 O for a closer walk with
62 Sun of my soul, Thou

To HEAVEN—See *Heaven*.

NEW JERUSALEM—See *Jerusalem*.

NEW YEAR—See *Year*.

NOW—See *Grace*, *Day of*.

OBEDIENCE:

OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.

OF THE CHRISTIAN.

- 555 My gracious Lord, I own
491 No more, my God, I boast

OFFERS OF GRACE—See *Grace*.

OFFICES OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.

OLD AGE.

- 330 How firm a foundation
65 Tarry with me, O my

OMNIPOTENCE—See *God*.

OMNIPRESENCE—See *God*.

OMNISCIENCE—See *God*.

OPENING OF SERVICE—See *Invocation*.

ORDINANCES—See *Baptism* and *Lord's Supper*.

ORDINATION—See *Ministry*.

ORIGINAL SIN—See *Sin*.

PARDON:

FOUND—See *Sinners, Rejoicing in Hope and Sared*.

OFFERED—See *Gospel, Invitations of, and Sinners, Invited*.

SOUGHT—See *Sinners, Seeking*.

PARTING—See *Close of Service*.

PASSOVER—See *Christ*.

PASTORS—See *Ministry*.

PATIENCE—See *Afflictions, Resignation under*.

PEACE:

CHRISTIAN.

193 He lives, the great

437 While Thee I seek

FOR THE TROUBLED.

245 Come to the land of peace

223 Come unto me when

243 Ye that in His courts are

PRAYER FOR.

450 Calm me, my God, and keep

464 Father, whate'er of earthly

434 Jesus, my Lord, attend

NATIONAL.

650 God bless our native land

651 While o'er our guilty land

PENITENTIAL.

263 A broken heart, my God

180 Alas! and did my Saviour

281 Come, humble sinner, in

278 Depth of mercy, can there

260 Did Christ o'er sinners

432 Have mercy, Lord, on me

275 I see the crowd in Pilate's

274 In evil long I took delight

261 Is this the kind return?

283 Jesus, full of all compassion

280 Jesus, full of truth and love

434 Jesus, my Lord, attend

264 Lord, I am vile, conceived

131 O Jesus, sweet the tears I

237 O that my load of sin

431 Out of the depths of woe

276 Pass me not, O gentle

245 Show pity, Lord, O Lord

279 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of

273 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit

263 Thou Lord of all above

272 With broken heart and

PENTECOST.

15 Lord God, the Holy Ghost

PERSEVERANCE—See *Saints*.

PESTILENCE.

67 Call Jehovah thy salvation

64 Saviour, breathe an evening

PILGRIMS:

BAND OF.

606 O happy band of pilgrims

527 Through the night of doubt

PRAYER OF.

32 Gently, Lord, O gently lead

354 Guide me, O Thou great

360 Jesus, still lead on

353 Saviour, through the desert

361 The way is dark; I cannot

SONG OF.

346 Children of the heavenly

372 My days are gliding swiftly

353 Rise, my soul, and stretch

366 Sing, ye redeemed of the

PILGRIMS:

SPIRIT OF.

647 A few more years may

351 As when the weary

602 Far from my heavenly

353 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a

289 My faith looks up to Thee

369 Your harps, ye trembling

PILGRIMAGE.

582 Forth to the Land of

348 From Egypt lately come

512 Hark, hark, my soul

365 In all my Lord's appointed

319 This is the day of toil

531 Through sorrow's night

359 Time is winging us

634 We are on our journey

370 We're bound for yonder

386 We've no abiding city

PITY OF GOD—See *God, Compassion of*.

PLEASURING, WORLDLY.—See

Forsaking all for Christ.

PRAISE.

105 From all that dwell below

472 God of my life, through all

111 Holy, holy, holy Lord

110 Songs of praise the angels

59 Thy name, almighty Lord

CALLS TO.

451 Come, we that love the

451 O bless the Lord, my soul

656 Praise the Lord, His glories

4 Praise the Lord, ye heavens

87 Stand up, and bless the

78 Sweet is the work, my God

TO CHRIST.

217 All hail the power of Jesus'

143 Awake, and sing the song

338 Awake, my soul, to joyful

219 Behold the glories of the

163 Brightness of the Father's

205 Come, all ye saints of God

607 Come, every pious heart

214 Come, let us join in songs

218 Come, let us join our

185 Come, let us sing the song

311 Come, Thou Fount of every

223 Come, ye faithful, raise

169 Glory, glory everlasting

397 Hail, my ever blessed

215 Hail, Thou once despised

608 Hark, ten thousand harps

322 I bless the Christ of God

326 Jesus, I love Thy charming

329 Jesus, the very thought of

159 Joy to the world, the Lord

317 Now begin the heavenly

186 Now to the Lord, who

334 O could I speak the

328 O for a thousand tongues

490 O the sweet wonders of

137 Plunged in a gulf of dark

341 Saints in glory, we together

29 Shepherd of tender youth

340 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever

293 Sons of Zion, raise your

364 Thou dear Redeemer, dying

454 To Thee, my God and

216 Worship, honor, power and

109 Ye servants of God

TO GOD.

103 All people that on earth

PRAISE:

- 104 Before Jehovah's awful
122 Bless, O my soul, the living
123 Come, O my soul, in sacred
649 Eternal source of every joy
90 Exalt the Lord our God
115 I'll praise my Maker with
308 Lord, with glowing heart
119 My soul, repeat His praise
312 Praise, my soul, the King
21 Praise to Thee, Thou great
5 Round the Lord in glory
101 The Lord Jehovah reigns
80 To God, the only-wise
643 When all Thy mercies, O
To THE HOLY SPIRIT.
10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
534 Spirit of power and might
To THE TRINITY.
1 Come, Thou Almighty King
114 Father of Heaven, whose
20 Father, Thine elect who
8 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
2 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of
6 I give immortal praise
112 Praise to Him, whose love
113 The royal banners forward
7 To Him that chose us first
243 We praise Thee, O God

PRAYER.

- 51 I love to steal awhile away
31 My God, permit me not to
49 Prayer is the soul's sincere
41 What various hindrances
ENCOURAGEMENT TO.
17 Behold the Throne of grace
35 Come, my soul, thy suit
493 Pilgrim, burdened with thy
HOUR OF.
33 Sweet hour of prayer
IMPORTUNITY IN.
321 Come, O Thou Traveller
34 Lord, we come before Thee
479 Our Lord, who knows full
SINCERITY IN.
92 Lord, when we bend before
To CHRIST.
169 Awhile in spirit, Lord, to
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
175 Lord Jesus, when we stand
178 O sacred Head, now
64 Saviour, breathe an evening
63 Sun of my soul, Thou
63 Tarry with me, O my
To THE HOLY SPIRIT.
25 Come, blessed Spirit
44 Come, Holy Ghost, in love
32 Come, Holy Spirit, calm
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
24, 417 Come, Holy Spirit, heav-
9 Come, O Creator Spirit
571 Come, sacred Spirit, from
46 Gracious Spirit, Dove
48 Granted is the Saviour's
53 Great Father of each perfect
47 Holy Ghost, with light
574 Light of those, whose
15 Lord God, the Holy Ghost
542 O Spirit of the living God
11 Where two or three, with
50 Why should the children of
To THE TRINITY.
1 Come, Thou Almighty King

PRAYER:

- 69 Father, by Thy love and
76 Great Creator, who this day
357 Lead us, heavenly Father
280 Thou, whose almighty
UNITED.
14 Jesus, where'er Thy people
34 Lord, we come before Thee
30 O Lord, how joyful 'tis to
18 O Lord, Thy work revive
11 Where two or three, with
PROBATION—See *Grace, Day of*.
PROCRASTINATION—See *Delay*.
PROGRESS, CHRISTIAN—See
Growth in Grace.
OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM—See
Kingdom of Christ.
PROMISED LAND—See *Heaven*.
PROMISES.
17 Behold, the Throne of
469 God is the refuge of His
333 How firm a foundation
115 I'll praise my Maker with
235 Just as I am, without one
23 Let everlasting glories
265 Show pity, Lord, O Lord
PROVIDENCE—See *God*.
PURE IN HEART—See *Heart*.
PURPOSES OF GOD—See *God*,
Decrees of.
RACE, CHRISTIAN.
393 Awake, my soul, stretch
334 Awake, our souls, away
382 Fight the good fight with
381 Stand up, my soul, shake
385 'Tis by the faith of joys to
REDEMPTION—See *Atonement*.
REFUGES—See *Christ and God*.
REGENERATION:
NECESSARY.
257 Awaked by Sinai's awful
264 Lord, I am vile, conceived
Sought.
571 Come, sacred Spirit, from
46 Gracious Spirit, Dove divine
47 Holy Ghost, with light
574 Light of those whose dreary
570 Look down, O Lord, with
435 O for a heart to praise my
Wrought.
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
10 Eternal Spirit, we confess
50 Why should the children of
REJOICING IN GOD—See *Joy*.
REJOICING IN HOPE—See *Sin-
ners*.
RENOUNCING ALL FOR CHRIST
—See *Forsaking all for Christ*.
REPENTANCE—See *Penitential*.
RESIGNATION.
450 Calm me, my God, and keep
464 Father, whate'er of earthly
465 I worship Thee, sweet Will
352 In some way or other the
92 Lord, when we bend before
468 My God, my Father, blissful
480 My Jesus, as Thou wilt
125 Since all the varying scenes
481 Thy way, not mine, O
473 Wait, O my soul, Thy
583 When languor and disease
467 While Thee I seek

REST—See *Heaven and Weary*.

RESURRECTION:

- OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.
OF BELIEVERS.
600 O for the death of those
601 Rest for the toiling hand
587 Unveil thy bosom, faithful
594 Why do we mourn
RETIREMENT—See *Meditation*.
REVELATION—See *Word of God*.
REVIVAL:
HOPING FOR.
572 While I to grief my soul
PRAYED FOR.
16 Come, Holy Spirit, come
571 Come, sacred Spirit, from
53 Great Father of each perfect
570 Look down, O Lord, with
18 O Lord, Thy work revive
573 Saviour, visit Thy plantation
REJOICING IN.
536 Let Zion and her sons
349 We praise Thee, O God
448 When God revealed His
Sought.
418 Come, let us to the Lord
277 Lord, I hear of showers of
276 Pass me not, O gentle
RICHES.
353 Rise, my soul, and stretch
182 When I survey the
RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST—
See *Christ*.
ROCK OF AGES—See *Christ*.
SABBATH—See *Lord's Day*.
SACRAMENTS—See *Baptism and
Lord's Supper*.
SACRIFICE—See *Atonement and
Christ*.
SAFETY OF BELIEVERS—See
Saints.
SAILORS—See *Sea*.
SAINTS:
BLESSÉDNESS OF.
33 Blessed are the sons of God
627 High in yonder realms
644 How are Thy servants blest
636 What are these in bright
COMMUNION OF—See *Love*.
DEATH OF—See *Death*.
GLORIFIED.
510 Give me the wings of faith
625 I long to behold Him
624 Ye angels, who stand round
PERSEVERANCE OF.
318 Awake, my soul, stretch
305 Brethren, while we sojourn
382 Fight the good fight with all
394 Go forward, Christian
388 My soul, be on thy guard
363 Our journey is a thorny
393 Stand up, stand up for
385 'Tis by the faith of joys to
SECURITY OF.
67 Call Jehovah thy salvation
469 God is the refuge of his
380 How firm a foundation, ye
456 In heavenly love abiding
473 My spirit, on Thy care
108 O worship the King
641 Our God, our help in ages
460 The Lord my Shepherd is

SAINTS:

- 447 Through all the changing.
470 Up to the hills I lift mine
102 Upward I lift mine eyes
UNION OF, WITH CHRIST.
457 I know no life divided
118 Our heavenly Father calls
UNION OF, WITH EACH OTHER.
508 Blest be the dear, uniting
513 Blest be the tie that binds
509 Come, let us join our friends
504 Happy the souls to Jesus
506 Our souls by love together
527 Through the night of doubt
SALVATION—See *Atonement, Gos-
pel, Grace, and Sinners.*
SANCTIFICATION—See *Growth in
Grace.*
SANCTUARY:
CORNER-STONE LAID.
520 Christ is made the sure
526 Glorious things of thee are
DEDICATION OF—See *Dedication.*
LOVE FOR—See *Lord's Day and
Worship.*
SAVIOUR—See *Christ.*
SCRIPTURES, HOLY—See *Word of
God.*

SEA:

- AT SEA.
641 How are Thy servants blest
426 Oft when the waves of
371 Out on an ocean all
523 Rocked in the cradle of the
421 The billows swell, the
SEAMEN.
525 Eternal Father, strong to
521 Star of peace, to wanderers
522 Tossed upon life's raging
SEASONS, THE.
640 Come, let us anew
619 Eternal Source of every
639 For Thy mercy and Thy
655 God of nations, King of
650 Great God, we sing that
651 Praise to God, immortal
638 Thou, who roll'st the year
637 While with ceaseless course
615 With songs and honors

SECOND BIRTH—See *Regenera-
tion.*SECOND DEATH—See *Future
Punishment.*SECURITY OF SAINTS—See
*Saints.*SELF-DEDICATION—See *Conse-
cration and Covenant.*

DENIAL.

- 377 Am I a soldier of the cross
263 Broad is the road that leads
349 Must Jesus bear the cross
491 No more, my God, I boast
182 When I survey the
RENUNCIATION—See *Forsaking
all for Christ.*

SHEPHERD—See *Christ.*

SICKNESS.

- 40 At even, ere the sun was
425 Fountain of grace, rich, full
530 In the hour of trial
373 My heavenly home is bright
583 When languor and disease

SHOWERS OF GRACE.

- 277 Lord, I hear of showers of
SIN:

CONFESSION OF.

- 278 Depth of mercy, can there
260 Did Christ o'er sinners
432 Have mercy, Lord, on me
261 Is this the kind return?
283 Jesus, full of all compassion
277 Lord, I hear of showers of
259 My former hopes are fled
423 Out of the deep I call
276 Pass me not, O gentle
265 Show pity, Lord, O Lord
279 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of
273 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit
284 Take me, O my Father
262 Thou Lord of all above
273 With broken heart and

HATRED OF.

- 437 I want a principle within
175 Lord Jesus, when we stand
416 O for a closer walk with
INDWELLING—See *Holy Spirit.*

- 40 At even, ere the sun was
345 Brethren, while we sojourn
434 Jesus, my Lord, attend
438 Jesus, Thine all-victorious
267 O that my load of sin were
439 O that the Lord would
409 O Thou, to whose

ORIGINAL.

- 569 Arise, my tenderest
570 Look down, O Lord, with
264 Lord, I am vile, conceived

SINAI.

- 257 Awaked by Sinai's awful

SINNERS:

ANXIOUS.

- 253 Art thou weary, art thou
177 Lord, in this Thy mercy
172 O where is He that trod the
356 When Thou, my righteous

AWAKENED.

- 257 Awaked by Sinai's awful
266 Life is the time to serve the
254 Lo, on a narrow neck of
259 My former hopes are fled
219 O cease, my wandering soul

BELIEVING.

- 337 Arise, my soul, arise
394 Father, I stretch my hands
344 I hear the Saviour say
318 I send the joys of earth
404 Jesus, I my cross have
323 Jesus, my Lord, my God
301 Let worldly minds the
292 Lord, I know Thy grace is
289 My faith looks up to Thee
297 Not all the blood of beasts
324 Now I have found the
436 O Lord, impart Thyself to
288 Once again beside the cross
300 The Saviour, O what endless
295 Vain, delusive world, adieu

CARELESS.

- 269 God calling yet! shall I not
191 Heart of stone, relent
234 Sinners, will you scorn the
246 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine
COMING TO CHRIST.

- 281 Come, humble sinner, in
304 I am coming to the cross

SINNERS:

- 280 Jesus, full of truth and
271 Jesus, the sinner's Friend
285 Just as I am, without one
CONFESSING CHRIST.

- 561 I love to tell the story
565 My gracious Lord, I own
491 No more, my God, I boast
492 People of the living God
485 Witness, ye men and angels

CONVICTED OF SIN.

- 260 Did Christ o'er sinners
275 I see the crowd in Pilate's
274 In evil long I took delight
261 Is this the kind return
262 Thou Lord of all above
DELAYING—See *Delay.*

DIRECTED.

- 475 Commit thou all thy griefs
493 Pilgrim, burdened with thy
190 Surely Christ thy griefs hath
243 Ye that in His courts are
171 Ye that pass by, behold the

EXPOSTULATED.

- 184 O come and mourn with me
227 O come to the merciful
230 O sinner, why so long
241 Sinners, tarry, why will ye
239 To-day the Saviour calls

INVITED.

- 253 Art thou weary, art thou
250 Behold, a stranger's at the
252 Child of sin and sorrow
240 Come, said Jesus' sacred
235 Come, sinners, to the gospel
232 Come to Calvary's holy
245 Come to the land of peace
233 Come, ye sinners, poor and
342 From the cross uplifted
234 Let every mortal ear attend
248 Now is the accepted time
145 Raise your triumphant
251 Return, O wanderer, return
236 Sinners, obey the gospel
140 The Saviour calls, let every
235 The voice of free grace cries
247 Ye trembling captives, hear

PENITENT.

- 180 Alas! and did my Saviour
482 I need Thee, precious
434 Jesus, my Lord, attend
264 Lord, I am vile, conceived
181 O Jesus, sweet the tears I
178 O sacred Head, now
471 Out of the depths of woe
265 Show pity, Lord, O Lord
279 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of

PLEADING FOR MERCY.

- 278 Depth of mercy, can there
432 Have mercy, Lord, on me
277 Lord, I hear of showers of
291 "Mercy, O Thou Son of"
433 Out of the deep I call
276 Pass me not, O gentle
273 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit
272 With broken heart and

PRAYER OF ANXIOUS.

- 114 Father of Heaven, whose
94 Forth from the dark and
46 Glorious Spirit, Dove
47 Holy Ghost, with light
282 Jesus, Thou art the sinne's
126 Laden with guilt, and full

SINNERS:

- 255 O Thou that hearest the
257 Rock of ages, cleft for me
264 Take me, O my Father

REJOICING IN HOPE.

- 338 Awake, my soul, to joyful
345 From Egypt lately come
561 I love to tell the story
442 I once was a stranger
293 I've found the pearl of
301 I was a wandering sheep
315 Jesus, my All, to Heaven is
26 Let everlasting glories
316 Lord, I was blind! I could
377 Now I have found a Friend
293 O how happy are they
313 Sweet the moments, rich in
441 Take, my soul, thy full
317 The Saviour smiles; upon
448 When God revealed His

SEEKING.

- 268 A broken heart, my God
331 Come, O Thou Traveller
193 Done is the work that saves
283 Jesus, full of all compassion
267 O that my load of sin were
273 With tearful eyes I look

SONG OF PRAISE.

- 217 All hail the power of Jesus!
135 Come let us sing the song
131 Glory, glory everlasting
142 Grace, 'tis a charming
307 Hail, my ever-bless'd Jesus
322 I bless the Christ of God
316 I will love Thee, all my
304 Lord, with glowing heart
137 Plunged in a gulf of dark
312 Praise, my soul, the King
112 Praises to Him whose love
131 Salvation, O the joyful
302 There is a fountain filled
453 To Thee, my God and

WARNED.

- 253 Broad is the road that leads
229 Delay not, delay not; O
117 Keep silence all created
253 O where shall rest be found
116 The Lord our God is full of
233 To-day the Saviour calls
246 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine
237 While life prolongs its

YIELDING.

- 298 And can I yet delay?
269 God calling yet! shall I not
236 Lord, I am Thine, entirely
231 Lord, Thou hast won, at
296 Saviour, see me from above

SLAVERY.

- 552 Go, ye messengers of God
551 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
563 Uplift the blood-red banner

SLEEP.

- 61 All praise to Thee, my God
60 Awake, my soul, and with
61 Call Jehovah thy salvation
63 Father, by Thy love and
62 Sun of my soul, Thou
63 Thus far the Lord has led
68 Vainly through night's
55 We lift our hearts to Thee

SOLDIER, CHRISTIAN—See Warfare.

SOUL—See Immortality.

SONG:

- New.
218 Come, let us join our
135 Come, let us sing the song
626 What are these in bright
OF MOSES AND THE LAMB.
143 Awake, and sing the song
OF PILGRIMS—See *Pilgrims*.
OF THE ANGELS—See *Angels*.
SORROW—See *Afflictions*.
FOR SIN—See *Penitential*.
SOWING AND REAPING.
560 He that goeth forth with
576 Sow in the morn thy seed
448 When God revealed His
STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
157 What star is this, with
156 When marshalled on the
STAR OF THE EAST.
155 As with gladness men of
159 Brightest and best of the
152 Watchman, tell us of the
STEADFASTNESS—See *Saints*,
Perserverance of.
SUBMISSION—See *Afflictions* and
Resignation.
SUPPER, LORD'S—See *Lord's*
Supper.
SURRENDER—See *Sinners yield-*
ing.
SYMPATHY OF CHRIST—See
Christ.
OF CHRISTIANS—See *Communion*.

THANKFULNESS—See *Gratitude*.

THANKSGIVING.

- 619 Eternal source of every joy
639 For Thy mercy and Thy
655 God of nations, King of
657 Let children hear the
95 Let us, with a gladsome
461 O bless the Lord, my soul
653 O Lord, our fathers oft have
653 Our God, be-eth Thy
656 Praise the Lord, His glories
654 Praise to God, immortal
57 Stand up, and bless the
638 Thou, who roll'st the year
648 When all Thy mercies, O
645 With songs and honors

THRONE OF GRACE—See *Mercy-*
seat.

- 17 Behold the throne of grace
464 Father, whate'er of earthly
TIME—See *Death, Life, and Year*.
TO-DAY.

- 252 Child of sin and sorrow.
243 Now is the accepted time
239 To-day the Saviour calls
TO-MORROW.

246 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine

TRIALS—See *Afflictions*.TRIBULATIONS—See *Afflictions*.

TRINITY:

- ADORATION OF.
8 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
2 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of
INVOKED.
1 Come, Thou Almighty King
580 Thou, whose Almighty
PRAISE TO—See *Praise*.
PRAYER TO—See *Prayer*.

TRINITY:

- WORSHIP OF.
114 Father of heaven, whose
76 Great Creator, who this day

TRUST:

- IN CHRIST.
425 Fountain of grace, rich, full
477 How gentle God's
304 I am coming to the cross
211 I know that my Redeemer
442 I once was a stranger to
400 I'm not ashamed to own my
456 In heavenly love abiding
336 Lord, Thou art my Rock of
480 My Jesus, as Thou wilt
446 My Saviour, my Almighty
478 My spirit, on Thy care
324 Now I have found the
139 O Jesus, when I think of
130 O what, if we are Christ's
458 Sometimes a light surprises
421 The billows swell, the
412 Thou, O Christ, art all I
428 Through the love of God
424 To God I cried when
423 When sins and fears

IN GOD

- 462 Father, I know that all my
427 Fear not, O little flock, the
474 Give to the winds thy
468 My God, my Father
467 While Thee I seek

IN PROVIDENCE.

- 475 Commit thou all thy griefs
289 How firm a foundation
643 When all Thy mercies, O

VANITY OF LIFE—See *Life*.
VICTORY OF BELIEVERS—See
Warfare.OF CHRIST—See *Christ*.
VOWS TO GOD.

- 286 Lord, I am Thine, entirely
490 O happy day that fixed my
485 Witness, ye men and angels

WARFARE, CHRISTIAN.

- 397 Am I a soldier of the cross
383 Awake, my soul, lift up
398 Awake, my soul, stretch
295 Brethren, while we sojourn
427 Fear not, O little flock, the
382 Fight the good fight with
394 Go forward, Christian
359 Gracious Redeemer, shake
288 My soul, be on thy guard
391 My soul, weigh not thy life
453 Our Captain leads us on
387 Soldiers of Christ, arise
381 Stand up, my soul, shake
393 Stand up, stand up for Jesus

WARNINGS—See *Sinners warned*.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

- 390 A charge to keep I have
333 Awake, my soul, lift up
339 Gracious Redeemer, shake
430 Jesus, my Strength, my
254 Lo, on a narrow neck of
388 My soul, be on thy guard
605 Rejoice, rejoice, believers
604 The world is very evil
575 Ye servants of the Lord

WATCHMEN.

- 516 How beauteous are their
152 Watchman, tell us of the
575 Ye servants of the Lord

WAY OF SALVATION—See
Atonement, Grace, and Sin-
*ners.*WAY, TRUTH AND LIFE—See
Christ.

WEARY, REST FOR THE.

- 253 Art thou weary, art thou
228 Come unto me, when
305 I heard the voice of Jesus
631 In the Christian's home in
249 O cease, my wandering soul
629 There is an hour of

WORD OF GOD.

- 127 A glory gilds the sacred
54 Behold, the morning sun
131 Father of mercies, in Thy
130 God, in the gospel of His
469 God is the refuge of His

WORD OF GOD.

- 133 Hail, sacred truth, whose
128 How precious is the book
126 Laden with guilt and full of
132 Lamp of our feet, whereby
26 Let everlasting glories
134 O Word of God Incarnate
538 Spread, O spread, thou
129 The heavens declare Thy

WORKING AND GIVING.

- 567 Go, labor on; spend and be
556 Hark, the voice of Jesus
539 With my substance I will
628 Work, for the night is

WORLD RENOUNCED—See *For-*
*saking all for Christ.*WORSHIP—See *Family Worship,*
*Lord's Day, Praise, and Prayer.*YEAR—See *Seasons.*

BEGINNING OF.

- 640 Come, let us anew

YEAR:

- 649 Eternal Source of every joy
650 Great God, we sing that
637 While with ceaseless course

CLOSE OF.

- 647 A few more years shall roll
639 For Thy mercy and Thy
643 How swift the torrent rolls
638 Thou, who roll'st the years

OF JUBILEE.

- 221 Blow ye the trumpet
555 Hark, the song of Jubilee
540 Wake the song of Jubilee

ZEAL.

- 390 A charge to keep I have
597 Am I a soldier of the cross
398 Awake, my soul, stretch
330 Do not I love Thee, O my
385 In all my Lord's appointed
381 Stand up, my soul, shake

ZION—See *Church.*

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
A BROKEN heart, my God, my King.....	268
A charge to keep I have.....	390
A crown of glory bright.....	367
A few more years shall roll.....	647
A glory gilds the sacred page.....	127
A little child the Saviour came.....	488
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide....	71
According to Thy gracious word.....	502
Again our earthly cares we leave.....	91
Again the Lord of life and light.....	93
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.....	180
All hail the power of Jesus' Name....	217
All people that on earth do dwell.....	103
All praise to Thee, my God, this night...	61
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	397
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound....	306
And can I yet delay.....	298
And let this feeble body fail.....	622
Angels, from the realms of glory.....	163
Another six days' work is done.....	77
Arise, my soul, arise.....	337
Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise.....	569
Arise, O King of grace, arise.....	517
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	253
As pants the hart for cooling streams....	419
As when the weary traveller gains.....	351
As with gladness men of old.....	155
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....	585
Assembled at thy great command.....	544
At even, ere the sun was set.....	40
At Thy command, our dearest Lord. ...	496
Awake, and sing the song.....	143
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	60
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes.....	383

	HYMN
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....	398
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.....	338
Awake, our souls, away our fears.....	384
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....	257
Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee.....	169
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne.....	104
Behold, a stranger's at the door.....	250
Behold the glories of the Lamb.....	219
Behold, the morning sun....	54
Behold, the Mountain of the Lord.....	532
Behold the throne of grace.....	17
Behold, what wondrous grace.....	454
Behold, where, in a mortal form.....	167
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea....	463
Bless, O my soul, the living God.....	122
Blessed are the sons of God.....	33
Blest be the dear, uniting love.....	508
Blest be the tie that binds.....	513
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	221
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	395
Bright and joyful is the morn.....	154
Brighter still and brighter.....	592
Brightest and best of the sons of the....	159
Brightness of the Father's glory.....	162
Broad is the road that leads to death....	263
CALL Jehovah thy salvation.....	67
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm...	450
Calm on the listening ear of night.....	166
Cast thy burden on the Lord.....	415
Child of sin and sorrow.....	252
Children of the Heavenly King.....	346
Christ for the world we sing.....	577

	HYMN		HYMN
Christ is made the sure Foundation.....	520	Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	260
Christ, the Lord, is risen again.....	201	Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord.....	43
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	200	Do not I love Thee, O my Lord.....	330
Come, all ye saints of God.....	205	Done is the work that saves.....	198
Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light....	25	EARLY, my God, without delay....	83
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell.	42	Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills....	584
Come, every pious heart.....	607	Eternal Father, strong to save.....	525
Come, happy souls, approach your.....	225	Eternal Source of every joy.....	649
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	44	Eternal Spirit, we confess.....	10
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind.....	32	Exalt the Lord our God.....	90
Come, Holy Spirit, come	16	FADE, fade, each earthly joy.....	375
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, My... 24		Far from my heavenly home.....	602
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, With. 417		Far from my thoughts, vain world.....	12
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast... 281		Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.....	51
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.....	495	Father, by Thy love and power.....	69
Come let us anew.....	640	Father, I know that all my life.....	462
Come, let us join in songs of praise.....	214	Father, I stretch my hands to Thee.....	294
Come, let us join our cheerful songs....	218	Father of heaven, whose love profound..	114
Come, let us join our friend above.....	509	Father of love and power.....	45
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes.....	209	Father of mercies, in Thy word.....	131
Come, let us sing the song of songs	185	Father, Thine Elect who lovest.....	20
Come, let us to the Lord, our God.....	418	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	464
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	35	Fear not, O little flock, the foe.....	427
Come, O Creator, Spirit blest.....	9	Fight the good fight with all thy might..	382
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays.....	123	For ever with the Lord.....	599
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown.	321	For the mercies of the day.....	37
Come, sacred Spirit, from above.....	571	For thee, O dear, dear country.....	617
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.....	240	For Thy mercy and Thy grace.....	639
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.....	235	Forth from the dark and stormy sky....	94
Come, Thou almighty King.....	1	Forth to the Land of Promise bound....	582
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing....	311	Fountain of grace, rich, full and free....	425
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus.....	161	From all that dwell below the skies....	105
Come to Calvary's holy mountaïn.....	232	From Egypt lately come.....	348
Come to the land of peace.....	245	From every stormy wind that blows....	29
Come unto me, when shadows darkly... 228		From Greenland's icy mountains.....	547
Come, we that love the Lord.....	451	From the cross uplifted high.....	242
Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye....	238	GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us.....	22
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem.....	223	Give me the wings of faith, to rise.....	510
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched... 233		Give to the wind thy fears.....	474
Commit thou all thy griefs.....	475	Glorious things of Thee are spoken....	526
DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust... ..	533	Glory, glory everlasting.....	189
Dear Saviour, if these lambs should....	489	Glory to God on high.....	204
Dearest of all the names above.....	141	Go forward, Christian soldier.....	394
Delay not, delay not ; O sinner draw....	229		
Depth of mercy, can there be.....	278		

	HYMN		HYMN
Go, labor on, spend and be spent.....	567	He leadeth me: O blessed thought.....	350
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	176	He lives, the Great Redeemer lives... ..	193
Go, ye messengers of God.....	552	He that goeth forth with weeping.....	560
God bless our native land.....	660	Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father.....	66
God calling yet! shall I not hear?.....	269	Hear what the voice from heaven.....	596
God, in the gospel of His Son.....	130	Heart of stone, relent, relent.....	191
God is love: His mercy brightens.....	402	High in the heavens, eternal God.....	121
God is the refuge of His saints.....	469	High in yonder realms of light.....	627
God moves in a mysterious way.....	466	Holy Ghost, with light divine.... ..	47
God, my Supporter and my Hope.....	445	Holy, holy, holy Lord, Be Thy.....	111
God of my life, through all its days.....	472	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty....	8
God of my life, to Thee I call.....	422	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts....	2
God of nations, King of kings.....	655	How are Thy servants blest, O Lord....	644
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....	142	How beauteous are their feet.....	516
Gracious Redeemer, shake.....	389	How beauteous were the marks divine..	171
Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine.....	46	How blest the righteous, when he dies...	586
Granted is the Saviour's prayer.....	48	How blest the sacred tie that binds.....	27
Great Creator, who this day.....	76	How calm and beautiful the morn.....	199
Great Father of each perfect gift.....	53	How charming is the place.....	88
Great God, attend while Zion sings.....	79	How did my heart rejoice to hear.....	82
Great God, how infinite art Thou.....	642	How firm a foundation, ye saints of the..	380
Great God, the nations of the earth....	535	How gentle God's commands.....	477
Great God, we sing that mighty hand....	650	How heavy is the night.....	146
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	354	How pleased and blest was I.....	106
		How precious is the book divine.....	128
HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus.....	307	How sweet and awful is the place.....	503
Hail, sacred truth, whose piercing rays..	133	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds... ..	332
Hail the day that sees Him risc.....	202	How swift the torrent rolls.....	648
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.....	215	How tedious and tasteless the hours... ..	342
Hail, to the Lord's Anointed.....	551		
Happy the souls to Jesus joined.....	504	I AM coming to the cross.....	304
Hark, hark, my soul; angelic songs.....	512	I bless the Christ of God.....	322
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.....	413	I give immortal praise.....	6
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices....	608	I hear the Saviour say.....	344
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour.....	149	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	305
Hark, the herald angels sing.....	153	I know no life divided.....	457
Hark, the song of jubilee.....	555	I know that my Redeemer lives, And... ..	211
Hark, the sound of holy voices.....	632	I know that my Redeemer lives, What... ..	195
Hark, the voice of Jesus calling.....	556	I'll praise my Maker with my breath....	115
Hark, the voice of love and mercy.....	188	I long to behold Him arrayed.....	625
Hark! what mean those holy voices....	160	I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	515
Hark, what mean those lamentations....	557	I love to steal awhile away.....	52
Hasten Lord, the glorious time.....	553	I love to tell the story.....	561
Have mercy, Lord, on me.....	432	I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger.....	353
He comes in blood-stained garments....	135	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	400
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies!....	192	I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	482

	HYMN		HYMN
I once was a stranger to grace and to.....	442	Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee.....	271
I see the crowd in Pilate's hall.....	275	Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	329
I send the joys of earth away.....	318	Jesus, these eyes have never seen.....	331
I've found the pearl of greatest price....	299	Jesus, Thine all-victorious love.....	438
I want a principle within.....	437	Jesus, this heart within me burns.....	320
I was a wandering sheep.....	303	Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend.....	282
I will love Thee, all my treasure.....	310	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.....	498
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God.....	465	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness....	500
I would love Thee, God and Father....	403	Jesus, Thy name I love.....	290
If human kindness meets return.....	501	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.....	14
If, through unruffled seas.....	476	Join all the glorious names.....	336
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	365	Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....	150
In Christ I've all my soul's desire.....	408	Joyfully, joyfully onward I move.....	636
In evil long I took delight.....	274	Just as I am, without one' plea.....	285
In heavenly love abiding.....	456		
In prayer together let us fall.....	652	KEEP silence, all created things.....	117
In some way or other the Lord will.....	352		
In the Christian's home in glory.....	631	LADEN with guilt, and full of fears.....	126
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	401	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace.....	132
In the hour of trial.....	590	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	357
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling.....	72	Let children hear the mighty deeds.....	657
In token that Thou shalt not fear.....	487	Let everlasting glories crown.....	26
Infinite excellence is Thine.....	210	Let every mortal ear attend.....	224
Is this the kind return.....	261	Let us, with a gladsome mind.....	95
It came upon the midnight clear.....	165	Let worldly minds the world pursue....	301
It is not death to die.....	603	Let Zion and her sons rejoice..	536
		Life is the time to serve the Lord.....	260
JEHOVAH, God, Thy gracious power.....	124	Lift up to God the voice of praise.....	646
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	623	Light of those whose dreary dwelling... 574	
Jerusalem the glorious.....	618	Lo He comes, with clouds descending... 611	
Jerusalem the golden.....	616	Lo, on a narrow neck of land.....	254
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	406	Lo, what a glorious sight appears.....	614
Jesus came, the heavens adoring.....	164	Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye... 570	
Jesus, full of all compassion.....	283	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Bid. 405	
Jesus, full of truth and love.....	280	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill. 73	
Jesus, I love Thy charming name.....	326	Lord God, the Holy Ghost.....	15
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	404	Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine.....	286
Jesus is the Name we treasure.....	309	Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin.....	264
Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	411	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	277
Jesus, my All, to Heaven is gone.....	315	Lord, I know Thy grace is nigh me 202	
Jesus, my Lord, attend.....	434	Lord, I was blind ! I could not see.....	316
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.....	323	Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear... 84	
Jesus, my Strength, my Hope.....	430	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	177
Jesus, our best beloved Friend.....	566	Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.....	175
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	545	Lord of all power and might.....	578
Jesus, still lead on.....	360	Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise.....	519

	HYMN		HYMN
Lord of the worlds above.....	100	Now from labor and from care.....	70
Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength....	396	Now I have found a Friend.....	377
Lord, Thou hast won, at length I yield..	231	Now I have found the ground wherein...	324
Lord, we come before Thee now.....	34	Now is the accepted time.....	248
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne..	92	Now let our cheerful eyes survey.....	220
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee	308	Now to the Lord who makes us know...	186
Love Divine, all love excelling.....	440		
Lowly and solemn be.....	593	O BLESS the Lord, my soul.....	461
		O cease, my wandering soul.....	249
MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned.....	325	O city of the Lord, begin.....	530
"Mercy, O Thou Son of David".....	291	O come and mourn with me awhile.....	184
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature...	511	O come, loud anthems let us sing.....	80
More love to Thee, O Christ.....	376	O come to the merciful Saviour that....	227
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	399	O could I speak the matchless worth...	334
My country, 'tis of thee.....	659	O day of rest and gladness.....	97
My days are gliding swiftly by....	372	O'er the distant mountains breaking....	610
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....	168	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	529
My faith looks up to Thee.....	289	O for a closer walk with God.....	416
My former hopes are fled ..	259	O for a heart to praise my God.....	435
My God, and is Thy table spread.....	497	O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	328
My God, how wonderful Thou art.....	449	O for the death of those.....	600
My God, I love Thee: not because.....	333	O God, beneath Thy guiding hand.....	653
My God, my Father, blissful name.....	468	O God of Bethel, by whose hand.....	362
My God, my Life, my Love.....	452	O happy band of pilgrims.....	606
My God, my Portion, and my Love.....	444	O happy day, that fixed my choice.....	490
My God, permit me not to be.....	31	O happy, happy place.....	19
My God, the Spring of all my joys.....	443	O how happy are they.....	293
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	565	O Jesus. King most wonderful.....	327
My heavenly home is bright and fair....	373	O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed.....	181
My hope is built on nothing less.....	410	O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	179
My Jesus as Thou wilt.....	480	O Jesus, when I think of Thee.....	139
My Lord, my Love, was crucified.....	507	O Lamb of God, still keep me	483
My precious Lord, for Thy dear Name...	407	O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see.....	30
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend.....	446	O Lord, impart Thyself to me.....	436
My soul, be on thy guard.....	388	O Lord, our fathers oft have told.....	658
My soul, repeat His praise.....	119	O Lord, Thy work revive.....	18
My soul, there is a country.....	620	O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!...	335
My soul, weigh not thy life.....	391	O mean may seem this house of clay....	213
My spirit, on Thy care.....	478	O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	621
		O sacred Head, now wounded.....	178
NEARER, my God, to Thee.....	374	O sinner, why so long delay.....	230
No more, my God, I boast no more....	491	O Spirit of the living God.....	542
No, no, it is not dying.....	598	O that I could forever dwell....	319
Not all the blood of beasts.....	297	O that my load of sin were gone!.....	267
Now be the Gospel banner.....	549	O that the Lord's salvation.....	562
Now begin the heavenly theme.....	347	O that the Lord would guide my ways... 439	

	HYMN		HYMN
O the sweet wonders of that cross.....	499	Return, O wanderer, return.....	251
O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith...	255	Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.....	206
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight....	409	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	358
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands..	518	Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	287
O what, if we are Christ's.....	514	Rocked in the cradle of the deep.....	523
O where are kings and empires now....	531	Round the Lord in glory seated.....	5
O, where is He that trod the sea.....	172	SAFE Home, safe Home in port.....	635
O where shall rest be found.....	258	Safely through another week.....	75
O Word of God incarnate.....	134	Saints in glory, we together.....	341
O worship the King, All-glorious above.	108	Salvation ! O the joyful sound.....	136
Oft when the waves of passion rise....	426	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing....	64
On Jordan's rugged banks I stand.....	612	Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.....	356
On the mountain's top appearing.....	528	Saviour, see me from above.....	296
On Zion and on Lebanon.....	537	Saviour, sprinkle many nations ..	559
Once again beside the cross.....	288	Saviour, teach me, day by day.....	414
One sweetly solemn thought.....	368	Saviour, through the desert lead us....	355
One there is above all others.....	314	Saviour, visit Thy plantation.....	573
Our Captain leads us on.....	453	See how great a flame aspires....	554
Our day of praise is done.....	58	See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands....	486
Our God, our help in ages past.....	641	See the ransomed millions stand.....	3
Our heavenly Father calls.....	118	Set thy house in order.....	591
Our journey is a thorny maze.....	363	Shall we gather at the river.....	633
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	194	Shepherd of tender youth.....	23
Our Lord, who knows full well.....	479	Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive.....	265
Our souls, by love together knit.....	506	Since all the varying scenes of time....	125
Out of the deep I call.....	433	Sing of Jesus, sing forever.....	340
Out of the depths of woe.....	431	Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands.....	151
Out on an ocean all-boundless we ride..	371	Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord.....	366
PART in peace, Christ's life was peace....	38	Sinners, obey the gospel word.....	236
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	276	Sinners, turn, why will ye die.....	241
People of the living God.....	492	Sinners, will you scorn the message....	234
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin.....	493	So let our lips and lives express.....	568
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	137	Softly now the light of day.....	36
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven....	312	Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	387
Praise the Lord, His glories show.....	656	Sometimes a light surprises ..	458
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him.	4	Songs of praise the angels sang.....	110
Praise to God, immortal praise.....	654	Sons of Zion, raise your songs.....	203
Praise to Thee, thou great Creator.....	21	Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all.....	279
Praises to Him, whose love has given....	112	Sound, sound the truth abroad.....	579
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	49	Sow in the morn thy seed ..	576
RAISE your triumphant songs.....	145	Spirit of power and might, behold.....	534
Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	605	Spread, O spread, Thou mighty word....	538
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	222	Stand up, and bless the Lord.....	87
Rest for the toiling hand.....	601	Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears... 381	
		Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	393

	HYMN		HYMN
Star of peace, to wanderers weary.....	524	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love...	81
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	273	Thine forever!—God of love.....	494
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	62	This is the day of toil.....	349
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne.....	190	This is the day the Lord hath made.....	85
Sweet hour of prayer.....	39	Thou art the Way: to Thee alone.....	138
Sweet is the work, my God, my King....	78	Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.....	364
Sweet is the work, O Lord.....	56	Thou Lord of all above.....	262
Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord.....	144	Thou, O Christ, art all I want.....	412
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing....	313	Thou who roll'st the year around.....	638
Sweet was the time when first I felt....	420	Thou, whose almighty Word.....	530
		Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on...	379
TAKE me, O my Father, take me.....	284	Though now the nations sit beneath...	543
Take, my soul, thy full salvation.....	441	Through all the changing scenes of life...	447
Tarry with me, O my Saviour.....	65	Through sorrow's night and danger's....	581
Teach me, my God and King.....	392	Through the love of God our Saviour...	428
Tell me the old, old story.....	564	Through the night of doubt and sorrow..	527
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	619	Thus far the Lord has led me on.....	63
The billows swell, the winds are high...	421	Thy name, Almighty Lord.....	59
The day, O Lord, is spent.....	57	Thy presence, everlasting God.....	28
The day of resurrection.....	98	Thy tears, not mine, O Christ.....	345
The happy morn is come.....	197	Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	481
The head that once was crowned with...	208	Time is winging us away.....	359
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord...	129	'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	385
The hour of my departure's come.....	589	"'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried...	183
The Lord is King: lift up thy voice....	471	'Tis Heaven begun below.....	107
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want.....	378	'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow...	173
The Lord Jehovah reigns.....	101	To-day the Saviour calls.....	239
The Lord my Shepherd is.....	460	To God I cried when troubles rose.....	424
The Lord on high ascends.....	207	To God, the only wise.....	89
The Lord our God is full of might.....	116	To Him that chose us first.....	7
The morning light is breaking.....	550	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine.....	246
The pity of the Lord.....	120	To Thee, my God and Saviour.....	459
The race that long in darkness pined...	147	To Thy temple I repair.....	96
The royal banners forward go.....	113	Tossed upon life's raging billow.....	522
The Saviour calls, let every ear.....	140	Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.....	546
The Saviour! O what endless charms...	300		
The Saviour smiles; upon my soul.....	317	UNVEIL Thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	587
The Spirit in our hearts.....	244	Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.....	470
The voice of free grace cries, Escape...	226	Uplift the blood-red banner.....	563
The way is dark; I cannot see at all....	361	Upward I lift mine eyes.....	102
The world is very evil.....	604		
There is a fountain filled with blood....	302	VAIN, delusive world, adieu.....	295
There is a land of pure delight.....	615	Vainly through night's weary hours....	68
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	629		
There is no name so sweet on earth....	339	WAIT, O my soul, Thy Maker's will....	473
There's a Friend above all others.....	429	Wake the song of jubilee.....	540

	HYMN		HYMN
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	152	While o'er our guilty land, O Lord.....	651
We are living, we are dwelling.....	558	While shepherds watched their flocks....	148
We are on our journey home.....	634	While Thee I seek, protecting Power....	467
We have a house above.....	455	While with ceaseless course the sun....	637
We lift our hearts to Thee.....	55	Who are these like stars appearing.....	609
We long to move and breathe in Thee...	484	Why do we mourn departing friends.....	594
We praise Thee, O God, for the Son.....	343	Why should our tears in sorrow flow....	595
We're bound for yonder land.....	370	Why should the children of a King.....	50
We shall meet beyond the river.....	630	Why should we start and fear to die....	588
"We've no abiding city here".....	386	With broken heart and contrite sigh....	272
Welcome, delightful morn.....	99	With joy I see a thousand charms.....	597
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	86	With joy we meditate the grace.....	212
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer....	74	With my substance I will honor.....	539
What are these in bright array.....	626	With songs and honors sounding loud...	645
What star is this, with beams so bright..	157	With tearful eyes I look around.....	270
What various hindrances we meet.....	41	Witness, ye men and angels, now.....	485
When all Thy mercies, O my God.....	643	Work, for the night is coming.....	628
When God revealed His gracious name..	443	Worship, honor, power and blessing....	216
When I can read my title clear.....	613	"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain"...	505
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	182	Ye angels, who stand round the throne..	624
When Jordan hushed his waters still....	153	Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim.....	541
When languor and disease invade.....	583	Ye servants of God.....	109
When like a stranger on our sphere.....	170	Ye servants of the Lord.....	575
When marshalled on the nightly plain...	156	Ye that in His courts are found.....	243
When shall the voice of singing.....	513	Ye that pass by, behold the Man.....	174
When sins and fears prevailing rise....	423	Ye trembling captives, hear.....	247
When Thou, my righteous Judge.....	256	Yes, the Redeemer rose.....	196
Where high the heavenly temple stands..	187	Your harps, ye trembling saints.....	369
Where two or three, with sweet accord...	11	ZION stands by hills surrounded.....	521
While I to grief my soul gave way.....	572		
While life prolongs its precious light ...	237		
While now the daylight fills the sky.....	13		

INDEX TO CHANTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
AND there were in the same country....	308	LORD, have mercy upon us.....	299
BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel.....	307	MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord.....	304
Blessed is the man that walketh not.....	300	My soul doth magnify the Lord.....	308
CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed.....	314	O COME, let us sing unto the Lord.....	302
Come unto Me all ye that labor.....	309	O sing unto the Lord a new song.....	303
FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit.....	315	Our Father, who art in heaven.....	309
GLORY be to God on high.....	310	PRAISE the Lord, O my soul.....	304
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son... 301		Praise ye the Lord.....	306
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son... 311		SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing..	316
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son... 312		Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark	317
God be merciful unto us, and bless us... 301		Suffer little children.....	313
HE was despised and rejected of men... 306		THE Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not..	300
How amiable are Thy tabernacles..... 302		The mercy of the Lord is from.....	313
How beautiful upon the mountains..... 307		Then will I sprinkle clean water.....	313
I HEARD a voice from heaven.....	314	Thy will be done.....	316
I was glad when they said unto me..... 305		WE praise Thee, O God.....	311
I will lift up mine eyes.....	305		

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns.

- ADAMS, Mrs. Sarah Flower. (1805—1843.) 38, 374.
 ADDISON, Joseph. (1672—1719.) 643, 644.
 ALEXANDER, Rev. James Waddell. (1804—1859.) 178.
 ALFORD, Rev. Henry. (1810—1871.) 487, 582, 591, 619.
 ALLEN, G. N. 399.
 ALLEN, Rev. James. (1734—1804.) 204, 313.
 ALLEN, Rev. Jonathan. 234.
 AMBROSE of Milan. (340—397.) 13, 207.
 ANSTICE, Prof. Joseph. (1808—1836.) 69.
 ATKINSON, Rev. John. 630.
 AUBER, Miss Harriet. (1773—1862.) 56, 68, 553.
 BACON, Rev. Leonard. (1802—) 540, 543, 653.
 BAHNMAIER, Rev. Jonathan Frederic. (1774—1841.) 533.
 BAKER, Rev. Francis. 621.
 BAKER, Rev. Sir Henry Williams. (1821—) 312, 433, 514, 652.
 BAKEWELL, Rev. John. (1721—1819.) 215, 216.
 BANCROFT, Mrs. Charitie Lees. (1841—) 135.
 BARBAULD, Mrs. Anna Letitia. (1743—1825.) 27, 93, 240, 383, 586, 654.
 BARTON, Bernard. (1734—1849.) 132.
 BEECHER, Rev. Charles. (1819—) 634.
 BEDDOME, Rev. Benjamin. (1717—1795.) 25, 130, 260, 262, 473, 485.
 BERNARD of Clairvaux. (1091—1153.) 178, 327, 329, 493.
 BERNARD of Cluny. (1145—) 604, 616, 617, 618.
 BETHUNE, Rev. George Washington. (1805—1862.) 139, 339, 523, 603.
 BLACKLOCK, Rev. Thomas. (1721—1791.) 123.
 BODEN, Rev. James. (1757—1841.) 205.
 BONAR, Rev. Horatius. (1808—) 112, 193, 275, 322, 303, 305, 345, 349, 450, 431, 567, 601, 647.
 BONAR, Mrs. Horatius. 375.
 BORTHWICK, Miss Jane. 369, 310, 360, 480, 605.
 BOWRING, Sir John. (1792—1872.) 152, 401, 402.
 BOYCE, Samuel. 247.
 BRIDGES, Matthew. (1800—) 206.
 BRIGGS' Collection. 245.
 BROWN, Mrs. Phoebe Hinsdale. (1783—1861.) 18, 52.
 BROWNE, Rev. Simon. (1680—1732.) 24.
 BRUCE, Michael. (1746—1767.) 187, 362, 530, 532, 589.
 BRYANT, William Cullen. (1794—) 518.
 BURDER, Rev. Henry Forster. 32.
 BURDSALL, Rev. Richard. (1735—1824.) 227.
 BURNHAM, Rev. Richard. (1749—1810.) 282.
 BURTON, John. (1773—1822.) 359.
 BUTTRESS, John. 133.
 CAMPBELL, Thomas. (1777—1844.) 153.
 CARLYLE, Rev. Joseph Dacre. (1759—1804.) 92.
 CARY, Miss Alice. (1820—1871.) 584.
 CARY, Miss Phoebe. (1825—1871.) 368.
 CASWALL, Rev. Edward. (1814—) 9, 327, 329, 333.
 CAWOOD, Rev. John. (1775—1852.) 160, 557.
 CENNICK, Rev. John. (1717—1755.) 315, 346, 364.
 CHANDLER, Rev. John. (1806—) 30, 157.
 CLEMENT of Alexandria. (—220.) 23.
 CODNER, Mrs. Elizabeth. 277.
 COFFIN, Prof. Charles. (1676—1749.) 157.
 COLLINS, Rev. Henry. 323.
 COLLYER, Rev. William Bengo. (1782—1854.) 251, 544.
 CONDER, Josiah. (1789—1855.) 3, 463, 471.
 COOK, Mrs. Martha Walker. (1807—1874.) 352.
 COOPER, John. 114.
 CORWIN, Rev. Eli. (1824—) 230.
 COTTERILL, Rev. Thomas. (1779—1823.) 190.
 COWPER, William. (1731—1800.) 14, 41, 51, 127, 259, 302, 413, 416, 421, 422, 458, 406.
 COX, Miss Frances Elizabeth. 609.
 COXE, Bp. Arthur Cleland. (1818—) 171, 531, 558, 559.
 CRABBE, Rev. George. (1754—1832.) 493.
 DANA, Mrs. Mary S. B. (1810—) 353.
 DAVIES, Rev. Samuel. (1724—1761.) 286, 651.
 DE FLEURY, Miss Maria. 624.
 DECK, James George. 290, 483.
 DENHAM, Rev. David. 511.
 DEXTER, Rev. Henry Martyn. (1821—) 23.
 DICKSON, Rev. David. (1583—1663.) 621.
 DIX, William Chatterton. (1837—) 155.
 DOANE, Bp. George Washington. (1799—1859.) 36, 138.
 DOBELL, John. (1757—1840.) 99, 248, 408.
 DODDIDGE, Rev. Philip. (1702—1751.) 28, 53, 81, 118, 142, 149, 196, 220, 246, 326, 330, 362, 366, 398, 472, 477, 486, 490, 497, 546, 565, 569, 570, 571, 575, 597, 642, 649, 650.
 DOWNTON, Rev. Henry. (1818—) 639.
 DUFFIELD, Rev. George. (1818—) 283, 393.
 DUNN, Prof. Robinson Potter. (1825—1867.) 598.
 DWIGHT, Rev. John Sullivan. (1812—) 660.
 DWIGHT, Rev. Timothy. (1752—1817.) 237, 515.
 DYER, Rev. Sidney. 628.
 EDMESTON, James. (1791—1867.) 64, 357, 425, 548.
 ELLERTON, Rev. John. (1826—) 58.
 ELLIOTT, Miss Charlotte. (1789—1871.) 270, 285.
 ELLIOTT, Mrs. Julia Anne. (—1841.) 76.
 ELVEN, Rev. Cornelius. (1797—) 272.
 ENFIELD, Prof. William. (1741—1797.) 167.
 EVANS, Rev. Jonathan. (1749—1809.) 188.
 FABER, Rev. Frederick William. (1814—1863.) 184, 227, 449, 465, 512.
 FABRICIUS, Rev. Jacob. (1593—1654.) 427.
 FAWCETT, Rev. John. (1739—1817.) 21, 128, 210, 513.

- FORTUNATUS, Venantius. (530—609.) 113.
 FRANCIS, Rev. Benjamin. (1734—1799.) 406, 539.
 FRANKE, Rev. August Hermann. (1663—1727.) 396.
- GANSE, Rev. Harvey Doddridge. (1822—) 292.
 GERHARDT, Rev. Paul. (1606—1676.) 178, 474, 475.
 GIBBONS, Rev. Thomas. (1720—1785.) 535.
 GILL, Thomas Hornblower. (1819—) 20, 213.
 GILMORE, Rev. Joseph H. 350.
 GOUGH, Benjamin. (1805—) 563.
 GOULD, Rev. Sabine Baring. (1834—) 527.
 GRANT, Sir Robert. (1735—1838.) 108.
 GRIGG, Rev. Joseph. (—1768.) 250, 406.
 GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. (1594—1632.) 427.
 GUYON, Madame Jeanne M. B. de la M. (1648—1717.) 403.
- HALL, Mrs. E. M. 344.
 HAMMOND, Rev. William. (—1783.) 34, 143.
 HANKEY, Miss Kate. 561, 564.
 HARBAUGH, Rev. Henry. (1818—1867.) 655.
 HARMER, Rev. Samuel Young. (1809—) 631.
 HART, Rev. Joseph. (1712—1768.) 16, 43, 233.
 HASTINGS, Thomas. (1784—1872.) 22, 70, 199, 229, 238, 233, 252, 549, 560.
 HAWES, Rev. Thomas. (1732—1820.) 197, 242, 459.
 HEATH, George. 388.
 HEBER, Bp. Reginald. (1783—1826.) 8, 94, 159, 547.
 HEMANS, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea. (1794—1835.) 593.
 HERBERT, Rev. George. (1792—1692.) 392.
 HERVEY, Rev. James. (1714—1758.) 125.
 HILL, Rev. Rowland. (1744—1833.) 243, 415.
 HILLHOUSE, Abraham Lucas. (1792—1859.) 317.
 HOPE, Henry Joy McCracken. (1809—1872.) 377.
 How, Rev. William Walsham. (1823—) 134, 175, 179.
 HUMPHREYS, Rev. Joseph. (1720—) 33.
 HUNTER, Rev. William. (1811—) 373, 636.
 HUPTON, Rev. Job. (1762—1849.) 223.
 HYDE, Mrs. Ann Bradley. (—1872.) 489.
- INGEMANN, Bernhardt Severin. (1789—1862.) 527.
- JOHN of Damascus. (About 750.) 98.
 JONES, Rev. Edmund. (1732—1765.) 281.
 JOSEPH of the Studium. (—883.) 606, 635.
- KEBLE, Rev. John. (1792—1866.) 62.
 KEITH, George. 380.
 KELLY, Rev. Thomas. (1769—1855.) 72, 189, 203, 208, 340, 348, 355, 370, 386, 495, 521, 528, 579, 608.
 KEMPTHORNE, Rev. John. (1775—1838.) 4.
 KEN, Bp. Thomas. (1637—1711.) 43, 69, 61.
 KETHE, Rev. William. 103.
 KEY, Francis Scott. (1799—1843.) 308.
- LAURENTIUS, Laurenti. (1660—1722.) 695.
 LOWRY, Rev. Robert. 633.
 LYNCH, Rev. Thomas Toke. (1818—1871.) 172.
 LYTE, Rev. Henry Francis. (1793—1847.) 71, 312, 404, 419, 441, 478, 562, 602, 656.
- MACKAY, Mrs. Margaret. 585.
 MACKAY, Rev. W. P. 342.
 MADAN, Rev. Martin. (1723—1790.) 143, 347, 611.
 MAHMIED, S. P. 341.
 MALAN, Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham. (1787—1861.) 598, 603.
 MANT, Bp. Richard. (1776—1848.) 5.
 MARCH, Rev. Daniel. (1816—) 556.
 MARRIOTT, Rev. John. (1780—1825.) 580.
 MARSDEN, Rev. Joshua. 552.
 MASON, Rev. John. (—1694.) 299, 507.
- MASON, Rev. William. (1725—1797.) 74.
 MASSIE, Richard. 457.
 MATSON, Rev. William Tidd. 316.
 MAUDE, Mrs. Mary Fawler. 494.
 MCCHEYNE, Rev. Robert Murray. (1812—1843.) 442.
 McDONALD, Rev. William. (1820—) 304.
 MEDLEY, Rev. Samuel. (1738—1799.) 195, 334, 338.
 MILLER, Rev. William Edward. (1766—1839.) 506.
 MILTON, John. (1608—1674.) 95.
 MONSELL, Rev. John Samuel Bewley. (1811—) 144, 382, 610.
 MONTGOMERY, James. (1771—1854.) 2, 15, 49, 67, 87, 96, 110, 154, 163, 170, 176, 185, 232, 278, 378, 431, 492, 503, 505, 519, 533, 594, 542, 551, 555, 566, 576, 590, 599, 626.
 MOORE, Thomas. (1779—1852.) 238.
 MORAVIAN COLLECTION. 407.
 MORRISON, Rev. John. (1749—1798.) 147, 418.
 MOTE, Rev. Edward. 410.
 MÜHLENBERG, Rev. William Augustus. (1796—) 249.
- NEALE, Rev. John Mason. (1818—1866.) 13, 57, 98, 113, 223, 253, 309, 520, 604, 606, 616, 617, 618, 635, 632.
 NELSON, Rev. David. (1793—1844.) 372.
 NETTLETON, Rev. Asahel. (1783—1844.) 257.
 NEWTON, John. (1725—1807.) 17, 55, 75, 91, 231, 274, 291, 301, 306, 314, 332, 342, 351, 420, 429, 479, 526, 572, 573, 637.
 NOEL, Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas. (1782—1851.) 501.
 NOEL, Rev. Baptist Wriothsley. 37.
 NUNN, Miss Marianne. (1779—1847.) 429.
- OCCEM, Rev. Sampson. (1723—1792.) 257.
 ONDERDONK, Bp. Henry Usick. (1789—1858.) 244, 537.
 OSLER, Edward. (1798—1863.) 4.
- PALMER, Rev. Ray. (1808—) 44, 181, 284, 289, 320, 321, 498, 638.
 PARR, Miss Harriet. 66.
 PERRONET, Rev. Edward. (—1792.) 217.
 PETERS, Mrs. Mary Bowly. (—1856.) 428.
 PIKE, Rev. Alexander. (—1804.) 214.
 PRENTISS, Mrs. Elizabeth Payson. (1819—) 376.
- RAFFLES, Rev. Thomas. (1788—1862.) 279, 627.
 RAWSON, George. (1807—) 45, 415.
 REED, Rev. Andrew. (1787—1862.) 47, 319.
 RIPPON, Rev. John. (1751—1836.) 595.
 ROBERT II, King of France. (972—1031.) 44.
 ROBERTSON, Rev. William. (—1743.) 488.
 ROBINSON, Rev. Robert. (1735—1790.) 162, 311.
 ROTIE, Rev. John Andrew. (1688—1758.) 324.
 RYLAND, Rev. John. (1753—1825.) 365.
- SCHENK, Rev. Heinrich Theodor. (—1727.) 609.
 SCHUMOLKE, Rev. Benjamin. (1672—1737.) 480.
 SEAGRAVE, Rev. Robert. (1693—) 358.
 SEARS, Rev. Edmund Hamilton. (1810—) 165, 166.
 SELINA, Countess of Huntingdon. (1707—1791.) 256.
 SHIRLEY, Hon. and Rev. Walter. (1725—1786.) 73, 313.
 SILESIUS, Johann Angelus. (1624—1677.) 310.
 SIMPSON, Mrs. Jane Bell Cross. 524.
 SINGLETON, Robert Corbet. 207.
 SMITH, Mrs. Caroline Sprague. 65.
 SMITH, Rev. Samuel Francis. (1808—) 239, 550, 600, 659.
 SPITTA, Rev. Carl Johann Philipp. (1801—1859.) 457.
 STEELE, Miss Anne. (1717—1778.) 131, 140, 193, 300, 423, 464, 468.
 STENNETT, Rev. Joseph. (1663—1713.) 77.

- STENNETT, Rev. Samuel. (1727—1795.) 11, 88, 183, 325, 607, 612.
- STEPHEN of St. Sabas. (725—794.) 253.
- STOCKER, John. 46.
- STOWELL, Rev. Hugh. (1799—1865.) 29, 578.
- SWAIN, Rev. Joseph. (1761—1796.) 107, 395.
- TAPPAN, Rev. William Bingham. (1794—1849.) 173, 329.
- TATE & BRADY. 80, 148, 419, 432, 447, 658.
- TERSTEEGEN, Gerhardt. (1697—1769.) 269, 409.
- THOMSON, Rev. John. (1782—1818.) 124.
- THRING, Rev. Godfrey. (1823—) 164, 592.
- THRUPP, Miss Dorothy Ann. (1779—1847.) 356.
- THRUPP, Rev. Joseph Francis. 169.
- TOPLADY, Rev. Augustus Montague. (1740—1778.) 190, 215, 216, 255, 287, 369, 476, 583.
- TURNER, Rev. Daniel. (1710—1798.) 283.
- TUTTIETT, Rev. Lawrence. (1825—) 394.
- TWELLS, Rev. Henry. (1823—) 40.
- UPHAM, James. 361.
- VAN ALSTYNE, Mrs. Fanny Jane Crosby. (1823—) 276.
- VAUGHAN, Henry. (1621—1695.) 620.
- VICTORINUS SANTOLIUS. (1630—1697.) 30.
- VOKE, Mrs. 541.
- WALFORD, Rev. W. W. 39.
- WARDLAW, Rev. Ralph. (1779—1853.) 646.
- WARING, Miss Anna Lætitia. 456, 462.
- WATTS, Rev. Isaac. (1674—1748.) 6, 7, 10, 12, 26, 31, 42, 50, 54, 59, 63, 78, 79, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 89, 90, 100, 101, 102, 104, 105, 106, 115, 117, 119, 120, 121, 122, 126, 129, 136, 137, 141, 145, 146, 150, 151, 168, 180, 182, 186, 192, 209, 212, 218, 219, 224, 225, 261, 263, 264, 265, 266, 268, 297, 318, 336, 363, 381, 384, 385, 397, 400, 417, 424, 439, 443, 444, 445, 446, 448, 451, 452, 454, 460, 461, 469, 470, 491, 496, 499, 503, 510, 516, 517, 536, 545, 568, 587, 588, 594, 596, 613, 614, 615, 641, 642, 645, 657.
- WEISSE, Rev. Michael. (—1540.) 201.
- WESLEY, Rev. Charles. (1708—1788.) 1, 19, 48, 109, 153, 161, 174, 191, 194, 200, 202, 211, 221, 222, 235, 236, 241, 254, 267, 271, 273, 278, 280, 293, 294, 295, 296, 298, 321, 323, 335, 337, 387, 389, 390, 411, 412, 426, 430, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 440, 453, 455, 504, 508, 509, 554, 574, 611, 622, 625, 640.
- WESLEY, Rev. John. (1703—1791.) 55, 104, 192, 280, 321, 409, 474, 475, 500.
- WHITE, Henry Kirke. (1785—1806.) 116, 156, 581.
- WHITFIELD, Rev. Frederick. (1829—) 432.
- WHITING, William. (1825—) 525.
- WILLARD, Mrs. Emma C. (1787—1870.) 523.
- WILLIAMS, Miss Helen Maria. (1762—1827.) 467.
- WILLIAMS AND BODEN'S COLLECTION. 623.
- WILLIAMS, Rev. Benjamin. 111.
- WILLIAMS, Rev. Isaac. (1802—1865.) 177.
- WILLIAMS, Rev. Peter. (1719—1796.) 354.
- WILLIAMS, Rev. William. (1717—1791.) 354, 529.
- WINGROVE, John. 307.
- WINKWORTH, Miss Catharine. (1829—) 201, 396, 427, 538.
- WOLCOTT, Rev. Samuel. (1813—) 577.
- WORDSWORTH, Rev. Christopher. (1807—) 97, 632.
- XAVIER, Francis. (1506—1552.) 333.
- ZINZENDORF, Nicolaus Ludwlg. (1703—1760.) 360, 500.

INDEX OF COMPOSERS.

The figures refer to the numbers of the pages.

- ADAMS' CHURCH PASTORALS. 153.
AHLE, Johann Rudolph. (1625-1673.) 156, 294.
AMERICAN MELODY. 131, 135, 144, 163.
ARNE, Thomas Augustine. (1710-1773.) 218, 239.
AVISON, Charles. (1710-1770.) 316.
- BACH, Johann Sebastian. (1685-1750.) 83.
BAILLOT, Pierre-Marie-Françoise de Sales. (1771-1812.) 169.
BEETHOVEN, Ludwig von. (1770-1827.) 111, 266.
BISHOP, Sir Henry Rowley. (1780-1855.) 228.
BOST, Ami. 191.
BOYD, Robert. 125.
BRADBURY, William Batchelder. (1816-1868.) 16, 18, 76, 92, 112, 116, 120, 123, 124, 128, 144, 152, 158, 161, 185, 208, 215, 235, 360.
BRISTOL COLLECTION. 241.
BULL, John (?). (1573-1623.) 296.
BURGMUELLER, Friedrich. (1804-) 277.
BURNAP, Uzziah C. (1834-) 265.
BURNEY, Charles. (1726-1814.) 54.
- CAREY, Henry. (1603-1743.) 296.
CHANDLER, S. 115.
CHAPIN, Aaron. 19, 181, 226.
CHERUBINI, Maria Luigi. (1760-1842.) 21.
CHRISTIAN LYRE. 152.
CLARK, Thomas. 98, 269.
CLARKE, John. (1770-1818.) 101.
CONKEY, Ithamar. (1815-1867.) 182.
CRANE, ———. 192.
CROFT, William. (1677-1727.) 238.
CROTCH, William. (1775-1847.) 311.
- DARWELL, Rev. John. 4.
DAVISSON, Annanias. 117, 195.
DAY'S (JOHN) PSALTER. 255.
DEVEREAUX, ———. 148.
DIXON, William. 36.
DOANE, William Howard. (1832-) 123, 163, 251.
DUPUIS, Thomas Saunders. (1733-1796.) 302, 307.
DUTTON, jr., Deodatus. 23.
DYKES, Rev. John Bachus. 5, 97, 128, 229, 262.
- EBERWEIN, Traugott Maximilian. (1775-1831.) 61.
EDSON, Jonathan. 98, 154, 278.
EMERSON, Luther Orlando. (1820-) 106, 138, 190, 249.
ENGLISH MELODY. 86, 100, 154, 236, 254, 284.
EVANS, John M. 166.
EWING, Bp. Alexander. (-1873.) 206, 274.
- FISCHER, William Gustavus. (1835-) 136, 250.
FLINTOFF, ———. 306.
- FLOTOW, Friedrich von. (1812-) 29.
FRANCKE, Guillaume. 46, 201, 288.
- GARDINER, William. (1770-1853.) 147.
GERMAN AIR. 67, 174.
GERMAN MELODY. 43, 104, 153, 159, 172, 231.
GIARDINI, Felice. (1716-1796.) 1, 11, 137, 257.
GIORNOVICH, Jean Maria. (1745-1801.) 276.
GLAESER, Carl Gotthilf. (1784-1829.) 196.
GOULD, John Edgar. (1822-) 24, 219.
GOULD, Nathaniel D. (1781-1864.) 125, 280.
GRAPE, John T. 155.
GREATOREX, Henry Wellington. (1816-1857.) 39, 40.
GREEK MELODY. 78.
- HANDEL, George Frederick. (1685-1759.) 53, 65, 93, 180, 205, 227.
HARRINGTON, Calvin Sears. 159, 168.
HARRISON, Rev. Ralph. (1748-1810.) 197, 204.
HASTINGS, Thomas. (1784-1872.) 14, 20, 22, 87, 113, 123, 146, 191, 237.
HATTON, John. 57, 243.
HAVERGAL, Rev. William Henry. (1793-1870.) 49.
HAWES, Rev. Thomas. (1732-1820.) 58.
HAYDN, Francis Joseph. (1732-1809.) 12, 27, 30, 41, 48.
HAYES, Philip. (1739-1797.) 309.
HAYES, William. (1708-1779.) 314.
HEROLD, Louis Joseph Ferdinand. (1791-1833.) 2, 186, 221.
HERRMAN, Nicholas. (-1561.) 290.
HOLDEN, Oliver. (1756-1831.) 96.
HORKINS, Rev. Josiah. (1786-1862.) 102.
HUMMEL, Johann Nepomuk. (1778-1837.) 25.
- INOALLS, Jeremiah. (1764-1833.) 104, 145, 177, 273.
IRISH MELODY. 279.
IVES, jr., Elam. (1802-1864.) 279.
- JENKS, Stephen. (-1856.) 130.
JOCelyn's CHORISTER'S COMPANION. 192.
JONES, Rev. Darins Eliot. (1815-) 28.
JONES, Rev. William. (1720-1800.) 202.
- KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH. 268.
KINGSLEY, George. (1811-) 2, 61, 119, 143, 165, 186, 188, 203, 221, 224, 224, 272.
KREUTZER, Rudolf. (1766-1831.) 68.
- LAMPE, Johann Friedrich. (-1750.) 292.
LANGDON, Richard. (-1798.) 301.
LOCKHART, Charles. (-1816.) 271.
LOWRY, Rev. Robert. (1826-) 283.

- MAIN**, Hubert Platt. (1839—) 281.
MALAN, Rev. César Henri Abraham. (1787—1864.) 15, 42, 109, 187.
MARECHIO, ———, 10, 95, 198.
MARSH, Simeon Butler. (1798—) 109, 186.
MASON, Lowell. (1792—1872.) 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 13, 32, 33, 34, 35, 43, 45, 51, 55, 56, 64, 65, 66, 74, 82, 83, 86, 90, 99, 100, 102, 103, 107, 110, 114, 122, 129, 133, 134, 142, 149, 150, 151, 160, 167, 170, 171, 174, 176, 184, 189, 193, 196, 207, 210, 212, 222, 223, 225, 230, 244, 256, 263, 270, 280, 289, 291, 316.
MCDONALD, Rev. William. (1820—) 282.
MEHUL, Etienne Henri. (1763—1817.) 213.
MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, Felix. (1809—1847.) 89, 185, 246.
MERRILL, Rev. Abraham Dow. (1796—) 285.
MILLER, William. (1810—) 169.
MITCHELL, Nahum. (1770—1853.) 211.
MONK, William Henry. 12, 27, 31, 113.
MORNINGTON, Lord Garret Wellesley. (1720—1781.) 9.
MOZART, Johann C. W. A. (1756—1791.) 59, 69, 88, 141, 150, 183.
NAEGEL, Hans Georg. (1773—1836.) 208, 210, 215.
NARES, James. (1715—1783.) 163.
NETTLETON, Rev. Asahel. (1783—1844.) 140.
NEUKOMM, Sigismund. (1778—1858.) 35.
NORRIS, Charles. (1740—1790.) 304.
OAKLEY, William Henry. (1808—) 132.
OLIVER, Henry Kemble. (1800—) 80, 293.
PARKER, Rev. Edwin Pond. (1836—) 166.
PLEYEL, Ignace. (1737—1831.) 17, 211.
POND, Sylvanus Billings. (1815—1871.) 60, 214.
PURCELL, Henry. (1658—1695.) 301.
READ, Daniel. (1757—1836.) 38, 118.
READING, John. (1690—1766.) 173.
REDHEAD, Richard. 77.
RIMBAULT, Edward Francis. (1816—) 220.
RINK, Johann C. H. (1770—1846.) 75, 209.
ROOT, George Frederick. (1820—) 75, 168, 209, 261.
ROSSINI, Gioacchino. (1792—1868.) 73, 119.
ROUSSEAU, Jean Jacques. (1712—1778.) 105.
SCHNEIDER, Friedrich. (1786—1853.) 44, 284.
SCHULZ, Johann Abraham Peter. (1747—1800.) 34.
SCOTCH MELODY. 56, 149, 164, 212, 225.
SHRUBSOLE, Rev. William. (1729—1797.) 97.
SICILIAN MELODY. 233.
SMITH, Isaac. 62, 157.
SPANISH MELODY. 10, 95, 179, 198.
SPOHR, Ludwig. (1784—1859.) 311.
SWAN, Timothy. (1758—1842.) 264.
SWETSER, Joseph E. (1825—) 267.
TALLIS, Thomas. (1529—1585.) 26, 300, 312.
TANSUR, William. (1699—1774.) 63, 232, 295.
TAYLOR, Virgil Corydon. (1817—) 121, 252.
TUCKERMAN, Samuel Parkman. (1818—) 258.
VAN ARSDALE, Philip P. (1816—) 248.
VENUA, Frederick Marc Antoine. (1788—) 84.
WARTENSEE, Xavier Schnyder von. (1786—) 108.
WEBB, George James. (1803—) 178, 245.
WEBBE, Samuel. (1740—1816.) 107, 247, 286, 287.
WEBER, Carl Maria von. (1786—1826.) 70, 71, 216.
WELSH AIR. 37.
WESLEY, Rev. Samuel. (1662—1735.) 308.
WESLEY, Samuel Sebastian. 217.
WHITE, Edward L. (—1851.) 199.
WILCOX, John Henry. (1827—) 139.
WILLIAMS, Aaron. (1731—1776.) 37, 47, 235.
WILLIS, Richard Storrs. (1819—) 72.
WILSON, Hugh. 56, 79, 149, 225, 259.
WOODBURY, Isaac Beverly. (1819—1858.) 94, 126.
WOODMAN, Jonathan C. 194.
ZEUNER, Charles. (1795—1857.) 50, 52, 91, 175, 200, 240, 242.
ZUNDEL, John. (1815—) 136.



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