Luther League Hymnal

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LUTHER LEAGUE HYMNAL

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NEW YORK
LUTHER LEAGUE REVIE

Preface.

The need of a book especially adapted to young people's meetings is the reason for the existence of this hymnal. It is not intended for the Sunday School, and it cannot take the place of the Church Hymnal. But owing to the rapid development of young people's societies in the Lutheran Church, and the growing interest of their meetings, a special want has been created which this book seeks, in some measure, to meet. The aim of the committee has been to supply in words and music not only that which is fresh and pleasing, but particularly that which is churchly and devotional, and thus to observe the well-known principles of Lutheran hymnology.

Valuable assistance has been given us in our work by Mr. Hubert P. Main, Mr. John R. Beecroft and Mr. Louis van Gilluwe.

We wish also to express our appreciation to those authors who have given us permission to use their hymn-tunes. If any copyrights have been infringed, it has been done unconsciously, and in future editions, if we are informed of the fact, all due acknowledgment will be made.

Geo. D. Boschen,
Geo. C. F. Haas,
G. U. Wenner,
W. G. Thrall,
Geo. F. Middendorf, Jr.

Reformation Day, 1895.

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(in trust.)

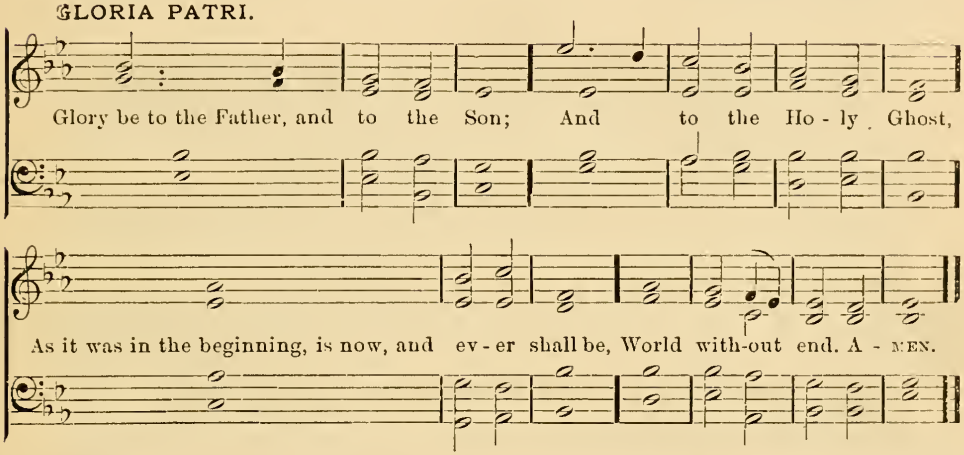
Opening Service.

A HYMN shall be sung.

A PSALM shall then be read responsively, all standing to the end of the Prayer.

At the end of the Psalm shall be sung the

GLORIA PATRI.



PRAYER shall then be offered; the following Collect or any of the Collects on pages ix *and* x *may be used.*

Let us pray.

DIRECT us, O Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name; and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Scripture Lesson be read, and after the lesson another Hymn shall be sung.

TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS.

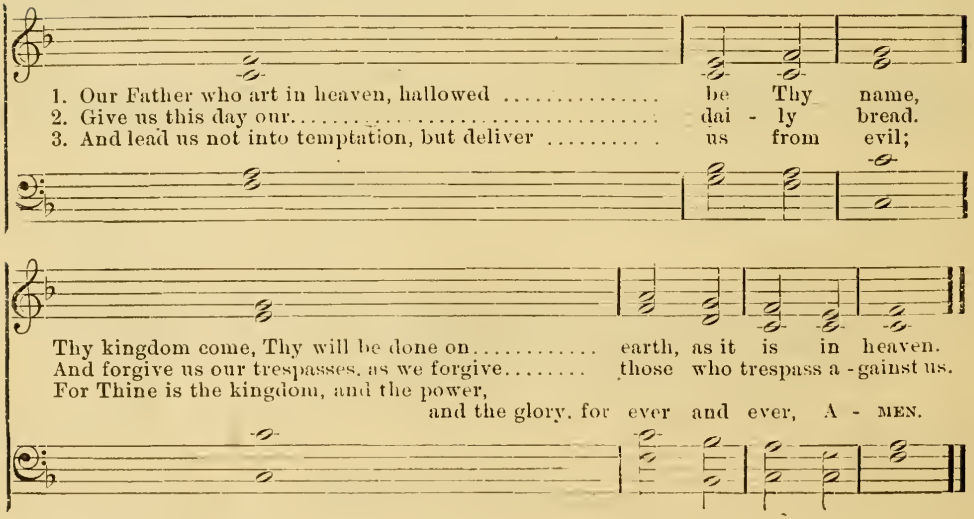
Closing Service.

A HYMN shall be sung.

One or more Collects (pages ix *and* x*) shall then be said ending with the Collect for Peace here following:*

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

Then all shall unite in the LORD'S PRAYER which may be said or sung as here following.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Psalms.

Psalm 1.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly : nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the LORD : and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water : that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.

His leaf also shall not wither : and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so : but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment : nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous : but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm 19.

THE heavens declare the glory of God : and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech : and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language : where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth : and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun : which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

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

The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart : the commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring forever : the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

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

Moreover by them is thy servant warned : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors : cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight : O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm 23.

The LORD is my shepherd : I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Psalm 24.

The earth is the LORD's, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

For He hath founded it upon the seas: and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD: or who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the LORD: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek Him: that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors: and the king of glory shall come in.

Who is this king of glory: the LORD, strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors: and the king of glory shall come in.

Who is this king of glory: the LORD of hosts, He is the king of glory.

Psalm 46.

GOD is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed: and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled: though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the earth melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the LORD: what desolation He hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth: He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The LORD of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Psalm 67.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and cause His face to shine upon us.

That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God: let all the people praise thee.

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

God shall bless us: and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Psalm 72.

GIVE the king thy judgments, O God: and thy righteousness unto the king's son.
He shall judge thy people with righteousness: and thy poor with judgment.
The mountains shall bring peace to the people: and the little hills, by righteousness.
He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy: and shall break in pieces the oppressor.
They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure: throughout all generations.
He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.
In His day shall the righteous flourish: and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
He shall have dominion also from sea to sea: and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.
They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him: and His enemies shall lick the dust.
The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him.
For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth: the poor also, and him that hath no helper.
He shall spare the poor and needy: and shall save the souls of the needy.
He shall redeem their souls from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in His sight.
And He shall live, and to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for Him continually, and daily shall He be praised.
There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.
His name shall endure forever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed.
Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel: who only doeth wonderous things.
And blessed be His glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen.

Psalm 91.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High; shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust.
Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler: and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day.
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold: and see the reward of the wicked.
Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge: even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

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

Because He hath set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver Him: I will set Him on high, because He hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer Him: I will be with Him in trouble; I will deliver Him, and honor Him.

With long life will I satisfy Him: and show Him my salvation.

Psalm 95.

O COME, let us sing unto the LORD: let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving: and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God: and a great king above all gods.

In His hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker.

For He is our God: and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation: and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness;

When your fathers tempted me: proved me and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with His generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart: and they have not known my ways.

Unto whom I sware in my wrath: that they should not enter into my rest.

Psalm 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands: serve the LORD with gladness, come before His presence with singing.

Know ye that the LORD He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

For the LORD is good; His mercy is everlasting: and His truth endureth to all generations.

Psalm 122.

I WAS glad when they said unto me: let us go into the house of the LORD.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates: O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded: as a city that is compact together.

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD: unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the LORD.

For there are set thrones of judgment: the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls: and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes: I will say, peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the LORD, our God; I will seek thy good.

Collects.

SEND, we beseech thee, Almighty God, thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, that He may rule and direct us according to thy will, comfort us in all our temptations and afflictions, defend us from all error, and lead us into all truth; that we, being steadfast in the faith, may increase in love and in all good works, and in the end obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD God, heavenly Father, who hast given thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification: quicken us, we beseech thee, by thy Holy Spirit, unto newness of life, that through the power of His resurrection, we may dwell with Christ forever; through the same, our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

FOR THE CHURCH.

GRANT, we beseech thee, Almighty God, unto thy Church, thy Holy Spirit, and the wisdom which cometh down from above, that thy word, as becometh it may not be bound, but have free course and be preached to the joy and edifying of Christ's holy people, that in steadfast faith we may serve thee, and in the confession of thy name abide unto the end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR THE MINISTERS OF THE WORD.

ALMIGHTY and gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has commanded us to pray that thou wouldest send forth laborers into thy harvest: of thine infinite mercy give us true teachers and ministers of thy word, and put thy saving Gospel in their hearts and on their lips, that they may truly fulfil thy command, and preach nothing contrary to thy holy word; that we, being warned, instructed, nurtured, comforted and strengthened by thy heavenly word, may do those things which are well-pleasing to thee, and profitable to us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR UNITY.

O GOD, who restorest to the right way them that err, who gatherest them that are scattered, and preservest them that are gatherered: of thy tender mercy, we beseech thee, pour upon thy christian people the grace of unity, that all schisms being healed, thy flock, united to the true Shepherd of thy Church, may worthily serve thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR THE SICK.

ALMIGHTY, everlasting God, the eternal Salvation of them that believe: hear our prayers in behalf of thy servants who are sick, for whom we implore the aid of thy mercy, that being restored to health, they may render thanks to thee in thy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THANKSGIVING.

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, whose mercies are new unto us every morning, and who, though we have in no wise deserved thy goodness, dost abundantly provide for all our wants of body and soul: give us, we pray thee, thy Holy Spirit, that we may heartily acknowledge thy merciful goodness toward us, give thanks for all thy benefits, and serve thee in willing obedience; through Jesus Christ thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

Collects.

FOR PROTECTION DURING THE NIGHT.

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thine only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

FOR GRACE TO USE OUR GIFTS.

O LORD God Almighty, who dost endue thy servants with divers and singular gifts of the Holy Ghost: leave us not we beseech thee, destitute of thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them alway to thy honor and glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord, *Amen.*

FOR GRACE TO DO GOD'S WILL.

ALMIGHTY God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR AID AGAINST TEMPTATION.

O GOD, who justifiest the ungodly, and who desirest not the death of the sinner: we humbly implore thy majesty, that thou wouldest graciously assist, by thy heavenly aid, and evermore shield with thy protection, thy servants who trust in thy mercy, that they may be separated by no temptations from thee, and, without ceasing, may serve thee: through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who of thy great mercy in Jesus Christ, thy Son, dost grant us forgiveness of sin, and all things pertaining to life and Godliness: grant us, we beseech thee, thy Holy Spirit, that He may so rule our hearts that we, being ever mindful of thy fatherly mercy, may strive to mortify the flesh, and to overcome the world; and serving thee in holiness and pureness of living, may give thee continual thanks for all thy goodness; through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR PURITY.

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid: cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR PEACE.

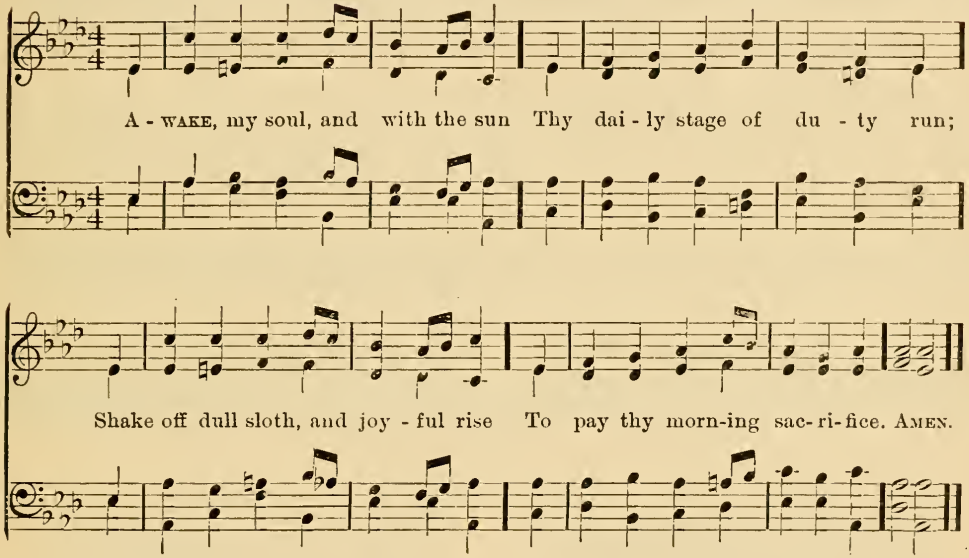
O GOD, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom; defend us, thy humble servants, in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FOR AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their request: fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

LUTHER LEAGUE HYMNAL.

CANONBURY. L. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

I

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th'eternal King.

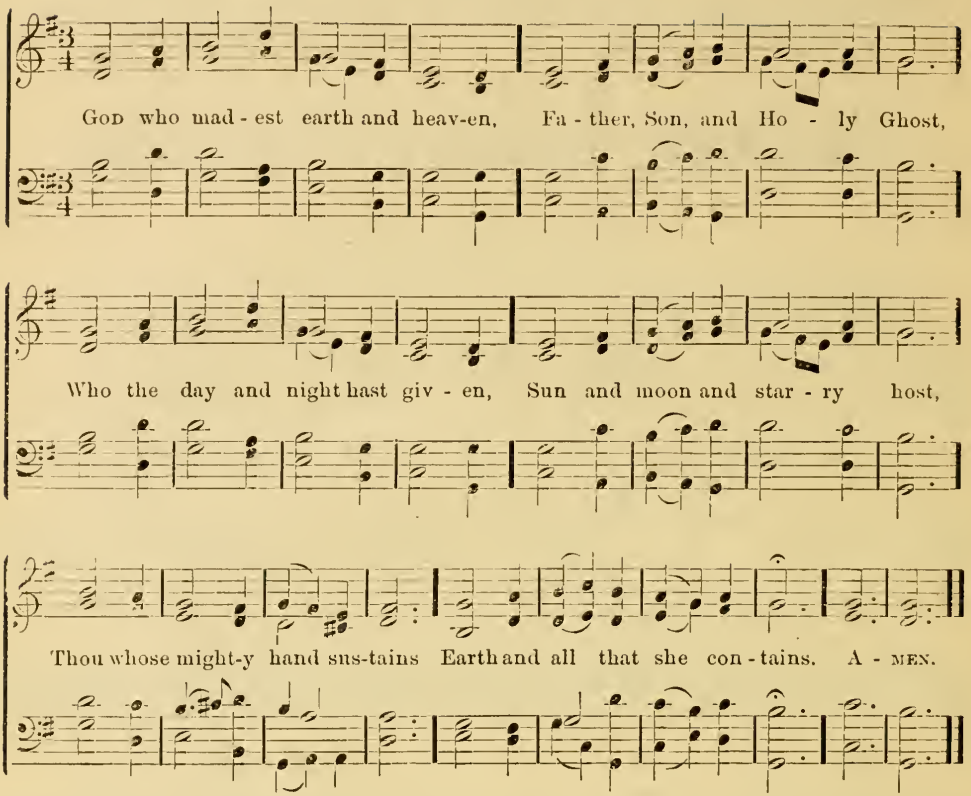
3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me when I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN. 8,7,7. HEINRICH ALBERT.



2

2 Let the night of my transgression
With night's darkness pass away:
Jesus, into Thy possession
I resign myself to-day.
In Thy wounds I find relief
From my greatest sin and grief.

3 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by Thy Word;
Lord, Thy constant preservation
To Thy erring child afford.
Nowhere but alone in Thee
From all harm can I be free.

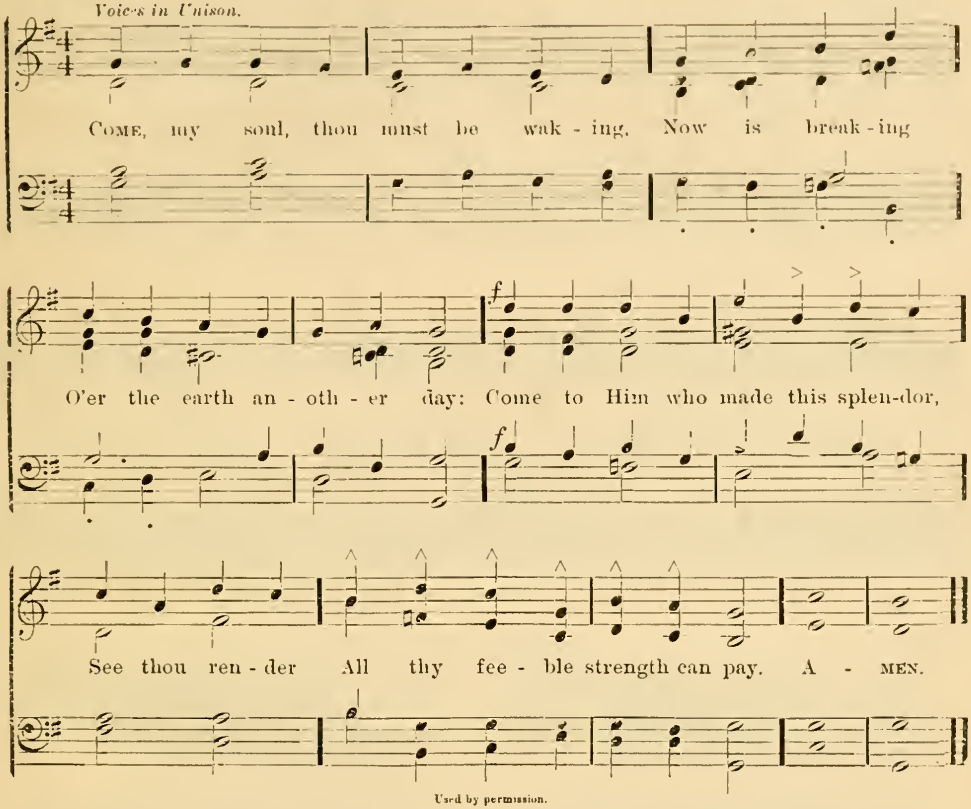
4 Wholly to Thy blest protection
I commit my heart and mind.
Mighty God! to Thy direction
Wholly may I be resigned.
Lord, my Shield, my Light divine,
O accept, and own me Thine!

5 Lord, to me Thine angel sending,
Keep me from the subtle foe;
From his craft and might defending,
Never let Thy wanderer go,
Till my final rest be come,
And Thine angel bear me home.

Heinrich Albert. *Tr.* Arthur T. Russell.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE. 8,4,7.

GEORGE W. WARREN

Voices in Unison.

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3

2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

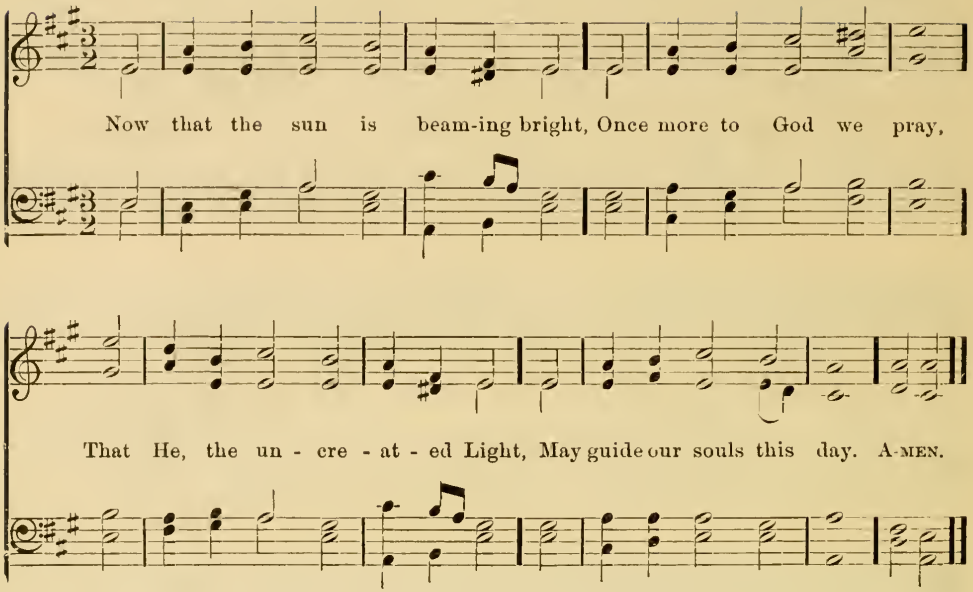
3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth;
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

Tr. Henry J. Buckoll.

MELODY. C. M. I. P. Cole.



4

Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide our souls this day.

2 No sinful word, no deed or wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend:
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

Tr. John H Newman.

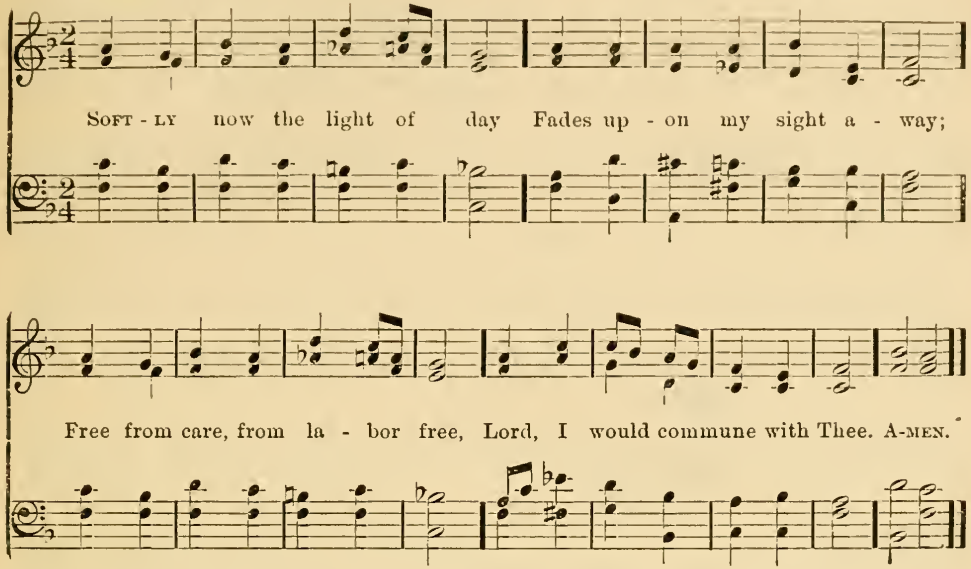
5

Lord! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

SEYMOUR. 7. CARL M. VON WEBER.

6

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

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

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

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane.

7

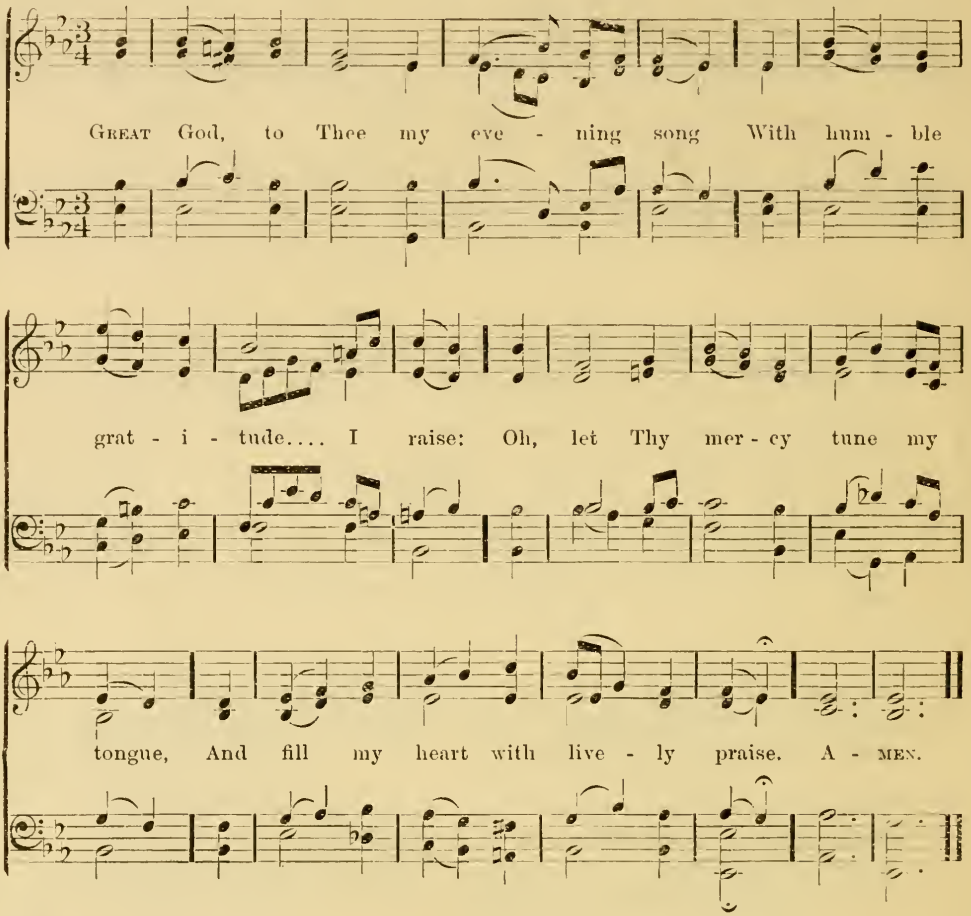
FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

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

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

O. P., 1826.

ST. VINCENT. L. M. JAMES UGLOW.

8

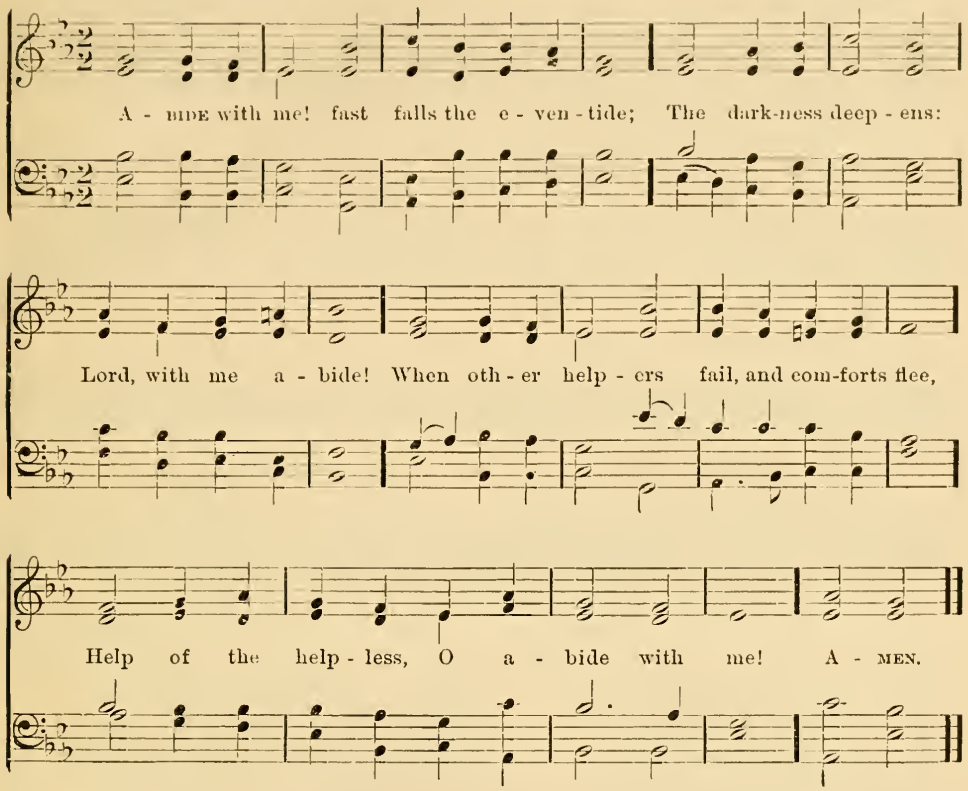
2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love.
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

Anne Steele.

EVENTIDE. 1c. WILLIAM H. MONK.

9

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!

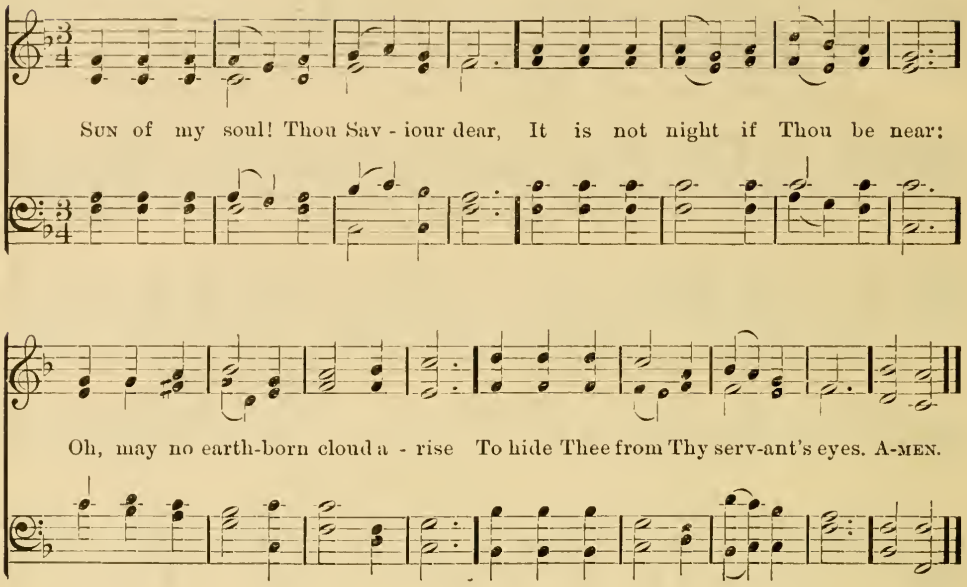
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte.

HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER, arr by W. H. MONK.



10

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

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

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

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

John Keble.

11

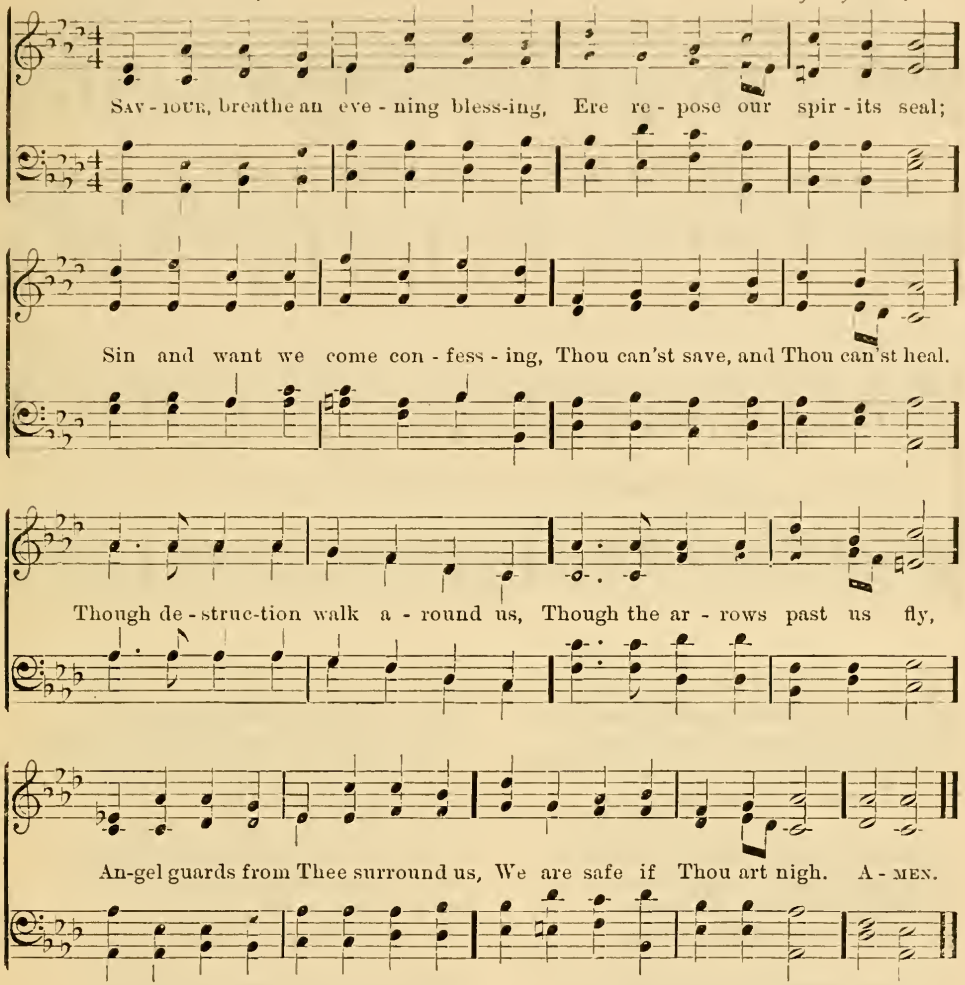
AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

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 life 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 forever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

SALVATOR. 8,7. D. J. P. JEWSON.

12

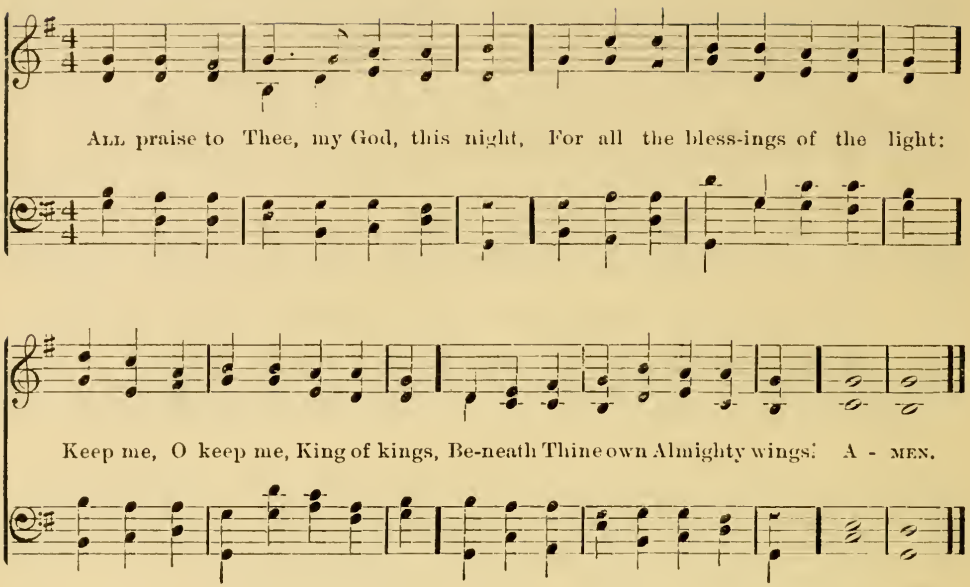
SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou can'st save, and Thou can'st heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
When the judgment-day shall wake us,
May we rise in deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

TALLIS' CANON. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



13

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

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

4 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing
In endless praise to Thee, my King?

5 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.

Thomas Ken.

14

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

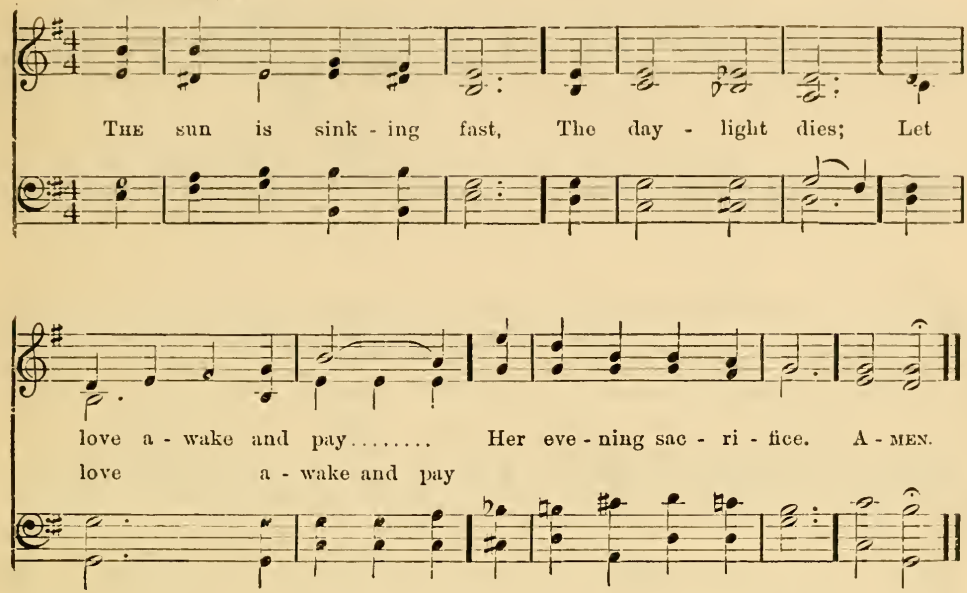
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

SUNSET. 5,4,5,6. S. G. Potts.



15

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

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast.

5 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

Tr. Edward Caswall.

16

Another day is past;
'Tis evening-tide;
O may Thy blessing, Lord,
Within our hearts abide.

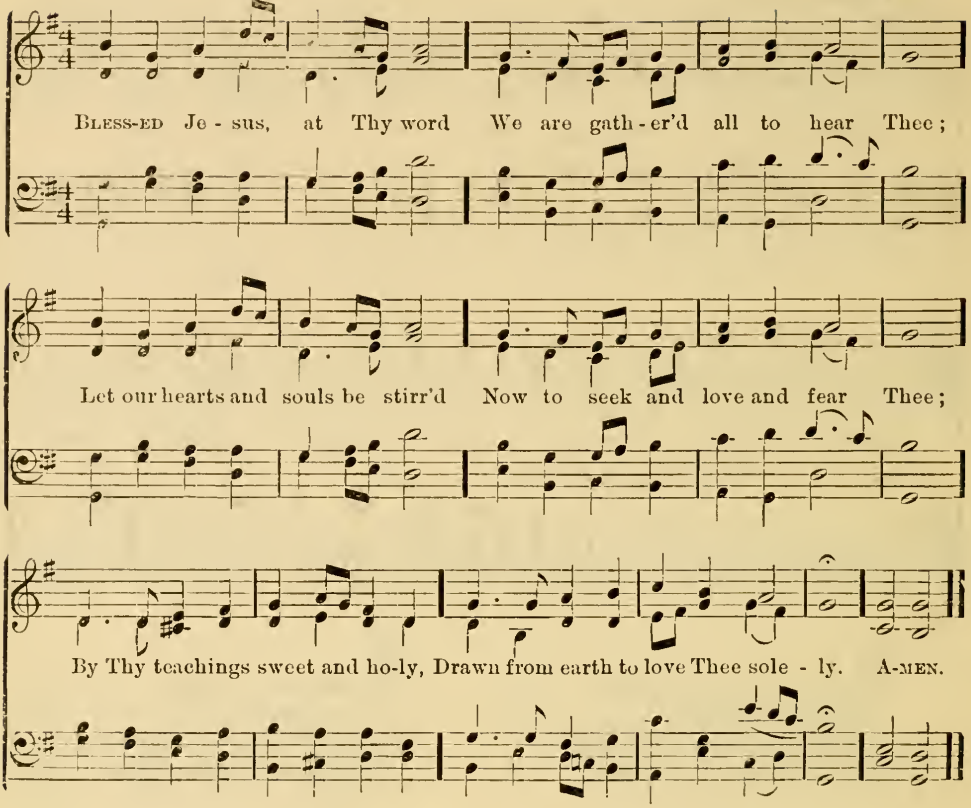
2 Another day is past,
Of prayer and praise;
And once again to Thee
Our grateful hearts we raise.

3 Another day is past;
And still Thy love,
Like evening's balmy dew,
Is falling from above.

4 O keep us in Thy care,
Dear Lord, we pray,
Till evening brings a morn
That ne'er shall pass away.

Fanny J. Crosby.

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER. 7,8,8. JOHANN R. AHLE.



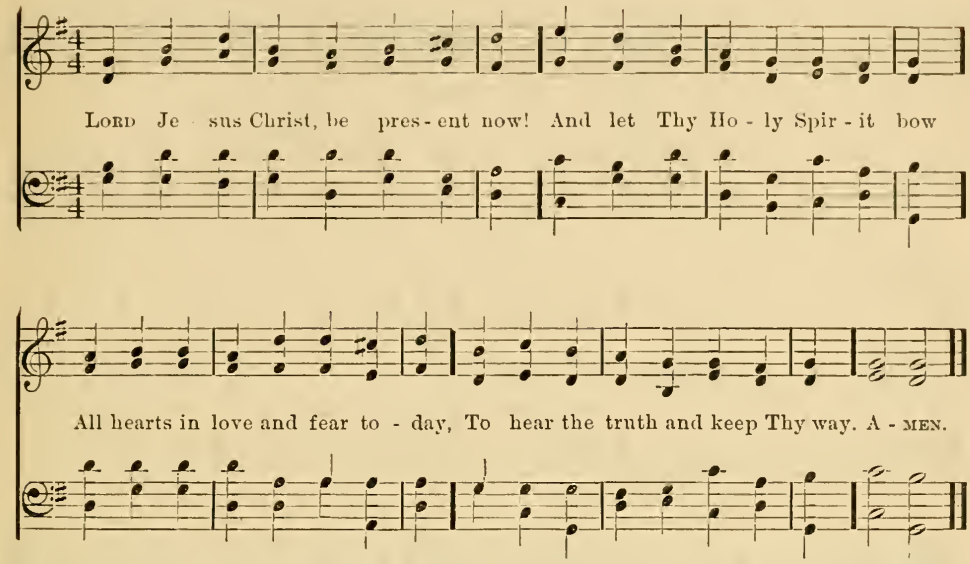
17

BLESSED Jesus, at Thy word
We are gathered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy,
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading,
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Tobias Clausnitzer. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND. L. M. 1651.

18

Lord Jesus Christ, be present now!
And let Thy Holy Spirit bow
All hearts in love and fear to-day,
To hear the truth and keep Thy way

2 Open our lips to sing Thy praise,
Our hearts in true devotion raise,
Strengthen our faith, increase our light,
That we may know Thy name aright:

3 Until we join the host that cry
"Holy art Thou, O Lord most High!"
And 'mid the light of that blest place,
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face,

4 Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in one!
To Thee, O blessed Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

Wm. August. H., *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

19

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

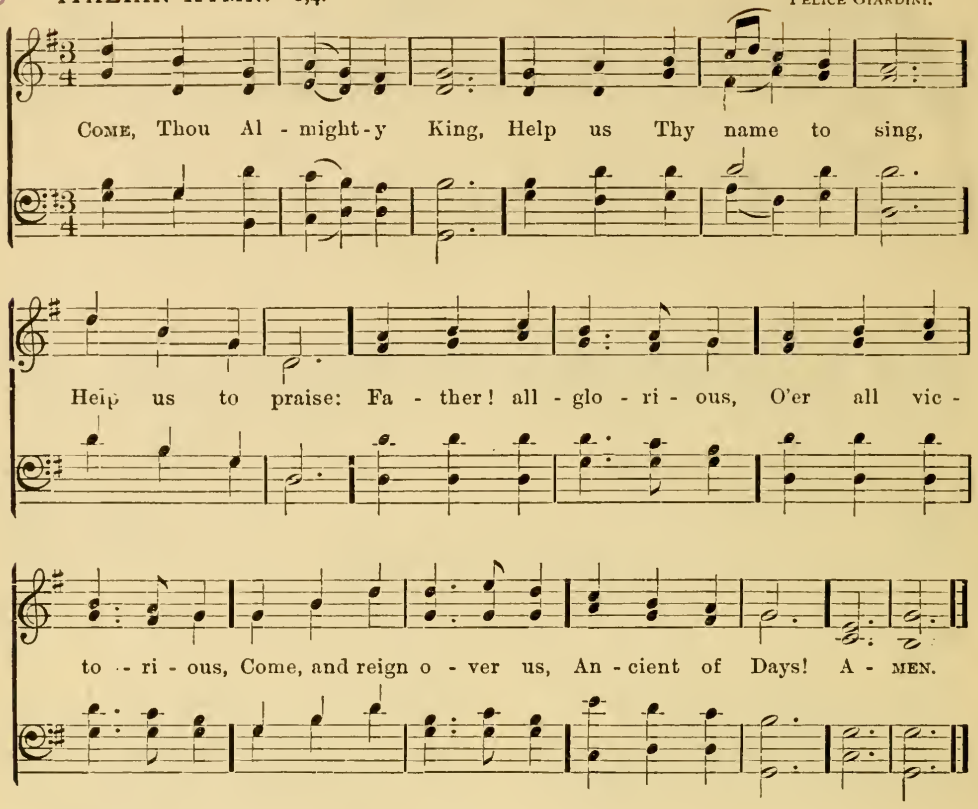
2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

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

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

William Kethe.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6,4. FELICE GIARDINI.



20

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!

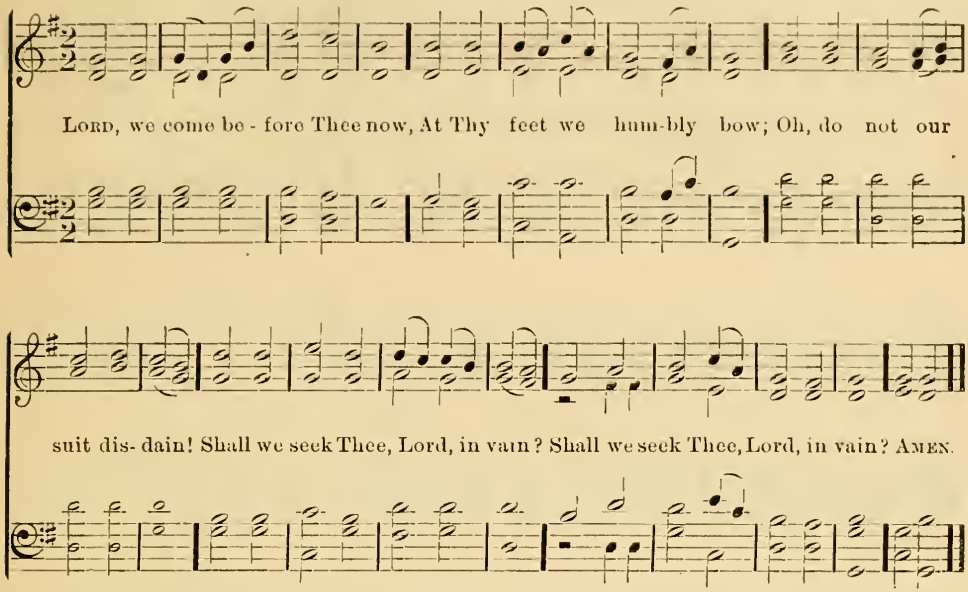
2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
  Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Spirit of holiness!
  On us descend.

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

Charles Wesley.

HENDON. 7. CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.



21

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return:
Those that are east down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond.

22

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of Him.

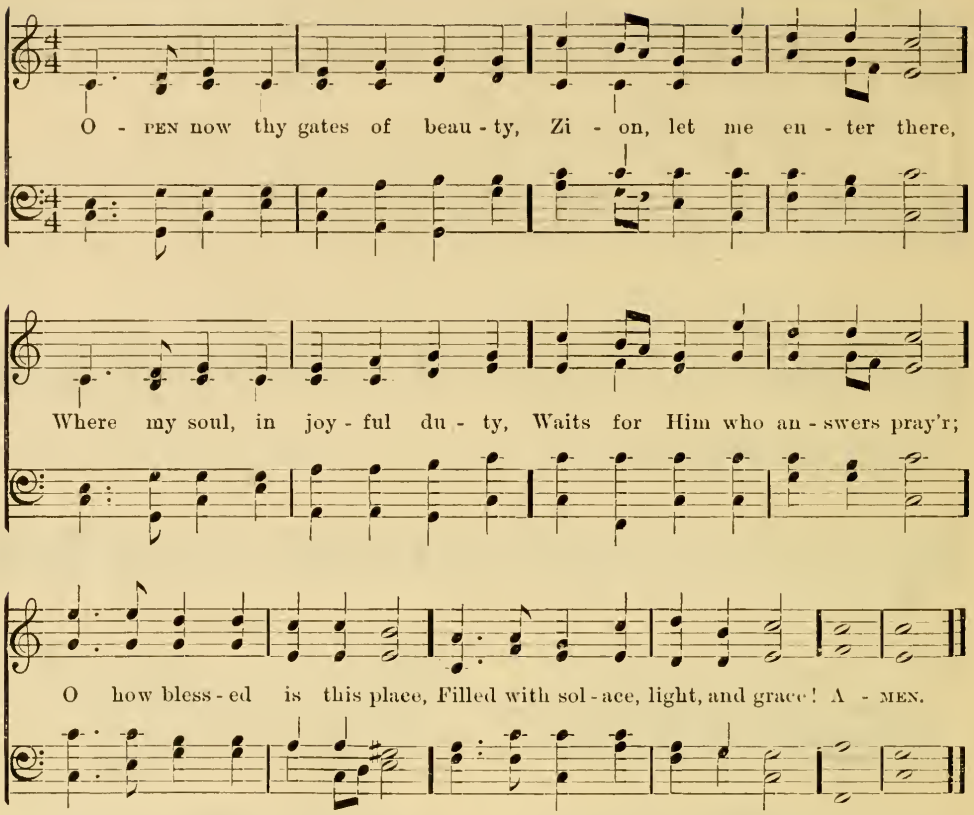
2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

George Burder.

UNSER HERRSCHER, UNSER KÖNIG. 8,7,7. JOACHIM NEANDER.



23

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown:
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

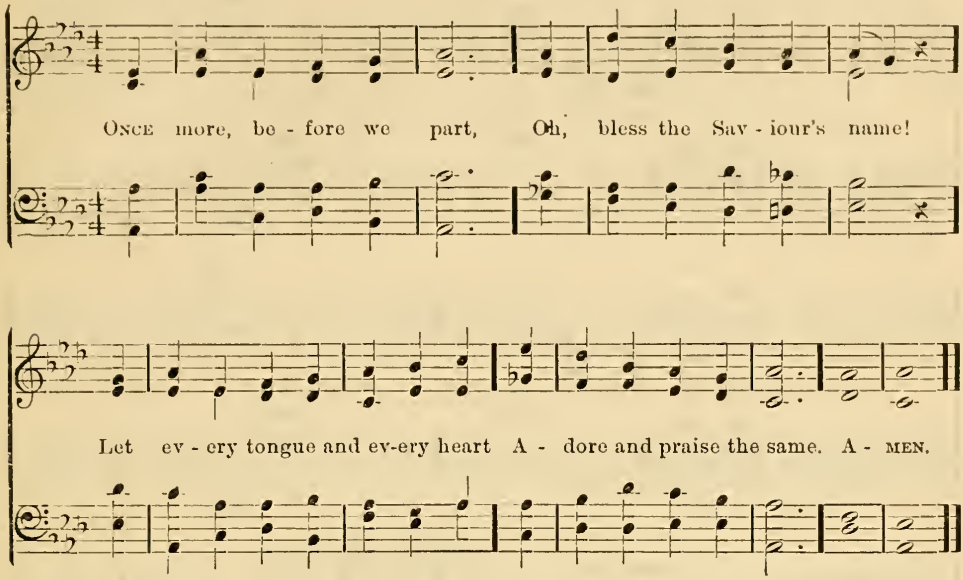
4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,
May Thy Word still o'er me shine;
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed;
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Benjamin Schmolk. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



24

ONCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on Thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless Thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Joseph Hart.

25

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

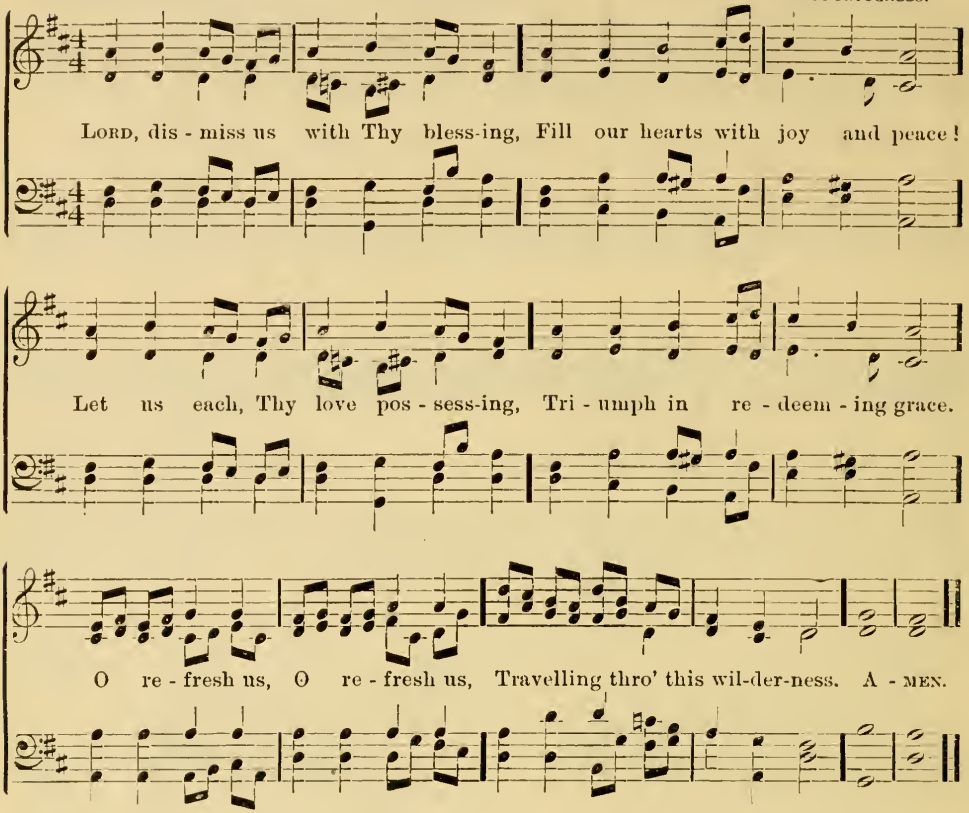
2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at His footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

Philip Doddridge.

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 8,7,4. MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.



26

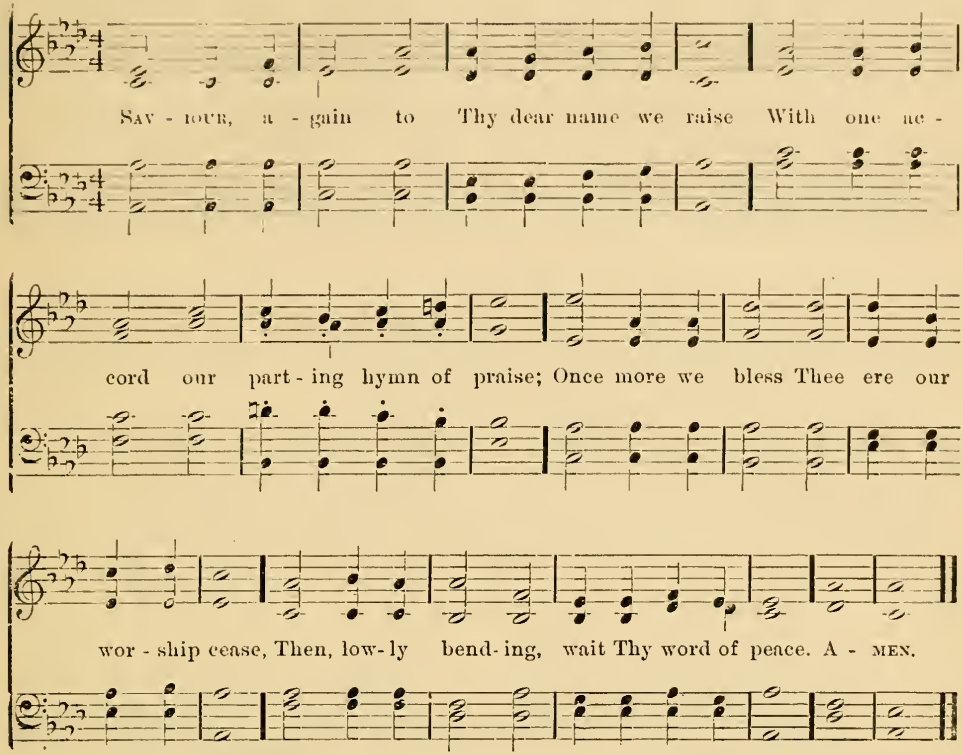
LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

Walter Shirley.

ELLERS. 10. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



27

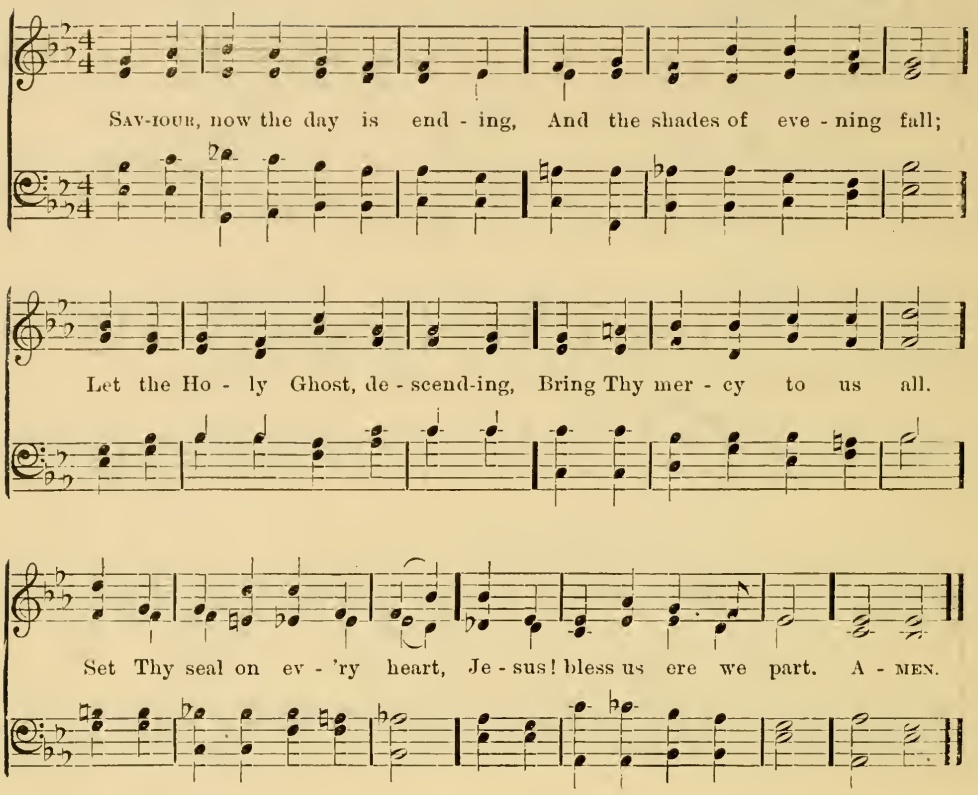
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

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.

John Ellerton

ILKLEY. 8,7,7. JAMES W. ELLIOTT.



28

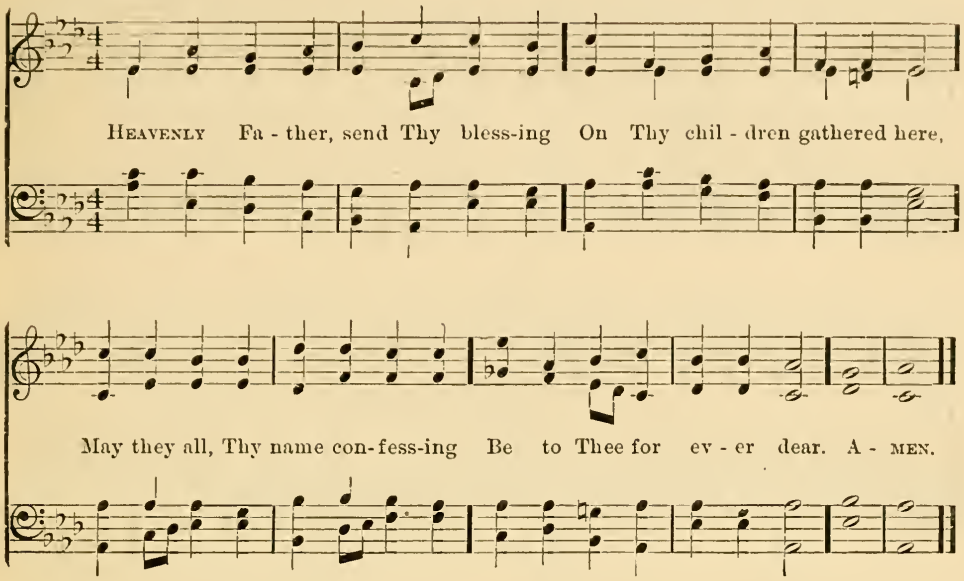
2 Bless the Gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

Sarah Doudney.

ARUNDEL. 8,7. JOHN B. DYKES.



29

HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.

2 May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

3 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.

4 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy and love.

5 Temples of the Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

Christopher Wordsworth.

30

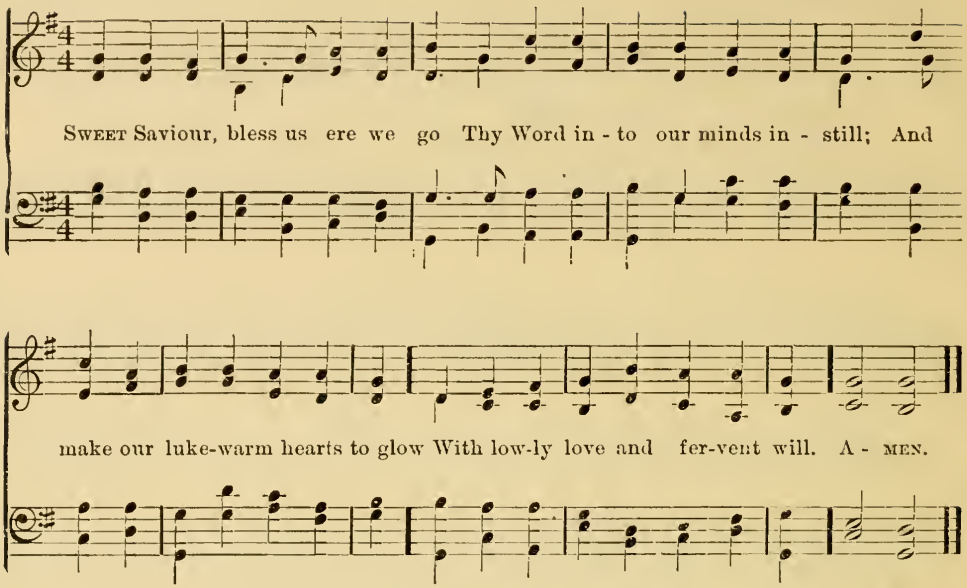
SAVIOUR! all my sins confessing,
Gracious hear me when I cry;
Give, thro' faith, the promised blessing,
Freely, fully *justify*.

2 By Thy Holy Spirit's leading,
Bring me to Thy bosom nigh;
In Thy blessed footsteps treading
Soul and body *sanctify*.

3 So, the days of conflict ended,
In the mansions of the sky,
Whither, Lord, Thou art ascended,
With Thyself, me *glorify*.

Thomas Hawels.

TALLIS' CANON. L. M. THOMAS TALLIS.



31

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 Jesus and our All.

Frederic W Faber.

32

LORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise.

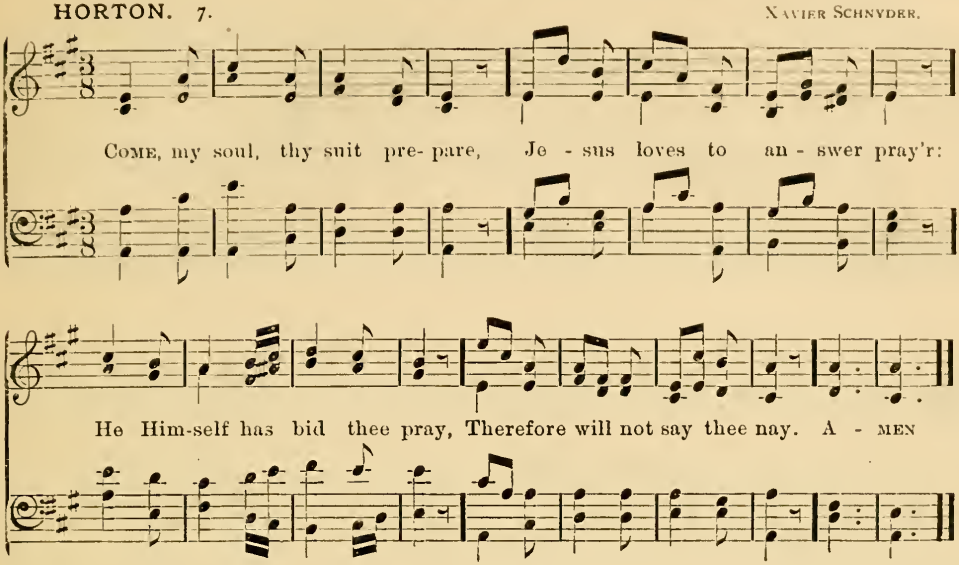
2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness
Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing Thy love.

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

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Ver. 1, 2, 4—John Dracup. Ver 3—Joseph Hart.

HORTON. 7. XAVIER SCHNYDER.



33

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest!
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton.

34

LORD! I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

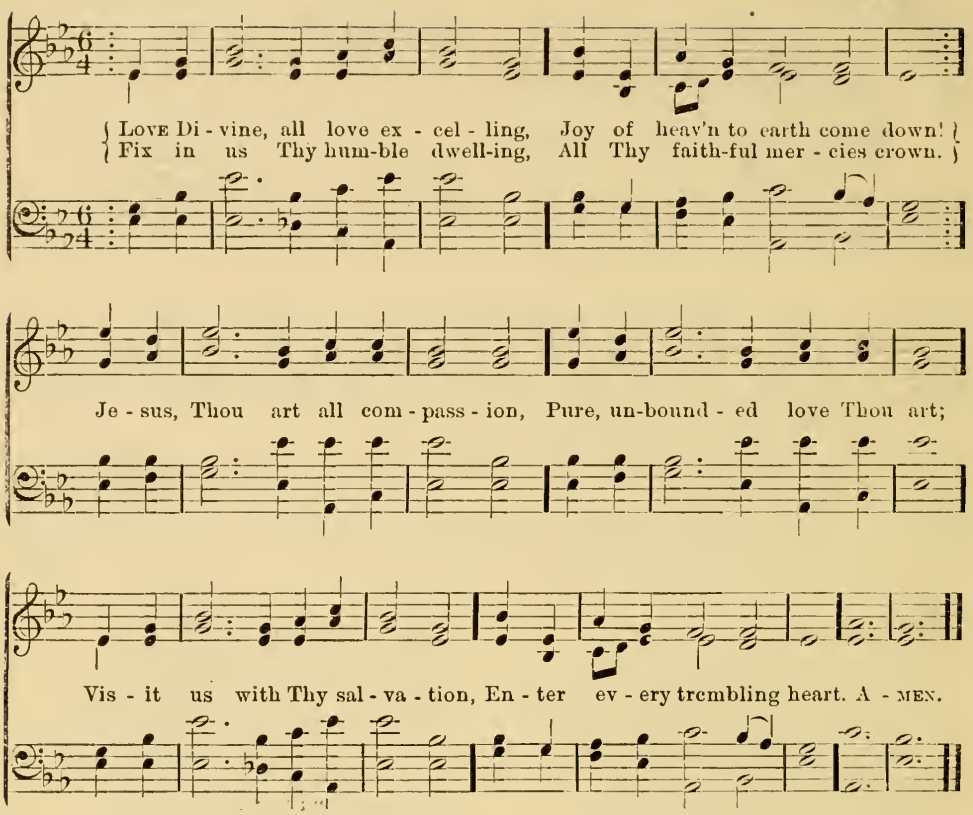
2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but Thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

RIPLEY. 8,7. D. LOWELL MASON.

35

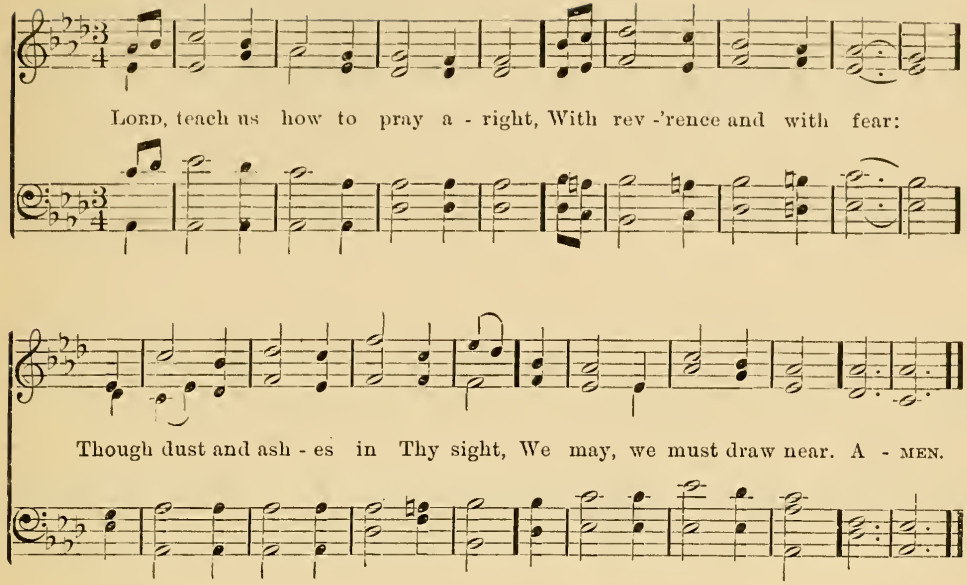
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously 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 precious 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.

Charles Wesley.

MANOAH. C. M. FRANZ J. HAYDN.



36

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

3 God of grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

4 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desire, with confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live.

5 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery.

37

LORD! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

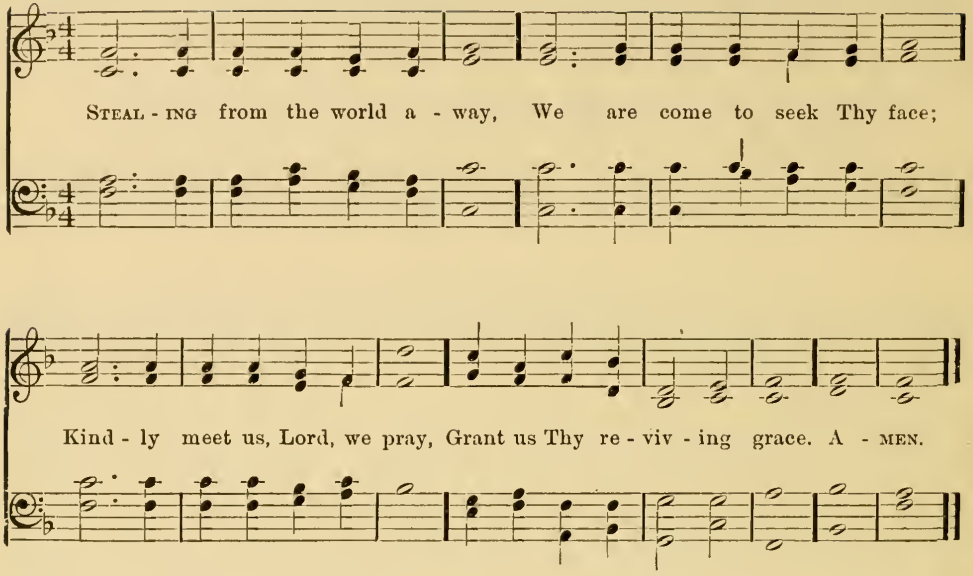
2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle.

DIJON. 7. JOHANN G. BITTHAUER.



38

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek Thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

Ray Palmer.

39

To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

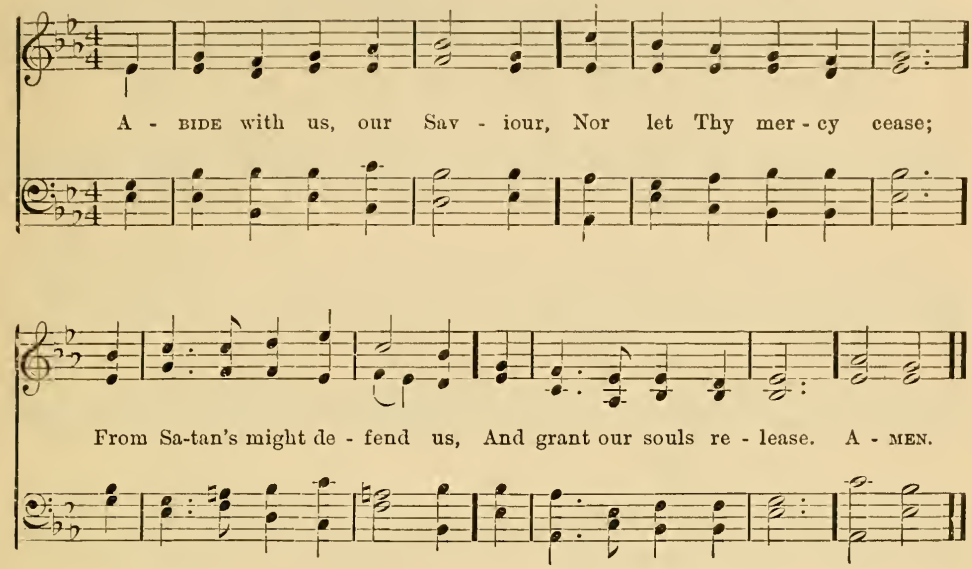
2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick.

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN. 7,6. Fr. Melchoir Vulpius.



40

ABIDE with us, our Saviour,
Nor let Thy mercy cease;
From Satan's might defend us,
And grant our souls release.

2 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Sustain us by Thy Word;
That we with all Thy people
To life may be restored.

3 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Thou Light of endless light;
Increase to us Thy blessings,
And save us by Thy might.

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal One and Three,
As was, and is for ever,
And praise and glory be.

Nicholaus Selnecker, tr.

41

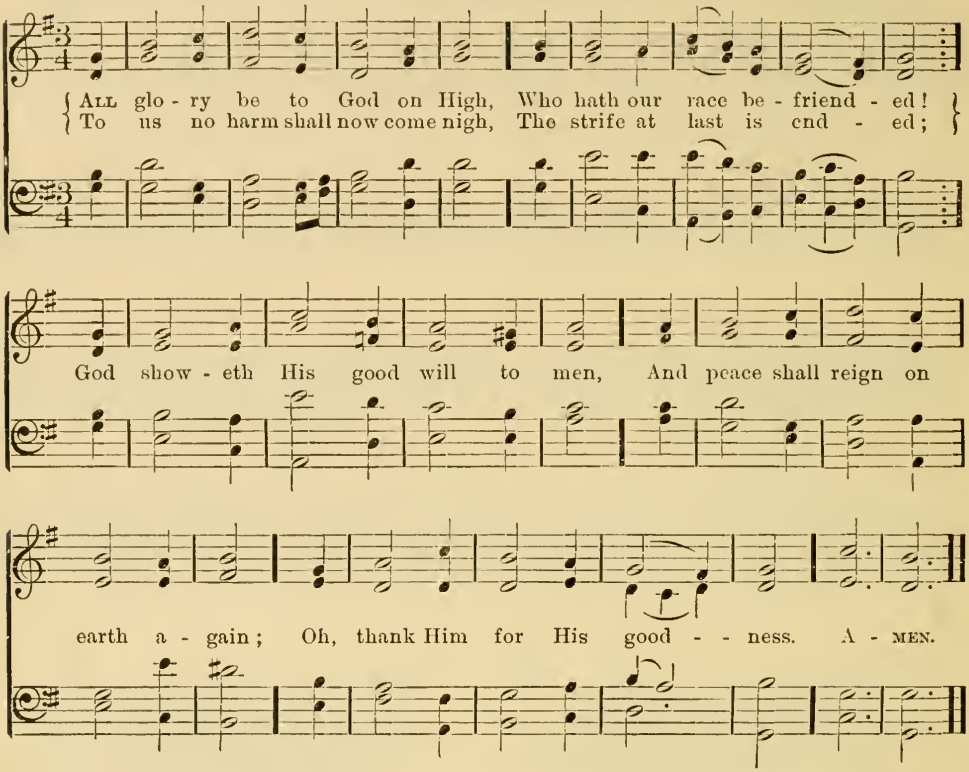
LORD Jesus, by Thy passion,
To Thee I make my prayer;
Thou Who in mercy smitest,
Have mercy, Lord, and spare.

2 Oh, wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side!
Oh, clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified!

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto Thee in Sion
I may appear at length!

4 Oh, make my spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng!
Oh, teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song!

Richard F. Littledale.

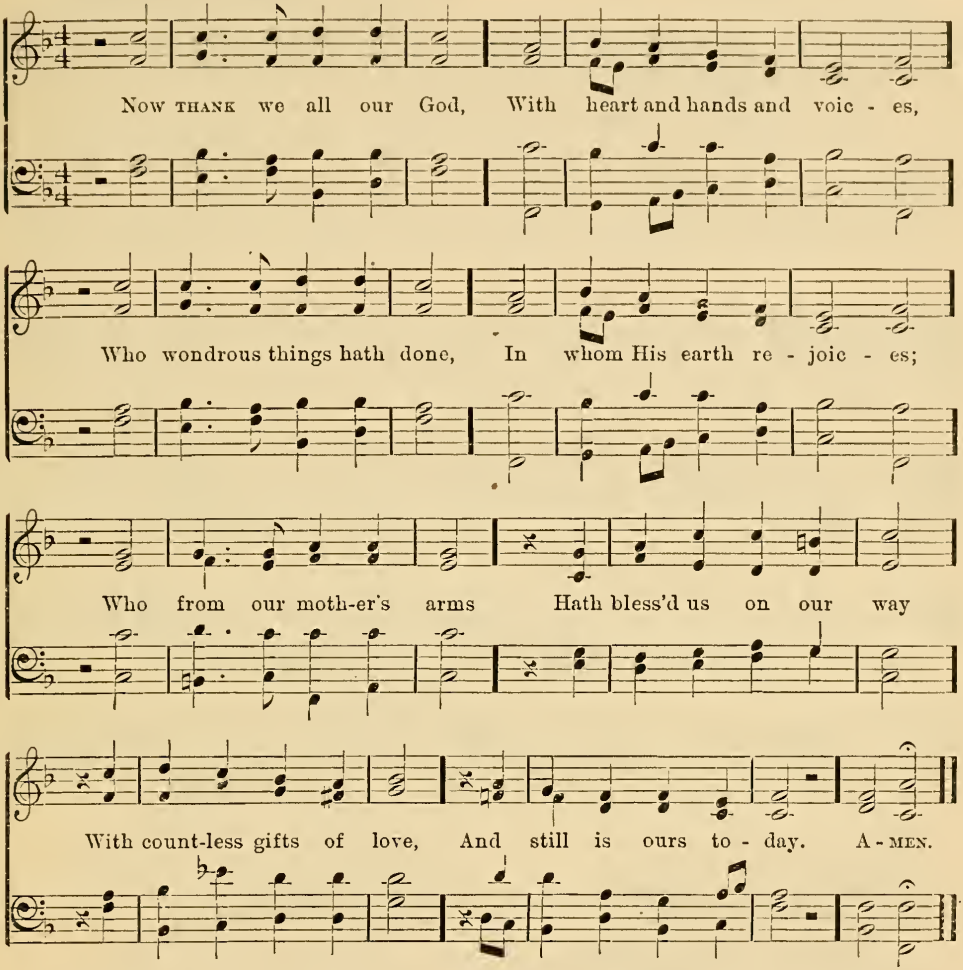
ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH' SEY EHR. 8,7. Iambic. JOHANN KUGELMANN.

42

2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
And give Thee thanks for ever,
O Father, that Thy rule is just,
And wise, and changes never:
Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
Thou dost whate'er Thy will ordains;
Well for us that Thou rulest!

3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of Thy Heavenly Father,
O Thou who hast our peace restored
And the lost sheep dost gather,
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high
From out our depths we sinners cry.
Have mercy on us, Jesus!

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread:
For us the Saviour's Blood was shed:
We trust in Thee to save us!

Nicholas Decius (Von Hofe). *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT. 6,7,6. JOHANN CRÜGER.

43

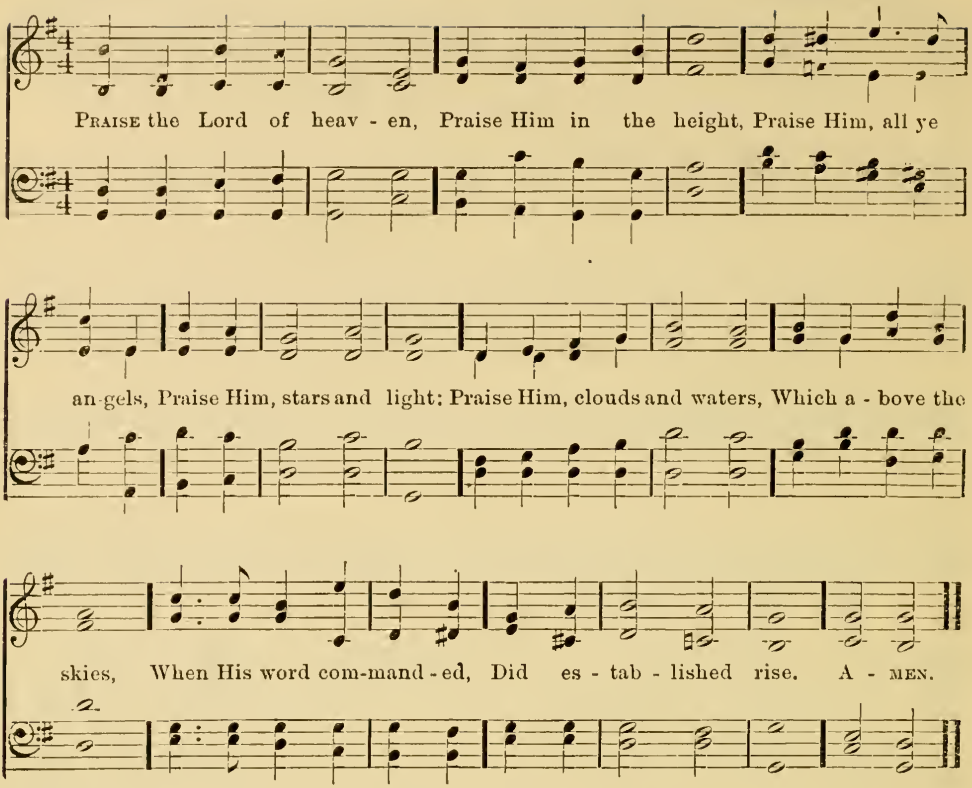
2 O may this bounteous God,
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills,
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven;
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Martin Rinkart. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

PRAISE. 6,5. D.

THOMAS MORLEY.



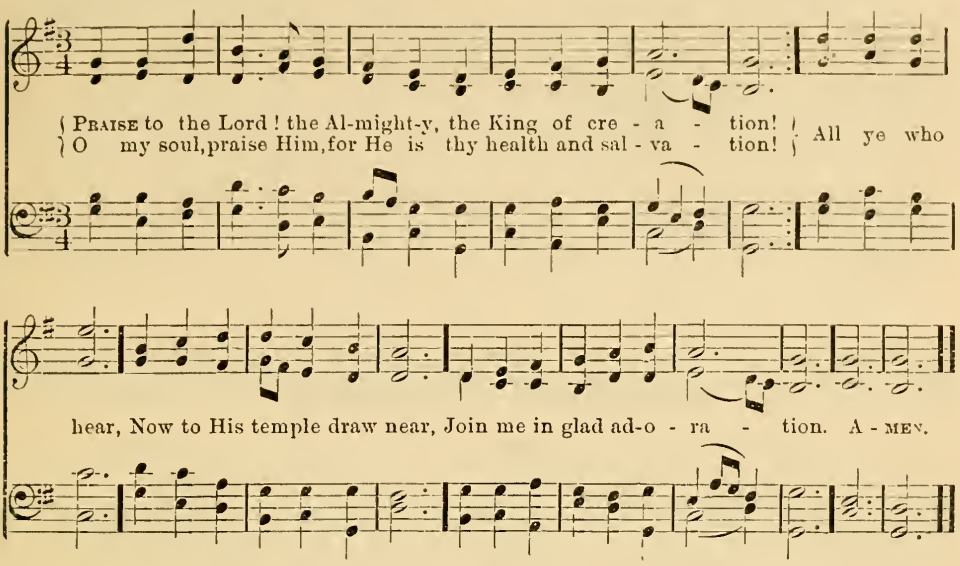
44

PRAISE the Lord of heaven,
Praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye angels,
Praise Him, stars and light:
Praise Him, clouds and waters,
Which above the skies,
When His word commanded,
Did established rise.

2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains
Of the deeps and seas,
Rocks, and hills, and mountains,
Cedars, and tall trees:
Praise, Him clouds and vapors,
Snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy winds, fulfilling
Only His desire.

3 Praise Him, fowls and cattle,
Princes and all kings;
Praise Him, men and maidens,
All created things:
For the Name of God is
Excellent alone,
Over earth His footstool,
Over heaven His throne.

Thomas B. Brownr

LOBE DEN HERREN. 14,4,7,8. 1668.

45

Praise to the Lord! the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration.

2 Praise to the Lord! who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth;
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

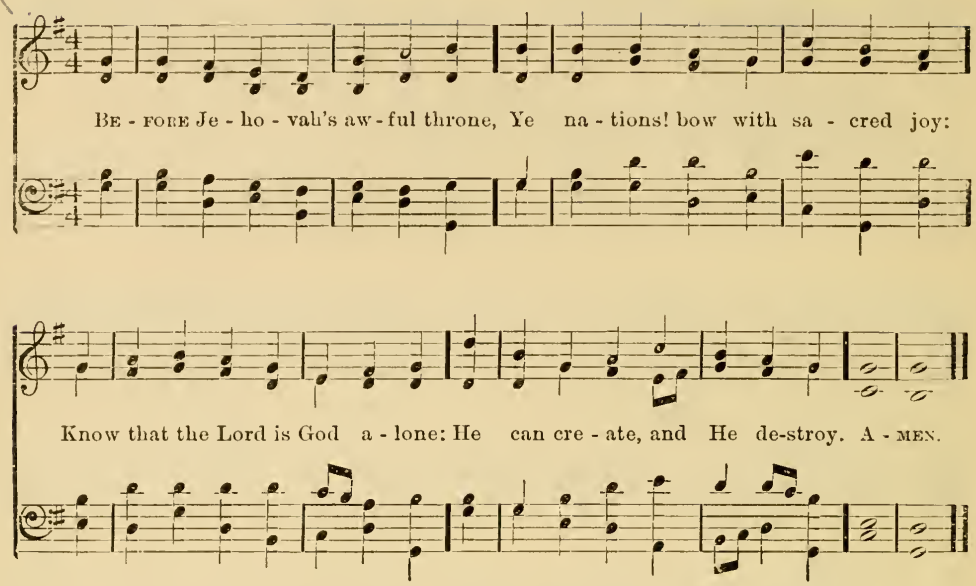
3 Praise to the Lord! who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee!

4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again;
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

Joachim Neander. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



46

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

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

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
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 must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

47

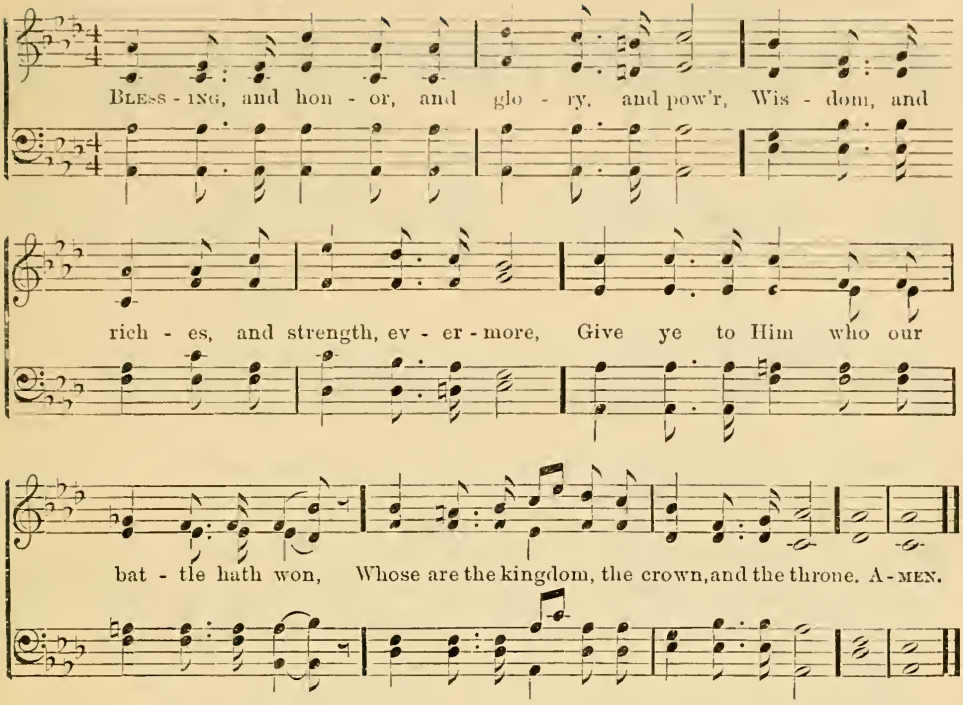
WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

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 Oh nter then His temple gate,
Thence 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.

Tate & Brady

LEILA. 10. Peculiar. Arr. fr. MICHAEL COSTA.

48

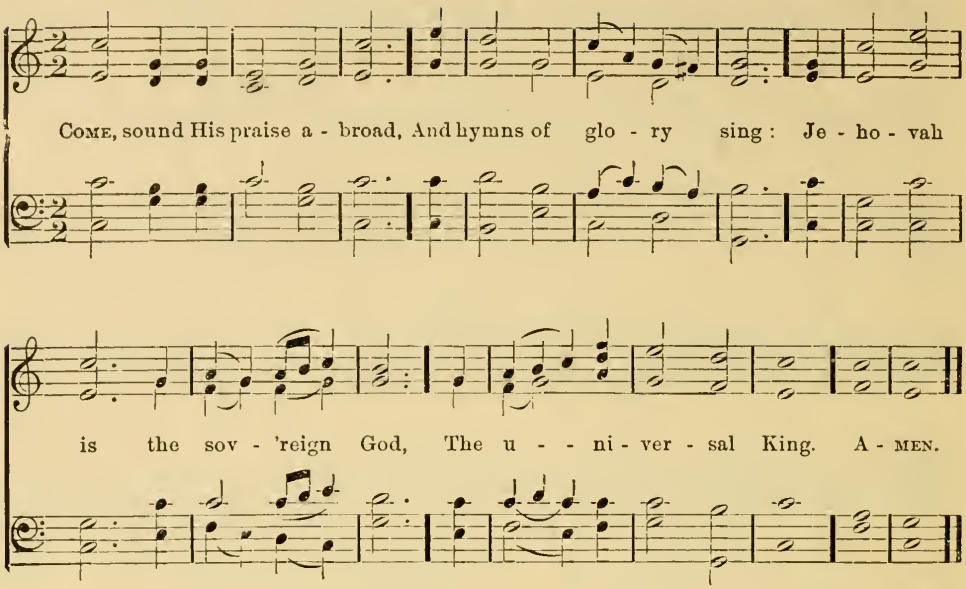
2 Dwelleth the light of the glory with Him,
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,
Light in its gladness and brightness and balm.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose lamp is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the psalm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Horatius Bonar.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.

49

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

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

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And our own gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

50

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

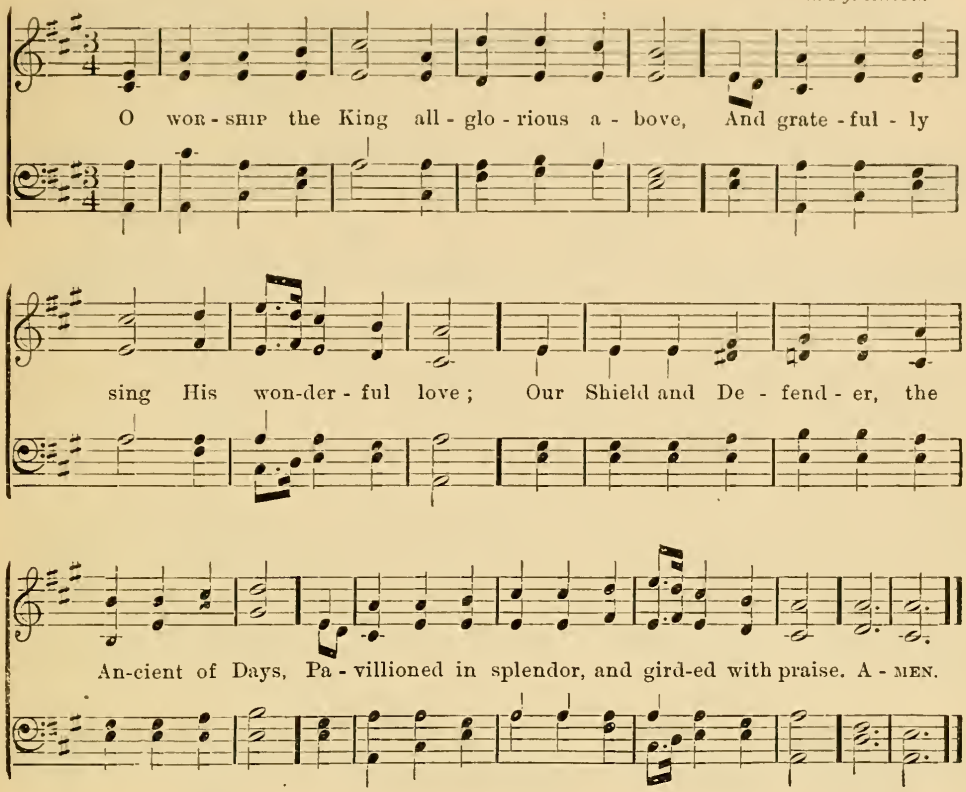
2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with Love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save

Isaac Watts.

LYONS. 10,11. FRANZ J. HAYDN.



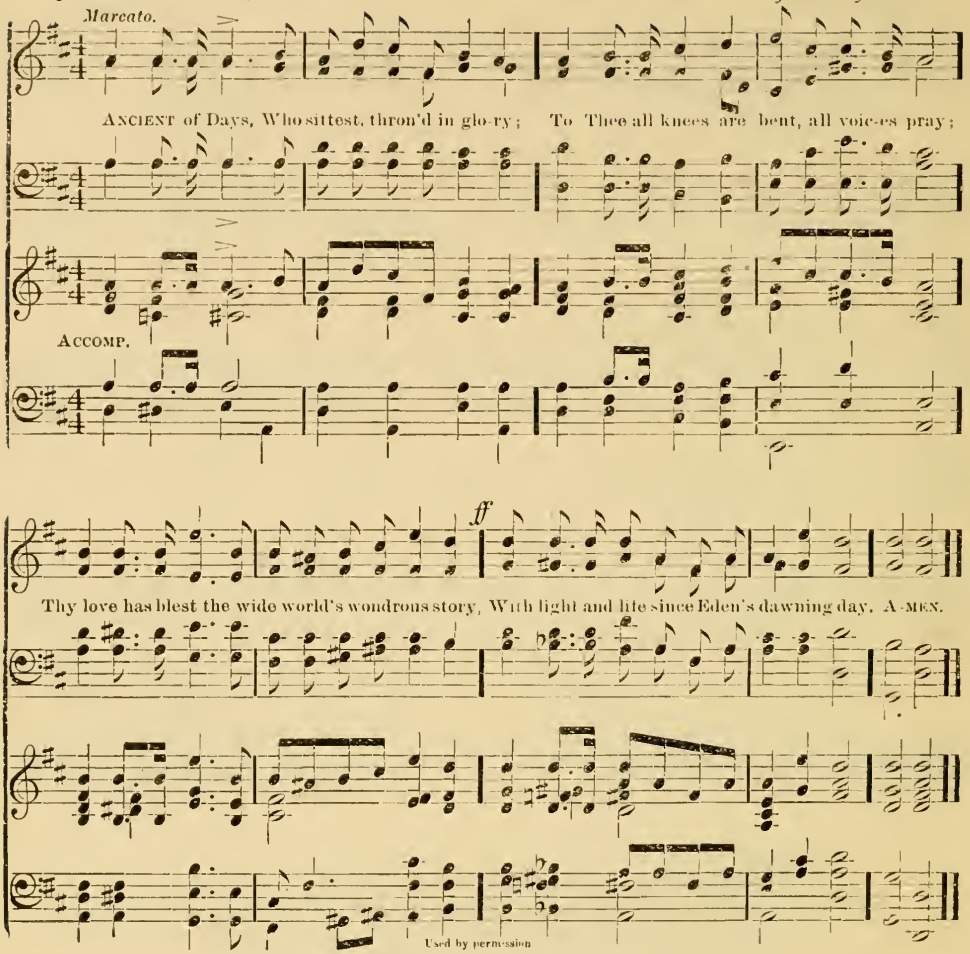
51

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

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 distills 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.

Robert Grant.

JEFFERY'S. 11,10. JAMES A. JEFFERY.

Used by permission

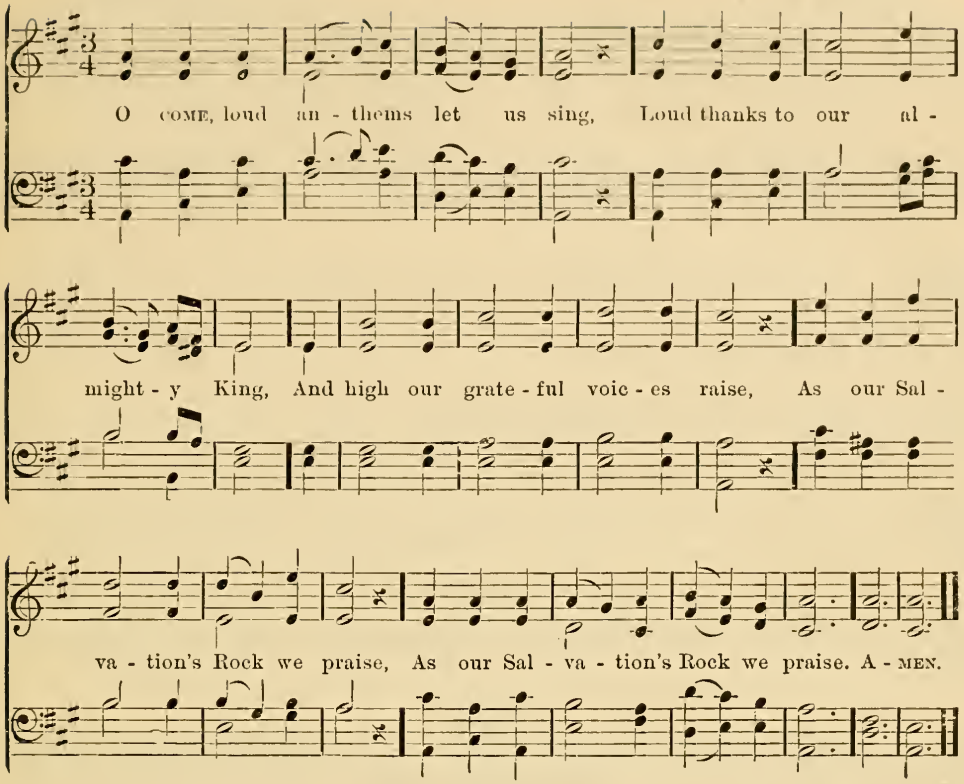
52

2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering,
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

William C. Doane

PARK STREET. L. M.

FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.

53

2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker, call.

Tate & Brady.

54

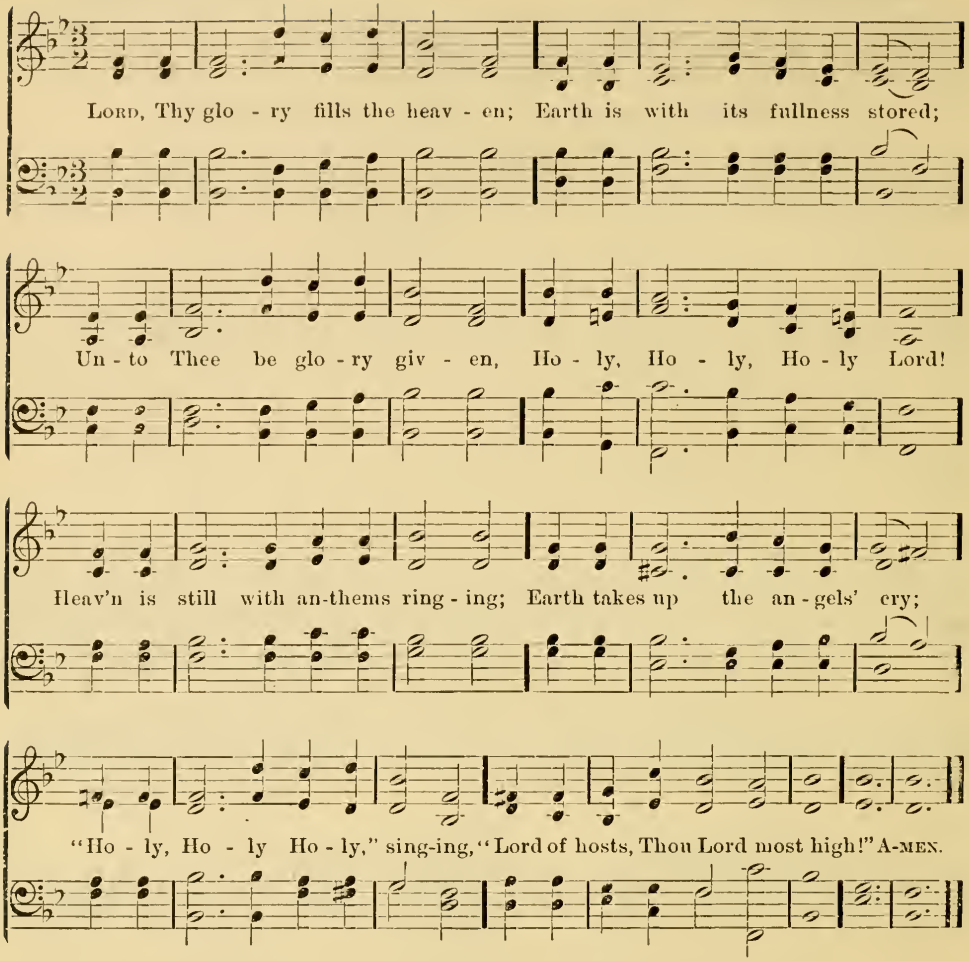
TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

3 God from on high has heard thy prayer.
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge.

FABEN. 8,7. D.

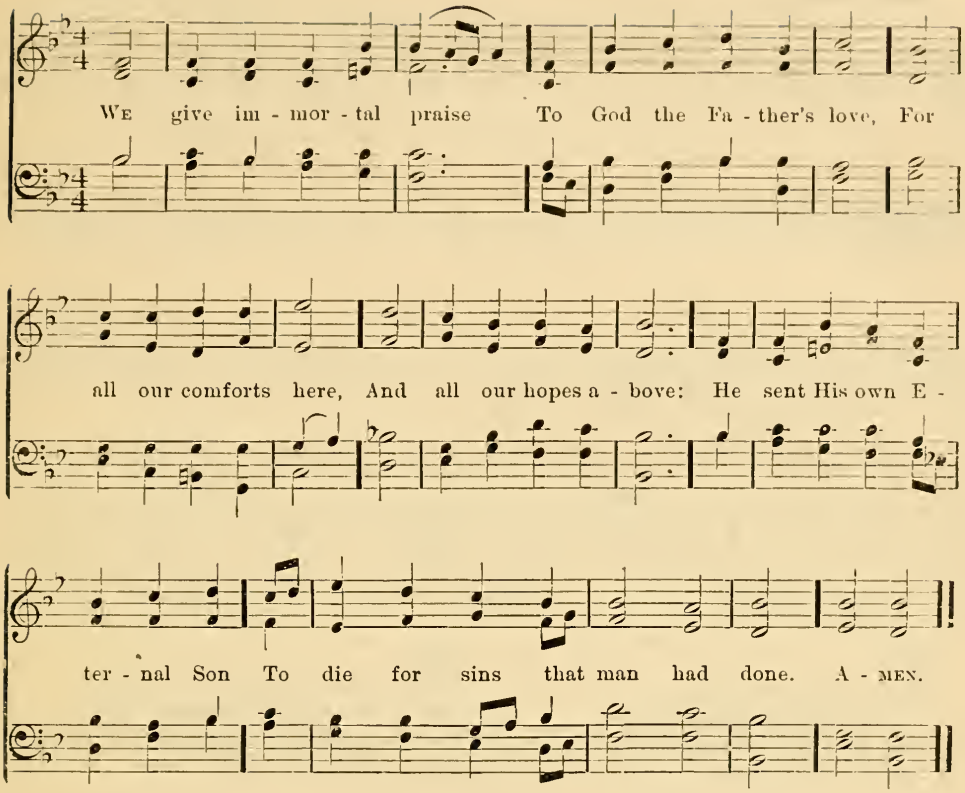
JOHN H. WILLCOX.

55

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

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
Thus, Thy glorious day confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy!" blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

Richard Mant.

ST. PETER'S. 6.8. ROGER R. ROSS.



56

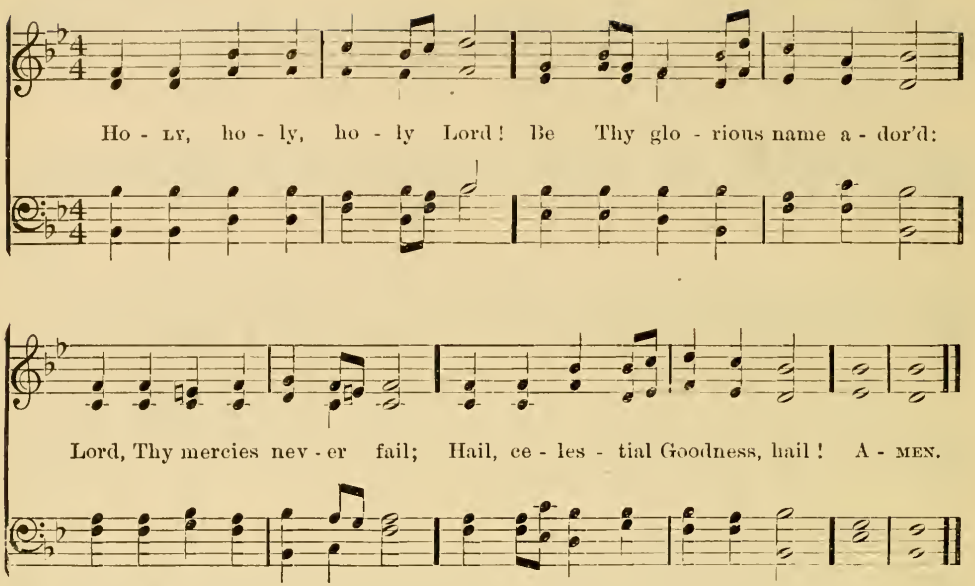
We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The Sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One:
Where reason fails with all her powers
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts

ROSEFIELD. 7. CÆSAR H. A. MALAN.

57

Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious name adored:
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to Thee may ever sound.

4 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious name adored.

Benjamin Williams.

58

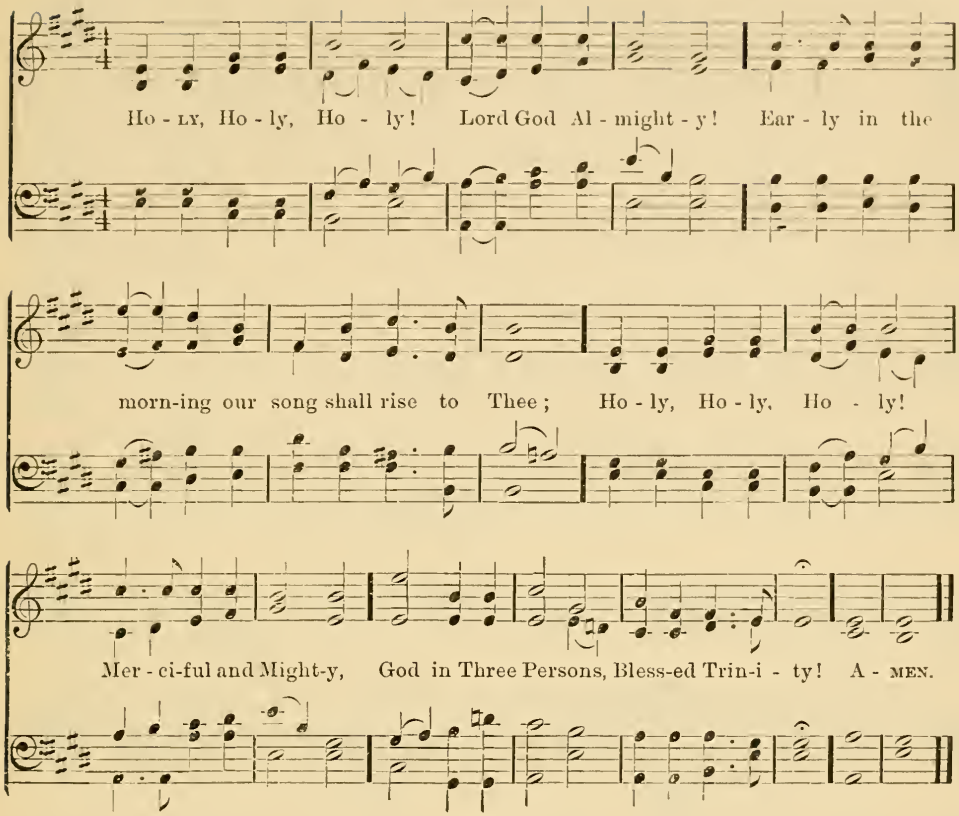
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful of our race,
Still to man extends His grace.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made;
All is by His sceptre swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His name!
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home;
Trust His love for all to come.

Anon.

NICÆA. 12,13,10. JOHN B. DYKES.

59

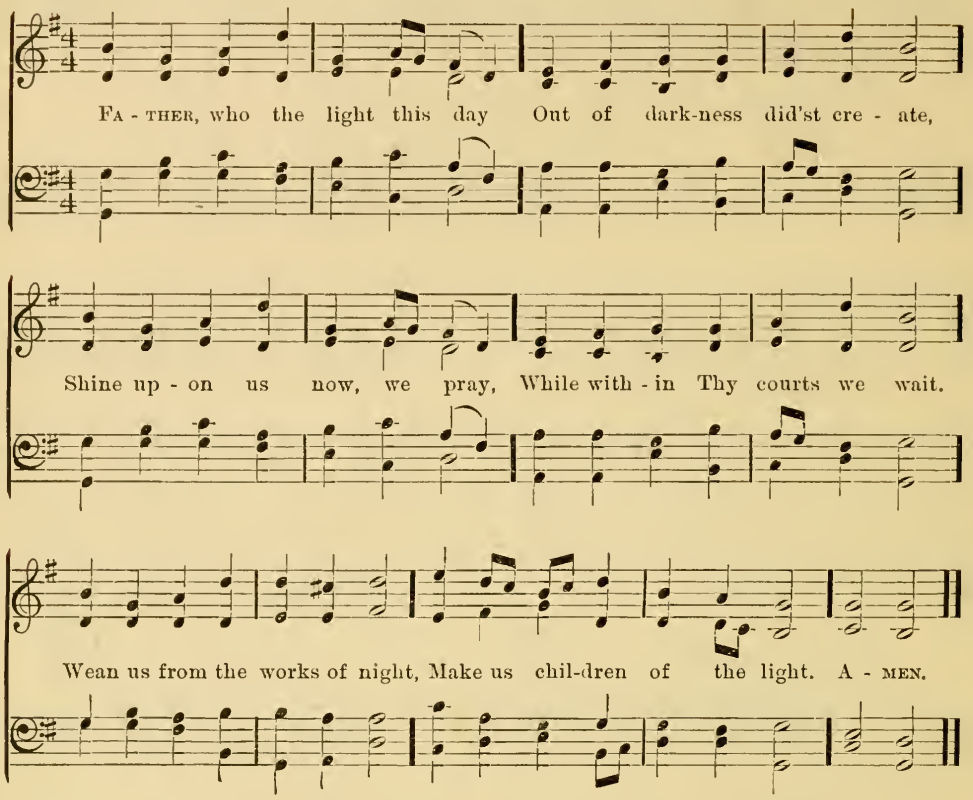
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

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, Merciful and Mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

KOMM, O KOMM DU GEIST DES LEBENS. 7, 6 lines. DRETZEL.



60

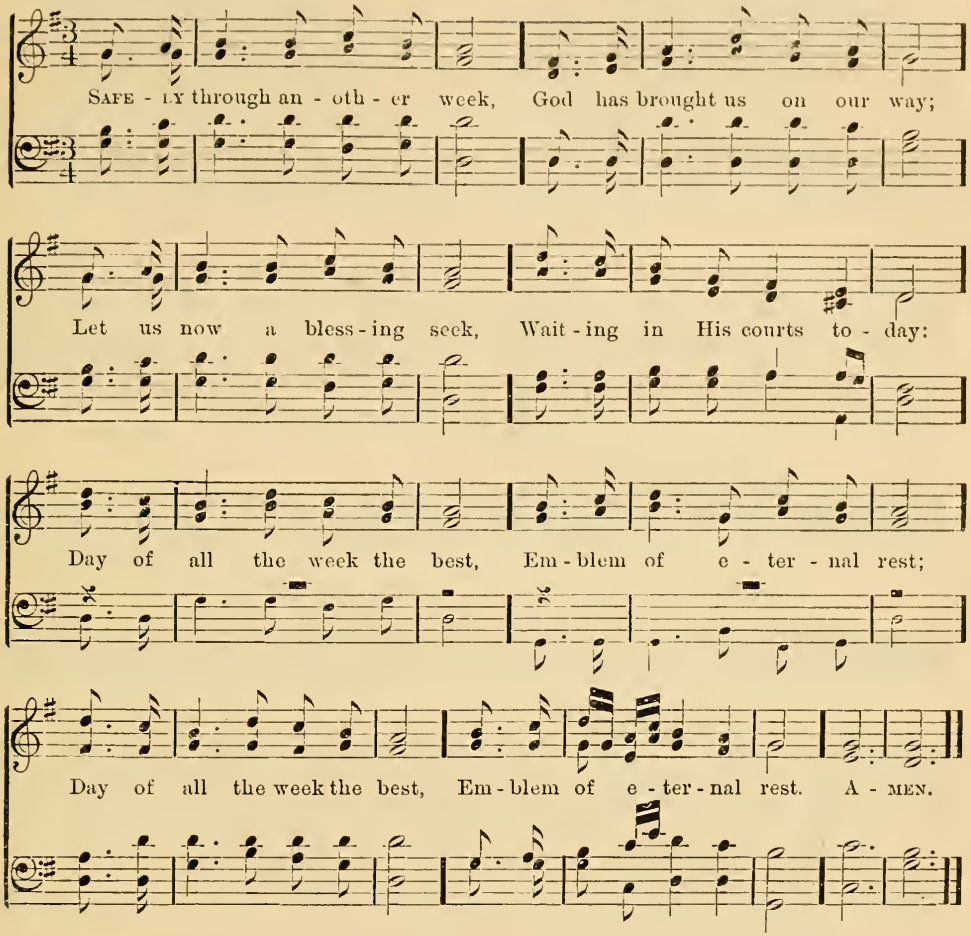
FATHER, who the light this day
Out of darkness didst create,
Shine upon us now, we pray,
While within Thy courts we wait.
Wean us from the works of night,
Make us children of the light.

2 Saviour, who this day didst break
From the bondage of the tomb,
Bid our slumbering souls awake;
Shine through all their sin and gloom;
Let us, from our bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

3 Blesséd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on us Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead us to the truth of God.

Julia A. Elliott.

SABBATH. 7, 6 lines.

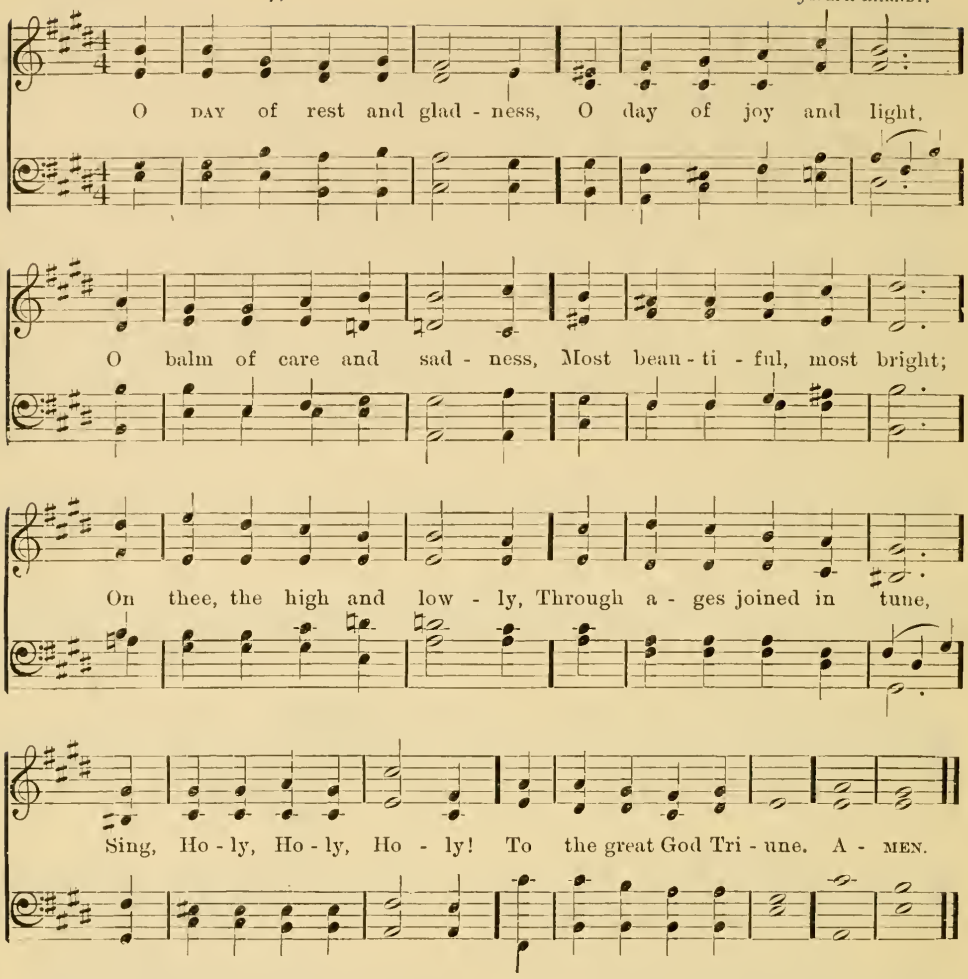
LOWELL MASON.

61

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by Thy hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

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

4 May the 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.

John Newton.

DAY OF REST. 7,6. D. JOSEPH BARNBY.

62

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.

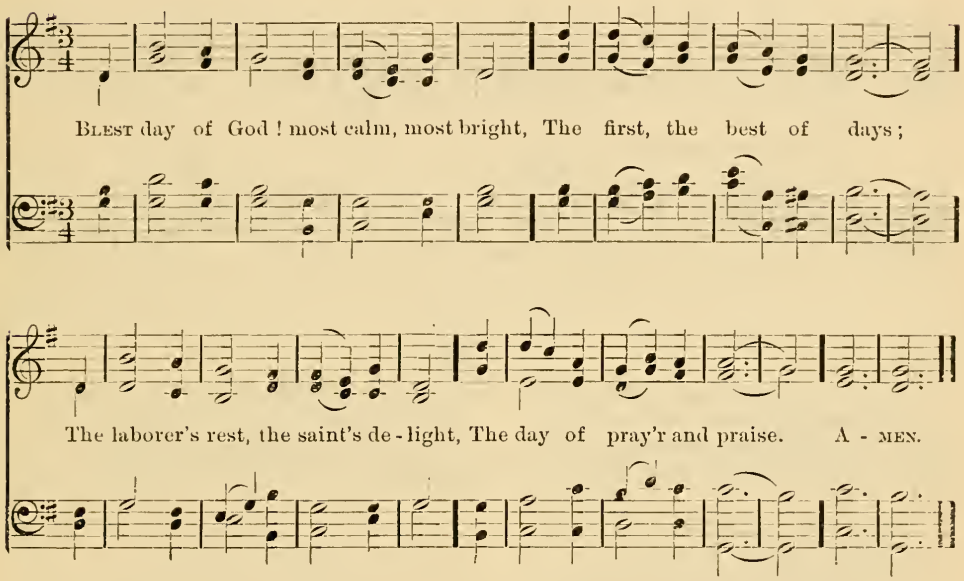
3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

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.

Christopher Wordsworth.

BELMONT. C. M.

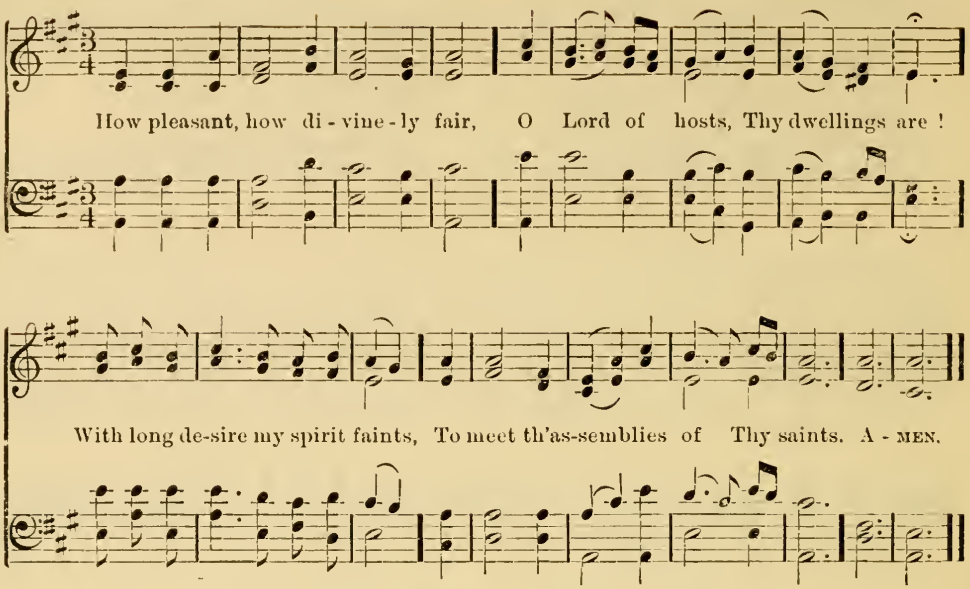
WILLIAM GARDINER.

63

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

John Mason.

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

64

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and Thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

65

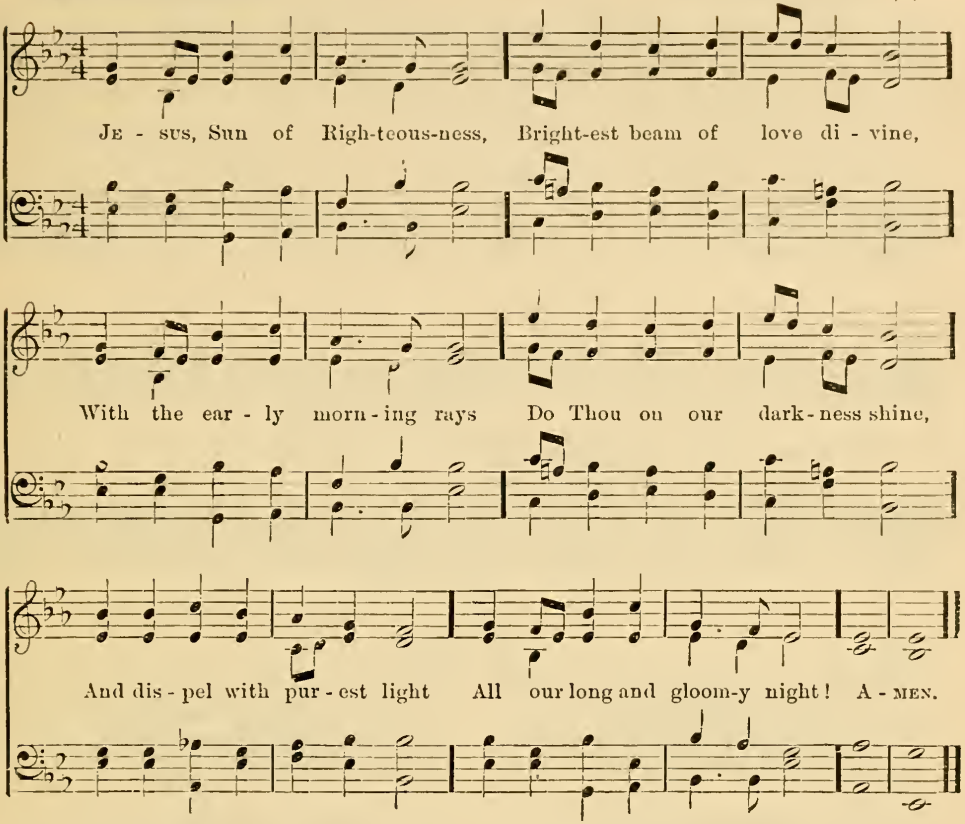
THIS day the light, of heavenly birth,
First streamed upon the new-born earth:
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

2 This day the Saviour left the grave,
And rose, omnipotent to save:
O Jesus, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came,
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place;
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
We give again to God above.

William W. How.

MORGENGLANZ DER EWIGKEIT. 7, 6 lines. 1704.

66

Jesus, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our long and gloomy night!

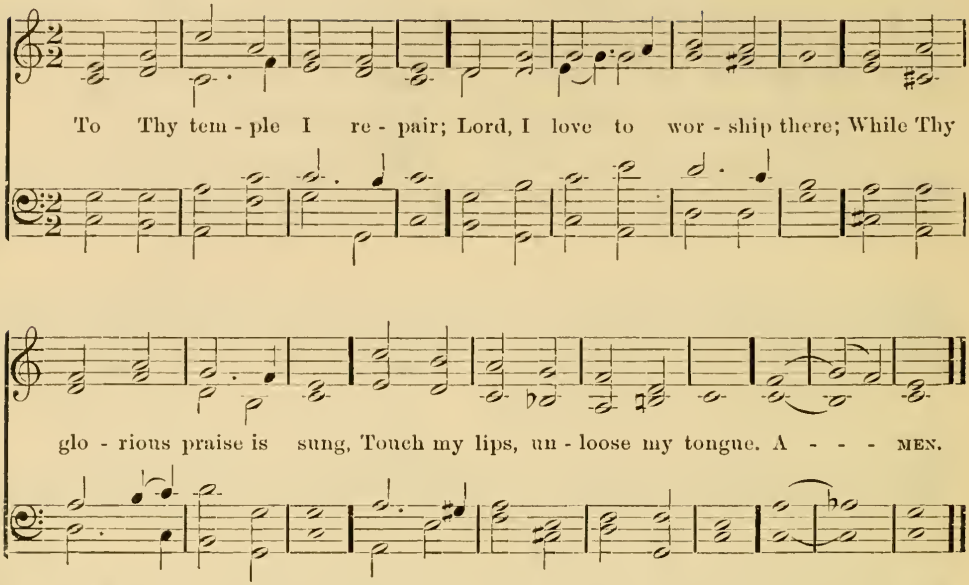
2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy Love with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All our life's short earthly day!

3 Thou our only Hope and Guide!
Never leave us, nor forsake:
In Thy light may we abide
Till the endless morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Onward, upward, homeward still!

4 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way,
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Near Thy throne for ever rest.

Christian Knorr. *Tr.* Jane Borthwick.

MONTGOMERY. 7. FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY.



67

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery.

68

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.

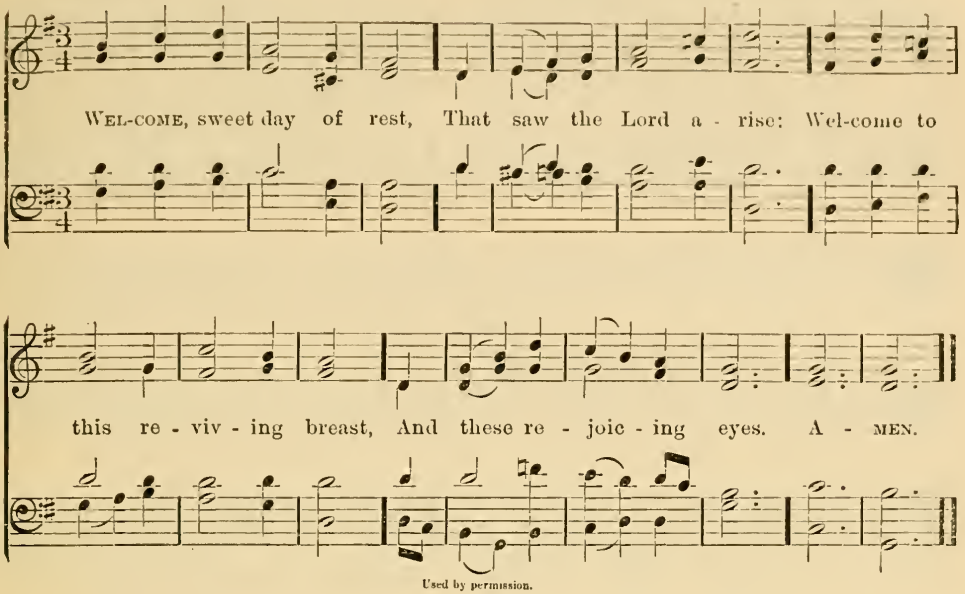
2 O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

4 On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who has led them safe through all.

Henry F. Lyte.

CADWELL. S. M.

WILLIAM W. ROUSSEAU.

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69

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we seek, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

70

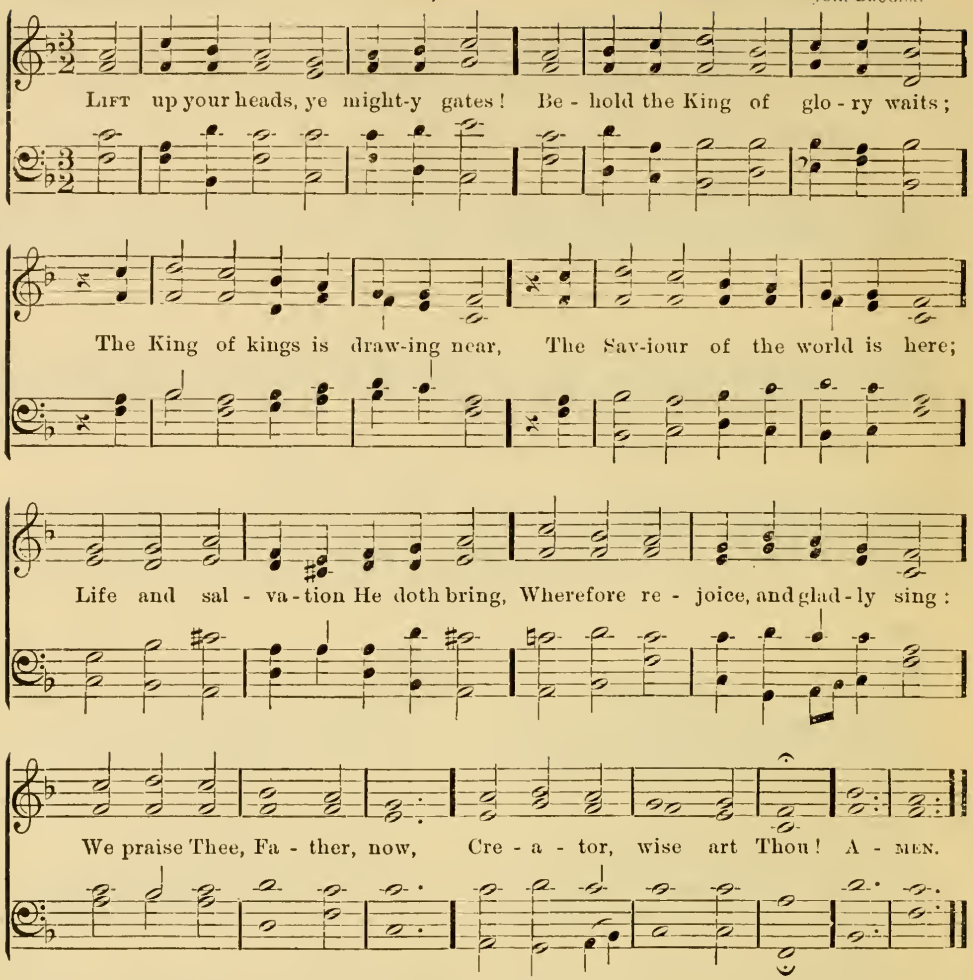
THIS is the day of light,
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest,
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.

3 This is the day of peace,
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou all ill and 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.

John Ellerton.

MACHT HOCH DIE THÜR. 8,6. JOH. CRÜGER.

71

2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
We praise Thee, Saviour, now,
Creator, wise art Thou!

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss:
O Comforter Divine,
What boundless grace is Thine!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin:
To Thee, O God, be praise,
For word and deed and grace!

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy name.

George Weissel. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

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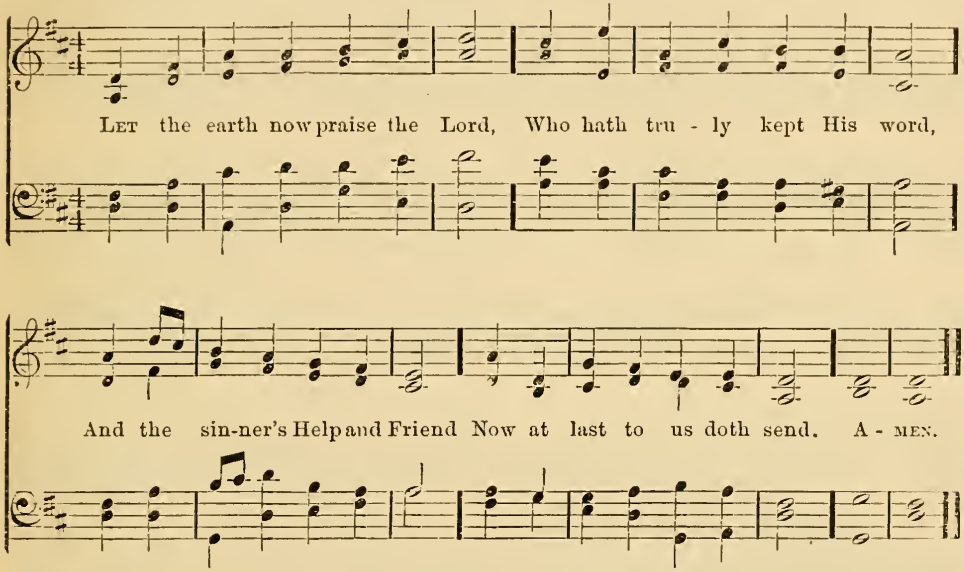

72

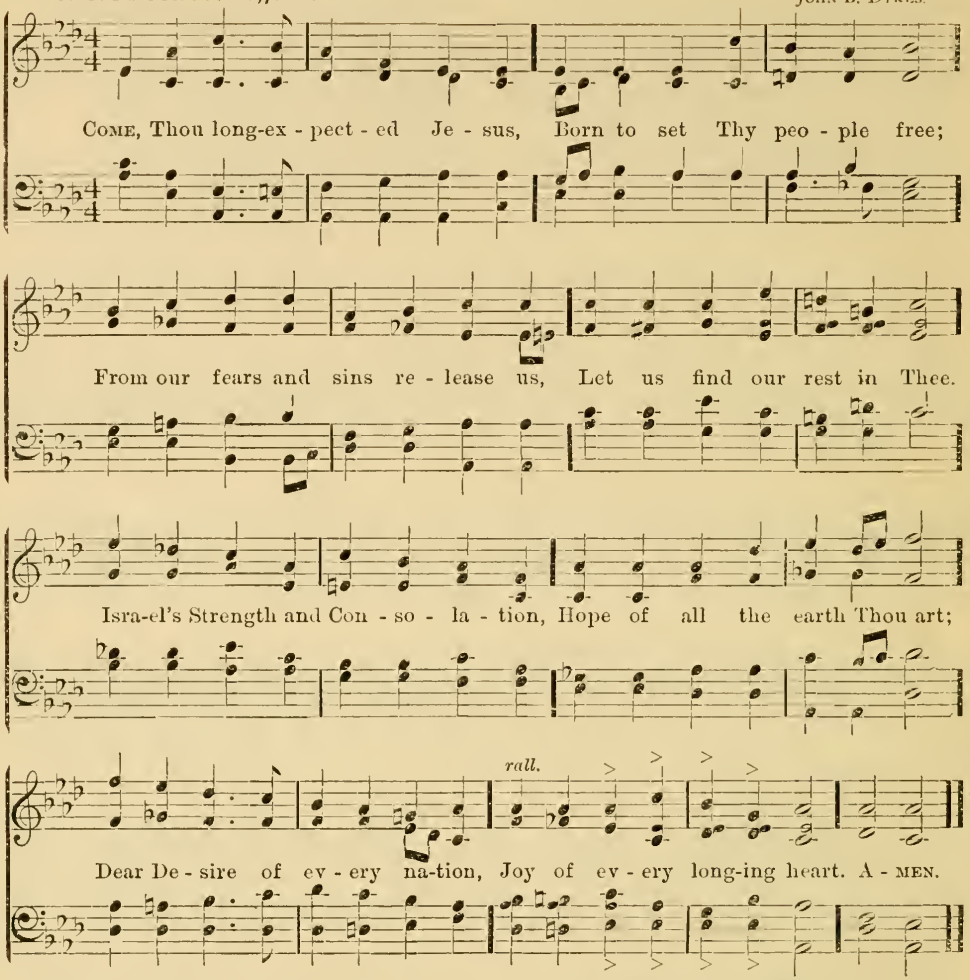
2 What the fathers most desired,
What the prophets' heart inspired,
What they longed for many a year
Stands fulfilled in glory here.

3 Abram's promised great reward,
Zion's Helper, Jacob's Lord,
Him of twofold race behold,
Truly come, as long foretold.

4 Welcome, O my Saviour, now!
Hail! my Portion, Lord, art Thou!
Here too in my heart, I pray,—
O prepare Thyself a way.

5 And when Thou dost come again,
As a glorious King to reign,
I with joy may see Thy face,
Freely ransomed by Thy grace.

Henry Held. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

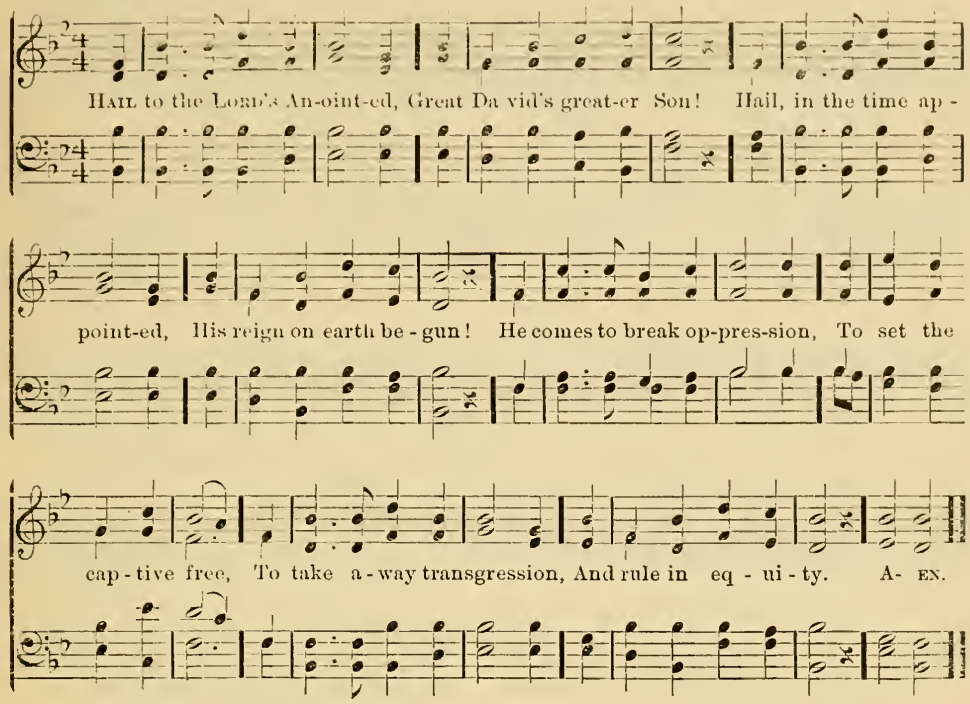
SANCTUARY. 8,7. D. JOHN B. DYKES.

73

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

WEBB. 7,6. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB.

74

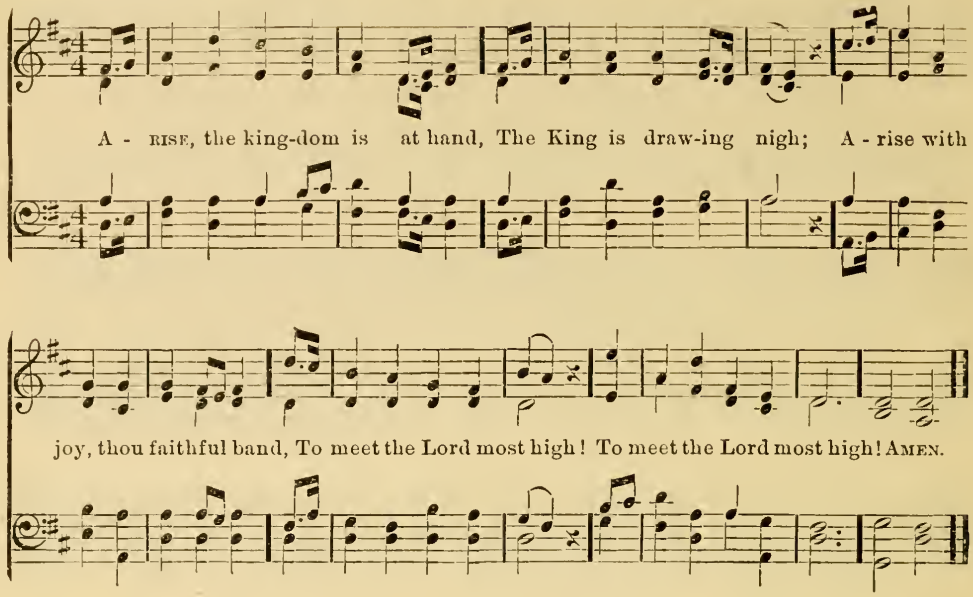
2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

James Montgomery.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

75

2 Look up, ye souls weighed down with care,
The Sovereign is not far;
Look up, faint hearts, from your despair,
Behold the Morning Star!

3 Now fear and wrath to joy give place,
Now are our sorrows o'er,
Since God hath made us in His grace
His children evermore.

4 O rich the gifts Thou bringest us,
Thyself made poor and weak;
O Love beyond compare that thus
Can foes and sinners seek!

5 For this we raise a gladsome voice
On high to Thee alone,
And evermore with thanks rejoice
Before Thy glorious throne.

John Rist. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

76

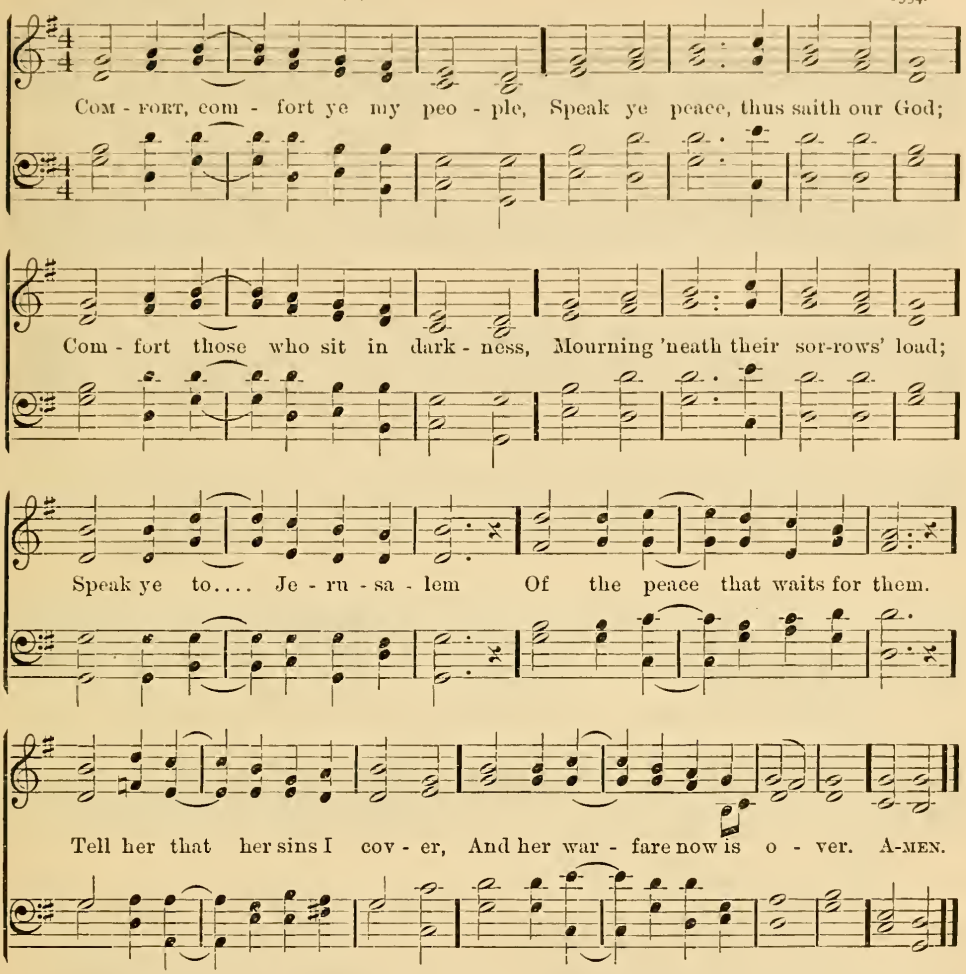
MORTALS! awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew:
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 With joy the chorus we repeat—
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die.

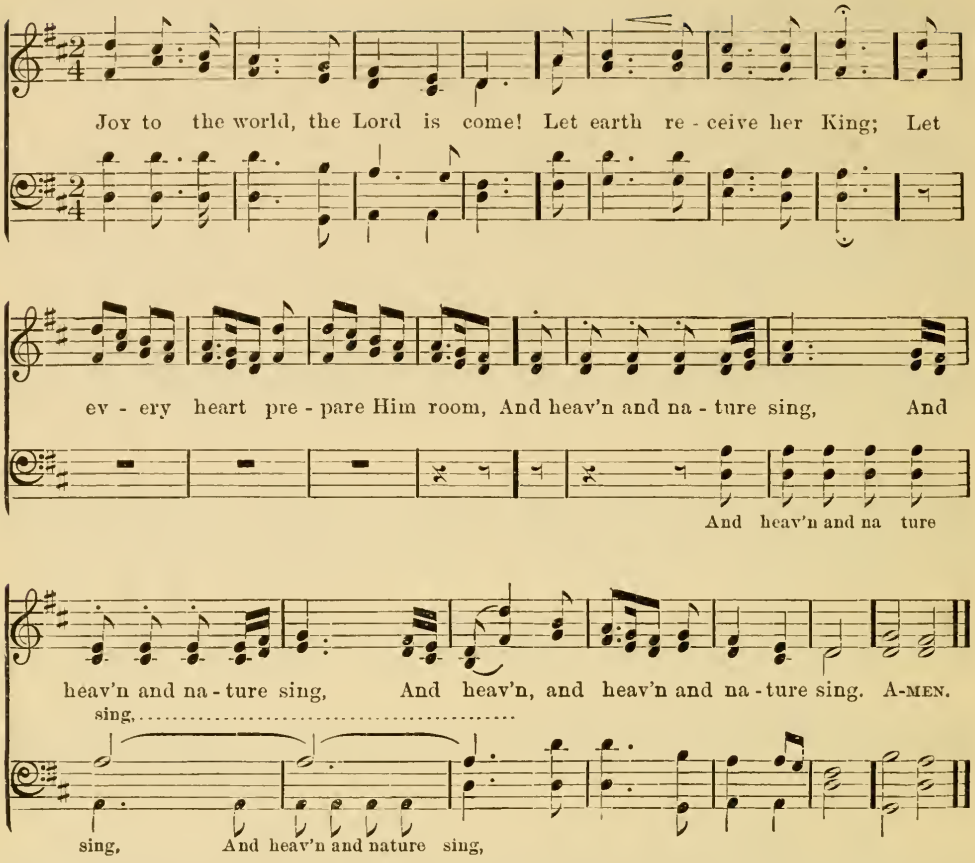
Samuel Medley

FREU' DICH SEHR. 8,7,7,8. 1554.

77

2 For the Herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
O that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
And the hills bow down to greet Him

3 Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain:
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign;
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token,
That His word is never broken.

John Olearius (Oelschläger). *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

ANTIOCH. C. M. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

78

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

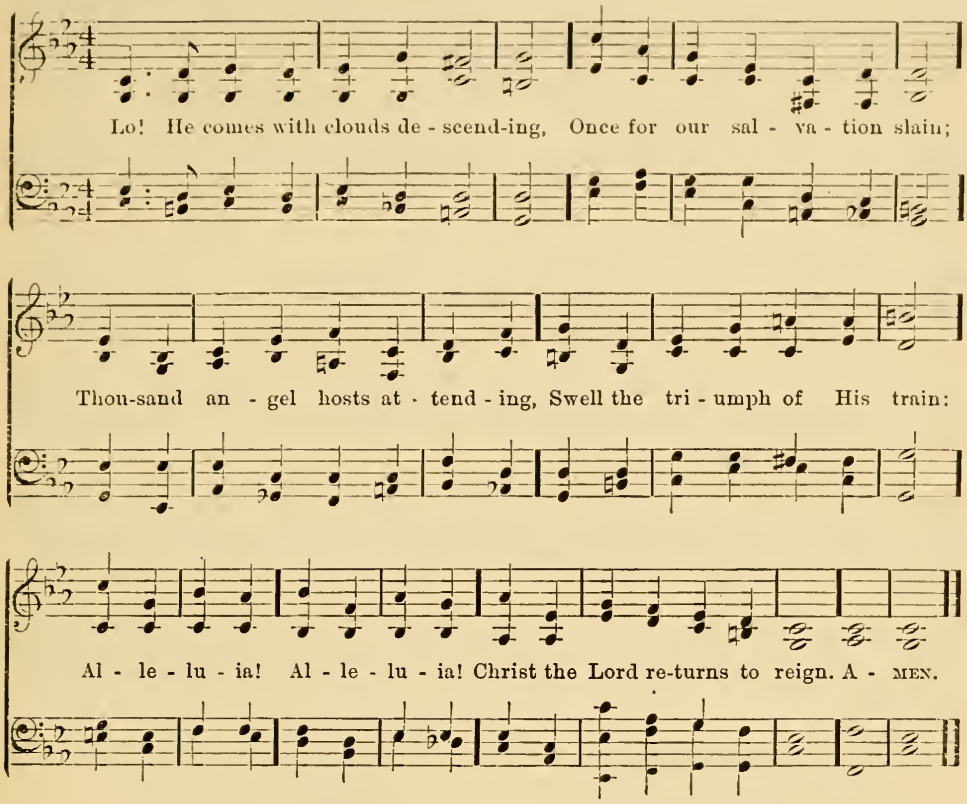
2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts.

LO! HE COMES. 8,7,4. GEORGE C. F. HAAS.



79

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for our salvation slain;
Thousand angel-hosts attending:
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ the Lord returns to reign.

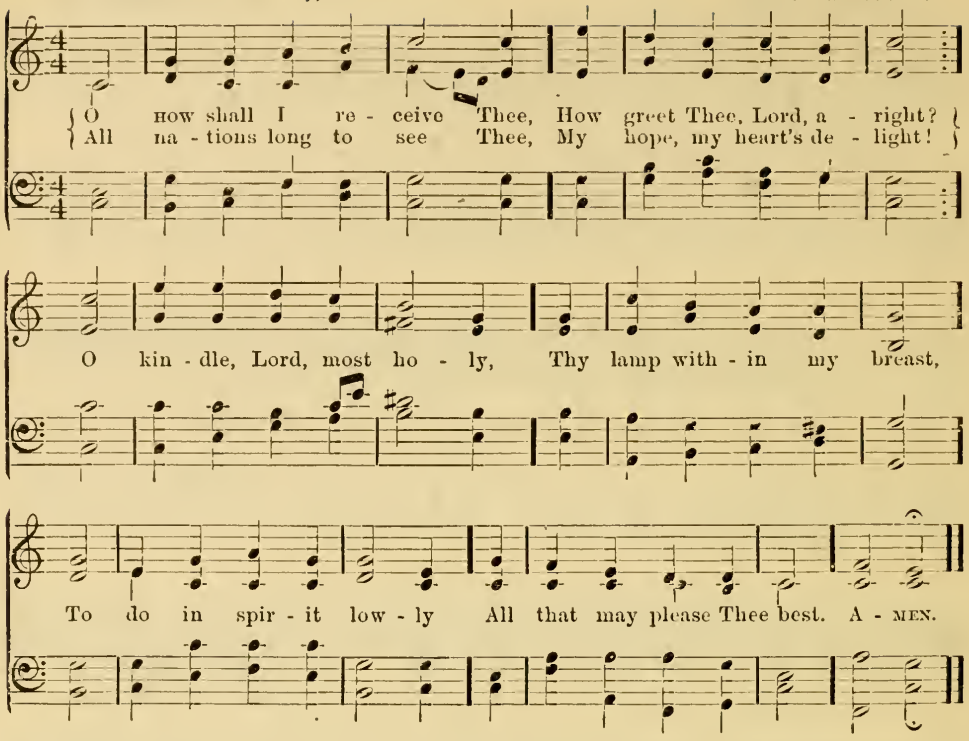
2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

John Cennick. Charles Wesley. Martin M. Madan.

ST. THEODULPH. 7,6. D.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER.

80

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.
My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy name.

3 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He who alone can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

Paul Gerhardt.

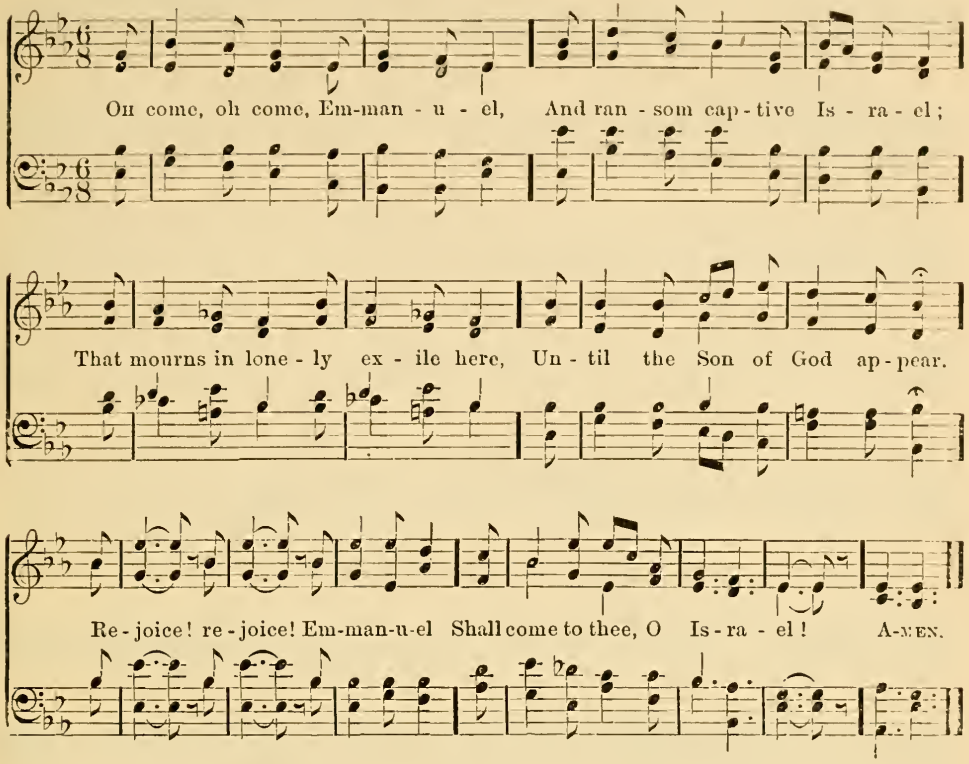
81

REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear!
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh.
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle—
At midnight comes the cry!

2 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

Laurentius Laurenti. *Tr.* Jane Borthwick.

OH COME, EMMANUEL. 8, 6 lines. CHARLES F. GOUNOD.



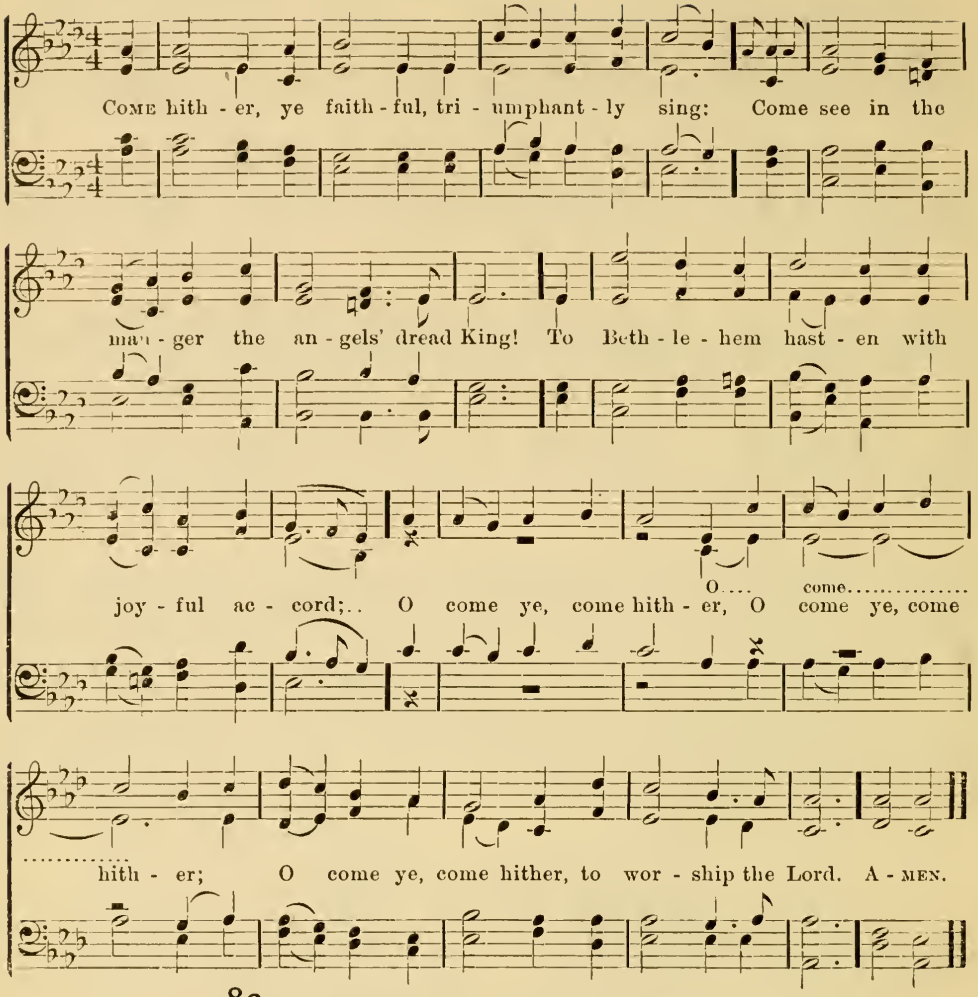
82

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.—*Cho.*

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here:
And drive away the shades of night,
And pierce the clouds, and bring us light!—*Cho.*

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home·
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.—*Cho.*

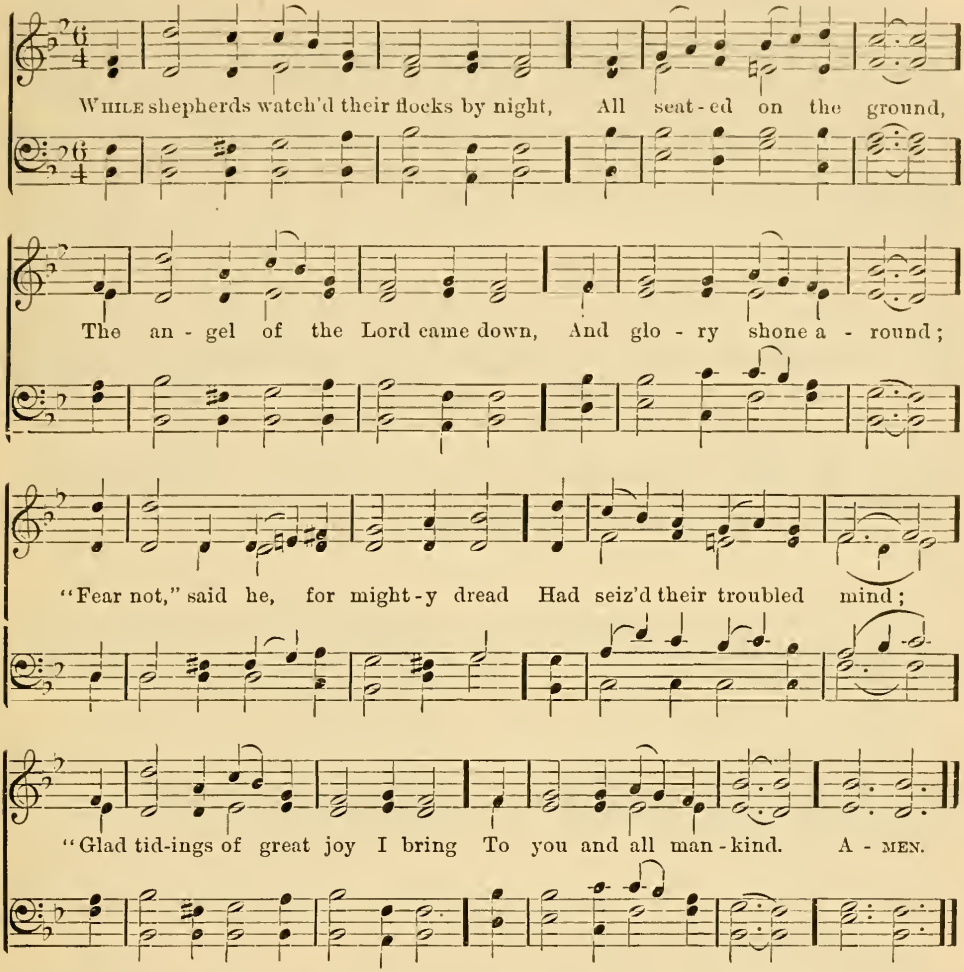
Tr John M. Neale.

ADESTE FIDELES. 11. MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.

83

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin He does not despise:
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

3 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord! Edward Caswall.

EPES. C. M. D.

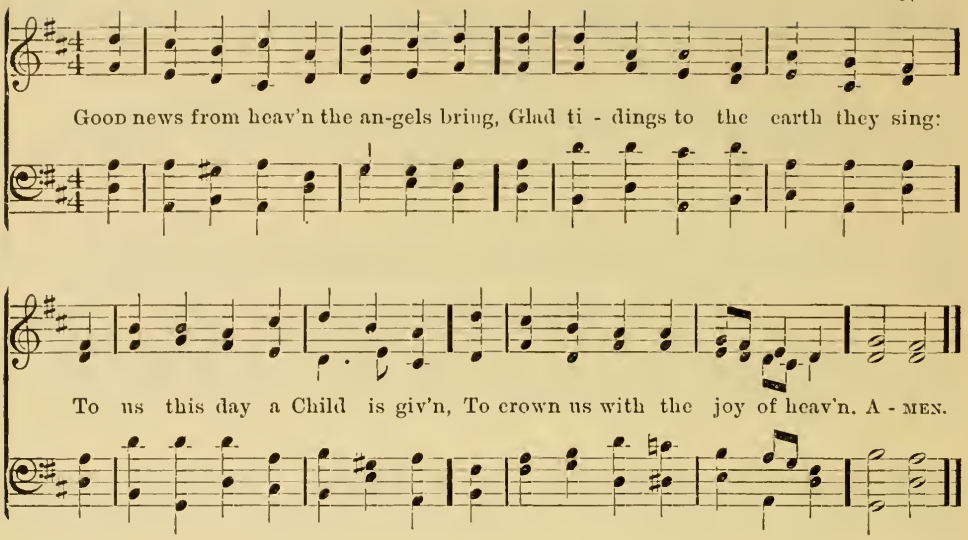
RICHARD S. WILLIS.

84

2 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

VOM HIMMEL HOCH. L. M. 1540.



85

2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

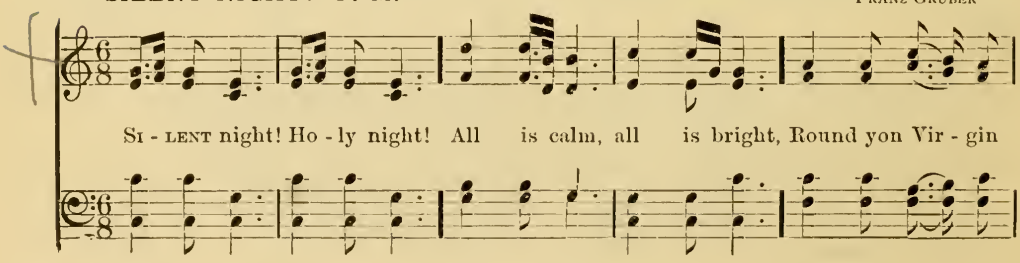
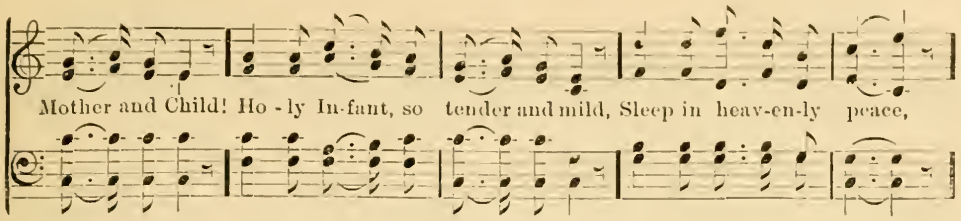
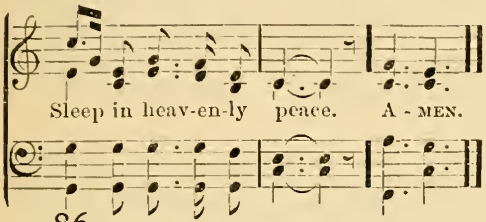
3 To us that blessédness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs:
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son:
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

Martin Luther. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

SILENT NIGHT! P. M. Franz Gruber

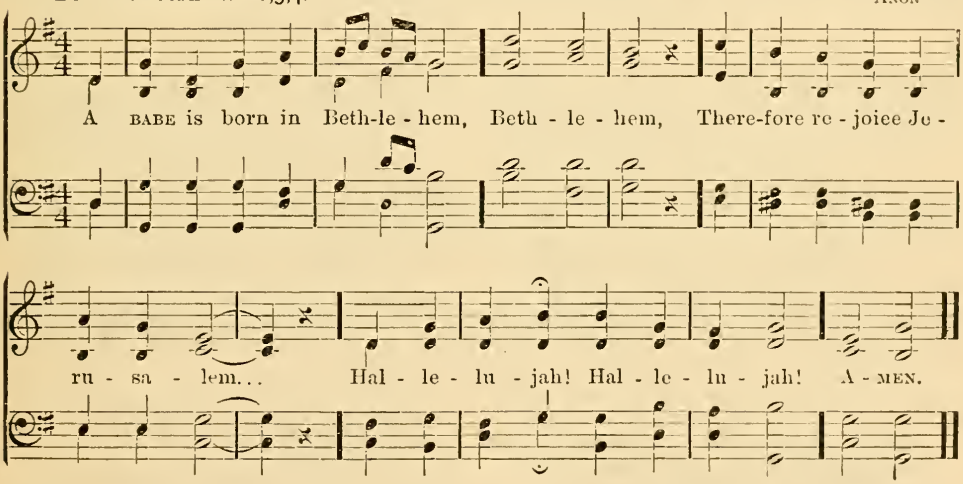


86

2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Allelnia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant, beams from Thy holy Face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Tr. Joseph Mohr.

BETHLEHEM. 8,3,4. ANON

87

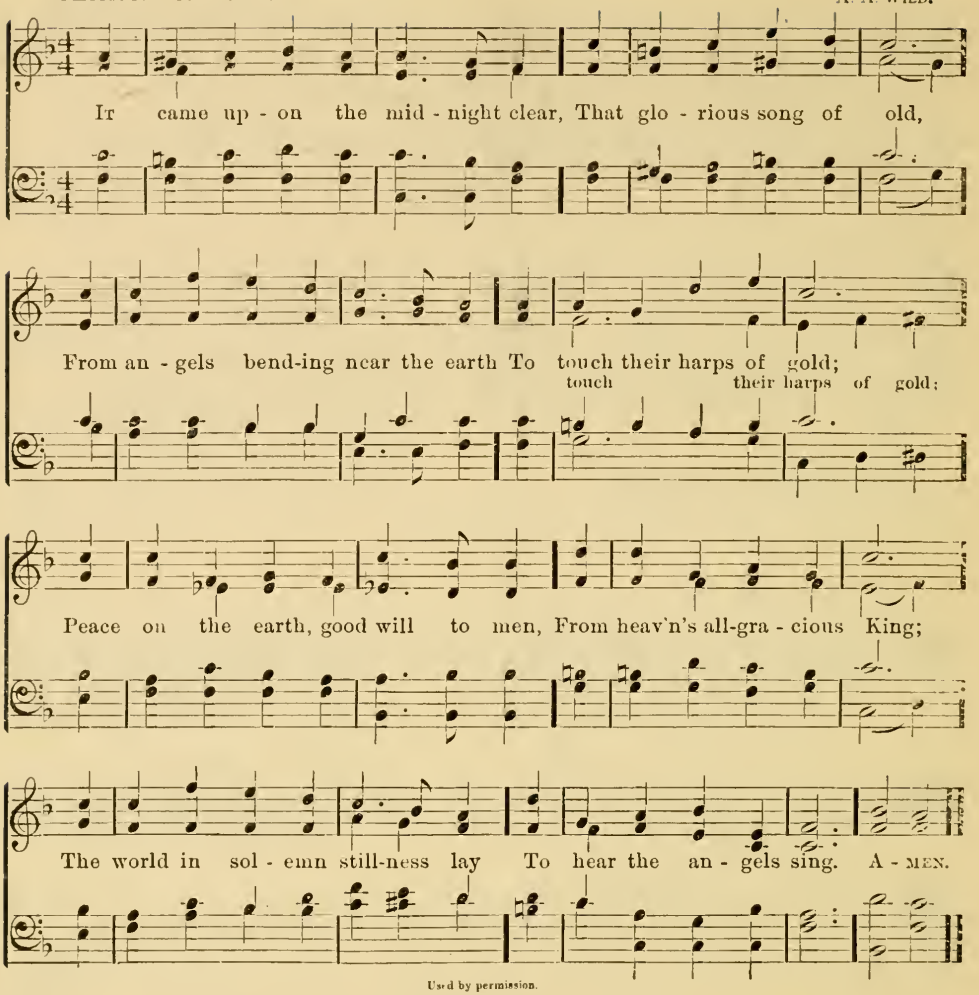
2 Within a manger He doth lie,
Whose throne is set above the sky.

3 Stillness was all the manger round,
The creature its Creator found.

4 The wise men came, led by the star,
Gold, myrrh, and incense brought from far.

5 His mother is the Virgin mild,
And He the Father's only Child. Anon.

SEARS. C. M. D.

A. A. WILD.

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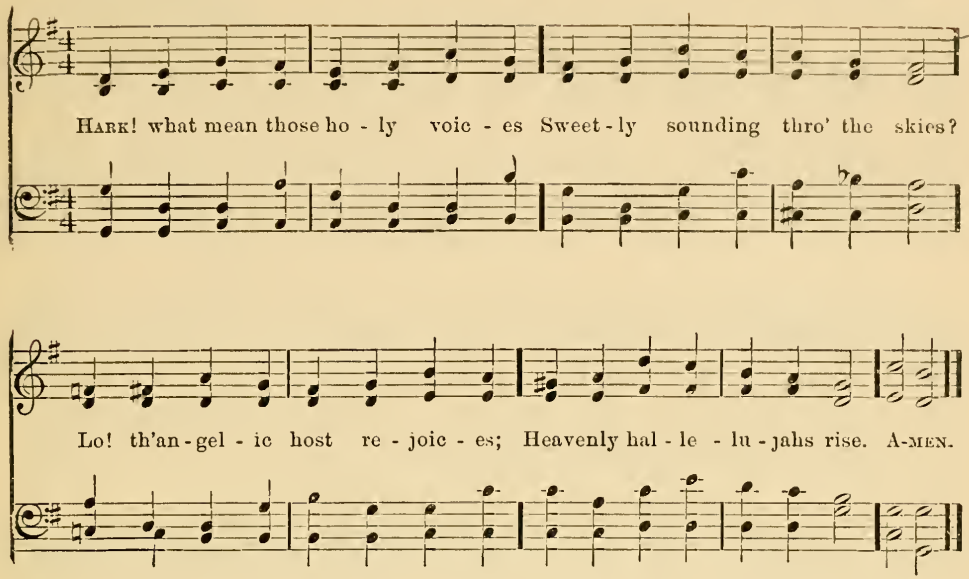
88

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 lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

GERTRUDE. 8,7. GEORGE C. F. HAAS.



89

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the hightest, 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 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood.

90

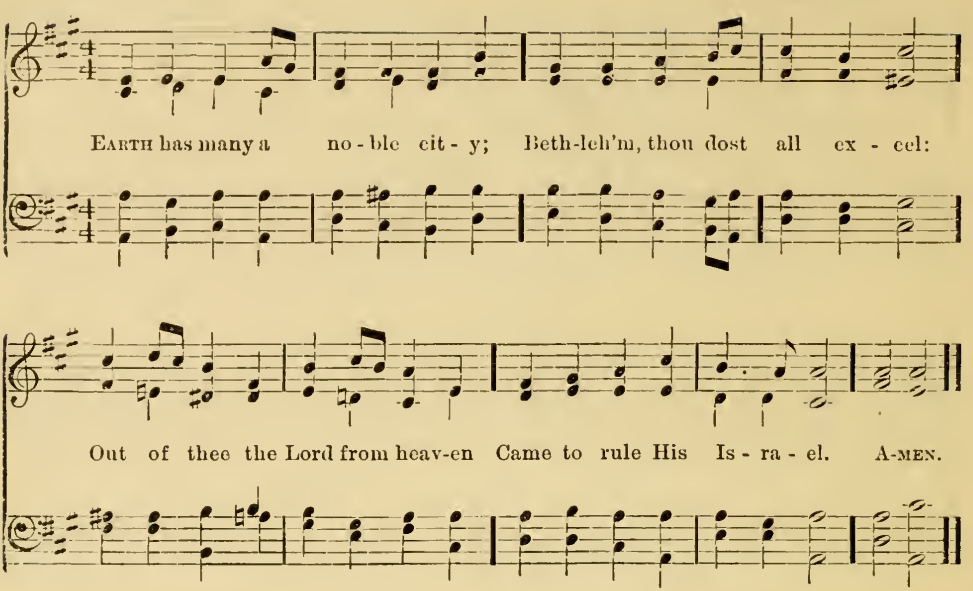
SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous Stranger,
Now to Bethlehem speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

2 Bright the star of your salvation
Pointing to His rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation:—
Mortals! now behold your God!

3 Glad, we trace th'amazing story
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory,—
Sinners saved from death and hell.

4 Love eternal moved the Saviour,
Thus to lay His radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb forever!
Glory be to God on high!

"Union Minstrel," 1834.

DEVOTION. 8,7. EDMUND S. CARTER.

91

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

5 Jesus, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

Tr. Edward Caswall.

92

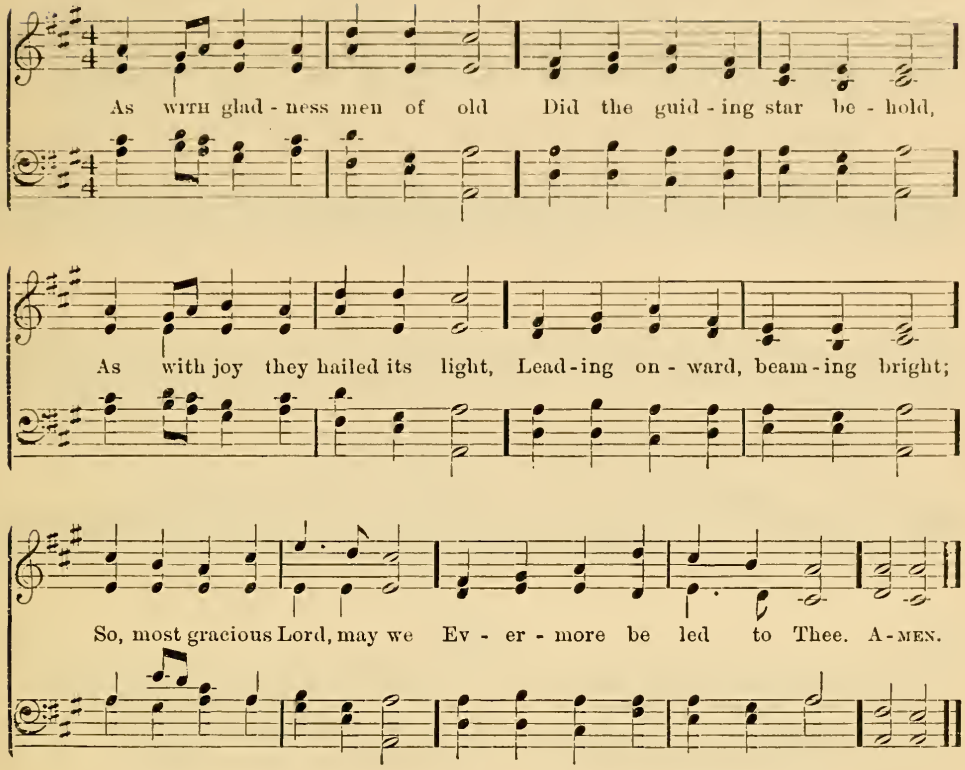
HAIL, Thou Source of every blessing
Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.

2 Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

3 Hail, Thou all-inviting Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

4 May we, body, soul and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

"Stewart's Collection

DIX. 7, 6 lines. CONRAD KOCHER.

93

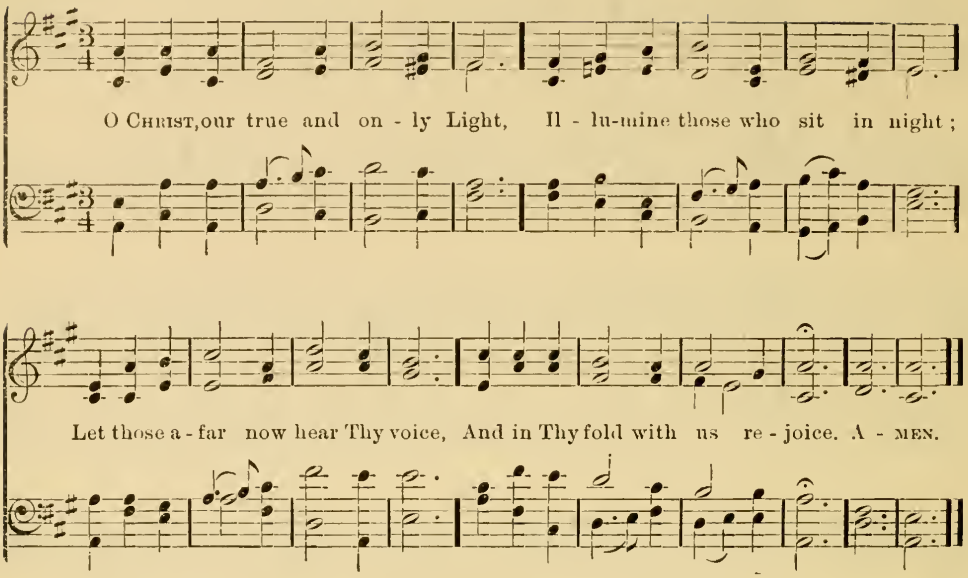
AS WITH gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

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

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treaures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

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

William C. Dix.

O JESU CHRIST, MEIN LEBENS LICHT. L. M. 1630

94

2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze,
And all, O Lord, whose secret minds,
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

3 O make the deaf to hear Thy Word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers to Thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

5 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

John Heermann. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

95

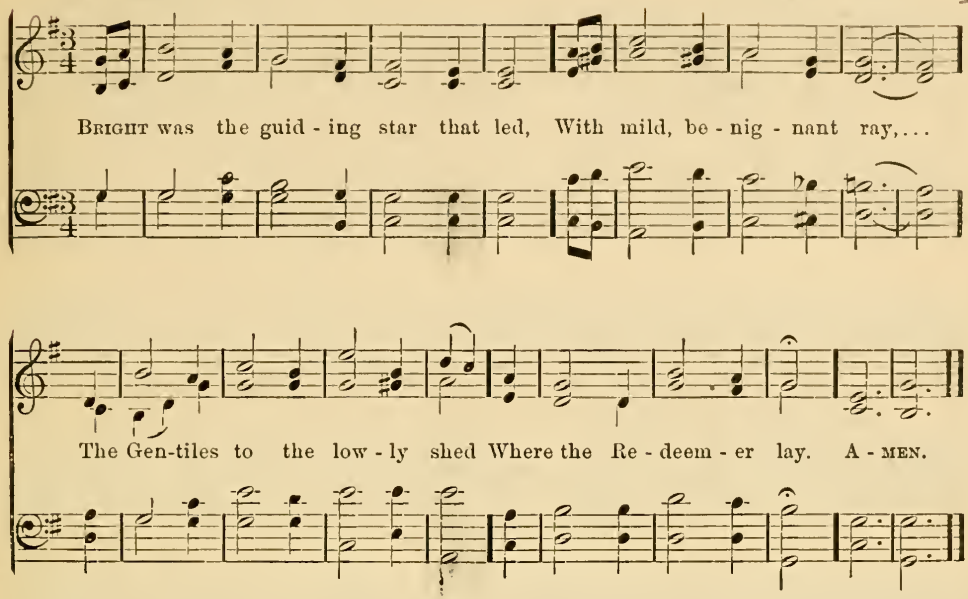
Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant.

MANOAH. C. M. FRANZ J. HAYDN.

96

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

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

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
For those who follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

97

O'ER mountain-tops the mount of God
In later days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes

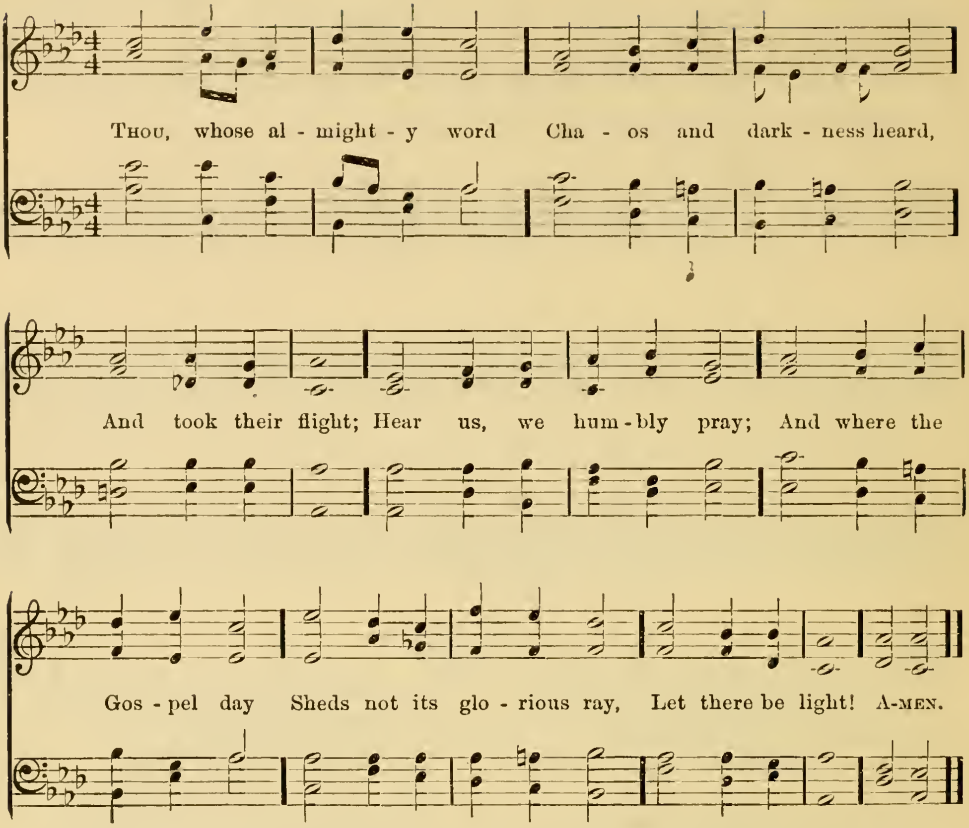
2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

John Logan.

FIAT LUX. 6,4. HENRY HILES.



98

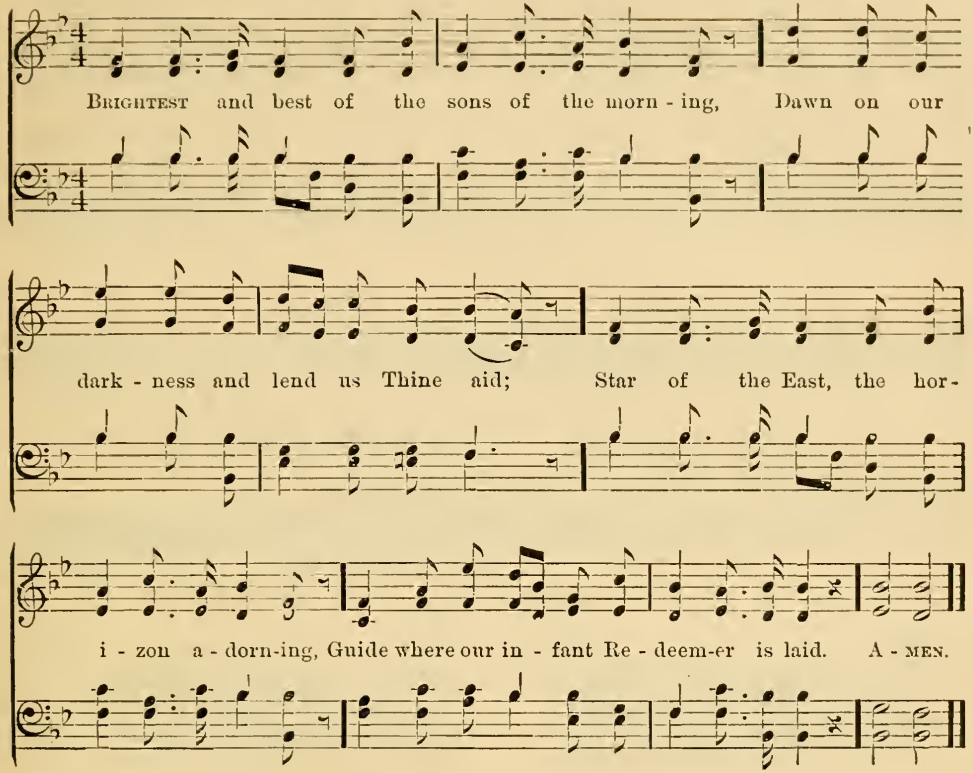
2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. 11,10. WILLIAM DRESSLER.



99

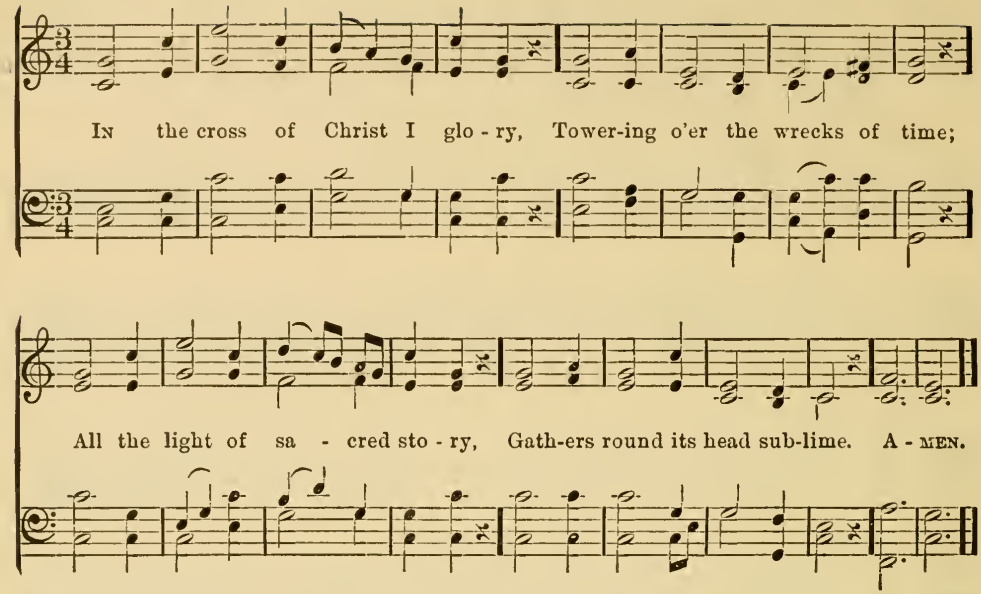
2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

Reginald Heber.

RATHBUN. 8,7. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



100

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.

John Bowring.

101

STRICKEN, smitten and afflicted,
See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!

2 Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Annointed,
Son of Man, and Son of God.

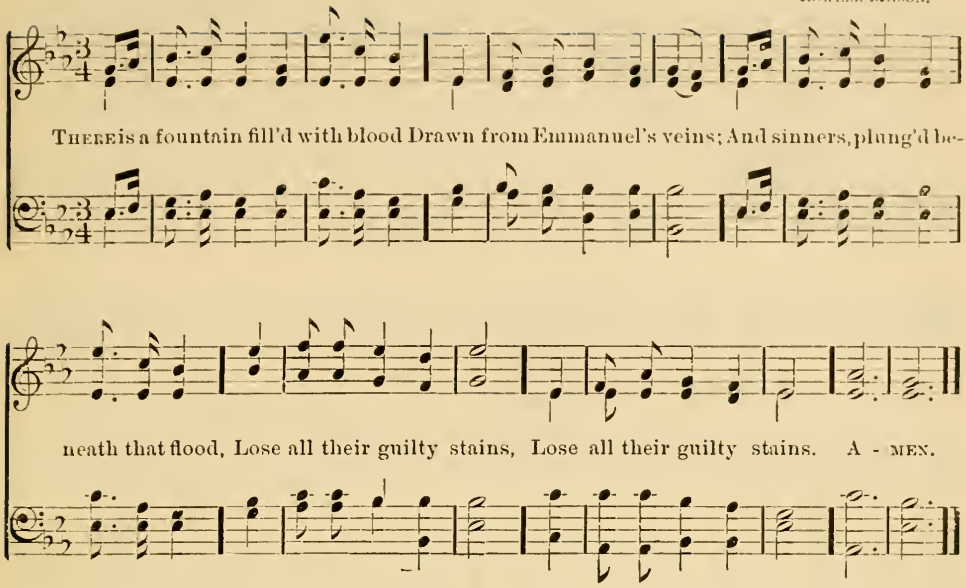
3 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation:
His the Name of which we boast.

4 Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Thee their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly.

COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



102

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

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

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

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

William Cowper.

103

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?

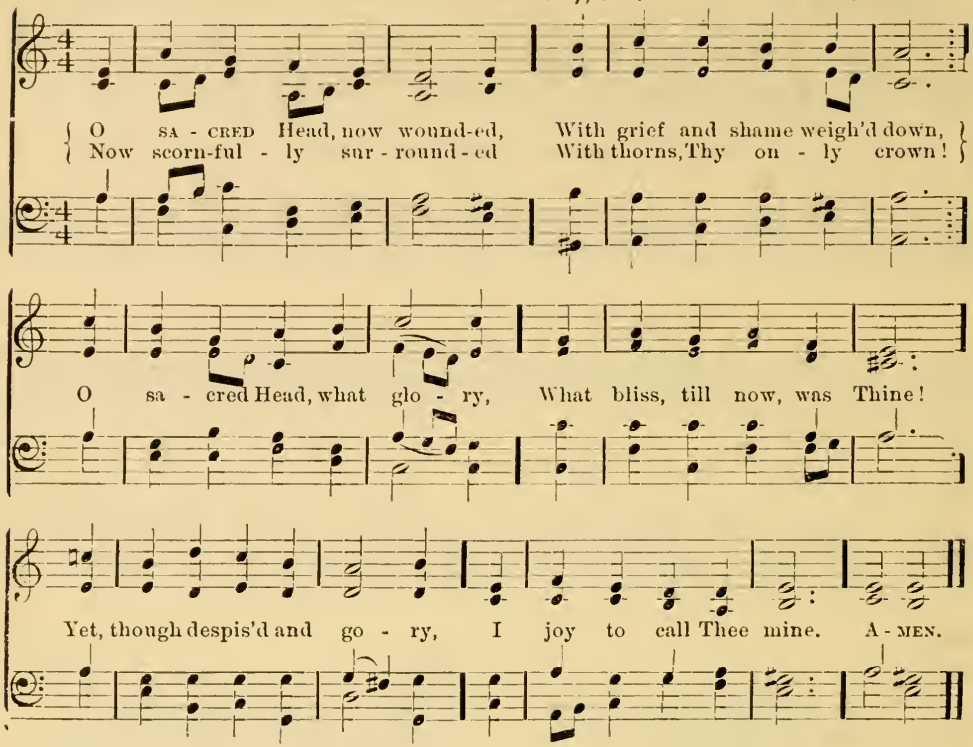
2 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

3 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

4 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.

Isaac Watts.

HERZLICH THUT MICH VERLANGEN. 7,6. D. HANS L. HASSLER.



104

2 How art Thou pale with anguish.
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

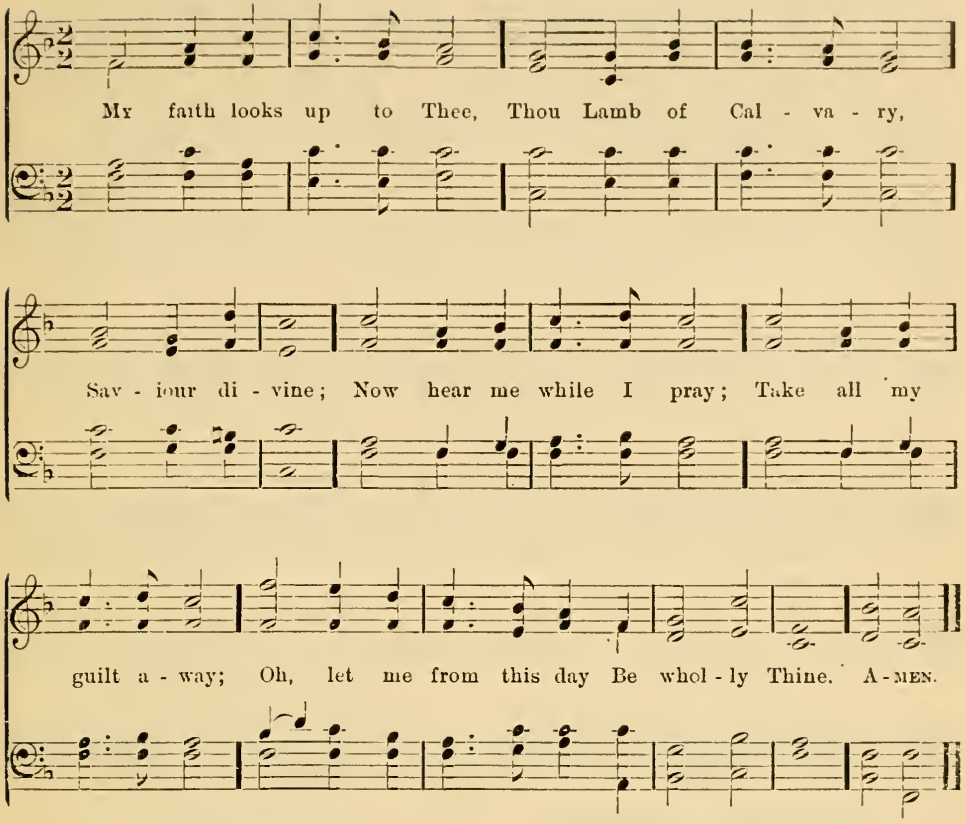
3 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place!
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine!
Of every good the Fountain,
Thou art the Spring of mine!

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Forbid that I should leave Thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish
By Thine own wounded heart.

Paul Gerhardt. *Tr.* James W. Alexander.

OLIVET. 6,4. LOWELL MASON.



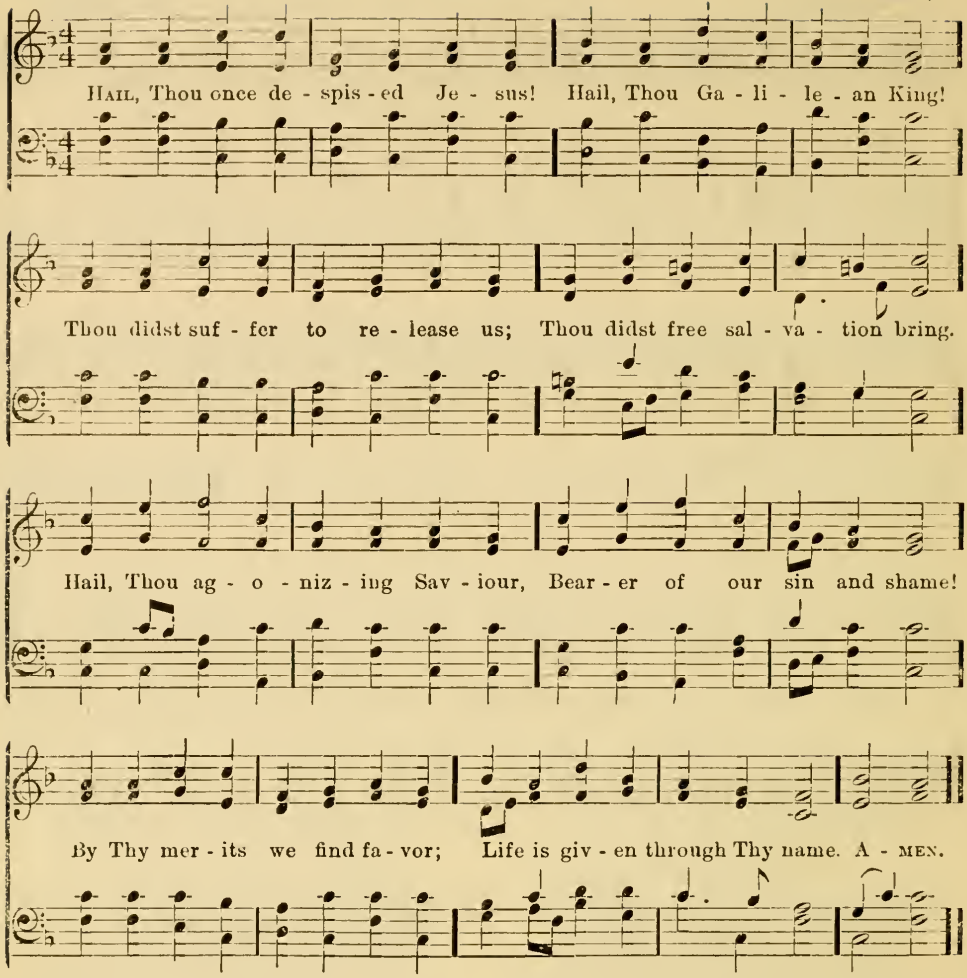
105

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

ST. HILARY. 8,7. D. GANTHER.

106

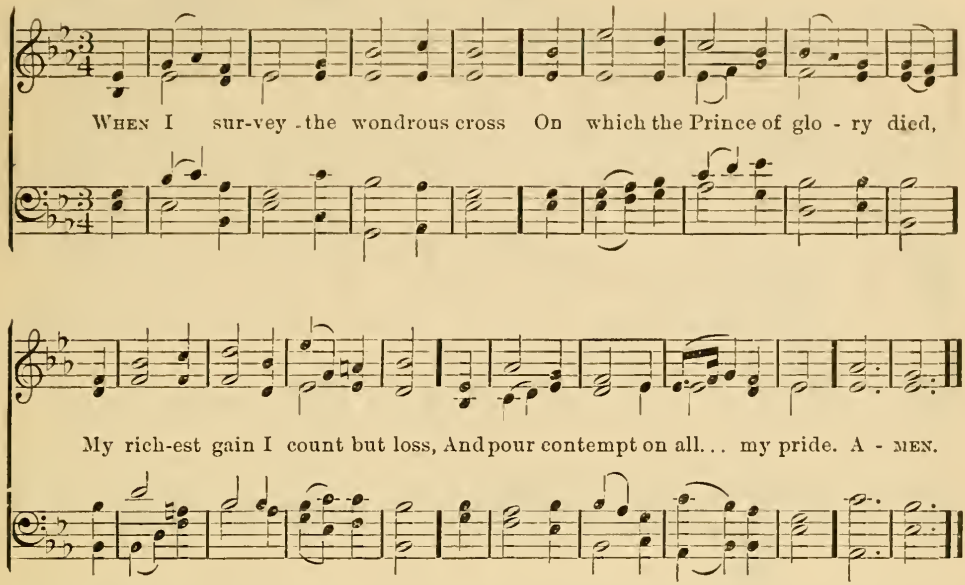
2 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

John Bakewell.

CRUX BEATA. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER.



107

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

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

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

108

Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee
Into the desert would we flee;
Awhile upon the barren steep
Our fast with Thee in spirit keep.

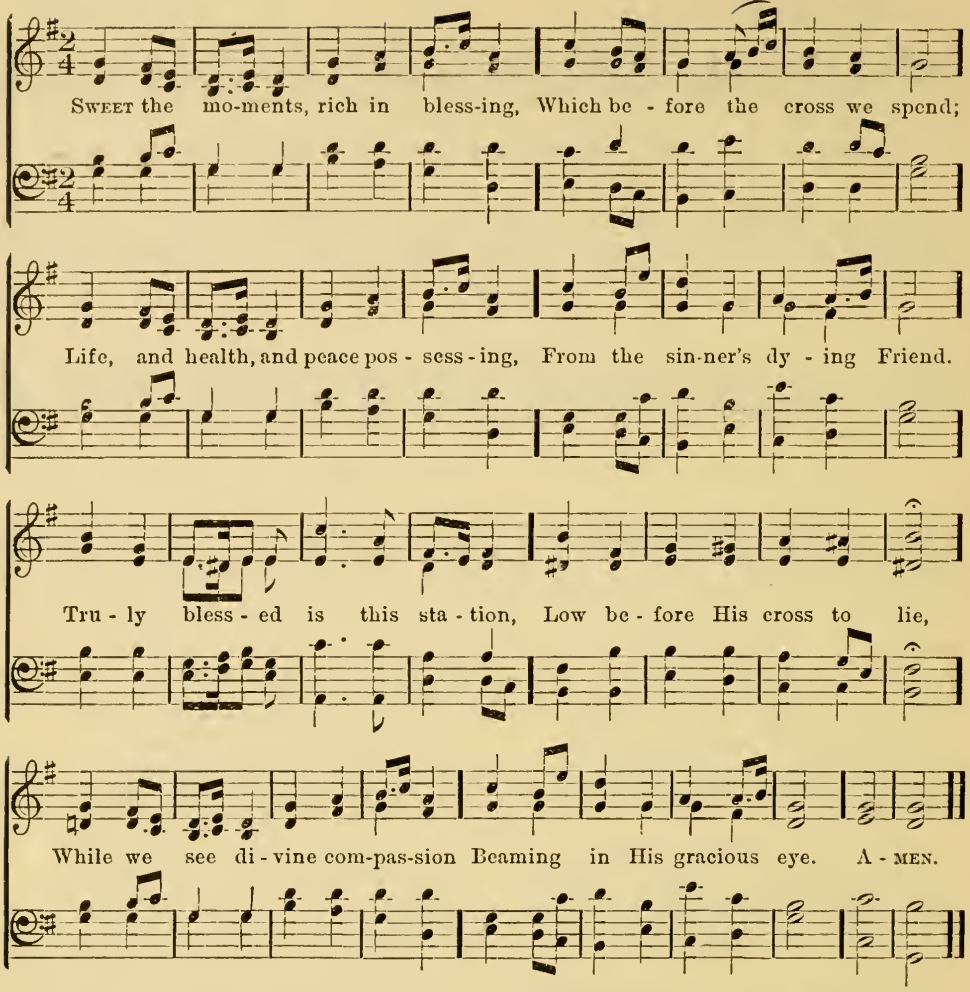
2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
"Man liveth not by bread alone."

3 O Thou once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward life.

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

John F. Thrupp.

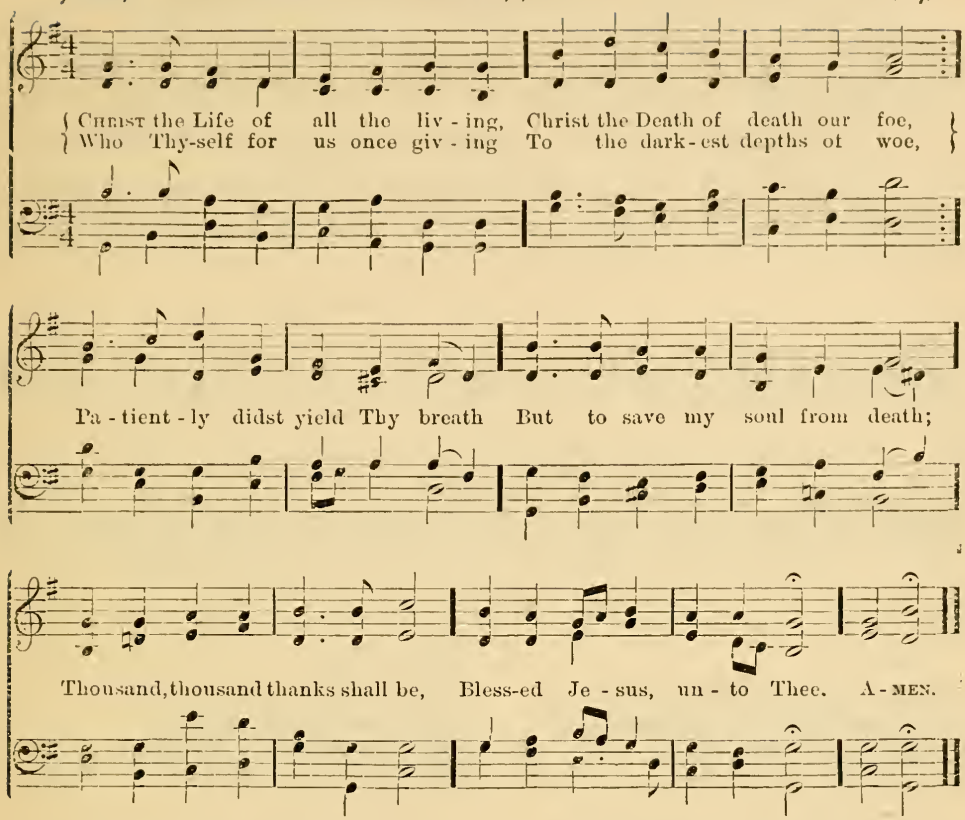
SCHOULER. 8,7. D.

WOLFGANG A. MOZART.

109

2 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears His feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour! we implore Thee
In our souls Thy love increase.

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
Lord, in loving contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy full salvation,
And, unveiled, Thy glories see.

James Allen

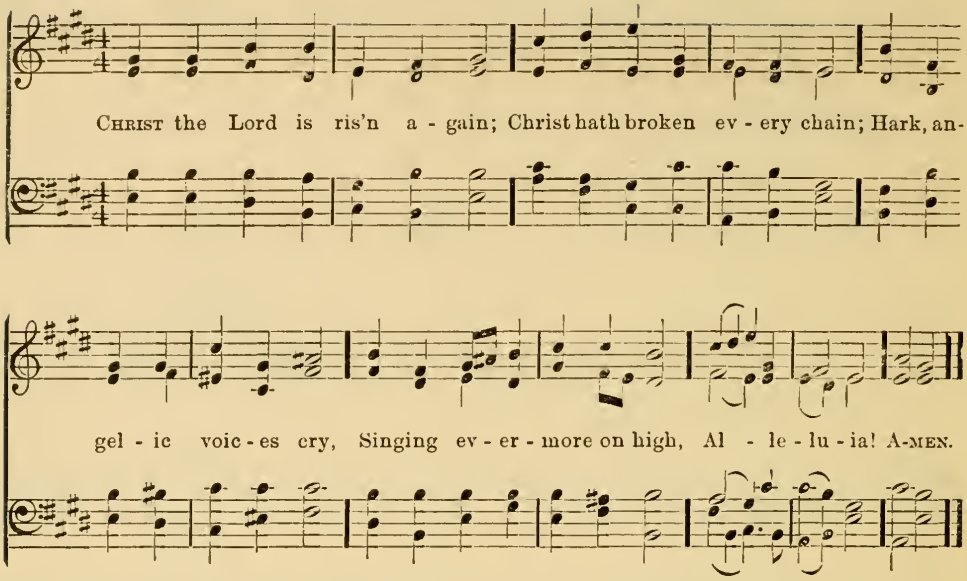
JESU, MEINES LEBENS LEBEN. 8,7,7. 1687.

110

2 Thou, ah Thou, hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God.
Only thus for me to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

3 Thou didst bear the smiting only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with my latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death,
For that last and bitter cry:
Praise Thee evermore on high.

Ernest Christopher Homburg. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

STRAF MICH NICHT. 7, with Alleluia. GERMAN.

111

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high, Alleluia!

2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alleluia!

4 He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

Michael Weise. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

112

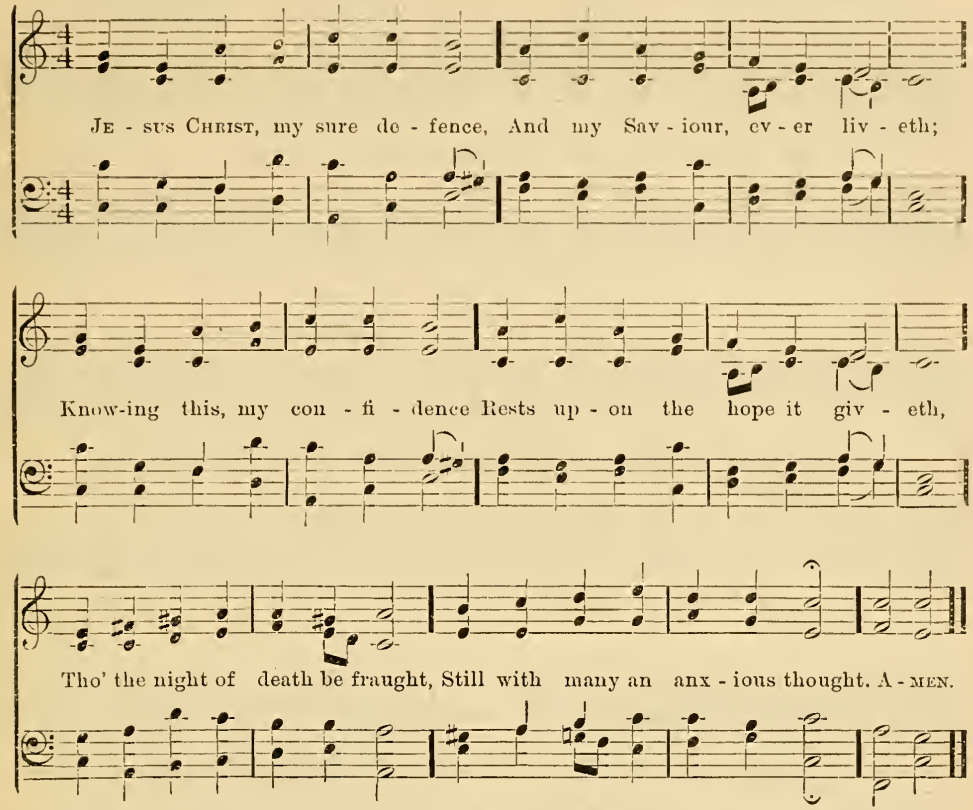
JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; Alleluia!

Tate & Brady.

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT. 7,8,7. JOHANN CRÜGER.

113

2 Jesus, my Redeemer lives!
I, too, unto life must waken:
He will have me where He is:
Shall my courage then be shaken?
Shall I fear? Or could the Head
Rise and leave its members dead?

3 Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto Him by hope for ever;
Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never:
Not the ban of death can part
From its Lord the trusting heart.

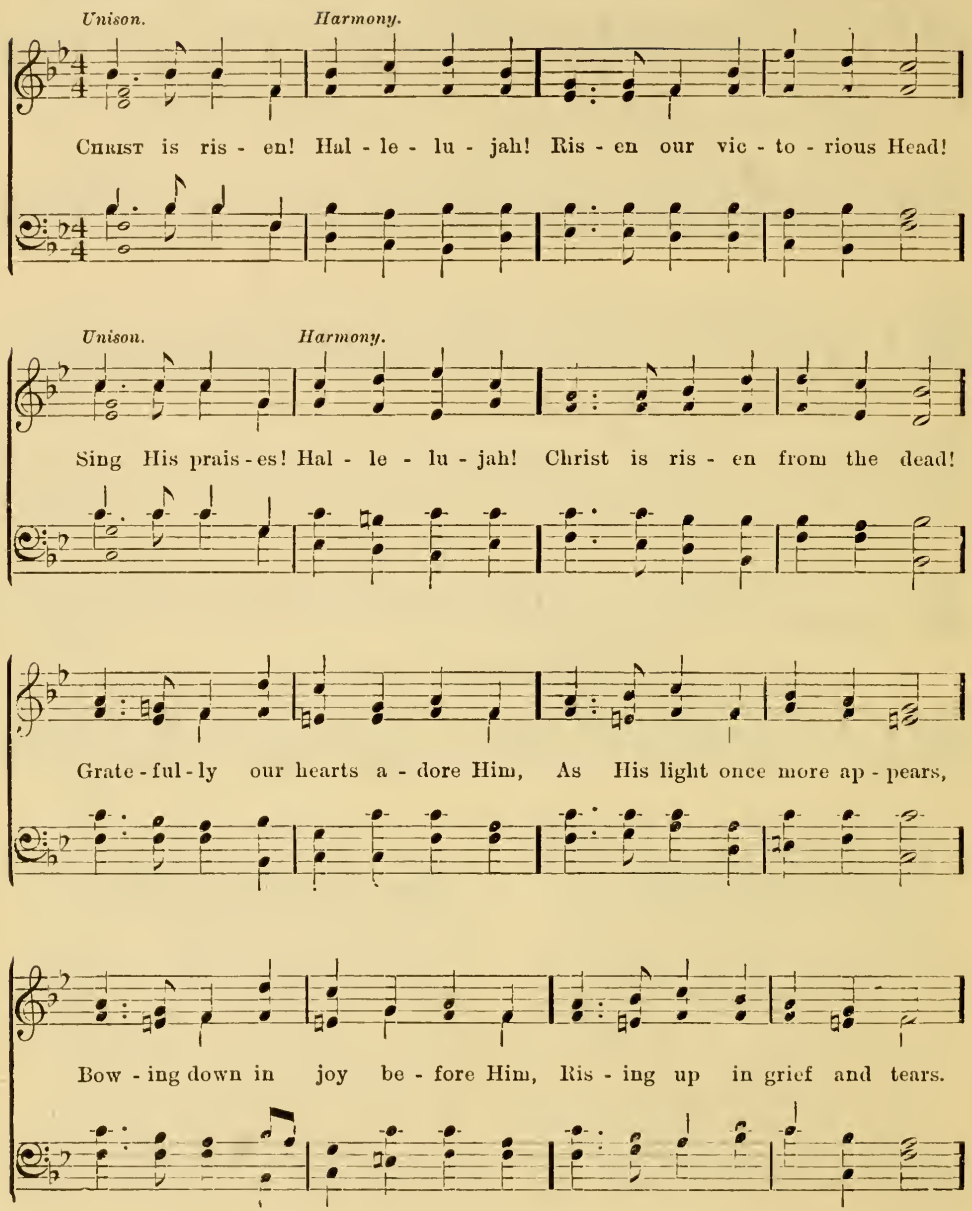
4 What now sickens, mourns, and sighs,
Christ with Him in glory bringeth:
Earthly is the seed and dies,
Heavenly from the grave it springeth.
Natural is the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

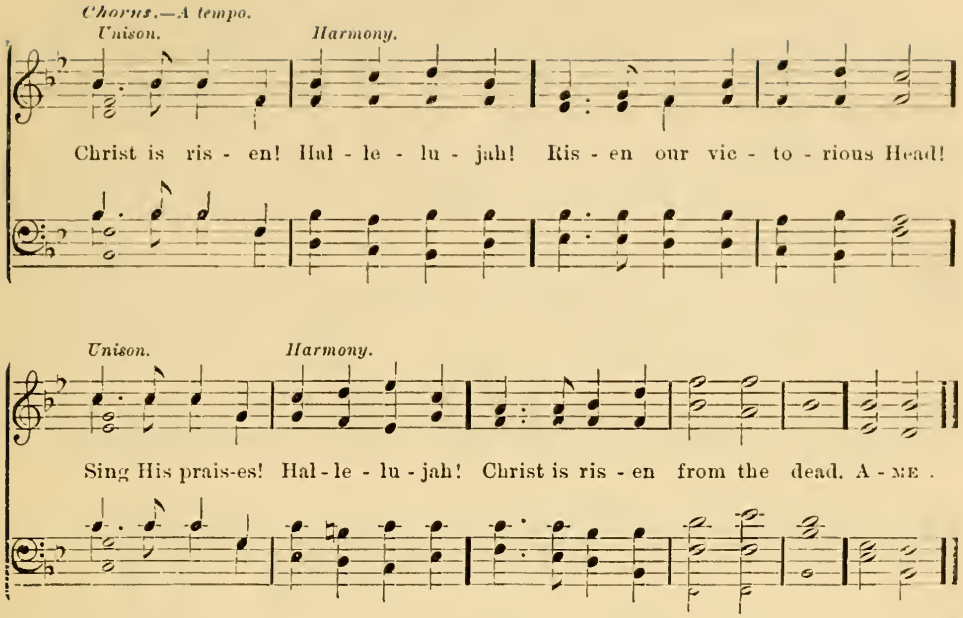
5 Saviour, draw away our heart
Now from pleasures base and hollow,
Let us there with Thee have part,
Here on earth Thy foot-steps follow.
Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
Whither we ourselves would rise.

Louisa Henrietta of Brandenburg. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

CHRIST IS RISEN! 8,7. D.

FREDERICK C. MAKER.





114

2 Christ is risen! all the sadness
Of our Lenten fast is o'er,
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more:
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise, the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow:

Cho.—Christ is risen! etc.

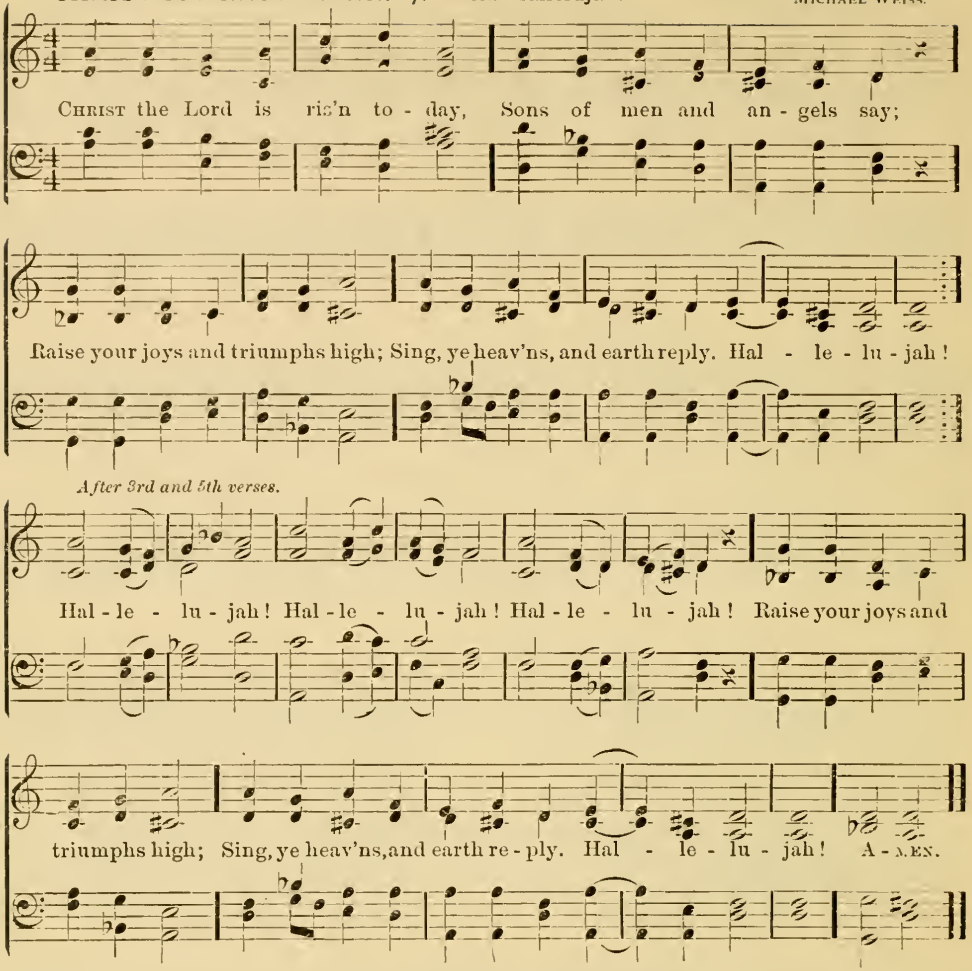
3 Christ is risen! all the sorrow
That last evening round Him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day;
And the grave its first-fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now He liveth,
He was lost, but He is found.

Cho.—He is risen, etc.

4 Christ is risen! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
But we Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of Resurrection!
Let us rise and keep the Feast:

Cho.—Christ is risen! etc.

John S. B. Monsell.

CHRIST IST ERSTANDEN. 7. With Hallelujah. MICHAEL WEISS.

115

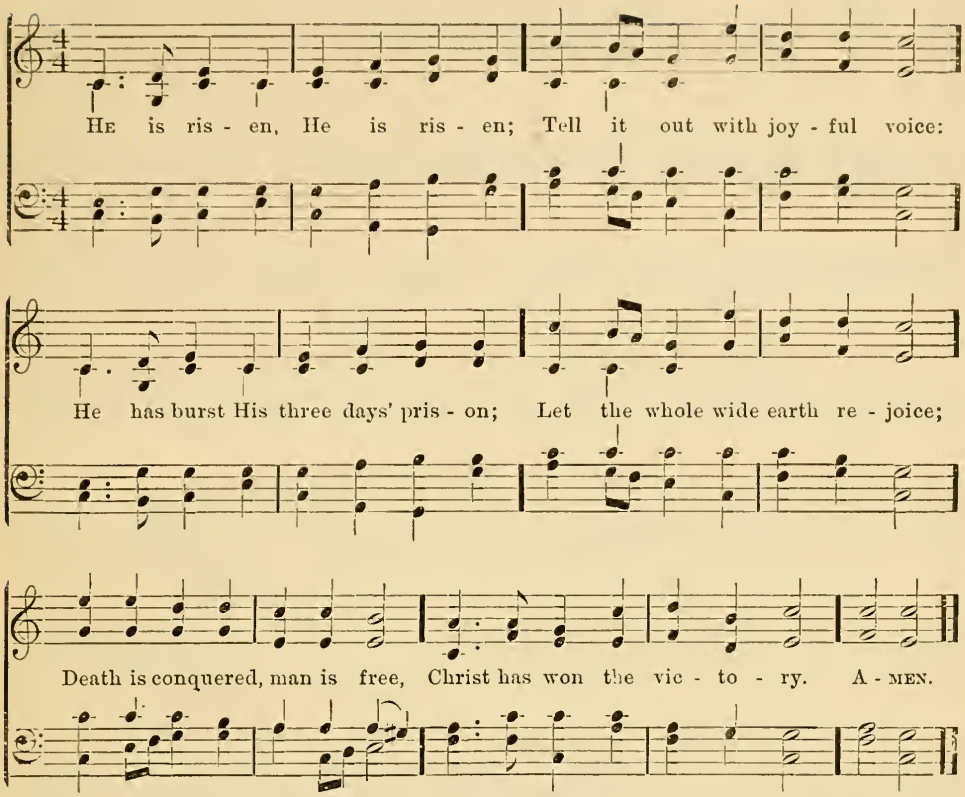
2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now Thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save;
Where Thy victory, O Grave?

4 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!

5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the resurrection Thou!

Charles Wesley.

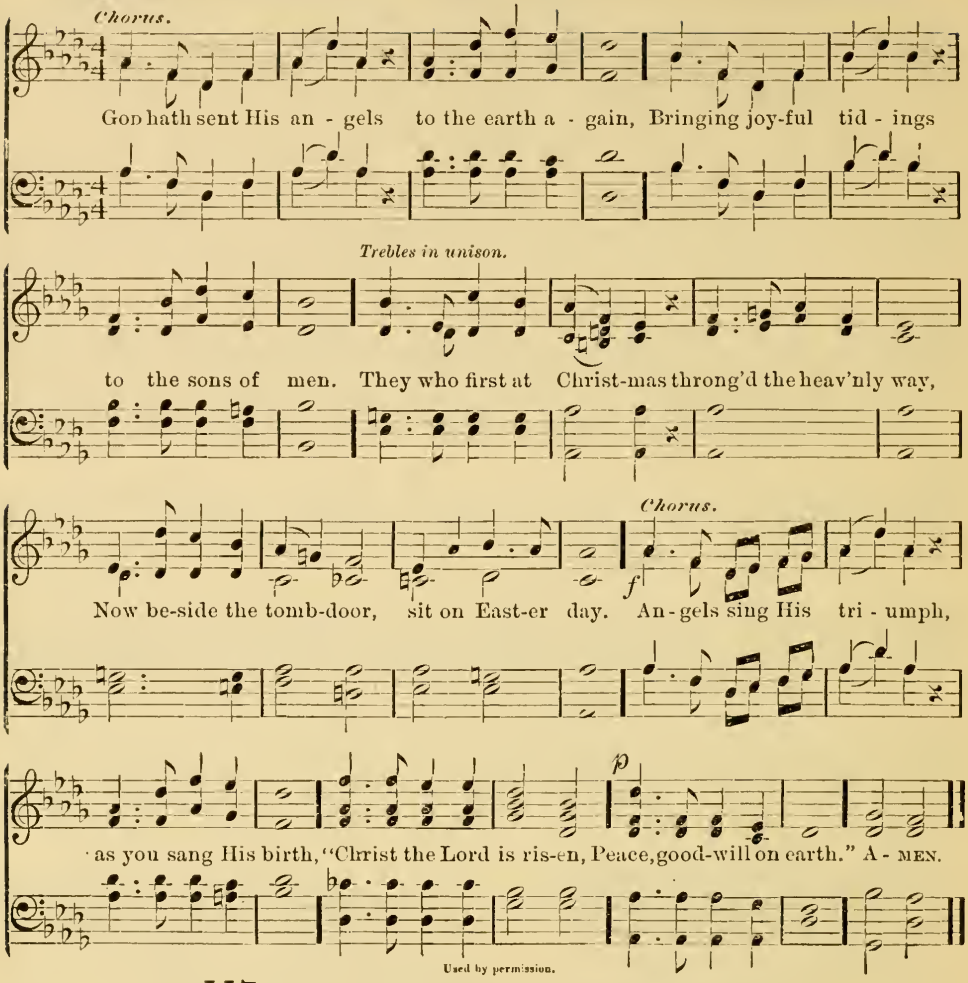
UNSER HERRSCHER, UNSER KÖNIG. 8,7,7. JOACHIM NEANDER.

116

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

Cecil F. Alexander.

ANGELS. 11. With Chorus. JAMES C. D. PARKER

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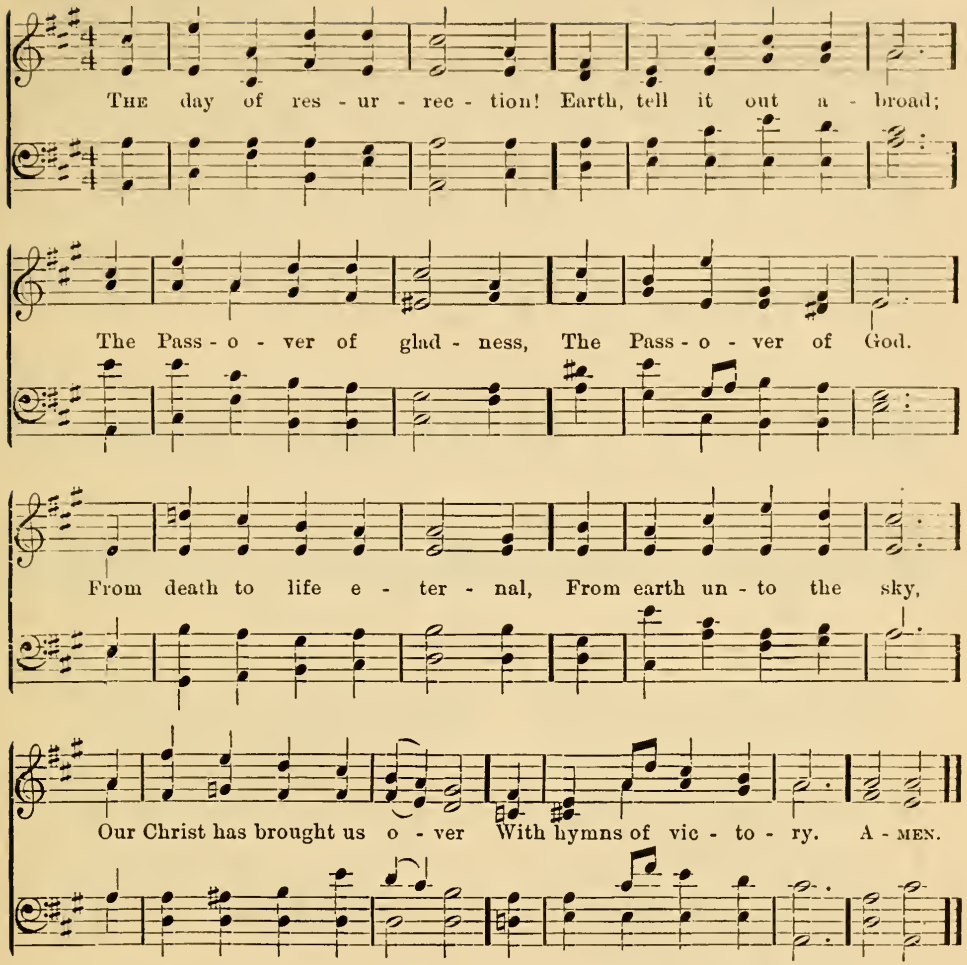
117

2 God has still His angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.—*Cho.*

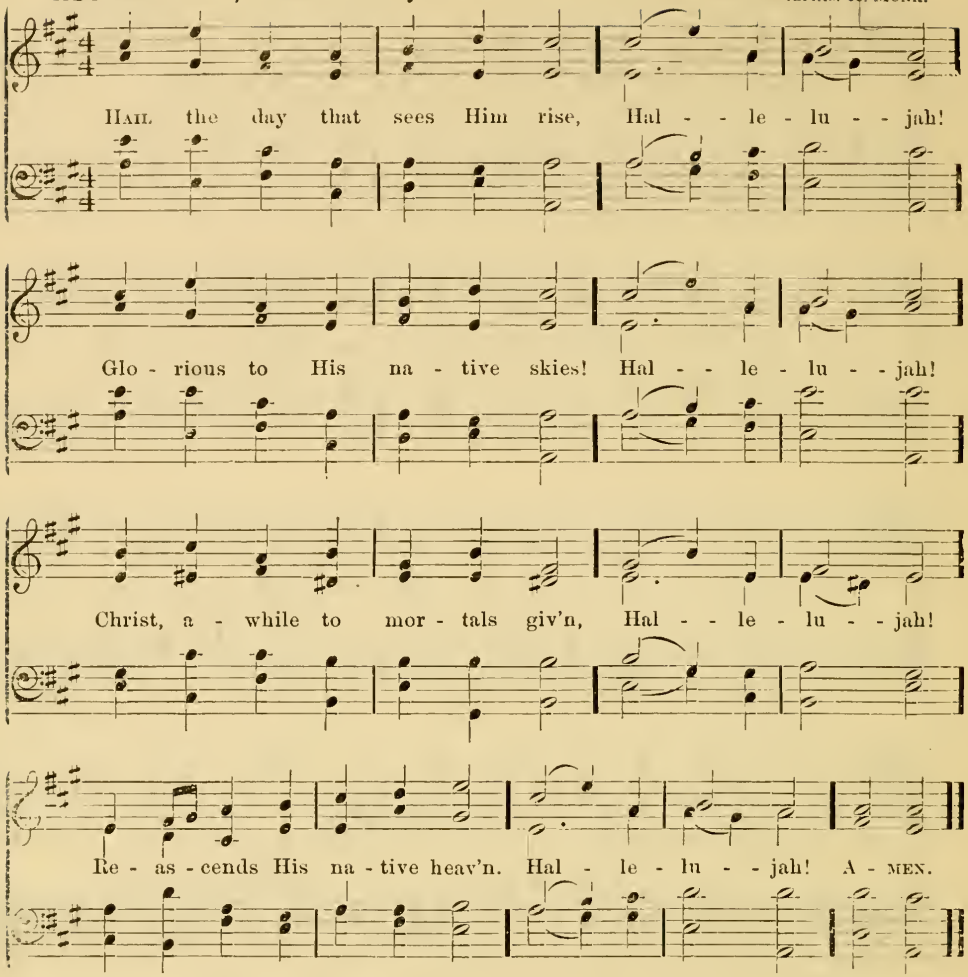
3 Father, send Thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all alone our way:
Let them guard and guide us, whereso'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.—*Cho.*

ROTTERDAM. 7,6. D. BERTHOLD TOURS.

118

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,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Tr. John M. Neale.

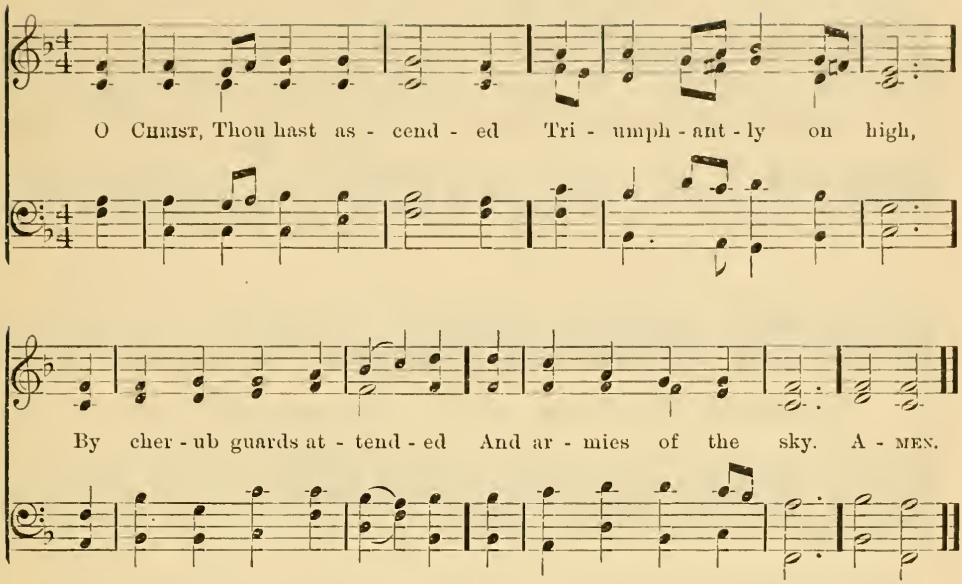
ASCENSION. 7. With Hallelujah. WILLIAM H. MONK.

119

2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Hallelujah!
He hath conquerd death and sin,
Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in.
Hallelujah!

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!
Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne,
Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own.
Hallelujah!

Charles Wesley.

RUDOLSTADT. 7,6. JUSTIN H. KNECHT.



120

2 There, there Thou standest pleading
The virtue of Thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with God.

3 Heaven's gates unfold above Thee:
But canst Thou, Lord, forget
The little band who love Thee
And gaze from Olivet?

4 Oh, for the priceless merit
Of Thy redeeming cross,
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold Spirit,
And turn to gain our loss;

5 Till we by strong endeavor
In heart and mind ascend,
And dwell with Thee for ever
In raptures without end.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

121

DRAW us to Thee, Lord Jesus,
And we will hasten on;
For strong desire doth seize us
To go where Thou art gone.

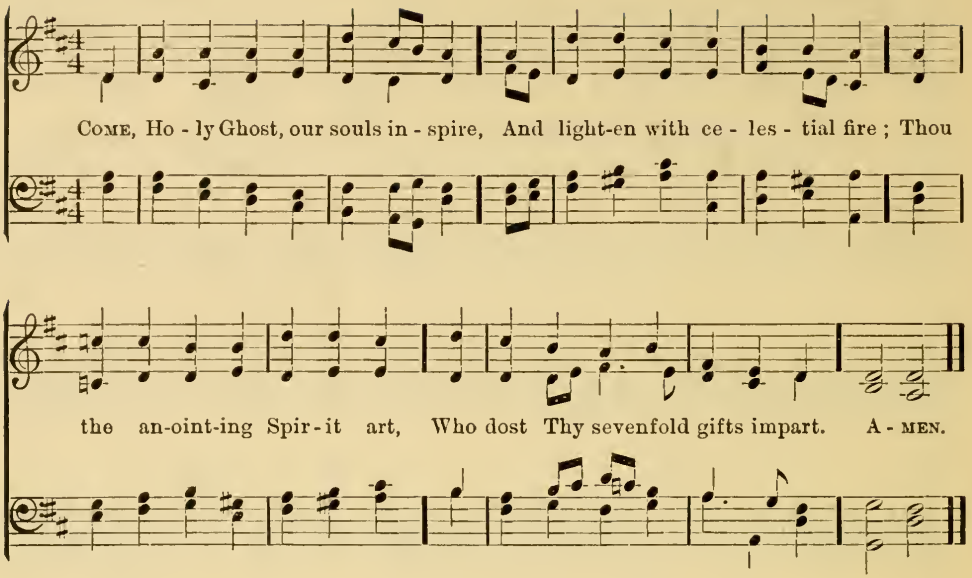
2 Draw us to Thee; enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That else the tempests frighten,
Or pleasures lure astray.

3 Draw us to Thee; and teach us
E'en now that rest to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.

4 Draw us to Thee; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod,
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to God.

Ludæmilia Elizabeth. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

ST. OSWALD. L. M. JOHN B. DYKES.



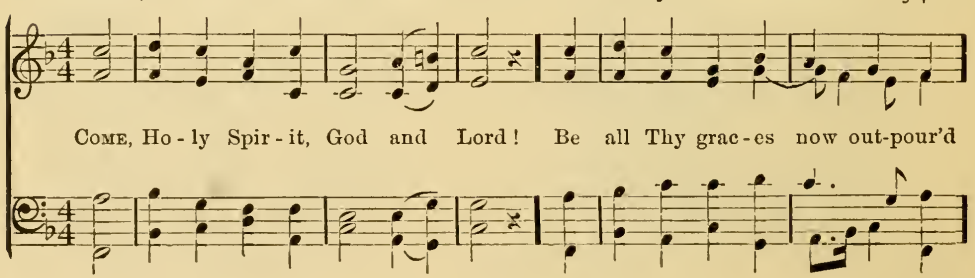
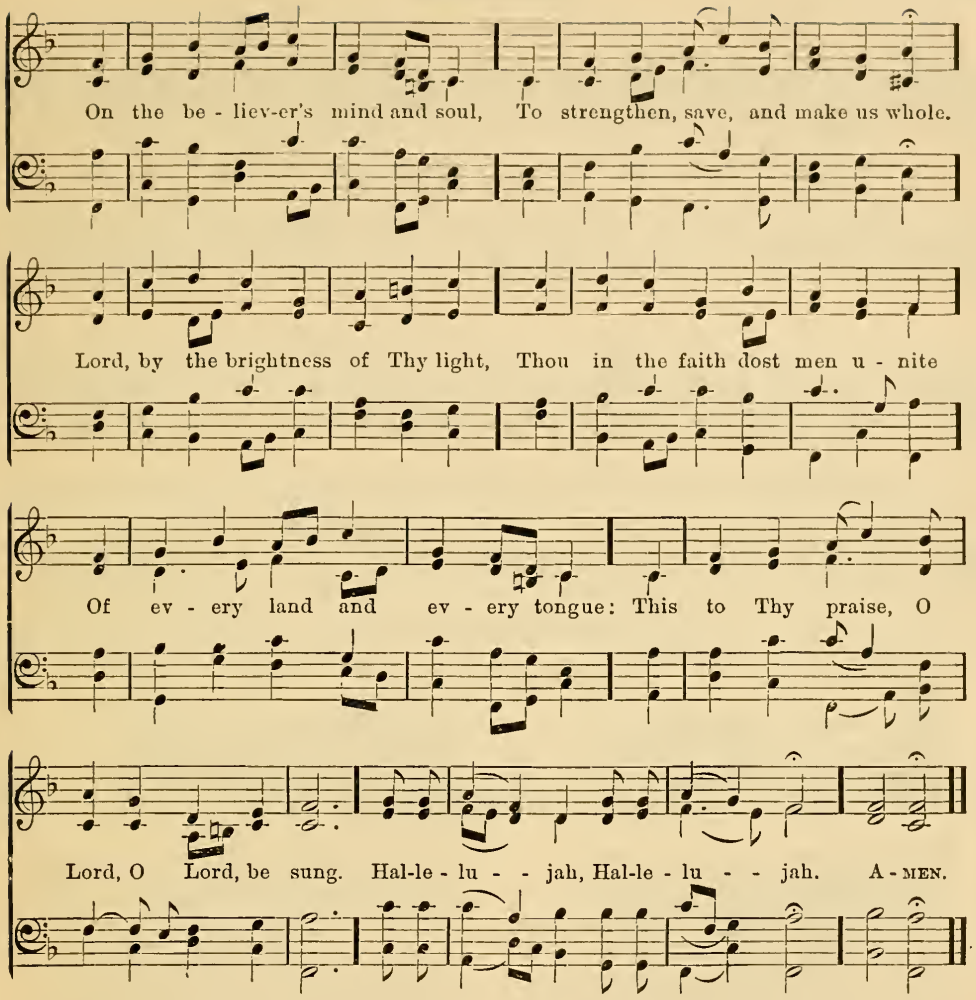
122

2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love,
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

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

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

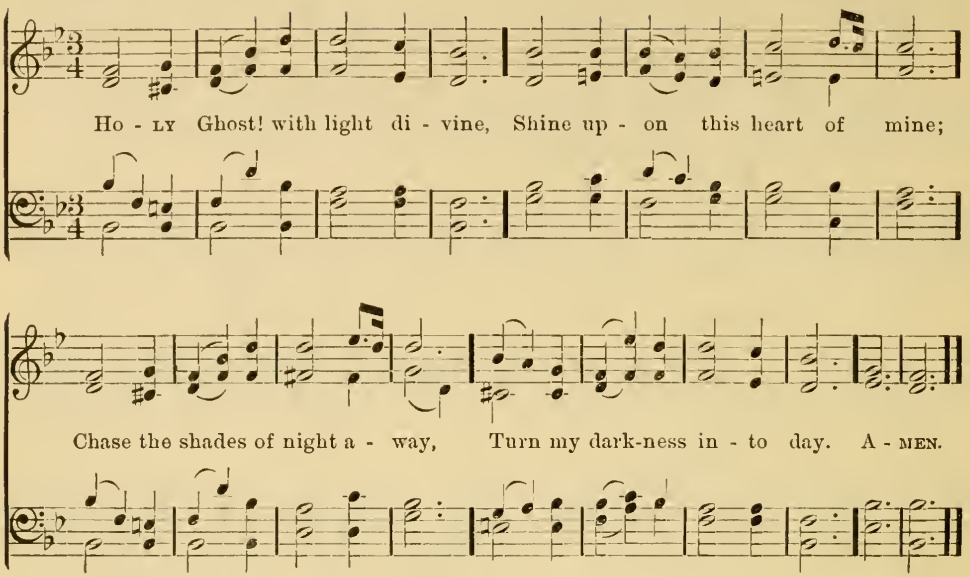
Tr. John Cosin.

KOMM, HEILIGER GEIST. L. M. D. With Hallelujah. 1524.

123

2 Thou strong Defence, Thou holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart:
The Word of life and truth impart:
That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him, in Him alone.

3 Thou sacred Ardor, Comfort sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
Lord, make us ready with Thy powers;
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee, to Thee our course!

Martin Luther. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

MERCY. 7. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.

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124

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

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

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

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

Andrew Reed.

125

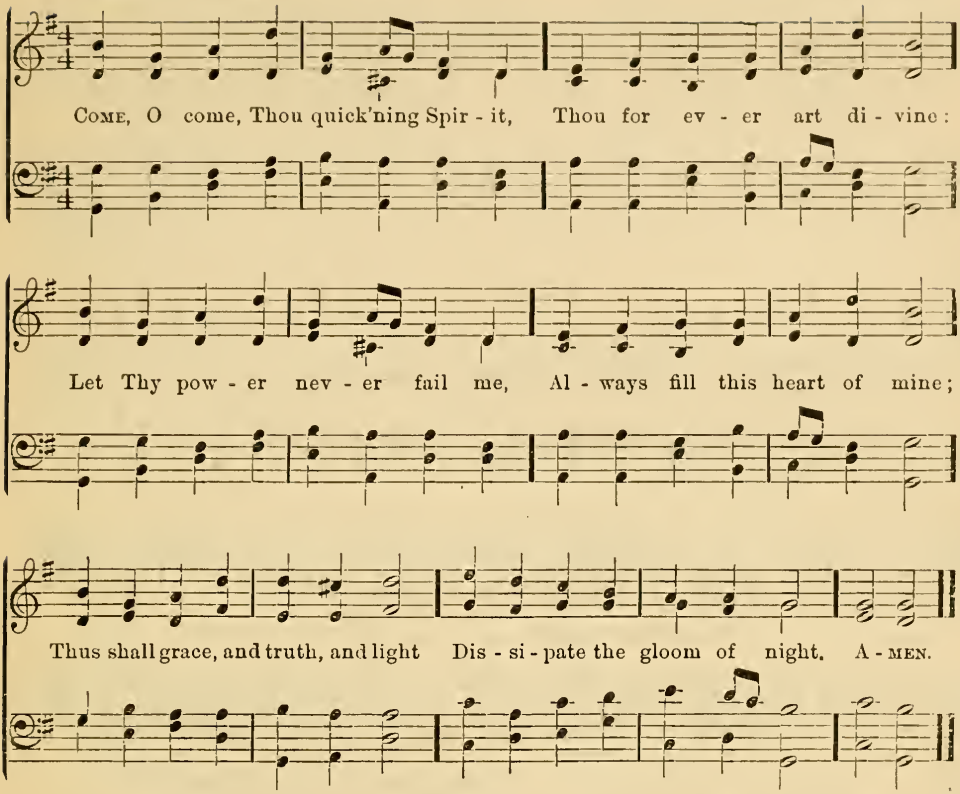
GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

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

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

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

John Stocker.

KOMM, O KOMM DU GEIST DES LEBENS. 8,7,7. 1704

126

2 Grant my mind and my affections
Wisdom, counsel, purity,
That I may be ever seeking
Naught but that which pleases Thee.
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

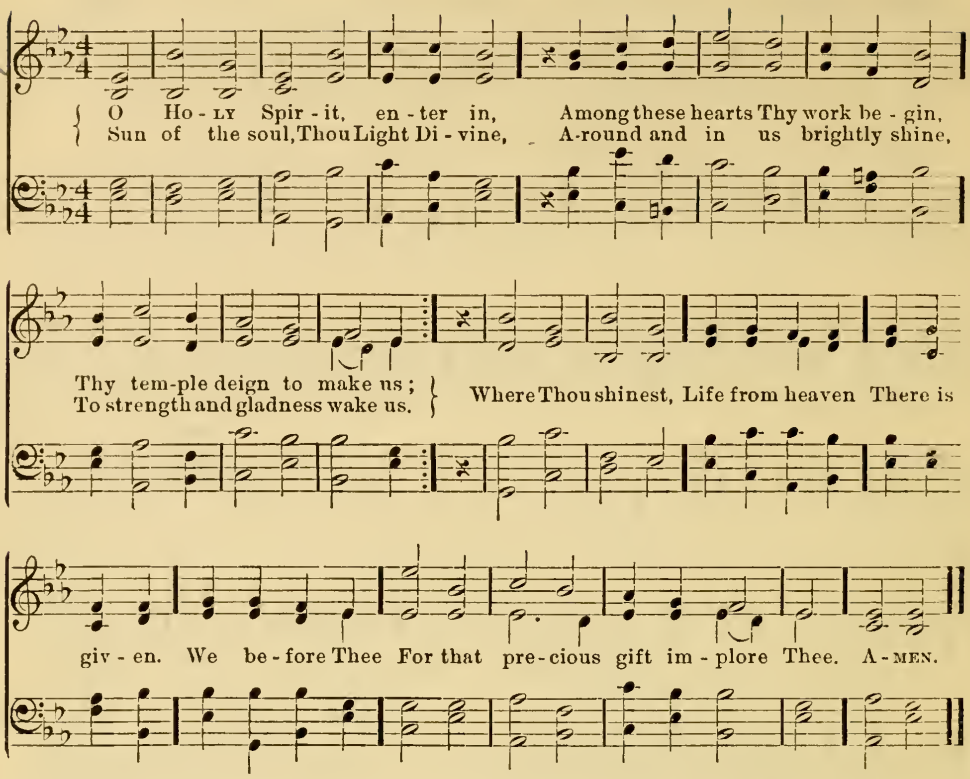
3 Lead me to green pastures, lead me
By the true and living way;
Shield me from each strong temptation
That might draw my heart astray;
And if e'er my feet should turn,
For each error let me mourn.

4 In the faith O make me steadfast;
Let not Satan, death or shame
Of my confidence deprive me;
Lord, my refuge is Thy name.
When the flesh inclines to ill,
Let Thy Word prove stronger still.

5 And when my last hour approaches,
Let my hopes grow yet more bright
(Since I am an heir of heaven),
In Thy glorious courts of light,
Fairer far than voice can tell,
There redeemed by Christ to dwell.

Heinreich Held. *Tr.* Charles W. Schaeffer.

O HEIL'GER GEIST. P. M. PHILIPP NICOLAI.



127

2 Left to ourselves we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us,
And give us steadfastness, that we
May henceforth truly follow Thee,
Whatever woes betide us:
Heal Thou gently, Hearts now broken,
Give some token
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

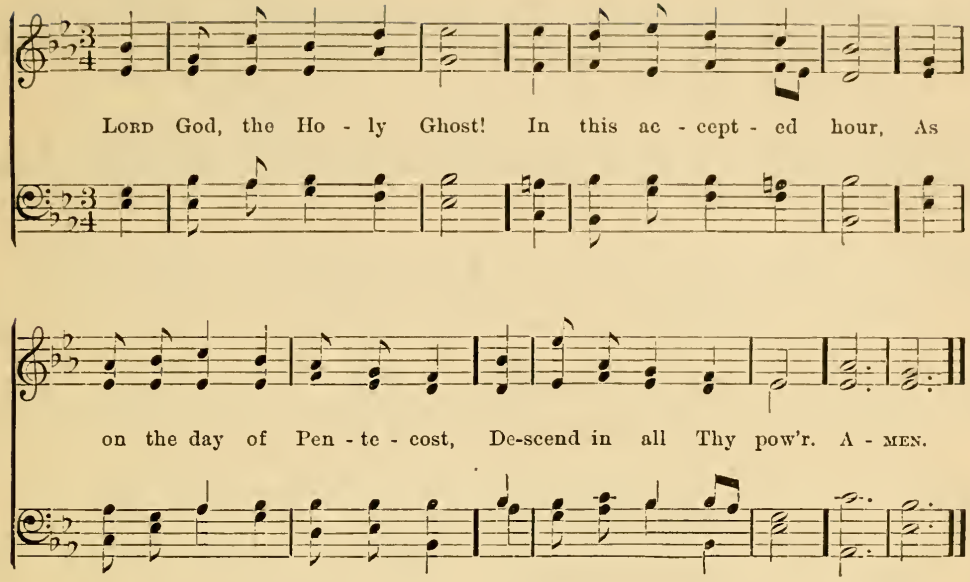
3 O mighty Rock! O Source of Life,
Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife,
Be so within us burning,
That we be faithful unto death,
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wisdom learning!
Lord, Thy graces, On us shower,
By Thy power
Christ confessing,
Let us win His grace and blessing.

4 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be past;
Our minds so rule and strengthen
That they may rise o'er things of earth,
The hopes and joys that here have birth;
And if our course Thou lengthen,
Keep Thou pure, Lord, From offences,
Heart and senses;
Blessed Spirit,
Bid us thus true life inherit.

Michael Schirmer. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

DOVER. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL.



128

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 Spirit of Light, explore,
And chase our gloom away;
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day!

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery.

129

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

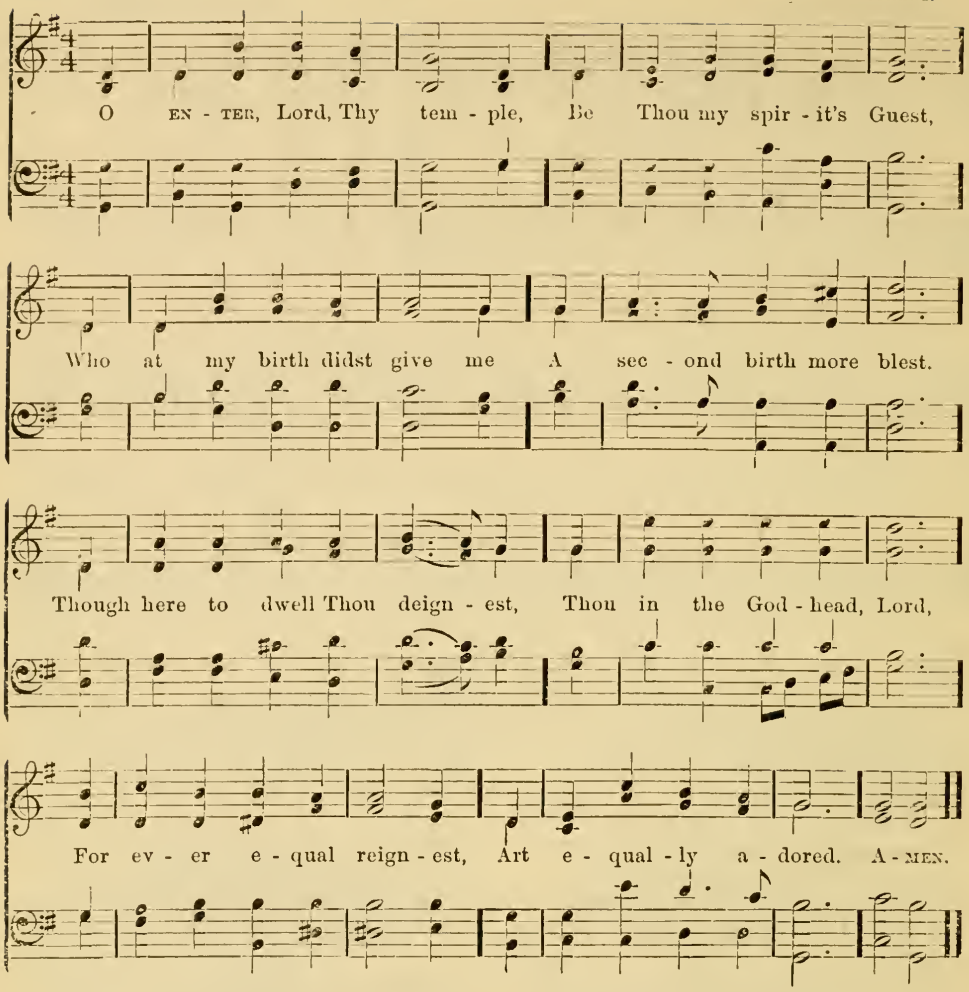
2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

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

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

Joseph Hart. *Alt.* by Augustus M. Toplady.

CHENIES. 7,6. D.

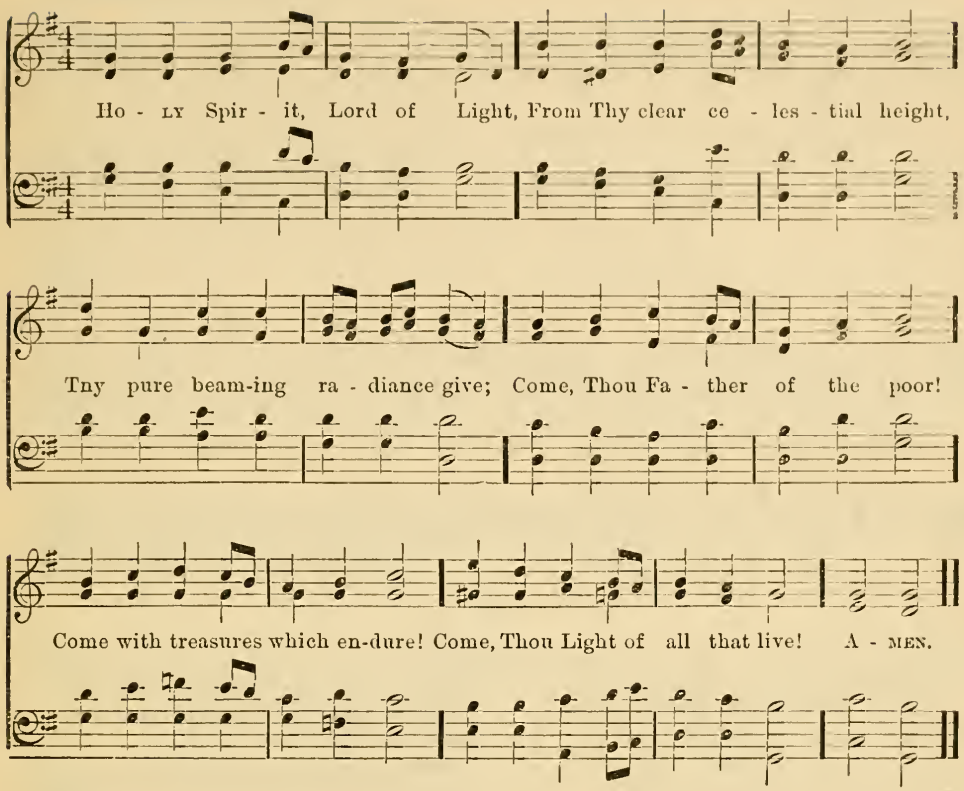
TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS.

130

2 O enter, let me know Thee,
And feel Thy power within,
The power that breaks our fetters,
And rescues us from sin.
That I may serve Thee truly,
O wash and cleanse Thou me,
To render honor duly
With perfect heart to Thee.

3 Order our path in all things
According to Thy mind,
And when this life is over,
And all must be resigned,
With calm and fearless spirit
O grant us them to die,
And after death inherit
Eternal life on high.

Paul Gerhardt. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

MURIEL. 7, 6 lines. CHARLES F. GOUNOD.



131

2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

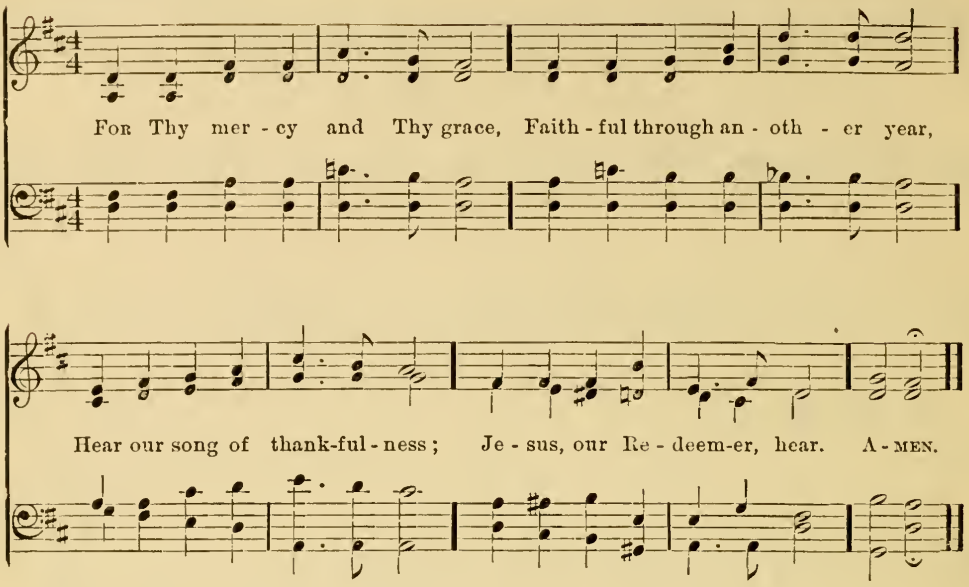
3 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend;
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.

Tr. Edward Caswall.

CYPRUS. 7. Ad. fr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.



132

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh, help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

Henry Downton.

133

While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:

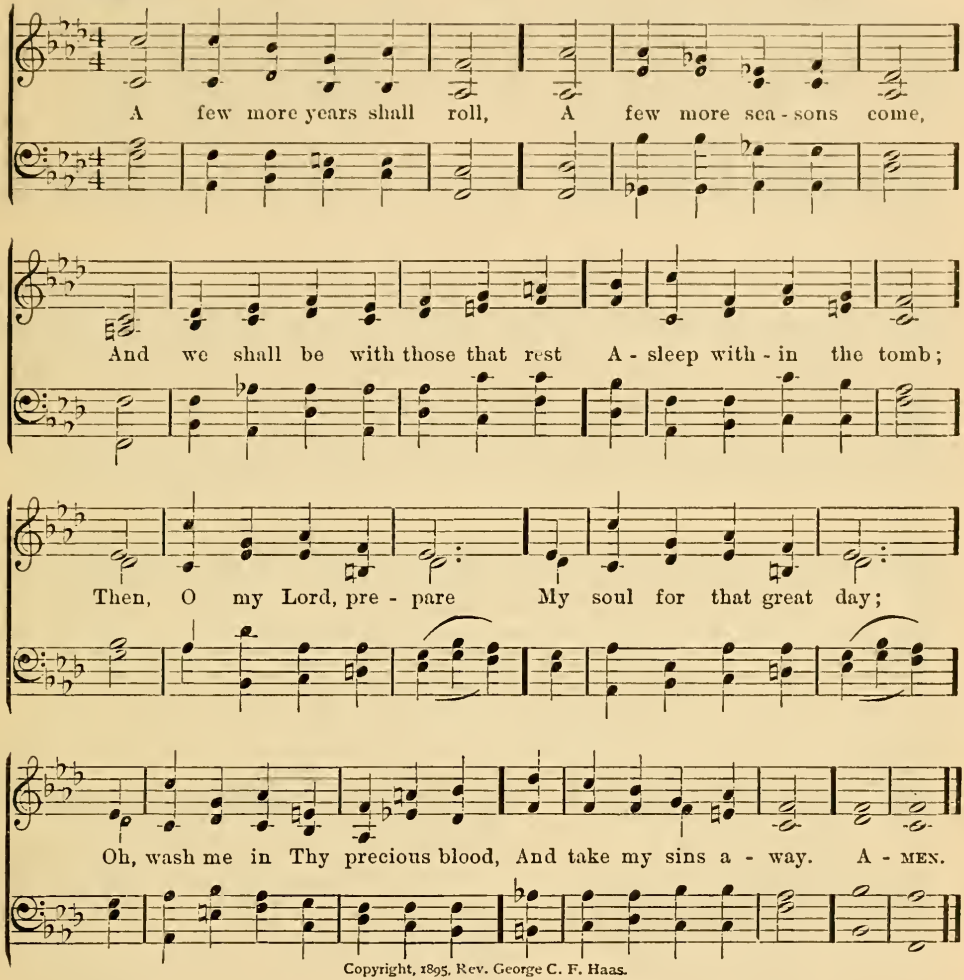
2 Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:

4 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 Him above.

John Newton.

ST. MARKS. S. M. D.

GEORGE C. F. HAAS.

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134

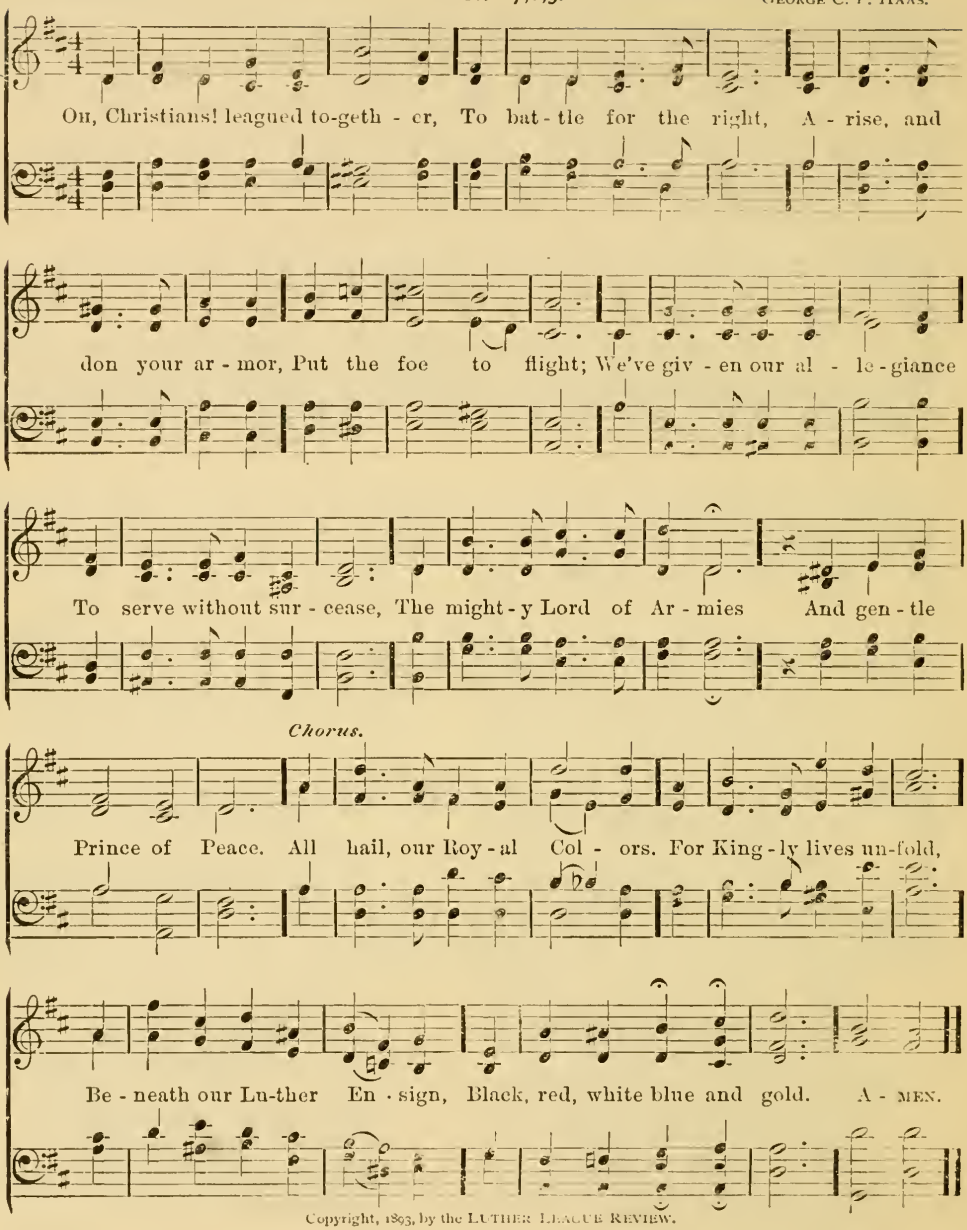
2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

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
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar.

LUTHER LEAGUE RALLY HYMN. 7,6,5.

GEORGE C. F. HAAS.



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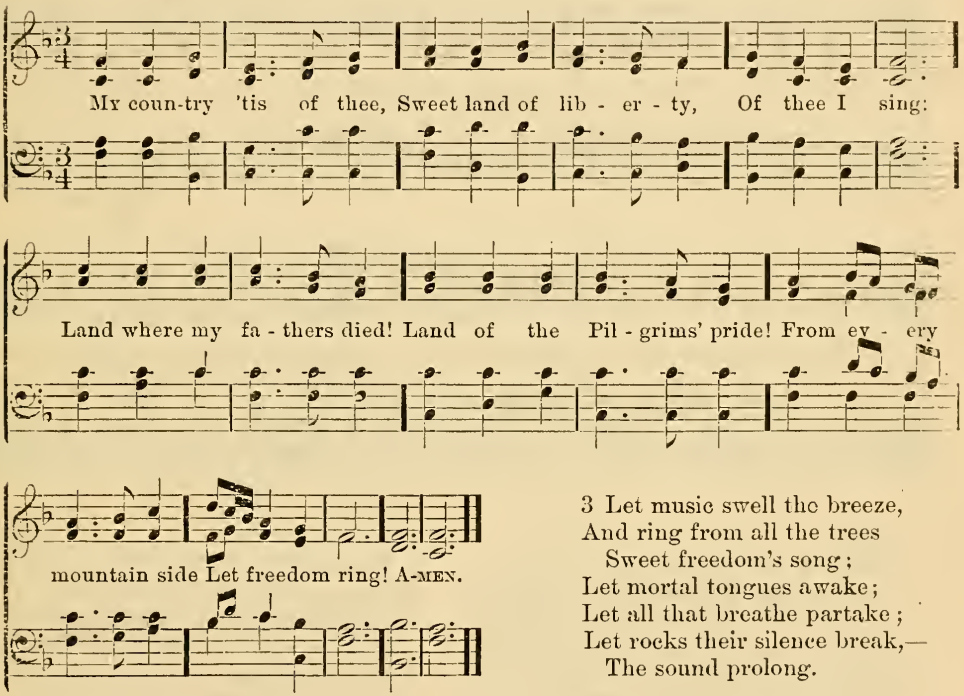
135

2 Then onward be the war-cry
And onward still, so long
As we have self to conquer.
Souls to cheer with song.
Let sound the martial music,
Ring out the bugle call
To rally for the conflict
Our people one and all!—*Cho.*

3 We proudly bear as banner
A cross within the heart
To show that we have chosen
Christ, the better part.
Then joy and peace and comfort
Shall blossom as a rose
Until our earthly blessings
The worth of Heaven disclose.—*Cho.*

Mrs. Lillian W. Cassaday.

AMERICA. 6,4. HENRY CAREY, arr.



136

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

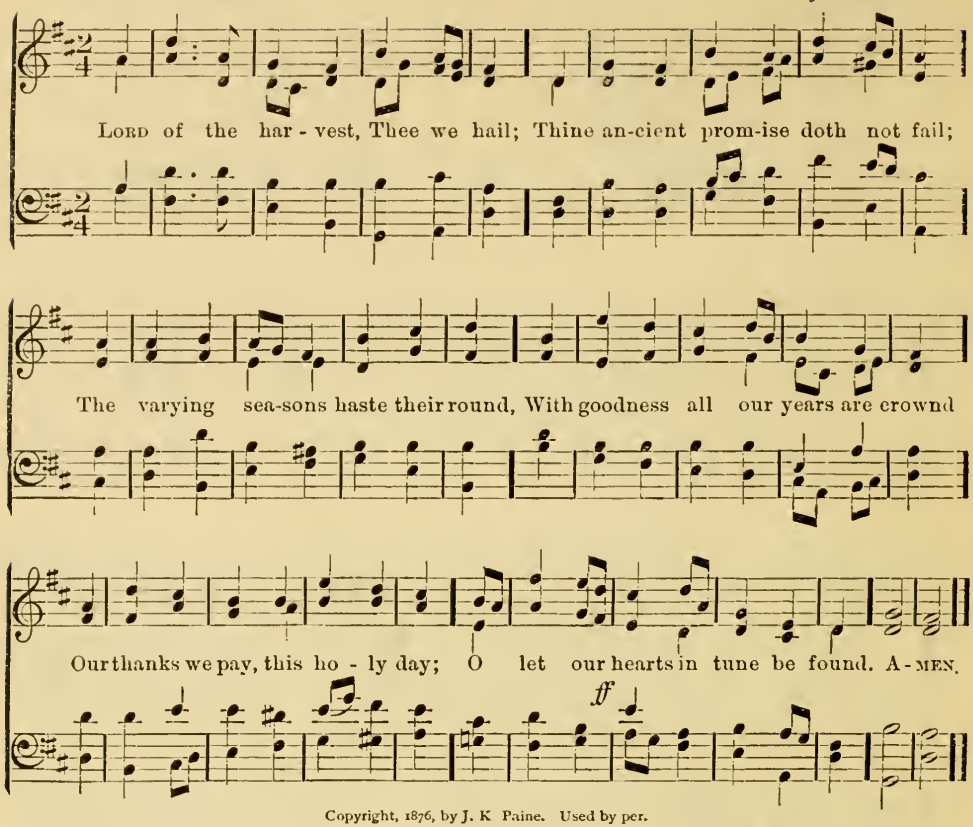
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

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!

Samuel F. Smith.

PAINE. 8, 6 lines.

JOHN K. PAINE.



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137

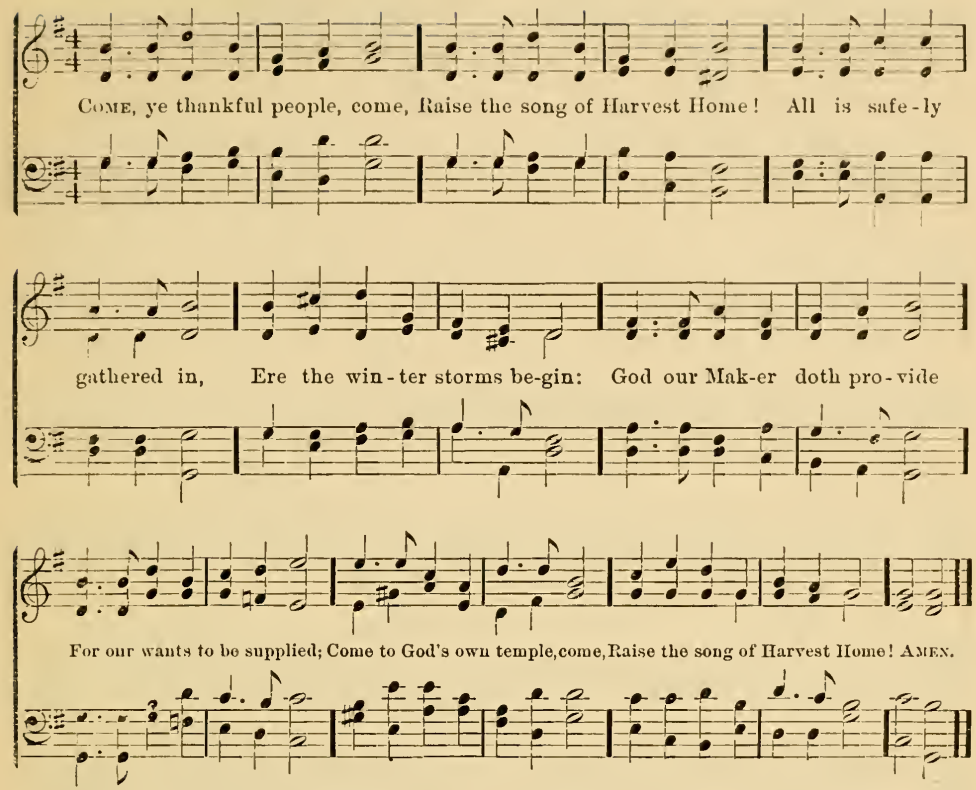
2 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New every year Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

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:
Then will we raise our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame
Attend th'Almighty Father's name;
Like honor to th' Incarnate Son,
Who for lost man redemption won;
And equal praise we thankful raise
To Thee, Blest Spirit, with them One.

John H. Gurney.

ST. GEORGE'S. 7. D. GEORGE J. ELVEY.



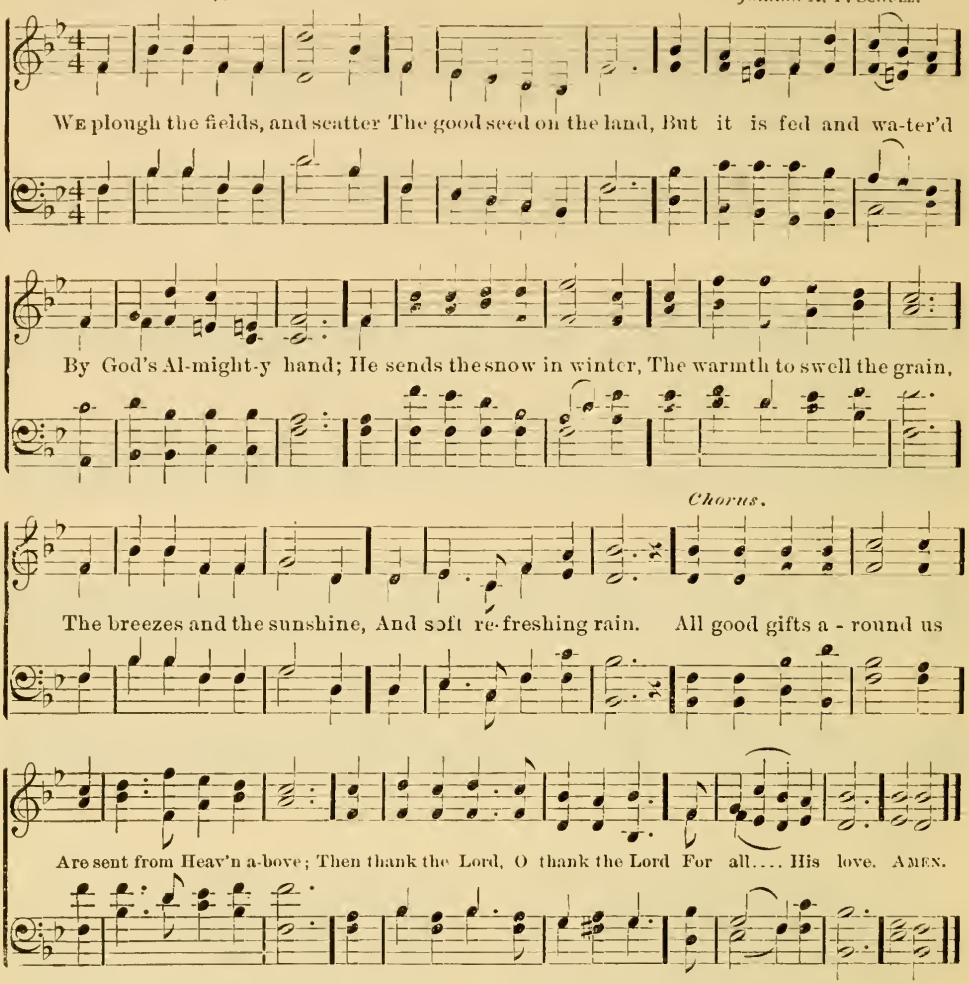
138

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home:
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin·
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

Henry Alford.

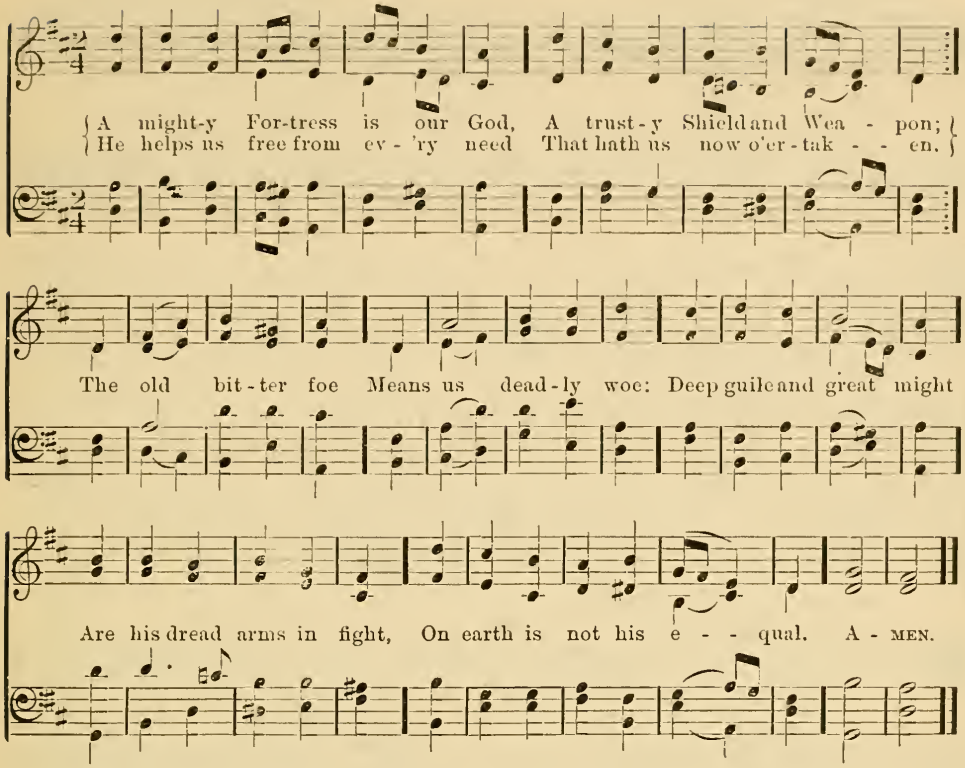
DRESDEN. 7,6. D. With Chorus. JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.

139

2 He only is the maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flowers,
He lights the ev'ning star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.—*Cho.*

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.—*Cho.*

Tr. Jane M. Campbell.

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT. 8,7,5,6,7. MARTIN LUTHER.



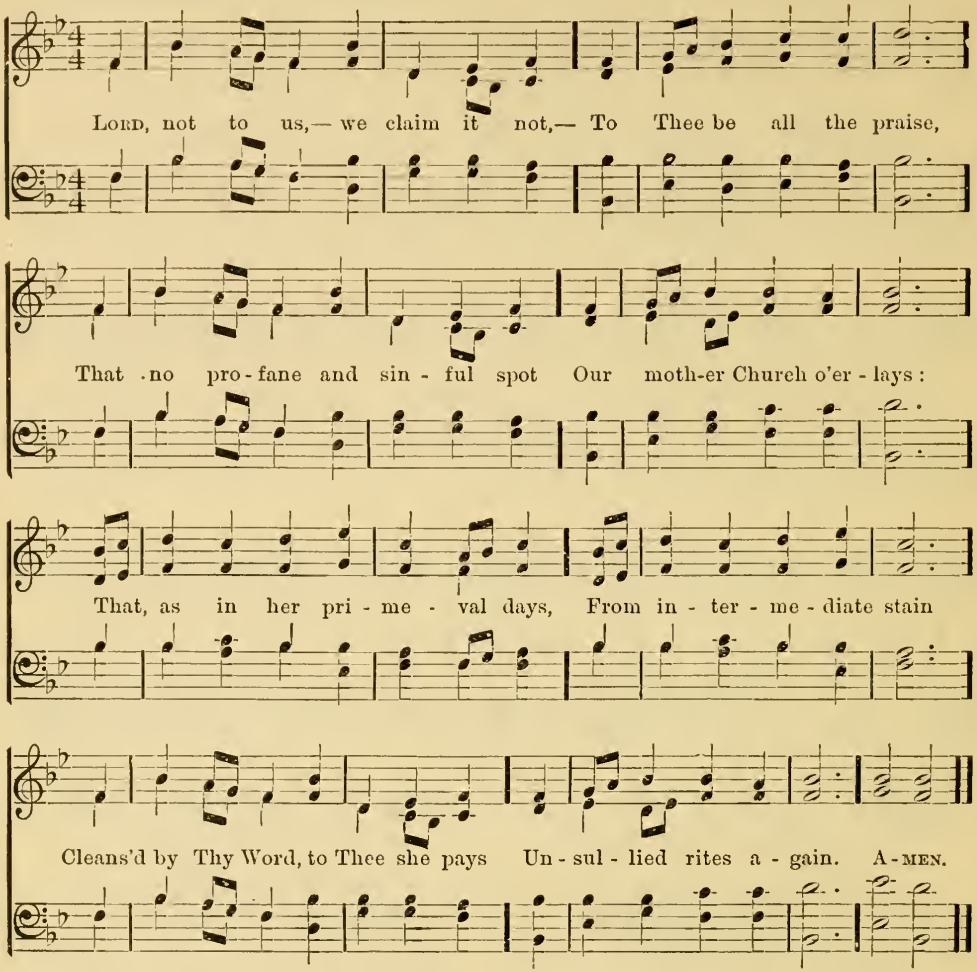
140

2 With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One
Whom God Himself elected.
Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field for ever.

3 Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged, the deed is done,
One little word o'erthrows him.

4 The Word they still shall let remain,
And not a thank have for it,
He's by our side upon the plain,
With His good gifts and Spirit,
Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife;
When their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won,
The Kingdom ours remaineth.

Martin Luther.

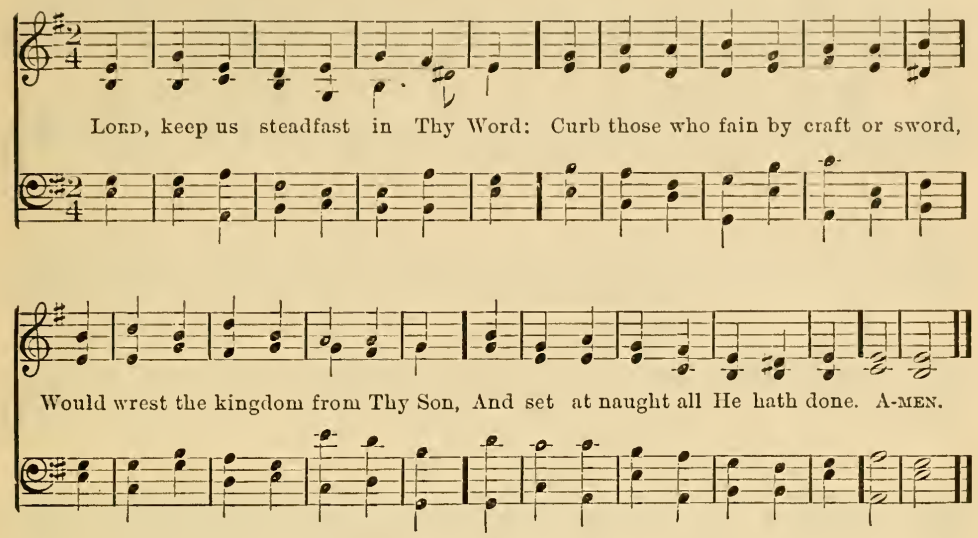
ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.

141

2 To no material form confined,
A Spirit pure alone,
We serve Thee not in likeness shrined
Of bread, or wood, or stone:
Nor saint nor angel at Thy throne
We crave to intercede;
With Thee, for our misdeeds atone,
With Thee, for mercy plead.

3 But far remote we seek Thy face,
Hid in Thy heavenly seat:
And, sole Transmitter of Thy grace,
The Saviour's name entreat:
And thus to Thee with honor meet
We hymn the grateful lay,
Whose Word recalled our erring feet,
And taught us how to pray.

Richard Mant.

ERHALT' UNS, HERR. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.



142

2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known;
For Thou art Lord of lords alone:
Defend Thy Christendom, that we
May evermore sing praise to Thee.

3 O Comforter, of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth,
Support us in our final strife,
And lead us out of death to life.

Martin Luther. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

143

LORD Jesus Christ, with us abide,
While fall the shades of eventide;
Let not the radiant light divine
Of Thy dear word e'er cease to shine.

2 In these sad latter days may we,
Vouchsafe this, Lord, e'er steadfast be,
And keep Thy word and sacrament
In purity unto the end.

3 Rebuke the spirits that, in pride
Exalting self, would set aside
Thy word, and bring devices new,
Corrupting, Lord, Thy doctrine true.

4 Not ours the cause is, but Thine own;
Not ours the glory, Thine alone;
Wherefore Thy people, Lord, defend,
Who trustingly in Thee depend.

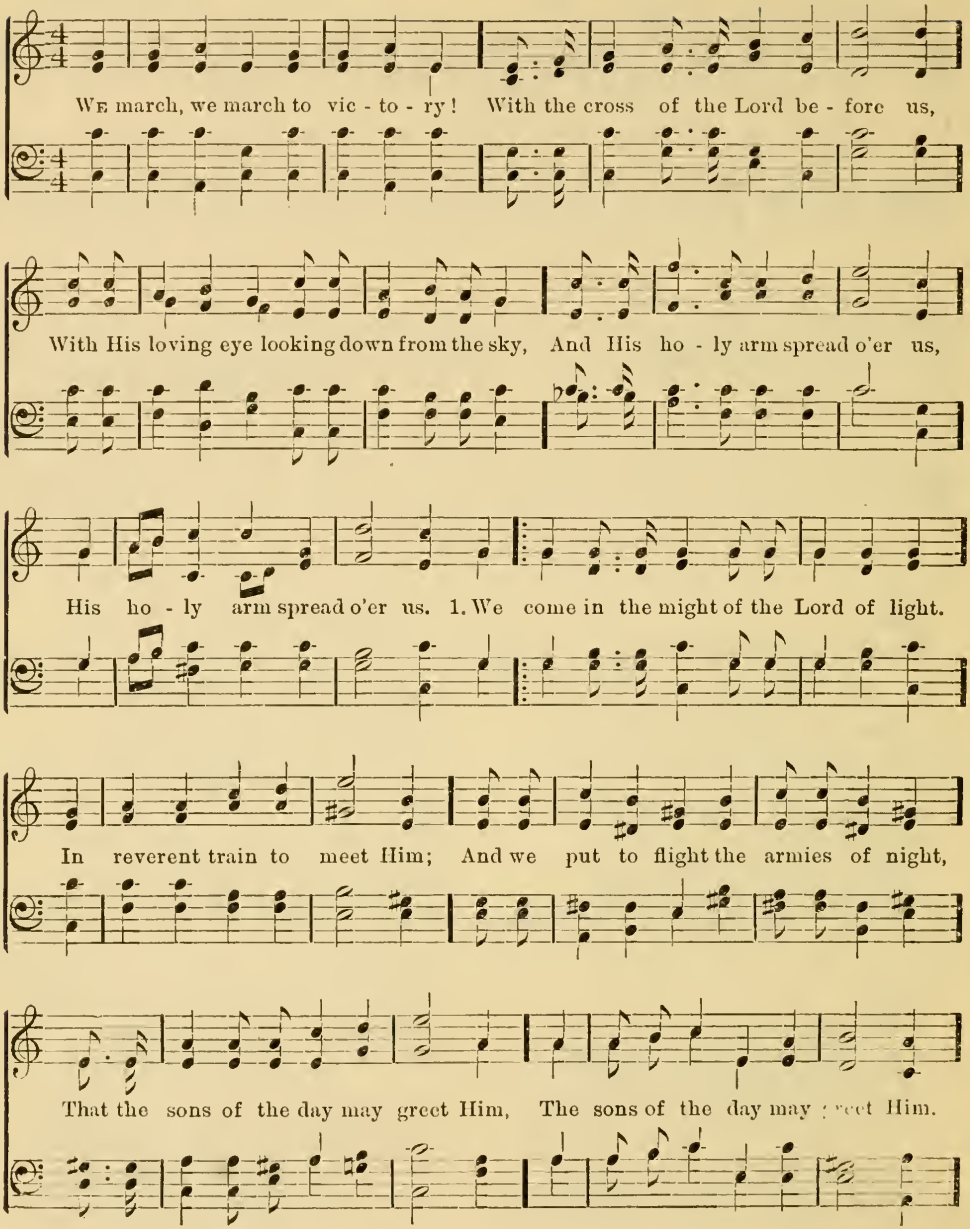
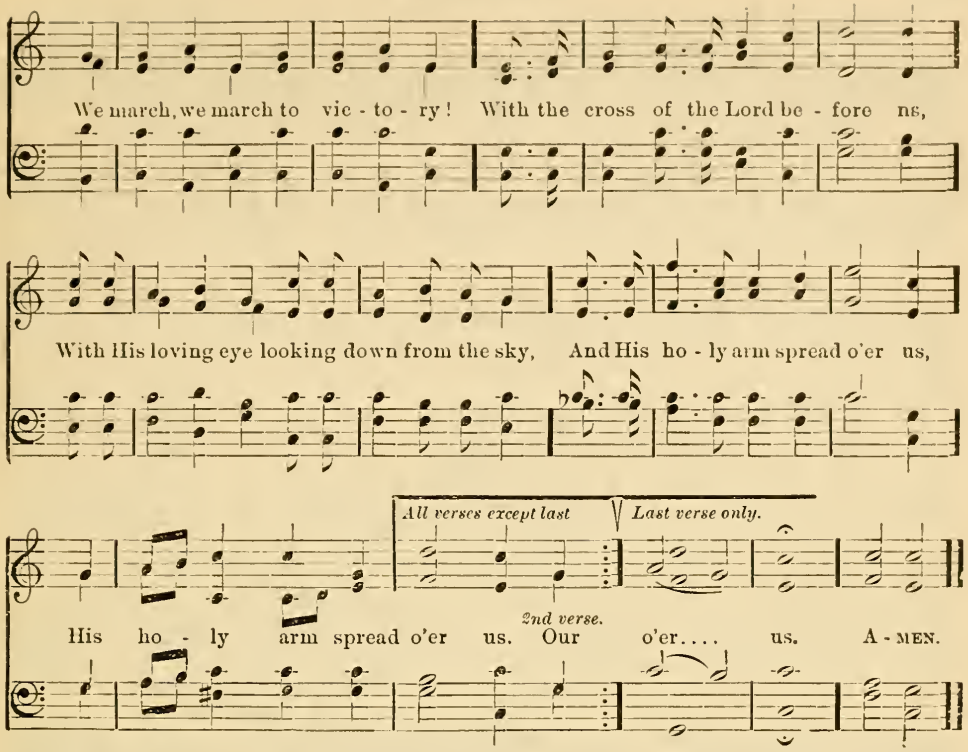
5 Our heart's firm trust is e'er Thy word,
It is Thy Church's shield, and sword:
O, keep us fast in this, we pray,
That we may seek no other way.

6 Grant that according to Thy word
We here may live, and dying, Lord,
Still trusting in Thy word may we
Leave earth's sad vale to be with Thee.

N Selnecker. *Tr.* George C. F. Haas.

VICTORY. P. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



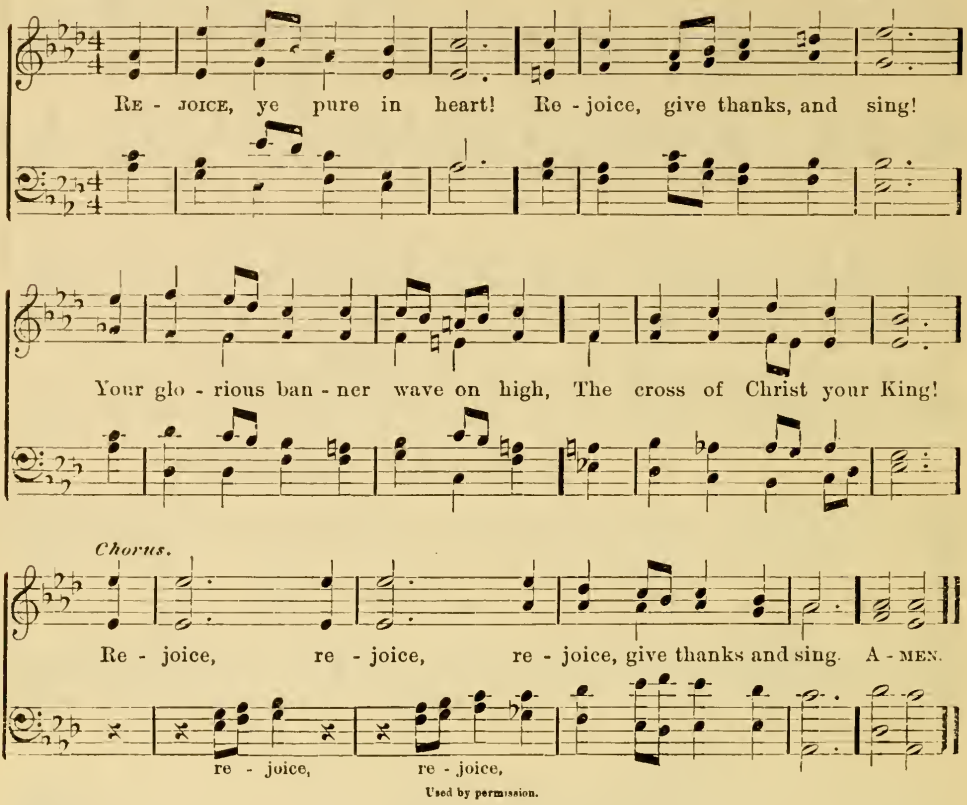
144

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us,
We march, we march, etc.

Gerard Moultrie.

MARION. S. M. With Chorus. ARTHUR H. MESSITER.

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145

2 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!—*Cho.*

3 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.—*Cho.*

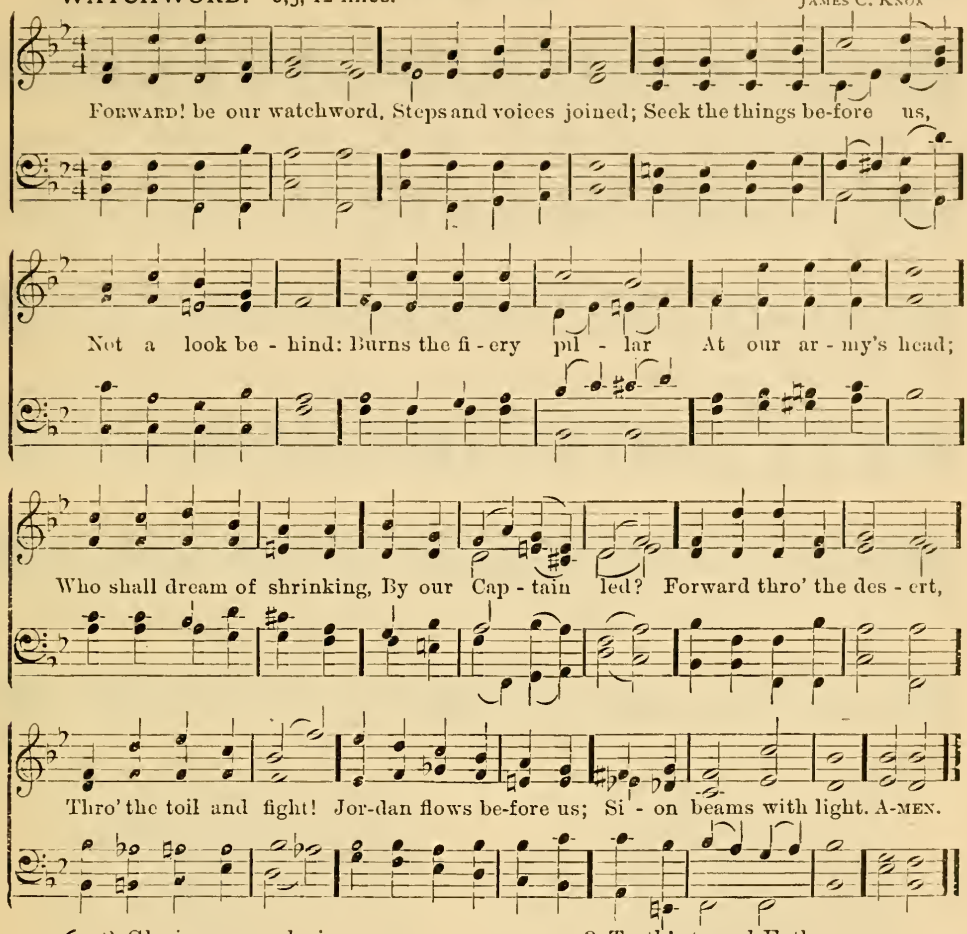
4 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.—*Cho.*

5 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!—*Cho.*

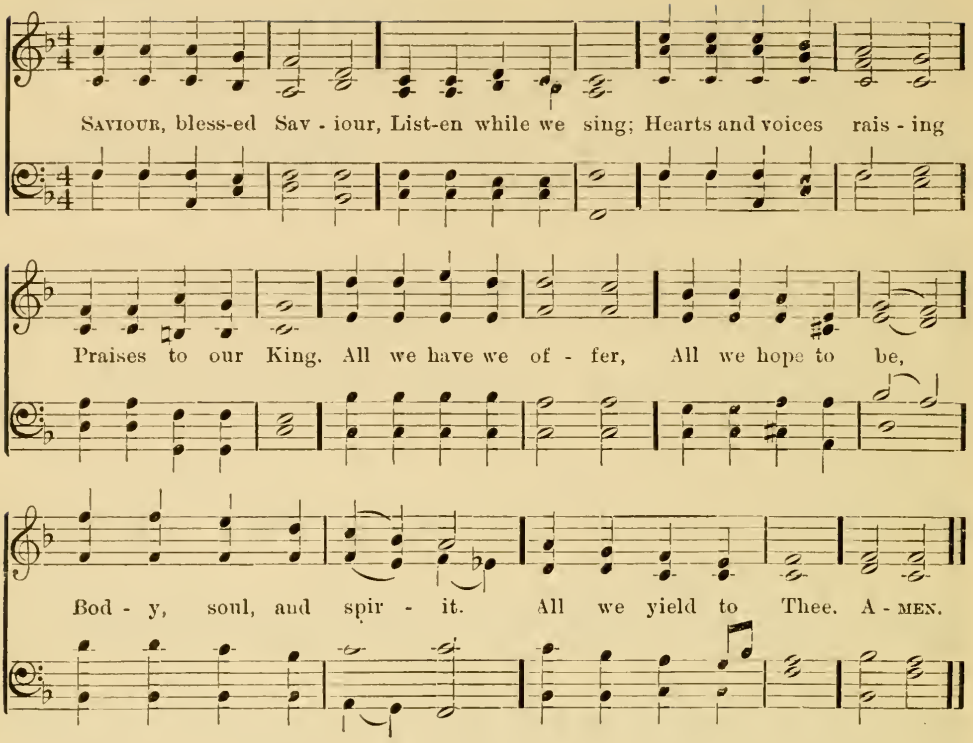
6 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.—*Cho.*

7 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!—*Cho.*

Edward H. Plumptre.

WATCHWORD. 6,5, 12 lines. JAMES C. KNOX

146 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 To th' eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise.
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory,
Blesséd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light! Henry Alford.

ASAPH. 6,5. D. GEORGE E. STUBBS.

147

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.

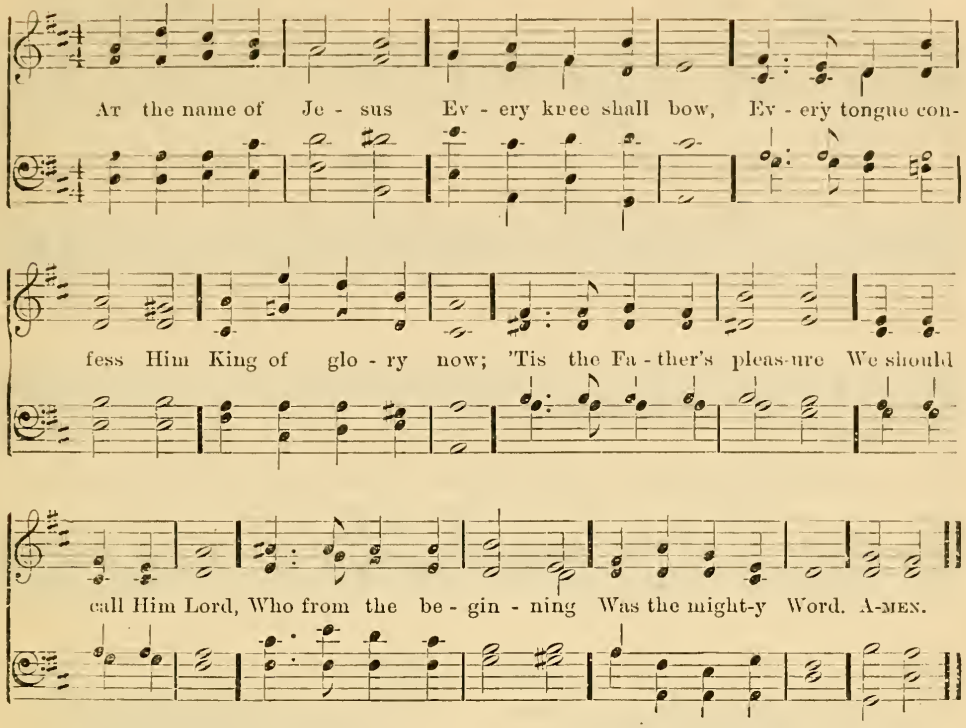
3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

Godfrey Thring.

ST. DAVID. 6,5. D.

JOHN B. CALKIN.

148

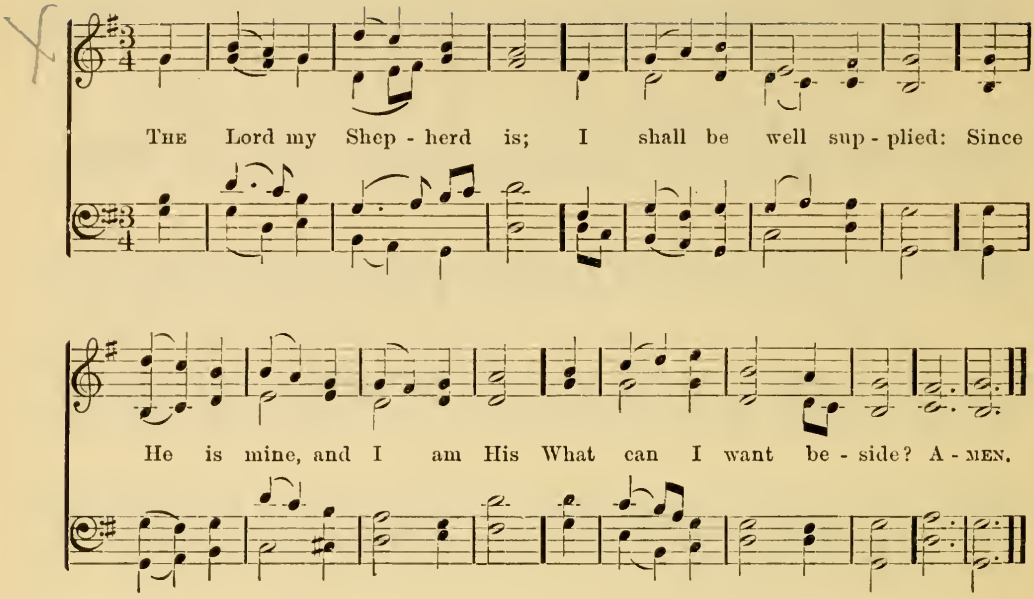
2 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

3 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline M. Noel

THACHER. S. M. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

149

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

3 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

4 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

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

Isaac Watts.

150

"My times are in Thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

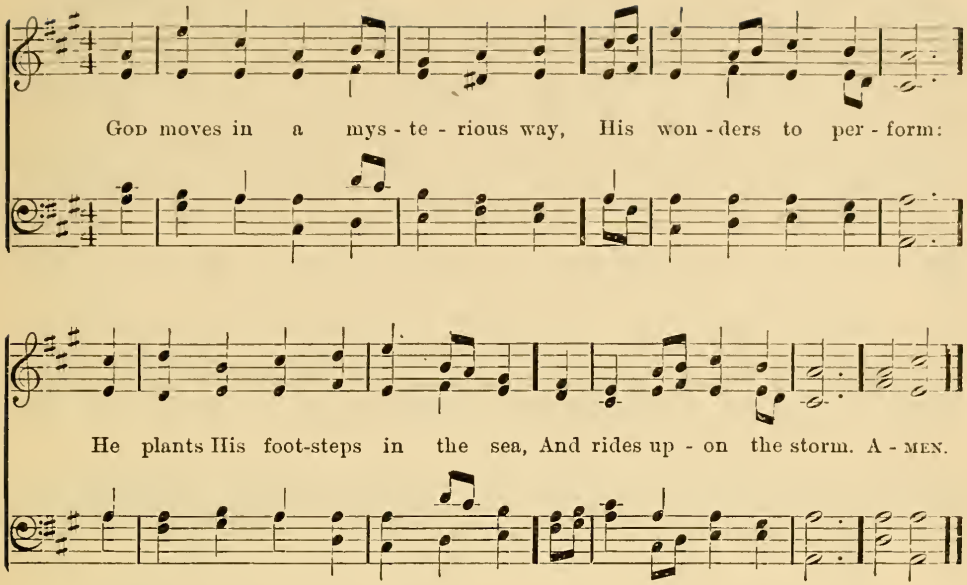
2 "My times are in Thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

3 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my Guard and Guide.

4 "My times are in Thy hand;"
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be.

William F. Lloyd.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C. M. WILLIAM JONES.



151

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

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

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

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

William Cowper.

152

O God of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

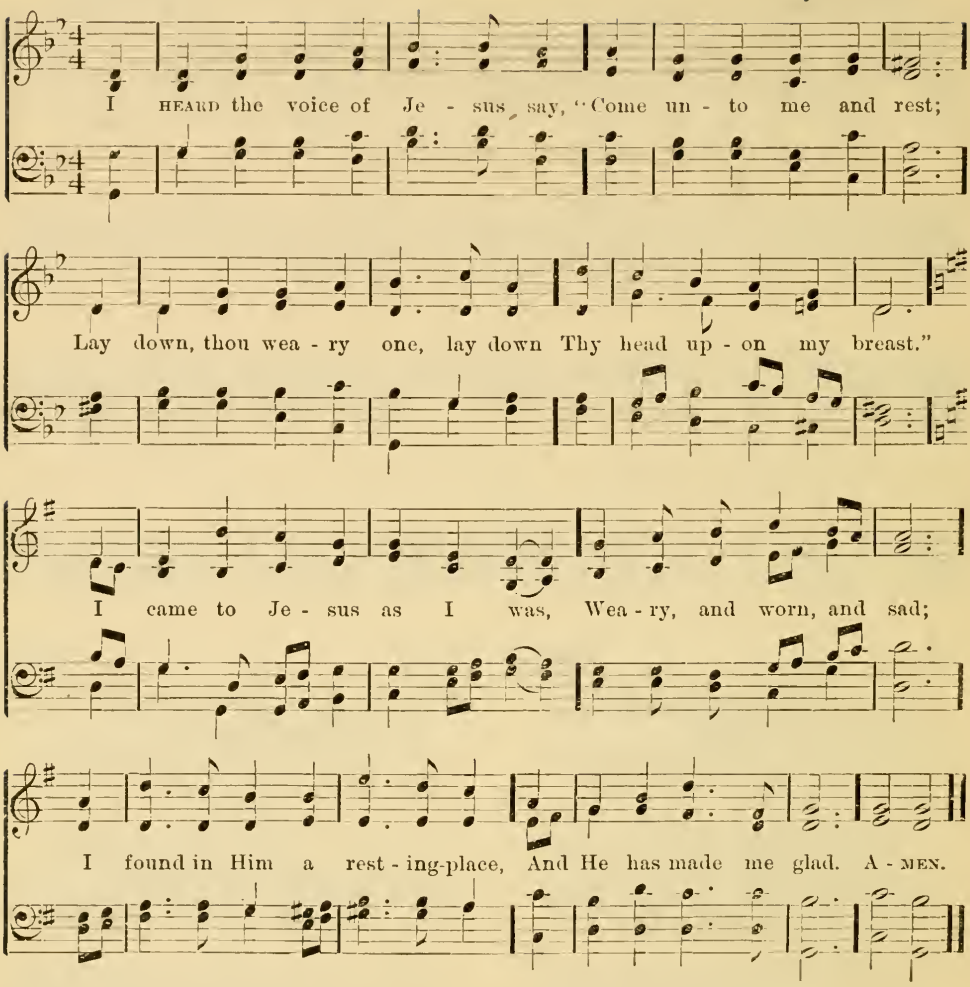
2 To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer;
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

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.

Philip Doddridge.

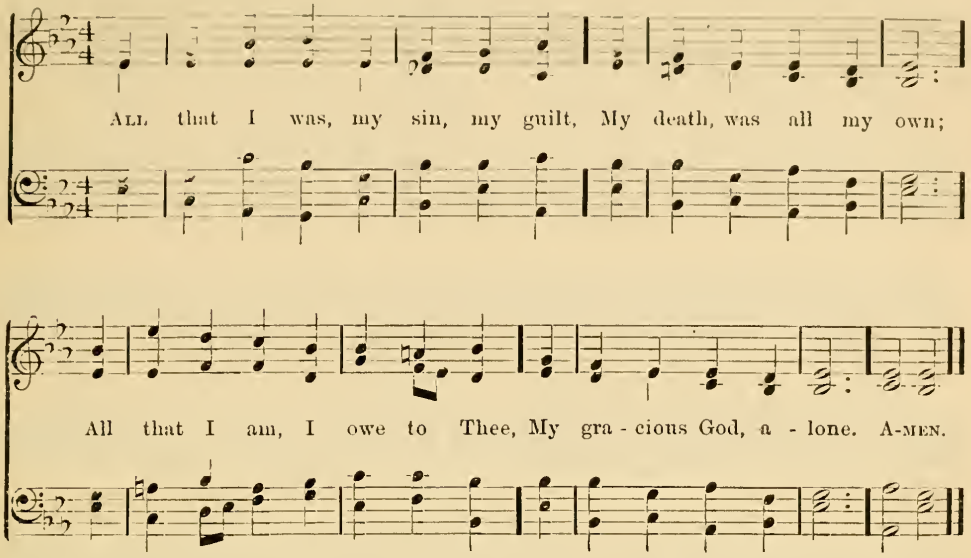
VOX DELECTI. C. M. D.

JOHN B. DYKES.

153

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

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

Horatius Bonar.

DUNDEE. C. M. Scotch.

154

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar.

155

Shine on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine;
O let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

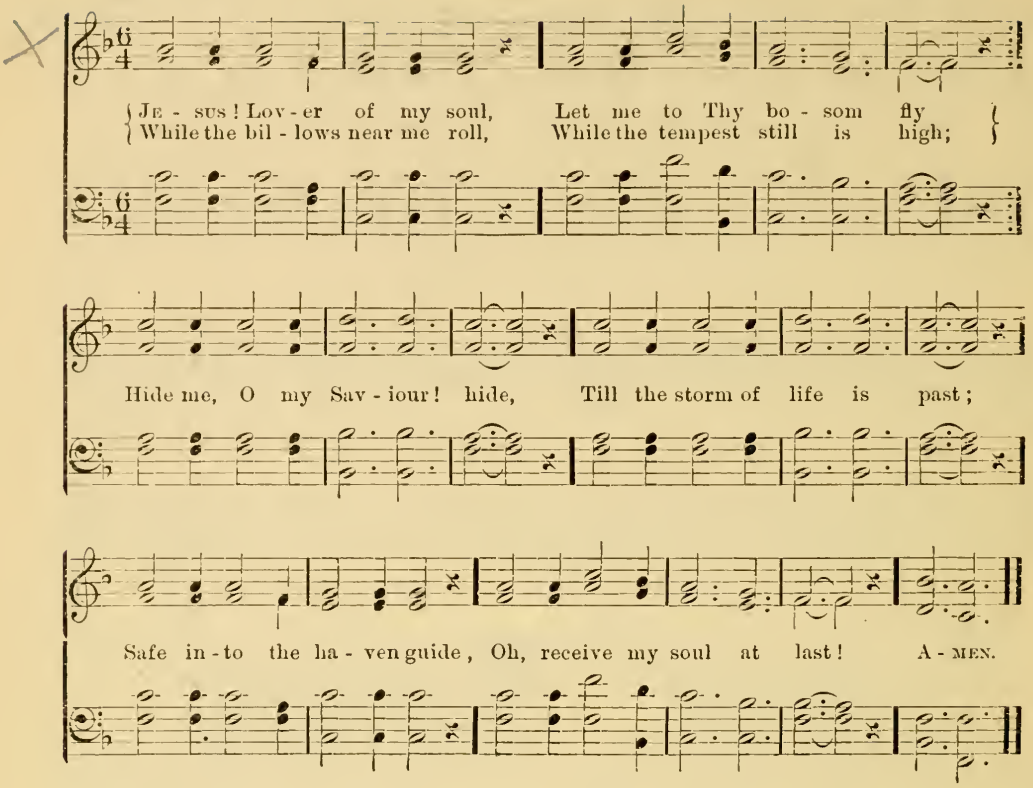
3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge.

MARTYN. 7. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.



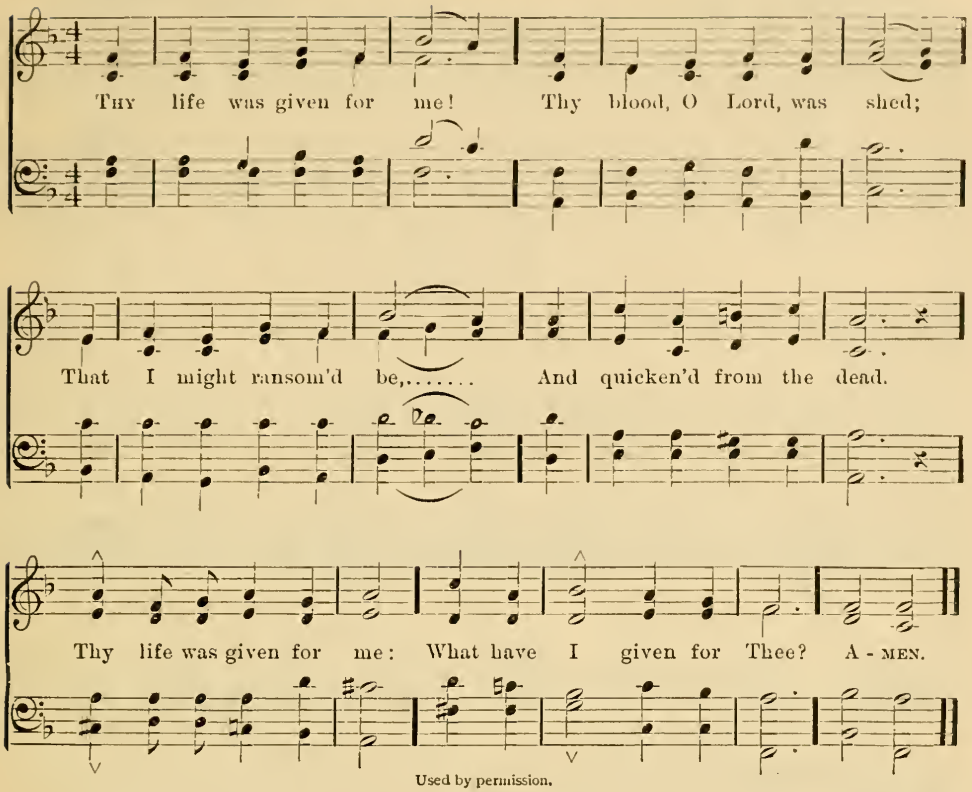
156

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;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

Charles Wesley.

WHITTINGHAM. 6. JOHN S. B. HODGES.

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157

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

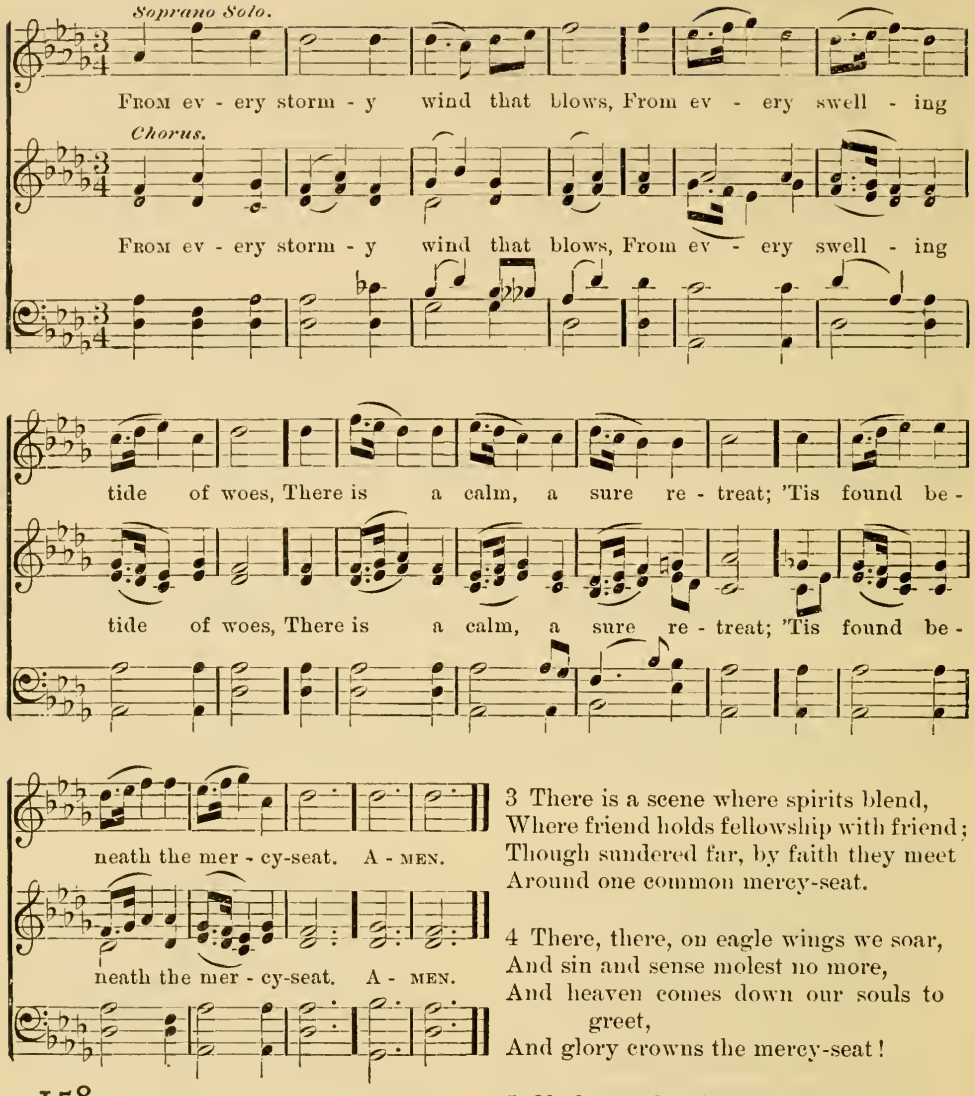
4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent!
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

STOWELL. L. M.

SOLON WILDER.



158

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.

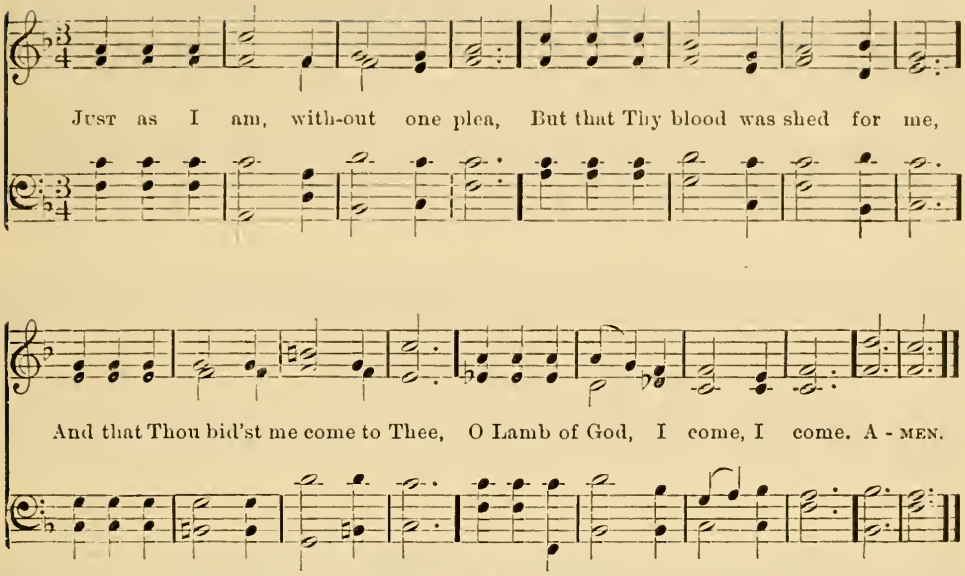
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

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

Hugh Stowell.

HESPERUS. L. M. HENRY BAKER.



159

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, 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, 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, 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, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

160

I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing Blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

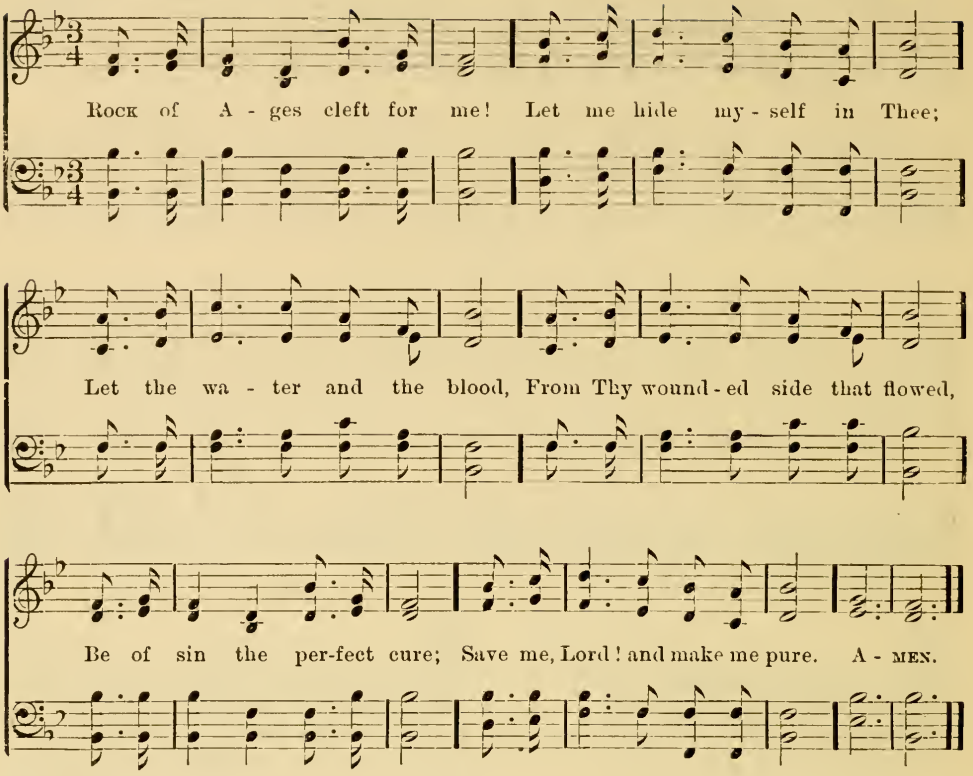
2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless Love!

4 Ah Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable!

Tr. John Wesley

TOPLADY. 7, 6 lines. THOMAS HASTINGS.



161

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

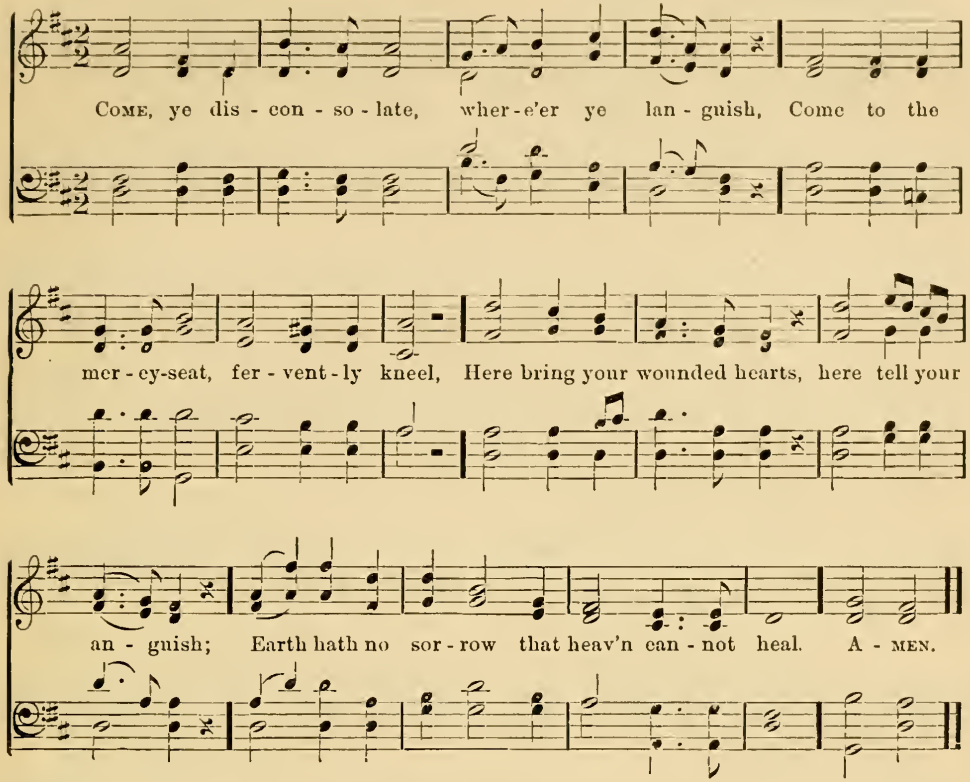
2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and Thou alone:

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown.
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

ALMA. 11,10. SAMUEL WEBBE.



162

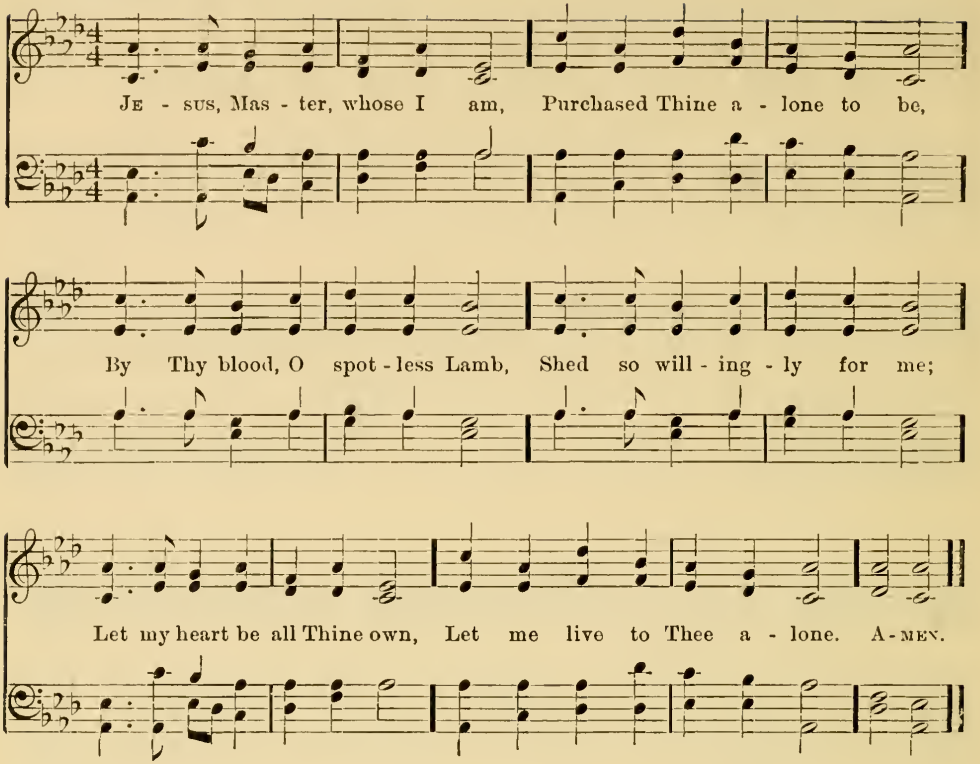
COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth hath 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 hath no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Ver. 1 and 2—Thomas Moore. Ver. 3—Thomas Hastings.

SPANISH HYMN. 7, 6 lines.



163

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.

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,
Oh, be Thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal.

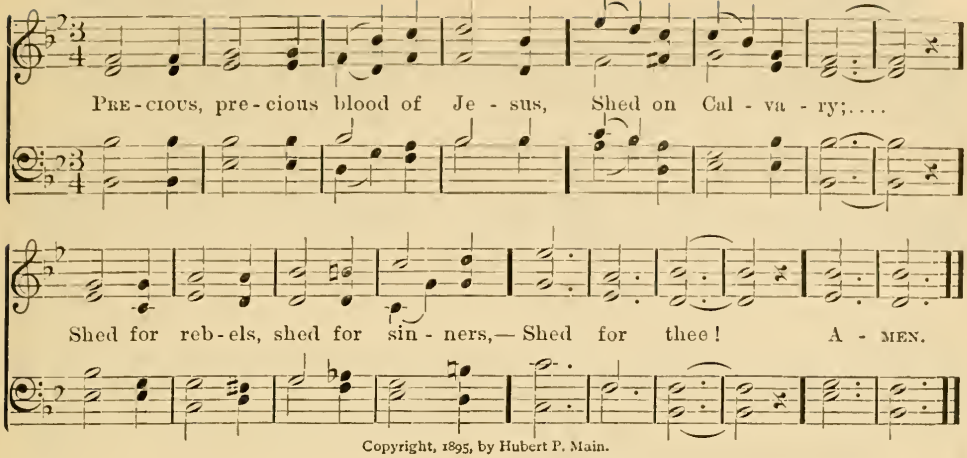
164

Blessed Saviour! Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

2 Blesséd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only Thee.

George Duffield.

ERFURTH. 8,5,3. HUBERT P. MAIN.



Copyright, 1895, by Hubert P. Main.

165

2 Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

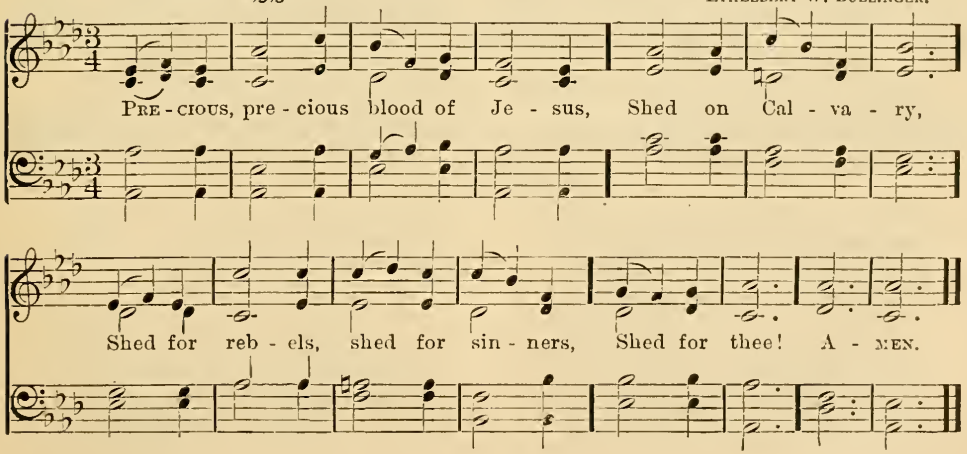
3 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood shall wash thee
White as snow.

4 Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

5 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for Thee!

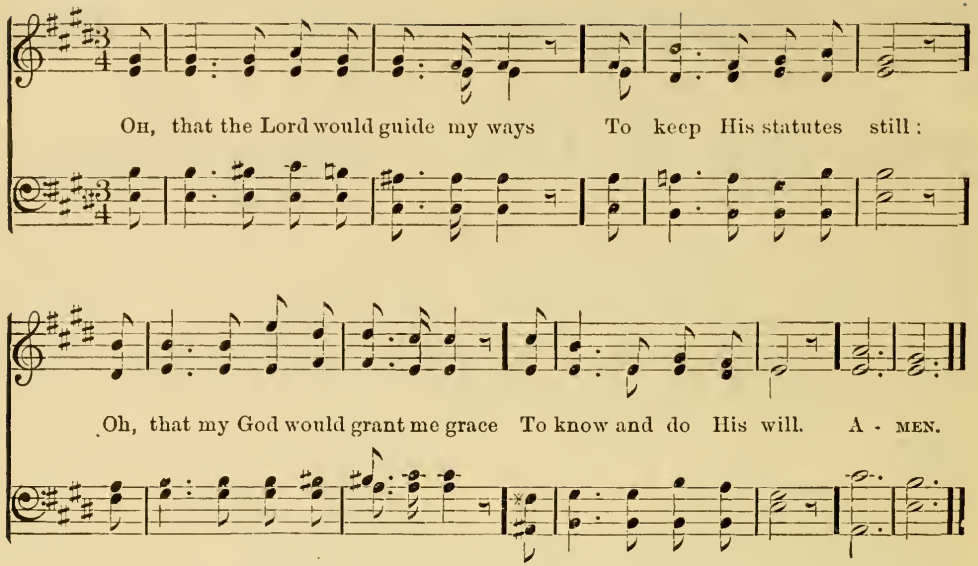
Frances R. Havergal.

BULLINGER. 8,5,3. ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER.



SERENITY. C. M.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



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166

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still:
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.

2 Oh, send Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts.

167

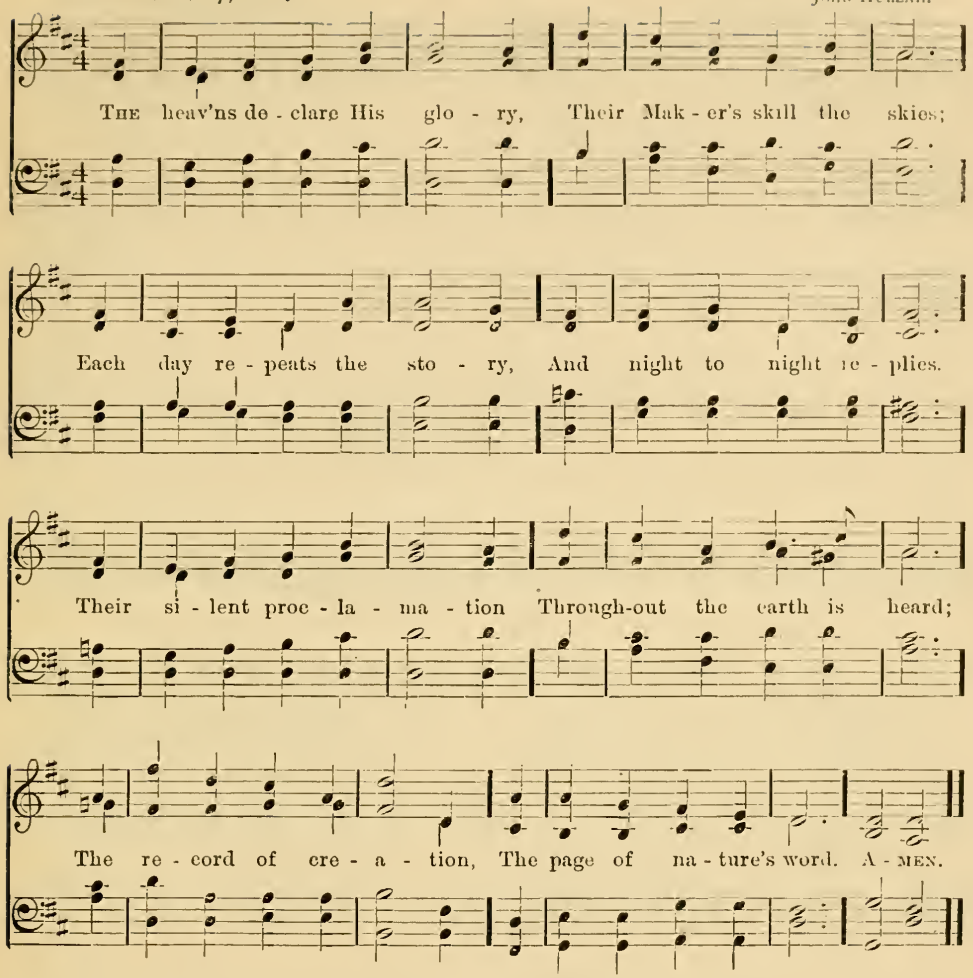
Oh, for a closer walk with God.
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

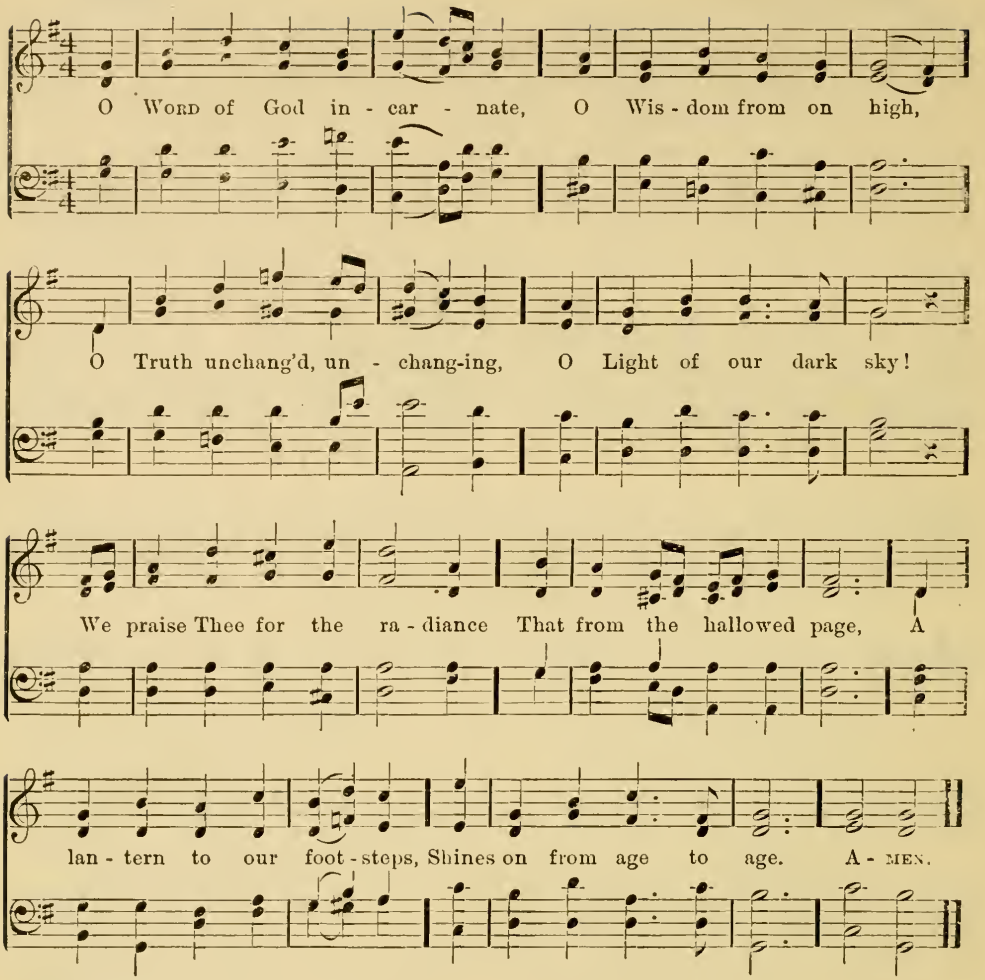
William Cowper.

BENTLEY. 7,6. D. JOHN HULLAH.

168

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!

Josiah Conder.

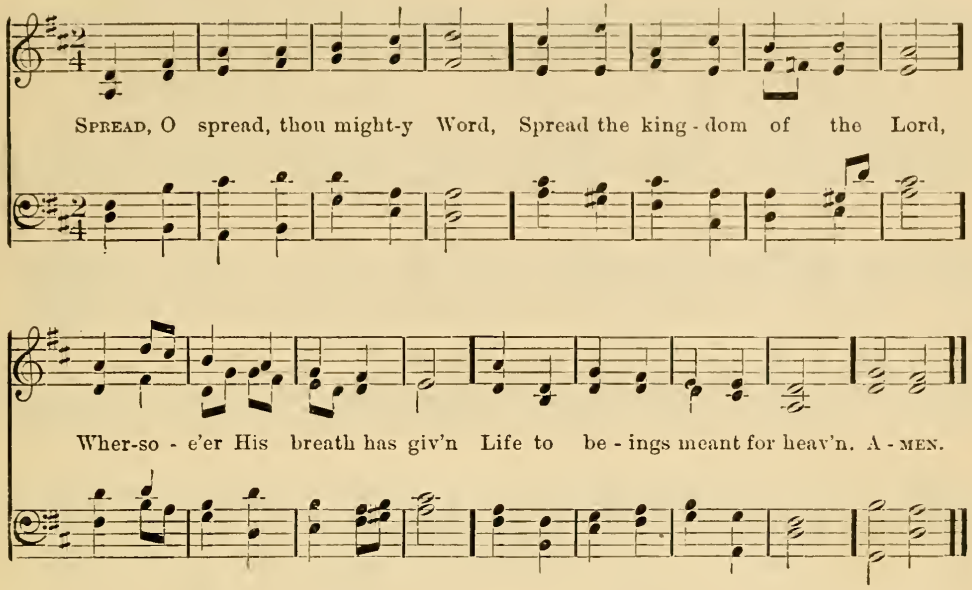
CELESTE. 7,6. D. JAMES R. FAIRLAMB.

169

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 unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

William W. How.

GOTT SEI DANK. 7. Har. by GEORGE C. F. HAAS.



170

2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

3 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

4 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

5 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee:
Let the nations far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

Jonathan F. Bahnmaier. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

171

HEAVEN and earth, and sea, and air,
All their Maker's praise declare:
Wake, my soul, awake and sing,
Now thy grateful praises bring.

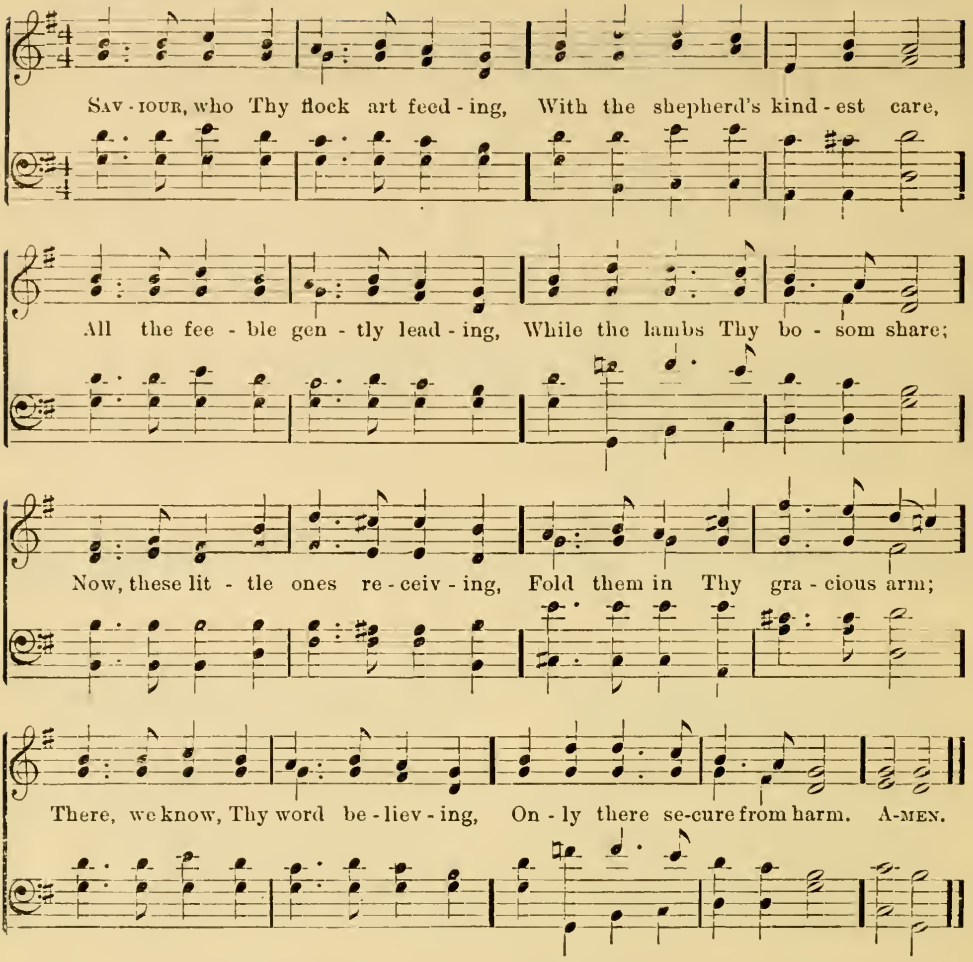
2 See how He hath everywhere
Made this earth so rich and fair;
Hill and vale and fruitful land,
All things living, show His hand.

3 See the waters ceaseless flow,
Ever circling to and fro:
From the sources to the sea,
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

4 Lord, great wonders workest Thou!
To Thy sway all creatures bow:
Write Thou deeply in my heart
What I am, and what Thou art!

Joachim Neander. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

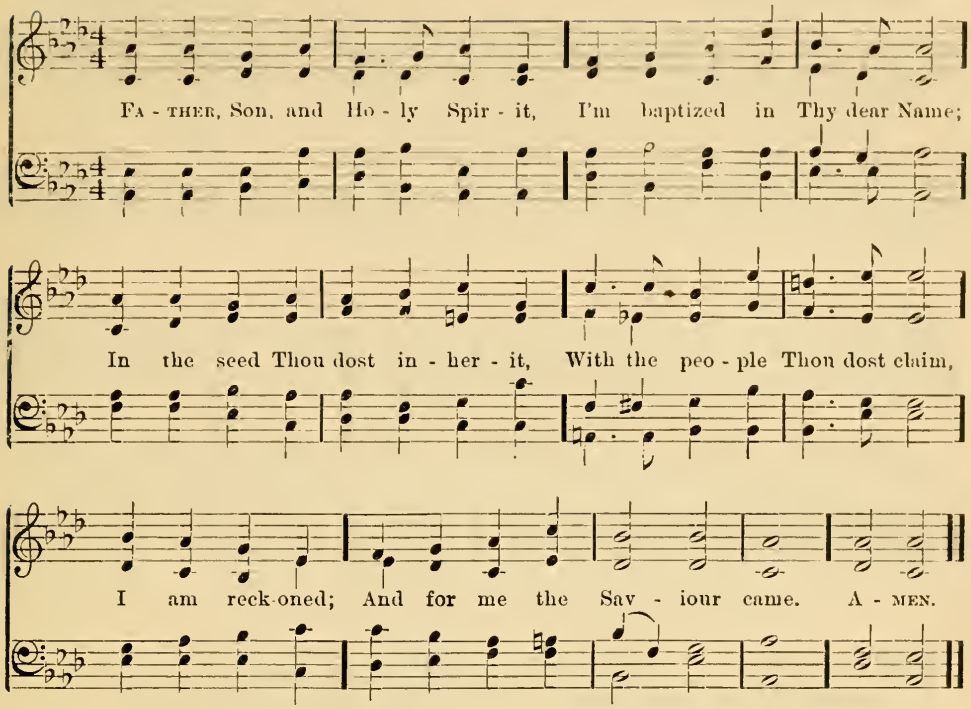
WESTON. 8,7. D.

JOHN E. ROE.

172

2 Never from Thy pasture roving
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

ST. RAPHAEL. 8,7,4,7. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



173

2 Thou receivest me, O Father,
As a child and heir of Thine;
Jesus, Thou who diedst, yea, rather
Ever livest, Thou art mine.
Thou, O Spirit,
Art my Guide, my light divine,

3 I have pledged, and would not falter,
Truth, obedience, love to Thee;
I have vows upon Thine altar,
Ever Thine alone to be;
And for ever
Sin and all its lusts to flee.

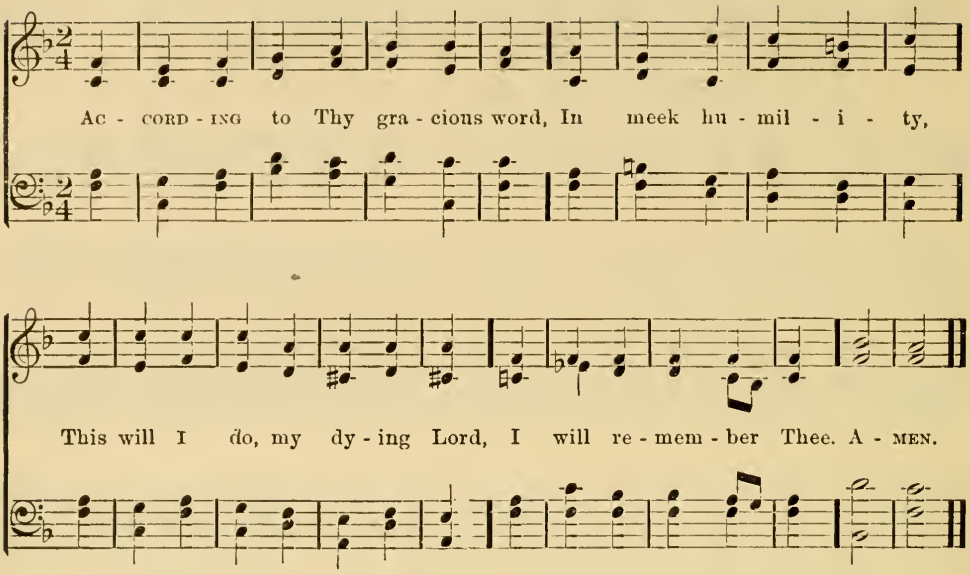
4 Gracious God, all Thou hast spoken
In this covenant shall take place;
But if I, alas! have broken
These my vows, hide not Thy face;
And from falling
O restore me by Thy grace!

5 Lord, to Thee I now surrender
All I have, and all I am;
Make my heart more true and tender,
Glorify in me Thy Name.
Let obedience
To Thy will be all my aim.

6 Help me in this high endeavor,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Bind my heart to Thee for ever,
Till I join the heavenly host.
Living, dying,
Let me make in Thee my boast.

John Jacob Rambach. *Tr.* Charles W. Schaeffer.

ST. JOHN. C. M. JAMES TURLE.



174

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be,
The cup, Thy precious blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

James Montgomery.

175

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

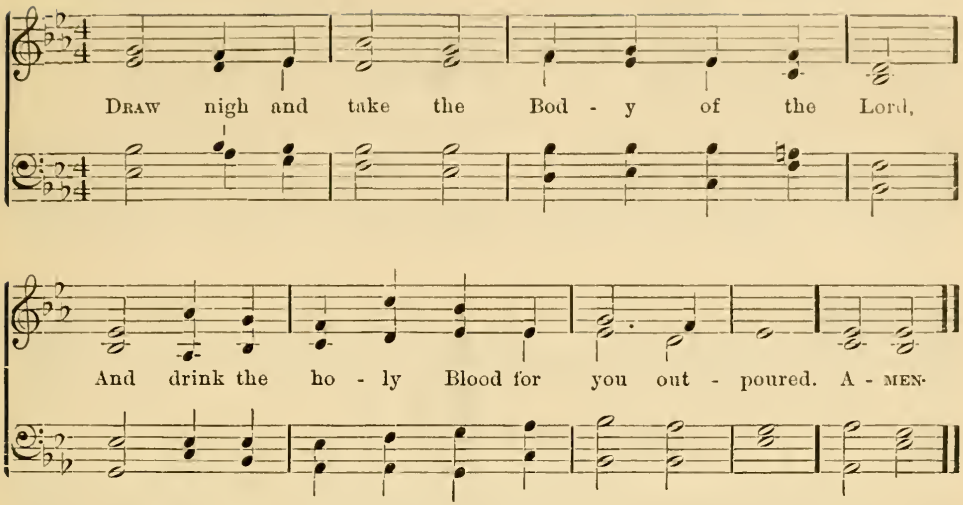
2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

E. Osler.

CŒNA DOMINI. 10. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



176

2 Saved by that Body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

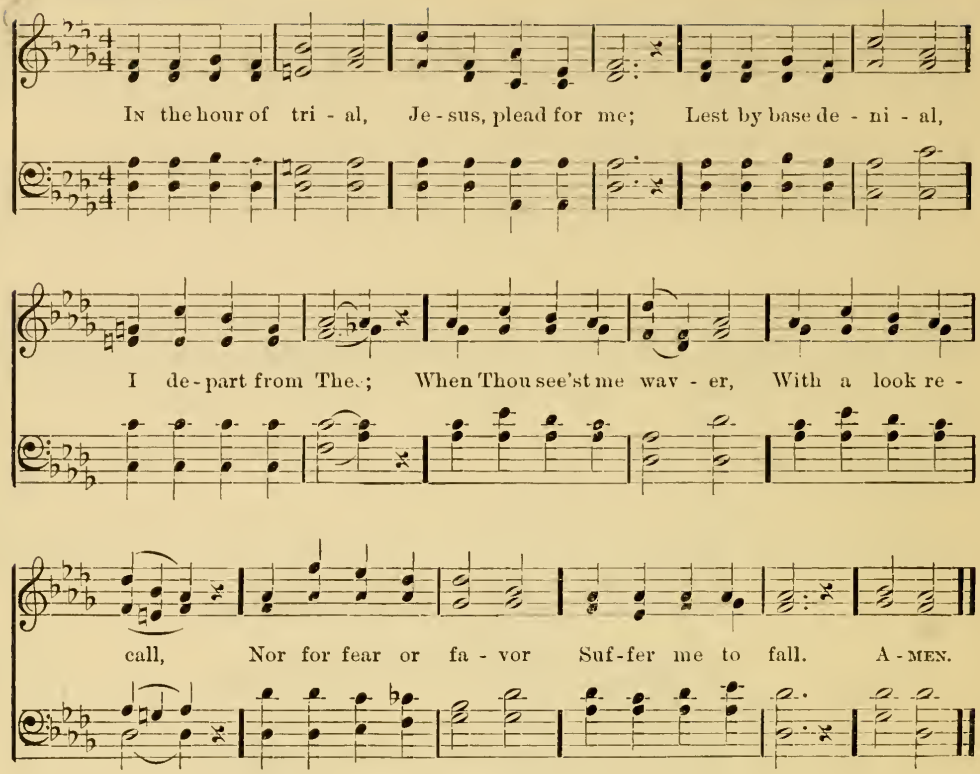
7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Tr. John M. Neale.

PENITENCE. 6,5. D. SPENCER LANE.

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177

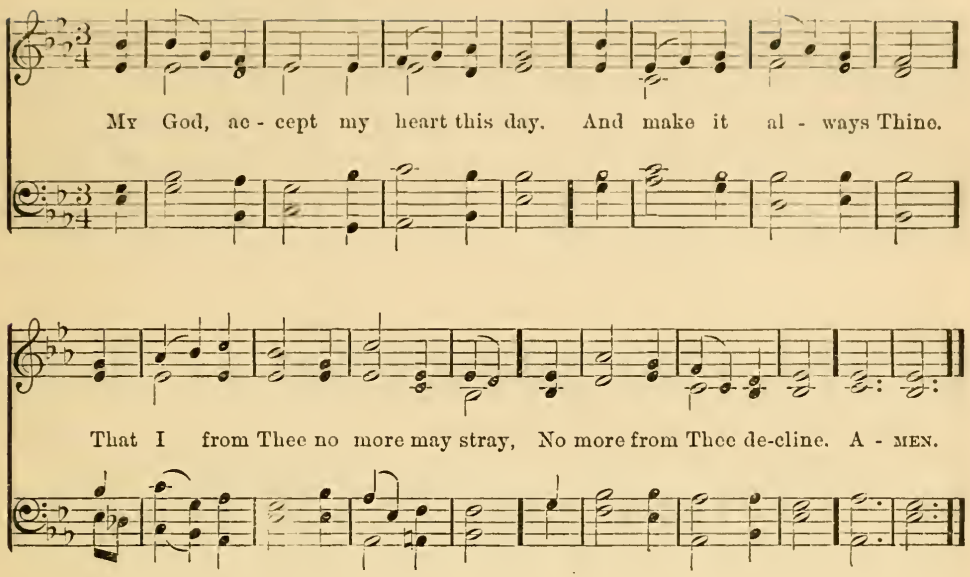
2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see:
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

LEICESTER. C. M. WILLIAM HURST



178

2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all!

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

4 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!

5 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!

Matthew Bridges.

179

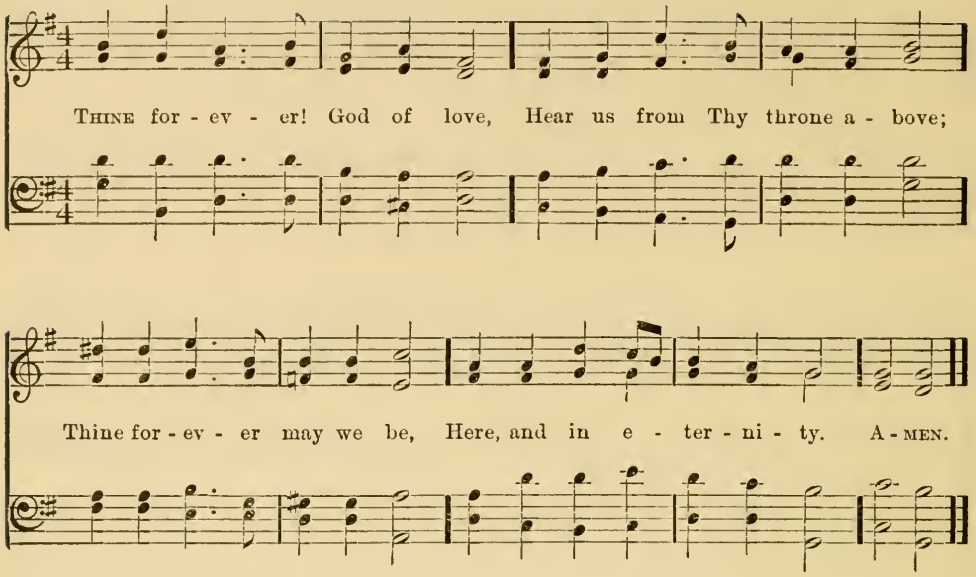
I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word: one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay:
Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

4 Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

Henry W. Baker.

EVERMORE. 7. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.

180

2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep
Us, Thy weak and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude.

181

PARDONED through redeeming grace,
In Thy blessèd Son revealed,
Worshipping before Thy face,
Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.

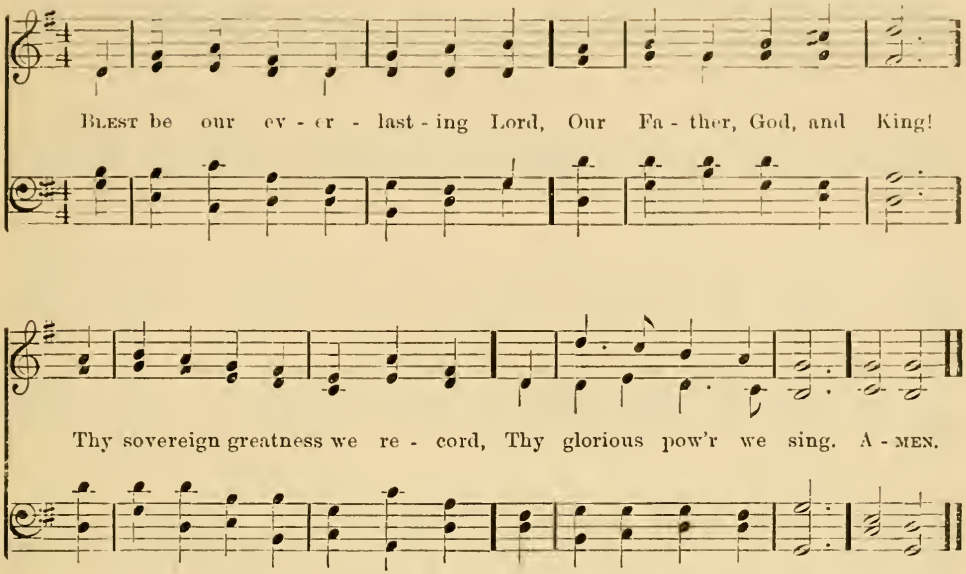
2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through Thy Son;
Quicken us in Him to live;
Lord, in us Thy will be done.

3 By the hallowed outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal, and make us wholly Thine;
Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord,
And our every deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord!"

Edward Osler.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.



182

2 By Thee the victory is given:
The majesty divine,
Wisdom and might, and earth and heaven,
And all therein are Thine.

3 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,
Thou dost, and honor give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of Thy hand receive.

4 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise Thy glorious Name.

5 Thy glorious Name, Thy nature's power,
Thou hast to man made known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through Thy incarnate Son.

Charles Wesley.

183

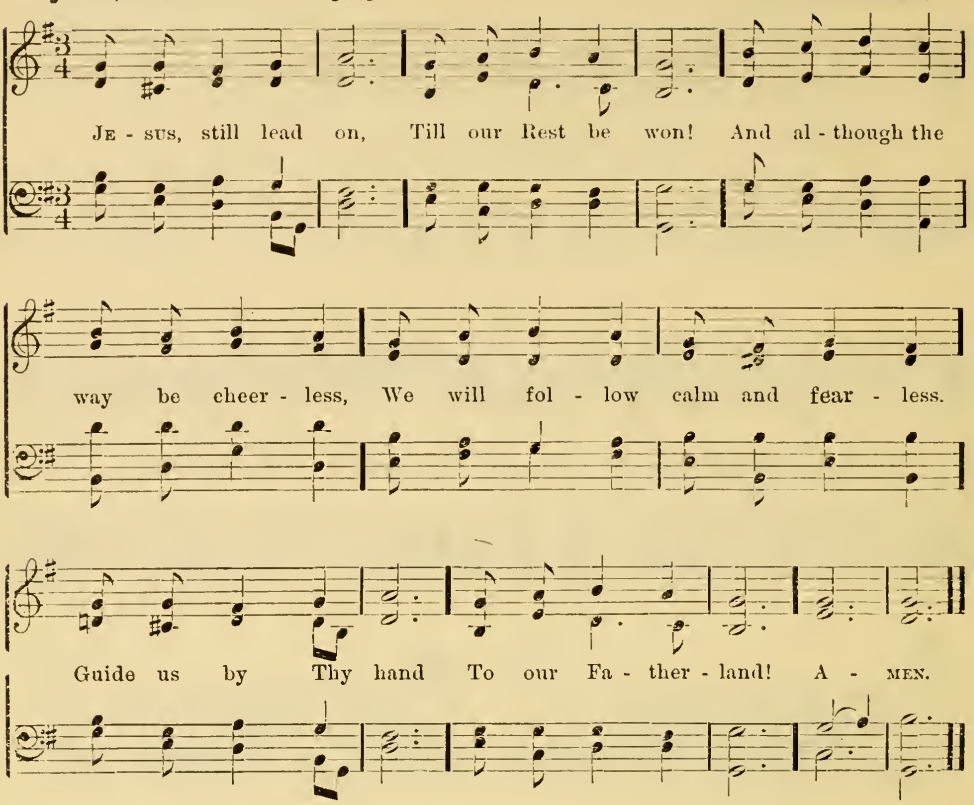
Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King.
Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry:
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Holy is He in all His works,
And saints are His delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from His sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.

4 Thou righteous God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free:
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

John Needham.

JESU, GEH' VORAN. 5,8,5. ADAM DRESE.

184

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless.
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland!

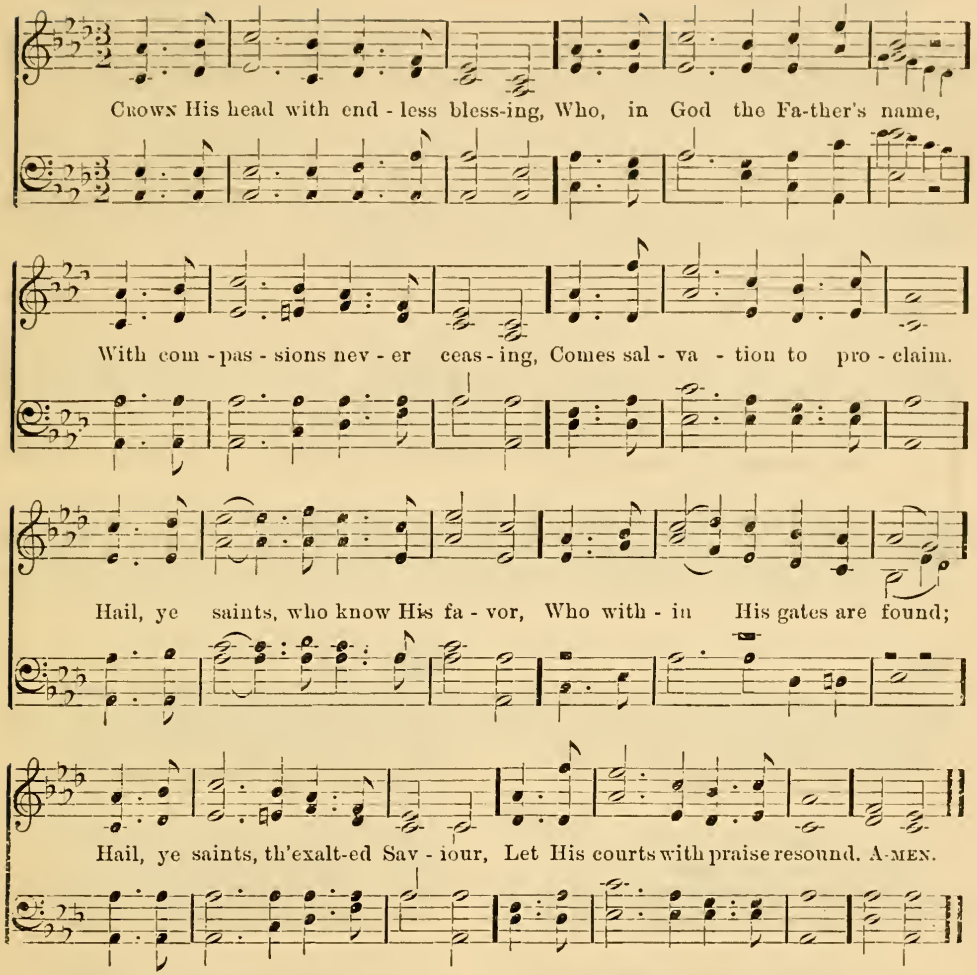
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go!

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

Nicholas Zinzendorf *Tr.* Jane Borthwick

AUTUMN. 8,7. D.

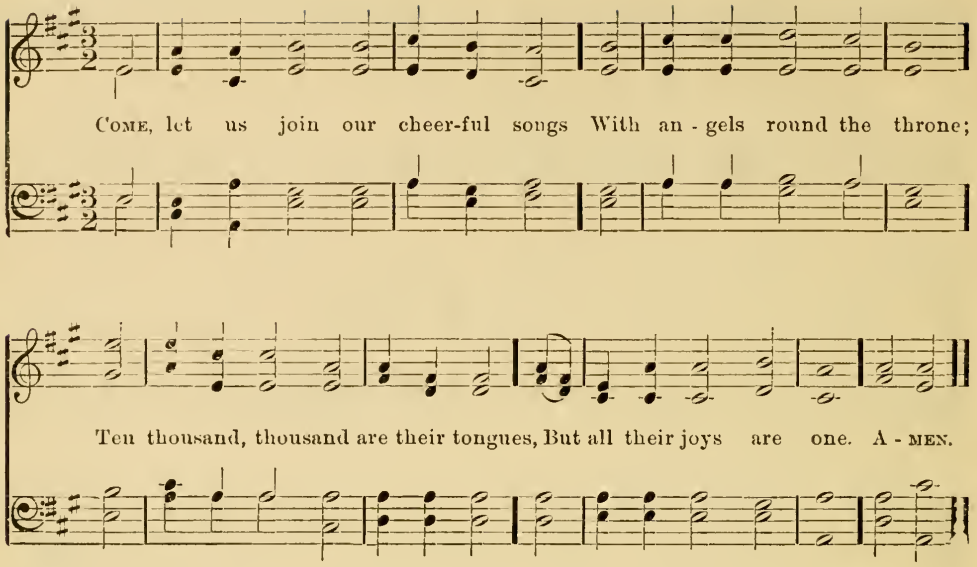
FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.

185

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee;
Thee our Saviour! Thee our God!
From His throne His beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In His word His light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In His courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne;
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore:
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

William Goode.

AZMON. C. M. CARL G. GLÆSER.



186

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.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

Isaac Watts.

187

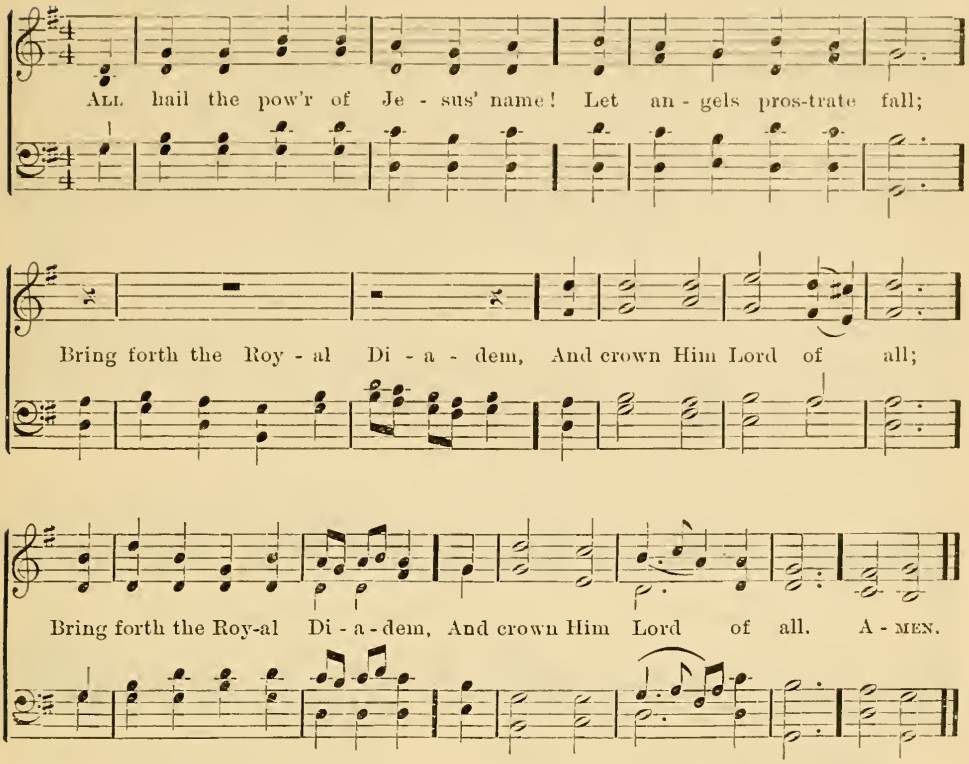
JESUS! I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

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.

Philip Doddridge.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.

188

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.

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

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

Edward Perronet.

189

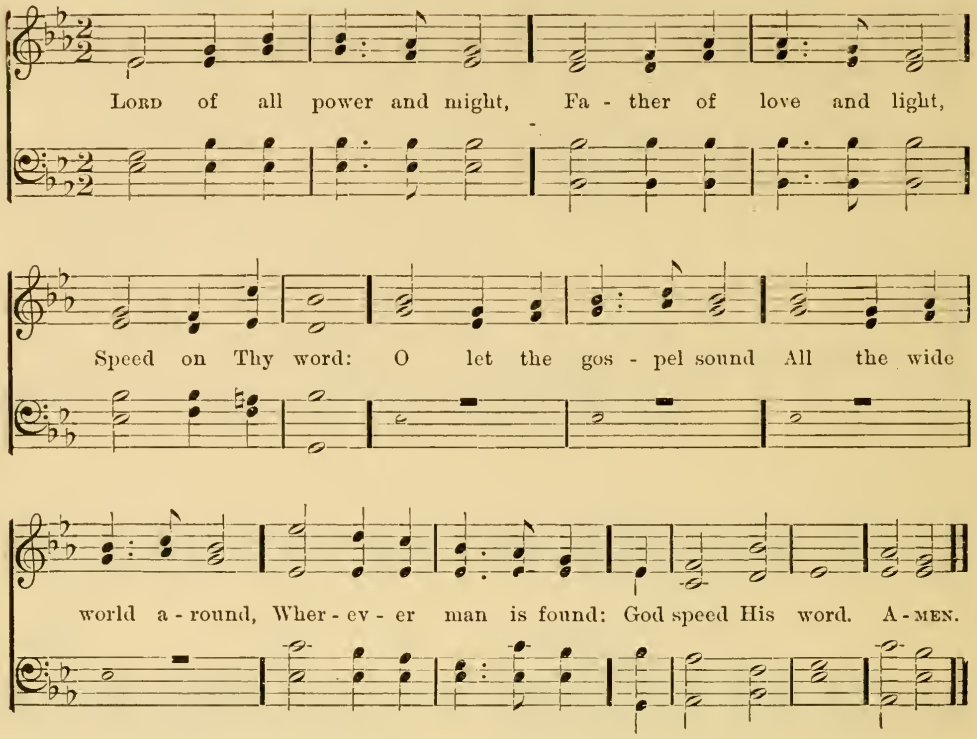
HAIL, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Let powers immortal sing;
Adore the co-eternal Word,
Rejoice, the Lord is King!

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Thy Name hosannas ring;
Around Thy throne their myriads crowd,
And shout, the Lord is King!

3 Hail Him, they cry, ye sons of light,
Of joy th'eternal Spring;
Praise Him who formed you by His might,
Rejoice, the Lord is King!

Edward Perronet.

OLIVET. 6,4. LOWELL MASON.



190

LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed His word.

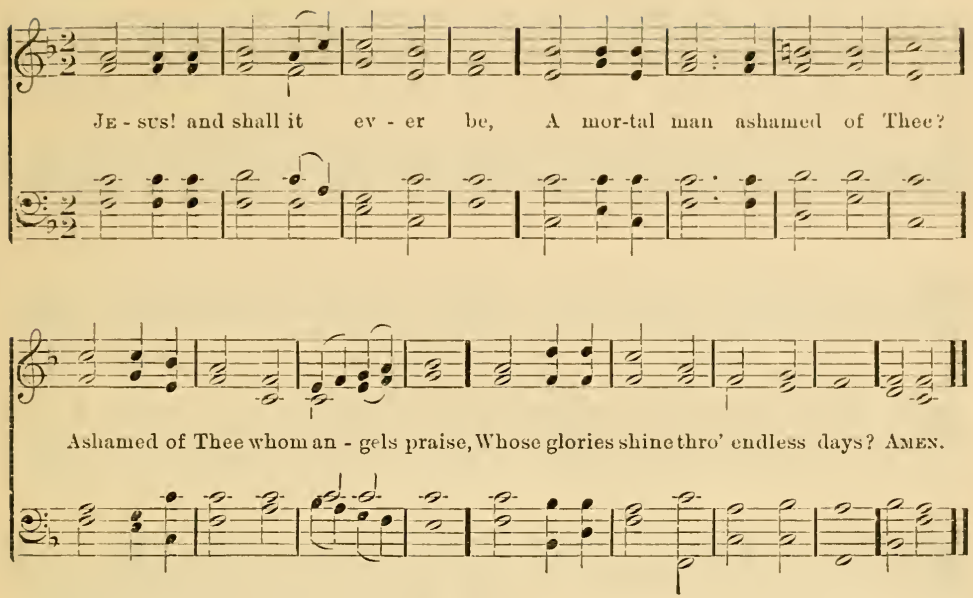
2 Hail, blessed Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word:
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His word.

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun:
His purpose must be done:
God bless His word.

Hugh Stowell.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. HENRY K. OLIVER.



191

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.

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.

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.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

192

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

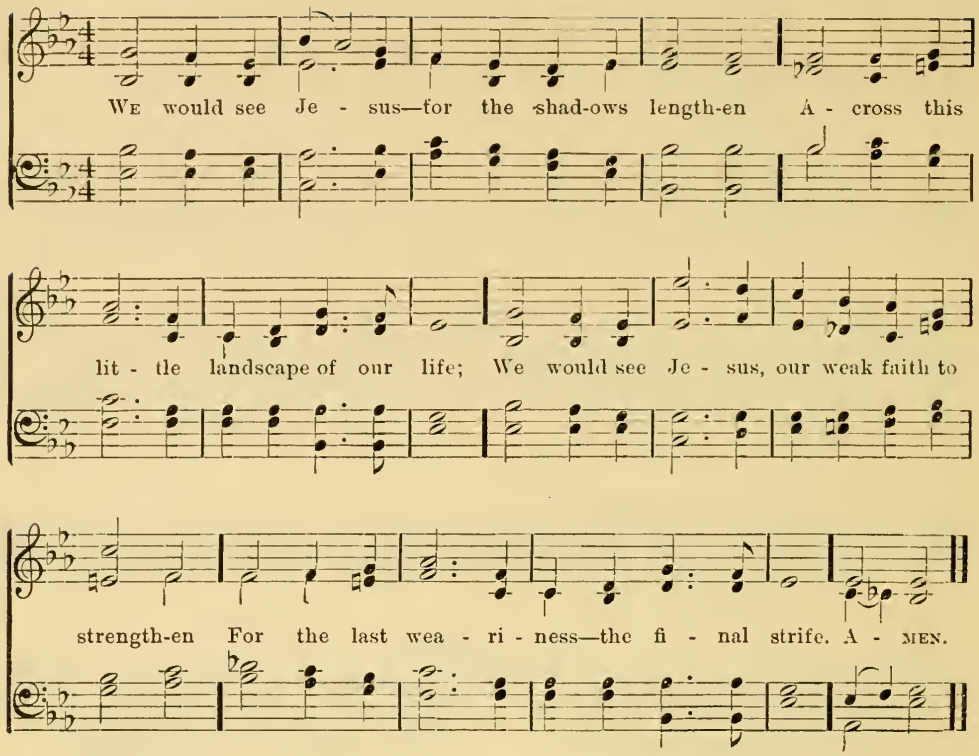
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All.

3 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

Ray Palmer.

RAYNOLDS. 11,10. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



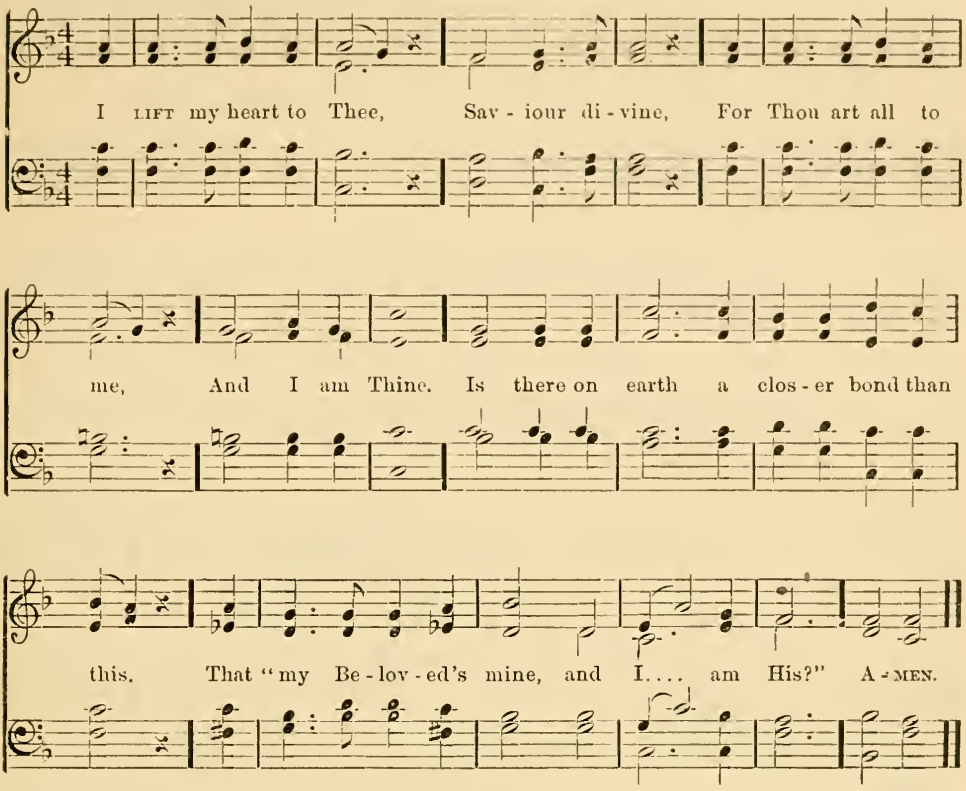
193

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

Anna B. Warner.

BUDLEIGH. 6,4,10. THOMAS M. MUDIE.

194

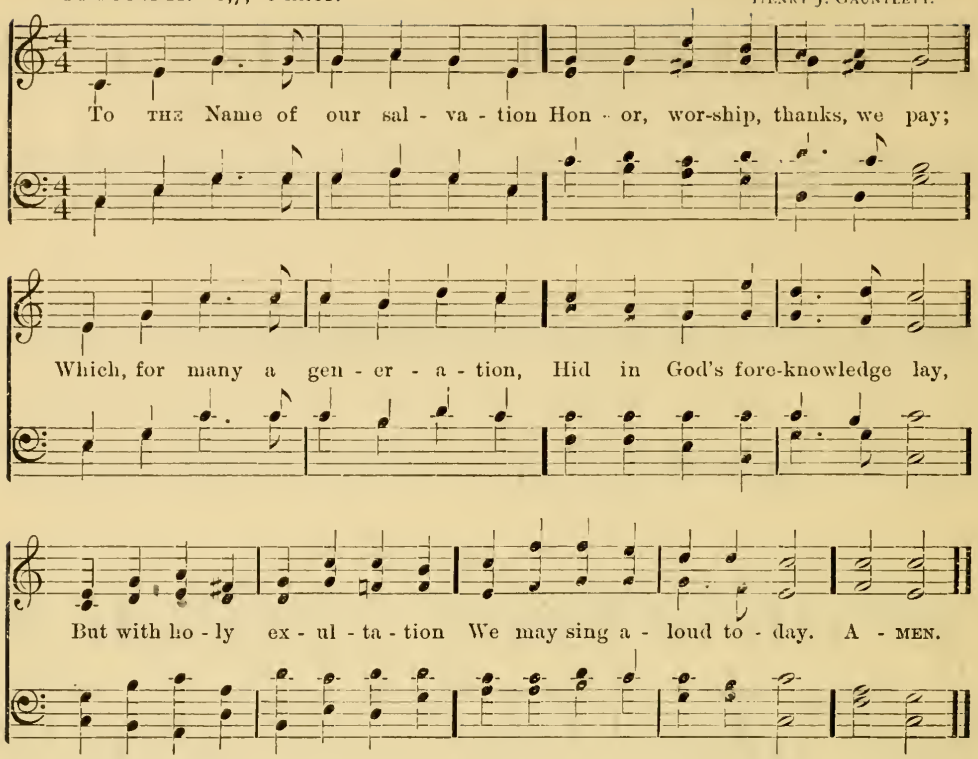
2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice,
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine.
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?

Charles E. Mudie.

TRIUMPH. 8,7, 6 lines. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.



195

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

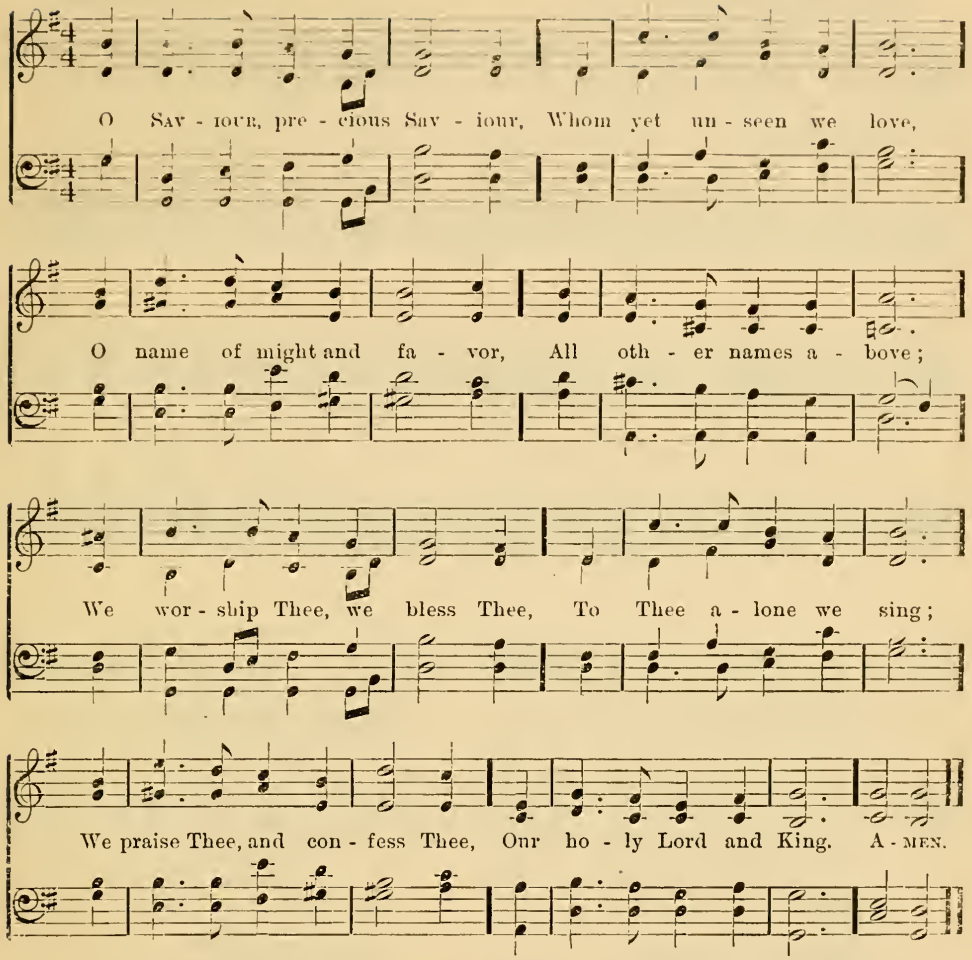
3 'Tis the Name for adoration;
'Tis the Name of victory:
'Tis the Name for meditation
In this vale of misery;
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

Tr. John M. Neale.

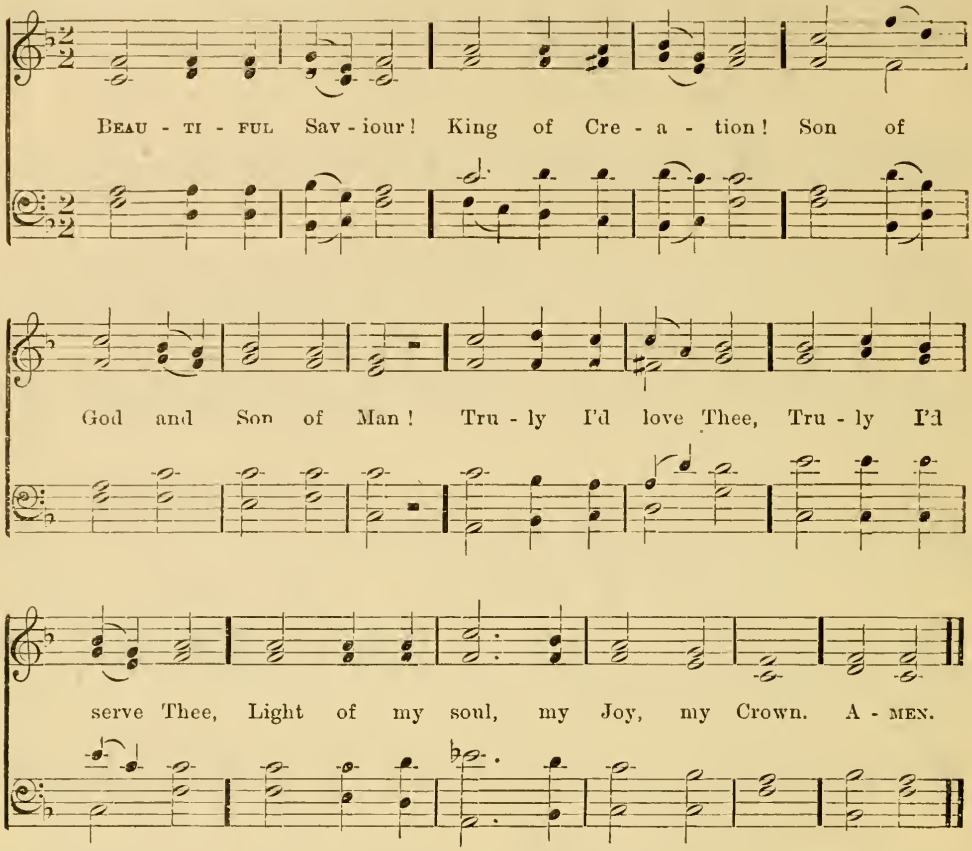
NORWICH. 7,6. D.

ARTHUR R. MANN.

196

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,
Our glorious Lord and King.

Frances R. Havergal.

CRUSADERS' HYMN. 5,7,8. Har. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.

197

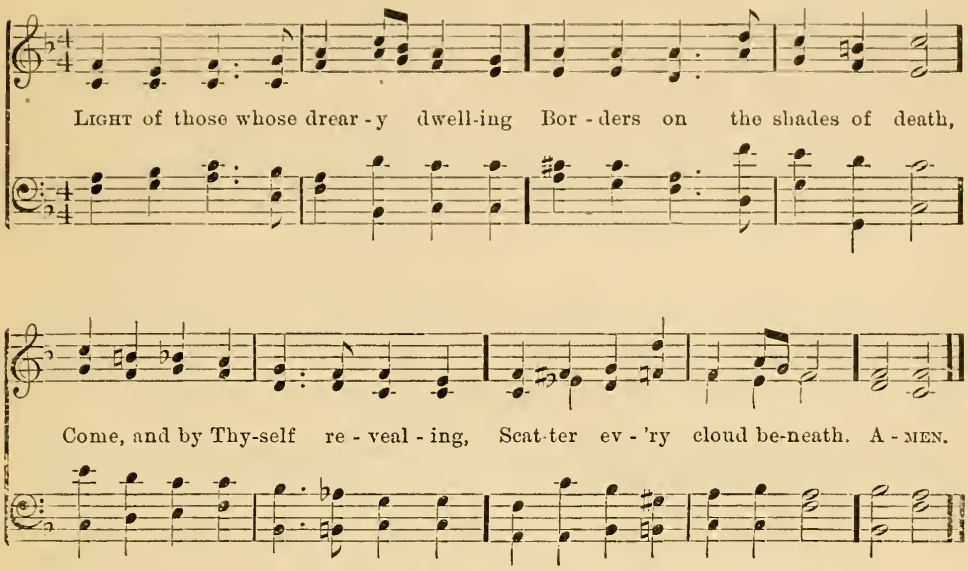
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming Spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer;
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight
And the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Saviour!
Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine!

Tr. Joseph A. Seiss.

SARDIS. 8,7. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



198

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

3 Come, and manifest Thy favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

4 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:

5 By Thine all-atoning merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

199

NOW I KNOW the great Redeemer,
Know He lives and spreads His fame;
Lives—and all the heavens adore Him:
Lives—and earth resounds His name.

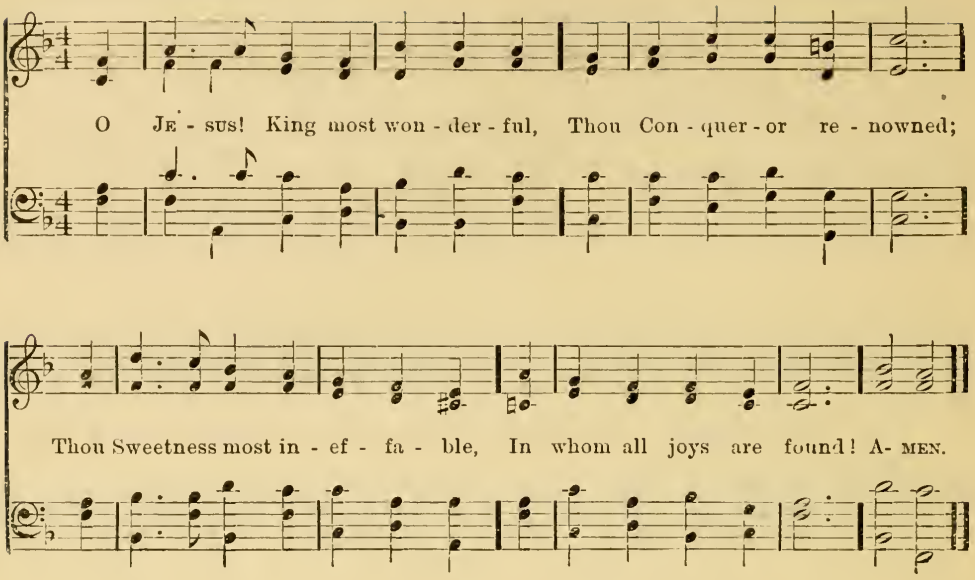
2 My Redeemer lives within me,
Lives—and heavenly life conveys;
Lives—and glory now surrounds me;
Lives—and I His name shall praise.

3 Pardon, peace, and full salvation
From my living Saviour flow;
Light, and life, and consolation,—
All the good I e'er can know.

4 Soon shall I behold my Saviour;
He who lives and reigns above,
Lives—and I shall live for ever,
Live and sing redeeming love!

Richard Burnham.

WINCHESTER. C. M. THOMAS ESTE.



200

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

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

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

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

Bernard of Clairvaux. *Tr.* Edward Caswall.

201

JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

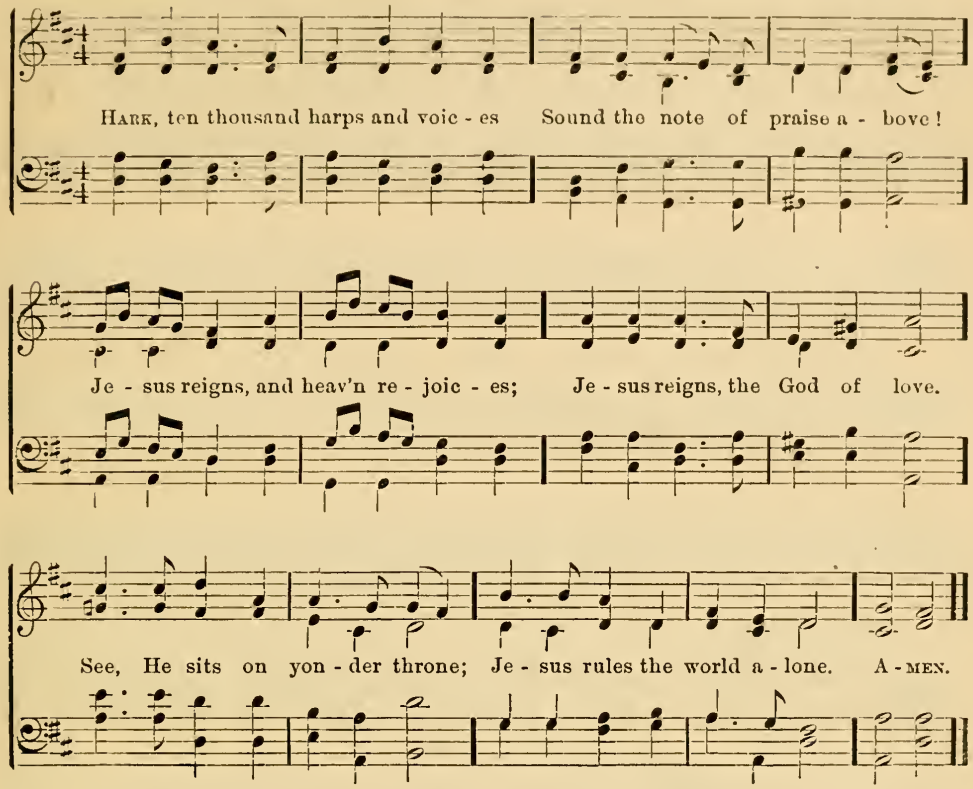
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou!
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux. *Tr.* Edward Caswall.

KROSSING. 8,7,7. P. C. Krossing.



202

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

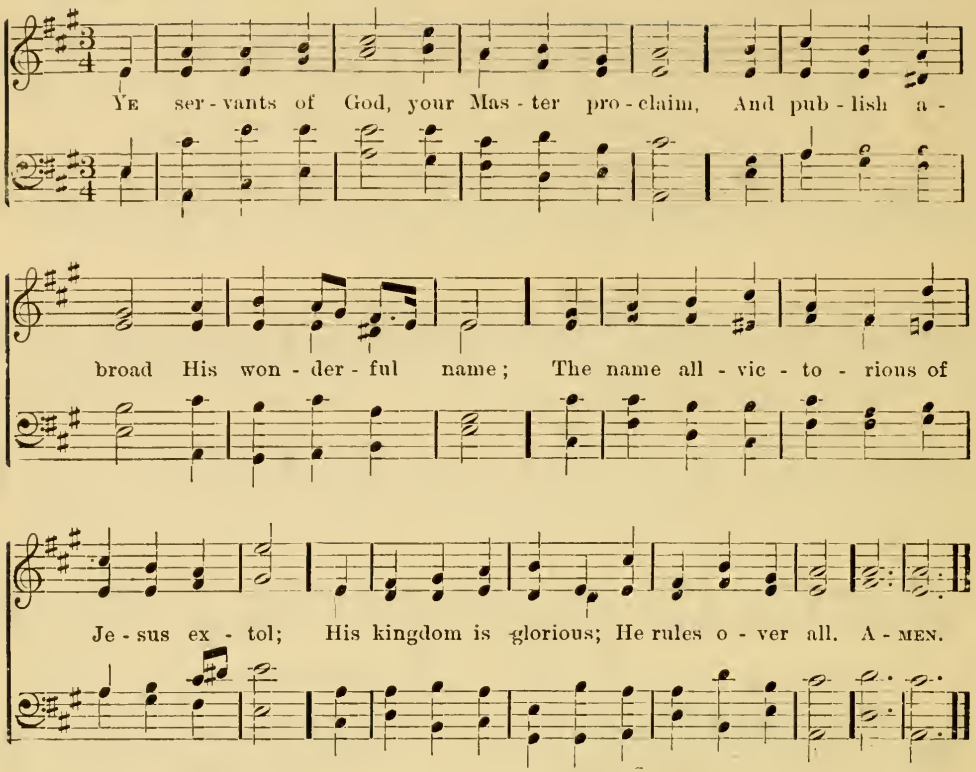
2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and makes it fair;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy people here.
When we think of Love like Thine,
Lord, we own it Love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy Love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly.

ST. MICHAEL'S. 10,11. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



203

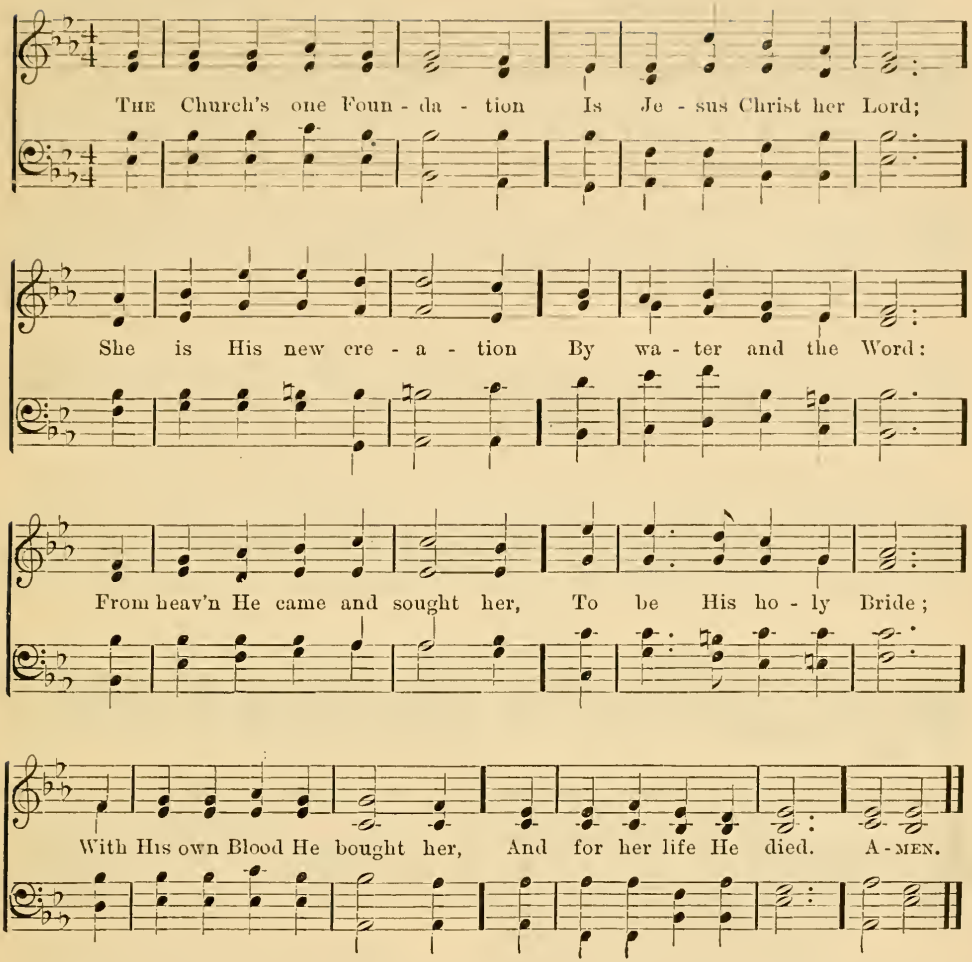
2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

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

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for Infinite Love.

Charles Wesley.

AURELIA. 7,6. D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

204

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

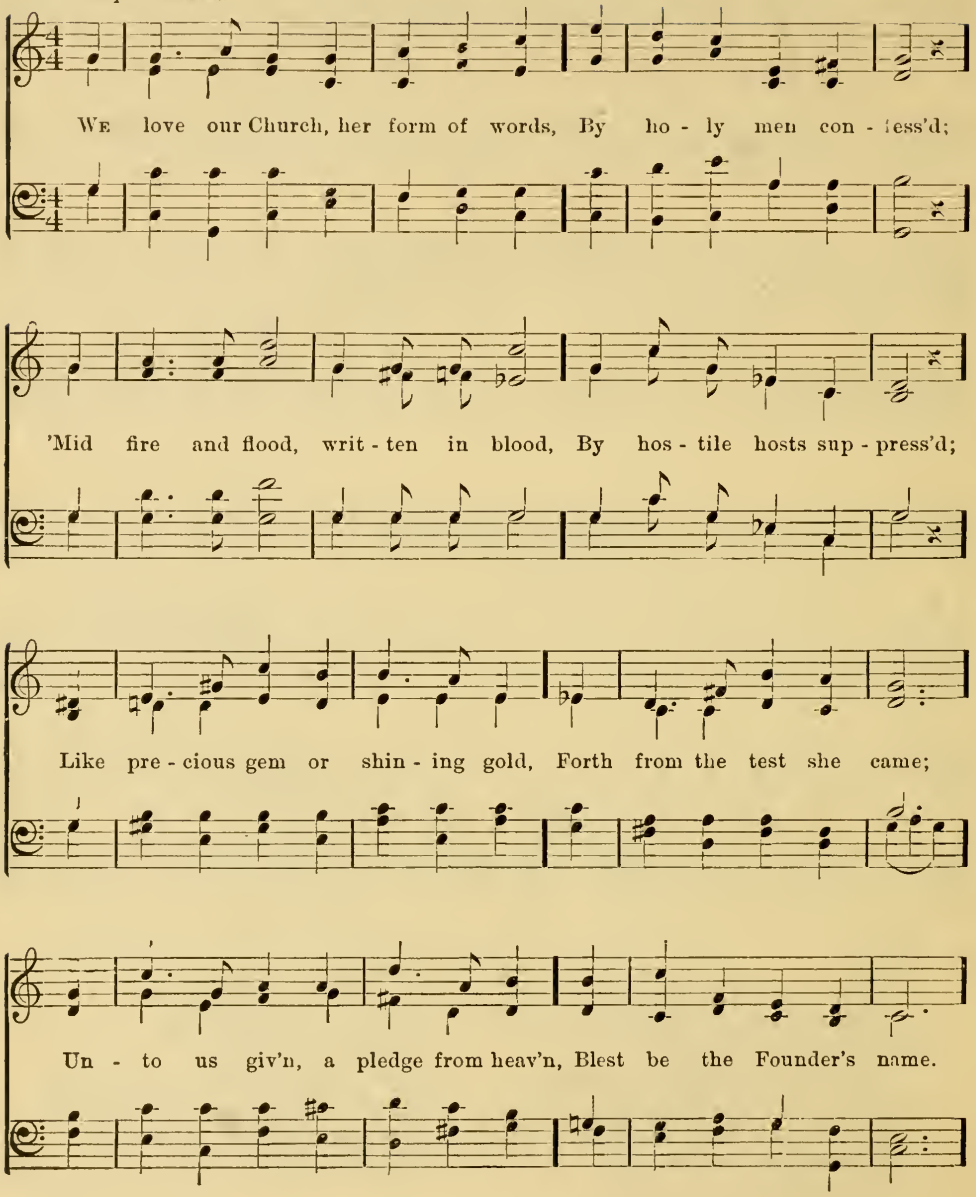
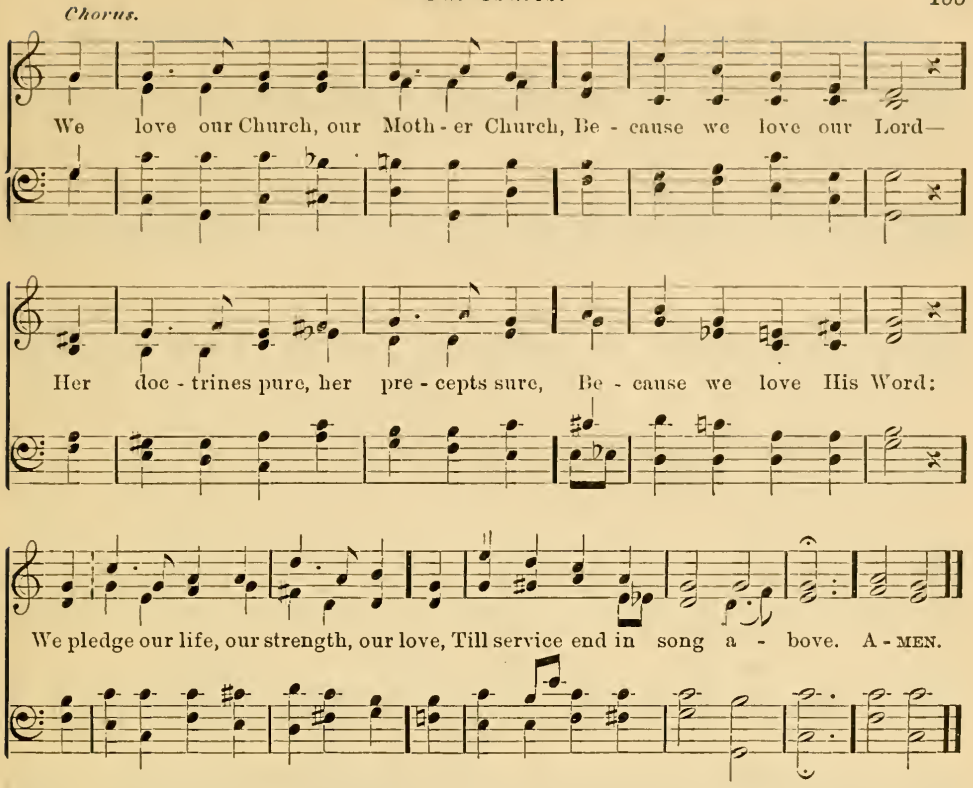
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Samuel J. Stone.

CHURCH. 8,6. With Chorus.

GEORGE C. F. HAAS.

Tempo di marcia.



205

2 We love our Church, her form of praise,
In words of living truth;
To stay the soul when billows roll,
To guide the steps of youth:
Among God's saints of every age,
His saints of every zone,
With heart and voice, we all rejoice,
And worship at His Throne.

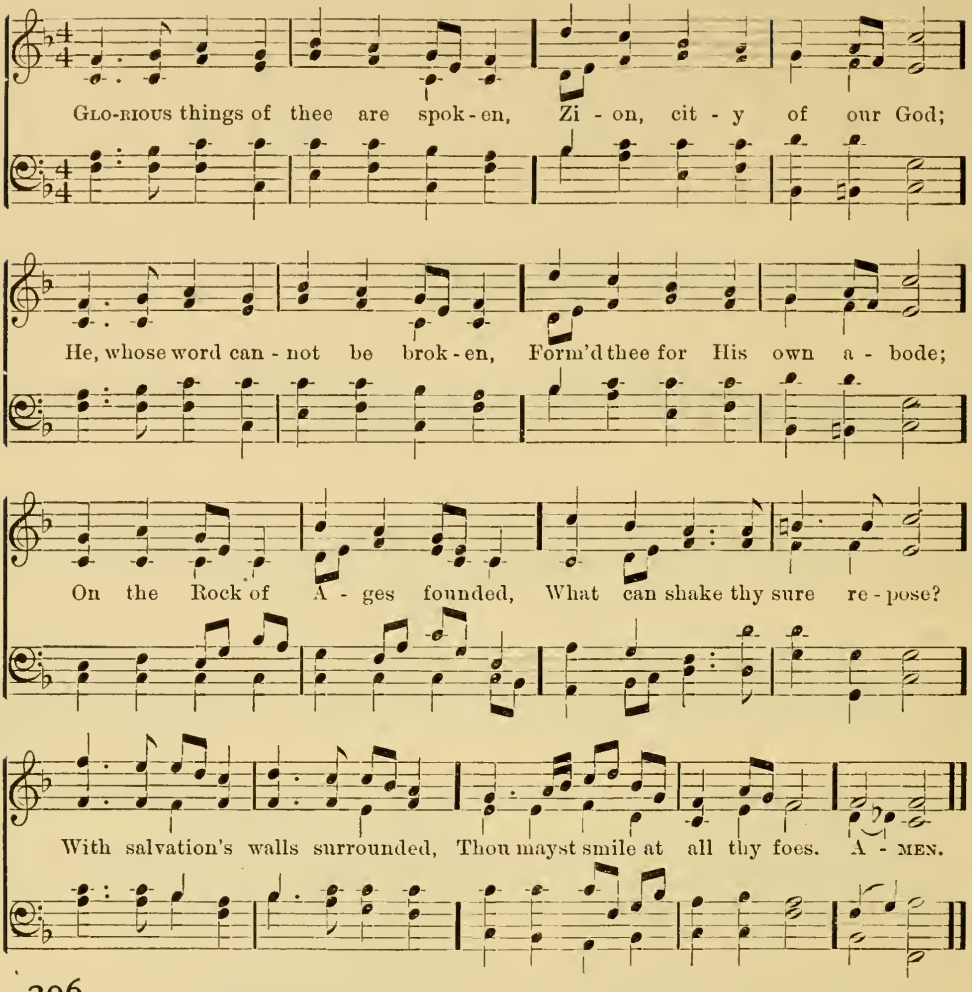
3 We love our Church, her form of work,
The fruit of living seeds;
With her as guide, whate'er betide
We follow where she leads:
In all she asks, in all she aims,
We'll join with heart and hand;
Till practice pure alone endure
To earth's remotest strand.

Chorus.

We love our Church, our Mother Church,
Because we love our Lord—
Her doctrine pure, her precepts sure,
Because we love His Word:
We pledge our life, our strength, our love,
Till service end in song above.

John E. Whitteker.

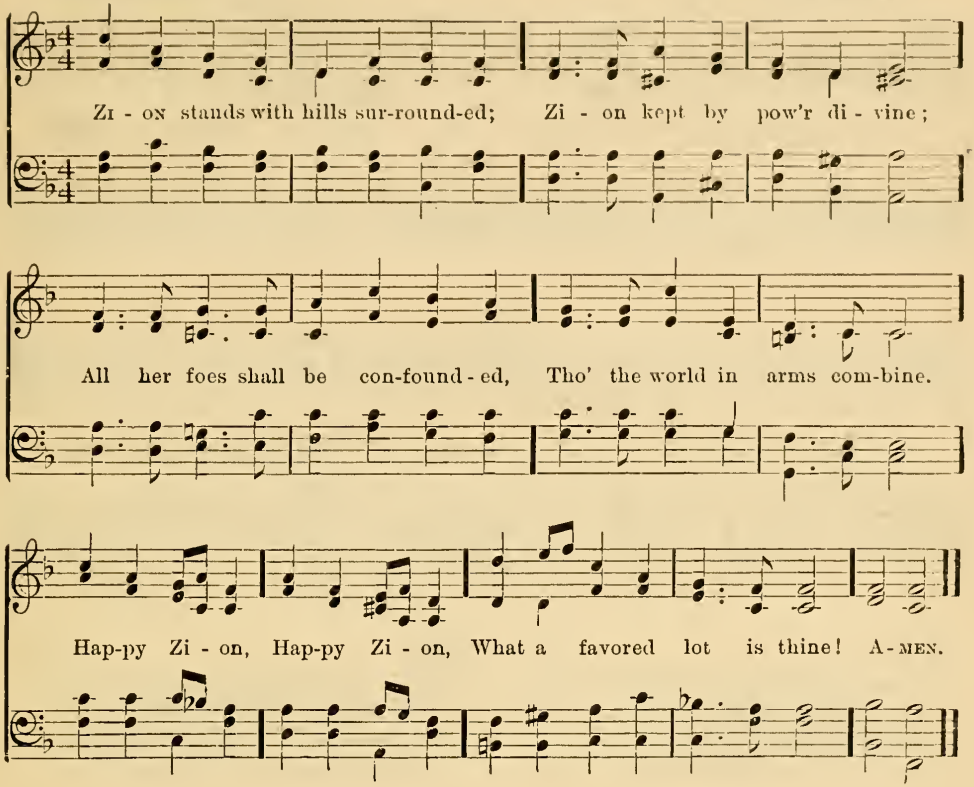
AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8,7. D.

FRANZ J. HAYDN.

206

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

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

John Newton.

ST. AGATHA. 8,7,4. BENNETT GILBERT.

207

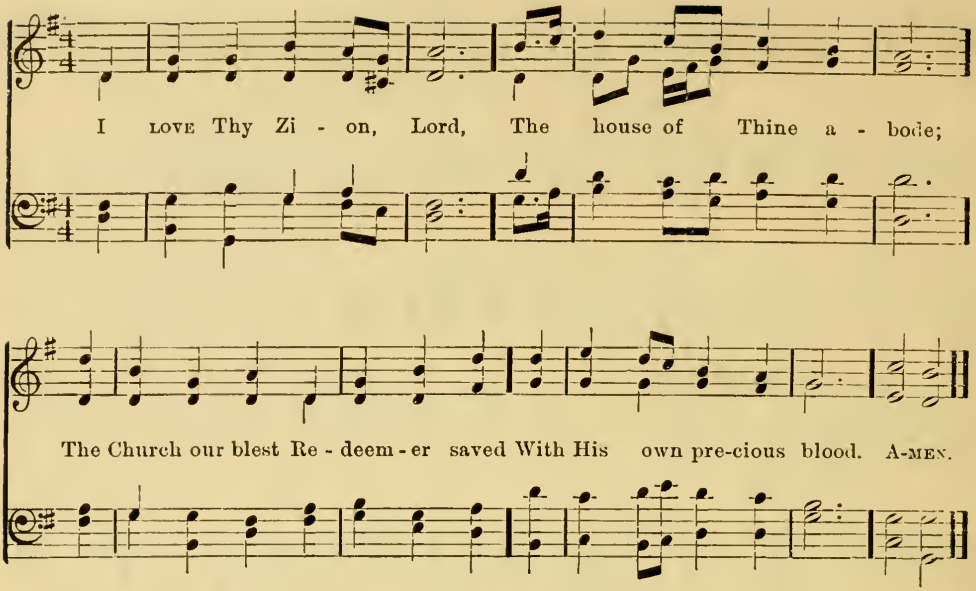
ZION stands with hills surrounded;
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

Thomas Kelly.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



208

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 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

209

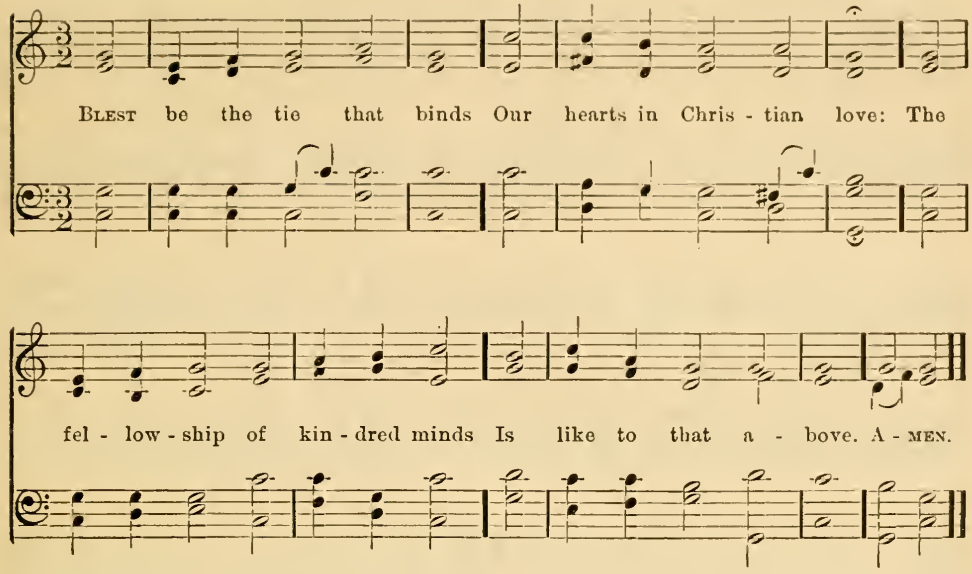
For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

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 or 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:

Richard Mant.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

210

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

John Fawcett.

211

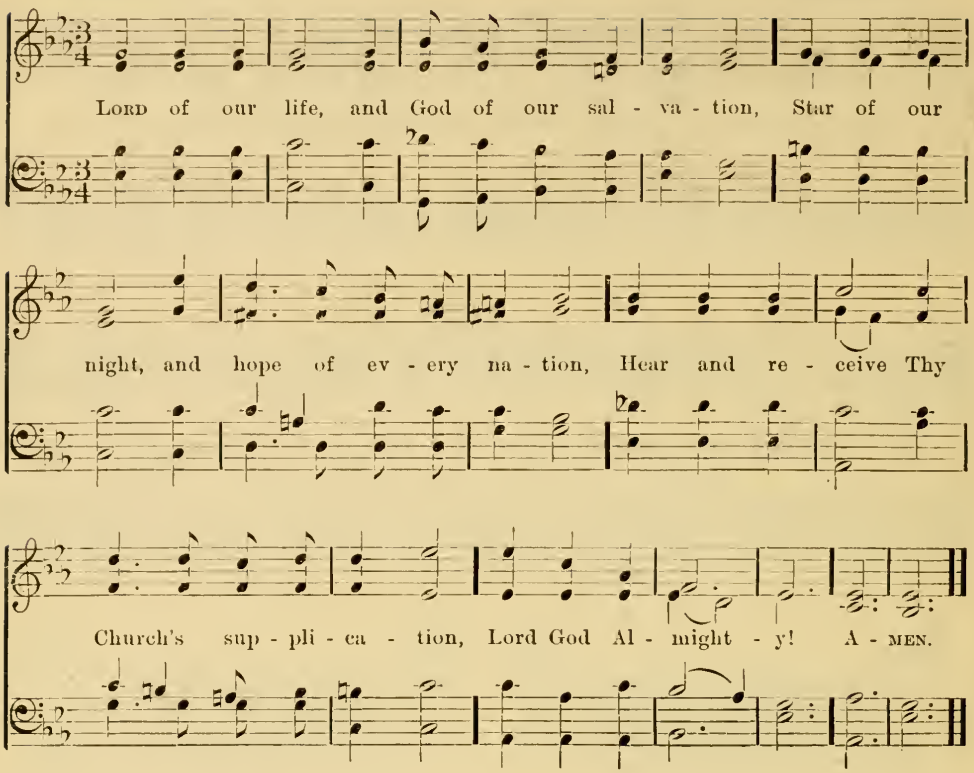
Dear Saviour! we are Thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With evergrowing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

Philip Doddridge.

CLOISTER. 11,5. JOSEPH BARNBY.

212

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty!

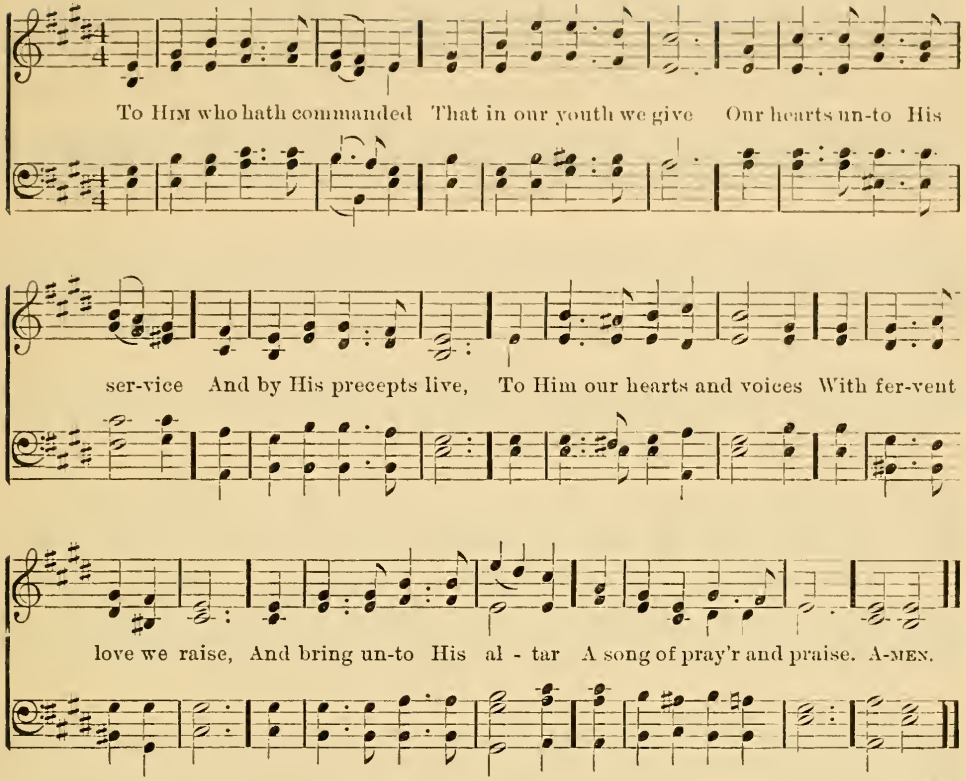
2 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

3 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes' raging!

Tr. Philip Pusey.

LEAGUE HYMN. 7,6. D.

ANNA VAN GILLUWE.



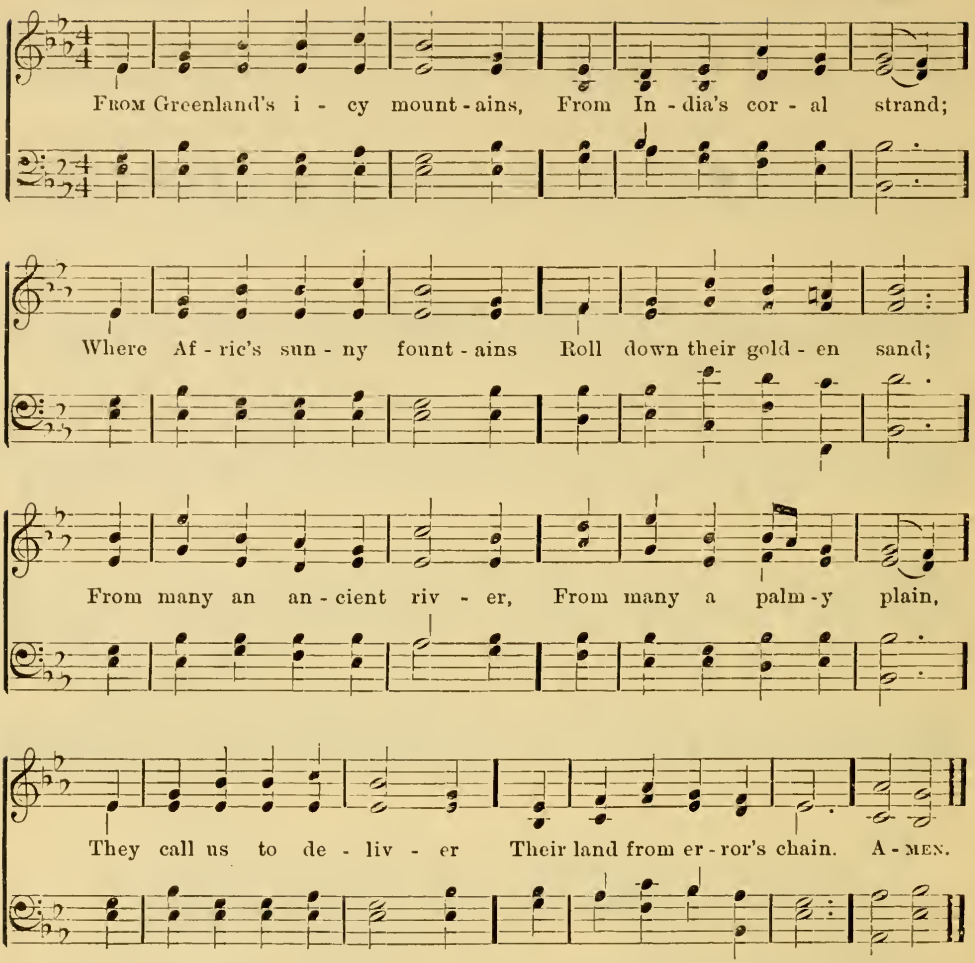
213

2 O, Thou who knowest all things,
The thoughts of every heart,
The motive of each action,
Each good and evil part;
Look down upon our efforts,
Though poor and crude they be,
Look down and give Thy blessing,
For all are done for Thee.

3 And as our League has chosen
This emblem for its own,
The coat of arms of Luther,
Thy servant, Lord, alone;
So may we e'er remember
It's meaning given by him,
Whose memory shall never
Within our hearts grow dim.

4 And following in his footsteps
For whom our League is named,
We 'll strive unto Thy glory
O, Lord, to make it famed;
That all may see Thy goodness
And praises give to Thee,
The Father, Son and Spirit,
Unto Eternity.

Emma van Gilluwe.

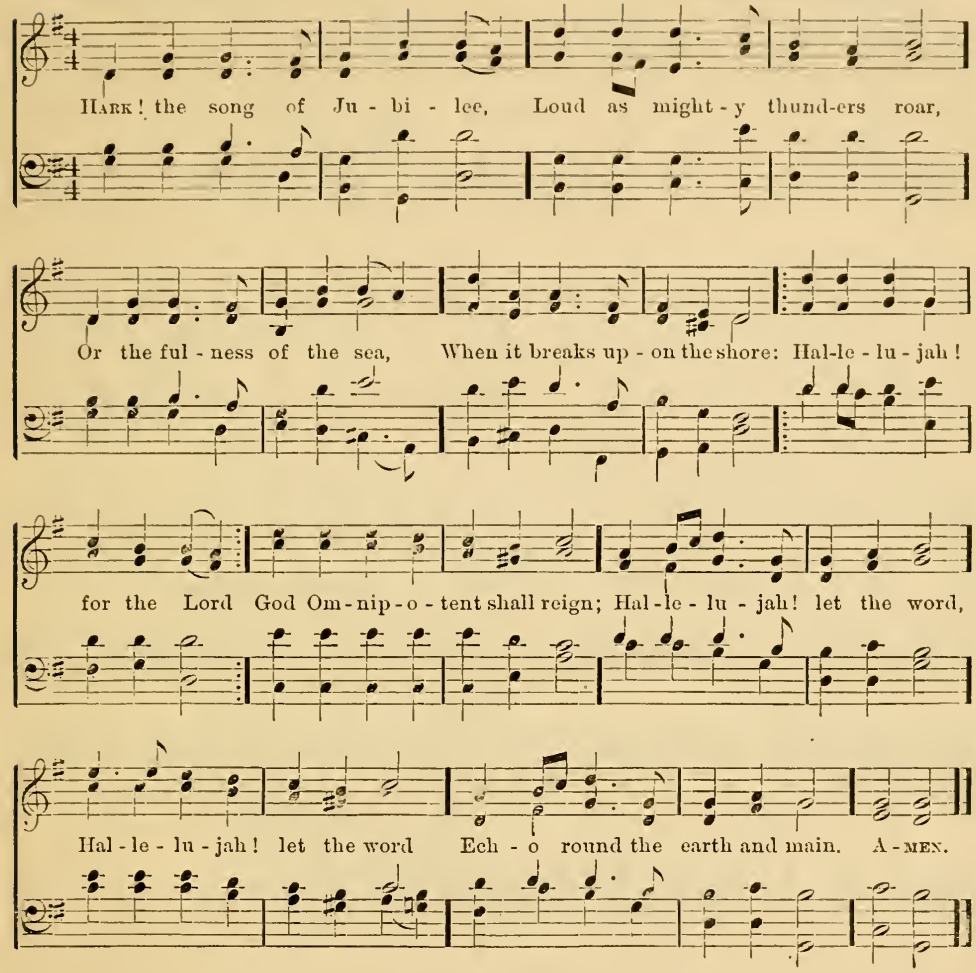
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7,6. D. LOWELL MASON.

214

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 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Reginald Heber.

MENDELSSOHN. 7. D.

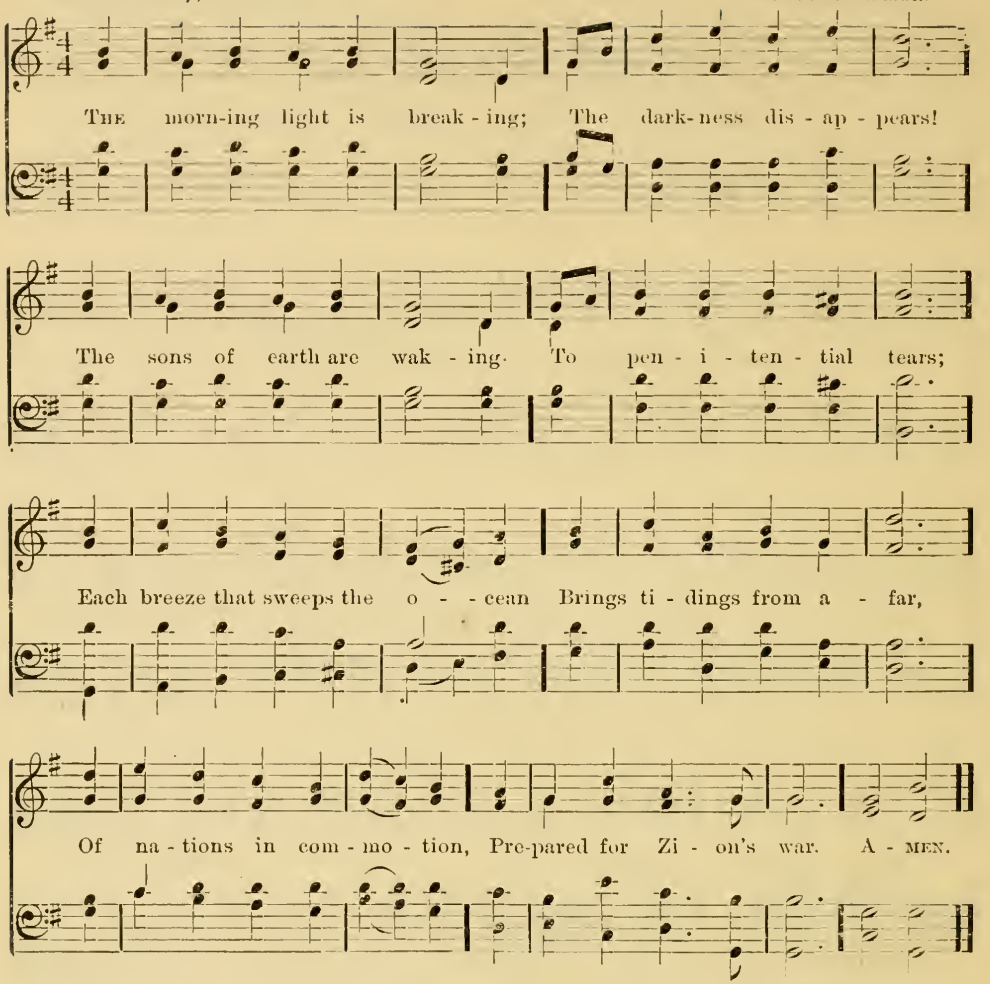
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

215

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

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

James Montgomery.

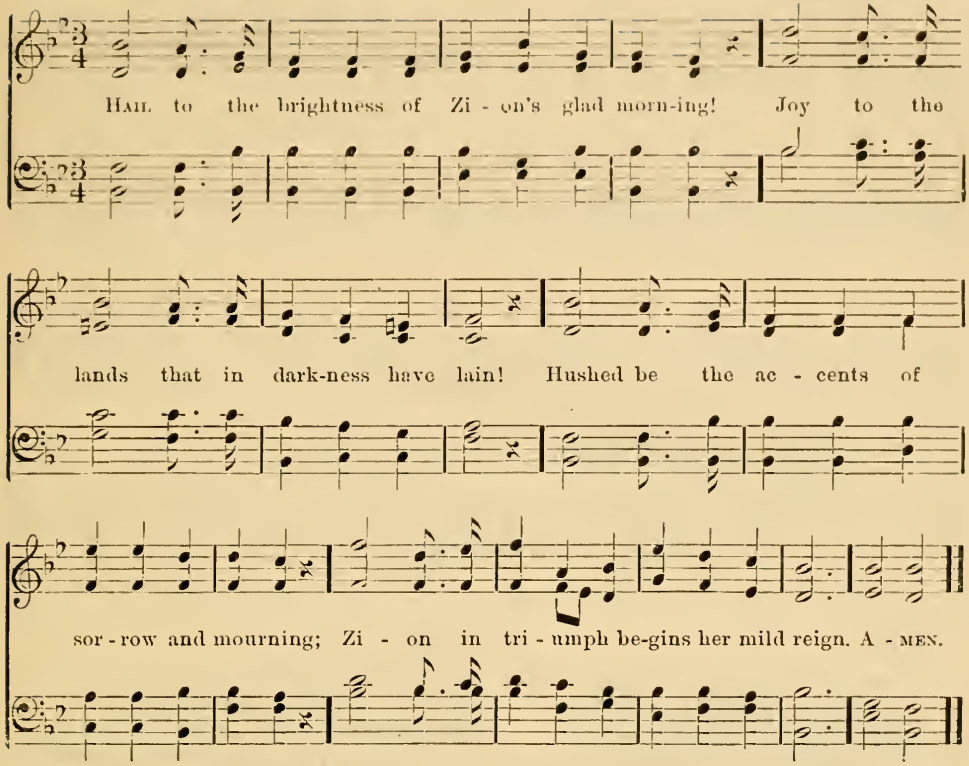
ORIENS. 7,6. D.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

216

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!"

Samuel F. Smith

WESLEY. 11,10. LOWELL MASON.

217

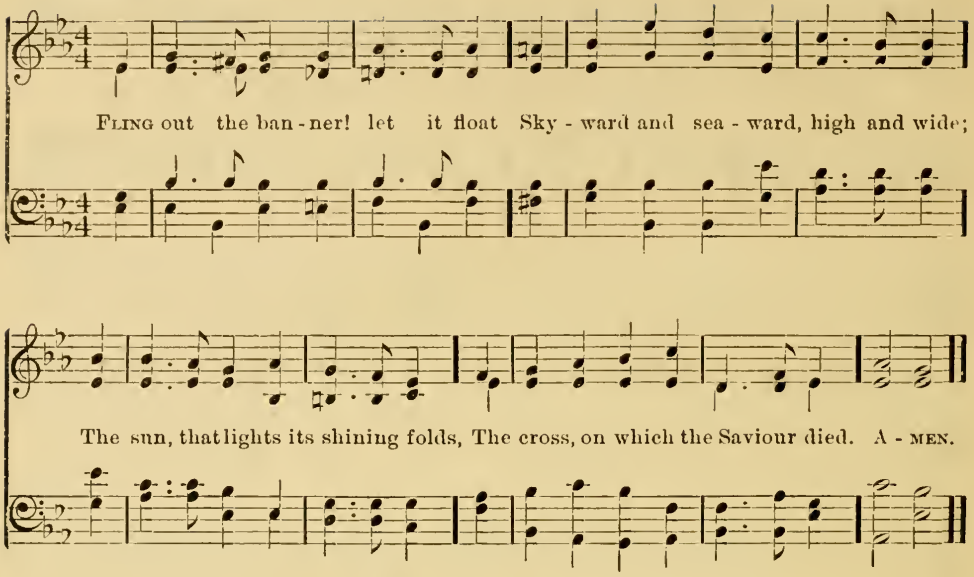
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

CAMDEN. L. M. John B. Calkin.



218

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

5 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane.

219

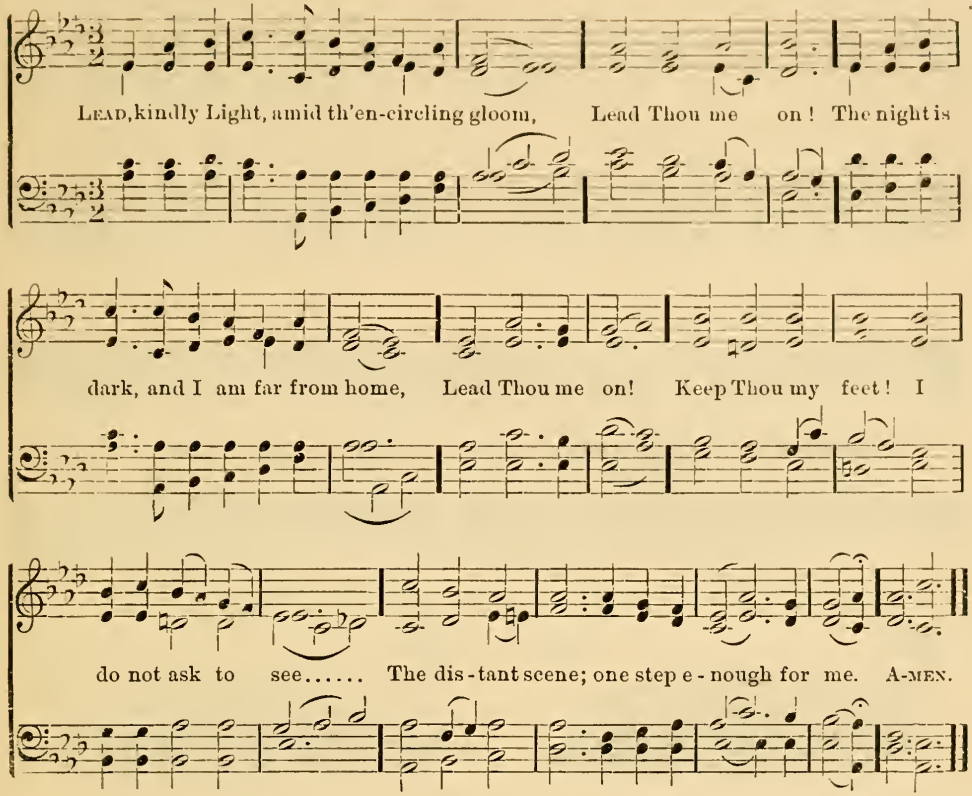
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises 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 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts.

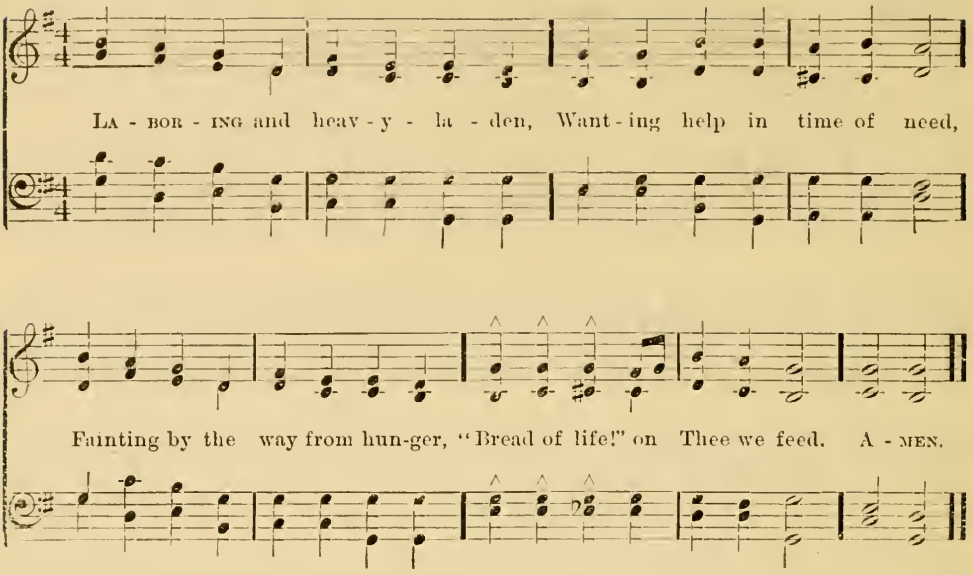
LUX BENIGNA. 10,4,10. JOHN B. DYKES.

220

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John H. Newman.

LUX VITÆ. 8,7. CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD.



221

Laboring and heavy-laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of life!" on Thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life!" in Thee we live.

John S. B. Monsell.

222

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!

2 Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

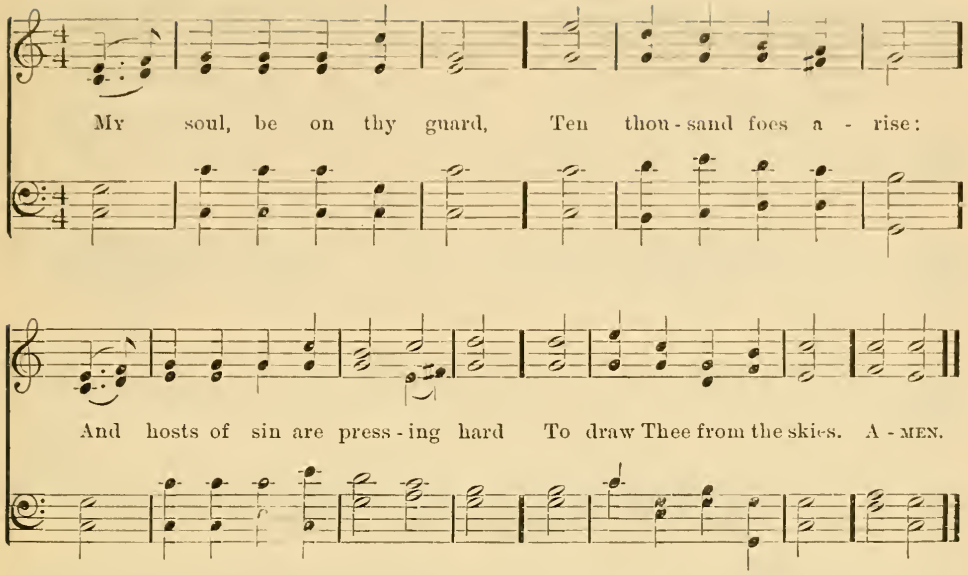
3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Henry F. Lyte.

LABAN. S. M

LOWELL MASON.



223

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, 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;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

George Heath.

224

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

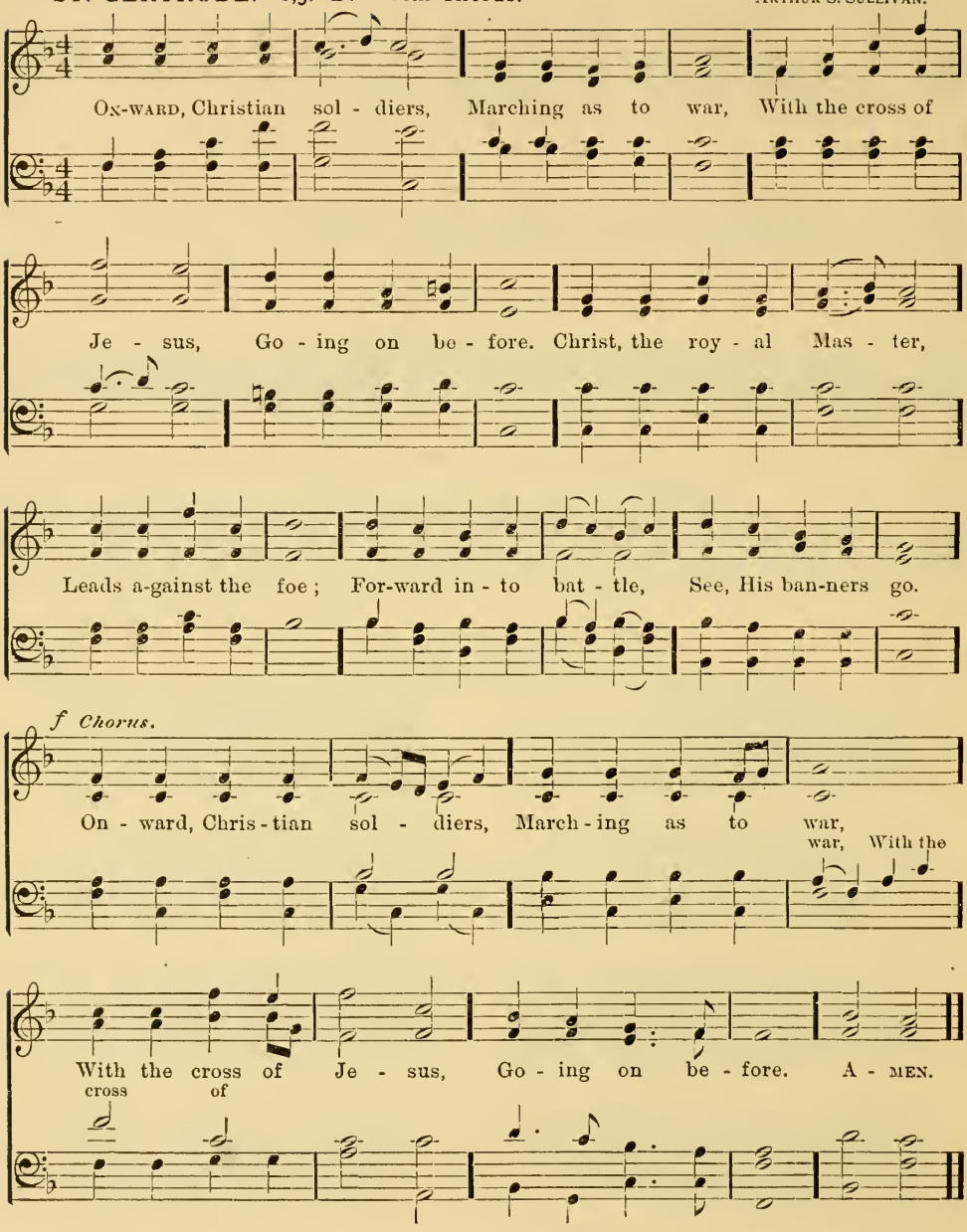
2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfill:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Steadfast to walk on Christ's dear way
And God to glorify.

Charles Wesley.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6,5. D. With Chorus. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



225

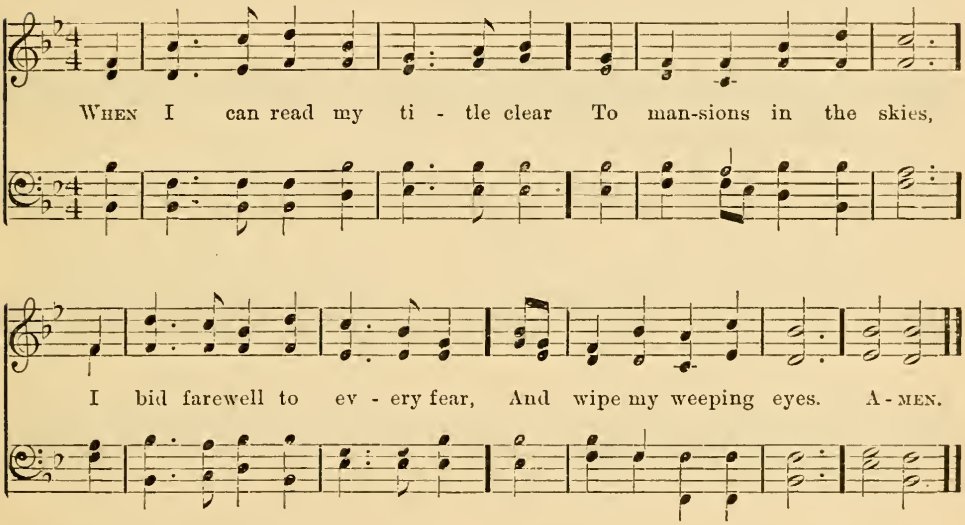
2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst the Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
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,

Sabine Baring-Gould.

BROWN. C. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



226

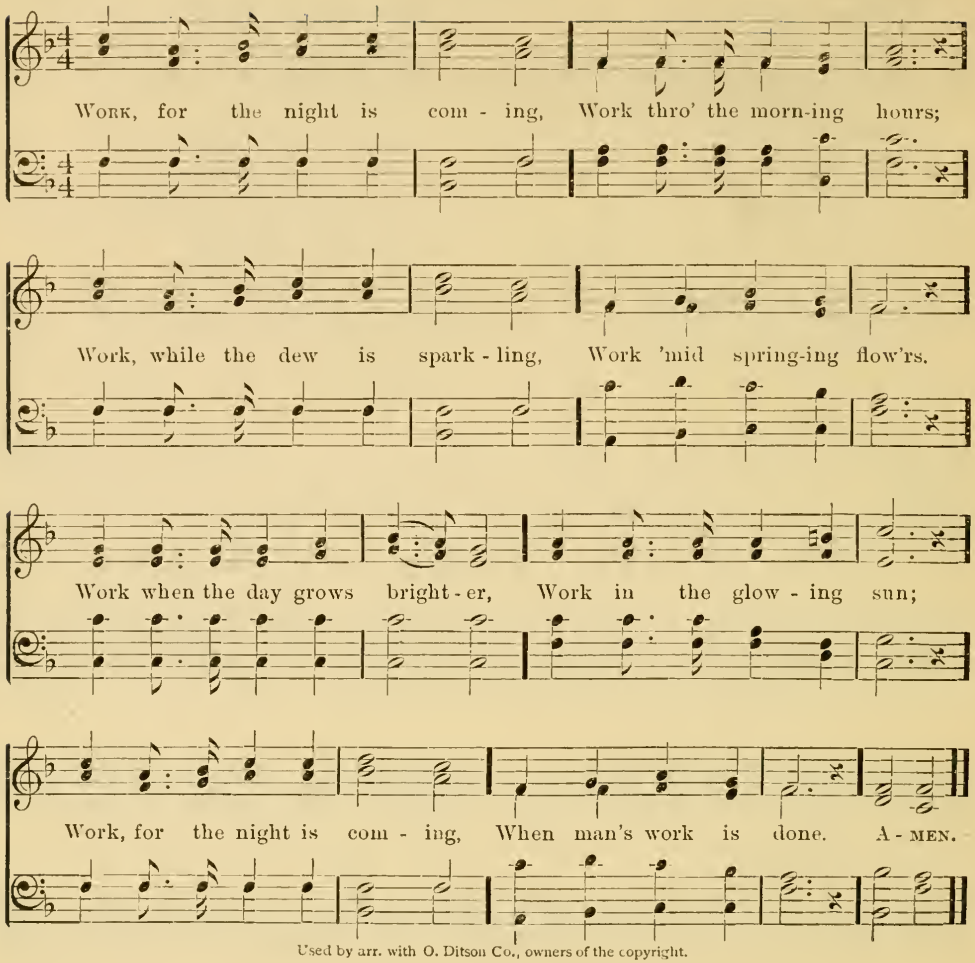
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

WORK. 7,6,7,5. D.

LOWELL MASON.

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227

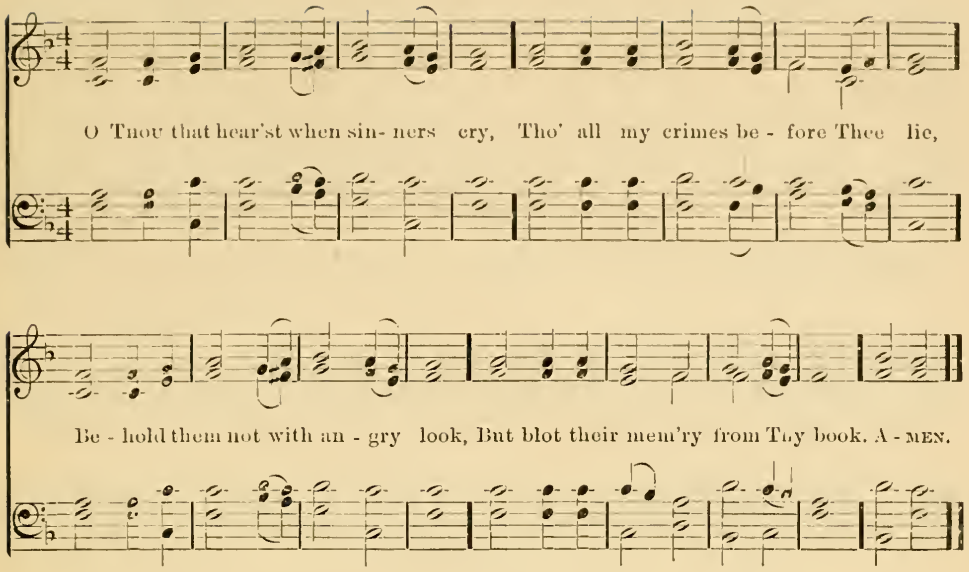
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Coghill.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.



228

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

229

My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

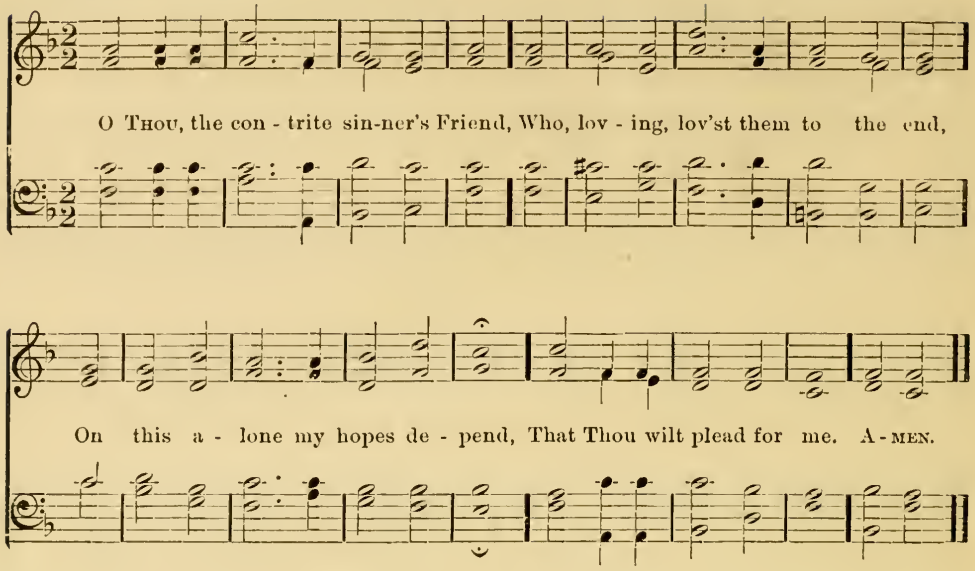
2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Grace W. Hinsdale.

PASCAL. 8,8,8,6. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



230

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott.

231

O HOLY Saviour; Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean;
Help me throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

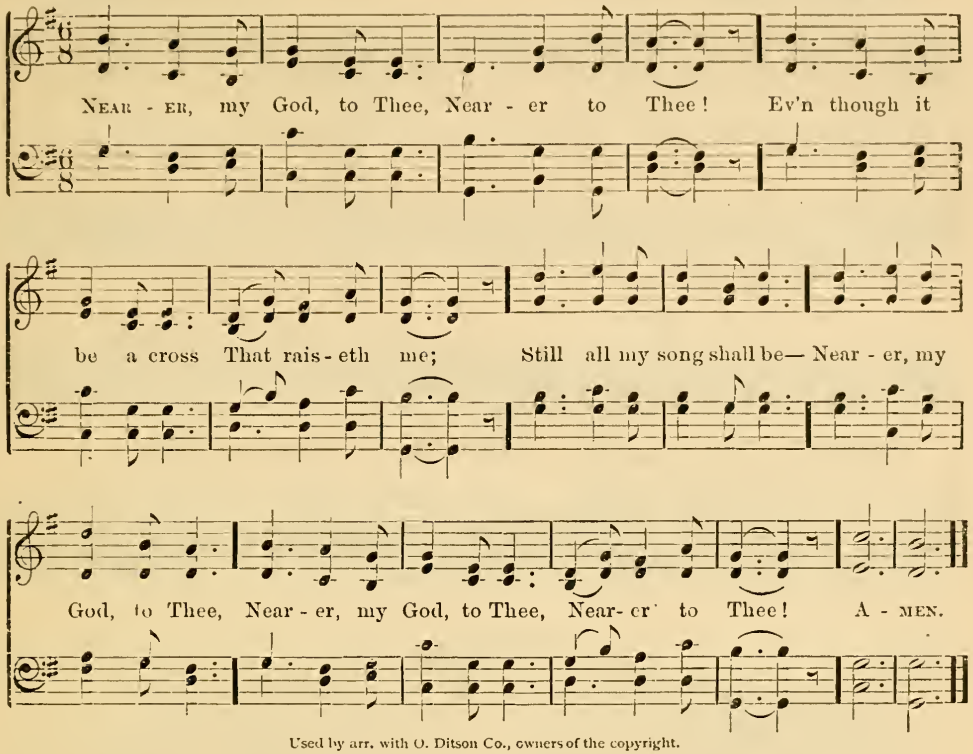
2 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

3 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

4 I fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because I cling to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

BETHANY. 6,4. LOWELL MASON.



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232

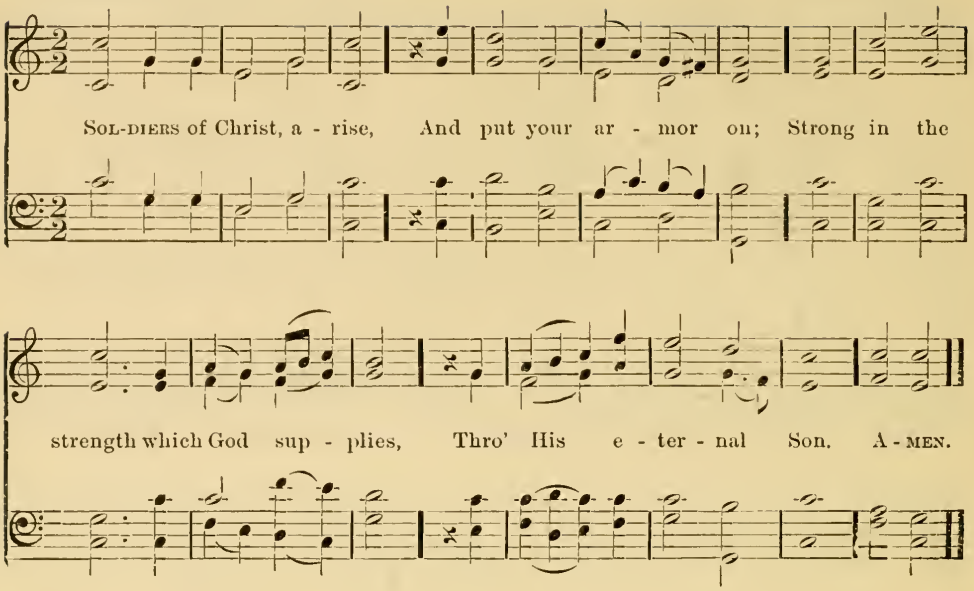
2 Though, like the wanderer,
(The sun gone down),
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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!

Sarah F. Adams.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

233

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Charles Wesley.

234

Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before His banner flies,
And victory is His.

2 We follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal Spring.

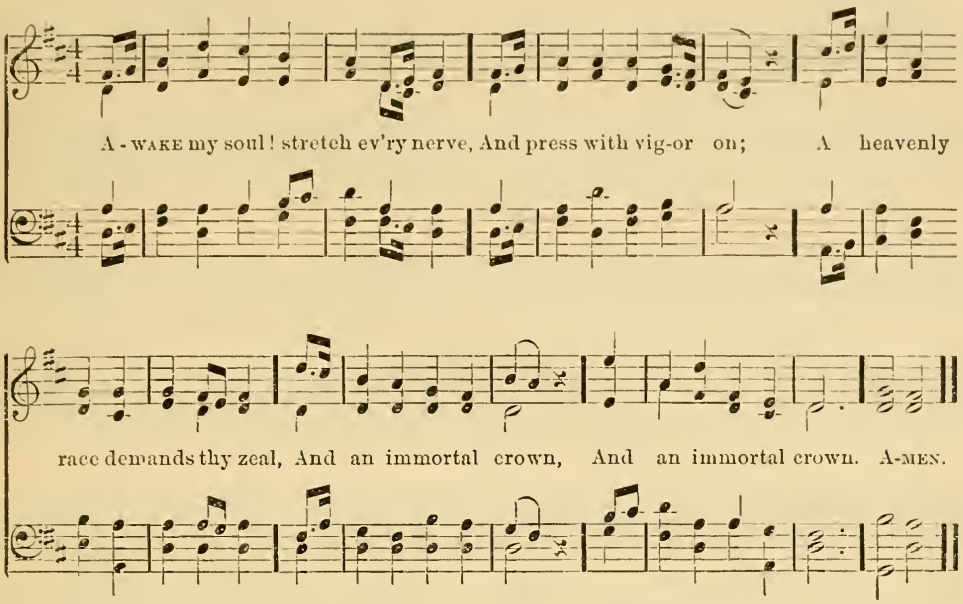
3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight.

Thomas Ken.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



235

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 uplifted eye.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

5 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Philip Doddridge.

236

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

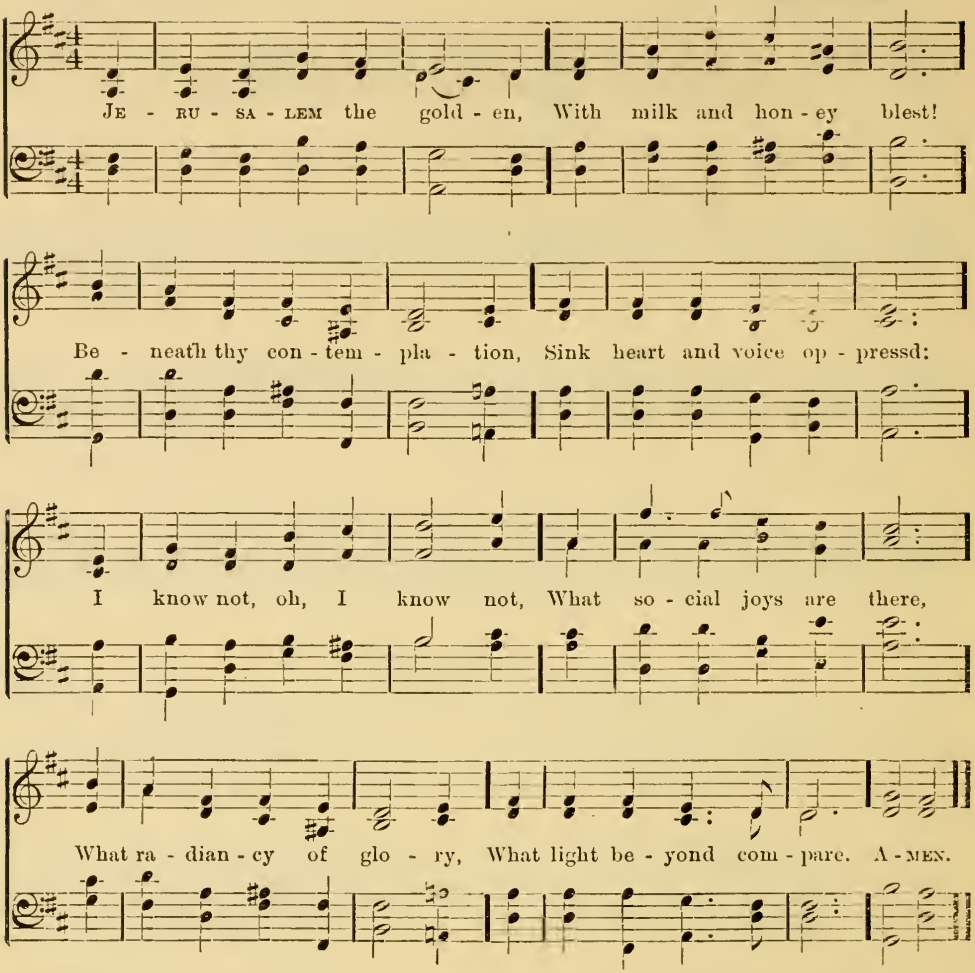
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

Isaac Watts.

EWING. 7,6. D.

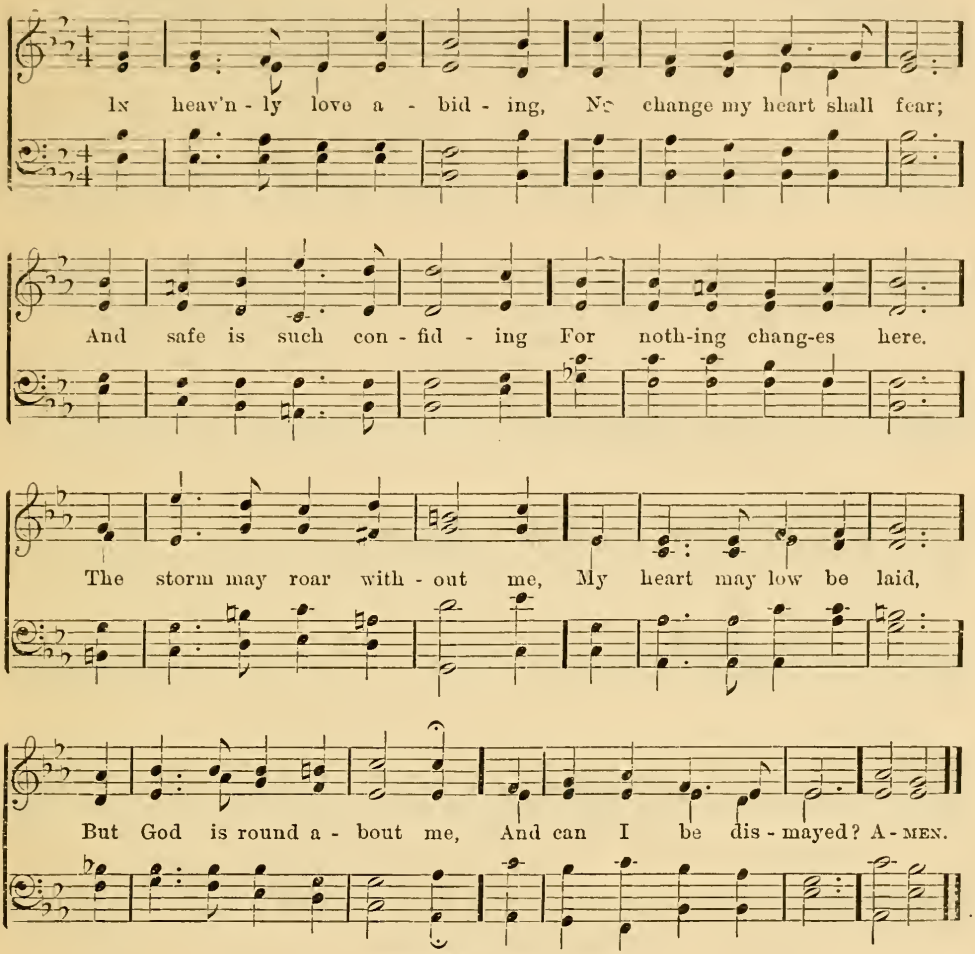
ALEXANDER EWING.

237

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 blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

Tr. John M. Neale.

CLARE. 7,6. D.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

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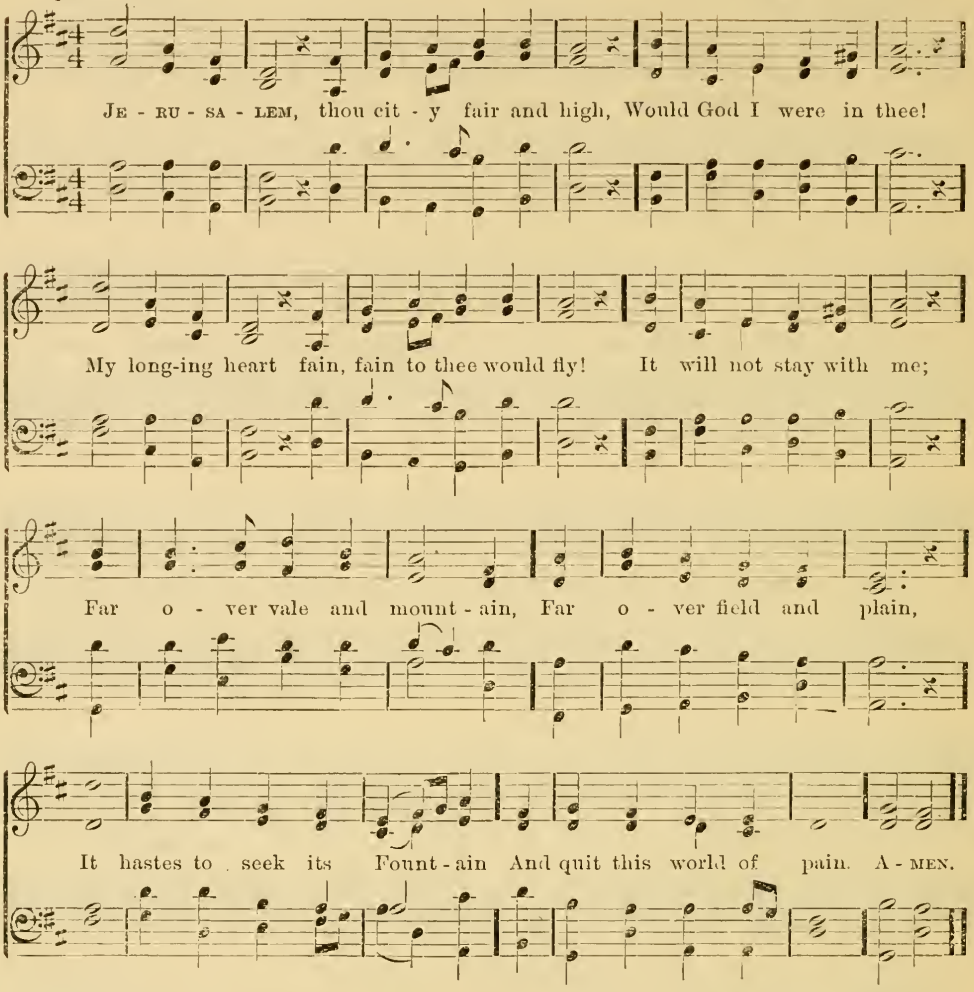
238

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.

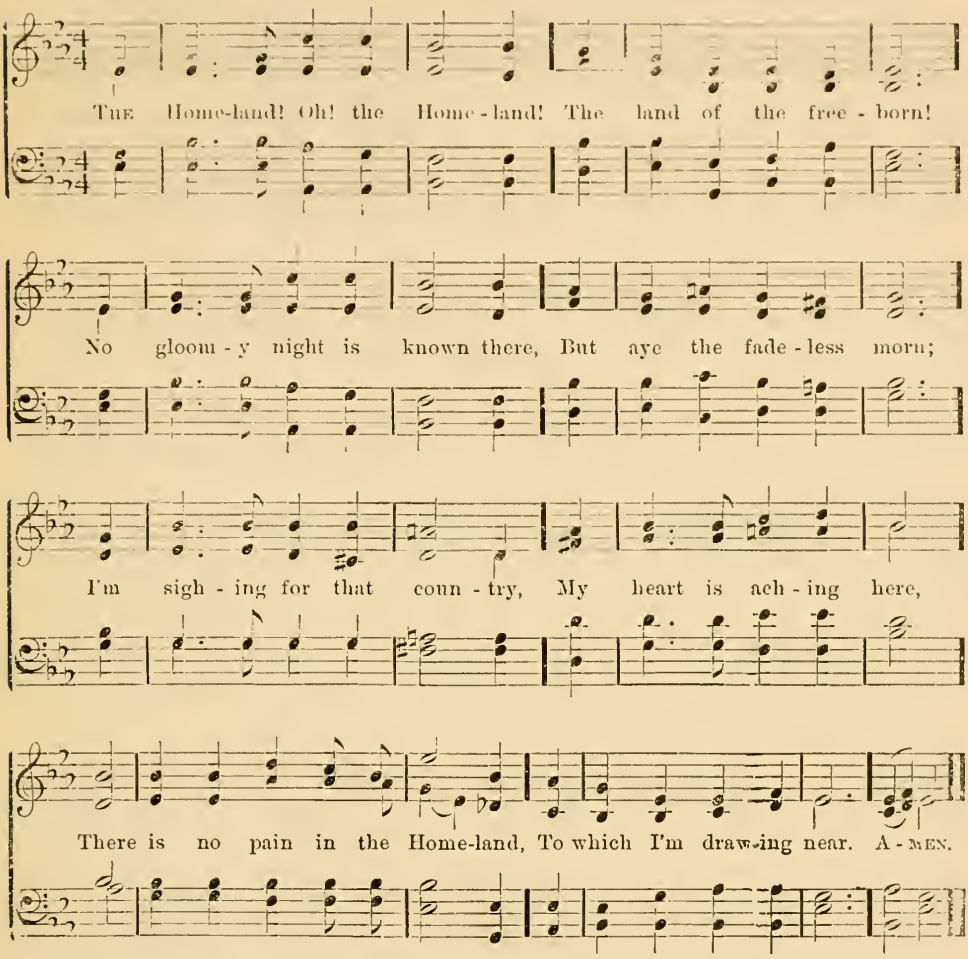
Anna L. Waring.

JERUSALEM, DU HOCHGEBAUTE. P. M. MELCHIOR FRANCK

239

2 O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy nought,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.

3 Innumerous choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems raise,
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone
Of that great hymn of praise,
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blessèd throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

John M. Meyfart. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

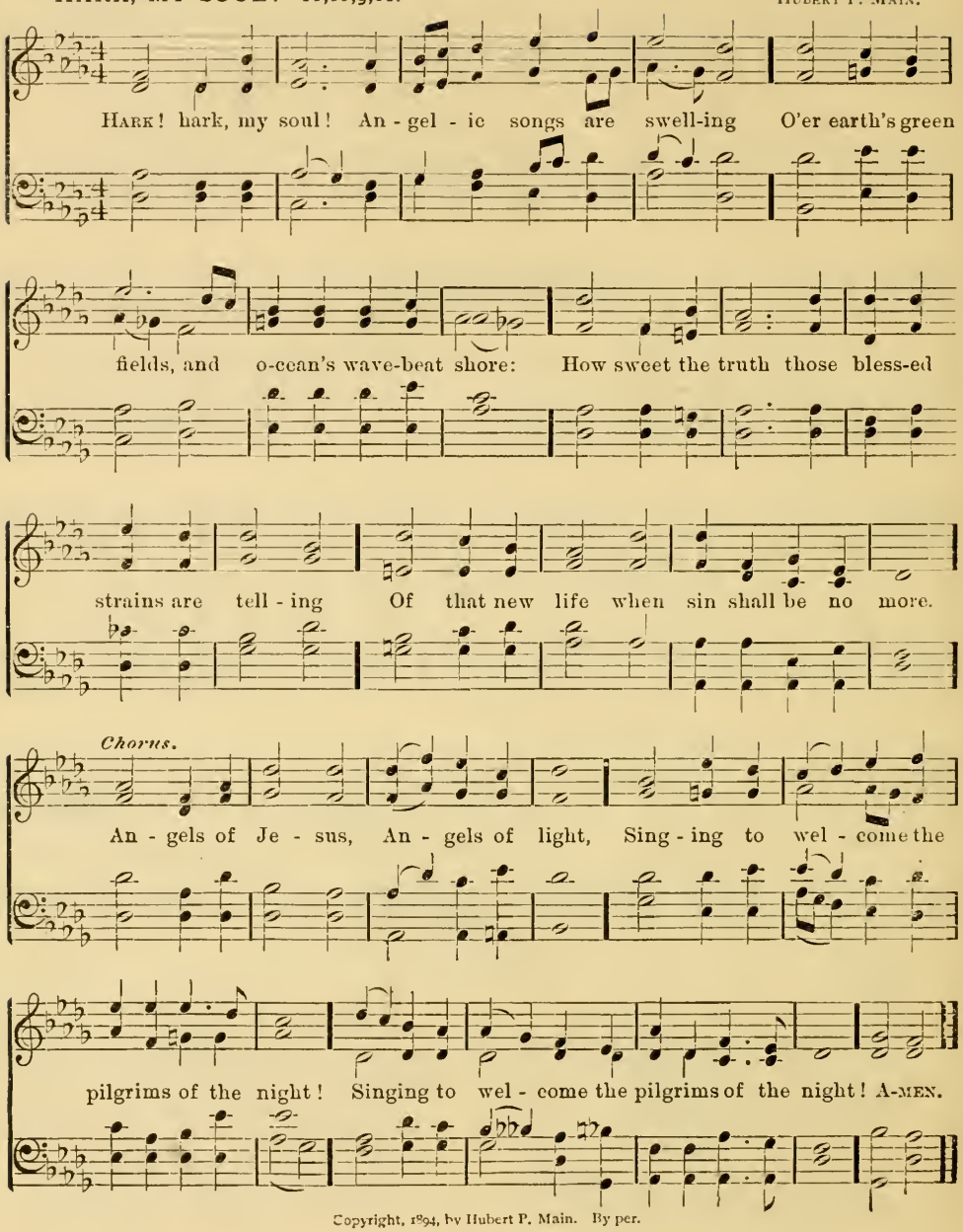
HOMELAND! 7,6,8,6. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

240

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sin is in the Homeland,
And no temptation there;
The music of the Homeland
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland
My eyes gush out with tears!

3 For loved ones in the Homeland,
Are calling me away
To rest and peace unending,
And life beyond decay.
No death is in the Homeland,
No sorrow is above,
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love!

Hugh R. Haweis.

HARK, MY SOUL! 11,10,9,11.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

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241

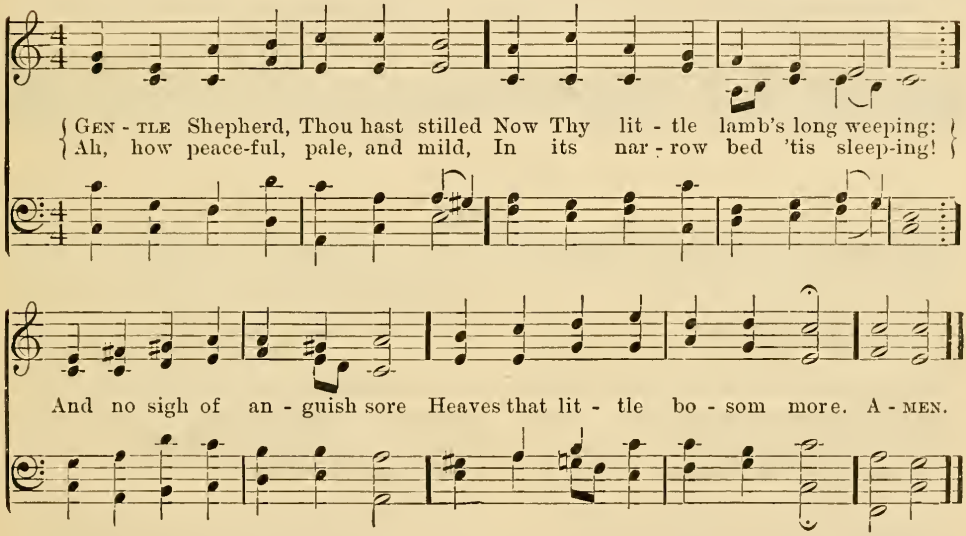
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.—*Cho.*

3 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Cho.*

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

Frederick W. Faber.

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT. 7,8,7. JOHANN CRÜGER.



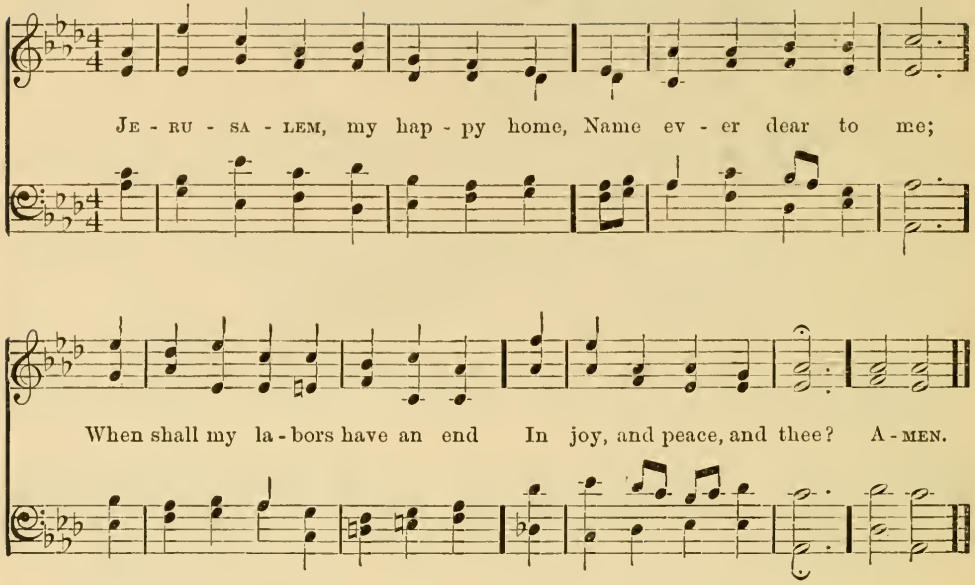
242

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it:
To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost Thou now in 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'll prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

William Meinhold. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

JERUSALEM. C. M. ALFRED S. BAKER.



243

2 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

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.

Anon.

244

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

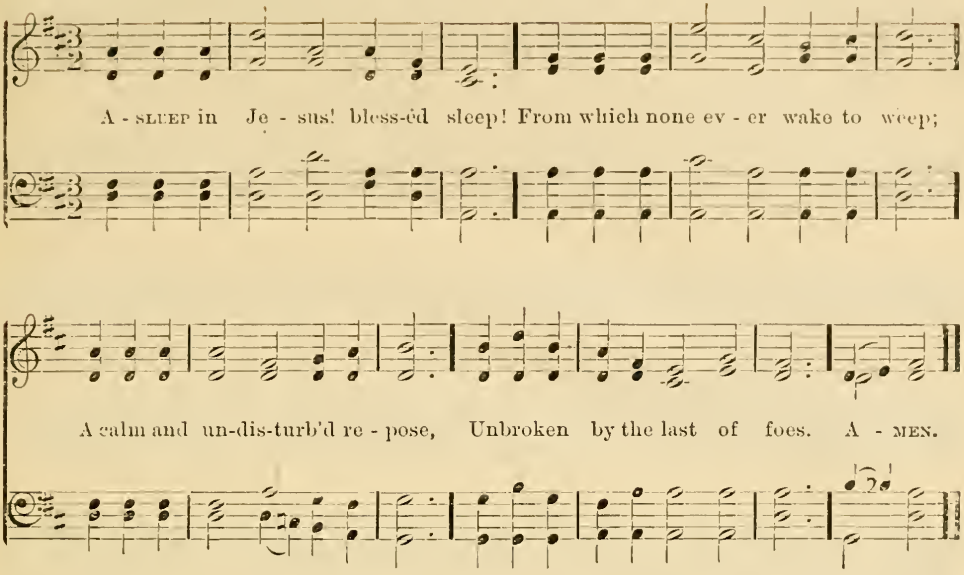
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

REST. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



245

ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Margaret Mackay.

246

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

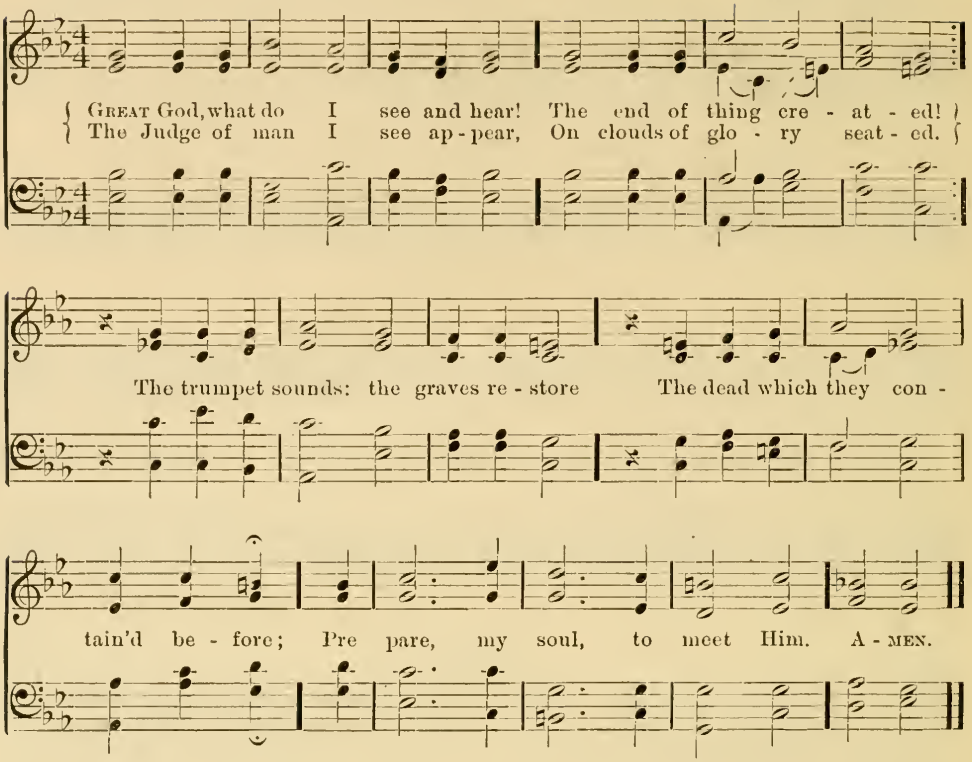
2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

Isaac Watts.

WENN ICH IN TODESNÖTEN BIN. 8,7. Iambic. MELCHIOR FRANCK.



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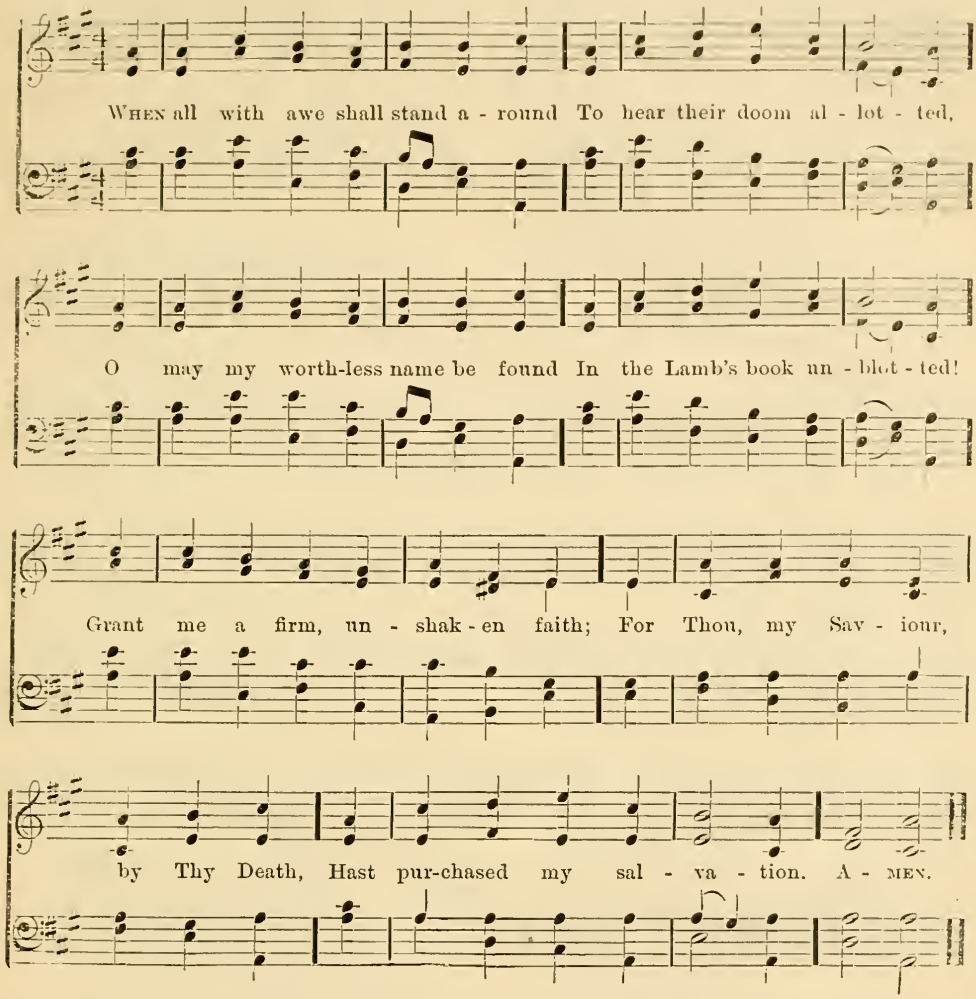
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 O Christ, who diedst and yet dost live,
To me impart Thy merit;
My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.
Beneath Thy cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

Partly by William B. Col

ES IST GEWISSLICH AN DER ZEIT. 8,7. Iambic. MARTIN LUTHER.



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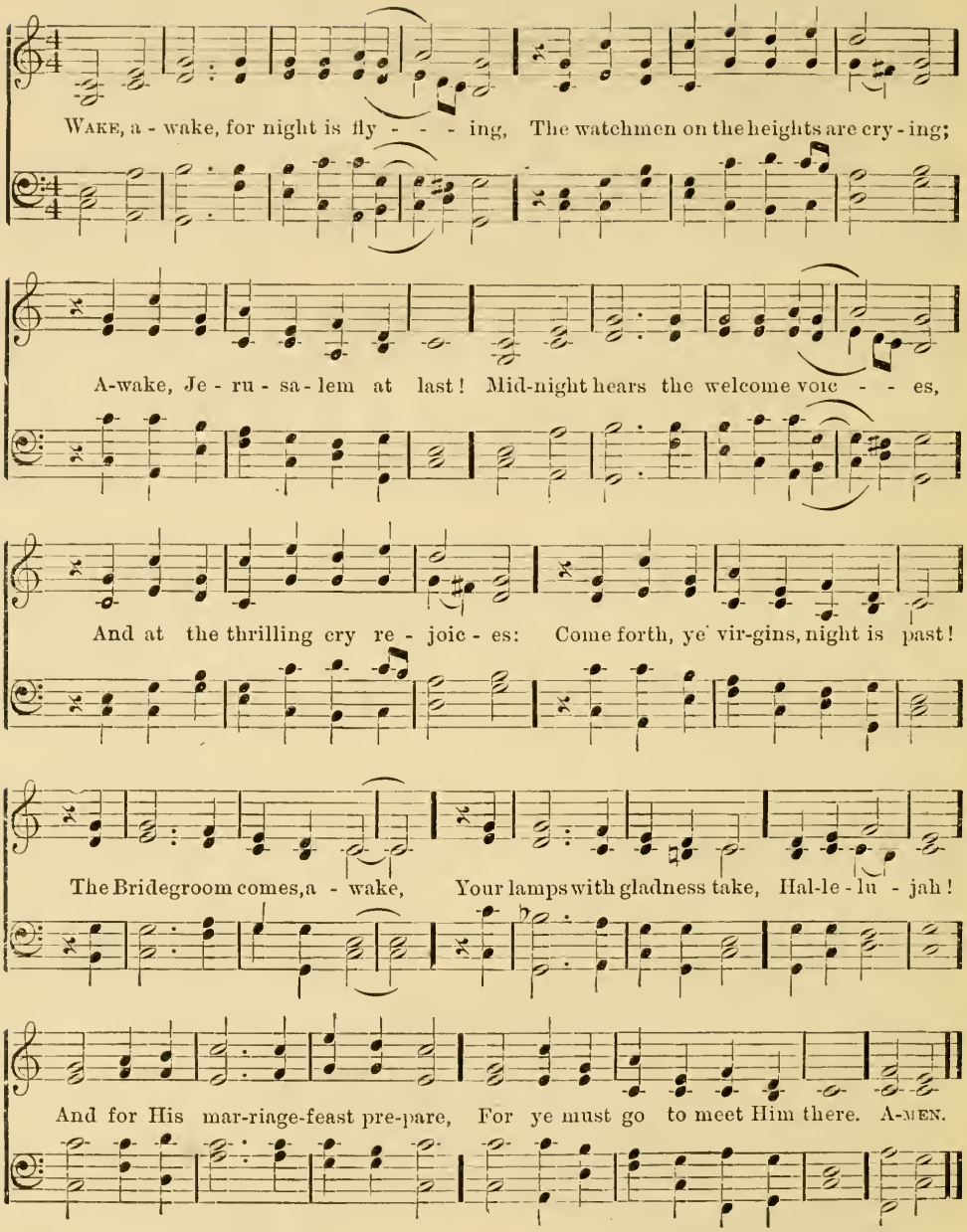
2 Before Thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor;
And on that awful day declare
That I am Thy Confessor.
Then bring me to that blesséd place
Where I may see, with open face,
The glory of Thy kingdom.

3 O Jesus! shorten the delay,
And hasten Thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious Day
Produce a new creation;
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King!
Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
Thy praise in heaven for ever.

Bartholomew Ringwaldt. *Tr.* John C. Jacobi

WACHET AUF. P. M.

PHILIPP NICOLAI.

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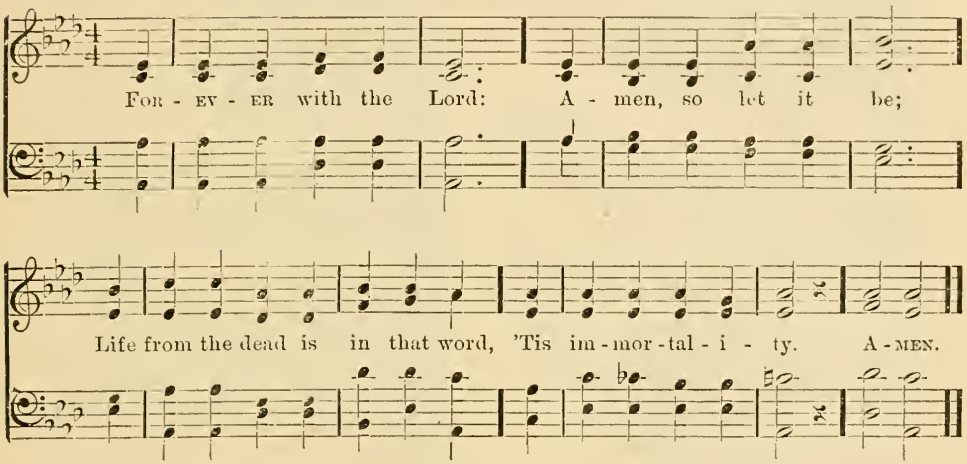
2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessèd Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal,
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymns of joy eternally.

Philipp Nicolai. *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth.

GORTON. S. M.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

250

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "Forever with the Lord:"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

James Montgomery.

Doxologies.

1. S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

2. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

3. C. M. D.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in one,
Let saints and angels join.
Glory to Thee, Blest Trinity,
The God whom we adore,
As was, is now, and e'er shall be,
When time shall be no more.

4. L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

5. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

6. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

TO GOD the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song,
To Him our hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven.

7. 7s, D.

HOLY Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

8. 7s, 6 lines

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

9.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be.

10. 7, 6. D

TO God the ever-glorious,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all victorious,
Thrice holy Three in One;
The God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be now and evermore.

11. 8, 7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

12. 8, 7. D.

PRAISE the God of all creation:
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

13. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

14. 10s.

AND now to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit ever Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

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