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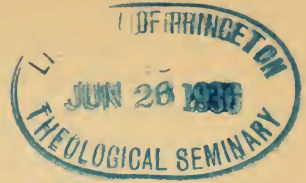
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SONGS

FOR



THE LORD'S HOUSE:

EDITED BY

C. D'W. BRIDGMAN.

*"Ye that stand in the House of the Lord, in the courts of the House
of our God, praise the Lord."*

NEW YORK:
A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON,
No. 714 BROADWAY.

1880.

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ELECTROTYPED BY
SMITH & McDOUGAL,
82 Beckman St., N. Y.

New York: J. J. Little & Co., Printers,
10 to 20 Astor Place.

P R E F A C E .

IN the compilation of "SONGS FOR THE LORD'S HOUSE," the Editor has endeavored to provide a book for the use of Baptist Churches which should include only that which is best in Christian psalmody, and yet be comprehensive enough to meet all the needs of Public and Social Worship. The aim has been to afford the spirit of prayer and praise the noblest forms of expression. The Hymns, therefore, are catholic as well as Christian, devotional rather than didactic; and if many have been omitted which appear in most of the popular collections, the reason will be found either in the Hymns themselves, or in the purpose to provide only for such services as are associated with the Lord's House. The Music has been the care, chiefly, of Mr. HENRY CAMP, the choir-leader of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and will be found to be in harmony with the sentiment of the Hymns it is set to interpret. The best of the old, standard tunes have their proper place in the book; and though many new ones are given, they are simple in structure, and such as seem destined to be permanently popular. The Chants are not difficult, and are provided not only for choirs, but in the hope that congregations will come to consider this form of praise an essential part of their musical service.

To the Rev. L. D. BEVAN, D.D., and to the Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D., the Editor is indebted for their great kindness in placing their Hymns at his disposal, and to the Rev. RICHARD G. GREENE, for the Doxologies he provided. Acknowledgment must also be made of the service of Mr. HOMER N. BARTLETT, organist of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, in the revision of the musical part of the work, and the contributions he has made to it; of the great help afforded by Mr. JOHN B. MARSH, organist of Emmanuel Church, Albany; and of the generous readiness of Mr. WALTER B. GILBERT, Mus. B., of Trinity Chapel, in consenting to the use of many of his compositions.

The book is the best expression the Editor is able to give of his desire to elevate the tone of Sabbath and Social Worship; and it now is commended to the blessing of God, in the hope that it may be for the comfort and help of those who sing praise to His Name in the courts of the Lord's House.

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SONGS FOR THE LORD'S HOUSE.

GENERAL PRAISE.

NICAEA. 11.12.12.10.

J. B. DYKES.

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

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

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

1

REGINALD HEBER.

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

ITALIAN HYMN. 6.4.

F. GIARDINI.

Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.

2

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.
- 4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

3

JOHN MARRIOTT.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"
- 4 Blesséd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

RANSOM. L. M.

Arr. from F. LINLEY.

1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voi - ces raise ;

To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

4 J. S. B. MONSELL.

2 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God; for He is great;
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

3 For joys untold, that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God; for He is love;
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.

4 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,

5 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
To whom be praise for evermore.

STUTT GART. 8.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed, Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn.

5 RICHARD MANT.

2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angel's cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High."

4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;—

5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8.7.4.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, three in One ;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run!

6

HORATIUS BONAR.

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring;
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 "Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sings;
"Honor, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

7

H. F. LYTE: H. W. BAKER.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

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

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise Jehovah, God of grace.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8.7.4.

1. In Thy Name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near ;

{ Teach us to re - joice with trembling ; Speak, and let Thy servants hear ; }
 { Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. }

8
 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory,
 Without cloud, in heaven we see.

THOMAS KELLY.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 All Thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before ;
 Full enjoyment,
 Full and pure for evermore.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7. 6 lines.

H. SMART.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah ! song of gladness, Song of ev - er - lasting joy ; Hal - le - lu - jah ! song the sweetest

That can an - gel hosts em - ploy ; Hymning in God's ho - ly presence Their high praise e - ter - nal - ly.

9
 2 Hallelujah ! Church victorious,
 Thon may'st lift this joyful strain ;
 Hallelujah ! songs of triumph
 Well befit the ransomed train ;
 We our song must raise in sadness,
 While in exile we remain.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

3 But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God, we raise to Thee ;
 Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
 Make us all Thy joys to see ;
 Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,
 Sing to all eternity.

LYONS. 10. 11.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. O worship the King all-glorious above, O gratefully sing His power and His love; Our
Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pa-vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

10

ROBERT GRANT.

- 2 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 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.
- 5 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall join in Thy praise.

11

NAHUM TATE.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them His great Name devoutly adore,
In loud-swelling strains His praises express,
Who graciously opens His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and His children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned, His people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to Him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.
- 4 To Father, and Son, and Spirit, be given
All glory on earth, all glory in heaven:
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we glorify Thee,
Who wast, and who art, and who ever shalt be.

BEVAN. 8.4.8.6.

H. N. BARTLETT.

1. All praise to Thee, my God, my King, Thy praise alone my heart shall sing, Thee I a - dore; Each

day shall praise Thy glorious Name, Thy glory still will I pro-claim, When time shall be no more.

12

LLEWELYN D. BEVAN.

2 But who shall rightly speak Thy praise?
Not highest seraphim can raise
The equal song;
From age to age Thy works appear,
Thy mercies crown each changing year,
Th' angelic strains prolong.

3 And Thou art near to all who call,
Thou liftest up the souls that fall,
Thy grace so free;

How shall we praise Thy saving love?
That stoops to us from Heaven above,
For here Thyself we see.

4 Blest be Thy Name, for ever blest!
Here shall our joyous spirits rest,
For this is Heaven;
Our joyful songs Thy courts shall fill,
Eternal praise shall echo still,
The love which Thou hast given.

LAUSANNE. 8.7.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;

Sun and moon, re - jounce be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

13

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;

God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

LENOX. H. M.

J. EDSON.

1. To your Cre a - tor, God, Your great Pre-serv-er, raise, Ye creatures of His

hand, Your highest notes of praise ; Let ev-ery voice proclaim His
Let ev-ery voice proclaim His power, Let every

power, Let ev-ery voice proclaim His power, His Name a-dore, and loud re - joice.
voice pro-claim His power, His Name a - dore, and loud re - joice.

14

ANNE STEELE.

- 2 Let every creature join
To celebrate His Name,
And all their various powers
Assist the exalted theme ;
Let nature raise from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.
- 3 But O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow ;
Your voices raise, ye highly blest,
Above the rest, declare His praise.
- 4 Assist me, gracious God !
My heart, my voice inspire ;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir ;
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

15

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

- 1 SING to the Lord most high ;
Let every land adore ;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and His power.
With cheerful songs declare His ways,
And let His praise inspire your tongues.
- 2 Enter His courts with joy ;
With fear address the Lord ;
He formed us with His hand,
And quickened by His word.
With wide command He spreads his sway
O'er every sea, and every land.
- 3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give ;
We feed upon His care,
And in His pastures live.
With cheerful songs declare His ways,
And let His praise inspire our tongues.

MILLENNIUM. H. M.

English Melody.

Lord of the worlds a - bove! How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of Thy love, Thine

earth-ly tem - ples are! To Thine a - bode my heart as -pires, With warm desires, to see my God.

16

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each on heaven appears;
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence;
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

- And let Thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high;
We plead the promise of Thy Word,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.
 - 3 Our Heavenly Father, Thou!
We, children of Thy grace;
O let Thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy Name.
 - 4 O 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.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal three in One,
All worship be address;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

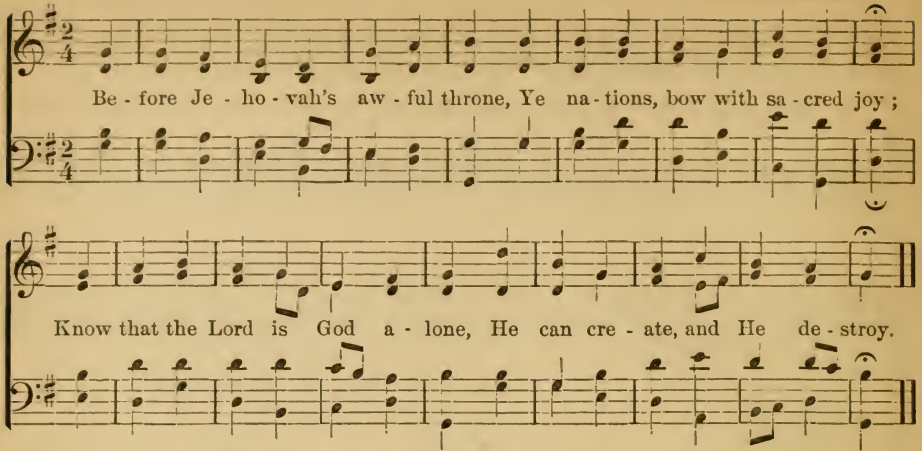
17

JOHN BURTON.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. FRANC.



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.

18

ISAAC WATTS: JOHN WESLEY.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people ; we His care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name ?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful
songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling year shall cease to move.

19

TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

- 3 O enter then His temple gate,
Hence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

20

TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 BE Thou, O God, exalted high !
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high !
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

—
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.

MENDON. L. M.

German Melody.

1. Great God, at-tend while Zi - on sings The joy that from Thy pres-ence springs ;

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

- 21** ISAAC WATTS.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
 - 3 God is our Sun, He makes our day ;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
 - 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
 - 5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.
- 22** JOSIAH CONDER.
- 1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Thou God of hosts, by all adored,
The earth and heaven are full of Thee,—
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
 - 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy Name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
 - 3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song ;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.
- 23** ISAAC WATTS.
- 4 Glory to Thee, O God most high !
Father, we praise Thy majesty !
The Son, the Spirit, we adore !
One Godhead, blest for evermore.
 - 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.
 - 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.
 - 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts draw near,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors here.
 - 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.
- 24** ISAAC WATTS.
- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
 - 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

LANESBORO. C. M.

W. DIXON.

1. Ear-ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek Thy face; My thirsty spir-it

faints a-way, My thirst-y spir-it faints a-way. With-out Thy cheering grace.

25

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

26

JOHN NEEDHAM.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the Name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry,
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To His sublime abode.

- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His Name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou Holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

27

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM.

- 1 MY soul shall praise Thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ;
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread Thy praise abroad.
- 4 And though these lips shall cease to
move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.
- 5 Then shall my powers, in endless strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

MESSIAH. C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL.

1. The Lord of Glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion too;

God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

28

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

29

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The Church Triumphant's song.

- 4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love."
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"
- 6 Then, hallelujah, power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

30

ANNE STEELE.

- 1 COME, Thou Desire of all Thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 Come, Lord! Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy Name.
- 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life and love and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join
in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

31

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground

32

WILLIAM HAMMOND,

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

- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

33

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

EMPYREAN. S. M.

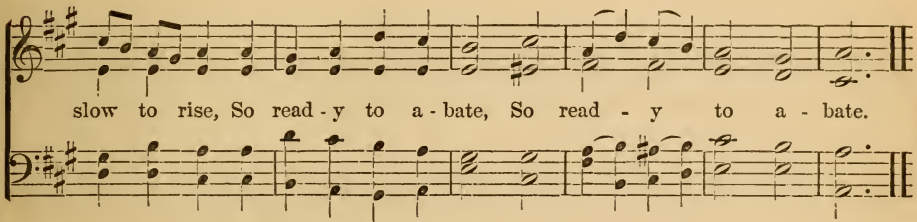
J. ZUNDEL.



1. My soul, repeat His praise, Whose mercies are so great ; Whose anger is so



slow to rise, So ready to abate, So ready to abate.



34 ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His Name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

35 WILLIAM GOODE.

- 1 Now let our songs arise,
In new exalted strains ;
Let earth repeat it to the skies ;
The Lord, the Saviour reigns !
- 2 Sing to the Lord, our God,
And bless His sacred Name ;
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.

- 3 Great is the eternal Lord,
And great must be His praise ;
O'er all the gods, on high adored,
His mightier arm He'll raise.

- 4 Through earth, let every tribe,
Let every nation, sing ;
Glory, and grace, and might ascribe,
To our eternal King.

36 ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

MENDEBRAS. 7.6. D.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; } On thee, the high and low-ly,

Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To God the Three in One.

37

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.

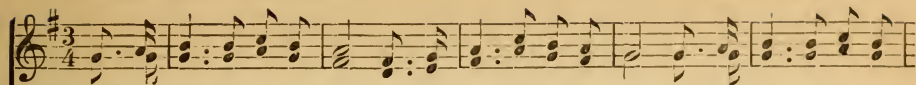
38

JOHN OF DAMASCUS: J. M. NEALE.

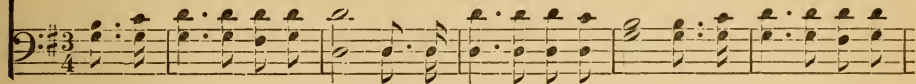
- 1 THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

SABBATH. 7. 6 lines.

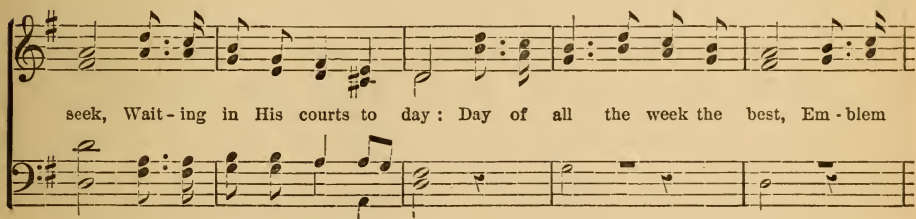
L. MASON.



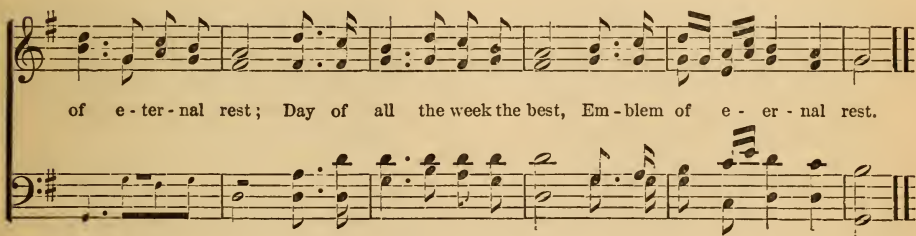
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ; Let us now a bless - ing



seek, Wait - ing in His courts to day : Day of all the week the best, Em - blem



of e - ter - nal rest ; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - er - nal rest.



39

JOHN NEWTON.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

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

4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints ;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

40

JULIA A. ELLIOTT.


1 SAD and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou Sabbath-day,
Resting-place on life's rough road ;
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run our race.

2 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease ;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace ;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

3 But the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows not change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love ;
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near.

EASTPORT. C. M.

L. MASON.



1. A - gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And to Thy courts re - pair;

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

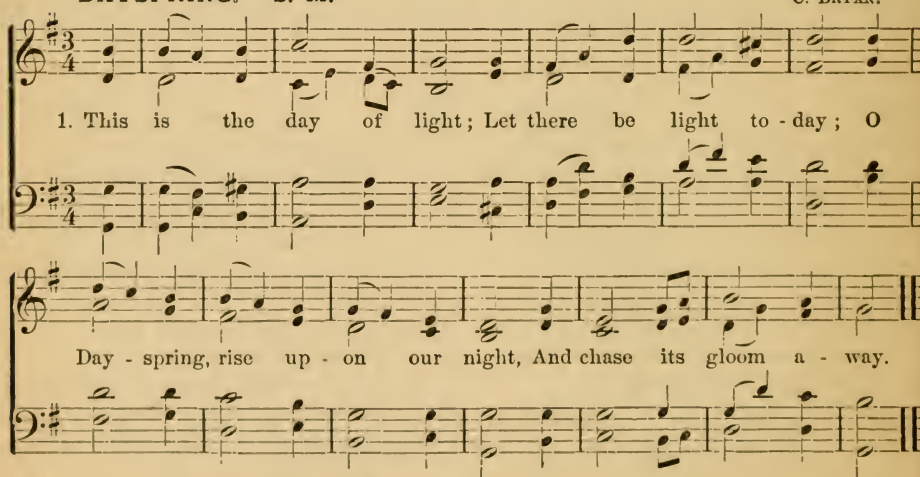
41

JOHN NEWTON.

- 2 Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within Thy house of prayer;
O give us hearts to pray.
- 3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of Thy love.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
To aid our feeble praise.

DAYS PRING. S. M.

C. BRYAN.



1. This is the day of light; Let there be light to - day; O

Day - spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.

42

"Hymns Ancient and Modern."

- 2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace;
With peace our spirits fill;
- Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

TAPPAN. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

Frequent the day of God re-turms To shed its quick'ning beams; And yet how

slow devotion burns, And yet how slow devotion burns, How languid are its flames.

43

SIMON BROWNE.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames.

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er will end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

44

HARRIET AUBER.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called His own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

45

ISAAC WATTS.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

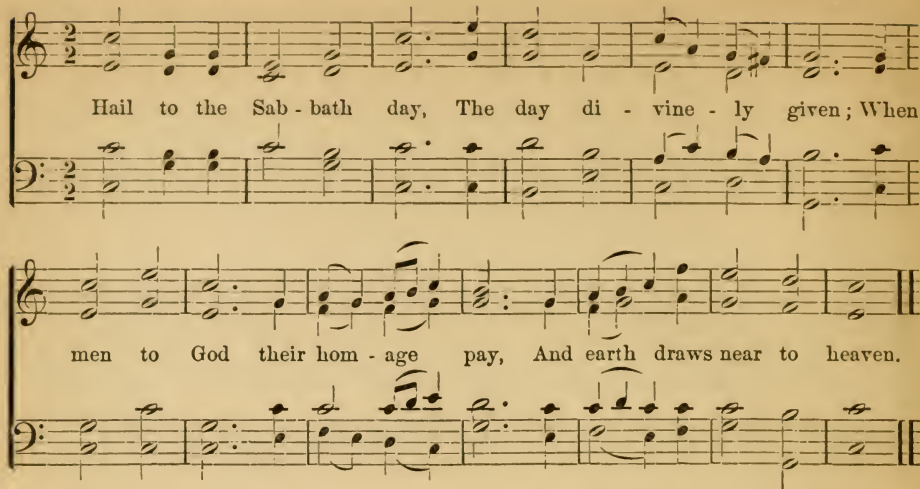
3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's Holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



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.

46

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH.

- 1 HAIL to the Sabbath day,
The day divinely given;
When men to God their homage 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 grand eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

47

THOMAS JERVIS.

- 1 WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King!
Here we present the solemn 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.

48

HENRY F. LYTE.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.
- 2 This is His holy house;
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows,
That we sincerely pay.
- 3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.
- 4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.
- 5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He, that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

BANKFIELD. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ;

Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

49

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King Himself come near,
And feasts His saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is called to soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in 'Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

50

JOHN ELLERTON.

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

51

E. T. FITCH.

- 1 LORD, in this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy Word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give ;
Fill all our hearts with love ;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.
- 3 Through changes bright or drear
We would Thy will pursue ;
And toil to spread Thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.
- 4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the Church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HURSLEY. L. M.

P. RITTER.

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

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

52

JOHN KEBLE.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
- 5 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.

53

FREDERICK W. FABER.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
- 2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.

- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our All.

54

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarg'd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and
Of Thine unmeasurable grace. [length
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes
Be everlasting honors done, [know,
By all the Church, thro' Christ, His Son.

55

Unknown.

- 1 WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.
- 2 O, evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine like this!
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, 'mid the calm And stillness of this evening hour,

We lift to Thee our sol - emn psalm, To praise Thy goodness and Thy power.

56 WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

2 For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall Thy children call
On Thee, their Father and their Friend.

3 Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy Name we pour;
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

4 In grief, console; in gladness, bless;
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
We all before Thy throne appear.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

SARDIS. 8. 4 lines.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. Lord, of life the Guard and Giv - er, Bless - ed be Thy Name for ev - er;

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleep - est, Safe are those Thou kind - ly keep - est.

57 Unknown.

2 Through night's curtains round us closing,
Scen of Thee is our reposing;
Trustful then, though all unworthy,
Weary we lie down before Thee.

3 Let Thine angels, without number,
Watch around our beds of slumber;
Guard from spirits of perdition,
Guilty thought, and evil vision.

4 Grant to those in pain that languish,
Sleep to lull the sense of anguish;
Give to those in sorrow waking,
Sleep to soothe the heart's sore aching.

5 Thou, that ever wakeful livest,
Sleep to Thy beloved givest;
Nightly from our cares release us,
Till we fall asleep in Jesus.

MADISON. 8.7.4.

Arr. by T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing,

Triumph in re-deeming grace; O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Traveling thro' this wilderness.

58

WALTER SHIRLEY.

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

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

59

JAMES EDMESTON.

1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God, our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

60

THOMAS KELLY.

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see Thy face;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure Thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

EVENTIDE. 10.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bid e with me ; Fast falls the ev - en - tide ; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a - bid e ;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bid e with me.

61

HENRY F. LYTE.

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

62

JOHN ELLERTON.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then still delaying, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M.

Arr. from LWOFF.

Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Lord, We praise Thy Name with one ac - cord ;

Thy saints, who here Thy good - ness see, Thro' all the world do wor - ship Thee.

63

THOMAS COTTERILL.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord,
We praise Thy Name with one accord ;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high ;
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of Hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
The martyr's noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 The holy Church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise ;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity !

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee ;
Thy Name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

64

JOSIAH CONDER.

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

2 The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises ?

3 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

4 One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours ;
Thro' earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

65

ISAAC WATTS.

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are His ways,
How firm His truth, how large His grace ;
He takes His mercy for His throne,
And thence He makes His glories known.

2 Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As His rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.

4 How slowly doth His wrath arise !
On swifter wings salvation flies ;
And, if He lets His anger burn,
How soon His frowns to pity turn !

5 His everlasting love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure ;
From age to age His truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

GERMANY. L. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;

Let all the powers with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.

- 66** ISAAC WATTS.
- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
 - 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
 - 3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
 - 4 Let the whole earth His power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore His grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring ;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

- 67** ISAAC WATTS.
- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
 - 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
 - 3 Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

- 68** JOHN NEEDHAM.
- 1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing ;
Praise Him, who has all praise above,
The Source of wisdom and of love.
 - 2 How vast His knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are
drowned!
The stars He numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
 - 3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak His wisdom all divine.
 - 4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace !
Here wisdom shines forever bright ;
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA.

1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and

soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.

69

O. W. HOLMES.

- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above, [love,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before Thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

70

JOHN STERLING.

- 1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not Love supreme in Thee.
- 2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.
- 4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

71

RAY PALMER.

- 1 LORD, my weak thought in vain would
climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels born of love
Long ages ere the world began.
- 3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that or this Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,
That so it seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly trust Thee still.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

J. HOLDROYD.

1. My God, my King, Thy various praise Shall fill the rem - nant of my days ; Thy grace employ my

hum - ble tongue, Till death and glo - ry raise the song, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

72

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for Thee.
- 3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of Thy Name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 5 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds !
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

- 3 From age to age exalt His Name ;
God and His grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.
- 4 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 5 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord ;
How great His works ! how kind His ways !
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

73

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, He reigns above ;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is Love ;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

74

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

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

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. O God, we praise Thee and con - fess, That Thou the on - ly Lord

And ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored.

75

TATE AND BRADY.

- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

76

TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 THROUGH endless years, Thou art the same,
O Thou eternal God;
Ages to come shall know Thy Name,
And tell Thy works abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by Thee were laid;
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by Thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at Thy command.

- 4 But Thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as Thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.
- 5 Our children's children, still Thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times Thy favor share,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

77

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ère seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thoughts move 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.

COVENTRY. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Lord of the world's ma - jes - tic frame, Stu - pen - dous are Thy ways ;

Thy va - rious works de - clare Thy Name, And all re - sound Thy praise.

78

THOMAS JERVIS.

- 2 The heavens Thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light,
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And, while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise Thee as they roll :—
- 4 O shall not we, of human race,
The glorious concert join ?
Shall not the children of Thy grace
Attempt the theme divine ?
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can utter God's high praise ;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heaven can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Through life's uncertain days ;
And, in the realms of boundless joy,
Eternal be Thy praise !

- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek Thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease :
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

80

FREDERICK W. FABER.

- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy majesty how bright !
How glorious is Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !
- 2 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art ;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 4 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 5 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend !
On Thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

79

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

YORK. C. M.

J. MILTON.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form ;

He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.

81

WILLIAM COWPER.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

82

ISAAC WATTS.

1 O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

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

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

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

5 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

83

JOHN FAWCETT.

1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace ;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thine unbounded grace.

2 'Tis but in part I know Thy will,
I bless Thee for the sight ;
When will Thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?

3 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

4 When will the day of perfect light,
The happy morn arise,
That shall remove the shades of night
From my beclouded eyes ?

5 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

MARLOW. C. M.

English Melody.

1. Let all the just, to God with joy Their cheer-ful voi - ces raise ;

For well the righteous it be - comes, To sing glad songs of praise.

84

TATE AND BRADY.

- 2 For, faithful is the word of God ;
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crowned.
- 3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand forever sure ;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.
- 4 Our soul on God with patience waits ;
Our help and shield is He ;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.
- 5 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

85

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy Name.

86

JOHN THOMSON.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God, Thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from Thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

I. PLEYEL.

1. { While Thee I seek, pro-ect-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish-es stilled;
And may this con-se-crat-ed hour [Omit.] } With

bet-ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To Thee my

thoughts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I a-dore.

87

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

- 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.

88

ANNE STEELE.

- 1 My God, my Father, blissful Name!
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

- 2 What'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good and just and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.
What'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.
- 3 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.
My God, my Father, be Thy Name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLE.

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

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

89

JOSEPH ADDISON.

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

90

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
 A rock that cannot move;
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
 Thou dost with sinners bear,
 That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
 And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.
- 4 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 It stands forever sure;
 And while Thy truth, O God, remains,
 Thy goodness must endure.

91

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM.

- 1 THOU boundless Source of every good,
 Our best desires fulfil;
 O help us to adore Thy grace,
 And mark Thy sovereign will.
- 2 In all Thy mercies may our souls
 Thy bounteous goodness see;
 Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
 Estrate our hearts from Thee.
- 3 In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with Thee.
- 4 Then we may close our eyes in death,
 Free from distracting care;
 For death is life, and labor rest,
 If Thou art with us there.

DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANC.

1. O God, Thy power is won - der - ful, Thy glo - ry pass - ing bright ;

Thy wis - dom, with its deep on deep, A rap - ture to the sight.

92

FREDERICK W. FABER

- 2 I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.
- 3 I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time ;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

- 4 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill ;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.
- 5 O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?

JACKSON. L. M. 6 lines.

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see ;

Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re - flections caught from Thee ;

Where'er we turn, Thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine.

STEPHENS. C. M.

W. JONES.

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.

93

TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His Name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

94

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this earthly pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led;—
- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

95

THOMAS MOORE.

- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye,
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are
Thine.

NEWCOURT. L. M. 6 lines.

T. BOWMAN.

1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

96

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;

- He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

LOVE. 8.7.

Arr. from RAFF.

God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.

GLORY. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro-claim; And
all that is with-in me, join To bless His ho-ly Name.

97

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to Thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.
- 3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

- 4 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagle's, He renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, His love proclaim;
Let all that is with me, join
To bless His holy Name.

JOHN WESLEY.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

98

JOHN BOWRING.

- 1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

99

JOHN FAWCETT.

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed,
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

ANGELS' SONG. C. M. D.

G. A. MACFARREN.

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

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

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

100

EDMUND H. SEARS.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look up; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

101

EDMUND H. SEARS.

- I CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high;
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.
- 3 Glory to God! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. by H. W. GREATOREX.

The race that long in dark-ness pined Have seen a glo-ri-ous Light;

The peo-ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night.

102

J. MORRISON.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And 'quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 6 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

103

JOHN CHANDLER.

- 1 FAR from their home, our fallen race
In sinful darkness laid;
And, knowing not the way to life,
In hopeless wanderings strayed.

- 2 In wondrous love the Incarnate God
Descends from highest heaven,
Those exiles home again to call,
Himself to exile given.

- 3 He comes, to feeble knees a staff,
And strength to sinking soul;
Himself the Way, Himself the Light,
Himself the Life, and Goal.

- 4 Eternal God, within the veil
Of human flesh confined,
O may Thy truth its beams unfold,
To every faithful mind.

104

Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

- 1 FROM lands that see the sun arise,
To earth's remotest shore,
Let every tongue give praise to Him,
Whom blesséd Mary bore.
- 2 He comes, the world's blest Maker He,
In servile guise arrayed,
In flesh our sin-bound flesh to free,
To save the souls He made.
- 3 The hosts of heaven His birthday keep,
The angels round Him sing;
And shepherds hasten to adore
Their Shepherd and their King.
- 4 Praise to the Father; praise to Thee,
The Virgin's Holy Son;
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long; { Let ev - ery heart
pre - pare a throne, }

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

105

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 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 eyes oppress'd with night
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 bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

106

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels rushed, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

- 4 Hark, the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

107

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

LENHAM. 8.7.

W. B. GILBERT.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?

Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

108 JOHN CAWOOD.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
“Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 “Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
‘Glory be to God most high!’”

109 EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE.

1 HARK, the hosts of heaven are singing
Praises to their new-born Lord,
Strains of music sweet are ringing,
Not a note or word unheard.

2 Through the darkness, strangely splendid
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

3 All the hosts of heaven are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfil.

4 On this day, then, through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
“God with us,” with song and shout.

110 PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo, the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born.

4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

HERVEY'S HYMN. II. 10.

F. A. J. HERVEY.

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

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

Voices in Unison.

2. Cold on His cra - dle the dewdrops are shin - ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall !

Voices in Harmony.

An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

111

REGINALD HEBER.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly de -
votion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean, [the mine ?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor
secure :
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

LUTZEN. C. M.

N. HERMANN.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps, In vain we search the lowest deeps,
To bring the Lord Christ down ; For Him no depths can drown.

HOWARD. C. M.

Mrs. E. CUTHBERT.

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 !

112

EDWARD DENNY.

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

113

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

- 1 O Thou, whose name is "God with us,"
For Thou with man art one,
And, putting on his flesh, wouldst save
His race from exile lone !
- 2 Not as a king Thou comest now ;
No gold Thy throne adorns ;
No royal crown is on Thy head ;
Thine is the crown of thorns.
- 3 Thou com'st to suffer scorn and pain,
To die upon the tree ;
To save Thy people from their sins,
And make us one with Thee.
- 4 O make us one with Thee below,
In heart, and will, and love ;
And make us, when this life is o'er,
Still one with Thee above.

114

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

- 1 WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.
- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;

We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

- 4 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.
- 5 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 !

BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. BURROWES.

1. Be - hold, where in the Friend of man Ap - pears each grace di - vine!

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine

115

WILLIAM ENFIELD.

- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart to all His friends,
A friend and servant found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.
- 5 To God He left His righteous cause,
And still His task pursued;
With humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear;
O may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

116

EDWARD DENNY.

- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?
- 4 No; facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

117

GEORGE W. DOANE.

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

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

How beauteous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine,
That lit Thy lone - ly path - way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God.

118

ARTHUR C. COXE.

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

119

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Thro' yielding glooms behold His face,
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Brought forth to judgment, now He
stands
Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce prætorian bands,
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.

- 3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.
- 4 No guile within His mouth is found;
He neither threatens, nor complains;
Meek as a lamb, for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst His murderers he remains.
- 5 But hark! He prays; 'tis for His foes;
He speaks, 'tis comfort to His friends;
Answers, and paradise bestows;
He bows His head, the conflict ends.

120

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 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; may I bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my
name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

H. WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

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

121

ISAAC WATTS.

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

122

EDWARD DENNY.

- 1 To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now,
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.
- 3 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding
With cords of love divine, [wounds,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

- 4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all below, above,
Redeemed and blest by Thee.
- 5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitt'rst anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

123

RAY PALMER.

- 1 O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.
- 2 My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before,
I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.
- 3 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each piercéed hand.
- 4 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on Thee.
- 5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn:
Henceforth, for ever, Thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

AYNHOE. S. M.

J. NARES.

1. Be - hold th' a - maz - ing sight, The Sav - iour lift - ed high; Be-

hold the Son of God's de - light Ex - pire in ag - o - ny.

124

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For us He hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed His fainting head,
And oped His gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.
- 6 In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphant throne.

125

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

126

Unknown.

- 1 O CHRIST, our ever blesséd Lord,
For man's transgression slain,
We Thy redeeming love record
In songs of thankful strain.
- 2 We all like erring sheep had strayed
From God the Father's care;
The guilt of all on Thee was laid,
Our burden Thou didst bear.
- 3 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord!
- 4 O may we through Thy cross and pain,
With all who Thee adore,
A blesséd resurrection gain,
And life for evermore.

CATON. L. M.

E. MILLER.

When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died

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

127

ISAAC WATTS.

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

128

WILLIAM W. HOW.

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

- 3 O Holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And, in the mystery of Thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

129

THOMAS KELLY.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

INTERCESSION. L. M.

Arr. by J. B. DYKES.

Be-hold the sin-a-ton-ing Lamb, With wonder, grat-i-tude and love;

To take a-way our guilt and shame, See Him de-scend-ing from a-bove.

130

JOHN FAWCETT.

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-aton-ing Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid, [blood.
In groans and tears, in sweat and
- 3 To save a guilty world He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His Name.
- 4 Pardon and peace thro' Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His Name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

131

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 1 JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I thro' Him enriched might be.
- 2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

- 3 The ever-blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.
- 4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.
- 5 'Tis finished all; the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now then, we-leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee!

132

SAMUEL STENNETT.

- 1 " 'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died;
" 'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished! all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

CRUCIFIX. 7. 6. D.

Greek Melody.

1. { O sa - cred Head, now woun - ded, 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, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

133

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX:
PAUL GERHARDT: J. W. ALEXANDER.

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain ;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain ;
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
 'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end ?
 O make me Thine forever ;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.

134

ARTHUR T. RUSSELL.

- 1 O JESUS, we adore Thee,
 Upon the cross, our King ;

- We bow our hearts before Thee ;
 Thy gracious Name we sing.
 That Name hath brought salvation,
 That Name, in life our stay ;
 Our peace, our consolation,
 When life shall fade away.
- 2 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
 And nailed Thee to the tree ;
 Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee,
 Yet deign our Hope to be.
 O glorious King, we bless Thee,
 No longer pass Thee by ;
 O Jesus, we confess Thee
 Our Lord, enthroned on high.
- 4 Thy wounds, Thy grief beholding,
 With Thee, O Lord, we grieve ;
 Thee in our hearts enfolding,
 Our hearts Thy wounds receive ;
 Lord, grant to us remission ;
 Life through Thy death restore ;
 Yea, grant us the fruition
 Of life for evermore.

EXPIATION. S. M.

J. BARNBY.

1. O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
 Upon the tree of scorn
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 With racking anguish torn.

CALVARY. 8.7.4.

S. STANLEY.

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 veils the sky ;

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

135

JONATHAN EVANS.

- 2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;

Death and hell no more shall awe;
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's Name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

136

Latin: EDWARD CASWALL.

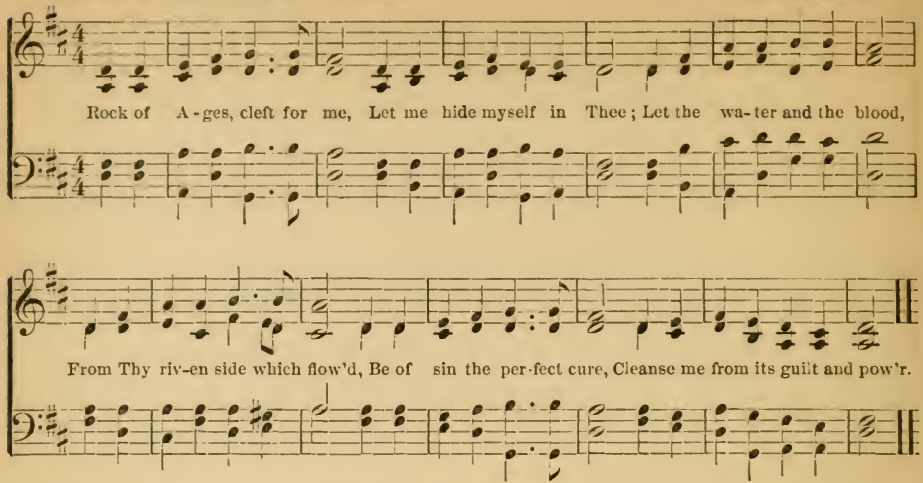
- 2 See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See down His face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred blood descend.
- 3 O hear that awful cry
Which pierced His mother's heart,
As into God, the Father's hands,
He bade His soul depart.
- 4 Earth hears, and, trembling, quakes
Around that tree of pain;

The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;
The veil is rent in twain.

- 5 Shall man alone be mute?
Have we no griefs, or fears?
Come, old and young, come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears!
- 6 Come, fall before His Cross
Who shed for us His blood;
Who died, the atoning Sacrifice,
To make us sons of God.

ROCK OF AGES. 7. 6 lines.

R. REDHEAD.



Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood,
From Thy riv-en side which flow'd, Be of sin the per-fect cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

137

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

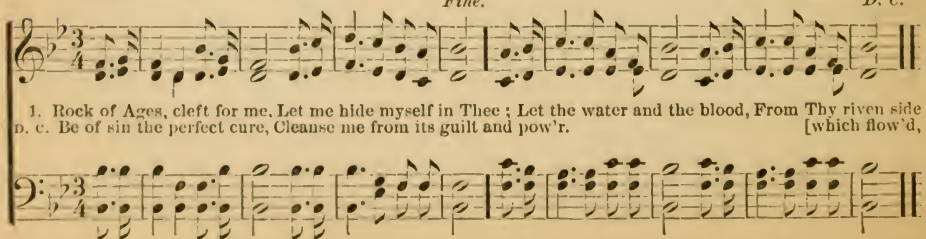
- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY. 7. 6 lines.

138

T. HASTINGS.

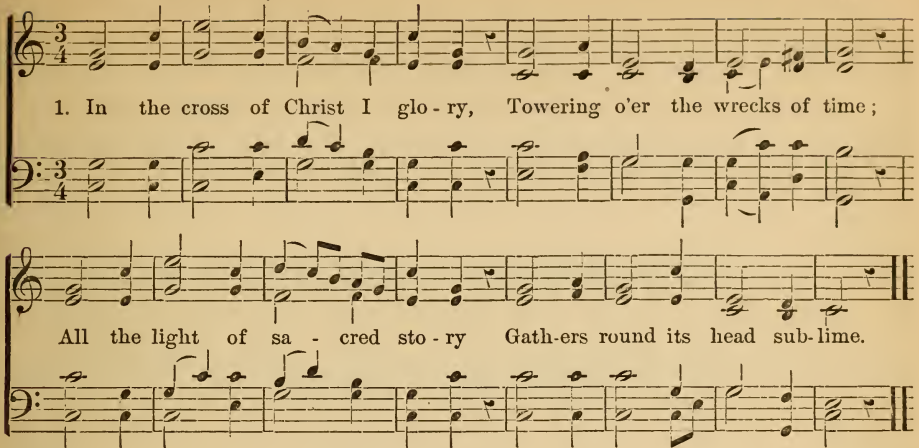
- 1 JESUS, Lamb of God, for me,
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither, whither, but to Thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly!
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, O save, my sinking soul.
- 2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down,
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To Thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.
- 3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By Thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord, Thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

T. HASTINGS.
D. C.


1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me. Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side
n. c. Be of sin the perfect cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. [which flow'd,

RATHBUN. 8.7.

I. CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

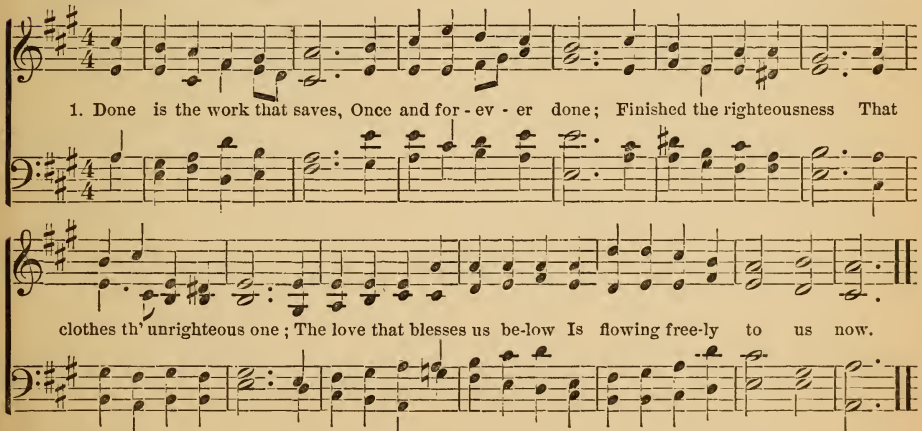
139

JOHN BOWRING.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

GODRIC. H. M.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Done is the work that saves, Once and for - ev - er done; Finished the righteousness That
clothes th' unrighteous one; The love that blesses us be-low Is flowing free-ly to us now.

140

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 2 The gate is open wide,
The new and living way
Is clear, and free, and bright,
With love, and peace, and day;
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present, and our endless home.
- 3 Then to the Lamb once slain,
Be glory, praise, and power,
Who died and lives again,
Who liveth evermore;
Who loved, and washed us in His blood,
Who made us kings, and priests to God.

CANTATE. 8.6.

W. B. GILBERT.

1. To Him who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy - ing pain,

Sing we, Al - le - lu - ia! To Him the Lamb our Sacri - fice, Who gave His blood our

ran - som - price, Sing we, Al - le - lu - ia! Sing we, Al - le - lu - ia!

141

Episcopal Hymnal.

- 2 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we, Alleluia!
To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we, Alleluia!
- 3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we, Alleluia!

To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we, Alleluia!

- 4 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we, Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we, Alleluia!

WINCHESTER. C. M.

English Melody.

1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake! a - wake! The Lord has ris - en long;

Go to His grave, and with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song.

HAVERSTOCK. 7.

J. NEANDER.

“Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day,” Sons of men and an - gels say, Raise your
joys and triumphs high ; Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply. Hal - le - lu - jah.

142

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 “CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,”
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.
- 2 Love’s redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus’ agony is o’er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where’s 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.
Hallelujah!

143

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives;
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
Near Himself prepares our place,
He, the first-fruits of our race.
- 5 Saviour, parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

144

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

- 2 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day,
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey.
- 3 In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.
- 5 Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word;
- 6 And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise—
Christ died, and rose for me.

ESSEX. 7.

T. CLARKE.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen a - gain ; Christ hath broken ev - ery chain ; Hark ! an - gel - ic

REFRAIN.

voi - ces cry, Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah ! Praise the Lord !

145

MICHAEL WEISSE ; C. WINKWORTH.

- 2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.—REF.
- 3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.—REF.

- 4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.—REF.
- 5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed !
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day ;—REF.

ST. ALBINUS. 7.8.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

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

Je - sus lives ! and this we know, Thou, O grave, canst not en - thral us.

146

C. F. GELLERT : F. E. COX.

- 2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
- 3 Jesus lives ! for us He died ;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

- 4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
- 5 Jesus lives ! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

ROSEDALE. L. M.

G. F. Root.

O bless-ed Love! which, from the throne, Hath stooped where we so lowly lay,

To share the lot of fall - en man, And change our darkness in - to day.

147

LLEWELYN D. BEVAN.

1 O BLESSED Love! which, from the throne,
Hath stooped where we so lowly lay,
To share the lot of fallen man,
And change our darkness into day.

2 O blessed Life! which ever spent,
In love's behest, the painful hours,
And left through all the wilderness
In every foot-print heavenly flowers.

3 O blessed Cross! where dying hung
The Love and Life which bled for man;
In deepest sorrow, God bereft,
Still finished God's high, saving plan.

4 O blessed Throne! once more regained,
Where Love and Life forever dwell,
Victorious over cross and death,
Victorious over sin and hell.

5 O Love, and Life, on Cross, on Throne,
Hear us, our Saviour, as we pray,
Give us to share Thy life, Thy love,
And by Thy cross to pass to day!

148

Sullivan's Collection.

1 O JESUS! crucified for man,
O Lamb! all-glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

4 And, week by week, this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon here,
And through the cross attain the crown.

149

C. S. CALVERLEY.

1 O CHRIST, who dost, our herald, rise
Into the mansions of the skies,
Call, lift us, whom Thou here dost see
Downcast and prostrate, up to Thee.

2 Make us to haste, with purest love,
Unto the joys that are above,
Undreamed of by the earthly mind;
Faith can alone that treasure find.

3 There, the reward of labors past,
God gives His own Himself at last;
Their All in All is He, to bless
Their souls with perfect happiness.

4 Lord, unto Thee this day we cry;
Send down Thy Spirit from on high,
To guide us by His mighty grace,
To Thy most glorious dwelling-place.

LYNDALE. 8.7. D.

J. TILLEARD.

1. See! the Conqueror mounts in triumph; See the King in royal state, Riding on the clouds His

chariot To His heavenly palace-gate; Hark! the choirs of angel voices Joy-ful

hal-le-lu-jahs sing, And the portals high are lifted, To receive their heavenly King.

150

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

TRIUMPH. 8.7.4.

H. J. GAUNLETT.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now; From the fight returned victorious,

Every knee to Him shall bow! Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him; Crowns become the Victor's brow!

ASCENSION HYMN. 7.6. 10 lines.

HENRY SMART.

1. With all your floods at - tend - ing, Beat, seas, up - on the shore ; Ye saints, more

low - ly bend - ing, Ex - alt Him more and more ; The Lord of lords as -

cent - ing A - bove the star - ry floor ! To Him the Name is giv - en, At

which all knees shall bow, Of things in earth and heaven, And things the earth below.

151

H. KYNASTON.

2 Ho! heavenly warders, glorious,
Your portals lift on high ;
The King of kings victorious
Let in on all the sky ;
His triumph meritorious
With praises magnify,
To Him the Name is given,
At which all knees shall bow,
Of things in earth and heaven,
And things the earth below.

3 Who is this King of glory,
Who comes with garments dyed
From Bozrah's wine-press gory,
And Edom's purple tide?
The Man whom death's dark foray
In strength divine defied.
To Him the Name is given,
At which all knees shall bow,
Of things in earth and heaven,
And things the earth below.

152

THOMAS KELLY.

2 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.

3 Hark! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O, what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

DANIEL. L. M.

Arr. from SCHUBERT.

1. Where high the heavenly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands,

A great High Priest our nature wears, The Guardian of man-kind ap - pears.

153

MICHAEL BRUCE.

- 2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

154

ANNE STEELE.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes;
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His Word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

DALSTON. 6.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise Into Thy native skies,—Assume Thy right; And where in

many a fold The clouds are backward roll'd, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!

BROOKLYN. H. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Join all the glorious names Of wis - dom, love, and power That ev - er mor tals

knew, That an - gels ev - er bore; All are too mean to speak His worth,

Too mean to set the Sav - iour forth, Too mean to set the Sav - iour forth.

155

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless Thy Name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed His blood and died;
The guilty conscience seeks

No sacrifice beside;
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 4 O Thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing;
Thine is the power; behold, we sit,
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

156

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train;
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!
- 3 Enter, Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down;

Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown.

- 4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

BEMERTON. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Come, let us join in songs of praise To our as - cend - ed Priest;
He en - tered heaven, with all our names En - grav - en on His breast,

157

ALEXANDER PIRIE.

- 2 Below He washed our guilt away,
By His atoning blood;
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.
- 3 Clothed with our nature still, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which He Himself o'ercame.
- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervors of His love;
For us He died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.
- 5 O may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to wear His Name;
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,
Our mouths His praise proclaim.

158

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honors crowned;
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears,
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the humblest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear Name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

159

ISAAC WATTE.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Ponred out His cries and tears;
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

CHINGFORD. C. M.

T. GREATOREX.

1. The gold - en gates lift up their heads, The doors are o - pened wide ;

The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side.

160

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven ;
- 5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be ;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

161

THOMAS KELLY.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with
Is crowned with glory now ; [thorns
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know ;—

162

Latin Hymn: J. CHANDLER.

- 1 O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.
- 2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And Thou art on our Father's throne
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare ;
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there !

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which
in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel,
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

163

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

HAVERGAL. 7.6. D.

C. W. BANNISTER.

1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love; O Name of might and favor, All other names above;

REFRAIN.
We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee alone we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our holy Lord and King!

ADORATION. 6.5. D.

C. S. HEAP.

1. Sav - iour, blessed Sav - iour, Lis - ten whilst we sing, Hearts and voi - ces

rais - ing Prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we

hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.

164

GODFREY THRING.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;

Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

165

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;—REF.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine.—REF.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
REF.—Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour, and our King.

AMES. L. M.

S. NEUMOM.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven began the strain,

The homage which to Christ belongs; "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

166

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls at His soul's price to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

167

RAY PALMER.

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

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

168

GREGORY THE GREAT: RAY PALMER.

- 1 O CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust Thy word,
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.
- 2 In Thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.
- 3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light;
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.
- 4 When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy
breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.
- 5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, no more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

HEBER. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear ;
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

169

JOHN NEWTON.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 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.
- 5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

170

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX ; E. CASWALL.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
The Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !

- 4 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.
- 5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

171

RAY PALMER.

- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine ;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blesséd face and mine.
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

MILES' LANE. C. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

All hail the power of Je - sus Name ! Let an - gels pros - trate fall ! Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of a

172

EDWARD PERRONET.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall ;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |
|---|--|

CORONATION. C. M.

HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name ! Let angels prostrate fall ! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And

Crown Him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

ARUNDEL. S. M. D.

H. SMART.

1. Thou art gone up on high, To mansions in the skies; And round Thy throne un-

ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise: But we are lingering here, With

sin and care oppressed; Lord, send Thy promised Comforter, And lead us to our rest.

173

EMMA TOKE.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

W. CROFT.

1. We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God, We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Fountain of life and grace; Redeemed our fallen race.

174

JOHN CENNICK.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

3 The apostle's glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim;
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting Name.

4 Throughout the world, Thy churches
To call on Thee, their Head, [join
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

5 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood;
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!

ZERAH. C. M.

L. MASON.

O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,—The glo-ries of my God and King,
The tri-umphs of His grace! The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!

175

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the Name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

176

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

GROSVENOR. C. M.

S. GROSVENOR.

1. Lord Je - sus! we are one with Thee, O height, O depth of love!

With Thee we died up - on the tree, In Thee we live a - bove.

177

JAMES G. DECK.

- 2 Such was Thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

- 4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

178

SAMUEL STENNETT.

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

179

Unknown.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives, who once was dead;
To me in grief He comfort gives;
With peace He crowns my head.
- 2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.
- 3 He lives to fill my breast with love,
With joy my heart to feed;
He lives to plead for me above,
To succor me in need.
- 4 He lives that I may also live,
And now His grace proclaim,
He lives that I may honor give
To His most holy Name.
- 5 Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ, our precious Sacrifice,
And ever-living King.

BEECHER. 8. 7. D.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Love Divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
D. S. Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,

Fine. All Thy faithful mercies crown: Je-sus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
En-ter ev-ery trembling heart. *D. S.*

180

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

- 4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HEBRON. L. M.

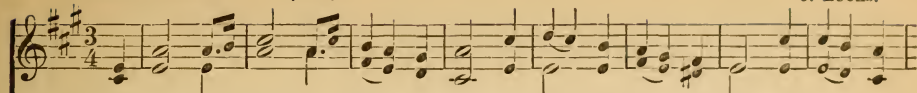
L. MASON.

1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;

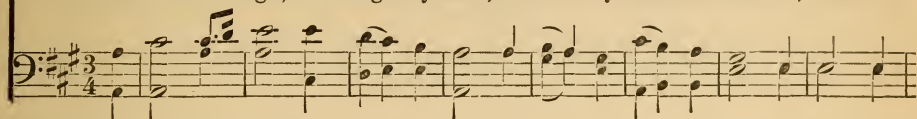
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side.

SWANWICK. C. M.

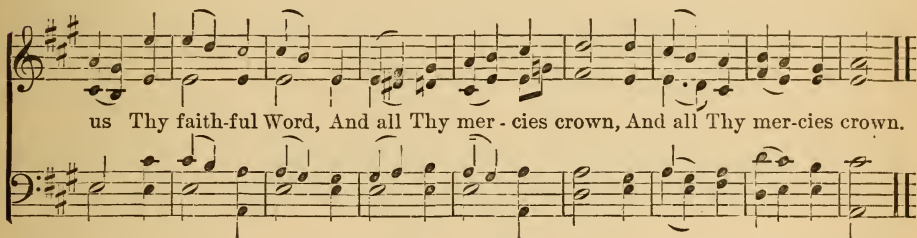
J. LUCAS.



1. Enthroned on high, Al - migh - ty Lord, The Ho - ly Ghost send down ; Fulfil in



us Thy faith - ful Word, And all Thy mer - cies crown, And all Thy mer - cies crown.



181

THOMAS HAWEIS.

- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give ;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well ;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

182

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

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

183

SIMON BROWNE.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy forever there ;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

184

Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL.

- 1 COME, O Creator-Spirit blest !
And in our souls take up Thy rest ;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 Our senses kindle from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
With Thine unfailling strength refresh
The weakness of our mortal flesh.
- 3 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.

ZERVIAH. 7.

L. T. DOWNS.

Light of life, ser - aph - ic Fire, Love di - vine, Thy - self im - part ;

Ev - ery faint - ing soul in - spire; En - ter ev - ery droop - ing heart ;—

185

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, Thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Enter every drooping heart ;—
- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Father! in Thy grace appear,
To Thy human temples come.
- 3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

186

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness ;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief ;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away ;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

PARACLETE. S. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let Thy bright beams a - rise ; Dis -

pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

HORTON. 7.

X. SCHNEIDER.

Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark-ness in - to day.

187

ANDREW REED.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 3 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

188

JOHN STOCKER.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.
- 2 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 joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

189

JOSEPH HART.

- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

190

OSWALD ALLEN.

- 1 O HOLY Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
O, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
O, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.
- 4 We know Thou hast the power,
O, let that power be shown;
We know that this is mercy's hour,
O, make that mercy known.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6. D.

French Melody.

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high, O truth unchanged, un -

chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky ! We praise Thee for the ra - diance That

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

191

W. W. HOW.

- 2 The Church from her dear Master,
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the Living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurl'd ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world ;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.
- 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old ;
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

192

JOSIAH CONDER.

- 1 THE heavens declare His glory,
 Their Maker's skill the skies ;
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard
 The record of creation
 The page of nature's word.
- 2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
 Is truth's diviner ray ;
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day :
 The wanderer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise ;
 And, evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.
- 3 Thy Word is richer treasure
 Than lurks within the mine ;
 And daintiest fare less pleasure
 Yields than this food divine.
 How wise each kind monition !
 Led by Thy counsels, Lord,
 How safe the saints' condition,
 How great is their reward !

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

God, in the Gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known ;

Here love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.

193

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

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

194

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy Word,
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess ;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
Reveals Thy justice, and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 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.

195

JOHN BOWRING.

- 1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar ;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.
- 5 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 life and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

DENFIELD. C. M.

C. GLASER.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy Word What end-less glo - ry shines ;

For - ev - er be Thy Name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

196

ANNE STEELE.

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

197

ANNE STEELE.

- 1 Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But, in Thy sacred Word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

- 4 But, ah ! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light ;
O come with blissful ray ;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

198

JOHN FAWCETT.

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod ;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

LANGTON. S. M.

C. STREETFIELD.

Thy thoughts are here, O God, Expressed in words di - vine ;

The ut - ter - ance of heaven - ly lips In ev - ery sa - cred line.

199

HORATIUS BONAR.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THY thoughts are here, O God,
Expressed in words divine ;
The utterance of heavenly lips
In every sacred line.</p> <p>2 Across the ages they
Have reached us from afar ;
Than the bright gold more golden they,
Purer than purest star ;</p> <p>3 Each word of Thine a gem
From the celestial mines ;
A sunbeam from that holy heaven
Where holy sunlight shines.</p> | <p>4 Thine, Thine this Book, though given
In man's poor human speech,
Telling of things unseen, unheard,
Beyond all human reach.</p> <p>5 Against this sea-swept rock,
Ten thousand storms their will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent ;
It lifts its calm face still.</p> <p>6 It standeth and will stand,
Unmarked by change or age,
The word of majesty and light,
The Church's heritage.</p> |
|--|--|

200

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in Thy written Word.
- 2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.

201

BERNARD BARTON.

- 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way ;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky ;
- 3 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

CANTERBURY. 8.7.4.

C. T. LA TROBE.

1. Passing onward, quickly passing; Yes, but whither, whither bound? Is it to the ma-ny mansions,

Where e - ter - nal rest is found? Passing onward, Passing onward, Yes, but whither, whither bound?

202

Unknown.

2 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Nought the wheels of time can stay;
Sweet the thought, that some are going
To the realms of perfect day,
Passing onward—
Christ their Leader, Christ their Way.

3 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Many in the downward road;
Careless of their souls immortal,

Heeding not the call of God,
Passing onward—
Slighting still the Saviour's blood.

4 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will quickly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever-gracious One,—
Come, and welcome,
'Tis by Me that life is won.

UTICA. 7.6. D.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Drooping souls, no longer mourn, Jesus still is precious; [OMIT. . . .] If to Him you
D. c. Drooping souls, you need not die; Go to Him, and [OMIT] hear Him.

now return, Heav'n will be propitious. Jesus now is passing by, Calling wand' rers near Him;

ATONEMENT. 7. 6 lines.

Arr. by G. KINGSELY.

1. From the cross up- lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What me- lo- di- ous

sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear! "Love's redeeming work is done, Come and

welcome, sinner, come; Love's redeeming work is done, Come and welcome, sinner, come."

203

THOMAS HAWEIS.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne;
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

204

Unknown.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still He cries—"Come unto Me,
Weary, heavy-laden."
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on Him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's Name,
Dear to all that love Him;
He to save the dying came;
Go to Him and prove Him.
Wandering sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe Him;
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
Worship Him; receive Him.

CHILWORTH. 7.6. D.

JEWETT.

1. To-day His mercy calls thee To wash away thy sin; However great thy trespass, Whatever thou hast been;

However long from mercy Thou may'st have turn'd away, The blood of Christ can cleanse thee, And make thee ^[white to-day.]

205

OSWALD ALLEN.

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

3 To-day the Father calls thee;
The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked thee
Why thou so late hast come;
Although thou long hast wandered,
There's rest for thee at home.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. II. 10.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye languish; Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

206

THOMAS MOORE.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

RAPHAEL. 8.7.4.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; Jesus ready

stands to save you, And His heart with love runs o'er ; He is able, He is willing ; doubt no more.

207

JOSEPH HART.

- 2 Ho, ye needy, come, and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him ;
 This He gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

208

ALBERT MIDLANE.

- 1 WHY those fears, poor trembling sinner ?
 Why those anxious gloomy fears ?
 Doubts and fears can never save thee,
 Life is never won by tears ;
 'Tis believing
 Which the soul to Christ endears.
- 2 Tears, though flowing like a river,
 Never can one sin efface ;
 Jesus' tears would not avail thee,
 He alone can meet thy case ;
 Fly to Jesus !
 Life is found in His embrace.

INVITATION. 8.5.8.3.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Precious, precious blood of Jesus, Shed on Cal-va-ry ; Shed for rebels, shed for sinners, Shed for me.

209

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

- 2 Precious blood, that hath redeemed us !
 All the price is paid ;
 Perfect pardon now is offered,
 Peace is made.
- 3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Let it make thee whole ;
 Let it flow in mighty cleansing
 O'er thy soul.
- 4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
 Deep in scarlet glow,
 Jesus' precious blood can make them
 White as snow.
- 5 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Ever flowing free !
 O believe it, O receive it,
 'Tis for thee.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

Arr. from Bost.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melting heart ;

Whose pity - ing eyes thy grief dis - cern, Whose hand can heal thine in - ward smart.

210

WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to His feet, and, grateful, learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

211

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, Thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

EXPOSTULATION. II.

J. HOPEKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh ?

Now Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says, Come, And an - gels are wait - ing to welcome you home.

OLNEY. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"

The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims,
To all His children, "Come."

212

H. U. ONDERDONK.

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so, we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

213

JOHN DOBELL.

- 1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
Pardon and peace He freely gives;
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His Word
Declares there yet is room.

214

JOSIAH HOPKINS.

- 1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are:
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
- 3 The contrite in heart He will freely receive,
O why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

215

THOMAS HASTINGS.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come!
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

STEPHANOS. 8.5.8.3.

H. W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tressed?

Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."

216 STEPHEN OF ST. SABAS; J. M. NEALE.

- 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 find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordan passed."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

AMOY. 6.4.

L. MASON.

To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wanderers, come! O, ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam?

217

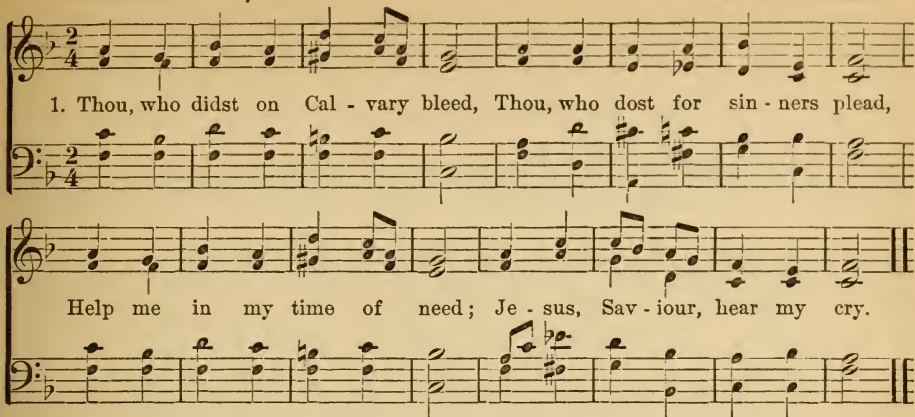
THOMAS HASTINGS.

- 1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come!
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

- 3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
O, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

SEYMOUR. 7.

Arr. from WEBER.



1. Thou, who didst on Cal - vary bleed, Thou, who dost for sin - ners plead,
 Help me in my time of need; Je - sus, Sav - iour, hear my cry.

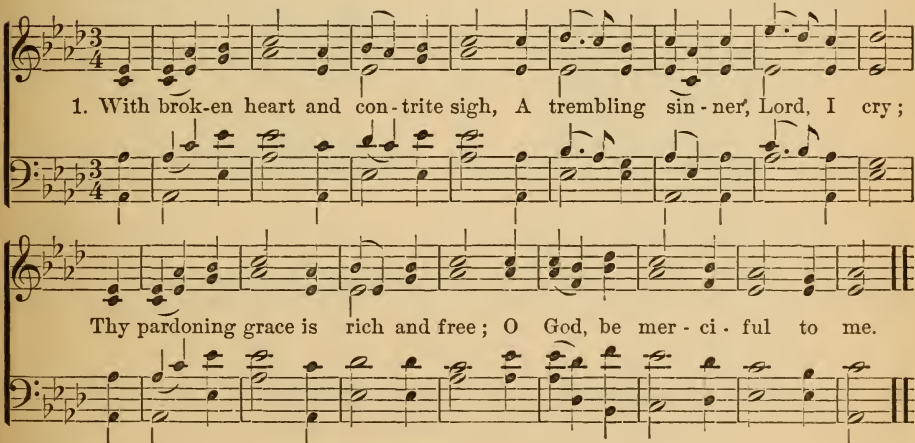
218

JAMES D. BURNS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 In my darkness and my grief,
 With my heart of unbelief,
 I, who am of sinners chief,
 Jesus, lift to Thee mine eye.</p> <p>3 Foes without and fears within,
 With no plea Thy grace to win,
 But that Thou canst save from sin,
 Jesus, to Thy cross I fly.</p> | <p>4 There on Thee I cast my care,
 There to Thee I raise my prayer,
 Jesus, save me from despair;
 Save me, save me, or I die.</p> <p>5 When the storms of trial lower,
 When I feel temptation's power,
 In the last and darkest hour,
 Jesus, Saviour, be Thou nigh.</p> |
|---|---|

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.



1. With brok - en heart and con - trite sigh, A trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;
 Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.

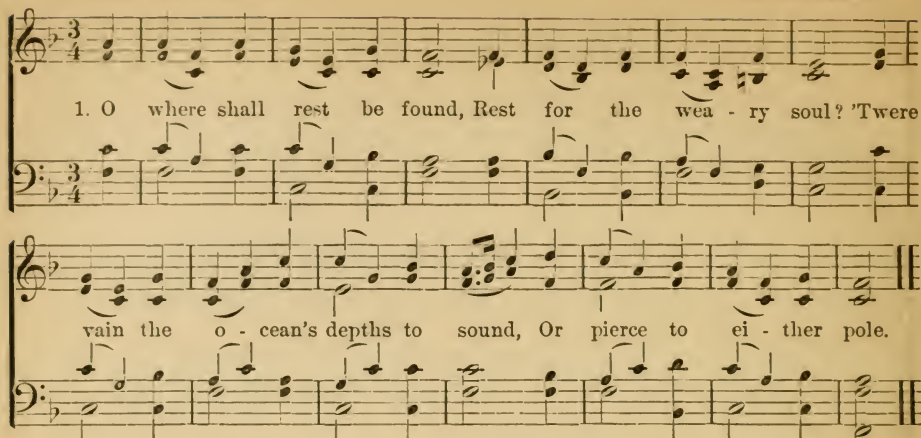
219

CORNELIUS ELVEN.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
 With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
 Christ and His cross my only plea;
 O God, be merciful to me.</p> <p>3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
 Nor dare uplift them to the skies;</p> | <p>But Thou dost all my anguish see
 O God, be merciful to me.</p> <p>4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
 Can for a single sin atone;
 To Calvary alone I flee;
 O God, be merciful to me.</p> |
|--|---|

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAEGELL.



1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere
vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

220

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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

221

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

- 1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before Thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for Thy mercy cry.
- 2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
O bid a contrite sinner live,
Through Thine incarnate Son.
- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To Thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.
- 4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord, Thy pardoning grace,
And Thine unbounded love.

SUPPLICATION. 7. 3 lines.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I
sup - pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;

Be - fore Thy throne of grace I fall, Be mer - ci - ful to me.

222

H. W. BAKER.

- 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.
- 3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.
- 4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me.

Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

223

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see ;

224

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

- 1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

225

GODFREY THRING.

- 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.
- 3 Thou the true Physician art ;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

- 4 Other comforters are gone ;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.
- 5 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel ;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

BEDFORD. C. M.

W. WHEAL.

Je - sus, our faint - ing spir - its cry, When wilt Thou show Thy face?
O when our long - ings sat - is - fy, And fill us with Thy grace?

226 BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX: R. P. DUNN.

- 1 JESUS, our fainting spirits cry,
When wilt Thou show Thy face?
O when our longings satisfy,
And fill us with Thy grace?
- 2 We sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To Thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.
- 3 Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light!
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.
- 4 Around Thy Father's throne on high,
All heaven Thy glory sings;
And earth, for which Thou camest to die,
Loud with Thy praises rings.
- 5 Dear Lord! to Thee our prayers ascend;
Our eyes Thy face would see;
O let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in Thee.

227

EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

- 1 O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die—
An outcast, take me home.

- 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glories see,
There shall my righteousness alone
Be that which comes from Thee.

228

RICHARD BURNHAM.

- 1 JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me.

RETROSPECT. C. M. D.

J. STAINER.

1. O Je - sus Christ, if sin there be, In all our for - mer years,
That wrings the soul with a - go - ny, And chokes the heart with tears;
It is the deep in - grat - i - tude, Which we to Thee have shown,
Who didst for us in tears and blood Up - on the cross a - tone.

229

E. CASWALL.

2 Alas, how with our actions all
Has this defect entwined;
And poisoned with its bitter gall,
The spirit, heart, and mind!
Alas, through this, how many gems
Have we not cast away,
That might have formed our diadems
In everlasting day!

3 Yet though the time be past and gone;
Though little more remains;
Though small the work that can be done,
E'en with our utmost pains;—
Still, Jesus, in Thy grace we try
To do what in us lies;
For never will Thy loving eye
The humblest work despise.

230

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.

3 May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of Thy love.
4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord
And death the gate of heaven.

NAVARRE. 10.

C. GOUDIMEL.

1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in,

But there no e-vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

231

S. J. STONE.

- 2 Sinful I am; how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne
appear? [me near.
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw
- 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw
me near,

And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
throne.

- 4 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious
dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. O Thou, whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh,

Whose hand, in-dul-gent, wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye;

232

ANNE STEELE.

- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, Return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

BLUMENTHAL. 8.7. D.

J. D. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Take me, O my Father, take me, Take me, save me thro' Thy Son; That which Thou wouldst

have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done. Long from Thee my footsteps straying,

Thorny proved the way I trod; Weary come I now, and praying, Take me to Thy love, my God.

233

RAY PALMER.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee;
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

RELIANCE. 8.5.8.3.

W. S. HOYTE.

1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, Trusting only Thee; Trusting Thee for full salvation, Great and free.

234

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

4 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give
Must prevail. [me,

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

ENDSLEIGH. 7.6. D.

S. SALVATORI.
Fine.

1. { O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door, }
 { In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er; }
 D. C. O, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there.

We bear the name of Chris - tians, His Name and sign we bear; *D. C.*

235

W. W. HOW.

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 you treat Me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door;
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

236

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
 To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 O Lamb of God, I come!
 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 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!

HOLLINGSIDE. 7. D.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide ;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide ;

Fine. *D. S.*

While the tempest still is high ; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;
O re - ceive my soul at last.

237

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
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.

MARTYN. 7. D.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

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

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past ;

PEMBROKE. C. P. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Hark ! how the blood-bought hosts above Conspire to chant the Saviour's love In sweet harmonious strains !

And while they strike their golden lyres, This glorious theme each bosom fires, That "Grace triumphant reigns !"

238

JOHN KENT.

2 We'll join the song; for we can tell
How sovereign grace dissolved the spell
That kept us bound in chains;
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft we've been constrained to say
That "Grace triumphant reigns !"

3 Yes, tho' we've strayed like saints of old,
Grace has restored us to the fold,
And cleansed our crimson stains;

Thus saved by grace we'd gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring,
With "Grace triumphant reigns !"

4 When called to meet our glorious Head,
That perfect love shall banish dread,
Which now our souls sustains;
And, as we rise to endless day,
We'll raise our voice, and boldly say,
"Grace, grace triumphant reigns !"

FAITH. 9.6.8.6.

Arr. from AUBER.

Fine. *D. C.*

{ By faith I view my Sav-iour dying, On the tree, on the tree; } He bids the guilty now draw near, }
{ To ev-ry na-tion He is crying, Look to Me! look to Me! } Repent, believe, dismiss their fear. {
d. c. Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear, Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.

239

RICHARD JUKES.

2 Jesus, the Lord of life, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free;
Soon as I in His Name believed,
His pardoning grace my soul received,
And was from sin and death retrieved;
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

AUTUMN. 8.7. D.

Spanish Melody.

1. Hail, my ev - er bless-ed Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing;

To my soul Thy Name is pre - cious, Thou my Proph - et, Priest, and King.
D. s. Love I much, I've much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

O what mer - cy flows from heav-en! O what joy and hap - pi - ness!

240

JOHN WINDGROVE.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned, in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way;
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love;
That best moment I received Him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

STOCKWELL. 8.7.

D. E. JONES.

1. Saviour, Source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

241

ROBERT ROBINSON.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;

Thou, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.
4 By Thy hand, restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

LEBANON. S. M. D.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D. s. I did not love my Father's voice,

Fine. *D. S.*

I would not be con-trolled; I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a-far to roam.

242

HORATIUS BONAR.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

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

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise;

He just - ly claims a song from me: His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!

CONSTANCE. 8.7. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the

cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him. And round my heart still closely twine Those

ties which naught can sever, For I am His, and He is mine, Forev-er and for - ev - er.

243

Unknown.

- 2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His forever.
- 3 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
 All power to Him is given,
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven.

Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
 To nerve my faint endeavor;
 So now to watch, to work, to war,
 And then to rest for ever!

- 4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
 So kind, and true, and tender;
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender!
 From Him who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul shall sever!
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell!
 No; I am His for ever.

244

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate;
 His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood;
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;
 But though I have Him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 5 Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale;
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

HENDON. 7.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Ask ye what great thing I know, That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-

ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.

245

J. S. B. MONSELL.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
 What awakes my lips to song?
 He who bore my sinful load,
 Purchased for me peace with God—
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who is life in life to me?
 Who the death of death will be?

Who will place me on His right
 With the countless hosts of light?
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
 This delights and stirs me so;
 Faith in Him who died to save,
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave—
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

COWPER. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Emmanuel's veins; And

sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains.

246

WILLIAM COWPER.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

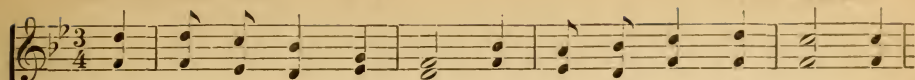
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

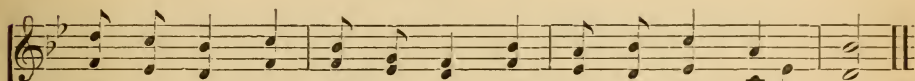
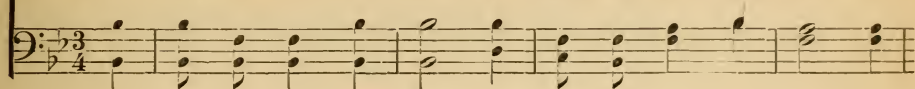
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave.

STATE STREET. S. M.

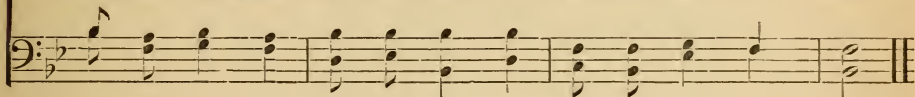
J. C. WOODMAN.



1. I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love di - vine; And



with un - fal - tering lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine.



247

HORATIUS BONAR.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

4 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

5 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

248

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

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

249

ISAAC WATTS.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [dark shade,
Though I should walk through death's
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

VOX DELECTI. C. M. D.

J. B. DYKES.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come un-to Me, and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast!" I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.

250

HORATIUS BONAR.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright!"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found,
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till all my journey's done.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. I love, I love my Master, I seek not to be free; For He is my Red-ee-m-er, He paid the price for me.

251

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

2 He chose me for His service,
 And gave me power to choose
 That blessed, "perfect freedom,"
 Which I shall never lose.

3 I would not leave His service,
 It is so sweet and blest;

And in the weariest moments
 He gives the truest rest.

4 Rejoicing and adoring,
 Henceforth my song shall be,
 I love, I love my Master,
 And through His love am free!

CHURCH. C. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.

252

JOHN MASON.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; he died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in All,
My Comfort, and my Love;
My Life below, and He shall be,
My Joy and Crown above.

253

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX; E. CASWALL.

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found;—

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

3 Thy wondrous mercies are untold,
Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousand fold
Whatever we can say.

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

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

254

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming Name,
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy Name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

VIGIL. 6.4.

A. PATTON.

1. Now I have found a Friend, Je- sus is mine ; His love shall nev-er end, Je- sus is mine ;

Tho' earthly joys decrease, Tho' earthly friendships cease, Now I have lasting peace ; Jesus is mine.

255

HENRY J. McC. HOPE.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
 Jesus is mine ;
 Though I grow faint and cold,
 Jesus is mine ;
 He shall my wants supply ;
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope destroy ;
 Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine ;
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine ;
 O what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

SWEDEN. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA.

1. Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I that is not in Thee ?

* Full pardon, strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take a - way.

256

JAMES EDMESTON.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear ?
 'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near.
 Am I with dread of justice tried ?
 'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
 Forbid my heart to be afraid ;

In death, peace gently veils the eyes ;
 Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
 This all-sufficiency to me ;
 Nor pain, nor sin, nor death, can harm
 The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

ADVENT. C. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. If Christ is mine, then all is mine, And more than an - gels know ;
Both pres - ent things and things to come, And grace and glo - ry too.

257

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

- 1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know ;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.
- 2 If He is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell ;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their force repel.
- 3 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
And wealth and honors flee ;
Sure He who giveth me Himself,
Is more than these to me.
- 4 If He is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's o'ershadowed vale ;
He'll be my comfort and my stay
When heart and flesh shall fail.
- 5 O tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine ;
What can I wish beside ?
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

- 3 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
- 4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
It dries each rising tear,
It tells me, in "a still small voice,"
To trust and never fear.
- 5 Jesus! the Name I love so well,
The Name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

259

JOHN NEWTON.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;
What are its charms to me ?
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford,
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;
I bid them all depart ;
His Name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

258

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

- 1 THERE is a Name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav - iour and my Lord !

Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

260

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

CECILIA. 8.7.

J. B. DYKES.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.

261

Unknown.

- 2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
- 4 And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 And so, through all the coming days,
Thy love shall fail me never,
And be the theme of all my praise
Within Thy house forever.

RUTHERFORD. 7.6. D.

C. D'URHAN.

1. I know no life divided, O Lord of life, from Thee; In Thee is life provided For all mankind, and me;

I know no death, O Je-sus, Because I live in Thee; Thy death it is which frees us From death eternally.

262

C. J. P. SPITTA : R. MASSIE.

2 I fear no tribulation,
 Since, whatsoe'er it be,
 It makes no separation
 Between my Lord and me.
 If Thou, my Lord and Teacher,
 Vouchsafe to be my own,
 Though poor, I shall be richer
 Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
 My heart is light and blest,
 Ah, what shall I be yonder
 In perfect peace and rest?
 O blessed thought in dying,
 We go to meet the Lord,
 Where there shall be no sighing,
 A kingdom our reward.

ASSURANCE. 7.6. D.

J. ARCADELT.

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour, My spir-it turns for rest, My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My
 d. s. And Thou wilt nev-er leave me, O

Fine. pil - low on Thy breast. Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine;
 bless - ed Sav - iour mine. *D. S.*

263

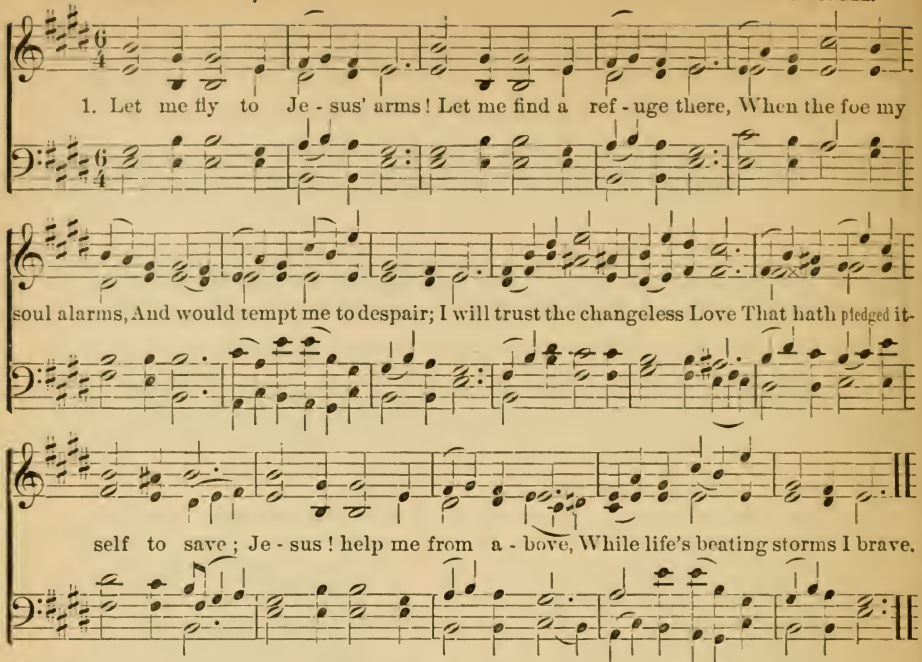
J. S. B. MONSELL.

2 O Thou, whose mercy found me,
 From bondage set me free,
 And then for ever bound me
 With threefold chords to Thee;

O for a heart to love Thee
 More truly as I ought,
 And nothing place above Thee
 In deed, or word, or thought.

WESLEY. 8.7. D.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. Let me fly to Je - sus' arms! Let me find a ref - uge there, When the foe my soul alarms, And would tempt me to despair; I will trust the changeless Love That hath pledged it - self to save; Je - sus! help me from a - bove, While life's beating storms I brave.

264

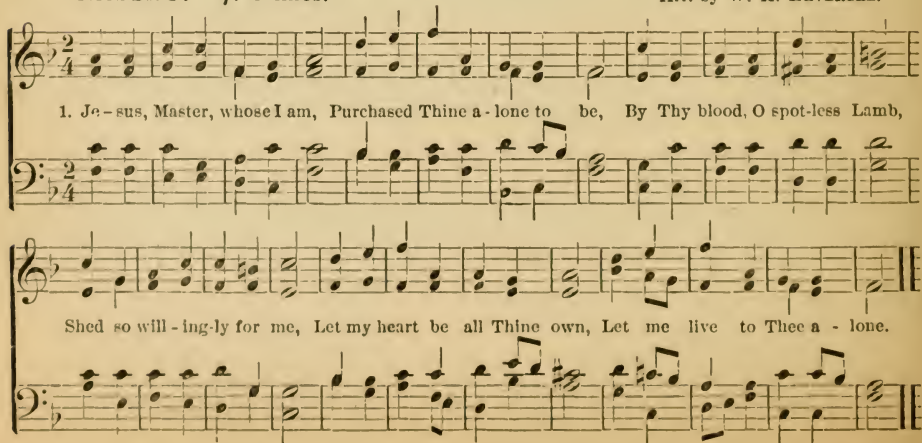
RAY PALMER.

2 To Thy cross I lift mine eyes,
 There in Thy dear wounds, I see,—
 Though my sins before me rise,—
 That Thy death is life to me!
 On this Rock my soul shall rest,
 No keen dart shall reach me here,
 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
 Thou wilt calm each rising fear.

3 Jesus! near Thy wounded side,
 Let me walk from day to day;
 Ever with my soul abide,
 While I tread life's thorny way;
 When the evening shadows fall,
 Fading into darksome night,
 O be Thou my All in All,
 Thou my everlasting Light.

NASSAU. 7. 6 lines.

Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. Je - sus, Master, whose I am, Purchased Thine a - lone to be, By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb, Shed so will - ing-ly for me, Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;

U - nite my thank - ful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri - val there.

265 PAUL GERHARDT: J. WESLEY.

- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

266 ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON: J. WESLEY.

- 1 COME, blessed Saviour, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on Thee.
- 3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but Thine.

268 FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

- 2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

- 4 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

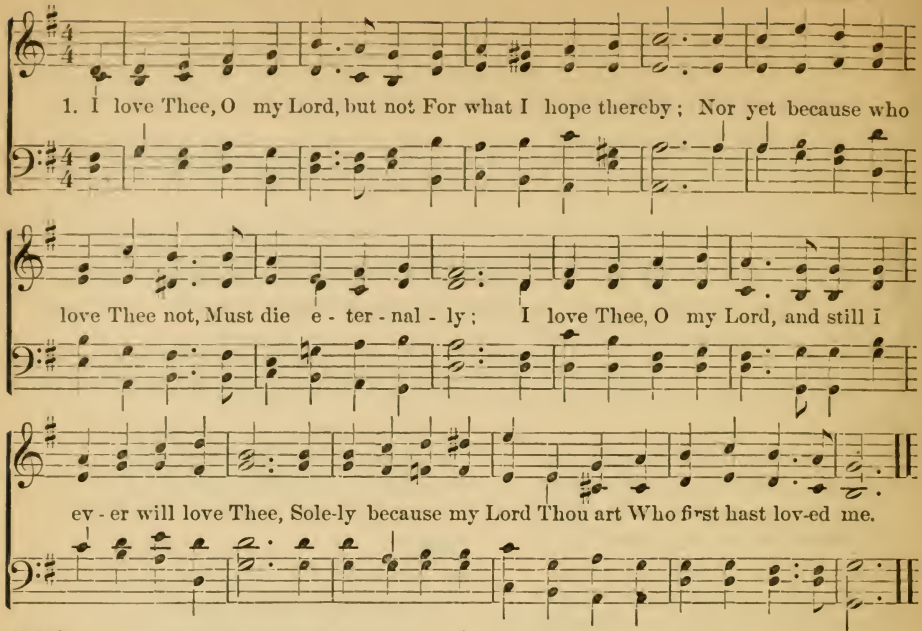
267 Dobell's Collection.

- 1 In Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high;
And Christ will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my Hope, my Strength, and
Guide;
For me He bled, and groaned, and died;
He is my Sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme Delight.
- 3 Christ is the Source of all my bliss;
My Wisdom and my Righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend;
On Him alone I now depend.
- 4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my Salvation, and my All,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.
- 5 Christ is my Strength and Portion too;
My soul in Him can all things do;
Through Him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

- 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in All.

SUNBURY. C. M. D.

H. PARKER.



1. I love Thee, O my Lord, but not For what I hope thereby; Nor yet because who
love Thee not, Must die e - ter - nal - ly; I love Thee, O my Lord, and still I
ev - er will love Thee, Sole-ly because my Lord Thou art Who first hast lov-ed me.

269

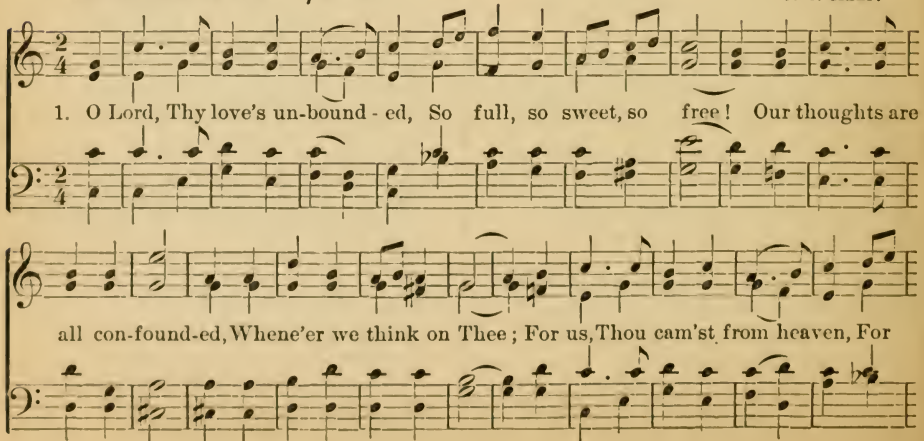
FRANCIS XAVIER: E. CASWALL.

2 For me, to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace;
For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself—all, all for me,
For me, Thine enemy.

3 Then shall I not, O Saviour mine!
Shall I not love Thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast lovéd me, O Lord!

KENILWORTH. 7.6. D.

C. S. HEAP.



1. O Lord, Thy love's un-bound - ed, So full, so sweet, so free! Our thoughts are
all con-found-ed, Whene'er we think on Thee; For us, Thou can'st from heaven, For

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart and see;

And turn each cher-ished i-dol out, That dares to ri-val Thee.

- 270** PHILIP DODDRIDGE.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Deed be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
 - 3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
 - 4 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?
 - 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy Name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
 - 6 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar

Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

- 271** JOSEPH STENNETT.
- 1 My blessed Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to Thee.
 - 2 I love Thee for the glorious worth,
In Thy great Self I see;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
 - 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for Thy foes, Lord, Thou wast slain;
What love with Thine can vie!
 - 4 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of Thy love;
And Thy dear Name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.

us to bleed and die; That, purchased and for-giv-en, We might ascend on high.

- 272** Unknown.
- 2 O let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee!

Our joy, our one endeavor,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy Name.

REDEEMING LOVE. C. P. M.

J. BARNBY.

1. O Love divine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All tak-en up by Thee?

I thirst, and faint, and die to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me.

273

CHARLES WESLEY.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
In vain desire its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

JUSTIFICATION. L. M.

B. TOURS.

1. Who shall the Lord's e - lect condemn? 'Tis God who jus - ti - fies their souls;

And mer - cy, like a might - y stream, O'er all their sins di - vine - ly rolls.

274

ISAAC WATTS.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfill,
Behold Him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! He lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our Love.

PASSION CHORALE. 7.6. D.

J. S. BACH.

1. } We could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost ! }
 Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed us, At such tre - men - dous cost. }

Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood, must be

Our on - ly hope and com - fort, Our glo - ry and our plea!

275

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

- 2 We could not do without Thee!
 We cannot stand alone,
 We have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of our own.
 But Thou, beloved Saviour,
 Our All in All wilt be,
 And weakness will be power,
 If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 We could not do without Thee!
 For O, the way is long,
 And we are often weary,
 And sigh displaces song.
 How could we do without Thee?
 We do not know the way;
 Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
 And wilt not let us stray.
- 4 We could not do without Thee,
 O Jesus, Saviour dear!
 E'en when our eyes are holden,
 We know that Thou art near.
 How dreary and how lonely
 This changeful life would be,
 Without the sweet communion,
 The secret rest in Thee!

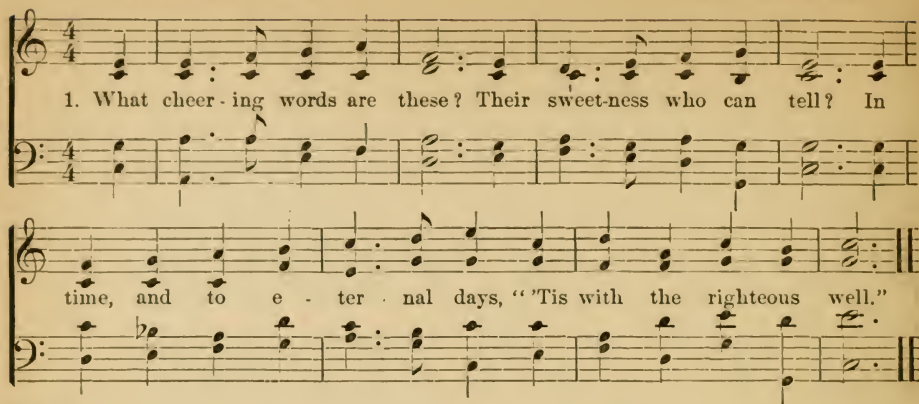
276

Moravian Collection.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd, bind us
 With cords of love to Thee,
 And evermore remind us
 How mercy set us free;
 O may the Holy Spirit
 Set this before our eyes,
 That we Thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.
- 2 We are of Thy salvation
 Assuréd through Thy love;
 Then, O, on each occasion,
 More faithful may we prove.
 Thou hast our sins forgiven;
 Now, leaving all behind,
 We would press on to heaven,
 Keeping the prize in mind.
- 3 Grant us, henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to Thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
 For Thou art aye the same;
 O let Thy love then make us
 Hold fast Thy faith and Name.

HAREWOOD. S. M.

Arr. from H. PARKER.



1. What cheer-ing words are these? Their sweet-ness who can tell? In
time, and to e - ter - nal days, " 'Tis with the righteous well."

277

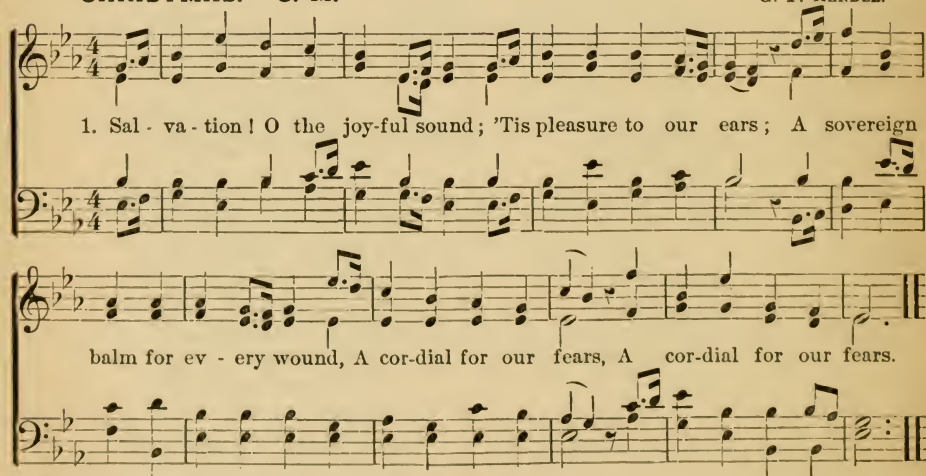
JOHN KENT.

- 2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die;
- 3 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amid the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

- 4 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 5 'Tis well when on the mount
Rejoicing in God's love,
And 'tis as well, in His account,
When they the furnace prove.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy-ful sound; 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign
balm for ev - ery wound, A cor-dial for our fears, A cor-dial for our fears.

278

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Sa-va-tion! O Thou dying Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs;

- Salvation shall our hearts inflame,
And dwell upon our tongues.
- 4 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

AHIRA. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Be - hold, what wondrous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed On
sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!

279

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

280

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's Name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.
- 3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.
- 4 I change, He changes not;
The Christ can never die;

His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

- 5 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

281

PAUL GERHARDT; C. WINKWORTH.

- 1 IF Jesus be my Friend,
And I to Him belong,
I care not what my foes intend,
Though fierce they be, and strong.
- 2 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood;
For I in Him alone have found
The true eternal good.
- 3 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How all who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near.
- 4 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.
- 5 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 6 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.

EXETER. C. M.

1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God; I will give thanks and sing;
My heart has found the se - cret source Of ev - ery pre - cious thing.

282

ANNA L. WARING.

- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And from Thyself they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
- 3 Thus a new song is in my mouth,
To long loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.
- 4 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I cannot see;
But He, whose sufferings made it mine,
Is keeping it for me.
- 5 My heart is resting, O my God;
My heart is in Thy care;
And while it finds its joy in Thee,
Can trust Thee everywhere.

283

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad;
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 5 He asks no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honor here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

ROSEFIELD. 7. 6 lines.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. { Bless - ed are the sons of God; They are bought with Je - sus' blood; }
{ They are ran - somed from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have; }

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

BELMONT. C. M.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Reserved for all the heirs of grace; O be that ref - uge mine.

284

HENRY F. LYTE.

- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

285

Unknown.

- 1 O Thou, who to our woe didst come,
Who one with us wouldst be,
To lift us to Thy heavenly home,
And make us one with Thee!
- 2 Our earthly garments Thou hast worn,
And we Thy robes shall wear;
Our mortal burdens Thou hast borne,
And we Thy bliss may share.
- 3 O mighty grace! our life to live,
To make our earth divine;
O mighty grace! Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine.
- 4 O strange the gifts and marvelous,
By Thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
And we receive Thy heaven.

286

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
- 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 numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
- 3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
- 4 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled;
They are by His Spirit sealed;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

CONTEMPLATION. 7.6. D.

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. Sometimes a light surpris - es The Christian while he sings ; It is the Lord who

ris - es With heal - ing in His wings ; When comforts are de - clin - ing, He

grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.

287

WILLIAM COWPER.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

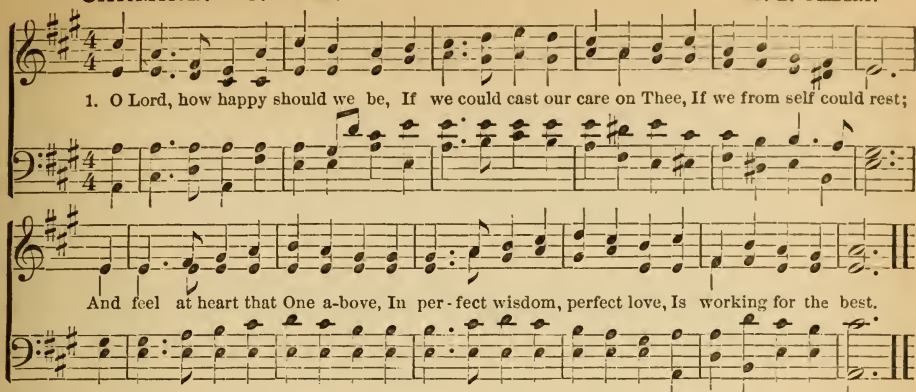
288

ANNA L. WARING.

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ·
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here,
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?
- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

CARMINE. C. P. M.

W. B. GILBERT.



1. O Lord, how happy 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 wisdom, perfect love, Is working for the best.

289

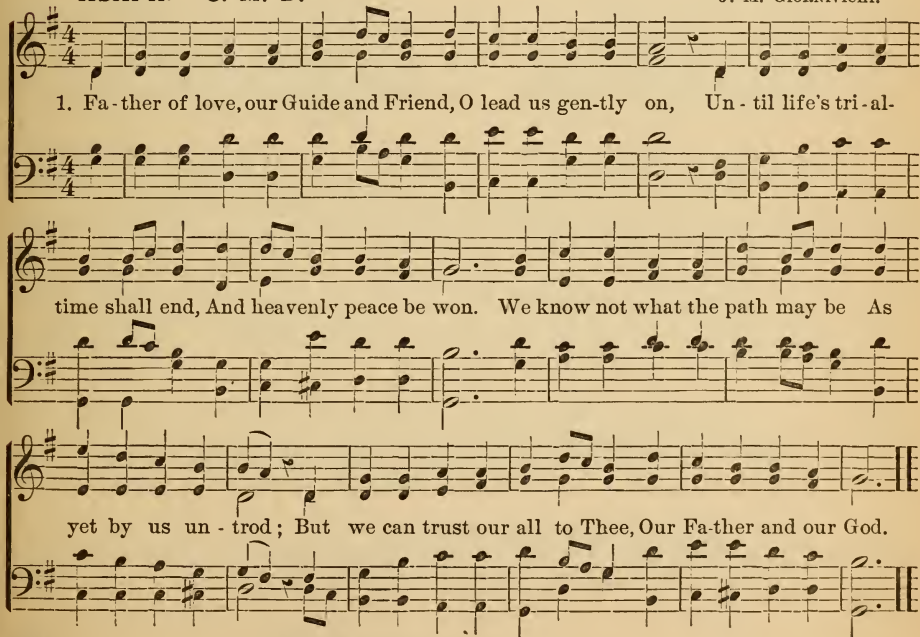
JOSEPH ANSTICE.

2 O for the faith to cast our load
Of anxious thought upon our God!
For He will clothe and feed;
And from the lilies as they grow,
And from the tended ravens, know
That we are safe indeed.

3 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and flowers,
And from self-torment cease!
Father! we trust, and we lie still,
Leave all things to Thy holy will,
And so find perfect peace.

ASAPH. C. M. D.

J. M. GIORNIVICHI.



1. Fa-ther of love, our Guide and Friend, O lead us gen-tly on, Un-til life's tri-al-time shall end, And heavenly peace be won. We know not what the path may be As yet by us un-trod; But we can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa-ther and our God.

290

WILLIAM J. IRONS.

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise;

Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

WALES. 8.4.

Fine.

Welsh Melody.

1. Thro' the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is His favor,
D.C. Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us, All must be well.

All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us, Perfect is the grace that sealed us.

291

MARY B. PETERS.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well;
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
If in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

FLEMMING. II.10.II.6.

Arr. from F. F. FLEMMING.

1. Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath His chastening

rod; Tho' rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary, Still will we trust in God.

292

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed
We find our peace again.

MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-given,

So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven.

293

JOHN H. GURNEY.

- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."
- 4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

294

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down.
And bear my soul away.

- 3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed:
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.
- 4 So from our sky the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through its golden gates;
Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.
- 5 Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from its loss;
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

OPAL. 8.7. D.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee ; }
 { Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be. }
 D. C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own !

D. C.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;

295

HENRY F. LYTE.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like man, untrue ;
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
 Show Thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
 Come disaster, scorn and pain !
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called Thee, Abba, Father ;
 I have stayed my heart on Thee ;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me ;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

296

HENRY F. LYTE.

- 1 TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 What a Father's smile is thine ;
 What a Saviour died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou 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 glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

297

Moravian Collection.

- 1 Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
 Ye to me are welcome guests,
 When I have this consolation,
 That my soul in Jesus rests.
 The reproach of Christ is glorious ;
 Those who here His burden bear
 In the end shall prove victorious,
 And eternal gladness share.
- 2 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
 Ye who live a life of faith ;
 Lift triumphant songs and praises,
 E'en in martyrdom and death.
 Bonds, and stripes, and evil story,
 Are our honorable crowns ;
 Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
 Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

EVAN. C. M.

ART. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink 'Of any earthly woe!

298

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon 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 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's art beguile.
- 5 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.

299

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

- 1 INCREASE our faith, beloved Lord!
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.
- 2 Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but all obey,
With free and loyal heart.
- 3 Increase our faith, that never dim,
Or trembling, it may be, [him
Crowned with the "perfect peace" of
"Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

- 4 Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound;
That it may grow "exceedingly,"
And to Thy praise be found.
- 5 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face.

300

FREDERICK W. FABER.

- 1 O GIFT of gifts! O grace of Faith!
My God, how can it be,
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?
- 2 Ah grace, into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come;
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 3 How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 Thy choice, O God of goodness, then
I lovingly adore;
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to gain it more.

ARABIA. C. M.

T. FORD.

1. Faith adds new charms to earth-ly bliss, And saves us from its snares; It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares; It yields support in all our toils, And softens all our cares.

301

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood.

It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

- 4 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

OLIVET. 6.4.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me
while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; O let me from this day, Be whol-ly Thine.

302

RAY PALMER.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

BEDDOME. C. M.

A. DAVISSON.

Ye trembling souls, dis - miss your fears; Be mer - cy all your theme;

Mer - cy, which like a riv - er flows In one con - tin - ued stream.

303

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for His provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.
- 4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in His wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, His power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

304

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 1 My God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—
- 3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And, when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

305

Moravian Collection.

- 1 GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.
- 2 O may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.
- 3 God whom we serve, our God, can save
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love His Name.
- 4 Lord! if Thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

OWEN. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

1. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,

To His sure truth and ten - der care, Who earth and heaven com - mands.

306

PAUL GERHARDT: J. WESLEY.

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 On God alone rely;
Then safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye;
Then shall thy work be done.
- 4 When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His arm withstand?
When He will save His friends from harm,
Who, who shall stay His hand?
- 5 He hears thy softest prayer,
He girdeth thee with might;
His works the purest blessings are;
His ways, the purest light.

307

PAUL GERHARDT: J. WESLEY.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

MARAH. 7.6.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. Why restless, why so weary, My soul, why so cast down? Is all around thee dreary? And bath the cross no [crown]

308

Ryle's Selection.

- 2 Where is the God that found thee,
Who once could make thee glad?
His arms are still around thee,
Then wherefore art thou sad?
- 3 O trust the Lord who bought thee;
O trust the sinner's Friend;

The wondrous love that sought thee
Will keep thee to the end;—

- 4 'Twill give a glorious morrow
To this thy night of pain,
And make thy dews of sorrow
Like shining after rain.

TRUST. 8.6.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. O ho - ly Sav-iour, Friend un - seen ! Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
 Help me, throughout life's va - rying scene, By faith to cling to Thee.

309

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and hopes remove ;
 With patient, uncomplaining love,
 Still would I cling to Thee.</p> <p>3 Oft when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
 A voice of love, in gentles tone,
 Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"</p> | <p>4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied
 The souls that cling to Thee !</p> <p>5 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
 What can disturb me, who appall,
 While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
 Saviour, I cling to Thee ?</p> |
|---|--|

CLIFFORD. C. M.

Arr. from H. W. GREATOREX.

I. Re - joice, be - liev - er, in the Lord, Who makes your cause His own ;
 The hope that's built up - on His Word Can ne'er be o - ver - thrown.

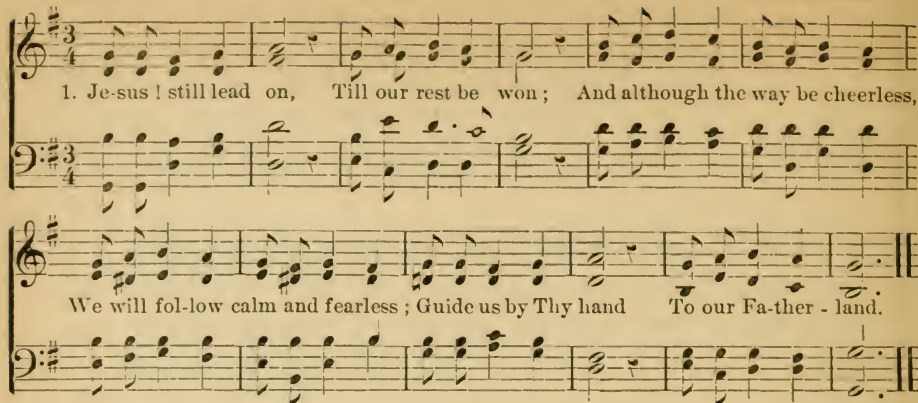
310

JOHN NEWTON.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm,
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.</p> <p>3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or, fainting, shall not die ;
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.</p> | <p>4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
 Faith sees Him always near,
 A Guide, a Glory, a Defence ;
 Then what have you to fear ?</p> <p>5 As surely as He overcame,
 And triumphed once for you,
 So surely you that love His Name,
 Shall triumph in Him too.</p> |
|---|---|

ROCHELLE. 5.8.

A. DRESE.



1. Je-sus ! still lead on, Till our rest be won ; And although the way be cheerless,
We will fol-low calm and fearless ; Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa-ther - land.

311

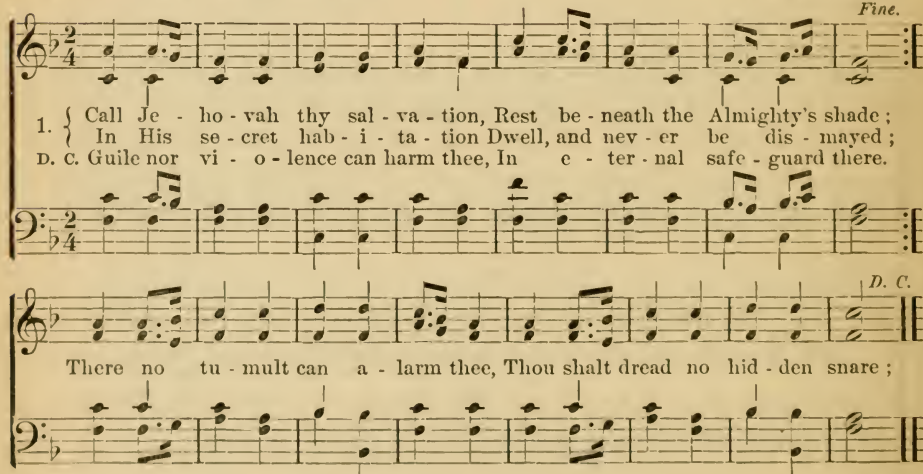
N. L. ZINZENDORF : J. BORTHWICK.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 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.

GREENVILLE. 8.7. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Fine.


1. { Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath the Almighty's shade ;
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed ;
D. C. Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe - guard there.

There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare ;

312

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

2 Thee, tho' winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy Hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.
He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above ;
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

OLIPHANT. 8.7.4.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, [Omit.....] Hold me with Thy powerful hand;

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heaven, Feed me now and ev - er - more, Feed me now and ev - er more.

313

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

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.

RAPHAEL. 8.7.4.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Shepherd of Thine Israel, lead us, Pilgrims thro' this desert land; Thou who hast from

bondage freed us, Guard us by Thy mighty hand; Daily feed us, Till we reach the heav'nly strand.

314

JOSIAH CONDER.

2 As Thou didst in wondrous manner
Guide Thy chosen flock aright,
Let Thy presence be our banner,
Cloud by day, and fire by night;
Thy protection
Be our shield, Thy Word our light.

3 When we come to Death's dark river,
Should we dread the swelling tide,
Death of death, life's Source and Giver,
Bid the narrow stream divide;
Joyful praises
We will sing on Canaan's side.

HANOVER. 10. 11.

Art. from HANDEL.

1. Tho' troubles as - sail, and dangers af - fright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite, Yet
 one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The Scripture as - sures us, "The Lord will provide."

315

JOHN NEWTON.

- 2 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, though oft he
 has tried, [will provide.]
 This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord
 3 No strength of our own or goodness we
 claim; [great Name,
 Yet, since we have known the Saviour's

- In this our strong tower for safety we
 hide, [provide.]
 The Lord is our power, "the Lord will
 4 When life sinks apace, and death is in
 view, [through;
 This word of His grace shall comfort us
 No fearing or quailing with Christ on
 our side, [provide.]
 Though nature be failing, "the Lord will

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.

H. N. BARTLETT.

1. He lead eth me! O blessed thought, O words with heavenly comfort fraught! What'er I do, wher-

REFRAIN.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By

His own hand He lea-deth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me,

HANDFORD. 8.4.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Thro' good re - port, and e - vil, Lord, Still guid - ed by Thy faithful Word,

Our staff, our buck - ler, and our sword, We fol - low Thee!

316

HORATIUS BONAR.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or
bright,

We follow Thee!

3 Strengthened by Thee, we forward go,
'Mid smile, or scoff, of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee!

4 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee!

5 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day,
We follow Thee!

6 Thou hast passed on before our face,
Thy footsteps on the way we trace,
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;—
We follow Thee!

7 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in the light we onward move,
We follow Thee!

317

JOHN BOWRING.

1 We cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
But we can always surely say [move;
That God is love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls, to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring,
For God is love.

3 When cloud hangs o'er our darkened
path, [reprove;
We'll check our dread, each doubt
For here each saint sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 Yes, Thou art love; a truth like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn our tears and woes to bliss;—
Our God is love.

318

J. H. GILMORE.

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me. REF.

3 Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;

Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. REF.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me. REF.

GOSHEN. II.

German Melody.

1. O . . eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore, Look off un - to
D. s. That on earth, as in

Fine. *D. C.*
Je - sus, and sor - row no more; The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
heav-en, there need be no night.

319

Unknown.

- 2 "Looking off unto Jesus," our spirits are blest;
In the world we have turmoil, in Him we have rest.
The sea of our life all about us may roar,
When we look unto Jesus, we hear it no more.
- 3 "Looking off unto Jesus," O may we be found,
When the waters of Jordan encompass us round;
Let them bear us away, in His presence to be;
'Tis but seeing Him nearer, whom always we see.
- 4 Then, then shall we know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus our Lord, when we stand face to face;
We shall know how His love went before us each day,
And wonder that ever our eyes turned away.

320

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. II.

J. READING.

1. How firm a founda - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 ex - cel - lent Word; What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who un - to the
 Saviour, for re - fuge have fled, Who un - to the Sav-iour for re - fuge have fled.

321

GEORGE KEITH.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not
 dismayed, [thee aid ;
 For I am thy God, and will still give
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand, [hand.
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent
- 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 trouble to
 bless, [tress.
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie, [supply ;
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
 design [refine.
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
 repose
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;

That soul, though all hell should endeavor
 to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

322

DARBY.

- 1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on
 our way, [stay ;
 The Lord is our Leader, His Word is our
 Though suffering and sorrow and trial
 be near, [we fear ?
 The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the
 faint, [their complaint ;
 The weak, and oppressed—He will hear
 The way may be weary, and thorny the
 road, [God ?
 But how can we falter, whose help is in
- 3 Though clouds may surround us, our
 God is our Light, [is our Might ;
 Though storms rage around us, our God
 So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we
 come, [home.
 The Lord is our Leader, and heaven our

SCHUMANN. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN.

1. Help me, my God, to speak True words to Thee each day; Real
let my voice be when I praise, And trust-ful when I pray.

323

HORATIUS BONAR.

2 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

3 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief;
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
Help Thou mine unbelief.

ELLIOTT. 8.4.

J. B. DYKES.

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning
star, As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer?

324

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;

What strength for warfare, balm for
What peace of mind. [grief,

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

ARMENIA. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed;

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.

325

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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

326

JOHN A. WALLACE.

- 1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can
When mortal aid is vain, [wield,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on
Through Jesus, to the throne, [high,
And moves the hand which moves the
To bring salvation down. [world,

327

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE.

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

IRISH. C. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise, On

Thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.

328

ANNE STEELE.

- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

329

JANE CREWDSON.

- 1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To make Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thon who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse 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.

330

Hymns of the Spirit.

- 1 As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.
- 2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.
- 3 We pray Thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.
- 4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fall'n,
We pray Thee, God of love.
- 5 We pray Thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea;
Are not the depths of parents' love,
O Father! known to Thee?
- 6 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool stay;
In hope that Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - bering care,

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

331

PHEBE H. BROWN.

- 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.

332

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 Father, 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.

333

Unknown.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But God Himself doth comprehend
And answer silent prayer.

BARTHOLDY. L. M.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Thou Saviour, from Thy throne on high, Enrobed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh, Of hearts that love the tran- quill hour.

334

RAY PALMER.

- 2 Oft Thou Thyself didst steal away
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.
- 3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;

- And still Thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.
- 4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, Thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for Thine own our spirits seal.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

335

HUGH STOWELL.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 O, may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

S. STANLEY.

1. Our Lord, Who knows full well The heart of ev - ery saint, In-

vites us all our griefs to tell, To pray, and nev - er faint.

336

JOHN NEWTON.

- 1 OUR Lord, Who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage Him on their side;
When they are grieved, His mercies move,
And can they be denied?
- 5 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause His care.

337

Unknown.

- 1 THE Lord be with us now,
As here again we meet,
Assembling at the close of day
Around His mercy-seat.
- 2 In Jesus' Name we come,
To offer up our prayer,
And bowing low before the throne,
We crave acceptance there.
- 3 Let worldly cares be gone;
Bestow a heavenly mind;
May every heart and every tongue
In sweet accord be joined.
- 4 If any meet us here
Who ne'er Thy love have known,
Draw them, O Saviour, unto Thee,
And seal them for Thine own.
- 5 Enfold us with Thy love,
Thy special grace impart,
And let the perfect peace of God
Abide in every heart.

338

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

- 1 AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God, our Light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can
bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR.

1. We praise and bless Thee, gra - cious Lord, Who faith - ful art, and true,

For all the old things passed a - way, For all Thou hast made new.

339

Unknown.

- 2 But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!
- 3 What'er would tempt the soul to stray,
Or separate from Thee,
That, Lord, remove, however dear
To our poor hearts it be!
- 4 When flesh declines, then strengthen
The spirit from above; [Thou
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,
And light, Thy yoke of love.
- 5 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own.

340

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 1 COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with Thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine.
- 2 As from the clouds, drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from Thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.
- 3 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

341

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND.

- 1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Saviour, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

342

Unknown.

- 1 O LORD, our wilful minds control,
And make us pure within;
Purge more and more the inmost soul
From lurking thoughts of sin.
- 2 Let not the world with spot or soil
Our secret heart defile;
Nor Satan round our spirit coil
His chain of fraud and guile.
- 3 Be ours the blessed lot of those,
Who every evil flee;
Whose holy converse clearly shows
Communion full with Thee;—
- 4 That when Thou shalt in might appear,
We may Thy grace declare,
And thence thro' heaven's eternal year
Thy glorious kingdom share.

ALEXANDRIA. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

I would not wish to dwell on earth, Tho' earth were all my own,

And mor - tal men should hom - age yield To me, and me a - lone.

343

Unknown.

- 1 I WOULD not wish to dwell on earth,
Though earth were all my own,
And mortal men should homage yield
To me, and me alone.
- 2 I would not wish in heaven to dwell,
And like a seraph shine;
Though bliss is there, without a tear,
And all that bliss were mine.
- 3 But I would dwell where most I may
Fulfill my Saviour's will;
My only wish, in life, in death,
To glorify Him still.
- 4 While action may His praise reveal,
My cheerful act I'd pay;
When suff'ring best may please my Lord,
By suff'ring I'd obey.
- 5 It is not place—above, below—
My bliss, my heaven can be;
To live for Him who died for man,
O, that is life to me!

- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

345

THOMAS H. GILL.

- 1 O WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear
But tremble on my tongue? [praise
Why lack my lips the skill to raise
A full, triumphant song?
- 2 O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn;
Keep in Thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.
- 3 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for Thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.
- 4 My voice shall more delight Thine ear,
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.
- 5 O when shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

344

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

ERNAN. L. M.

L. MASON.

My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - ery ser - vice I can pay,

And call it my su - preme de - light To hear Thy dic - tates and o - bey.

346

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

347

JOHN F. OBERLIN.

- 1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief delight shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place:
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

348

MRS. M. J. COTTERILL

- 1 O THOU, who hast at Thy command,
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but Thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear,
And each vainglorious thought to quell;
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.
- 5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy Word, our safety from alarm,
Our strength, Thine everlasting arm.

SACRIFICE. L. M.

F. R. STATHAM.

1. Not by the mar-tyr's death a-lone, O Lord, Thy saints their crown have won;
 Thou hast a tri-umph-robe on high For bloodless fields of vic-to-ry.

349

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 What tho' Thy saints escaped the cross,
 The flame, the beast, the torturer's force?
 Yet self-condemned to sin they died;
 The flesh they daily crucified.</p> <p>3 What though they were not called to feel
 The lash, the dungeon, or the wheel,
 Nor e'en a martyr's pains to prove?
 Thou gavest them a martyr's love.</p> | <p>4 When self-control the flesh subdues,
 And faith the wayward soul imbues,
 Love, with her torchlight from the skies,
 Shall fire the holy sacrifice.</p> <p>5 Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,
 That we to die through life may learn,
 And when this fleeting life is o'er
 May live with Thee for evermore.</p> |
|--|---|

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

1. And will the mighty God, Whom heaven cannot contain, Make me His temple and abode, And in me live and reign?

350

GEORGE RAWSON.

- 2 Come, Spirit of the Lord,
 Teacher and heavenly Guide!
 Be it according to Thy Word,
 And in my heart reside.
- 3 Make it my highest bliss
 Thy blessed fruits to know;
 Thy joy, and peace, and gentleness,
 Goodness, and faith, to show.
- 4 Be it my greatest fear
 Thy holiness to grieve;
 Walk in the Spirit even here,
 And in the Spirit live.

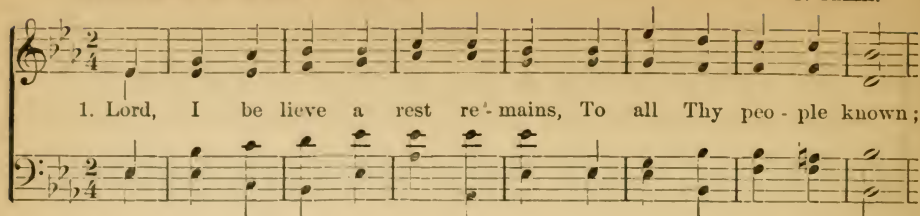
351

JOHN KEELE.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is His abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
 He doth Himself impart,
 And for His temple and His throne
 Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
 May ours this blessing be;
 O give the pure and lowly heart,—
 A temple meet for Thee.

HEAVENLY REST. C. M.

T. TALLIS.



1. Lord, I be lieve a rest re-mains, To all Thy peo-ple known;



A rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a-lone;

352

CHARLES WESLEY.

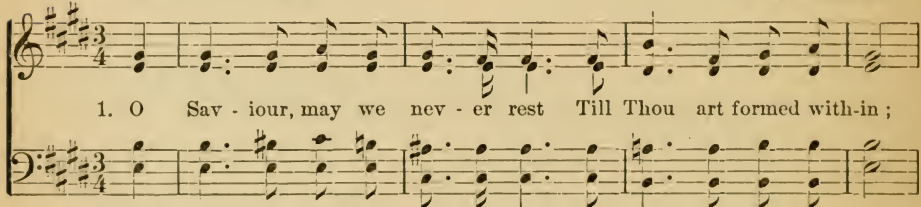
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!

Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

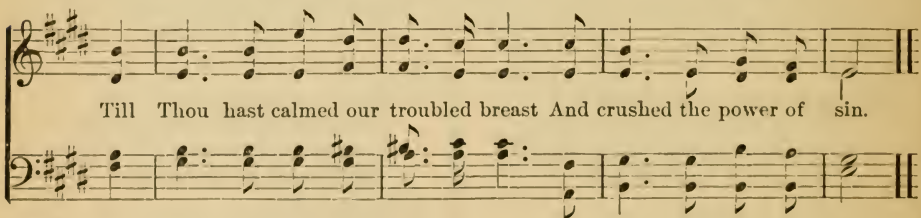
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

SERENITY. C. M.

W. V. WALLACE.



1. O Sav-our, may we nev-er rest Till Thou art formed with-in;



Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast And crushed the power of sin.

353

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light;—
- 3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,

And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

- 4 There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

BERLIN. 10.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

Fa-ther, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling, Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,

Give such a force of ho-ly thought and feeling, That we may live to glo-ri-fy Thy Name ;

354

JAMES F. CLARKE.

- 1 FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy Name ;
- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.
- 3 Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed ;
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean ;
But speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed.

355

Unknown.

- 1 O for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine ;
Indwelling peace Thou canst impart ;
O make that blessing mine.
- 3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair ;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace,
That victory make me win ;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

356

WILLIAM H. HURLBUT.

- 1 MY God, in life's most doubtful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,
Who waits on Thee hath peace and power,
Thou present help of faith !
- 2 Help me, O God, to seek, to win,
Through struggles and through prayer,
The faith which frees my soul from sin,
And brings Thy blessing there.
- 3 So shall my cross of conquered shame
My fainting brothers raise,
So Thy triumphant mercy flame
Around my path of praise.
- 4 And earth, with all its pains and toil,
By love's pure presence blest,
Shall wear the calm celestial smile
Of heaven's eternal rest.

ENTREATY. C. M.

J. SIEBOTH.

1. Thy gracious pres-ence, O my God, All that I wish con-tains;

With this, be-neath af-flic-tion's load, My heart no more com-plains.

357

ANNE STEELE.

- 2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.
- 3 O happy scenes above the sky,
Where Thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart!
- 4 Her portion in those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 5 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to Thee?
Confirm my hope, that where Thou art
I shall forever be.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise, on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

358

JOHN CHANDLER.

- 1 WHEN earth's fierce tempest o'er us rolls,
Our hope is in the skies;
To Thee, O God, we lift our souls,
And heave our frequent sighs.
- 2 Thou dost a Father's aid afford,
Before the prayer is made;
In all our weakness, gracious Lord,
Thy strength is full displayed.
- 3 The sufferings that our souls oppress,
Thy mightier hand shall cure;
And Thine avenging arm redress
The wrongs we now endure.
- 4 O then, what full success shall smile
On all our labors past!
Who would not gladly weep awhile
To reap such joys at last?

359

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON.

- 1 O THOU, whose filmed and failing eye,
Ere yet it closed in death,
Beheld Thy mother's agony,
The shameful cross beneath;
- 2 Remember them, like her, thro' whom
The sword of grief is driven,
And O, to cheer their cheerless gloom,
Be Thy dear mercy given.
- 3 Let Thine own word of tenderness
Drop on them from above;
Its music shall the lone heart bless,
Its touch shall heal with love.
- 4 O Son of Mary, Son of God,
The way of mortal ill,
By Thy blest feet in triumph trod,
Our feet are treading still.
- 5 But not with strength like Thine, we go
This dark and dreadful way;
As Thou wert strengthened in Thy woe,
So strengthen us, we pray.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

Arr. from PLEYEL.

1. Thy will be done! I will not fear The fate pro-vid-ed by Thy love ;
 Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here, I know that all is bright a - bove.

360

J. ROSCOE.

- 1 THY will be done ! I will not fear
 The fate provided by Thy love ;
 Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here,
 I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
 Though these frail eyes are dimmed with
 tears ;
 The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
 But are not ours the immortal years ?
- 3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
 Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
 And bid my soul, on angel wings,
 Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
 No sorrows dim celestial love ;
 But these afflictions of the dust,
 Like shadows of the night, remove.
- 5 E'en now, above, there's radiant day,
 While clouds and darkness brood below ;
 Then, Father, joyful on my way
 To serve thy gracious will I go.

361

C. F. RICHTER: J. WESLEY.

- 1 THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince of
 Peace,
 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;
 My longing heart implores Thy grace ;
 O make me in Thy likeness shine.
- 2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
 With steadfast patience arm my breast ;
 When grief my wounded soul assails,
 In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 3 Close by Thy side still may I keep,
 Howe'er life's various currents flow ;
 With steadfast eye mark every step,
 And follow Thee where'er Thou go.
- 4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
 Alone Thou hast the wine-press trod ;
 In me Thy strengthening grace be shown ;
 O may I conquer through Thy blood.
- 5 So, when on Zion Thou shalt stand,
 And all heaven's host adore their King,
 Shall I be found at Thy right hand,
 And, free from pain, Thy glories sing.

362

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 1 O who, in such a world as this,
 Could bear His lot of pain,
 Did not one radiant hope of bliss
 Unclouded yet remain ?
- 2 That hope the sovereign Lord has given
 Who reigns above the skies ;
 Hope, that unites the soul to heaven,
 By faith's endearing ties.
- 3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
 Is sent in pitying love,
 To lift the lingering heart from earth,
 And speed its flight above.
- 4 And every pang that wrings the breast,
 And every joy that dies,
 Bid us to seek a purer rest,
 And trust to holier ties.

BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. O Father, hum-bly we re - pose Our souls on Thee, who dwell'st a - bove ;

And bless Thee for the peace which flows From faith in Thine en - cir - cling love.

363

WILLIAM GASKELL.

- 2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to Thee ;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable Thou still wilt be.
- 3 Though clouds may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from Thy sight ;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.
- 4 All things Thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath, and heaven above ;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in Thine encircling love.

- What are my griefs compared with
Thine,
Thy tears, Thy groans, Thine agony !
- 2 If Thou the furnace dost employ,
Thou sittest as refiner near,
To purge away the base alloy,
Till Thine own image bright appear.
- 3 Though oft Thy way is in the sea,
Thy footsteps in the wingéd storm ;
Though crested billows threaten me,—
Love slumbers in their frowning form.
- 4 Submissive would I kiss the rod,
Needful each stroke, I humbly own ;
Help me to trust Thee, O my God,
If now Thy wisdom be unknown.

364

UNKNOWN.

- 1 WHY should I murmur or repine,
O Lamb of God, who bled for me ?

WARING. C. M. 6 lines.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me ; The changes that will surely

come, I do not fear to see ; I ask Thee for a present mind, Intent on pleasing Thee.

PROTECTION. 7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Heavenly Fa-ther, to whose eye Fu-ture things un-fold-ed lie,

Through the des-ert where I stray, Let Thy coun-sels guide my way.

365

JOSIAH CONDER.

- 2 Leave me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.
- 4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father, glorify Thy Name.
- 5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending home to Thee, my God.

366

WILLIAM F. LLOYD.

- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word;—
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;—
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see;
This is still thy sweet relief;—
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”
- 4 Rock of Ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Ever faithful, ever sure;—
“As thy days thy strength shall be.”

367

ANNA L. WARING.

- 2 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 3 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,

To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

- 4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that asked denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

EASTON. L. M.

W. A. MOZART.

1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?

Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve, Which lead me to His seat a - love?

368

JOSIAH CONDER.

- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me,
Thou camest;—not Thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
- 5 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

369

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happy years.
- 3 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.
- 4 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay,
For all His children suffer here.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - ereign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—

ST. JUDE. 6. D.

Arr. from WEBER.

1. My Sav-iour, as Thou wilt; O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
hand of love I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, " My Lord, Thy will be done."

370

B. SCHMOLKE : J. BORTHWICK.

2 My Saviour, 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 Saviour, 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!"

371

ANNE STEELE.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done.

3 I know that trials work for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

4 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertain
An angel unawares.

372

JAMES D. BURNS.

1 O THOU, whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod
Or faint beneath the blow.

2 Give me the spirit of Thy trust
To suffer as a son,

5 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

BARNBY. C. M.

J. BARNBY.

1. Out of the depths to Thee I cry, Whose feet once hum - bly trod

The paths of our hu - man - i - ty, In - car - nate Son of God !

373

ELIZABETH E. MARCY.

- 2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer !
- 3 Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know Thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain ?

- 4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait ;
Faint not, O faltering feet ;
Press onward to that blest estate,
Where joy shall be complete.
- 5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Bear witness of immortal power,—
The power of endless life.

SUBMISSION. 8.7.

A. LOWE.

1. Fa - ther, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would, at this sol - emn meeting, Calm - ly say, " Thy will be done."

374

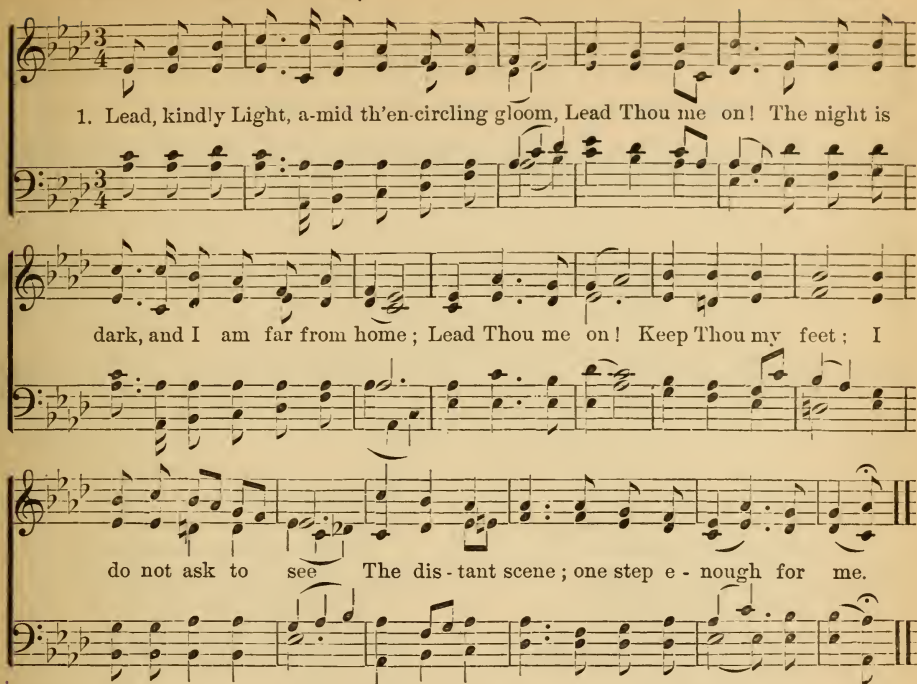
THOMAS HASTINGS.

- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken ;
Though afflicted, not alone ;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken ;
Blessed Lord, " Thy will be done."
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne ;

- With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, " Thy will be done."
- 4 By Thy hands the boon was given ;
Thou hast taken but Thine own ;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, " Thy will be done."

KINDLY LIGHT. 10.4.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-circling 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 dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

375

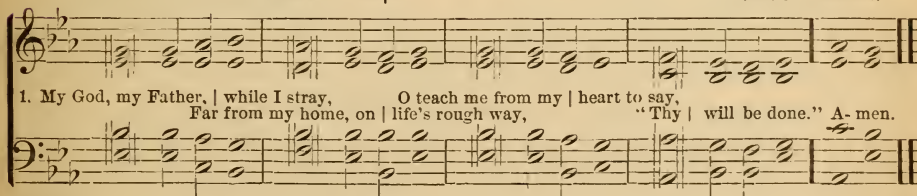
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but Lead Thou me on! [now 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 Will lead me on [still O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, The night is gone, [till And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

TROYTE'S CHANT. 8.4.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



1. My God, my Father, | while I stray, O teach me from my | heart to say, Far from my home, on | life's rough way, "Thy | will be done." A-men.

376

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

2 Though dark my path, and | sad my lot, Let me be still and | murmur not, Or breathe the prayer di- | vinely taught, "Thy will be done."
3 What though in lonely | grief I sigh For friends beloved no | longer nigh, Submissive still would | I reply, "Thy will be done."

4 Let but my fainting | heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit | for its guest, My God, to Thee I | leave the rest; "Thy will be done."
5 Renew my will from | day to day, Blend it with Thine, and | take away All that now makes it | hard to say, "Thy will be done." Amen.

ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. We journey through a vale of tears, By many a cloud o'er-cast;
And world-ly cares and world-ly fears Go with us to the last.

377

BERNARD BARTON.

- 2 Not to the last! Thy Word hath said,
Could we but read aright,—
“Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!”
- 3 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.
- 4 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease.
- 5 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight;
And thou shalt own His Word fulfilled,—
“At eve it shall be light.”

378

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

- 1 From lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
“Blessed are they that mourn.”
- 2 Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A noble faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.
- 3 How rich, how sweet, how full of strength,
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer.
- 4 Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
“O blessed are the hearts that mourn,
They shall be comforted.”

CLIFFORD. C. M.

Arr. from H. W. GREATOREX.

1. God's trum-pet wakes the slumbering world; Now, each man to his post!
The red-cross ban-ner is un-furl'd; Who joins the glo-rious host?

GILEAD. L. M.

E. H. MEHL.

1. O God, to Thee we raise our eyes; Calm re - sig - na - tion we im - plore;

O let no murmuring thought arise, But humbly let us still a - dore.

379

CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

- 1 O God, to Thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.
- 2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross Thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare Thy justice to arraign.
- 3 For though mysterious now Thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we Thy Name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.
- 4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust Thy sacred Word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

380

O. W. HOLMES.

- 1 O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

381

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

- 1 God's trumpet wakes the slumbering
Now, each man to his post! [world;
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
Who joins the glorious host?
- 2 He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,
He joins the noble host.
- 3 He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,

Bears steadfast witness against wrong,
He joins the sacred host.

- 4 He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,
He joins the faithful host.
- 5 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain, or shame, or loss,
He joins the martyr host.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Ancient Melody.

1. O what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss ?

Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be, When we have borne the cross.

382

HENRY W. BAKER.

- 1 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.
- 5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

383

THOMAS C. UPHAM.

- 1 FEAR not, poor, weary one,
But struggle bravely yet;
Toil on until thy task is done,
Until thy sun is set.
- 2 Though many are thy cares,
And many are thy fears,

The loving Christ thy burden shares,
And wipes away thy tears.

- 3 No distant Christ is He,
And one that doth not know;
But watches close and constantly
The path which thou dost go.
- 4 'Tis when thy heart is tried,
'Tis in thine hour of grief,
He standeth ever at thy side,
And ever brings relief.

384

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong
in the strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son.

385

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
But 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 complete at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, come!
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

386

GEORGE HEATH.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith 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.

387

Unknown.

- 1 MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.

T. TALLIS.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

388

JOSEPH GRIGG.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.</p> <p>3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.</p> | <p>4 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.</p> <p>5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.</p> |
|--|---|

SUMNER. L. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. It may not be our lot to wield The sic - kle in the rip - ened field;
Nor ours to hear, on sum - mer eves, The rea - per's song a - mong the sheaves.

389

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.</p> <p>3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,</p> | <p>Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream, and slothful ease.</p> <p>4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day.</p> |
|--|---|

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Awake, our souls; a - way, our fears; Let ev - ery trembling thought be gone;

Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

390

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 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.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

391

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus our great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell, and thy sins, resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

392

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

- 1 Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.
- 2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.
- 3 Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

393

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 1 Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 2 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 3 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. A-bide not in the realms of dreams, O man, how-ev - er vain it seems,

Where drowsy airs thy powers repress In languors of sweet i - dle - ness ;

394

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

- 2 Nor linger in the misty past,
Entranced in visions vague and vast ;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.
- 3 Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands ;
From duty's claims no life is free,—
Behold, to-day hath need of thee !
- 4 The present hour allots thy task ;
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust His love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.
- 5 Lo ! the broad fields with harvests white
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite ;
And he who labors and believes
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

395

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

- 1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children, lost and lone.
- 2 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 4 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

TWILIGHT. 7.

Arr. from ZUNDEL.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go ;

Bear the toil, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

ELLESDIE. 8.7. D.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing,—Who will go and work to - day?

f
Fields are white, the har - vest wait-ing,—Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
D. s. Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
Fine.

D. S.
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free ;

396

DANIEL MARCH.

2 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Findeth mercy from above;
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow the seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear.
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

397

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,

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

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

398

HENRY K. WHITE.

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

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

DEDICATION. S. M.

English Melody.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be; All
that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

399

WILLIAM W. HOWE.

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 5 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

400

THOMAS KELI

- 1 LEAD on, Almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory!
Encouraged by the bright reward
With joy we'll follow Thee.
- 2 We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 3 This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight;—
- 4 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And O, sweet thought, forever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. O Fount of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline;
What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine?

SILCHESTER. S. M.

M. MADAN.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To

doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broad-cast it o'er the land.

401 JAMES MONTGOMERY.

2 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever sown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

402 GEORGE BURGESS.

1 THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

403 PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
With joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

404 THOMAS C. UPHAM.

1 O Thou, great Teacher from the skies,
Who lived and died for men,
Teach us with Thee to sympathize,
And be as Thou wast then.

2 It was the glory of Thy heart,
Whate'er Thou hadst to give;
For others' sufferings to impart,
For others' good to live.

3 Be Thou in us a living soul;
Be Thou our spirit's power;
Its secret thought, its life's control,
To guide it every hour.

4 We need like Thee a spirit true,
A just and generous mind,
Which seeks, in all it has to do,
The good of all mankind.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?

405

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

406

FREDERICK W. FABER.

- 1 O it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;
- 3 Or He deserts us in the hour
That brings the threatening host,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.
- 4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.
- 5 But right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

SAMOS. 7.3.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Christian, seek not yet repose, Cast thy dreams of ease away; Thou art in the midst of foes, Watch and pray.

WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY.

A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on ;
A heaven - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

407

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls Thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

408

Unknown.

- 1 O SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thine armor cling ;
With girded loins the call obey
Which grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw ;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thine anxious road ;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.
- 5 O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne ;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

409

WILLIAM W. HOWE.

- 2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Near thee lurks the evil one ;—
Watch and pray.
- 3 Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word ;—
Watch and pray.
- 4 'Twas by watching and by prayer
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear ;—
Watch and pray.
- 5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray that help may be sent down ;
Watch and pray.

WEBB. 7.6. D.

G. J. WEBB.

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross ; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. s. Till ev - ery foe is vanquished,

Fine. It must not suffer loss ; From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord indeed. *D. S.*

410

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day ;
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own ;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song ;
To him that overcome,eth,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Ancient Melody.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take ; Loud

to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake.

EWING. 7.6. D.

A. EWING.

1. Pilgrims we are and stran - gers, As all our fathers were ; Our path is full of dan - gers, Be - set with many a snare ; But, in our God con - fid - ing, No e - vil will we fear ; For our defence pro - vid - ing, He will be ev - er near.

411

JOHN BURTON.

2 Our heavenly habitation
 Attracts our longing eyes ;
 In sweet anticipation
 We view the blissful prize ;
 That glimpse our souls inflaming
 With more intense desire,
 All earthly hopes disclaiming,
 They up to heaven aspire.

3 Then let us ne'er be weary,
 Nor faint upon the road ;
 For, though the way be dreary,
 It leads us home to God ;
 It leads us to that station,
 Where foes no more annoy,—
 That world of full salvation,
 And everlasting joy.

412

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine ;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at His control ;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee ;
 Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

413

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of His heavenly word,
 And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins as in His sight,
 For awful is His Name.

3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
 And while we speak, He's near ;
 Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

1. My soul, tri - umph - ant in the Lord, Shall tell its joys a - broad ;

And march with ho - ly vig - or on, Sup - port - ed by its God.

414

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide ;
And, in that long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream ;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love ;
But, O ! I burn with strong desire
To view Thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore ;
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

L. DEVEREAUX.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,

I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

415

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
- 4 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.

WATERBROOKS. C. M.

L. SPOHR.

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

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

416

TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

417

GERARD T. NOEL.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow mourns the past,
And weeps o'er present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is, that hope with ardor glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

- 4 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys
The path to realms of light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 5 O! let me wing my hallowed way
From earth-born woe and care;
And soar above, to perfect day,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

418

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky;
How fast they fade away!
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint.
- 3 O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white;
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.
- 4 Here, faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there, are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
- 5 O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

AMSTERDAM. 7.6. D.

J. NARES.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter portion trace ; }
 { Rise from transitory things, T'ward heaven 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 prepared a - bove.

419

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

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.

SWITZERLAND. 7.6. D.

Hymne des Croyants.

1. { From ev-ery earth-ly pleas - ure, From ev-ery transient joy, }
 { From ev-ery mor - tal treas - ure That soon will fade and die ; } No lon - ger these de - sir - ing,

Up - ward our wish - es tend, To no - bler bliss as - pir - ing, And joys that nev - er end.

420

ELIEL DAVIS.

2 From every piercing sorrow
 That heaves our breast to-day,
 Or threatens us to-morrow,
 Hope turns our eyes away ;

On wings of faith ascending,
 We see the land of light,
 And feel our sorrows ending,
 In infinite delight.

ANTICIPATION. 7. D.

G. ELVEY.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Still in Thee may I be found,
Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still for Thee my powers employ.

Fountain of o'erflowing grace, Till I close my earthly race,
Freely from Thy fullness give; May I prove it "Christ to live."

421

RALPH WARDLAW.

2 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from Thee my ravished soul;
Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it, "gain to die."

3 Gain, to part from all my grief;
Gain, to bid my sins farewell;
Gain, of all my gains the chief,
Ever with the Lord to dwell;
This Thy people's portion, Lord,
Peace on earth, and bliss on high;
This their ever-sure reward,
"Christ to live, and gain to die."

KINGSTOWN. 8.7.4.

Cornish Melody.

1. O my soul, what means this sad-ness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
D. C. Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus, And re - joice in His dear Name.

Let thy griefs be turned to glad-ness, Bid thy rest-less fears be gone;

422

JOHN FAWCETT.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise Him,
Praise the great Redeemer's Name.

ASPIRATION. 6.4.

J. Goss.

1. Nearer, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou our prayer; E'en though a heavy cross Fainting we bear,

Still all our prayer shall be, Nearer, O God, to Thee, Nearer, O God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

423

W. W. HOWE.

- 2 If Thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not the trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by our woes to be
: Nearer, O God, to Thee, :
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights
Let us be found;
Through toils and strife to be
: Nearer, O God, to Thee, :
Nearer to Thee!

- 4 When, our course finished, we
Breathe our last breath,
Entering the shadowy
Valley of death,
There even shall we be
: Nearer, O God, to Thee, :
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 And when Thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
O for a dwelling-place
In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
: Nearer, O God, to Thee, :
Nearer to Thee!

BETHANY. 6.4.

L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
D. s. Near - er, my God, to Thee,

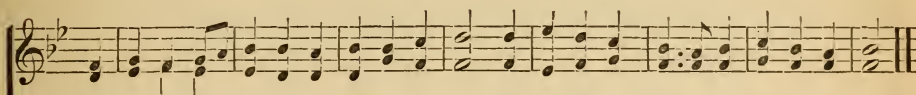
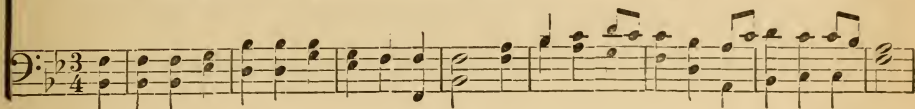
That rais - eth me, Near - er to Thee! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

WAREHAM. II.

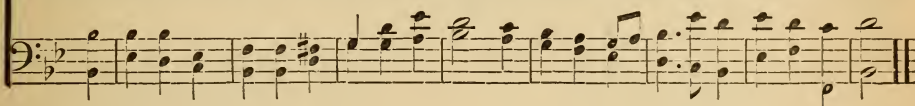
W. KNAPP.



1. O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove, How soon would I soar to Thy presence above ;



How soon would I flee where the weary have rest, And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast.



424

HENRY F. LYTE.

- 2 I flutter, I struggle, I pant to get free ;
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee ;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be home.
- 3 Ah, there the wild tempest for ever shall cease ;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace ;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.
- 4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine ;
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline ;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers ;
O what will it be when the fulness appears ?

425

SARAH F. ADAMS.

- 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 !

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. My soul, a - mid this storm - y world, Is like some flut - tered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing To flee to Him I love.

426

ROBERT C. CHAPMAN.

- 2 May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner, to be free?
- 3 A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she, that waits her absent lord,
May sigh till he appear.

- 4 I fain would strike my harp divine
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace has done.
- 5 Ah, leave me not in this base world,
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself;
Come, Jesus, quickly come.

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN.

1. "We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here ;" This may dis - tress the world - ly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a bet - ter rest to find.

427

THOMAS KELLY.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here ;"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil, are blest!

- Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to Thee and be at rest.
- 4 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

ORIENT. 8.7. D.

J. STAINER.

1. { In the evening there is weeping, Lengthening shadows, falling sight; }
 Silent darkness slowly creeping Over all things dear and bright. { In the morning cometh singing,
 Cometh joy and cometh sight, When the sun a - ris - eth, bringing Healing on his wings of light.

428

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

2 In the evening there is weeping,
 Lasting all the twilight through;
 Phantom shadows, never sleeping,
 Wakening slumbers of the true.
 In the morning cometh singing,
 Songs that ne'er in silence end,
 Angel minstrels ever bringing
 Praises new with thine to blend.

3 Art thou weeping, sad and lonely,
 Through the evening of thy days?
 All thy singing shall be only
 Prelude of more perfect praise.
 Darkest hour is nearest dawning,
 Solemn herald of the day;
 Singing cometh in the morning,
 God shall wipe thy tears away!

TABOR. 8.

C. STEGGALL.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed; But what must it be to be there!

429

ELIZABETH MILLS.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Its wonders and pleasures untold;
 But what must it be to be there!
 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials without and within;
 But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,
 The Church of the first-born above;
 But what must it be to be there!
 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel, what it is to be there.

TAPPAN. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - fi - nite

day excludes the night, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

430

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

431

SAMUEL STENNETT.

- 1 On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

- 3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
- 5 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

432

JOHN EAST.

- 1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.
- 3 Soon at His feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die;—
I shall not taste of death.
- 4 Far from this guilty world to be,
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with Thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

FREDERICK. II.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;

The few lurid mornings, that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

433

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within ;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 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 ?
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

434

Mrs. YORK.

- 1 I'm weary of straying ; O fain would I rest,
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever have fled.
- 2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth ;
O'er pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness of age.
- 3 I'm weary of loving what passes away ;
The sweetest, the dearest, alas ! may not stay ;
I long for that land, where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
- 4 I'm weary, my Saviour, of grieving Thy love ;
O when shall I rest in Thy presence above ?
I'm weary ; but, O let me never repine,
While Thy Word, and Thy love, and Thy promise are mine.

EIRENE. II. 10.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. O for the peace which floweth as a riv - er, Mak-ing life's des-ert places bloom and smile!

O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever," A-mid the shad-ows of this "lit-tle while!"

435

J. CREWDSON.

- 2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong,
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.
- 3 "A little while," 'midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
And hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."
- 4 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking,
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.
- 5 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

SWEET HOME. II.

H. R. BISHOP.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and tire-some complaints,
How sweet to the soul is com-mu-nion with [Omit.] saints; To find at the ban-quet of

mer-cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home, Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
D. S. Pre- pare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home.

HEAVENLY HOME. 6.4.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. We are but strangers here, Heaven is our home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is our home.

Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round us on ev-ery hand; Heaven is our Fatherland, Heaven is our home.

436

T. R. TAYLOR.

- 2 What though the tempests rage?
 Heaven is our home;
 Short is our pilgrimage,
 Heaven is our home.
 And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast,
 We shall reach home at last;
 Heaven is our home.
- 3 There at our Saviour's side
 Heaven is our home;
 May we be glorified;
 Heaven is our home;

There are the good and blest,
 Those we love most and best,
 Grant us with them to rest;
 Heaven is our home.

- 4 Grant us to murmur not,
 Heaven is our home.
 Whate'er our earthly lot,
 Heaven is our home.
 Grant us at last to stand
 There at Thine own right hand,
 Jesus, in Fatherland;
 Heaven is our home!

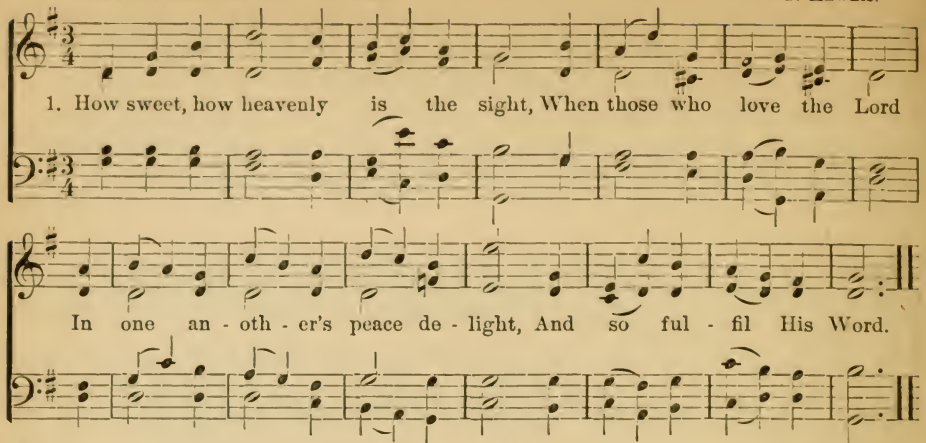
437

DAVID DENHAM.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
 Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
 Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
 All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission, and strength as my day;
 In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
 Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
 And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

T. HAWES.



1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil His Word.

438

JOSEPH SWAIN.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

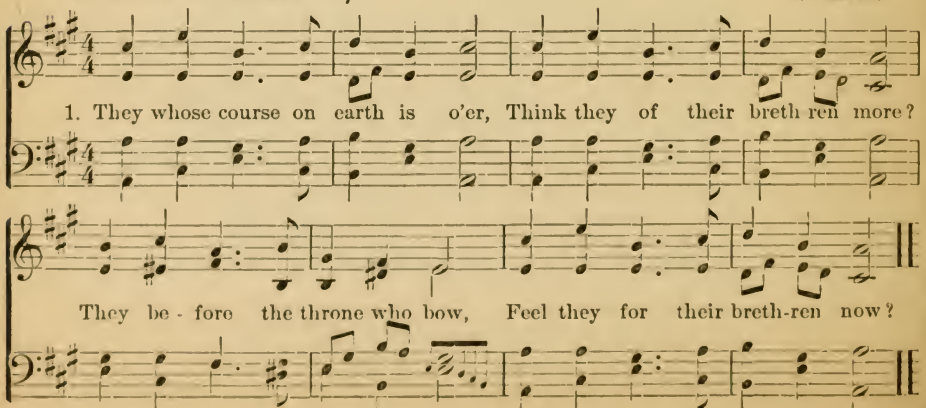
439

RAY PALMER.

- 1 LORD, Thou on earth didst love Thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
O still from Thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.
- 2 The love the Father bears to Thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all Thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.
- 3 As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear Thy Name.
- 4 One blesséd fellowship of love,
Thy living Church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at Thy right hand.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

I. PLEYEL.



1. They whose course on earth is o'er, Think they of their brethren more?
They be - fore the throne who bow, Feel they for their brethren now?

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

R. HARRISON.

Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob - tained the prize,
And, on the ea - gle wings of love, To joy ce - les - tial rise.

440

CHARLES WESLEY.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

- 6 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;
And when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

441

THOMAS COTTERILL.

- 1 OUR God is love; and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by Thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

442

JOHN M. NEALE.

- 1 THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?
- 2 Yea, the dead in Christ have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.
- 3 We, by enemies distrest,
They, in Paradise at rest;
We the captives, they the freed,
We and they are one indeed.
- 4 One in all we seek or shun;
One, because our Lord is one;
One in heart, and one in love,
We below, and they above.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

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.

443

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

444

JOHN FAWCETT.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares,

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

445

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

CRUCIFER. L. M.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Take up thy cross, the Sav-iour said, If thou would'st My dis-ci-ple be ;

De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter Me.

446

C. W. EVEREST.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.</p> <p>3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.</p> | <p>4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.</p> <p>5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.</p> |
|--|---|

EATON. L. M. D.

Z. WYVILL.

1. { Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword; } With banner of the cross }
Forth to the battle may they go, And boldly fight against the foe, }

And by it over - come the world ; And so at last receive from Thee The palm and crown of victory.

447

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home ;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to Thee ;</p> | <p>Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.</p> |
|--|---|

ENDSLEIGH. 7.6. D.

S. SALVATORI.

448

JAMES G. DECK.

1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blest command;
By faith our souls rejoicing
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark, angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When, in Thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er Thee roll.

Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed;
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.

3 Into Thy death baptized,
We own with Thee we died;
With Thee, our Life, are risen,
And shall be glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee, to God.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.

J. B. GAUSBY.

To be sung as each of the persons to be baptized passes into the Baptistry.

To be sung after the last person has been baptized.

ORDINANCE. II.

German Chorale.

1. { O Thou who in Jordan didst bow Thy meek head, And whelm'd in our sorrow didst sink to the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above, And claim'd for Thy chosen the kingdom [Omit] of love!

450

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the
tide, [Thou hast died;
And are buried with Thee in the death
Then wake with Thy likeness to walk
in the way [less day.
That brightens and brightens to shadow-

3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of Thy passion, the grace of
Thy Word,

Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by Thy Spirit, our spirits from
sin;

4 Till, crowned with Thy glory, and waving
the palm, [of the Lamb,
Our garments all white from the blood
We join the bright millions of saints
gone before, [evermore.
And bless Thee, and wonder, and praise

CRUSADER. 8.7.4.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, now Thy new-made sol - dier From the Font hath gone *his* way;

Now be - fore *him* lies *his* tri - al In the life - long, doubtful fray;

Bless - ed Sav - iour, Keep *him* through the wea - ry day.

451

J. M. HEWETT.

2 Full of hope *his* day is breaking;
May *he* never know the night.
Thou who shinest on *his* morning,

Be at eventide *his* Light;
Son of Glory,
Lose *him* never from Thy sight.

DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER.

1. Je - sus, Thy love shall we for - get, And nev - er bring to mind

The grace that paid our hope - less debt, And bade us par - don find?

452

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

1 JESUS, Thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we Thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and Thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget,—
Thy struggling agony,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with Thee?

4 Life's brightest joys we may forget,
Our kindred cease to love;
But He, who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

5 Our sorrows and our sins were laid,
On Thee, alone on Thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid;
Thine all the glory be.

453

GERARD T. NOEL.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,
"Meet, and remember Me."

4 Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there.

454

Pratt's Collection.

1 PREPARE US, Lord, to view Thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on Thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on Thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as Thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

455

ISAAC WATTS.

1 To Him that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God;

2 To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

WARD. L. M.

Scotch Melody.

1. O thou, my soul, for - get no more The Friend who all thy sor - rows bore,

Let ev - ery i - dol be for - got, But, O my soul, for - get Him not.

456

KRISHNOO PAL: J. MARSHMAN.

- 2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.
- 3 Eternal truth and beauty shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms
forget?
- 4 O no; till life itself depart,
His Name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

457

ANNE STEELE.

- 1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The Name by heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around His board we meet,
And humbly worship at His feet,
O let our warm affection's move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Let humble, penitential woe,
In tears of godly sorrow flow;
And Thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

458

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear His Name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

459

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above!
- 2 'Twas He who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His precious blood;
'Tis He who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
Let every tongue His glory sing.

HOLLEY. 7.

G. HEWS.

1. Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed ;

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.

460

JOSIAH CONDER.

- 2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of Life; O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

461

JOHN NEWTON.

- 1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May He teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

PILGRIM BAND. 7.6.

Parish Hymnal.

1. Sit down be - neath His shad - ow, And rest with great de - light ;

The faith that now be - holds Him Is pledge of fu - ture sight.

462

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

- 2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free ;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.
- 3 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,

Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

- 4 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed.

STOCKWELL. 8.7.

D. E. JONES.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross we spend ;

Life, and health, and peace pos-sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

463

WALTER SHIRLEY.

- 2 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our eyes and hearts on Thee,
Till we know Thy full salvation,
And, unveiled, Thy glory see.
- 3 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.

464

JOHN NEWTON.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

LINCOLN. 8.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,

And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come.

465

GEORGE RAWSON.

- 2 His body broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal-night,
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.
- 5 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8.7. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. { Glor-ious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God! }
 { He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode; }

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re- pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayest smile at all Thy foes.

466

JOHN NEWTON.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove;
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe, they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

ZION. 8.7.4.

T. HASTINGS.

1. { Zi-on stands by hills sur-round-ed; Zi-on kept by power di-vine; }
 { All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms combine. } Hap-py Zi-on!

What a fav-ored lot is thine! Hap-py Zi-on! What a fav-ored lot is thine!

MELCHIOR. 7. 6. D.

M. TESCHNER.

1. { And is the time approaching, By prophets long foretold, }
 { When all shall dwell together, One Shepherd and one fold? } Shall every i - dol per - ish,

To moles and bats be thrown, And every prayer be offered To God in Christ a - lone?

467

JANE BORTHWICK.

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore?
 Shall all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day?
 3 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love?

Shall war be learned no longer,
 Shall strife and tumult cease,
 All earth His blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace?

- 4 O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray;
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away?
 O sweet anticipation,
 It cheers the watchers on,
 To pray, and hope, and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

468

THOMAS KELLY.

- 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.

- 2 Christians, hearken; none has taught them
 Of His love so deep and dear;
 Of the precious price that bought them;
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
 Ye who know Him,
 Guide them from their darkness drear.
 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
 Wide to earth's remotest strand;
 Let no brother's bitter chidings
 Rise against us, when we stand
 In the judgment,
 From some far, forgotten land.

469

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

- 1 Souls in heathen darkness lying,
 Where no light has broken through,
 Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
 Whom His soul in travail knew,—
 Thousand voices,
 Call us, o'er the waters blue.

- 4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
 All along each distant shore;
 Seaward far the islands brighten;
 Light of Nations, lead us o'er!
 When we seek them,
 Let Thy Spirit go before.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. God is the refuge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress invade ;

Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold Him present with His aid.

470

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, Thine holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 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.

471

ISAAC WATTS.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head ;
His Name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

472

RAY PALMER.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, Thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain ;
That He who once a Sufferer bled
Shall o'er the world a Conqueror reign.
- 2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King !
Long ages have prepared Thy way ;
Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.
- 3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call ;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.
- 4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen
stand ;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from laud to laud.
- 5 O fill Thy Church with faith and power ;
Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,

Where'er the foot of man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.

473

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

474

JAMES JOYCE.

- 1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps thy tuneful string,
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song declines to sing?
- 2 Awake, thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let heart and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King His sceptre sways;
And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.
- 3 No taunting foes the song require;
No stranger mocks thy captive chain;
But friends invite the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hill to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share;
A heavenly city claims thy song,
A brighter Salem rises there.

- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam,
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

475

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

- 1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty Word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

ST. PETER'S. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

O where are kings and em - pires now, Of old that went and came ?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same.

476

ARTHUR C. COXE.

1 O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came ?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong ;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God !
Though earthquake shocks are threat -
ening her,
And tempests are abroad ;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

MAIDSTONE. 7. D.

W. B. GILBERT.

1. } Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright ; }
Might - y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight. } O'er a faith - less fall - en world

Raise your ban - ner in the sky, Let it float there wide unfurled, Bear it on - ward, lift it high.

477

WILLIAM W. HOW.

2 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

THATCHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Far down the a - ges now, Much of her jour - ney done, The

pil - grim Church pur - sues her way, Un - til her crown be won.

478

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 1 FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.
- 2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new.
- 3 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day.
- 4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.
- 5 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

479

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 1 COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come! for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
- 3 Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
- 4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.
- 5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

- 3 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.
Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort trouble, banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

- 4 Be the banner still unfurled,
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.
Praise with songs of holy glee,
Saints of earth and Heavenly Host,
Godhead One in Persons Three,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe ; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Going on be - fore.

480

S. BARING GOULD.

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.—REF.

3 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—REF.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6. D.

L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, Where Afric's sunny fountains
From India's co-ral strand, Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

CHENIES. 7.6. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - tent - ial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.

481

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

482

REGINALD HEBER.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

483

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
The bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high;
The sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord;—

2 The Lamb who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again;
No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign;
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
O wide-world coronation!
In every heart a throne.

MIZPAH. L. M.

1. Lord, pour Thy Spir - it from on high, And Thine as - sem - bled servants bless ;

Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe them all with right - eous ness.

484

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Like shining stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.</p> <p>3 True wisdom, firmness, love impart,
And zeal and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;</p> | <p>4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.</p> <p>5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign ;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.</p> |
|--|---|

COLCHESTER. C. M.

H. PURCELL.

1. Let Zi - on's watchmen all a - wake, And take th' a - larm they give ;

Now let them from the mouth of God Their sol - emn charge re - ceive.

485

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.</p> <p>3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—</p> | <p>For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.</p> <p>4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.

1. The sol - emn ser-vice now is done; The vow is pledged, the toil be - gun;

Seal Thou, O God, the oath a - bove, And rat - i - fy the pledge of love.

486

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

- 2 The shepherd of Thy people bless;
Gird him with Thine own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for Thee.
- 3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And myriads to the Saviour led.
- 4 Come, Spirit, here consent to dwell;
The mists of earth and sin dispel;
Blest Saviour, Thine own rights maintain;
Supreme in every bosom reign.

487

THOMAS COTTERILL.

- 1 O KING of Salem! Prince of peace!
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease;
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope, reward;
- 2 One God and Father of us all,
On whom Thy Church and people call;
O may we one communion be,
One with each other, one with Thee.

489

RAY PALMER.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast taught our hearts to glow
With love's undying flame;
But more of Thee we long to know,
And more would love Thy Name.
- 2 Thy life, Thy death, inspire our song,
Thy Spirit breathes through all;
And here our feet would linger long,
But we obey Thy call.

- 3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things;
All pastors and all deacons bless,
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
- 4 Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Save those who preach and those who hear!

488

WILLIAM KINGSBURY.

- 1 GREAT Lord of all Thy Churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 Revive Thy churches with Thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' Name.
- 3 May young and old Thy Word receive,
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

- 3 Teach Thou our lips of Thee to speak,
Of Thy sweet love to tell;
Till they who wander far shall seek
And find and serve Thee well.
- 4 O'er all the world Thy Spirit send,
And make Thy goodness known,
Till earth and heaven together blend
Their praises at Thy throne.

MEAR. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

490

WILLIAM COWPER.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

491

Unknown.

- 1 BEFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thine erring servants bow,
Trembling, to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.
- 2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed, and word, and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

- 3 Once more we vow the holy Faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.
- 4 O Father, pardon all the past;
Renew Thy wasted grace;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

492

JOHN MORRISON.

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return!
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
His arm, though it be strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.
- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be;
Like morning songs His voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;
- 5 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

DOVER. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

O for the hap - py hour When God will hear our cry; And
 send, with a re - viv - ing power, His Spir - it from on high.

493

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

- 1 O FOR the happy hour
 When God will hear our cry;
 And send, with a reviving power,
 His Spirit from on high.
- 2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
 We listen to the Word,
 In vain; we see no cheering ray,
 No cheering voice is heard.
- 3 Our prayers are faint and dull,
 And languid all our songs;
 Where once with joy our hearts were full,
 And rapture tuned our tongues.
- 4 While many seek Thy house,
 How few, around Thy board,
 Meet to recount their solemn vows,
 And bless Thee as their Lord!
- 5 Thou, Thou alone canst give
 Thy Gospel sure success;
 Canst bid the dying sinner live
 Anew in holiness.
- 6 Come, then, with power divine,
 Spirit of life and love!
 Then shall our people all be Thine,
 Our Church, like that above.

- 2 The Holy Spirit send,
 To quicken every soul;
 And hearts, the most rebellious, bend
 To Thy divine control.
- 3 Let all that own Thy Name
 Thy sacred image bear;
 And light in every heart the flame
 Of watchfulness and prayer.
- 4 Since in Thy love we see
 Our only sure relief,
 O raise our earthly minds to Thee,
 And help our unbelief.

495

ALBERT MIDLANE.

- 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy mighty arm make bare;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Disturb this sleep of death,
 Quicken the smouldering embers now,
 By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt Thy precious Name;
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 And give refreshing showers;
 The glory shall be all Thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

494

Unknown.

- 1 LORD, bid Thy light arise
 On all Thy people here,
 And as we lift our longing eyes,
 O may we find Thee near.

NEANDER. 8.7.4.

J. NEANDER.

1. { Gra-cious Shep-herd, lov-ing Sav-iour, Draw our children's hearts to Thee; }
 { Safe with-in Thy bo-som fold-ed, May they quick-ly gath-ered be; }

Gra-cious Shepherd! Gra-cious Shepherd! Draw our chil-dren's hearts to Thee.

496

Unknown.

2 Without Thee, all human effort

Impotent must ever be;

None beside Thyself can save them,

But all power is given to Thee;

Gracious Shepherd!

Draw our children's hearts to Thee.

3 On Thy love and care we cast them,

Bringing them in faith to Thee;

Teach them, Lord, what peace and pleasure

In Thyself and ways must be;

Gracious Saviour!

Draw our children's hearts to Thee.

4 From the world and Satan's bondage,

From the flesh, O set them free;

In their hearts be faith implanted,

Love and holiness, by Thee;

Gracious Shepherd;

Draw our children's hearts to Thee.

PRAYER. 11.8.

German Melody.

1. Wake, par-ents of Is-rael, O hast-en to plead For the Spir-it of grace to de-scend;

The word has gone forth, and the faithful have need Of our prayers, the great cause to de-fend.

497

English Baptist Collection.

2 Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven,

From all hearts united in one,

That wisdom and grace to our youths may be given,

And strength for the race they must run.

CRUCIFIX. 7.6. D.

Greek Melody.

1. { In hum-ble sup-pli-ca-tion, We come, O Lord, to Thee; }
 Thy grace a-lone can save us; To Thee a-lone we flee, } We come for this our par-ish Thy

mer-cy to im-plore; On Church, and homes, and peo-ple, O Lord, Thy mer-cy pour.

498

Sullivan's Collection.

- 2 Blot out our sins, O Father!
 Forgive the guilty past;
 Loose from their bonds the captives
 Whom Satan holdeth fast;
 Wake Thou the slumbering conscience,
 To listen to Thy call;
 The weak and wavering strengthen,
 And raise up them that fall.
- 3 Lord, banish strife and variance,
 Knit sundered hearts in one,
 And bind us all together
 In love to Thy dear Son.
 O Father! bless our parish,
 That all may grow in grace,
 And daily love Thee better
 Until we see Thy face.

499

BERNARD OF CLUNY: J. M. NEALE.

- 1 THE world is very evil,
 The times are waxing late,
 Be sober, and keep vigil;
 The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge that comes in mercy,
 The Judge that comes with might,
 To stop the course of evil,
 To recompense the right.

- 2 Arise, arise, ye Christians,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead;—
 To light that has no evening,
 That knows no moon, or sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.
- 3 O home of fadeless splendor,
 Of flowers that hide no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children
 Who here as exiles mourn!
 O strive to win that glory;
 O toil to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.

3 From the youth of our country shall armies arise,
 The Gospel of peace to proclaim;
 O'er the land and the seas, the glad message that flies,
 Shall re-echo Emmanuel's Name.

4 Wake, parents of Israel! O wrestle and pray,
 That grace to our youths may be given;
 For the hands that in faith are uplifted to-day,
 Shall prevail with our Father in Heaven.

TRURO. L. M.

C. BURNEY.

1. O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

And yet vouch-saves, in Chris-tian lands, To dwell in tem - ples made with hands ;

500

JOHN M. NEALE.

- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
- 3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.
- 4 The heads that guide, endue with skill ;
The hands that work, preserve from ill ;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
- 5 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect ;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blesséd Trinity !

501

Mrs. C. H. JOHNSON.

- 1 An earthly temple here we raise,
Lord God, our Saviour, to Thy praise ;
O make Thy gracious presence known
While now we lay its corner-stone.
- 2 And when the temple "made with hands"
Upon its firm foundation stands,
O may we all with loving heart
In nobler building bear a part ;
- 3 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to Thee ;
All resting upon Christ alone,
The chief and precious Corner-stone.
- 4 So, when our toil is o'er at last,
All labor in both temples past,
O may it then, by works be shown,
That faith hath laid this corner-stone.

OLDENBERG. II.

T. SELLE.

1. We rear not a temple, like Judah's of old, Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold ;

No in - cense is light - ted, no victims are slain, No monarch kneels praying to hal - low the fane.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

I. SMITH.

1. A - rise, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest ;

Lo, Thy church waits with long - ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest.

502

ISAAC WATTS.

- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy Word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

503

W. C. BRYANT.

- 1 O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.
- 2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 May they who err, be guided here
To find the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise, [storm
While round these peaceful walls the
Of earth-born passion dies.

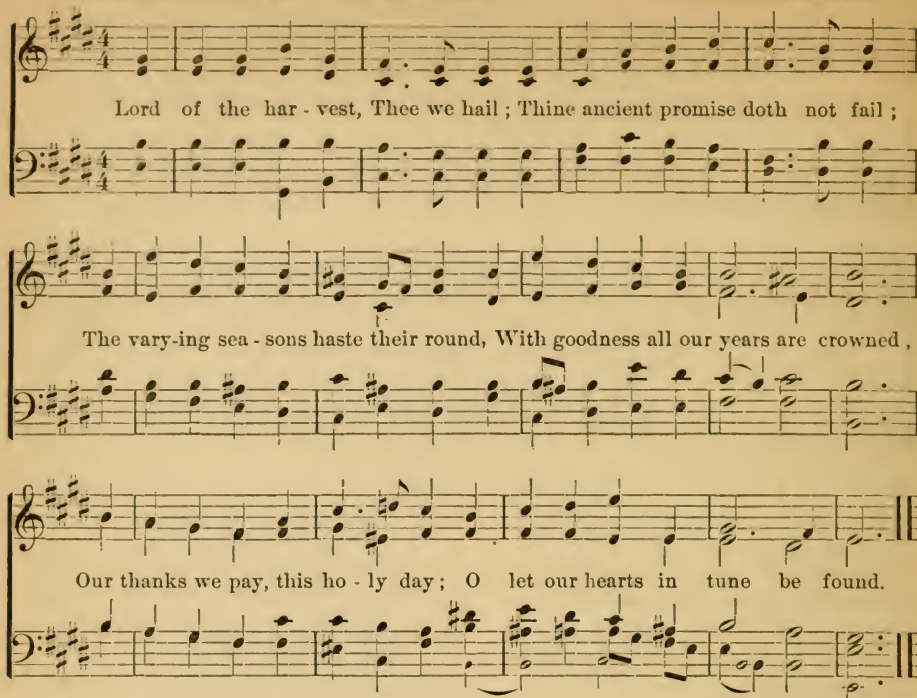
504

HENRY WARE, JR.

- 2 More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.
- 3 O Father, come in ! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where Thy chosen ones bowed ;
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.
- 4 O come in the power of Thy life-giving Word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord ;
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

HARVEST HYMN. L. M. 6 lines.

J. BARNBY.



Lord of the har-vest, Thee we hail; Thine ancient promise doth not fail;

The vary-ing sea-sons haste their round, With goodness all our years are crowned,

Our thanks we pay, this ho-ly day; O let our hearts in tune be found.

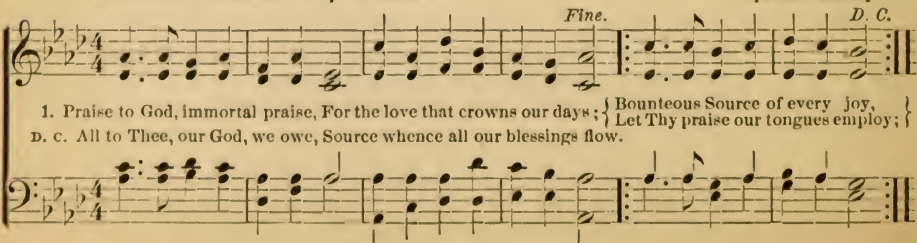
505

J. H. GURNEY.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay, this holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found.
- 2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
We still do sing to Thee our King;
Thro' all their changes Thou dost reign.
- 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New every year Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

SPANISH HYMN. 7. 6 lines.

Spanish Melody.



1. Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days; } Bounteous Source of every joy, }
d. c. All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow. } Let Thy praise our tongues employ; }

WITTEMBERG. 6.7.6.

J. CRUGER.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voices, Who wondrous things hath

done, In whom His world re - joic - es; Who, from our moth-er's arms, Hath

bles'd us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

506 MARTIN RINKART : C. WINKWORTH.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And blessed peace, to cheer us;

And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world, and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Holy One who reigns
In earth and highest heaven;
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

507 ANNA L. BARBAULD.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

AMERICA. 6.4.

J. BULL.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

508

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

- 2 Yea, bless His holy Name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along;
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

509

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

- 1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgivings raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

510

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

- 1 God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

PHILIPPI. C. M.

English Melody.

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;

It triumphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.

511

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.</p> <p>3 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed,
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.</p> | <p>4 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.</p> <p>5 To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

HUMILITY. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Great King of Na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall,

And humbly, with u - nit - ed cry, To Thee for mer - cy call.

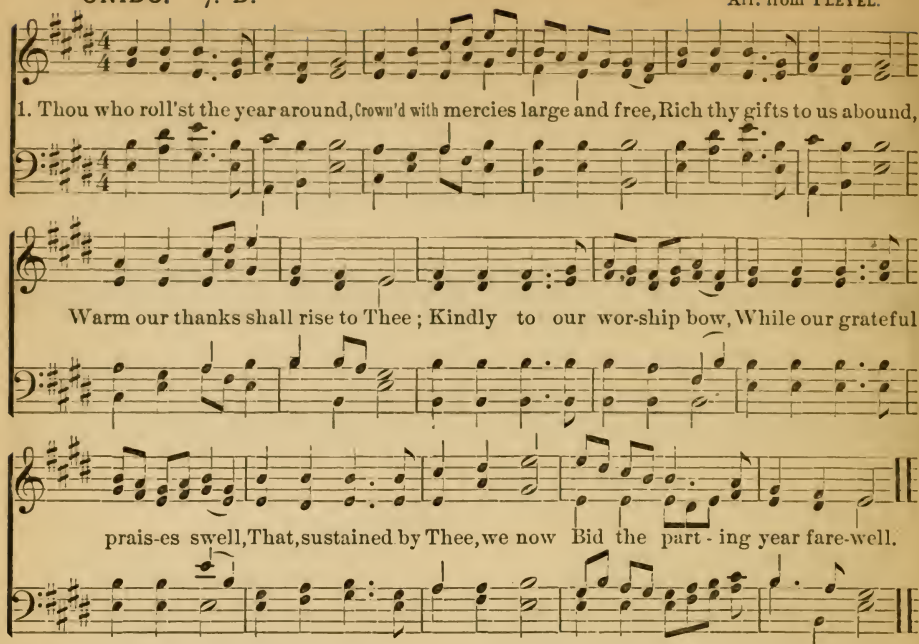
512

JOHN H. GURNEY.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.</p> <p>3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,</p> | <p>And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.</p> <p>4 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.</p> |
|--|--|

ONIDO. 7. D.

Arr. from PLEYEL.



1. Thou who roll'st the year around, crown'd with mercies large and free, Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our thanks shall rise to Thee; Kindly to our wor-ship bow, While our grateful
prais-es swell, That, sustained by Thee, we now Bid the part-ing year fare-well.

513

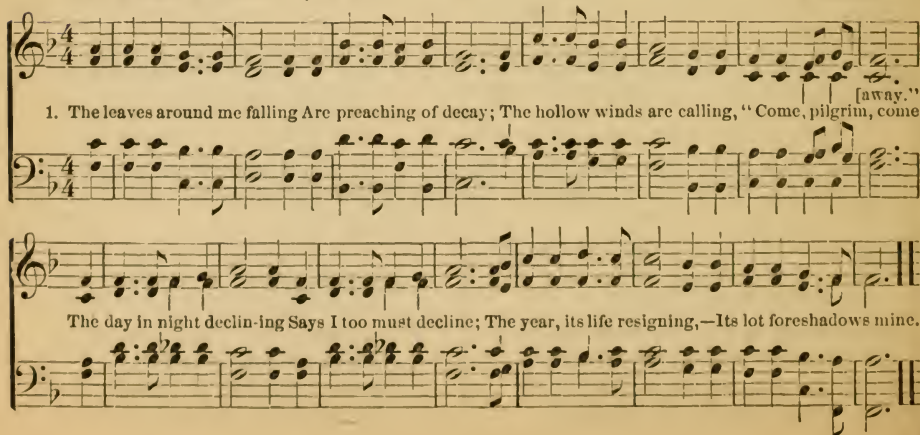
RAY PALMER.

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more;
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse each heart and make us Thine;
Let Thy grace within us live,
As our future suns decline;
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, let us fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

RUTHERFORD. 7.6. D.

C. D'URHAN.



1. The leaves around me falling Are preaching of decay; The hollow winds are calling, "Come, pilgrim, come
[away."
The day in night declin-ing Says I too must decline; The year, its life resigning,—Its lot foreshadows mine.

GASKILL. C. M.

R. FARRANT.

1. Our Fa - ther! thro' the com - ing year, We know not what shall be ;

But we would leave, with - out a fear, Its or - dering all to Thee.

514

WILLIAM GASKILL.

- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive, and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art perfect Love.

515

Latin: F. POTT.

- 1 The year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.
- 2 Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received;
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.
- 3 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.
- 4 O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
With angel-hosts above.

516

HENRY F. LYTE.

- 2 The light my path surrounding,
The love to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me sing,—
All melt like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends, gone there before me,
Are calling from on high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky;

- “Why wait,” they say, “and wither,
‘Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin!”
- 4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come;
A sinner, to salvation;
An exile, to his home;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

BENEVENTO. 7. D.

S. WEBBE.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted thro' the for - mer year, Man-y souls their
D. s. They have done with all be low ; We a lit - tle

race have run, Never more to meet us here ; Fixed in an e - ter - nal state,
long-er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

Fine. *D. S.*

517

JOHN NEWTON.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view ;
Bless Thy Word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told
May we dwell with Thee above.

WARFARE. 6.5.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Standing at the por - tal Of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us, Hushing every fear.
REF. Onward, then, and fear not, Children of the Day ! For His word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a - way.

Spoken thro' the si - lence By our Father's voice, Tender, strong, and faithful, Making us re-joice.

D. C.

518

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be Thou not afraid !
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed !

Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand ;
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand."—REF.

NEW YEAR HYMN. 7.5. D.

J. BARNBY.

1. Fa - ther, here we ded - i - cate This new year to Thee, In what - ev - er world - ly

state Thou wilt have us be. Not from sor - row, pain, and care, Free - dom

dare we claim ; This a - lone shall be our prayer, Glo - ri - fy Thy Name.

519

L. TUTTIETT.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim ;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break ;—

Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim ;
And, whate'er the year shall bring,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Teach us, Lord, how Thy dear Son
To His glory came ;
In our woe we'll still pray on
Glorify Thy Name.

3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.—REF.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake ;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.—REF.

MUNICH. 7.6. D.

German Melody.

1. { O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been, }
 { What time the tempest rag - es, Our dwelling-place se - rene ! } Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions,

O Lord, the same as now, To end-less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou !

520

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

2 Our years are like the shadows
 O'er sunny hills that fly,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die ;
 A sleep, a dream, a story,
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.
 On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest ;
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hath blessed.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. MORNINGTON.

1. To-morrow, Lord, is Thine, And if its sun a-rise and shine,
 Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ; It shines by Thy command.

521

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
 O make Thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingéd hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken by Thine almighty power
 The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care :
 O be it still pursued ;
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.

522

HORATIUS BONAR.

1 MAKE haste, O man, to live,
 For thou so soon must die ;
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze,
 How swift its moments fly.

2 Make haste, O man, to do
 Whatever must be done ;
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
 Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up then with speed, and work ;
 Fling ease and self away ;
 This is no time for thee to sleep,
 Up, watch, and work and pray.

GEER. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

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.

523

RICHARD BAXTER.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;

- And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blesséd face to see; [meet
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

SHINING SHORE. 8.7. D.

G. F. ROOT.

1. { My days are glid-ing swiftly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger, Would not detain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and [OMIT.....] dan-ger: D. s. just before, the shining shore We may almost dis-[OMIT.....] cov-er.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

For O, we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And

524

DAVID NELSON.

- 2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.—REF.
- 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."—REF.
- 4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,
There, bright and joyous in the skies,
There, is our home forever.
REF.—For now we stand, etc.

HEAVENLY LAND. 6.

H. L. JENNER.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I'm near - er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore ;

525.

PHEBE CARY.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the blest mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea ;
- 3 Nearer the bound where we
Must lay our burdens down ;
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

- 4 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If I am nearer home
To-day than e'en I think ;—
- 5 Father, perfect my trust,
That I may rest, in death,
On Christ, my Lord, alone,
And thus resign my breath.

LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come ; And we shall be with
those that rest A - sleep with-in the tomb. A few more storms shall beat On
this wild rocky shore ; And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more.

PAX. 6. D.

W. B. GILBERT.

1. There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri - als nev - er

come, Nor tears of sor - row flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient

hope is crown'd, And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.

526

HENRY W. BAKER.

- 2 There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands and feet and side;

To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

527

HORATIUS BONAR.

- 2 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath day.

- 3 'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 Our souls for that glad day;
 O wash us in Thy precious blood,
 And take our sins away!

HOPE. L. M.

H. S. IRONS.

1. Let me be with Thee where Thou art, My Saviour, my e - ter - nal Rest ;

Then on - ly will this long - ing heart Be ful - ly and for - ev - er blest.

528

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be false to Thee and cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ;

Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove ;
There neither, death nor life, will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

CONSOLATION. 7.8.

W. B. GILBERT.

1. { Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy little lamb's brief weep - ing ;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild In its narrow bed 'tis sleep - [Omit] - ing,

And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more. A - men.

529

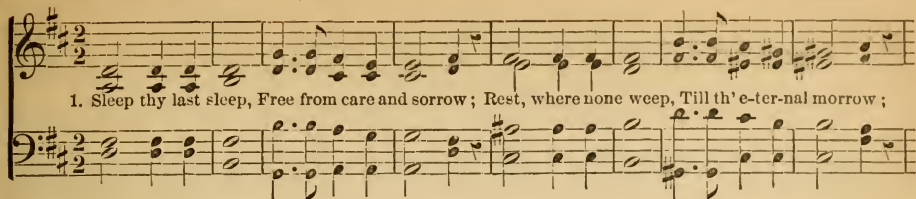
WILLIAM MEINHOLD : C. WINKWORTH.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it ;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

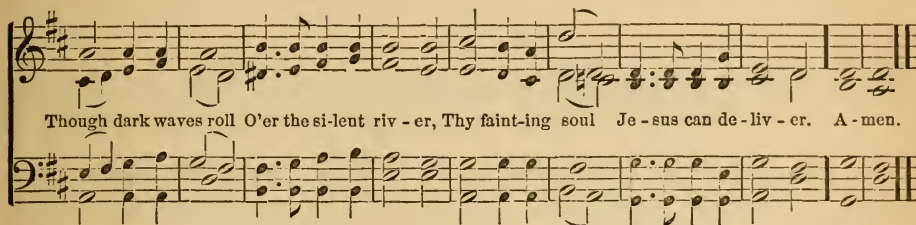
3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see,
That its heavenly food are giving ;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.
Amen.

LAST SLEEP. 4.6. D.

J. BARNEY.



1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, Till th'e-ter-nal morrow;



Though dark waves roll O'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy faint-ing soul Je-sus can de-liv-er. A-men.

530

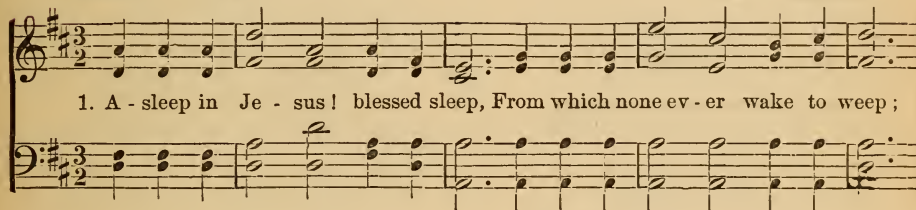
E. A. DAYMAN.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

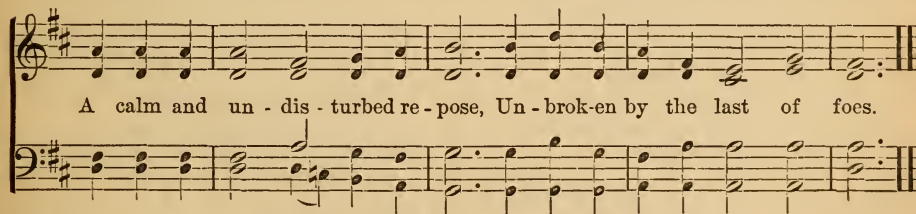
3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep;



A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

531

MARGARET MACKAY.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!

Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

EMPYREAN. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord;" A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is

in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

532

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "For ever with the Lord;"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

6 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death, I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

533

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord;
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long, succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

534

RICHARD MANT.

1 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

REDEMPTION. 7.6. D.

Arr. from HAVERGAL.

1. Re-joyce, rejoice, be - liev - ers, And let your lights appear ; The eve - ning is ad -

vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near ; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And

soon He will draw nigh ; Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle ! At midnight comes the cry.

535

L. LAURENTI : J. BORTHWICK.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations,
Ye meet the angel-choir.

The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand ;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory !
The Bridegroom is at hand.

- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear ;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With heart and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee !

536

C. H. A. MALAN : G. W. BETHUNE.

- 1 It is not death to die ;
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life !
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

BREST. 8.7.4.

L. MALON.

O'er the distant mountains breaking, Comes the reddening dawn of day; Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,

Rise, and sing and watch and pray; 'Tis thy Sav-iour, On His bright, re - turn - ing way.

537

J. S. B. MONSELL.

- 1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing and watch and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright, returning way.
- 2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me!
- 3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land!
- 4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour!
O my Saviour, quickly come!

538

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

- 1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blesséd Prince of Peace!
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.
- 3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.
- 4 With that "blesséd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

When Thou, my righteous judge, shalt come To take Thy ransomed peo - ple home,

Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth - less worm as I,

Who some - times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?

539

SELINA SHIRLEY.

- 1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
To see Thy smiling face; sound,
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

540

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st the prayer of
faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done,
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of Adoption breathe,
His consolation send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unlogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day.

REMEMBRANCE. 8.7. 6 lines.

H. SMART.

1. Day of death, in si-lence speed-ing On the wings of dark-ness near! How my in-most na-ture

trem-bles, Melting with excess of fear, When, in sleepless thought reclined, I de-pict it to my mind.

541

E. CASWALL.

2 Vainly strives imagination

That dread moment to portray,
When the soul, her course completed,
Soon to leave her home of clay,
Fiercely wrestles, pierced with pain,
With her yielding fleshly chain.

3 While revived from deep oblivion
Thoughts and words, a mingled maze,
Long forgotten deeds, unnumbered,
Crowd before the spirit's gaze;
Turn whichever way we will,
Ever there abiding still.

4 O how bitter then the sweetness
Of deluding sin shall seem!
What a phantom human greatness,
All dissolving like a dream!
What a mockery, pleasures brief,
Followed by eternal grief!

5 King Immortal, we beseech Thee
By Thy Cross of bitter woe,
Jesus Christ, at our departure
Thy sustaining grace bestow;
O, in us, this present hour
Crush the tyrant tempter's power.

EMMANUEL. 8.7.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Lo, the day of Christ's ap-pear-ing, Day of life, and day of light,

Day when death it-self shall per-ish, Day which ne'er shall set in night.

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M.

M. LUTHER.

1. That fearful day, that day of dread, When Thou shalt judge the quick and dead, O God, I shudder

to fore - see The aw-ful things which then shall be, The aw-ful things which then shall be.

542 THEODORE OF THE STUDIUM: J. M. NEALE

- 2 When Thou shalt come, Thine angels round,
With legions, and with trumpet sound;
O Saviour, grant me in the air
With all Thy saints, to meet Thee there.
- 3 Weep, O my soul, ere that great day,
When God shall shine in plain array;
O weep thy sin, that thou may'st be
In that severest judgment free.
- 4 O Christ, forgive, remit, protect,
And set Thy servant with the elect;
That I may hear the voice that calls
The righteous to Thy heavenly halls.

543

THOMAS OF CELANO: W. SCOTT.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?—
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

544

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

- 2 Steadily that day is coming,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.
- 3 See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long;
Long implored, at length He hasteth;
Cometh with salvation strong.
- 4 O how past all utterance happy,
Sweet, and joyful, will it be
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,
Jesus face to face shall see.
- 5 Blesséd, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Him have toiled and died;
Called to share with Him His glory,
With Him ever to abide.
- 6 There shall be no sighs or weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear;
No old age, nor want nor sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.
- 7 There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.
- 8 What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.
- 9 To those realms, just Judge, O call us;
Deign to open that blest gate;
Thou, Whom seeking, looking, longing,
We with eager joy await.

PARADISE. C. M.

J. BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - adise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

REF. Where loy - al hearts and true
happy land Where those that loved are blest. Where loy - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight.

545

FREDERICK W. FABER.

- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.—REF.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore.—REF.

- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord,
In love prepares for me.—REF.
- 5 Lord, Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.—REF.

BEULAH. 7. D.

E. IVES.

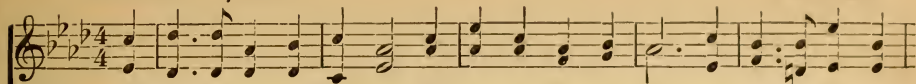
1. Who are these in bright array? This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng, Round the al - tar night and day
D. s. Wisdom, rich - es to ob - tain;

Fine. *D. S.*

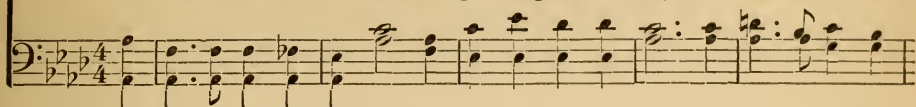
Hymning one tri - umphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, honor, glo - ry, power,
New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."

ALFORD. 7.6.8.6.

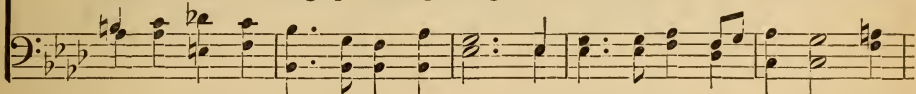
J. B. DYKES.



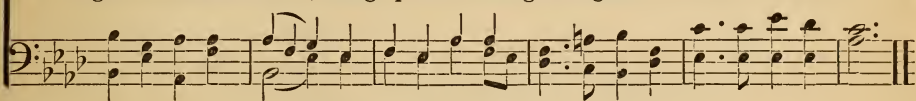
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the



ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light ; 'Tis finished, all is fin-ished, Their



fight with death and sin ; Fling open wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.



546

HENRY ALFORD.

2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky ;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day, for which Creation
And all its tribes were made ;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore ;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

547

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."
2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great afflictions came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name ;

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

ANGEL VOICES. II. 10. 9.

J. BARNEY.

1. Hark! hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

548

FREDERICK W. FABER.

- 2 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. REF.
- 3 Angels sing on; your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. REF.

LYTE. S. M.

J. WILKES.

1. Far from my heavenly home, Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
Far from my Father's breast, And speed me to my rest."

549

HENRY F. LYTE.

- 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.
- 3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
- 4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

SYLVESTER. 8.7.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Lord, to Thee.

550

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

- 2 Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.
- 3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,

Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood.

- 4 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

RHINE. C. M.

F. BERGMULLER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my

la - bors have an end In joy, and peace in thee? In joy, and peace in thee?

551

Unknown.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold? [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

EWING. 7.6. D.

A. EWING.

Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and honey blest ! Beneath thy contem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed ; I know not, O I know not What

so - cial joys are there ; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.

552

BERNARD OF CLUNY : J. M. NEALE.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest ;
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light 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,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

553

BERNARD OF CLUNY : J. M. NEALE.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution ;
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
- 3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

ANGELS. 8. 7. 7.

Arr. from the German.

1. Who are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand ?

Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing, Who are all this glo - rious band ?

Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav - en - ly King.

554 HEINRICH T. SCHENCK : F. E. COOK.

- 2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph thro' the Lamb have gained.
- 3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven

- With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.
- 4 These, like priests have watched and
waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still;
Now, in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

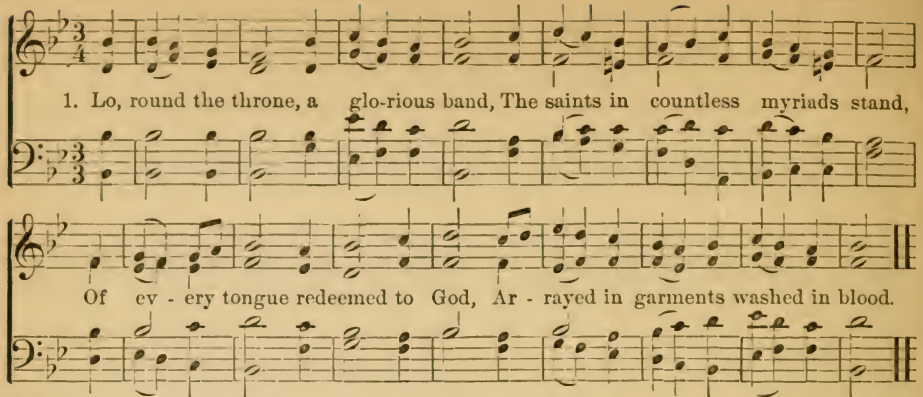
555 BERNARD OF CLUNY : J. M. NEALE.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy Name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only Mansion,
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
- 4 O sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed Country
That eager hearts expect;
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP.



1. Lo, round the throne, a glo-rious band, The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of ev-ery tongue redeemed to God, Ar-rayed in garments washed in blood.

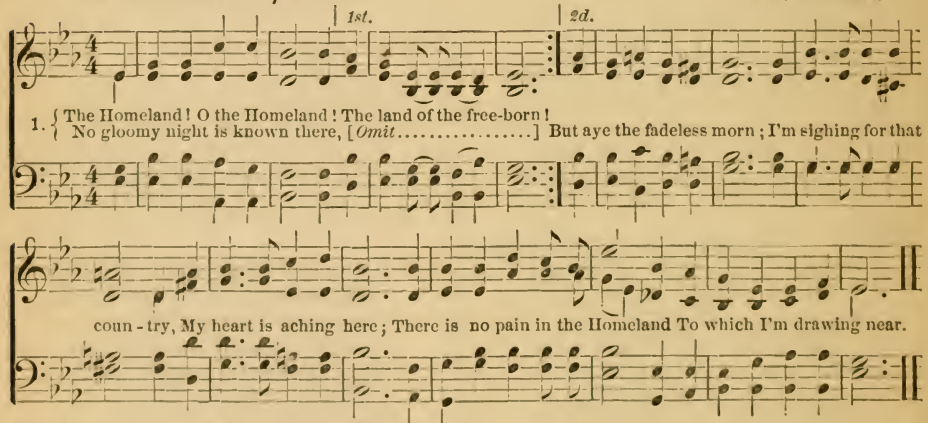
556

MARY L. DUNCAN.

- 2 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:—
- 4 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."
- 5 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

HOMELAND. 7.6. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. { The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of the free-born!
No gloomy night is known there, [Omit.....] But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for that
coun-try, My heart is aching here; There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm drawing near.

557

THOMAS HAWES.

- 2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.
- 3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come,
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home;
O dear, dear Native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love!

- 14 H. M. R. G. G. 20 7. 61. R. G. G.
 O God! the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—ever blest!
 To Thee, most glorious One!
 All worship be addressed;
 Let earth adore, while angels bow
 And worship now and evermore.
- 15 H. M. R. G. G. 21 7. 61. R. G. G.
 LIFT up the voice of praise
 To God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—through all days,
 The blessed holy One;
 We worship Thee with one accord;
 All glory be to Thee, O Lord!
- 16 6. 22 7.6. D. R. G. G.
 To Father, and to Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest—
 Thou glorious holy One!
 All praises be addressed,
 As hath been, and is now,
 And shall be evermore;
 Before Thy throne we bow,
 And Thee, our God, adore.
- 17 6.4. R. G. G. 23 8.7. R. G. G.
 GREAT God! eternal One!
 The Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, blest—
 To Thee, whom we adore,
 Who wast all worlds before,
 Be praises evermore
 By all addressed!
- 18 7. R. G. G. 24 8.7. R. G. G.
 THIEE, eternal God, most high!
 Thee we laud and magnify:
 Glorious o'er the heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
- 19 7. R. G. G. 25 II. or 5.6.
 GLORY be to God on high!
 Praise from all the heavenly host!
 Ever Thee we magnify—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
- BLESSING, glory, worship, love,
 Lord! be Thine for evermore;
 Thee, let heavens of heavens above
 And the earth beneath, adore!
 God o'er all th' angelic host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
- HALLELUJAH! highest praise,
 Now and to eternal days,
 Unto Thee, our God! shall be;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
 God o'er all the heavenly host:
 Glory ever be to Thee!
- To Thee, O Father! praises;
 And to Thine only Son;
 The heaven its anthem raises
 While ceaseless ages run;
 Thy Holy Spirit, blessing—
 Angels and saints adore:
 Thee, mighty Lord! confessing—
 One God for evermore.
- FATHER, Son, and Spirit—glorious!
 Lord of all through endless days—
 To Thy Name, O God! victorious,
 Blessing, honor, love and praise!
- GOD eternal! we adore Thee,
 Lord of all the heavenly host;
 Earth and heaven with joy before Thee,
 Worship give with praise utmost;
 Thine be glory, [Thine be glory,]
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
- O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

CHANTS.

SANCTUS, No. 1.

CAMIDGE.

Slow. *mf* *f*

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy

The first system of musical notation for Sanctus No. 1. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/2 time signature. The music starts with a *mf* dynamic and a 'Slow' tempo marking. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy' are written below the treble staff. Dynamics *f* and *mf* are indicated above the treble staff.

mf *f*

glo - ry: Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - men.

The second system of musical notation for Sanctus No. 1. It continues from the first system. The treble staff has a *mf* dynamic marking above it. The lyrics 'glo - ry: Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - men.' are written below the treble staff. Dynamics *f* and *mf* are indicated above the treble staff.

SANCTUS, No. 2.

ARNOLD.

p

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy

The first system of musical notation for Sanctus No. 2. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The music starts with a *p* dynamic. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy' are written below the treble staff.

glo - ry, O Lord of Hosts: Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High.

The second system of musical notation for Sanctus No. 2. It continues from the first system. The lyrics 'glo - ry, O Lord of Hosts: Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High.' are written below the treble staff.

SANCTUS, No 3.

JOHN DAVY.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and

earth are full of the Maj - es - ty of Thy Glo - ry:

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - men.

SANCTUS, No. 4.

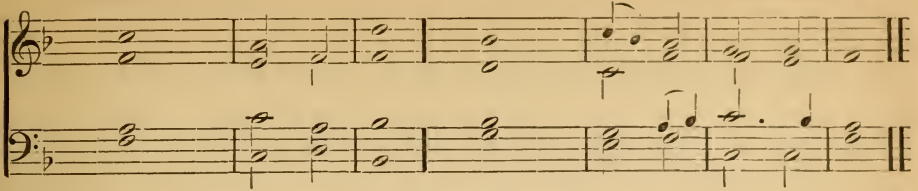
GIBBONS.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of the

maj - es - ty of Thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High.

BEATUS VIR.

BENJAMIN COOKE.



1

PSALM I.

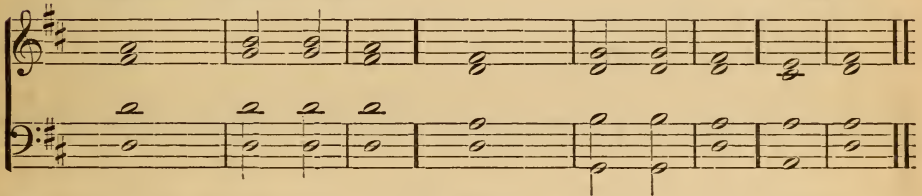
- 1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel | of · the un- | godly, || Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor | sitteth · in the | seat of the | scornful.
- 2 But his delight is in the | law · of the | Lord; || And in His law doth he | med-itate | day and | night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers · of | water, || That bringeth | forth his | fruit · in his | season;
- 4 His leaf also | shall not | wither; || And whatso- | ever · he | doeth · shall | prosper.
- 5 The ungodly | are not | so; || But are like the chaff which the | wind — | driv-eth a- | way.
- 6 Therefore the ungodly shall not | stand · in the | judgment, || Nor sinners in the congre- | gation | of the | righteous.
- 7 For the Lord knoweth the | way · of the | righteous: || But the way | of the · un- | godly · shall | perish.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end.
A- | men.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

L. MASON.



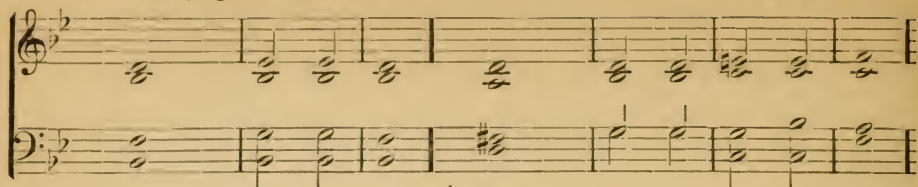
2

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd: I | shall not | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still- | wa- — | ters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His | Name's — | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they | comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup · runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for | ev- — | er. || A- | men.

DOMINE, QUIS HABITABIT.

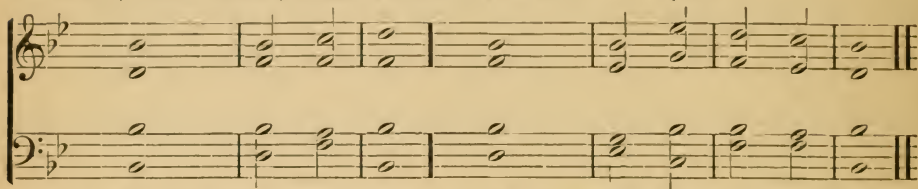
J. B. MARSH.



3

PSALM XV.

- 1 * Lord, who shall abide | in Thy | tabernacle, || Or who shall rest up- | on Thy |
holy | hill?
- 7 Whoso | doeth · these | things, || Shall — | nev- — | er — | fall.

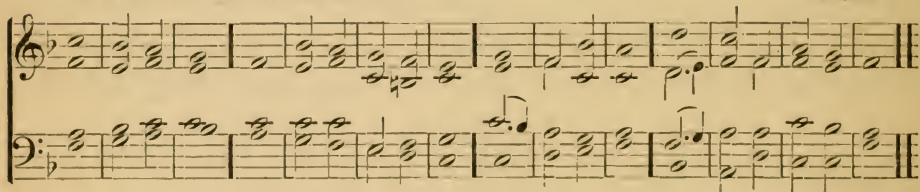


- 2 Even he that leadeth an | uncor-rupt | life, || And doeth the thing which is right, and
speaketh the | truth — | from his | heart.
- 3 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil | to his | neighbor, || And
hath not | slander- | ed his | neighbor.
- 4 He that sitteth not by himself, but is lowly in | his own | eyes, || And maketh
much of | them that | fear the | Lord.
- 5 He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappointeth | him — | not, || Though
it | were to | his own | hindrance.
- 6 He that hath not given his money upon | usu- | ry; || Nor taken reward a- | gainst
the | inno- | cent.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO.

HIGGINS.



4

PSALM XXVII.

- 1 THE Lord is my light and my salvation; | whom · shall I | fear? || The Lord is the
strength of my life; of | whom · shall I | be a- | fraid?
- 2 When the wicked, even mine enemies | and my | foes, || Came upon me to eat up
my | flesh, they | stumbled · and | fell.
- 3 Though an host should en- | camp a- | gainst me, || My | heart shall | not | fear:
- 4 Though war should | rise a- | gainst me, || In | this will | I be | confident.
- 5 One thing have I de- | sired · of the | Lord, || That | will I | seek — | after;
- 6 That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the | days of · my | life, || To behold
the beauty of the Lord, and to en- | quire — | in His | temple.

* The first verse should be sung before each verse except the last.

- 7 For in the | time of | trouble || He shall | hide · me in | His pa- | vilion ;
 8 In the secret of His tabernacle | shall He | hide me ; || He shall set me | up up- |
 on a | rock.
 9 And now shall mine head be | lifted | up || Above mine | enemies | round a- |
 bout me :
 10 Therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacri- | fices · of | joy ; || I will sing, yea, I
 will sing | praises · un- | to the | Lord.
 11 Hear, O Lord, when I | cry · with my | voice : || Have mercy also up- | on me ·
 and | answer | me.
 12 When Thou saidst, Seek | ye my | face ; || My heart said unto Thee, Thy | face,
 Lord, | will I | seek.
 13 Hide not Thy | face far | from me ; || Put not Thy | servant · a- | way in | anger.
 14 Thou hast | been my | help ; || Leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of |
 my sal- | vation.
 15 When my father and my | mother · for- | sake me, || Then the | Lord will | take
 me | up.
 16 Teach me Thy | way, O | Lord, || And lead me in a plain | path, be- | cause of ·
 mine | enemies.
 17 Deliver | me not | over || Unto the | will | of mine | enemies :
 18 For false witnesses are | risen · up a- | gainst me, || And | such as | breathe out |
 cruelty.
 19 I had fainted, unless I | had be- | lieved || To see the goodness of the Lord | in
 the | land · of the | living.
 20 Wait on the Lord : | be of · good | courage, || And He shall strengthen thine
 heart : wait, I | say, — | on the | Lord.
 Glory be to the Father, etc.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

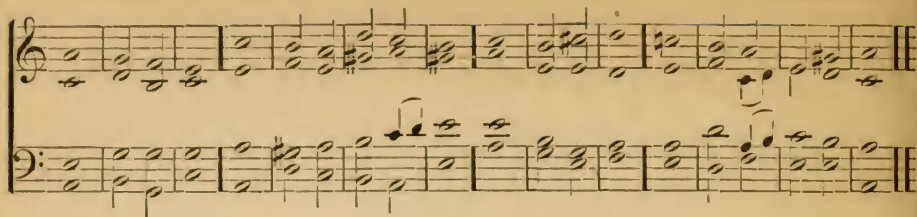


5 PSALM LXVII.

- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ; || And cause His | face to | shine up- |
 on us ;
 2 That Thy way may be | known upon | earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong all |
 nations.
 3 Let the people | praise · Thee, O | God ; || Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
 4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy : || For Thou shalt judge the people
 righteously, and govern the | nations · up- | on — | earth.
 5 Let the people | praise · Thee, O | God ; || Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ; || And God, even | our own | God, shall |
 bless us.
 7 Yea, | God shall | bless us ; || And all the | ends · of the | earth shall | fear Him.
 Glory be to the Father, etc.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS.

BATTISHILL.



6

PSALM LI.

- 1 HAVE mercy up- | on me, • O | God, || According | to Thy | loving- | kindness :
- 2 According unto the multitude of Thy | tender | mercies || Blot | out — | my trans-
gressions.
- 3 Wash me throughly from | mine in- | iquity, || And | cleanse me | from my | sin.
- 4 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions : || And my | sin is | ever • be- | fore me.
- 5 Against Thee, Thee only, | have I | sinned, || And done this | evil | in Thy | sight :
- 6 That Thou mightest be justified | when Thou | speakest, || And be | clear — |
when Thou | judgest.
- 7 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts : || And in the hidden part
Thou shalt | make • me to | know — | wisdom.
- 8 Purge me with hyssop, and | I shall • be | clean : || Wash me, and | I shall • be |
whiter • than | snow.
- 9 Make me to hear | joy and | gladness ; || That the bones which Thou hast |
broken | may re- | joice.
- 10 Hide Thy | face • from my | sins, || And | blot out | all • mine in- | iquities.
- 11 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God ; || And re- | new a • right | spirit • with- |
in me.
- 12 Cast me not away | from Thy | presence ; || And take not Thy | Holy | Spirit |
from me.
- 13 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation ; || And uphold me | with Thy |
free — | Spirit.
- 14 Then will I teach trans- | gressors • Thy | ways ; || And sinners shall be con- |
verted | unto | Thee.
- 15 O Lord, open | Thou my | lips ; || And my | mouth shall • show | forth Thy | praise.
- 16 For Thou desirest not sacrifice ; | else would • I | give it : || Thou de- | lightest |
not in • burnt | offering.
- 17 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit : || A broken and a contrite heart, O |
God, • Thou wilt | not de- | spise.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

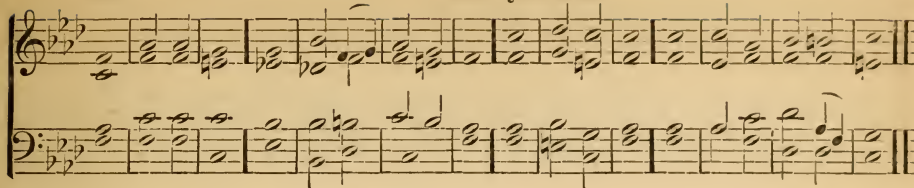
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever • shall | be, || World | without | end.
A- | men.

DOMINE, REFUGIUM.

J. B. MARSH.

SOLO.

Fine. QUARTETTE.

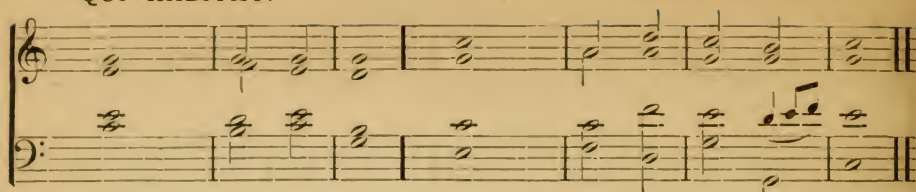


7

PSALM XC.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast been our | dwelling- | place || In | all — | gener- | ations.
 - 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the | earth ·
and the | world, || Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | Thou art | God.
 - 3 Thou turnest | man · to de- | struction; || And sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children ·
of | men.
 - 4 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday | when · it is | past, || And
as a | watch — | in the | night.
 - 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they | are · as a | sleep: || In the morn-
ing they are like | grass which | groweth | up:
 - 6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up; || In the evening it is cut | down
and | wither- | eth.
 - 7 For we are consumed | by Thine | anger, || And by Thy | wrath — | are we |
troubled.
 - 8 Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fore — | Thee, || Our secret sins in the | light
of | Thy — | countenance.
 - 9 For all our days are passed away | in Thy | wrath: || We spend our years as a |
tale — | that is | told.
 - 10 The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; || And if by reason of |
strength · they be | fourscore | years,
 - 11 Yet is their strength | labor and | sorrow; || For it is soon cut off, | and we | fly
a- | way.
 - 12 Who knoweth the power | of Thine | anger? || Even according to Thy | fear,
so | is Thy | wrath.
 - 13 So teach us to | number · our | days, || That we may apply our | hearts — | unto |
wisdom.
 - 14 Return, O | Lord, how | long? || And let it repent Thee con- | cerning | Thy — |
servants.
 - 15 O satisfy us early | with Thy | mercy, || That we may rejoice and be | glad all |
our — | days.
 - 16 Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast af- | flicted | us, || And
the years wherein | we have | seen — | evil.
 - 17 Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory | unto · their | children, ||
And let the beauty of the Lord our | God be | upon | us.
 - 18 And establish Thou the work of our | hands · upon | us, || Yea, the work of our |
hands es- | tablish · Thou | it.
- Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end.
A- | men.

QUI HABITAT.



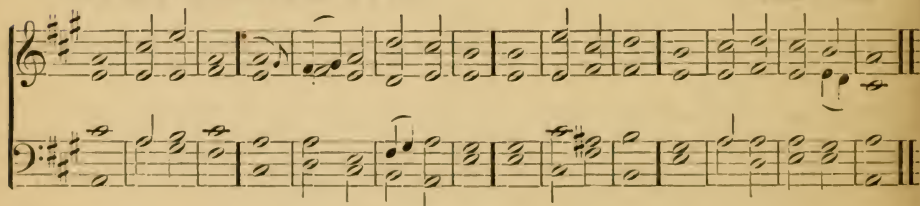
8

PSALM XCI.

- 1 HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the | Most — | High, || Shall abide under
the | shadow · of | the Al- | mighty.
- 2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, | and my | fortress, || My God, in |
Him — | will I | trust.
- 3 Because thou hast made the Lord, which | is my | refuge, || Even the Most | High,
thy | habi- | tation.
- 4 There shall no evil be- | fall — | thee, || Neither shall any | plague come | nigh
thy | dwelling.
- 5 For He shall give His angels charge | over | thee, || To | keep thee · in | all thy |
ways.
- 6 They shall bear thee up | in their | hands, || Lest thou dash thy | foot a- | gainst
a | stone.
- 7 Thou shalt tread upon the | lion and | adder; || The young lion and the dragon
shalt thou | trample | under | feet.
- 8 Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I de- | liver | him: || I will
set him on high, because | he hath | known My | Name.
- 9 He shall call upon Me, and I will | answer | him: || I will be with him in trouble;
I will deliver | him, and | honor | him.
- 10 With long life will I | satis- | fy him, || And | show him | My sal- | vation.
- Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end.
A- | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

CHARLES NORRIS.



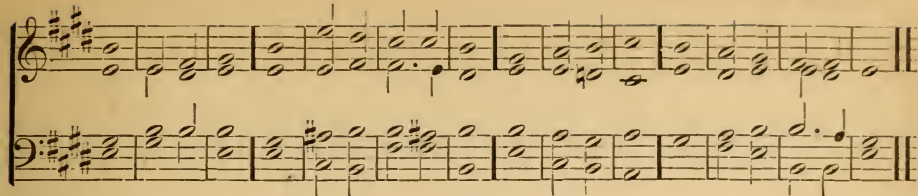
9

PSALM XCII.

- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord, || And to sing praises unto
Thy | Name — | O most | Highest.
- 2 To tell of Thy loving kindness early | in the | morning, || And of Thy | truth · in
the | night — | season.

CANTATE DOMINO.

Dr. RANDALL.



10

PSALM XCVI.

- 1 O SING unto the Lord a | new — | song : || Sing unto the | Lord — | all the | earth.
- 2 Sing unto the Lord, | bless His | Name ; || Show forth His sal- | vation from | day to | day.
- 3 Declare His glory a- | mong the | heathen, || His | wonders · a- | mong all | people.
- 4 For the Lord is great, and greatly | to be | praised : || He is to be | feared · a- | bove all | gods.
- 5 For all the gods of the | nations · are | idols : || But the | Lord — | made the | heavens.
- 6 Honor and majesty | are be- | fore Him : || Strength and | beauty · are | in His | sanctuary.
- 7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people, || Give unto the | Lord — | glory · and | strength.
- 8 Give unto the Lord the glory due | unto · His | name : || Bring an offering, and | come — | into · His | courts.
- 9 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness : || Fear be- | fore Him, | all the | earth.
- 10 Say among the heathen that the | Lord — | reigneth : || The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved : He shall | judge the | people | righteously.
- 11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad ; || Let the sea roar, | and the | fulness · there- | of.
- 12 Let the field be joyful, and all that | is there- | in : || Then shall all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord :
- 13 For | He — | cometh, || For He | cometh · to | judge the | earth :
- 14 He shall judge the | world with | righteousness, || And the^e | people | with His | truth.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

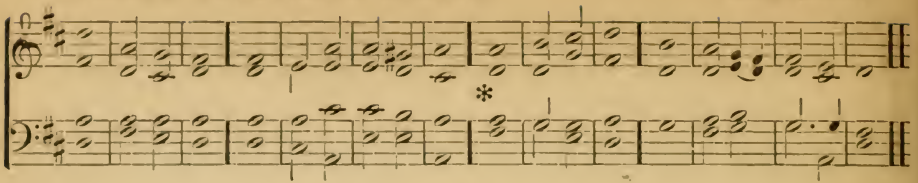
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute ; || Upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | works ; || And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ration | of Thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end.
A- | men.

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



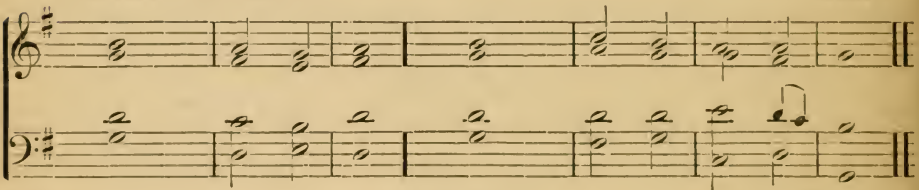
11

PSALM XCV.

- 1 O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving, || And show ourselves |
glad in | Him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great — | God, || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In His hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || And the strength of the | hills
is | His — | also.
- 5 The sea is His | and He | made it; || And His hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our |
Maker.
- 7 For He is the | Lord our | God, || And we are the people of His pasture, and the |
sheep of | His — | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness; || Let the whole earth | stand
in | awe of | Him.
- *9 For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness
to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

LEVAVI OCULOS.

CORFE.



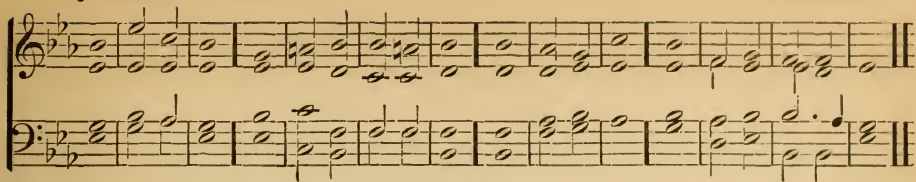
12

PSALM CXXI.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto · the | hills, || From | whence— | cometh · my | help.
- 2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, || Which | made — | heaven · and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy | foot to · be | moved: || He that | keepeth · thee | will not |
slumber.
- 4 Behold, He that | keepeth | Israel || Shall | neither | slumber · nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord | is thy | keeper: || The Lord is thy | shade · upon | thy right | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not | smite thee · by | day, || Nor the | moon — | by — | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil: || He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in || From this time forth,
and | even · for | ever- | more.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

JUBILATE DEO.

J. ROBINSON.



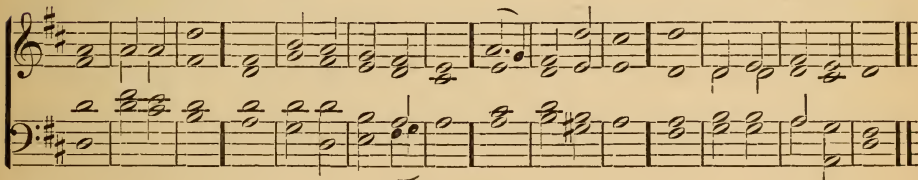
13

PSALM C.

- 1 O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands; || Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His | presence | with a | song.
 - 2 Be ye sure that the Lord | He is | God; || It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
 - 3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise; || Be thankful unto Him, and | speak good | of His | Name.
 - 4 For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is | ever- | lasting, || And His truth endureth from gener- | ation · to | gener- | ation.
- Glory be to the Father, etc.

CONFITEBOR TIBI.

WOODWARD.



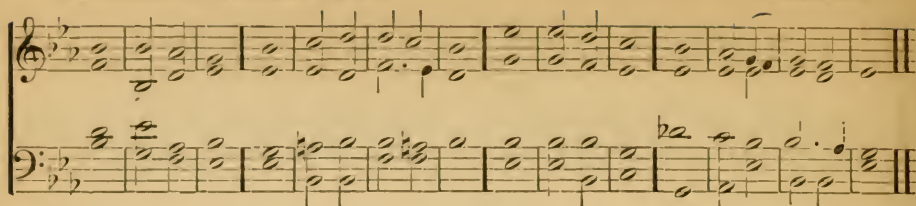
14

PSALM CXXXVIII.

- 1 I WILL praise Thee | with my · whole | heart: || Before the gods | will I · sing | praise · unto | Thee.
 - 2 I will worship toward Thy | holy | temple, || And praise Thy Name for Thy loving- | kindness · and | for Thy | truth:
 - 3 For | Thou hast | magnified || Thy | Word · above | all Thy | Name.
 - 4 In the day when I cried Thou | an- · sweredst | me, || And strengthenedst | me with | strength in · my | soul.
 - 5 All the kings of the earth shall | praise Thee, · O | Lord, || When they | hear the | words of · Thy | mouth.
 - 6 Yea, they shall sing in the | ways of · the | Lord: || For great is the | glory | of the | Lord.
 - 7 Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect | unto · the | lowly: || But the proud He | knoweth · a- | far — | off.
 - 8 Though I walk in the | midst of | trouble, || Yet | Thou — | wilt re- | vive me:
 - 9 Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the | wrath of · mine | enemies, || And | Thy right | hand shall | save me.
 - 10 The Lord will perfect | that which · con- | cerneth me: || Thy mercy, O | Lord, en- | dureth · for | ever.
- Glory be to the Father, etc.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

MORNINGTON.



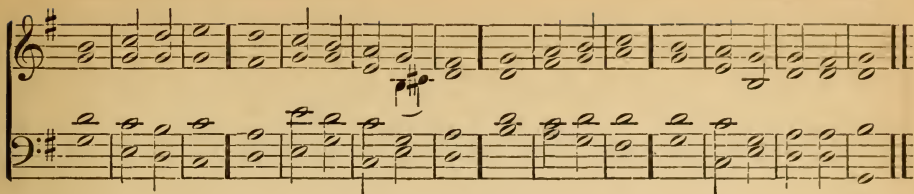
15

PSALM CIII.

- 1 BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul: || And all that is within me, | bless His | holy | Name.
- 2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || And for- | get not | all His | benefits:
- 3 Who forgiveth | all · thine in- | iquities; || Who | healeth · all | thy dis- | eases;
- 4 Who redeemeth thy | life · from de- | struction; || Who crowneth thee with loving- | kindness · and | tender | mercies;
- 5 Who satisfieth thy mouth | with good | things; || So that thy youth is re- | newed | like the | eagle's.
- 6 The Lord executeth | righteousness · and | judgment || For | all that | are op- | pressed.
- 7 He made known His | ways · unto | Moses, || His acts | unto · the | children · of | Israel.
- 8 The Lord is | merciful · and | gracious, || Slow to | anger · and | plenteous · in | mercy.
- 9 He will not | always | chide: || Neither will He | keep His | anger · for | ever.
- 10 He hath not dealt with us | after · our | sins; || Nor rewarded us ac- | cording · to | our in- | iquities.
- 11 For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth, || So great is His | mercy · toward | them that | fear Him.
- 12 As far as the east is | from the | west, || So far hath He removed | our trans- | gressions | from us.
- 13 Like as a father | pitieth · his | children, || So the Lord | pitieth | them that | fear Him.
- 14 For He | knoweth · our | frame; || He re- | membereth · that | we are | dust.
- 15 As for man, his | days · are as | grass: || As a flower of the | field — | so he | flourisheth.
- 16 For the wind passeth over it, | and it · is | gone; || And the place there- | of shall | know it · no | more.
- 17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear Him, || And His righteousness | unto | children's | children;
- 18 To such as | keep His | covenant, || And to those that remember | His com- | mandments · to | do them.
- 19 The Lord hath prepared His | throne · in the | heavens; || And His kingdom | ruleth | over | all.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

ROBERT COOKE.



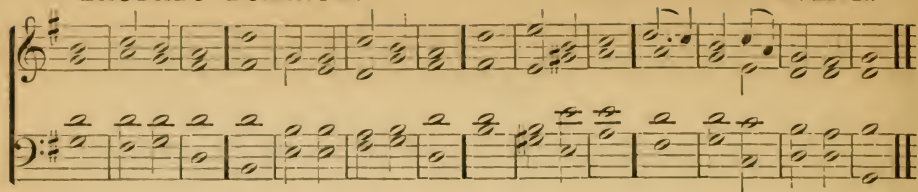
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PSALM CXI.

- 1 PRAISE | ye the | Lord, || I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and | in the | congre- | gation.
 - 2 The works of the | Lord are | great, || Sought out of all | them that · have | pleasure · there- | in.
 - 3 His work is | honorable · and | glorious: || And His righteousness en- | dur- — | eth for | ever.
 - 4 He hath made His wonderful works to | be re- | membered; || The Lord is | gra- cious · and | full · of com- | passion.
 - 5 He hath given meat unto | them that | fear Him: || He will ever be | mindful | of His | covenant.
 - 6 He hath shewed His people the | power of · His | works, || That He may give them the | heri-tage | of the | heathen.
 - 7 The works of His hands are | verity · and | judgment; || All | His com- | mand- ments are | sure.
 - 8 They stand fast for | ever · and | ever, || And are | done in | truth and · up- | rightness.
 - 9 He sent redemption | unto · His | people: || He hath commanded His covenant for ever: holy and | reverend | is His | Name.
 - 10 The fear of the Lord is the be- | ginning · of | wisdom: || A good understanding have all they that do His commandments: His | praise en- | dureth · for | ever.
 Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end.
 A- | men.
-
- 20 Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || That do His com- mandments, hearkening unto the | voice — | of His | word.
 - 21 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye His | hosts; || Ye ministers of | His that | do His | pleasure.
 - 22 Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of | His do- | minion: || Bless the | Lord, — | O my | soul.
 Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end.
 A- | men.

LAUDABO DOMINUM.

W. HAWES.



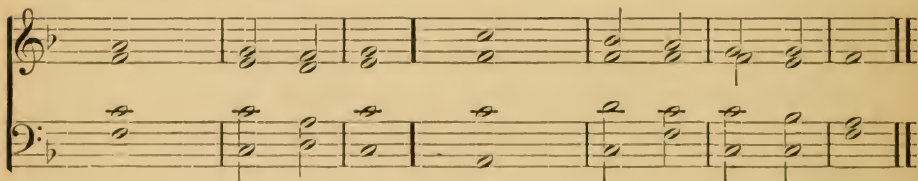
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PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 PRAISE | ye the | Lord. || Praise the | Lord, — | O my | soul.
 2 While I live will I | praise the | Lord : || I will sing praises unto my God | while
 I | have any | being.
 3 Put not your | trust in | princes, || Nor in the son of man, in | whom there | is
 no | help.
 4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth | to his | earth ; || In that very | day his |
 thoughts — | perish.
 5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob | for his | help, || Whose hope is | in
 the | Lord his | God :
 6 Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that | therein | is : || Which |
 keepeth | truth for | ever :
 7 Which executeth judgment | for the · op- | pressed : || Which giveth | food — |
 to the | hungry.
 8 The Lord | looseth · the | prisoners : || The Lord | openeth · the | eyes · of the |
 blind :
 9 The Lord raiseth them that are | bowed | down : || The Lord | lov- — | eth the |
 righteous.
 10 The Lord pre- | serveth · the | strangers ; || He relieveth the | father-less | and
 the | widow :
 11 But the | way · of the | wicked || He | turneth | upside | down.
 12 The Lord shall | reign for | ever, || Even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. |
 Praise — | ye the | Lord.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

VENITE AD ME.



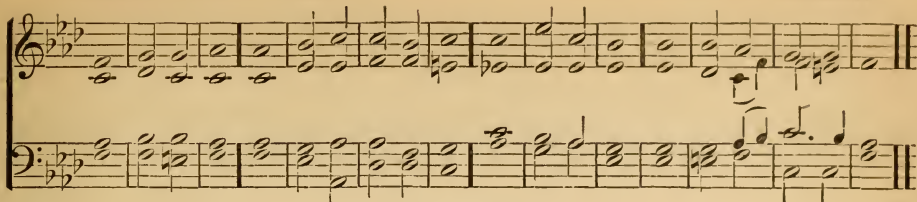
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MATT. XI, 28—30. REV. XXII, 17.

- 1 COME unto Me, all ye that labor and are | heavy- | laden, || And | I will | give you |
 rest.
 2 Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and | lowly · in | heart : |
 And ye shall find | rest · unto | your — | souls.

COMMUNION CHANT.

FLINTOFF.



19

ISAIAH LIII.

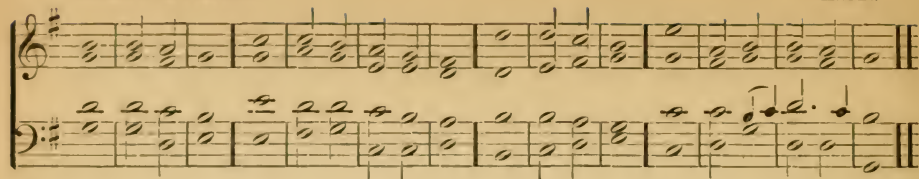
- 1 HE is despised and re- | jected · of | men ; || A Man of sorrows, | and ac- | quainted ·
with | grief :
- 2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from Him ; || He was despised, and | we es- |
teemed · Him | not.
- 3 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and | carried · our | sorrows : || Yet we did
esteem Him stricken, smitten of | God, — | and af- | flicted.
- 4 But He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, || He was | bruised · for | our
in- | iquities :
- 5 The chastisement of our peace | was up-on | Him ; || And with | His stripes | we
are | healed.
- 6 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray ; || We have turned every | one to | his
own | way ;
- 7 And the Lord hath | laid on | Him || The in- | iquity | of us | all.
- 8 He was oppressed, and | He · was af- | flicted, || Yet He | open-ed | not His |
mouth :
- 9 He is brought as a | lamb · to the | slaughter, || As a sheep before her shearers is
dumb, so He | open-eth | not His | mouth.
- 10 He was taken from prison | and from | judgment : || And who shall de- | clare
His | gene- | ration ?
- 11 For He was cut off out of the | land · of the | living : || For the transgression of
my | people | was He | stricken.
- 12 And He made His | grave · with the | wicked, || And with the | rich — | in His |
death ;
- 13 Because He had | done no | violence, || Neither was any de- | ceit — | in His |
mouth.
- 14 Yet it pleased the | Lord to | bruise Him ; || He hath | put — | Him to | grief.
- 15 He hath poured out His | soul · unto | death ; || And He was | number-ed | with
the · trans- | gressors ;
- 16 And He bare the | sin of | many, || And made inter- | cession | for the · trans- |
gressors.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

- 3 For My yoke is easy, and My | burden · is | light, || For My yoke is easy, | and
My | burden · is | light.
- 4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth, · say, |
Come. || And let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will, let him take
the | water · of | life — | freely. A- | men.

BEATITUDES.

HAYES.



20

MATTHEW V, 3-12.

- 1 BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit : || For | theirs · is the | kingdom of | heaven.
 - 2 Blessed are | they that | mourn : || For | they — | shall be | comforted.
 - 3 Blessed | are the | meek : || For | they · shall in- | herit · the | earth.
 - 4 Blessed are they which do hunger and | thirst · after | righteousness : || For | they — | shall be | filled.
 - 5 Blessed | are the | merciful : || For | they · shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
 - 6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart : || For | they shall | see — | God.
 - 7 Blessed | are the | peacemakers : For they shall be | called · the | children · of | God.
 - 8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteous-ness' | sake : || For | theirs · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
 - 9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and | perse-cute | you, || And shall say all manner of evil against you | falsely, | for my | sake.
 - 10 Rejoice, and be ex- | ceeding | glad : || For great is | your re- | ward in | heaven.
- Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end.
A- | men.

BENEDICTUS.

RICHARD FARRANT.



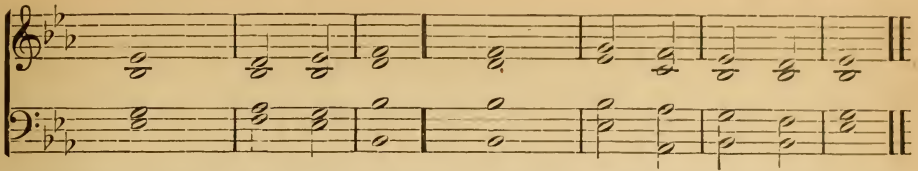
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LUKE I, 68-71.

- 1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel, || For He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people ;
 - 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us, || In the | house · of His | ser- vant | David ;
 - 3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets, || Which have been | since the | world be- | gan ;
 - 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
- Glory be to the Father, etc.

LORD'S PRAYER, No. 1.

Arr. from TALLIS.



- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | Name; || Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on | earth, * as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this day our | daily | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses as we for-
give | those who | tres-pass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For Thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the glory for- | ever * and | ever. A- | men.

LORD'S PRAYER, No. 2.

J. B. MARSH.



- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallow'd * be Thy | Name; || Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done, on | earth * as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this day our | daily | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive |
those who | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver * us from | evil; | For Thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever * and | ever. A- | men.

THY WILL BE DONE.

L. MASON.

1. "Thy will be done!" In devious way the hurrying stream of life may run,
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine a gladdening and a... prosperous sun,
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er our..... path with gloom

D. C. CODA, after last verse.

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, Thy will be done.
This prayer shall make it more divine, Thy will be done.
One comfort—one is ours; to breathe {
while we adore,..... } Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

LAST BEAM.

T. V. WEISENTHAL.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining: Fa - ther in heaven! the
2. Fa - ther in heav-en! O hear when we call, Hear, for Christ's sake, who is

day is de - clining, Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temptation and
Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and fainting we trust in Thy might, In doubting and

dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
dark-ness Thy love be our light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper

REFRAIN.

chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mer - cy, Fa - ther have
burns, Wake in Thy arms when morning returns, Father, etc.

mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

REV. VII. 9-17.

AFTER this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands ;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying,

A - men. Bless-ing, and glo - ry, and wis-dom, and thanks giving, and honor, and

power and might, be un - to our God for ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

A - - men, A - men.

BURIAL CHANT. REV. XIV, 13.

W. B. GILBERT.

Slow p

I heard a voice from heav - en, I heard a voice from heav - en,

say - ing un - to me, say - ing un - to me, Write, From henceforth

bless - ed are the dead, bless - ed are the dead, who die in the

Lord; e - ven so saith the Spir - it, for they rest, they

rest from their la - bors, for they rest, they rest from their la - bors.

GLORIA PATRI, No. 1.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A - men. A - men.

GLORIA PATRI, No. 2.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, World with - out end. A - men. A - men.

GLORIA PATRI, No. 3.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther,

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther,

ORGAN. *f* *cres.* *cres.*

and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; as it

and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; as it

was in the be - gin - ing, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end,

was in the be - gin - ing, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end,

Detailed description: This system contains two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal parts are in a single melodic line. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a steady bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

world with - out end, world with - out end. A - men. A - men.

world with - out end, world with - out end. A - men. A - men.

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal parts repeat the phrase 'world with - out end, world with - out end. A - men. A - men.' The piano accompaniment features a prominent 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking on the final notes of the phrase. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, accents, and fermatas.

GLORIA PATRI, No. 4.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - ginning, is now, and ev - er

shall be, World with - out end..... A - men. A - men.

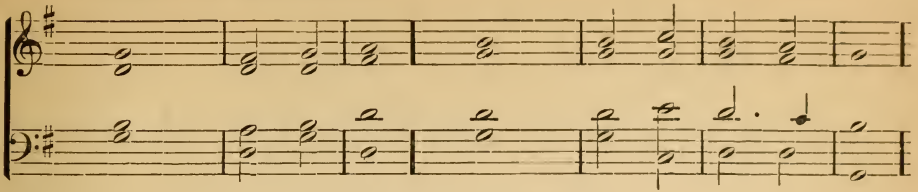
GLORIA PATRI, No. 5.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And..... | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, }
is now, and..... } ev - er | shall be, || World | with out | end. A - | men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



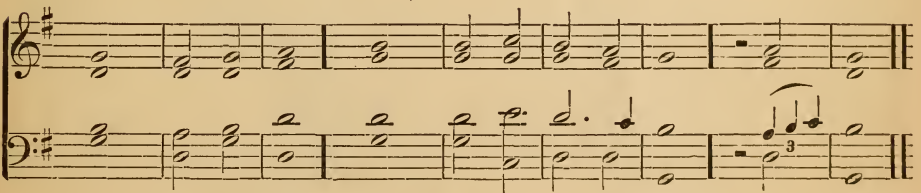
- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || And on earth | peace, good- | will · towards | men.
 2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, || We glorify Thee, we give
 thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.
 4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God,
 Son | of the | Father,



- 5 That takest away the | sins · of the | world, || Have mercy | upon | us.
 6 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, || Have mercy | upon | us.
 7 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, || Re- | ceive our | prayer.
 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || Have mercy | upon | us.



- 9 For Thou | only · art | holy: || Thou | only | art the | Lord:
 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || Art most high in the | glory · of |
 God the | Father. || A- | men.

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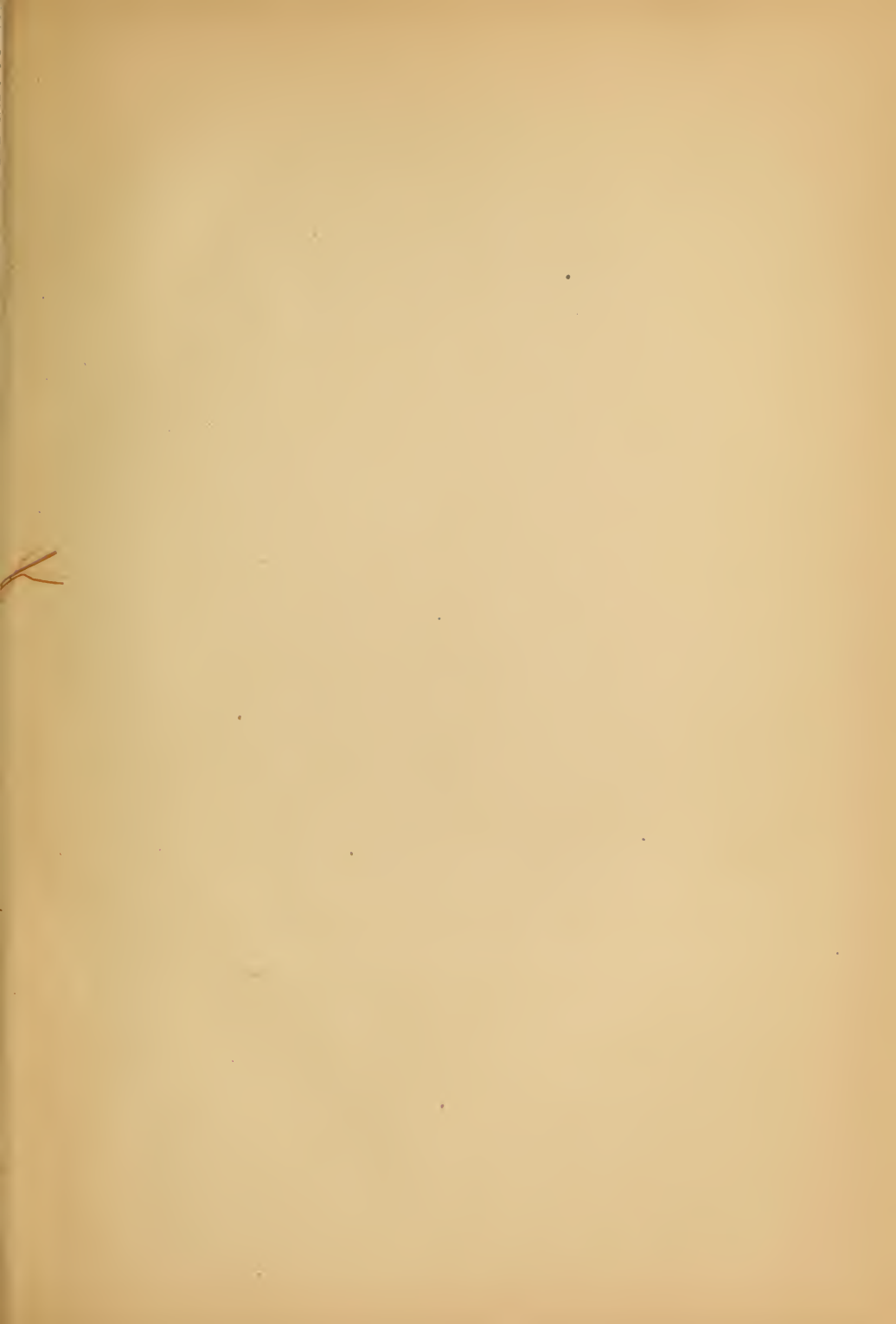
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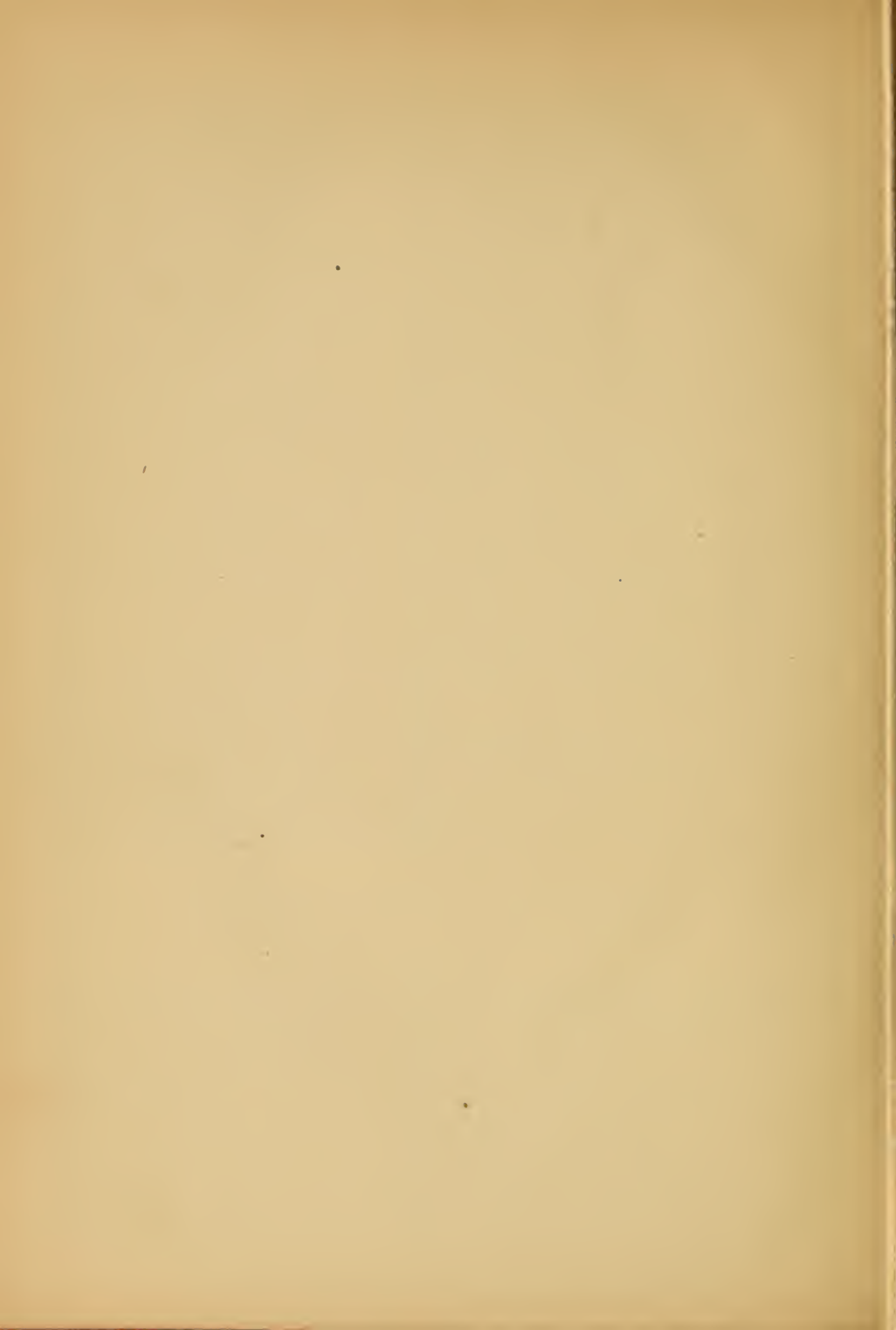
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Long
1894

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