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# LAUDAMUS.

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A HYMNAL

FOR

Women's Colleges and Schools.

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The Hymns selected by

- - J. R. <sup>✓</sup>KENDRICK, D.D. - -

---

The Music selected and arranged by

- - F. L. RITTER, Mus. Doc. - -

Director of Music in Vassar College.

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✦ B O S T O N : ✦

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## P R E F A C E .

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Hymnals, as a rule, are much too voluminous. Pastors are troubled with the superfluous number of hymns from which they are obliged to make selections for their Sunday services. Much more is this true of those who conduct the daily religious exercises of colleges and schools. What such persons want is a collection of hymns from which a choice may be made almost at random, without fear of falling upon inappropriateness or violations of good taste. Such a collection must be small. The approximately perfect, or even thoroughly good hymns — good in form as well as spirit — are few; and these in the ordinary hymnal are obscured, if not lost, in a mass of compositions little better than mere rubbish.

It is desirable also that a college hymnal, while not neglecting doctrinal themes, should be especially full in the expression of the daily needs and experiences incident to school life.

These considerations imply a great reduction in the size of the college hymnal, and they also suggest the points at which this reduction should be made.

As our institutions of learning are for the most part unsectarian, and do not assume the functions of a church, the work of abbreviation is facilitated by the obvious propriety of throwing out all hymns specifically related to church ordinances. It is not quite fair that an undenominational school should use a service of song prepared in the interest of any particular sect.

In view of these facts it is believed that there is not simply room for a collection like this, but that it is really needed.

In performing his work the compiler's aim has been to admit only such hymns as approve themselves to a fair critical judgment, while they cultivate the spirit of devotion. If any of inferior merit have been retained, it is because of the lack of better compositions to take their place, or as a concession to the just claims of old and tender associations.

In so brief a collection it has been assumed that other than quite general classifications of subjects and descriptive headlines would be a hindrance rather than a help.

Nearly all the authors to whom application has been made for the use of their hymns have responded with a prompt and cordial assent. Among these it is proper to mention Dr. O. W. Holmes, (Houghton & Mifflin, Publishers), John G. Whittier, Dr. S. F. Smith, and Prof. Joseph H. Gilmore. Not long before his

## PREFACE.

death Dr. Ray Palmer placed at the compiler's service all of his hymns, and very kindly directed attention to certain of them contained in his "Songs of Hope and Gladness," which had not found their way into any manual of psalmody. In consequence of this generosity, the present collection is enriched with several new compositions from that prince of American hymn writers.

The compiler gratefully records his indebtedness to President Seelye, of Smith College; President Taylor, of Vassar College, and the Rev. Dr. H. M. King, of Albany, for practical assistance in performing his work. Dr. Frisbie, President of Wells College, evinced from the first a lively interest in the enterprise, and has promoted it by valuable suggestions.

The preparation of this hymnal has been with the undersigned a labor of love, and he will be deeply gratified if it shall prove acceptable to the large class of colleges and schools for which it is designed.

Its distinctly novel feature is its musical arrangement, and this will be explained by the accomplished editor of that department.

J. R. KENDRICK.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., August, 1887.

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The reasons that have influenced me in arranging the tunes of this hymn collection for the use of women's choirs are the following:

The majority of young American women study music; they thus generally become good choir singers. When participating in hymn-singing, whether at church or at prayer-meetings, they invariably endeavor to sing those parts of the musical setting of the sacred tunes which are natural to the compass of their voices, viz.: the soprano or the alto. Now, all musical persons know that the hymn-tunes are, as a rule, arranged for four parts; viz.: bass, tenor, alto, and soprano; if, therefore, a female chorus attempts to sing such a four-part arrangement, two important parts, the bass and the tenor, must be dropped, the symmetry of the harmony is thus destroyed, and the performance, consequently, becomes incomplete, unmusical; a union of all the voices in the singing of the melody (congregational singing), would then be far preferable.

In order to do away with this incomplete part-singing, as practised by the choirs of women's colleges, seminaries, and schools, I have selected and arranged this collection of tunes, for the use of a three-part female chorus. These settings are, in a harmonious sense, complete in themselves, but in order to enrich the harmony, I have added a bass part, either to be sung, if desired, or performed on the pedals of the organ, leaving this, however, at the option of the accompanist.

The melodies which I have selected and harmonized for the "Woman's College

## P R E F A C E.

Hymnal," comprise the best of those already familiar to American congregations; besides a great number of the finest and most stirring airs to be found in the hymnals and psalters of the English, Lutheran, Huguenot, Moravian, and Reformed churches. The majority of these now appear for the first time in print in connection with English words. A glance at the Index of Tunes will show the wide range of sacred sources which I have consulted in the interest of this hymnal.

It has been my endeavor, regarding the melodies selected from old Moravian, Lutheran, and Huguenot sources, to give them, as far as possible, according to the original rhythmical arrangement. In the Lutheran churches, sometime after the Reformation, the custom was established of singing all the notes of a melody of the same length, and making a long pause (hold) on the last note corresponding to the last syllable of every line of a stanza; this was the result of congregational singing, and fulfils its purpose; a comparison of the two versions of the "Old Hundred," will make this clear. The settings with the original rhythm are, in most cases, more characteristic and more effective.

In many cases the melodies had to be transposed in other keys, in order to make the parts of the setting available for the compass of the three female voices employed in these arrangements. Scientific musicians will observe that I have taken advantage of modern harmonic license, so far as to make use of consecutive octaves between bass and alto, when I found it musically necessary.

Thanks are due to Ed. Schuberth & Co., for the use of Madame F. R. Ritter's melody "Raymond," which was published by them.

To Professor S. P. Warren, organist of Grace Church, New York, for the melody "Whitfield," composed by him.

To Mr. Asahel Abbott, of Brooklyn, New York, for the tunes "Abbott" and "Irving," expressly composed for this work.

To Dr. B. C. Blodgett, Director of Music in Smith College, for the tune "Northampton," also composed for this hymnal.

The well-known favorites, re-arranged by me in the accompanying collection, will be at once recognized by their familiar names. I have also retained the names of a few tunes well known in England; but in the naming of those melodies which have never before appeared in an English collection, I have respected the especial intention of this hymnal, and given the tunes in question (which comprise more than half of the entire list) feminine names, and names having more or less reference to woman's interests, education, or association. In this baptism I gratefully acknowledge the able assistance of two ladies, deeply interested in the hymnal.

F. L. RITTER.

August, 1887.

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# THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE HYMNAL.

## INVOCATION.

1

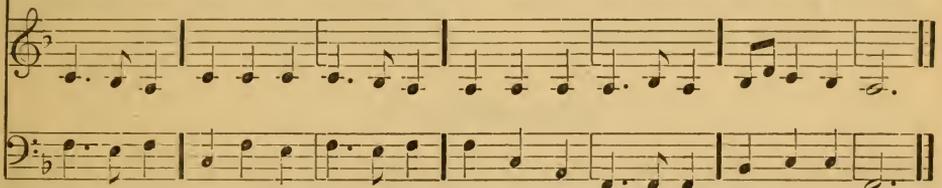
ITALY. 6s, 4s.



1. Come, thou al-migh-ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-  
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend: Come, and thy



glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.  
people bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend.



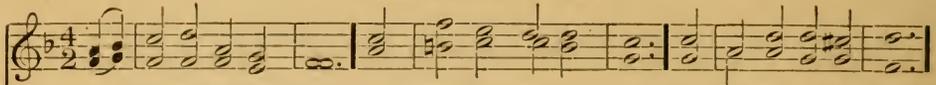
3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart;  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

2

## CLEMENCY. H. M.



1. O thou that hearest prayer, At - tend our humble cry, And let thy servants share  
 2. If earthly parents hear Their children when they cry, If they, with love sincere,



Thy bless - ing from on high: We plead the prom ise of thy word; Grant us thy Ho ly Spir it. Lord.  
 Their va - ried wants sup - ply, Much more wilt thou thy love dis - play, And answer when thy children pray.



- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;  
 We, children of thy grace :  
 O, let thy Spirit now  
 Descend and fill the place :  
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise thy name.
- 4 And send thy spirit down  
 On all the nations, Lord,  
 With great success to crown  
 The preaching of thy word,  
 Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,  
 And cast their idol-gods away.

JOHN BURTON.

3

## INNOCENTS. 7s.



1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow;  
 2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend;



Oh, do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?  
 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 Grant that all may seek and find  
 Thee a God supremely kind;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free,  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

4

LEIGHTON. S. M.

1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove,  
 2. Be - fore thy throne we bow, O thou al - migh - ty King;

That glo - rious tem - ple in the skies Where dwells a - ter - nal love.  
 Here we pre - sent the sol - emn vow, And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,  
 With trust and holy fear,  
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
 And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,  
 And tune our lips to sing,  
 Nor from thy presence cast away  
 The sacrifice we bring.

THOMAS JERVIS.

5

## BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd; And may this conse-

crat-ed hour With bet-ter hopes be filled. Thy love the pow'rof tho'tbestowed,

To thee my tho'ts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd; That mercy I a-dore.

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 the 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 gathering storm shall see;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
 That heart will rest on thee.

6

HEADFORT. 8s. 7s. & 4s.

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 meek - ness, Hear thy word with god - ly fear.

<p>2 While our days on earth are lengthened,                  May we give them, Lord, to thee;                  Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,                  We would run, nor weary be,                  Till thy glory,                  Without clouds, in heaven we see.</p>	<p>3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,                  All thy people shall adore,                  Tasting of enjoyment greater                  Than they could conceive before,—                  Full enjoyment,—                  Full, unmixed, and evermore.</p>
---	--

7

ST. PETER. L. M.

1. Thy, glo - ry, O thou God of grace, Of old did all thy tem - ple fill;  
2. All hon - or, Lord of bound - less might! We wor - ship thee, the Lord a - lone;

So let that glo - ry fill the place Where we thy peo - ple praise thee still.  
No dazzling splendors blind our sight, No flam - ing sword defends thy throne.

3 We at thy mercy-seat appear,  
The mercy-seat all sprinkled o'er;  
And thy forgiving voice we hear,  
That bids us go and sin no more.

5 'Tis thine to call the wanderer home,  
To heal the wounded, aching heart,  
To bid the worn and weary come,  
And strength and hope and peace im-  
part.

4 Our hearts with grateful love o'erflow,  
Touch'd by thy grace so rich and pure; 6  
No change thy faithful love shall know,  
Thy promise stands forever sure.

Lord, in thine earthly courts with joy  
Our praises shall thy goodness tell,  
Till nobler songs our lips employ,  
When we 'mid thy full glory dwell.

8

TURIN. 7s. 6 lines.

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

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

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

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
 If thy light is hid from me;  
 Joyless is the day's return,  
 Till thy mercy's beams I see,  
 Till they inward light impart,  
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

## 9

## ARNHEIM. L. M.

1. Come, gra-cious Lord, de-scend and dwell By faith and love in ev-ery breast.

The first system of the musical score for 'ARNHEIM. L. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a melody with various note values and rests. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a melody with various note values and rests. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a bass line with various note values and rests.

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that can-not be expressed.

The second system of the musical score for 'ARNHEIM. L. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a melody with various note values and rests. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a melody with various note values and rests. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a bass line with various note values and rests.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;  
 Make our enlargéd 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 and wishes know,  
 Be everlasting honors done  
 By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 10

## MENDON. L. M.

1. Je-sus, where'er thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold thy mer-cy-seat;

The first system of the musical score for 'MENDON. L. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a melody with various note values and rests. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a melody with various note values and rests. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 3/2 time signature, containing a bass line with various note values and rests.

Where'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev-ery place is hal-lowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,      3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind;                      Thy former mercies here renew;  
 Such ever bring thee where they come,      Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
 And, going, take thee to their home.      The sweetness of thy saving name.

WILLIAM COWPER.

11

BEMERTON. C. M.

1. Lord, when we bend be-fore thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,  
 2. Our brok-en spir-its pity-ing see, And pen-i-tence im-part;

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore.  
 Then let a kin-dling glance from thee Beam hope up-on the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,      4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
 May we our wills resign,                      And waft it to the skies,  
 And not a thought our bosoms share      And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,  
 Which is not wholly thine.                      That grants it, or denies.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE.

12

## HURSLEY. L. M.

1. O Christ, our true and on - ly light, Il - lu - mine  
 2. Fill with the ra - diance of thy grace, The souls now

. those who sit in night; Let those a - far now  
 lost in er - ror's maze, And all in whom their

hear thy voice, And in thy fold with us re - joice.  
 se - cret mind Some dark de - lu - sions hurt and blind.

3 Shine on the darkened and the cold,  
 Recall the wanderers from thy fold,  
 Unite those now who walk apart,  
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

4 So they, with us, may evermore  
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore;  
 And endless praise to Thee be given  
 By all thy church in earth and heaven.

JOHANN HEERMAM. TR. BY C. WINKWORTH.

13

LEWES. 8, 7s, 4s.

1. God Al-migh - ty and All - see - ing! Ho - ly One, in whom we all  
 2. Of all good thou art the Giv - er; Weak and wand'ring ones are we;

Live, and move, and have our be - ing, Hear us when on  
 Then for - ev - er, yea, for - ev - er, In thy pres - ence

thee we call; Fa - ther, hear us, As be - fore thy throne we fall.  
 would we be; Oh, be near us, That we wan - der not from thee.

14

HEADFORT. 8s. 7s. &amp; 4s.

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

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

Oh, re - fresh us, Trav - elling through this wil - der - ness.

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

3 So, whene'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!

15

GOPSALL. H. M.

1. Wel-come, do-light-ful morn, Sweet day of sa-cred rest,

I hail thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest.

From low de-sires and fleet-ing toys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
 While saints address thy face:  
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless the sacred hours:  
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

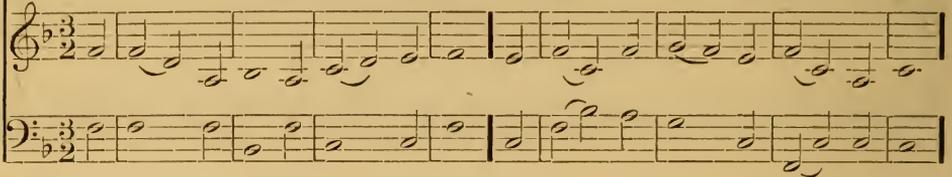
THOMAS HAYWARD.

16

PEACE. L. M.



1. Blest hour! when mortal man re-tires To hold com-mun - ion with his God,  
 2. Blest hour! when earthly cares re-sign Their em - pire o'er his anx-ious breast;



To send to heaven his warm de-sires, And lis - ten to the sa - cred word.  
 While, all a-round, the calm di - vine Pro-claims the ho - ly day of rest.



3 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh, 4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,  
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear, Foretastes of future bliss are given;  
 To hush the penitential sigh, And mortals find his earthly courts  
 And wipe away the mourner's tear. The house of God, the gate of heaven.

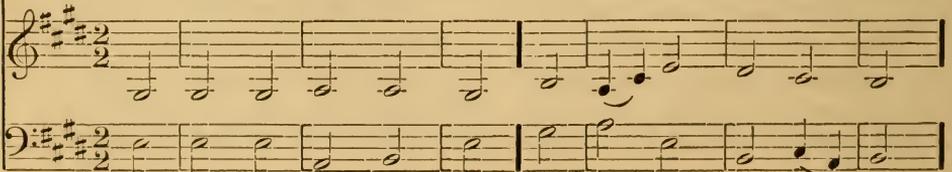
THOMAS RAFFLES.

17

CARLISLE. S. M.



1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;  
 2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day;





Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes.  
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.

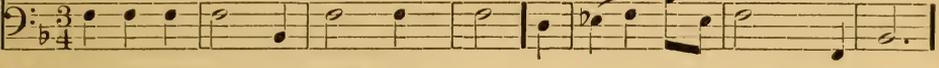
ISAAC WATTS.

18

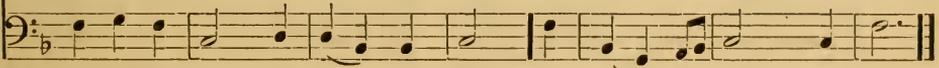
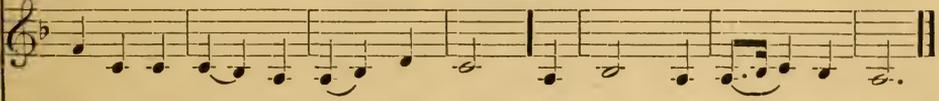
BIRR. C. M.



1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own.



Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round 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 thy throne.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 19

## FAITH. C. M.

1. When the worn spir-it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek,  
2. How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o-pens on the sight,

How sweet to hail the ev - ening's close, That ends the wea - ry week!  
When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth new rays of light!

- 3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will  
cease;  
Yet, while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done;  
The world's long week be o'er;  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun;  
That day which fades no more?

JAMES EDMESTON.

## 20

## LEIGHTON. S. M.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious acts to sing,  
2. Sweet, at the dawn - ing light, Thy bound - less love to tell;

To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grate-ful of - frings bring.  
And when ap - proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Sweet, on this day of rest,<br/>To join in heart and voice<br/>With those who love and serve thee best,<br/>And in thy name rejoice.</p> | <p>4 To songs of praise and joy<br/>Be every Sabbath given,<br/>That such may be our blest employ<br/>Eternally in heaven.</p> |
|---|--|

H. F. LYTE.

21

NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

1. When, as re - turns this sol - emn day, Man comes to meet his God,

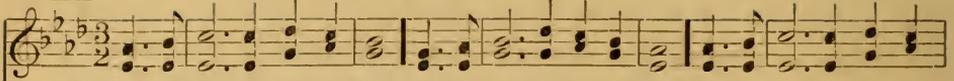
What rites, what hon - ors shall he pay? How spread his praise a - broad?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 From marble domes and gilded spires<br/>Shall clouds of incense rise?<br/>And gems, and gold, and garlands deck<br/>The costly sacrifice?</p> | <p>3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord<br/>Thy offerings well may spare;<br/>But give thy heart, and thou shalt find<br/>Thy God will hear thy prayer.</p> |
|--|--|

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

22

SABBATH. 7s, 6 lines.

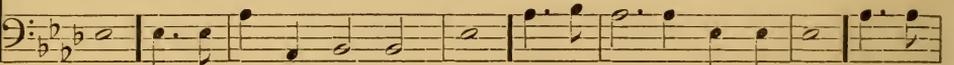


1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing

2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Show thy rec-on-cil-ed



seek, Waiting in his courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem face, Take a-way our sin and shame; From our worldly care set free, May we



of e-ter-nal rest. Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest. rest this day in thee. From our worldly care set free, May we rest this day in thee.



3 Here we come thy name to praise;  
Let us feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear.  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

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

23

JENNER. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and  
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal -

sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright! On thee, the high and low - ly, Be -  
va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The

fore th'e - ter - nal throne, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, ' To the great THREE IN ONE!  
Spir - it sent from heaven; And thus on thee most glorious A tri - ple 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.

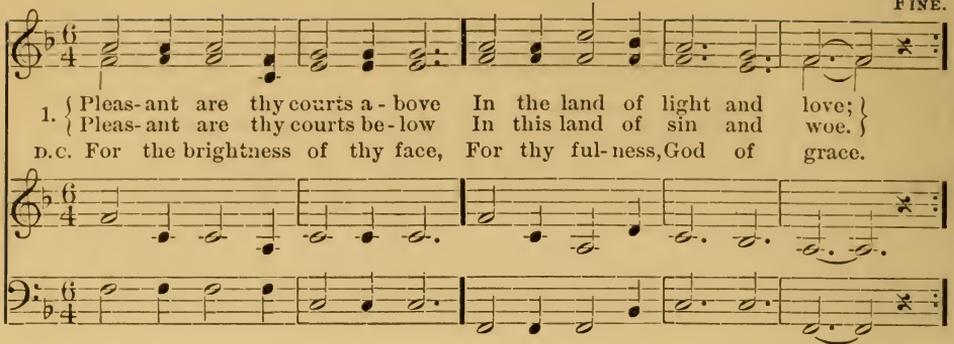
4 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The church her voice upraises  
To thee, blest THREE IN ONE.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

## 24

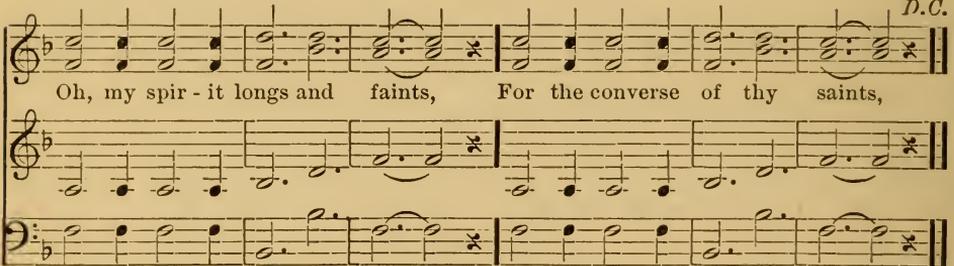
## MARTYN. 7s. 8 lines.

FINE.



1. } Pleas-ant are thy couris a - bove In the land of light and love; }  
 } Pleas-ant are thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe. }  
 D.C. For the brightness of thy face, For thy ful-ness, God of grace.

D.C.



Oh, my spir - it longs and faints, For the converse of thy saints,

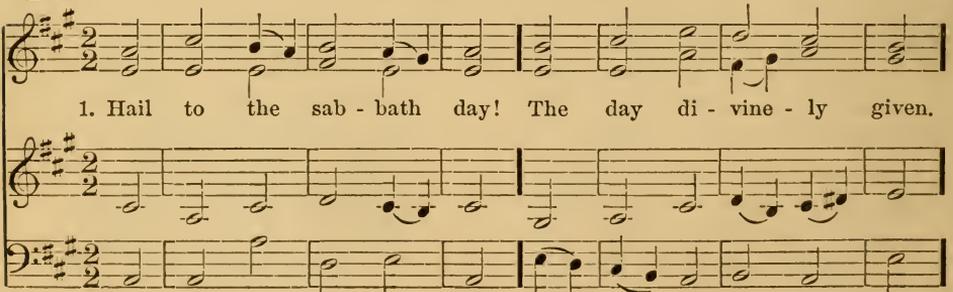
3 Happy souls! whose praises flow,  
 Even in this vale of woe;  
 Waters in the deserts rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies;  
 On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach thy throne at length,  
 At thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.

3 Lord, be mine this prize to win!  
 Guide me through a world of sin,  
 Keep me by thy saving grace,  
 Give me at thy side a place.  
 Sun and shield alike thou art;  
 Guide and guard my erring heart;  
 Grace and glory flow from thee;  
 Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. LYTE.

## 25

## CAMBRIDGE. S. M.



1. Hail to the sab - bath day! The day di - vine - ly given.

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

- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour  
 Within thy courts we bend,  
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,  
 Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But thou art not alone  
 In courts by mortals trod;  
 Nor only is the day thine own  
 When man draws near to God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch  
 Of yon unmeasured sky;  
 Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march  
 Of vast eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day  
 Dawn on thy servant's sight;  
 And purer worship may we pay  
 In heav'n's unclouded light.

S. G. BULFINCH.

26

## PILGRIMAGE. 7s.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day;  
 2. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God;

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.  
 Sym - bol of the peace with-in, When the spir - it rests from sin.

- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
 Where the evening worshipper  
 Seeks communion with the skies,  
 Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
 Days of peace and joy in thee!  
 Till in heaven our souls repose,  
 Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH.

27

## DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. A - wake my soul and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;  
2. Wake and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part.

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
Who all night long un - wear - ied sing High praises to th' e - ter - nal King.

- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Disperse my sins as morning dew:  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 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.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

28

## MORNING HYMN. L. M.

1. New mer - cies each re - turn - ing day Hov - er a - round us while we pray;  
2. If, on our dai - ly course, our mind Be set to hal - low all we find,

New per - ils past, new sins for-giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.  
New treasures still of countless price, God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.

- 3 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us this, and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEELE.

29

## WOODSTOCK. C. M.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry eum - b'ring care,  
And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.

- 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.

PHOEBE H. BROWN.

30

## PILGRIMAGE. 7s.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for us the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

31

## ST. MATHIAS. L. M. 6 lines.

1. { When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes, }  
    { O Sun of Right-eous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine; }  
2. { And when to heav'n's all glo-rious King My morn-ing sac-ri-fice I bring, }  
    { And, mourn-ing o'er my guilt and shame, Ask mer-cy in my Sav-iour's name; }

Oh, chase the shades of guilt a - way, And turn my darkness in - to day!  
Then, Je - sus, cleanse me with thy blood, And be my ad - vo - cate with God.

- 4 When each day's scenes and labors close, 5 And, at my life's last setting sun,  
And wearied nature seeks repose, My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest, Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest; To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
And as each morning's sun shall rise, And from death's gloom my spirit raise  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies. To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, JR.

32

## HURSLEY. L. M.

1. My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery ev - ening new;

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

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, 3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; To thee I consecrate my days;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light, Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
And quickens all my drowsy powers. Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 33

## EVENING HYMN. (Tallis.) L. M.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days;

And ev - ery evening shall make known Some fresh memo - rials of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,      3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
 And I perhaps am near my home ;      Peace is the pillow for my head,  
 But he forgives my follies past,      While well-appointed angels keep  
 And gives me strength for days to      Their watchful stations round my bed.  
 come.      ISAAC WATTS.

## 34

## ST. EDMONDS. S. M.

1. Still, still with thee, my God, I would de - sire to be;  
 2. With thee, when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care;

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with thee.  
Each day re - turn - ing to be - gin With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind :  
The setting as the rising sun  
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be :  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with thee.

JAMES D. BURNS.

35

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;  
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour'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 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.

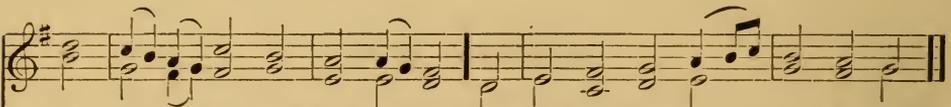
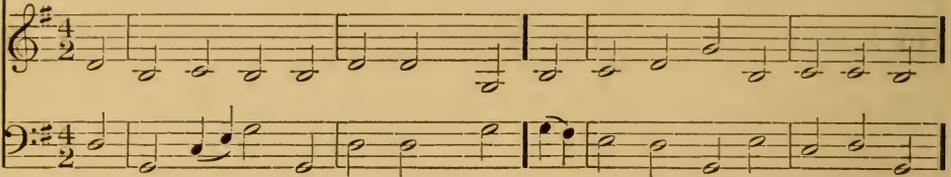
JOHN KEBLE.

## 36

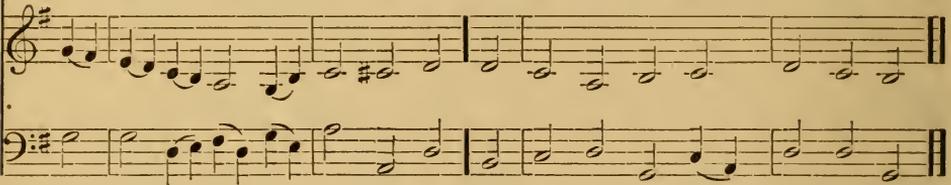
## EVENING HYMN. (Tallis.) L. M.



1. All praise to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light,  
 2. For-give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;



Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be-neath thine own al - migh - ty wings.  
 That with the world, my-self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.



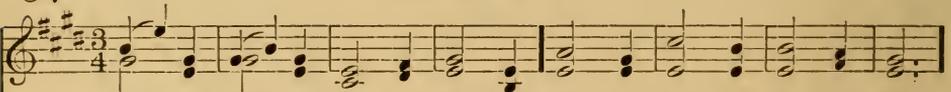
3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;  
 To die, that this vile body may  
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on thee repose ;  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
 Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make  
 To serve my God when I awake.

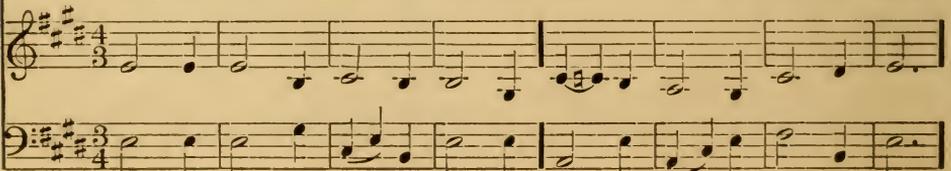
BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

## 37

## VASSAR. 8s. 7s.



1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, For the day is pass - ing by ;  
 2. Deep - er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west ;



See, the shades of ev - ening gath - er And the night is draw - ing nigh.  
Swift the night of death ad - vanc - es; 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!

CAROLINE S. SMITH.

38

HUDSON. 6s, 4s.

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

Let love a - wake, and pay Her ev - ening sac - ri - fice.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to his Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned;

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

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

- 5 Save that his will be done,  
Whate'er betide;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In him to all beside.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY E. C. SMALL.

## 39

## RESIGNATION. L. M.

1. Fading, still fad-ing, the last beam is shin - ing; Fa - ther in heav'n, the  
2. Father in heav - en, oh, hear when we call! Hear for Christ's sake who

day is de - clin - ing; Safe - ty and in - nocence fly with the light,  
is Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in thy might;

Temp - ta - tion and danger walk forth with the night: From the fall of the  
In darkness and doubting thy strength be our light; Let us sleep on thy

shade till the morning bells chime; Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime!  
 breast, while the night ta - per burns, Wake in thine arms when morning returns.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.

40

## VASSAR. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an ev-ening bless-ing, Ere re- pose our spir- its seal;  
 2. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from thee;

Sin and want we come con- fess - ing: Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.  
 Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where thy peo- ple be.

- 3 Though destruction walk around us, 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 Though the arrows past us fly, And command us to the tomb,  
 Angel guards from thee surround us: May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 We are safe if thou art nigh. . Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

## 41

## ENTHUSIASM. P. M.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er Than

yes - ter - day, to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.

2 One more day's work for Jesus ;  
 How glorious is my King !  
 'Tis joy, not duty,  
 To speak his beauty ;  
 My soul mounts on the wing  
 At the mere thought  
 How Christ my life has bought.

3 Oh, blessed work for Jesus !  
 Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !  
 There toil seems pleasure,  
 My wants are treasure,  
 And pain for him is sweet.  
 Lord, if I may,  
 I'll serve another day !

ANNA WARNER.

42

## EVENTIDE. 10s.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!  
all a-round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide 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, oh, abide with me!
- 4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

## 43

## MENDON. L. M.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry Lord, In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines;  
2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days, thy power con - fess;

But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.  
But the blest vol - ume thou hast writ Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

- 3 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.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 44

## TABOR. L. M.

1. Let ev - er - last - ing glo - ries crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
2. In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some sol - id ground to rest up - on;

Thy hands have bro't sal - va - tion down, And writ the bless - ings in thy word.  
 With long de - spir the spir - it breaks, Till we ap - ply to Christ a - lone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree !      4 Should all the forms that men devise  
 How wise and holy thy commands !      Assault my faith with treacherous art !  
 Thy promises, how firm they be !      I'd call them vanity and lies,  
 How firm our hope and comfort stands !      And bind the gospel to my heart.

ISAAC WATTS.

45

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun;  
 2. The hand that gave it still sup - plies The gra - cious light and heat;

It gives a light to ev - ery age; It gives, but bor - rows none.  
 Its truths up - on the na - tions rise, They rise, but nev - er 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.

## 46

## UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. God, in the gos-pel of his Son, Makes his e-ter-nal coun-sels known,  
2. Here sinners of a hum-ble frame May taste his grace and learn his name;

'Tis here his rich-est mer-cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.  
May read, in char-ac-ters of blood, The wisdom, pow'r, 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 Oh, grant us grace, almighty Lord,  
To read and mark thy holy word,  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

BENJ. BRDDOME, alt. by ROBERT HALL.

## 47

## GRAYS. L. M.

1. Up - on the Gos-pel's sa-cred page The gath-er'd beams of a-ges shine;  
2. On mightier wing, in lof-tier flight, From year to year does knowledge soar;

And, as it has-tens, ev-'ry age But makes its brightness more di-vine.  
 And, as it soars, the Gos-pel light Becomes ef-ful-gent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,  
 New regions blest, new powers unfurled,  
 Expanding with the expanding soul,  
 Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;  
 As when the cloudless lamp of day  
 Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
 And sweeps the lingering mists away.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

48

ELMIRA. C. M.

1. La - den with guilt, and full of fears, I fly to thee my Lord,  
 2. This is the field where hid - den lies The pearl of price un - known ;

And not a glimpse of hope ap - pears, But in thy writ - ten word.  
 That mer-chant is di - vine - ly wise, Who makes the pearl his own.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
 Where wit and reason fail ;  
 My guide to everlasting life,  
 Through all the gloomy vale.

4 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God !  
 My roving feet command ;  
 Nor I forsake the happy road,  
 That leads to thy right hand.

ISAAC WATTS.

49

KRONSTADT. 7s. 6s. Double.

1. { O word of God in - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high, }  
 { O truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O light of our dark sky! }

We praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,

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

2 The church from her dear Master  
 Received the gift divine,  
 And still that light she lifeth,  
 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 Christ the living word.

3 Oh, make thy church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of burnished gold  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light as of old;  
 Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see thee face to face.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

50

NICHOLS. C. M.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies! in thy word What end - less  
 2. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads heaven-ly

glo - ry shines; For - ev - er be thy name a -  
 peace a - round; And life, and ev - er - last - ing

dored joys, For these ce - les - ti - al lines.  
 At - tend the bliss - ful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
 My ever dear delight;  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be thou forever near;  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

51

ABRIDGE. C. M.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi -

ra - tion given! Bright as a lamp its doc - trines

shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

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

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

JOHN FAWCETT.

52

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

1. Migh - ty God, while an - gels bless thee, May an in - fant  
 2. Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e -

lisp thy name? Lord of men as well as  
 ter - nal days, Sound - ed through the wide cre -

an - gels, Thou art ev - ery creat - ure's theme.  
 a - tion Be thy just and law - ful praise.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 For the grandeur of thy nature,<br/>             Grand beyond a seraph's thought;<br/>             For created works of power,<br/>             Works with skill and kindness wrought;</p> <p>4 For thy providence, that governs<br/>             Through thine empire's wide domain,<br/>             Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;<br/>             Blesséd be thy gentle reign.</p> <p>5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,<br/>             Dark through brightness, all along:<br/>             Thought is poor, and poor expression;<br/>             Who dare sing that awful song?</p> | <p>6 Brightness of the Father's glory,<br/>             Shall thy praise unuttered lie?<br/>             Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!<br/>             Sing the Lord who came to die:—</p> <p>7 From the highest throne in glory,<br/>             To the cross of deepest woe,<br/>             Came to ransom guilty captives;—<br/>             Flow, my praise, forever flow.</p> <p>8 Go, return, immortal Saviour;<br/>             Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;<br/>             Thence return, and reign forever;<br/>             Be the kingdom all thy own.</p> |
|---|---|

ROBERT ROBINSON.

53

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, ALT. BY J. WESLEY.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

SECOND ARRANGEMENT.

54

BLOOMFIELD. L. M.

1. Loud hal - le - lu-jahs to the Lord, From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;  
 2. Wide as his vast do - min - ion lies, Make the Cre - a - tor's name be known:

Let heaven be - gin the sol - emn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell.  
 Loud as his thun - der shout the praise, And sound it lof - ty as his throne.

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

4 Speak of the wonders of that love  
 Which Gabriel plays on every chord;  
 From all below and all above,  
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

55

YORK. C. M.

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creat-ures 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

56

LYONS. 10s, 11s.

1. O worship the King, all glorious a - bove, And gratefully sing his won - der - ful love;

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

- 2 Oh, tell of his might! oh, sing of his grace!  
 Whose robe is the light; whose canopy, space;  
 His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,  
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 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!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

57

GILEAD. L. M.

1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise:  
 2. Enthroned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears;

But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?  
 To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand - suns a - round him shine.

- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs      4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
 Almighty power with wisdom shines;      Do thou, my soul, his glories sing,  
 His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,      And let his praise employ thy tongue,  
 Declare the glory of his name.      Till listening worlds shall join the song!

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

58

HANOVER. 10s, 11s.

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -  
2. God rul - eth on high, al - migh - ty to save; Yet still he is

broad his won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of  
nigh, his pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion his

Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glo - rious and rules o - ver all.  
tri - umph shall sing, A - scribing sal - va - tion to Je - sus 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.

CHARLES WESLEY.

59

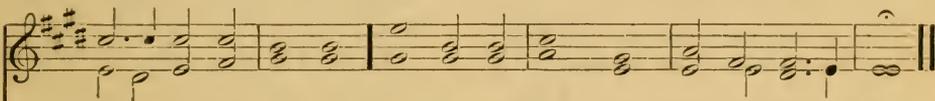
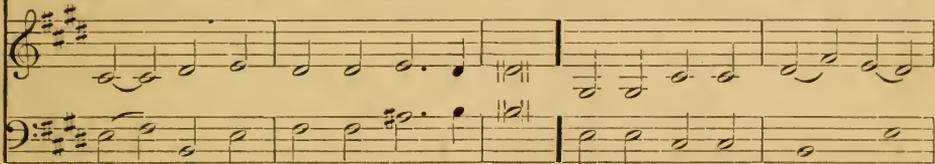
NICÆA. P. M.



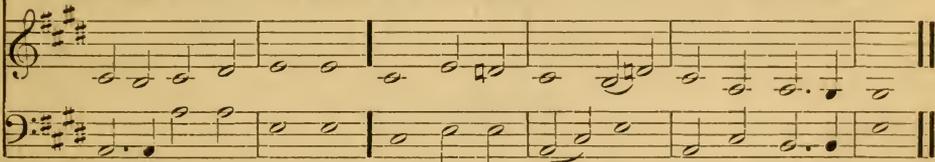
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-migh - ty! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their



morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim



merci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 falling down be - fore thee, Which wert and art and ev - er - more shalt be.



- 3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;  
 Only thou art holy! there is none beside thee,  
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!  
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea;  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER.

60

## WOODLAND. C. M.

1. In all my vast concerns with thee, In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence,

Lord, or flee, To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee The no - tice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

ISAAC WATTS.

61

## GEORGIA. 7s.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,  
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of peace was born;

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun,—When he spake, and it was done.  
Songs of praise a - rose when he Cap - tive led cap - tiv i - ty.

- |   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;     | 5 Saints below, with heart and voice, |
| Songs of praise shall crown that day :  | Still in songs of praise rejoice ;    |
| God will make new heavens and earth ;   | Learning here, by faith and love,     |
| Songs of praise shall hail their birth. | Songs of praise to sing above.        |
| 4 And shall man alone be dumb,          | 6 Borne upon the latest breath,       |
| Till that glorious kingdom come ?       | Songs of praise shall conquer death ; |
| No : his heart delights to raise        | Then, amidst eternal joy,             |
| Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.   | Songs of praise our powers employ.    |

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

62

LUTON. L. M.

1. Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star ;  
2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day ;

Centre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how dear !  
Star of our hope, thy soften'd light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ; | 4 Grant us thy truth, to make us free,  |
| Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;     | And kindling hearts that burn for thee, |
| Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign :     | Till all thy living altars claim        |
| All, save the clouds of sin, are thine. | One holy light, one heavenly flame.     |

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

## 63

## KATHERINE. L. M.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns; his throne is high; His robes are light and ma - jes - ty;  
2. His ter - rors keep the world in awe; His jus - tice guards his ho - ly law;

His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal can sus - tain the sight.  
Yet love re - veals a smil - ing face, And truth and prom - ise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs;  
His power is sovereign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend,  
To be my father and my friend?  
Then let my songs with angels join;  
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 64

## LEIPZIG. L. M.

1. The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,  
2. Th' un - wearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play,

And span - gled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim.  
 And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al - migh - ty hand.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,      5 What though in solemn silence all  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,      Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
 And nightly to the listening earth      What though no real voice nor sound  
 Repeats the story of her birth;      Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn, 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And all the planets in their turn,      And utter forth a glorious voice;  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,      Forever singing, as they shine;  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole. "The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

65

AURORA. 8s, 7s.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion; Rest be - neath th' Al - migh - ty's shade;  
 3. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare;

In his se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dis - mayed.  
 Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe - guard there.

- 3 From the sword at noonday wasting,      4 Since with firm and pure affection  
 From the noisome pestilence,      Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 In the depth of midnight blasting,      With the wings of his protection  
 God shall be thy sure defence.      - He will shield thee from above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

66

WARD. L. M.

1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vade;  
2. There is a stream whose gentle flow Sup-plies the cit-y of our God;

Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.  
Life, love, and joy still glid-ing through, And watering our di-vine a-bode.

3 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

4 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

67

CONSTANCY. L. M.

1. My God, what mon-u-ments I see, In all a-round, of thine and thee!  
2. I mark the strong, e-ter-nal hill, Thy faith-ful-ness is strong-er still;

I view thee in the heav'n's a-bove; More high than these is heav'nly love.  
 I gaze on o - cean deep and broad, More deep thy coun-sels are, O God.

3 Oh, give me 'neath thy wings to rest ; 4 The springs of life are all thine own,  
 To lean on thy parental breast ; They flow from thy eternal throne ;  
 To feed on thee, the living bread, Light in thy light alone we see ;  
 And drink at mercy's fountain head ! Oh, save us, for we rest on thee !

H. F. LYTE.

68

CLARENDON. C. M.

1. Faith-ful, O Lord, thy mer-cies are, A rock that can-not move;  
 2. Thou wait-est to be gra-cious still; Thou dost with sin-ners bear;

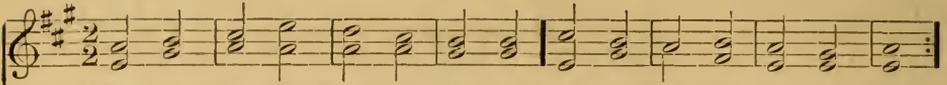
A thou-sand prom-is - es de - clare Thy con-stant - cy of love.  
 That, saved, we may thy good-ness feel, And all thy grace de - clare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach, 4 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
 So plenteous is the store ; Unalterably sure ;  
 Enough for all, enough for each, And while the truth of God remains,  
 Enough for evermore. The goodness shall endure.

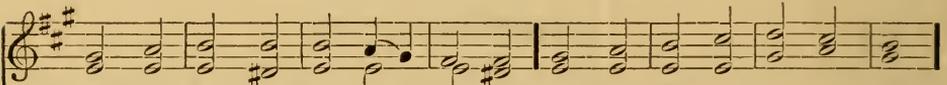
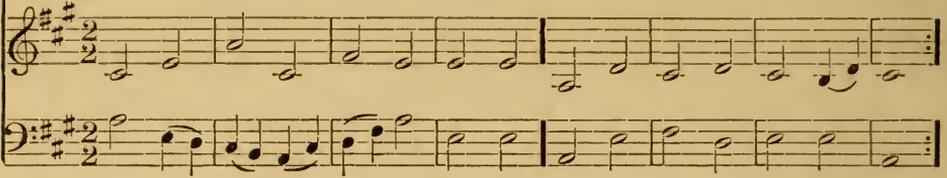
CHARLES WESLEY.

69

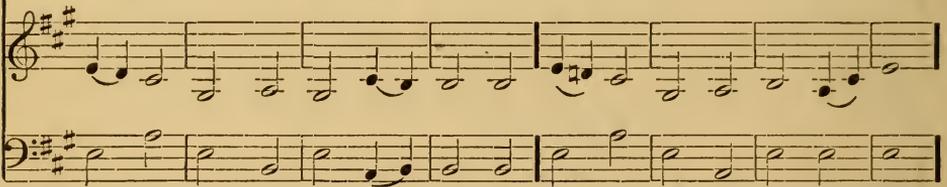
LUSTRE. 8s, 7s. Double.



1. { Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor ! Praise to thee from ev - ery tongue. }  
 Join, my soul, with ev - ery creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song. }



Fa - ther, Source of all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed grace is thine :



Hail the God of our sal - va - tion ! Praise him for his love di - vine.



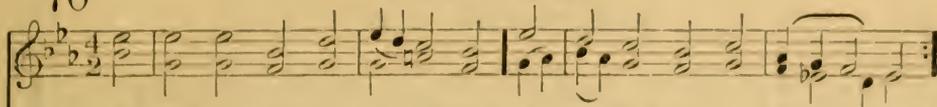
2 For ten thousand blessings given  
 For the hope of future joy,  
 Sound his praise through earth and  
 heaven,  
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

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

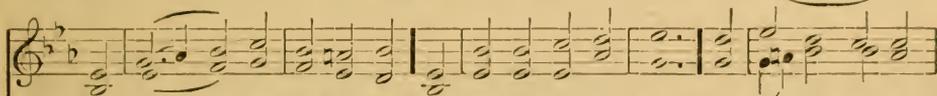
JOHN FAWCETT.

70

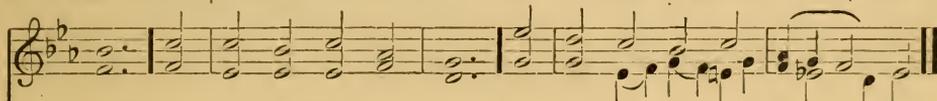
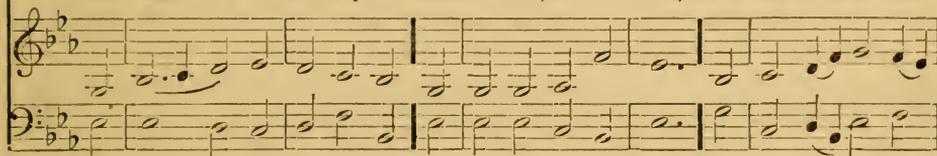
LUTHER. P. M.



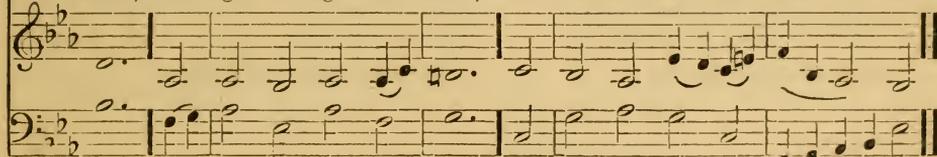
1. { A migh-ty for-ress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail-ing, }  
 Our help-er he, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing; }  
 2. { Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los-ing; }  
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing. }



For still . . . our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are  
 Dost ask . . . who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is he; Lord Sabaoth is his



great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.  
 name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat-tle.



3	And though this world, with devils filled,	4	That word above all earthly powers,
	Should threaten to undo us,		No thanks to them, abideth;
	We will not fear, for God hath willed		The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
	His truth to triumph through us.		Through him who with us sideth.
	The prince of darkness grim,		Let goods and kindred go,
	We tremble not for him;		This mortal life also:
	His rage we can endure,		The body they may kill:
	For lo! his doom is sure,—		God's truth abideth still,
	One little word shall fell him.		His kingdom is forever.

71

## BURLINGTON. C. M.

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing:  
2. Tell of his wondrous faith-ful-ness, And sound his pow'r a - broad;

The mighty works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.  
Sing the sweet prom-ise of his grace, And the per - form - ing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

72

## COLUMBIA. C. M.

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



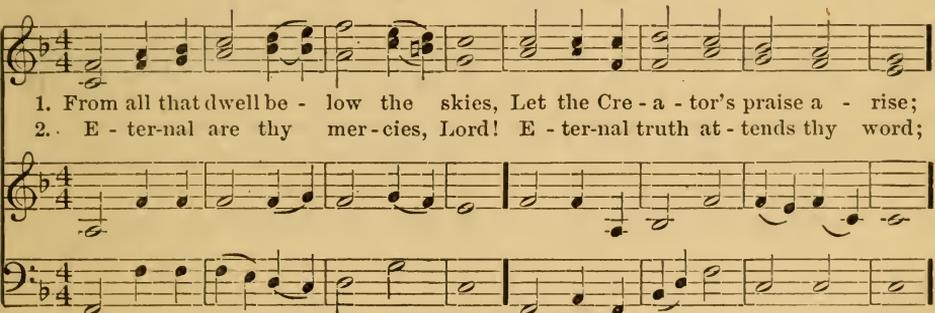
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul<br/>Thy tender care bestowed,<br/>Before my infant heart conceived<br/>From whom those comforts flowed.</p>        | <p>4 Through every period of my life<br/>Thy goodness I'll pursue;<br/>And after death, in distant worlds,<br/>The glorious theme renew.</p> |
| <p>3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts<br/>My daily thanks employ;<br/>Nor is the least a cheerful heart,<br/>That tastes those gifts with joy.</p> | <p>5 Through all eternity to thee<br/>A grateful song I'll raise;<br/>But, oh, eternity's too short<br/>To utter all thy praise.</p>         |

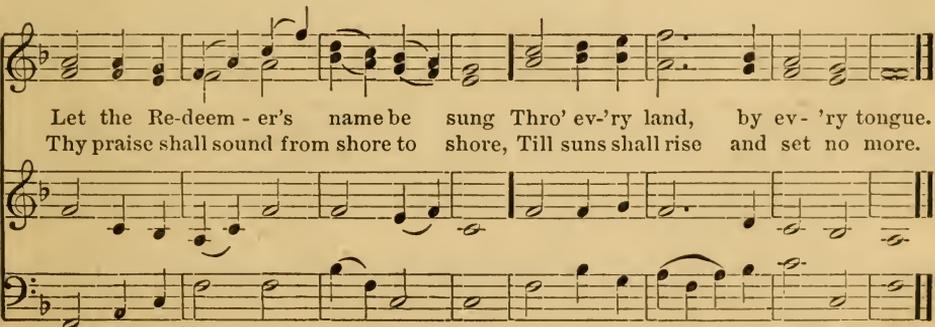
JOSEPH ADDISON.

73

DUKE STREET. L. M.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;  
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord! E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;



Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

74

## CAROLINA. L. M.

1. My God, my King, thy va-rious praise Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
2. The wings of ev-ery hour shall bear Some thankful trib-ute to thine ear;

Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glo-ry raise the song.  
And ev-ery set-ting sun shall see New works of du-ty done for thee.

- 3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine, 4 Let distant times and nations raise  
And speak thy majesty divine; The long succession of thy praise,  
Let every realm with joy proclaim And unborn ages make my song  
The sound and honor of thy name. The joy and labor of their tongue.

ISAAC WATTS.

75

## WARE. L. M.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a-broad;  
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa-vors claim thy high-est praise;

Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and worship so di - vine.  
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in si-lence, and for - got?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son      4 Let the whole earth his power confess,  
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;      Let the whole earth adore his grace;  
 He owns the ransom and forgives      The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
 The hourly follies of our lives.      In work and worship so divine.

ISAAC WATTS.

76

CLARENDON. C. M.

1. Sweet is the mem'-ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King;  
 2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His good-ness to the skies;

Let age to age thy right-eous-ness In sounds of glo - ry sing.  
 Thro' the whole earth His boun-ty shines, And ev'-ry want sup - plies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait      4 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 On thee for daily food:      Thy power and praise proclaim;  
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,      But saints that taste thy richer grace  
 And fills their mouth with good.      Delight to bless thy name.

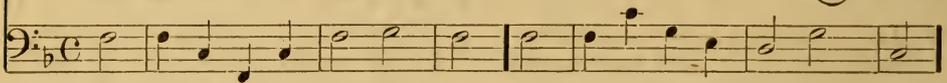
ISAAC WATTS.

77

## UXBRIDGE. L. M.



1. Lord, we a-dore thy vast de - signs, Th' ob-scure a-byss of prov-i - dence,  
 2. Now thou ar-ray'st thine aw-ful face In an-gry frowns without a smile;



Too deep to sound with mor - tal lines, Too dark to view with fee - ble sense.  
 We through the clouds believe thy grace, Se - cure of thy com - pas - sion still.



3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,  
 We sail by faith, and not by sight;  
 Faith guides us in the wilderness  
 Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod  
 Resolve to scourge us here below,  
 Still let us lean upon our God;  
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

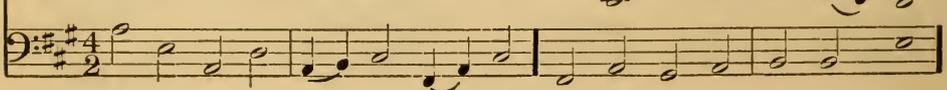
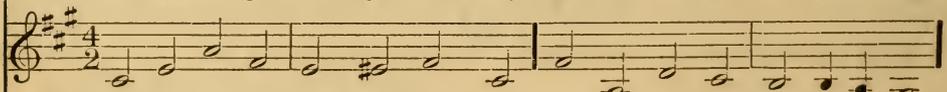
ISAAC WATTS.

78

## MOORFIELD. 8s, 7s.



1. God is love; his mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;  
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;



Bliss he wakes, and woe he light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 But his mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,      4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Will his changeless goodness prove;      Hope and comfort from above:  
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;      Everywhere his glory shineth;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.      God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

79

BEDFORD. C. M.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;  
 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er fail - ing skill,

He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
 He treas - ures up his bright de - signs, And works his sov - 'reign 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 works in vain;  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

80

COLUMBIA. C. M.

1. Since all the down-ward tracts of time God's watch-ful eye sur-veys;

Oh, who so wise to choose our lot, Or reg - u - late our ways!

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,  
Immeasurably kind ;  
To his unerring, gracious will,  
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies ;  
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.

JAMES HERVEY.

81

RUTH. 8s, 7s.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mercy Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
2. There is wel - come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;

There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Saviour, There is heal-ing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind ;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word ;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of the Lord.

F. W. FABER.

82

CLARENDON. C. M.

1. Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy,

The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

2 Oh, make but trial of his love :  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.

3 Fear him, ye saints, and ye will then  
 Have nothing else to fear ;  
 Make you his service your delight,  
 Your wants shall be his care.

TATE AND BRADY.

83

AUSTIN. 7s. 6 lines.

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,  
2. For the won - der of each hour, Of the day and of the night,

For the love which from our birth, O - ver and a - round us lies,—  
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,—

Christ our God, to thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.  
Christ our God, to thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts, and mild,—  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise.

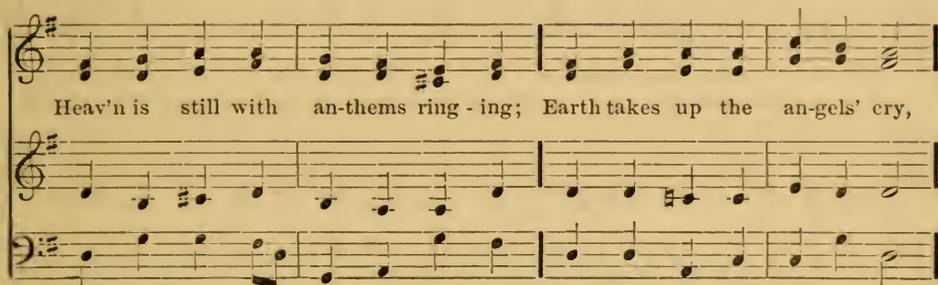
4 For thyself best gift Divine !  
To our race so freely given,  
For that great, great love of thine,  
Peace on earth and joy in heaven —  
Christ our God, to thee we raise  
This our grateful hymn of praise.

84

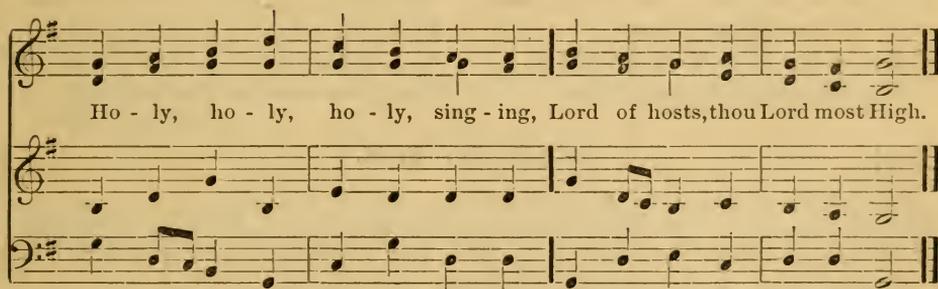
## DEBORAH. 8s, 7s. Double.



1. { Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its fulness stored. }  
Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!



Heav'n is still with an-thems ring - ing; Earth takes up the an-gels' cry,



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most High.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
While our thoughts his greatness raises,  
And our love his gifts excite:  
With his seraph train before him,  
With his holy church below,  
Thus unite we to adore him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Thus thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

85

HAMBURG. L. M.

1. Wait, O my soul, thy Mak - er's will; Tu-multuous pas - sions, all be still!  
2. He in the thick - est dark - ness dwells, Performs his work, the cause con - ceals;

Nor let a murm'ring thought a - rise; His ways are just, his coun - sels wise.  
But, tho' his meth - ods are un - known, Judgment and truth sup - port his throne.

- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas, 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
He executes his firm decrees; Prostrate before his awful seat;  
And by his saints it stands confest, And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
That what he does is ever best. Trust in a wise and gracious God.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

86

ECSTASY. P. M.

1. { Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voices, } Who from our mother's  
Who wondrous things hath done. In whom the world rejoices;  
2. { Oh, may this bounteous God, Thro' all our life be near us, } To keep us in his  
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us; }



arms Hath help'd us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
grace, And guide us when perplex'd, And free us from all ills In this world and the next.



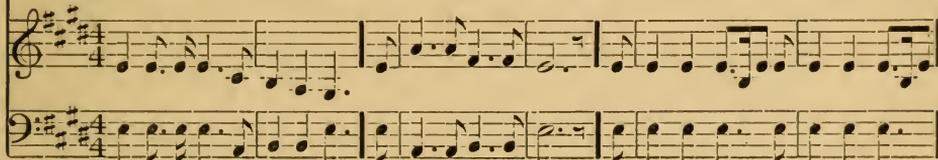
MISS C. WINKWORTH, TR.

87

ANTIOCH. C. M.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room,  
2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy.



3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
Nor thorns infest the ground; And makes the nations prove  
He comes to make his blessings flow The glories of his righteousness,  
Far as the curse is found. And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

88

WELLS. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?  
2. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;—

Sure, th'angel - ic host re - joic - es — Loud - est hal - le - lu - jahs rise.  
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!"

- 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,"<sup>5</sup> "Hasten, mortals, to adore him,  
Reaching far as man is found; Learn his name and taste his joy;  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven:— Till in heaven you sing before him,—  
Loud our golden harps shall sound. Glory be to God most high!"
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth his glory sing,  
Glad receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth,  
Spread the brightness of his glory,  
Till it cover all the earth.

J. CAWOOD.

89

JOY. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. Hail, thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free;  
2. Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art:

From our fears and sins re - lease us,      Let us find our rest in thee.  
Dear de - sire of ev - ery na - tion,      Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver ;  
Born a child, and yet a King !  
Born to reign in us forever,  
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.

CHARLES WESLEY.

90

CHARITY. C. M.

1. The race that long in dark - ness pined Have seen a glo - rious Light ;  
2. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given ;

The peo - ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur - round - ing night.  
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His name shall be the Prince of peace, 4 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;  
Forevermore adored ;      His reign no end shall know ;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,      Justice shall guard his throne above,  
The great and mighty Lord.      And peace abound below.

JOHN MORRISON.

91

## DELIGHT. 11s, 10s.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our  
2. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies his

dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-  
head with the beasts of the stall: An-gels a-dore him, in

ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.  
slumber re-clin-ing, Mak-er, and Monarch, and Sav-iour 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 gold would his favor secure:  
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

92

## NATIVITY. 7s. Double.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sinners rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the triumph of the skies; U-ni-versal 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.
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

CHARLES WESLEY.

93

## ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Hark, the glad sound, the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour promised long;

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song, And

ev - ery voice a song, And ev - ery, ev - ery 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.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

94

## DELIGHT. 11s, 10s.

1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the

High - est, how low - ly his birth! The bright - est arch - an - gel in

glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns up - on earth.

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.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
 And sweet let the glad some hosanna arise ;  
 Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;  
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

## 95

## STELLA. C. M.

1. Bright was the guid - ing star that led, With mild, be - nign - ant ray,  
2. But, lo! a bright - er, clear - er light Now points to his a - bode;

The Gen - tles to the low - ly shed Where the Re - deem - er lay.  
It shines thro' sin and sor - row's night, To guide us to our God.

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

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

HARRIET AUBER.

## 96

## MARTYN. 7s. 8 lines.

FINE.

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guiding star be - hold;  
D.C. So, most gra - cious God, may we Ev - er - more be led by Thee.  
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed,  
D.C. So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy - seat.

D.C.

As with joy they hail'd its light, Leading on-ward, beaming bright;  
There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore;

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

M. C. DIX.

97

## CHRISTMAS. C. M.\*

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel  
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,— "Glad ti-dings

of the Lord came down. And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a - round.  
of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind."

3 "To you in David's town, this day, 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Is born of David's line Appeared a shining throng  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; Of angels praising God, and thus  
And this shall be the sign: Addressed their joyful song:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
To human view displayed, And to the earth be peace;  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands, Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
And in a manger laid." Begin, and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE.

## 98

## MIGDOL. L. M.

1. How sweetly flow'd the gos-pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,

When listening thousands gather'd round, And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

- 2 From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke,<sup>3</sup> "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;  
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;      Come, all ye weary ones, and rest" ;  
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,      Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
 Unveiling an immortal day.      Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

## 99

## EVAN. C. M.

1. Be - hold, where in a mor - tal form Ap - pears each grace di - vine!  
 2. To spread the rays of heavenly light, To give the mourn - er joy,  
 3. 'Mid keen re - proach and cru - el scorn, Pa - tient and meek he stood ;

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.  
 To preach glad ti - dings to the poor, Was his di - vine em - ploy.  
 His foes, un - grate - ful, sought his life; He la - bored for their good.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4 In the last hour of deep distress,<br/>                 Before his Father's throne,<br/>                 With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,<br/>                 "Thy will, not mine, be done!"</p> | <p>5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;<br/>                 His image may we bear;<br/>                 Oh, may we tread his holy steps,<br/>                 And his bright glories share!</p> |
|---|--|

WILLIAM ENSFIELD.

100

TALLIS. (Ordinal.) C. M.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round thy steps be - low;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 For, ever on thy burdened heart<br/>                 A weight of sorrow hung;<br/>                 Yet no ungentle, murmuring word<br/>                 Escaped thy silent tongue.</p>            | <p>4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!<br/>                 Like thee, O Lord, to grieve<br/>                 Far more for others' sins, than all<br/>                 The wrongs that we receive.</p> |
| <p>3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,<br/>                 Thy friends unfaithful prove;<br/>                 Unwearied in forgiveness still,<br/>                 Thy heart could only love.</p> | <p>5 One with thyself, may every eye,<br/>                 In us, thy brethren, see<br/>                 The gentleness and grace that spring<br/>                 From union, Lord, with thee.</p>        |

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

## 101

## HEBRON. L. M.

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

That lit thy lone-ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,<br>Thou Son of God, thou Light of light ;<br>Oh, who like thee did ever go<br>So patient through a world of woe ? | 4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,<br>Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee ;<br>Yet love through all thy torture glow'd,<br>And mercy with thy life-blood flow'd. |
| 3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore<br>The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?<br>So meek, so lowly, yet so high,<br>So glorious in humility ?               | 5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,<br>Illuming all my way of woe !<br>And give me ever on the road<br>To trace thy footsteps, Son of God !                                  |

ARTHUR. C. COXE.

## 102

## OGONTZ. C. M.

1. A pilgrim through this lone-ly world, The bless-ed Sav-iour passed ;  
2. That ten-der heart that felt for all, For all its life-blood gave ;

A mourn-er all his life was he, A dy-ing Lamb at last.  
It found on earth no rest-ing-place, Save on-ly in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear    4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,  
The cross, with all its scorn?                      Like him, obedient still,  
Or love a faithless, evil world,                      We homeward press thro' storm or calm,  
That wreathed his brow with thorn?              To Zion's blessed hill.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

103

EVAN. C. M.

1. O Lord, when we the path re-trace Which thou on earth hast trod;

To man thy won-drous love and grace, Thy faith-ful-ness to God:

2 Faithful amid unfaithfulness,                      4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,  
'Midst darkness only light,                              We meekly would confess  
Thy Father's name prompt to confess              How little we, who bear thy name,  
And in his will delight:                                  Thy mind, thy ways express.

3 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,              5 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;  
Or suffering, shame, and loss,                      We would obedient be,  
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,              And all our rest and pleasure find  
And leading to the cross:—                              In fellowship with thee.

JAMES G. DECK.

104

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

1. We may not climb the heaven - ly steeps To bring the  
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent

Lord . . . Christ down; In . . . vain . . . we search the  
help . . . is he; And . . . faith has yet . . . its

low - est deeps, . . . For Him . . . no depths can drown.  
Ol - i - vet, . . . And love . . . its Gal - i - lee.

3 The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

4 O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

105

## HEBRON. L. M.

1. My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature, a piano accompaniment line in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The music is in 3/2 time and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

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

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment line in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The melody continues with similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic support.

- 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  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

106

CHARLOTTE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1. { 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 vails the sky; }

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

2 "It is finished!" Oh, 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 recor<sup>d</sup>

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
 All on earth and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

JONATHAN EVANS.

107

FLORIDA. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown;

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

Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 Oh, make me thine forever;  
 And, should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never,  
 Outlive my love to thee!

3 Be near me when I'm dying,  
 Oh, 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.

## 108

## MANOAH. C. M.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die? . .

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

## 109

## LINDENWOOD. L. M.

1. When I sur-vey the won'drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,  
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God:

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down! That were a present far too small;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Love so amazing, so divine,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown? Demands my soul, my life, my all!

ISAAC WATTS.

110

BARTEMEUS. 8s, 7s.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,  
2. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie,

Life, and health, and peace pos-ses-sing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.  
While I see di - vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing in his lan - guid eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his blood each day more healing,  
And himself more fully know.

JAMES ALLEN, ALT. BY WALTER SHIRLEY.

111

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry; Tow - 'ring o'er the  
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and

wrecks of time, All the light of sa - - cred  
 fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for -

sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
 sake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

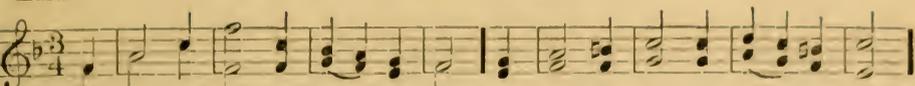
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

112

## ROTHWELL. L. M.



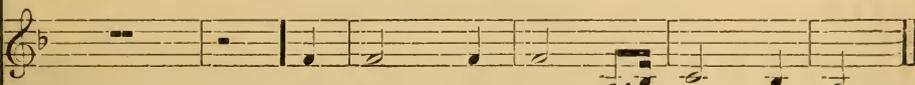
1. He lives, the great Re - deem-er lives; What joy the blest as - su - rance gives!  
 2. Re - peat - ed crimes a - wake our fears, And jus - tice, armed with frowns, appears;



And now, be - fore his Fa - ther God, Pleads the full mer - it  
 But in the Sav - iour's love - ly face Sweet mer - cy smiles, and



of his blood, Pleads the full mer - it of his blood.  
 all is peace, Sweet mer - cy smiles, and all is peace!



3 Hence, then, ye black despairing tho'ts; 4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!  
 Above our fears, above our faults, On him our humble hopes depend;  
 His powerful intercessions rise, Our cause can never, never fail,  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies. For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

## 113

## EVELYN. L. M.

1. Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye; See where the great Re - deem - er stands,

The glo - rious Ad - vo - cate on high, With pre - cious in - cense in his hands!

- 2 He sweetens every humble groan ;      3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
 He recommends each broken prayer ;      With stronger faith to call thee mine !  
 Recline thy hope on him alone,      Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
 Whose power and love forbid despair.      My Father God, with joy divine.

ANNE STEELE.

## 114

## MARYLAND. 7s.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day! Sons of men and an - gels say:  
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the bat - tle won:

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth, re - ply!  
Lo! our sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise, Christ hath 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 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.

CHARLES WESLEY.

115

GLADNESS. 7s.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up thy migh - ty prey!  
2. Saints on earth, lift up your eyes; Now to glo - ry see him rise;

See, the Sav - iour leaves the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.  
Troops of an - gels on the road, Hail and sing th' in - car - nate God.

- 3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide: Glorious hero, through them ride;  
King of glory, mount thy throne; Boundless empire is thine own.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs! Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!  
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song, Let the strains be sweet and strong!

THOMAS SCOTT.

116

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glori-ous; See the Man of sor - rows now }  
 { From the fight returned vic - tor - ious! Ev - ery knee to him shall bow; }  
 2. { Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown him! Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings; }  
 { In the seat of pow' r - en - throne him, While the vault of heav - en rings: }

Crown him! crown him! Crown him! crown him! Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow.  
 Crown him! crown him! Crown him! crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
 Saints and angels, crowd around him,  
 Own his title, praise his name!  
 Crown him! crown him!  
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!  
 Jesus takes the highest station;  
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!  
 Crown him! crown him!  
 King of kings and Lord of lords!

THOMAS KELLEY.

117

NAVARRA. L. M. Double.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;

The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky;

There his tri - umphal char-iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay;

"Lift up your heads, ye heav-enly gates! Ye ev - er - last-ing doors, give way!"

- 2 Loose all your bands of massy light, 3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene: And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 He claims these mansions as his right; "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
 Receive the King of glory in. Ye everlasting doors, give way!"  
 Who is this King of glory— who? Who is this King of glory— who?  
 The Lord who all our foes o'ercame; The Lord of boundless power possess'd;  
 Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew; The King of saints and angels too,  
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name. God over all, forever blessed.

CHARLES WESLEY.

118

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne,

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,<sup>4</sup> Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 "To be exalted thus:" And air, and earth, and seas,  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
 "For he was slain for us." And speak thine endless praise.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine;  
 And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, forever thine.

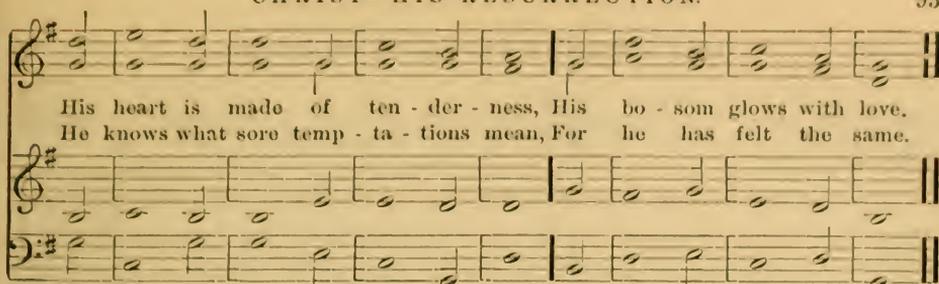
5 The whole creation join in one  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

119

MEAR. C. M.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High-Priest a - bove;  
 2. Touch'd with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame;



His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bo - som glows with love.  
He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, For he has 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 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

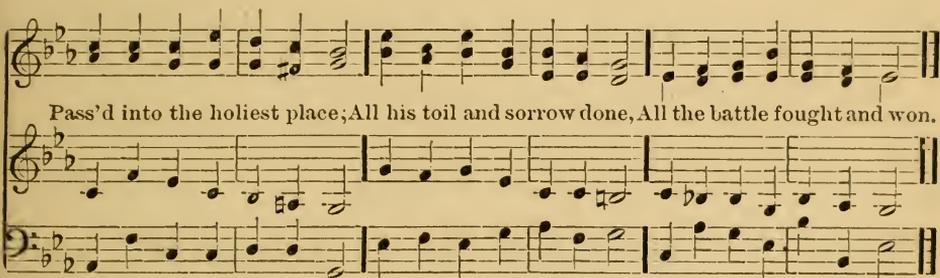
ISAAC WATTS.

120

INDIANA. 7s. Double.



1. {He is gone! a cloud of light Hath received him from our sight;} Thro' the veil of time and space  
{Gone to heav'n, where mortal eye Can not reach the ra-diant sky;}'



Pass'd into the holiest place; All his toil and sorrow done, All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone! we heard him say  
"Good that I should go away;"  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone his present grace;  
Though himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we cannot be;  
No! his Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

3 He is gone! and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain;  
In the world which he has left,  
On this earth of him bereft,  
We have still his work to do,  
We can still his path pursue;  
We can follow him below,  
And his bright example show.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

121

OLD TWENTY-FIFTH. S. M. Double.

1. Crown him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne; Hark! how the heav'nly

an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of

him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

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

3 Crown him the Lord of heaven!  
One with the Father known,—  
And the blest Spirit through him given  
From yonder Triune throne!  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For thou hast died for me:  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.

122

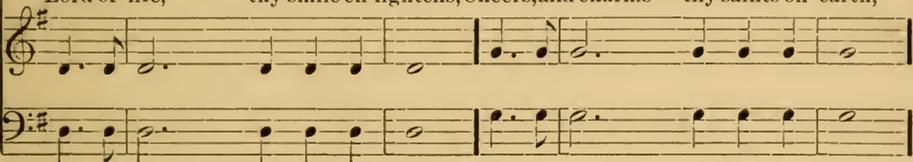
HARWELL. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;  
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory bright - ens All above, and gives it worth;



Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;      Jesus reigns, the God of love:  
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,      Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth:  
 Je - sus reigns,      and heav'n re - joic - es;      Je - sus reigns,      the God of love:  
 Lord of life,      thy smile enlightens,      Cheers, and charms      thy saints on earth,



See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.



3 King of glory, reign forever ;  
 Thine an everlasting crown ;  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine own ;  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Chosen to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;  
 Bring, oh, 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 ! "

## 123

## ABBEY. C. M.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;  
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter, and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.  
To spread through all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of thy name.

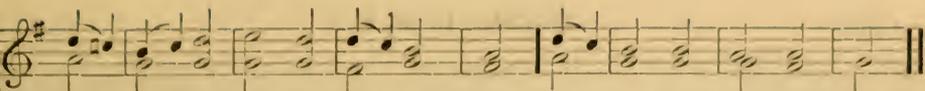
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears, 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
That bids our sorrows cease; He sets the pris'ner free;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears, His blood can make the foulest clean;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace. His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## 124

## CHARITY. C. M.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair, We wretched sin-ners lay,  
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Be-held our help-less grief;



With - out one cheer - ful beam of hope, Or spark of glim - m'ring day.  
He saw, and oh, a - maz - ing love! He ran to our re - lief.



- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

ISAAC WATTS.

125

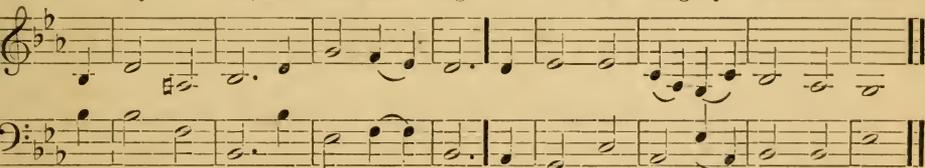
TRURO. L. M.



1. What e - qual hon - ors shall we bring To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
2. Wor - thy is he that once was slain, The Prince of peace, that groaned and died;



When all the notes that an - gels sing Are far in - fe - rior to thy name?  
Wor - thy to rise, and live and reign At his al - mighty Fa - ther's side.



- 3 Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men,  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

126

ARIEL. C. M. P.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth,  
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt

Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel  
Of sin and wrath divine! I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect,

while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.  
heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er 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.

127

## CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
2. Crown him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fix'd this float - ing ball;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown him Lord of all.

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

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## 128

## COWPER. C. M.

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the sacred song; Oh, may his love, im-  
2. His love what mortal thot' can reach, What mortal tongue display! Imagination's

mor - tal flame, Tune ev - ery heart and tongue, Tune ev - ery heart and tongue.  
utmost stretch In won - der dies a - way, In won - der dies a - way.

- 3 For us he left his throne on high,      4 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,              Fill every heart and tongue,  
And came to earth to bleed and die,—      Till strangers love thy charming name  
Was ever love like this?                      And join the sacred song.

ANNE STEELE.

## 129

## MAITLAND. C. M.

1. If hu - man kind-ness meets re - turn, And owns the grate-ful tie;—  
2. Oh, shall not warm - er ac - cents tell The grat - i - tude we owe

If ten - der that's with - in us burn To feel a friend is nigh;—  
To Him who died our fears to quell, And save from end - less woe?

- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,  
Those pangs he would not flee, The griefs which thou didst bear!  
What love his latest words displayed!— O memory, leave no other name  
“Meet and remember me.” But his recorded there.

G. T. NOEL.

130

## HARCOURT. C. M.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits en - thron'd Up - on the Sav - iour's brow,  
2. No mor - tal can with him com - pare A - mong the sons of men;

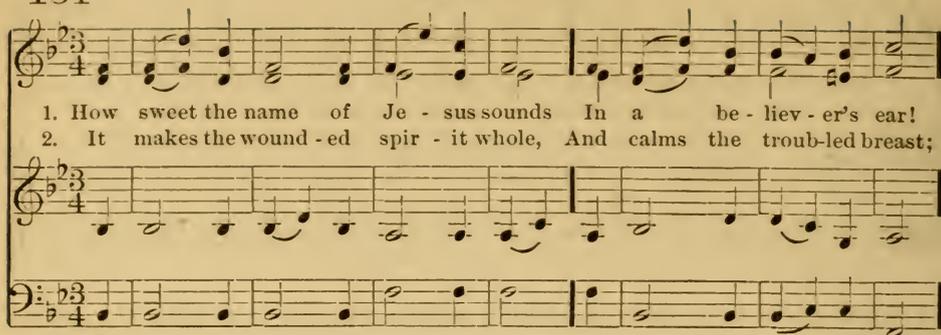
His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
Fair - er he is than all the fair That fill the heav - 'nly train.

- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, 4 Since from his bounty I receive  
He flew to my relief; Such proofs of love divine,  
For me he bore the shameful cross, Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
And carried all my grief. Lord, they should all be thine!

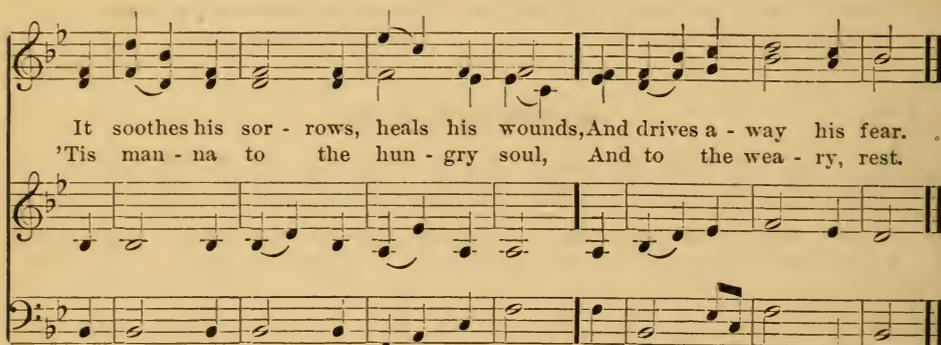
SAMUEL STENNETT.

131

GEER. C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!  
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;



It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.

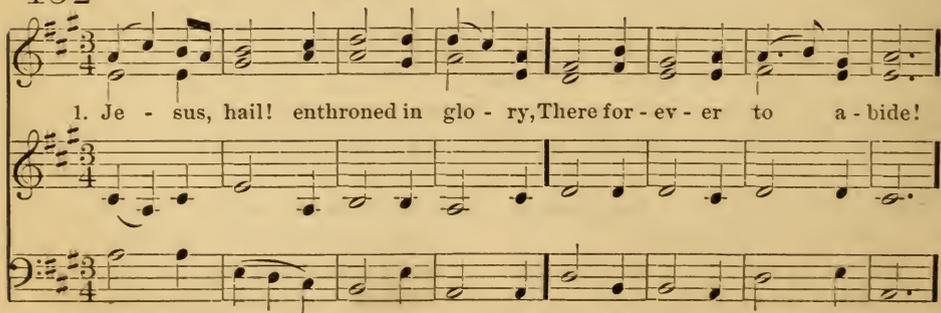
3 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then I would my love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

132

FELICIA. 8s, 7s. Double.



1. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bid!

All the heav - 'nly host a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side:

There for sin - ners thou art plead - ing; There thou dost our place prepare;

Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

2 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.

## 133

## HUMMEL. C. M.

1. Thou art the Way,—to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee:  
2. Thou art the Truth,—thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part;

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.  
Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

3 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Proclaims thy conquering arm; Grant us that way to know,  
And those who put their trust in thee, That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm. Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

## 134

## MONTAUBAN. C. M.

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

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

2 When once thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!  
Thou Fount of life and fire!  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire.

4 May every heart confess thy name,  
And ever thee adore;  
And, seeking thee, itself inflame  
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;  
Thee may we love alone;  
And ever in our life express  
The image of thine own.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX; TR. BY E. CASWALL.

135

MORAVIA. 8s, 7s.

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;  
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?

His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.  
But our Je - sus died to have us Rec - on - ciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory raiséd,  
He rejoices in the same:

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above.

JOHN NEWTON.

## 136

## THURLAND CASTLE. P. M.

1. Thou art com - ing, O my Sav - iour, Thou art com - ing, O my King,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in a hymn style with a steady, slow tempo.

In thy beau - ty all - re - splen - dent, In thy glo - ry all - tran - scen - dent;

The second system continues the hymn with three staves. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same key and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff.

Well may we re - joice and sing; Com - ing! In the

The third system concludes the hymn with three staves. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff.

op - 'ning east Her - ald bright - ness slow - ly swells,

Com - ing! O my glo - rious Priest, Hear we not thy gold - en bells?

- 2 Thou art coming ; we are waiting  
 With a hope that cannot fail ;  
 Asking not the day or hour,  
 Resting on thy word of power,  
 Anchored safe within the veil.  
 Time appointed may be long,  
 But the vision must be sure ;  
 Certainty shall make us strong,  
 Joyful patience can endure.
- 3 Oh, the joy to see thee reigning  
 Thee, my own beloved Lord !  
 Every tongue thy name confessing,  
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing  
 Brought to thee with one accord,  
 Thee my Maker and my Friend,  
 Vindicated and enthroned,  
 Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and owned !

137

NORFOLK. L. M.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
2. En - lightened by thine heav'nly ray, Our shades and darkness turn to day;

Thy power con - veys our bless - ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.  
Thine in - ward teach - ings make us know, Our dan - ger and our ref - uge too.

- 3 Thy power and glory work within,      4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice.  
And break the chain of reigning sin,      Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
All our imperious lusts subdue,              Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.      And calm the surges of the mind.

ISAAC WATTS.

138

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let thy bright beams a - rise;  
2. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,

Dis - pel the dark - ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes.  
And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.

3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.

JOSEPH HART.

139

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

1. Why should the child - ren of a King Go mourning all their days?  
2. Dost thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of heav'n?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.  
When wilt thou ban - ish my complaints, And show my sins for - giv'n?

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.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 140

## BYZANTIUM. C. M.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
2. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

3 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!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers!  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 141

## SHARON. 7s.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guil - ty heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark-ness in - to day.  
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion 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,

ANDREW REED.

142

COMMANDMENTS. L. M.

1. Come, O Cre - a - tor - Spir-it blest! And in our souls take up thy rest;  
2. Great Com-fort - er! to thee we cry; O high-est gift of God most high!

Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid, To fill the hearts which thou hast made.  
O Fount of life! O Fire of love! And sweet a - noint-ing from a - bove!

3 Kindle our senses from above,  
And make our hearts o'erflow with love,  
With patience firm and virtue high,  
The 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.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY E. CASWALL.

143

ITALY. 6s, 4s.

1. Thou, whose al - migh - ty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,  
2. Thou, who did'st come to bring, On thy re - deem - ing wing,

And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And where the gos - pel's day  
Heal - ing and sight: Health to the sick in mind; Sight to the in - ly blind;

Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!  
Oh, now, to all man - kind, 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!

JOHN MARRIOTT.

144

## TABOR. L. M.

1. Come, bless - ed Spir - it, source of light, Whose pow'r and  
2. To mine il - lu - mined eyes dis - play The glo - rious

grace are un - con - fined, Dis - pel the gloom - y  
truth thy word re - veals; Chase pre - ju - di - ces

shades of night, Re - move the dark - ness of the mind.  
far a - way, Un - clasp the book, and loose the seals.

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

4 All through the dubious maze of life  
Spread, like the sun, thy beams  
abroad;  
Point out the dangers of the way,  
And guide my wanderin'g feet to God.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

## 145

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Gracious Spir - it, Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine;  
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burdened sin - ner free;

All my guil - ty fears re - move, Fill me full of heav'n and love.  
Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his pre - cious blood.

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

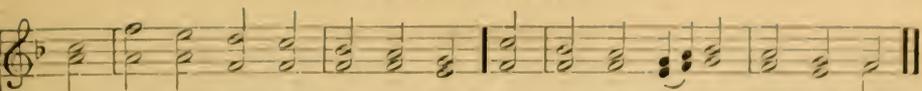
3 Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with love divine,  
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

JOHN STOCKER.

## 146

## LEIPZIG. L. M.

1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;  
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way;



Be thou our Guardian, thou our guide; O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre-side.  
Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.



- 3 Lead us to holiness — the road                      4 Lead us to God, — our final rest, —  
Which we must take to dwell with God ;      To be with him forever blest ;  
Lead us to Christ — the living way ;      Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share —  
Nor let us from his pastures stray ; —      Fulness of joy forever there.

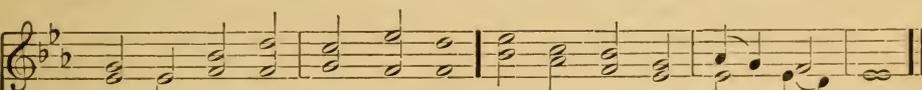
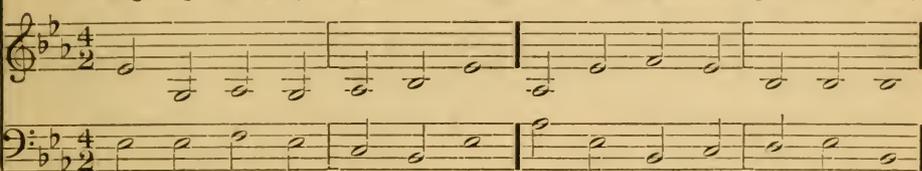
SIMON BROWNE.

147

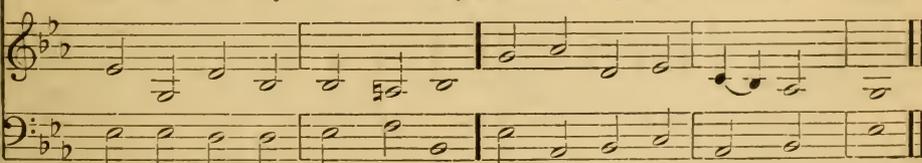
SHARON. 7s.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, Bend o'er us a pit - ying eye;  
2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess Of our heart's un - god - li - ness;



Now re - fresh the droop - ing heart; Bid the pow'r of sin de - part.  
Show us ev - ery de - vious way Where our steps have gone a - stray.



- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,  
Humbly to implore relief ;  
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,  
And our broken spirits heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,  
And pursue the heavenly race,  
Trained in wisdom, led by love,  
Till we reach our rest above.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

## 148

## THATCHER. S. M.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear;  
2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bel - lious man;

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.  
And all the steps that grace dis - play Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

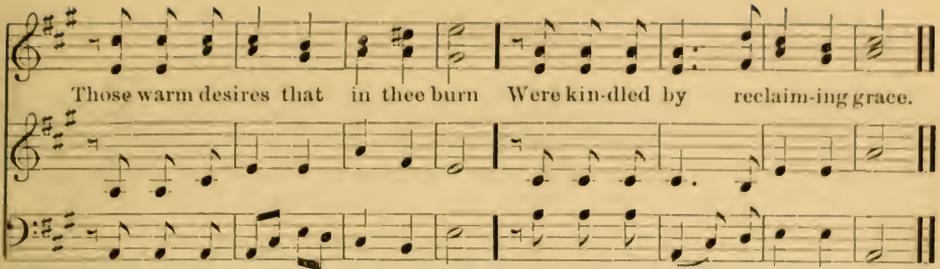
4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

## 149

## CHAMBER STREET. L. M.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa - ther's face;



Those warm 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 thy inward smart.

4 Return, O wanderer, return;  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

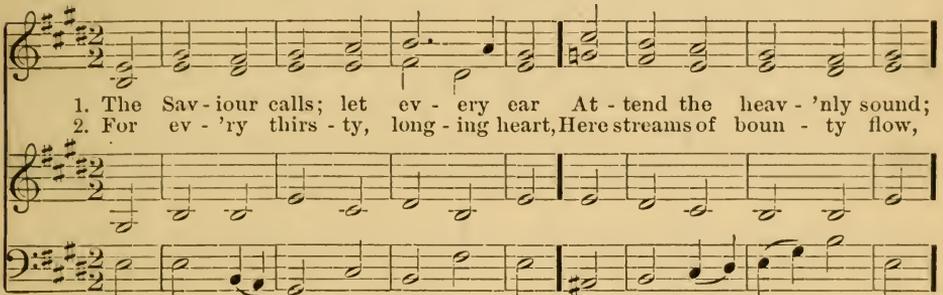
3 Return, O wanderer, return;  
He hears thy deep, repentant sigh;  
He sees the softened spirit mourn,  
When no intruding ear is nigh.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

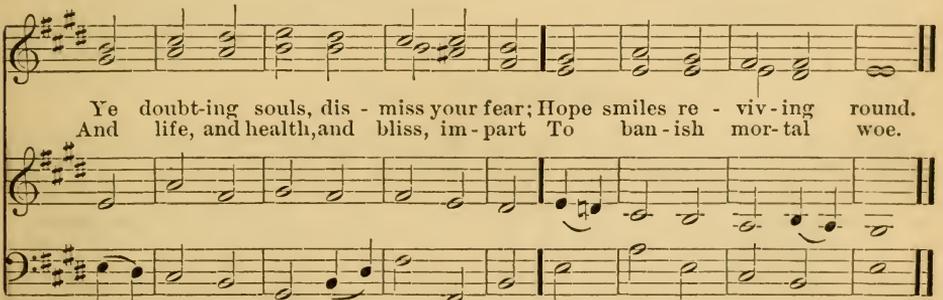
WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

150

COLUMBIA. C. M.



1. The Sav-iour calls; let ev-ery ear At-tend the heav-'nly sound;  
2. For ev-'ry thirs-ty, long-ing heart, Here streams of boun-ty flow,



Ye doubt-ing souls, dis-miss your fear; Hope smiles re-viv-ing round.  
And life, and health, and bliss, im-part To ban-ish mor-tal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice; 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
That gracious voice obey; To thee let sinners fly,  
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys; And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And can you yet delay? And drink, and never die.

ANNE STEELE.

## 151

## ARIZONA. 7s.

1. Sin - ner, rouse thee from thy sleep; Wake, and o'er thy fol - ly weep;  
2. Wake from sleep; a - rise from death; See the bright and liv - ing path;

Raise thy spir - it, dark and dead; Je - sus waits his light to shed.  
Watch-ful, tread that path; be wise; Leave thy fol - ly; seek the skies.

- 3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;      4 Oh, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;  
From this hour redeem thy time;      Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
Life secure without delay;      Jesus calls from death and night;  
Evil is thy mortal day.      Jesus waits to shed his light.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

## 152

## HUMILITY. L. M.

1. "Come hither, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye heav - y - lad - en sin - ners, come;  
2. "They shall find rest who learn of me; I'm of a meek and low - ly mind;

I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home.  
But passion rages like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;  
My yoke, and bear it with delight ; With faith, and hope, and humble  
My yoke is easy to his neck, zeal,  
My grace shall make the burden Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
light. To mould and guide us at thy will.

ISAAC WATTS.

153

## ZINZENDORF. S. M.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul?

'T were vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 The world can never give<br>The bliss for which we sigh ;<br>'T is not the whole of life to live,<br>Nor all of death to die. | 4 There is a death whose pang<br>Outlasts the fleeting breath :<br>Oh, what eternal horrors hang<br>Around the second death ! |
| 3 Beyond this vale of tears<br>There is a life above,<br>Unmeasured by the flight of years ;<br>And all that life is love.      | 5 Lord God of truth and grace,<br>Teach us that death to shun ;<br>Lest we be banished from thy face.<br>And evermore undone. |

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## 154

## THE ELMS. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. { O Je - sus, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, }  
 { In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing, To pass the thresh - old o'er: }

Shame on us Chris - tian breth - ren, His name and sign who bear,

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep him stand - ing 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.

155

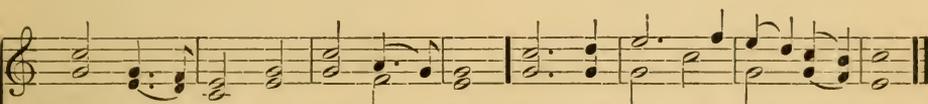
## FAVERSHAM. 7s, 6 lines.



1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav-iour deigns to die,  
 2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be-neath thy bur - dens groan?



What mel - o - dius sounds I hear, Burst-ing on my rav-ish-ed ear!  
 On my pierc - ed bod - y laid, Jus-tice owns the ran - som paid;



"Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come.  
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, 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 spirit to convey  
 To the realms of endless day,  
 Up to my eternal home:  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

## 156

## DURHAM. S. M.

1. Oh, cease, my wan-d'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam;

All the wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

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.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

## 157

## DEDICATION. S. M.

1. The Spir-it, in our hearts, Is whisp'ring, "Sin-ner, come;" The bride, the  
2. Let him that heareth say To all a-bout him, "Come;" Let him that

church of Christ, pro - claims To all his chil - dren, "Come!"  
 thirsts for right - eous - ness To Christ, the foun - tain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
 Oh, 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; we wait thy hour;  
 O blest Redeemer, come.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

158

COLUMBIA. S. M.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of thine,  
 While like a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
 The burdens thou didst bear  
 When hanging on the curséd tree,  
 And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS.

159

STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.”

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my guide? —

“In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side.”

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That his brow adorns? —  
“Yea, a crown in very surety;  
But of thorns.”

4 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay? —

“Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.”

5 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is he sure to bless? —

“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes.”

STEPHEN OF ST. SABAS. Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

160

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1. No more, my God, I boast no more Of all the du - ties I have done;  
2. Now, for the love I bear his name, What was my gain I count my loss;

I quit the hopes I held be - fore, To trust the mer - its of thy Son.  
My former pride I call my shame, And nail my glo - ry to his cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
Oh, may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake!
- 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

161

COWPER. C. M.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd be -  
neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

WILLIAM COWPER.

162

ERNAN. L. M.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way; A-way, ye tempt-ers of the mind,  
2. Your streams were floating me a - long, Down to the gulf of black de - spair;

False as the smooth de - ceit - ful sea, And empty as the whist - ling wind.  
And while I lis - ten'd to your song, Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
Which warned me of that dark abyss,  
Which 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;  
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies!

ISAAC WATTS.

163

WOODWORTH. L. M.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

164

ABRIDGE. C. M.

1. A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;

I once was lost but now am found; Was blind but now I see.  
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

JOHN NEWTON.

## 165

ALKMAAR. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. 'Tis not that I did choose thee, For, Lord, that could not be; This heart would still re-

fuse thee; But thou hast chosen me, Hast, from the sin that stained me, Wash'd me and

set me free, And to this end ordained me, That I should live to thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,  
 And taught my opening mind;  
 The world had else enthralled me,  
 To heavenly glories blind.  
 My heart owns none above thee;  
 For thy rich grace I thirst;  
 This knowing,—if I love thee,  
 Thou must have loved me first.

166

## BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

1. Pil-grim! burdened with thy sin, Come the way to Zi - on's gate;

There, till mer - cy speaks with - in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait; . . .  
d.c. Watch—for sav - ing grace is nigh; Wait—till heavenly light ap - pears. . .

FINE.

Knock—he knows the sin - ner's cry; Weep—he loves the mour - ner's tears;

D. C. &C.

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.

GEORGE CRABBE.

167

AVON. C. M.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;  
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up on my breast."  
I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

5 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."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,  
And now I live in him.

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

168

ANGELUS. L. M.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a dark and storm - y sea;  
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee:

Yet mid the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'nly whis-per, "Come to me."  
Oh, to the wea - ry, faint, op-press'd, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

- 3 "Come, for all else must fail and die ; 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ; In conflict, grief, and agony,  
To heaven direct thy weeping eye, Support me, cheer me from above ;  
I am thy portion ; Come to me." And gently whisper, "Come to me."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

169

GREENSBORO. 8s, 7s.

1. Far I've wander'd, O my Fa - ther, Wander'd long from peace and thee ;

Vain - ly have I sought to gath - er Sweets from each for - bid - den tree.

- 2 Bitter proved the fruits I tasted, 4 Father, is thy love still burning  
While with wayward feet I strayed ; Toward thy homeless, lonely child ?  
While through pleasure's maze I hasted, Hath it yet some tender yearning ?  
Oft bewildered, oft betrayed. Wants it to be reconciled ?
- 3 Now this famished soul is aching, 5 O my Father, now behold me !  
Weary of its sin and shame ; Hath not Jesus for me died ?  
Now to nobler thoughts awaking, Let thy loving arms infold me,  
Father, it repeats thy name ! Let me in thy love abide.

RAY PALMER.

## 170

## ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

*S:* *FINE.*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee:  
D.C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

*D.C. :S:*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown  
See thee on thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

## 171

## BACH. L. M. Double.

1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host be - stud the sky,

Onestara - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.

Hark! hark! to God the cho- rus breaks From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem;

But one a - lone the Sav - iour speaks, It is the star of Beth - le - hem.

2 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.  
 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 !

3 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
 And through the storm and danger's  
 thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.  
 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

172

WELLESLEY. 7s.

1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round,  
2. Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest;

Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and comfort no - where found.  
Breth - ren, where your al - tar burns, Oh, re - ceive me in - to rest.

- 3 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:
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

173

HUSS. 8s, 7s.

1. Je - sus, Lord, I heard thee call - ing, 'Twas, I knew, thy gra - cious voice,



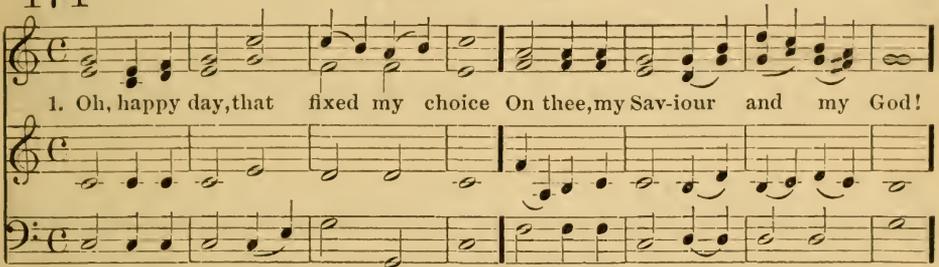
That, 'mid death-shades o'er me fall - ing, Spake and bade my soul re-joyce.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Now I praise the grace that sought me,<br/>While from God and hope I strayed;<br/>Thy dear love, the love that bought me,<br/>Heard me, saved me, when I prayed.</p> | <p>4 Onward now my spirit presseth,<br/>Yearning heavenward, heavenward<br/>still;<br/>Grant me here the peace that blesseth,<br/>Make me strong to do thy will.</p> |
| <p>3 Now I feel within me glowing<br/>Life — eternal life — begun;<br/>Fount of life! from thy o'erflowing<br/>Let me drink while ages run.</p>                           | <p>5 When life's evening shadow falleth,<br/>And deep darkness draweth nigh,<br/>Sweet shall be the voice that calleth,<br/>Safe in thy dear arms to die.</p>        |

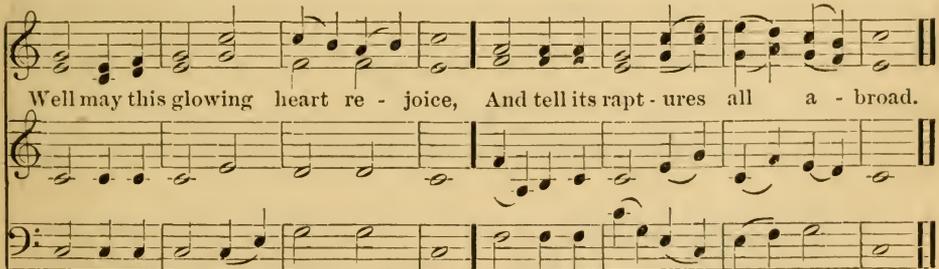
RAY PALMER.

174

ERNAN. L. M.



1. Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God!



Well may this glowing heart re - joyce, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows<br/>To him who merits all my love!<br/>Let cheerful anthems fill his house,<br/>While to that sacred shrine I move.</p> | <p>3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;<br/>I am my Lord's, and he is mine:<br/>He drew me, and I followed on,<br/>Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p> |
|---|---|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

## 175

## OLD TWENTY-FIFTH. S. M. Double.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my

Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled; I was a wayward child, I

did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

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 I was a wandering sheep,  
 I would not be controlled;  
 But now I love the Shepherd's voice,  
 I love, I love the fold!  
 I was a wayward child;  
 I once preferred to roam;  
 But now I love my Father's voice,  
 I love, I love his home!

176

OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,

Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, thou art all to me! Noth - ing to

please I see, Noth - ing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

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!

177

WASA. C. M.

1. Je - sus, I love thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n 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.

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.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

178

IOWA. S. M.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing That nev - er knew our God;

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.  
 But favorites of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

179

ALSA. L. M.

1. Oh, that I could for - ev - er dwell De-light - ed at the Saviour's feet,

Be-hold the form I love so well, And all his ten - der words re - peat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,  
 And heaven brought in with all its bliss,  
 Oh, is there aught, from pole to pole,  
 One moment to compare with this?

4 When all I am I clearly see,  
 And freely own with deepest shame ;  
 When the Redeemer's love to me  
 Kindles within a deathless flame.

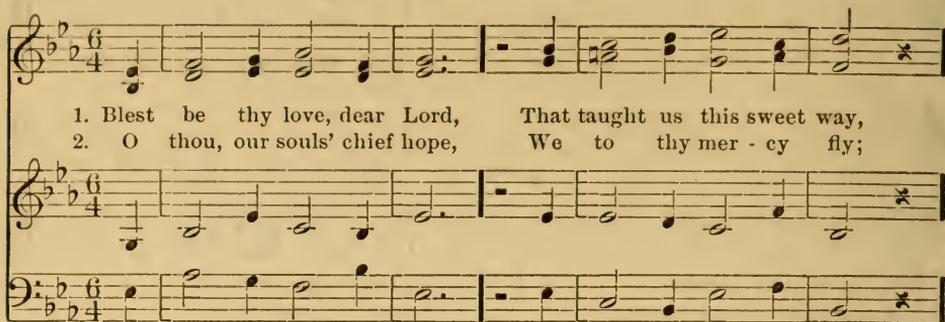
3 This is the hidden life I prize,  
 A life of penitential love,  
 When most my follies I despise,  
 And raise my highest thoughts above ;

5 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.

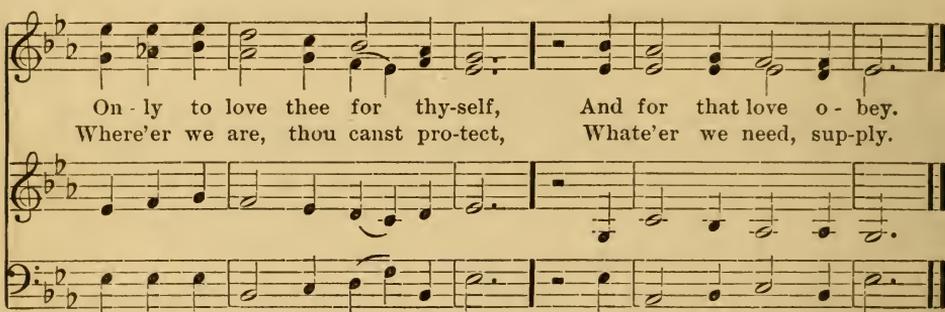
ANDREW REED.

180

NEW YORK. S. M.



1. Blest be thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,  
2. O thou, our souls' chief hope, We to thy mer-cy fly;



On-ly to love thee for thy-self, And for that love o-bey.  
Where'er we are, thou canst pro-ect, Whate'er we need, sup-ply.

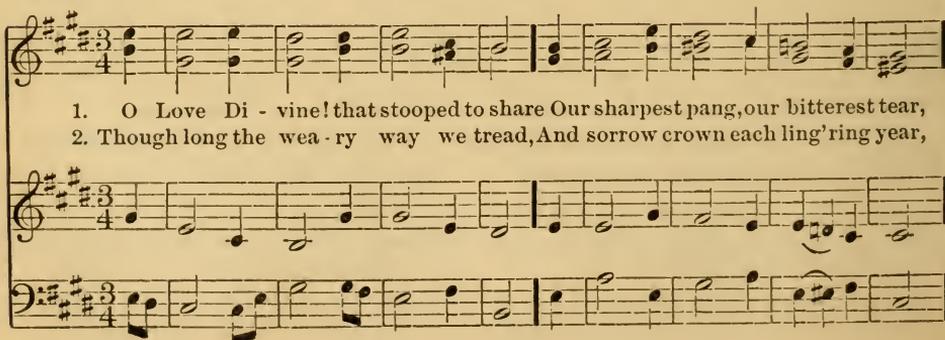
3 Whether we sleep or wake,  
To thee we both resign:  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to thee;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN.

181

FRATERNITY. L. M.



1. O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
2. Though long the wea-ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,

On thee we cast each earth born care, We smile at pain while thou art near.  
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whispering thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,      4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,      O Love Divine, forever dear;  
The moaning wind, the quivering leaf,      Content to suffer while we know,  
Shall softly tell us thou art near.      Living or dying, thou art near!

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

182

VASSAR. 8s, 7s.

1. I would love thee, God and Fa - ther! My Re - deem - er, and my King!  
2. I would love thee; ev - ery bless - ing Flows to me from out thy throne;

I would love thee; for, with-out thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.  
I would love thee—he who loves thee Nev - er feels him - self a-lone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,      4 I would love thee, I have vowed it,  
Ever guide me with thine eye:      On thy love my heart is set:  
I would love thee; if not nourished      While I love thee, I will never  
By thy love, my soul would die.      My Redeemer's blood forget.

MADAME GUYON.

## 183

## VIRGINIA 7s.

1. Sav - iour, teach me day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o - bey;  
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bid-ding may I move;

Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing him who first lov'd me.  
Prompt to serve and fol-low thee, Lov-ing him who first lov'd me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in thy grace;  
Learning how to love from thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till thy face I see,  
Of his love who first loved me.

JANE E. LEESON.

## 184

## SPANISH HYMN. 7s. Double.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }  
 D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on thee; }  
 { Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me; }  
 D.C. Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;  
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY.

185

## MARTYRDOM. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the ver - y tho't of thee With gladness fills my breast;  
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find

But dear - er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.  
A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man-kind!

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 And those who find thee, find a bliss  
Nor tongue nor pen can show:  
The love of Jesus—what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, TR. BY E. CASWALL.

186

ARMENIA. C. M.

1. How oft, a-las! this wretch-ed heart Has wan-dered from the Lord!  
 2. Yet sovereign mer-cy calls, re-turn! Dear Lord! and may I come?

How oft my rov-ing tho'ts de-part, For-get-ful of his word!  
 My vile in-grat-i-tude I mourn; Oh! take the wan-derer home.

- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,      4 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
 And bid my crimes remove?                      Dear Saviour! I adore;  
 And shall a pardoned rebel live                Oh! keep me at thy sacred feet,  
 To speak thy wondrous love?                    And let me rove no more.

ANNE STEELE.

187

LASELL. L. M.

1. Oh, where is now that glowing love, That mark'd our un-ion with the Lord?  
 2. Where is the zeal that led us then To make our Sav-iour's glo-ry known?

Our hearts were fixed on things a - bove, Nor could the world a joy af - ford.  
That freed us from the fear of men, And kept our eye on him a - lone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent  
In fellowship with him we loved?  
The sacred joy, the sweet content,  
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold! again we turn to thee;  
Oh, cast us not away, though vile!  
No peace we have, no joy we see,  
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

THOMAS KELLY.

188

ORPAH. L. M.

1. Re - turn, my rov - ing heart, re - turn, And life's vain shad - ows chase no more;  
2. O thou great God, whose piercing eye Dis - tinct - ly marks each deep re - treat,

Seek out some sol - i - tude to mourn, And thy for - sak - en God im - plore.  
In these se - questered hours draw nigh, And let me here thy pres - ence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart, 4 Then let the visits of thy love  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide, My inmost soul be made to share,  
And still its radiant beams impart, Till every grace combine to prove  
Till all be known and purified. That God has fixed his dwelling there.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

189

PENSACOLA. C. M.

1. O Lord, thy ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;  
 2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A sin - ful wanderer mourn;

Thy hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.  
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re - turn?"

3 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine;  
 And let thy healing voice impart  
 A taste of joys divine.

4 Thy presence only can bestow  
 Delights which never cloy;  
 Be this my solace here below,  
 And my eternal joy.

ANNE STEELE.

190

TLLA. L. M.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' des - erts dark as night;

Till we ar - rive at heav'n 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,  
When faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

ISAAC WATTS.

191

MONTANA. 8s, 7s.

1. Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son;  
2. Long from thee my foot-steps straying, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;

That which thou wouldst have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done.  
Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing—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 love I offer—  
Gift unworthy love like thine.

RAY PALMER.

192

ASHVILLE. C. M.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Though press'd by ev - ery foe,  
2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain Be-neath the chastening rod,

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe!—  
But in the hour of grief or pain Will lean up - on its God;—

- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;—
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

193

WELTON. L. M.

1. Faith is a liv-ing power from heav'n Which grasps the promise God has given ;  
2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed ;

Se - cure - ly fixed on Christ a - lone, A trust that can - not be o'er - thrown.  
 Strong in his grace it joys to share His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,  
 And bids the mourner's sighing cease;  
 By faith the children's right we claim,  
 And call upon our Father's name.
- 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,  
 And to our prayers thy favor grant  
 In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,  
 Who is our fount of health alone.

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN, TR. IN HYMNOLOGIA CHRISTIANA.

194

PALMA. C. M.

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy bless - ed face and mine.

- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,  
 Yet thou art 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  
 seal,  
 And still this throbbing heart,  
 The rending veil shall thee reveal,  
 All-glorious as thou art.

RAY PALMER.

195

WHITCHURCH. 8s, 7s.

1. Ten - der - ly the Fa - ther greets us As we  
 2. No up - braid - ing mars His giv - ing, No re -

leave the haunts of sin; On our home - ward  
 proach for fol - lies done— Lis - ten to the

way He meets us; Folds us safe His arms with - in.  
 Ev - er - liv - ing: " 'Tis my son— my long lost son."

- 3 Ah! 'tis more than human kindness  
 Prompts the welcome we receive.  
*This is LOVE!* What worse than blindness  
 E'er our Father's heart to grieve.
- 4 Vainly 'gainst our sins we've striven,  
 Toiled—and failed—'neath *duty's* rod:  
 Now, a truer light is given,  
 And we simply *rest in God*.  
 All's forgiven — nay, forgotten:  
 Once again, we rest in God.

196

MAPLEWOOD. 7s. DOUBLE.

2 By thy helpless infant years,  
 By thy life of want and tears,  
 By thy days of sore distress  
 In the savage wilderness,  
 By the dread mysterious hour  
 Of the insulting tempter's power;  
 Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair,  
 By thine agony of prayer,  
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,  
 By the gloom that veiled the skies  
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,  
 Listen to our humble cry,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept  
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,  
 By the boding tears that flowed  
 Over Salem's loved abode,  
 By the anguished sigh that told  
 Treachery lurked within thy fold,  
 From thy seat above the sky,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep expiring groan,  
 By the sad sepulchral stone,  
 By the vault, whose dark abode  
 Held in vain the rising God,  
 Oh, from earth to heaven restored,  
 Mighty, reascended Lord,  
 Listen, listen to the cry  
 Of our solemn litany!

197

KEDRON. C. M.

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,  
 2. Re-turn, O Ho-ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet messenger of rest;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,  
 What'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.

4 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.

198

RIPLEY. 8s, 7s. Double.

1. { Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, }  
 { Fix us in thy humble dwell - ing; All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. }  
 D.C. 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:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit<br/>                 Into every troubled breast;<br/>                 Let us all in thee inherit;<br/>                 Let us find the promised rest.<br/>                 Come, almighty to deliver,<br/>                 Let us all thy life receive;<br/>                 Suddenly return, and never,<br/>                 Never more thy temples leave.</p> | <p>3 Finish then thy new creation;<br/>                 Pure and spotless let us be;<br/>                 Let us see thy great salvation<br/>                 Perfectly restored in thee;<br/>                 Changed from glory into glory,<br/>                 Till in heaven we take our place,<br/>                 Till we cast our crowns before thee,<br/>                 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.</p> |
|--|---|

CHARLES WESLEY.

199

LASELL. L. M.

1. My God, per - mit me not to be A stranger to my - self and thee;  
 2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus de - base my heav - nly birth?

A - midst a thousand tho'ts I rove, For - get - ful of my high - est love.  
 Why should I cleave to things be - low, And let my God, my Saviour, go?

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Call me away from flesh and sense;<br/>                 One sovereign word can draw me thence;<br/>                 I would obey the voice divine,<br/>                 And all inferior joys resign.</p> | <p>4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with -<br/>                 drawn;<br/>                 Let noise and vanity be gone;<br/>                 In secret silence of the mind,<br/>                 My heaven, and there my God, I find.</p> |
|--|---|

ISAAC WATTS.

200

LOUVAN. L. M.

1. O Lord, thy heav'nly grace im-part, And fix my frail, in - con-stant heart;  
2. Whate'er pur-suits my time em-ploy, One tho't shall fill my soul with joy;

Hence-forth my chief de - light shall be To ded - i - cate my - self to thee.  
That si - lent, se - cret tho't shall be, That all my hopes are fix'd on thee.

- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;      4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;      And safe beneath thy spreading wing,  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,      My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.      That all I want I find in thee.

J. F. OBERLIN. TR. BY MRS. DANIEL WILSON.

201

FERRY. C. M.

1. Pray'r is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - ter'd or ex - press'd,  
2. Pray'r is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,



203

MORNINGTON. S. M.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace,      The prom - ise calls me near;  
 2. My soul, ask what thou wilt;      Thou canst not be too bold;

There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer.  
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt, What else can he with - hold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
 Thy presence and thy love;  
 I ask to serve thee here below,  
 And reign with thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith;  
 Conform my will to thine;  
 Let me victorious be in death,  
 And then in glory shine.

JOHN NEWTON.

204

GIRTON. 8s, 6s. Peculiar.

1. My God! is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to evening star,

As that which calls me to thy feet— The hour of prayer?

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,<br>And blest that solemn hour of eve,<br>When, on the wings of prayer upborne,<br>The world I leave.    | 4 Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear:<br>My spirit seems in heaven to stay;<br>And even the penitential tear<br>Is wiped away.  |
| 3 No words can tell what sweet relief,<br>Here for my every want I find;<br>What strength for warfare, balm for grief,<br>What peace of mind! | 5 Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore,<br>No privilege so dear shall be,<br>As thus my inmost soul to pour<br>In prayer to thee. |

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

205

CADDO C. M.

1. Speak to us, Lord, thy self re-veal, While here o'er earth we rove;  
2. With thee con-vers-ing, we for-get All time, and toil, and care;

Speak to our hearts and let us feel The kind-ling of thy love.  
La-bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,<br>And bid my heart rejoice;<br>My bounding heart shall own thy sway,<br>And echo to thy voice. | 4 Let this my every hour employ,<br>Till I thy glory see;<br>Enter into my Master's joy,<br>And find my heaven in thee. |
|---|---|

CHARLES WESLEY.

206

## SILOAM. C. M.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the li - ly grows!  
2. Lo, such the child, whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!  
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,  
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
crowned,  
Were all alike divine,—
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

207

## GLOUCESTER. C. M.

1. Oh, help us, Lord! each hour of need Thy heav'n - ly suc - cor give;  
2. Oh, help us when our spir - its bleed, With con - trite an - guish sore;

Help us in thought and word and deed, Each hour on earth we live.  
 And when our hearts are cold and dead, Oh, help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh, help us through the power of faith More firmly to believe ;  
 For, still the more the servant bath,  
 The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high ;  
 We know no help but thee :  
 Oh, help us so to live and die  
 As thine in heaven to be.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

208

CHICHESTER. C. M.

1. O Sa- viour, may we nev - er rest Till thou art formed with-in,  
 2. Oh, may we gaze up - on thy cross, Un - til the wondrous sight

Till thou hast calm'd our troubled breast, And crush'd the power of sin.  
 Makes earth-ly treasures seem but dross, And earth-ly sor - rows light.

3 Until released from carnal ties,  
 Our spirit upward springs,  
 And sees true peace above the skies,  
 True joy in heavenly things.

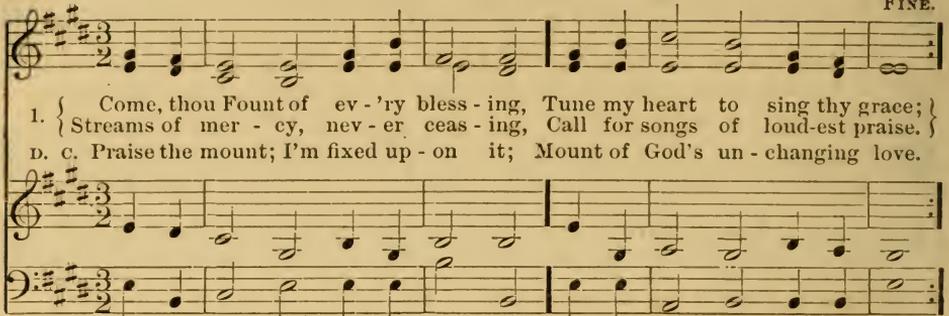
4 Then as we gaze, may we become  
 United, Lord, to thee,  
 And in a fairer, happier home,  
 Thy perfect beauty see.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

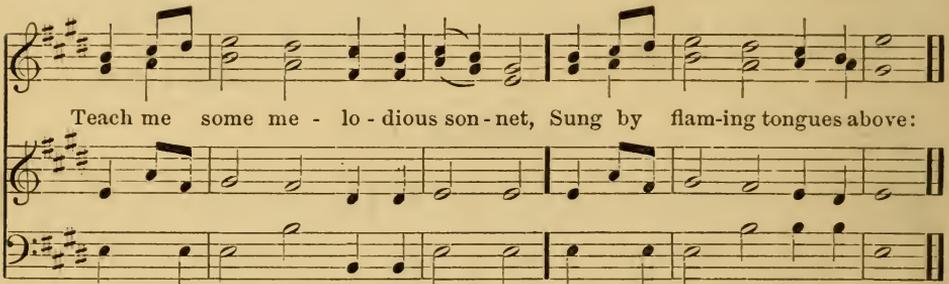
209

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. Double.

FINE.



1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }  
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }  
 d. c. Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it; Mount of God's un-changing love.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues above:

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 with precious blood.

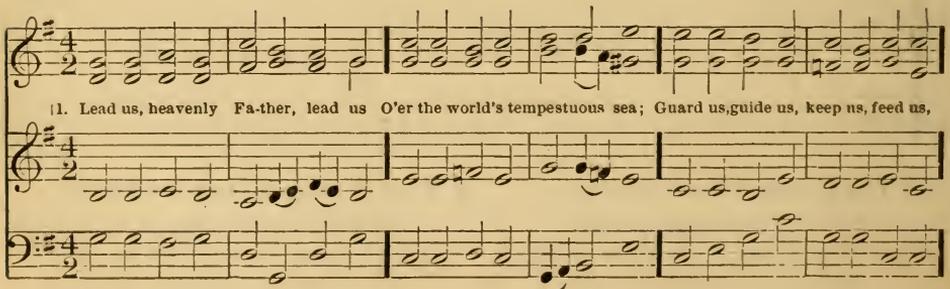
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor

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, oh, take and seal it;  
 Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

210

PERSUASION. 8s, 6s. 6 lines.



1. Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, 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 possess - ing Ev'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.

<p>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.</p>	<p>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.</p>
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JAMES EDMESTON.

211

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God ;  
 2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A - new from day to day ;

Then should my hours glide sweet a - way, And live up - on his word.  
 In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.

<p>3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,                  And make me wholly thine ;                  That I may never more depart,                  Nor grieve thy love divine.</p>	<p>4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,                  Thy goodness I'll adore ;                  And when my flesh dissolves in death,                  My soul shall love thee more.</p>
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BENJAMIN CLEVELAND.

212

FENTON. L. M.

1. In vain my roving thoughts would find A por-tion worth-y of the mind;  
 2. Can last-ing hap-pi-ness be found Where sea-sons roll their hast-y round,

On earth my soul can nev-er rest, For earth can nev-er make me blest.  
 And days and hours, with rap-id flight, Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

3 Arise, my thoughts; my heart, arise; 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart;  
 Leave this vain world, and seek the skies; Thy grace can raise my wandering heart  
 There purest joys forever last, To pleasure, perfect and sublime,  
 When seasons, days, and hours, are past. Unmeasured by the wings of time.

ANNE STEELE.

213

PRAGUE. S. M.

1. Je-sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care;  
 2. I want a so-ber mind, A self re-nounc-ing will,

With hum-ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
That tram-ples down, and casts be-hind The baits of pleas-ing ill;

3 A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross ;

4 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care ;  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY.

214

STATE STREET. S. M.

1. My Mak - er and my King, To thee my all I owe;  
2. The creat - ure of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live;

Thy sov'-reign boun - ty is the spring From whence my bless - ings flow.  
My God, thy ben - e - fits de-mand More praise than life can give.

3 Oh, what can I impart,  
When all is thine before ?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;  
The gift, alas, how poor !

4 Shall I withhold thy due ?  
And shall my passions rove ?  
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,  
And fill it with thy love.

ANNE STEELE.

215

SHREWSBURY. S. M.

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see their God:

The se-cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a-bode.

2 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still himself impart,  
And for his dwelling and his throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

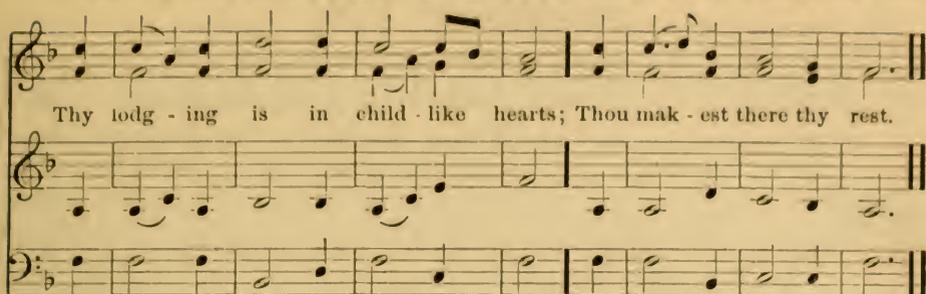
3 Lord, we thy presence seek;  
May ours this blessing be;  
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for thee.

JOHN KEBLE.

216

BETHLEHEM. C. M.

1. Thy home is with the hum-ble, Lord! The sim-ple are the best;



Thy lodg - ing is in child - like hearts; Thou mak - est there thy rest.

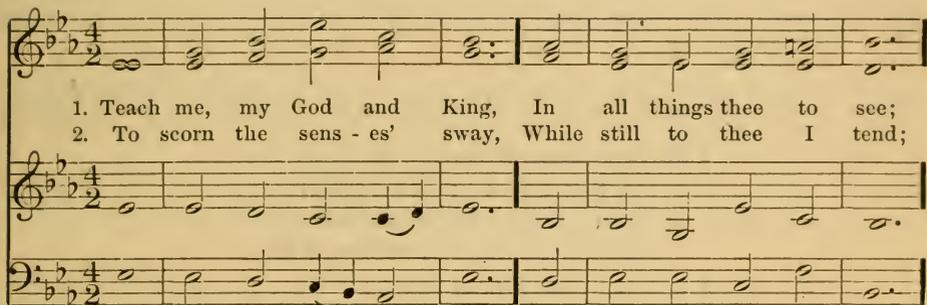
2 Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine  
But thou, my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but thee,  
And let it be thy rest!

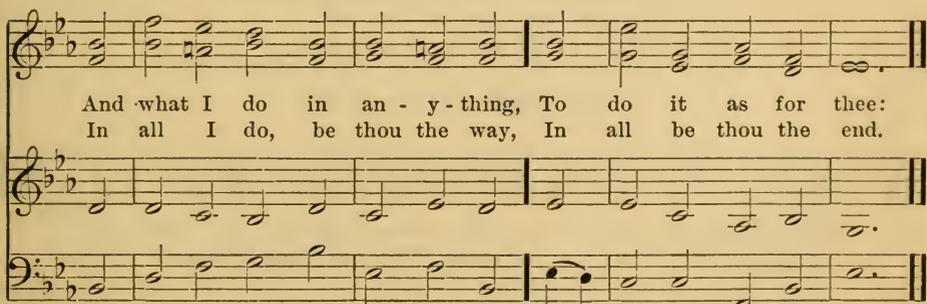
FREDERICK W. FABER.

217

PRAGUE. S. M.



1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see;  
2. To scorn the sens - es' sway, While still to thee I tend;



And what I do in an - y - thing, To do it as for thee:  
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 beneath thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;  
The meanest work, divine.

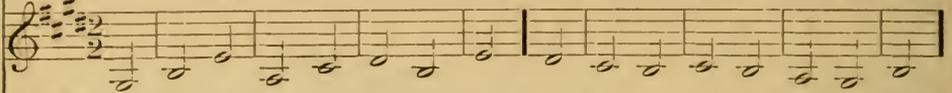
GEORGE HERBERT.

218

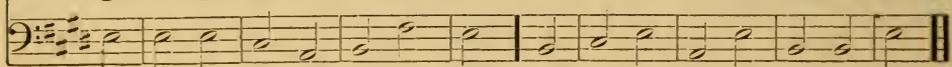
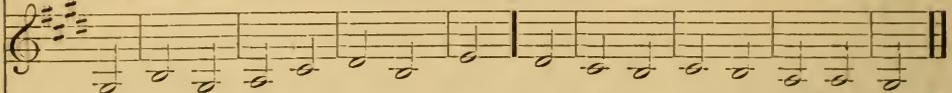
## ST. GREGORY. L. M.



1. Je - sus, thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of Life! thou Light of Men!  
 2. Thy truth unchang'd hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on thee call;



- From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to thee a - gain.  
 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.

RAY PALMER.

219

## SUNSET HILL. C. M.



1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far;  
 2. The calm re - treat, the si - lent shade, With prayer and praise a - gree;





From scenes where Sa - tan rag - es still His most suc - cess - ful war.  
And seem by thy sweet boun - ty made For those who fol - low thee.



3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,      4 Author and Guardian of my life!  
And grace her mean abode,                      Sweet source of light divine,  
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,      And — all harmonious names in one —  
She then communes with God.                      My Saviour! — thou art mine!

WILLIAM COWPER.

220

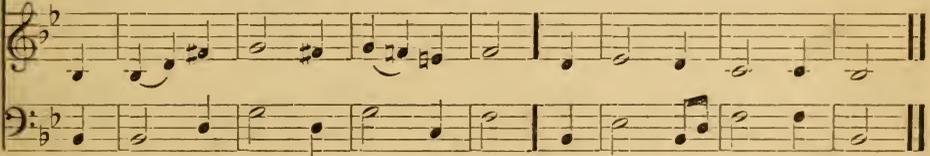
OGONTZ. C. M.



1. O wondrous grace, my lov - ing Lord, That thou should'st come to me!



Oh, rich - er grace that, in thy word, Thou bidd'st me come to thee!



2 Oh! what am I, that I should share      4 Nor yet kind words of cheer alone  
Thy pity and thy love, —                      Thou comest to impart;  
Thou who a conqueror's crown dost wear,      But princely gifts, to sense unknown,  
Adored by all above!                      Thou leavest with my heart.

3 Yes, thou dost deign my soul to meet; 5 Oh, be thou, Lord, a frequent guest  
E'en now I feel thee near;                      Within this soul of mine;  
My lips thy blessed name repeat,              Let me as on thy bosom rest,  
Thy voice I seem to hear.                      And all for thee resign.

RAY PALMER.

221

CHESTNUT STREET. C. M.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low -  
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made

ship of love, His Spir - it on - ly  
 tru - ly his Who dwells in cloud - less

can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.  
 light en - shrined, In whom no dark - ness is.

3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear;  
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
 For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, serene, and bright,  
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
 And God himself is light.

BERNARD BARTON.

222

HORBURY. 6s, 4s.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
 Sought peace and rest ;  
 Now thee alone I seek,  
 Give what is best :  
 This all my prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to thee,  
 More love to thee !

3 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.

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

223

## ADIRONDACK. C. M. Double.

1. { Oh, for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free! . . . . }  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me! . . . . }

Oh, for a heart sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,

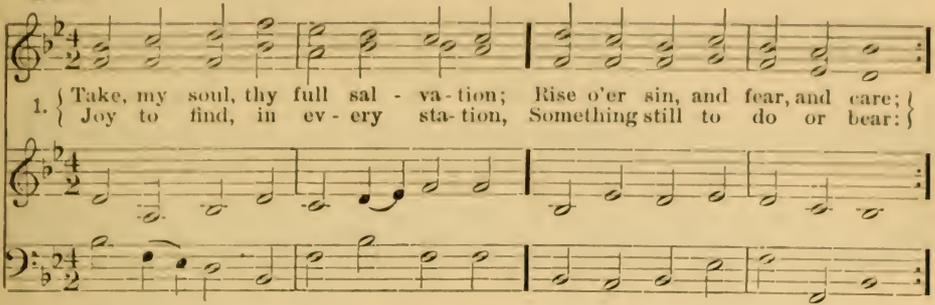
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone! . . . . .

- 2 Oh, for an humble, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within!  
Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Oh, write thy name upon my heart;  
Thy name, O God, is love.

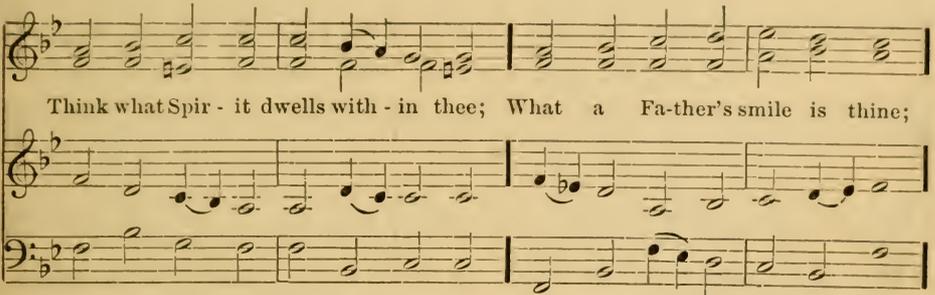
CHARLES WESLEY.

224

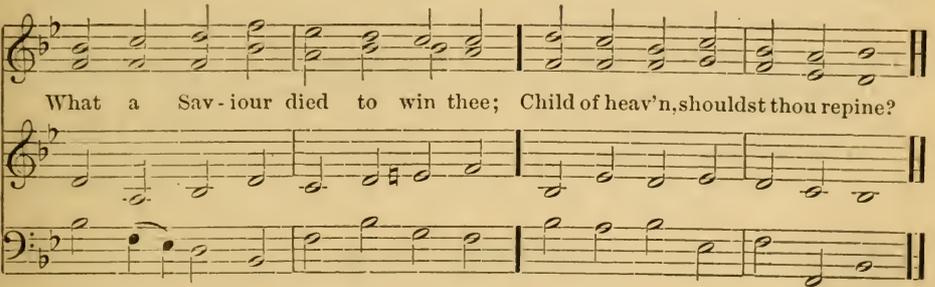
ALABAMA. 8s, 7s.



1. { Take, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; }  
 Joy to find, in ev - ery sta - tion, Something still to do or bear: {



Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee; What a Fa - ther's smile is thine;



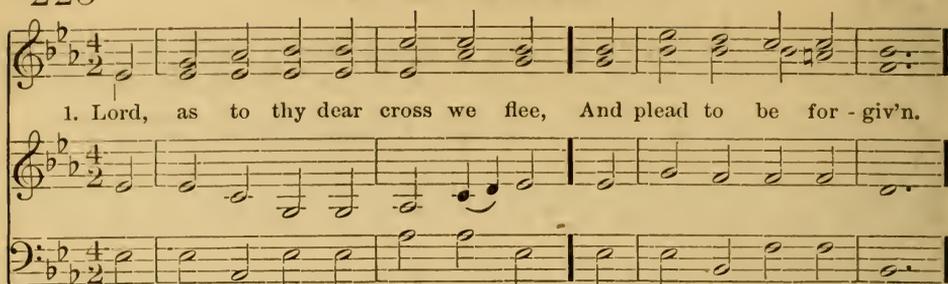
What a Sav - iour died to win thee; Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

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 full fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

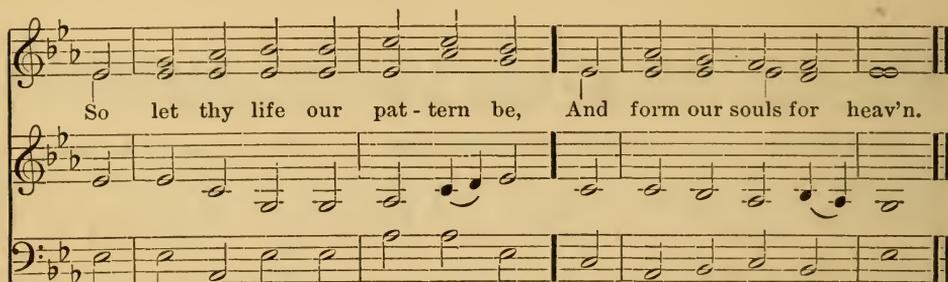
HENRY F. LYTE.

225

TALLIS. C. M. (Ordinal.)



1. Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-giv'n.



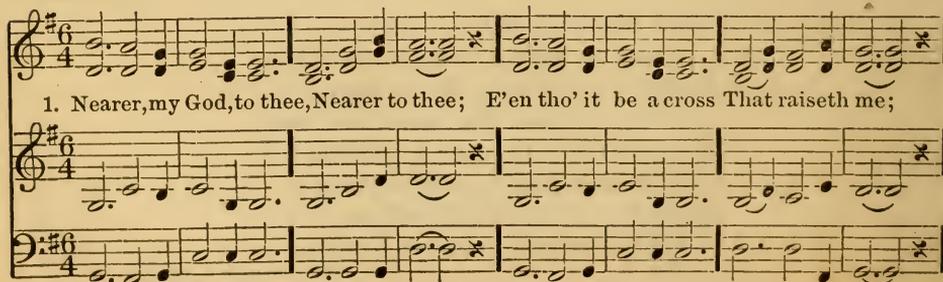
So let thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Help us, through good report and ill,<br/>Our daily cross to bear,<br/>Like thee to do our Father's will,<br/>Our brethren's grief to share.</p> <p>3 Let grace our selfishness expel,<br/>Our earthliness refine,<br/>And kindness in our bosoms dwell,<br/>As free and true as thine.</p> | <p>4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,<br/>Or brethren faithless prove,<br/>Then, like thine own, be all our aim<br/>To conquer them by love.</p> <p>5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,<br/>Forgiving and forgiven,<br/>Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,<br/>And follow thee to heaven!</p> |
|--|--|

J. H. GURNEY.

226

BETHANY. 6s, 4s.



1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be, Near er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near er to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

IRVING. 6s, 4s.

SECOND TUNE.

227

## ALEXANDRA. 8s, 7s. Double.

1. { Gen - tly, Lord, oh, gent - ly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears; }  
 { Thro' the chang - es thou' st de - creed us, Till our last great change appears: }

When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,

Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us; Lead us in thy per - fect 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 on thy bosom rest;  
 Till, by angel-bands attended,  
 We awake among the blest.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

228

AUTUMN. 8s. 7s. Double.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee;

Des - ti - tute, despis'd, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:  
 D.C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own!

FINE.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;

D.C. 8:

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
 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 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:  
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me,  
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee!

HENRY F. LYTE.

229

HOPE. L. M.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,  
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.  
A place than all be - side more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around the 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.

HUGH STOWELL

230

HARLEM. 5s, 8s. P. M.

1. Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless,  
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,

We will fol-low, calm and fearless: Guide us by thy hand To our fa - ther - land.  
 Let not faith and hope forsake us, For, thro' 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.

COURT ZINZENDORF, TR. BY JANE BORTHWICK.

231

MAITLAND. C. M.

1. When lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trembling house of clay,  
 2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whispers of his love;

'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pain, And long to fly a-way;—  
 Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove;—

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 ;—

5 Sweet, in the confidtee of faith,  
 To trust his firm decrees ;  
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
 And know no will but his.

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
 Whose love can never end ;  
 Sweet on the promise of his grace  
 For all things to depend ;—

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
 What must the fountain be,  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
 Directly, Lord, from thee !

A. M. TOPLADY.

232

RESIGNATION. 8s, 7s, Double.

1. { Hum-ble, Lord, my haughty spir - it, Bid my swell-ing tho'ts subside;  
Strip me of my fan-cied mer - it; What have I to do with pride?

Was my Sav-iour meek and low - ly? And shall such a worm as I,

Weak, and earth-ly, and un - ho - ly, Dare to lift my head on high?

2 Teach me, Lord, my true condition ;  
Bring me childlike to thy knee ;  
Stripped of every low ambition,  
Willing to be led by thee.  
Guide me by thy Holy Spirit ;  
Feed me from thy blessed word :  
All my wisdom, all my merit,  
Borrowed from thyself, O Lord.

3 Like a little babe, confiding,  
Simple, docile, let me be ;  
Trusting still to thy providing,  
Willing to be led by thee.  
Thus my all to thee submitting,  
I am thine and not my own ;  
And when earthly hopes are flitting,  
Rest secure on God alone.

233

WELCH. 8s, 7s, 4s, 6 lines.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;

I am weak, but thou art migh - ty; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand:

Bread of heav - en! Feed me now and ev - er - more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain  
 Whence the healing streams do flow;  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong deliverer!  
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

234

NAOMI. C. M.

1. Fa - ther! what-e'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign hand de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My path of life attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end!

ANNE STEELE.

235

ABBOTT. 6s, 4s.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me  
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh! let me from this day Be wholly thine.  
 died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.

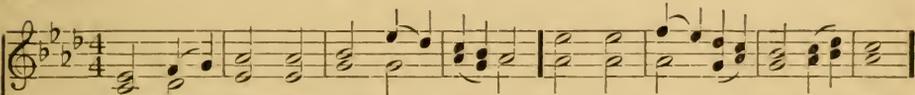


<p>3 While life's dark maze I tread,                  And griefs around me spread,                  Be thou my guide;                  Bid darkness turn to day,                  Wipe sorrow's tears away,                  Nor let me ever stray                  From thee aside.</p>	<p>4 When ends life's transient dream,                  When death's cold, sullen stream                  Shall o'er me roll,                  Blest Saviour, then, in love,                  Fear and distrust remove;                  Oh, bear me safe above,                  A ransomed soul.</p>
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RAY PALMER.

236

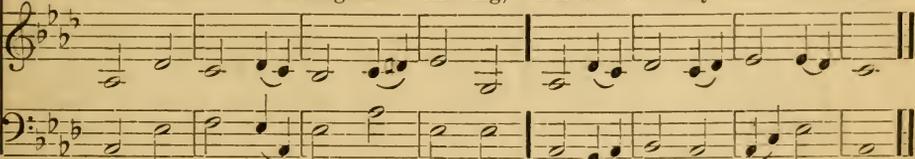
MONTANA. 8s, 7s.



1. Let thy grace, Lord, make me low-ly, Hum-ble all my swell-ing pride:  
 2. I'll for-bid my vain as-pir-ing, Nor at earthly hon-ors aim,



Fall-en, guil-ty, and un-ho-ly, Great-ness from my eyes I'll hide.  
 No am-bi-tious heights de-sir-ing, Far a-bove my hum-ble claim.



<p>3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,                  In thy love I'll seek for mine;                  Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,                  Earth I quietly resign.</p>	<p>4 Thus the transient world despising,                  On the Lord my hopes rely;                  Thus my joys, from him arising,                  Like himself, shall never die.</p>
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ANON.

237

BARTON. 8s, 4s. Peculiar.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
 2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still, and murmur not,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done."  
 And breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done."

- |   |  |   |   |
|---|--|---|---|
| 3 | What though in lonely grief I sigh<br>For friends beloved, no longer nigh;<br>Submissive still would I reply,<br>"Thy will, be done."      | 5 | Should pining sickness waste away<br>My life in premature decay,<br>In life or death teach me to say,<br>"Thy will be done."      |
| 4 | If thou shouldst call me to resign<br>What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —<br>I only yield thee what is thine;<br>"Thy will be done." | 6 | Renew my will from day to day,<br>Blend it with thine, and take away<br>Whate'er now makes it hard to say,<br>"Thy will be done." |

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

238

AID. 6s. Double. Peculiar.

1. Fa - ther, to thee I come, Own - ing how weak I am;  
 2. More of thy love I'd have; Near - er to thee would live;

Grant thy sus - tain - ing arm — Lead me, I pray.  
 Earn - est heart - ser - vice give, Day af - ter day.

3 When I shall tempted be,  
 Nothing but clouds can see,  
 Strengthen my trust in thee,  
 Let me not stray.

4 When comes that final night,  
 Ere faith is changed to sight,  
 Be thou the perfect light,  
 Leading to day.

ELLA WOLCOTT.

239

ST. EDMONDS. S. M.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to him be - long,

It mat-ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast  
 Sweet words of holy cheer,  
 How they who seek in God their rest  
 Shall ever find him near ; —

3 How God hath built above  
 A city fair and new,  
 Where eye and heart shall see and prove  
 What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs ;  
 It cannot more be sad ;  
 For very joy it smiles and sings, —  
 Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes  
 Is Christ, the Lord I love ;  
 I sing for joy of that which lies  
 Stored up for me above.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

240

NORTHAMPTON. 7s, 6s.

1. In heav'nly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-

fid-ing, For nothing 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 dismay'd?

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 in life is free;  
 My Saviour has my treasure,  
 And he will walk with me.

241

COMFORTER. 11s, 10s.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come, at the

shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - rows that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
 Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure :

3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love ;  
 Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE.

## 242

## CALVARY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1. Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n thy gracious ear;  
2. From the depths of na - ture's blindness, From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,

While our wait - ing souls a - dore thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear;  
From all mal - ice and un - kind - ness, From the pride that lurks with - in,

By thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.  
By thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,  
When the world around us smiles,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
Sickness, grief, and Satan's wiles,  
By thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

4 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on thee relying,  
Find thee still our hope and stay;  
By thy mercy,  
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

243

ALNWICK. 11s.

1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, a - bide thou with me; Come, glad - den my  
2. With - out thee but weakness, with thee I am strong; By day thou shalt  
spir - it that wait - eth for thee; Thy smile ev - 'ry shad - ow shall  
lead me, by night be my song; Tho' dan - gers sur - round me, I  
chase from my heart, And soothe ev - 'ry sor - row tho' keen be the smart.  
still ev - 'ry fear, Since thou, the Most Might - y, my Help - er, art near.

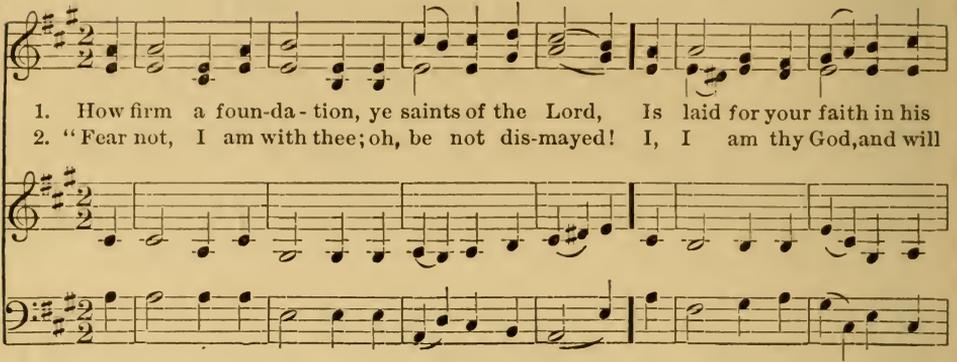
3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!  
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!  
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,  
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:  
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;  
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,  
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

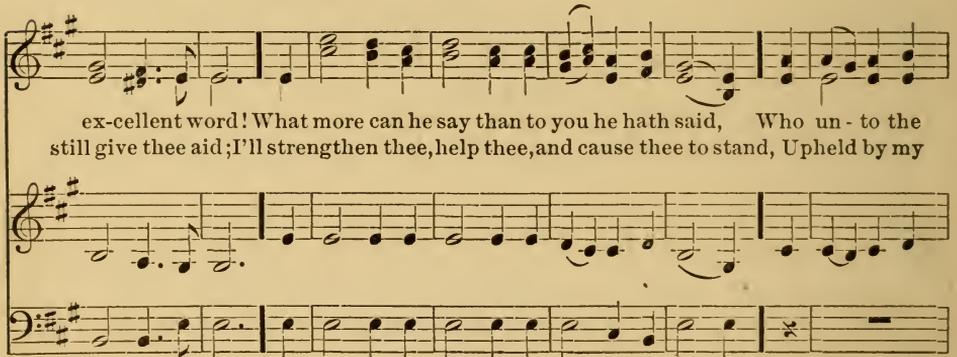
RAY PALMER.

## 244

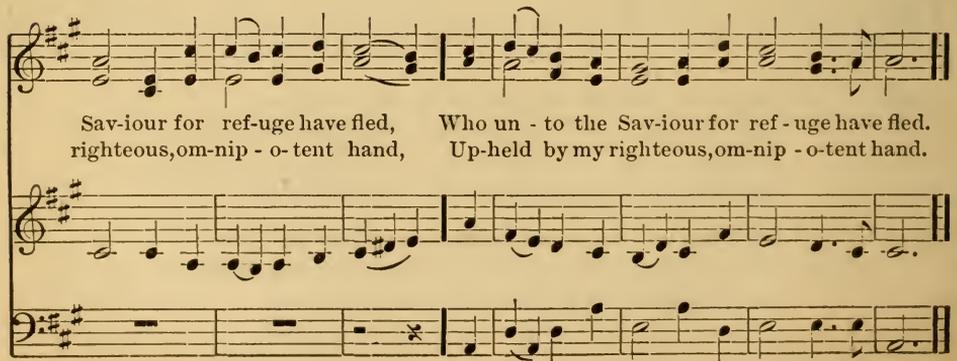
## PORTUGUESE HYMN.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his  
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy God, and will



ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un - to the  
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my



Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled, Who un - to the Sav-iour for ref - uge have fled.  
righteous, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up-held by my righteous, om-nip - o - tent hand.

- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee : I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

GEORGE KEITH.

RELIANCE.

SECOND TUNE.

The musical score is arranged in two systems, each with three staves. The top staff of each system is in treble clef, the middle in soprano clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music consists of a series of chords and melodic lines, with some notes marked with an 'x' to indicate specific articulation or performance instructions. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the second system also ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

245

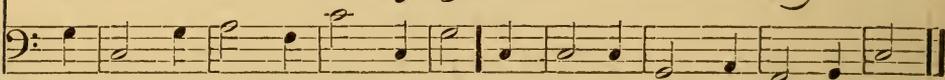
RETREAT. 8s, 6s.



1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend unseen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth - ly friends and hopes remove?



Help me throughout life's changing scene, By faith to . cling to thee, to thee.  
With pa - tient un - com - plain - ing love, Still would I cling to thee, to thee.



- |   |   |   |  |
|---|---|---|--|
| 3 | Though oft I seem to tread alone<br>Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'er-<br>grown,<br>The voice of love, in gentlest tone,<br>Still whispers, "Cling to me, to me." | 4 | Though faith and hope are often tried,<br>I ask not, need not, aught beside ;<br>So safe, so calm, so satisfied,<br>The soul that clings to thee, to thee. |
|---|---|---|--|

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

246

WYOMING. 7s.



1. Hast thou with - in a care so deep, It chas - es from thine eye - lids sleep?  
2. Hast thou a hope with which thy heart Would al - most feel it death to part?





To thy Re-deem - er take that care, And change anx - i - e - ty to pray'r.  
 En-treat thy God that hope to crown, Or give thee strength to lay it down.



3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear      4 What'e'r the care that breaks thy rest,  
 May prove an idol worshipped here?      What'e'r the wish that swells thy breast,  
 Implore the Lord that nought may be      Spread before God that wish, that care,  
 A shadow between heaven and thee.      And change anxiety to prayer.

HYLE'S COLLECTION.

247

JEZREEL. 8s, 4s.



1. "Thy will be done!" In de-vi-ous ways The hurrying stream of life may run;



Yet still our grate - ful hearts shall say, "Thy will be . . . done."



2 "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine      3 "Thy will be done!" Tho' shrouded o'er  
 A gladdening and a prosperous sun,      Our path with gloom, one comfort, one  
 This prayer will make it more divine —      Is ours: — to breathe, while we adore,  
 "Thy will be done."      "Thy will be done."

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

248

BRADFORD. C. M.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;  
 2. I find him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.  
 His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap - pear.

3 He wills that I should holy be :	4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word :
What can withstand his will?	I steadfastly believe
The counsel of his grace in me,	Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
He surely shall fulfil.	And to thyself receive.

CHARLES WESLEY.

249

ELIZABETH. L. M.

1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless - ed thought, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea— Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me.



3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine, 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine; When by thy grace the victory's won,  
 Content whatever lot I see, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

250

FERRY. C. M.



1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Whether I die or live;



To love and serve thee is my share, And this thy grace must give.



2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
 Than he went through before;  
 He that into God's kingdom comes  
 Must enter by this door.

4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
 And weary, sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints  
 To sing Jehovah's praise.

3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
 Thy blessed face to see;  
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will thy glory be!

5 My knowledge of that life is small;  
 The eye of faith is dim;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

251

WHITFIELD. L. M.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee!  
 2. A-shamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end - less days!  
 No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—That I no more re - vere 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 fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then — nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;  
 And, oh, may this my glory be,—  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

252

BAYLOR. C. M.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause;  
 2. Je - sus, my God! I know his name, His name is all my trust;

Main-tain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.  
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands, 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
And he can well secure Before his Father's face,  
What I've committed to his hands, And in the New Jerusalem  
Till the decisive hour. Appoint my soul a place.

253

KIRSON. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!  
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;

"Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care."  
That hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.

3 Why should this anxious load 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Press down your weary mind? Down to the present day ;  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne, I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And sweet refreshment find. And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

254

HORTON. 7s.

1. Sove-reign Rul - er of the skies, Ev - er gra - cious, ev - er wise,

All my times are in thy hand, All e - vents at thy command.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Times of sickness, times of health,<br>Times of penury and wealth;<br>Times of trial and of grief,<br>Times of triumph and relief,                   | 4 O thou gracious, wise, and just,<br>In thy hands my life I trust:<br>Have I something dearer still?<br>I resign it to thy will. |
| 3 Times the tempter's power to prove,<br>Times to taste a Saviour's love,—<br>All must come, and last, and end,<br>As shall please my heavenly Friend. | 5 Thee at all times will I bless;<br>Having thee, I all possess;<br>How can I bereavéd be,<br>Since I cannot part with thee?      |

JOHN RYLAND.

255

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

1. "My times are in thy hand:" My God! I wish them there;  
2. "My times are in thy hand:" What - ev - er they may be;

My life, my soul, my all, I leave En - tire - ly to thy care.  
Pleas ing, or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand ;"  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand ;"  
I'll always trust in thee ;  
Till I possess thy promised land,  
And all thy glory see.

W. F. LLOYD.

256

MINNESOTA. 7s.

1. Lord, my times are in thy hand ; All my sanguine hopes have planned,  
2. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give ; Day by day to thee I live :

To thy wis - dom I re - sign, And would make thy pur - pose mine.  
So shall add - ed years ful - fil, Not mine own, my Fa - ther's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not ;  
Happy is my humble lot :  
Anxious, busy cares, away ;  
I'm provided for to-day.

4 Oh, to live exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer,  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude !

JOSIAH CONDER.

257

DEVIZES. C. M.

1. There is no sor - row, Lord, too . . light To bring in  
2. Thou who hast trod the thorn - y . . . road Wilt share each

prayer to . . thee: There is no anx - ious care too . . slight  
small dis - tress; The love which bore the great - er . . . load

To wake thy sym - pa - thy, To wake thy sym - pa - thy.  
Will not re - fuse the less, Will not re - fuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets thine ear divine;  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that love which died for sin,  
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON, ALT. BY B. H. KENNEDY.

258

PARK STREET. L. M.

1. My gra-cious Lord, I own thy right To ev-'ry ser-vice

I... can pay, And call it my su-preme de-light To hear thy

dic-tates and o-bey, To hear thy dic-tates and o-bey.

2 What is my being but for thee —  
 Its sure support, its noblest end?  
 'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live —  
 To him who for my ransom died;  
 Nor could all worldly honor give  
 Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
 Or to increase my worldly good;  
 Nor future days nor powers employ  
 To spread a sounding name abroad.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
 When youthful vigor is no more,  
 And my last hour of life confess  
 His saving love, his glorious power.

259

## HALLOWAY. 6s. Double.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine; In- to thy hand of

love I would my all resign; Thro' sorrow, or thro' joy, Conduct me as thine

own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

2 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!

3 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!

260

HODGES. 7s, 6. Double.

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In

darkness and tempta - tion, My light, my help, is near: Tho' hosts encamp a - round me,

Firm in the fight I stand; What terror can confound me, With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance :  
 My soul, with courage wait ;  
 His truth be thine affiance,  
 When faint and desolate ;  
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
 His love thy joy increase ;  
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;  
 The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

261

PENNSYLVANIA. 7s. Double.

1. { Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy! }  
 Still in thee let me be found, Still for thee my pow'rs employ. }

Foun - tain of o'er - flow - ing grace, Free - ly from thy full - ness give;

Till I close my earth - ly race, Be it, "Christ for me to live!"

2 Firmly trusting in thy blood,  
 Nothing shall my heart confound;  
 Safely I shall pass the flood,  
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.  
 Thus, oh, thus, an entrance give,  
 To the land of cloudless sky;  
 Having known it, "Christ to live,"  
 Let me know it, "gain to die."

RALPH WARDLAW.

262

EATON. L. M. 6 lines.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteous-ness;  
2. When darkness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his un-chang-ing grace;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.

## REFRAIN

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

REFRAIN.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,  
Oh, may I then in him be found;  
Drest in his righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.

REFRAIN.  
EDWARD MOTE.

263

LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on: The night is

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet: I

do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Should'st lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on.  
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

264

ALASKA. L. M. 6 lines.

1. When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,

On him I lean, who, not in vain, Ex - perienc'd ev - 'ry hu-man pain.

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray 3 And Oh! when I have safely passed  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, Through every conflict but the last,  
 To fly the good I would pursue, Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
 Or do the ill I would not do: My dying bed, for thou hast died:  
 Still he who felt temptation's power, Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 Will guard me in that dangerous hour. And wipe the latest tear away.

## 265

## KANSAS. C. M. 6 lines.

1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por - tioned out for me;  
 2. I ask thee for a thoughtful love Through con - stant watching wise,

The changes that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:  
 To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, And wipe the weep - ing eyes;

I ask thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing thee.  
 A heart at lei - sure from it - self To soothe and sym - pa - thize.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength,  
 To none that ask denied,  
 A mind to blend with outward life,  
 While keeping at thy side;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If thou be glorified.

4 And if some things I do not ask,  
 Among my blessings be,  
 I'd have my spirit filled the more  
 With grateful love to thee;  
 More careful — not to serve thee much,  
 But please thee perfectly.

ANNA L. WARING.

266

NICHOLS. C. M.

1. I wor - ship thee, sweet will of God, And all thy  
2. I have no cares, O bless - ed will, For all my

ways a - dore, And ev - ery day I live I  
cares are thine; I live in tri - umph, Lord, for

seem To love thee more and more.  
thou Hast made thy tri - umphs mine.

- 3 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.
- 4 All 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.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

267

CONTENT. L. M.

1. If life in sorrow must be spent, So be it; I am well con-tent;  
2. No step I'll seek, but to ful-fil, In life, in death, thy per-fect will;

And meek-ly wait my last re-move, De-sir-ing on-ly trustful love.  
No suc-cor in my woes I want, But what my Lord is pleas'd to grant.

- 3 Our days are numbered; let us spare Our anxious hearts a needless care;  
'Tis thine to number out our days;  
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.
- 4 Faith is our only buisness here—  
Faith, simple, constant, and sincere;  
Oh, blessed days thy servants see!  
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee.

MADAME GUYON.

268

MANHEIM. L. M.

1. My God, I thank thee; may no thought E'er deem a Father's hand se-vere;  
2. Thy mer-cy bids all na-ture bloom; The sun shines bright, and man is gay;



But may this heart, by sor - row taught, Calm each wild wish, each i - dle fear.  
Thine e - qual mer - cy spreads the gloom That darkens o'er his lit - tle day.

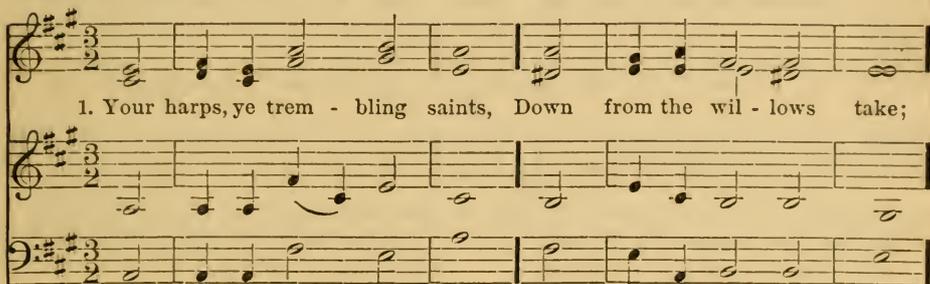


3 Full many a throb of grief and pain      4 Thy various messengers employ ;  
Thy frail and erring child must know ;      Thy purposes of love fulfil ;  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,      And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.      Let humble faith adore thy will.

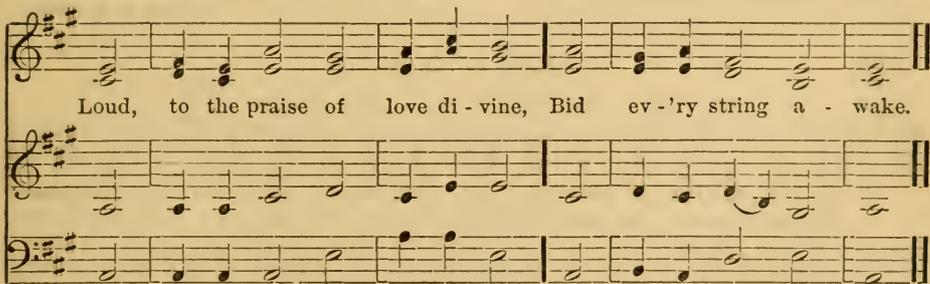
NORTON.

269

OLMUTZ. S. M.



1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;



Loud, to the praise of love di - vine, Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far 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.

A. M. TOPLADY.

270

BRUNSWICK. L. M.

1. Complete in thee! no work of mine      May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;  
 2. Complete in thee—no more shall sin,      Thy grace hath conquered, reign within;

Thy blood has par-don bo't for me,      And I am now complete in thee.  
 Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,      And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,      4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar,  
 And no good thing to me denied,      All tribes and tongues assembled are,  
 Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,      Among thy chosen may I be  
 I ask no more—complete in thee.      At thy right hand—complete in thee.

AARON R. WOLFE.

271

KENT. L. M.

1. O Lord, how full of sweet con-tent      Our years of pil-grim-age are spent!  
 2. To us remains nor place nor time;      Our coun-try is in ev-ery clime:



Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee, In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.  
 We can be calm and free from care, On an - y shore, since God is there.



3 While place we seek, or place we shun, 4 Could we be cast where thou art not,  
 The soul finds happiness in none; That were indeed a dreadful lot;  
 But with our God to guide our way, But regions none remote we call,  
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay. Secure of finding God in all.

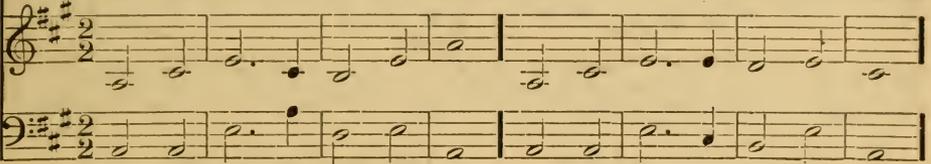
MADAME GUYON.

272

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heav'n's blest mansions soar?  
 2. He whose heart thy love has warmed, He whose will, to thine conformed,



Who, an ev - er - wel - come guest, In thy ho - ly place shall rest?  
 Bids his life un - sul - lied run; He whose words and tho'ts are one;—



3 He who shuns the sinner's road, 4 He who trusts in Christ alone;  
 Loving those who love their God; Not in aught himself has done;  
 Who, with hope and faith unfeigned, He, great God, shall be thy care,  
 Treads the path by thee ordained;— And thy choicest blessing share.

MISS H. AUBER.

273

KERRY. S. M.

1. If on a qui - et sea Toward heav'n we calm - ly sail,  
2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come,

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.  
Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield at 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.

A. M. TOPLADY.

274

SYRACUSE. 7s.

1. They who on the Lord re - ly, Safe - ly dwell, tho' dan-ger's nigh;

Wide his shelt'ring wings are spread O'er each faith - ful ser - vant's head.

<p>2 Vain temptation's wily snare ; Christians are Jehovah's care ; Harmless flies the shaft by day, Or in darkness wings its way.</p>	<p>3 When they wake, or when they sleep, Angel guards their vigils keep : Death and danger may be near ; Faith and love have nought to fear.</p>
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ANON.

275

NUREMBERG. 7s, 6 lines.

1. { Bless-ed are the sons of God; They are bought with Je - sus' blood; }  
 { They are ransom'd from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have; }

With them number'd may we be, Now, and through e - ter - ni - ty.

<p>2 They are justified by grace, They enjoy a solid peace ; All their sins are washed away, They shall stand in God's great day. With them, etc.</p>	<p>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, etc.</p>
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JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

276

DETROIT. 7s.

1. Fee - ble, help-less, how shall I      Learn to live, and learn to die?  
 2. Bless-ed Fa-ther, gracious One,      Thou hast sent thy ho - ly Son;

Who, O God, my guide shall be?      Who shall lead thy child to thee?  
 He will give the light I need,      He my trembling steps will lead.

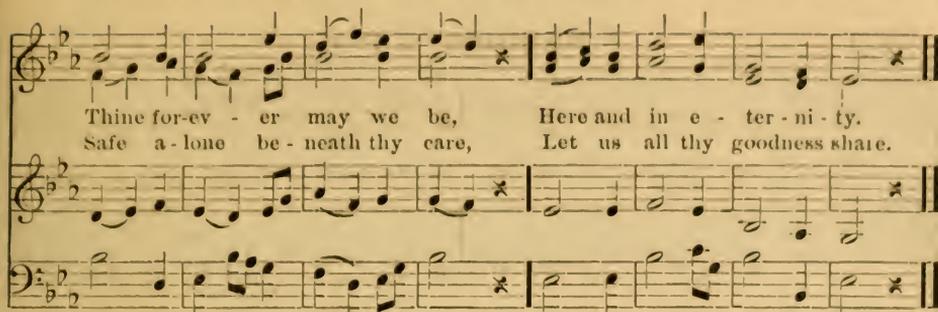
2 Thus in deed and thought and word, Led by Jesus Christ the Lord, In my weakness, thus shall I Learn to live, and learn to die:—	4 Learn to live in peace and love, Like the perfect ones above; Learn to die without a fear, Feeling thee, my Saviour, near.
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W. H. FURNESS.

277

DALLAS. 7s.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love,      Hear us from thy throne a - bove;  
 2. Thine for - ev - er! Sav-iour, keep      These thy frail and trembling sheep;



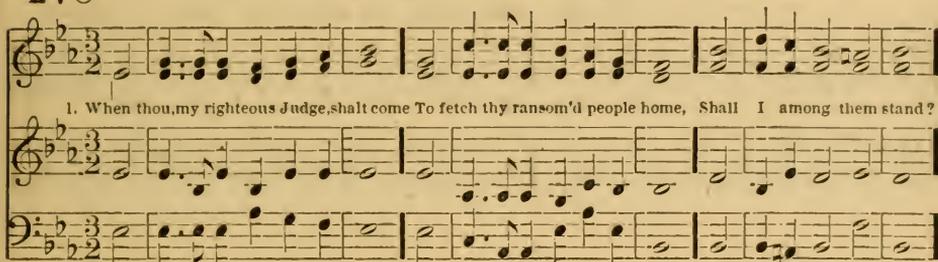
Thine for-ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.  
Safe a - lone be - neath thy care, Let us all thy goodness share.

- 3 Thine forever ! oh, how blest  
They who find in thee their rest ;  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine forever ! Lord of life,  
Shield us through the earthly strife ;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

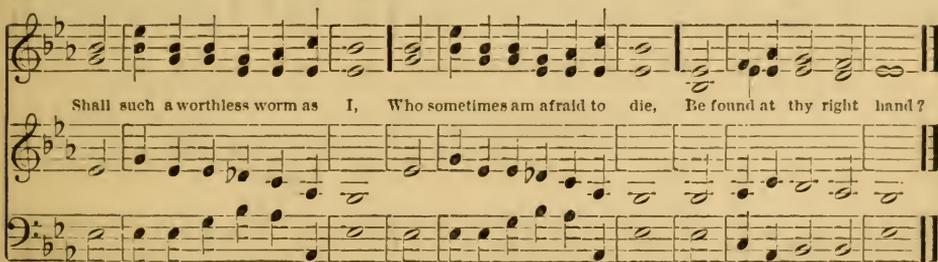
MARY F. MAUDE.

278

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To fetch thy ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand ?



Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand ?

- 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, oh, let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear ;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

279

## RAPTURE. C. P. M.

1. O Lord! how hap-py should we be, If we could cast our care on thee,

If we from self could rest; And feel, at heart, that one a-bove,

In per - fect wis-dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life,  
 Ever disturbed by anxious strife,  
 By sudden, wild alarms!  
 Oh, could we but relinquish all  
 Our earthly props, and simply fall  
 On thine almighty arms!

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

280

DEVIZES. C. M.

1. Rise, O my soul, pur - sue the path By an - cient  
 2. Tho' dead, they speak in rea - son's ear, And in ex -

wor - thies trod; As - pir - ing, view those ho - ly men,  
 am - ple live; Their faith, and hope, and migh - ty deeds

Who lived and walked with God, Who lived and walked with God.  
 Still fresh in - struc - tion give, Still fresh in - struc - tion give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood  
 They conquered every foe,  
 And to his power and matchless grace  
 Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view  
 The patterns thou hast given,  
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road  
 That led them safe to heaven.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

281

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,  
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease,

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 3 Are there no foes for me to face?<br>Must I not stem the flood?<br>Is this vile world a friend to grace,<br>To help me on to God?   | 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,<br>Shall conquer, though they die;<br>They view the triumph from afar,<br>And seize it with their eye. |
| 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;<br>Increase my courage, Lord;<br>I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,<br>Supported by thy word. | 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,<br>And all thy armies shine<br>In robes of victory through the skies,<br>The glory shall be thine.     |

ISAAC WATTS.

282

ST. GEORGE. C. M.

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below, 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod ;  
 And bathed their couch with tears ; His zeal inspired their breast ;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now, And, following their incarnate God,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears. Possessed the promised rest.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ; 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 They, with united breath, For his own pattern given ;  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Their triumph to his death. Shows the same path to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS.

283

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on ; A heav'nly  
 2. A cloud of witness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey ; For - get the

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mortal crown, And an immor - tal crown.  
 steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 That calls thee from on high ; Which shall new lustre boast,  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
 To thine aspiring eye ; Shall blend in common dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

## 284

## MARYLAND. 7s.

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;  
2. Ye are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod;

Sing your Sav-iour's worthy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.  
They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness 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 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee !

JOHN CENNICK.

## 285

## CONCORD. C. M.

1. God's glo - ry is a wondrous thing, Most strange in all its ways,

And of all things on earth least like What men a - gree to praise.

- 2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when he  
Is most invisible!
- 3 And blest is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men,  
Oh, learn to live with God!  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee the road.
- 5 And right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK N. FABER.

286

PRAGUE. S. M.

1. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,  
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame;

Ob - ser - vant of his heav'n - ly word, And watch - ful at his gate.  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight, For aw - ful 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 Oh, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found ;  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

287

KERRY. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise,  
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help di - vine im-plore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath  
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

288

SPRINGFIELD. L. M.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;  
2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquished foes;

March to the gates of endless joy, Where thy great Captain - Sav-our's gone.  
Thy Je - sus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the tri - umph 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

289

## WELLESLEY.

1. On-ward, Christians, on-ward go; Join the war, and face the foe;  
Faint not; much doth yet re - main; Drear-y is the long campaign.

- 2 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield? Will ye quit the painful field?  
Will ye flee in danger's hour? Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March, in heavenly armor clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long:  
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not woe your course impede;  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then to battle move!  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE; COMPLETED BY FANNY FULLER MAITLAND.

290

PORTLAND. P. M.

1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours  
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid the spring-ing flow'rs

Work when the day . . grows brighter, Work in . . the glow-ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's . . . work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute,  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

SIDNEY DYER.

291

KENDAL CASTLE. 6s, 5s. Double.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus

Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;

For-ward in-to bat-tle, See his ban-ners go.

2 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.

3 Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph-song;  
 Glory, laud, and honor  
 Unto God our King;  
 This through countless ages,  
 Men and angels sing.

292

MORAVIA. 8s, 7s.

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;  
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store;

Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, Chris - tian, fol - low me!  
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, Chris - tian love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—  
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call;  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love thee best of all!

ANON.

293

LABAN. S. M.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,  
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts And in his might - y pow'r,

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Thro' his e - ter - nal Son.  
 Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or.

3 Stand then in his great might,  
 With all his strength ended,  
 And take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God.

4 That, having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 You may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
 And stand entire at last.

CHARLES WESLEY.

294

ZINZENDORF. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,—

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in thy sight to live;  
 And oh, 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.

CHARLES WESLEY.

295

WASA. C. M.

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure;  
2. Like him, thro' scenes of deep dis-tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,

And let our treasures still be spent, Like his, up - on the poor.  
We, in their gloom-y lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.

- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side      4 Small are the offerings we can make;  
In this wide world of ill;                              Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,  
And, that thy followers may be tried,      If given for the Saviour's sake,  
The poor are with us still.                              They lose not their reward.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

296

SARUM. 8s, 4s. Peculiar.

1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To thee all praise and glo - ry be:  
2. For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiv'n, For means of grace and hopes of heav'n,

How shall we show our love to thee, Who giv - est all?  
 What can to thee, O Lord, be giv'n, Who giv - est all?

3 We lose what on ourselves we spend ; 4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,  
 We have as treasure without end Repaid a thousand-fold will be ;  
 Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend, Then gladly will we give to thee,  
 Who givest all. Who givest all.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

297

UPTON. 6s, 4s.

1. O Thou best gift of heav'n, Thou who thy-self hast giv'n, For thou hast died,

This thou hast done for me: What have I done for thee, Thou cru - ci - fied?

2 I long to serve thee more :  
 Reveal an open door,  
 Saviour, to me ;  
 Then, counting all but loss,  
 I'll glory in thy cross,  
 And follow thee.

3 Do thou but point the way,  
 And give me strength t'obey ;  
 Thy will be mine ;  
 Then can I think it joy  
 To suffer or to die,  
 Since I am thine.

NICHOLLS.

## 298

## WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and  
2. And du-ly shall ap - pear, In ver-dure,beau-ty, strength,The ten - der

fear give thou no heed; Broadcast it o'er the land;—  
blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry, "Harvest home !"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## 299

## PROVIDENCE. L. M.

1. Blest is the man whose spir - it shares A suff'ring brother's wants and cares  
2. The sinner's Friend de - lights to see His peo - ple kind and good as he,

The Lord will vis - it him in grief, And bring his tri - als sweet re - lief.  
And bids them each with each u - nite To make their com - mon bur - den light.

3 That burden well the Saviour knows : 4 That love, O Lord, still let us share,  
He bore on earth our sins and woes ; Still lead us on through foe and snare,  
By friends betrayed, by foes assailed, Till we thy face unclouded see,  
Yet love divine o'er all prevailed. And lose ourselves and earth in thee.

H. F. LYTE.

300

NEWPORT. L. M.

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee, In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;  
2. Help me the slow of heart to move, By some clear winning word of love;

Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.  
Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience ; still with thee 4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
In closer, dearer company, Far down the future's broadening way,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and In peace that only thou canst give,  
strong, With thee, O master, let me live.  
In trust that triumphs over wrong—

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

301

## WHITCHURCH. 8s, 7s.

1. Al - ways with us, al - ways with us, Words of  
2. With us when we toil in sad - ness, Sow - ing

cheer, and words of love; Thus the ris - en  
much and reap - ing none; Tell - ing us that

Sav - iour whis - pers, From his dwell - ing - place a - bove.  
in the fut - ure Gold - en har - vests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream,  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

E. H. NEVIN.

302

## THE ELMS. 7s. Double.

1. { Stand up!—Stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; }  
 Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; }

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ 'is Lord in - deed.

2 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,  
 And, watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

3 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!

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

303

ATLANTIC. L. M.

1. A - wake, our souls; a - way, our fears; Let ev - 'ry trem - bling  
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn - y road, And mor - tal spir - its

thought be gone; A - wake, and run the heav - 'nly race,  
tire and faint; But they for - get the migh - ty God,

And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.  
Who feeds the strength of ev - ery saint.

- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

ISAAC WATTS.

304

BALTIMORE. 8s, 7s. Double.

1. { Glo-rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; }  
 { He whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for his own a - bode. }

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose ?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

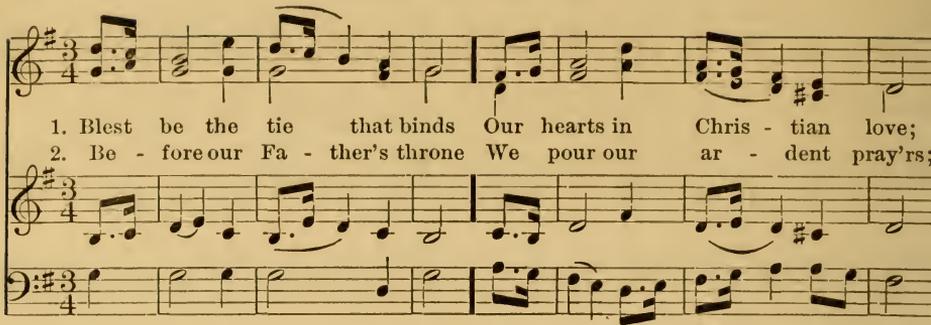
2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.  
 Who can faint, when such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

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.

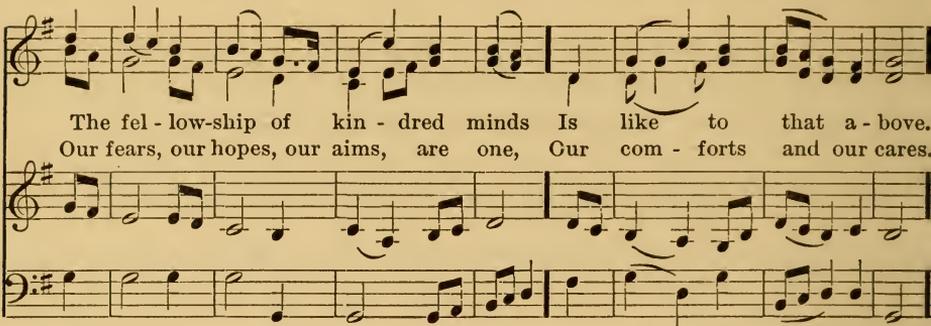
JOHN NEWTON.

## 305

## SHREWSBURY. S. M.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;



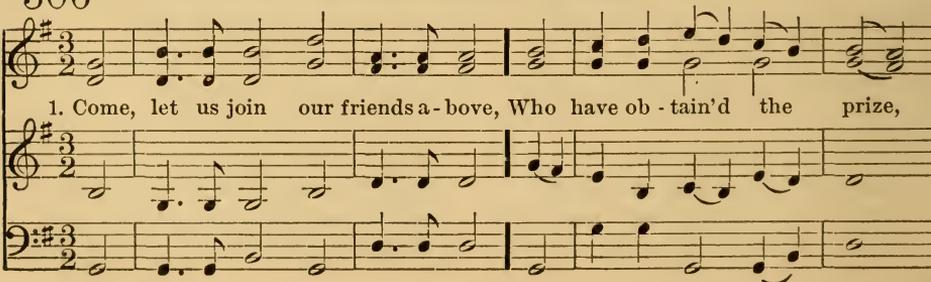
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 3 We share our mutual woes,<br>Our mutual burdens bear;<br>And often for each other flows<br>The sympathizing tear.      | 5 This glorious hope revives<br>Our courage by the way;<br>While each in expectation lives,<br>And longs to see the day.       |
| 4 When we asunder part,<br>It gives us inward pain;<br>But we shall still be joined in heart,<br>And hope to meet again. | 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,<br>And sin, we shall be free,<br>And perfect love and friendship reign<br>Through all eternity. |

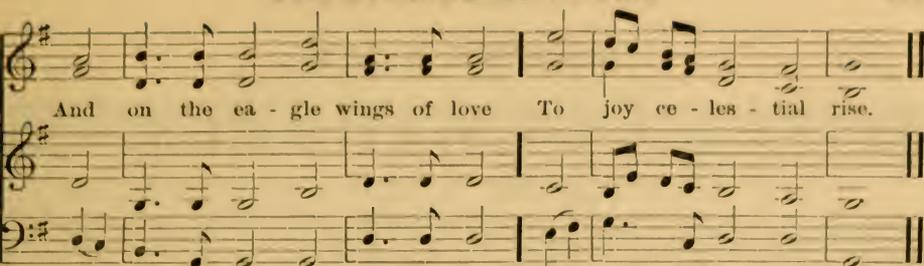
JOHN FAWCETT.

## 306

## WOODSTOCK. C. M.



1. Come, let us join our friends a-bove, Who have ob-tain'd the prize,



And on the ea - gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King  
In heaven and earth are one.

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.

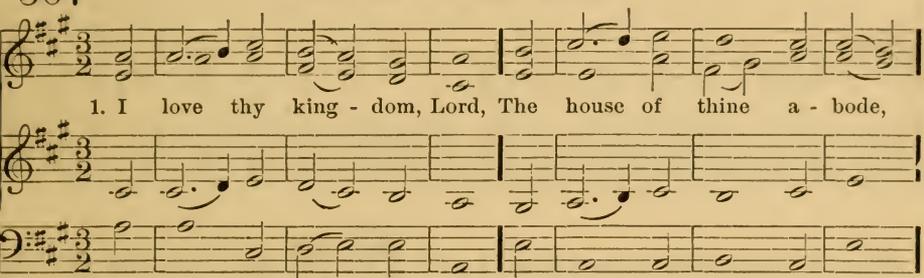
3 One family, we dwell in him ;  
One church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream —  
The narrow stream — of death.

5 O Saviour, be our constant guide ;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

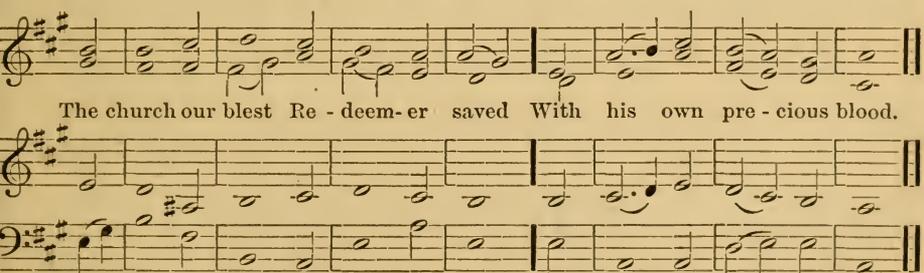
CHARLES WESLEY.

307

ST. EDMONDS. S. M.



1. 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.

2 I love thy church, O God ;  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

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.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

308

HEADFORT. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round - ed — Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine;

All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms combine:

Hap - py Zi - on, What a fav - ored 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.

THOMAS KELLY.

309

HARTFORD. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. { Hail to the Lord's A - noint-ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son! }  
 { Hail, in the time ap - point-ed, His reign on earth be - gun! }  
 2. { He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong; }  
 { To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong; }

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;  
 To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark - ness turn to light,

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.  
 Whose souls, condemned and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth,  
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
 Spring in his path to birth;  
 Before him, on the mountains,  
 Shall peace, the herald, go,  
 And righteousness, in fountains,  
 From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,  
 And gold and incense bring,  
 All nations shall adore him,  
 His praise all people sing:  
 For him shall prayer unceasing  
 And daily vows ascend;  
 His kingdom still increasing,  
 A kingdom without end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

310

## MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, — Where Afric's sunny  
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Tho' every prospect

fountains Roll down their golden sand, — From man - y an an-cient riv - er, From  
pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain, with lav-ish kind-ness, The

man - ya palmy plain, — They call us to de - liv-er Their land from error's chain.  
gifts of God are strown: The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to man benighted  
The light of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER.

311

OMAHA. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are

The first system of the musical score for 'OMAHA' consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics '1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are' are written below the vocal line.

wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings' are written below the vocal line.

tidings from a - far Of nations in commo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'tidings from a - far Of nations in commo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.' are written below the vocal line.

2 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—  
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay:  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home;  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

## 312

## TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1. { O'er the gloom - y hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze; }  
See the prom - is - es ad - vanc-ing To a glorious day of grace; }

Blessed ju - bi - lee, blessed ju - bi - lee, Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary:  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
Now, from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night:  
Let redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

P. WILLIAMS.

## 313

## MUNICH. 8s, 7s.

1. Light of those whose drear-y dwell - ing Bord - ers on the shades of death,  
2. The new heav'n and earth's Crea - tor, In our deep - est dark - ness rise,

Come, and, by thy love re-veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath.  
 Scat-ter-ing all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing day up-on our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favor  
 God hath for our ransomed race ;  
 Come, thou universal Saviour,  
 Come, and bring the gospel grace .

5 Save us in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild, pacific Prince ;  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By thy all-restoring merit,  
 Every burdened soul release ;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

314

PILESGROVE. L. M.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run ;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And praises throng to crown his head ;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

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

4 Blessings abound wher'er he reigns ;  
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

315

## MORNING STAR. 7s. Double.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveller, o'er yon

The first system of music consists of three staves: a treble staff with a vocal line, a treble staff with a piano accompaniment, and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps. The first staff contains the vocal line with lyrics. The second and third staves contain the piano accompaniment.

mountain height See that glo - ry - beaming star! Watchman, does its beautiful ray

The second system of music continues the piece. It features the same three-staff format as the first system. The vocal line in the first staff continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment in the second and third staves provides harmonic support.

Aught of joy or hope foretell? Traveller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Israel.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It maintains the three-staff format. The vocal line in the first staff ends with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment in the second and third staves concludes the piece with a double bar line.

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 !

316

1. This world for thee, O . . . Christ! This world for thee! Its thrones and  
king-doms thine, Thine ev - er be; As ful - ness of the sea,—  
This world, O Christ, for thee, This world for thee.

2 For this thy bannered hosts,  
Lift up thy name,  
Wherever sin hath gone,  
With sting and shame;  
That men may bow to thee,—  
This world, O Christ, for thee,  
This world for thee!

3 Thy church can never stay  
Content at rest,  
Till all the nations wide,  
In thee are blest,  
From river to the sea,—  
This world, O Christ, for thee,  
This world for thee!

4 Come forth, thou King of kings,  
And lead us on,  
The army of thy saints  
Till earth is won  
In blessed victory,—  
This world, O Christ, for thee,  
This world for thee!

5 Hark! to the battle cry,  
The strife begun;  
O hearts, be brave and strong,  
Till conflict done;  
Till then, our cry shall be,—  
This world, O Christ, for thee,  
This world for thee!

## 317

## SHINING SHORE. 8s, 7s. P. M.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;  
And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

FINE.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver,

D.S.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,  
 " Let every lamp be burning " ;  
 We look afar across the wave,  
 Our distant home discerning. Cho.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,  
 We will not yield to sorrow,  
 For hope will sing, with courage bold,  
 " There's glory on the morrow." Cho.

DAVID NELSON.

ONTARIO. 8s, 7s.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each containing three staves. The top staff of each system is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The middle staff is shared between the two outer staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of the third system.

318

SIBILLA. S. H. M.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a friend?  
2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death,

There is no un - ion here of hearts That finds not here an end:  
There sure - ly is some bless - ed clime, Where life is not a breath,

Were this frail world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.  
Nor life's af - fec - tions transient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward to ex - pire.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 There is a world above,<br/>Where parting is unknown;<br/>A whole eternity of love,<br/>Formed for the good alone:<br/>And faith beholds the dying here<br/>Translated to that happier sphere.</p> | <p>4 Thus star by star declines<br/>Till all are passed away,<br/>As morning high and higher shines<br/>To pure and perfect day:<br/>Nor sink those stars in empty night;<br/>They hide themselves in heaven's own light!</p> |
|---|---|

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ESTHER. S. M.

319

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;

Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.  
 Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life  
 Where burdens are laid down ;  
 Nearer to leave the heavy cross ;  
 Nearer to gain the crown.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet  
 Are slipping on the brink,  
 And I, to-day, am nearer home,—  
 Nearer than now I think.

4 But, lying dark between,  
 Winding down through the night,  
 There rolls the deep and unknown stream  
 That leads at last to light.

6 Father, perfect my trust !  
 Strengthen my power of faith !  
 Nor let me stand, at last, alone  
 Upon the shore of death.

320

REST. L. M.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;  
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! Oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.  
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost his ven-omed 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! Oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be:  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.

MARGARET MACKAY.

321

TROY. L. M.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest!

How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gen-tly heaves th' ex-piring breast!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;<br>So sinks the gale when storms are<br>o'er ;<br>So gently shuts the eye of day ;<br>So dies a wave along the shore.       | 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,<br>Where lights and shades alternate<br>dwell ;<br>How bright th' unchanging morn appears !<br>Farewell, inconstant world, farewell. |
| 3 A holy quiet reigns around,<br>A calm which life nor death destroys ;<br>And nought disturbs that peace pro-<br>found<br>Which his unfettered soul enjoys. | 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,<br>Light from its load the spirit flies,<br>While heaven and earth combine to say,<br>"How blest the righteous when he<br>dies !"     |

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

322

GALWAY. S. M.

1. For all thy saints, O God, Who strove in Christ to live,  
2. For all thy saints, O God, Ac - cept our thank - ful cry,

Who fol - low'd him, o - bey'd, a - dor'd, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive.  
Who count-ed Christ their great re - ward, And yearned for him to die.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 They all, in life and death,<br>With him, their Lord, in view,<br>Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath<br>To suffer and to do. | 4 For this thy name we bless,<br>And humbly pray that we<br>May follow them in holiness,<br>And live and die in thee. |
|---|---|

RICHARD MANT.

323

RAYMOND. 6s, 5s.

1. How they so soft - ly rest, All, all the ho - ly dead, Un - to whose

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "1. How they so soft - ly rest, All, all the ho - ly dead, Un - to whose"

dwel - ing-place Now doth my soul draw near! How they so soft - ly rest,

This system contains the next three staves of music. The lyrics are: "dwel - ing-place Now doth my soul draw near! How they so soft - ly rest,"

All in their si - lent graves, Deep to cor - rup - tion Slow - ly down - sink - ing!

This system contains the final three staves of music. The lyrics are: "All in their si - lent graves, Deep to cor - rup - tion Slow - ly down - sink - ing!"

2. And they no lon - ger weep, Here, where complaint is still! And they no

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are for piano accompaniment, with the bottom staff using a bass clef.

lon - ger feel, Here, where all gladness flies! And, by the cy - press - es

The second system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) includes a fermata over a note. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with similar harmonic support.

Soft - ly o'er-shad - ow-ed, Un - til the An - gel Calls them, they slumber!

The third system concludes the musical score with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) also concludes with a double bar line.

324

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }  
 { Rise from all ter - res - trial things, Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place: }

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move:

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So a soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return,  
 Triumphant in the skies;  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

325

## NEW JERSEY. 7s. Double.

1. { Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng, }  
 { Round the al - tar night and day, Hymn - ing one tri - um - phant song? }

“Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,

Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now, before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with his almighty name :  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in every hand,  
 Through their great 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 fears ;  
 And forever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## 326

## KEDRON. C. M.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear . . . To mansions in . . . the skies,  
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, . . . And hellish darts . . . be hurled,

I bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, . . . And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, . . . And face a frown - ing 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

## 327

## ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.

1. As when the wea - ry traveller gains The height of some o'er-looking hill,

His heart re-vives, if 'cross the plains He sees his home, tho' dis-tant still;

- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;  
 He slights the space that lies between ; No more he grieves for troubles past,  
 His past fatigues are now forgot, Nor any future trial fears,  
 Because his journey's end is seen. So he may safe arrive at last.
- 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
 By faith his mansion in the skies, With Jesus in the realms of day :  
 The sight his fainting strength renews, Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize. And he shall wipe my tears away.

JOHN NEWTON.

328

MOUNT AUBURN. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for  
 2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tem-

souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n.  
 pest'ous shoals Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear—'tis heav'n.

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,— 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
 The heart no longer riven,— And joys supreme are given ;  
 And views the tempest passing by, There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly, Beyond the dark and narrow tomb  
 And all serene in heaven. Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

## 329

## NIAGARA. 7s, 6s.

1. { There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful . . of lands;  
Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands,

He on - ly can un - do . . it, And o - pen wide the door; . . .

And mor - tals who pass through it, Are mor - tal nev - er - more.

2 Though dark and drear the passage  
That leadeth to the gate,  
Yet grace attends the message,  
To souls that watch and wait;  
And at the time appointed  
A messenger comes down,  
And guides the Lord's anointed  
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,  
They're blesséd in their tears;  
Their journey heavenward winging,  
They leave on earth their fears;  
Death like an angel seemeth;  
"We welcome thee," they cry;  
Their face with glory beameth—  
'Tis life for them to die!

330

## MOUNT SHASTA. 7s. Double.

1. { High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the rapt-ur'd saints a - bove,  
Far be-yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man - uel's love:

Pil - grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,

Gloom - y doubts, dis - tress - ing fears, Tor - t'ring pain and heav - y woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,  
Passed this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never, never weep again :  
'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid the angelic lyres above,  
Hark, their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !

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.

## 331

## ALBANY. L. M.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies! How tran-sient ev - 'ry earth-ly bliss!  
2. The evening cloud, the morn-ing dew, The with-'ring grass, the fad - ing flow'r,

How slen - der all the fond - est ties That bind us to a world like this!  
Of earth - ly hopes are emblems true—The glo - ry of a pass-ing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die, 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
And all beneath the skies is vain, Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:  
There is a brighter world on high, If God be ours, we're travelling home,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain. Though passing thro' a vale of tears.

D. E. FORD.

## 332

## PLYMOUTH. 8s, 7s.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you love;  
2. While our si - lent steps are stray-ing, Lone-ly, thro' night's deep'ning shade,



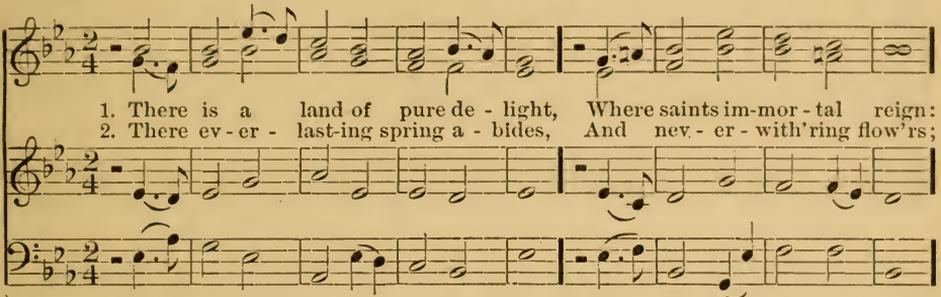
Pain, and death, and night, and an-guish, En-ter not the world a-bove.  
 Glo-ry's bright-est beams are play-ing Round the hap-py Christian's head.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Light and peace at once deriving<br/>                 From the hand of God most high,<br/>                 In his glorious presence living,<br/>                 They shall never, never die.</p> | <p>4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,<br/>                 Sickness, there, no more can come;<br/>                 There, no fear of woe, intruding,<br/>                 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.</p> |
|--|--|

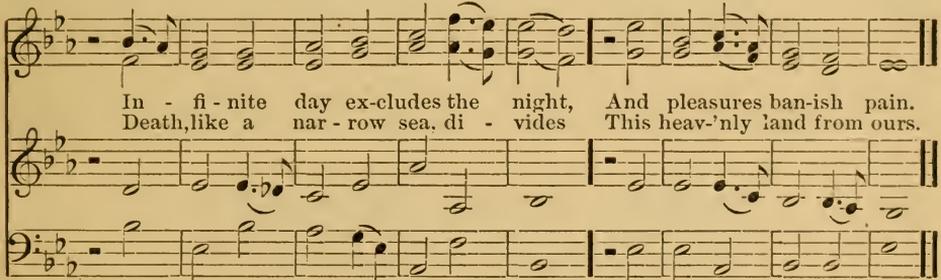
WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

333

BYZANTIUM. C. M.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign:  
 2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs;



In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.  
 Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav-nly land from ours.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood<br/>                 Stand dressed in living green;<br/>                 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,<br/>                 While Jordan rolled between.</p> | <p>5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,<br/>                 Those gloomy doubts that rise,<br/>                 And see the Canaan that we love<br/>                 With unbeclouded eyes!—</p>                    |
| <p>4 But timorous mortals start and shrink<br/>                 To cross this narrow sea,<br/>                 And linger, shivering, on the brink,<br/>                 And fear to launch away.</p>       | <p>6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,<br/>                 And view the landscape o'er,<br/>                 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood<br/>                 Should fright us from the shore.</p> |

ISAAC WATTS.

## 334

## ALNWICK. 11s.

1. I would not live al-way: I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter  
2. I would not live al-way, thus fet-ter'd by sin—Temp-ta-tion with -

storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid morn-ings that  
out and cor-rup-tion with-in: E'en the rapt-ure of par-don is

dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.  
min-gled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiv-ing with pen-i-tent tears.

- 3 I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

335

JENNER. 7s, 6s. Double.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold-en! With milk and hon-ey blest, Beneath thy con-tem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest. I know not, oh, I know not What

joys a-wait us there, What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.

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.

336

CARLISLE. S. M.

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!  
2. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from him I roam,

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er 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!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

337

STANLEY. 7s, 6s, 8s, 6s.

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright, . .

The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light;

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. . . . .

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 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
 On Canaan's happy shore!  
 What knitting severed friendships up,  
 Where partings are no more!  
 When eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
 That brimmed with tears of late,  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.

HENRY ALFORD.

338

HOME. C. M.

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?  
2. O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!

When shall my sor - rows have an end? My joys when shall I see?  
In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
Thy gates are all of orient pearl —  
O God! if I were there!

DAVID DICKSON.

339

PARADISE. 8s, 6s.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?  
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here;

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that love are blest?  
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see him near;

Where loy - al hearts and true  
Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep me in thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through  
In God's most holy sight.

340

## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis - ions of en -  
 2. A land up - on whose bliss - ful shore There rests no shad - ow,

rap - tured thought, So bright that all which spreads be - tween  
 falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more,

Is with its ra - diant glo - - ry fraught;—  
 And those long part - ed meet a - gain.

- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
 With varying hues of shade and light;  
 It hath no need of sun to rise,  
 To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind  
 Across that calm, serene abode;  
 The wanderer there a home may find,  
 Within the paradise of God.

ANON.

341

GALLIA. 7s. Double.

1. { While, with ceaseless course, the sun, Hast-ed thro' the for - mer year, }  
 Man - y souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here: }

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:

We a lit - tle lon-ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

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 old and young;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
 When our life's short race is run,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

JOHN NEWTON.

342

## ST. LOUIS. L. M.

1. Our Help - er, God, we bless thy name, Whose love for - ev - er is the same;  
2. A - mid ten thousand snares we stand, Sup - port - ed by thy guardian hand;

The to - kens of thy gracious care Be - gin, and crown, and close the year.  
And see, when we re - view our ways, Ten thousand mon - u - ments of praise.

- 3 Thus far thine arm hath led us on ;      4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore  
Thus far we make thy mercy known ;      Shall raise one sacred pillar more,  
And while we tread this desert land,      Then bear, in thy bright courts above,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.      Inscriptions of immortal love.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

343

## HENDON. 7s.

1. Swell the an - them, raise the song; Praises to our God be - long; Saints and an - gels  
2. Blessings from his liberal hand Flow around this hap - py land: Kept by him, no

join to sing Praises to the heav'nly King, Prais-es to the heav'nly King  
foes an - noy; Peace and freedom we en - joy, Peace and freedom we en - joy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
May we cheerfully obey,—  
Never feel oppression's rod,—  
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.

N. STRONG.

344

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

1. My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!  
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 with thy might,  
Great God, our King!

S. SMITH.

## 345

## NEWBOLD. C. M.

1. With songs and honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Ov-er the

heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky, And waters veil the sky.

- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down 4 He sends his word and melts the snow,  
 To cheer the plains below ; The fields no longer mourn ;  
 He makes the grass the mountains crown, He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
 And corn in valleys grow. And bids the spring return.
- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow, 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Descend and clothe the ground ; Obey his mighty word :  
 The liquid streams forbear to flow, With songs and honors sounding loud,  
 In icy fetters bound. Praise ye the sovereign Lord !

ISAAC WATTS.

## 346

## CLARENDON STREET. 7s.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise. For the love that crowns our days!

Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 For the blessings of the field,<br/>For the stores the gardens yield;<br/>For the fruits in full supply,<br/>Ripened 'neath the summer sky,</p> <p>3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;<br/>Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;<br/>Clouds that drop their fattening dews;<br/>Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:</p> | <p>4 All that spring with bounteous hand<br/>Scatters o'er the smiling land;<br/>All that liberal autumn pours<br/>From her rich o'erflowing stores:</p> <p>5 These to thee, my God, we owe,<br/>Source whence all our blessings flow;<br/>And for these my soul shall raise<br/>Grateful vows and solemn praise.</p> |
|---|---|

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

347

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

1. God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night: When the wild

tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do thou our country save By thy great might!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 For her our prayer shall rise<br/>To God, above the skies;<br/>On him we wait:</p> | <p>Thou who art ever nigh,<br/>Guarding with watchful eye,<br/>To thee aloud we cry,<br/>God save the State!</p> |
|---|--|

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

## 348

## ADESTE FIDELES.

SOLI.

1. A - des - te fi - de - les, læ - ti tri - um - phan - tes, ve -

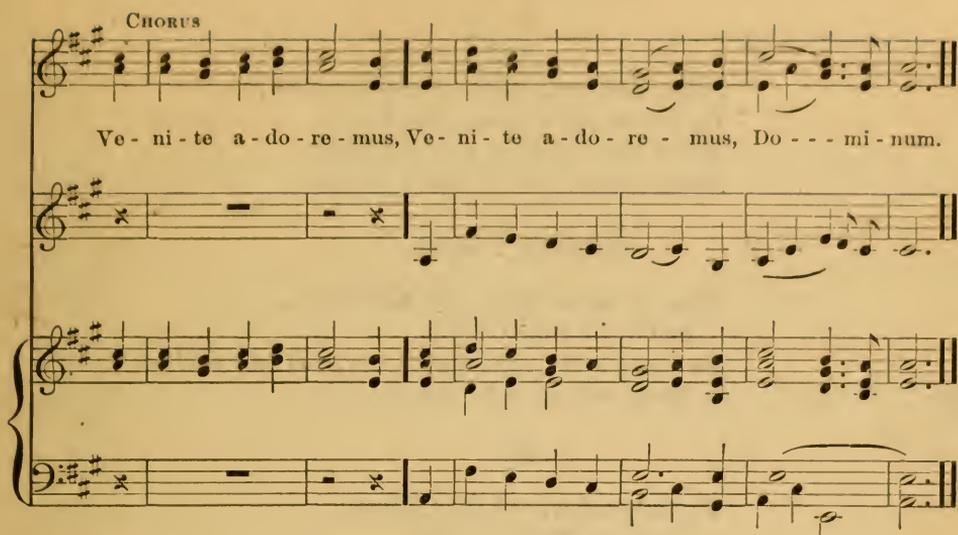
ORGAN.

ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi -

Solo.

de - te, re - gem an - ge - lo - rum, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus,

Chorus



Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Do - - - mi - num.

2 Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine  
 Gestant puellae viscera,  
 Deum verum, genitum non factum.  
 Venite, etc.

3 Cantet nunc Io, chorus angelorum,  
 Cantet nunc aula coelestium,  
 Gloria, gloria, in excelsis Deo.  
 Venite, etc.

4 Ergo qui natus die hodierna  
 Jesu tibi sit gloria,  
 Patris æterni, verbum caro factum.  
 Venite, etc.

## DOXOLOGIES.

1

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.

2

GLORIA PATRI.

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

3

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God whom we adore,  
 Be glory as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

4

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,  
 And saints that dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, praise the Son  
 And bless the Spirit too.

5

7s.

Sing we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as his love ;  
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6

8s, 7s, and 4s.

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.

## CHANTS.

Single.

1

Musical score for Chant 1, Single. The score is written in common time (C) and consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first staff contains a series of chords, starting with a B-flat major triad and moving through various intervals. The second and third staves contain a single melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

2

Musical score for Chant 2, Single. The score is written in common time (C) and consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. The key signature is two sharps (D major). The first staff contains a series of chords, starting with a D major triad and moving through various intervals. The second and third staves contain a single melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

3

Musical score for Chant 3, Single. The score is written in common time (C) and consists of three staves: Treble, Middle, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first staff contains a series of chords, starting with a B-flat major triad and moving through various intervals. The second and third staves contain a single melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

4

Musical score for Chant 4, featuring three staves with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The top staff includes a triplet of eighth notes.

5

Musical score for Chant 5, featuring three staves with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The top staff ends with a fermata.

6

Musical score for Chant 6, featuring three staves with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature.

7

Musical score for chant 7, consisting of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in G major. The music features a series of chords and single notes across four measures.

Double.

8

Musical score for chant 8, consisting of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in G major. The music features a series of chords and single notes across four measures, with some notes marked with an infinity symbol.

9

Musical score for chant 9, consisting of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in B-flat major. The music features a series of chords and single notes across four measures, with some notes marked with an infinity symbol.

10

Musical score for Chant 10, measures 1-4. The score is written in three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music consists of chords and single notes.

11

Musical score for Chant 11, measures 1-4. The score is written in three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The music consists of chords and single notes.

12

Musical score for Chant 12, measures 1-4. The score is written in three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The music consists of chords and single notes.

## APPENDIX.

## MT. HOLYOKE. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Hark! tenthousand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth;

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;  
Lord of life, thy smile en - lightens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:

See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;  
Thine an everlasting crown:  
Nothing from thy love shall sever  
Those whom thou hast made thine own;  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Chosen to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, 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!"

## LA ROCHELLE. 7s. Double.

1. High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im-man-uel's love:

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Gloomy doubts, distress-ing fears, Torturing pain and heav - y woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,  
 Passed this scene of toil and pain,  
 They shall feel distress no more,  
 Never, never weep again:  
 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,  
 Hark, their songs melodious rise,  
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

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.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

ENGLEWOOD. 6s.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be;  
 Lead me by thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot,  
 I would not if I might;  
 Choose thou for me, my God,  
 So shall I walk aright.

3 The kingdom that I seek  
 Is thine, so let the way  
 That leads to it be thine,  
 Else I must surely stray.

4 Choose thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness or my health;  
 Choose thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
 In things or great or small;  
 Be thou my guide, my strength,  
 My wisdom and my all.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

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	123 Abbey . . . .	C. M.	<i>Hart's Psalter</i> . . . .	1615
	235 Abbott . . . .	6s, 4s.	<i>A. Abbott</i> . . . .	1886
51	164 Abridge . . . .	C. M.	<i>J. Smith</i> . . . .	1770
	348 Adeste Fideles . . . .			1735
	223 Adirondack . . . .	C. M. Double.	<i>B. Gesius</i> . . . .	1601
	238 Aid . . . .	6s.	<i>Ella Wolcott</i> . . . .	
	224 Alabama . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Moravian Melody</i> . . . .	
	264 Alaska . . . .	L. M. 6 lines.	<i>Dutch</i> . . . .	1622
	331 Albany . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	229 Alexandra . . . .	8s, 7s, Double.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	165 Alkmaar . . . .	7s, 6s.	<i>Dutch</i> . . . .	1622
243	334 Alnwick . . . .	11s.	<i>S. Howard</i> . . . .	1760
	179 Als . . . .	L. M.	<i>M. Praetorius</i> . . . .	1609
344	347 America . . . .	6s, 4s.	<i>Henry Carey</i> . . . .	†1743
	324 Amsterdam . . . .	7s, 6s.	<i>German</i> . . . .	
	327 Angel's Hymn . . . .	L. M.	<i>O. Gibbons</i> . . . .	1623
	168 Angelus . . . .	L. M.	<i>J. Scheffler</i> . . . .	1657
87	93 Antioch . . . .	C. M.	<i>Handel</i> . . . .	
	126 Ariel . . . .	C. P. M.	<i>L. Mason</i> . . . .	1836
	151 Arizona . . . .	7s.	<i>Swedish</i> . . . .	
45	281 Arlington . . . .	C. M.	<i>Th. A. Arne</i> . . . .	1762
	186 Armenia . . . .	C. M.	<i>S. B. Pond</i> . . . .	1835
	9 Arnheim . . . .	L. M.	<i>S. Holyoke</i> . . . .	1785
	192 Ashville . . . .	C. M.	<i>Sallmann</i> . . . .	1790
	303 Atlantix . . . .	L. M.	<i>G. Oates</i> . . . .	
	65 Aurora . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	83 Austin . . . .	7s, 6 lines.	<i>R. Cecil</i> . . . .	†1810
	228 Autumn . . . .	8s, 7s, Double.	<i>Spanish Melody</i> . . . .	
	167 Avon . . . .	C. M.	<i>H. Wilson</i> . . . .	17—
	171 Bach . . . .	L. M. Double.	<i>Ph. E. Bach</i> . . . .	1758
	304 Baltimore . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>13th Century</i> . . . .	
	110 Bartimeus . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Daniel Read</i> . . . .	1804
	237 Barton . . . .	8s, 4s.	<i>G. Erythraeus</i> . . . .	1608
	252 Baylor . . . .	C. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	79 Bedford . . . .	C. M.	<i>W. Wheel</i> . . . .	1720
	11 Bemerton . . . .	C. M.	<i>H. W. Greatorex</i> . . . .	1849

NUMBER.	NAME.	METER.	ORIGIN OF MELODY.	DATE.
	166 Benevento . . . .	7s, Double.	<i>S. Webbe</i> . . . .	1792
	226 Bethany . . . .	6s, 4s	<i>L. Mason</i> . . . .	1859
	116 Bethlehem . . . .	C. M.	<i>Spencer Madan</i> . . . .	†1813
	18 Birr . . . .	C. M.	<i>G. F. Handel</i> . . . .	1738
	54 Bloomfield . . . .	L. M.	<i>W. B. Bradbury</i> . . . .	1845
	248 Bradford . . . .	C. M.	<i>From Handel's "Messiah."</i>	
	5 Brattle Street . . . .	C. M. Double.	<i>I. Pleyel</i> . . . .	1790
	270 Brunswick . . . .	L. M.	<i>L. Bourgeois</i> . . . .	1545
	71 Burlington . . . .	C. M.	<i>J. F. Burrowes</i> . . . .	1830
140	202 333 Byzantium . . . .	C. M.	<i>Th. Jackson</i> . . . .	1780
	205 Caddo . . . .	C. M.	<i>W. B. Bradbury</i> . . . .	1853
	242 Calvary . . . .	8s, 7s, 4s.	<i>S. Stanley</i> . . . .	†1823
	25 Cambridge . . . .	S. M.	<i>R. Harrison</i> . . . .	1780
17	336 Carlisle . . . .	S. M.	<i>Ch. Lockhart</i> . . . .	1792
	74 Carolina . . . .	L. M.	<i>J. S. Bach</i> . . . .	1736
90	124 Charity . . . .	C. M.	<i>N. Hermann</i> . . . .	1551
	149 Chamber Street . . . .	L. M.	<i>L. Marshall</i> . . . .	
	106 Charlotte . . . .	8s, 7s, 4s.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	221 Chestnut Street . . . .	C. M.	<i>H. K. Oliver</i> . . . .	1832
	208 Chichester . . . .	C. M.	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i>	1621
98	283 Christmas . . . .	C. M.	<i>Handel</i> . . . .	
68	76 82 Clarendon . . . .	C. M.	<i>Isaak Tucker</i> . . . .	1790
	346 Clarendon Street . . . .	7s.	<i>L. Marshall</i> . . . .	
	2 Clemency . . . .	H. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
72	150 80 158 Columbia . . . .	C. M.	<i>C. H. Rink</i> . . . .	†1846
	241 Comforter . . . .	10s, 11s.	<i>S. Webbe</i> . . . .	1800
	142 Commandments . . . .	L. H.	<i>L. Bourgeois</i> . . . .	1562
	285 Concord . . . .	C. M.	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i>	1621
	67 Constancy . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	267 Content . . . .	L. M.	<i>Swedish</i> . . . .	
	127 Coronation . . . .	C. M.	<i>O. Holden</i> . . . .	1793
128	161 Cowper . . . .	C. M.	<i>L. Mason</i> . . . .	1830
	271 Dallas . . . .	7s.	<i>L. Cherubini</i> . . . .	†1842
	84 Deborah . . . .	8s, 7s, Double.	<i>German</i> . . . .	1784
	157 Dedication . . . .	S. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
91	94 Delight . . . .	11s, 10s.	<i>J. Ch. Kittel</i> . . . .	1770
	276 Detroit . . . .	7s.	<i>Huguenot Psalter</i>	1562
257	280 Devizes . . . .	C. M.	<i>J. Tucker</i> . . . .	1800
27	73 Duke Street . . . .	L. M.	<i>J. Hatton</i> . . . .	1786
	211 Dundee . . . .	C. M.	<i>Hart's Psalter</i>	1615
	156 Durham . . . .	S. M.		1786
	262 Eaton . . . .	8s, 6 lines.	<i>Z. Wyvill</i> . . . .	1800
	86 Ecstasy . . . .	P. M.	<i>Triller</i> . . . .	1559
	249 Elizabeth . . . .	L. M.	<i>Swedish</i> . . . .	
	48 Elmira . . . .	C. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
APPENDIX.	Englewood . . . .	6s.	<i>Dutch</i> . . . .	1622
	41 Enthusiasm . . . .	P. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	316 Erie . . . .	6s, 4s	<i>H. Parr</i> . . . .	1862

NUMBER.	NAME.	METRE.	ORIGIN OF MELODY.	DATE.
162	174 Ernan . . . . .	L. M.	<i>L. Mason</i>	1850
	319 Esther . . . . .	S. M.	<i>Moravian</i>	
99	103 Evan . . . . .	C. M.	<i>Irish Melody</i>	
	113 Evelyn . . . . .	L. M.	<i>Michael Praetorius</i>	1610
33	36 Evening Hymn . . . . .	L. M.	<i>Thomas Tallis</i>	1560
	42 Eventide . . . . .	10s.	<i>W. H. Monk</i>	1861
	19 Faith . . . . .	C. M.	<i>S. P. Tuckerman</i>	1848
	155 Faversham . . . . .	7s, 6 lines.	<i>J. Worgan</i>	1769
	160 Federal Street . . . . .	L. M.	<i>H. K. Oliver</i>	1832
	132 Felicia . . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Ph. E. Bach</i>	1758
	212 Fenton . . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i>	
201	250 Ferry . . . . .	C. M.		1724
	107 Florida . . . . .	7s, 6s.	<i>J. W. Franck</i>	†1690
	181 Fraternity . . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i>	1531
	341 Gallia . . . . .	7s, Double.	<i>Huguenot Psalter</i>	1562
	322 Galway . . . . .	S. M.	<i>E. Miller</i>	1790
	131 Geer . . . . .	C. M.	<i>H. W. Greatorex</i>	1848
	61 Georgia . . . . .	7s.	<i>G. C. Strattnr</i>	1691
	57 Gilead . . . . .	L. M.	<i>From Méhul's "Joseph."</i>	1807
	204 Girton . . . . .	8s, 6s.	<i>Moravian</i>	
	115 Gladness . . . . .	7s.	<i>G. H. Stölzel</i>	1744
	207 Gloucester . . . . .	C. M.	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i>	1621
	15 Gopsall . . . . .	H. M.	<i>Handel</i>	
	47 Grays . . . . .	L. M.	<i>S. Webbe</i>	1791
	169 Greensboro . . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>C. H. Dretzel</i>	1731
	259 Halloway . . . . .	6s, Double.	<i>J. Stainer</i>	
	85 Hamburg . . . . .	L. M.	<i>Gregorian Tune</i>	
	58 Hanover . . . . .	10s, 11s.	<i>W. Croft</i>	1690
	130 Harcourt . . . . .	C. M.		1718
	230 Harlem . . . . .	5s, 8s, Peculiar.	<i>A. Drese</i>	1698
	309 Hartford . . . . .	7s, Double.	<i>Swedish</i>	
	122 Harwell . . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>L. Mason</i>	1840
6 14	308 Headfort . . . . .	8s, 7s, 4s.	<i>Th. Kelley</i>	1805
101	105 Hebron . . . . .	L. M.	<i>L. Mason</i>	1830
	343 Hendon . . . . .	7s.	<i>C. Malan</i>	1830
	260 Hodges . . . . .	7s, 6s, Double.	<i>J. S. D. Hodges</i>	1869
	338 Home . . . . .	C. M.	<i>M. Praetorius</i>	1609
	229 Hope . . . . .	L. M.	<i>J. B. Dykes</i>	
	222 Harburg . . . . .	6s, 4s.	<i>J. B. Dykes</i>	
	254 Horton . . . . .	7s.	<i>Snyder von Wartensee</i>	1786
	38 Hudson . . . . .	6s, 4s.	<i>Moravian</i>	
	152 Humility . . . . .	L. M.	<i>S. P. Tuckermann</i>	
	133 Hummel . . . . .	C. M.	<i>Ch. Zeuner</i>	1832
12 32	35 Hursley . . . . .	L. M.	<i>J. Haydn</i>	
	173 Huss . . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Moravian</i>	
	190 Illa . . . . .	L. M.		1841
	120 Indiana . . . . .	7s, Double.	<i>Moravian</i>	1566
	3 Innocents . . . . .	7s.	<i>Thibaut of Navarre</i>	†1254

NUMBER.	NAME.	METRE.	ORIGIN OF MELODY.	DATE.
	178 Iowa . . . . .	S. M.	German . . . . .	1703
	225 Irving . . . . .	6s, 4s.	A. Abbott . . . . .	1886
1	143 Italy . . . . .	6s, 4s.	F. Giardini . . . . .	1769
23	335 Jenner . . . . .	7s, 6s.	Alexander Ewing . . . . .	1860
	247 Jezreel . . . . .	8s, 4s.	W. H. Havergal . . . . .	1852
	89 Joy . . . . .	8s, 7s.	Swedish . . . . .	
	265 Kansas . . . . .	C. M. 6 lin	Dutch . . . . .	1622
	63 Katherine . . . . .	L. M.	Moravian . . . . .	1544
197	326 Kedron . . . . .	C. M.	J. A. Gould . . . . .	1820
	291 Kendal Castle . . . . .	6s, 5s, Double.	H. Parr . . . . .	1840
	271 Kent . . . . .	L. M.	J. F. Lampe . . . . .	1745
273	287 Kerry . . . . .	S. M.	Joseph Jewett . . . . .	1823
	253 Kirson . . . . .	S. M.	W. Knapp . . . . .	1750
	49 Kronstadt . . . . .	7s, 6s.	Melchior Teschner . . . . .	1600
	293 Laban . . . . .	S. M.	L. Mason . . . . .	1830
APPENDIX.	La Rochelle . . . . .	7s, Double.	Huguenot Psalter . . . . .	1562
187	199 Lasell . . . . .	L. M.	Moravian . . . . .	
4	20 Leighton . . . . .	S. M.	H. W. Greatorex . . . . .	1849
64	146 Leipzig . . . . .	L. M.	J. H. Schein . . . . .	1620
	13 Lewes . . . . .	8s, 7s, 4s.	J. Randall . . . . .	†1799
	109 Lindenwood . . . . .	L. M.	M. Vulpis . . . . .	1560
	104 Liverpool . . . . .	C. M.	R. Wainwright . . . . .	1770
	200 Louvan . . . . .	L. M.	V. C. Taylor . . . . .	1849
	69 Lustre . . . . .	8s, 7s.	Moravian . . . . .	1666
	70 Luther . . . . .	P. M.	Martin Luther . . . . .	1527
	62 Luton . . . . .	L. M.	G. Burder . . . . .	1780
	263 Lux Benigna . . . . .	10s, 4s, 10s.	J. B. Dykes . . . . .	
	56 Lyons . . . . .	10s, 11s.	J. Haydn . . . . .	1770
129	231 Maitland . . . . .	C. M.	Western Tune . . . . .	
	108 Manoah . . . . .	C. M.	G. Rossini . . . . .	
	268 Manheim . . . . .	L. M.	J. Walter . . . . .	1524
	196 Maplewood . . . . .	7s, Double.	J. W. Frank . . . . .	†1690
24	96 Martyn . . . . .	7s, Double.	S. B. Marsh . . . . .	1836
	185 Martyrdom . . . . .	C. M.	H. Wilson . . . . .	1800
114	284 Maryland . . . . .	7s.	Moravian . . . . .	
	119 Mear . . . . .	C. M.	Welsh Air . . . . .	
10	43 Mendon . . . . .	L. M.	German Air . . . . .	
	278 Meribah . . . . .	C. P. M.	L. Mason . . . . .	1839
	97 Migdol . . . . .	L. M.	L. Mason . . . . .	1840
	256 Minnesota . . . . .	7s.	Moravian . . . . .	
	310 Missionary Hymn . . . . .	7s, 6s.	L. Mason . . . . .	1824
191	236 Montana . . . . .	8s, 7s.	J. G. Stoezel . . . . .	1744
	134 Montauban . . . . .	C. M.	Hart's Psalter . . . . .	1615
135	292 Moravia . . . . .	8s, 7s.	Moravian . . . . .	
	28 Morning Hymn . . . . .	L. M.	F. H. Barthelemon . . . . .	†1808
	315 Morning Star . . . . .	7s, Double.	L. Mason . . . . .	1820
	203 Mornington . . . . .	S. M.	Earl of Mornington . . . . .	1760
	78 Moorfield . . . . .	8s, 7s.	S. Howard . . . . .	1765

NUMBER.	NAME.	METRE.	ORIGIN OF MELODY.	DATE.
	328 Mount Auburn . . .	8s, 6s, 8s, 8s, 6s.	? . . . .	
APPENDIX	330 Mt. Holyoke . . .	7s, 6 lines.	<i>Ph. E. Bach</i> . . . .	1758
	330 Mt. Shasta . . .	7s, Double.	<i>E. Ayrton</i> . . . .	1765
	313 Munich . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Peter Winter</i> . . . .	1790
	92 Nativity . . . .	7s, Double.	<i>Mendelssohn</i> . . . .	
	117 Navarra . . . .	L. M. Double.	<i>L. Bourgeois</i> . . . .	1544
	209 Nettleton . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>A. Nettleton</i> . . . .	1825
	345 Newbold . . . .	C. M.	<i>J. Kingsley</i> . . . .	18—
	325 New Jersey . . .	7s, Double.	<i>Dutch</i> . . . .	1622
	300 Newport . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	1531
	180 New York . . . .	S. M.	<i>German</i> . . . .	1657
	329 Niagara . . . .	7s, 6s.	<i>German</i> . . . .	1598
	59 Nicæa . . . .	P. M.	<i>J. B. Dykes</i> . . . .	1861
50	266 Nichols . . . .	C. M.	<i>G. Heus</i> . . . .	
	234 Naomi . . . .	C. M.	<i>L. Mason</i> . . . .	1835
	137 Norfolk . . . .	L. M.	<i>German</i> . . . .	1651
	240 Northampton . .	7s, 6s.	<i>B. C. Blodgett</i> . . . .	1886
	21 Nottingham . . .	C. M.	<i>J. Clarke</i> . . . .	†1707
	275 Nuremberg . . .	7s, 6 lines.	<i>J. N. Ahle</i> . . . .	1664
	118 Oaksville . . . .	C. M.	<i>Ch. Zeuner</i> . . . .	1839
	53 Old Hundred . . .	L. M.	<i>Louis Bourgeois</i> . . . .	1552
121	175 Old 25 . . . .	S. M.	<i>Day's Psalter</i> . . . .	1562
102	220 Ogontz . . . .	C. M.	<i>S. G. Stade</i> . . . .	1644
	176 Olivet . . . .	6s, 4s.	<i>L. Mason</i> . . . .	1831
138	269 Olmutz . . . .	S. M.	<i>Gregorian Tune</i> . . . .	
	311 Omaha . . . .	7s, 6s, Double.	<i>M. Praetorius</i> . . . .	1609
	317 Ontario . . . .	8s, 7s. (2d Tune.)	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	188 Orpah . . . .	L. M.	<i>J. Krieger</i> . . . .	1667
	194 Palma . . . .	C. M.	<i>G. Erythraeus</i> . . . .	†1617
	339 Paradise . . . .	8s, 6s.	<i>J. Barnby</i> . . . .	
	285 Park Street . . .	L. M.	<i>F. M. A. Venua</i> . . . .	1810
	16 Peace . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	261 Pennsylvania . . .	7s, Double.	<i>Swedish</i> . . . .	
	189 Pensacola . . . .	C. M.	<i>S. G. Stade</i> . . . .	1644
	210 Persuasion . . . .	8s, 6s, 6 lines.	<i>Huguenot Psalter</i> . . . .	1562
	314 Pilesgrove . . . .	L. M.	<i>Nahum Mitchell</i> . . . .	1772
26	30 Pilgrimage . . . .	7s.	<i>R. Bradshaw</i> . . . .	1820
145	272 Pleyel's Hymn . .	7s.	<i>J. Pleyel</i> . . . .	
	332 Plymouth . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>L. Reichardt</i> . . . .	1735
	290 Portland . . . .	P. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	244 Portuguese Hymn. (See "Adeste Fideles.")			1735
213	217 286 Prague . . . .	S. M.	<i>L. R. West</i> . . . .	†1826
	299 Providence . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	279 Rapture . . . .	C. P. M.	<i>E. Harwood</i> . . . .	1786
52	111 Rathbun . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>J. Conkey</i> . . . .	1851
	323 Raymond . . . .		<i>F. Raymond-Ritter</i> . . . .	
	244 Reliance . . . .		<i>Ph. E. Bach</i> . . . .	1758
39	232 Resignation . . .	8s, 7s, Double.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	

NUMBER.	NAME.	METRE.	ORIGIN OF MELODY.	DATE.
	320 Rest . . . .	L. M.	<i>W. B. Bradbury</i> . . . .	1844
	245 Retreat . . . .	L. M.	<i>Th. Hastings</i> . . . .	1822
	198 Ripley . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Gregorian</i> . . . .	
	340 Rockingham . . . .	L. M.	<i>Edward Miller</i> . . . .	1790
	170 Rock of Ages . . . .	7s, 6 lines.	<i>Th. Hastings</i> . . . .	1830
	112 Rothwell . . . .	L. M.	<i>W. Tansur</i> . . . .	1754
	81 Ruth . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>German</i> . . . .	1682
	22 Sabbath . . . .	7s, 6 lines.	<i>L. Mason</i> . . . .	1824
	296 Sarum . . . .	8s, 4s.	<i>Ad. by Hullah</i> . . . .	
	139 St. Anns . . . .	C. M.	<i>W. Croft</i> . . . .	1708
34	239 307 St. Edmonds . . . .	S. M.	<i>Ed. Gilding</i> . . . .	1762
	282 St. George . . . .	C. M.	<i>V. Hermann</i> . . . .	1551
	218 St. Gregory . . . .	L. M.	<i>German</i> . . . .	
	342 St. Louis . . . .	L. M.	<i>Kluge</i> . . . .	1543
	31 St. Matthias . . . .	L. M. 6 lines.	<i>H. S. Oakeley</i> . . . .	1875
	255 St. Michael . . . .	S. M.	<i>Day's Psalter</i> . . . .	1562
	7 St. Peter . . . .	L. M.	<i>Harwood</i> . . . .	†1787
141	147 Sharon . . . .	7s.	<i>W. Boyce</i> . . . .	1765
	317 Shining Shore . . . .		<i>G. F. Root</i> . . . .	1856
215	305 Shrewsbury . . . .	S. M.	<i>E. Harwood</i> . . . .	1786
	318 Sibilla . . . .	S. H. M.	<i>Seth Calvisius</i> . . . .	1507
	206 Siloam . . . .	C. M.	<i>J. B. Woodbuiy</i> . . . .	1850
	184 Spanish Hymn . . . .	7s, Double.		
	288 Springfield . . . .	L. M.	<i>German</i> . . . .	1540
	337 Stanley . . . .	7s, 6s, 8s, 6s.	<i>B. Gesius</i> . . . .	1601
	214 State Street . . . .	S. M.	<i>J. C. Woodman</i> . . . .	1844
	95 Stella . . . .	C. M.	<i>J. H. Knecht</i> . . . .	1795
	159 Stephanos . . . .	8s, 5s, 8s, 5	<i>W. H. Month</i> . . . .	
	219 Sunset Hill . . . .	C. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	274 Syracuse . . . .	7s.	<i>N. Seleneccer</i> . . . .	1587
44	144 Tabor . . . .	L. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
100	225 Tallis (Ordinal) . . . .	C. M.	<i>Th. Tallis</i> . . . .	1567
116	312 Tamworth . . . .	8s, 7s, 4s.	<i>Scotch Melody</i> . . . .	
154	302 The Elms . . . .	7s, 6s.	<i>H. Leo. Hassler</i> . . . .	1601
	148 Thatcher . . . .	S. M.	<i>Handel</i> . . . .	1732
	136 Thurland Castle . . . .	P. M.	<i>H. Parr</i> . . . .	1839
	321 Troy . . . .	L. M.	<i>M. Praetorius</i> . . . .	1610
	129 Truro . . . .	L. M.	<i>Ch. Burney</i> . . . .	1790
	8 Turin . . . .	7s, 6 lines.	<i>F. Giardini</i> . . . .	†1796
	297 Upton . . . .	6s, 4s.	<i>H. Parr</i> . . . .	1848
46	77 Uxbridge . . . .	L. M.	<i>L. Mason</i> . . . .	1830
37	40 182 Vassar . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>C. H. Rink</i> . . . .	†1846
	183 Virginia . . . .	7s.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . .	
	66 Ward . . . .	L. M.	<i>Scotch Melody</i> . . . .	
	75 Ware . . . .	L. M.	<i>G. Kingsley</i> . . . .	1838
177	295 Wasa . . . .	C. M.	<i>Swedish</i> . . . .	
	298 Watchman . . . .	S. M.	<i>James Leach</i> . . . .	1789
	233 Welsh . . . .	8s, 7s, 4s.	<i>E. J. Hopkins</i> . . . .	

## INDEX TO TUNES.

NUMBER.	NAME.	METRE.	ORIGIN OF MELODY.	DATE.
172 289	Wellesley . . .	7s.	<i>Swedish</i> . . . . .	
88	Wells . . . . .	8s, 7s.	<i>Swedish</i> . . . . .	
193	Welton . . . . .	L. M.	<i>C. Malan</i> . . . . .	1830
195 301	Whitechurch . . .	8s, 7s,	<i>John Stanley</i> . . . . .	1765
251	Whitfield . . . . .	L. M.	<i>S. P. Warren</i> . . . . .	1872
60	Woodland . . . . .	C. M.	<i>N. D. Gould</i> . . . . .	1852
29 206	Woodstock . . . . .	C. M.	<i>D. Dutton</i> . . . . .	1829
163	Woodworth . . . . .	L. M.	<i>W. B. Bradbury</i> . . . . .	1849
246	Wyoming . . . . .	7s.	<i>M. Praetorius</i> . . . . .	1610
55	Yarth . . . . .	C. M.	<i>Hart's Psalter</i> . . . . .	1615
153	Zinzendorf . . . . .	S. M.	<i>Moravian</i> . . . . .	





