Magnificat

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The Magnificat

REVISED AND ENLARGED

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."
S. LUKE i: 46

✠

HYMNS WITH TUNES

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF THE

NEW CHURCH

BY

A COMMITTEE OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION

✠

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PREFACE TO THE REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

The work of revising and enlarging the Magnificat has resulted in so many and such important corrections in the words, tunes and indexes, and such extensive additions of desirable material, both in hymns and music, as to make the present edition practically a new book, and one which can hardly be used in connection with the former edition without great inconvenience. The plan of retaining as strict a similarity as possible to the old book would have hindered the freedom of selection and addition for the new, and so would have defeated in part the object in view in making the new book; at the same time the endeavor has been to retain all the essential features of the old book and to arrive at the utmost accuracy possible in giving these their best and most authentic literary and musical form. In all only about thirty old hymns have been altogether omitted as hardly used by anyone in the Church, and about sixty entirely new hymns have been added. The number of changes, in the bringing together of hymns and tunes originally associated, but in some way separated in the first edition, in the provision of new and better tunes, in the revision of words, harmonies and indexes, have been too numerous to record. Entirely new and valuable features are, the Scripture texts provided for each hymn, the Metrical Index which it is hoped will make the book's contents more accessible to our church organists, and the Topical Index, a feature of all modern hymnbooks, which will be of special interest to the ministers and all who have a coherent service at heart.

In the addition of new hymns, the Committee have had in mind the wide variety of uses the Church's hymnal may subserve, not only in the formal public worship but in the home circle and in the informal and social religious meetings. Some of the most modern and popular of the songs used in the large "revival" and missionary meetings have been obtained, at considerable copyright expense, with a view to two results: — (1) the extension of the Church's influence through its service of song as widely as possible, and (2) the prevention of the introduction into our church circles of hymnals containing undesirable words and music for the sake of these really valuable selections otherwise unobtainable. Another and a substantial reason for embodying these popular religious songs is that they seem to be the utterance of a new affection in the religious world directed to the Lord Jesus in Person, in recognition of his Divinity, of his redeeming Love, and of his constant presence as Saviour and Comforter.

It has been the careful endeavor of the Committee to eliminate from these and from all the hymns introduced every expression of false doctrine or unworthy sentiment. Expressions in the language of the holy letter of the Word, even when imperfectly understood heretofore, have been retained when, in the Church's truer understanding, they acquire new beauty and force; and in making changes in old and well-known hymns, the effort has been wherever possible to return to the author's original version, subject always to the requirements of strict doctrinal purity of expression. In revising the indexes, resort has been had by thorough research to the highest and most critical hymnological sources both in England and in this country.

While the work doubtless contains many imperfections, the Committee nevertheless hope that the Church may find in the new Magnificat a hymnal that in both literary and musical scholarship will bear comparison with any that are in use.

The Committee desire to acknowledge with gratitude the free use of copyrights accorded by the Rev. Louis F. Benson of the Presbyterian Board of Publication of Philadelphia; Mr. George Schirmer of New York; Mr. Philip Goepp and Dr. Gilchrist of Philadelphia; the valuable assistance rendered by Messrs. W. T. Brooks and Charles Higham of London; and especially the continuous, exacting work of Miss Maud G. Sewall in tracing hymns to their original sources and other textual, musical and indexical revision and correction.

FRANK SEWALL, Chairman.
CHARLES W. HARVEY, Secretary.
LOUIS G. HOECK
EUGENE J. E. SCHRECK
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WILLIAM L. WORCESTER
WILLIAM W. GILCHRIST, Musical Editor.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.
S. Luke 1: 46.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

This volume of sacred song takes its title "Magnificat" from the opening words of the Song of Mary:—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

These words declare the distinctive doctrine of the New Church, that Jesus Christ in His Divine Humanity is the one Lord, God, and Saviour of mankind; and this volume is designed for the use of those who in this faith desire to magnify and rejoice in Him.

The collection has been made by a Committee of the General Convention whose names appear below. Their object has been to obtain a very liberal supply, both of words and of music, to meet a wide range of wants and tastes, not only in public worship, but in smaller religious gatherings, in homes, and in the social circle. In making the collection, entire unanimity in taste and judgment has not been insisted upon.

While a large proportion of the material here offered is that which has happily passed into general use by Christians of all denominations, and constitutes in so far a common confession of faith and worship, there are nevertheless a considerable number of original contributions which may, in turn, it is hoped, prove to be not unworthy additions to the common treasury of Christian song.

To the collection of Hymns and Tunes in the present New-Church "Book of Worship" and those of the "Christian Hymnal" and a large number of the "Hymns of the English Conference Collection," the Committee have added selections from the best of the hymnals recently published both in this country and in England; and the many kind favors which the Committee have received both from publishers and from authors and composers are hereby gratefully acknowledged. Especially do the Committee desire to express their indebtedness to the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, Mr. George C. Stebbins, the Century Company, the Chautauqua Circle, Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Mr. O. B. Brown, and Mr. Wm. W. Gilchrist, for the free use of valuable hymns and tunes; and to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Company and the Biglow & Main Company for the use of tunes of which they own the copyrights; all of which will be found indicated in the indexes.

Part X, including music for the Responses, Sanctus, Doxologies and Canticles, has been added in response to a strongly-felt need of a larger musical provision for these parts of our stated liturgical service.

FRANK SEWALL
JOHN WORCESTER
S. M. WARREN
JOHN GODDARD
JULIAN K. SMYTH

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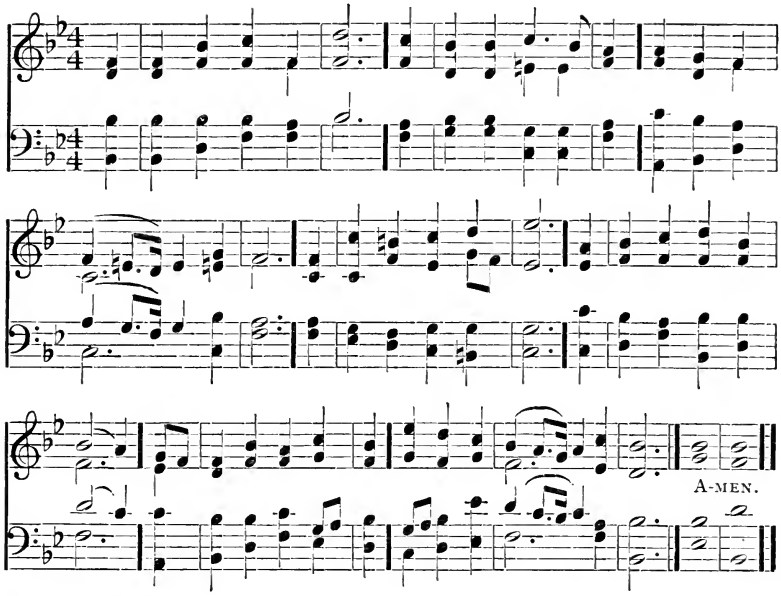
MAGNIFICAT.

MORNING.

(First Tune.)

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth. Ps. xxxiv: 1.

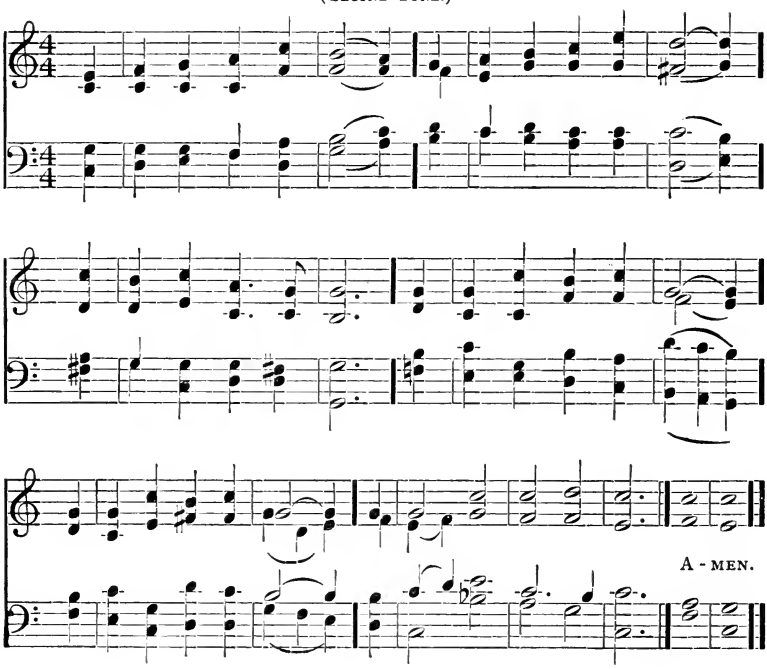
1 When morning gilds the skies.
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Him do I repair;
‖:May Jesus Christ be praised!:‖

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
‖:May Jesus Christ be praised!:‖

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
‖:May Jesus Christ be praised!:‖

4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
‖:May Jesus Christ be praised!:‖

5 In heaven's eternal bliss,
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
‖:May Jesus Christ be praised!:‖

(Second Tune.)

1

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord. Ps. v: 3.

1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Him do I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
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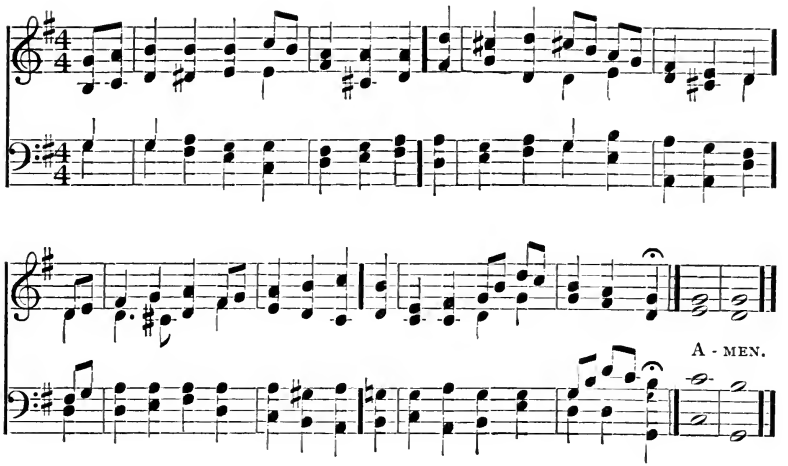

2

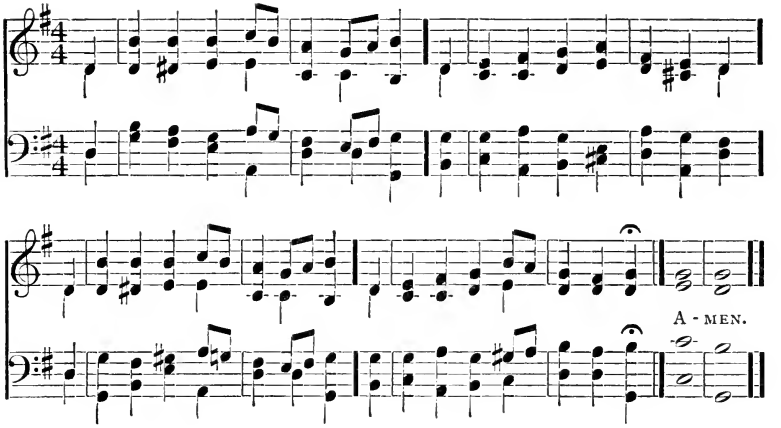
I myself will awake early. Ps. cviii: 2.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring 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 pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite. Dox. X.

3

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii: 25.

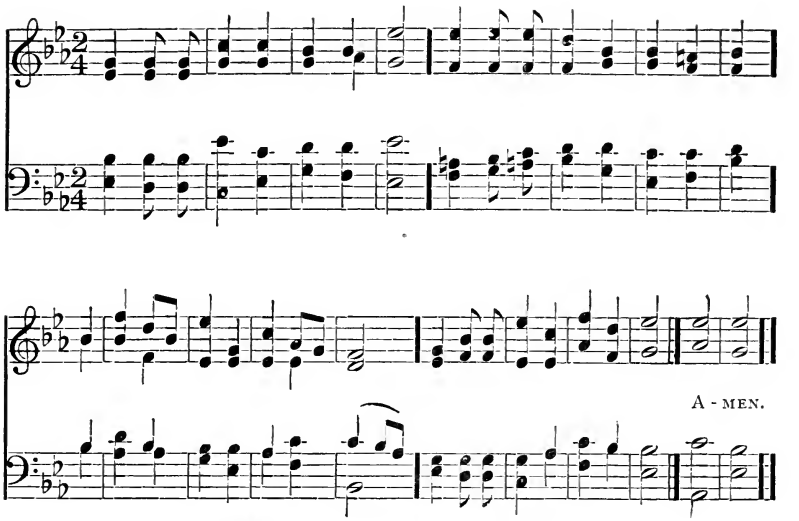
1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

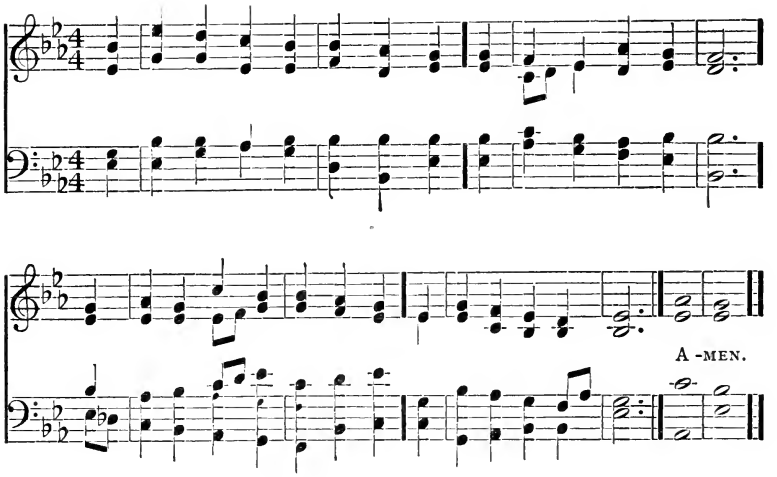
5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heav'n in each we see;
Some soft'ning gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Dox. X.

[Tune "Matins," Copyright, 1909, by PHILIP H. GOEPP.]

4 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. Ps. v: 3.

1 O Lord, each morn again to Thee
Our grateful songs of praise we sing;
Thy mercy and Thy loving care
Are over every living thing.

2 Throughout the night in safety kept
Oh, through the day we pray Thee, guide
Our footsteps in the heavenly way;
May we not wander from Thy side.

3 And for each deed of kindness done
Our prayers and songs to Thee we'll raise,
Each gift received, each victory won,
To Thee alone belongs the praise. DOX. I.

5

Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us. Ps. iv: 6.

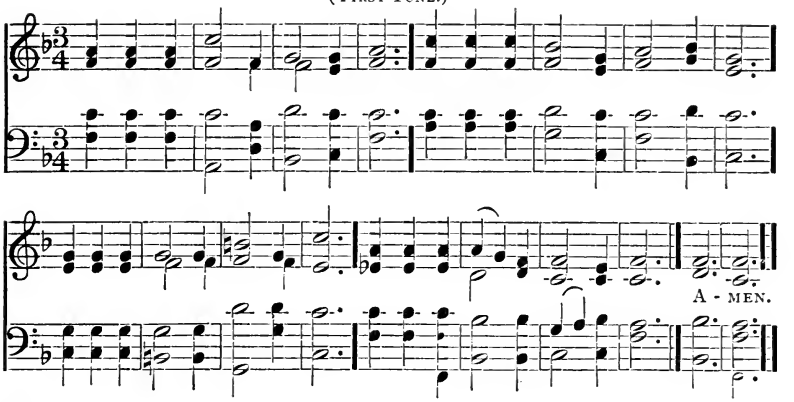
1 O God, before Thy sun's bright beams
All night's dark shadows fly;
So on the soul Thy mercy gleams;
And doubts and terrors die.

2 So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace
As morning's gladdening breath;
Gives light to all to seek Thy face
And guides in life and death.

3 O holy light! O light of God!
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of Thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know!

4 Swift comes the hour when none can toil,
Short is the rugged way:
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,
Whilst it is called to-day.

5 Then we shall see that glorious light
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,
The eternal morn of heaven. Dox. I.

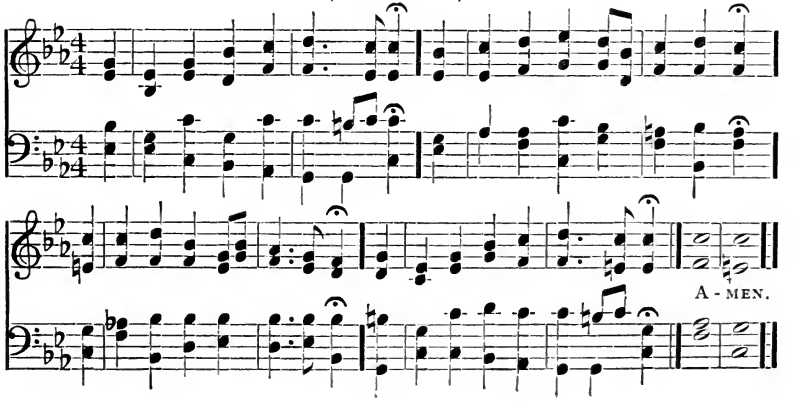
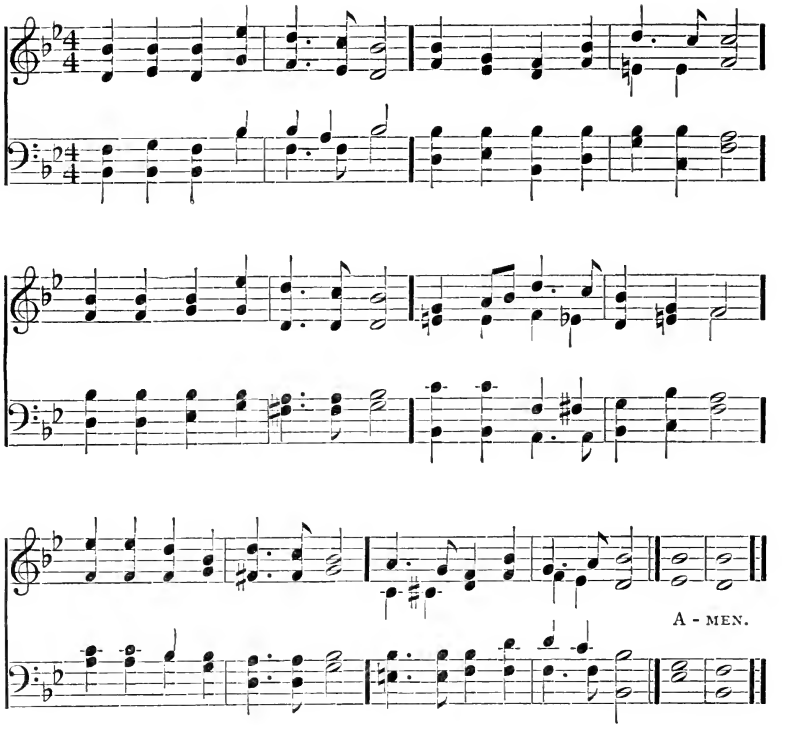
(First Tune.)

6 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Ps. xxxiv: 13.

1 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high:
That He, in all we do or say
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife,
From anger's din would hide our life:
From all ill sights would turn our eyes:
Would close our ears from vanities.

3 Would keep our inmost conscience pure,
Our souls from folly would secure;
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone,
And night, in turn, is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstain'd,
Shall praise His Name for vict'ry gain'd. Dox. X.

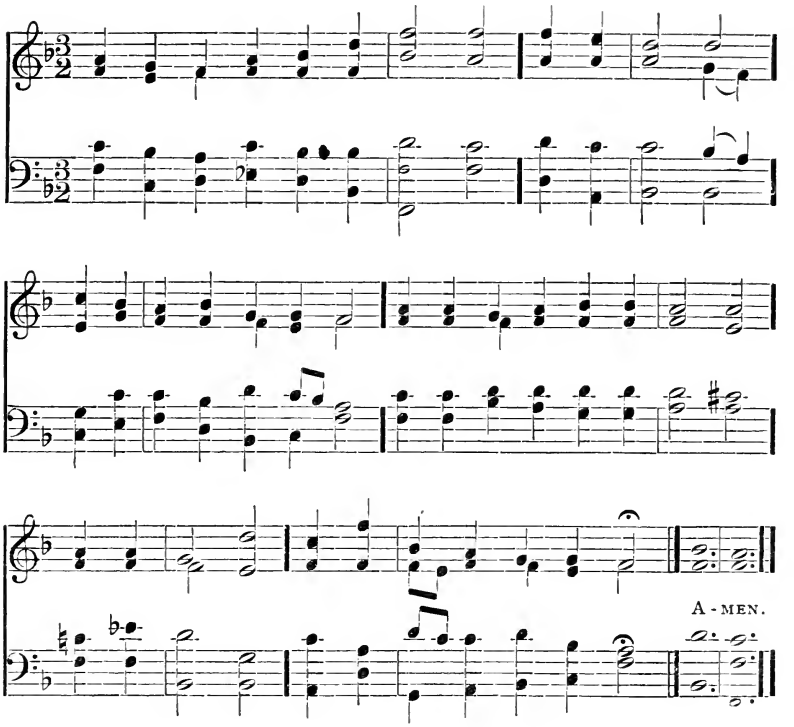
(Second Tune.)

7 The Lord's mercies are new every morning. Lam. iii: 23.

1 Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure:
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily would our sins remove;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lift the burden from the breast;
Give unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

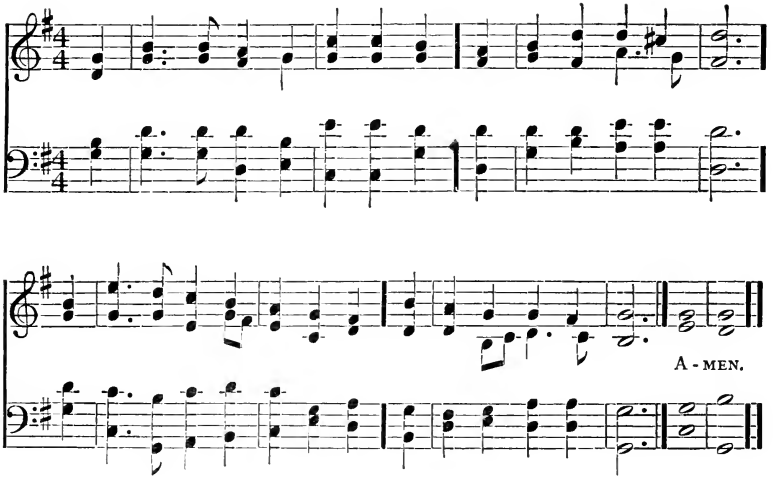
4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
May we lift our hearts to Thee,
Sun of heaven's radiancy!
That beneath Thy blessed light
We may live to serve Thee right.

Dox. XV.

8 Awake up, my glory, awake psaltery and harp; I myself will awake early. Ps. lvii: 8.

1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come to Him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

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 would'st pursue.

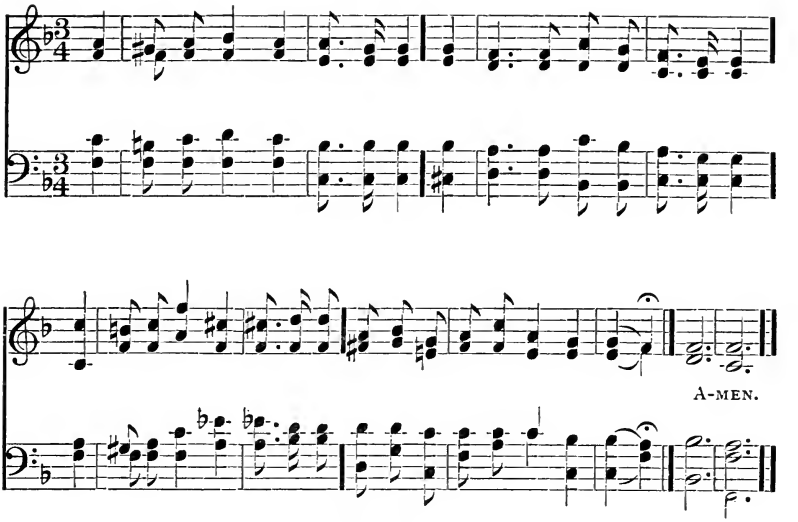
3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 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.

9 I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning. Ps. lix: 16.

1 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 Unto Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thine holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

3 O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

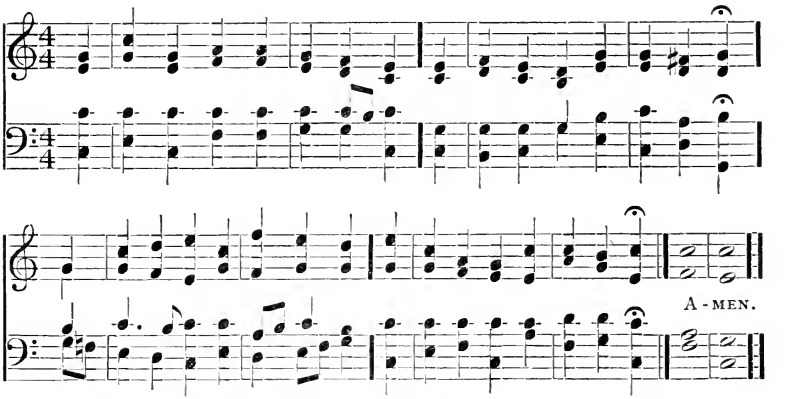
4 The men that love and fear Thy Name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd.
Th' Almighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield. Dox. IV.

[Tune "Dawn," Copyright, 1909, by E. F. ULRICH.]

10 Then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday. Isa. lviii: 10.

1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of Thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to Thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to Thee alone
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect Thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to Thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of Thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing. DOX. I.

11 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. Ps. xix: 4, 5.

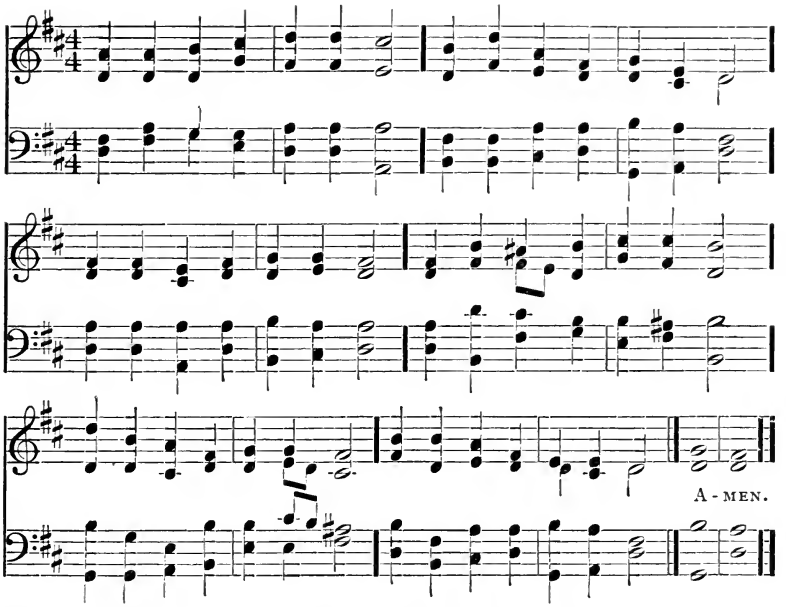
1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

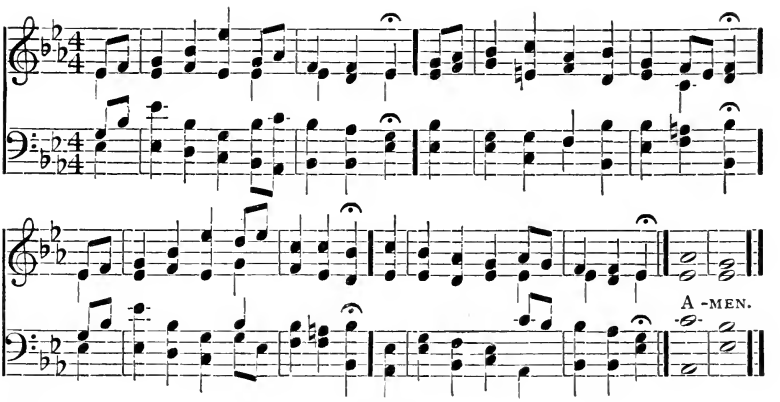
4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

5 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy warnings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this!

12 The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness. Luke 1: 78, 79.

1 Lord, whose glory fills the skies,
Thou, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Dox. XV.

13 Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness. Ps. cxii: 4.

I. MORNING.

1 Shine forth, O Sun of boundless love,
The night within our souls remove;
Be Thou our Light, be Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear within each heart,
That we may ne'er from Thee depart. Dox. III.

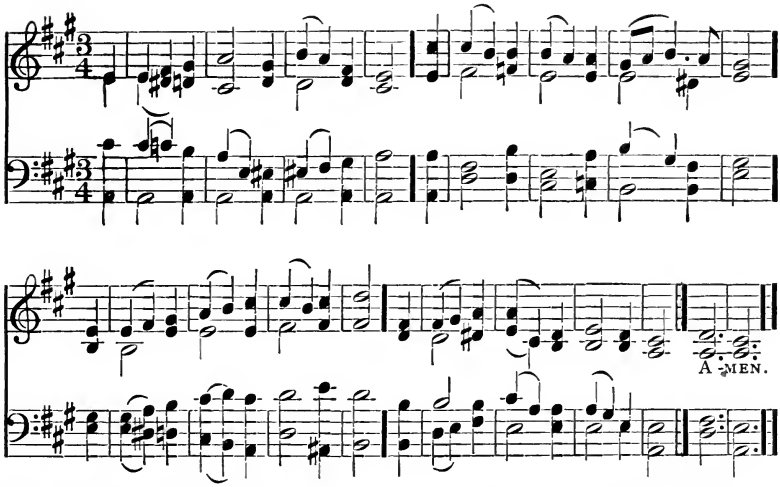
II. NOONDAY.

1 O God of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Dost send the early morning ray,
And light the glow of perfect day.

2 Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire;
And while Thou keep'st the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul. Dox. III.

III. EVENING.

1 O Thou true Life of all that live,
Who dost unmoved all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day,

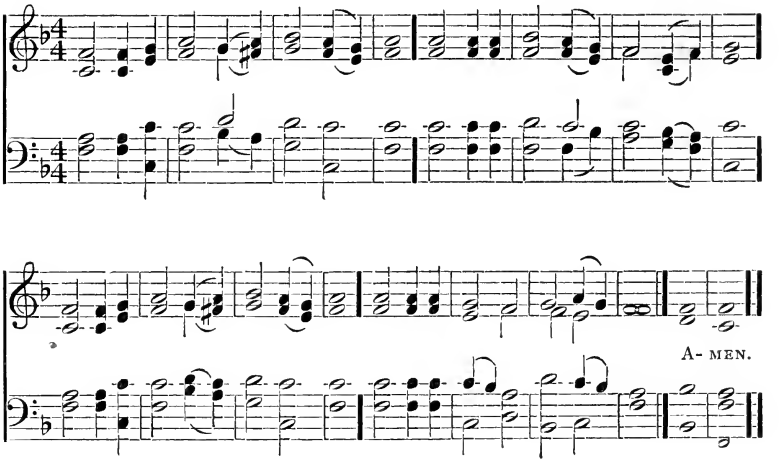
2 Thy light upon our evening pour.
So may our souls no sunset see;
And death to us an open door,
To an eternal morning be. Dox III.

14 Where two or three are gathered together in my name; there am I in the midst of them. Matt. xviii: 20.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

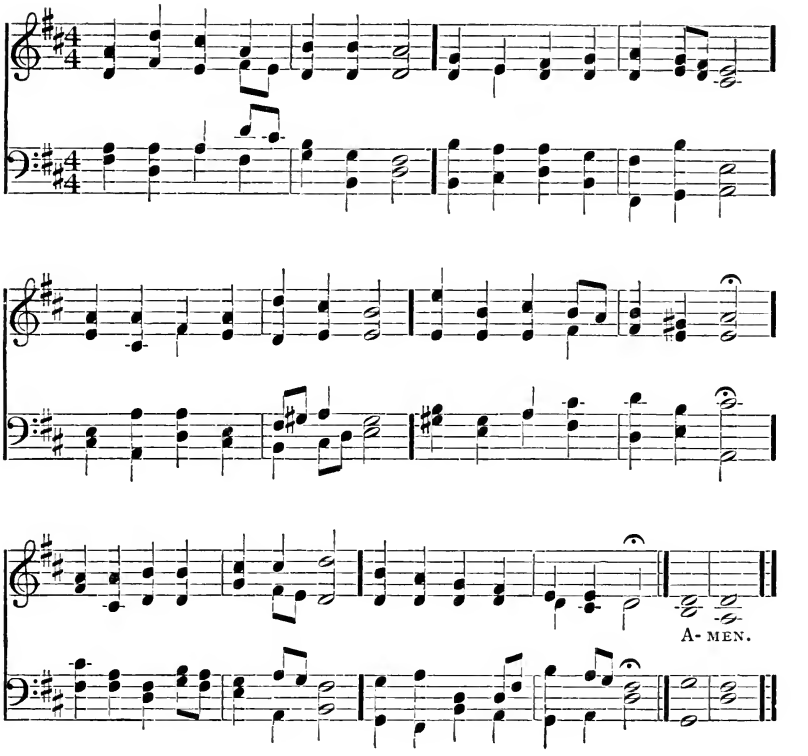
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own! Dox. X.

15 Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. Ps. xxv: 2.

1 Jesus, Thou Shepherd of us all,
Behold Thy flock assembled here!
On Thy great Name alone we call,
In humble love and holy fear.

2 O Light of life, Thy truth display,
And shed around Thy beams of love!
O turn our darkness into day,
And raise our hearts to things above!

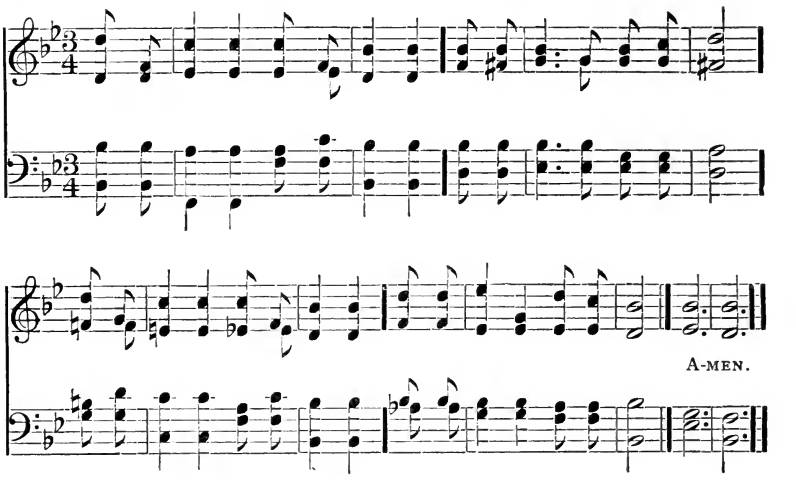
3 Here may our fervent praise and prayers
Like grateful incense, rise on high!
Here may we lose our worldly cares,
And find Thy soothing presence nigh!

4 Here may we learn, with lowly mind,
The truths that lead to endless peace!
Here may we feel affections kind,
And love and charity increase! Dox. I.

16

God be merciful unto us and bless us. Ps. lxvii: 1.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face:
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

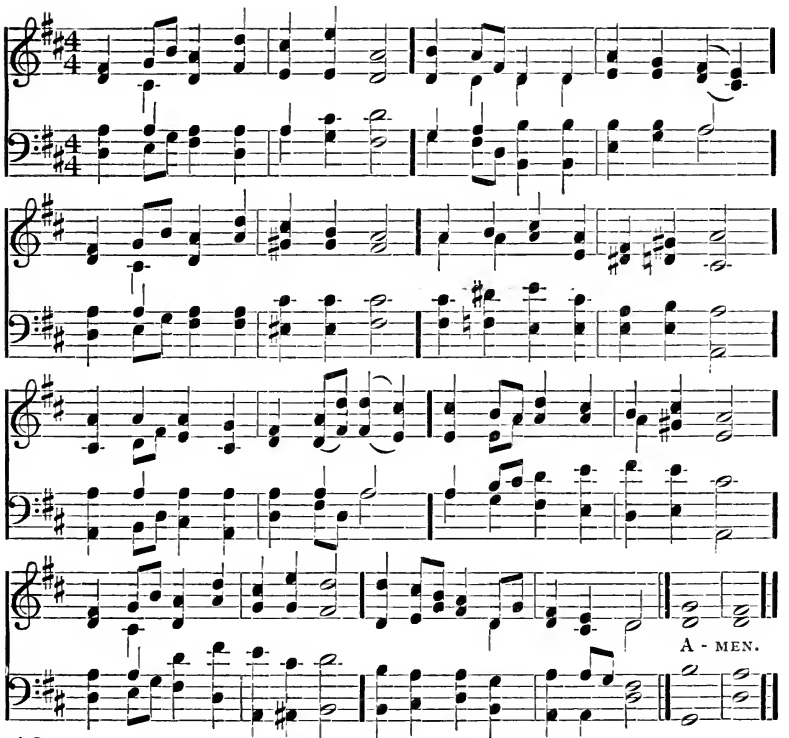
3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessings give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

17

Follow me. John xxi: 19.

1 Jesus calls us! — o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me":

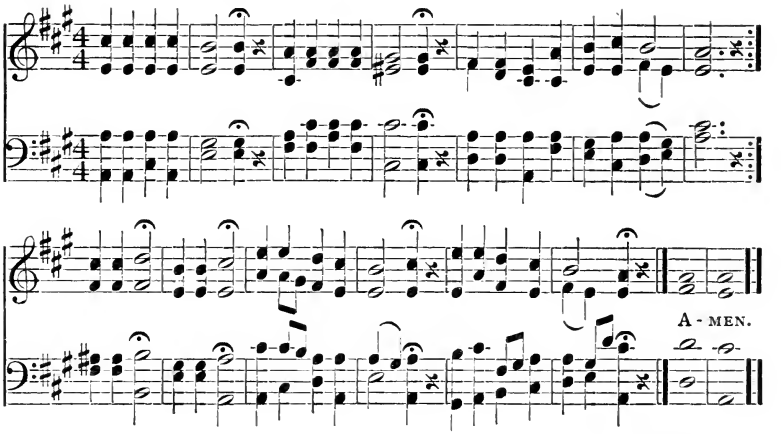
2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us! — by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Dox. IX.

18

Lord, increase our faith. Luke xvii: 5.

1 In Thy peaceful house of prayer,
Stronger faith, O Lord, we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strengthening message speak.
In our greatest trials we,
Calm, through Thee, the way have trod:
In the smallest may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God!

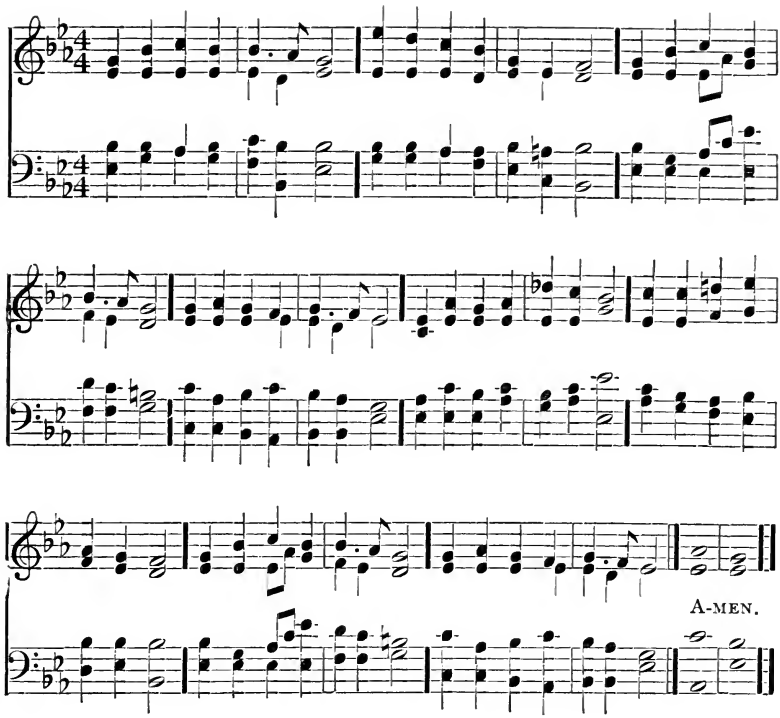
2 Of Thy presence and Thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.
In our work and in our homes
Christian men we fain would be;
Learn how daily life affords
Noblest place for serving Thee. Dox. XX.

19 The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him. Habak. ii: 20.

1 God is in His temple,
Let us fall before Him,
And with reverence adore Him.
Lo! our God is present,
Hushed all earthly feeling,
Every heart to Him be kneeling.
To His own He is known:
Gaze with eye adoring,
Self to God restoring.

2 Lo! our God is present,
To Whom, morn and even,
Sing the cherubim in heaven.
Holy, holy, holy!
Angel-choirs are singing,
Where the censers bright are swinging.
Lord, give ear: deign to hear
Humbler voices praising,
Songs on earth upraising.

3 Spirit ever present,
In whom all are living,
To all things their substance giving!
Sea unfathomed, boundless,
Mystery amazing!
Lo! I fall, in wonder gazing,
I in Thee, Thou in me:
Let me thus but find Thee,
Leaving earth behind me.

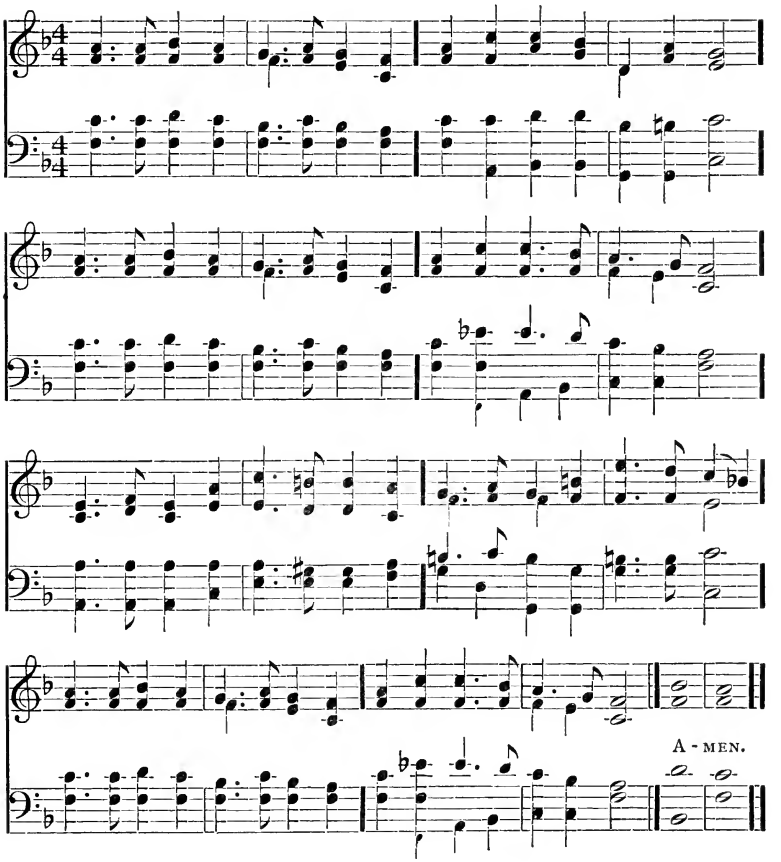
4 Make me simple-hearted,
Patient, and enduring,
Safe at rest 'mid earth's alluring.
Lord, renew my spirit,
That in truth's uprightness
I may see Thy glory's brightness.
So let me, up to Thee
As the eagle soaring,
Live but in adoring.

5 Lord, come, rest within me,
All my sins dispelling;
Make my soul Thy hallowed dwelling.
There Thy glorious presence
O do not deny me,
That I, too, may glorify Thee.
Go or rest, I am blest;
Seeing and believing,
Thy good gifts receiving.

20

I am the way, the truth and the life. John xiv: 6.

1 Holy Saviour, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
Holy Saviour, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

2 Holy Saviour, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.
Holy Saviour, Right divine!
Reign within this soul of mine;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

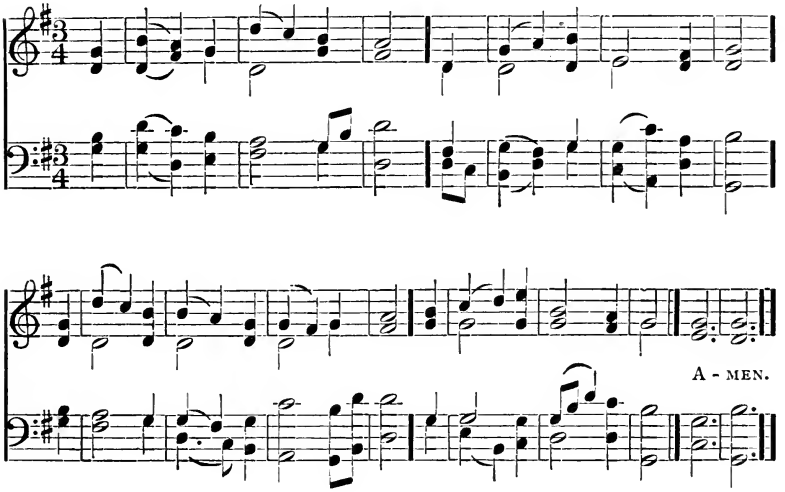
3 Holy Saviour, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak, to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.
Holy Saviour, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
Spring, O Well; for ever spring!

21 They serve him day and night in his temple. Rev. vii: 15.

1 Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy holy spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all Thy grace inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Lead us from the paths of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of Thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured 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.

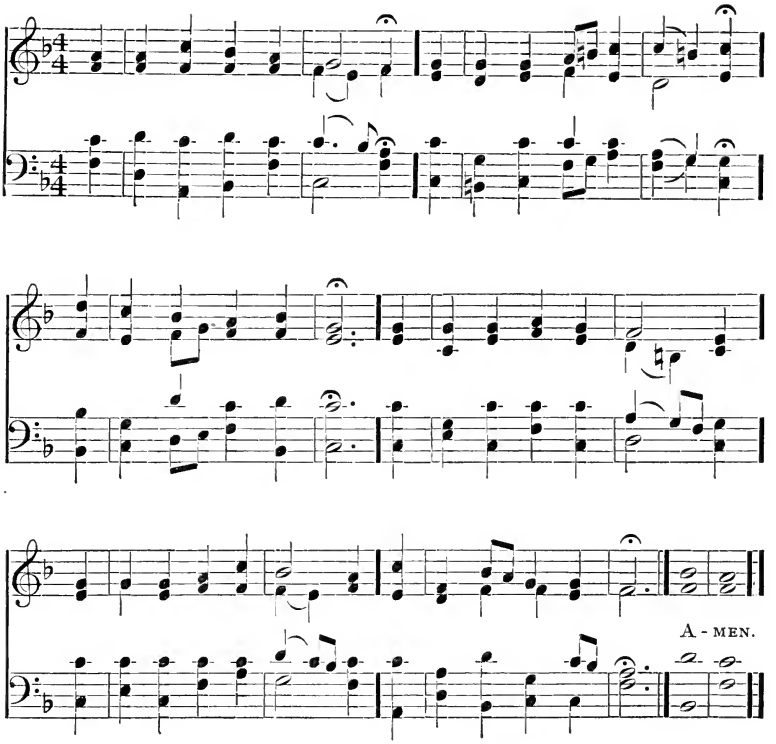
Dox. VIII.

22 Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. O my God, I trust in thee. Ps. xxv: 1, 2.

1 To God I lift my eyes;
My trust is in His name;
And they whose hope on Him relies
Shall never suffer shame.

2 From the first dawning light,
Till the dark evening shade,
For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
And ask Thy heavenly aid.

3 Through all Thy ways, O Lord,
Thy truth and mercy shine,
To those that with a heart sincere
To Thy blest will incline.

4 Thou dost them safely guide
Who Thy direction seek;
And in Thy sacred paths wilt lead
The humble and the meek.

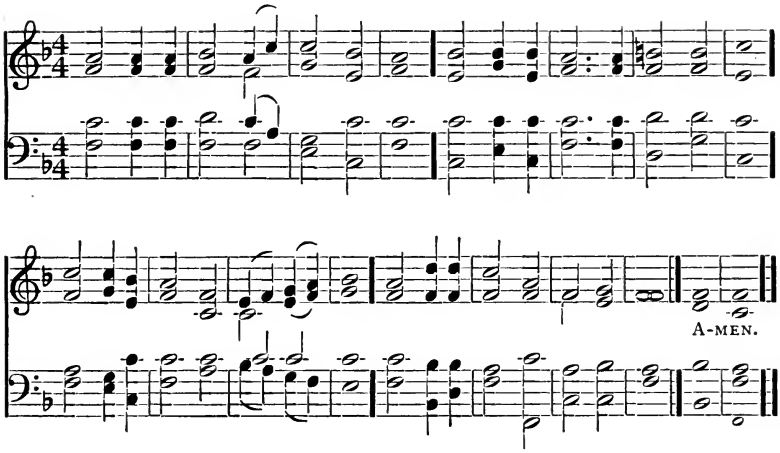
5 So may I still abide,
Nor from my hope remove;
Till Thou my patient spirit guide,
Into Thy perfect love. Dox. V.

23

The truth shall make you free. John viii: 32.

1 Our Father, we adore Thee,
We humbly bow before Thee,
Thou glorious Lord of all;
In mercy now draw near us,
In Thy compassion hear us,
As on Thy name we call.

2 We feel our imperfection,
And ask Thy kind protection,
From error, sin and harm;
Of all good gifts the Giver,
Thou canst our souls deliver,
By Thine Almighty arm.

3 Thy sun doth shine above us,
We know that Thou dost love us,
Thou Light of life Divine;
May Thy good Spirit cheer us,
Thy angels e'er be near us,
May we be wholly Thine.

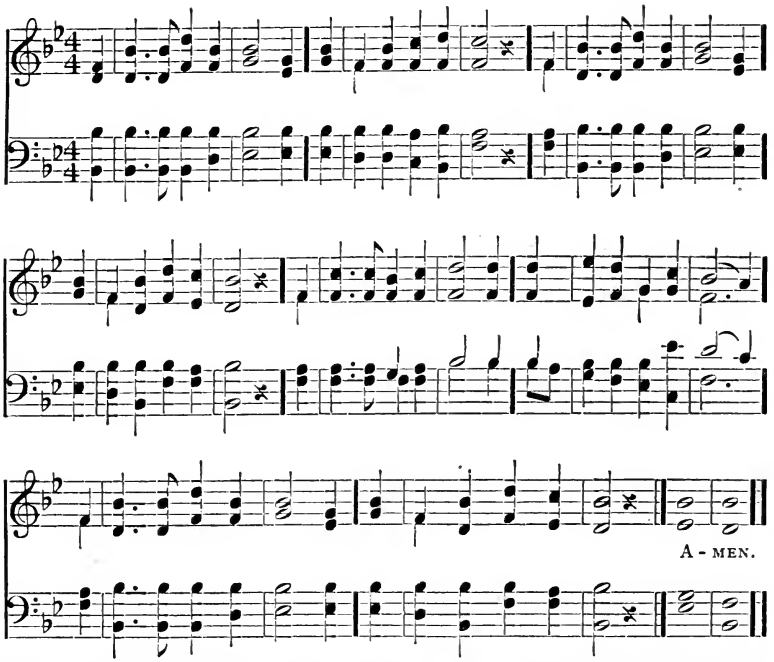
4 In all our tribulation,
In trial and temptation,
Our hope is but in Thee;
We do confess in meekness,
Our strength is only weakness,
Thy truth can make us free.

24 And the bow shall be in the cloud, that I may remember the everlasting covenant. Gen. ix: 16.

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All save the clouds of sin are Thine.

4 Lord of all life! below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame. Dox. II.

25 Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, and the fields shall yield no meat, yet I will rejoice in the Lord. Habak. iii: 17, 18.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord, Who rises
With healing on His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may!

3 "It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He Who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Dox. XIII

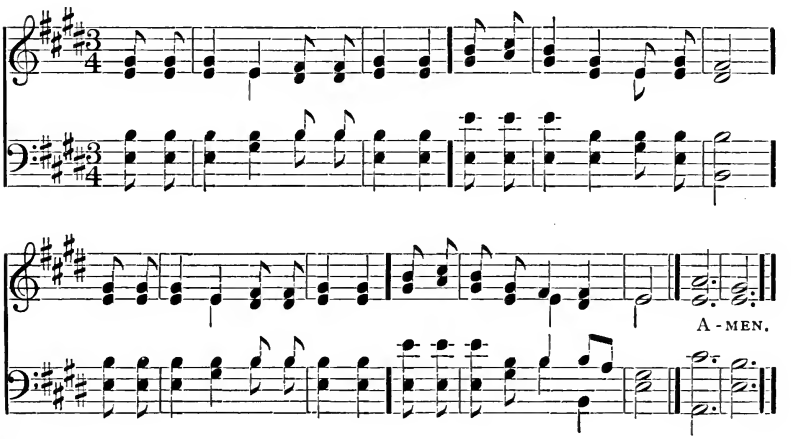
26

Pray to thy Father which is in secret. Matt. vi: 6.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent pleading
Thy spirit sends above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

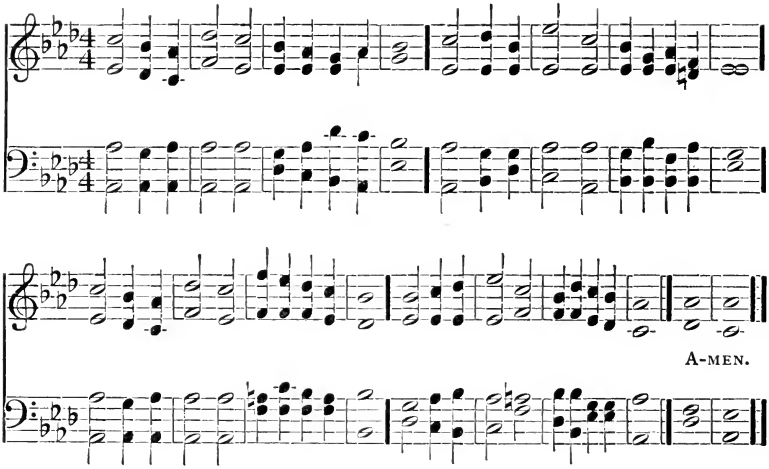
3 Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare, —
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His grace, Who gives thee all.

Dox. XIII.

27

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Ps. li: 10.

1 Cleanse my heart, O Father! cleanse it;
Purge and make it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it —
This proud heart of sin and stone.

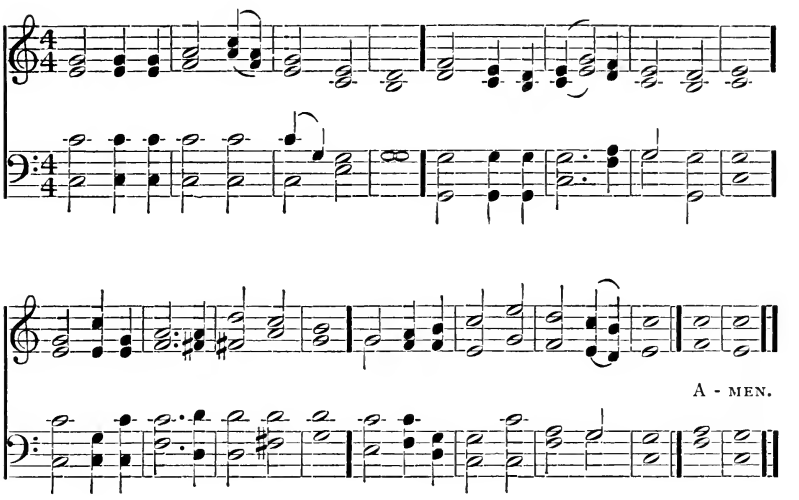
2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly Thine. Dox. IX.

28 I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them. John xvii: 26.

1 In boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear,
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down the flinty heart,
Draw every soul to choose the better part.

2 Thy presence fills the universal space,
Thy grace appears to all the human race,
Oh! visit us with light and life divine,
Fill every soul, —for every soul is Thine.

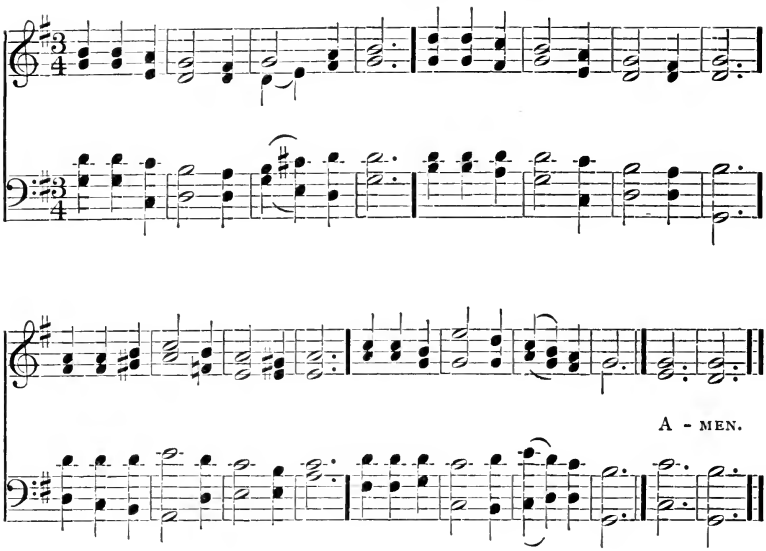
3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my Love:
He is my King: from Him I would not move.
Hence earthly charms, far, far, from me depart,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty, which has gained
My ravished heart, has all my glory stained:
His loveliness my soul has prepossessed,
And left no room for any other guest. Dox. XI.

29 The Lord is my light and my salvation. Ps. xxvii: 1.

1 Come, blessed Saviour! Source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

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

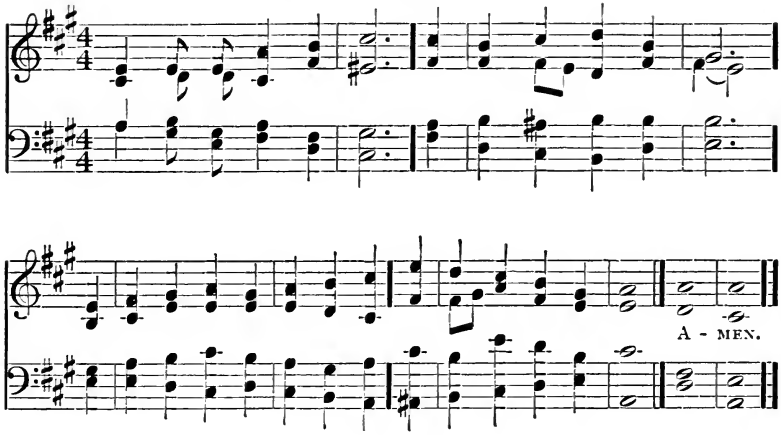
3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The truth of Thy redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this devious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my steps to Thee, O God. Dox. I.

30 That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. John i: 4.

1 Jesus, our true and only light!
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 Seek those, O Lord, who stray from Thee,
Let them Thy loving guidance see;
Thy peace to contrite hearts be given,
That they be drawn to Thee and heaven.

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

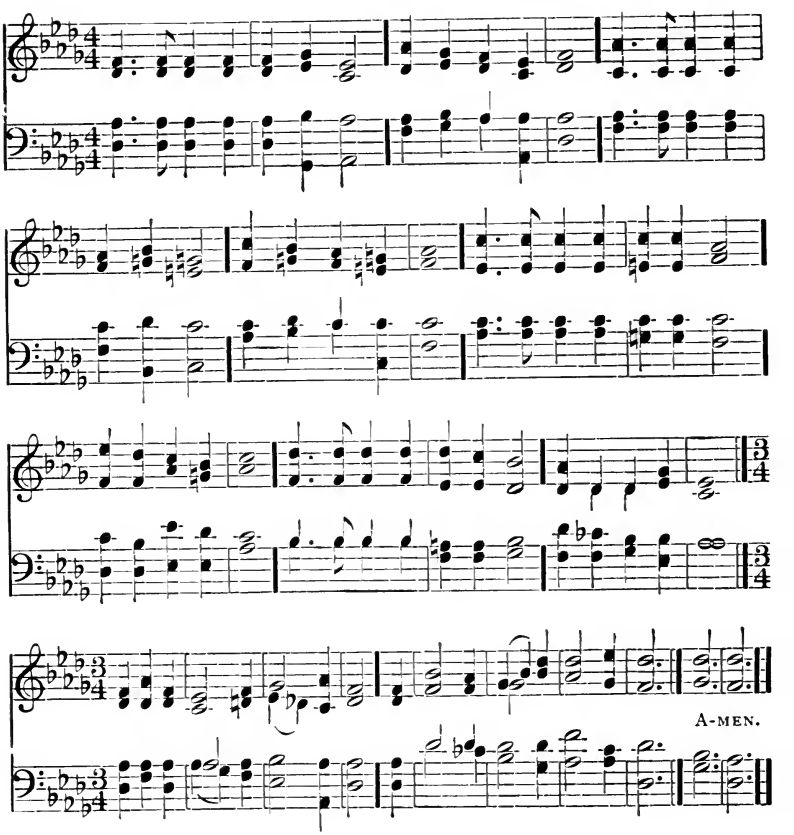
4 So they, with us, may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven. Dox. II.

31 The eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms.
Deut. xxxiii: 27.

1 O everlasting Light!
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay:

2 O everlasting Health!
Flow through life's inmost springs;
The heart's best bliss, the soul's best wealth,—
What life Thy presence brings!

3 O everlasting Truth!
The soul of all that's true,
Sure guide alike of age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

4 O everlasting Might!
My broken life repair;
Nerve Thou my will, and clear my sight,
Give strength to do and bear.

5 O everlasting Love!
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease! Dox. V.

32 Hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place. I Kings viii : 43.

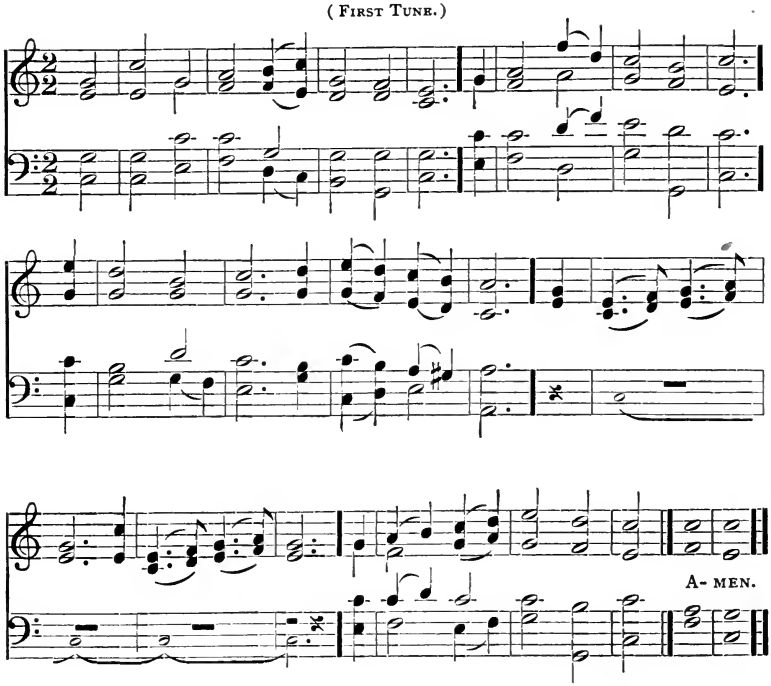
1 When the weary seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high!

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high!

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the humble knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high!

4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high!

5 When the child, with guileless lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When Thy waiting, longing church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high!

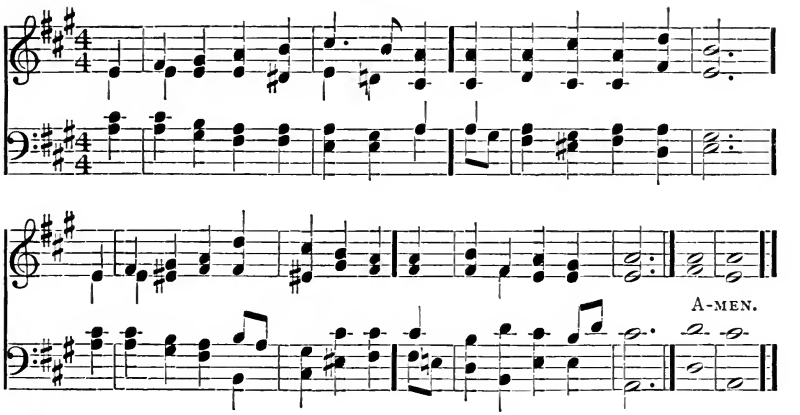
(First Tune.)

33 Accept, I beseech thee, the free-will offerings of my mouth, O Lord, and teach me thy judgments. Ps. cxix: 108.

1 Eternal Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
‖: To Thee we bring our grateful vows; :‖
Accept our sacrifice.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays:
‖: Inspire our hearts with heavenly love, :‖
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Conduct us safely, by Thy truth,
Through life's perplexing road;
‖: And bring us, when our journey's o'er, :‖
Lord, to Thine own abode.

4 For in Thy presence e'er abounds
Fulness of purest joy;
‖: At Thy right hand unceasing flow :‖
Pleasures without alloy. Dox. IV.

33 (Second Tune.)

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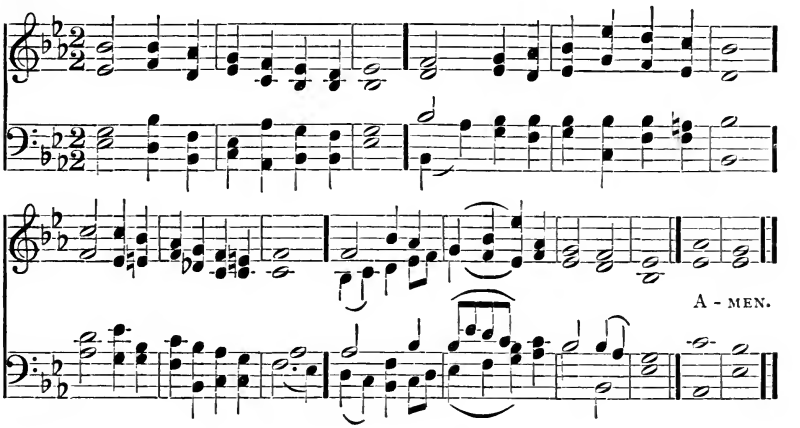
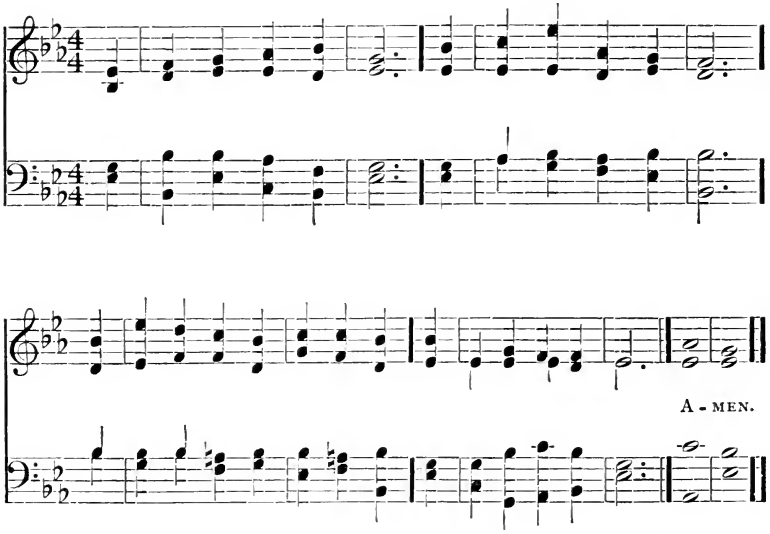

34 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you. John xv: 2.

1 Filled with Thy joy and peace, O Lord,
Bright with the glory of Thy Word,
And from all wordly longings free,
May this Thy house of worship be.

2 If here Thy presence we would find,
Let evil thoughts remain behind,
And only sweet and pure desires
Be kindled from Thine altar fires.

3 For Thou art love. No other flame
Becomes the house that bears Thy name;
And, touch'd by Thee, our hearts shall glow
With love for all above, below.

35 I am the way, the truth, and the life. John xiv: 6.

1 Thou, Jesus! art the Way:
Reveal Thyself to me;
O help me, Saviour! day by day
To humbly walk with Thee!

2 Thou art the Truth Divine:
That truth O let me see;
O let me find the promise mine,—
The Truth shall make you free!

3 Thou art my Life, O Lord!
O give that life to me;
Thine all-sufficient strength afford,
Till I find rest in Thee.

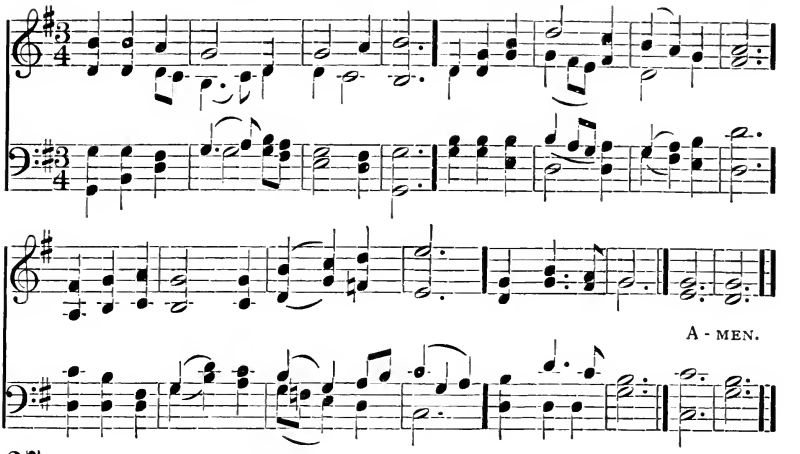
4 Guide all my steps aright,
With light my spirit fill,
And, with Thy love's own sovereign might,
Conform me to Thy will.

36 Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Matt. v: 8.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is His abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

4 To Thee, O Lord, alone
Whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

37

Evening and morning and at noon will I pray. Ps. lv: 17

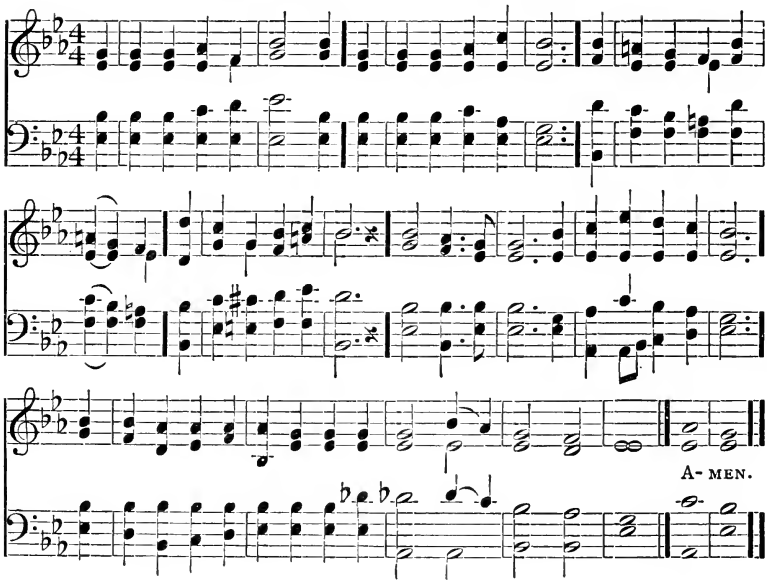
1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of pray'r upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of Heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

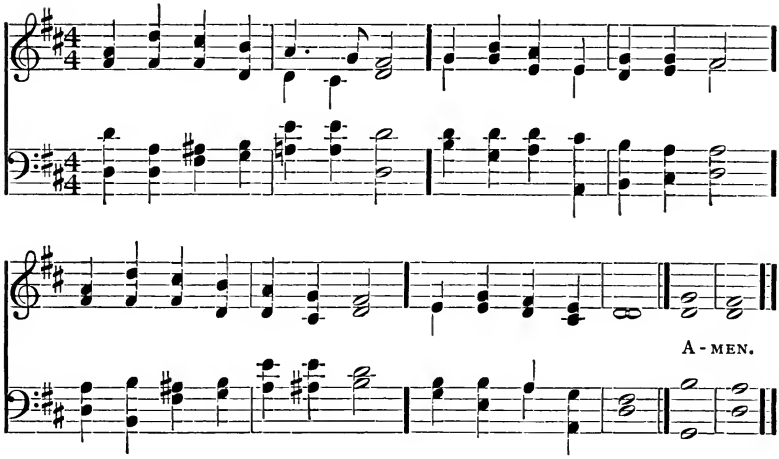
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear should be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

38 Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance: feed them also and lift them up forever. Ps. xxviii: 9.

1 O Jesus, Lord and Saviour,
The soul's Eternal King,
Grant now Thy grace and favor,
While we Thy praises sing!
Come, Saviour, come, and give Thy Spirit course,
O feed us now and evermore, from Love's eternal source!

2 Far, far from Thee, our Saviour,
Our youthful steps might roam,
By sin and darkness sink in death,
Nor reach our heav'nly home.
Come, Saviour, come, and give Thy Spirit course,
O feed us now and evermore, from Love's eternal source!

3 Within Thy Church, Lord Jesus,
O let our souls aspire,
To see Thy Spirit's holy light,
And feel celestial fire!
Come, Saviour, come, and give Thy Spirit course,
O feed us now and evermore, from Love's eternal source!

4 Abide with us, Lord Jesus,
Fill us with holy zeal;
Give us to think as angels think,
And feel as angels feel.
Come, Saviour, come, and give Thy Spirit course,
O feed us now and evermore, from Love's eternal source!

39 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place; and when thou hearest forgive. 1 Kings viii: 30.

1 God of pity, Lord of grace!
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive, and save.

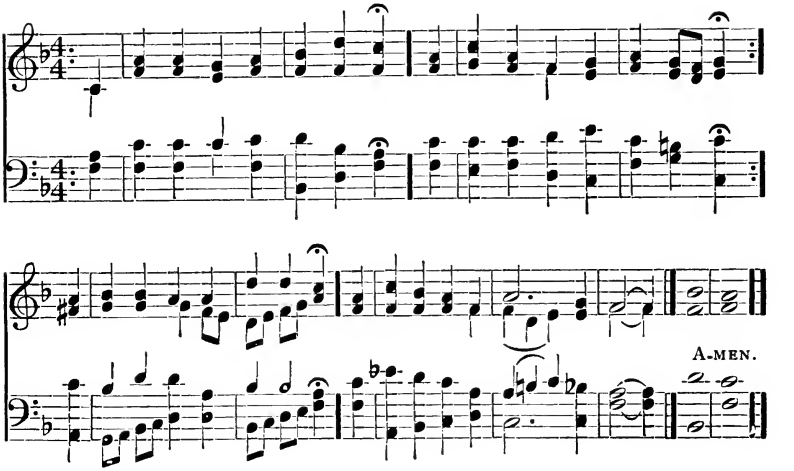
2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven, and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill;
Lord! accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord! forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus! hear and save.

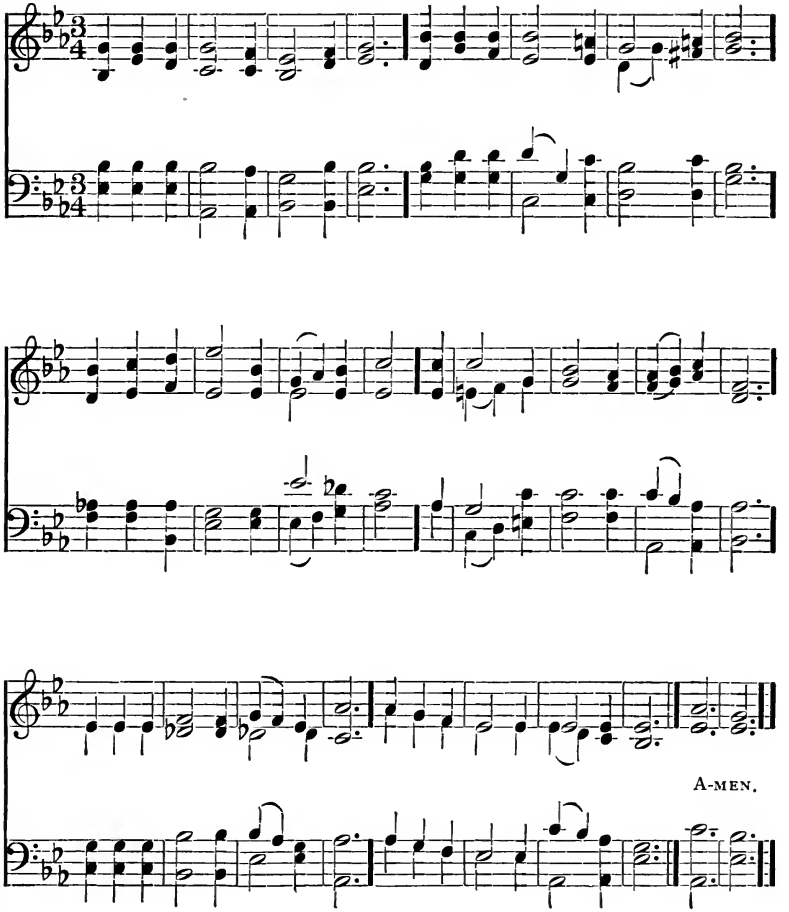
6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

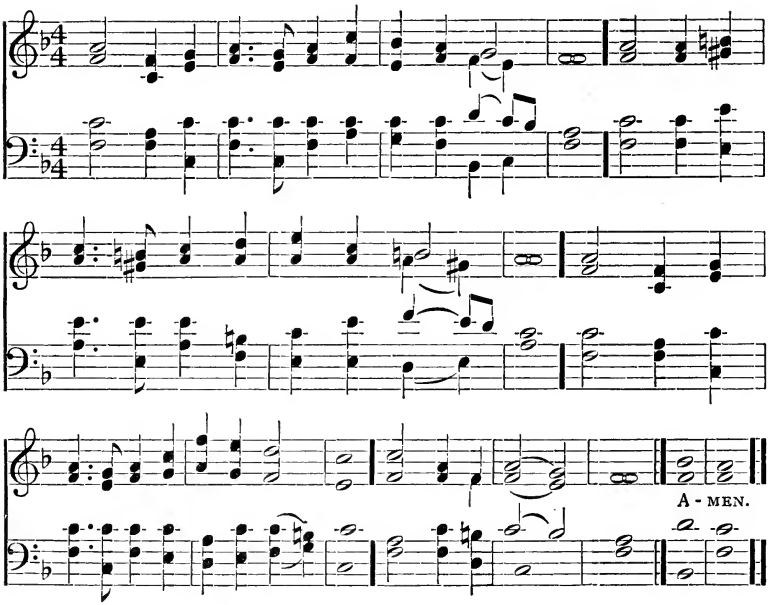
(First Tune.)

40 Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name. Ps. lxxix: 9.

1 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

(SECOND TUNE.)

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

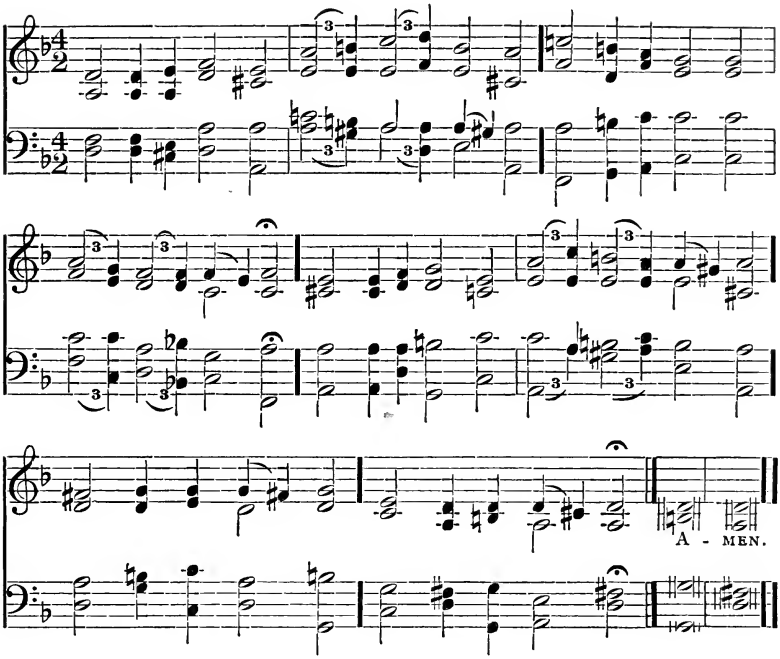
(First Tune.)

41 Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name. Ps. lxxix: 9.

1 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 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling:
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us!

3 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.

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

(Second Tune.)

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See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling:
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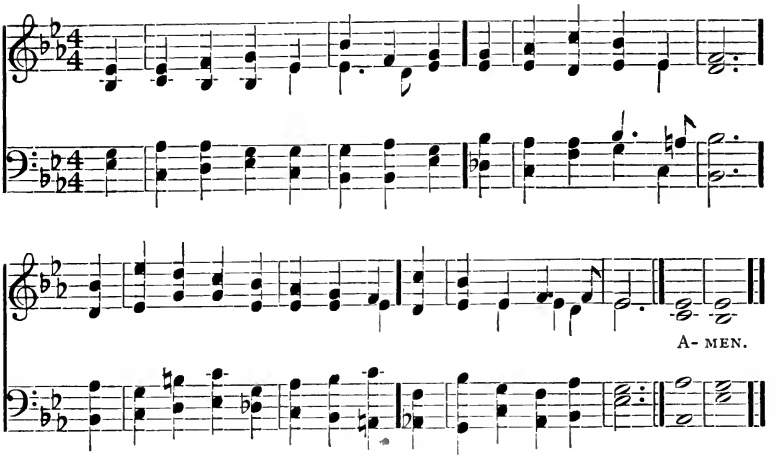

42

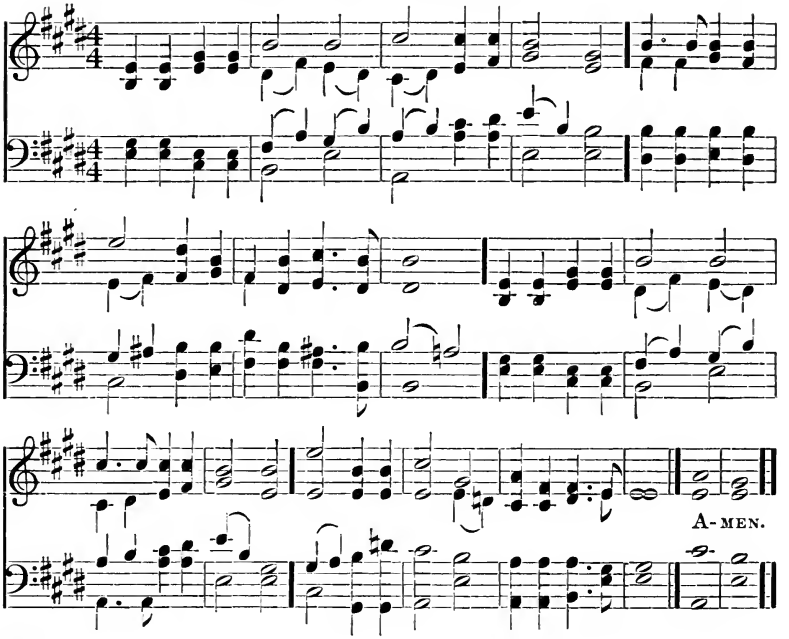
In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple. Ps. v: 7.

1 Again our earthly cares we leave,
And to Thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within Thy house of pray'r;
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which vail Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove:
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of Thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

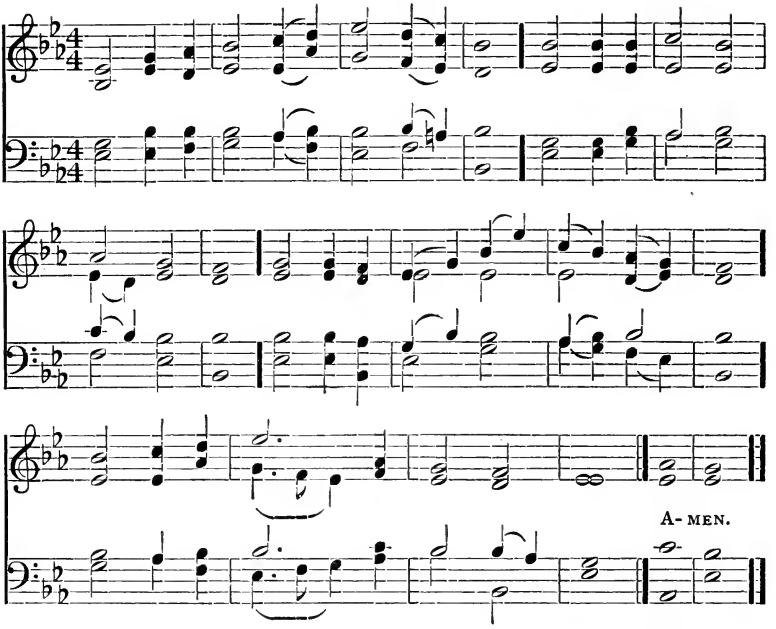
5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above
That we may render praise. Dox. IV.

43 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come. Rev. iv: 8.

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
Father and Saviour, glory be to Thee.

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;
Father and Saviour, glory be to Thee.

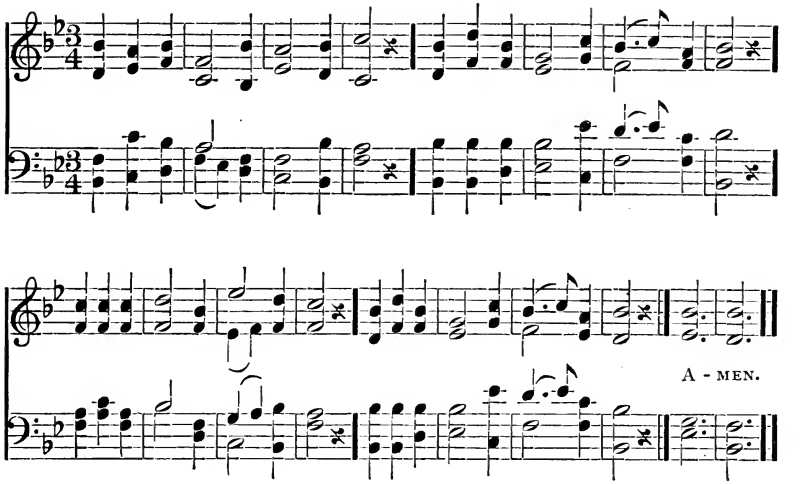
(FIRST TUNE.)

44 Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. John vi: 68.

1 Jesus, in Thee our hopes shall rest,
Fountain of peace, and joy, and love;
Be Thy great name on earth confessed,
As by the hosts of heaven above.

2 Thine is all wisdom, Thine alone:
Mercy and truth before Thee stand;
Justice and judgment form Thy throne,
And love divine impels Thy hand.

3 No other can Thy honors claim,
Or join in Thy redeeming care;
No rival bear Thy sacred name;
No equal in Thy glory share.

4 Worship to Thee alone belongs;
Worship to Thee alone we give:
Thine be our hearts, and Thine our songs,
O Lord, in whom alone we live. DOX. I.

(SECOND TUNE.)

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Justice and judgment form Thy throne,
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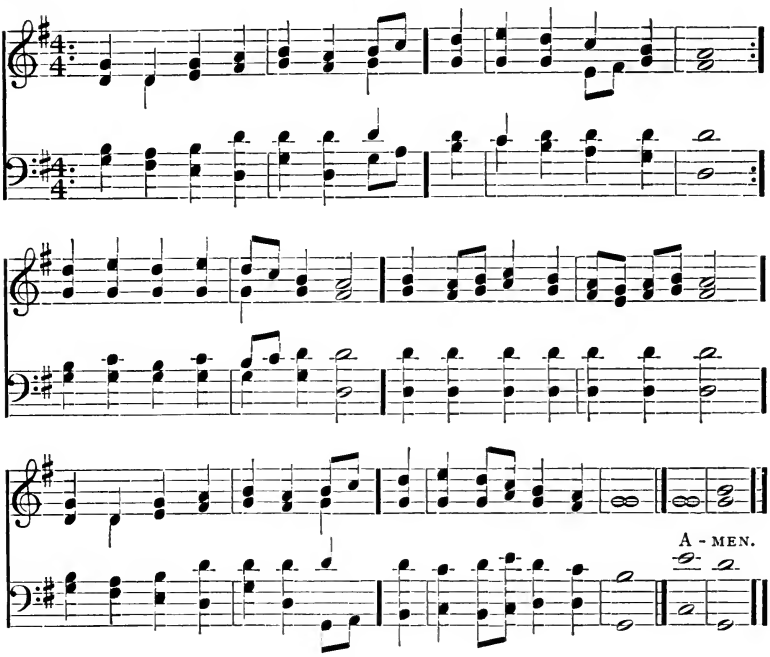
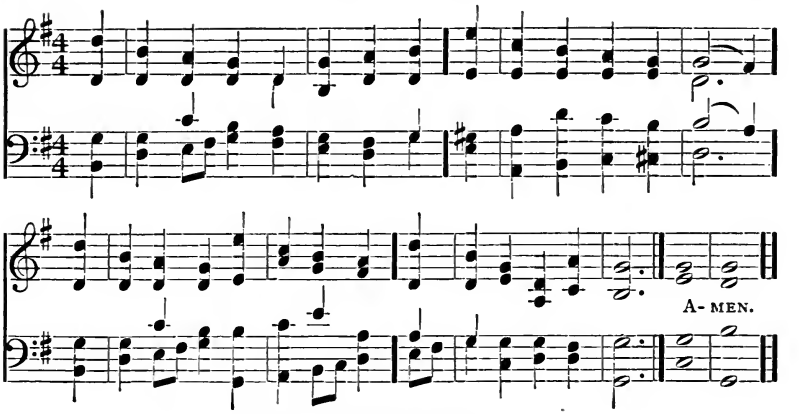

45 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Hallelujah. **Ps. cl : 6.**

1 Praise the Lord who reigns above,
And rules o'er all below!
Praise the God of truth and love,
And all His goodness show!
Praise Him for His noble deeds!
Praise Him for His matchless power!
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore!

2 Him in whom we move and live
Let every creature sing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King!
Praise the Lord with every breath!
All His wondrous love record!
He hath conquered hell and death;
Let all things praise the Lord!

(Tune used by permission of the Presbyterian Board of Publication.)

46 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water. Ps. lxv: 9.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters vail the sky.

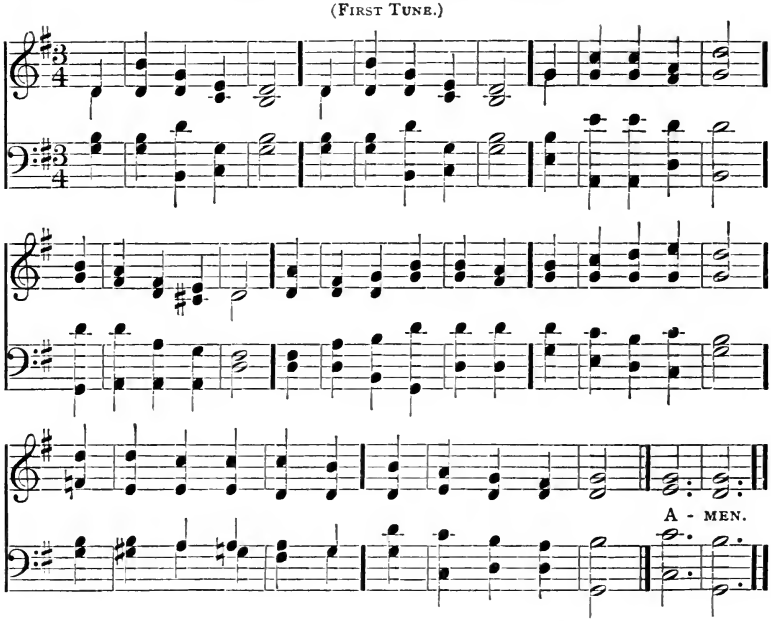
2 He sends His showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord. Dox. IV.

(FIRST TUNE.)

47 O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Ps. civ: 1.

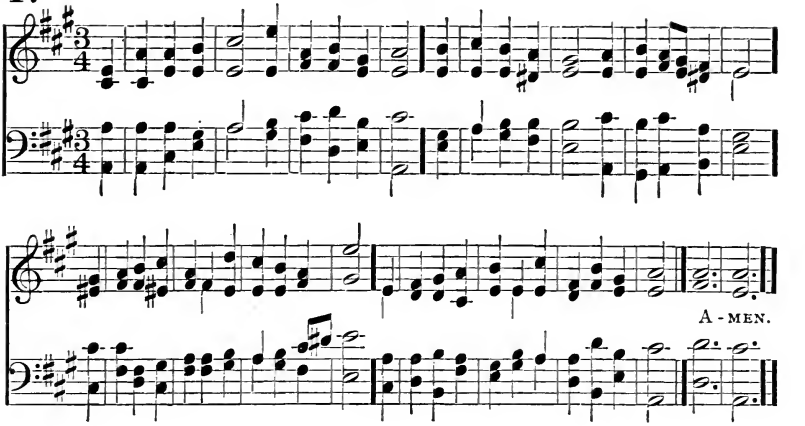
1 O worship the King, all glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise!

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

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

4 O measureless Might! ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
We heirs of salvation, though feeble our lays,
With true adoration, would sing to Thy praise.

47

(SECOND TUNE.)

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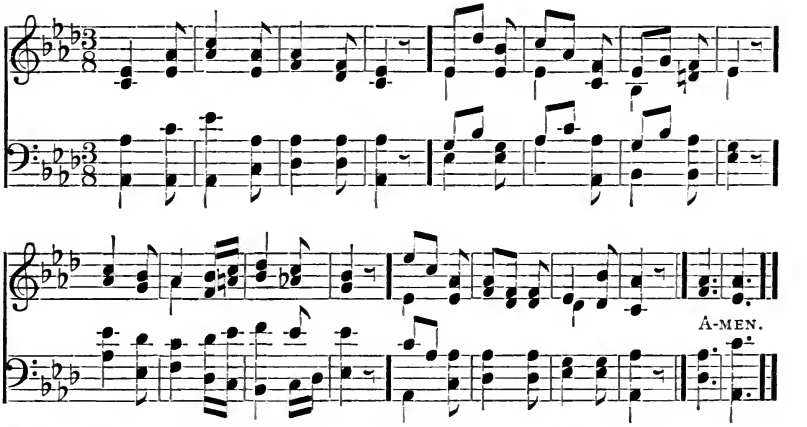
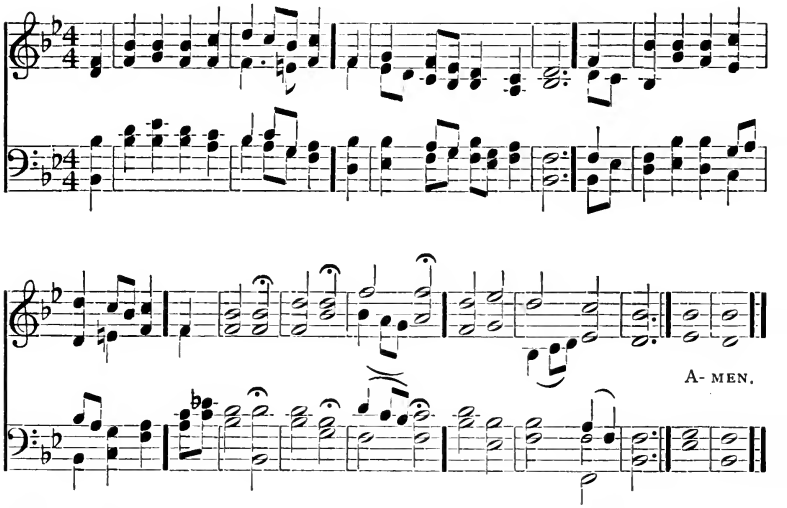

48 What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and love mercy? Mic. vi: 8.

1 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow:

2 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

3 Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to God and all mankind.

(First Tune.)

49 On his head were many crowns; and he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written King of kings, and Lord of lords. Rev. xix: 12, 16.

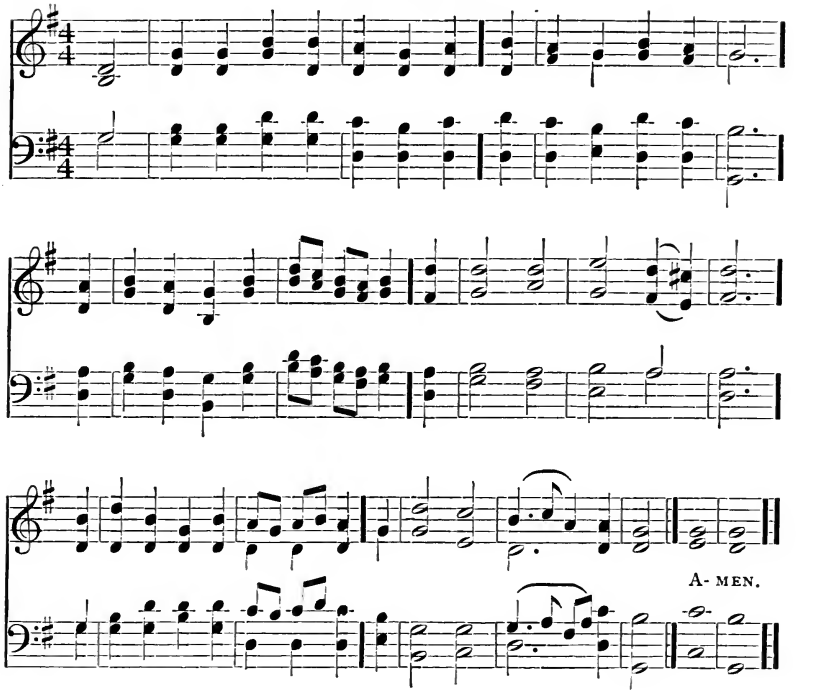
N. B. In the first tune "Crown Him" is sung four times, in the second tune the last two lines of each verse are repeated.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

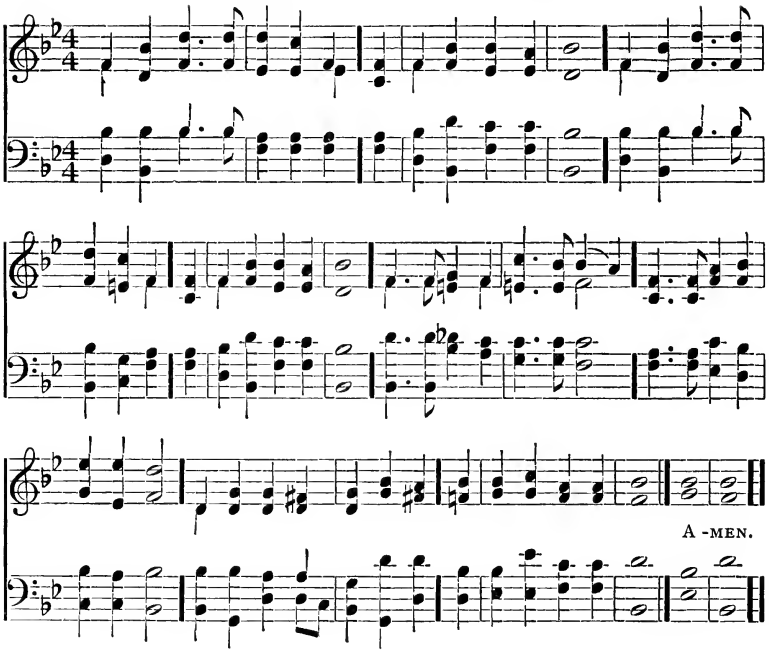
2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him whose way of pain ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line
Whom David Lord did call;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

(SECOND TUNE.)

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

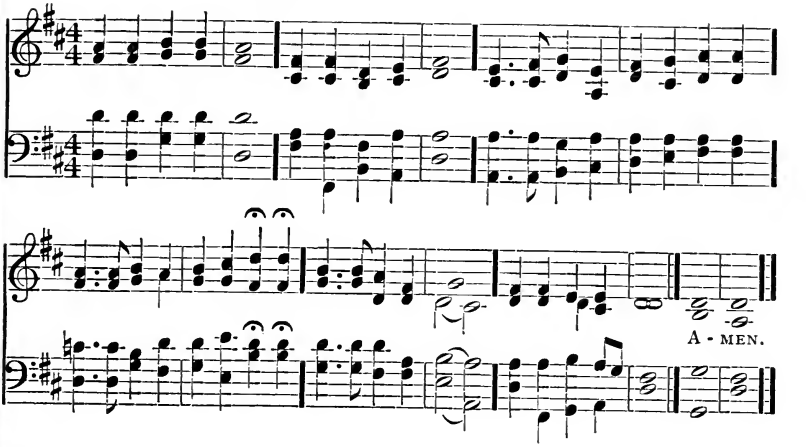
6 Let every tribe and every tongue
To Him their hearts enthral,
Lift high the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Our heavenly Father, Jesus, Lord,
Whom King of kings we call,
We worship Thee, Incarnate Word
And crown Thee Lord of all. DOX. IV.

50 There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth in the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky. Deut. xxxiii : 26.

1 None is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high;
Lo, He spreads His wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky!
Israel is His chosen son;
God, the mighty God, is thine:
See Him to thy help come down,
The Excellence Divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend:
Thee the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend.
Israel what hast thou to dread,
Safe from all impending harms?
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

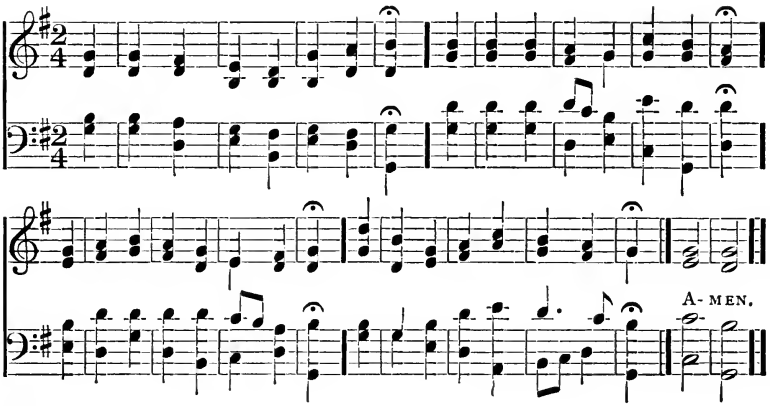
3 In a land of corn and wine
Thy lot shall be below;
Comforts shall with blessings join,
And milk and honey flow.
Jacob's well shall ne'er be dry:
Gracious dew shall heaven distil;
Joy descending from on high
Each humble heart shall fill.

4 Blest, O Israel, blest art thou!
What people is like thee?
Saved and kept by Jesus now
Thou art and still shalt be.
Jesus is thy sevenfold shield:
Jesus is thy flaming sword:
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To His almighty Word.

51 I will sing praise to the Lord and God of Israel. Jud. v: 3.

1 Father, throned on high,
Yet to mortals nigh!
While the hosts of heav'n adore Thee,
We on earth fall down before Thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2 O Eternal Word,
O Incarnate Lord!
We to Thee thanksgiving render,
Thee, Thy Church's strong defender,
And as monarch own
None but Thee alone.

3 Blessed be Thy Name,
Jesus Christ! — the same
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
What from Thee our souls shall sever,
While we hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice?

4 Lord, Thy Word is light;
Led by it aright;
When as pilgrims, like our fathers,
Life's last shadow round us gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day.

52

To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Rev. 1: 6.

1 To Jesus Christ be glory given
By all on earth, by all in heaven!
Let His dominion wide extend,
His glorious kingdom have no end!

2 For He of all that's good and true
Is Alpha and Omega too;
The Fount of Life, the Source of Light,
The Spring of every true delight.

3 Beginning, Ending — God and Man!
His inmost Being none can scan;
But in His human form Divine
The First and Last united shine.

4 Who is, who was, who is to come —
Th' Eternal, Infinite, I Am!
The Lord Almighty — God most high!
Amen! let heaven and earth reply. Dox. X.

53

Praise God in his sanctuary. Ps. cl: 1.

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

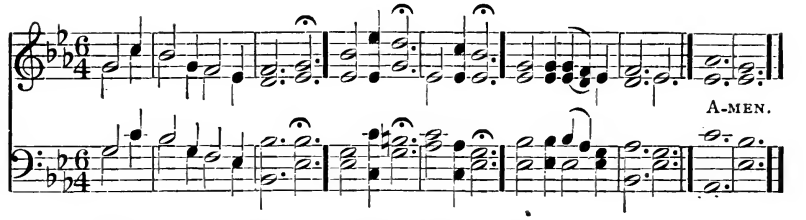
2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth dwells in Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Dox. X.

54 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens. Ps. lvii : 5.

1 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 Thy praises, Lord, we will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

DOXOLOGY.

To Thee, O Lord our God, we raise
Our noblest songs of thanks and praise;
Be everywhere Thy name confessed,
God over all forever blest.

55 They cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. Rev. iv: 10, 11.

1 Saviour and Regenerator!
Thee alone, God we own,
Father and Creator.

2 Word Incarnate we adore Thee!
Hosts above, God of love,
Cast their crowns before Thee.

3 Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
One in Thee, Lord, we see,
Who Thy grace inherit.

4 May Thy Word be our instructor,
Night and day, on our way,
Our divine conductor!

5 Visit us with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care still be near,
Round our habitation.

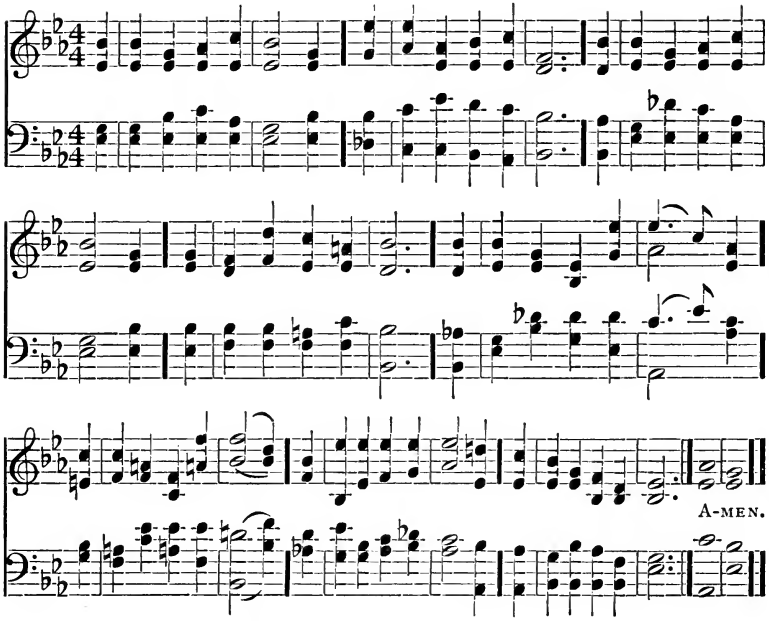
6 Jesus, our divine Protector,
Guide us still, let Thy will
Be our sole director!

Part II.

1 Blessed Lord, what shall we render,
To Thy Name, still the same,
Gracious, good and tender!

2 Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of the food, truly good,
Nourish us forever!

3 Glory, honor, thanks and blessing
Will we give, while we live,
Never, never ceasing.

4 Thee in glory, great Jehovah,
May we see, and to Thee
Raise the Alleluia!

56 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, show forth his salvation from day to day. Ps. xcvi: 2.

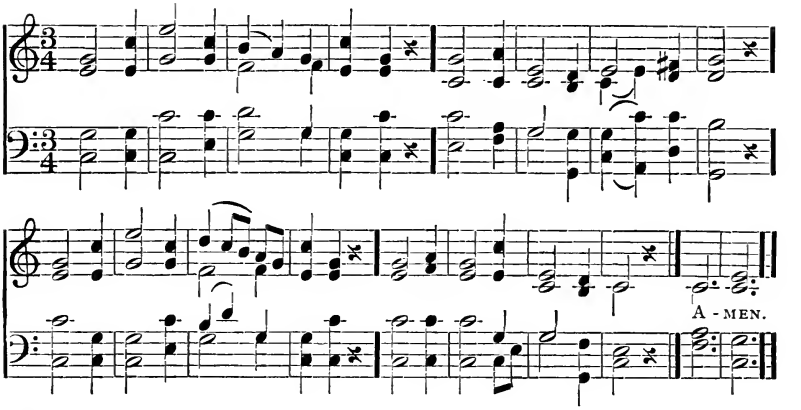
1 Oh Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favor,
All other names above;

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

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

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Saviour God, is Thine; *Cho.*

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;

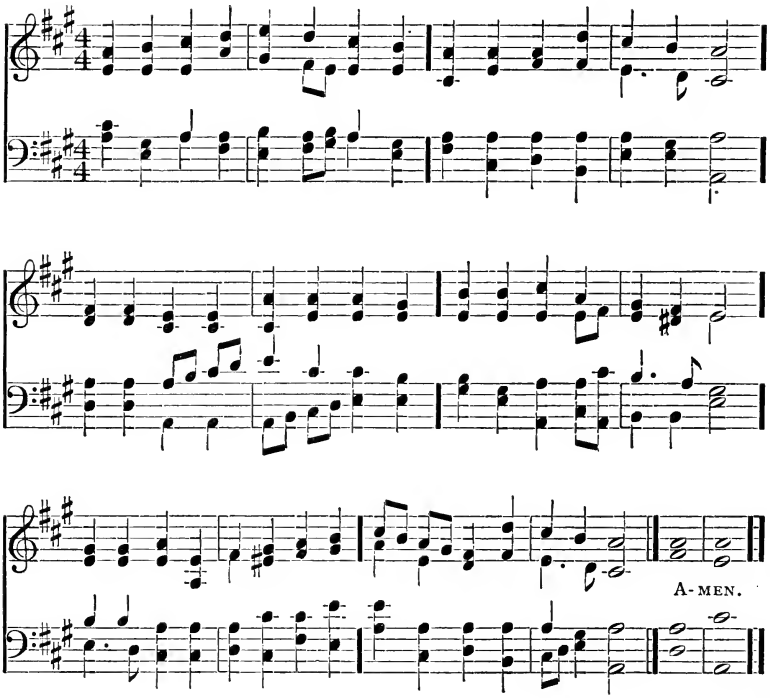
Cho. We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

57 Praise ye the Lord! from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Ps. cxlviii: 1.

1 Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore Him!
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obey;
Changeless wisdom they betoken,
Love eternal they display.

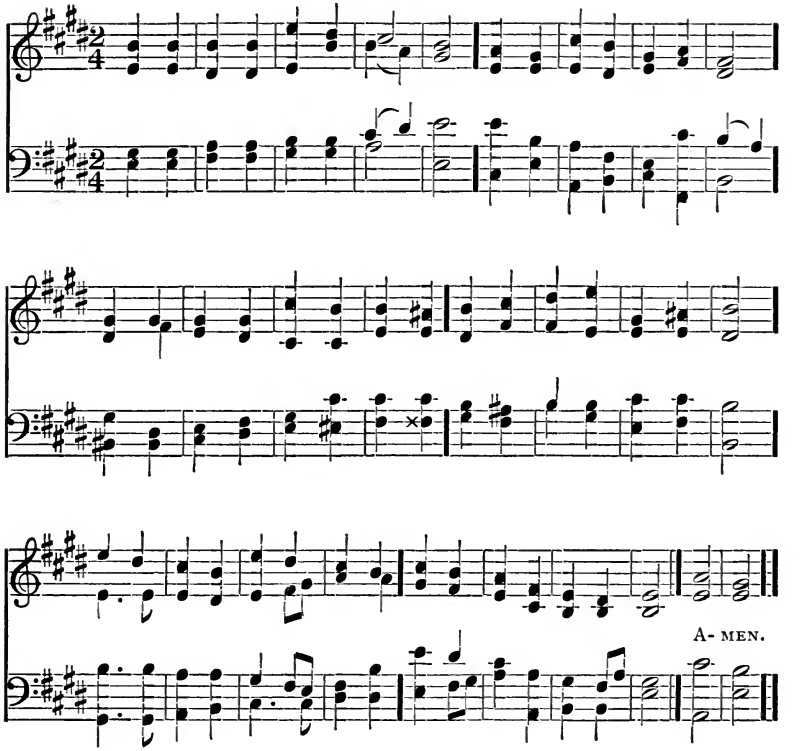
3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,
Never shall His promise fail;
He will make His truth victorious,
Sin and death shall ne'er prevail.

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

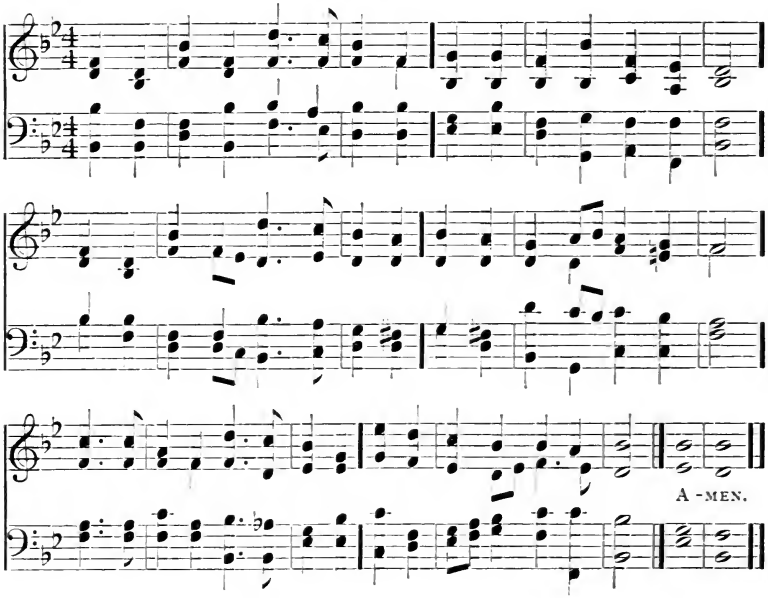
(First Tune.)

58 Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live will I praise the Lord. Ps. cxlvi: 1, 2.

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

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

(SECOND TUNE.)

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

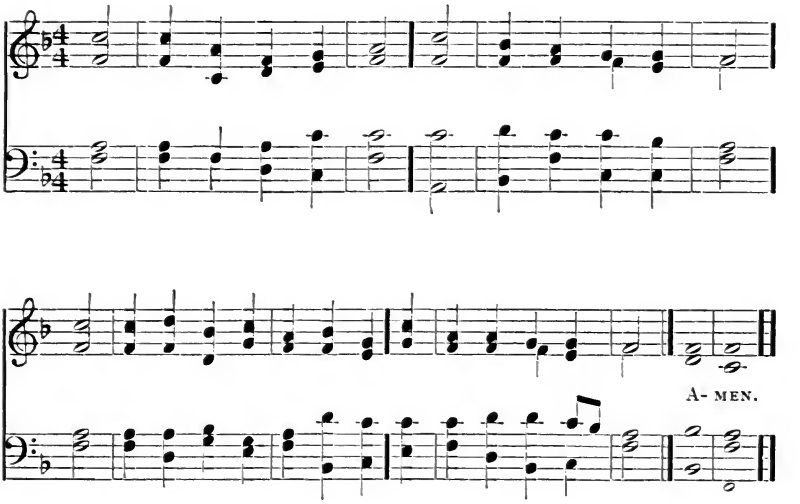
4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. DOX. VII.

(THIRD TUNE.)

58 His praise shall continually be in my mouth. Ps. xxxiv: 1.

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

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

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Dox. VII.

59 His dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the end of the earth. Zech. ix: 10.

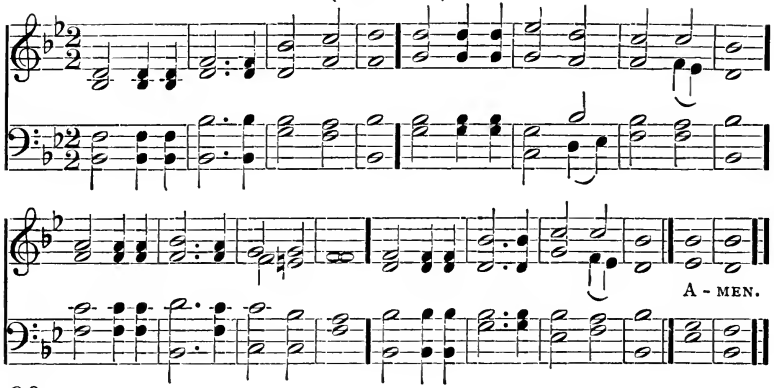
1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
The Lord alone is sovereign God
And universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry 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 Come, and obey His voice;
Come, and receive His grace;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And seek your Father's face.

Dox. V.

(First Tune.)

60

While I live will I praise the Lord. Ps. cxlvi : 2.

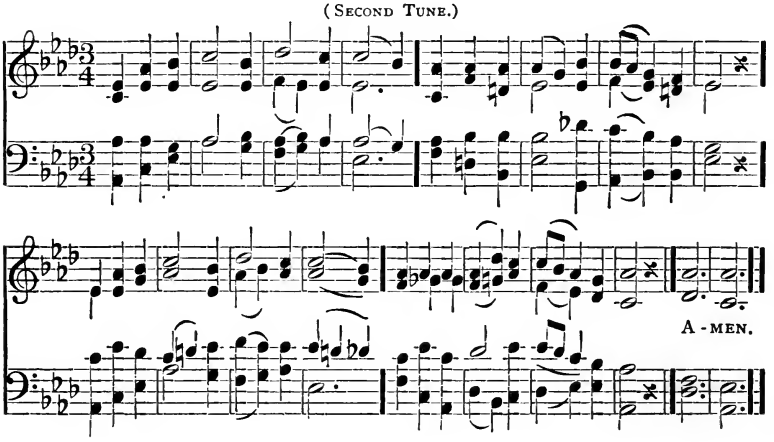
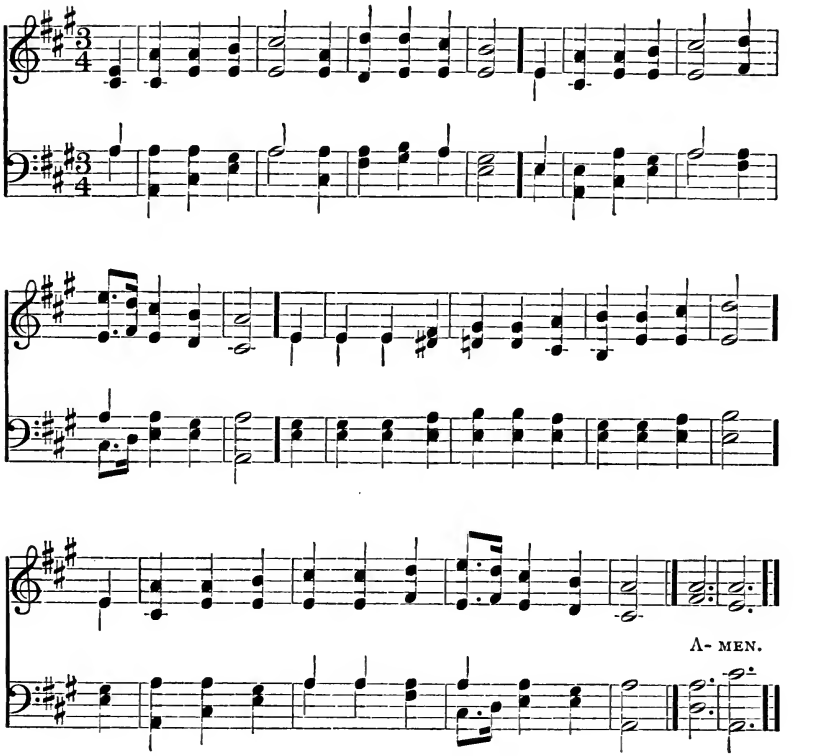
1 Jesus, to Thee be endless praise!
Eternal thanks to Thee be given!
Thou didst create all men, to raise
Their souls to endless bliss in heav'n.

2 Hosanna to our only Lord!
Hosanna to our only King!
Spread the Creator's name abroad,
Till all mankind His praises sing!

3 Our souls, O Lord, Thou didst redeem
From sin and everlasting woe:
On all Thy grace and mercy beam,
In heaven above and earth below.

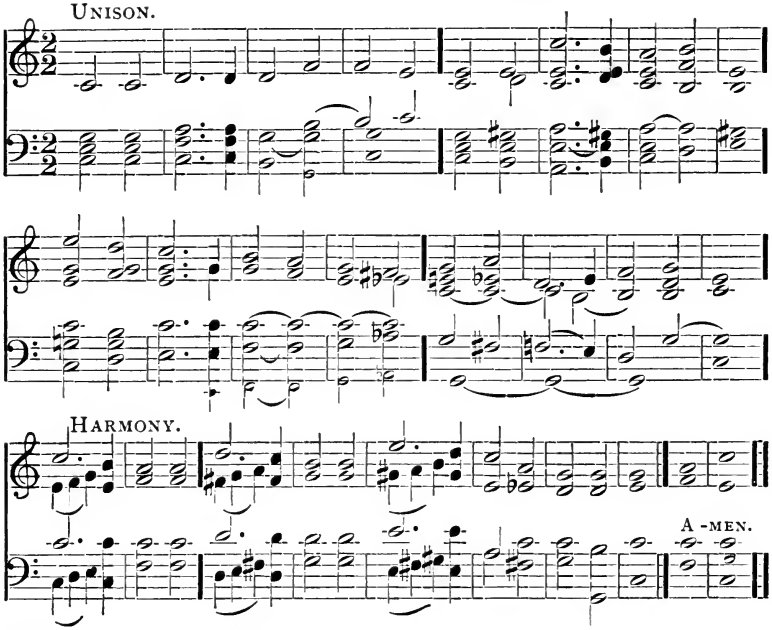
4 Hosanna, to our only Lord!
Hosanna to our only King!
Spread the Redeemer's name abroad,
Till all mankind His praises sing.

Dox. I.

(Second Tune.)

61 Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Ps. xcv: 1.

1 O praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In God our Redeemer let Israel rejoice
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2 From bondage of hell redeemed by His might,
Rejoice in His grace, His love and His light;
For us in His mansion He maketh a place,
And with His salvation the humble will bless.

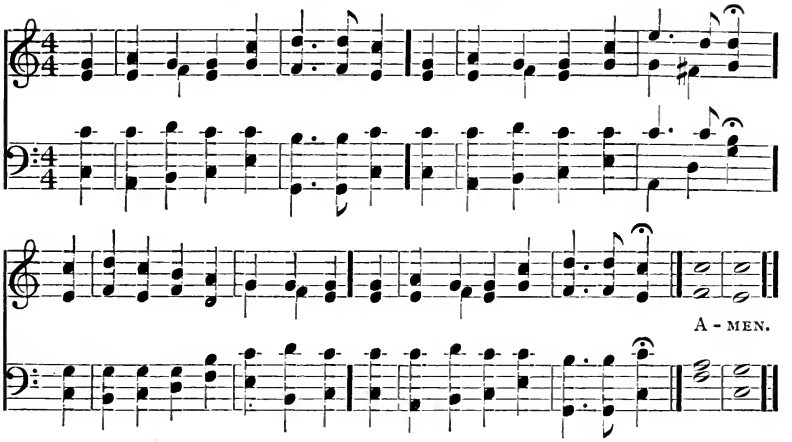
3 Then worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

62

The heavens declare the glory of God. Ps. xix: 1.

1 God is love! the heavens tell it
Through their glorious orbs of light,
In that glad and golden language
Speaking to us day and night
‖: Their great story,:‖
God is love, and God is light!

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above;
With ten thousand thousand voices,
Telling back from hill and grove,
‖: Her glad story,:‖
God is might, and God is love!

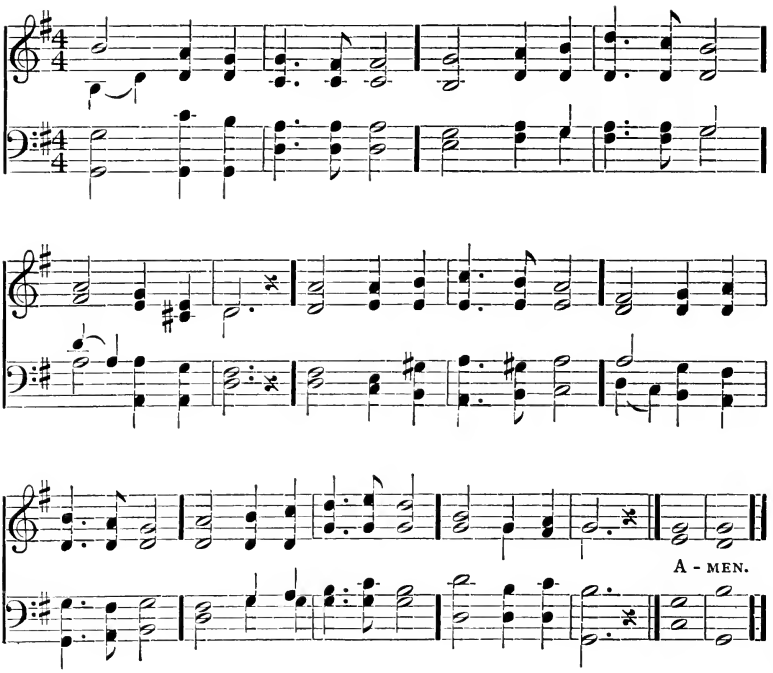
3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
‖: Tell their story,:‖
God is love and God is life!

4 In His love divine He sought us
Wandering from His holy ways,
Gifts of endless life He brought us,
Then let all our future days
‖:Tell this story,:‖
Love, our life—our life be praise! Dox. VII.

63 The Lord will lighten my darkness. 2 Sam. xxii: 29.

1 O Lord of life, the Truth, the Way,
Whose nature is essential love:
O turn our darkness into day,
And raise our hearts to things above.

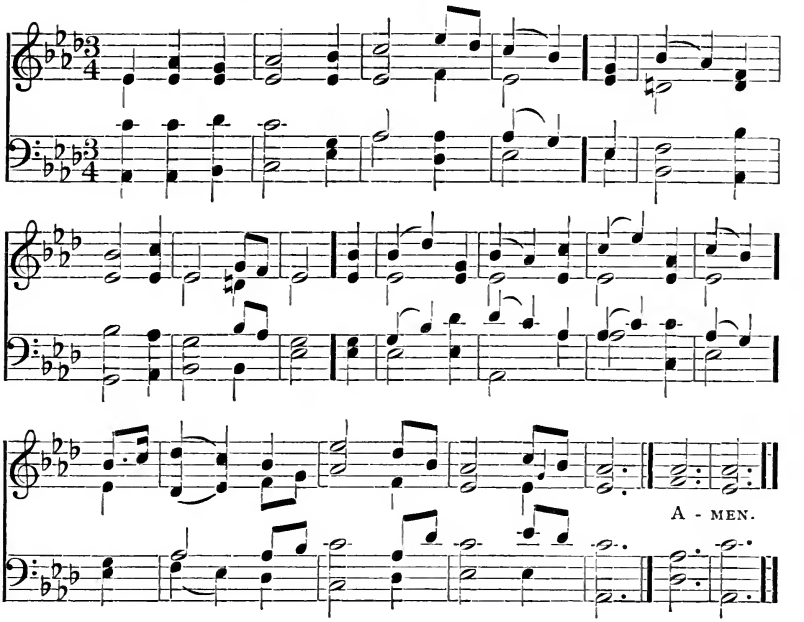
2 Here may our praise to Thee ascend,
As incense from a thankful mind:
And may each hallowed feeling blend,
And truth with love in union bind.

3 Here may our selfish thoughts and cares,
Our worldly loves and anxious fears
Give place to heavenly songs and prayers,
And gladness take the place of tears.

4 So may our hearts and minds be one,
Conjoined with Thee in love Divine:
So may Thy will on earth be done,
And all our life be ruled by Thine. Dox. I.

64 He is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. Ps. xcv: 7.

1 Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways,
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To join Thy praise.

2 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song!
O Jesus Christ, our God!
By Thine enduring Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

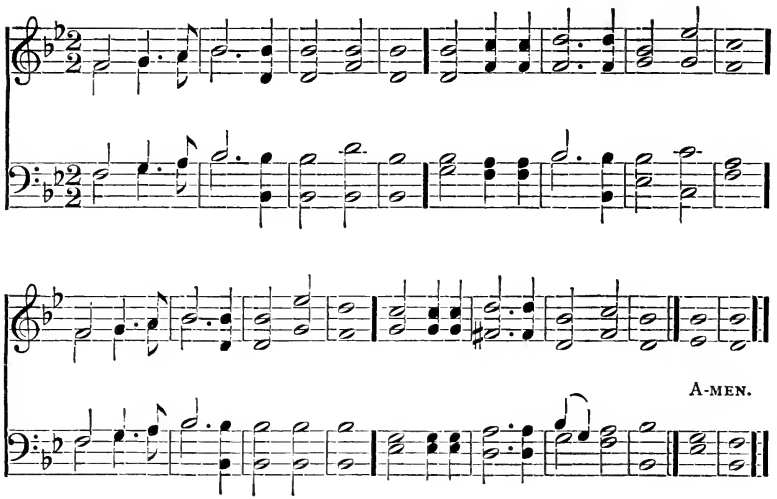
3 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong
Unite and swell the song
To Thee, our King. Dox. XVI.

65 In thy presence is fulness of joy. Ps. xvi: 11.

1 Lord, when Thou mak'st Thy presence felt,
And when the soul hath grasped Thee right,
How fast the dreary shadows melt
Beneath Thy warm and living light!

2 In Thee I find a nobler birth,
A glory o'er the world I see,
And paradise returns to earth,
And blooms again for us in Thee.

3 Thou strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'Tis Thou the living spark dost fan,
That sets my breast on fire within.

4 Thou openest heaven once more to men,
The soul's true home, Thy kingdom, Lord,
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God. Dox. I.

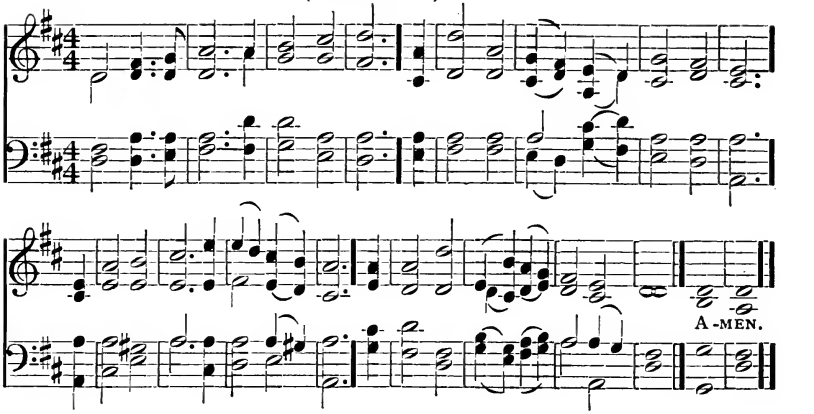
(First Tune.)

66 His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed. Ps. lxxii: 17.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth His successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To 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. Dox. II.

(Second Tune.)

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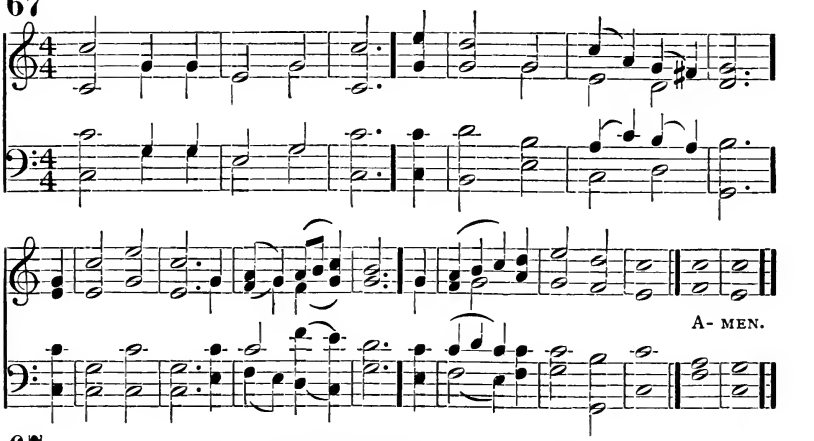
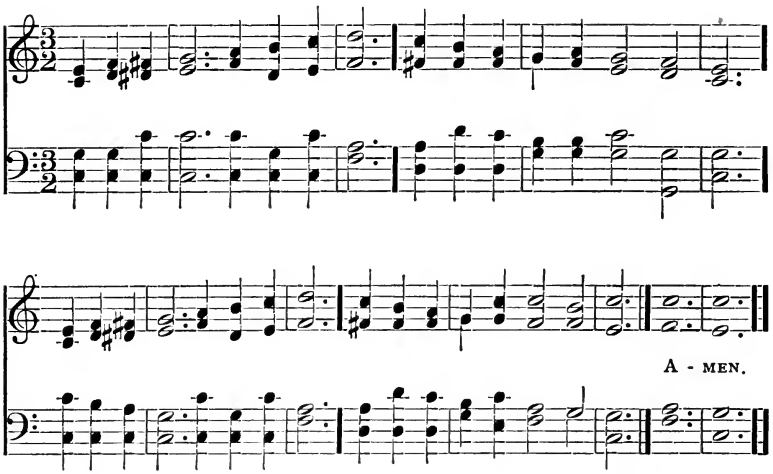

67 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice. Ps. xcvii: 1.

1 Jesus triumphant reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfill His word.

2 In Sion stands His throne;
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

3 His name shall be adored
Through earth's rejoicing lands:
Great is His mercy, sure His word,
His truth forever stands.

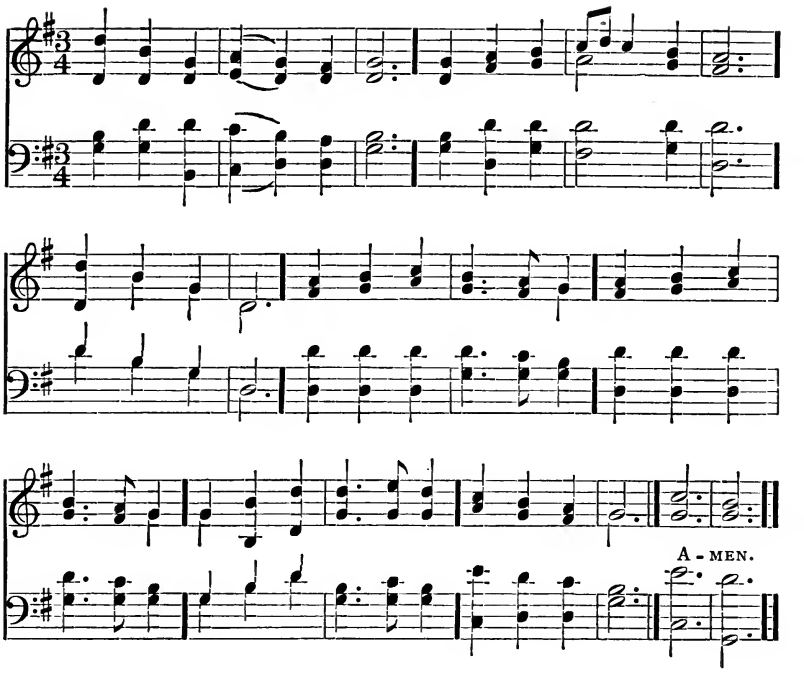
4 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Him will we worship, Him alone,
With angel hosts on high.

Dox. V.

68 I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvellous works. Ps. ix: 1.

1 O Lord all glorious, Life of life!
To Thee we raise our grateful songs:
Lift up our souls from thoughts of self
To Thee to whom all life belongs.

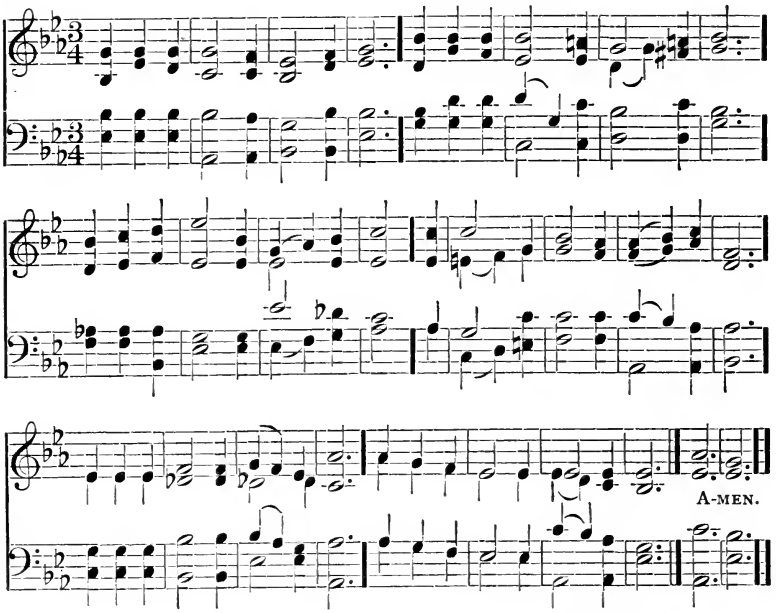
2 Below all depths Thy mercy lies;
Above all heights Thy love ascends;
Thy providence our path surrounds;
Thy watchful care each step attends.

3 From Thee all good desires proceed;
All holy thoughts we gain from Thee;
The good we do is Thine alone,
Thine shall our hearts' thanksgivings be.

4 Reveal Thyself to us, O Lord,
In love, in wisdom, more and more;
That we may find Thee ever near,
And praise and serve Thee and adore. Dox. II.

69 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power. Rev. iv: 11.

1 Thy mighty power we sing,
O Thou eternal King,
By heaven adored!
Nations shall bow to Thee:
Subject the world shall be
Unto Thy majesty,
Jesus our Lord!

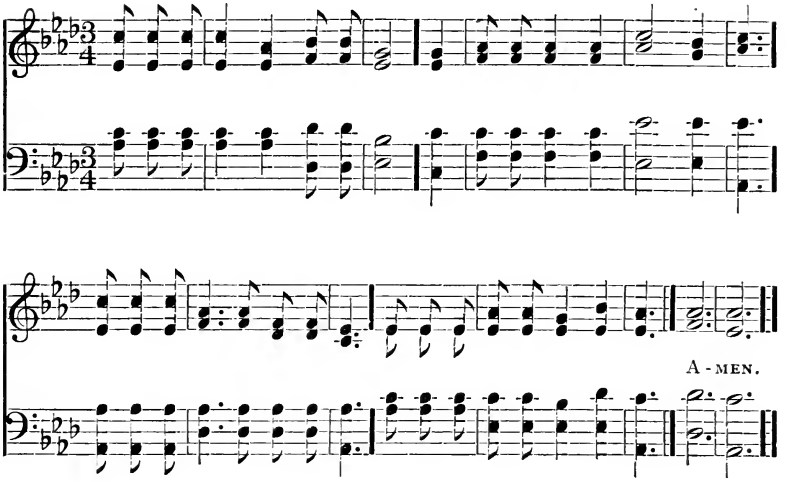
2 Stretch out Thy mighty hand!
In this and every land
Evil subdue!
Satan's dominion end,
Ever Thy Church defend,
O Lord, our God and Friend,
Gracious and true!

3 Rise, O Jerusalem!
Bring forth the diadem,
Crown Him and sing!
His sovereign power make known!
Hail Him who rules alone
On heaven's eternal throne,
Jesus the King! Dox XVI.

70 The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Ps. lxxiv: 16.

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections, Lord, from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

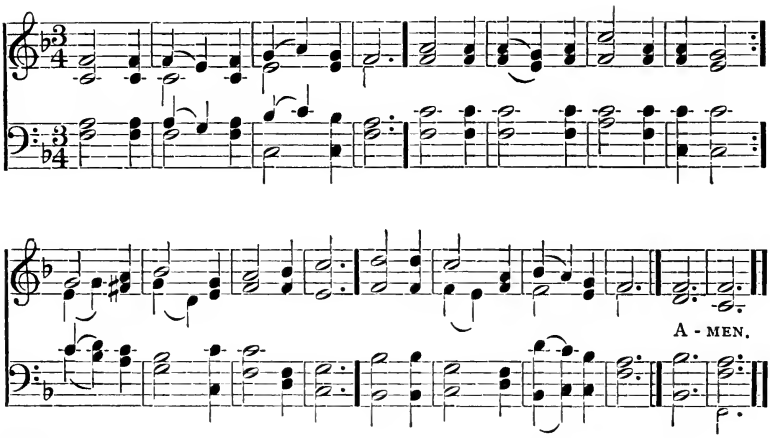
2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

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

71 I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
Ps. cxlv: 1.

1 Give thanks to God; He reigns above:
Kind are His thoughts; His name is Love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

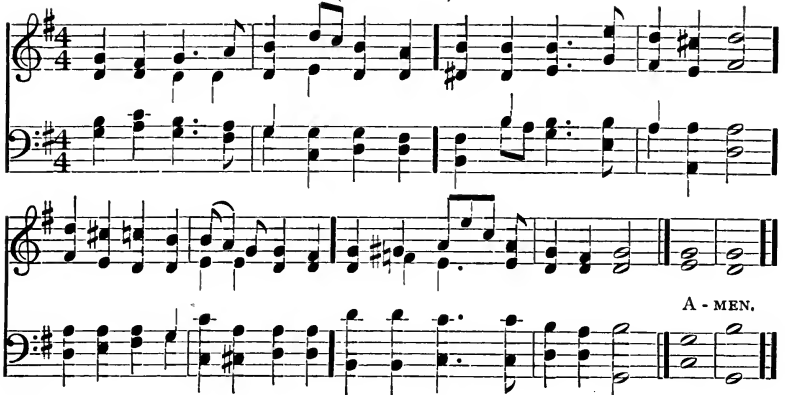
3 Then let us all with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord:
How great His works; how kind His ways;
Let every tongue pronounce His praise. Dox. II.

72 The Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and an everlasting King. Jer. x: 10.

1 Thee we praise, eternal Lord,
Thee our only God confessing,
In all earth and heaven adored,
Father of unending blessing:
All th' angelic powers on high
Loud to Thee their praises cry.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Earth and heaven declare Thy glory:
With Thy saints in sweet accord
Sings the Church the blessed story
Of th' eternal Trinity
Unto man made known in Thee.

3 Lord, Thy trusting people save,
Heaven's graces on them shower;
Light and hope beyond the grave,
Safety from the evil power;
Bless their years of earthly strife
With the crown of endless life.

4 Lord and Father, may Thy grace
Rule our hearts where sin abounded;
All our hope in Thee we place,
Let us never be confounded;
Dearest God! we trust in Thee
Now and for eternity.

(First Tune.)

73

The goodness of God endureth continually. Ps. lii: 1.

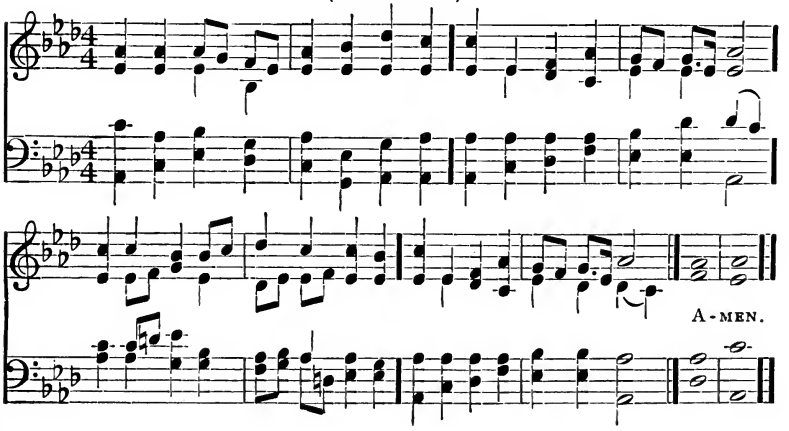
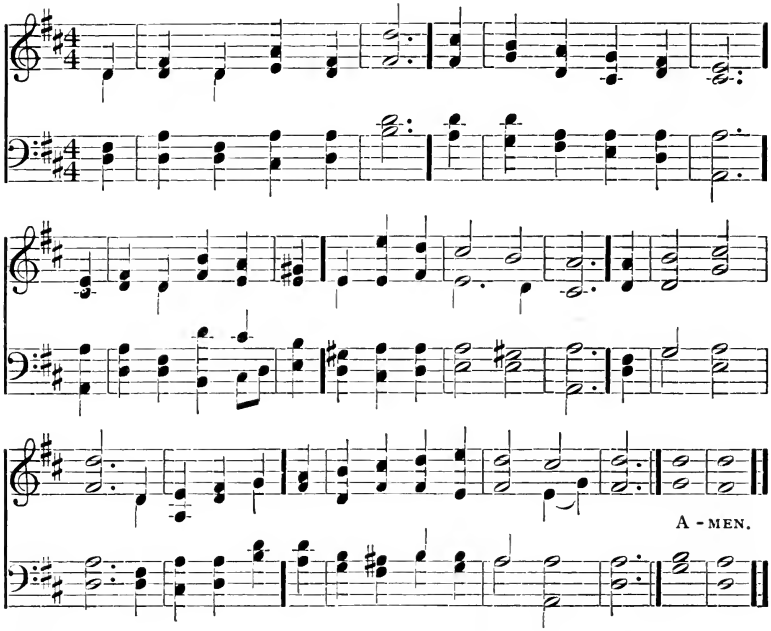
1 God is love: His mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Joy He gives and woe He lightens;
God is light and God is love.

2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is light and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
Through the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is light and God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above,
Every where His glory shineth:
God is light and God is love.

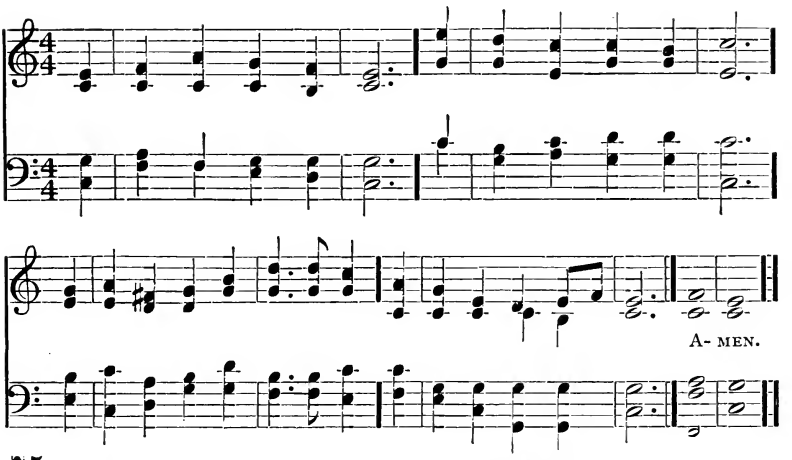
Dox. VIII.

(Second Tune.)

74 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. Ps. lxxxiv: 1.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are:
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

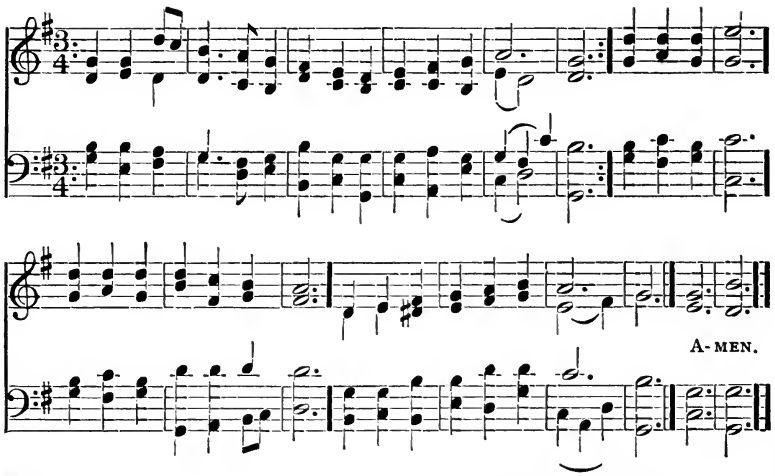
3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

75 Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Ps. ciii: 1.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
The Lord relieves thy pain,
The Lord doth heal thy sicknesses,
And give thee strength again.

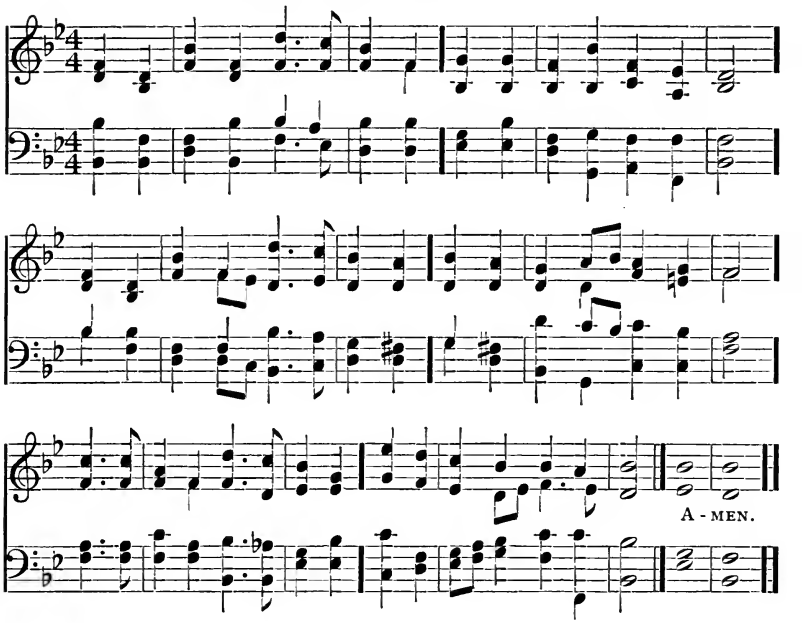
3 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed our souls from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

4 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine. Dox. V.

76 Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery. Ps. xxxiii: 2.

1 Praise to the Lord! He is King over all the creation!
Praise to the Lord! O my soul, as the God of salvation.
Join in the song —
Psalt'ry and harp, roll along,
Praise in your solemn vibration.

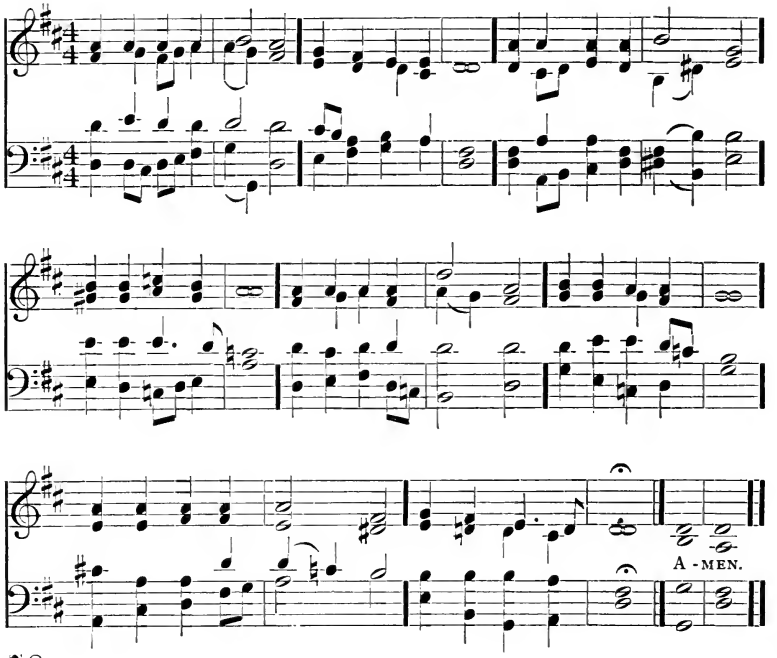
2 Praise to the Lord! Who, in glorious majesty reigning,
Beareth thee upward, on wings like the eagles' sustaining —
Thee to uphold,
Arms of His mercy enfold —
Faithful 'mid all thy complaining.

3 Praise to the Lord! Who with honor and blessing hath crowned thee,
Pouring His gifts out of Heaven like showers around thee;
Think of it too,
What the Almighty can do —
How by His love He hath bound thee.

4 Praise to the Lord! and let all that is in me adore Him:
All that hath breath sing with Abraham's children before Him —
He is our Light,
Fountain of glory and might,
Come, let us kneel and adore Him!

77 Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Ps. cxlviii: 1.

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him!
Praise Him, angels, in the height!
Sun and moon rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth and heaven, your songs unite.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious!
He hath put our foes to shame;
Over death and hell victorious,
Hosts on high His power proclaim.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Laud and magnify His name.

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

78

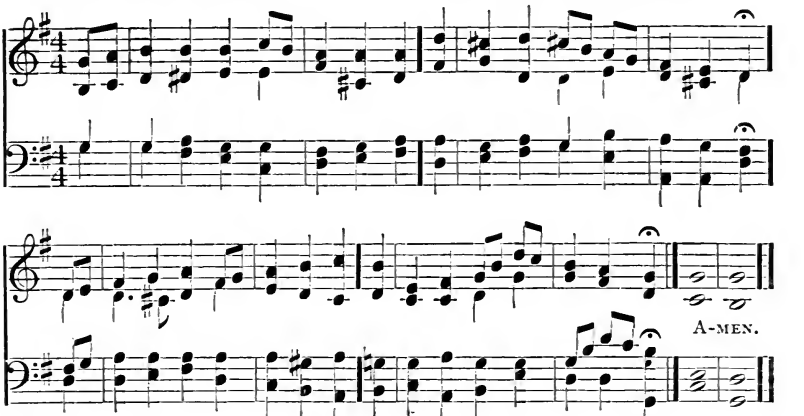
1 At the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 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:

4 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.

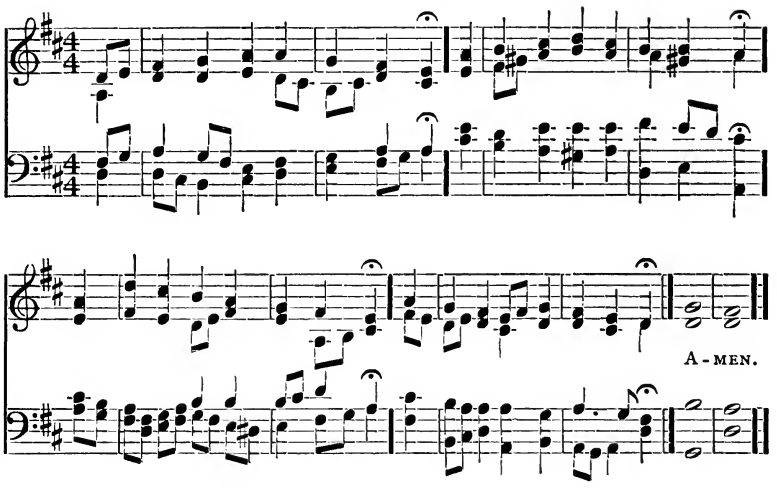
5 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

6 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.

79 O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever. Ps. xxx: 12.

1 We thank Thee, Lord! for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou didst gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father! in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven. Dox. I.

80

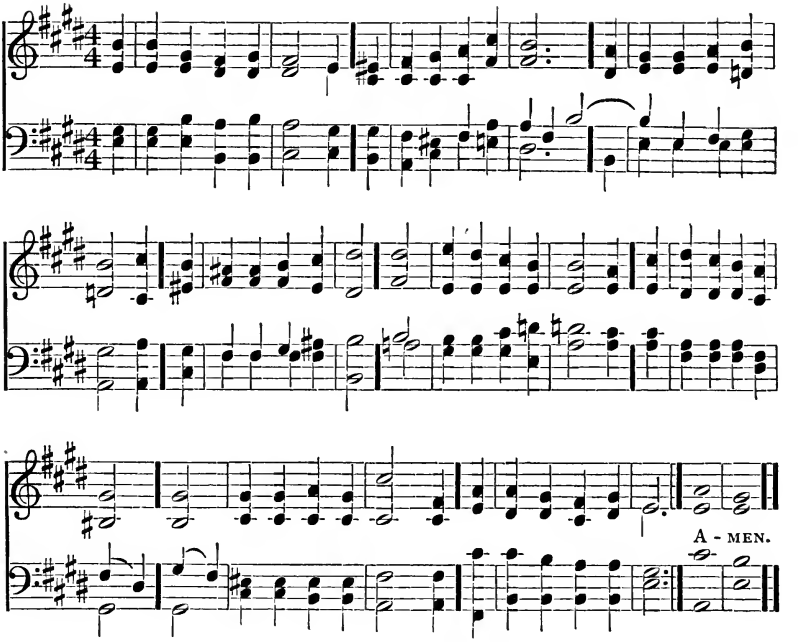
My Lord and my God. John xx: 28.

1 My Lord, my God, my only King!
Thy justice, power, and truth I sing;
Thy sceptre o'er Thy servant sway,
For only Thee would I obey.

2 To Thee is worship due alone;
And, prostrate at Thy holy throne,
My soul in humble love would fall,
And own Thee sovereign Lord of all.

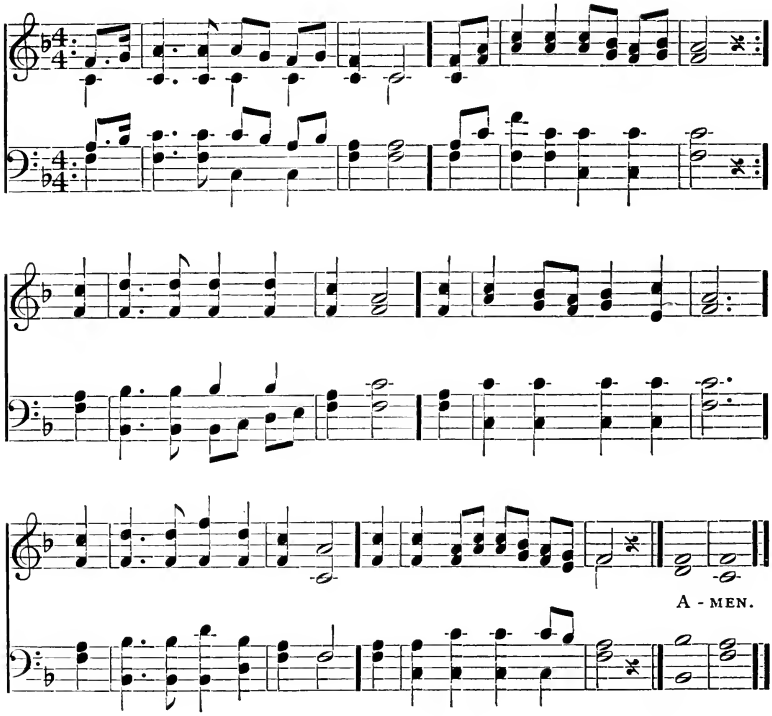
3 Thou art my Priest; Thy constant love
Cares for my soul, draws me above;
And I have full access to Thee,
In Thy Divine Humanity.

4 Thou art my holy Prophet, Lord!
Teach me the doctrines of Thy Word:
Its glories open to my sight,
And lead my erring footsteps right.

5 Thou art my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who dost my soul salvation bring,
Before Thy feet I thankful fall,
And worship Thee, my All in All. Dox. II.

81 The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath day. Matt. xii: 8.

1 Thy holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see,
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to Thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn Thy holy law.

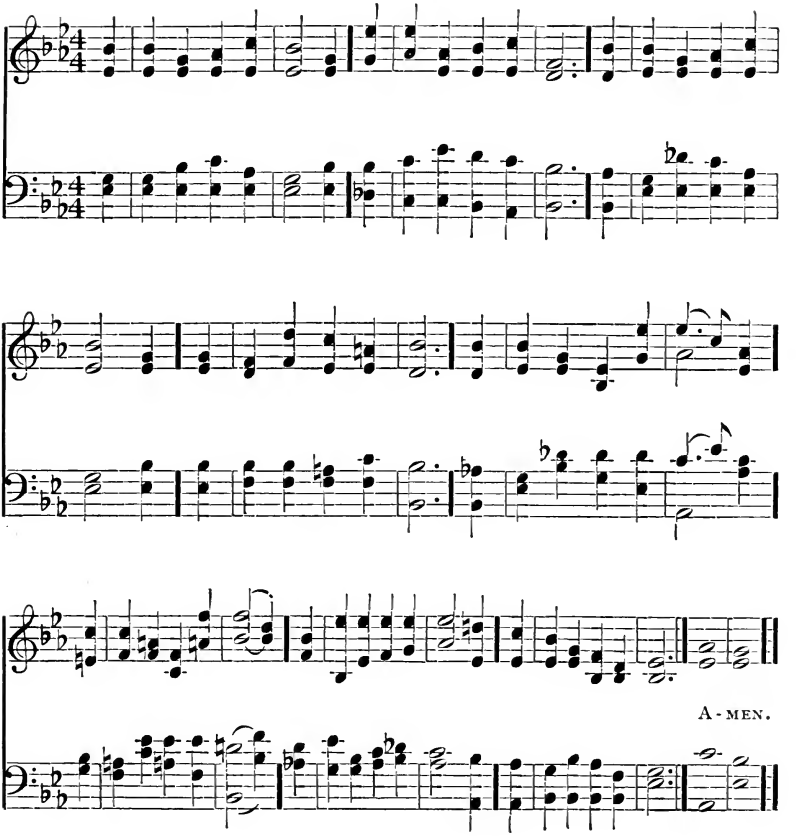
2 We join to sing Thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with Thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

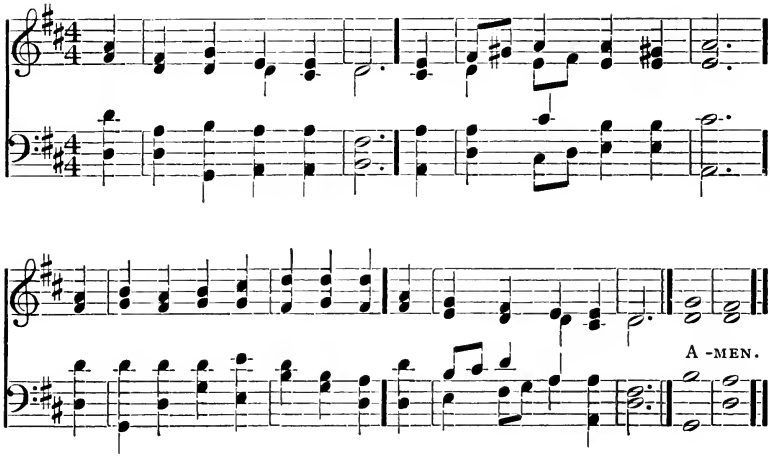
(First Tune.)

82 The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, came Jesus and stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. John xx: 19.

1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne
Sing Holy, holy, holy!
To Jesus, Lord alone.

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

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet reflection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

(Second Tune.)

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.

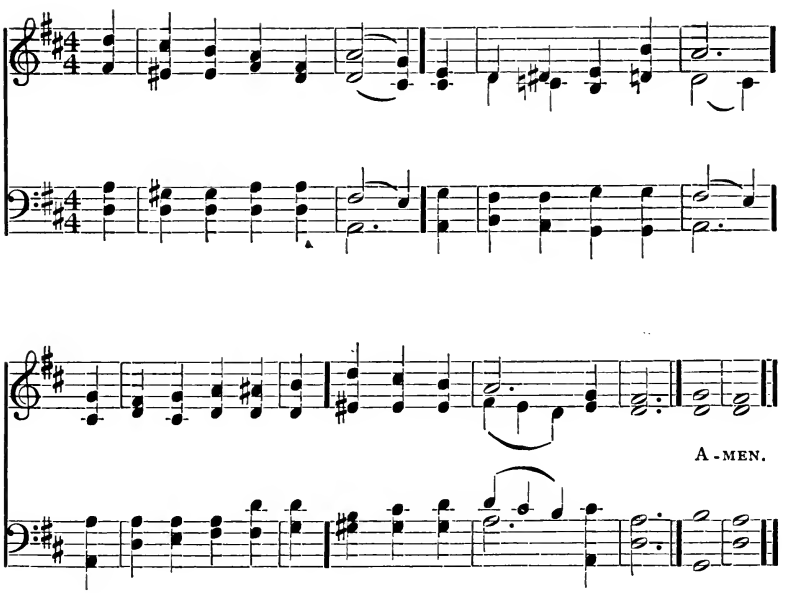
5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Thee, O Lord! be praises,
For every good begun;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Lord! alone.

83 This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Ps. cxviii: 24.

1 This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, 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 freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near,
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Dox. V.

84 Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house; and the place where thine honor dwelleth. Ps. xxvi: 8.

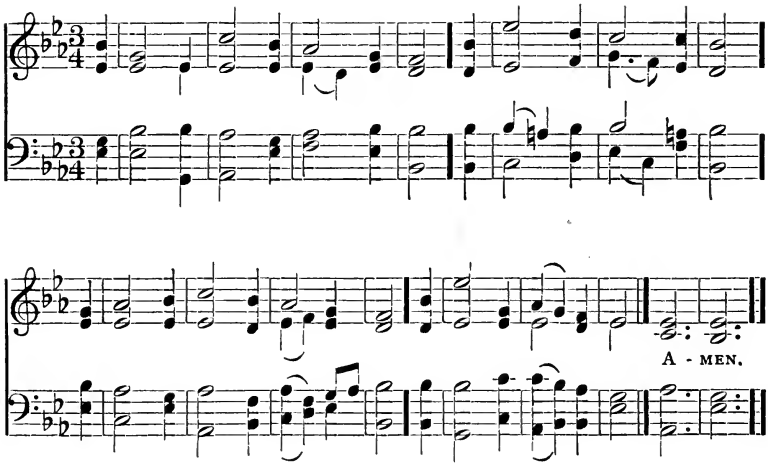
1 We love the place, O God!
Wherein Thine honor dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy waiting flock to greet.

3 We love Thy feast, O Lord!
Where Thou, the living Bread,
By faithful hearts adored,
Our fainting souls dost feed.

4 We love the Word of life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

5 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

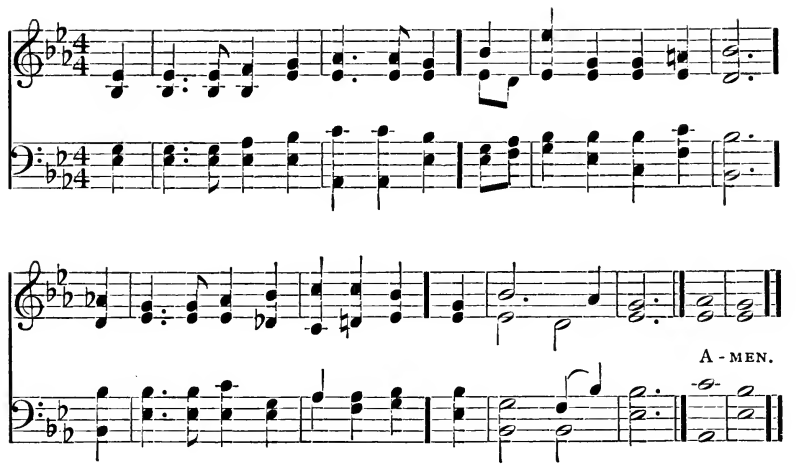
6 Lord Jesus! give us grace
On earth to love Thee more;
In heaven to see Thy Face,
And with Thy saints adore.

85 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.
Ps. lxxxiv: 4.

1 How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord!
From strife and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to Thee!

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high!
They are the truly blest,
Who will on Thee alone rely,
In Thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion's gates appear.

5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright:
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right. Dox. IV.

86

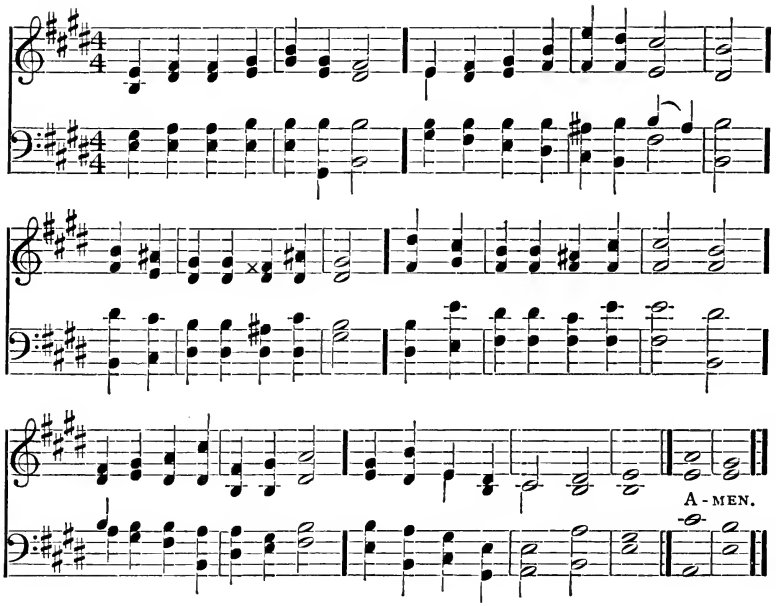
The rest of the holy Sabbath. Exod. xvi: 23.

1 Hail, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God! to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labors cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

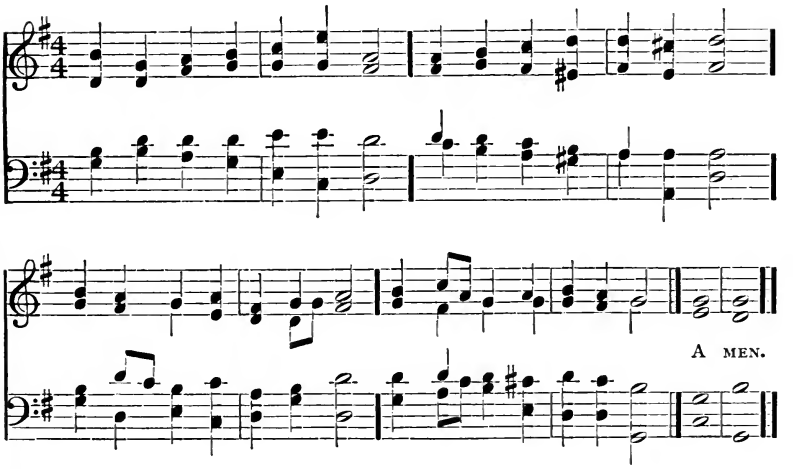
5 Accept, O Lord! my hymn of praise
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

87 I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John viii: 12.

1 Light of light! enlighten me.
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace! the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning;
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy be my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace!
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy Word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire in me may glow,
Which Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy! singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste, inly given,
Of the Sabbath joys of heaven.

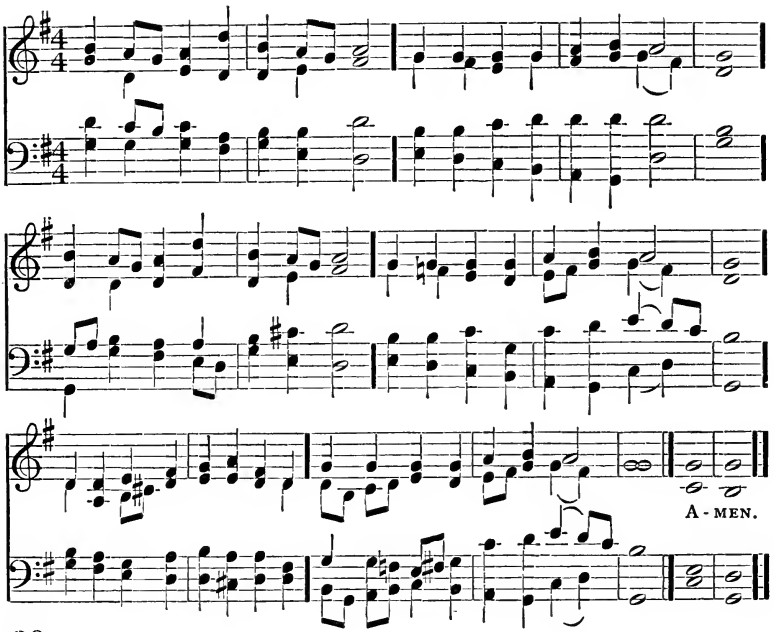
5 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty!
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

88

I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy. Ps. v: 1.

1 To Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Thee before Thy mercy-seat.

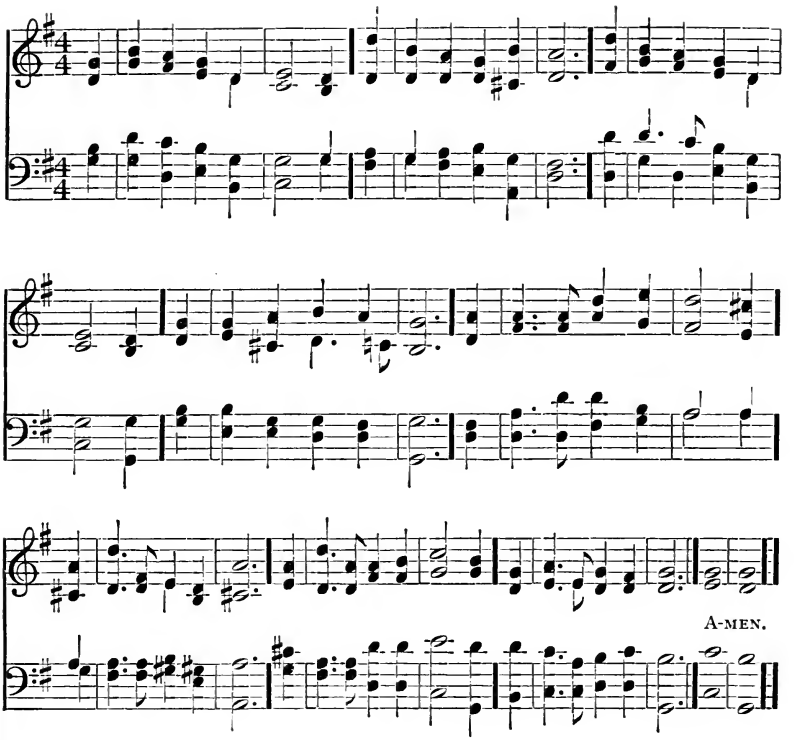
2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue:
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

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

4 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have been with Thee to-day.

89 Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage forever. Ps. cxix: 111.

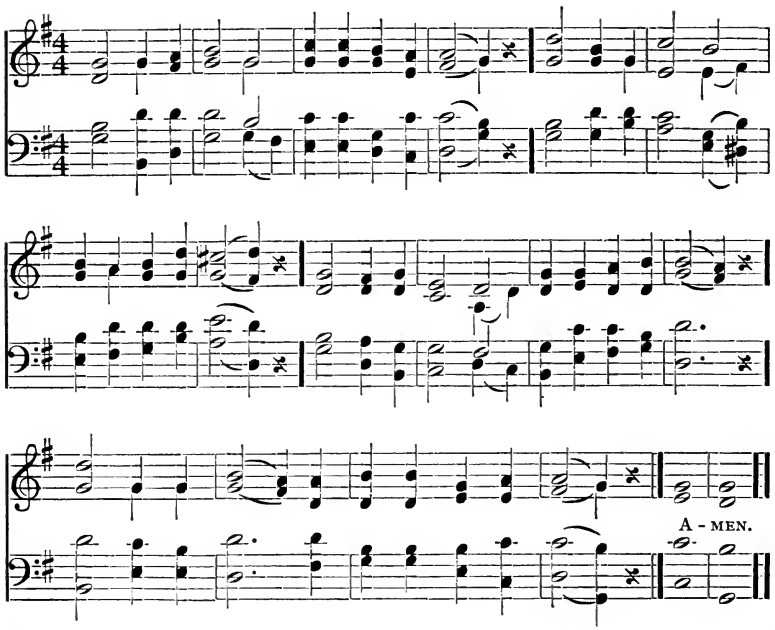
1 Blessèd Jesus, at Thy Word,
We are gathered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirr'd
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy,
Drawn from earth, to love Thee solely.

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

3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Truth from Love divine proceeding,
Open Thou our eyes and heart,
Let us hear Thy still voice pleading;
Till our answering cry it raises:
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

90 Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable. Isa. lviii : 13.

1 The dawn of God's own Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
Succeeds a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary waste of sand.

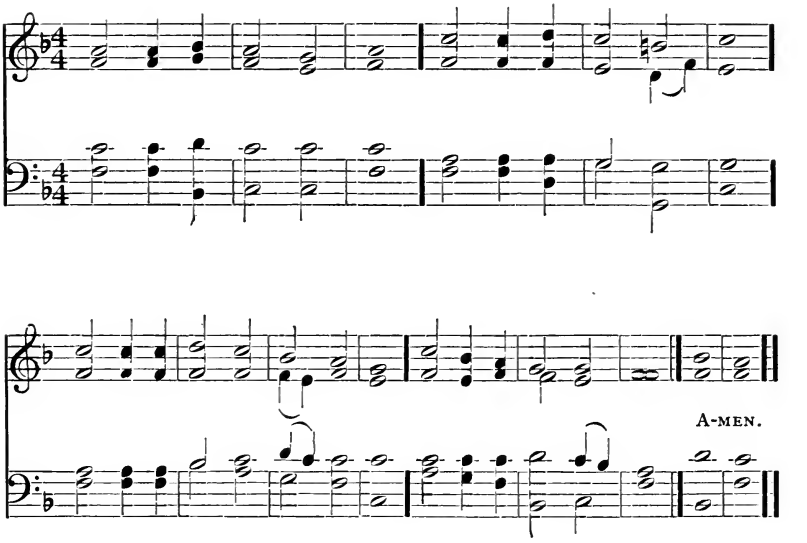
2 O day, when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy ;
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast!

3 Grant, Lord, our gracious Saviour!
That we may evermore,
In Thy most holy presence,
Thy sacred Name adore!
O bless this peaceful Sabbath,
Within these temple walls ;
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls!

91 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Ps. cl: 6.

1 Oh, come, and let us all, with one accord,
Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the Lord!
His goodness let our grateful hearts proclaim,
Yea, let us laud and magnify His Name.

2 Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice to give Him thanks and praise;
Let us and all His saints His glory sing,
Who is our blessèd Saviour, Lord, and King.

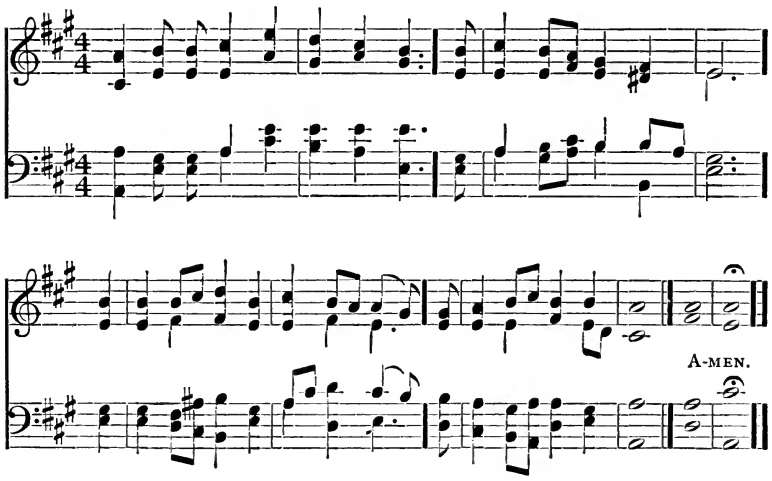
3 For by His word the heavens and earth were made,
The earth's foundation also firmly laid;
All things were done at His divine command,
And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

4 Therefore let all in heaven and earth agree
To sing His praise in perfect unity;
Yea, let His servants all, with one accord,
With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

92 Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable. Isa. lviii: 13.

1 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 sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

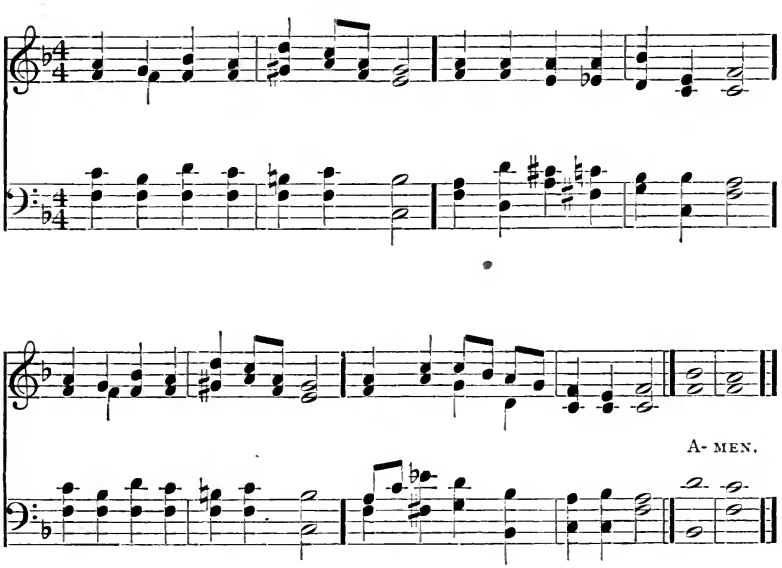
3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Spent in the ways of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And serve Him in eternal day,
And everlasting bliss. Dox. V.

93 Blessed is the man . . . that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil. Isa. lvi: 2.

1 Within Thy tabernacle, Lord,
Be with us through this day:
Oh, help us all to hear Thy Word,
Its precepts to obey.

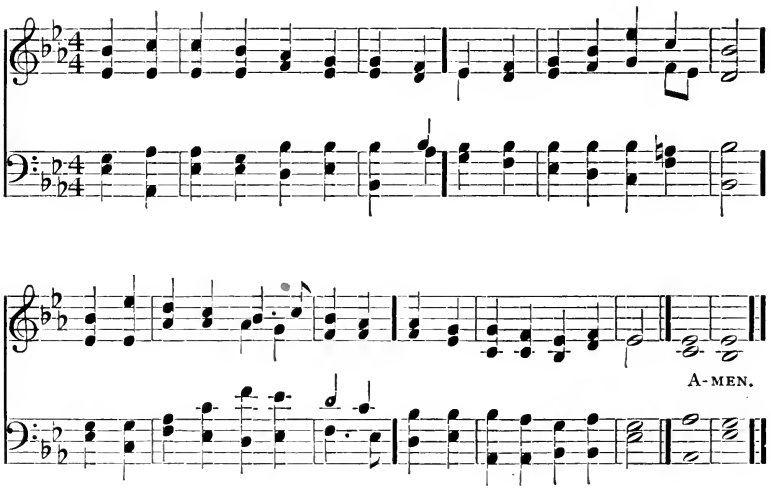
2 As we draw near Thy mercy-seat,
In confidence and prayer:
And lay our burdens at Thy feet,
O Lord, receive us here.

3 With humble trust and thankfulness,
We come before Thy face:
Thy love, O Lord, make known to us,
And Thy redeeming grace.

4 Help us our sins to put away,
And earnest heed to give
To all Thy Word of truth shall say,
That we may do and live. Dox. IV.

94 The Lord bless thee and keep thee. Num. vi: 24.

1 Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty Thou!

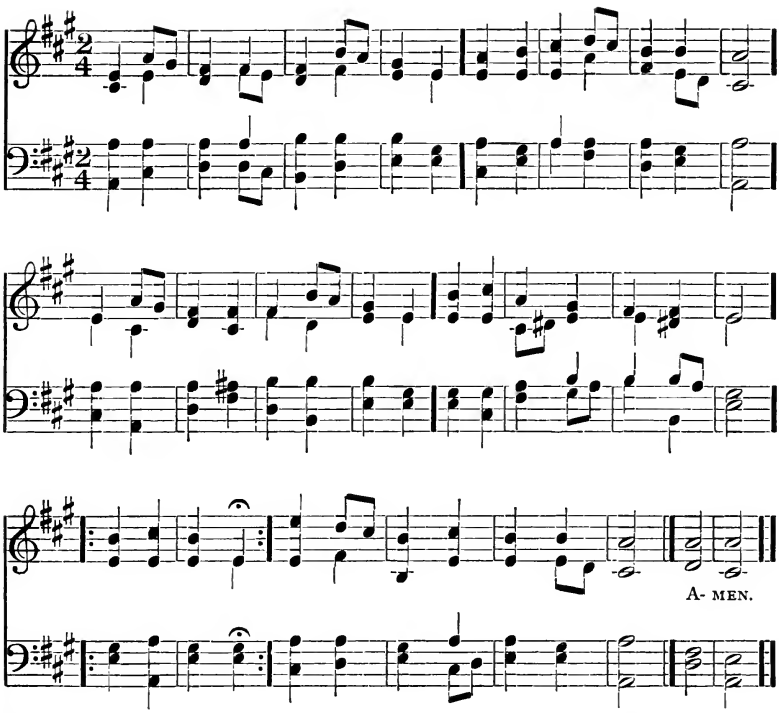
2 With the peace Thy Word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blessed;
In our lives and in our hearts,
Father, be Thy laws impressed.

3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above,
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love. Dox. VI.

95 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces! For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Ps. cxxii: 7, 8.

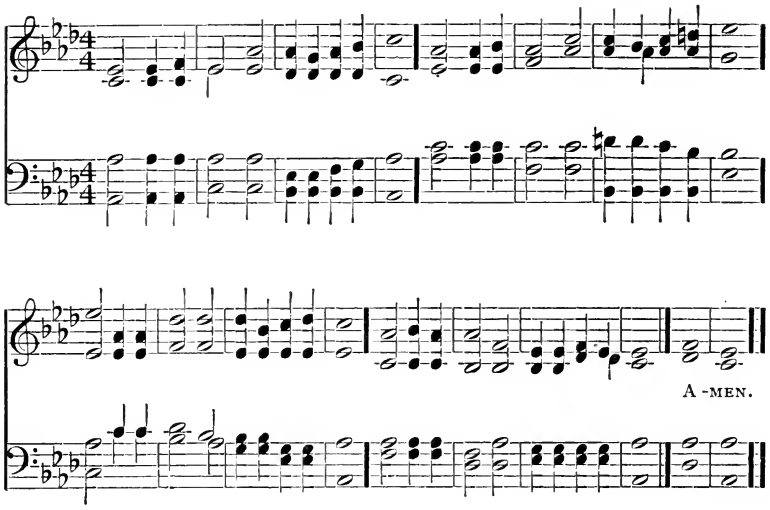
1 Peace be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart therein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;

2 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

3 O thou God of Peace, be near us,
Fix within our hearts Thy home;
With Thy bright appearing cheer us,
In Thy blessèd freedom come.

4 Come with all Thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought;
Come with Thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought! Dox. IX.

96 Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee. Isa. xxvi: 3.

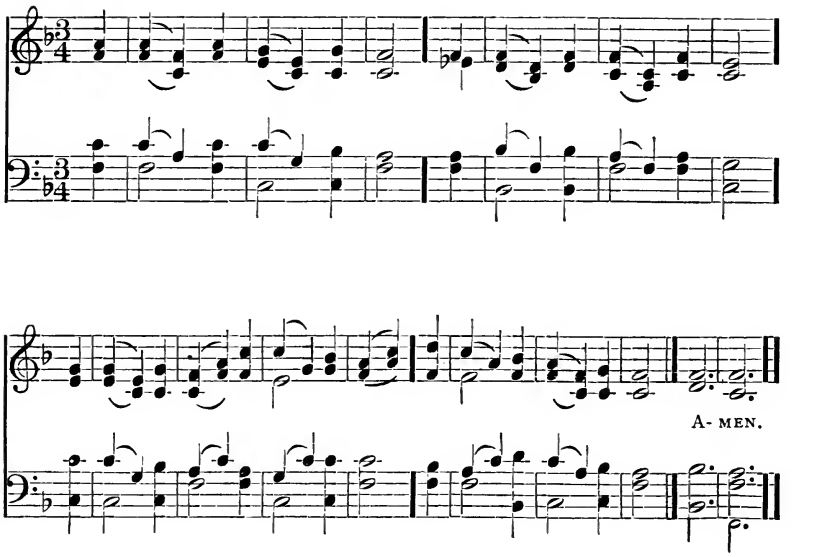
1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

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,
May Thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

97 Peace from him who is, and who was, and who is to come. Rev. i: 4.

1 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

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

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

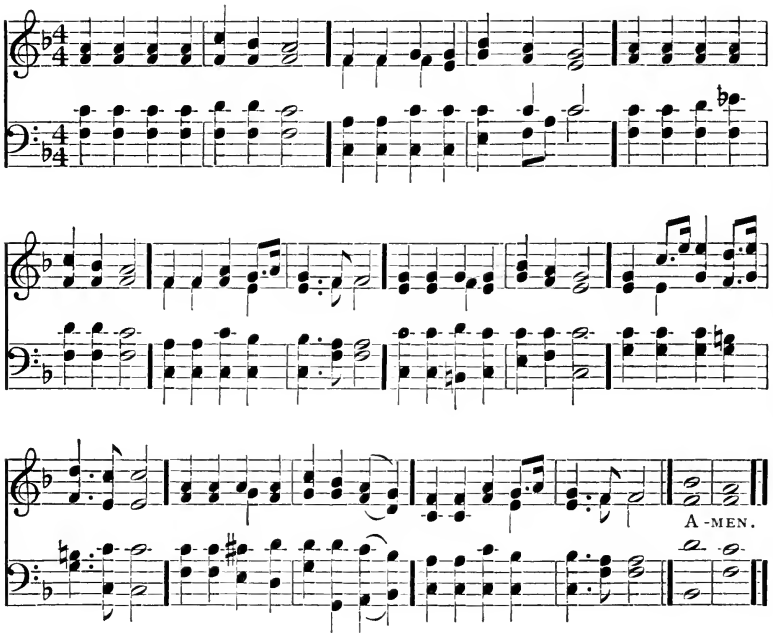
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Dox. XI.

98 Take therefore no thought for the morrow. Matt. vi: 34.

1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His people safely dwell;
The hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well

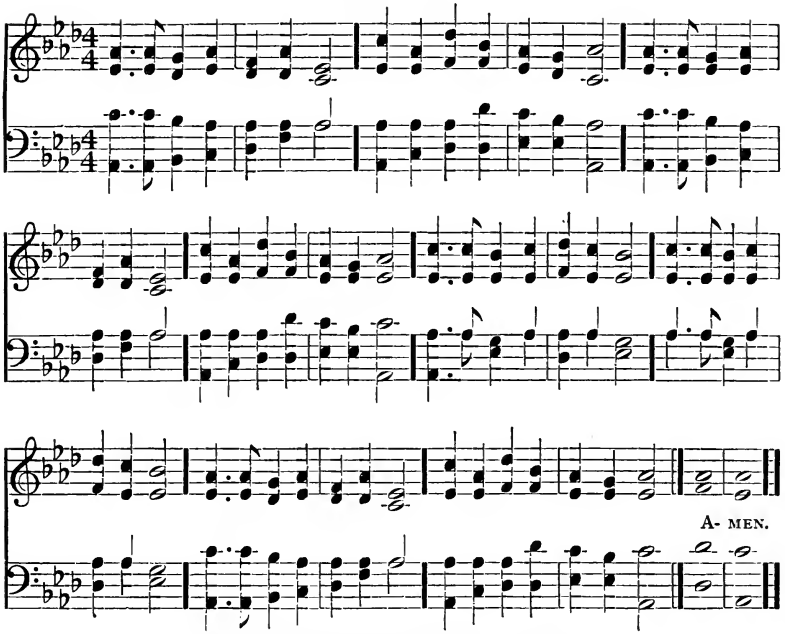
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away. Dox. V.

(First Tune.)

99 Underneath are the everlasting arms. Deut. xxxiii: 27.

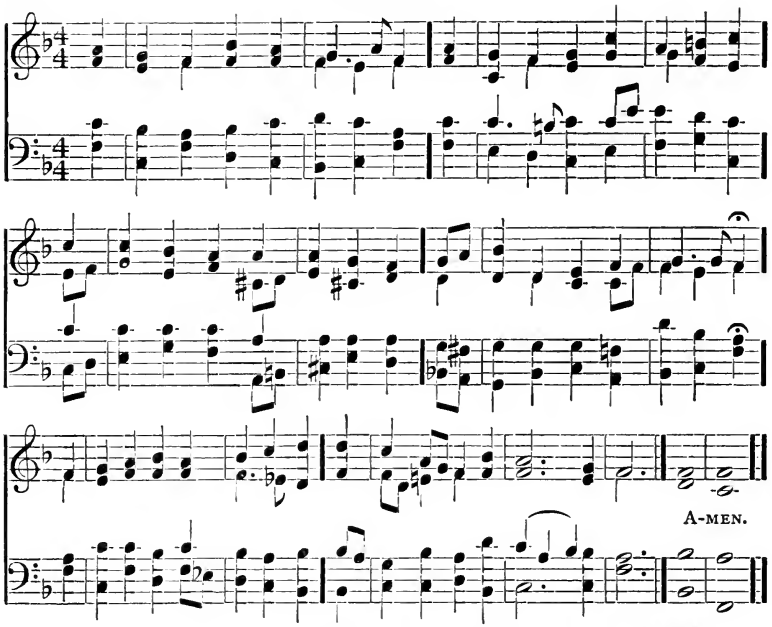
1 Lord, before Thy throne we bend;
Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend;
Servants to our Master true,
We would yield Thee homage due;
Unto Thee our thanks we give
In whose life alone we live;
Children, to our God we fly:
Gracious Father, hear our cry!

2 From the heavens, Thy dwelling place,
Grant Thy saving strength and grace;
In temptation's dangerous hour
Leave us not beneath its pow'r;
Keep us safe from vain alarms
In Thine everlasting arms;
God, our Saviour, still be nigh,
Lord of life and victory!

(Second Tune.)

3 Whilst our earthly path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest on Thee at last!
Let these earthly Sabbaths prove,
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end!

100

Unto me every knee shall bow. Isa. xlv: 23.

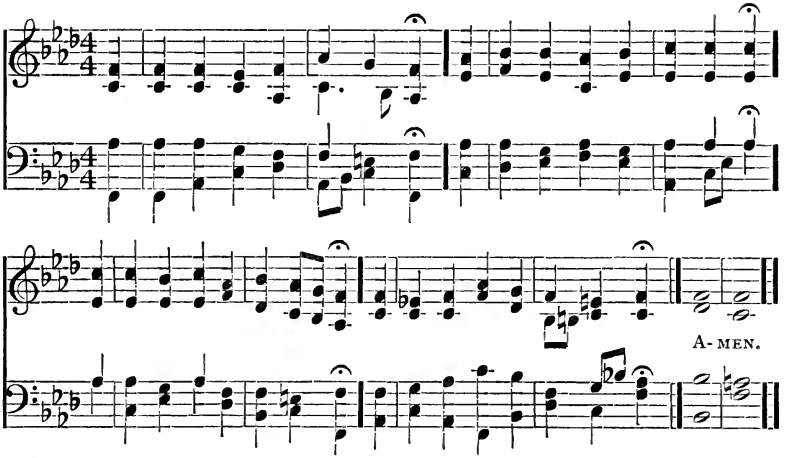
1 Ere another day shall close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to Thee;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven!

101 Let my prayer be set before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice. Ps. cxli: 2.

1 Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will;
Throughout life's day and death's brief night,
O blessèd Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Throughout life's day and death's brief night,
O blessèd Jesus, be our Light.

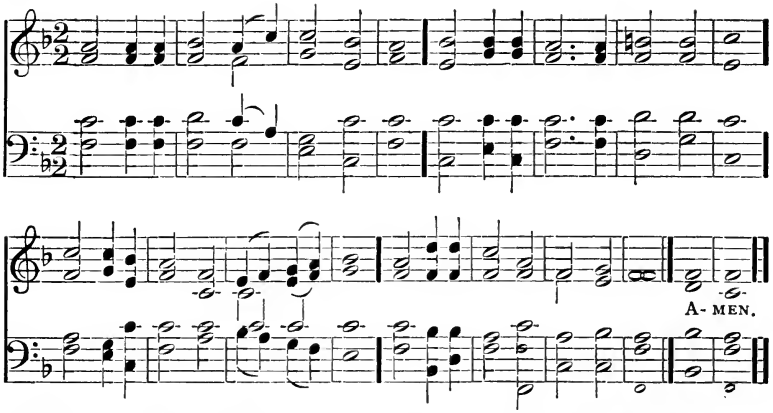
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Throughout life's day and death's brief night,
O blessèd Jesus, be our Light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Throughout life's day and death's brief night,
O blessèd Jesus, be our Light.

5 Dear Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Throughout life's day and death's brief night,
O blessèd Jesus, be our Light.

102 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. Ps. cxxi: 7.

1 Before the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with Thy wonted favor Thou
Wouldst be our guard and keeper now.

2 From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From evil fears and phantasis;
Tread under foot our spirit's foe,
That no temptation we may know.

3 Grant that we ask, Almighty Lord,
Jesus the Christ alone adored,
Blest fulness of the Trinity,
Reigning on high, eternally.

103 Let my prayer be set before thee as incense and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice. Ps. cxli: 2.

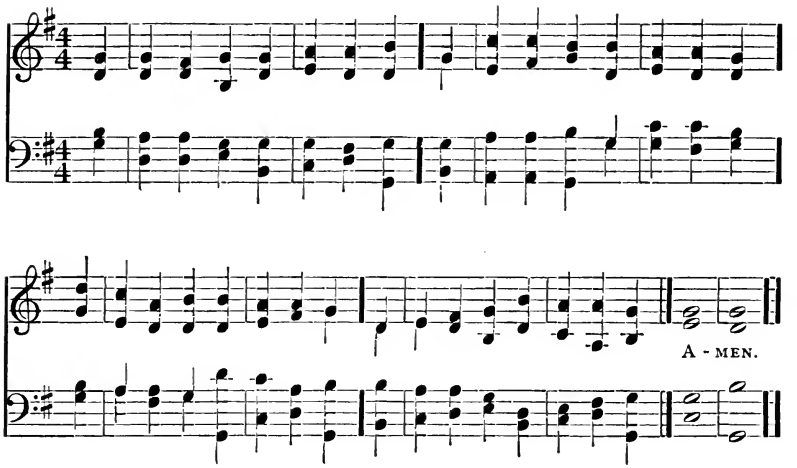
1 Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

2 The day is gone, 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 simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.

5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

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

104 I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. Ps. iv : 8.

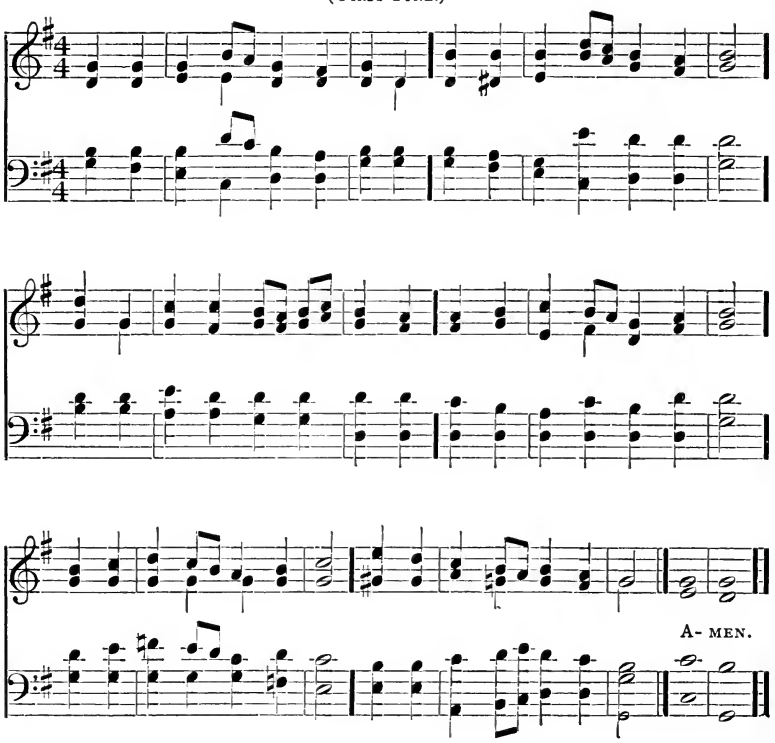
1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive, dear Lord, Thou holy One,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with myself, the world, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O let Thine angels, while I sleep,
Their watchful vigils near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill!

4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

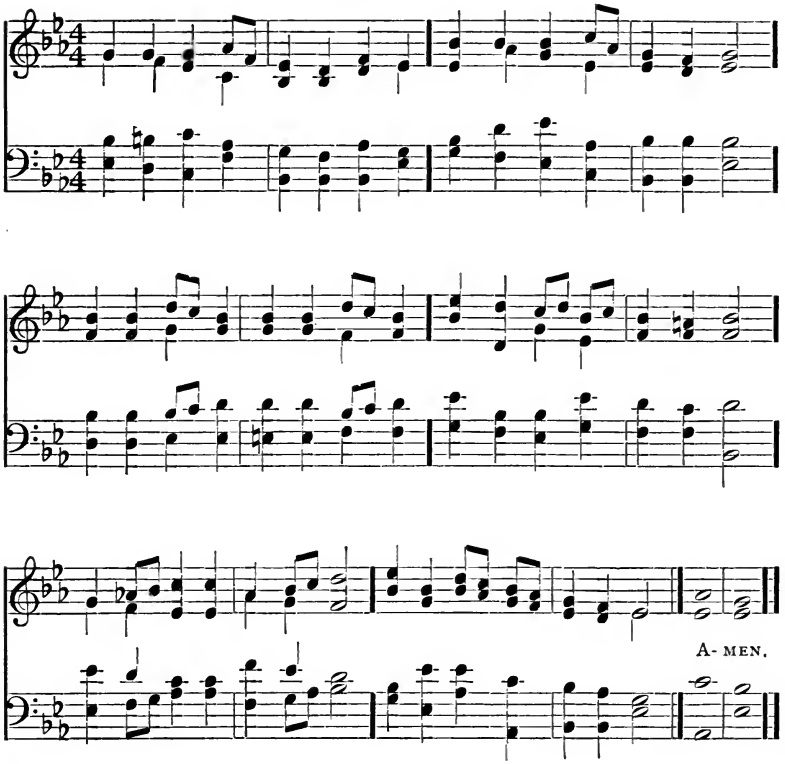
5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see Thy face, and feel Thy love. Dox. X.

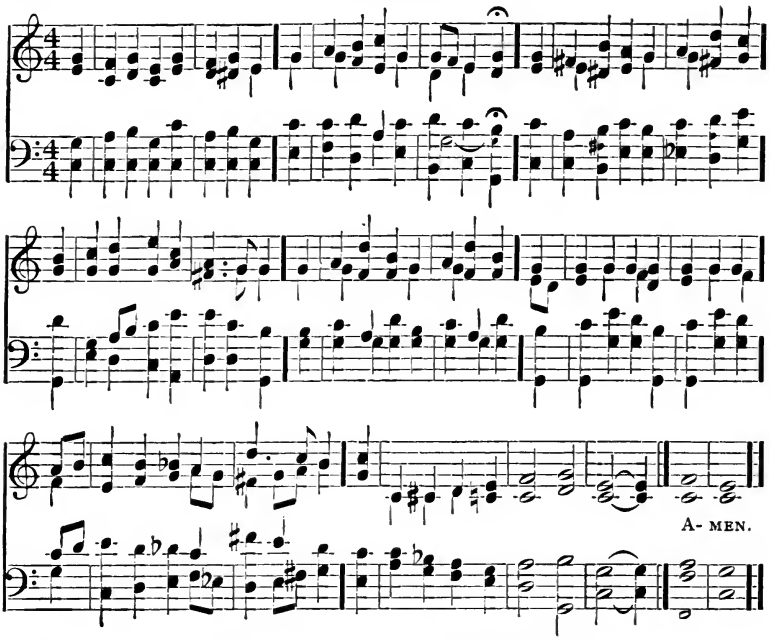
(First Tune.)

105

Ye shall abide in my love. John xv: 10.

1 Saviour, now the day is ending,
  And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Word of love descending,
  Bring Thy mercy to us all;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

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

(SECOND TUNE.)

3 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow,
Strengthen'd 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! DOX. XVIII.

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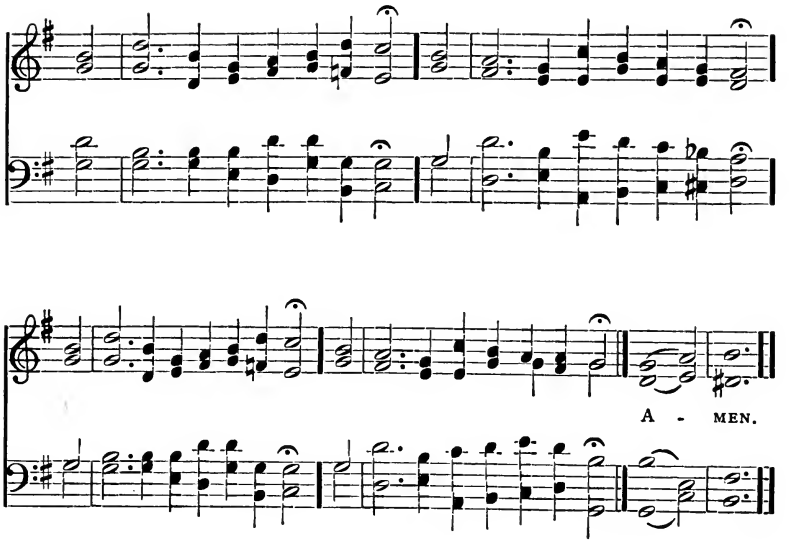
106 I will both lay me down in peace and sleep. Ps. iv: 8.

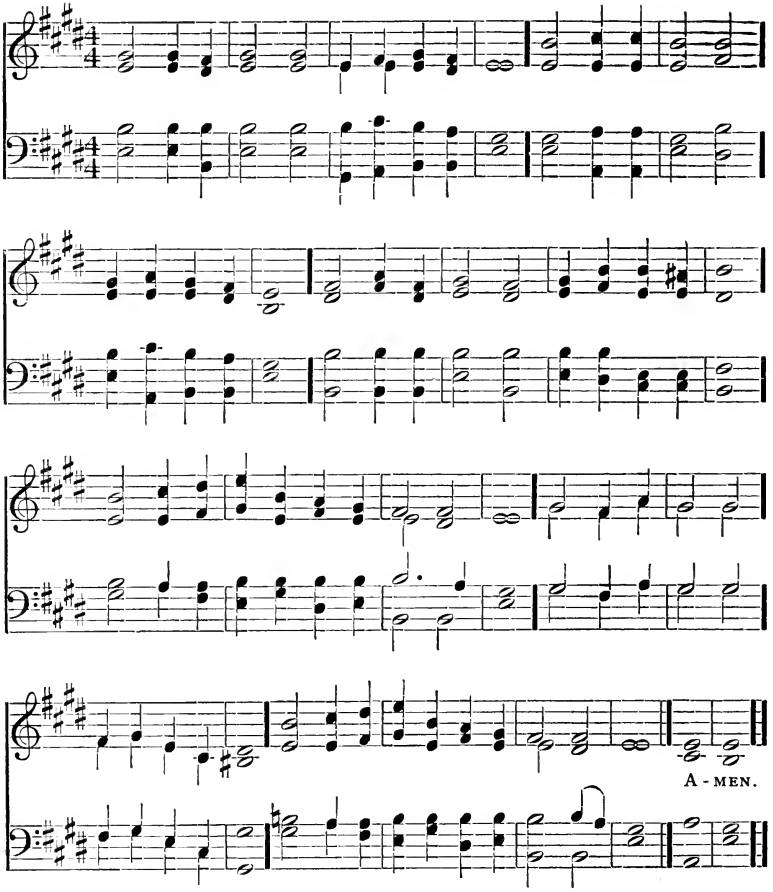
1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace be the pillow for my head:
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

2 Thy love Divine forbids my fear;
Oh, may Thy presence ne'er depart:
And in the morning may I hear
Thy loving-kindness in my heart.
And when the sleep of death shall come,
Still may I trust Thy mighty love:
See heaven's sunshine through the gloom,
And gladly seek my home above. DOX. XIX.

107 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night. Ps. xci : 5.

1 O blest Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring;
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;

2 Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve didst call them day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down:
O hear us while to Thee we pray.

3 Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor thinking on the things of time
Into eternal darkness go.

4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within. Dox. I.

108

King of kings, and Lord of lords. Rev. xix: 16.

1 Jesus, Thou source of life, and light, and love,
Thou King of kings, and Lord of lords above,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine,
In Thee, ineffable perfections shine:
On Thy unchanging love our souls depend,
Almighty Father and Eternal Friend!

2 From Thee, great Spring of uncreated might,
The vast resplendent orbs of glowing light,
And all created beings take their rise,
That walk the earth, or dwell above the skies.
Profusely wide unnumber'd blessings flow;
Heaven they enrich and gladden earth below.

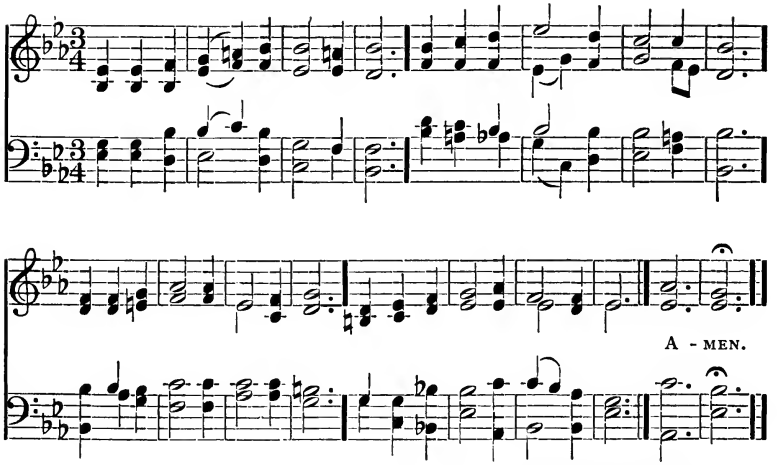
3 In Thy wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
Worlds upon worlds, and suns unnumber'd lie;
Systems enclosed in Thy perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:
Led by Thy hand, their certain ways they know,
Placed in that sight from whence they cannot go.

4 Around Thy throne the flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand,
Transported with the ardors of Thy praise,
The holy, holy, holy anthem raise.
To them, responsive, let creation sing
The omnipresent and almighty King!

109

Even the night shall be light about me. Ps. cxxxix: 11.

1 Hail! gladdening Light, of that pure glory poured
Which is the Love eternal, heavenly blest,
Holiest of holies, Jesus Christ our Lord!
Now are we come to the sun's hour of rest,
All times are ordered by Thy word alone,
Therefore the day and night Thy glories own.

2 The lights of evening now around us shine;
We hymn the blest Humanity Divine.
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung,
By grateful hearts, with undefiled tongue.
Thou art the Lord: Giver of life, alone,
Therefore shall all the worlds Thy glories own.

110 At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. Mark i: 32.

1 At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay:
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

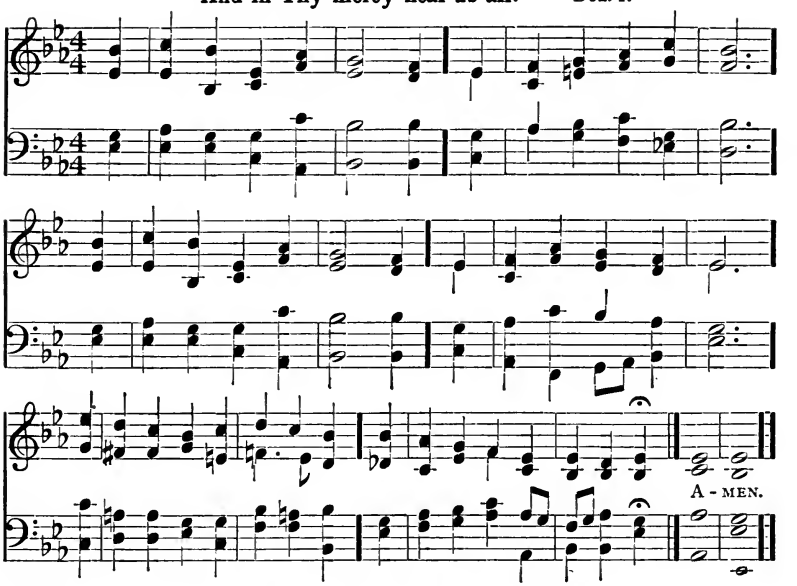
2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Lord, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

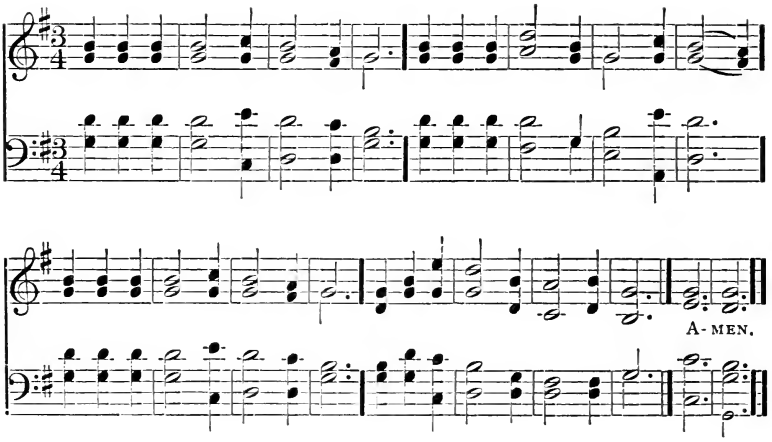
4 And some have found the world is vain
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would love Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Lord, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its quick'ning power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Dox. I.

111 He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. Ps. cxxi: 4.

1 The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

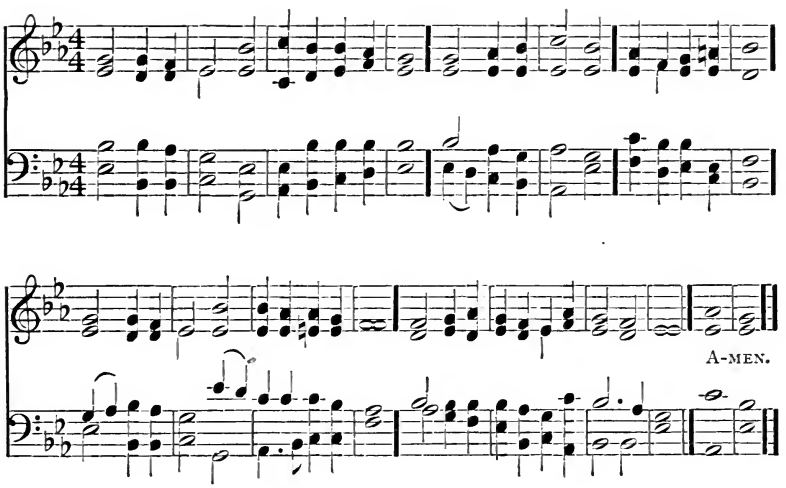
2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And guard me through the coming night.

112 Thy sun shall no more go down ; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light.
Isa. lx : 20.

1 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
With Thy divine protection blest.

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

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

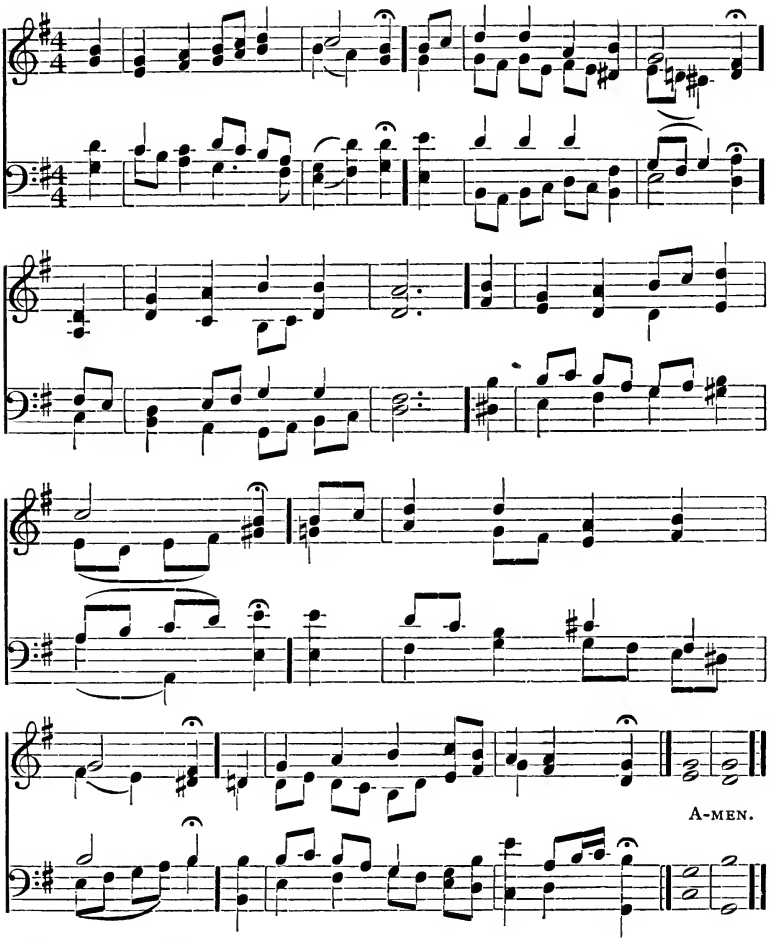
5 Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the radiance of Thy love
We joyful wake in heaven above. Dox. III.

113 Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. Luke xxiv: 29.

1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

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

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

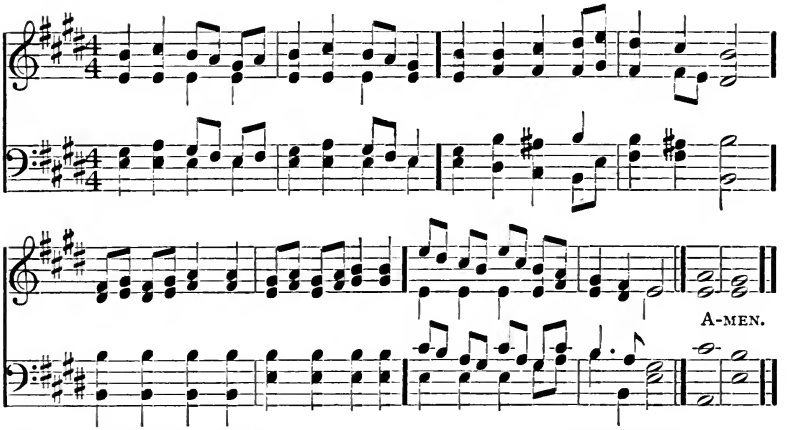
5 Hold Thou Thy Word before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Dox. XI.

114

Night unto night showeth knowledge. Ps. xix: 2.

1 The duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood:
Let us, as night is falling,
On God our Maker calling,
Give thanks to Him, the Giver good.

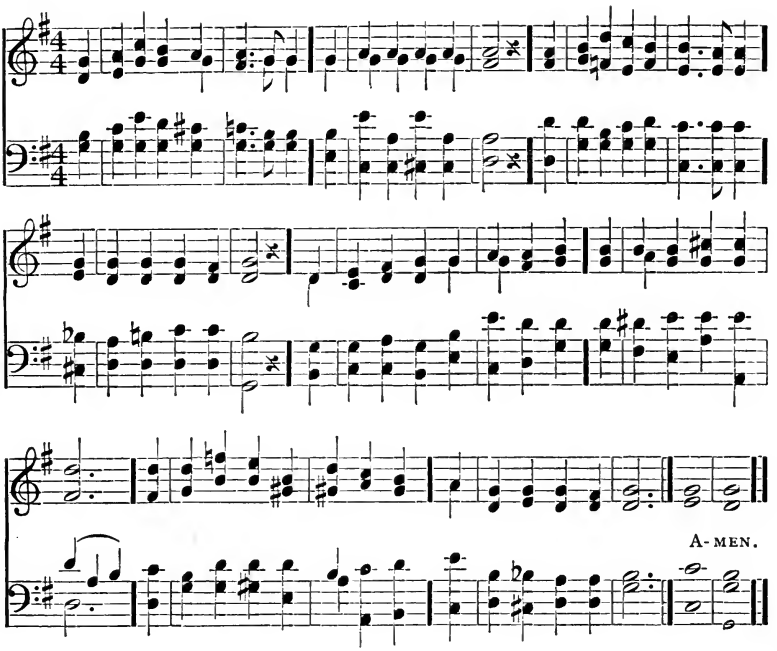
2 Now all the heavenly splendor
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

3 His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in the abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's loving kindness,
And grope in faithless strife:
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

115 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. Ps. xci: 5.

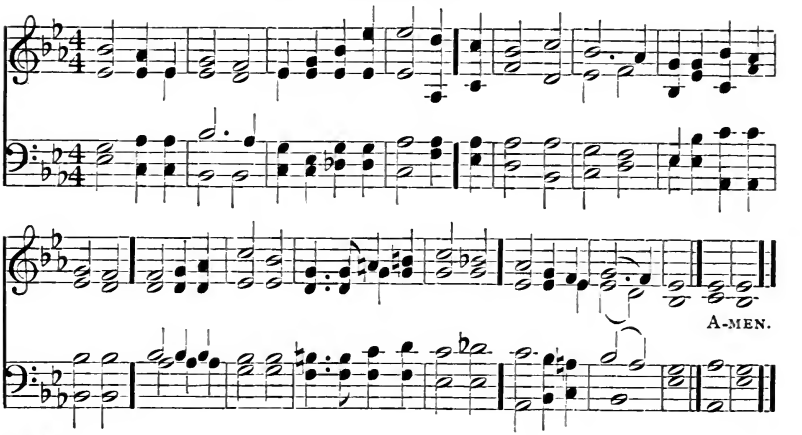
1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be. Dox. IX.

116 It is a good thing to sing praises unto thy name, O most High, and to show forth thy faithfulness every night. Ps. xcii: 1, 2.

1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows of our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine: —
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

117

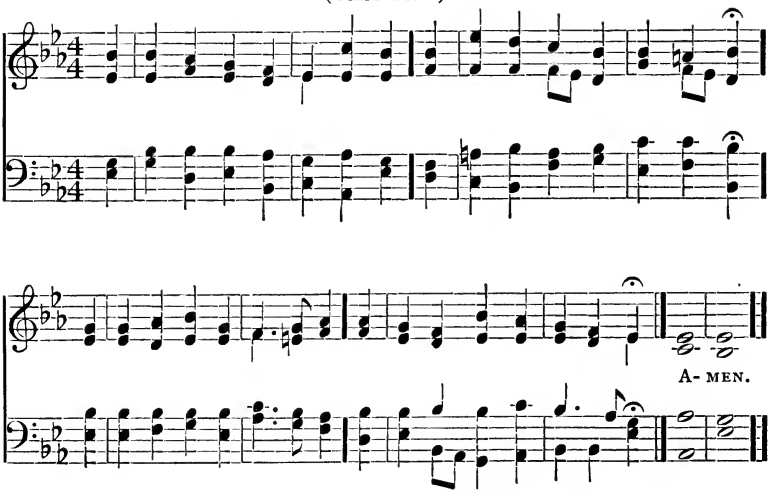
I flee unto thee to hide me. Ps. cxliii : 9.

1 Now, Lord, be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of Thy disposing;
And 'neath Thy shadow here to rest we yield us;
For Thou wilt shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us,
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us·
All sick and mourners, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But Thee, O Father! who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy blest presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

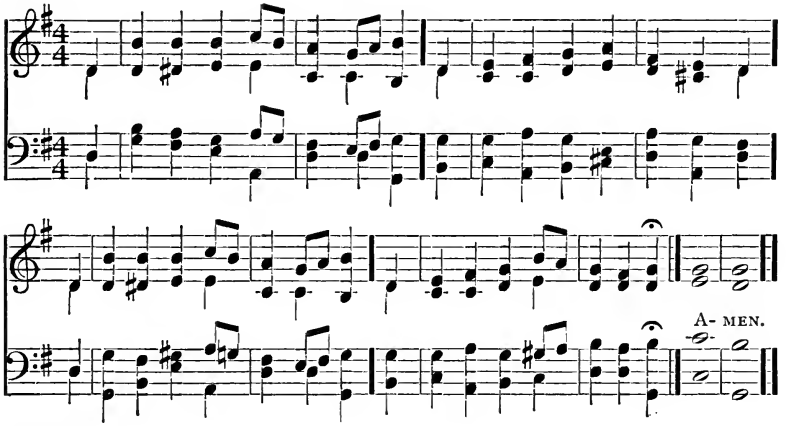
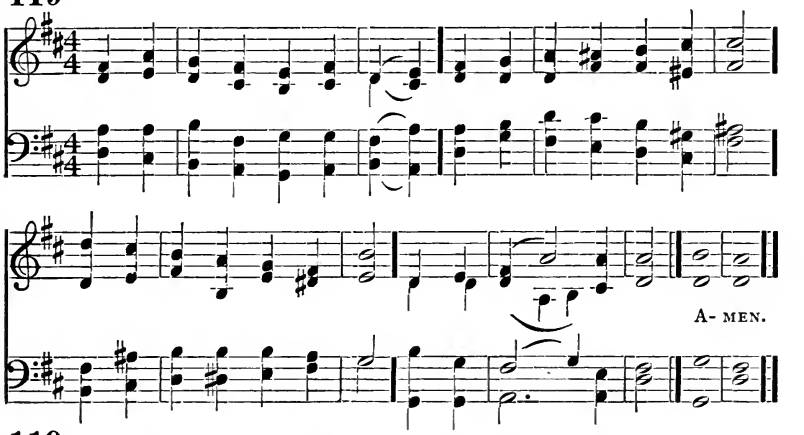
(First Tune.)

118 We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.
Ps. lxv: 4.

1 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 their burden and their 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.

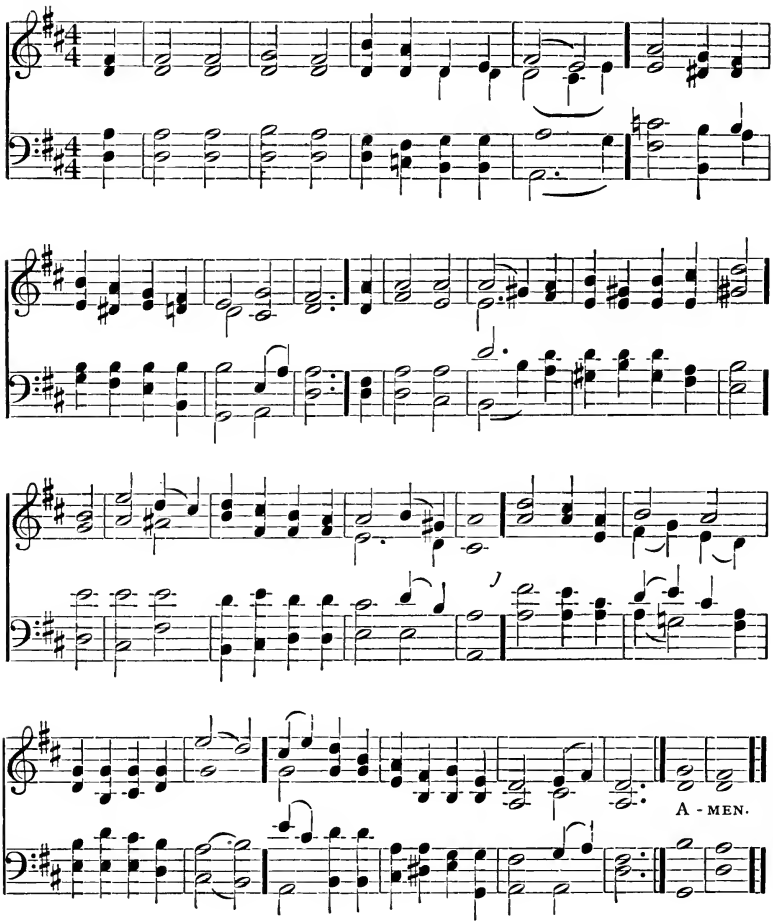
4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell. Dox. III.

118 (SECOND TUNE.)

119

119 It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light. Zech. xiv: 7.

1 Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

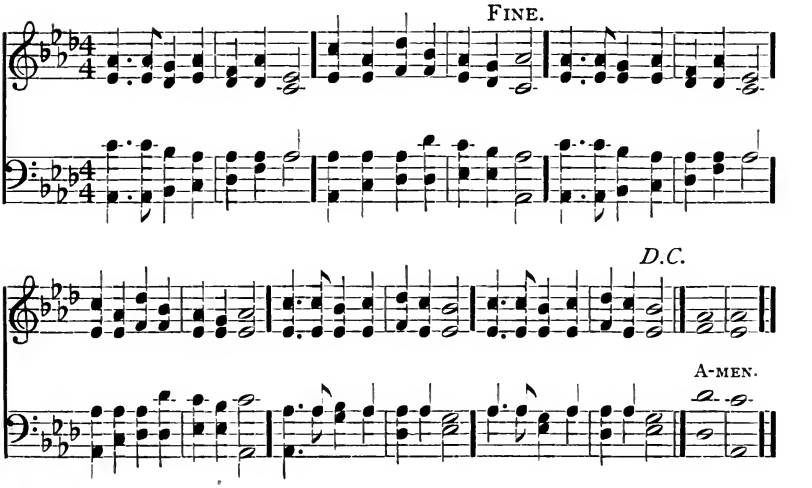
2 Holy Father, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Father, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie:
Grant us as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy Father, with us be!
Darkness is not dark with Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

120 He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down. Ps. civ: 19.

1 The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of the Father's Glory, Thou,
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be:
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

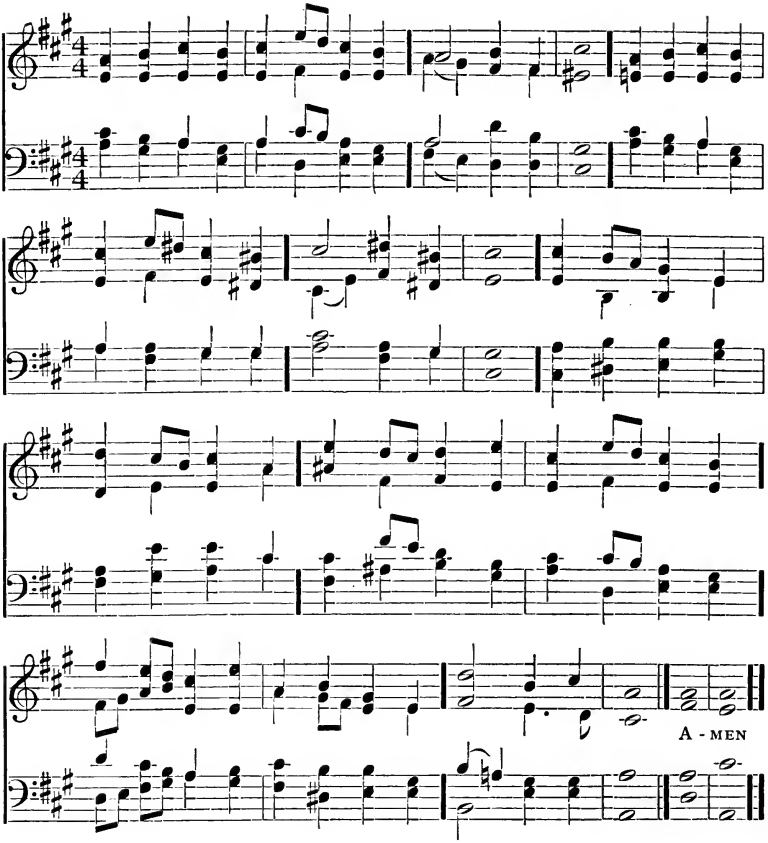
3 Our earthly life draws daily to its close,
Labor and care await their sweet repose.
O Conqu'ror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's brief eventide;
Then in our mortal home will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror of the tomb.

121

At evening time it shall be light. Zech. xiv: 7.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.
Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

2 Soon the light of this world's day
From my sight shall pass away;
Then from sin, from sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
With the blessed angel throng
In the realms of light above,
Then shall rise my grateful song,
Praising Thy redeeming love.

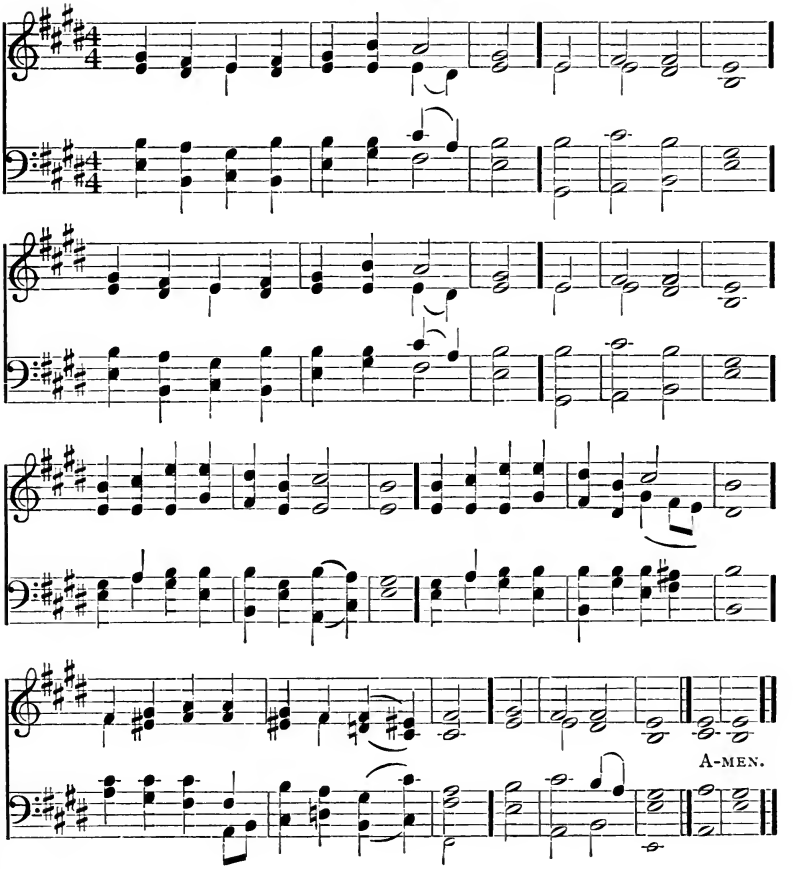
Dox. XX.

(First Tune.)

122

He giveth his beloved sleep. Ps. cxxvii: 2.

1 God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us.
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When from death Thine angels wake us,
Thou wilt let no fear o'ertake us,
But then truly knowing make us
Love Thee on high.

(Second Tune.)

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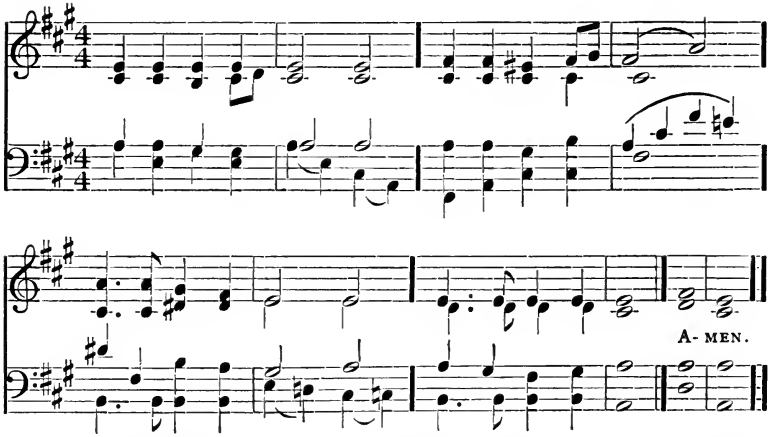

123 With my soul have I desired thee in the night. Isa. xxvi: 9.

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer,
Watch o'er all in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

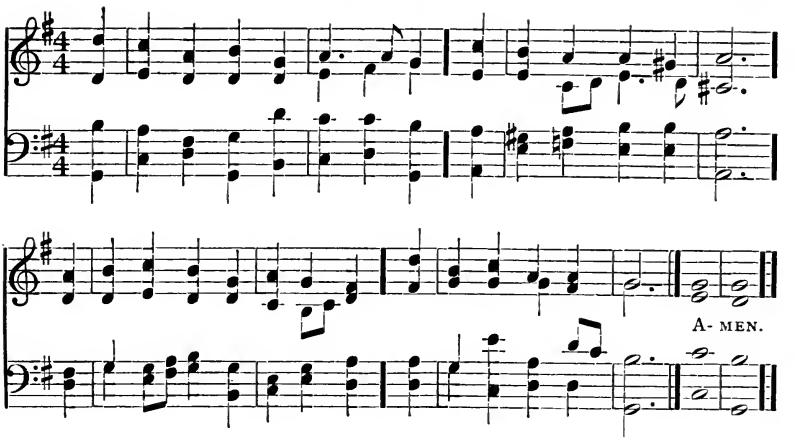
124 To preach deliverance to the captives. Luke iv: 18.

1 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Holy Lord most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

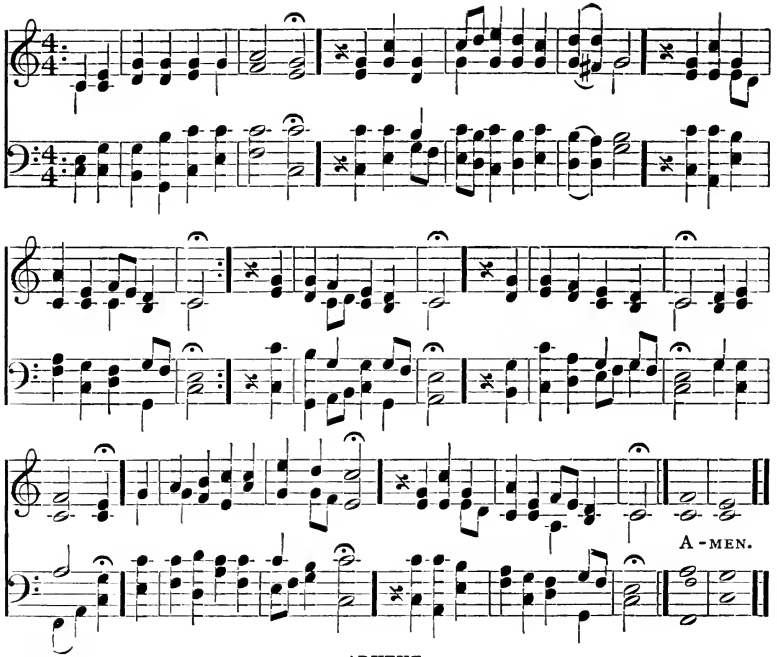
5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Holy Lord most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

125 I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. John x: 10.

1 Down from the worlds of radiant light
Behold the Saviour come,
To ransom souls from endless night
And bring the wand'rers home.

2 He calls us to His dear embrace
From misery and despair,
Bids us receive His wondrous grace,
And seek salvation there.

3 We come, Emmanuel, at Thy call,
Believe Thy glad'ning Word,
Renounce our sins, ourselves, our all,
And glory in our Lord.

4 Salvation to Messiah's Name
With grateful hearts we sing,
And join our voices to proclaim
Our Saviour and our King.

5 Immortal praise to God belongs
For such unfathomed love;
Join, all below, in rapturous songs,
And shout, ye hosts above. Dox. IV.

ADVENT.

126 Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Matt. xxv: 6.

Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling,
It is the watchman's voice upon thy walls,
O city of Jerusalem!
Lo! he cries the hour of midnight,
The voice is gone out into all the world,—
Where are ye, servants of the Lord!
For lo! the Bridegroom comes;
Arise and take your lamps! Alleluia!
Awake, His kingdom is at hand;
Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord!

EASTER.

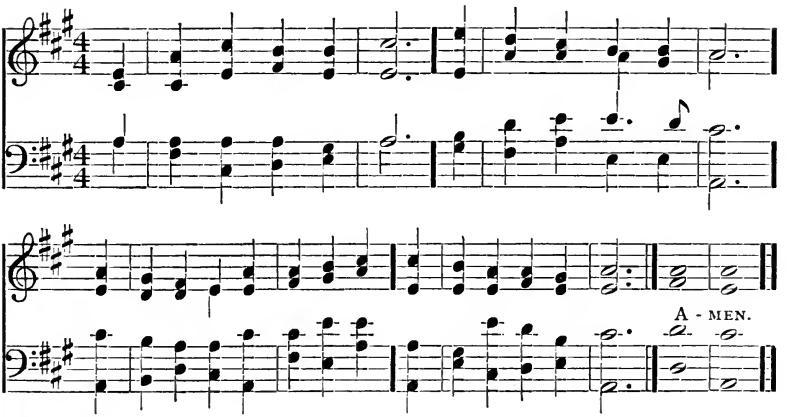
127 All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Matt. xxviii: 18.

Up, ye Christians, join in singing,
And praises to our Saviour bringing,
For risen is the Conqueror.
Lo! His march is now undoubted,
And all the powers of death are routed;

Lo! open lies the sepulchre.
O fair and glorious beam!
O joy in fullest stream! Alleluia!
With hero-might He wins the fight,
And scatters all the hosts of night.

ASCENSION.

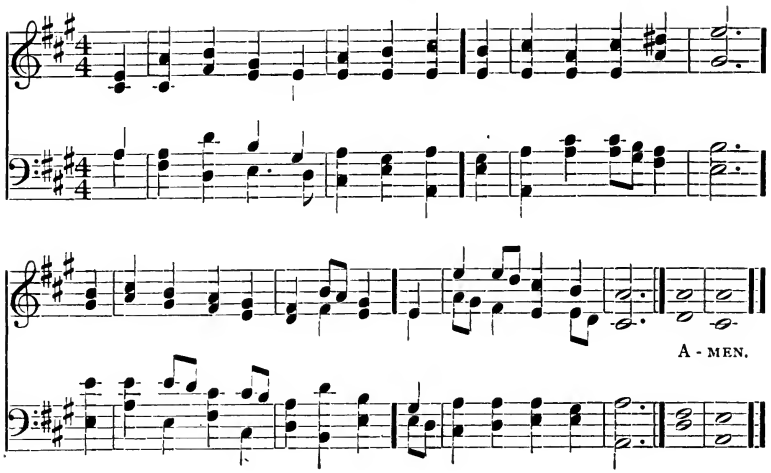
128 Thou hast ascended high: thou hast led captivity captive. Ps. lxviii: 18.

Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious!
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to Thee belong.
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee,
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee;
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear,
The crown ere long to wear. Alleluia!
Thy reign extend, world without end,
Let praise from all to Thee ascend!

129 Behold thy King cometh unto thee. Zech. ix: 9.

1 The Advent of our King
Our praise must now employ;
Come let us hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting Lord
Incarnate deigns to be;
The Mighty girdeth on His sword
To set His servants free.

3 Daughter of Zion, rise
To meet thy lowly King;
Nor let thy faithless heart despise
The peace He comes to bring.

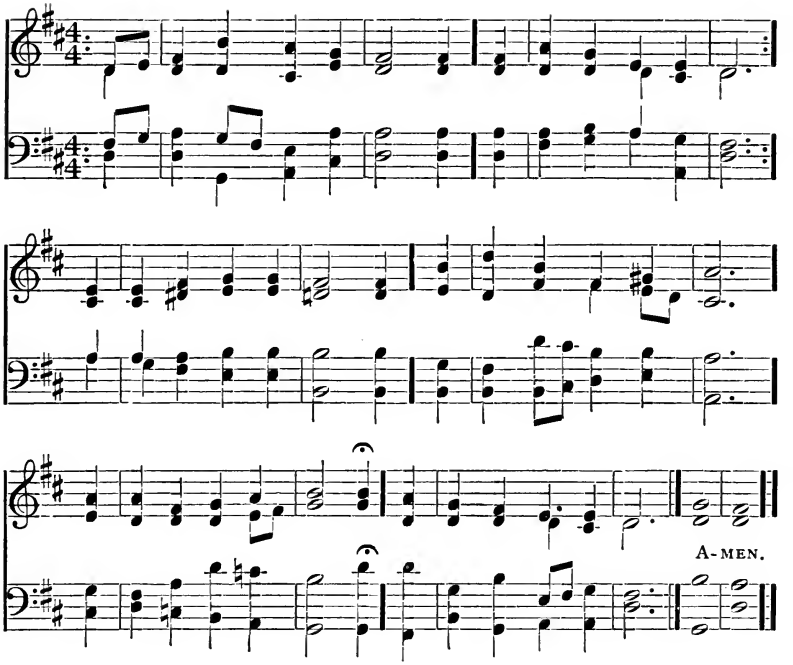
4 Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on. Dox. V.

130 He bowed the heavens also, and came down. Ps. xviii: 9.

1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On Cherub and on Cherubim
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as Sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give His people strength
Thereby they shall increase;
And He will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

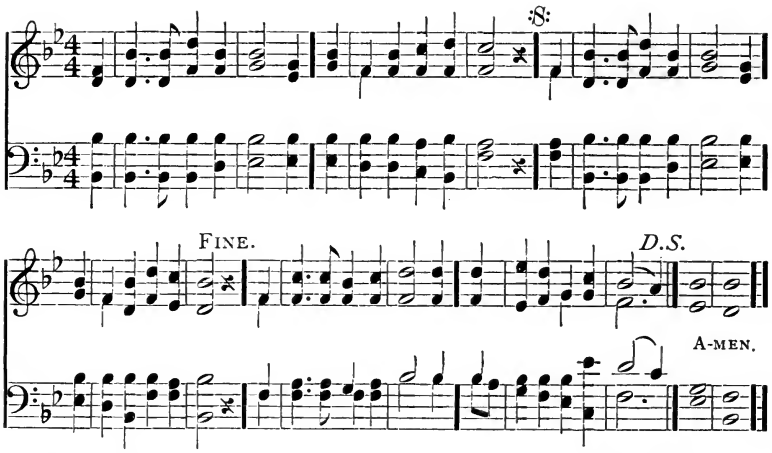
5 Give glory to His blessed Name,
And honor Him alone;
Give worship to His Majesty
Upon His holy Throne. Dox. IV.

131

Behold I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii : 20.

1 O how shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright!
All nations long to see Thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!
O, kindle, Lord, most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do, in spirit lowly,
All that may please Thee best.

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.

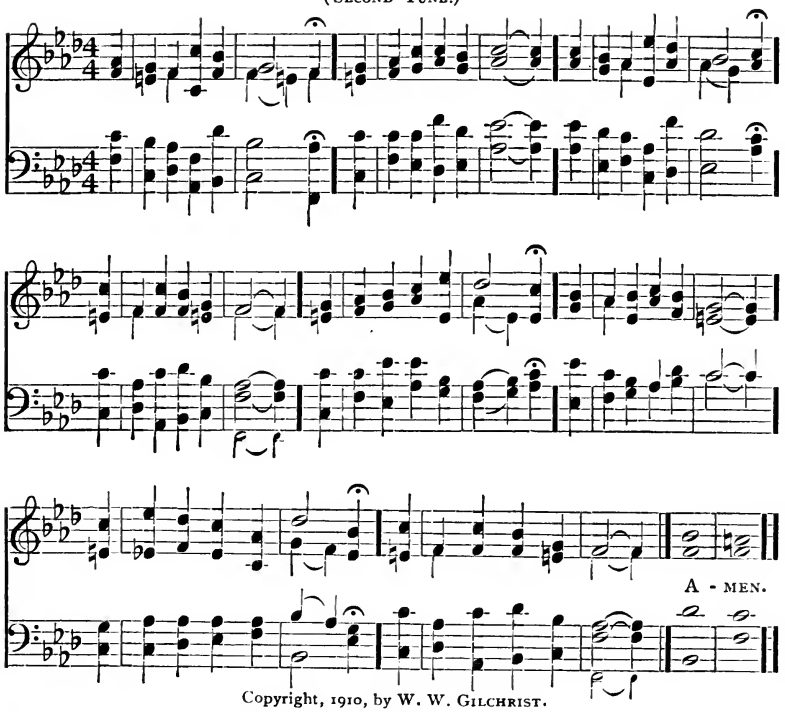
3 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty:
O, love beyond all telling!
That led Thee to embrace
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

4 O, this blest truth remember
All ye who sit in gloom;
Within your hearts' best chamber
For this dear guest make room.
He only who can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

132 His name shall be continued as long the sun: and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed. Ps. lxxii: 17.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
  King David's Lord and Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
  His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
  To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.

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

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing;
With offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at His feet.

(Second Tune.)

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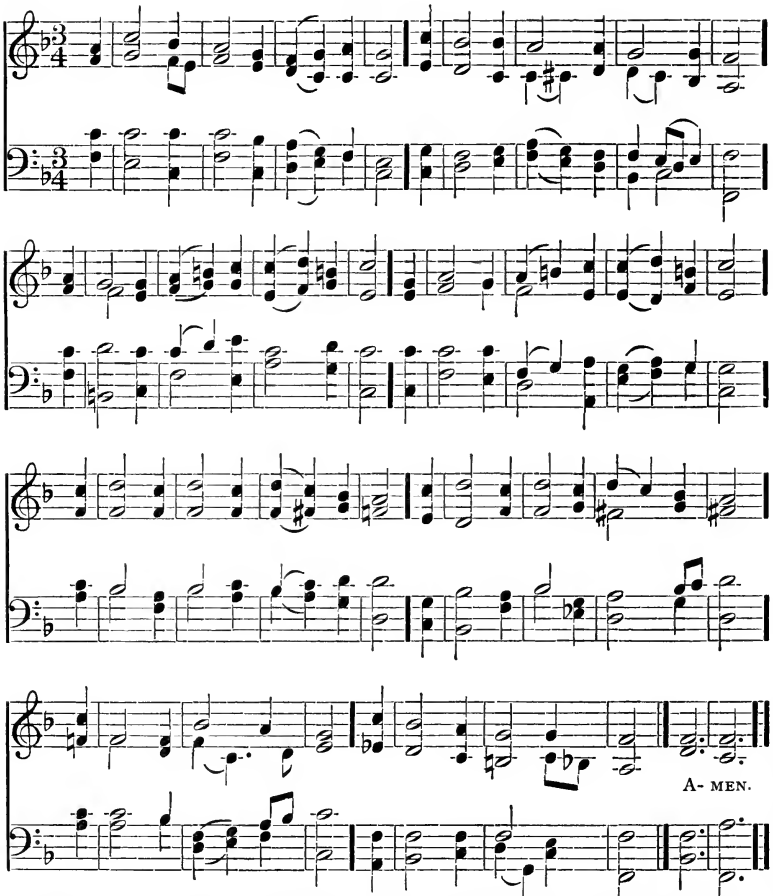
4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

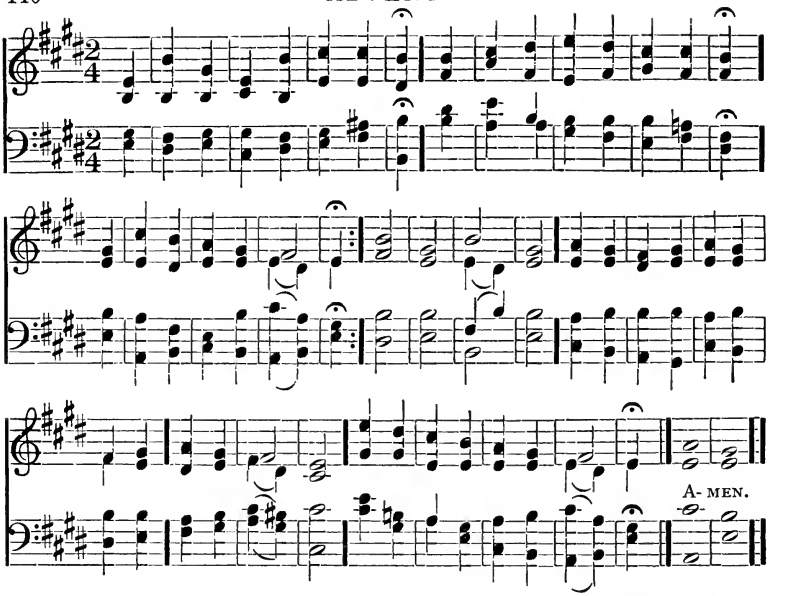
5 O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
His changeless Name of love. Dox. XIII.

133 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Ps. xxiv: 7.

1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold! the King of Glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
'Tis life and healing He doth bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
How wise is Thy decree!

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, help in our distress;
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
How great Thy victory!

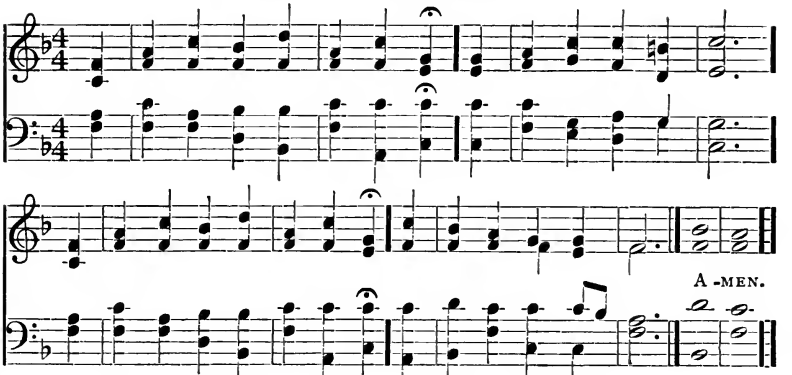
3 O, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
My comfort Thou shalt be.

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.
Praise, O my God, be Thine,
For word and deed divine.

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

134 And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots. Isa. xi: 1.

1 How bright appears the morning-star
With mercy beaming from afar.
The host of heaven rejoices!
O righteous Branch! O Jesse's Rod!
Thou Son of Man, and Son of God!
We, too, will lift our voices.
Jesu! Jesu!
Holy, holy! thrice most holy!
Draw Thou near us:
Great Emanuel! stoop and hear us.

2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
Upon His helpless creature:
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature:
Jesu! grant us,
By Thy Spirit to inherit
Thy salvation:
Hear, O hear our supplication.

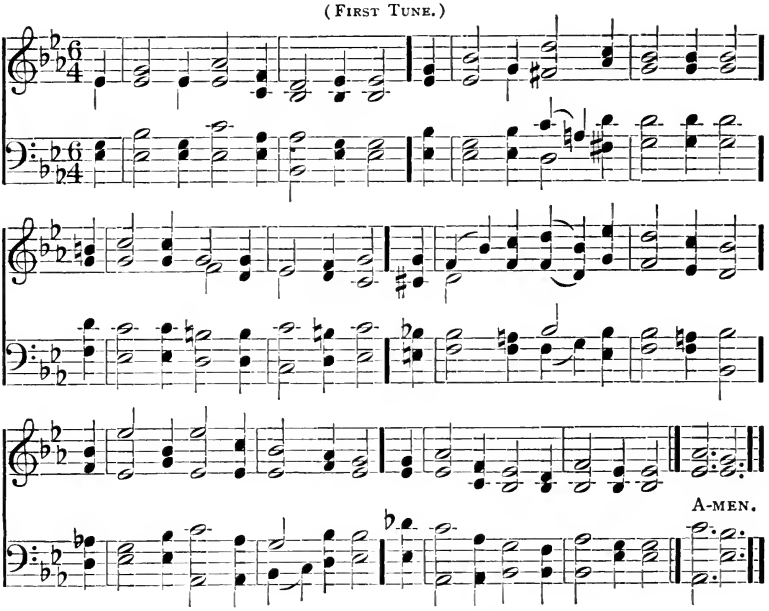
3 Rejoice, ye heavens! thou earth, reply!
With praise, ye mortals, fill the sky!
For this His incarnation!
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know Thy salvation!
Amen, amen!
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Praise be given
Evermore, by earth and heaven.

135 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people Israel, Luke i: 68.

1 Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasure of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

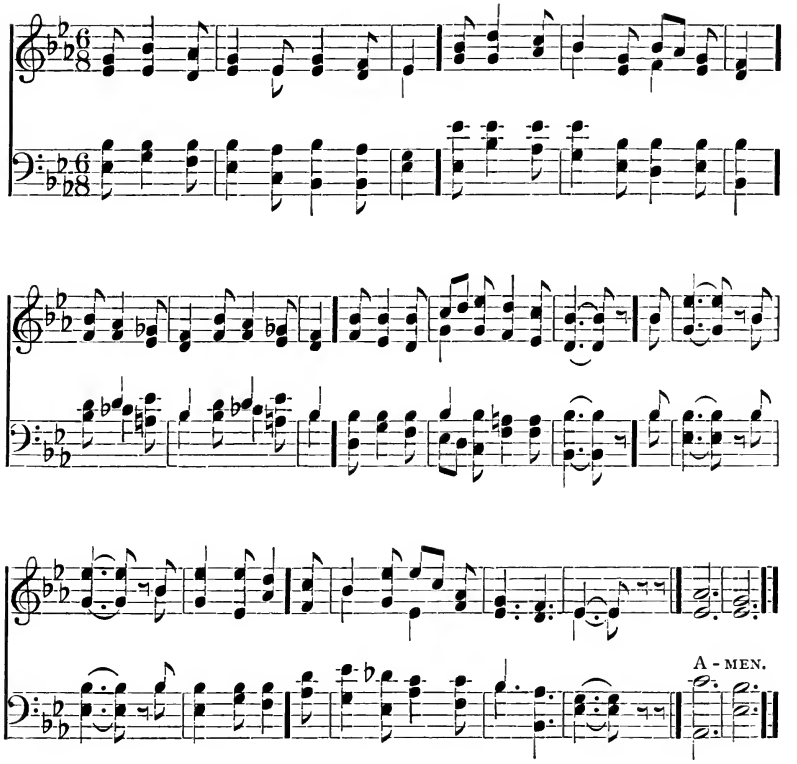
4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Dox. IV.

(First Tune.)

136 Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Isa. vii: 14.

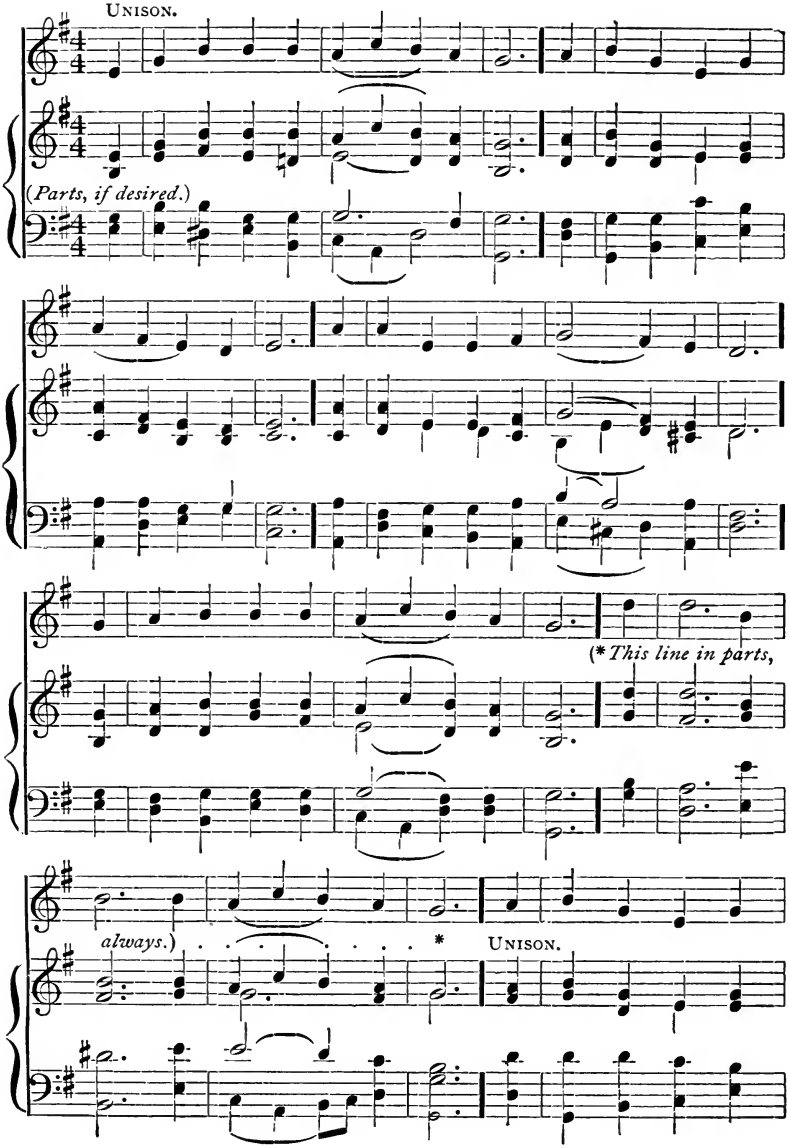
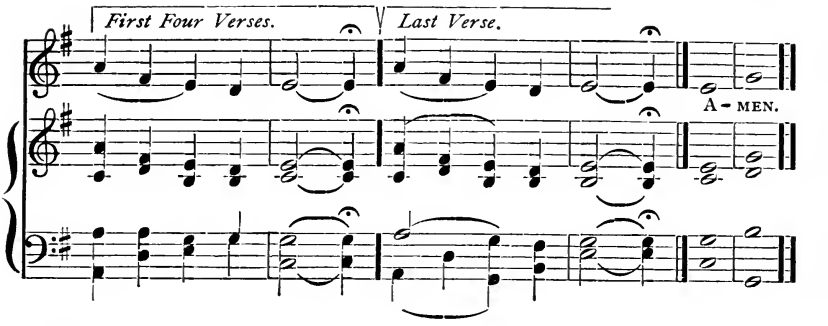
1 O come, O come, Emanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

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.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

(SECOND TUNE.)

4 O come, Thou key of David, come
And open wide the heavenly home;
Make safe the way that lies on high
And close the path to usery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might
Who to thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

(Third Tune.)



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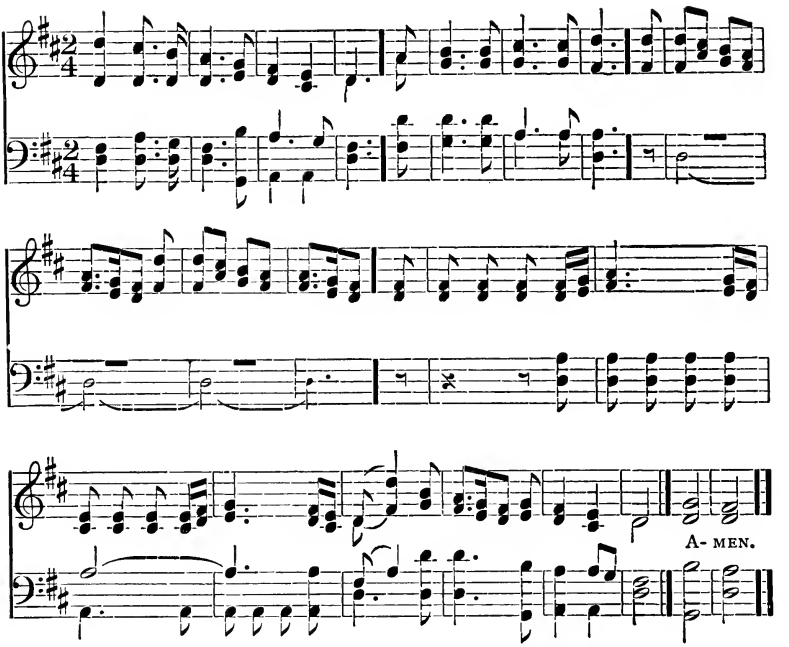

137

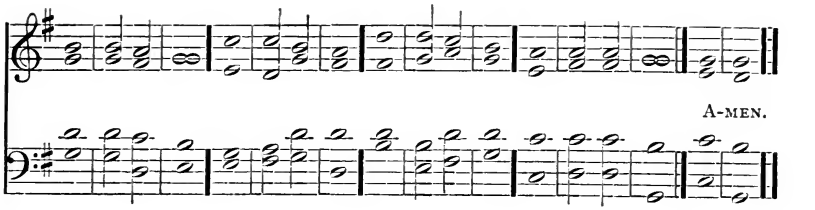
Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion. Zech. ix: 9.

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

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and flocks, 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. :‖ Dox. IV.

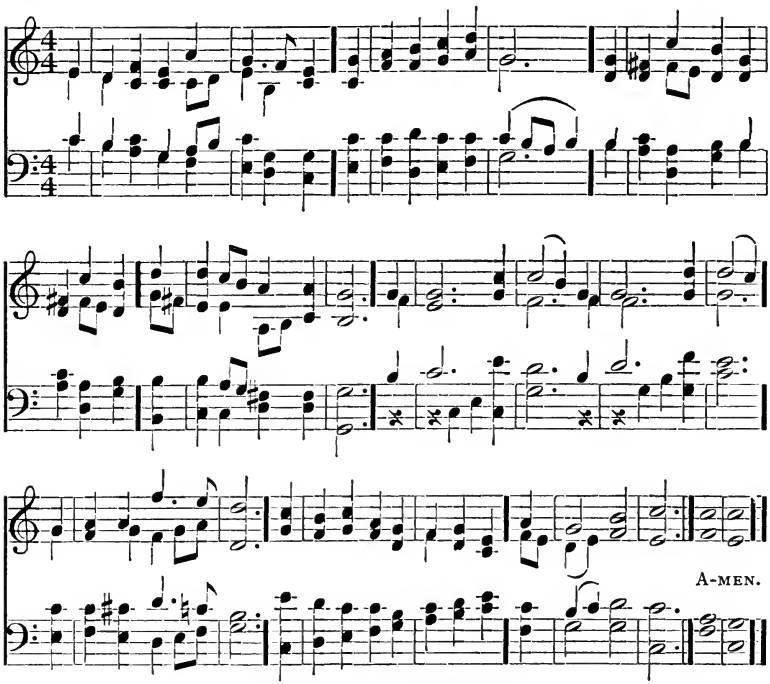
N. B. *At third singing of last line, Sopranos, Altos, and Tenors repeat italicized word.*

138 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the LORD, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Isa. xl: 3.

1 A herald voice' the lonely | desert | cheers;
Prepare the way' Jehovah | God ap- | pears!
The Saviour comes', by prophets | long fore- | told;
The deaf shall hear Him', and the | blind be- | hold.

2 Lo! from the stem of Jesse' | springs a | rod,
His name Immanuel', the | mighty | God,
The Everlasting Father', | Prince of | Peace,
Whose sacred government' shall | still in- | crease.

3 Justice and judgment' shall His | throne de- | fend,
And peace with white-robed' inno- | cence de- | scend;
The Lord of Hosts shall o'er' His | foes pre- | vail,
And crime shall cease and falsehood's' | empire | fail.

4 As the good shepherd's care' his | flock di- | rects,
By day o'ersees them' and by | night pro- | tects;
So shall mankind' His guardian | care en- | gage,
The promised Father' of an | endless | age.

5 See a long train fair Salem's' | courts a- | dorn!
See future sons and daughters,' | yet un- born,
In crowding ranks' on every | side a- | rise,
Receiving life', preparing | for the | skies!

Copyright, 1910, by W. W. GILCHRIST.

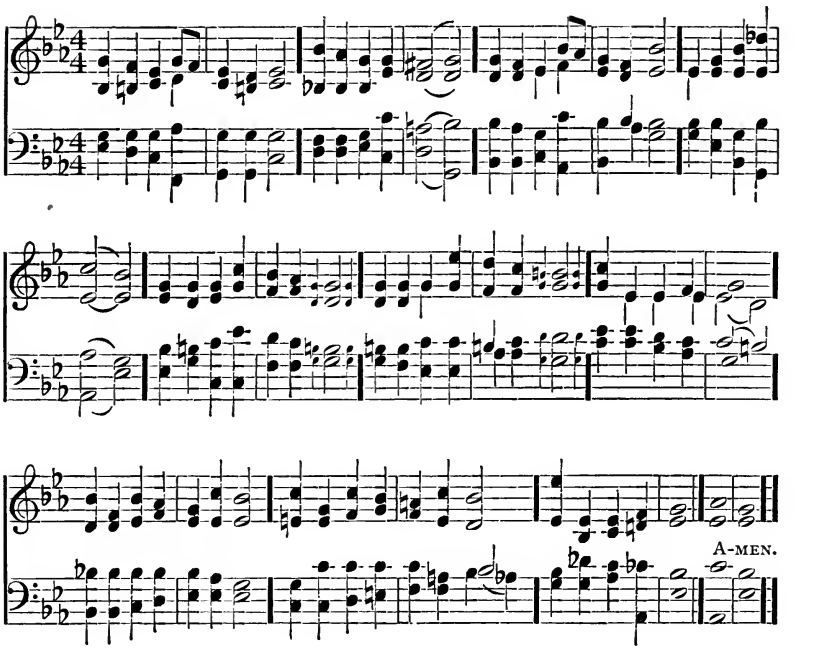
139

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. Isa. ix: 6.

1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day;
The royal Child is born:
And angel hosts in glad array
His advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! The Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard,
"Emanuel!"

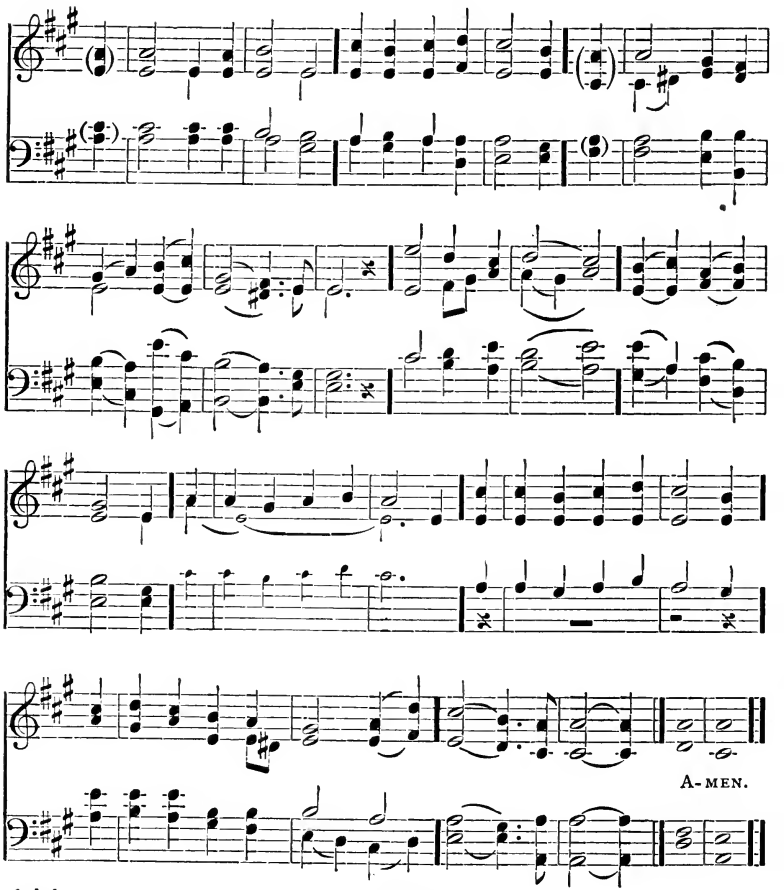
2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy so sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in the mother's arms
We see Thee, Child divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! The Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell:
No sweeter sound than this is heard,
"Emanuel!"

140 Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. Luke ii: 12.

1 Dost Thou in a manger lie,
Who hast all created,
Stretching infant hands on high,
Saviour long awaited?
If a monarch, where Thy state?
Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
Royal purple, where?
Here no regal pomp we see;
Nought but need and penury:
Why thus cradled here?

2 Pitying love for fallen man
Brought Thee down thus low;
For a race deep lost in sin,
Camest Thou to woe.
By this lowly Birth of Thine
Thou hast brought to be all mine
Matchless gifts and free;
Willingly Thy yoke I take,
And the sacrifice I make,
Asked in turn by Thee.

3 Fervent praise would I to Thee
Evermore be raising;
For Thy wondrous love to me
Thee be ever praising.
Glory, glory, be for ever
Unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord!
Better witness to Thy worth,
Purer praise than ours on earth,
Angel's songs afford.

141

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem. Luke ii: 15.

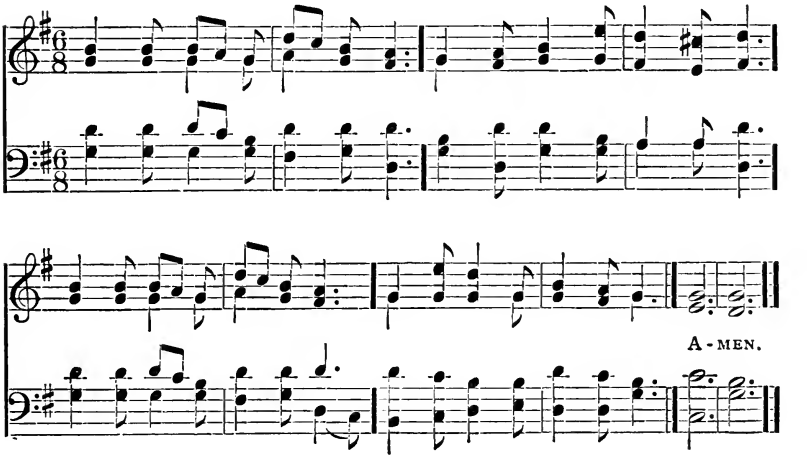
1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

2 See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, etc.

3 Lo! star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts' oblations:
O come, etc.

4 Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace Thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love Thee,
Loving us so dearly?
O come, etc.

5 Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the Highest:
O come, etc.

6 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, etc.

142 And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. Luke ii: 9.

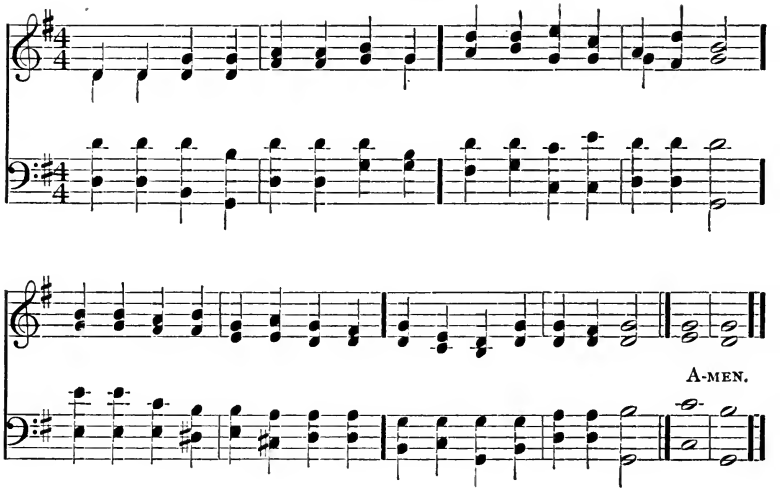
1 Hark! the skies with music sound,
Heav'nly glory beams around;
Christ is born! the angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Peace is come, good will appears,
Sinners, wipe away your tears;
Christ for you in flesh to-day
Humbly in the manger lay.

3 Shepherds tending flocks by night,
Heard the song and saw the light;
Took their reeds, and softest strains
Echo'd through the happy plains.

4 Mortals, hail the glorious King!
Richest incense cheerful bring;
Praise and love Emmanuel's name,
And His boundless grace proclaim.

Dox. VI.

(First Tune.)

143

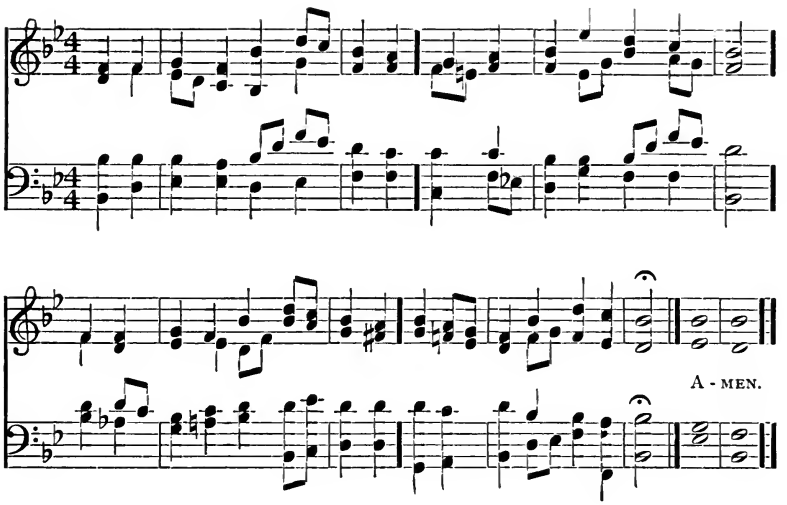
On earth peace, good will to men. Luke ii: 14.

1 Hail, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee!

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, Thy people to deliver;
Born a child,—and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,—
Now Thy precious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

(Second Tune.)

143

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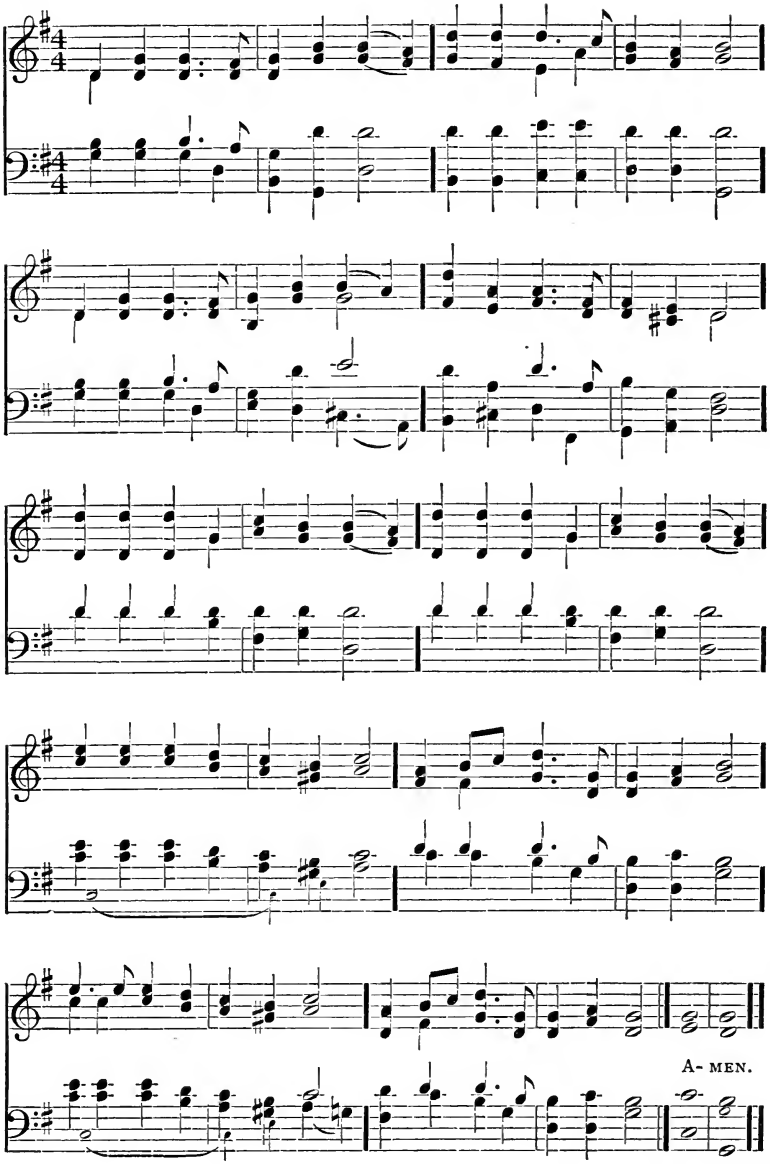
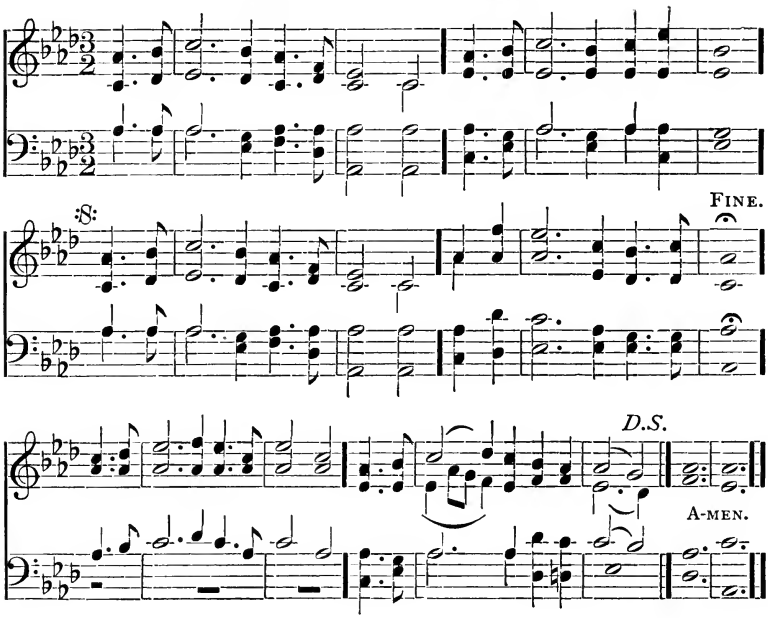

A- MEN.

144 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. Luke ii: 14.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

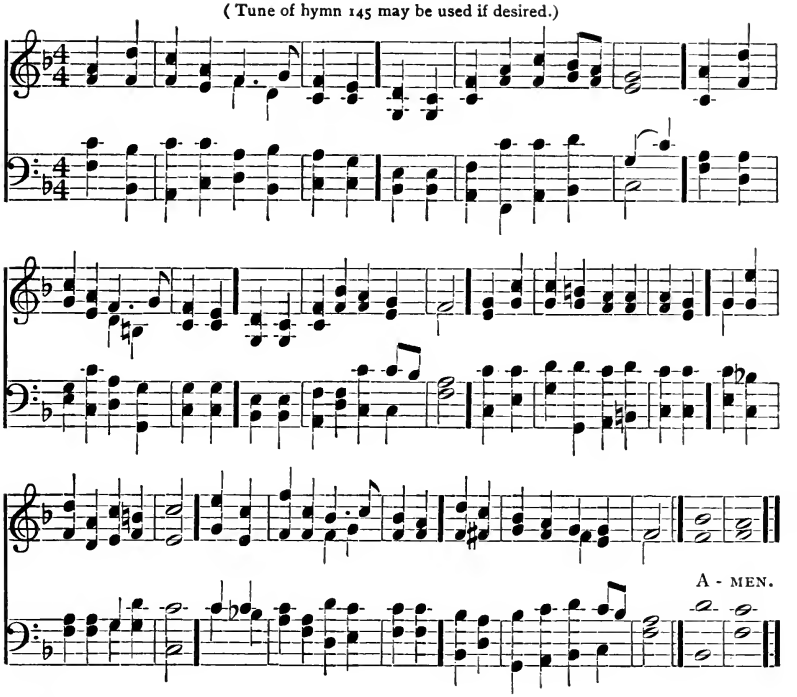
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

(Tune of hymn 146 may be used if desired.)

145 Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest. Luke ii: 13, 14.

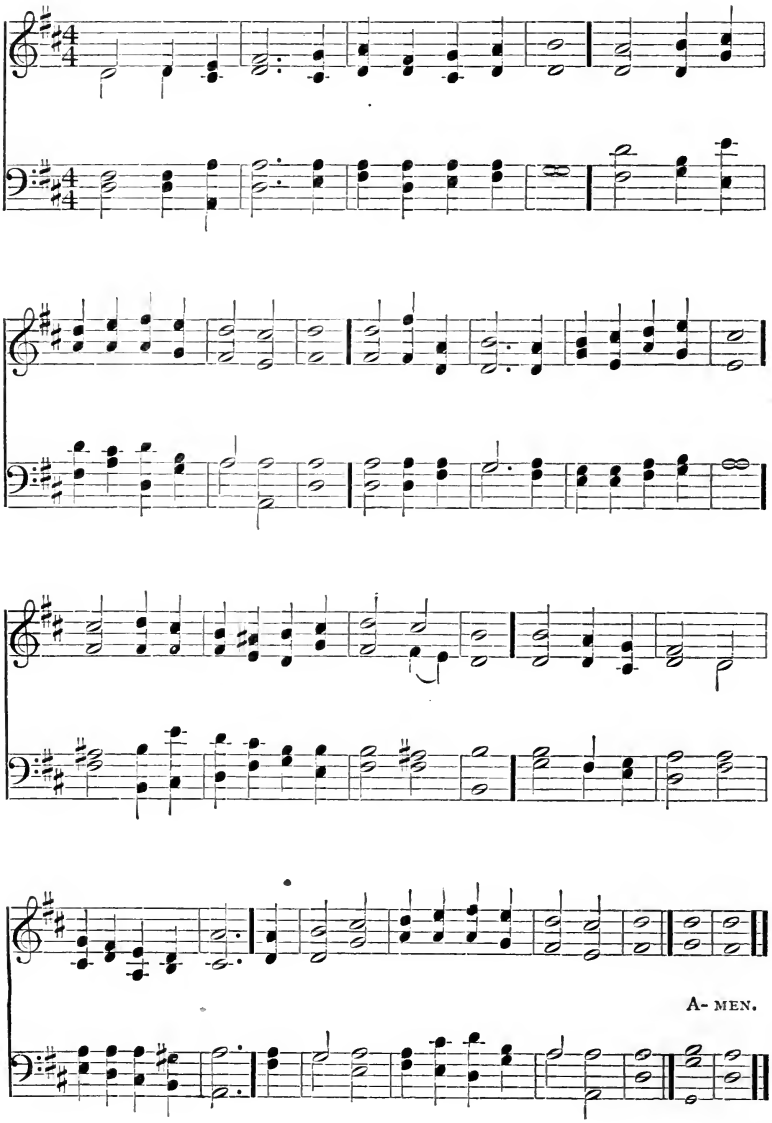
1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wond'rous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

2 Peace on earth, good-will from heav'n,
Thus they sing with harps of gold;
Christ is born, the Son is given,
Of the prophets long foretold.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him,
Heaven and earth His praises bring;
Men and angels fall before Him,
Hail your Saviour, Lord, and King. Dox. VIII.

(Tune of hymn 145 may be used if desired.)

146 Behold, the day-spring from on high hath visited us. Luke i: 78.

1 Light of life, the great Messiah,
Promised Day-spring from on high,
Deign to visit waiting mortals
From Thy state above the sky.
God incarnate, veil Thy splendor,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Make in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Shepherds, did you learn his coming
While you kept your flocks by night?
Did you see His star in heaven
Blaze with new-created light?
Haste, ye magi, come and worship,
See the orient star before;
Bring your presents, gold and spices,
Blest Arabia's balmy store.

3 All ye joyous host of heaven,
Loudly speak your Saviour's praise;
Saints and angels, in full chorus
Your seraphic voices raise;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
In wide-echoing songs proclaim;
Heaven and earth, with joy resounding,
Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

A- MEN.

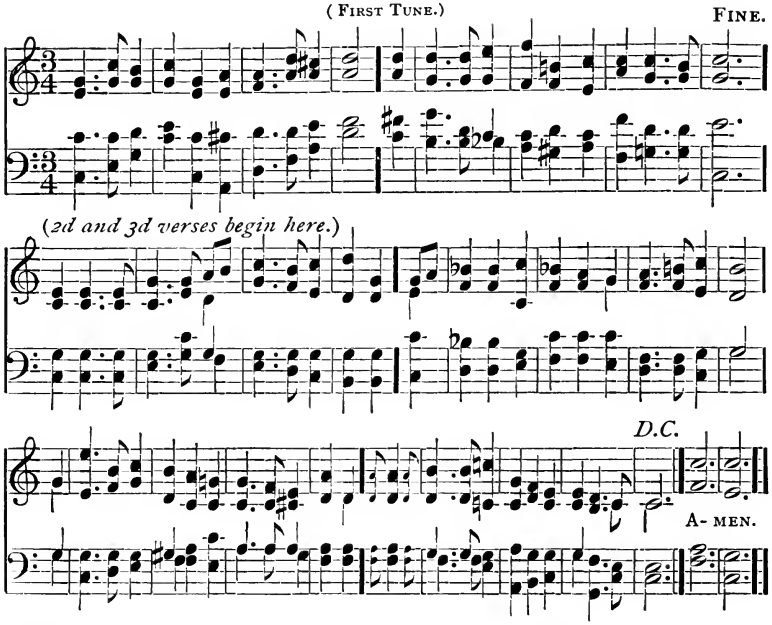
147 Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Luke ii: 11.

1 Christians! awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice: Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth!
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

3 He spake: and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujah's rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will!

4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return.
While their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
To all, the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's Name.

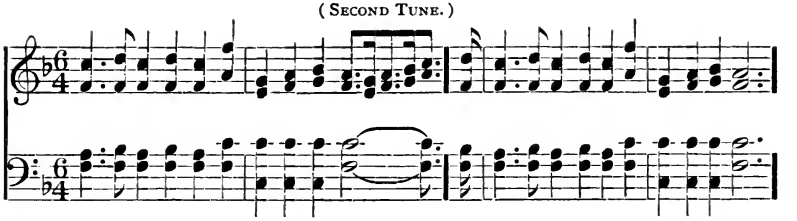
5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind!
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

148

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. Luke ii: 10.

1 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Sion the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

(SECOND TUNE.)

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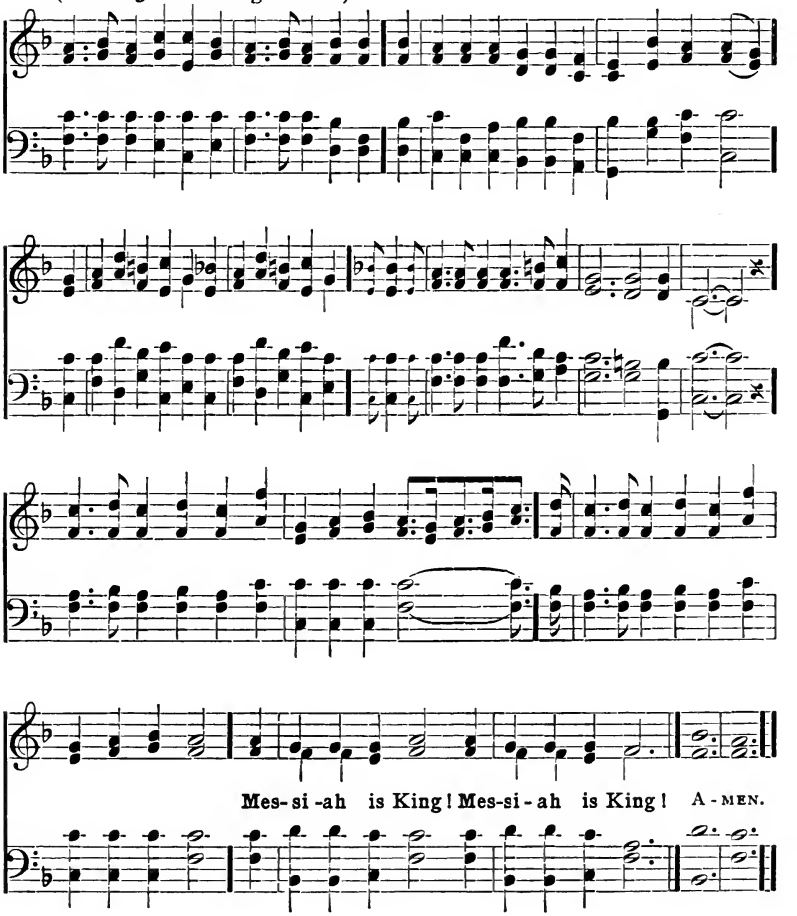
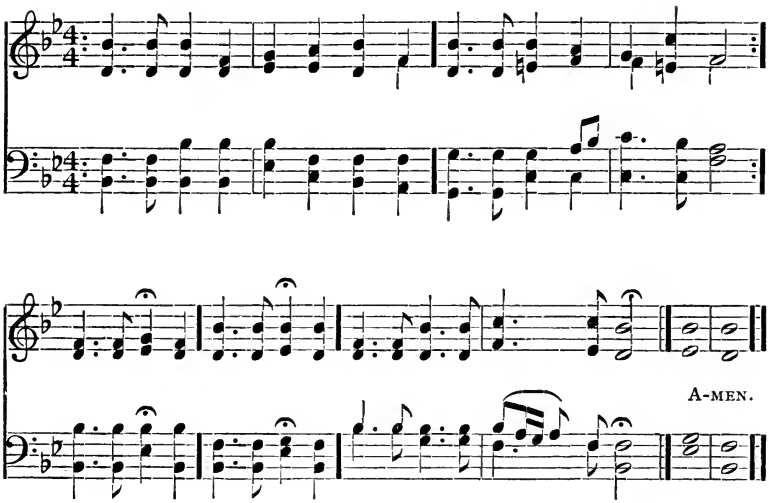
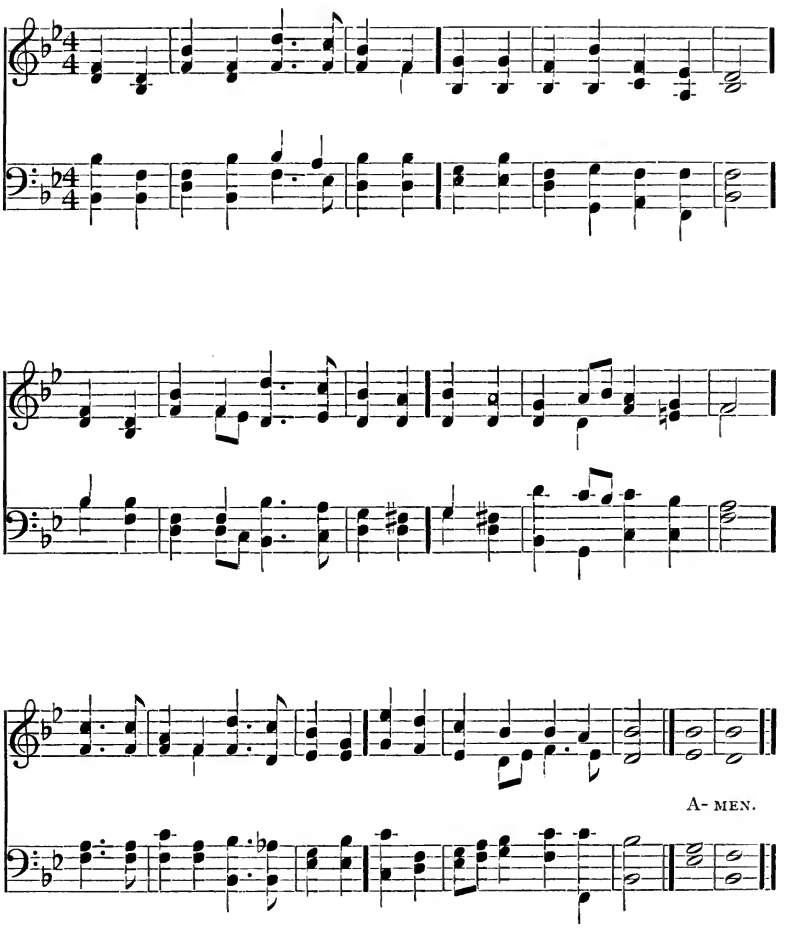
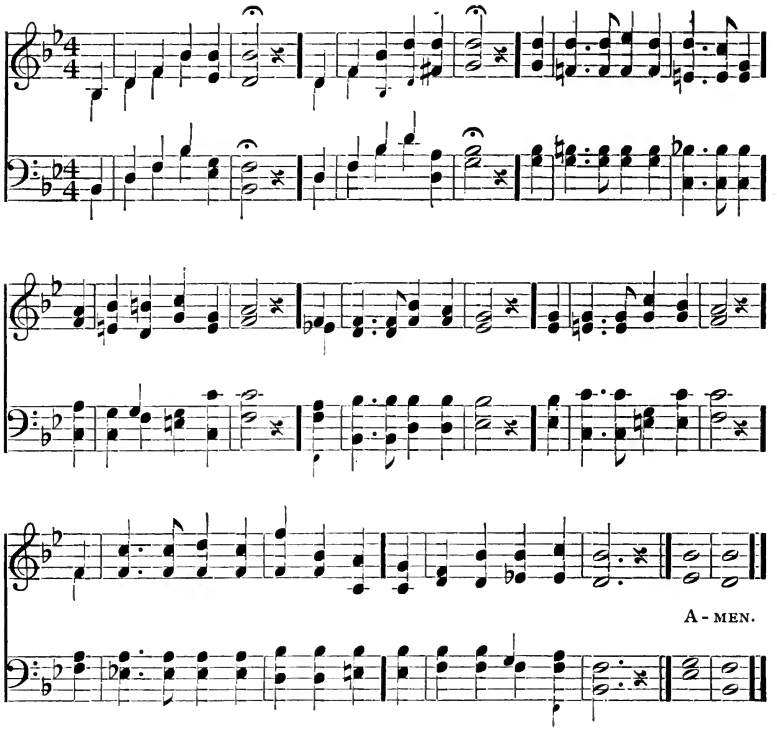

(First Tune.)

149 And the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple. Mal. iii: 1.

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
‖:Come and worship,:‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

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

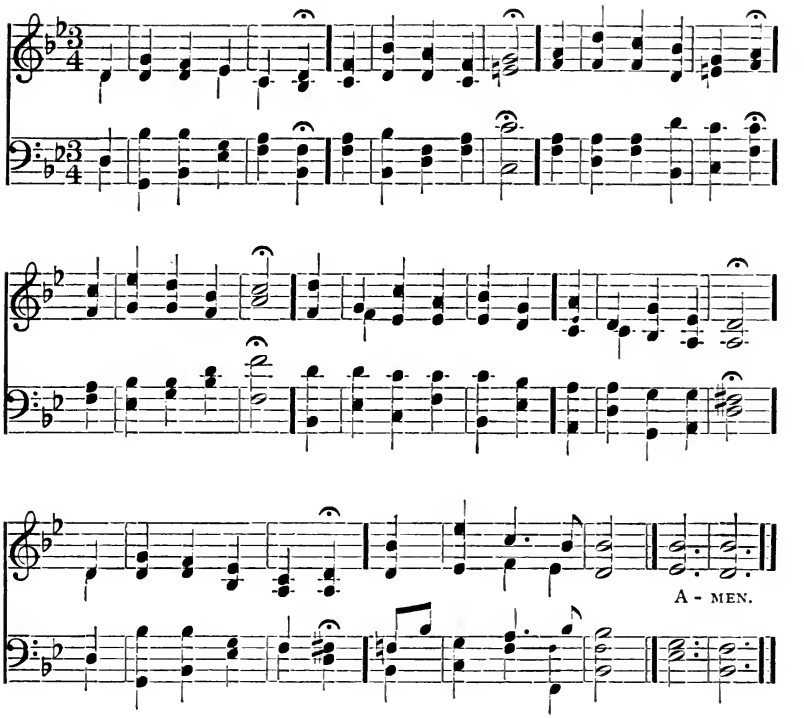
3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
‖:Come and worship,:‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

(Second Tune.)

4 Watchers at the altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple doth appear:
‖:Come and worship,:‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Dox. VII.

150

I am the Lord, I change not. Mal. iii: 6.

1 Roll out, O song to God!
Move on, ye throngs of men!
Chances and changes come and go;
God changeth not! Amen.
And on the throngs of men,
On worrying care and strife,
Sinks down, as if from angel tongues,
The word of hope and life.

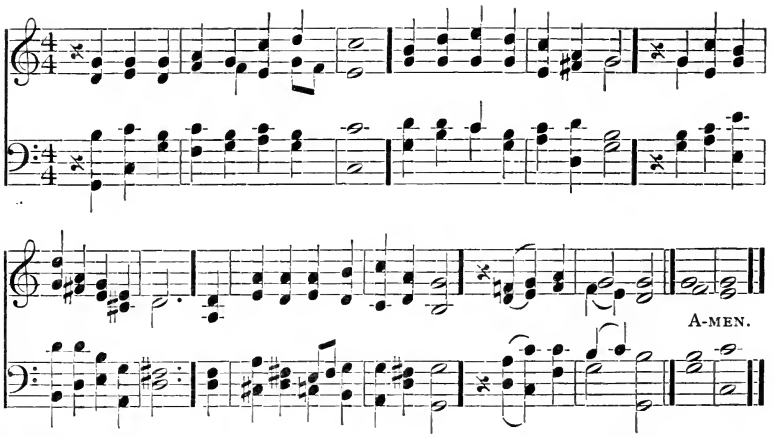
2 Down in the darksome ways
And worrying whirl of life
Sinks, like a strain of vesper-song,
The thought of His great strife,
Who of the Virgin born,
Made all our chains His own,
And broke them with His own right arm,
Nor left us more alone.

3 Amid the weak, One strong,
Amid the false, One true,
Amid all change, One changing not,—
One hope we ne'er shall rue.
In whose sight all is now,
In whose love all is best:
The things of this world pass away,
Come, let us in Him rest.

Used by permission of G. SCHIRMER.

151 He hath raised up an horn of salvation for us, as he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets. Luke ii: 69, 70.

1 O Wonder amazing!
At earth's midnight hour
The ages are gazing
In awe at its power;
The great secret telling,
How anguish is stilled,
The evil dispelling:
The Word is fulfilled.

2 O hearts that have carried
Your sorrows untold,
The Helper that tarried
Come here and behold!
What Prophets have spoken,
The trial ensures,
By tortures unbroken,
'Tis Love that endures.

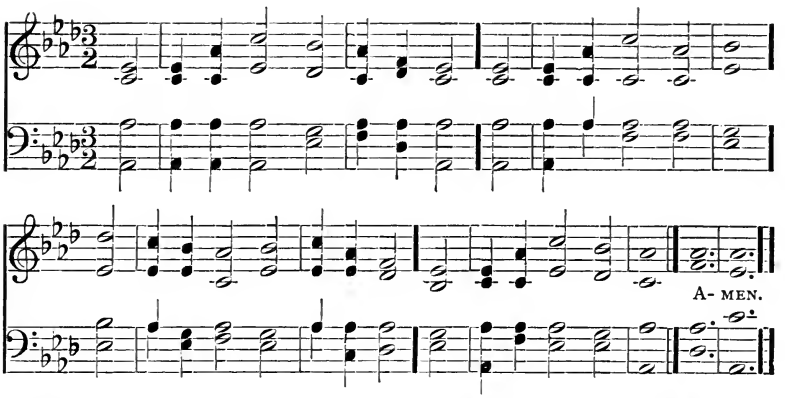
3 O love, ceasing never,
From Thee what can part?
What height or depth sever
From Thy bleeding heart?
Now opens the portal,
O blest Jesu mine!
Of mansions immortal,
Of mercy divine.

152 And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. John i: 14.

1 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.
Alleluia.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
Mother-arms contain Thee now;
Angels who did in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine Infant voice.
Alleluia.

3 A little Child, Thou art our guest,
Yet by angels God confessed;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.
Alleluia.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
That we may be sons of light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like all Thine angels, round Thee shine.
Alleluia.

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

153 Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins. Matt. i: 21.

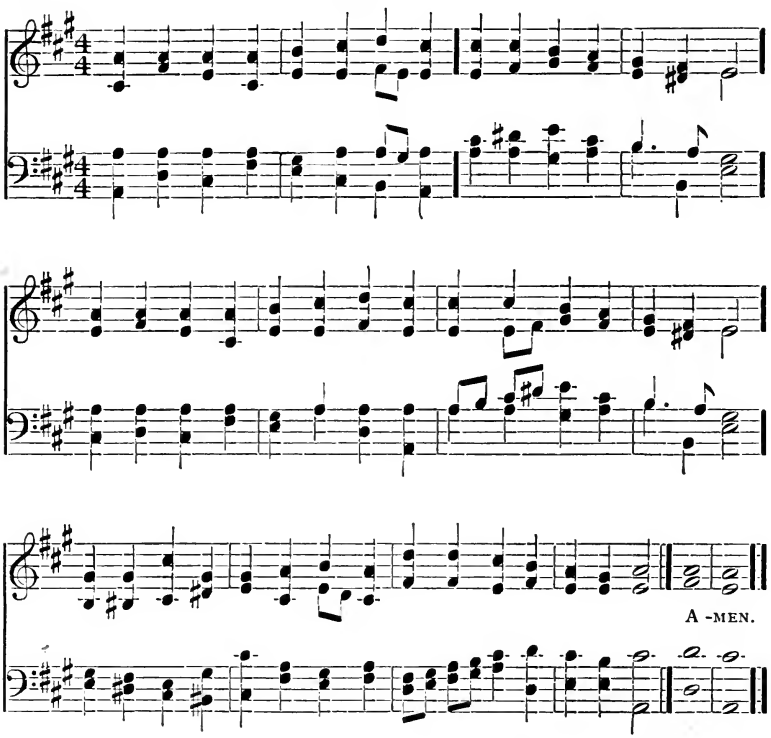
1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds!
The Christian's soul it cheers;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Though weak the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
Yet, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

6 O Jesus, Shepherd, Father, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring. DOX. IV.

154 Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins. Matt. i: 21.

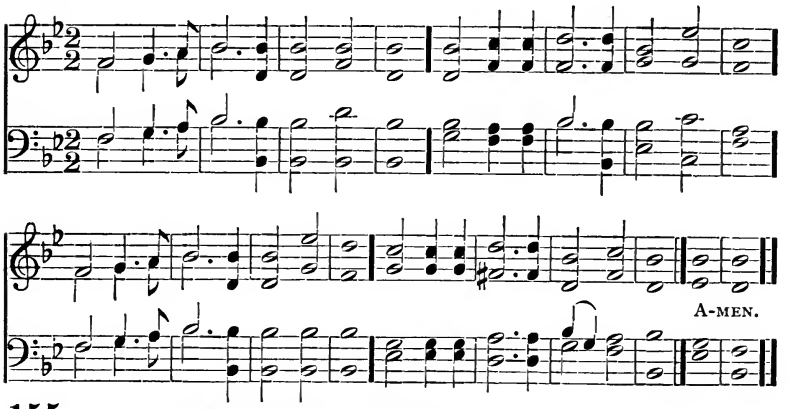
1 To the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honor let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

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,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In our days of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

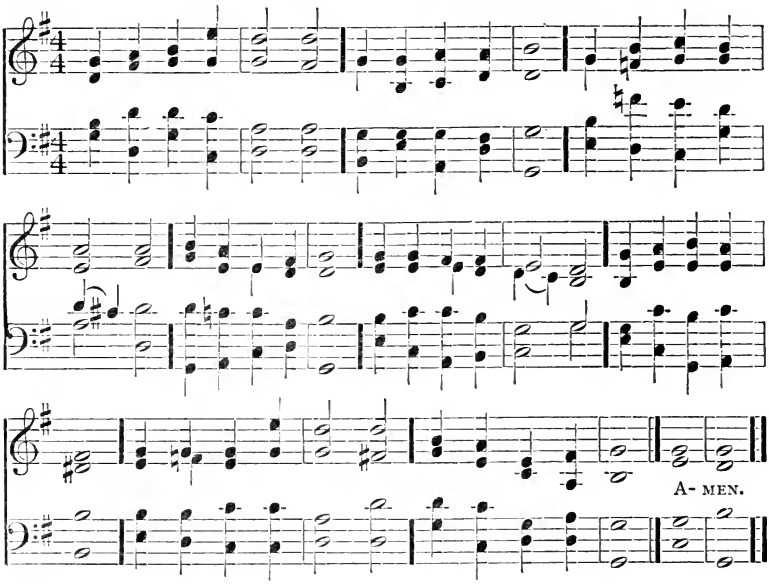
5 JESUS is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd Name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there.

155 Let all flesh bless his holy Name for ever. Ps. cxlv: 21.

1 Let every heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesus' Name of bliss;
With every pure delight replete
And passing sweet its music is.

2 Jesus the comfortless consoles,
Jesus each sinful fever quells,
Jesus the power of hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.

3 O speak His glorious Name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess,
Let every heart and voice accord
The healer of our souls to bless.

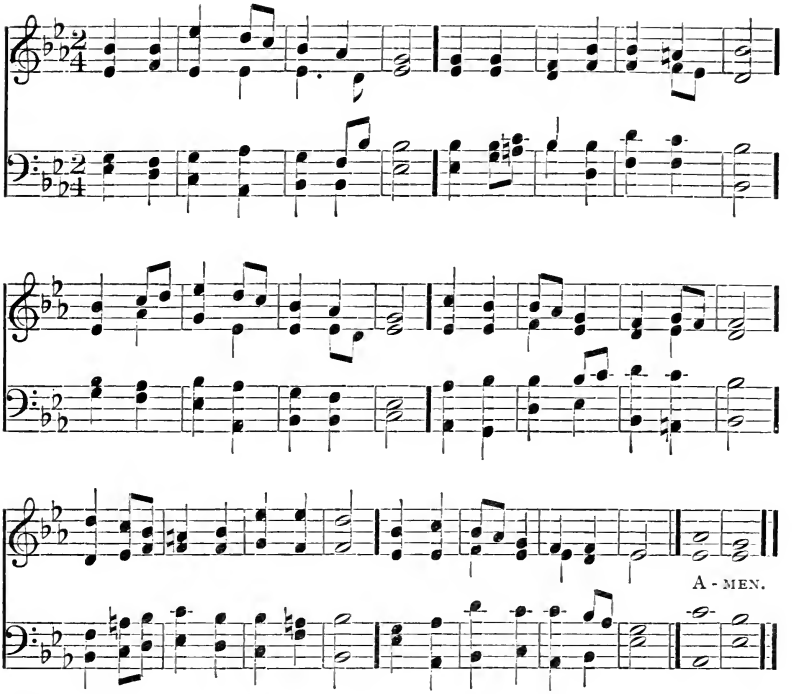
4 All might, all glory be to Thee,
Refulgent with this Name divine;
All honor, worship, majesty,
Jesus, for evermore be Thine.

156 The star which they saw in the East went before them. Matt. ii: 9.

1 Lo, the pilgrim Magi
Leave their royal halls,
And with eager footsteps
Speed to Bethlehem's walls;
As they onward journey,
Faith, which firmly rests
Upon hope unswerving,
Triumphs in their breasts.

2 Oh, what joys ecstatic
Thrilled each heart, from far,
When, to guide their footsteps
Gleamed that beacon star;
O'er that home so holy,
Pouring down its ray,
Where the cradled Infant
With His mother lay.

3 Costly pomp and pageant
Earthly kings array;
He, a mightier Monarch,
Hath a nobler sway;
Straw may be His pallet,
Mean His garb may be,
Yet with power transcendent
He all hearts can free.

4 At His crib they worship,
Prostrate on the floor;
And their God, there present,
In that Babe adore:
Let us to that Infant,
As their followers true,
Hearts with faith o'erflowing
Give, our tribute due;—

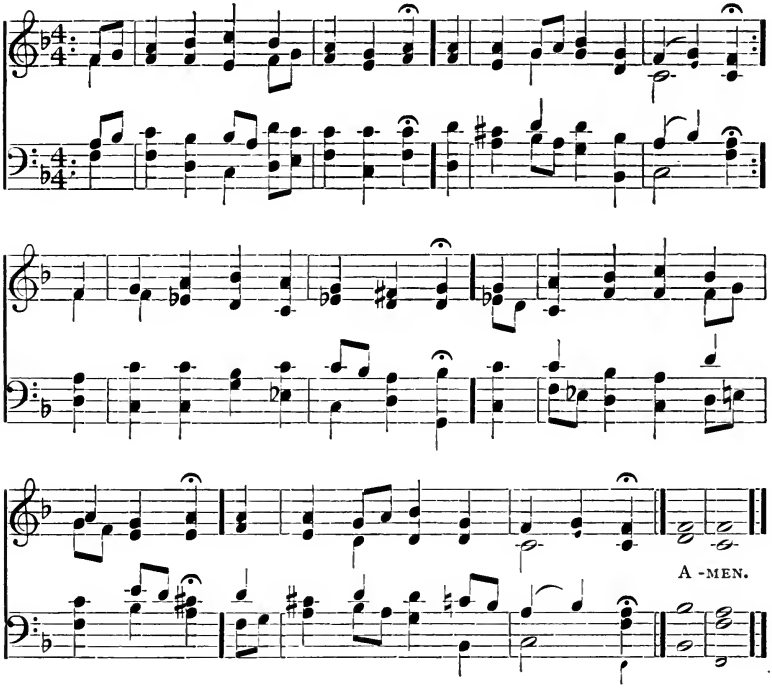
5 Holiest Love presenting,
Gold unto our King;
To the Man pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring;
Unto Him, as incense,
Vow and prayer address;
So, with meetest off'rings
Him our God confess.

157 The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. Isa. xl 5.

1 All ye Gentile lands, awake!
Thou, O Salem, rise and shine!
See the day-spring o'er you break,
Heralding a morn divine;
Telling God hath called to mind
Those who long in darkness pined.

2 Lo! the glory of the Lord
Hath aris'n on us to-day;
We have seen the light outpoured
That must surely drive away
All things that to night belong,
All the sad earth's woe and wrong.

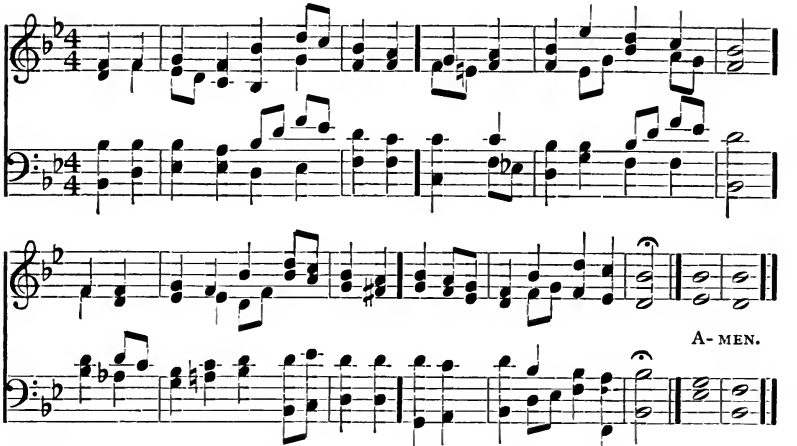
3 Thy arising, Lord, shall fill
All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
Thy arising, Lord, shall still
All my dread of death's dark pow'r;
Through my smiles and through my tears,
Still Thy light, O Lord, appears.

4 Let me, Lord, in peace depart
From all evil unto Thee;
Where Thyself sole brightness art,
Thou hast kept a place for me;
In the shining city there,
Crowns of light Thy saints shall wear.

Dox. XV.

158 His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace. Isa. ix: 6.

1 Alone to God on high be praise
And thankful adoration,
That we may now, and all our days,
Rejoice in His salvation.
Let high in heaven His praises sound,
Peace and good-will on earth abound,
All feud and strife be ended.

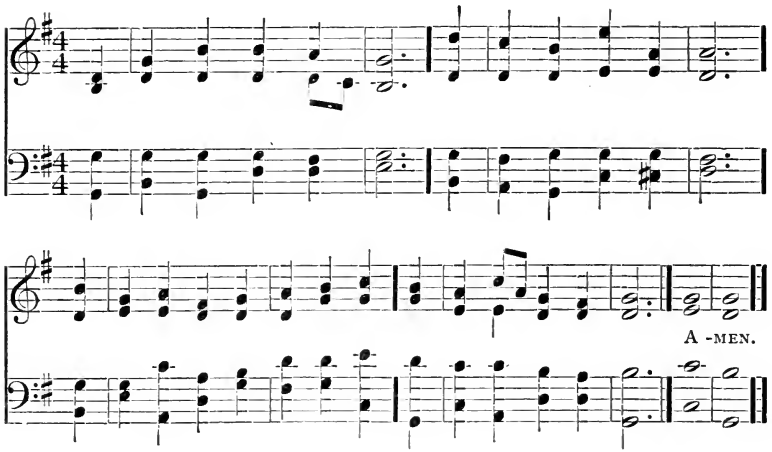
2 Ye Christian people, all rejoice,
Each soul with joy upspringing;
Pour forth one song with heart and voice,
With love and gladness singing.
Give thanks to God, the Lord above,
Thanks for His miracle of love;
In love hath He redeemed us.

3 Lord Jesus Christ, alone to Thee
Be praise and glory given;
Who reignest, God, eternally,
In all the earth and heaven.
The Prince of Peace, the incarnate Word,
The Wonderful, the mighty Lord,
The Father everlasting.

159 If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. John viii: 36.

1 Come, Redeemer, blessed Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free!
From our fears and sins release us:
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art:
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart!

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever!
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

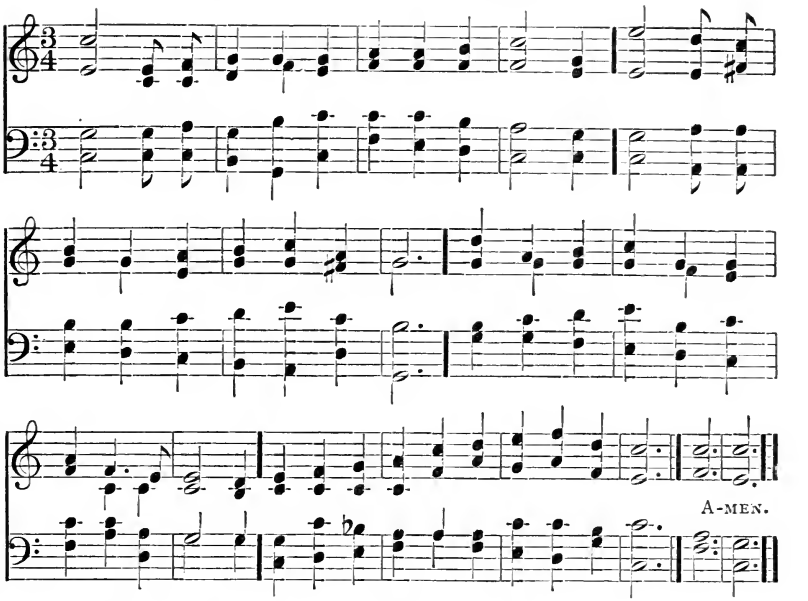
4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
Let us all Thy grace inherit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Dox. IX.

160 In him was life, and the life was the light of men. John i : 4.

1 O Thou essential Word,
God from eternity;
On earth for our salvation born,
Welcome Thou art to me.

2 Thou art the Life, O Lord!
Sole Light of life Thou art!
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

3 Let naught be left within
But cometh of Thy hand;
Root quickly out the weeds of sin,
My cunning foe withstand.

4 From Thee comes nothing ill—
A foe doth sow the tares;
Make plain my path before me still,
And save me from his snares.

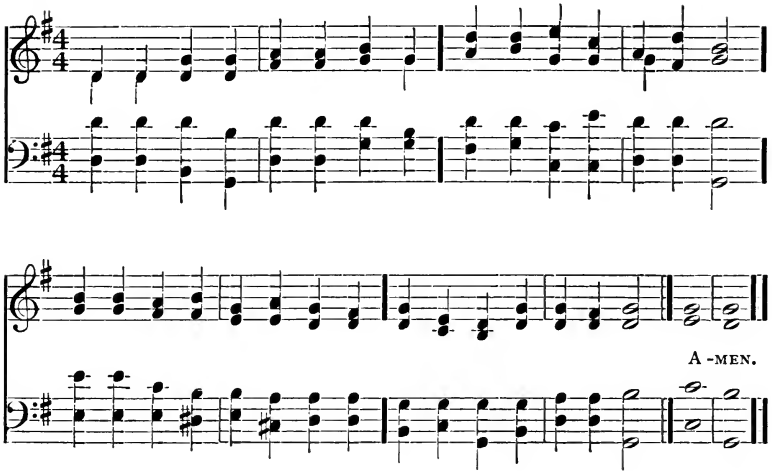
5 Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away;
Guidê me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day!

161 Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. Matt. ii: 2.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

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

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings 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.

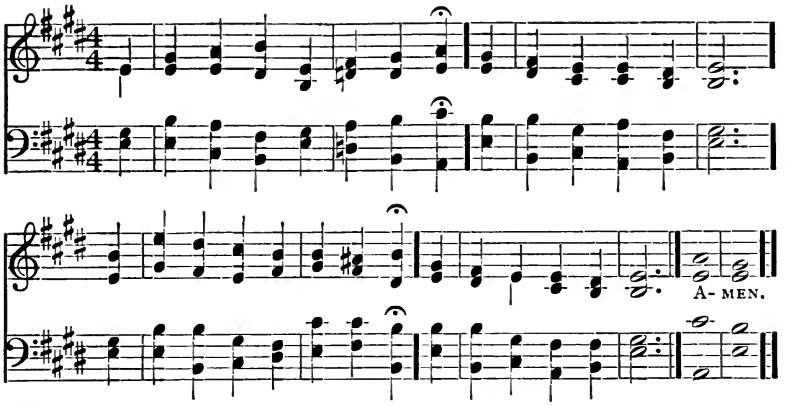
5 *Repeat 1st stanza.*

162 And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense, and myrrh. Matt. ii: 11.

1 Bethlehem in land of Judah,
Who shall all Thy glory tell?
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

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 faith disclose,
Gold their hearts' best love proclaimeth,
Myrrh obedience foreshows.

5 Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, our only Father,
God, and Saviour, glory be.

163 The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. Isa. ix: 2.

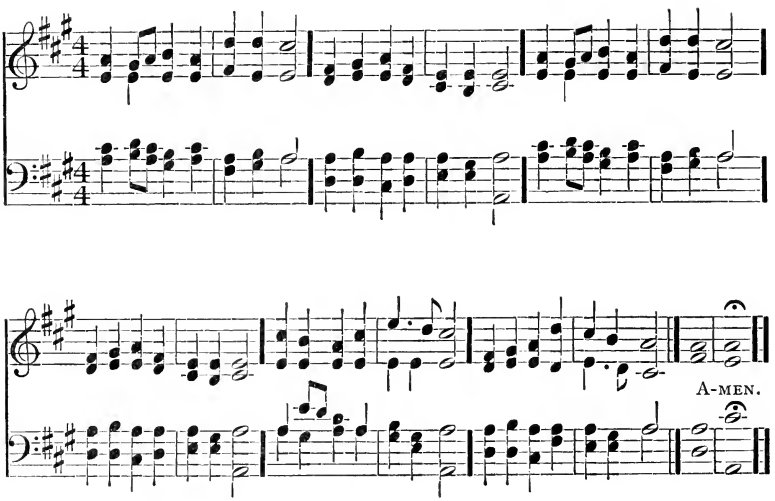
1 The people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

2 To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For Thou their burden wilt remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

4 For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

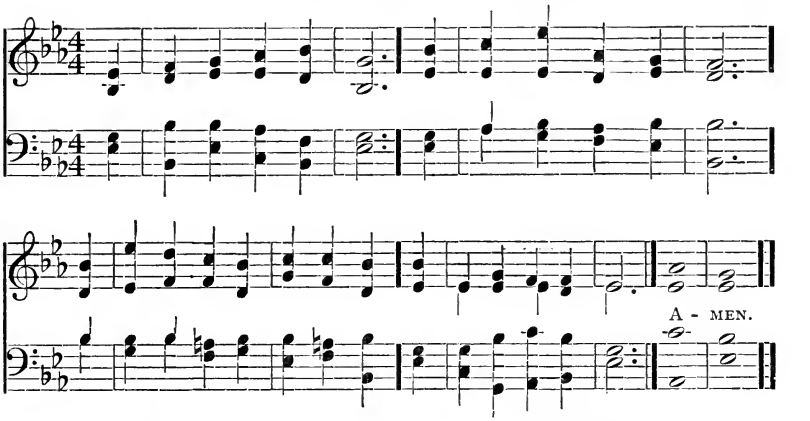
6 His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end. Dox. IV.

164 When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Matt. ii: 10.

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

2 As with joyous steps they sped
To the Infant Saviour's bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

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

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

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

165 This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory. John ii: 11.

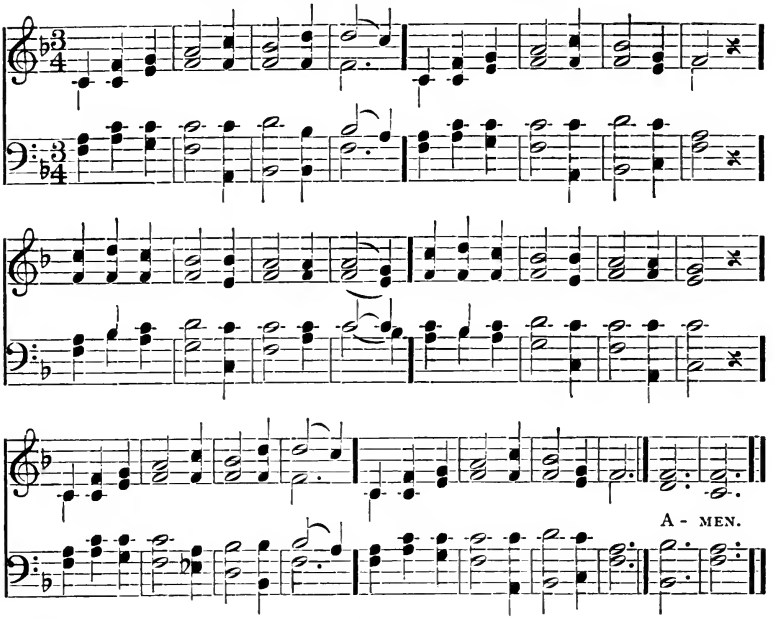
1 All praise to Thee, O Lord,
Who by Thy mighty power
Didst manifest Thy glory forth
In Cana's marriage hour.

2 Thou speakest: it is done:
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blessèd they who know
Thine unseen Presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the Heavenly Bread.

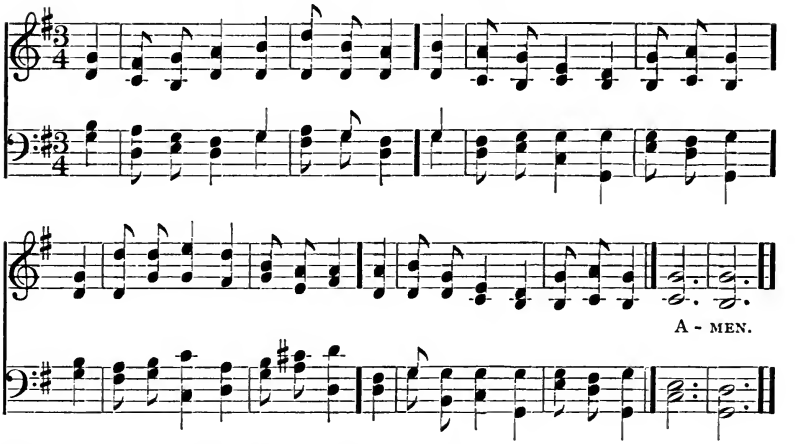
6 Oh, may that grace be ours,
In Thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which Thou alone canst give. Dox. V.

166 Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed. John xx: 29.

1 We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Lamb of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe their open'd eyes
Beheld Thy journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless;
A ray of glory from Thy sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
And we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

167

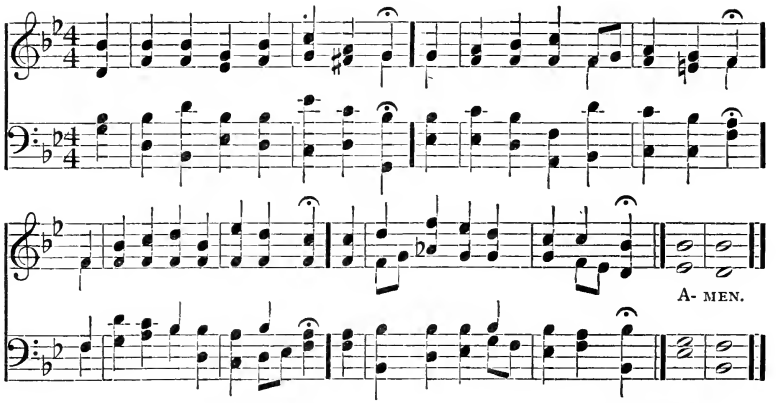
As I have loved you, that ye love one another. John xv: 12.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such is Thy truth, and such Thy zeal
Thy work of mercy to fulfil;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

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

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
And at the last, with victory blest,
Lord, let me find in Thee my rest.

(First Tune.)

168 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii: 16.

1 O Love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, th' eternal Word, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel of our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

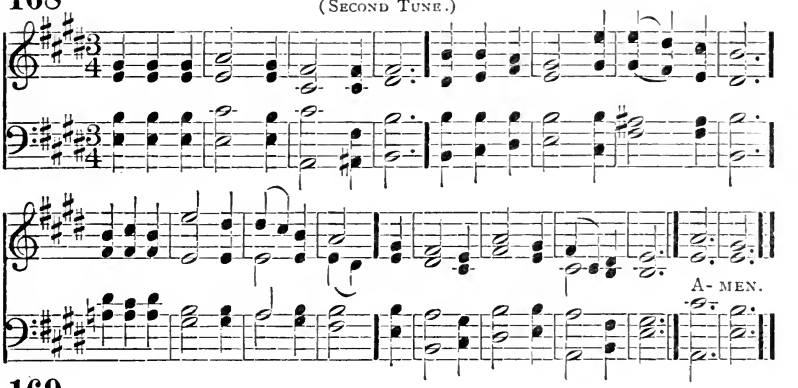
3 For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

4 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death,
For us at length gave up His breath.

6 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sends His spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer. Dox. II.

168

(SECOND TUNE.)

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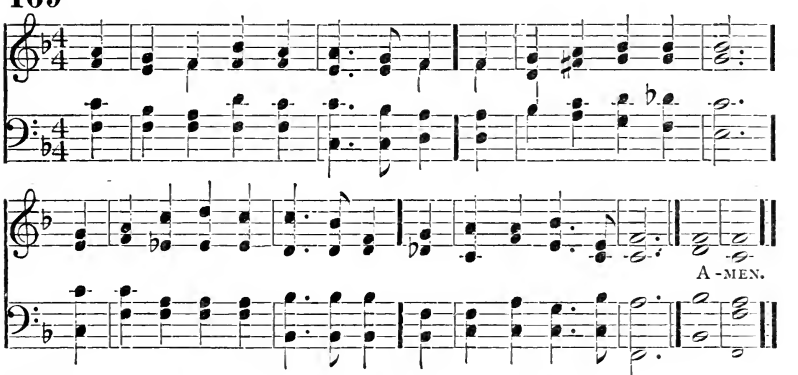

169

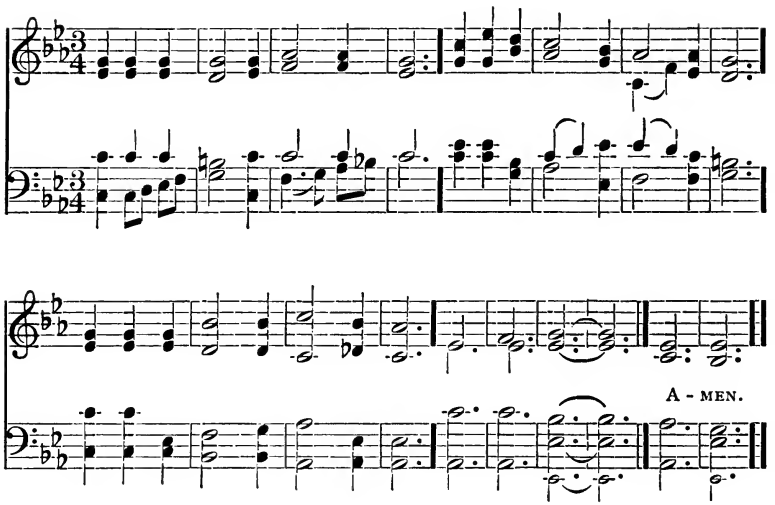
As many as touched were made perfectly whole. Matt. xiv: 36.

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

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

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

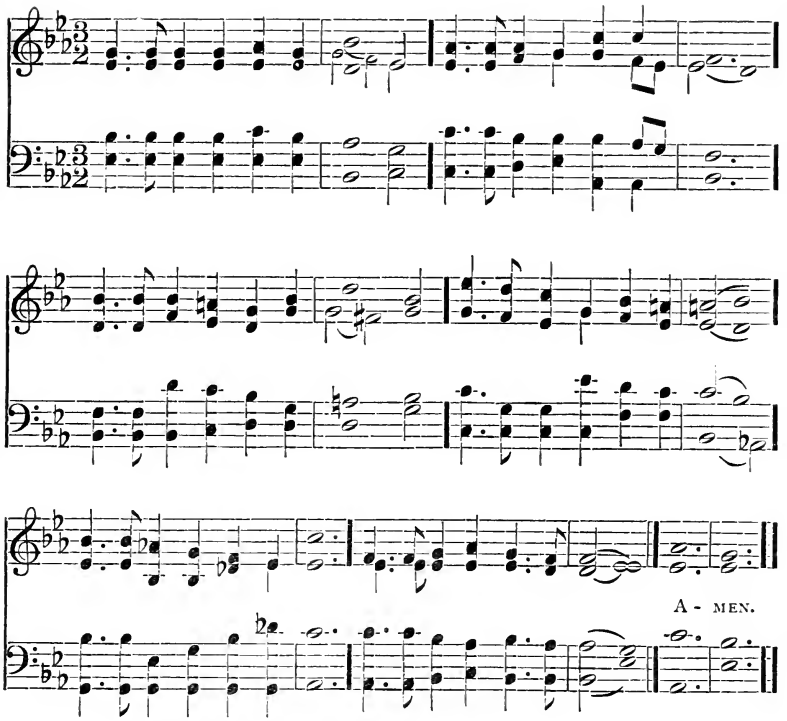
4 Through Him the first fond prayers are said,
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

170 And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. Mark iv: 39.

1 Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

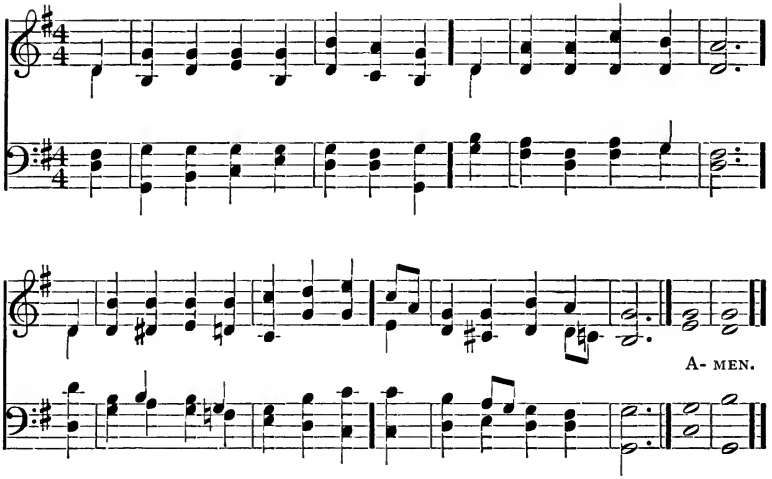
3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

171 They brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases, and he healed them. Matt. iv : 24.

1 Thou to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

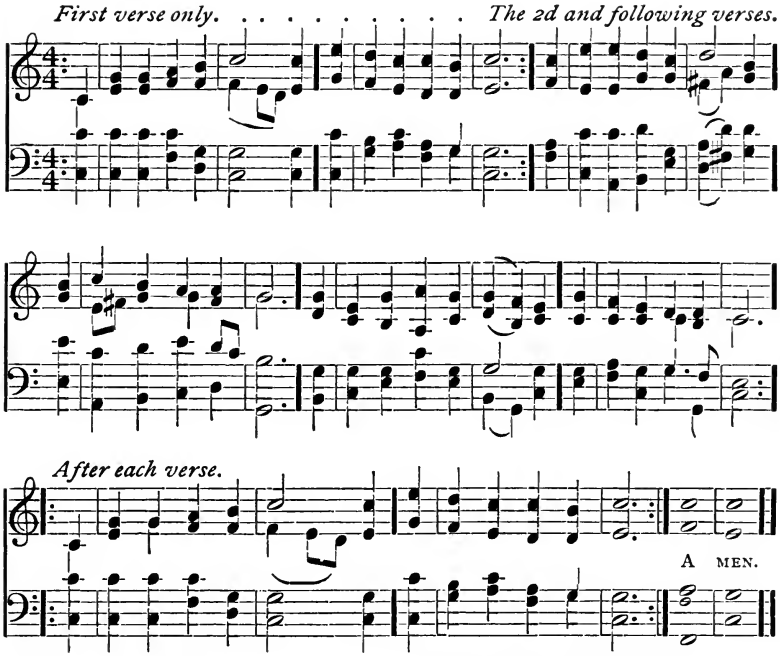
4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet;
Grateful at Thy mercy-seat.

172 Father, forgive them, they know not what they do. Luke xxiii: 34.

1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others than for all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy children, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with Thee. Dox. IV.

173 Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Matt. xxi: 9.

1 All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

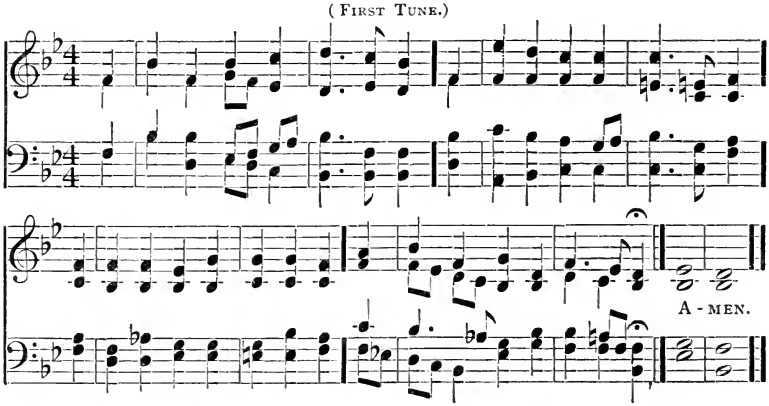
2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply:
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

(First Tune.)

174 Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. Matt. xxi: 5.

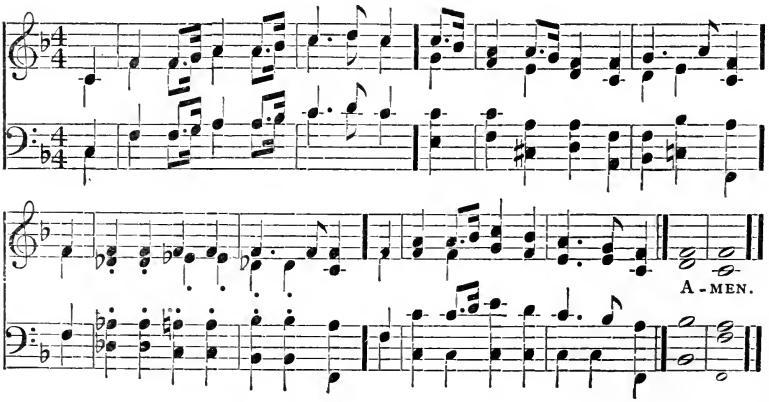
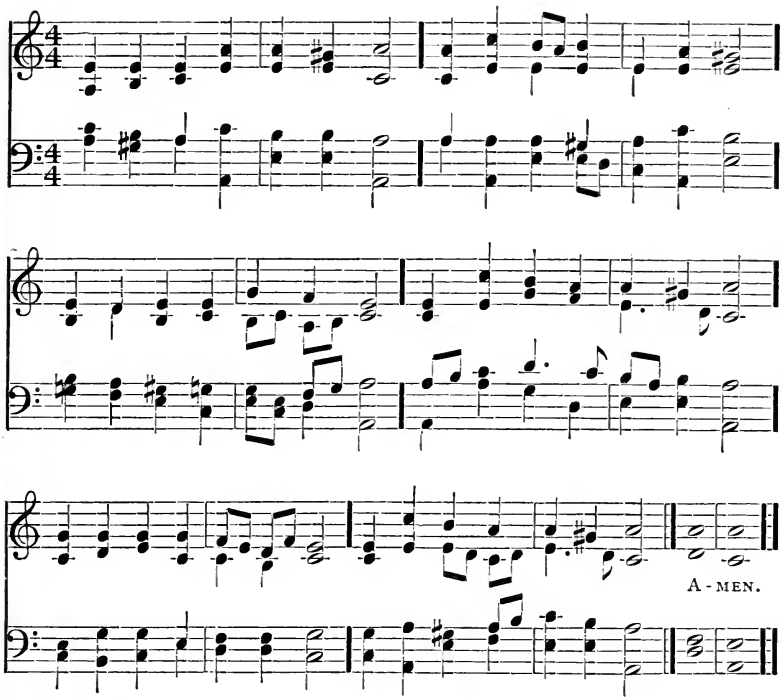
1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The hosts of heaven from the sky
Look down in wonder now to see
Thy conflict and Thy victory.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain—
Then take, O Lord, Thy power and reign.

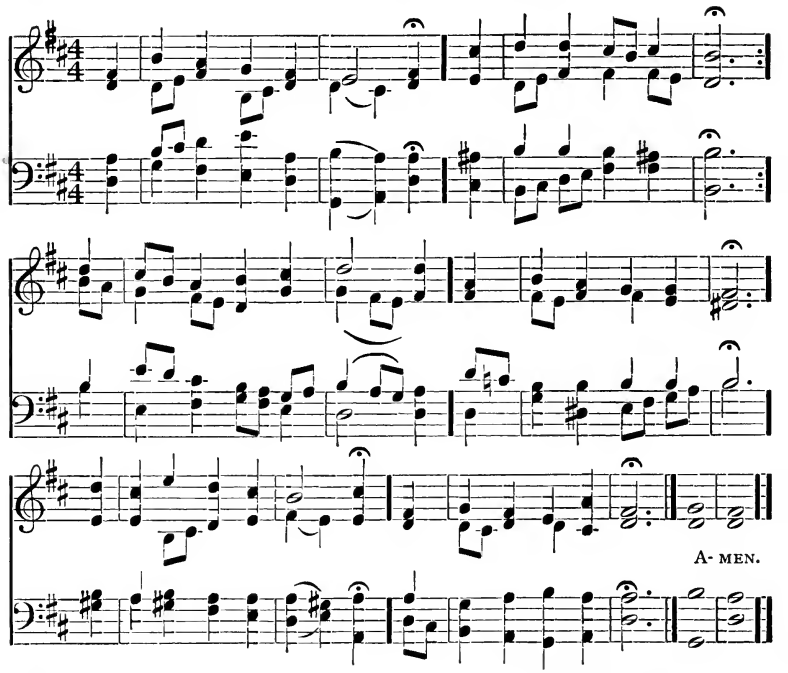
Dox. II.

(Second Tune.)

175 The chastisement of our peace was upon him: and with his stripes we are healed. Isa. liii: 5.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

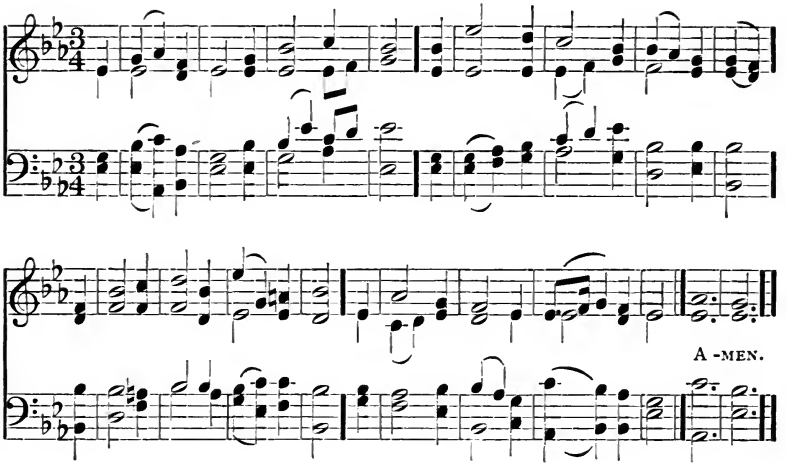
2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
See Him meekly bearing all!
Love to man His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

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

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where His lifeless body lay;
Angels keep their vigils there:
Who hath taken Him away?
"Christ is risen!" He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

176 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Isa. liii: 3.

1 O sacred Head sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
By sinful men surrounded
With thorns, their only crown;
Can sorrow mar thy grandeur,
Can death thy bloom deflower,
O Face divine, whose splendor
The hosts of heaven adore?

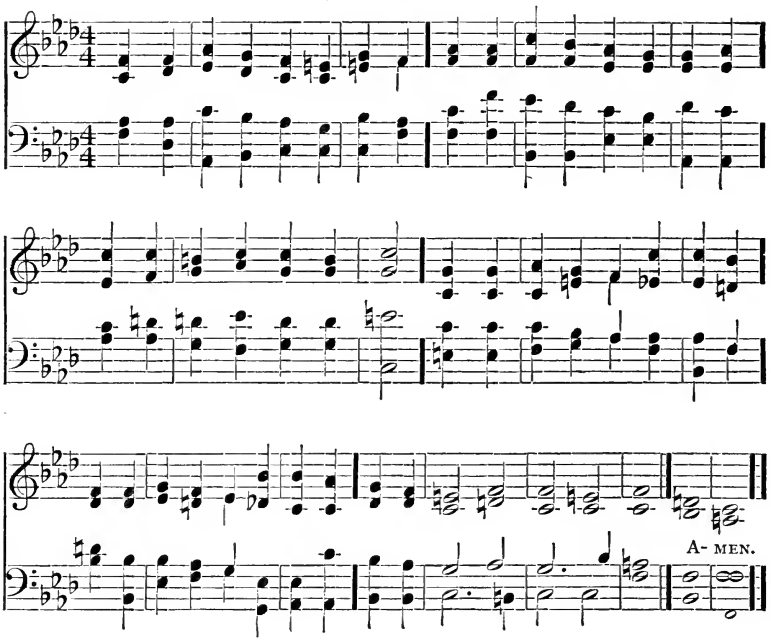
2 Acknowledge me, my Keeper,
My Shepherd, own me Thine,
Thou Fount of blessings deeper
Than deepest want of mine!
Thy love full oft hath fed me
With milk and angels' food,
Thy spirit still hath led me
The way of heavenly good.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this divinest sorrow
And pity without end!
O grant that I may ever
Abide, dear Lord, in Thee,
Nor let e'en death e'er sever
Thine arms of love from me.

177 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.
John xv: 13.

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

2 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?

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

(First Tune.)

178 Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother. John xix: 25.

1 By the cross her station keeping
Stands the mother Mary weeping
Close to Jesus at the last.
Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Now at length the sword hath passed.

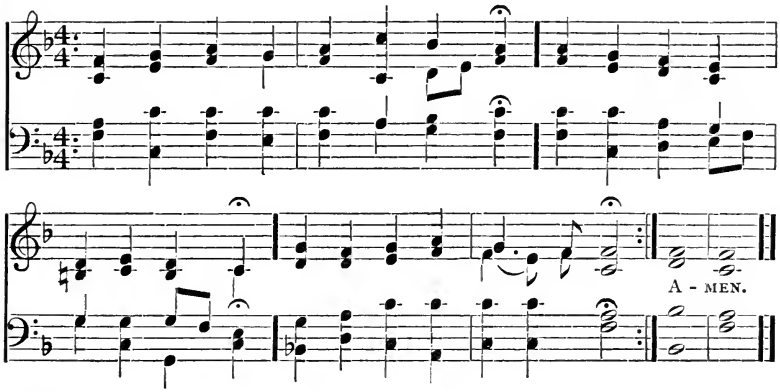
2 Hear that word of love descending,
Unto John her care commending,
Naming him henceforth her son.
Bidding him:"Behold thy mother";
Bidding men "Love one another;
Prove your love; as I have done."

3 To his home the mother leading,
Still her tears to us are pleading,
Lest we should forget her care:
She the faith that needs protecting,
Ours the love that needs perfecting
That we may true succour bear.

4 O blest Saviour, now in glory,
While I sing Thy passion's story
May the sword pierce my dull heart.
May Thy love all foes forgiving,
And Thy Word of endless living
Give me in Thy death a part.

5 Let me never hear Thee saying
"Thou, too, art thy Lord betraying
With the traitor's murderous kiss."
Let me heed Thy voice from heaven:—
"Be thy life for others given;
Greater love hath none than this."

178

(Second Tune.)

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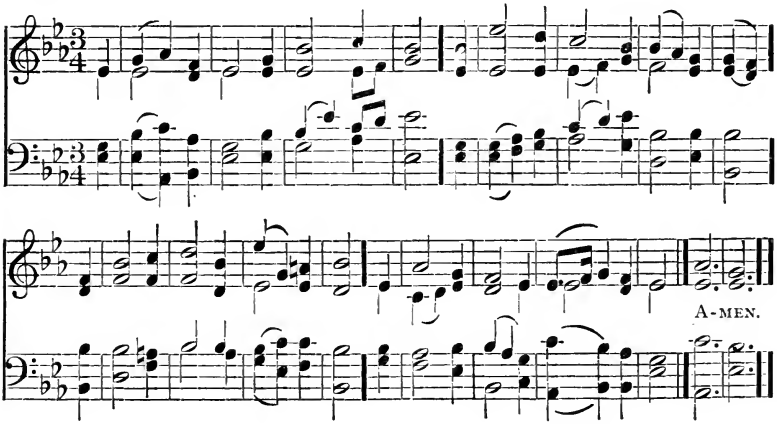
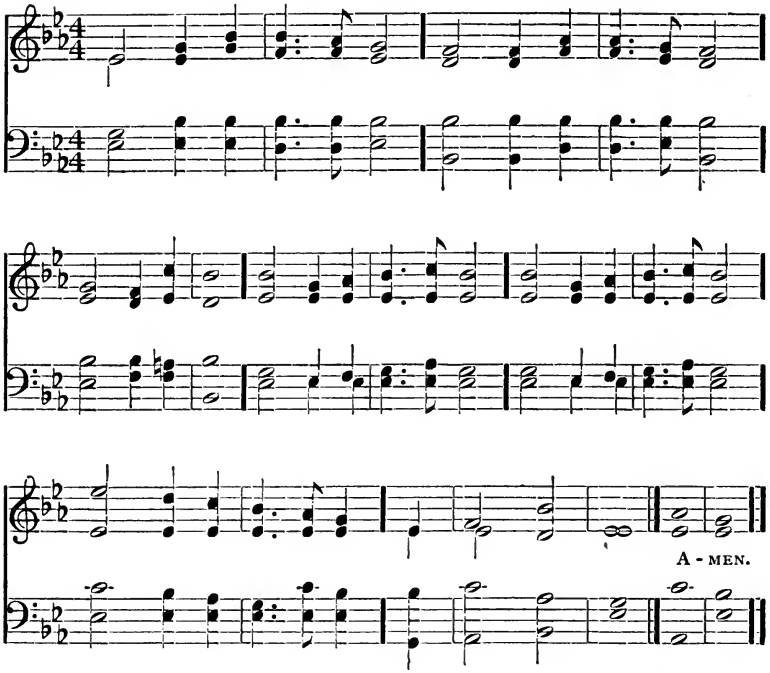

179

And all his acquaintance . . . stood afar off, beholding these things.
Luke xxiii: 49.

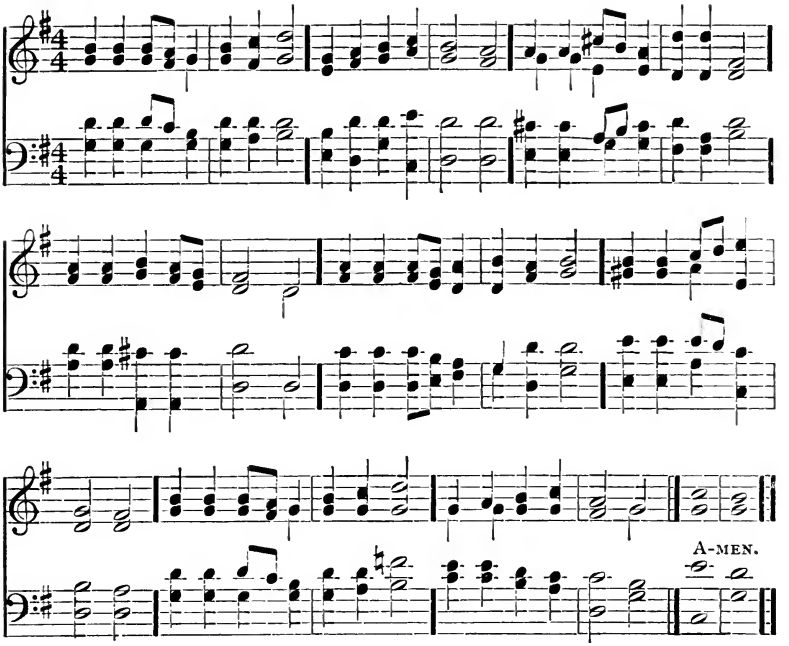
1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O, may we count the world as loss.

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

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

180 For this God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death. Ps. xlviii: 14.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Take from me, Lord, I pray,
Pride and self-love away,
O let me from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

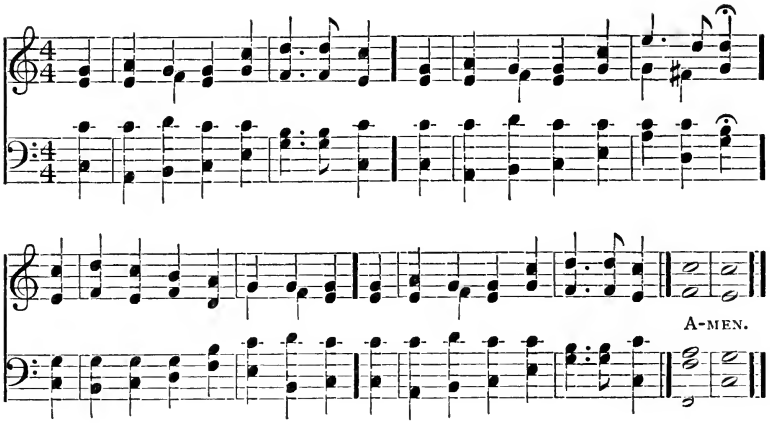
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
O let me never stray
From Thee aside.

181 I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. Exod. xv: 1.

1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen:
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of Feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Which with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

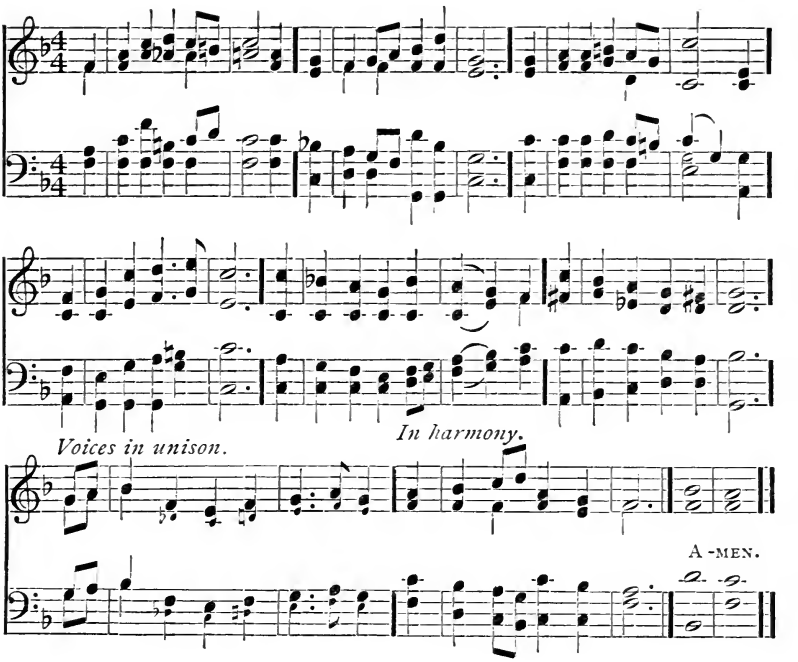
4 Neither might the gates of death
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

182 I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. Exod. xv: 1.

1 Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come!

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heav'n's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

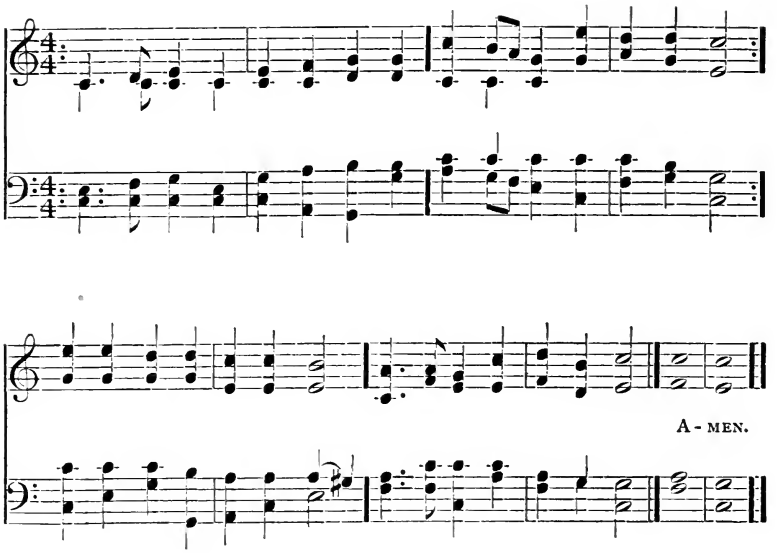
5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
Through death we rise to Thee our God. Dox. I.

183

I am the resurrection and the life. John xi: 25.

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

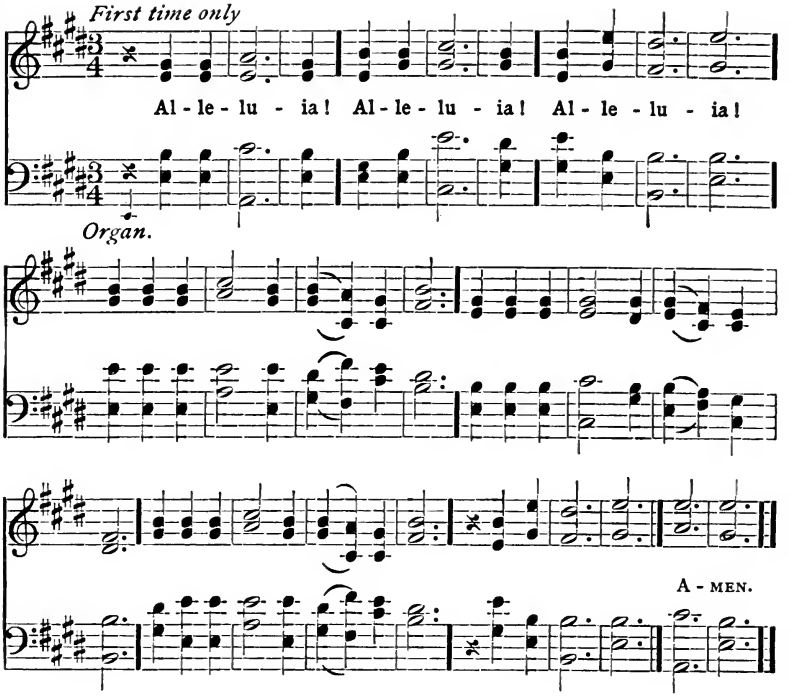
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

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

Dox. XIII.

184 He is not here, but is risen. Luke xxiv: 6.

1 "He is risen," "He is risen;"
Tell it out with joyful voice:
He has burst His three days' prison;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

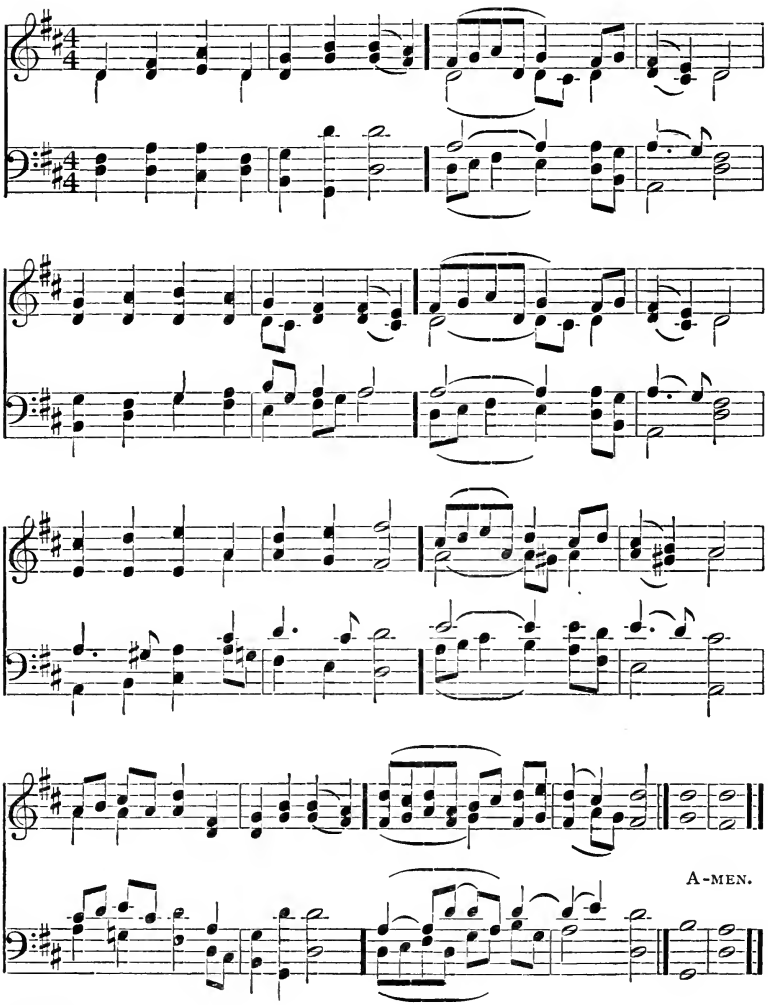
3 "He is risen," "He is risen;"
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Called unto a holier state.
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

3 Risen Lord, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who by grace dost us restore
Praise to Thee for evermore. Dox. XVIII.

185 Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Rev. xix: 6.

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung. Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst. Alleluia!

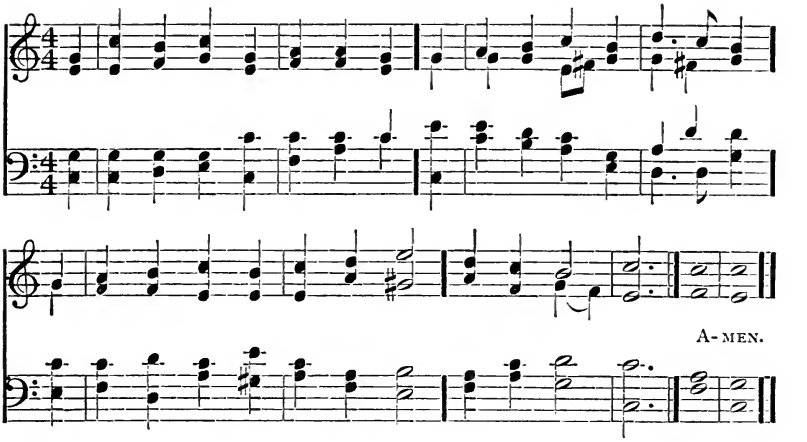
3 On this third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain. Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell. Alleluia!

186

He is risen, as he said. Matt. xxviii; 6.

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

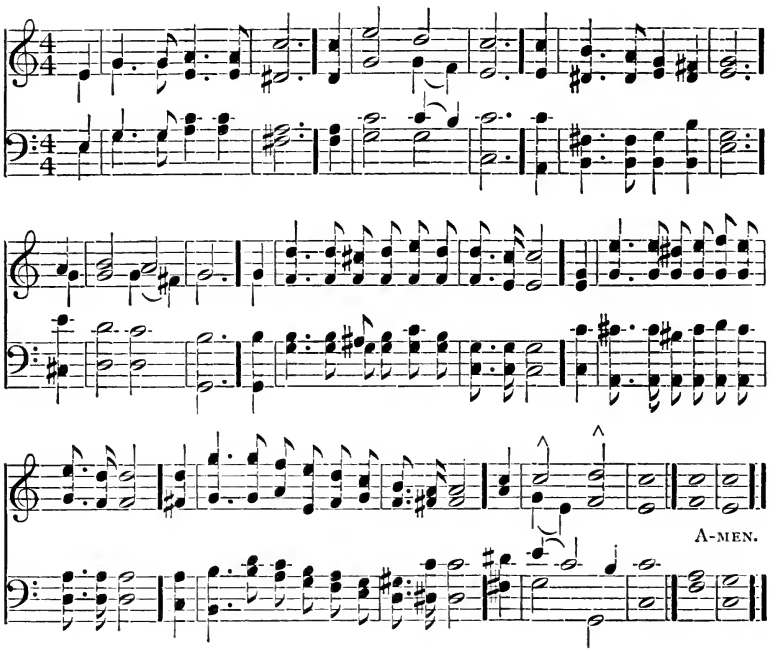
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

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

187 And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. John xii: 32.

1 Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,
Alleluia!

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given;
Has rent the vail, and opened heaven:
Alleluia!

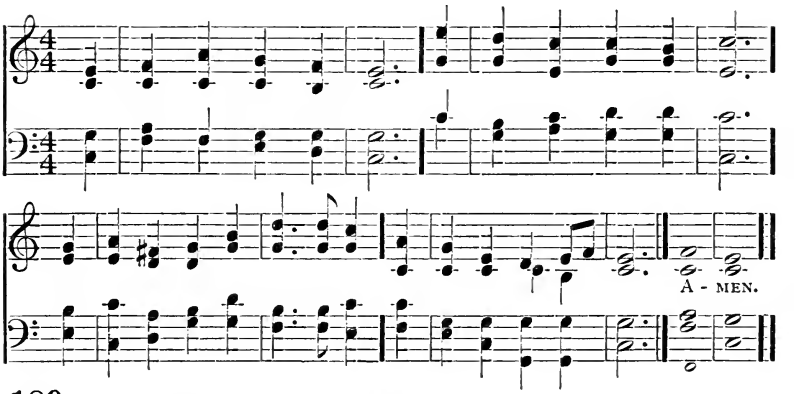
3 And though the body shall decay,
The soul shall rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way:
Alleluia!

4 Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia!

188 Awake and sing, all ye that dwell in the dust. Is. xxvi: 19.

1 Arise, all souls, arise!
The watch is past;
A glory breaks above
The cloud at last.
There comes a rushing, mighty wind again!
The breath of God is still the life of men;
The day ascending fills the waiting skies,
All souls, arise!

2 It comes — the breath of God —
Through all the skies!
To live — to breathe with Him,
All souls, arise!
Open the windows toward the shining East;
Call in the guests, and spread a wider feast,
The Lord pours forth as sacramental wine
His breath divine!

3 It comes — a larger life,
A deeper breath;
Arise, all souls, arise,
And conquer death!
Spread forth the feast — the dew and manna fall
And angels whisper, "Drink ye of it, all; —
Drink of His truth, and feed upon His love,
With saints above!"

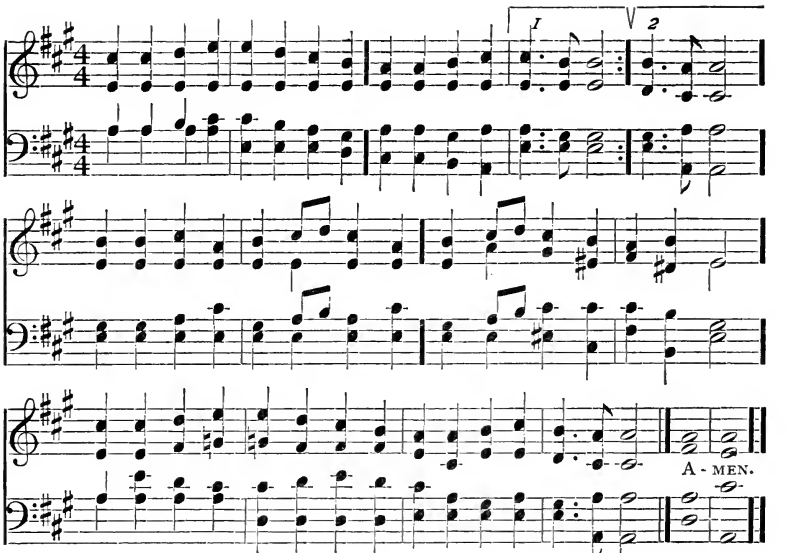
4 Arise, all souls, arise
To meet your Guest!
His light flames from the East
Unto the West.
The Lord of earth and heaven is at the door,
He comes to break His bread to all His poor;
Arise and serve with Him,— His moment flies;
All souls, arise!

189 In his love and in his pity he redeemed them. Isa. lxiii: 9.

1 To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
Jesus our Lord most high,
The Father of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry.

2 Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore,
That love which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

3 O Jesus, Saviour blest,
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine?

4 O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of water clear!
O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near!

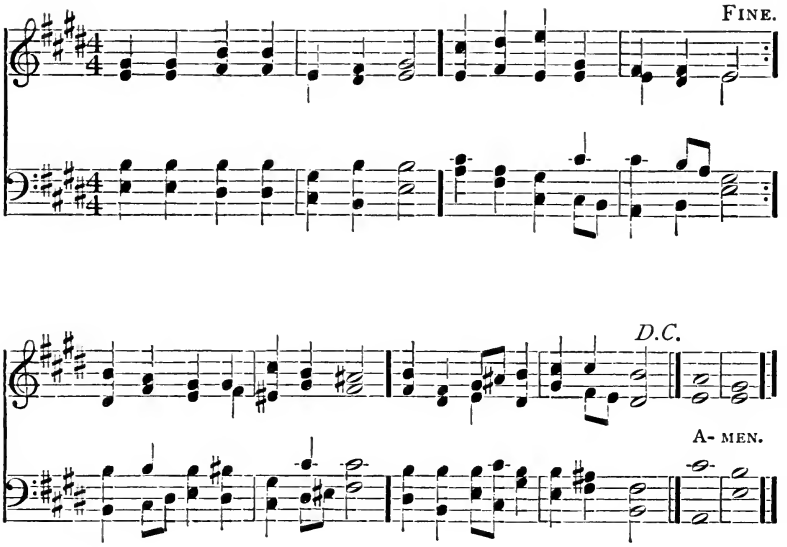
5 Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality. Dox. V.

190 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing: for the former things are passed away. Rev. xxi: 4.

1 Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong;
All around the clouds are breaking,
Lo! the storms of time do cease,
In God's likeness, man awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, and prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All behold the glory given.

4 Life eternal! oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
From the heart all sorrow sunders
Where the Easter light has shown!
Oh, to enter that bright portal,
See that shining firmament,
Know, in Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"

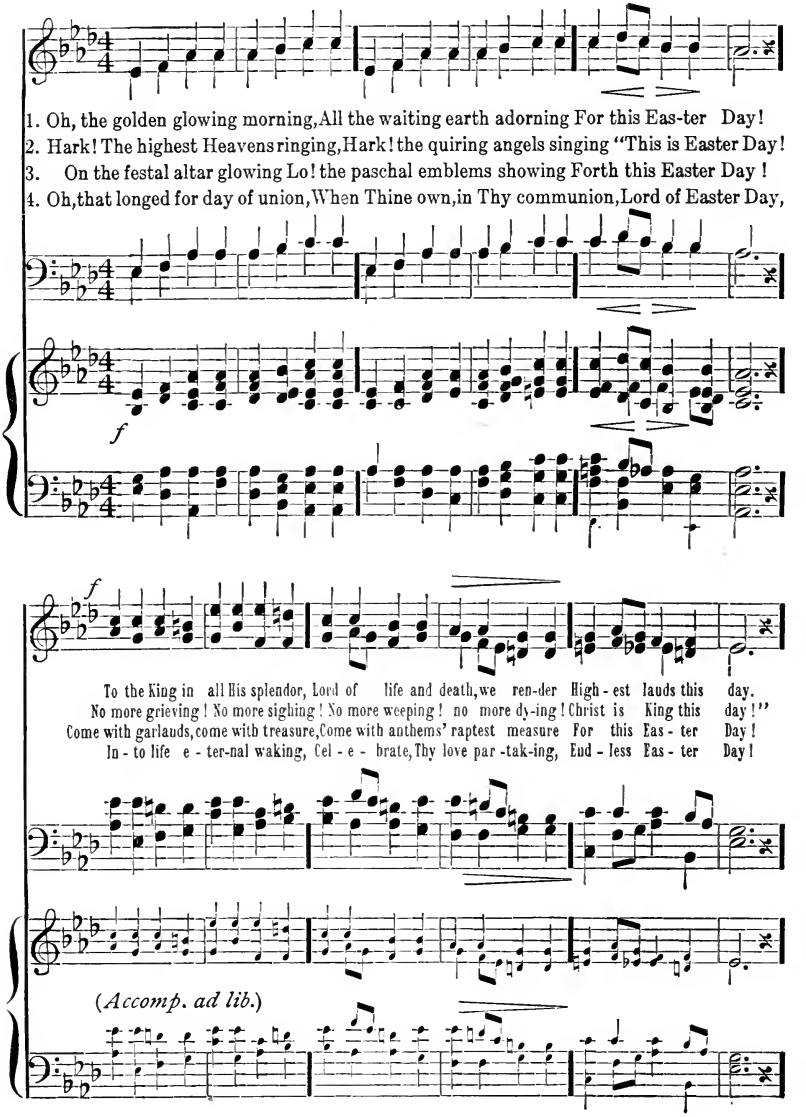
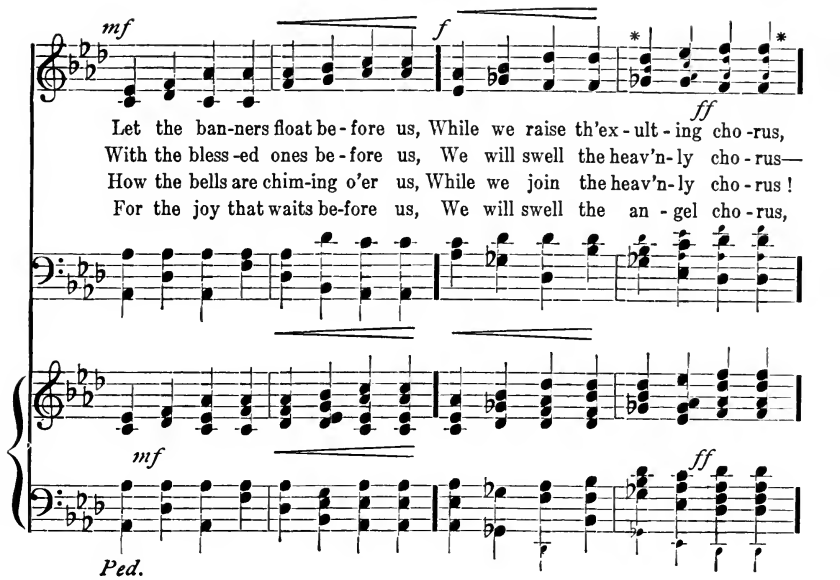
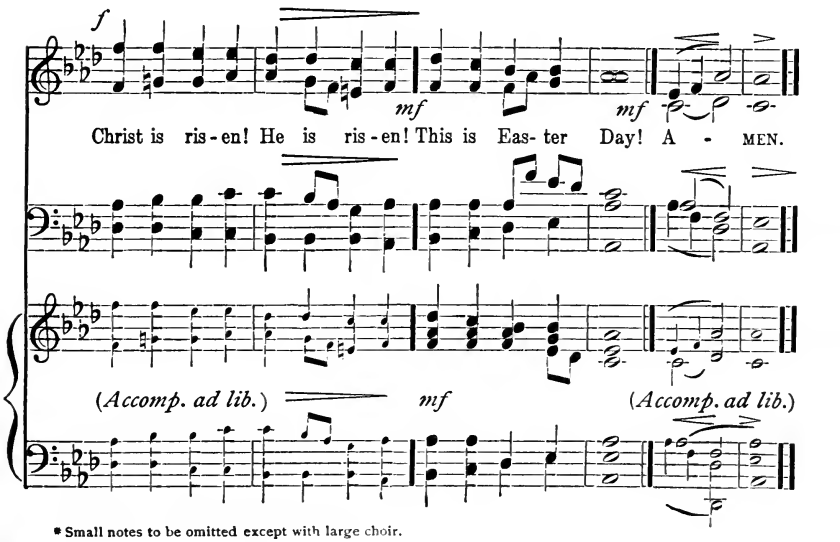
Dox. VIII.

191 Behold there was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door. Matt. xxviii: 2.

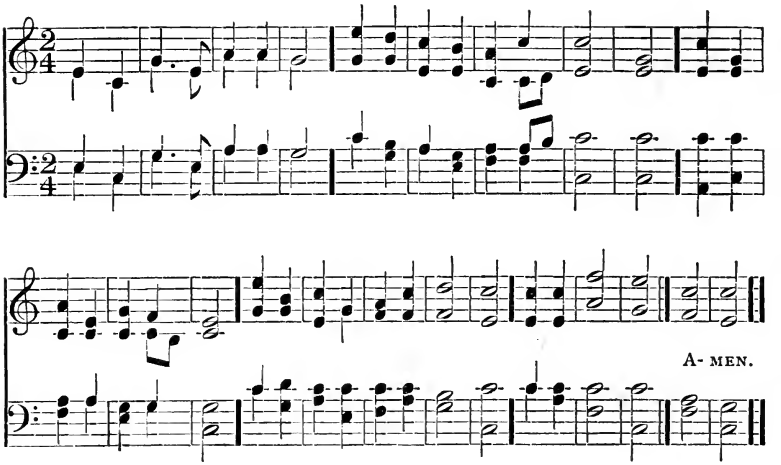
1 Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! He rises from the tomb,
Bright with heaven's immortal bloom.
'Tis the Saviour! Angels, raise
Your triumphant songs of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

2 O ye people, lift your eyes,
High in glory see Him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
All on earth, in humble strain,
Sing the mighty Saviour's reign.

3 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Over thee the Lord is King;
Where, O grave, thy victory?
Christ no more in thee doth lie.
Heaven unfolds her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount Thy throne,
Heaven and earth are all Thine own.

4 Jesus Christ, our risen Lord,
Ever be Thy name adored;
God and Man! alone in Thee
Dwells the blessed Trinity:
Glory, honor, power, and might,
Be to Thee, O Prince of Light,
Lord of all the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

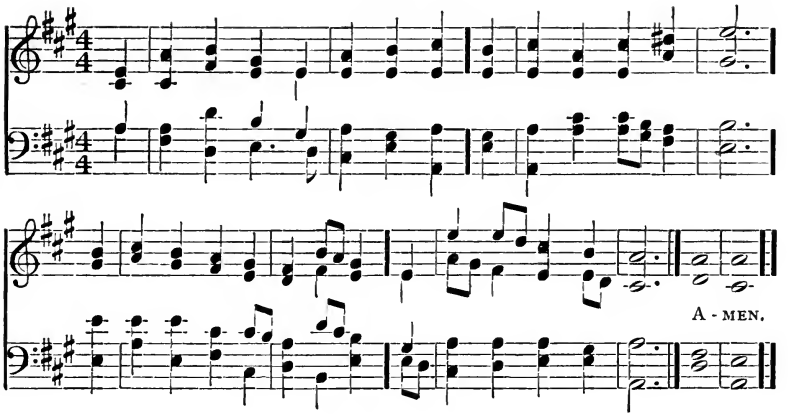
192 Now will I rise, saith the Lord, now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself.
Isa. xxxiii : 10.



* Small notes to be omitted except with large choir.

193 He will swallow up death in victory. Isa. xxv: 8.

1 Jesus lives! No longer now
Can Thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our parting breath
When we reach its opened portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! For us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

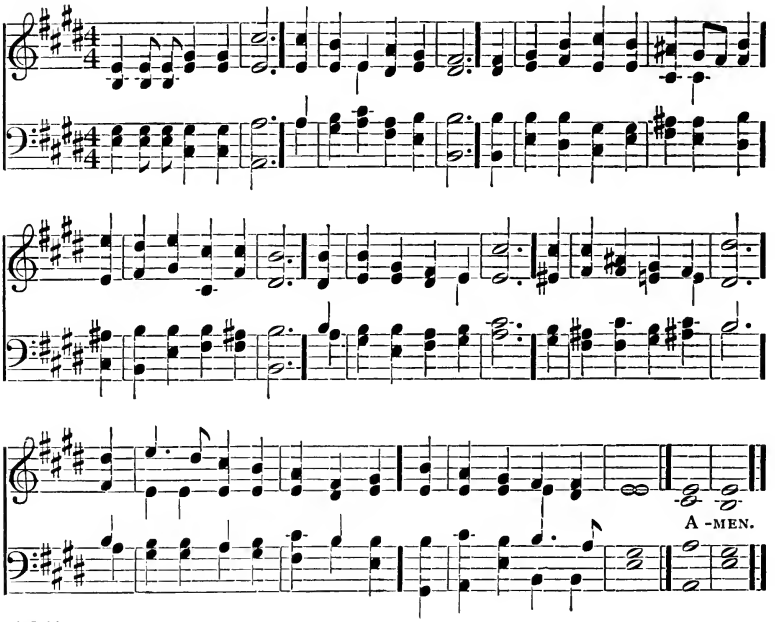
4 Jesus lives! Our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

194 Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head. Ps. xxi: 3.

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

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

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

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

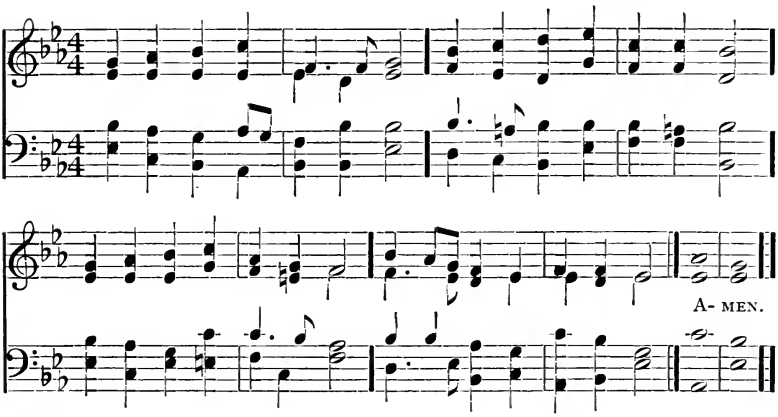
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their ever growing joy to know
The mystery of His love. Dox. IV.

195 On his head were many crowns. Rev. xix: 12.

1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Word of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That rings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

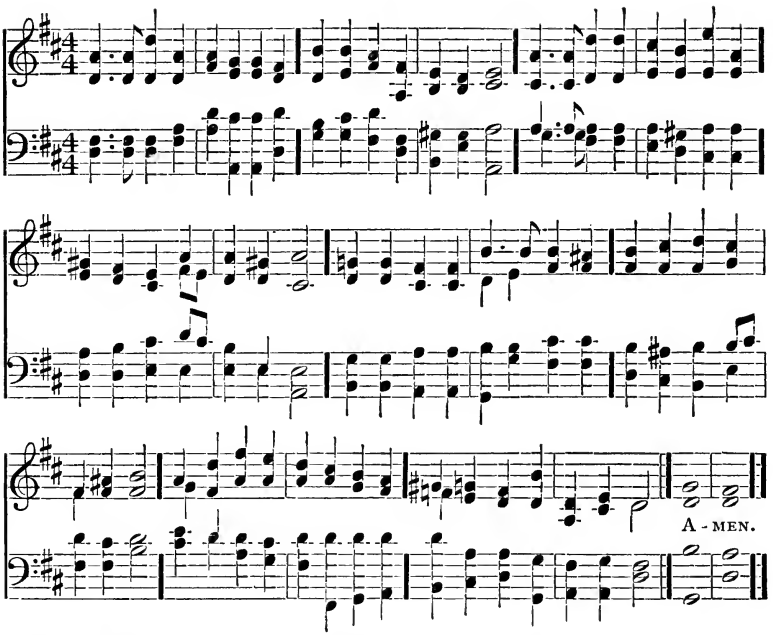
5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given,
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

196

Death is swallowed up in victory. 1 Cor. xv: 54.

1 Ruler of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might;
And Thy cross doth mark the road
Which will lead us back to God.

2 From Thy dwelling-place above,
From Thy radiant throne of love,
With Thy look of mercy bless
Those without Thee comfortless.

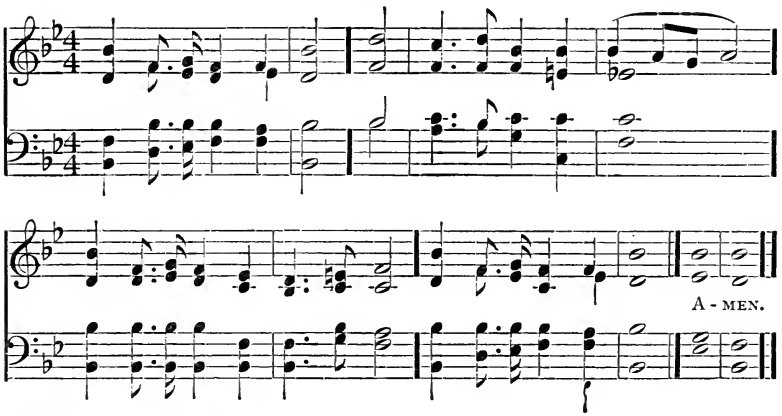
3 Now in glory Thou dost reign,
Yet Thou know'st our grief and pain,
Thence the promised Spirit send,
While our prayers to Thee ascend.

4 Jesus Christ, ascended Lord,
Be Thy name o'er all adored.
Mighty God, alone to Thee
Everlasting glory be.

197 And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. Luke xxiv: 51.

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

2 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
God and Man upon the throne;
Mighty Lord! in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

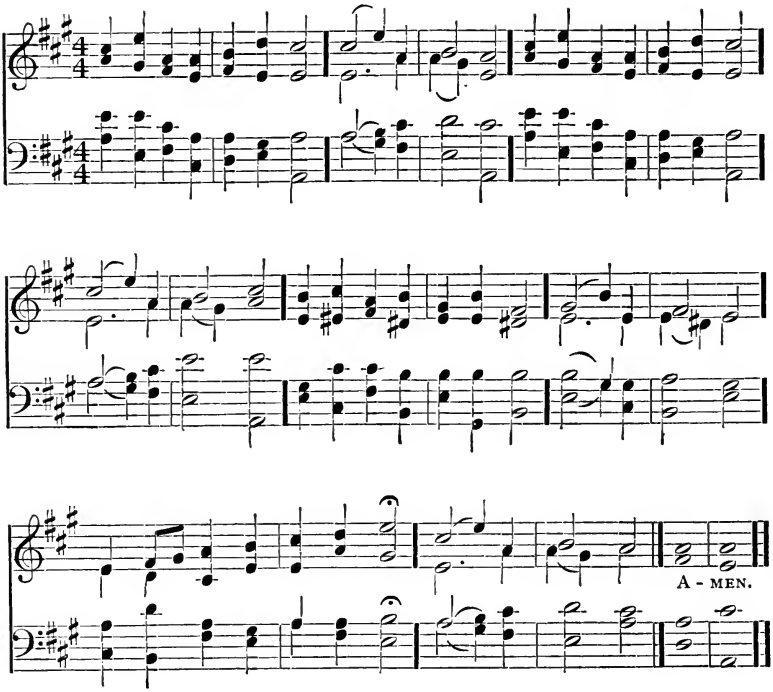
4 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to Thy right hand;
There to sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
So, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Thee our Lord may dwell,
Where Thou art enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel. Dox. VIII.

198

I ascend unto my Father, and your Father. John xx: 17.

1 Thou art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
Sweet songs of praise arise.

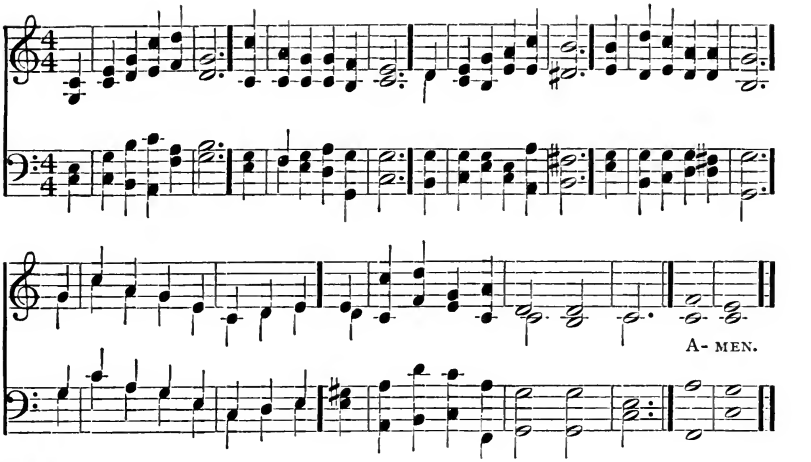
2 But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, come, our promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou didst first come down
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown.

4 Here, girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee. Dox. V.

199 While they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.
Acts i: 9.

1 Hail the day that sees Him rise
Alleluia!
To His throne above the skies;
Alleluia!
Lamb of God for mortals given,
Alleluia!
Reigns forever in His heaven.
Alleluia!

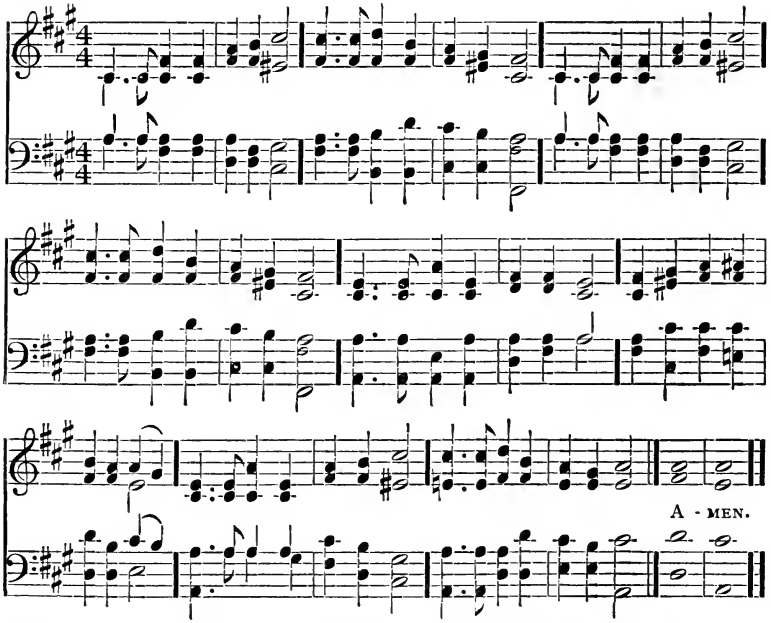
2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin;
Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
Alleluia!
Lo! with men His peace He leaves;
Alleluia!
Now He reigns in heights above,
Alleluia!
Thither draws us by His love.
Alleluia!

200 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice! Ps. xcvii: 1.

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King:
Your God and King adore:
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, in Him rejoice.

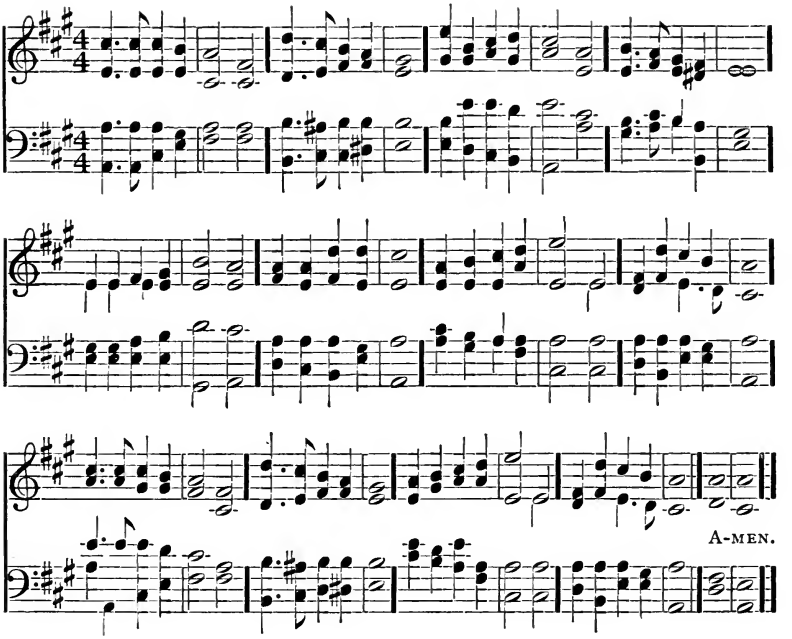
2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had loosed our chains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart, etc.

3 The Human, made Divine,
Ascended far on high:
How great was that design
Which brought salvation nigh!
Lift up your heart, etc.

4 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Into His hands are given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, in Him rejoice.

201 Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honors to him. Rev. xix: 6, 7.

1 Hark, the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar:
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Cho. Alleluia! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

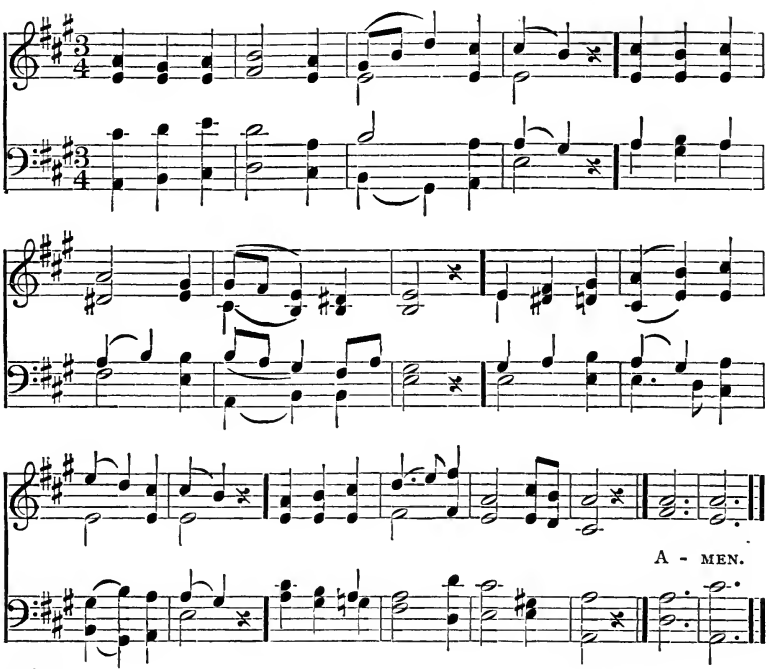
2 Alleluia: hark the sound,
From the depths unto the skies:
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
Alleluia! etc.

3 Alleluia: angels cry,
For the wondrous work is done:
Raise the song of glory high,
To the Lord, the Mighty One.
Alleluia! etc.

202 They fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and they sang a new song. Rev. v: 8, 9.

1 Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

Cho. All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

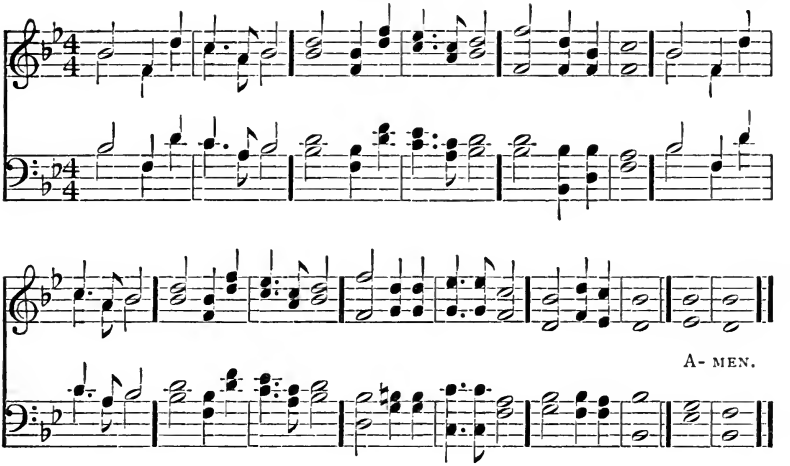
2 He who came to save us,
He who lived and died,
Over all triumphant,
Now is glorified;
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended, etc.

3 Caring for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended, etc.

203 Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive. Ps. lxviii: 18.

1 Ye Christians, tune your noblest strains,
Your Lord, to heaven ascended, sing;
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your God and King.

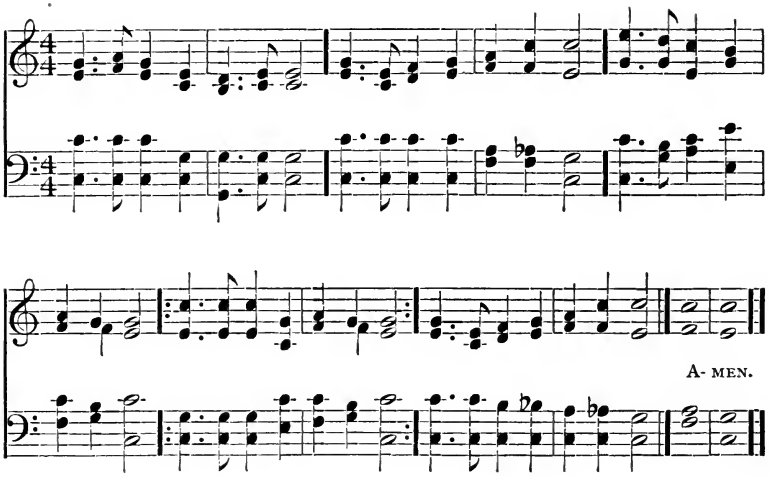
2 In hymns of grateful rapture tell
How He subdued your mightiest foes,
Disarmed the powers of death and hell,
And led them captive when He rose.

3 His Human Nature now Divine,
From Him the springs of blessing flow:
Transcendent glories round Him shine,
And beam through heaven on men below.

4 Then let your praises mount above,
Jesus your God and Saviour own,
Adore His vast, redeeming love,
Proclaim Him God, and God alone. Dox. I.

204 After the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven. Mark xvi: 19.

1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise,
Into Thy native skies;
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider your portals throw!
Saviour triumphant, go
And take Thy crown!

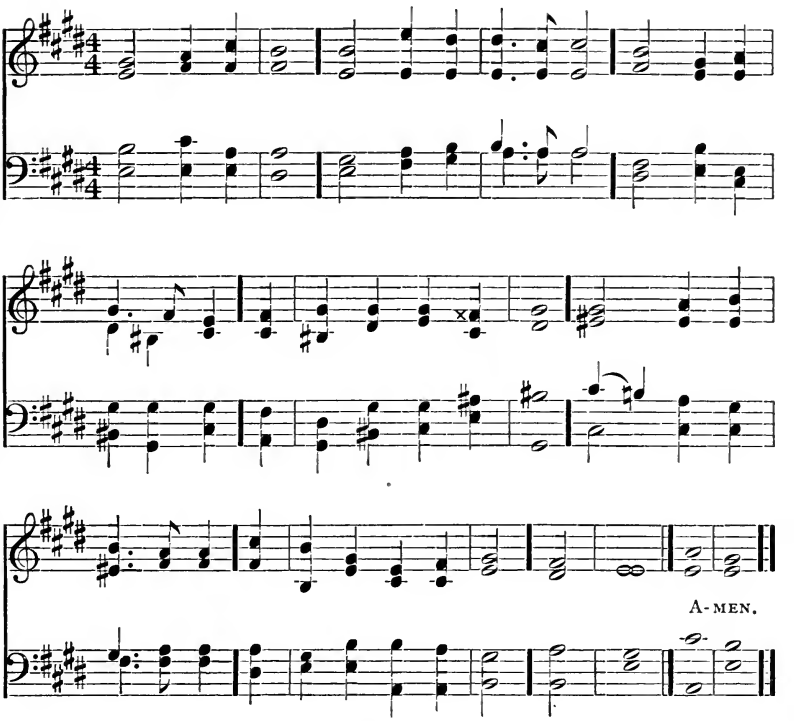
3 Lion of Judah! Hail!
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage! Dox. XVI.

205 He shall give you another Comforter . . . even the Spirit of truth. John xiv: 16.

1 Come, Thou holy Spirit, come;
And from Thine eternal home
Shed the ray of light divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine!

2 Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet Refreshment here below!
In our labor rest most sweet,
Grateful shadow from the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe!

3 O most blessèd Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All our good is turned to ill.

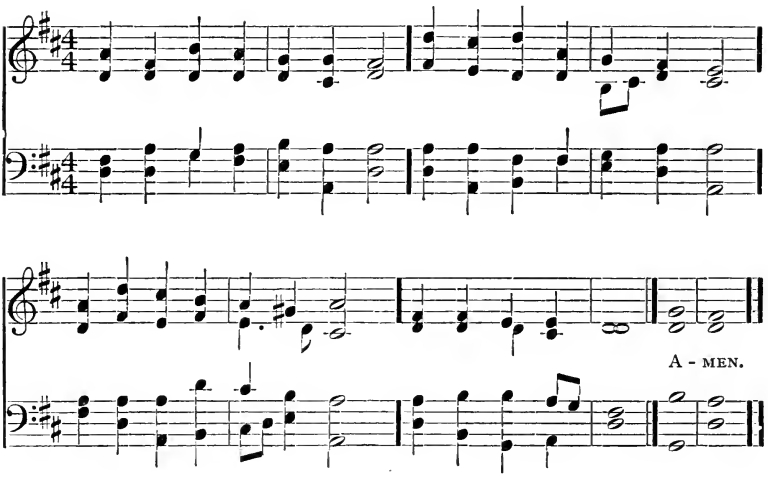
4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them Thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

206 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. John xiv: 18.

1 Come Thou, O come,
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul:
In all anxiety,
With power from heaven on high
Console.

2 Come Thou, O come,
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one:
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come Thou, O come,
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost:
Harbor our souls to save,
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

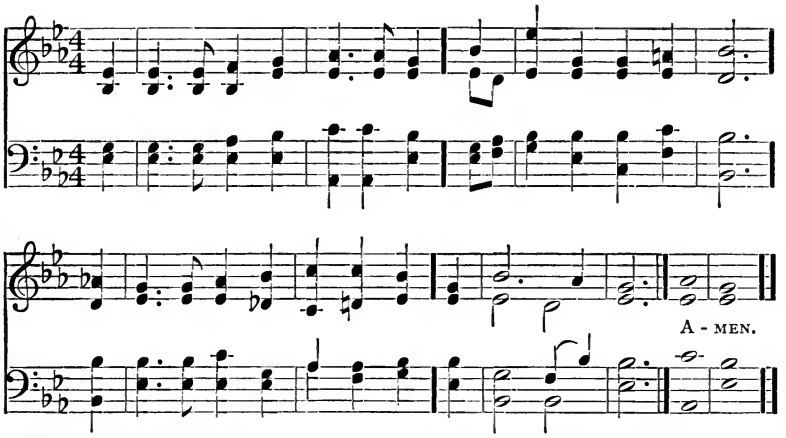
4 Come Thou, O come,
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, Blessèd Spirit, come:
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
Our home.

207 I, even I, am he that comforteth you. Isa. li: 12.

1 Jesus, Saviour infinite!
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Come to our dark nature's night,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord!
Sick and faint; Thy strength afford:
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine!

4 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of heaven unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

5 Blessèd Jesus, holy Guest!
Make Thy temple in each breast,
There supreme to reign and rest,
Comforter Divine!

208 I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever. John xiv: 16.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

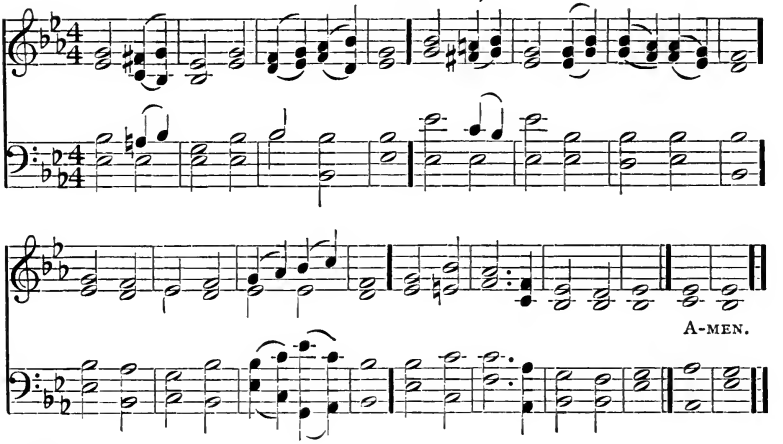
2 He came in semblance of a Dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

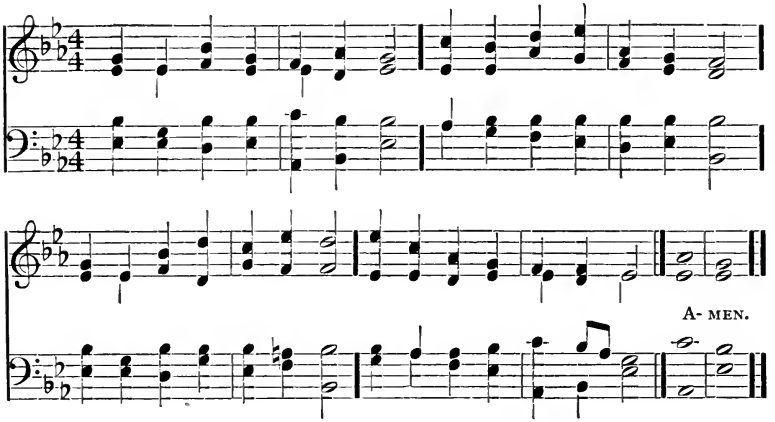
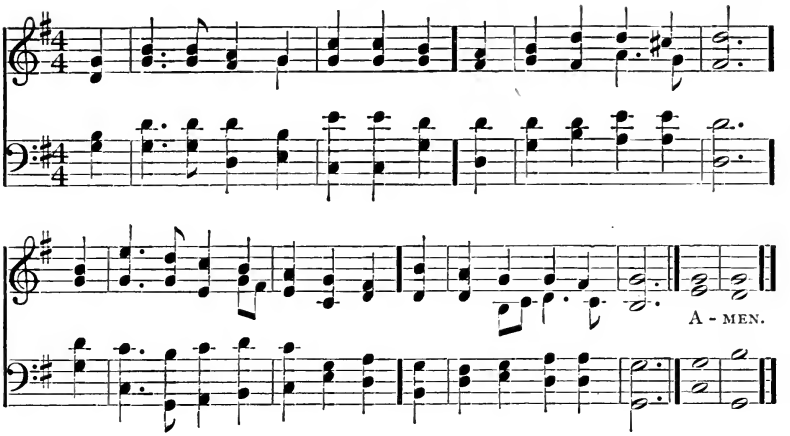
(First Tune.)

209 Thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness. Ps. cxliii: 10.

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

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

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

Dox. VI.

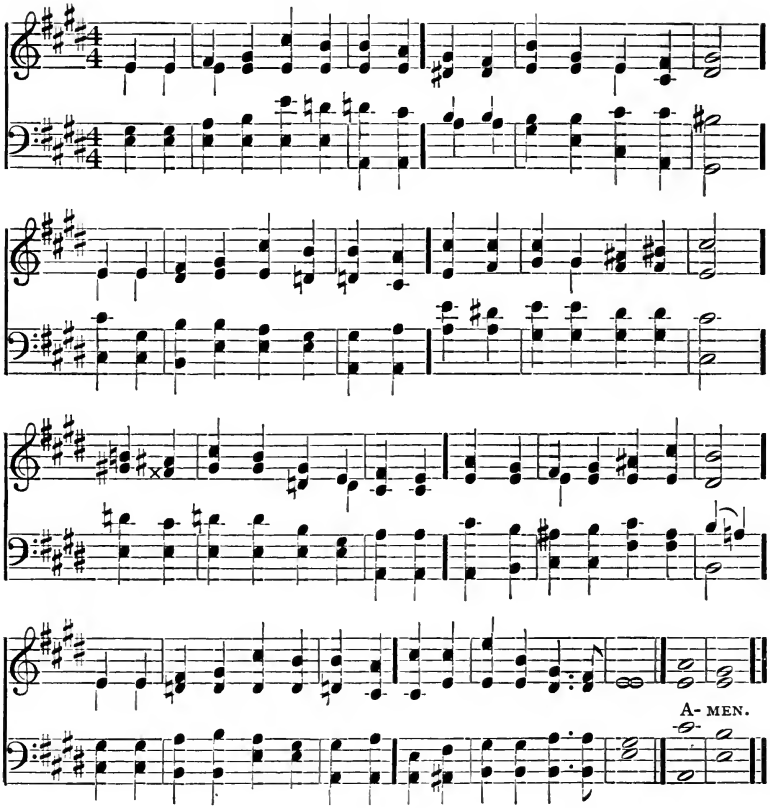
(Second Tune.)

210 If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. Luke xi: 13.

1 Lord, send Thy Spirit from above
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

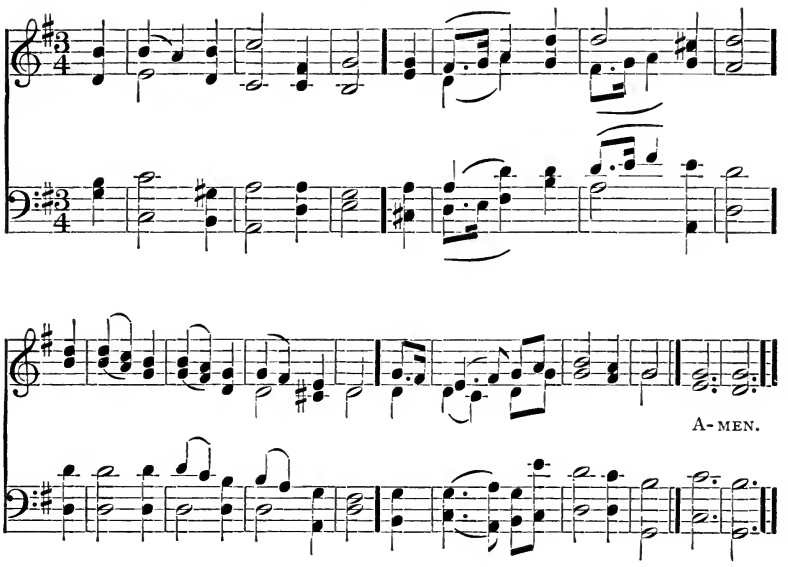
4 Blest Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 O send Thy Spirit, from above,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Make us to feel a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Dox. IV.

211

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. John xiv: 27.

1 Peace of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come, and all our hearts control.
Come, almighty to deliver!
Nought shall make us then afraid;
We will trust in Thee forever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed.

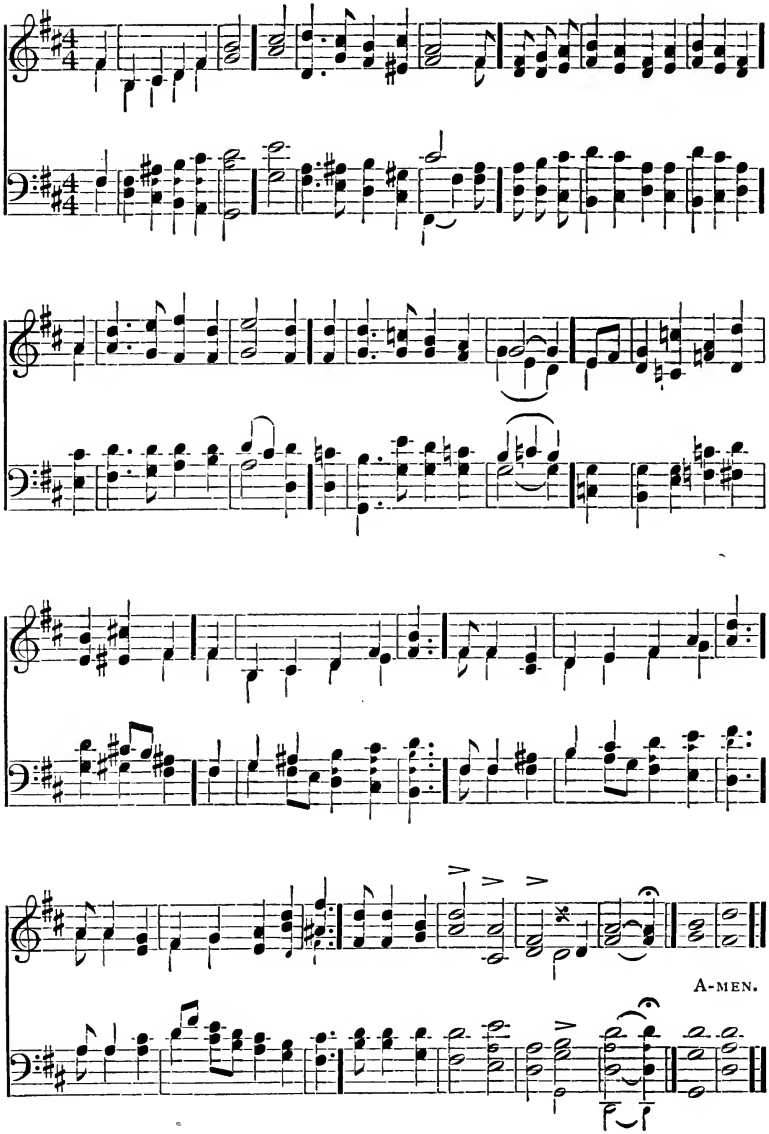
2 O descend, all holy Spirit!
Let our minds Thy wisdom fill;
In our hearts Thy throne inherit,
Dew of heaven, Thy peace distil.
Here, within Thy earthly dwelling,
We before Thee, lowly bow;
Here Thy ancient mercies telling,
Let us still Thy blessing know.

Dox. VIII.

212 When the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth. John xvi: 13.

1 Blest Comforter divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, who with still small voice
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning soul rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

3 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

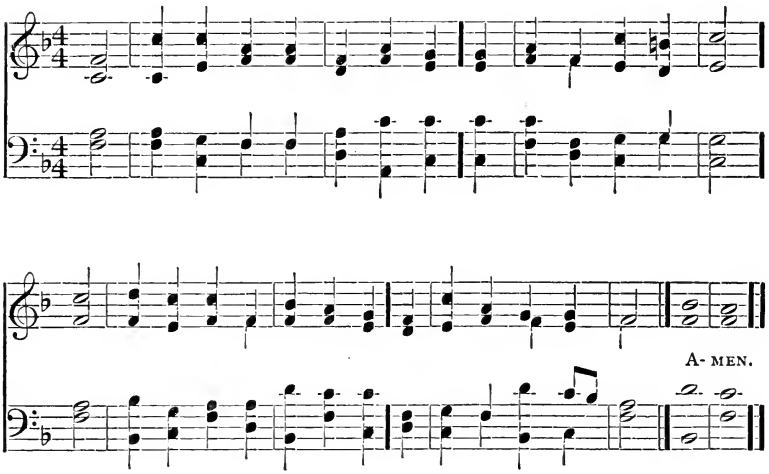
4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace. Dox. V.

A-MEN.

213 And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. Acts ii: 2.

1 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
The cloven tongues descending,
Fanned by Thy dewy breath, shall blaze and burn,
A sacred flame unending.
Soon shall that fire behold
Vile earth transformed to fine wrought gold,
And gloom of shad'wy night
That flame shall kindle into light.
‖: Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.: ‖

2 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
And waft to realms unbounded
The notes of Faith and Hope, and tender Love,
The Gospel trump hath sounded.
Those sweetly piercing tones,
That charm all woes and tears and groans,
Through earth and sea and sky,
Upon Thy rushing wings shall fly
‖: Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.: ‖

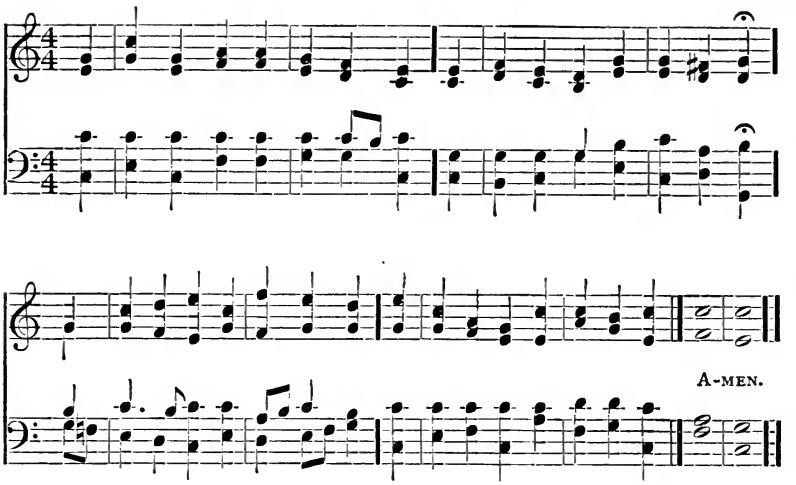
3 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
For tempest tossed and lonely
The Church upon the rolling billows rides,
And trusts in Thy breath only.
She spreads her swelling sails
For Thee to fill with favoring gales
Till, through the stormy sea,
Thou bring her home where she would be:
‖: Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.: ‖

4 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
On hearts contrite and broken,
And bring in quick'ning pow'r Thy gracious words
That once on earth were spoken.
Lo! then, from death and sleep,
The list'ning soul to life shall leap,
Then love shall reign below
And joy the whole wide world o'er-flow:
‖: Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.: ‖

214 Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Rev. v: 13.

1 Now blessing, honor, glory, praise,
By angel hosts are sung;
The Church below her voice doth raise
To join the heavenly throng.

2 Adored be He who comes to bless
The nations with His love,
To show His truth and righteousness,
And every cloud remove.

3 Blessed be He who comes to reign
In Zion's happy land!
Jerusalem is built again,
And shall forever stand.

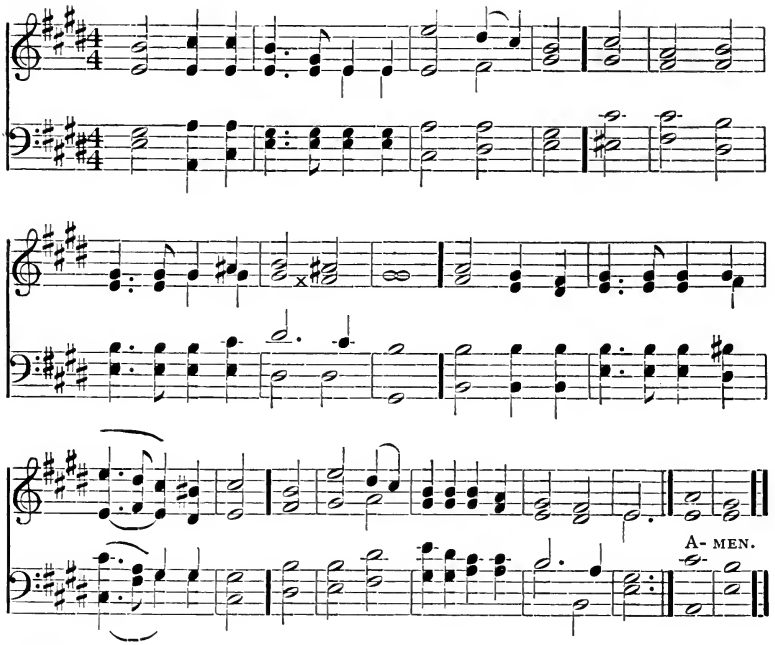
4 No more His kingdom shall decay;
No more the temple fall;
Here Jesus reigns with endless sway,
The King and Lord of all. Dox. IV.

215 I will not leave thee comfortless: I will come to you. John xiv: 18.

1 Come in, Thou blessèd, honored Lord,
By earth, by heaven, by all, adored!
We hail Thee, welcome! Take Thy throne,
And in Thy Zion reign alone.

2 Our only Lord and God Thou art!
Reign Thou the Sovereign of our heart,
Thou King of glory ever blest,
By angels and by men confessed.

3 Thy Church now enter, Lord Divine;
And be the kingdom ever Thine;
We hail Thee welcome to Thy seat,
And lay our honors at Thy feet.

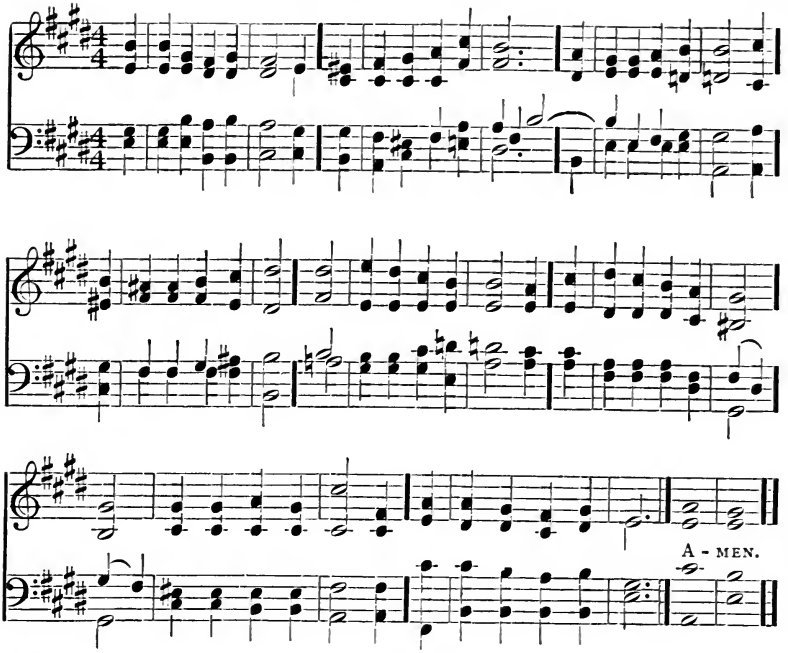
4 O happy Church, thy bliss how great;
The King, in all His heavenly state,
With thee forever will reside:
Thy Husband He and thou the bride.

5 O Lord! our grateful hearts rejoice,
Since Thou hast made our souls Thy choice;
While here our songs to Thee shall rise,
And join the chorus of the skies. Dox. II.

216 They shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. Rev. xxi: 26.

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Imploring life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend.
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, earth's monuments decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Dox. XI.

217

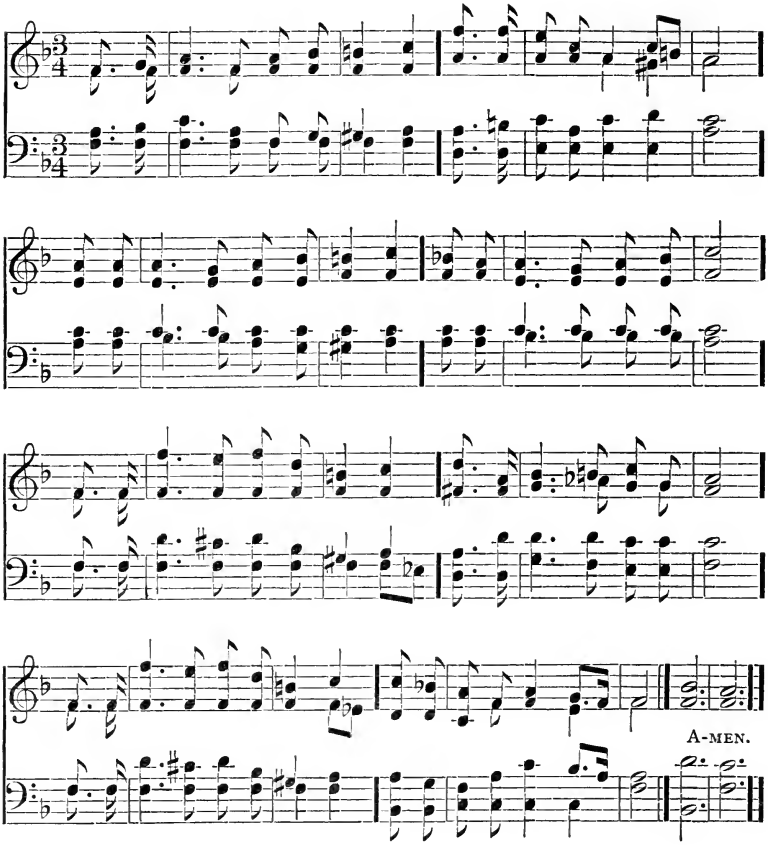
Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion. Isa. lii: 1.

1 Awake, awake, O Zion!
Put on thy strength Divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine;
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored,
Meek bride, all fair and lowly!
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er thy foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close.
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While sin and darkness tremble,
And earth and heaven adore.

3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign.
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
O world-wide coronation!
In every heart a throne.

4 Awake, awake, O Zion!
Thy bridal day draws nigh:
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high;
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

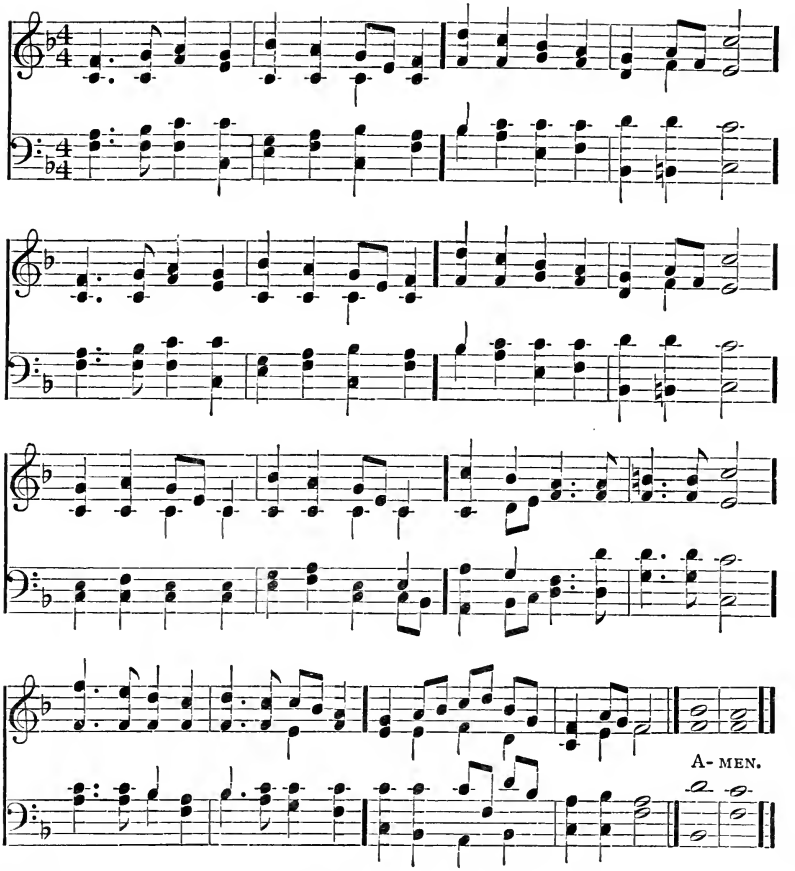
(First Tune.)

218

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Ps. lxxxvii: 3.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can not be broken
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear and want remove.
Who can faint when such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?
Blessings which, like God, the giver,
Never fail, from age to age.

Dox. VIII.

(Second Tune.)

218 Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Ps. lxxxvii : 3.

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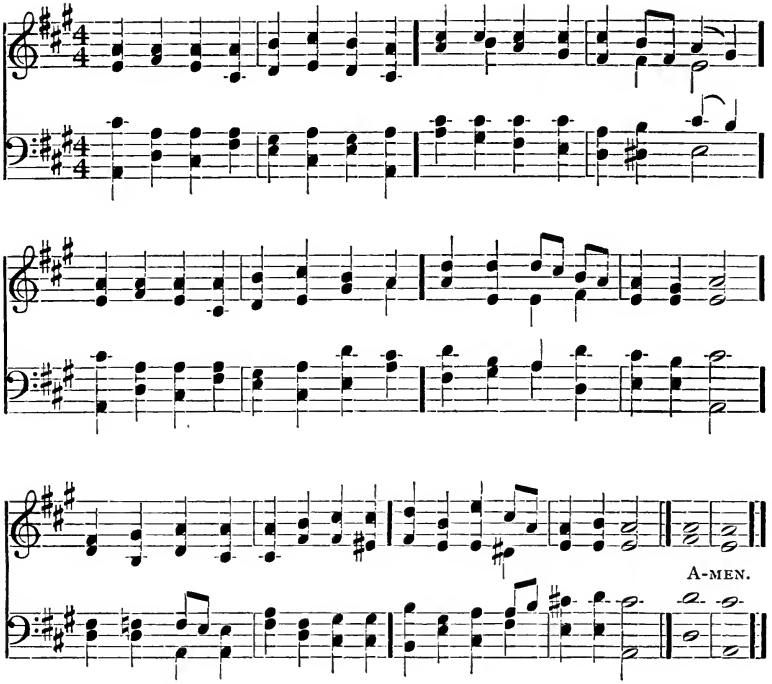
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can not be broken
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

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 when such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?
Blessings which, like God, the giver,
Never fail, from age to age.

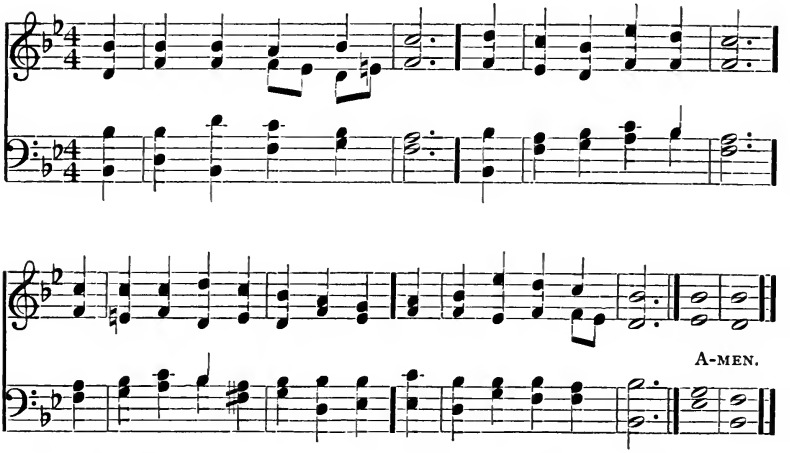
Dox. VIII.

219 And he showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, having the glory of God. Rev. xxi: 10, 11.

1 Light's abode, celestial Salem,
Vision dear whence peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King,
O how glorious are the praises
Which of Thee the prophets sing.

2 Thou with beauteous stones and polished,
Wondrously art reared on high,
Thou with precious gems and crystal,
Decorated gloriously;
And with pearls thy portals glitter,
And with gold thy streets may vie.

3 There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

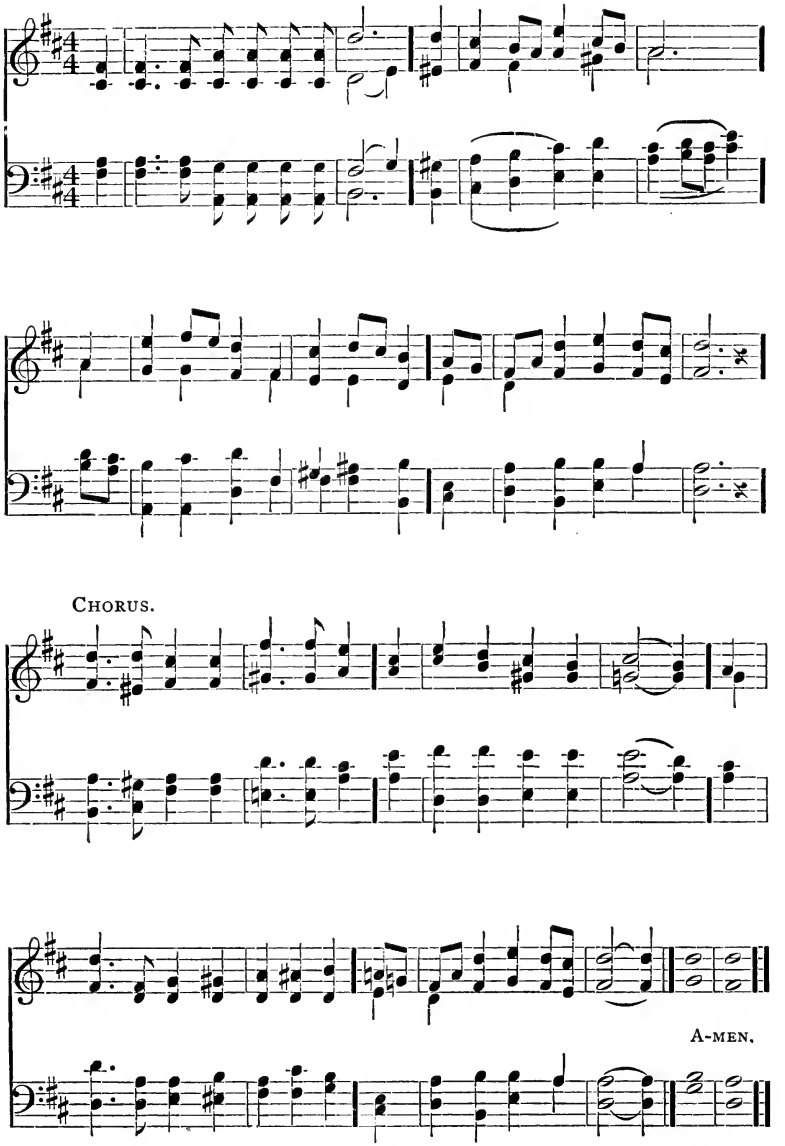
DOXOLOGY.

Glory to thy Royal Bridegroom,
Salem, sing rejoicingly;
He, thy Lord, thy Light, thy Temple,
Dwelleth evermore with thee;
His be blessing and thanksgiving,
Now and to eternity.

220 Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Isa. lx: 1.

1 Jerusalem, arise,
The heavenly glory view;
The light is come, lift up thine eyes,
All things are now made new.

2 Now ended is the reign
Of error's gloomy night:
The Sun of heaven appears again
And beams celestial light.

3 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And bless where'er they roll.

4 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear His Word;
By one blest name shall He be known,
The universal Lord. Dox. V.

CHORUS.
A-MEN.

221 The Lamb is the light thereof. Rev. xxi: 23.

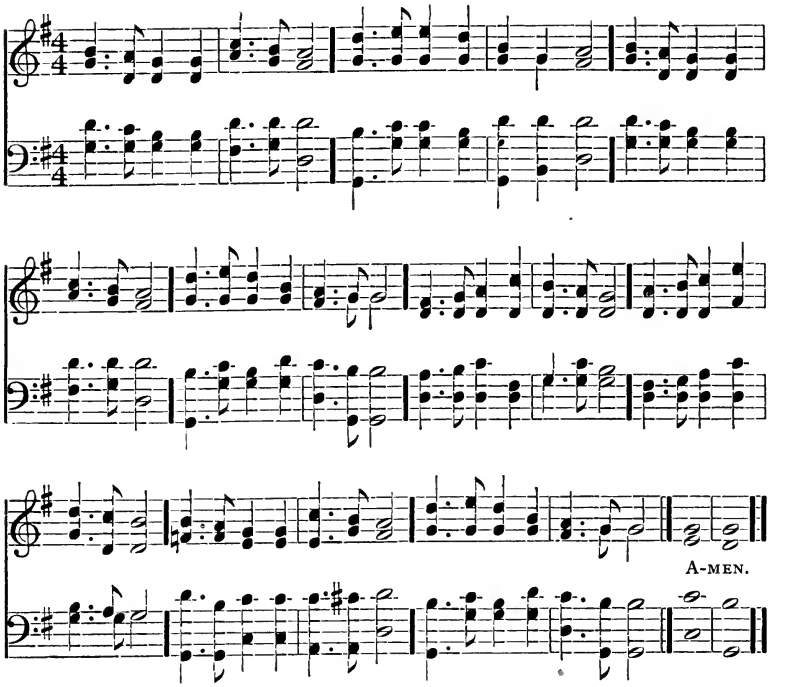
1 The light! the light! the heav'nly light!
The holy light I see!
Revealing Jesus to my sight,
And heav'nly charity.

Cho. Oh, the light! transforming light!
That Jesus sheds on me;
He makes my path of service bright,
His glory now I see.

2 The heav'nly Bride, with light Divine,
Descends from God to men;
Her robes with holy splendor shine,—
The Church revives again. *Cho.*

3 No need of lamp, nor sun, nor moon,
Within this city bright;
The Lamb gives light above the noon,
In Him there is no night. *Cho.*

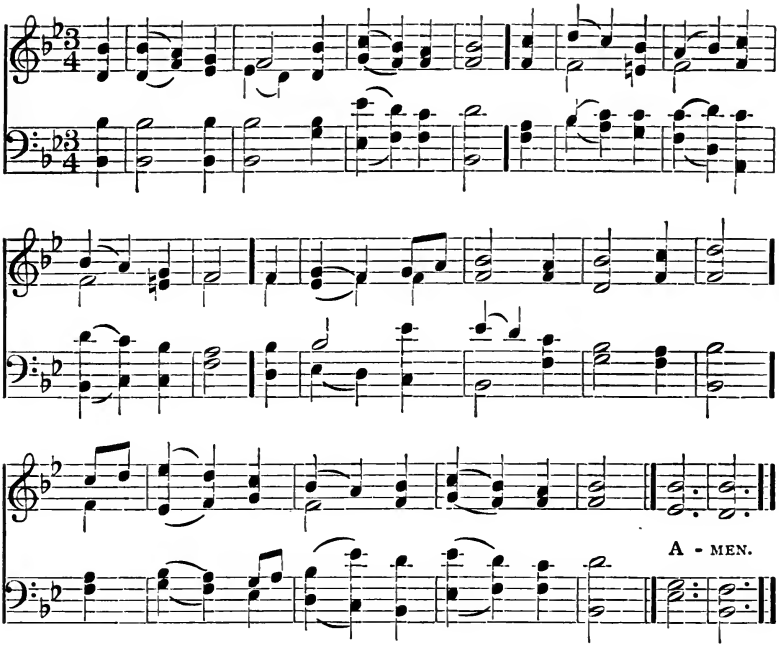
4 Like unto jasper stone most bright,
The City's walls appear;
And all her gates of pearl invite
To enter without fear. *Cho.*

5 How blessèd is the marriage feast!
The supper of the Lamb!
'Tis union with my King and Priest,
The New Jerusalem! *Cho.*

222 And the wall of the city had twelve foundations. Rev. xxi: 14.

1 Rich in mercy, Jesus reigns.
Angels own no other King;
Crown Him, mortals, in your strains,
While His matchless grace you sing!
Angels wake their lofty lays,
Kindled from celestial fires;
Humbler spirits bid His praise
Sweetly flow from silver lyres.

2 Catch, O catch the pleasing strain!
Gratitude demands the song:
Jesus builds His Church again;
Lays her deep foundations strong.
Truth divine her walls supports:
Love has paved her streets of gold:
See her jasper towers and courts!
Gates of pearl that never fold!

3 Pilgrims, enter and rejoice!
Here your Saviour holds His throne:
'Tis the city of His choice:
'Tis the Church He calls His own.
Precious gems, of various hue,
Brightly shine on every side;
Come, the splendid glories view!
Come, and in His courts abide!

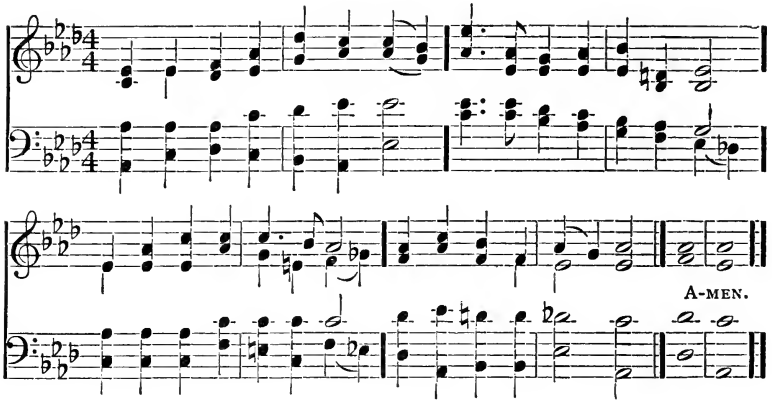
Dox. XX.

223 And they shall call thee, The city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel. Isa. lx: 14.

1 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 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

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

4 The Lord on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace. Dox. II.

(First Tune.)

224 Hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary. Dan. ix: 17.

1 Jesu, with Thy Church abide,
Thou her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

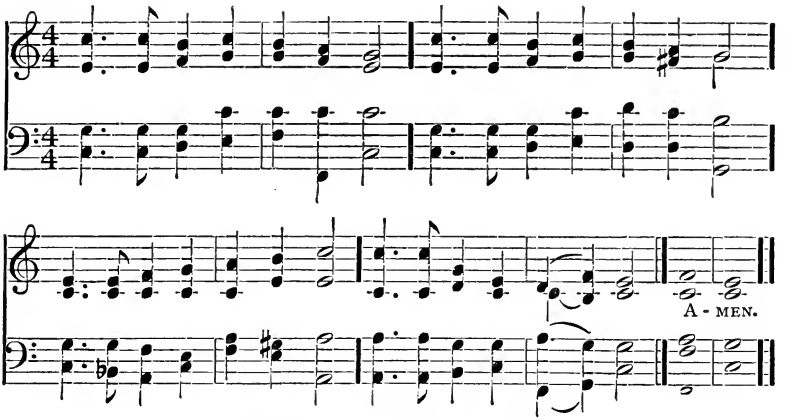
2 Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Calm her in the time of woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 All her ruined works repair,
Build again Thy temple fair,
Manifest Thy presence there:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

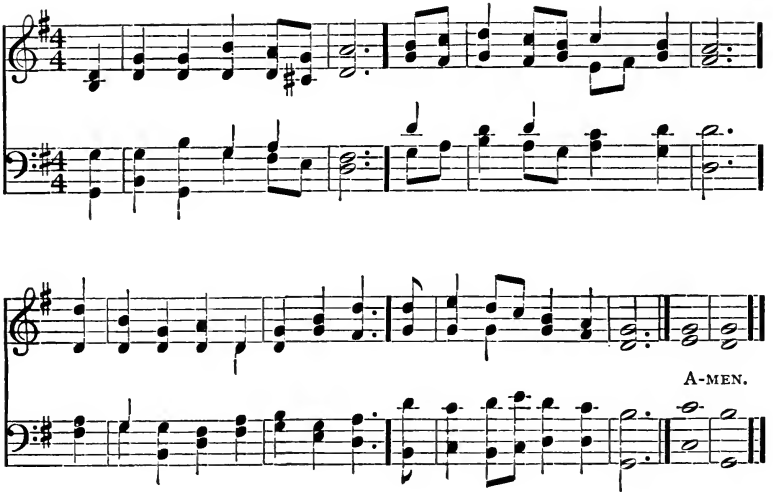
(Second Tune.)

7 All her fettered powers release,
Bid her strife and ferment cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 All her questions reconcile,
Let not Satan's touch defile,
Let not worldly snares beguile:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

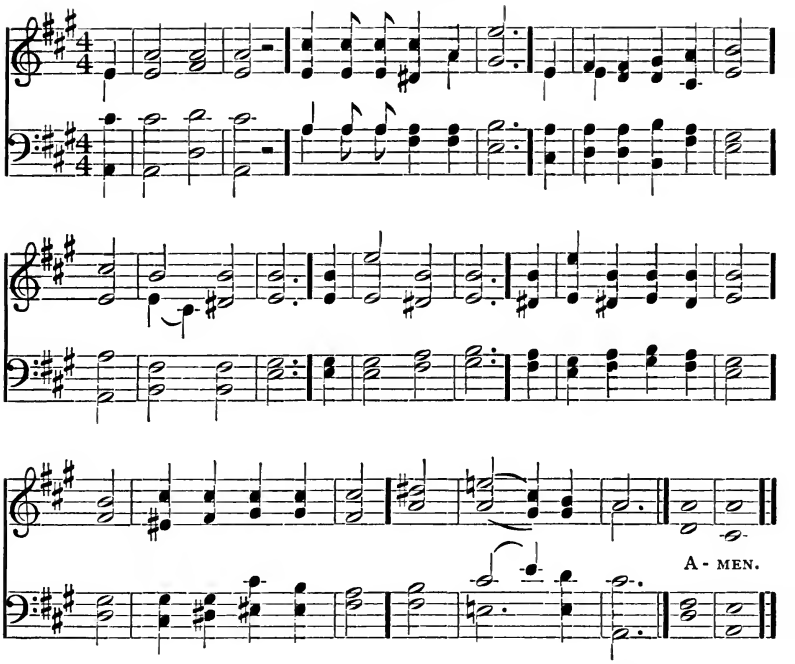
11 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round — Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where they call, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

225 The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there.
Rev. xxi: 25.

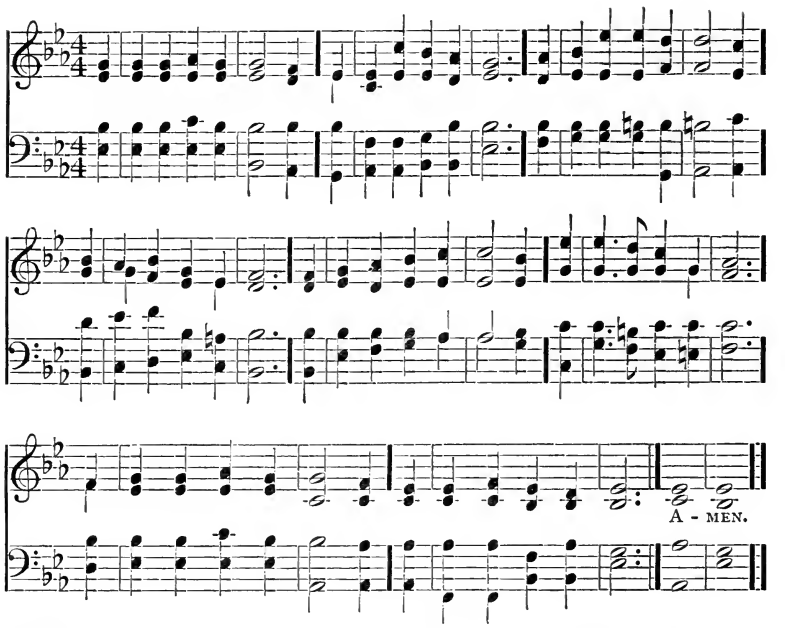
1 Built by Jehovah's hand,
The holy city see:
Its happy gates wide open stand:
To enter all are free.

2 One bright, eternal day
Shall in the city reign,
Darkness and death are fled away,
Ne'er to return again.

3 O blessèd, happy state!
Great God, we thankful come,
Low at Thy footstool humbly wait,
And make Thy church our home.

4 Jerusalem shall be
Our peaceful, blest abode:
Here will we love and honor Thee,
Our Saviour and our God! Dox. V.

226 And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Matt. xxv: 6.

1 The Bridegroom comes;
Bride of the Lamb, awake!
The midnight cry is heard;
Thy sleep forsake.
The marriage-day
Has come; Lift up thy head,
Put on thy bridal-robe,
The feast is spread.

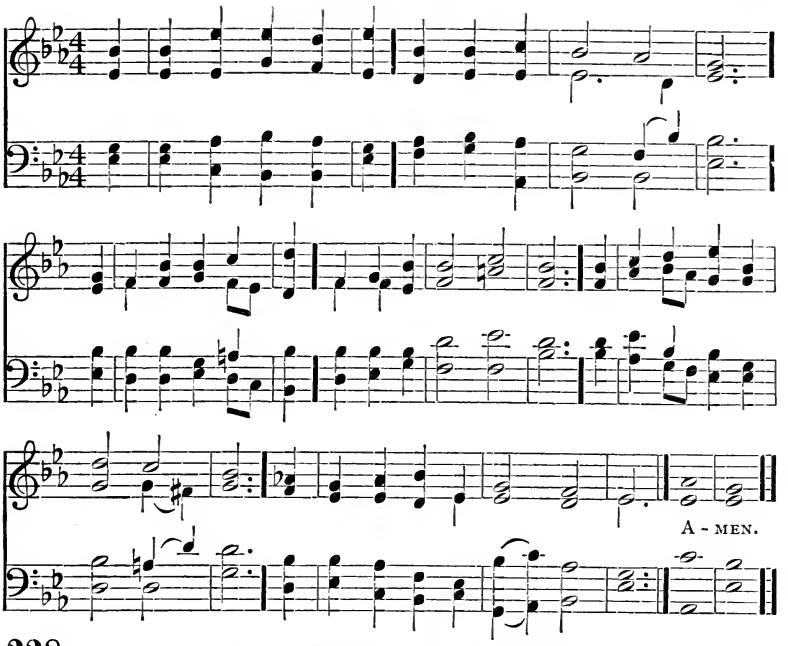
2 Shake off earth's dust,
And wash thy weary feet;
Arise, make haste, go forth,
The Bridegroom greet.
Sing the new song!
Thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy night is done!

227 Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. iii: 11.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation,
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own life He bought her,
And for her life He died.

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 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest;
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

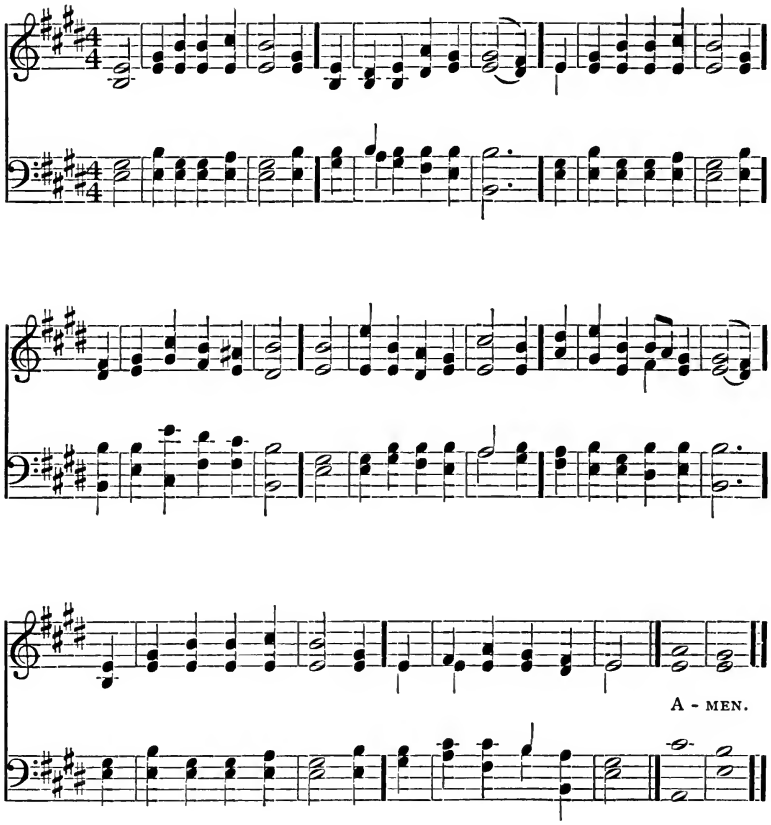
4 Yet she with Thee hath union,
O Saviour, God triune!
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord! give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Dox. XIII.

228

O send out thy light and thy truth. Ps. xliii: 3.

1 Arise, O Lord, and shine
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
And earth be filled with righteousness.

229 The Lord shall be King over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one. Zech. xiv: 9.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

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 strewn;
For him who 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 learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Until the ransomed nations
Unite in joyous strain
To sing of God, their Saviour,
The everlasting reign!

Dox. XIII.

230 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. Isa. lii: 7.

1 How beauteous on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory shall be ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's Lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.

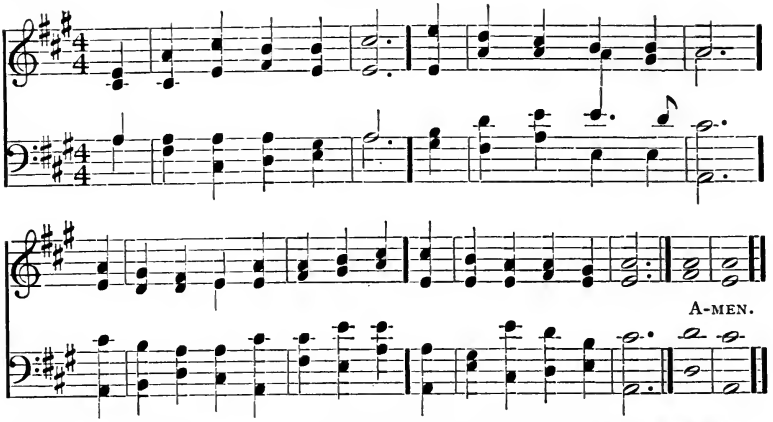
3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

Dox. XIII.

231 Speak every man truth to his neighbor. Zech. viii: 16.

1 The light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As waters fill the sea.

2 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light;
Till earth becomes God's temple;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

Dox. XIII.

232 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Isa. lii: 7.

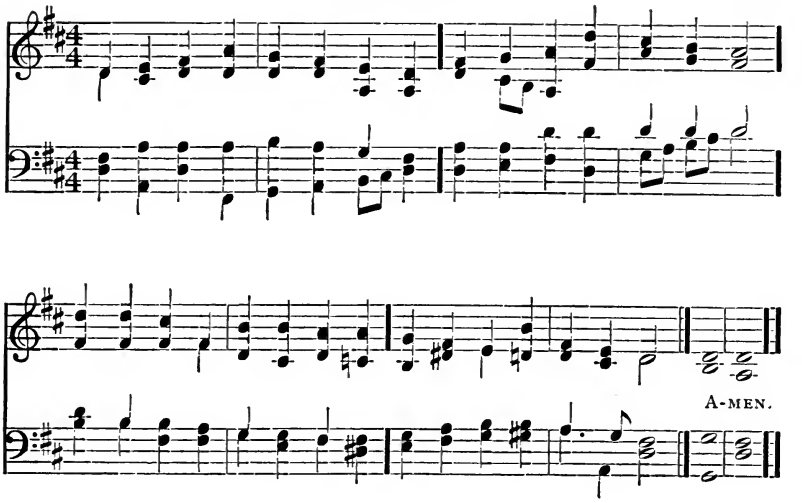
1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,—
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. Dox. V.

233 Give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over shall men give into your bosom. Luke vi: 38.

1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise, and with thy brother share,
And through all the years of famine
On its bounty ye shall fare.

2 Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew ;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

3 For the heart grows rich in giving ;
All its wealth is living grain ;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

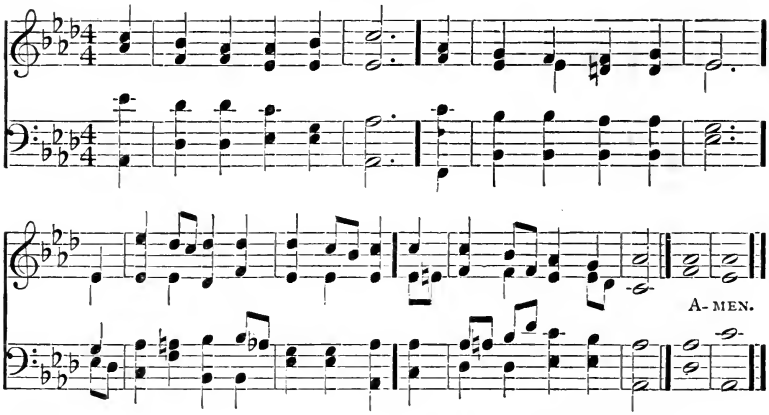
4 Is thy burden hard and heavy,
Do thy steps drag wearily ?
Help to bear thy brother's burden:
God will bear both it and thee.

5 Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe the frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

6 Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan ;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

7 Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

8 Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

Dox. IX.

234 Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Matt. xxv: 40.

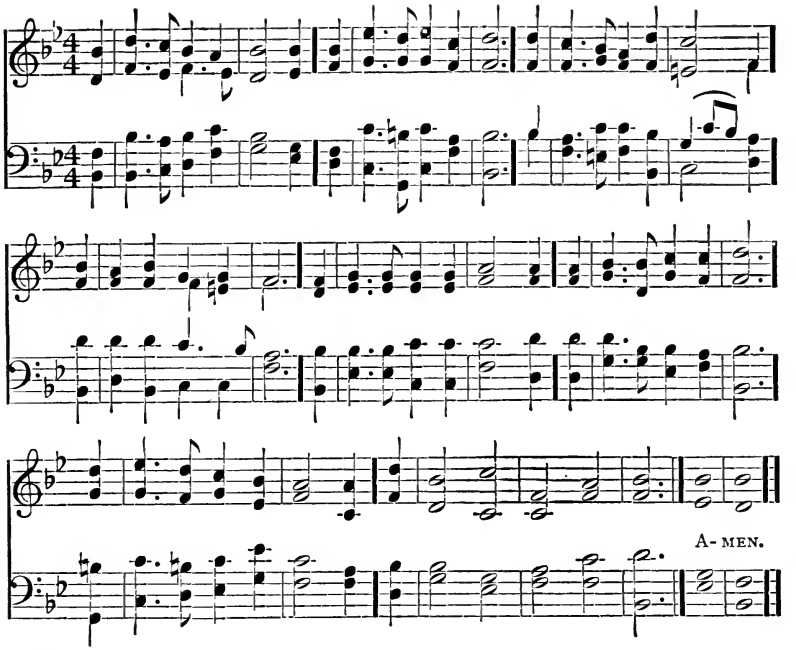
1 We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

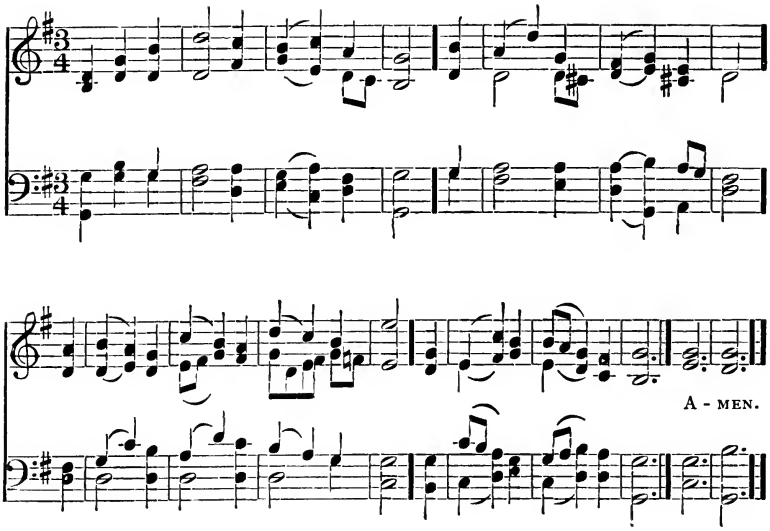
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Dox. V.

235 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Ps. cxix: 105.

1 O Word of God incarnate,
O wisdom from on high,
O truth unchang'd, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallow'd page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

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.

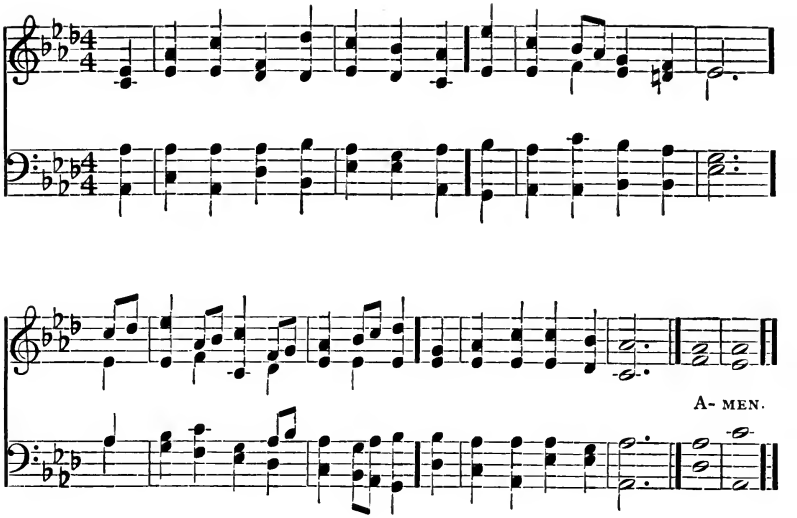
3 It floateth like a banner
Before Thy host unfurl'd,
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands
Still guide, O Lord, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

236 I will delight myself in thy statutes ; I will not forget thy word. Ps. cxix : 16.

1 Father of mercies, in Thy Word
What grace and glory shine!
Forever be Thy name adored
For wisdom so divine.

2 The tree of life here fruitful grows,
Adorned with healing leaves:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
The hungry soul receives.

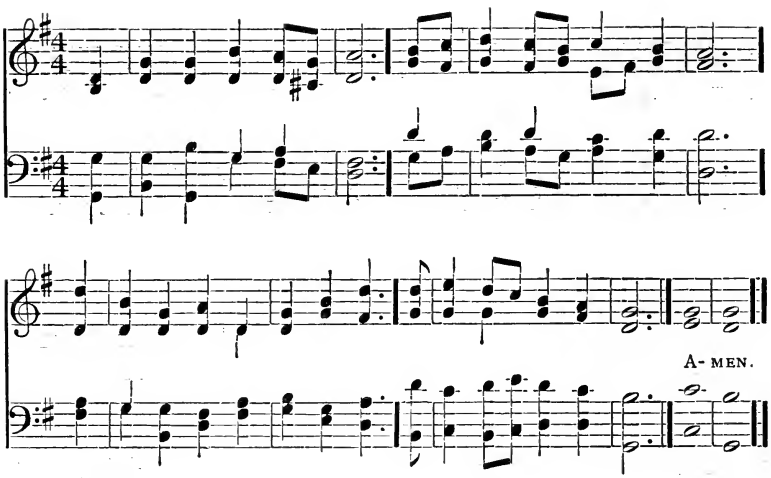
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy holy Word,
And view Thy glory there. Dox. IV.

237 A light to lighten the Gentiles. Luke ii: 32.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise no more to set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

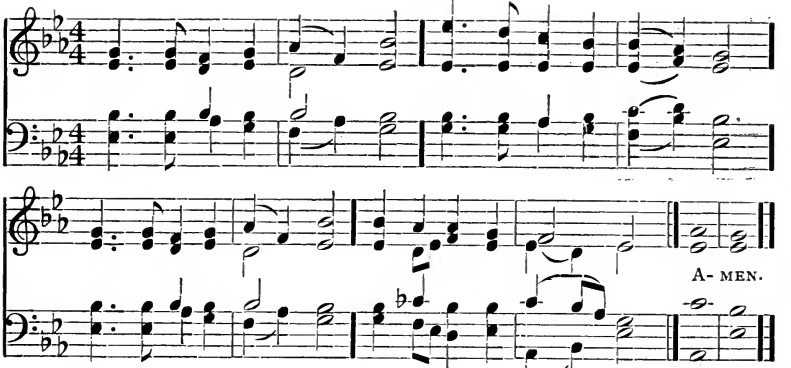
4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above. Dox. IV.

238 Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures.
Luke xxiv: 45.

1 Great God, we give Thee praise
For all Thy wond'rous grace,
Thy wise and ever loving ways
To all our favored race.

2 Thou hast Thy love revealed
Beyond what prophets knew;
Thy Holy Book of truth unseal'd,
To our astonished view.

3 We wander now no more
Where darkening errors lead:
But truth by light divine explore,
And wonder while we read.

4 Lord, we adore Thy name
For light and truth divine!
From Thee the welcomed mercies came,
And be the glory Thine! Dox. V.

(First Tune.)

239 The word of our Lord shall stand forever. Isa. xl: 8.

1 Lord, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

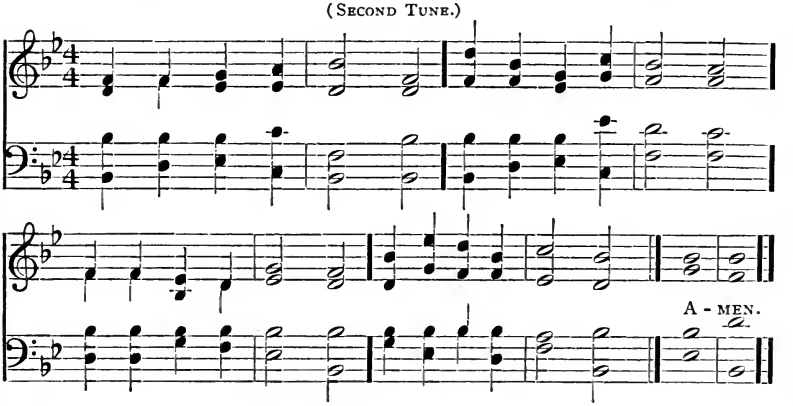
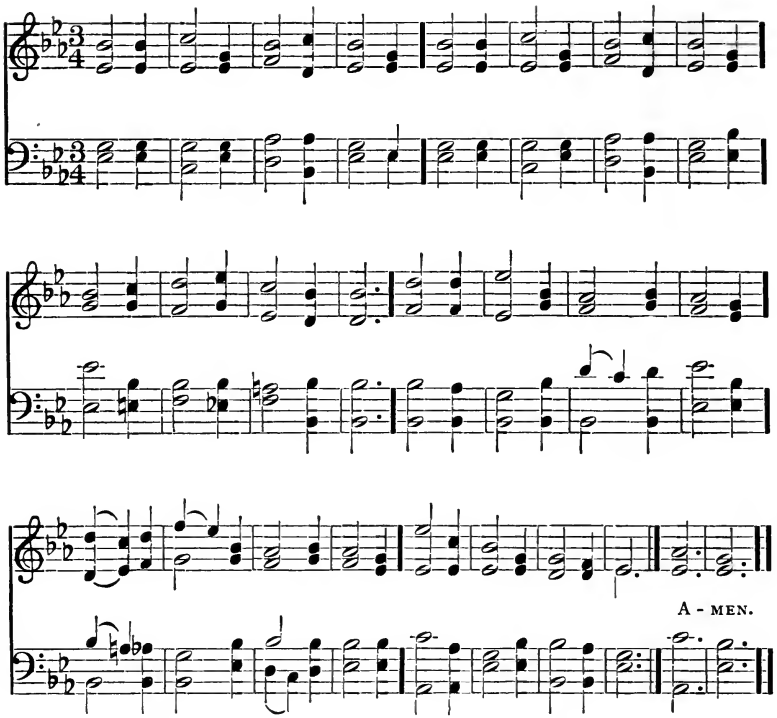
2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

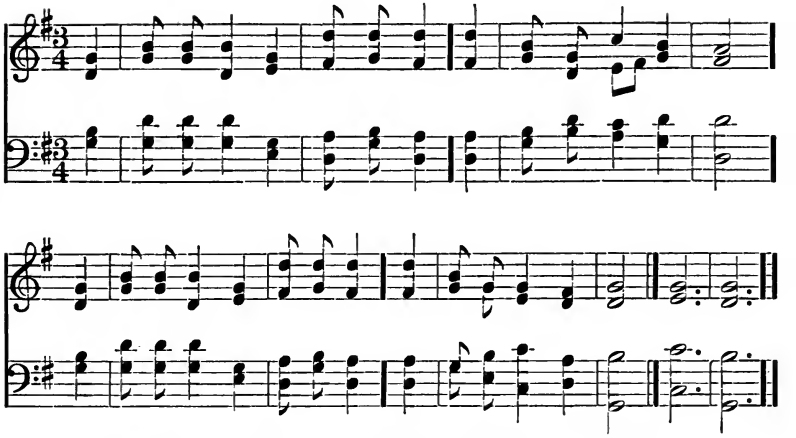
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

(Second Tune.)

240 A fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord. Joel iii: 18.

1 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

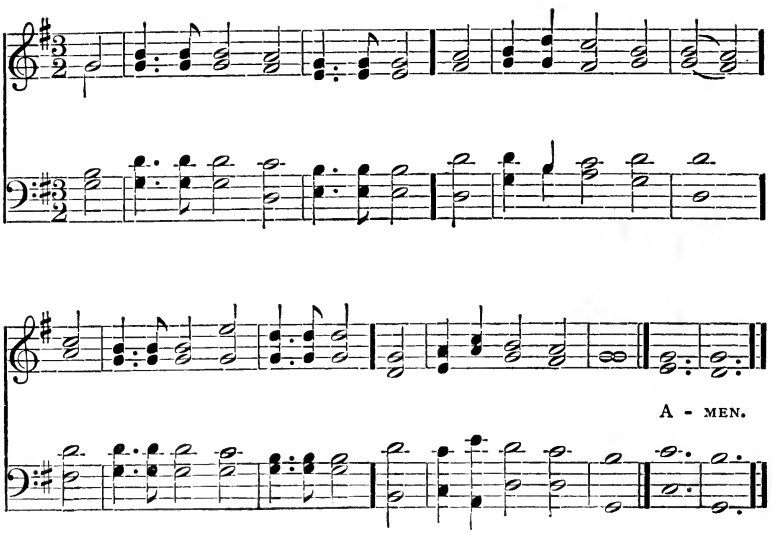
2 See the rivers, four, that gladden,
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Lord, most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters—
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 O, that we Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy Word possessing,
Jesu, may Thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

241 Behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. Rev. v: 3.

1 How shall we celebrate Thy love,
Thou ever-blessèd Lord,
For all thy mercies from above,
But chiefly for Thy Word?

2 Goodness and truth are now displayed
In their own heavenly light:
Thy holy Word is open laid
To our astonished sight.

3 'Tis ours to walk in light divine,
Through all our happy road:
The beams of truth around us shine,
And lead to Thine abode.

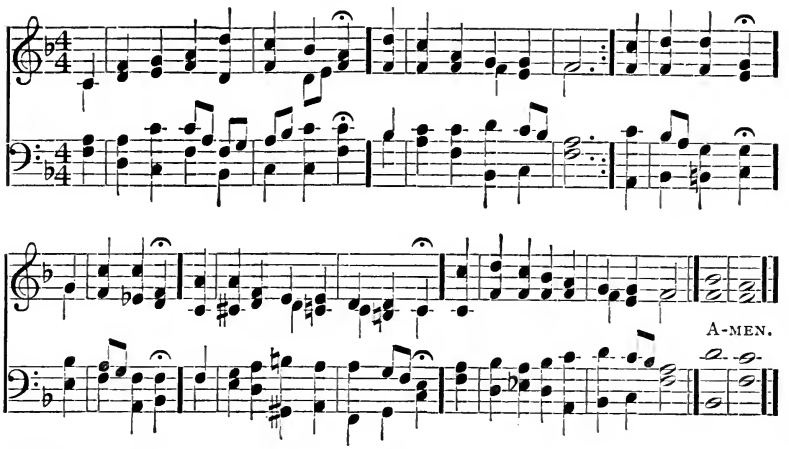
4 Blest day of heavenly light and heat,
Of sacred truth and love!
Now we may run, with cheerful feet,
To realms of bliss above. Dox. IV.

242

I am the way, the truth, and the life. John xiv : 6.

1 The Lord our Saviour is the Way
To purity and peace;
He gives His holy Word to guide
Our souls to heavenly bliss.

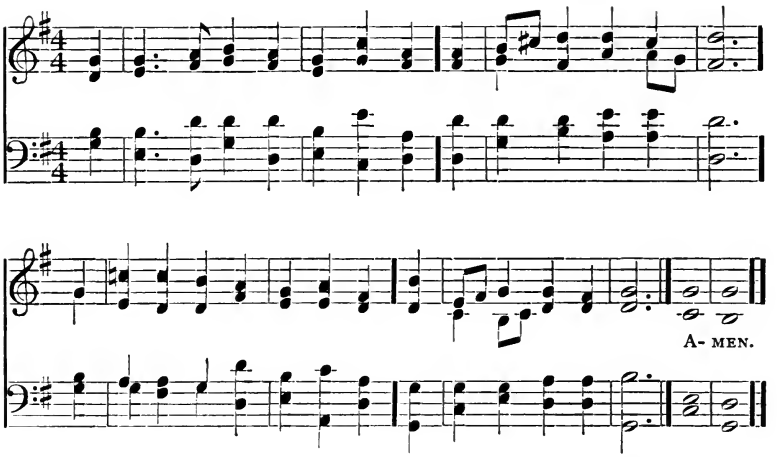
2 The Lord our Saviour is the Truth,
The inward, shining Light,
That reason guides, and gives to faith
The evidence of sight.

3 The Lord our Saviour is the Life
Of every soul that lives;
And everlasting life, to those
Who keep His Word, He gives.

4 Jesus, my Way, my Truth, my Life,
My God, my All in all;
At Thy blest feet, in humble love,
And lowly fear, I fall. Dox. IV.

243 The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. Ps. xix: 7.

1 Thy Word, O Lord, like gentle dews
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.
Refreshed by Thee,
Let every tree
Bud forth and blossom to Thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days.

2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
O send it forth,
O'er all the earth,
To scatter all the night of sin,
The darkened heart to cleanse and win.

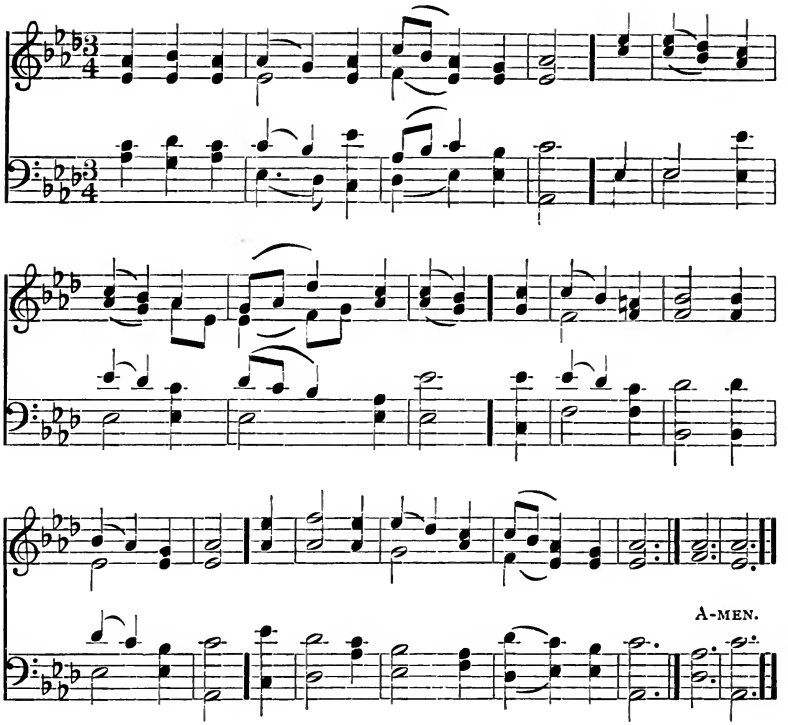
3 Thy Word, O Lord, a guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise;
Leads those to Thee who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss Thy light divine.

244 So shall my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void. Isa. lv: 11.

1 How precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to Heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

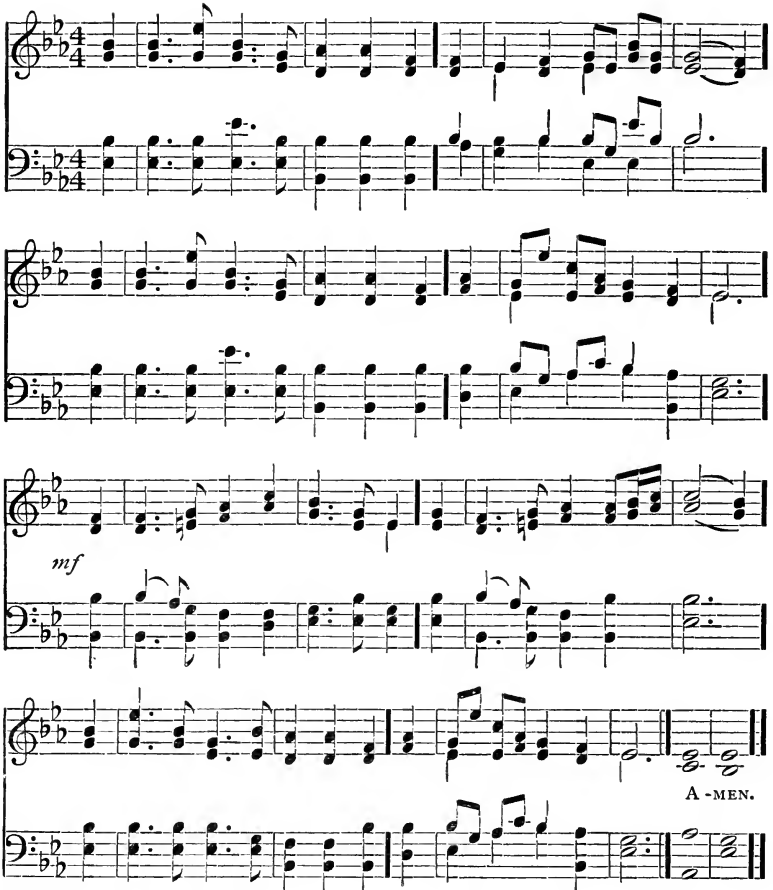
3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

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

5 This lamp, through all th' uncertain night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. Dox. IV.

245 That which fell on the good ground are they, which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience. Luke viii: 15.

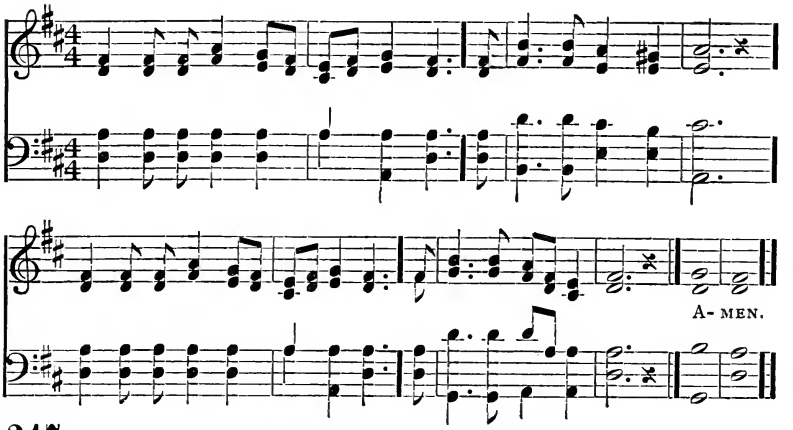
1 O Thou, at whose divine command
Good seed is sown in every land,
Thy Holy Spirit now impart,
And for Thy Word prepare each heart.

2 Not 'mid the thorns of worldly thought,
Nor soon by passing plunderers caught,
Nor lacking depth the root to feed,
May we receive Thy Spirit's seed.

3 But may it, where Thy sowers toil,
Fall in a good and honest soil;
And springing up from firmest root,
Through patience, bear abundant fruit. Dox. II.

246 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. Ps. xxiii: 6.

1 While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled:
And may this consecrated hour,
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

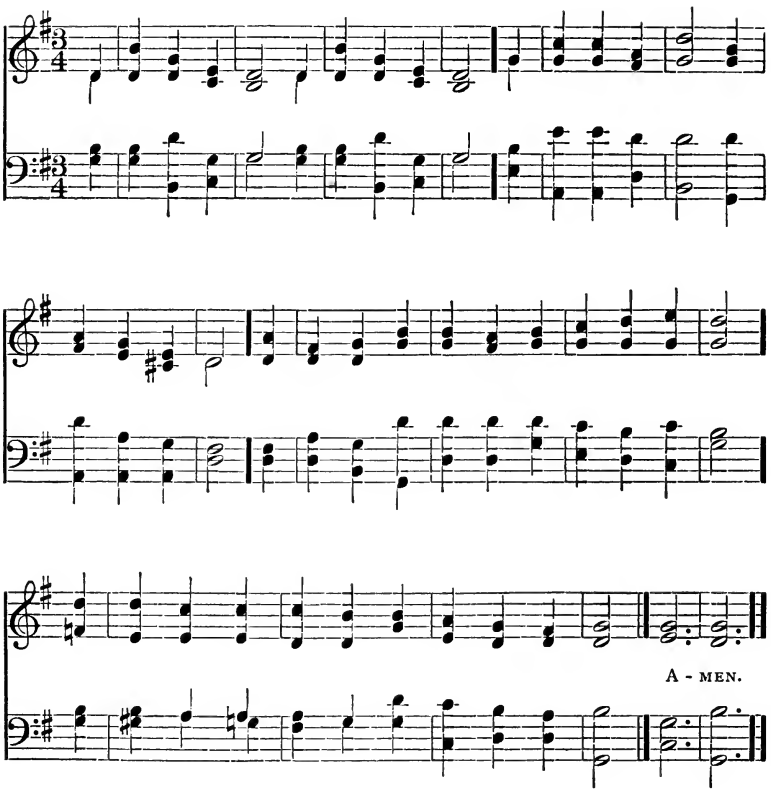
2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart shall rest on Thee.

247 I will give them a heart to know me. Jer. xxiv: 7.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

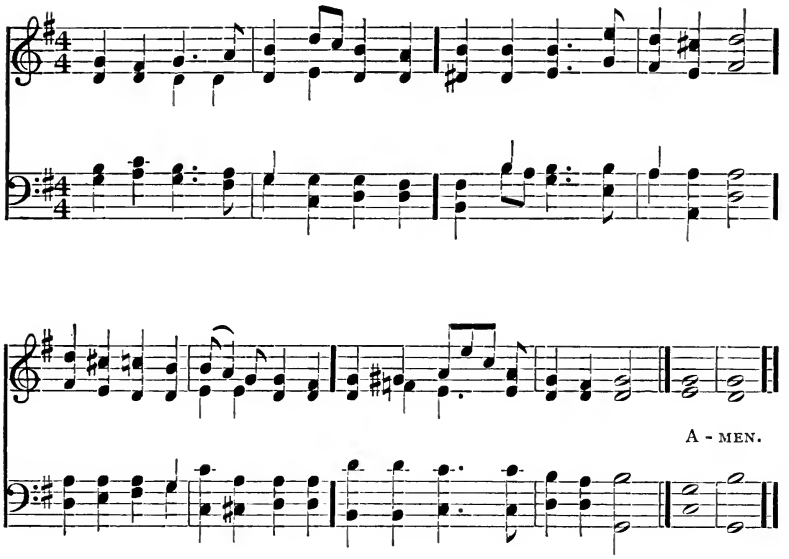
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy love impart,
That I may live in Thee.

3 O let the hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Dox. IV.

248

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii: 14.

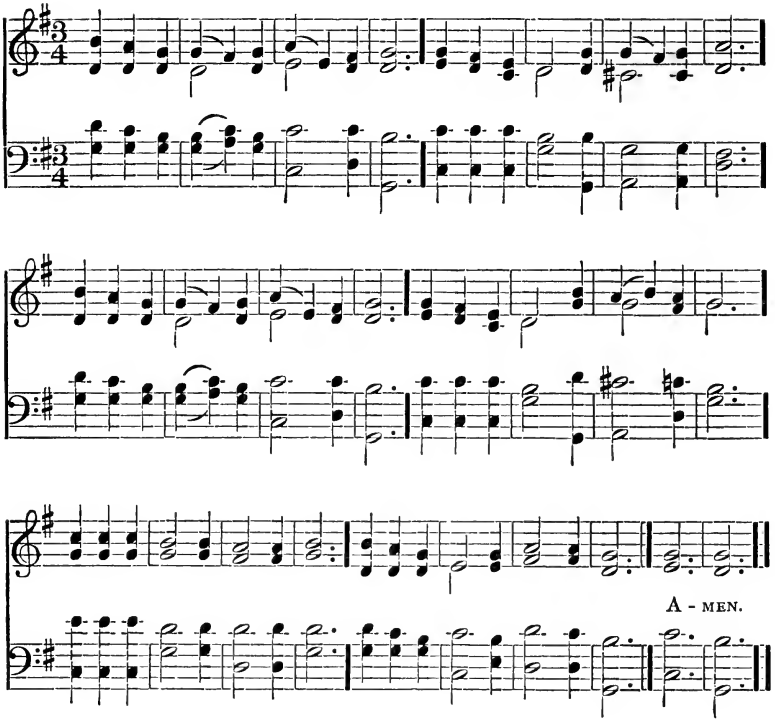
1 Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

249 Thy hand shall lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. Ps cxxxix: 10.

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

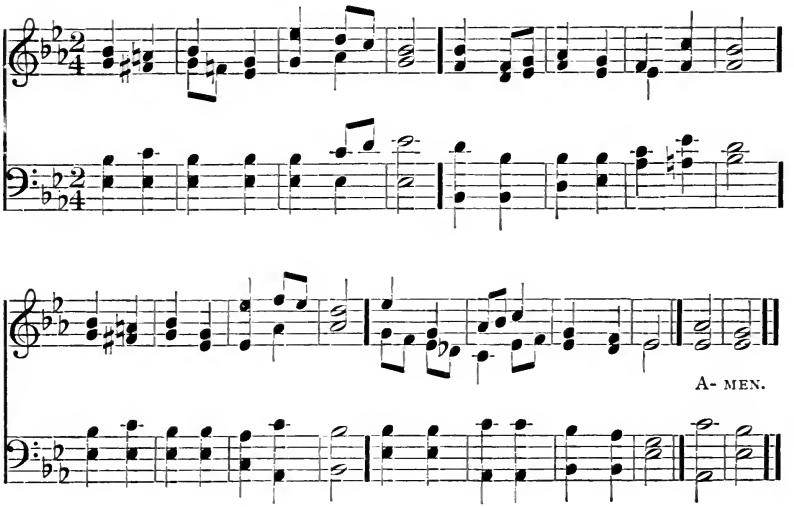
2 Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing Thy boundless love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And, to shield my soul from danger,
Bore Thyself affliction's rod.

4 By Thy hand redeemed, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. Dox. IX.

250 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. Ps. xxiii: 1.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

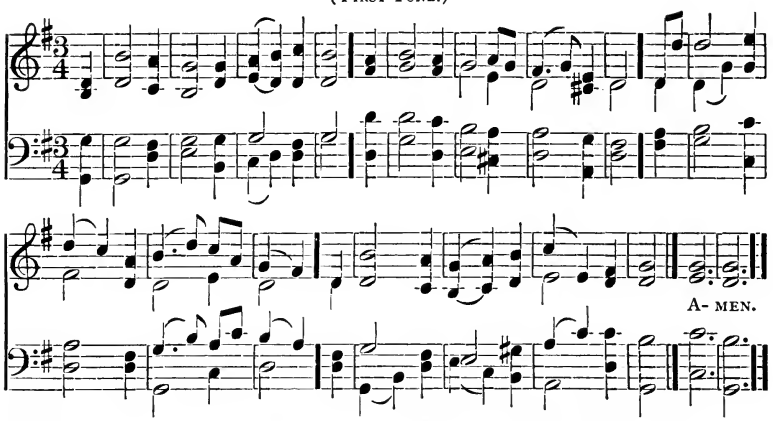
3 When through the vale of death, I tread,
With peaceful shadows overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the passing shade.

251

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Ps. xxiii: 4.

1 Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie:
Guide me through perplexing snares:
Care for me in all my cares.

2 Lord, uphold me day by day,
Through the deserts where I stray:
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

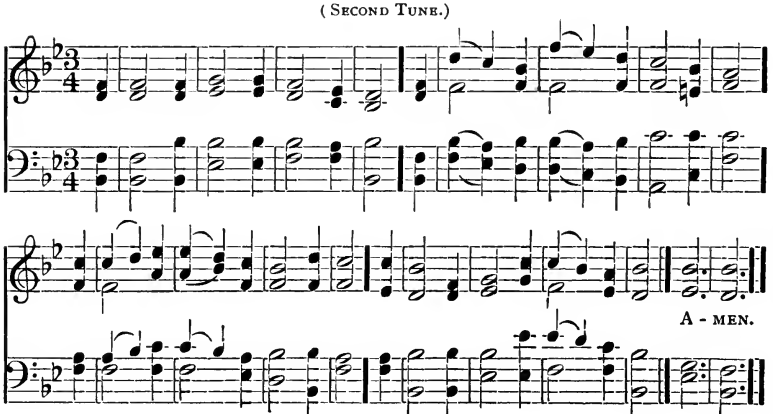
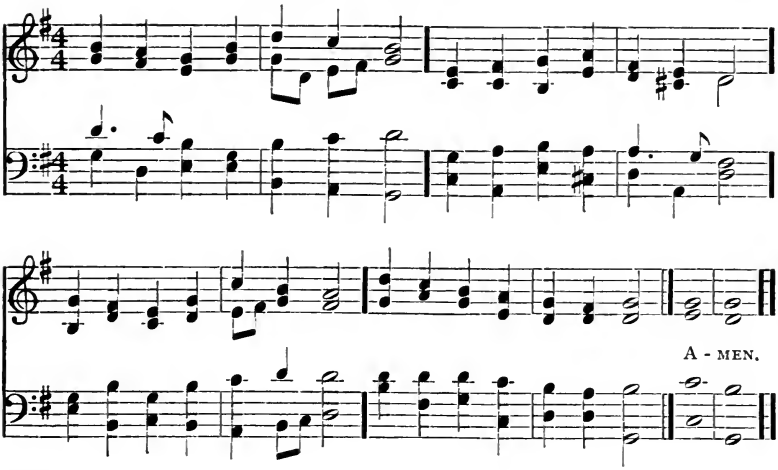
3 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near:
In the paths that Thou hast trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God. Dox. VI.

(First Tune.)

252 I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. Ps. xxxiv: 1.

1 O Lord, how boundless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Dox. I.

(Second Tune.)

253

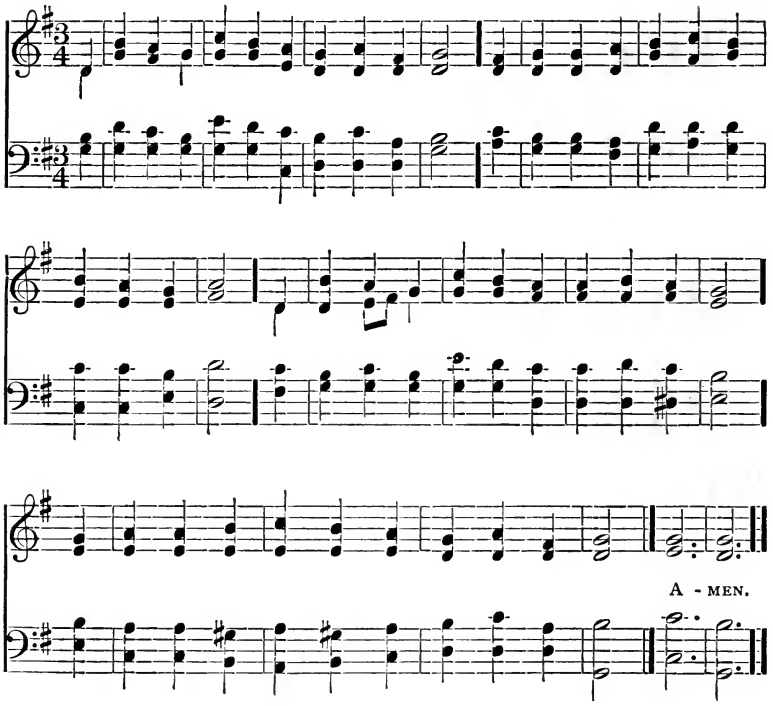
Give us this day our daily bread. Matt. vi: 11.

1 Day by day the manna fell;
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day!

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live:
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

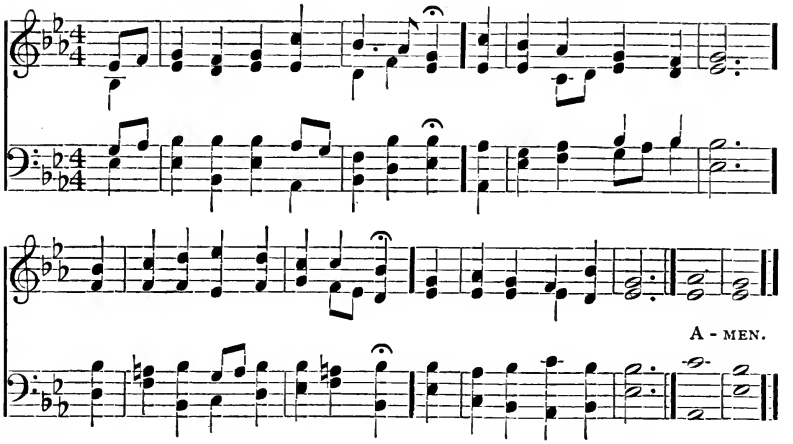
5 O to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong by faith, and mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude. Dox. VI.

254 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him. Ps. xci: 15.

1 In every condition, in sickness and health,
In joy and in sorrow, in want and in wealth,
Thy God, O my soul, has declared unto thee,
Behold, as thy days, so thy succor shall be!

2 Fear not! I am with thee! O be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My faithful omnipotent hand.

3 Through deep swelling waters thou safely shalt go;
The waves of temptation shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy sorrows to bless,
And turn to rejoicing thy deepest distress.

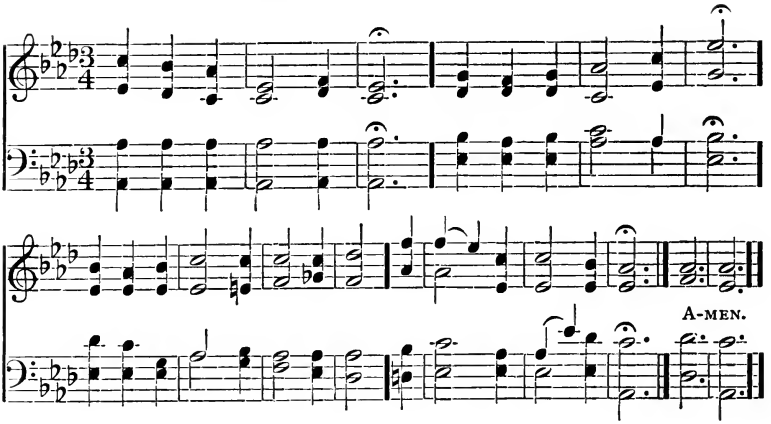
4 When through fiery trials thy journey shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

5 How firm a foundation, O merciful Lord!
Is laid for our faith in Thy life-giving Word!
Thy promise unshaken forever remains:
Thy wisdom defends us, Thy mercy sustains.

255 Thou art my hope, O Lord God, thou art my trust from my youth. Ps. lxxi: 5.

1 When all Thy mercies, gracious Lord,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 While in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
From childhood up to man.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in happier worlds,
The glorious theme renew. Dox. IV.

256 In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world. John xvi: 33.

1 Since Jesus is my friend,
And I to Him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in Him their rest
Shall ever find Him near;

3 How He hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,
In heaven's sunshine glad.

Dox. V.

257 He restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Ps. xxiii. 3.

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

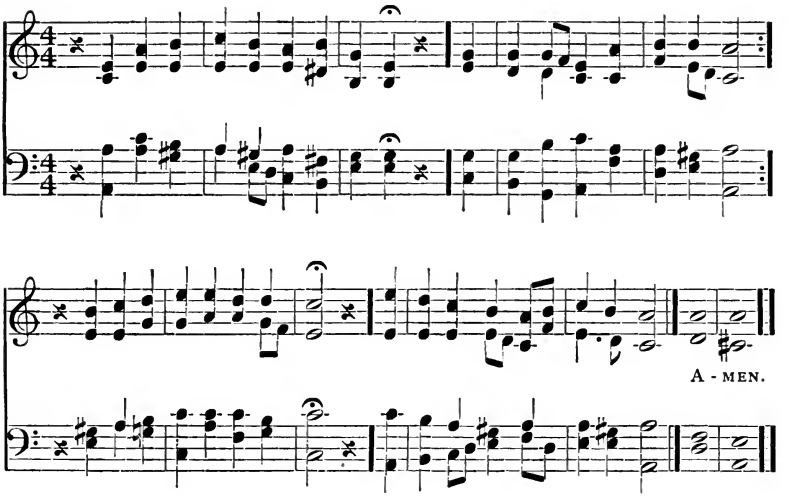
2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

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

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

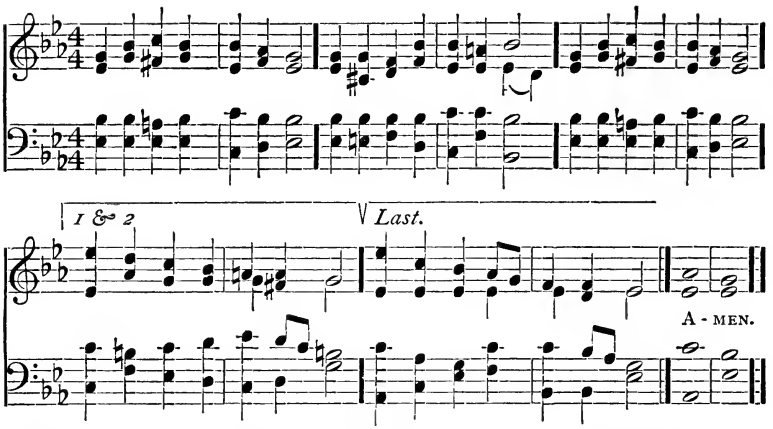
5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

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

Dox. V.

258 How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. Ps. xxxvi: 7.

1 Whoso in God alone confideth,
Whose hope is fixed in Him always,
He 'neath th' Almighty's wing abideth
Safe and unmoved in evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a rock that none can move.

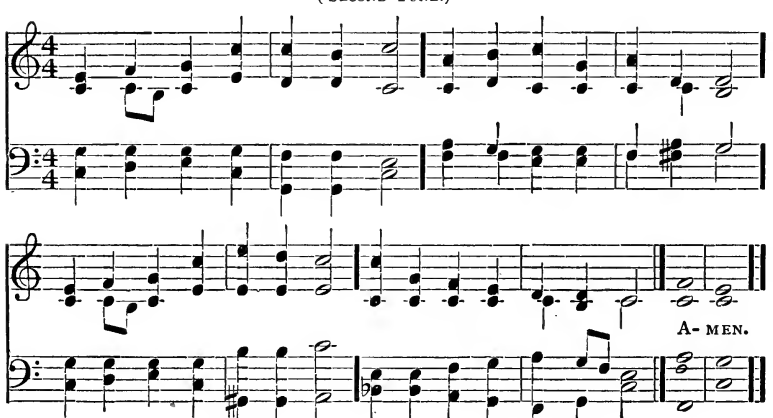
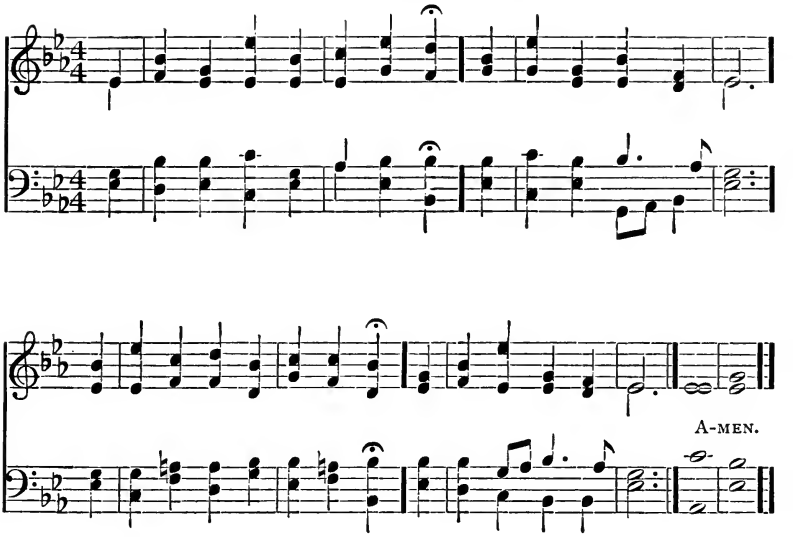
2 O man, cease from thy restless yearning,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take what His all-wise discerning
His perfect love to thee has sent.
No doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who calleth us His own.

3 He knows when best the joyful hour,
He sends it as He sees it meet;
When thou hast proved thy spirit's power,
And art made free from all deceit,
Then comes He to thee unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

259 He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. Ps. xci: 11.

1 They who on the Lord rely
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh:
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
They shall be their Father's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

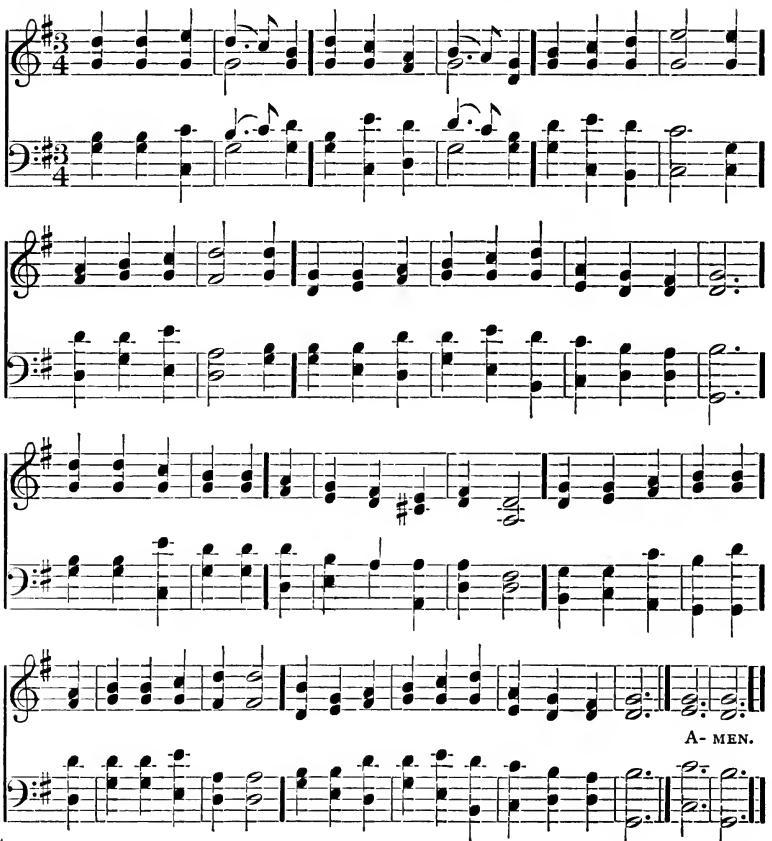
3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love can never fear. Dox. VI.

(SECOND TUNE.)

260 Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known. Ps. lxxvii: 19

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

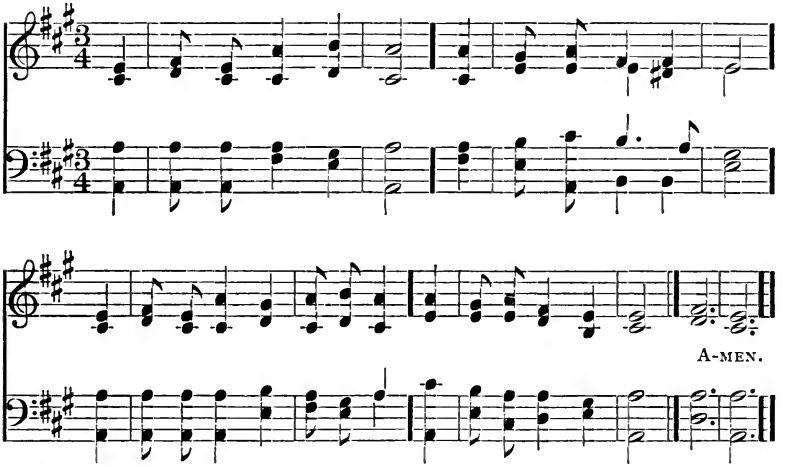
2 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

261 As many as I love I chasten. Rev. iii: 19

1 Evening and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace, and gladness,
Comfort in sadness,
These are Thy works, all the glory be Thine,
Times without number,
Awake, or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us,
Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine.

2 And shouldst Thou give me
Wormwood to grieve me,
Griefs to distress me,
Burdens to press me,
Welcome whatever Thy word hath decreed.
My kind Physician
Knows well my condition,
That which will hurt me,
Or heal and convert me,
God will not chasten us more than we need.

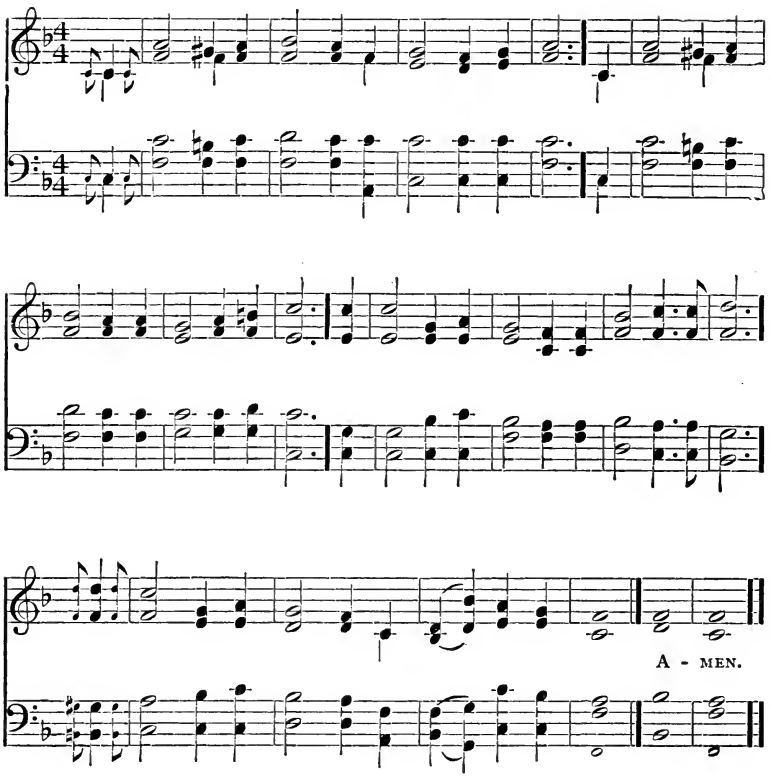
3 Griefs of God's sending,
All have an ending,
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring,
Sunshine will come when the tempest has past.
Joys still increasing,
And peace never ceasing,
Faith lost in vision,
And hope in fruition,
These are the joys which are promised at last.

262 Mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord: in thee is my trust. Ps. cxli: 8.

1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest,
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

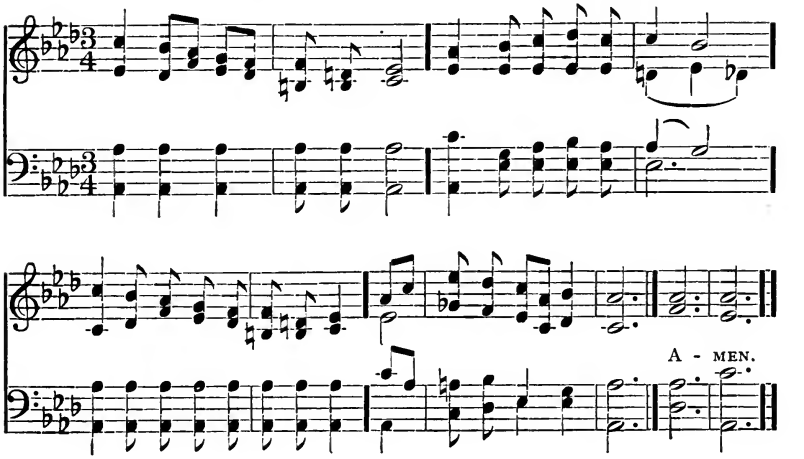
4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Dox. V.

263 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.
Ps. xxiii : 4.

1 The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know:
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

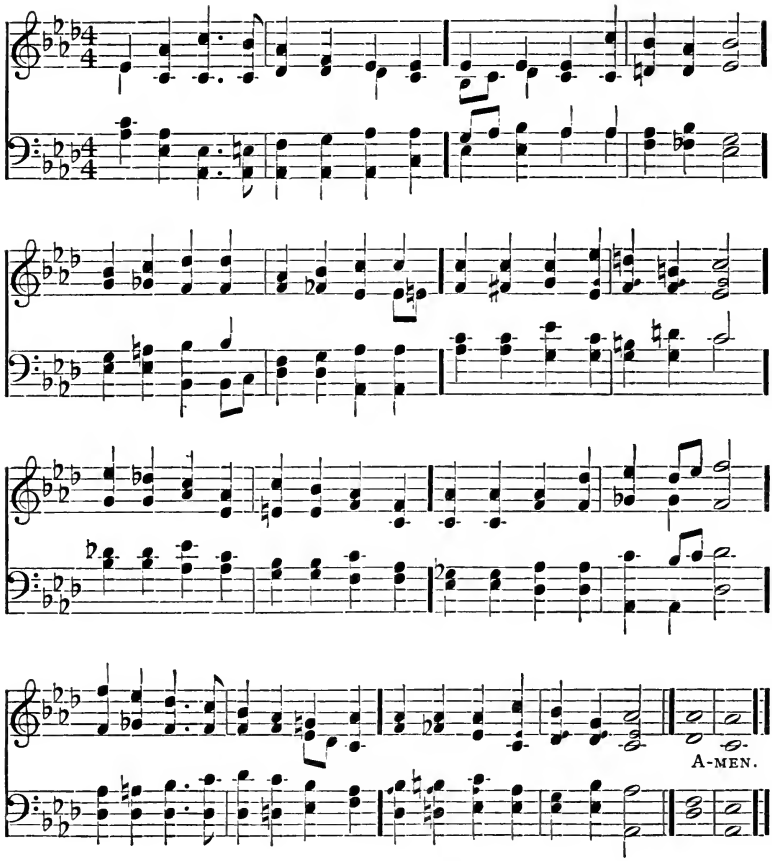
2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head:
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy Providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

264 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. Ps. xxiii: 2.

1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

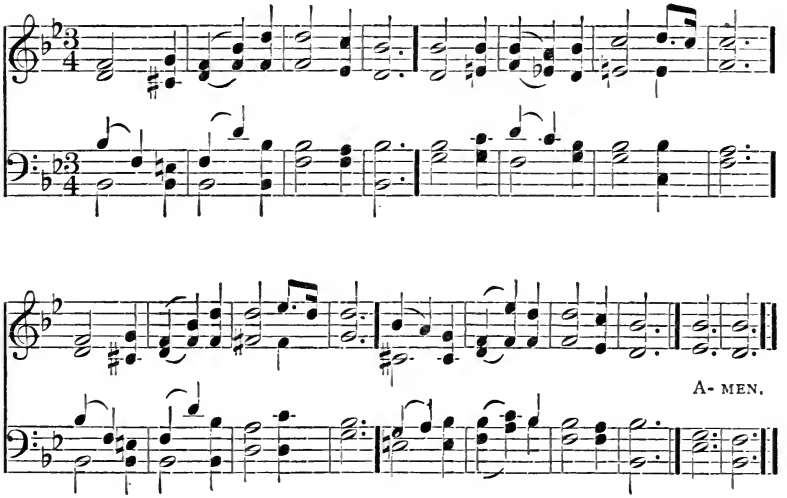
3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore,
And guard me with Thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more. Dox. V.

265

His tender mercies are over all his works. Ps. cxlv: 9.

1 As above the darkest storm-cloud
Shines the sun, serenely bright,
Waiting to restore to nature
All the glory of his light,
So, behind each cloud of sorrow,
So, in each affliction, stands,
Hid, an angel, with a blessing
From the Father in his hands.

2 As without the tempest, pouring
O'er the earth the welcome rain,
All were but a fruitless desert,
Barren sand for ripening grain,
So if ne'er a cloud of sadness
Veiled the sunshine of the soul,—
If affliction's waves were never
Suffered o'er the heart to roll,—

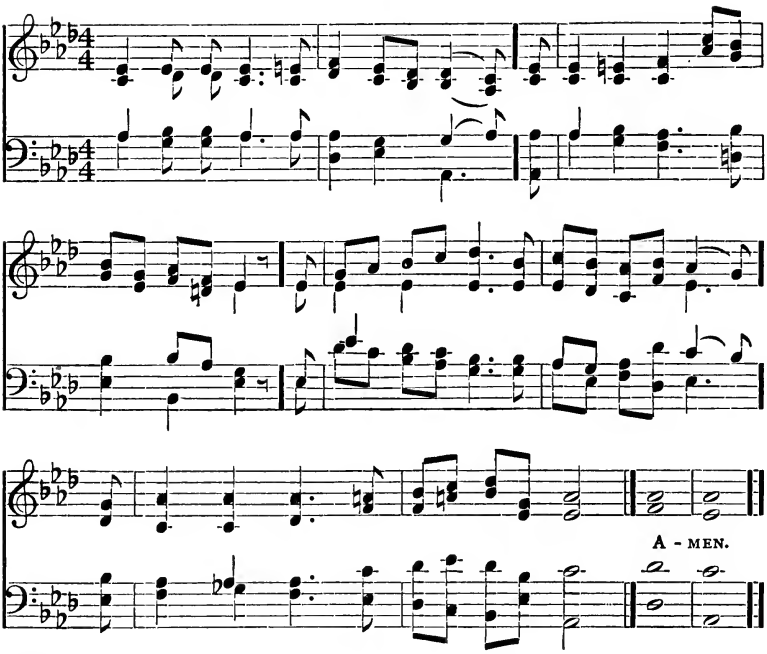
3 Love and faith might fail forever
To bring forth their fruits of peace;
Heaven's good seed of truth would perish
In a thorny wilderness.
So, with cloud and storm and tempest
Grows our earthly summer dim,
That the rebel heart, our Father
Thus may win to turn to Him.

4 And like Israel's tribes we wander
In the desert waste and drear,
Hungering, thirsting, faint and weary,
Month by month and year by year.
Till, how late! we learn the lesson,
Not by bread alone we live,
But by every word of blessing
Which the mouth of God doth give.

266 Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee Ps. lv: 22

1 Cast on Jesus all thy care!
'Tis enough that He is nigh.
He will all thy burden bear:
He will all thy wants supply.

2 He thy soul will safely lead:
In His tender love confide!
Call on Him in time of need;
He will be thy Guard and Guide.

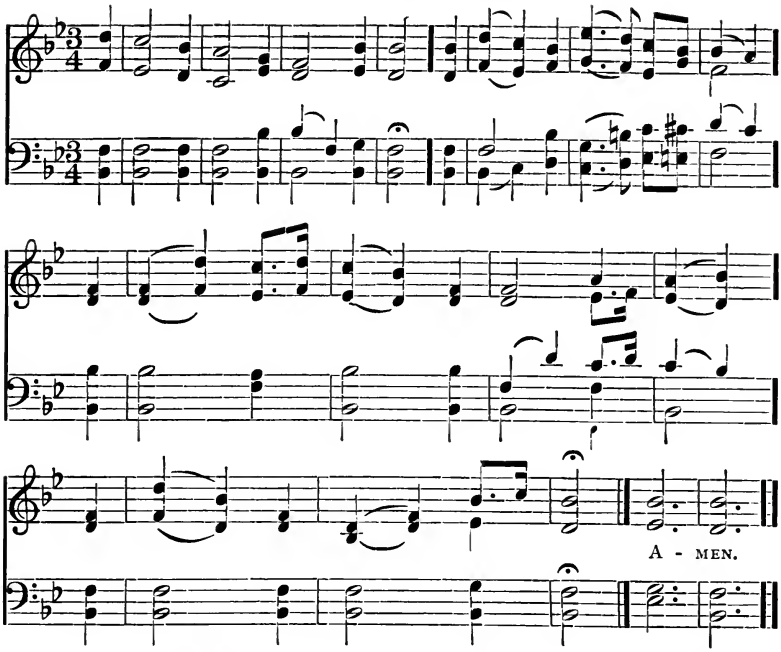
3 Lord, I would, I do submit,
Gladly yield my all to Thee:
What Thy wisdom seeth fit,
Surely must be best for me.

Dox. VI.

267 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. Ps. cxxi: 1.

1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills, above the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives!

2 He lives! the everlasting God
Who spread the heavens and earth abroad;
He slumbers not, but watchful keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

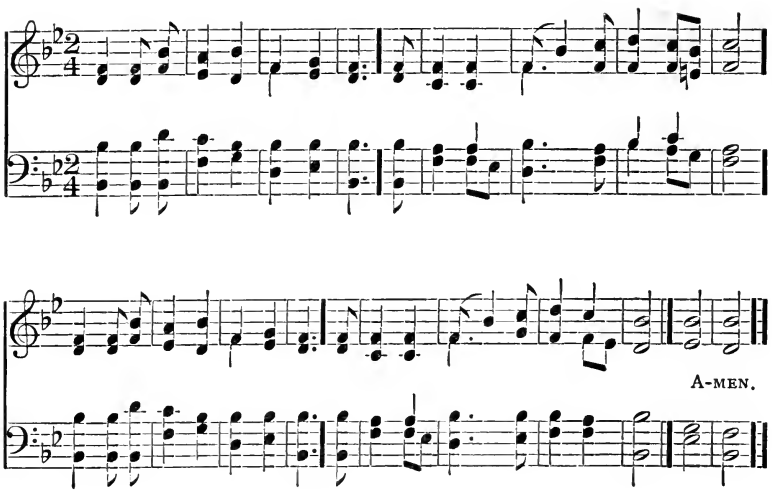
3 My soul, thy keeper is the Lord,
The God by heaven and earth adored;
Rest safe in Him! His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

4 O'er thee the tempter has no power;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels shall visit thine abode,
And bear thee homeward to thy God. Dox. II.

268 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
Ps. lxiii : 7.

1 O King of kings, beneath Thy wings
My soul would still repose;
My refuge sure, my strength secure,
Against surrounding foes!

2 Thy wondrous ways to grateful praise,
Shall move my heart and tongue;
By hosts above Thy deeds of love
In joyful notes are sung.

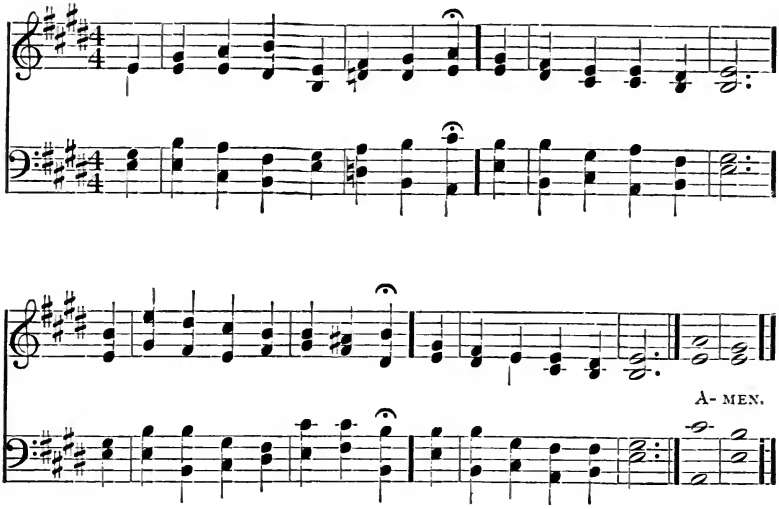
3 May I proclaim Thy sacred name,
By living, Lord, to Thee!
Then shall I rise above the skies,
And Thy perfections see.

4 O who can tell what glories dwell
Around the eternal throne!
There joys divine, that ne'er decline,
Are by the righteous known. Dox. IV.

269 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Ps. xlvi: 1.

1 God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

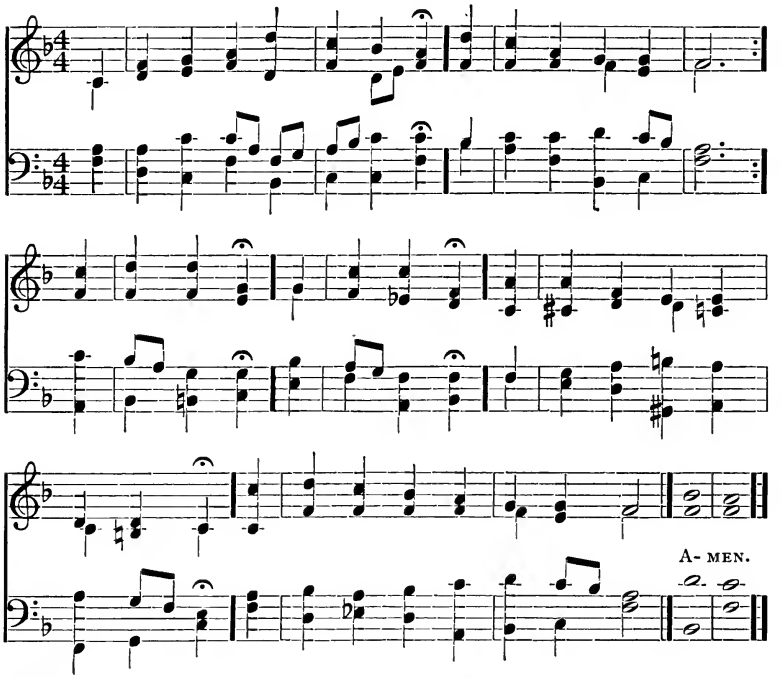
3 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

4 Zion enjoys her Saviour's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power. Dox. II.

270 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Ps. xc: 1.

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

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy people dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the earth in order stood,
Or men had learned Thy name,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

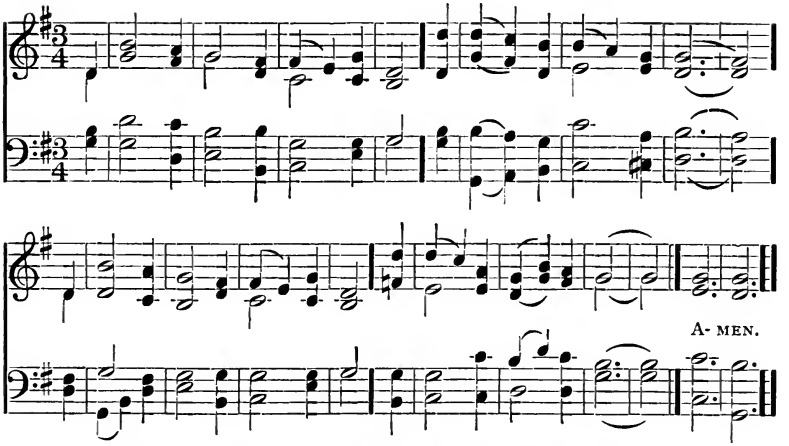
4 O Lord, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home! Dox. IV.

271

He hath done all things well. Mark vii: 37.

1 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
His will is ever just;
Howe'er He order now my cause,
I will be still, and trust.
He is my God,
Though dark my road;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

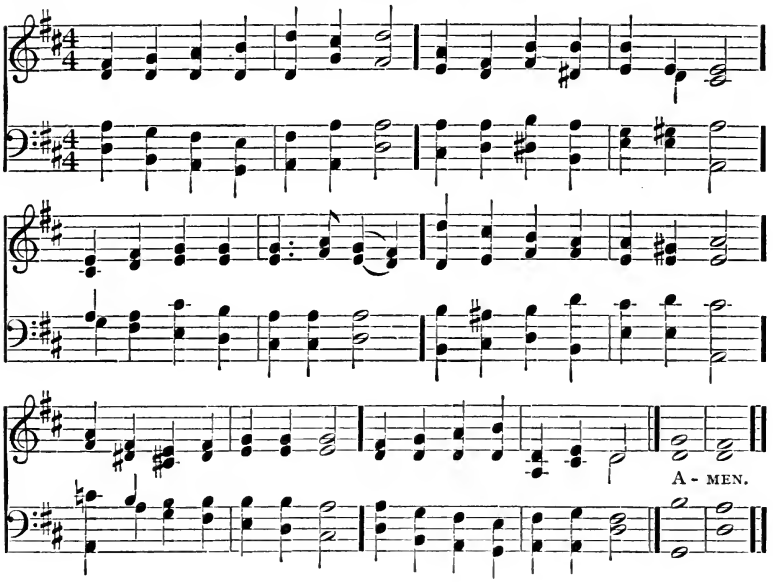
2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive:
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent:
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink:
Tears pass away
With dawn of day:
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand:
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land:
My Father's care
Is round me there:
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

272 Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee. Ps. lxxiii: 25.

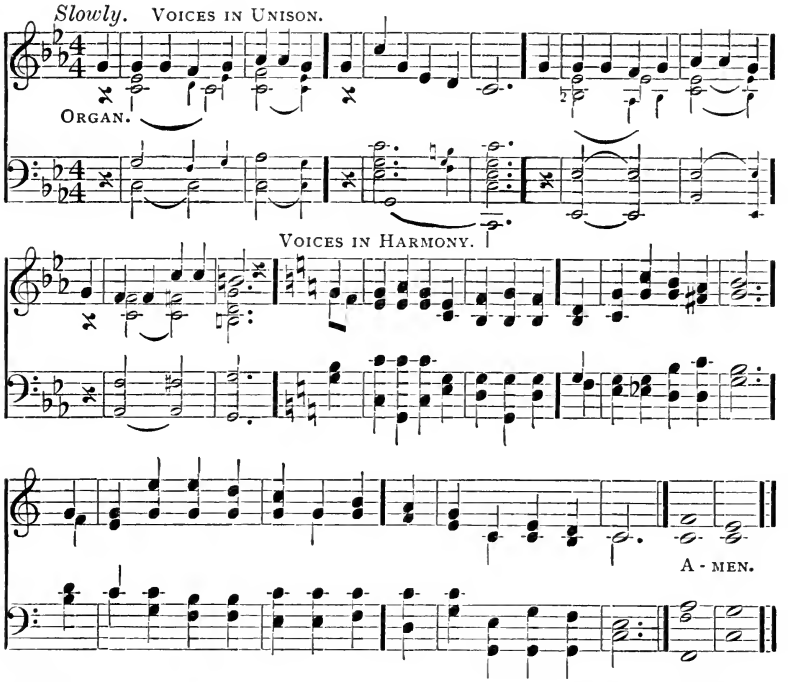
1 Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee,
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised rest above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know,
So precious as Thy love.

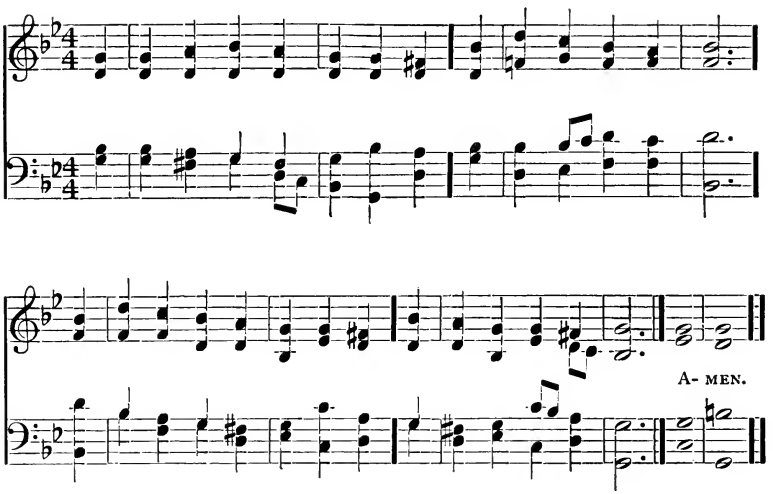
3 Thou, Lord, wilt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in earth's final strife,
And welcome us on high.

273 My soul is even as a weaned child. Ps. cxxxi: 2.

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,—
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free;
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

274 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
Ps. cxxxix: 3.

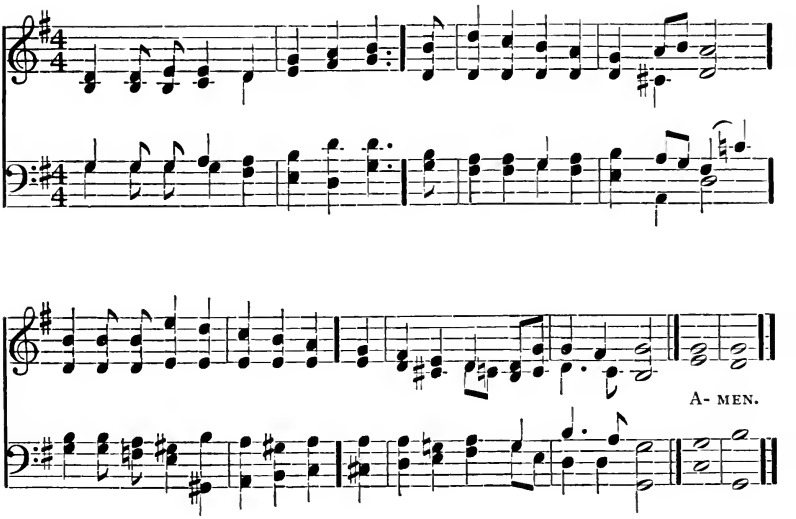
1 In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.
Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest:
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

2 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within:
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

275 Make you a new heart and a new spirit. Ezek. xviii: 31.

1 Lord! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions make,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate them and forsake.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace into each heart.

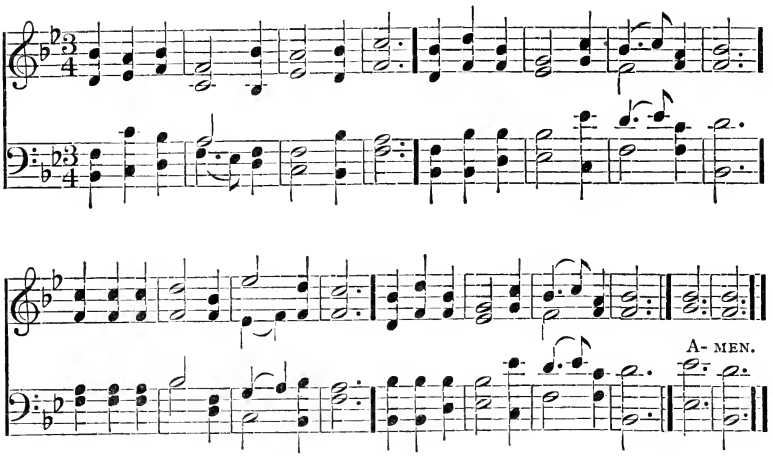
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

276 Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. Ps. cxxxix: 23, 24.

1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 From Thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
Or where can I Thy influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?

3 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades Thou find'st Thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

277 Let us search, and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Lam. iii: 40.

1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee:
Amidst ten thouasnd thoughts I rove
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Vouchsafe to me Thy guiding light,
To read my heart and mind aright;
My every secret thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.

3 Why should my soul be bound to earth,
And thus degrade her heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And from my God and Saviour go?

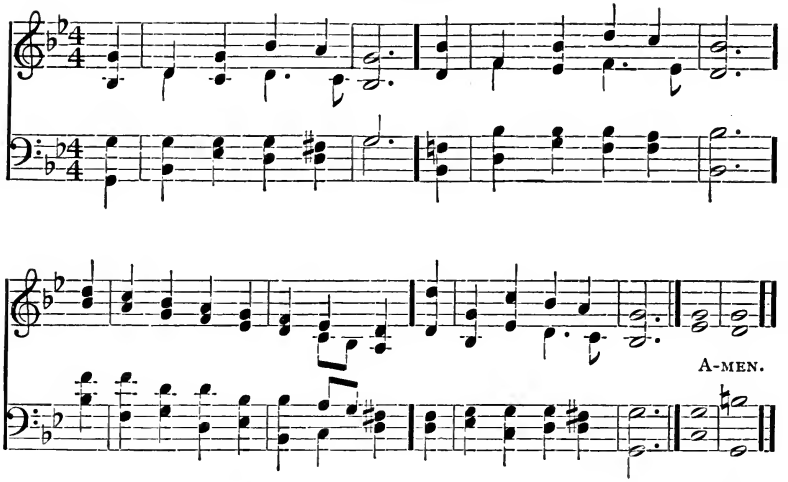
4 Search, gracious Lord! and try my heart,
And hope and healing peace impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and Thee.

278 O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Hos. xiv: 1.

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase earth's shadowy forms no more,
O seek thy better needs to learn,
For higher good thy God implore.

2 O holy Lord, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of Thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed His dwelling there.

279 I will cry unto thee when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I. Ps. lxi: 2.

1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's higher than my head;
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide. Dox. V.

280 Arise ye and depart for this is not your rest. Micah ii: 10.

1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

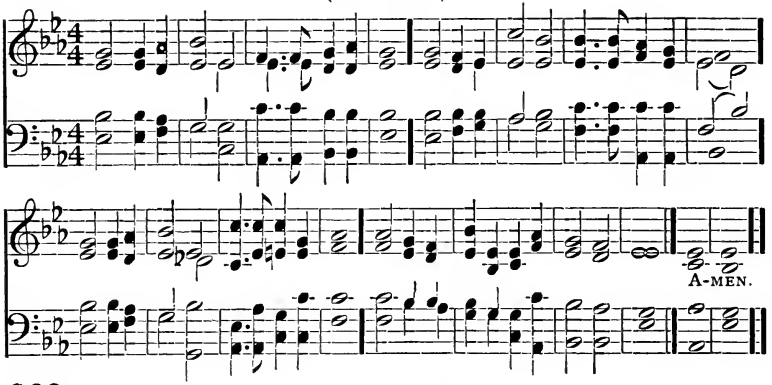
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love. Dox. V.

281 The mercy-seat upon the ark. Ex. xxvi: 34.

1 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
Dox. V.

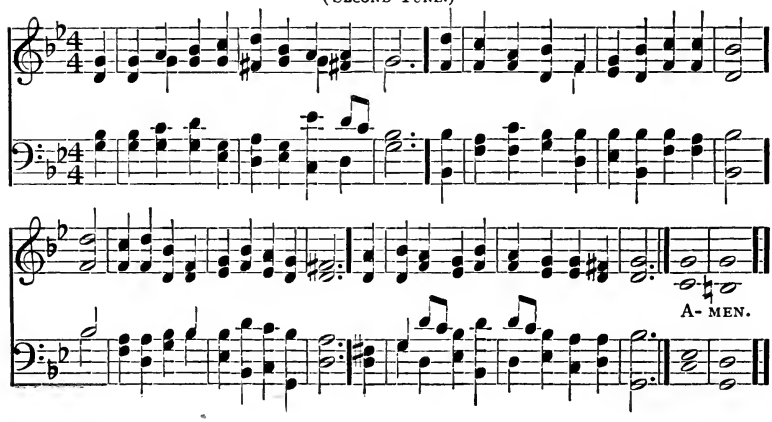
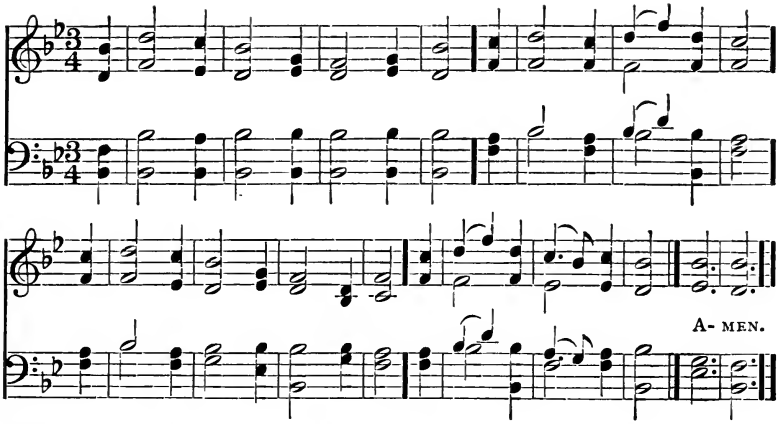
(First Tune.)

282

Whom have I in heaven but thee. Ps. lxxiii: 25.

1 Father divine, the deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;
Oh, break this bondage, Lord! I would be free,
And, in my soul, would find my heaven in Thee.

2 My heaven in Thee! — O Lord, no other heaven,
Can to th' immortal soul, be ever given:
Oh, let Thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, Thy will be done!

3 My heaven in Thee, O Father! let me find,—
My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned;
No more of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair;
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

(Second Tune.)

283 I am the Almighty God ! walk before me, and be thou perfect. Gen. xvii: 1.

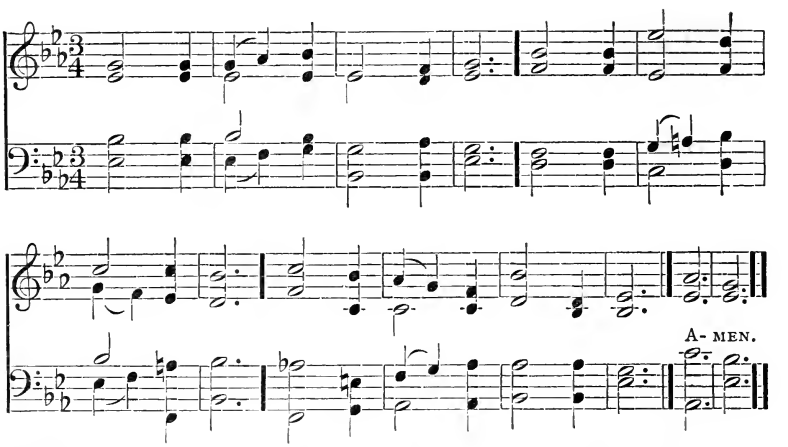
1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

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

284 Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed. Jer. xvii: 14.

1 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Lord, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Since on me Thy light hath shone.

5 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

285 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness. Ps. li: 1.

1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere we let it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Light wherein our guilt appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy grace forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

286 Behold I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii: 20.

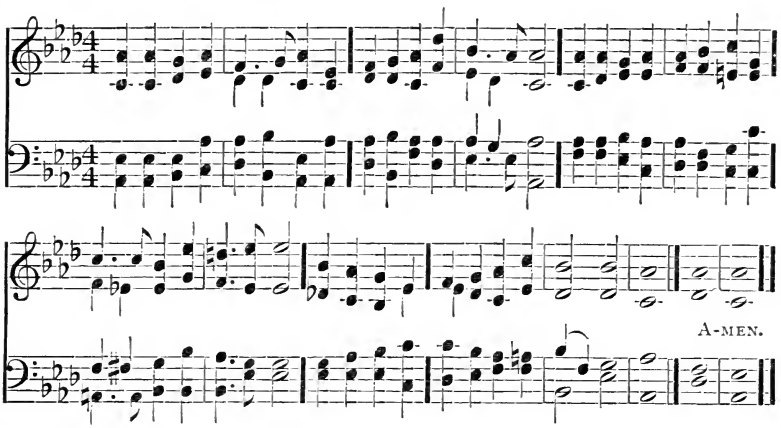
1 Knock! but O most patient Lord,
Strength to open first afford;
Will to grasp love's sweet award.

2 Man, He standeth yet full fain,
Let not, let not all be vain;
Take the everlasting gain.

3 Open, bid Him in, and fall
At His feet who doth thee call;
In His mercy stands thine all.

4 Weeping, kiss the sacred feet;
Thorn-crowned King, Thine eyes are sweet;
Master, is it thus we meet?

5 Lord, dost Thou remember me?
Lord, I nailed Thee on the tree;
Lord, good Lord, I scoff'd at Thee.

6 O! my sins against me cry;
O! my guilt is deep and high;
"Peace!" He saith, "thou shalt not die."

287

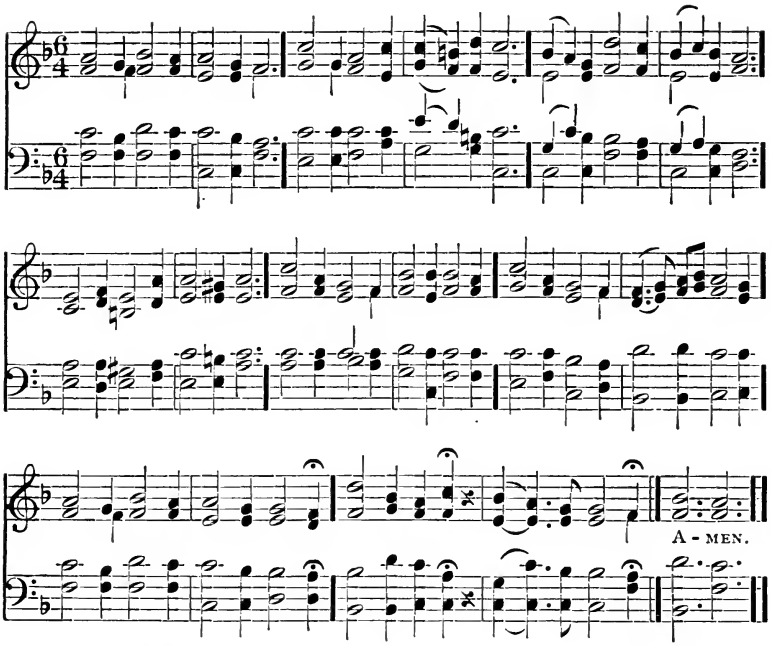
Deliver us from evil. Matt. vi: 13.

1 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness:
When the creature's help is vain;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

288 A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Ps. li: 17.

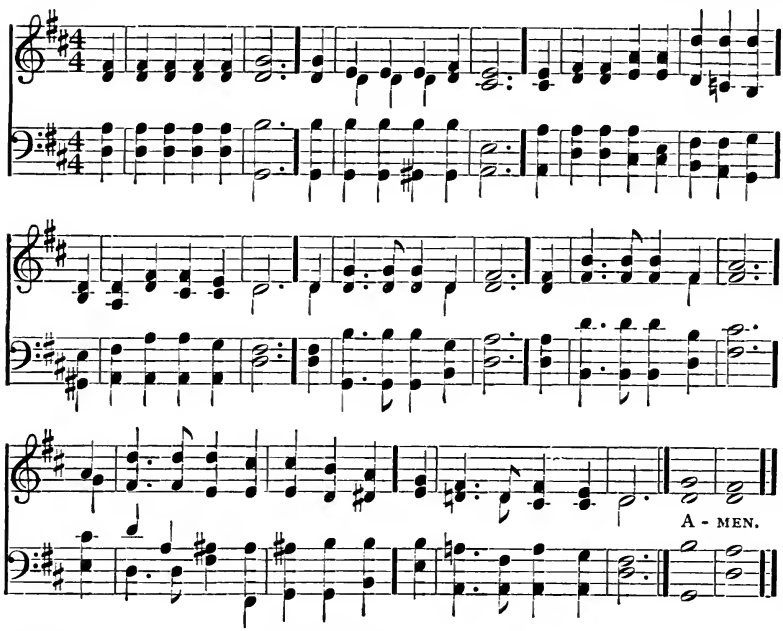
1 Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Deign, O Father, to receive them!

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them;
Lord, perfect them and receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Saviour, listen and receive them!

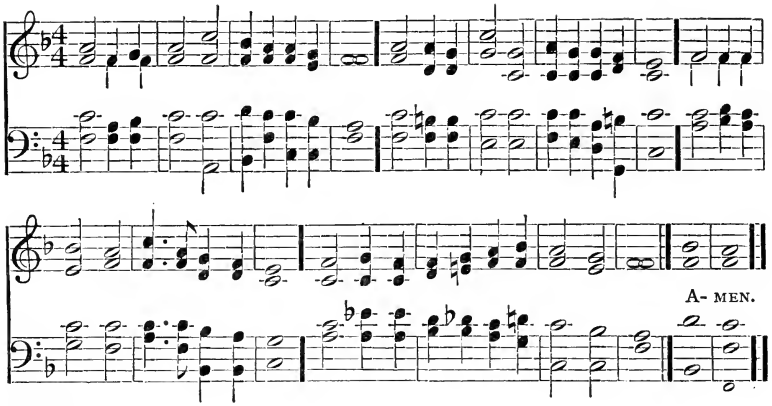
4 Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
In Thy mercy, Lord, forgive them!

5 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Thee our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them:
Come, blest Saviour, and restore them!

6 To the High and Holy One,
Reigning on Thy heavenly throne,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down and lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
In Thy mercy, Lord, receive them!

289

With the Lord is mercy. Ps. cxxx: 7.

1 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And through Thy Spirit's quick'ning pow'r
Of the new life partake!
With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

2 Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.
Born of Thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share!
Deep in our hearts inscribe Thy Word,
And place Thine image there.

290 Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions. Ezek. xviii: 30.

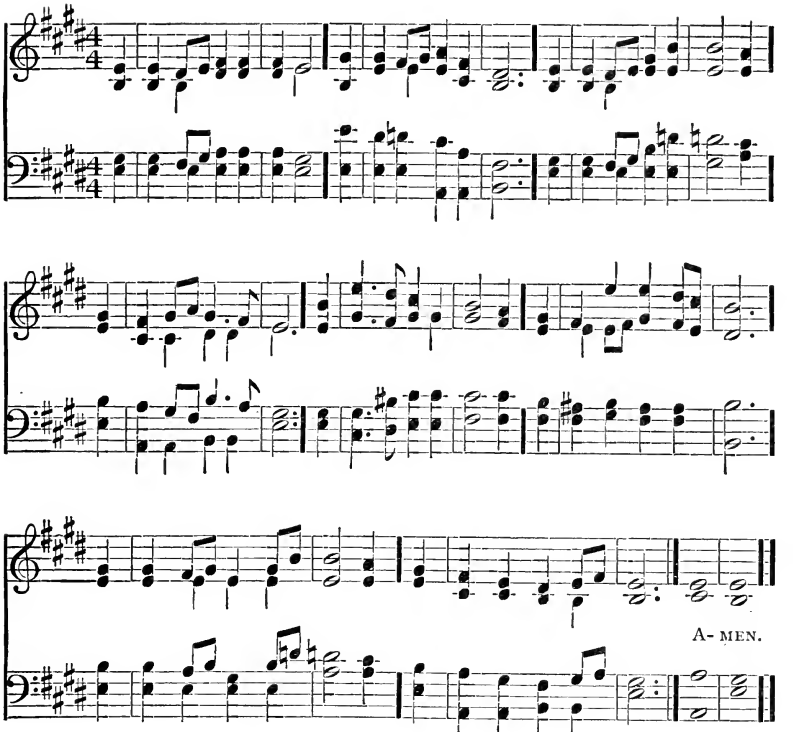
1 Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Confess, repent, thou shalt be loosed from all."

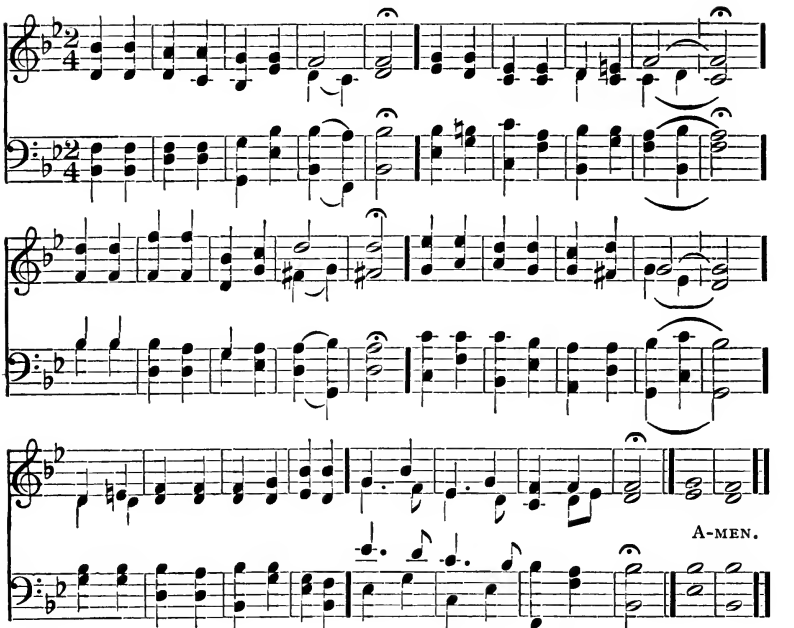
4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
'Tis He that fighteth for me, He alone
Will guard the way that leadeth to His throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me the bread of heaven, and will give.

6 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Dox. XI.

291 Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii : 20.

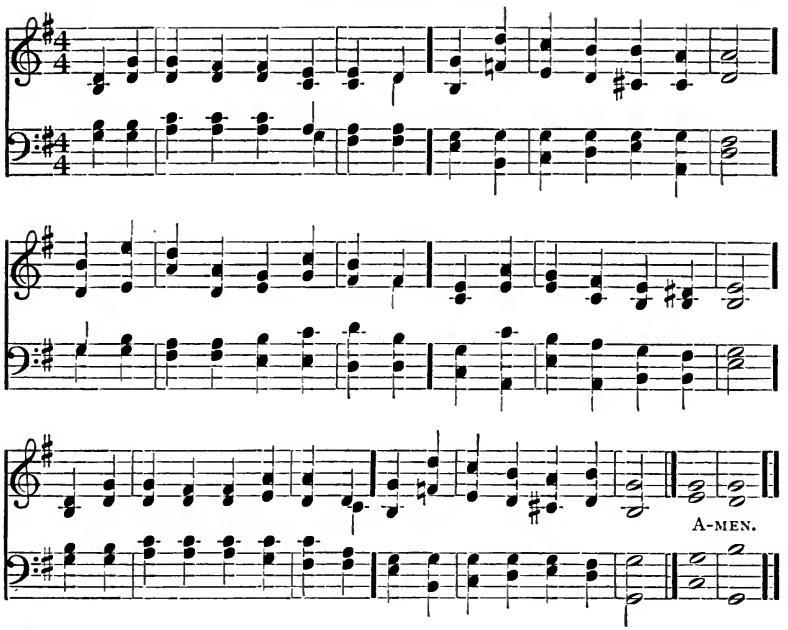
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred,
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

292 Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. John vi: 37.

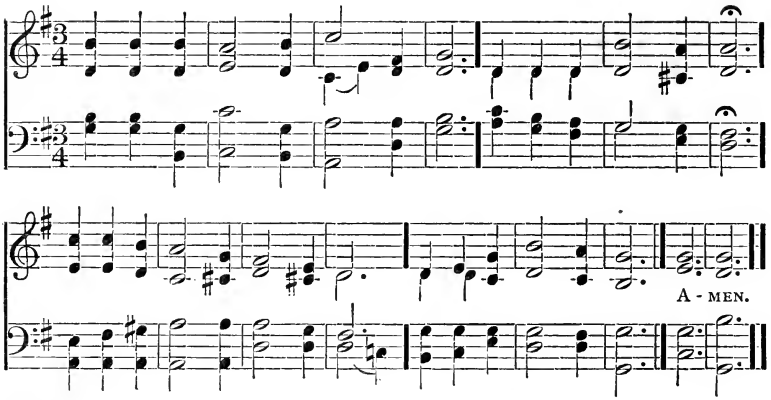
1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare,
Blessèd Jesus! Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus! Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus! Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us,—love us still.

293 For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me. Ps. xxxi: 3.

1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

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

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

294

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes! Ps. cxix: 5.

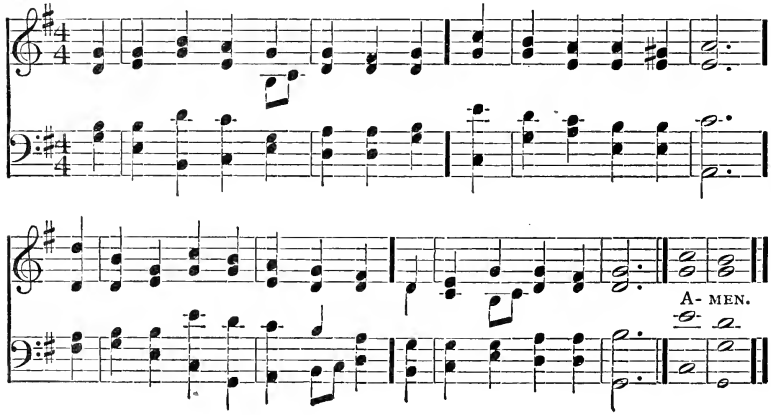
1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O send Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Save me from falsehood and deceit,
Thy truth to me impart.

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;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, my heart, my hands,
Offend against my God.

295

Dox. IV.

295

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. Ps. cxix: 117.

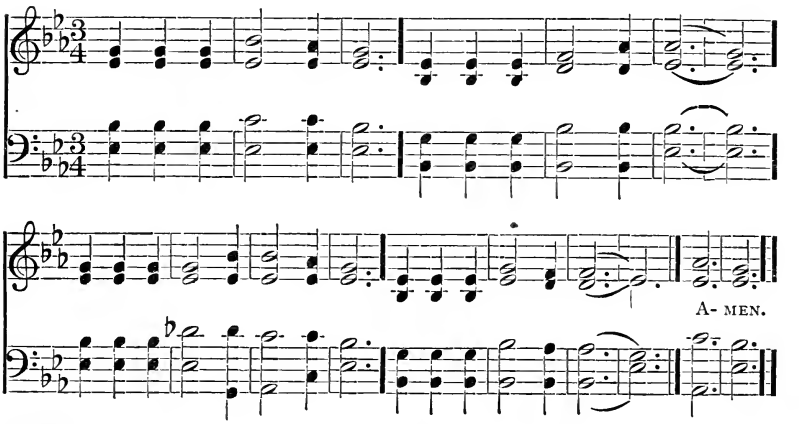
1 Take Thou the heart I cannot give;
Take that which is Thine own.
To give, to take, to will, to do,
Is Thine, and Thine alone.

2 Yet, leaning on th' upholding arm,
I trust, but cannot see;
Help me, as of myself, to stretch
My helpless hands to Thee.

3 And when Thou hast received Thine own,
Oh, keep it, Lord, I pray;
And save me from the wayward will,
That seeks a wider way.

4 If ever, before adverse winds,
Between the cloud and sea,
I, at the bidding of my heart
Am drifting far from Thee;

5 Light of all tempted souls, be mine,
Till, sea and desert passed,
Safe in Thy circling love I find
My anchorage at last!

Dox. IV.

296

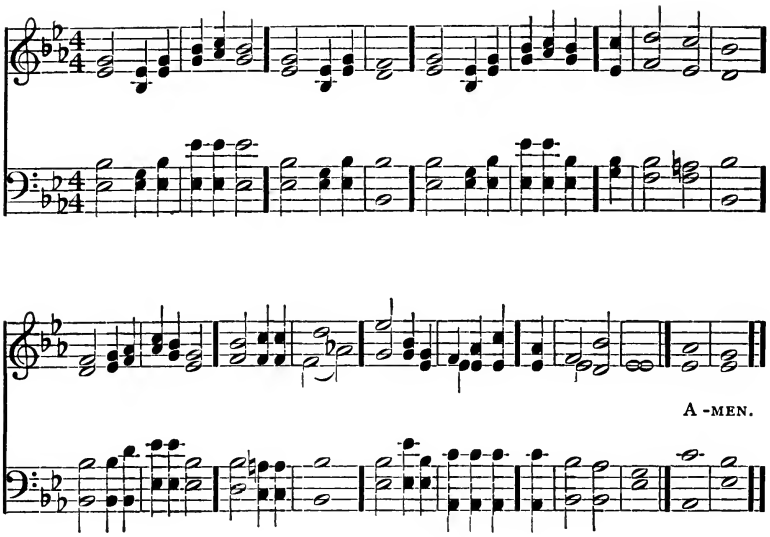
Not my will, but thine be done. Luke xxii: 42.

1 Thy will, O Lord, not mine;
O take mine all away!
And let Thy sun of wisdom shine,
A peaceful, cloudless day.

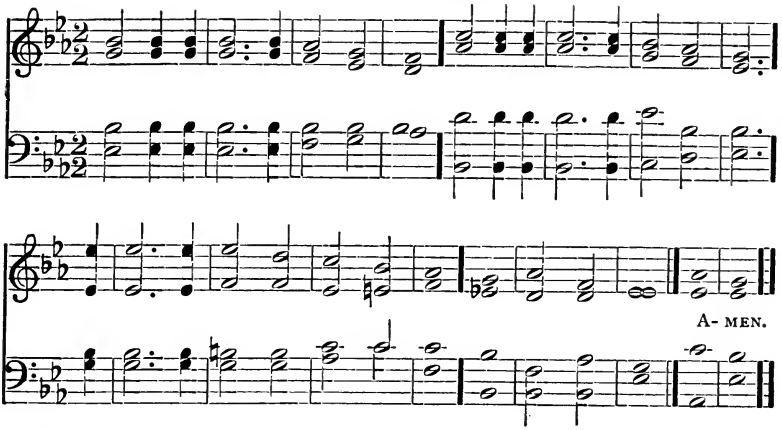
2 And let not this request,
A selfish offering be;
Oh, may I seek this heavenly rest,
Not for myself, but Thee!

3 For I may selfish be,
When I myself deplore;
No nearer true humility,
Than I have been before.

4 Help me, before Thy throne,
All pride of self to still,
To have no wishes of my own,
Except to do Thy will.

5 All my concerns of life,
I would resign to Thee;
I am not equal to the strife,
O Lord, be strength for me!

297 He looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave to his disciples to set before them. Mark vi: 41.

1 Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Within the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, O Lord,
To me— to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

298 They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Isa. xl: 31.

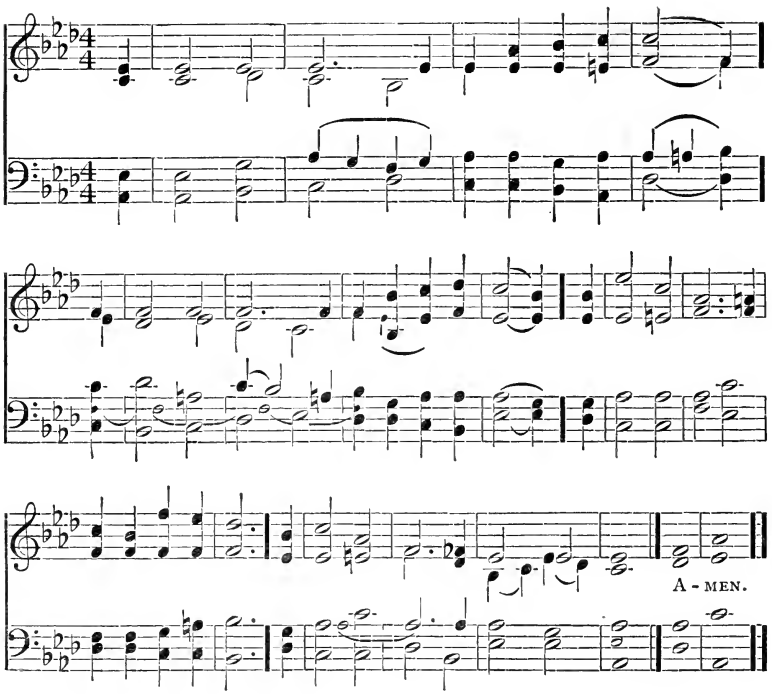
1 Jesus, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my Rock.

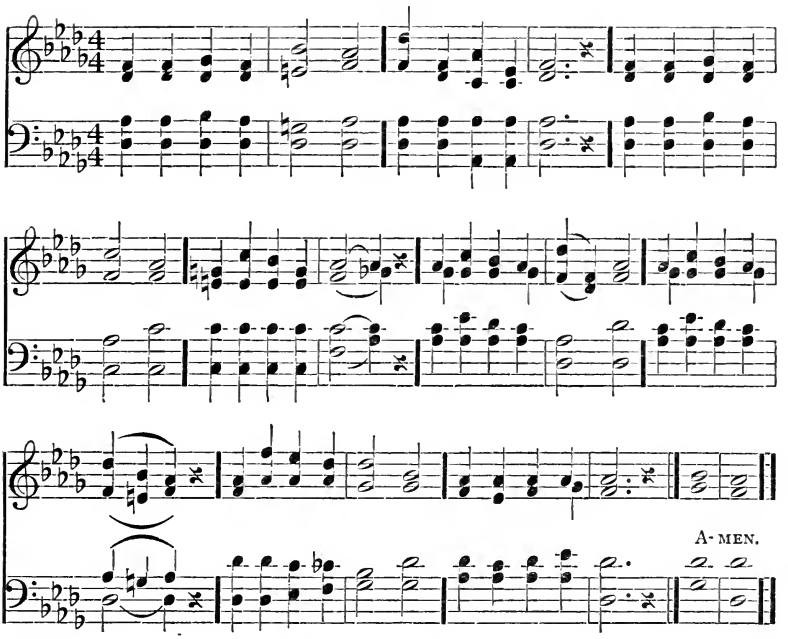
5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

299 Forsake not the works of thine own hands. Ps. cxxxviii: 8.

1 Forsake me not! O Thou, my Lord, my Light!
I lift mine eyes unto Thy holy height,
And trust Thee with a child's sweet trust—untaught:
‖: Forsake me not! :‖

2 Forsake me not! By sorrow oft depressed,
On Thee alone, Almighty Power, I rest!
Strength faileth me; be Thou my strength, my lot:
‖: Forsake me not! :‖

3 Forsake me not! Help me to know Thy way!
Let me at last, at closing of my day,
Into the light of Thy dear face be brought!
‖: Forsake me not! :‖



300

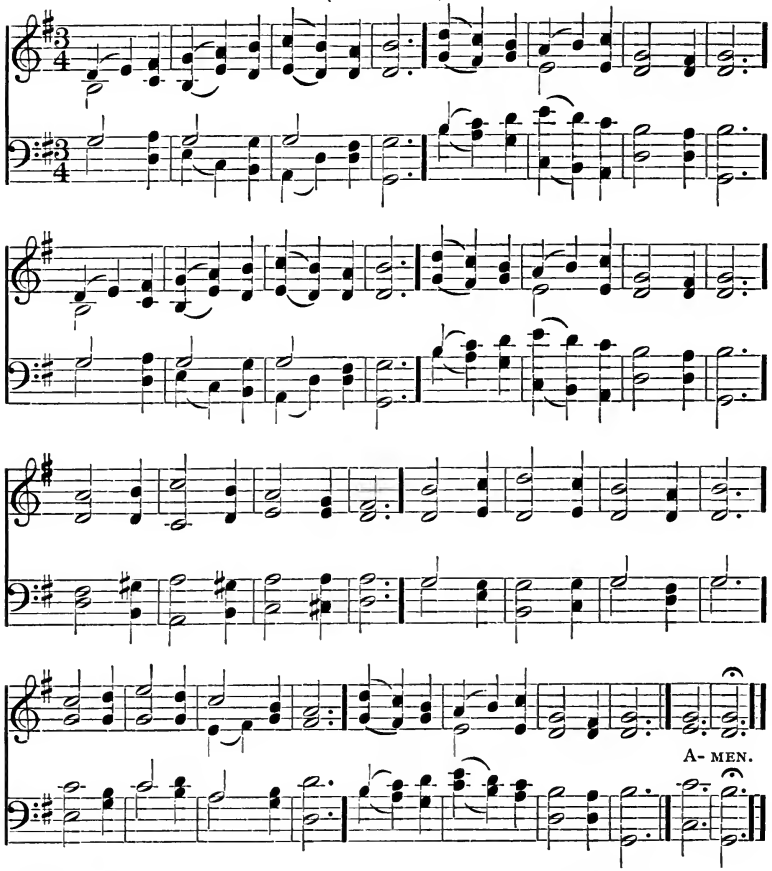
I will be with him in trouble. Ps. xci: 15.

1 In the hour of trial,
Jesus, strengthen me;
Lest by base denial,
I depart from Thee.
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

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.

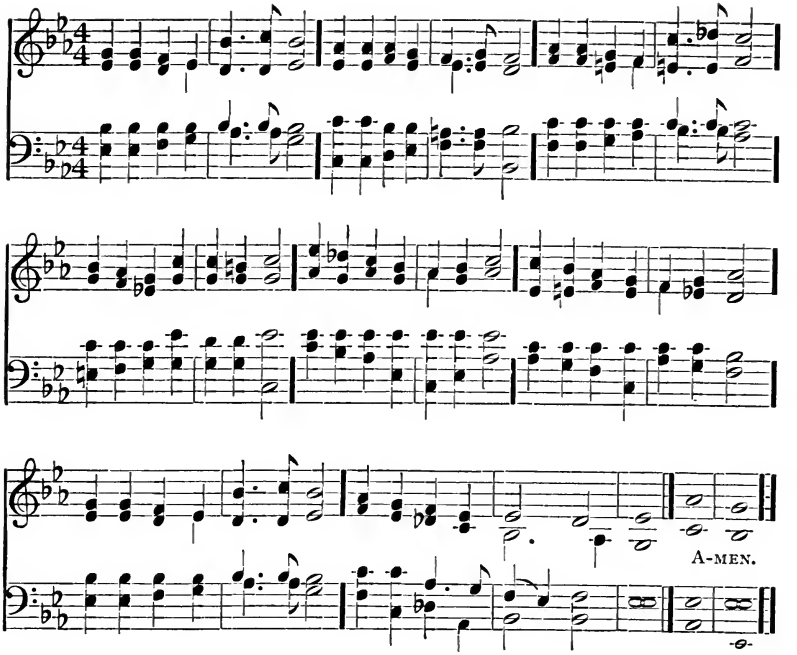
3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path of woe:
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

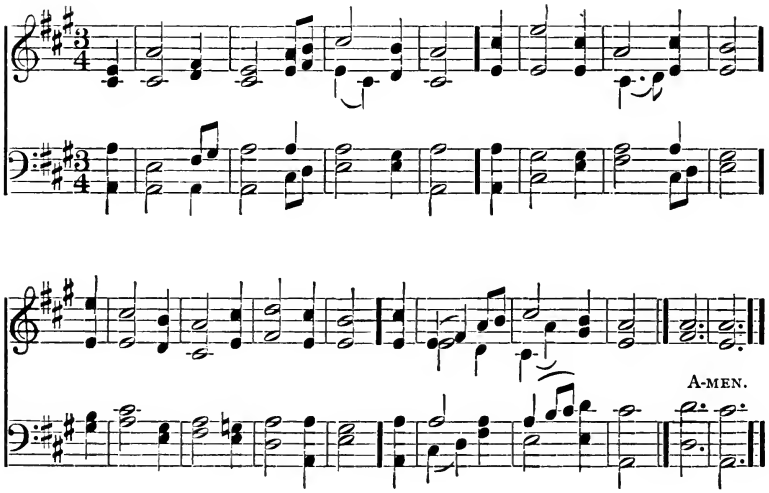
4 When my lamp low burning
Sinks in death's last pain;
Earth to earth returning,
Dust to dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Saviour, take me dying
To eternal life.

(First Tune.)

301 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Ps. lxxxiv: 2.

1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In the land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In our Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

(SECOND TUNE.)

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

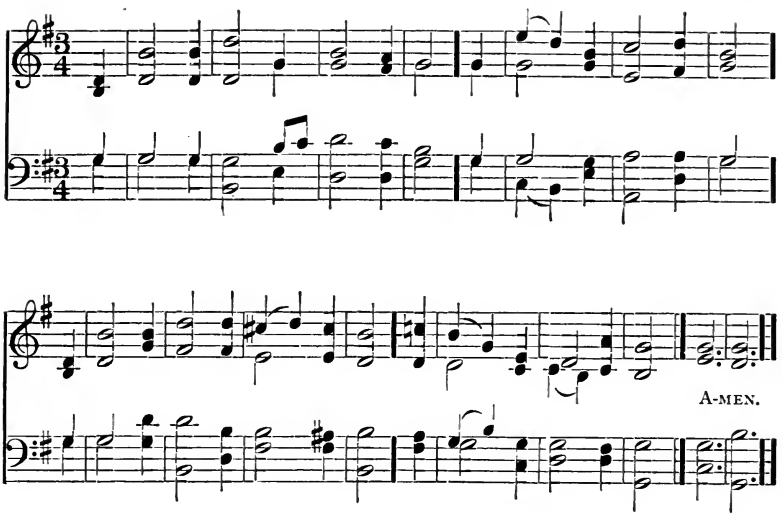
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin:
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart!
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.

302

In my distress I called upon the Lord. Ps. xviii: 6.

1 Great refuge of the weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise:
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal:
Thy Word can bring a sure relief,
For every pain I feel.

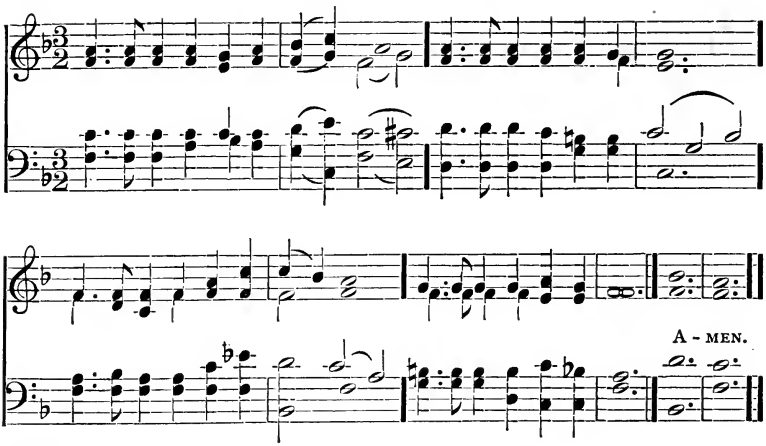
3 O gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

4 Thy mercy seat is open still.
There let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait before Thy feet. Dox. IV.

303 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee. Ps. xlii: 1.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee my God — the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was turned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King. Dox. IV.

304

With thee is the fountain of life. Ps. xxxvi: 9.

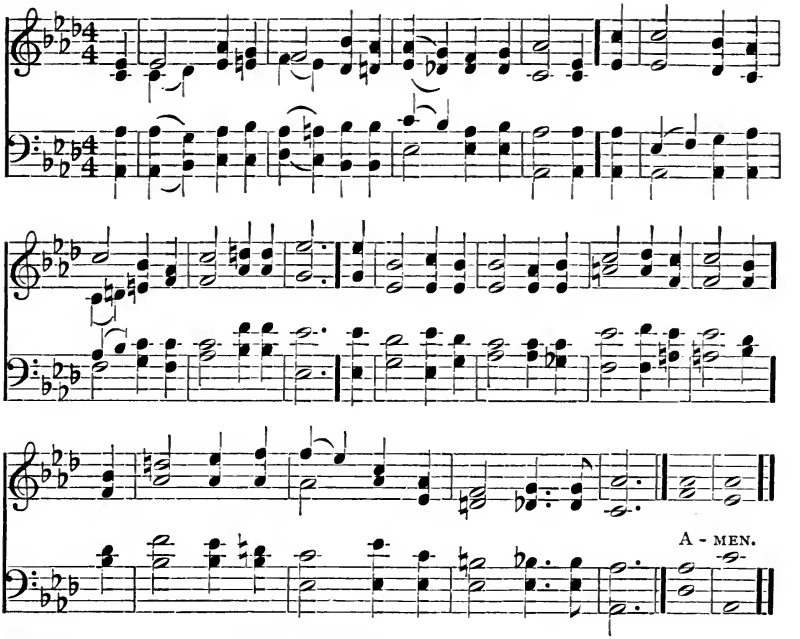
1 Laboring and heavy-laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
Bread of Life! on Thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of water,
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken rocks 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 Strangers upon earth, and pilgrims,
Wearied with the world, and weak;
By life's many ways bewildered,
Path of Life! for Thee we seek.

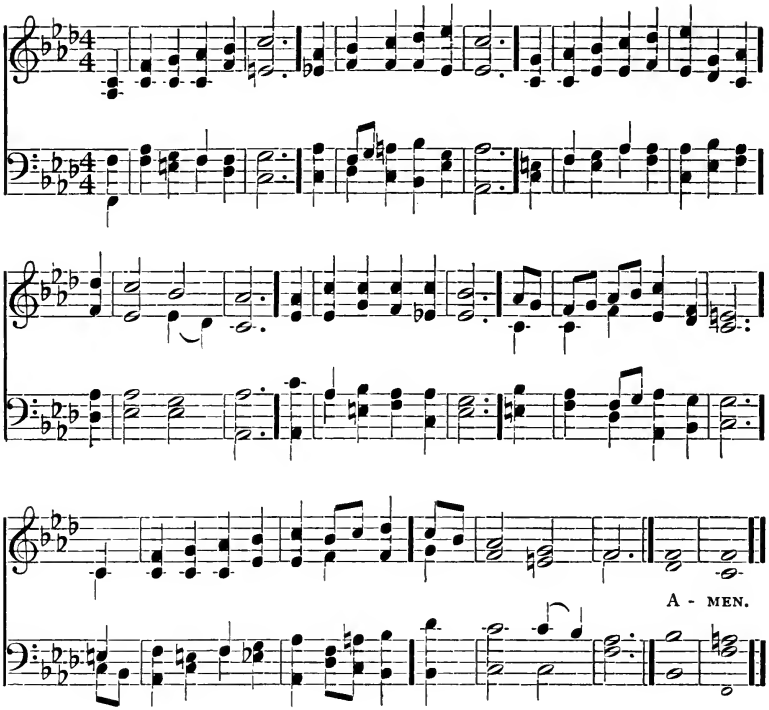
5 Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,
Longing, struggling to be free;
Where Thy loving banner leads us,
Prince of Life! we follow Thee.

6 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. Dox. IX.

305 He is my help and shield. Ps. xxxiii: 20.

1 While Thou, O my God! art my help and defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appal;
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my All.

2 Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger;
My strength when I suffer; my hope when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger;
My treasure, my glory, my God and my All.

3 To Thee, blessed Lord! will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall;
And love Thee till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Unites me to Thee, Lord! my God and my All.

4 And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,
With joy will I answer Thy merciful call;
And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in heaven,
My portion for ever, my God and my All!

306

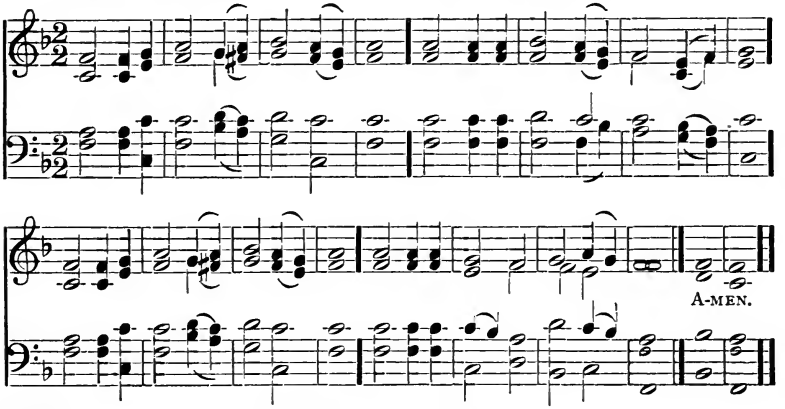
Let us run with patience the race that is set before us Heb. xii: 1.

1 The God of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be:
Eternal Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee.

2 Though all my foes combine,
Their power I shall withstand;
My race I run, through strength Divine,
At God's command.
The watery deep I pass;
My heavenly way pursue;
And through the lonely wilderness
I Jesus view.

3 To Him my voice I raise;
He all-sufficient is:
He'll guide me safely all my days,
To worlds of bliss.
In Him secure I stand:
Almighty is His power:
My Rock through all the desert land,
My Shield and Tower.

4 Behold the happy land
Where peace and goodness reign:
O let us strive at His command,
That land to gain.
In yon bright world above
Is happiness Divine:
Through Jesus' grace and wondrous love,
That land is mine.

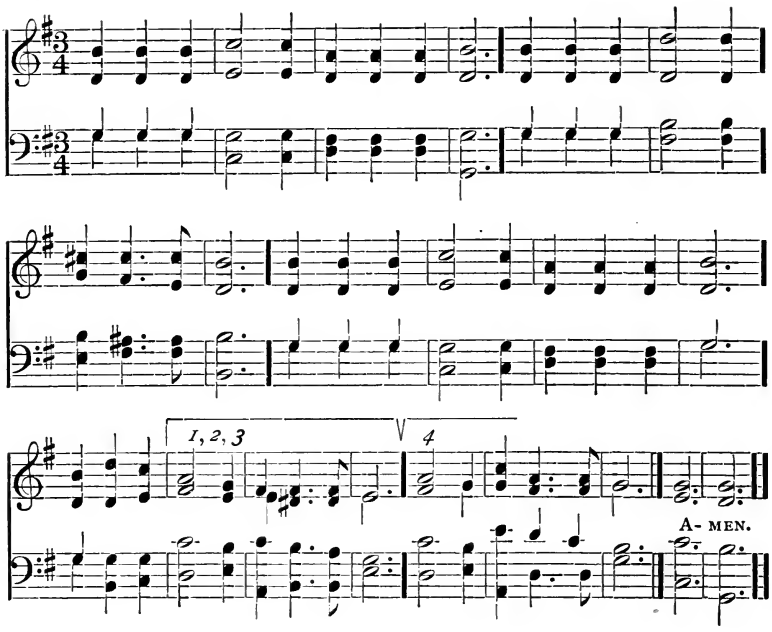
5 He, great Eternal King,
In heaven supremely reigns;
Angelic hosts His praises sing
In sweetest strains:
His servants there shall live,
In peace before His throne:
And all the joys their God can give
Shall be their own.

307

Take my yoke upon you. Matt. xi: 29.

1 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With resignation arm my breast,
With humble love and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Mingled according to Thy will,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
'Tis full of heavenly mercy still.

3 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

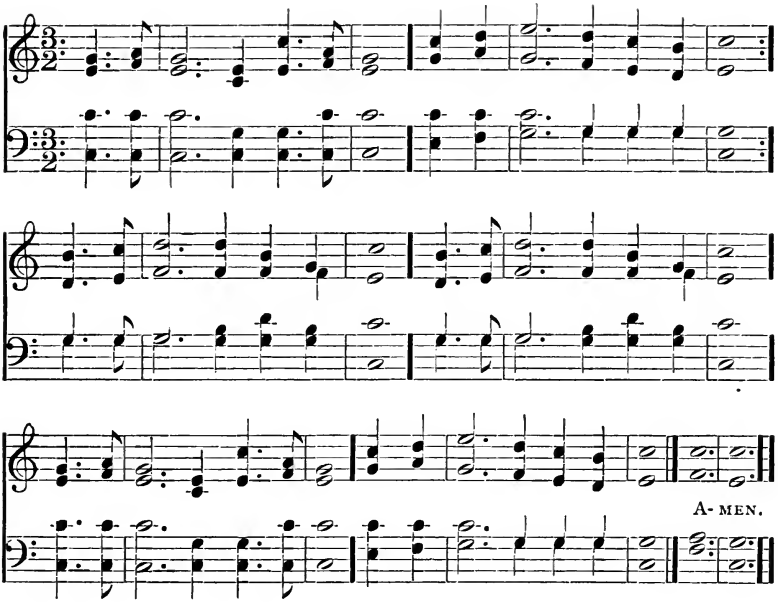
4 O Thou, who bad'st the tempest cease,
And lo! the waves obeyed Thy will,
Speak to my warring passions, peace!
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still." Dox. I.

308

My spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour. Luke i: 47.

1 Rest of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

2 Pillow where lying
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead:
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

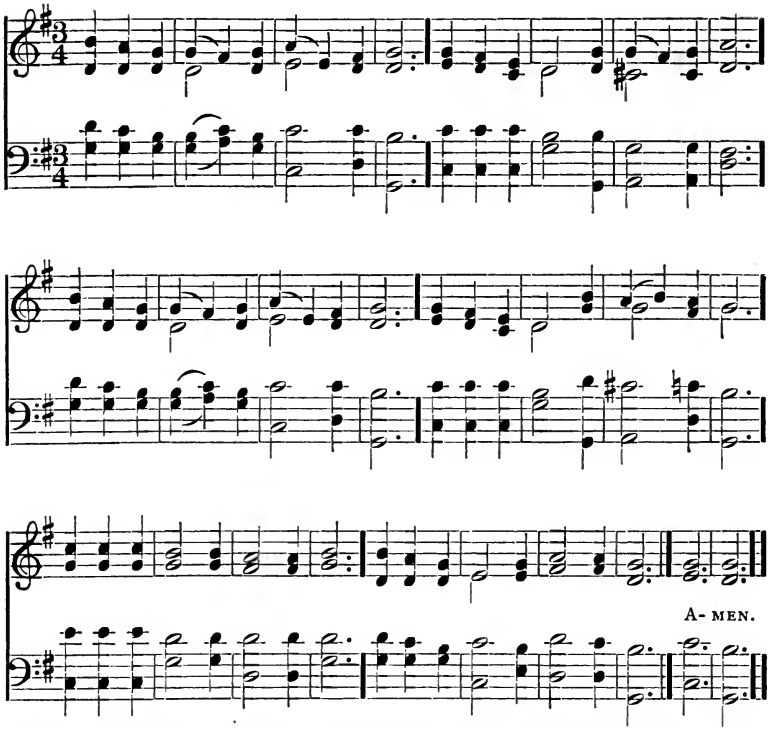
3 When my feet stumble,
To Thee I'll cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise:
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend!

309 A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Isa. xxxii: 2.

1 Ever gracious Lord! I fly
To the haven of Thy breast;
When destruction draweth nigh,
There may I in safety rest;
Till the storm is overpast,
Thou wilt my protection be;
From the flood and furious blast,
Refuge I shall find in Thee.

2 Welcome as the water-springs,
In a dry and desert place,
Is Thy Spirit, for it brings
Plenteous streams of truth and grace;
As a great rock spreads its shade
O'er a parched and weary land,
So shall my defenceless head
Find the shadow of Thy hand.

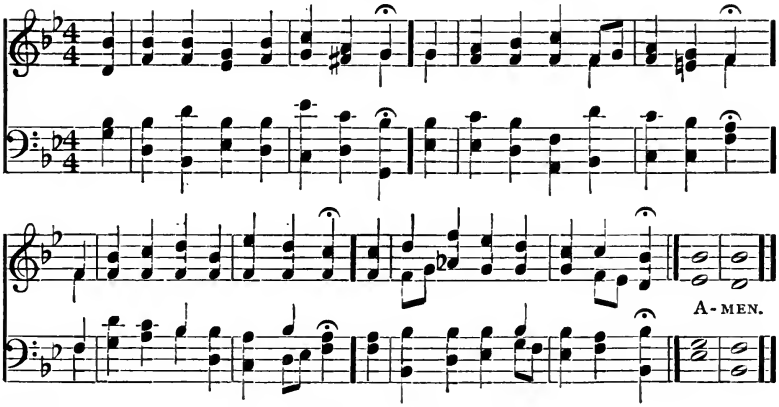
3 Be my shelter from the storm;
Be my shadow from the sun;
Day by day the work perform
Which Thou hast in me begun:
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
What, but Thy almighty breath,
Can supply my every want,
Can redeem my soul from death?

4 Glory to Thy holy Name!
Jesus! life and light Thou art,
Love, immutably the same,
Thou canst never thence depart;
Love Thy very essence is,
All Thy doings spring from love:
'Tis the source of all our bliss,
Here, and in Thy heavens above.

310 That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them.
John xvii: 26.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Thou in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All:
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

311

I have trodden the winepress alone. Isa. lxiii: 3.

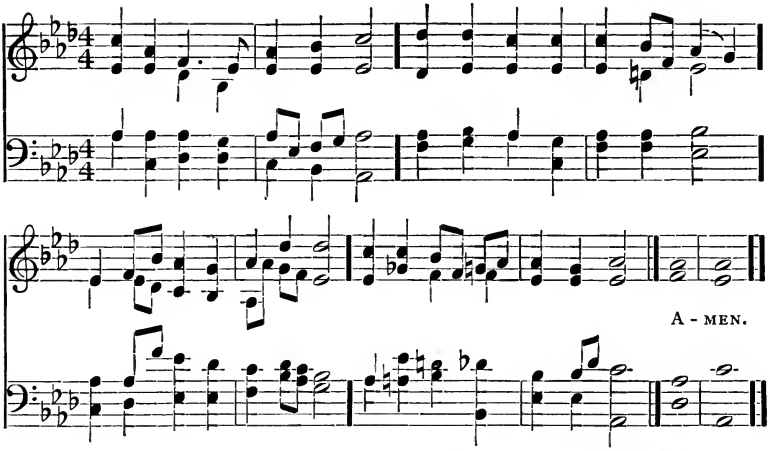
1 Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My love, my faith, my hope increase,
And make me in Thy likeness shine.

2 With single eye and humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see!
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed every thought to Thee!

3 Close by Thy side O keep me still,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye to mark Thy will,
And follow Thee where'er I go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
*Alone hast Thou the wine-press trod.
Thy hand shall lead me safely on:
Mighty to save art Thou, my God.

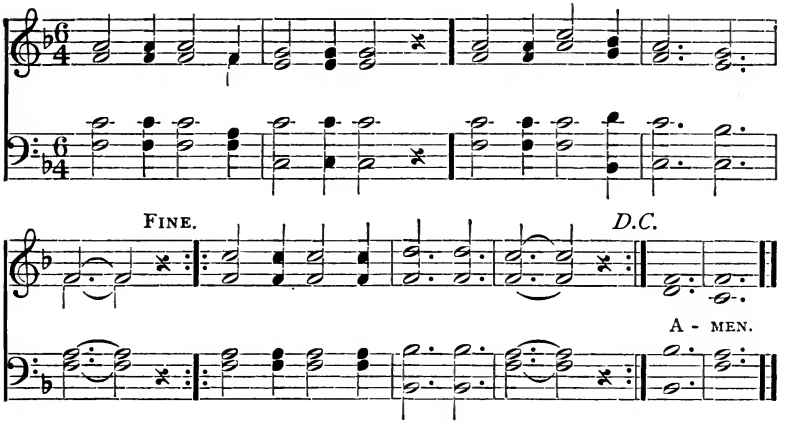
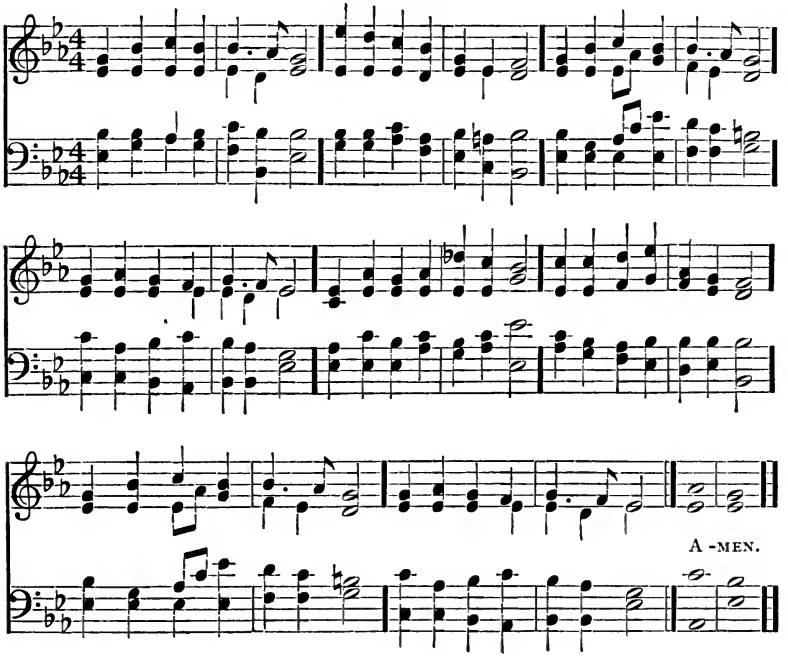
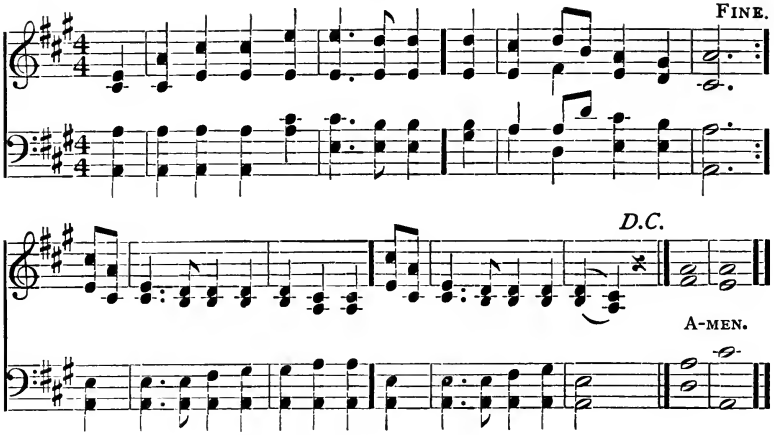
Dox I.

(First Tune.)

312 In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. Ps. lvii: 1.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

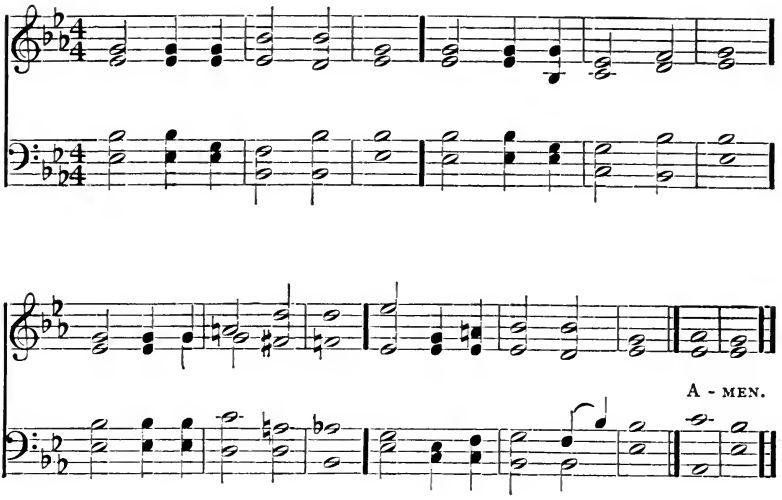
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Truth to cleanse from every 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.

(SECOND TUNE.)

(THIRD TUNE.)

313 Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people. Ps. cvi: 4.

1 O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
If trials sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day,
Good Lord, remember me!

2 Whene'er distressed by pain or grief
Thine eye my frame shall see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
In love remember me.
When on my restless, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Let Thy salvation peace impart,
Good Lord, remember me!

3 If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!
And when Thy love shall call me hence
Thy brighter world to see,
Be Thou my haven and defense,
Good Lord, remember me!

314 Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. Ps. xxv: 4.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.

4 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

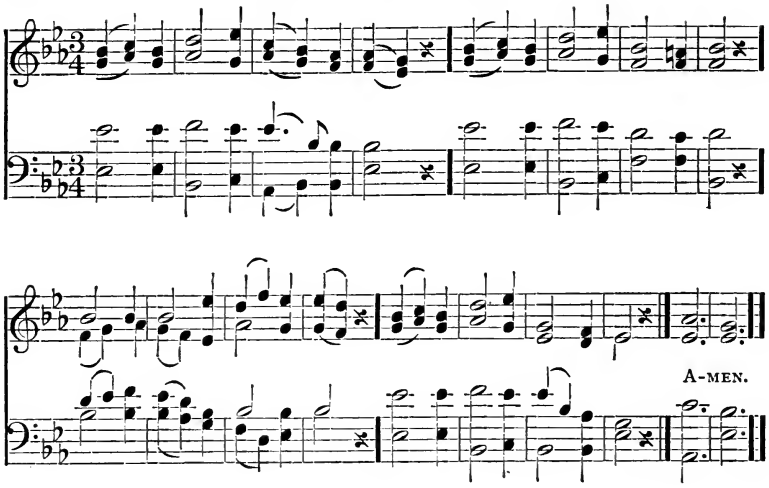
5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

315 Thy will be done. Matt. vi: 10.

1 My Saviour, as Thou wilt,
O, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.

2 Through sorrow, as through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own;
And help me still to say,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

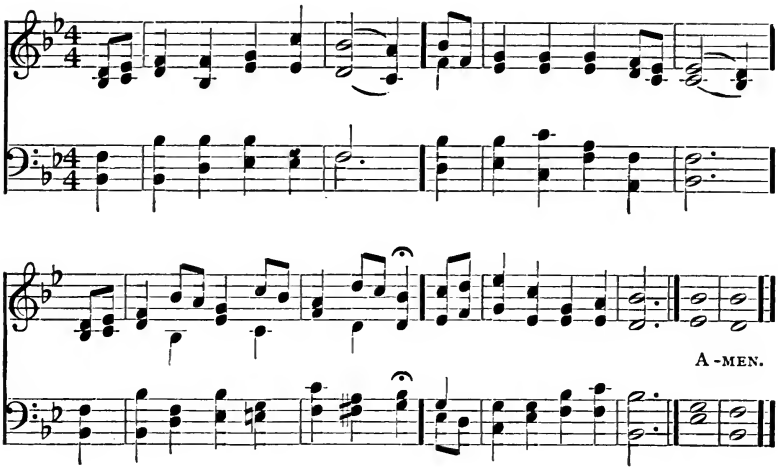
3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.

4 Straight to my home above
I'd travel firmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

316 They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. John x: 28.

1 Keep me, Saviour, near Thy side,
Let Thy counsel be my guide;
Never let me from Thee rove,
Sweetly draw me by Thy love.

2 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort of the troubled breast;
Life and joy to me impart,
Take to Thee my wandering heart.

3 Thou, blest Shepherd of the sheep,
Wilt Thine own in safety keep;
All my doubts and fears control,
Till Thy love shall make me whole.

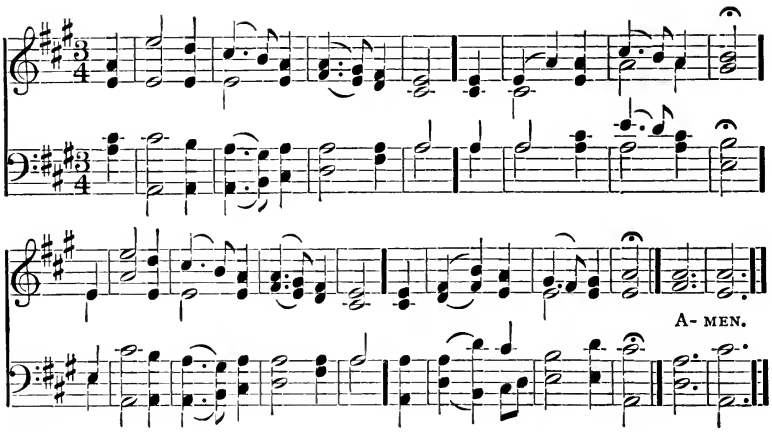
4 Thou, O Lord, in death's dark night,
Be my hope, my strength, my light;
Thou my rock, my anchor fast,
Thou my blessèd haven at last. Dox. VI.

317 I will wait for the God of my salvation. Mic. vii: 7.

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands;
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 He everywhere has sway,
And all things serve His might:
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

3 Still heavy is thine heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wond'ring own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see! Dox. IV.

318 He will rest in his love: he will joy over thee with singing. Zeph. iii: 17.

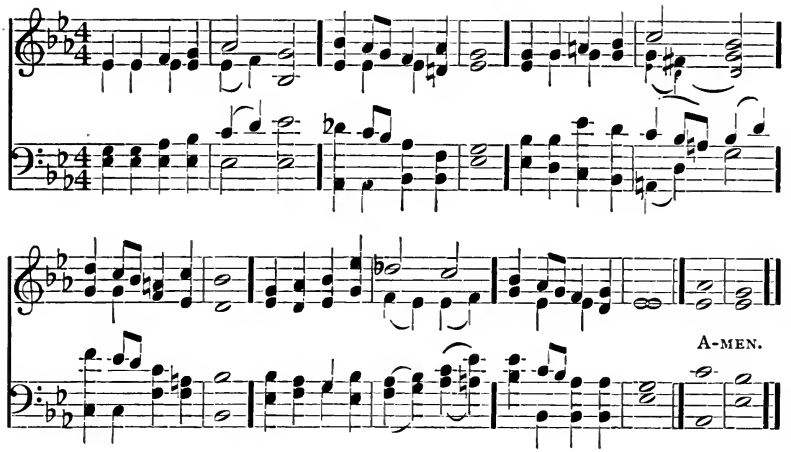
1 My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret Source
Of every precious thing.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
The fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most mine own.

4 Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see.

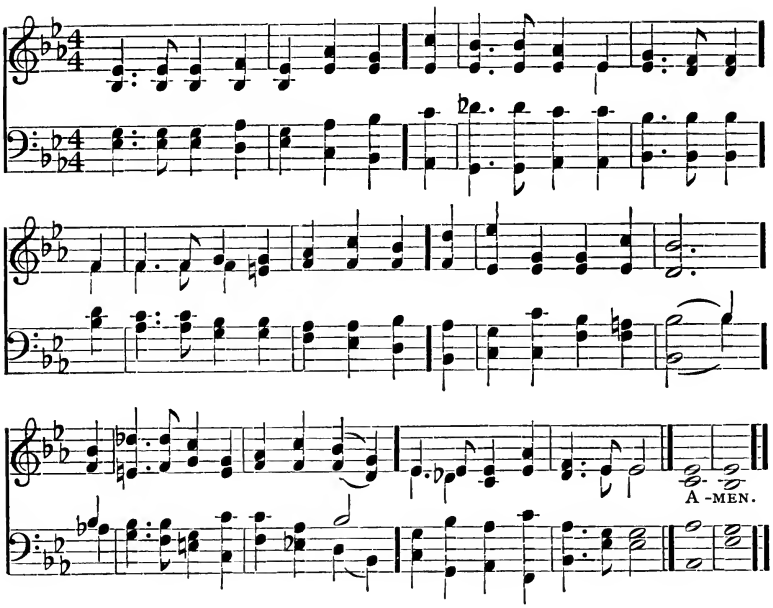
5 The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

6 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere. Dox. IV.

319 In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me. Isa. xlix : 2.

1 When day's shadows lengthen,
Jesus, be Thou near;
Pardon, comfort, strengthen;
Chase away all fear;
Love and hope be deepened,
Faith more strong and clear.

2 When the night grows darkest,
And the stars are pale,
When the foemen gather
In life's misty vale,
Be Thou Sword and Buckler,
Be Thou Shield and Mail.

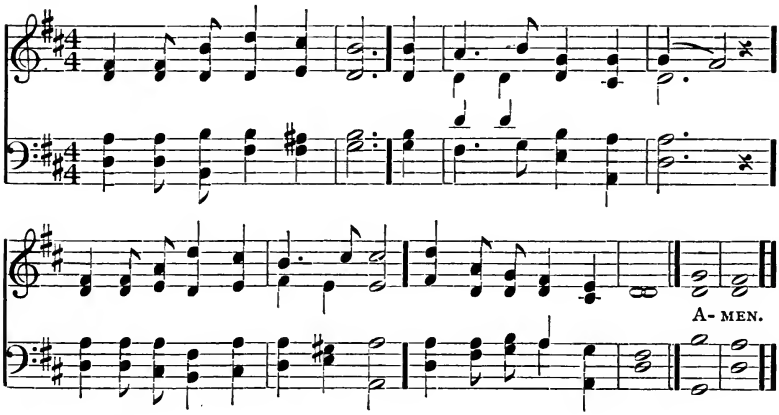
3 So shall no fears chill me
On that unknown shore;
Thou in death hast conquered,
And canst die no more.
Thy Hand guards and guides me
To the City's door.

4 Blessèd warfare over,
Endless peace alone,
Tears no more nor sorrow,
Neither sigh nor moan,
But sweet songs of gladness
Round about Thy Throne.

320 Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Matt. vi: 33.

1 Pilgrim, bend thy foot-steps on
In trembling faith, in humble fear;
Thy crown of glory is not won,
Thy recompense not here;
But onward, with the angels blest,
Seek the haven of thy rest.

2 What has life to do with thee,
Its lingering griefs, its transient bliss?
Time changes to eternity
O pilgrim, ponder this!
And onward, with the angels blest,
Seek the haven of thy rest!

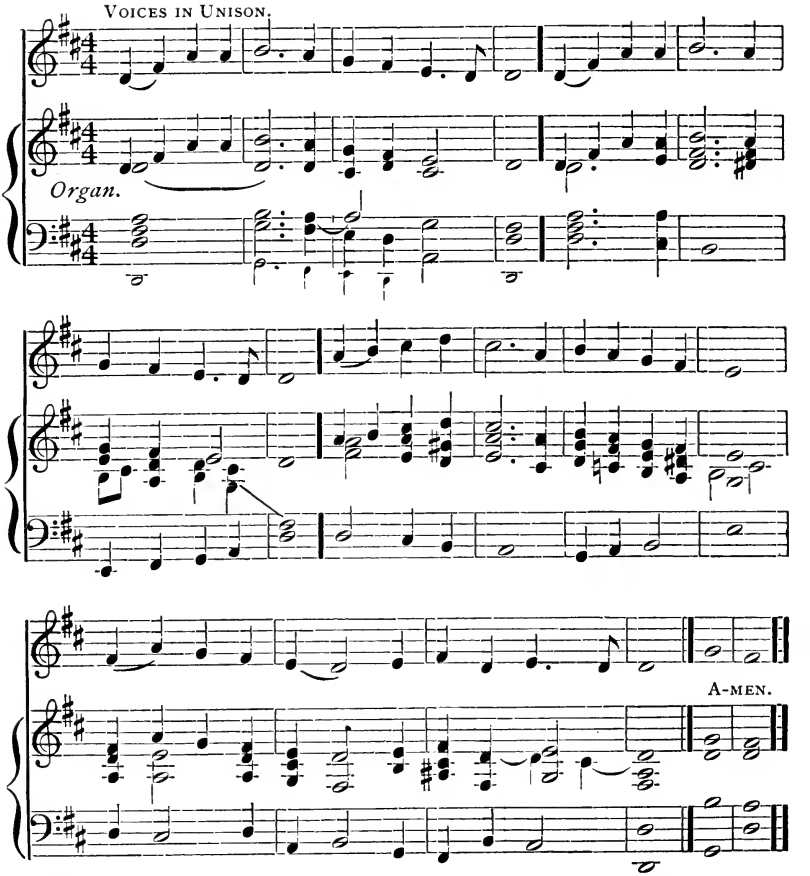
3 Pilgrim, swerve not in thy faith,
Though thorns and briars strew the way;
O heed not what the worldling saith;
Death soon will close life's day,
But onward, with the angels blest,
Seek the haven of thy rest!

4 Seek it as the one thing worth:
Turn to thy God in faith and love;
The peace thou canst not find on earth
O seek in Heaven above!
And onward, with the angels blest,
Find thine everlasting rest.

321 The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy. Ps. xxxiii: 18.

1 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect;
Whate'er we need supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see as well as day
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be. Dox. V.

322 Mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord: in thee is my trust. Ps. cxli: 8.

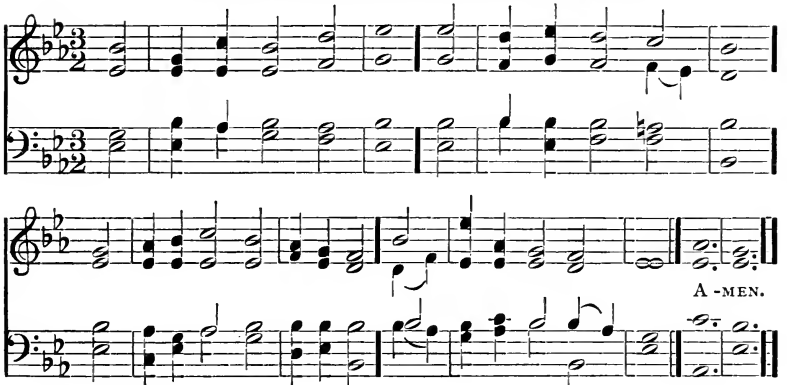
1 The more thou puttest in the Lord thy trust
The stronger shall thine arm for service be;
When thou rememb'rest that thou art but dust,
Then first awakes a living soul in thee.

2 When thou canst say, O Lord, Thy will be done,
Then shalt thy arm grow strong for truth and right;
When thou despairest, thou hast first begun
To learn from whence the feeble heart hath might.

3 When thou hast gained a victory o'er a foe,
Hast prayed in fear for storms to break away,
Then first the peace of angels shalt thou know,
Shalt feel how sweet is heaven's unclouded day.

4 When thou with cheerful zeal for virtue's part,
Enchanting pleasure's rose-path shalt forsake,
Then first true joy shall warm and bless thy heart,
And heavenly blossoms by thy side awake.

5 When with unfaltering courage thou hast sought,
On duty's battle-field thy prize to win,
And, in thy self-forgetfulness hast thought,
The world too little to be gained by sin;

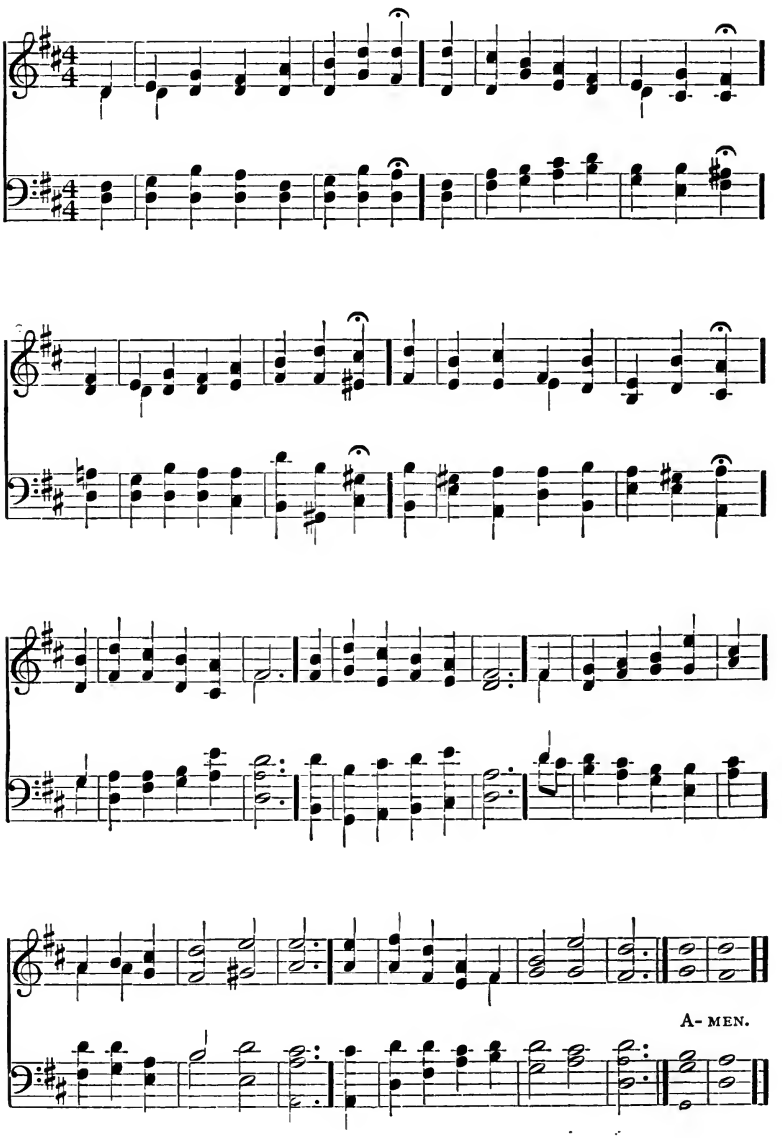
6 Then hast thou first grown master of thyself,
Thy meaner self hast conquered; and shalt find,
That thou hast well disdained the slavish pelf
Of the base kingdom thou hast left behind.

323 Blessed be the Lord my strength, my goodness and my fortress, my high tower and my deliverer, my shield, and he in whom I trust. Ps. cxliv: 1, 2.

1 O God, my heavenly King,
My Saviour, and my All,
To Thee my every power I bring,
And at Thy footstool fall.

2 By Thee I am supplied
With every good below:
Thou art my Shepherd and my Guide,
In all the way I go.

3 Fain would I follow Thee,
Nor from Thy footsteps stray,
Whate'er my pains or conflicts be,
Or snares my foes may lay.

4 I know that Thou art nigh,
My fortress, shield and tower:
On Thy rich mercy I'll rely,
And trust Thy mighty power.

Dox. V.

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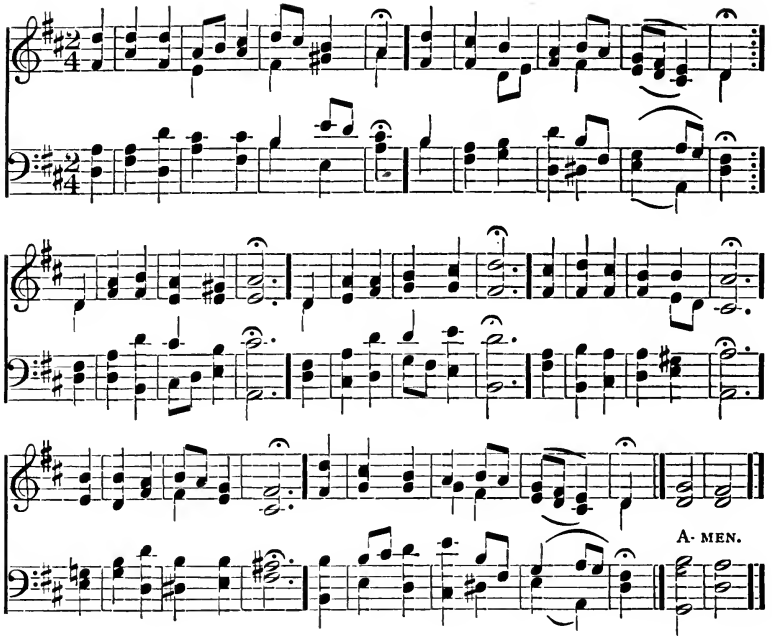
324 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Ps. xlvi: 1.

1 God is our strength and refuge high;
A sure and present help is He,
When dark and troublous days are nigh;
Hence free from fear our hearts shall be.
Though earthquakes move the world,
And hills 'midst seas be hurled,
Though waters of the deep
In turmoil roar and leap,
And swelling shake the mountains steep.

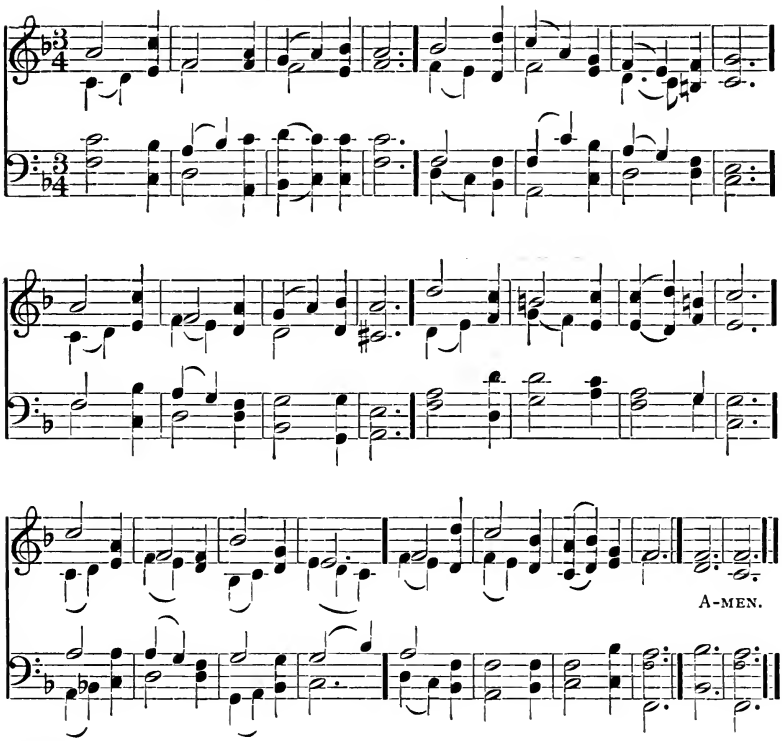
2 A river flows, whose waters clear
The city of our God make glad;
The holy tabernacle, where
The Highest One His dwelling made.
In midst of her hath God
Established his abode;
No trouble can her move,
For God her help will prove,
When morning light dawns from above.

3 The nations rage, the kingdoms shake,
His voice goes forth, earth melts away,
The Lord of Hosts our part doth take,
And Jacob's God is shield and stay.
Come then, let all draw near,
And view with holy fear,
The works surpassing thought
Jehovah's arm hath wrought,
What ruins He on earth hath brought.

4 To earth's remotest bounds He turns
Wars into peace; He breaks the bow;
He cuts the spear, the chariot burns;
"That I am God, be still and know,
Among the heathen I
Will be exalted high;"
On earth supreme, the Lord
Of hosts doth aid afford,
And Jacob's God is shield and sword.

325 The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name. Ex. xv: 3.

1 A mighty fortress is our God:
A bulwark never failing:
Our refuge He amid the flood,
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe:
His craft and power are great
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

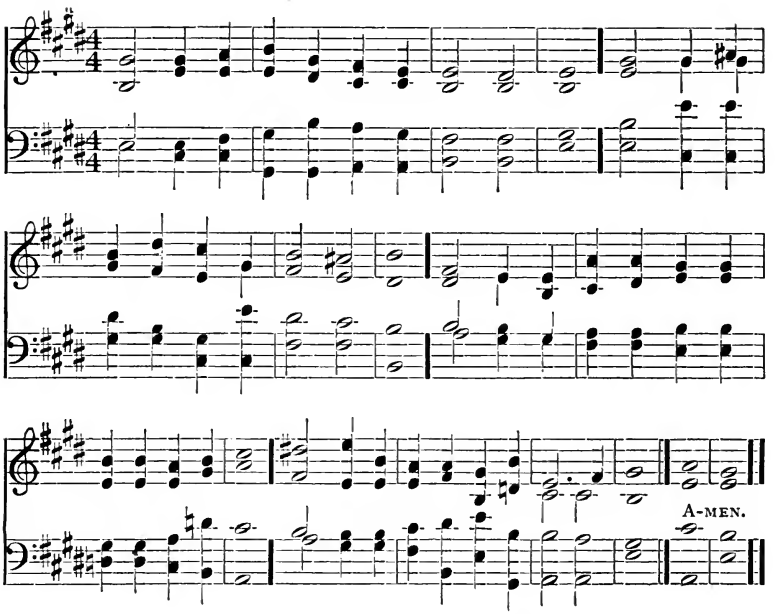
2 By our own might we naught can do:
To trust it were sure losing,
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask us for His Name?
Christ Jesus is the same:
The Lord, the God of Hosts:
The only God: vain boasts
Of others fall before Him.

3 God's Word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them—abideth.
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go:
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still:
His kingdom is forever.

326 My sheep hear my voice, and I give unto them eternal life. John x: 27, 28.

1 Happy soul, secure from harm,
Guarded by thy Shepherd's arm,
Who thy quiet can molest?
Who can violate thy rest?
Jesus doth thy spirit bear,
Far removes each anxious care.

2 Shepherd! with Thy tenderest love,
Guide me to the fold above;
Let me hear Thy gentle voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
From Thy fulness grace receive;
Ever in Thy spirit live.

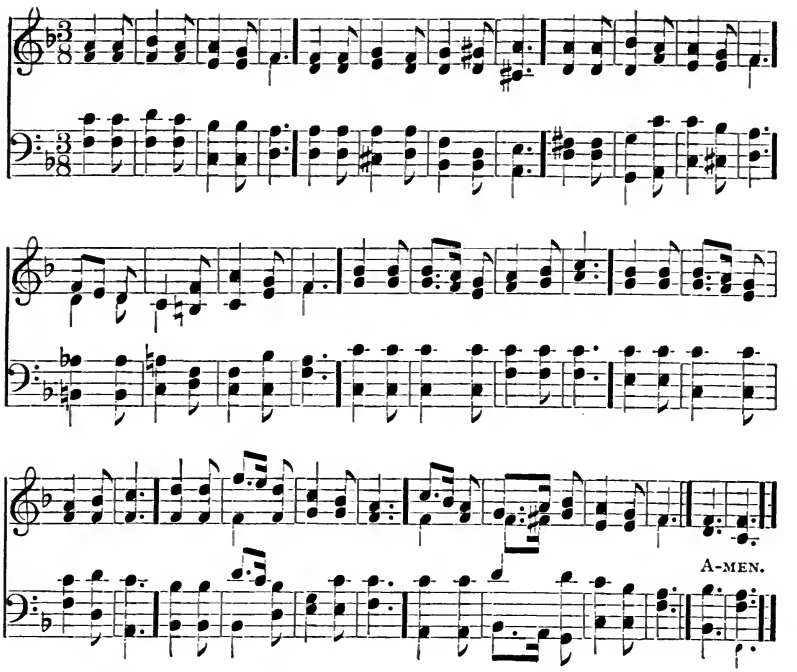
3 Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows,
For Thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high:
Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

4 Jesus! with Thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest:
Guide me while I draw my breath;
Guard me through the gate of death;
And, at last, O may I stand,
With the sheep, at Thy right hand.

327 Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. Mark ix: 24.

1 "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief,"
Let me no other master know but Thee.
Thou art the Christian's God, the only King and Chief
Of all who soldiers of the cross would be.

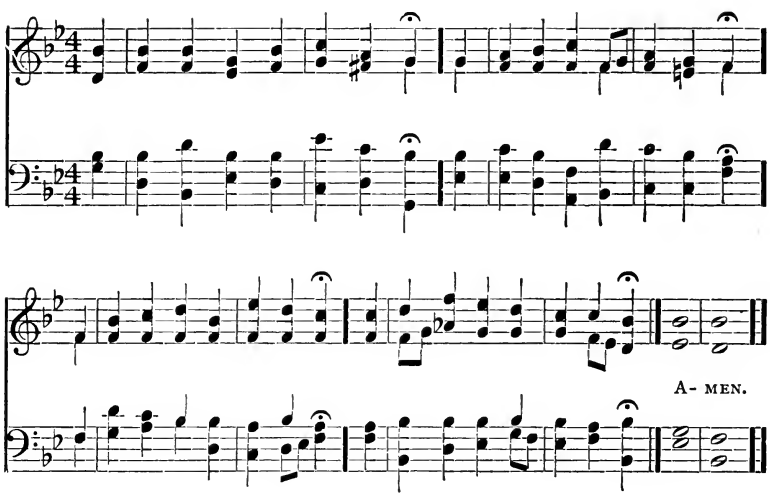
2 "Lord, I believe:" in mercy grant me grace
To know Thee, blessed Saviour, more and more;
I can do naught without Thee: Jesus, show Thy face
Unto Thy servant who would Thee adore.

3 "Lord, I believe:" the hold of sin is strong,
And stout its heart to pluck me from Thy love,
But stronger is Thy grace, oh strengthen and prolong
The work of faith in me, my doubts remove.

4 "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief,"—
Be this my prayer through good report and ill;
Only to Thee I cling; if long my day or brief,
Master and Saviour, I will trust Thee still!

328 There remaineth a rest to the people of God. Heb. iv: 9.

1 Rest remaineth, oh, so sweet,
Home, at last, for weary feet;
Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes,
Life for death, and songs for sighs.
Rest remaineth, rest from sin,
Naught of ill can enter in:
Every conflict there shall cease,
Lost in heaven's eternal peace.

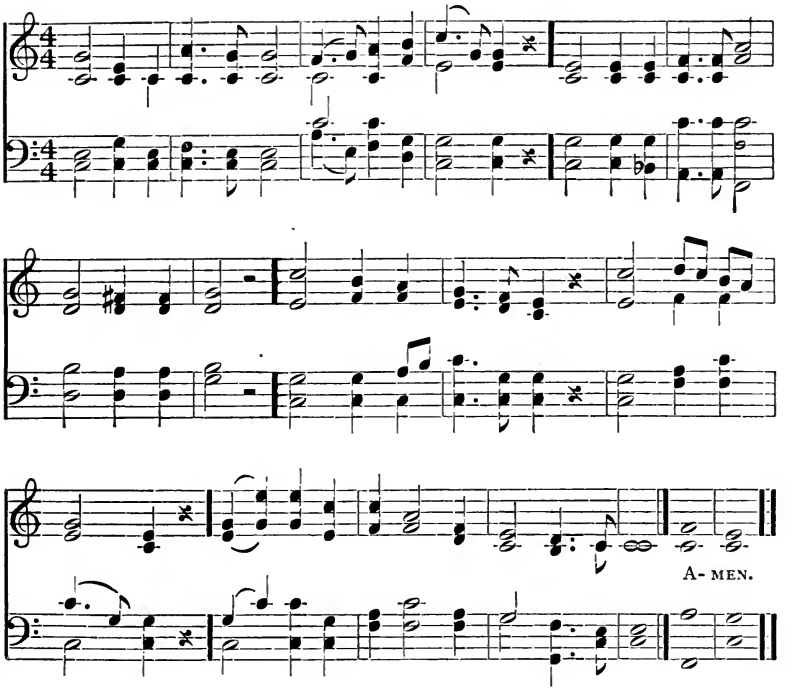
2 Rest remaineth, rest from tears,
Rest from parting, rest from fears;
Every troubled thought shall be,
Jesus, Saviour, lost in Thee.
Rest remaineth, oh, how blest,
In Thy keeping, Lord, to rest;
In Thy loving care to see
Every blessing flow from Thee.

3 Thus, my Saviour, let me be
Even here at rest in Thee:
And forever in Thee blest,
Find Thee my eternal rest.
Rest remaineth, oh, how sweet,
Home, at last, for weary feet:
Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes,
Life for death, and songs for sighs.

329 Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. John xvi: 20.

1 When, in the hour of utmost need,
We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought;

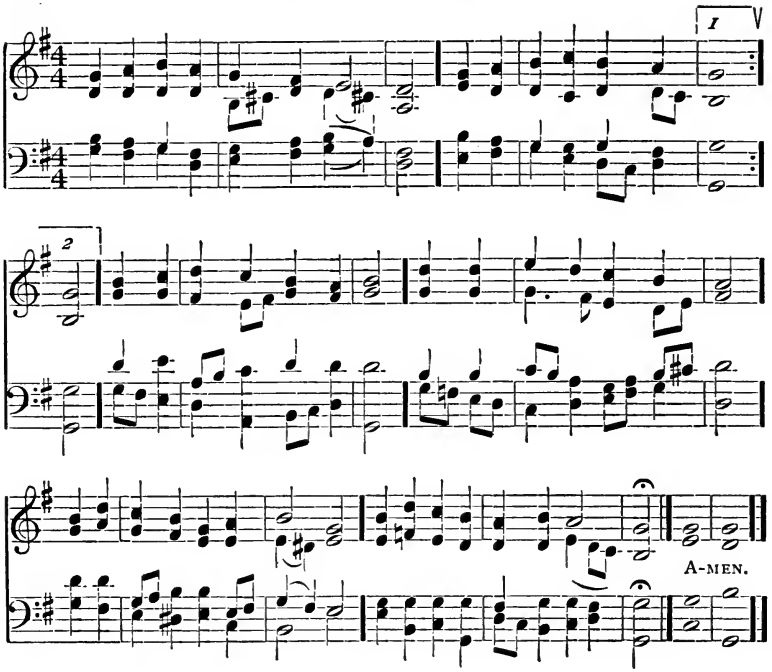
2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee,
For rescue from our misery.

3 We lift to heaven our heart and eye
With true contrition's sorest sigh;
To all our sins be pity sent,
And soften all our chastisement;

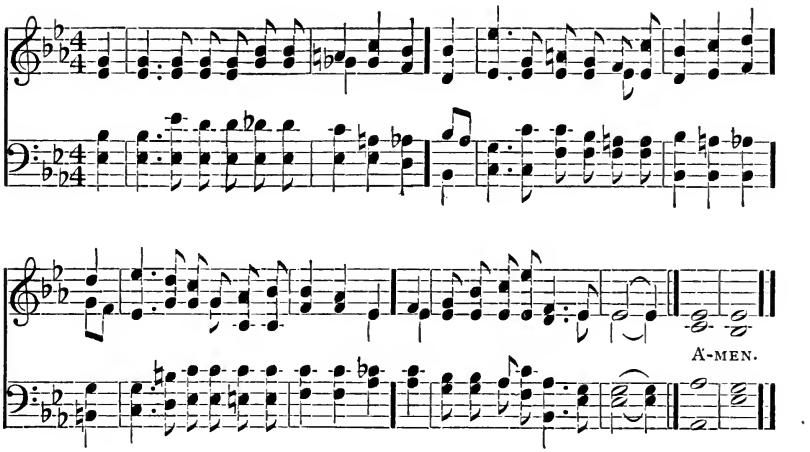
4 That so, with all our hearts, may we
Once more with joy give thanks to Thee,
And walk obedient to Thy Word,
And now and ever praise the Lord. Dox. II.

330 Ye now have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.
John xvi: 22.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, wheresoe'er ye languish;
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

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

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

331 A well of water springing up into everlasting life. John iv: 14.

1 Lord, on Thee alone I stay me,
Safely hide beneath Thy wing;
Death can neither hurt nor slay me,
Thou dost take away its sting,
That I may in Thee have part,
Comfort, strengthen, heal my heart,
Light, and life, and love bestowing,
All from Thy free mercy flowing.

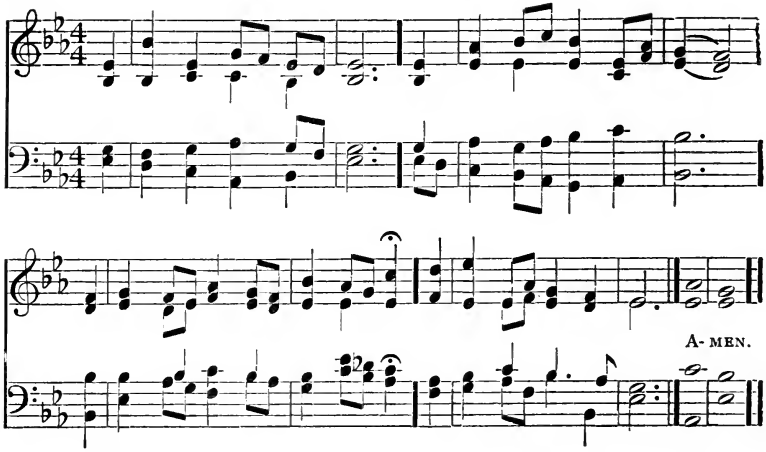
2 Well of life, if Thou art with me,
Springing deep within my heart,
Then whatever hour shall try me,
I can feel no deadly smart:
If I hide myself in Thee,
Not a foe can injure me.
He shall overcome who hideth
In Thy love, and there abideth.

332 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.
Ps. cxlii : 3.

1 My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Thee, Father, calling! sweet, endearing name!
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known, O Lord, to Thee.

2 From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I often feel;
But still the thought doth tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known, O Lord, to Thee.

4 Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned;
Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand:
All, all is known, O Lord, to Thee.

5 And welcome, precious, can Thy Spirit make
My little drop of suffering for Thy sake!
Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all are known, O Lord, to Thee.

333 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. Ps. lxiii : 1.

1 Far from my heav'nly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saints' abode.

4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast :
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last !

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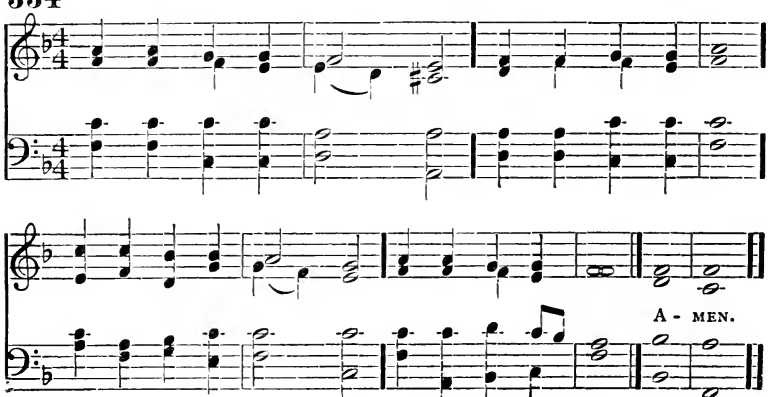

334 I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. Gen. xxviii: 15.

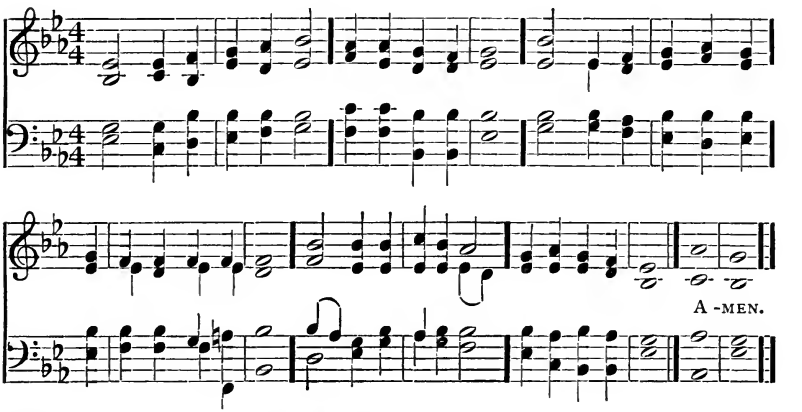
1 O let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

3 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

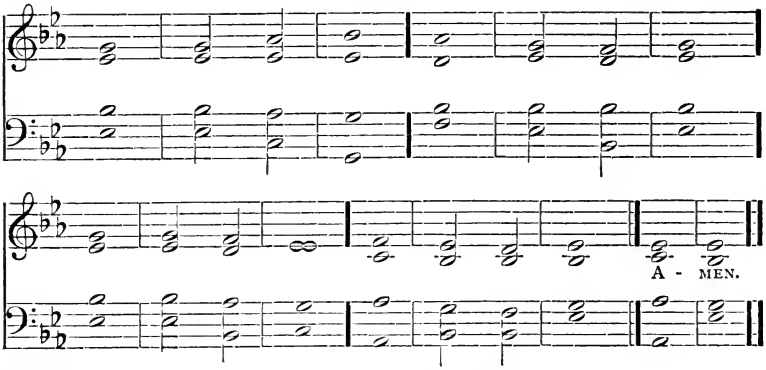
5 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

6 Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favor,
Fill us with Thy love.

335 Thou art near, O Lord. Ps. cxix: 151.

1 I close my heavy eye,
Saviour, ever near!
I lift my soul on high
Through all the darkness drear;
Be Thou my light, I cry,
Saviour, ever dear!

2 I feel Thine arms around,
Saviour, ever near!
With Thee let me be found,
So shall I never fear
Whatever ill abounds;
Saviour, ever dear!

3 Thine is the day and night,
Saviour, ever near;
Thine is the dark and light,
Be Thou my covert here;
O shield me with Thy might,
Saviour, ever dear!

4 And when I come to die,
Saviour, ever near,
Receive my parting sigh;
Then with Thy heavenly cheer
Be to my spirit nigh,
Saviour, ever dear!

336 Thy will be done. Matt. xxvi : 42.

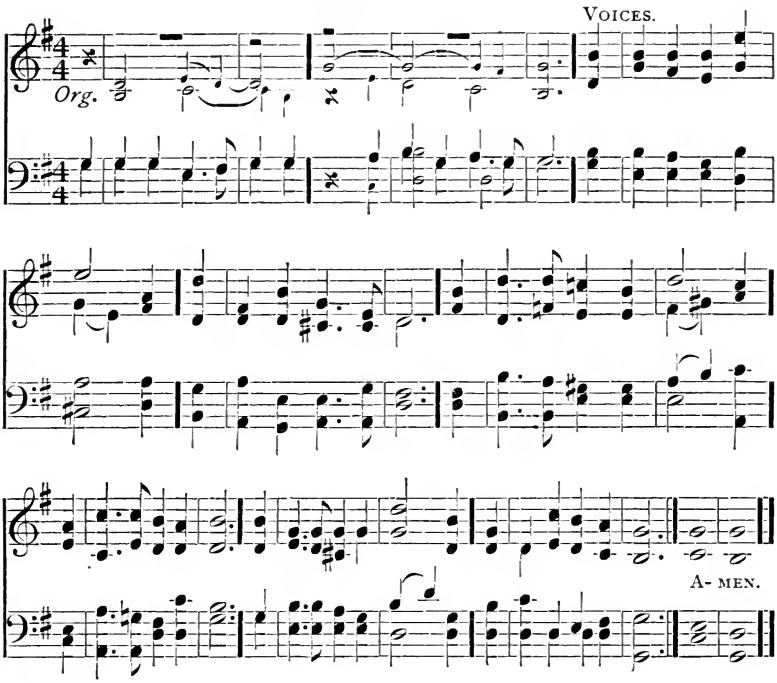
1 My God and Father, | while I | stray, ‖
Far from my home in | life's rough | way, ‖
Oh, teach me from my | heart to | say, ‖
Thy | will be | done! ‖

2 Though dark my path and | sad my | lot, ‖
Let me be still and | murmur | not, ‖
Or breathe the prayer di- | vinely | taught, ‖
Thy | will be | done! ‖

3 What though in lonely | grief I | sigh ‖
For friends beloved, no | longer | nigh, ‖
Submissive still would | I re- | ply, ‖
Thy | will be | done! ‖

4 If Thou should'st call me | to re- | sign ‖
What most I prized, it | ne'er was | mine, ‖
I have but yielded | what was | Thine; ‖
Thy | will be | done! ‖

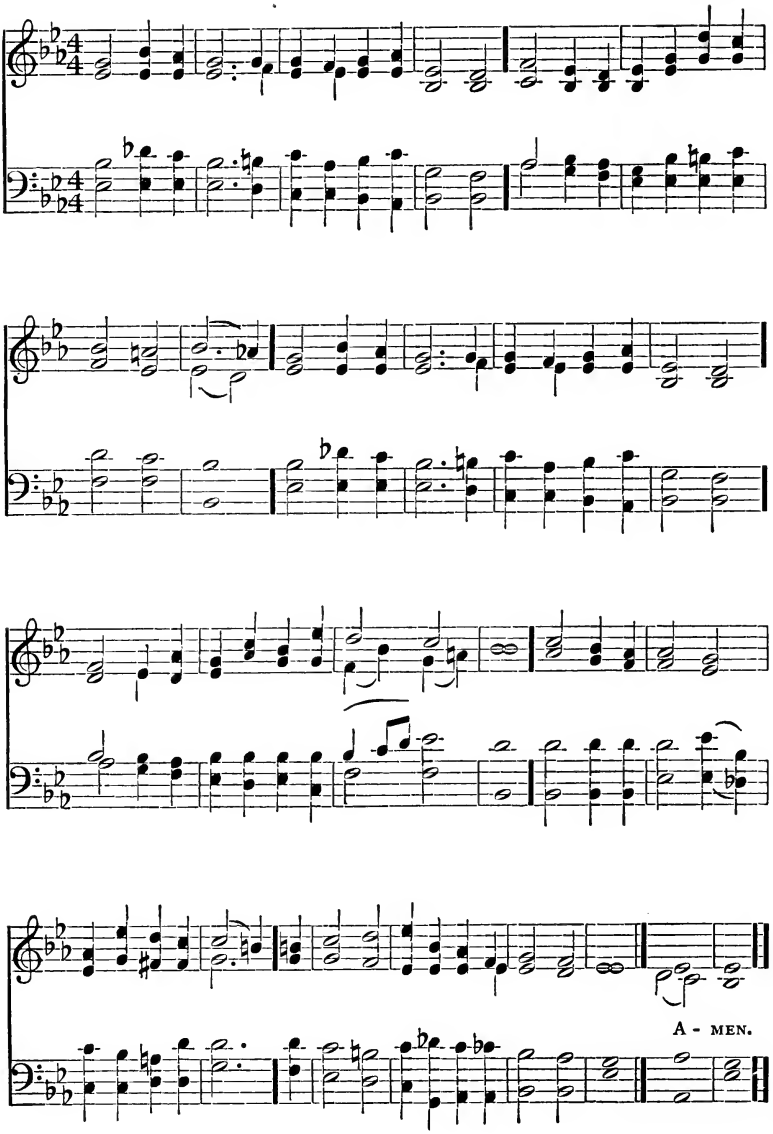
5 If but my fainting | heart be | blest ‖
With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest, ‖
My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest; ‖
Thy | will be | done! ‖

6 Renew my will from | day to | day; ‖
Blend it with Thine; and | take a- | way ‖
All that now makes it | hard to | say, ‖
Thy | will be | done! ‖

337 Come unto me, all ye that labour. Matt. xi: 28.

1 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress'd!
It tells of benediction,
Of mercy, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come dear Lord, to Thee.

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338

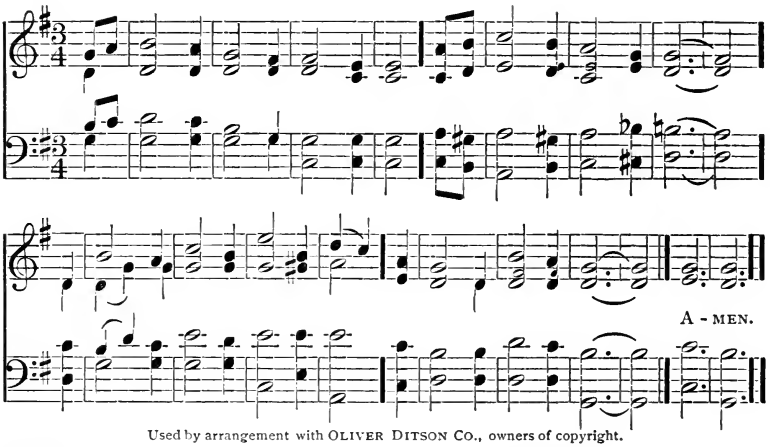
Lord, thou knowest all. John xxi: 17.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulder laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

5 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
We hear Thy Word, we feel its light and heat;
Then rising and refreshed, we go our way
And follow on unto eternal day.

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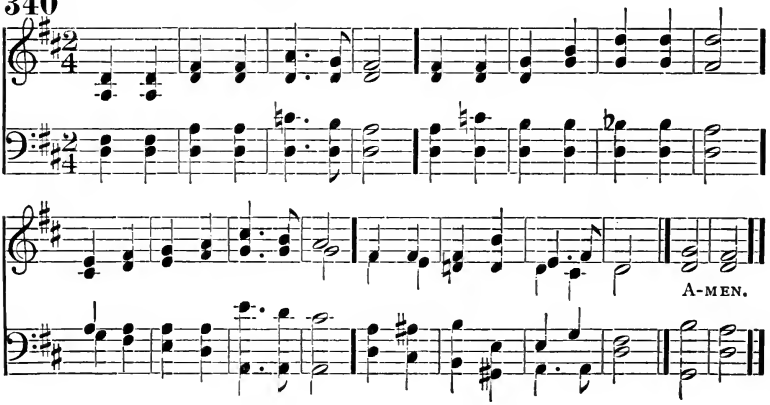
339 He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. Ps. cxlvii: 3.

1 I love the voice Divine that speaks
The words of life and peace,
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth like this,
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 How merciful and kind Thou art
Thy goodness to reveal;
Bind up, O Lord, the broken heart,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let Thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to the anxious breast;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest. DOX. IV.

340

340

He shall prepare the way before me. Mal. iii : 1.

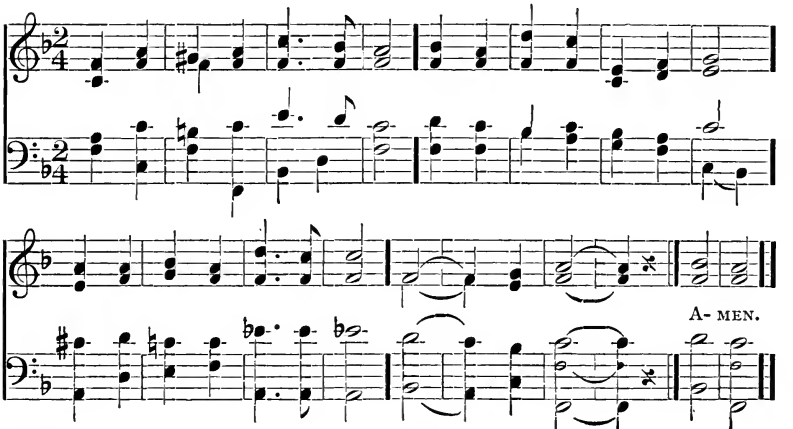
1 Where for safety shall I fly?
Saviour, unto Thee I cry.
Dangers everywhere attend,
Let Thine arm my soul defend.

2 Round me troops of foes I see,
Help can come from none but Thee;
Be my constant strength and stay,
Guard me in the evil day!

3 Thy protecting care I crave,
Power is Thine, O Lord, to save;
Matchless wonders Thou hast wrought,
Far beyond the reach of thought.

4 Let Thy gracious hand impart
Strength and comfort to my heart!
Ever keep me near to Thee,
Till I'm called Thy face to see.

5 O that home, eternal, blest,
Where the soul shall find its rest;
Lord, till that transporting day,
Onward lead me in Thy way.

Dox. VI.

341

Watch and pray. Matt. xxvi : 41.

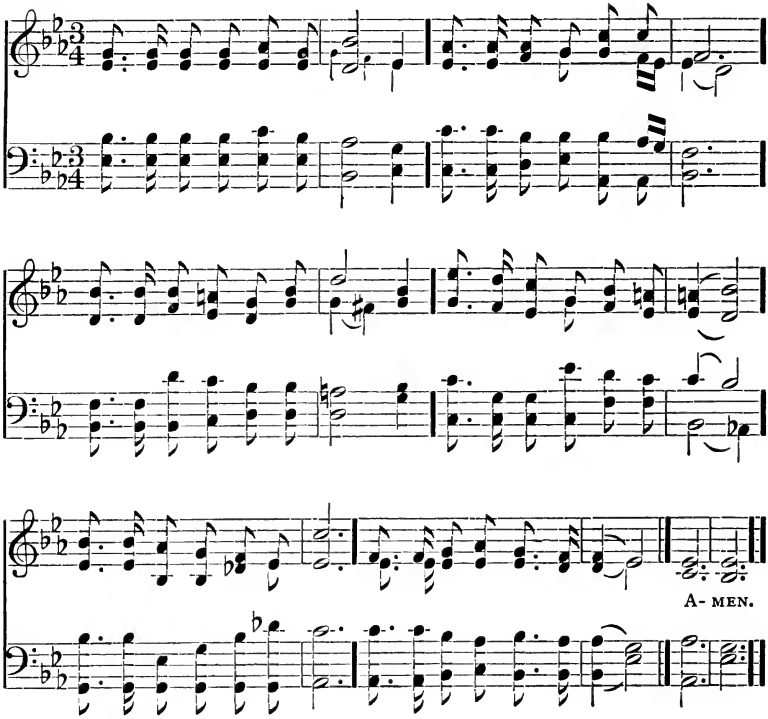
1 Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray!

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
Watch and pray!

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray!

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim,—
Watch and pray!

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,—
Watch and pray!

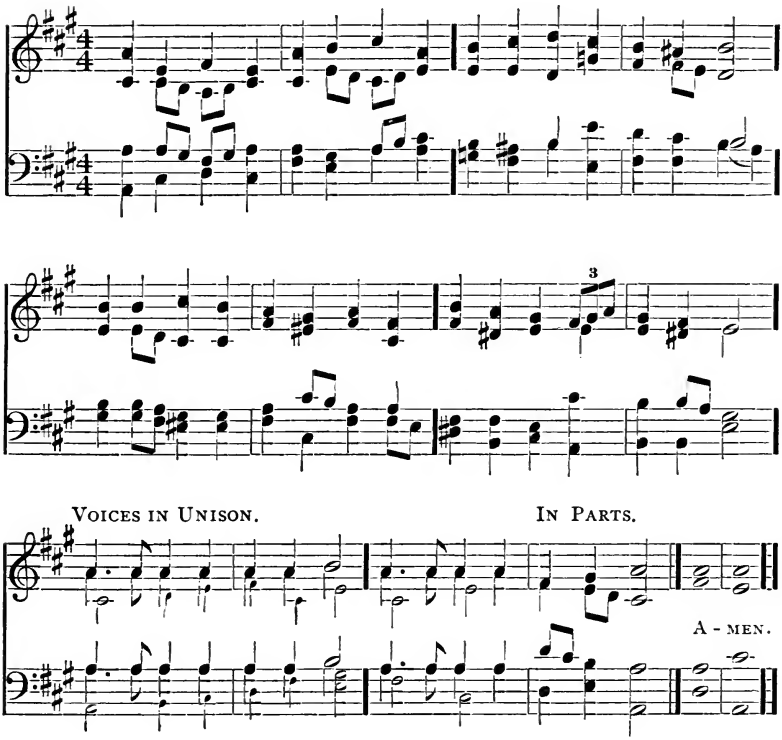
6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issues of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray!

342

Speak: for thy servant heareth. I Sam. iii: 10.

1 Master, speak! Thy servant hareth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard:
I am listening now for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

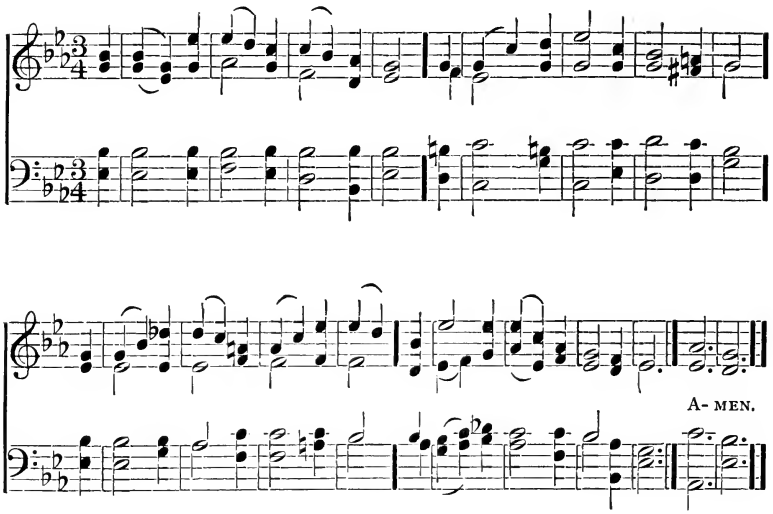
2 Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine;
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine.
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

3 Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love and clearer sight.

4 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

343 Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. John xiv: 27.

1 Yes, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary,
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

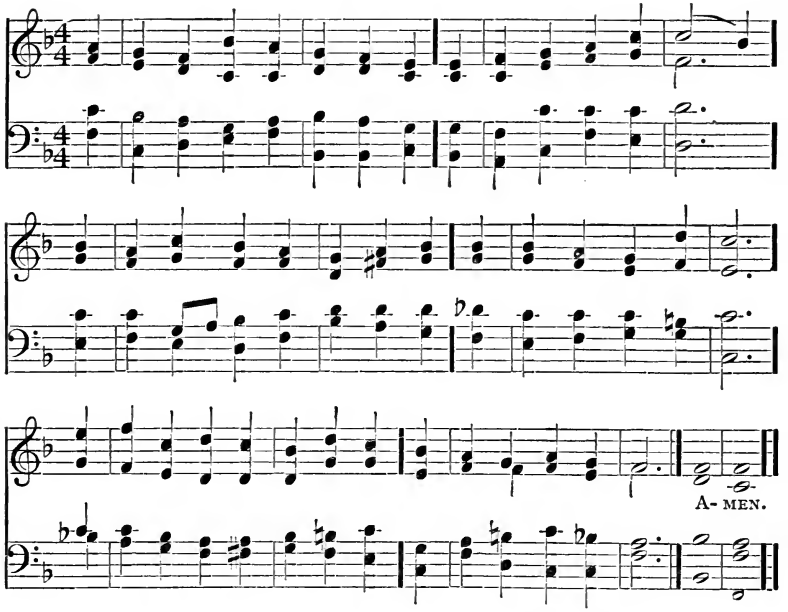
2 Look to Him, the Lord of Glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that wondrous story,
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

3 Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise, He calleth thee, return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

344 The darkness and the light are both alike to thee. Ps. cxxxix: 12.

1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee.
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

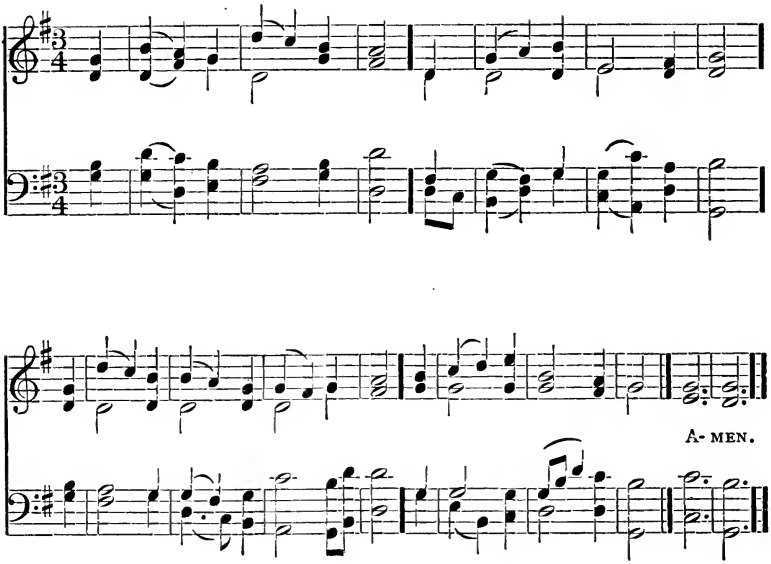
2 While in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, if Thou, O Lord, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O Lord, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. Dox. II.

345 Serve him with all your heart and with all your soul. Josh. xxii: 5.

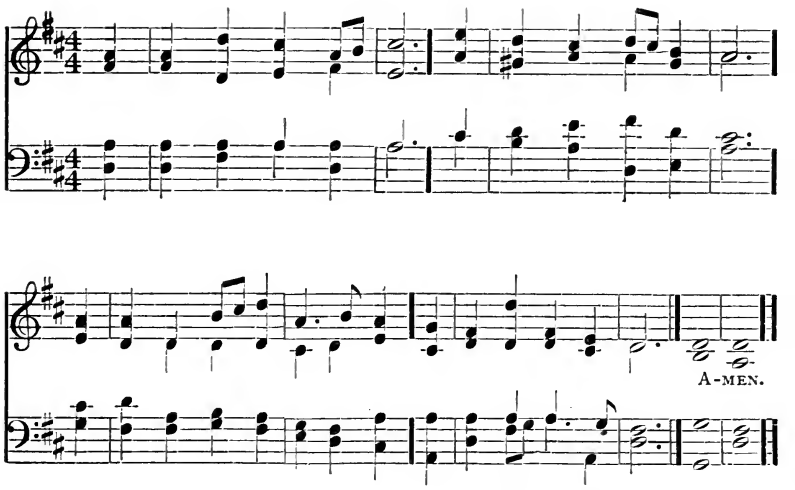
1 Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord,
  But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
  Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
  Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
  May to the service come!
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
  Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
  Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
  As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
  He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest,
  Wilt Thou permit to be.

346 If any man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my servant be. John xii: 26.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

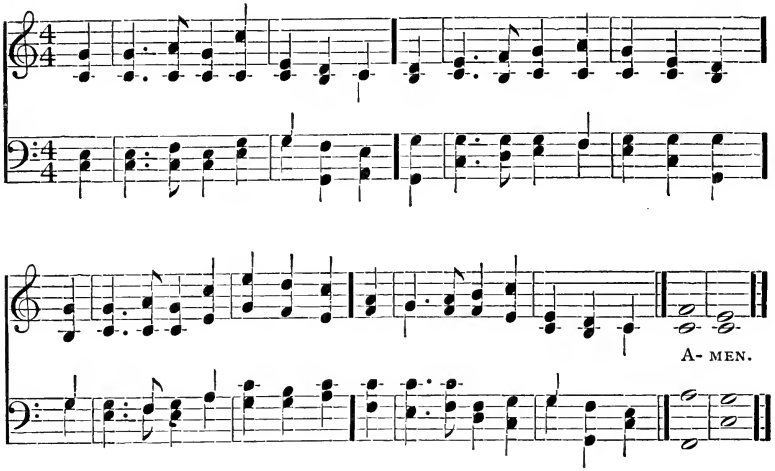
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

347 Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statues, and I shall keep it unto the end. Ps. cxix: 39.

1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this legend "For Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean

4 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

5 This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

348

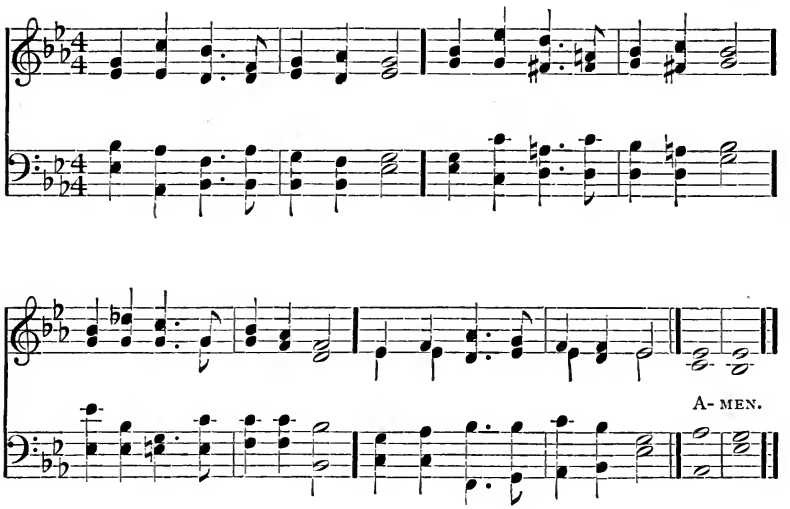
I will go in the strength of the Lord God. Ps. lxxi: 16.

1 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord! I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And still regard Thy righteous will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

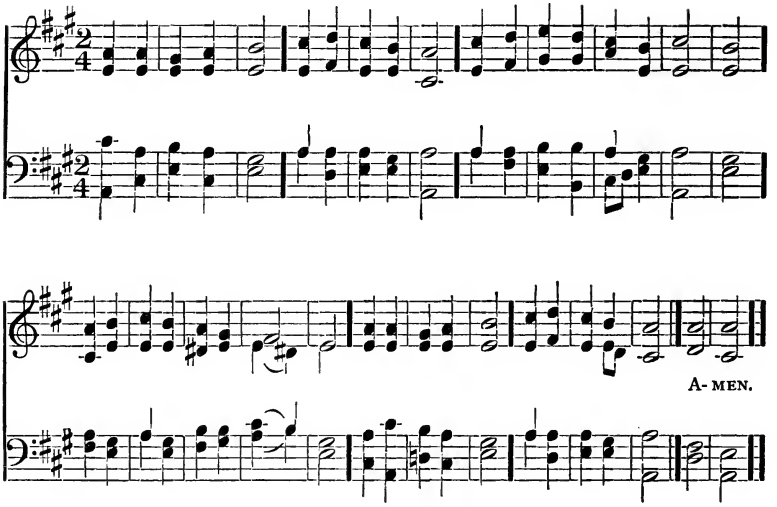
4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee, O let me still employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous hand has given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee in heaven.

349 Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. John xiv: 4.

1 "Come," said Jesus' sacred voice,
"Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

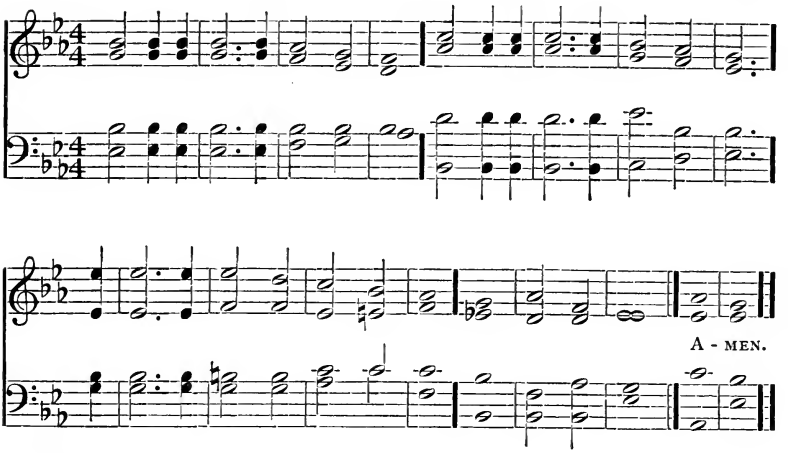
2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

350 For thy name's sake lead me and guide me. Ps. xxxi: 3.

1 Jesus, guide our way
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;
Lead us by Thy hand
To our Father's land!

2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet!
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.

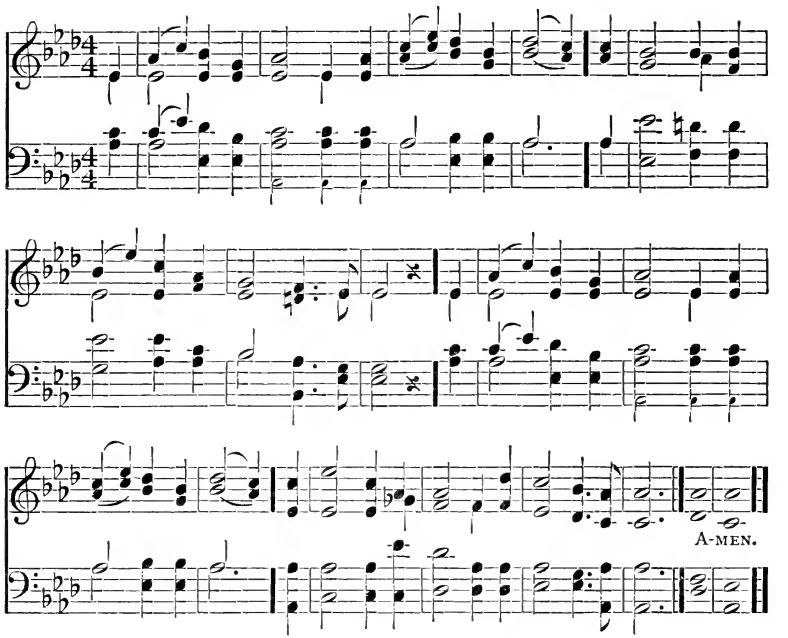
3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open Thou the door!

351 These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. Rev. xiv: 4.

1 Through good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful Word,
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
We follow Thee.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange wanderings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

4 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

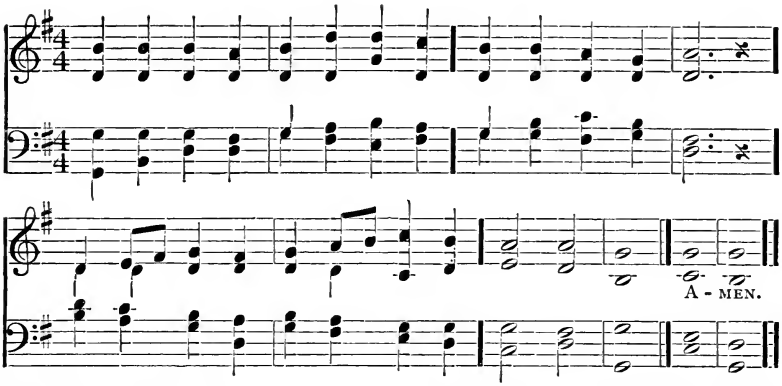
5 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

352

Faint, yet pursuing. Jud. viii: 4.

1 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, His Word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed — He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? — our help is in God!

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

353 Ye shall find rest unto your souls. Matt. xi: 29.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

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

3 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

5 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, yes."

354

1 Art thou weary, heavy laden;
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," He saith, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

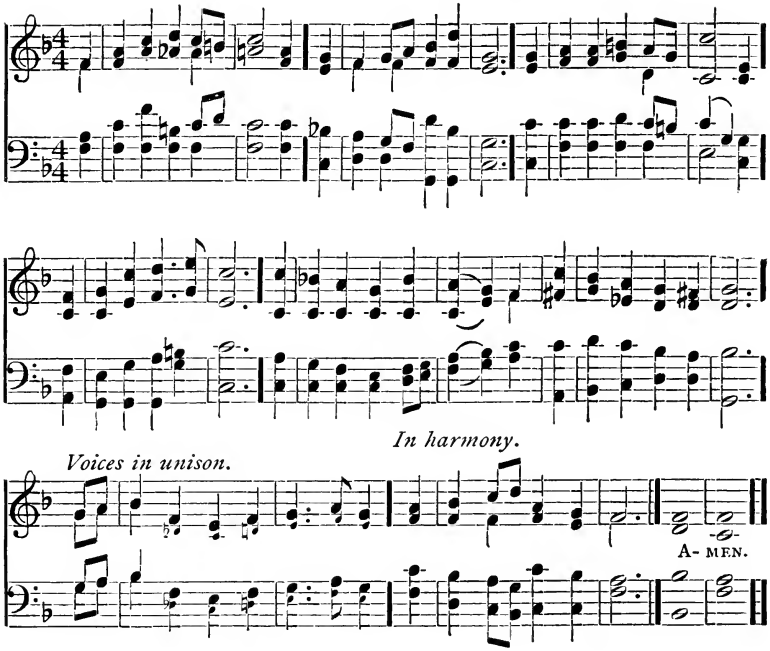
2 Is thy spirit vexed with darkness;
Art thou doubt-oppressed?
Jesus is of light the Giver;
Come and rest!

3 Doth the sting of disappointment
Rankle in thy breast?
Jesus is the Good Physician;
Come and rest!

4 Art thou shrinking from the battle,
Impotent confessed?
Jesus is the only Helper;
Come and rest!

5 Hath the fear of death appalled thee,
Hope and joy repressed?
Jesus is of death the Victor;
Come and rest!

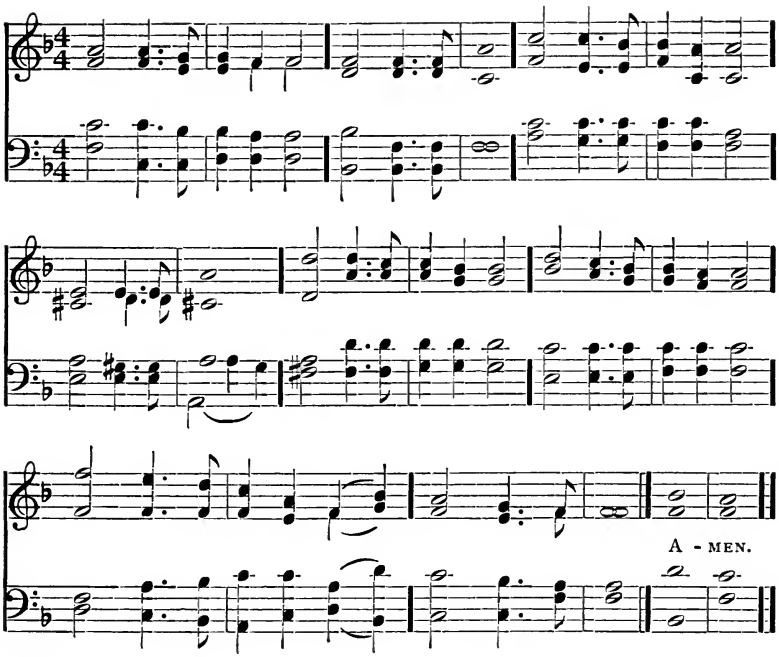
6 Art thou weeping, broken-hearted,
Friends no more possessed?
Jesus ever lives to love us;
Come and rest!

7 O ye weary, heavy laden,
Howsoe'er distressed,
Jesus bids you to His bosom;
Come and rest!

355 If any man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my servant be. John xii: 26.

1 Lord Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle,
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

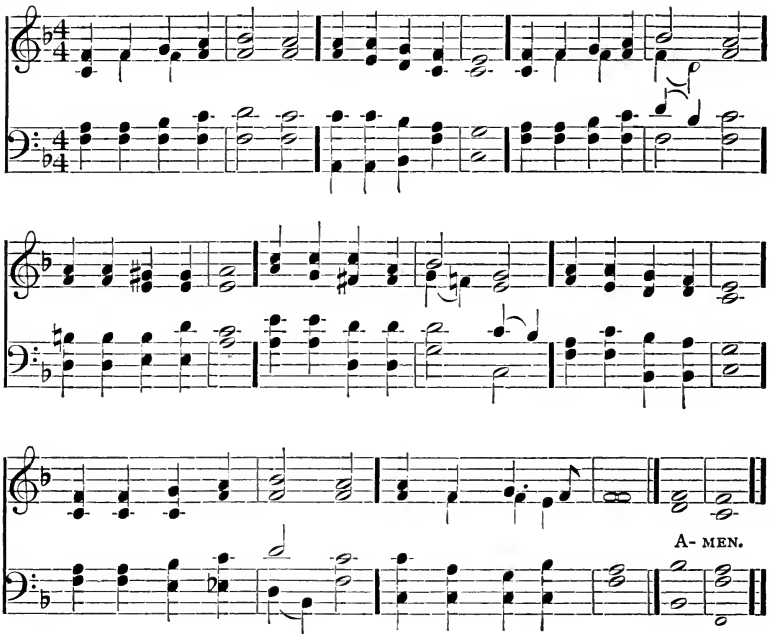
3 Lord Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And I to Thee have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy foot-prints,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

356 I wholly followed the Lord my God. Josh. xiv : 8.

1 Saviour! I follow on!
Guided by Thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet Thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

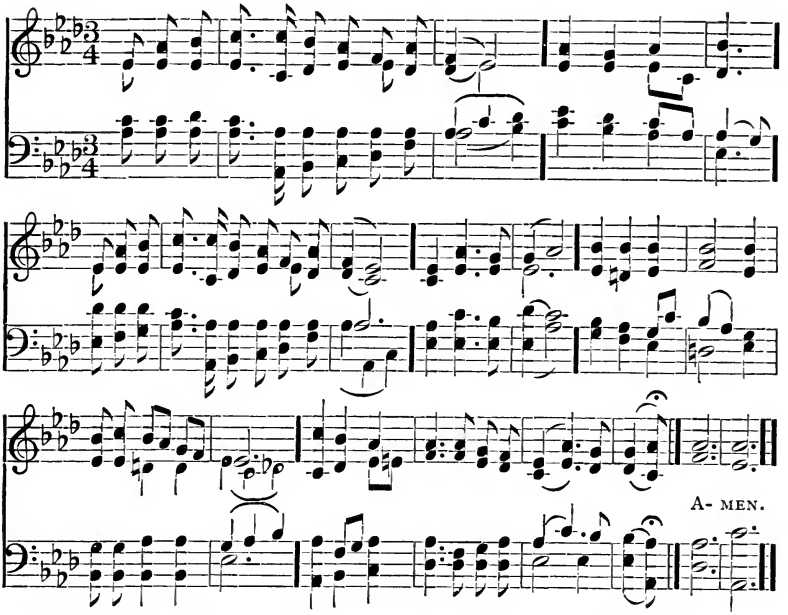
3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought,
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Thou, Lord, the branch hast rent—
Quickly relief hast sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me!

357 I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. John x: 14.

1 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

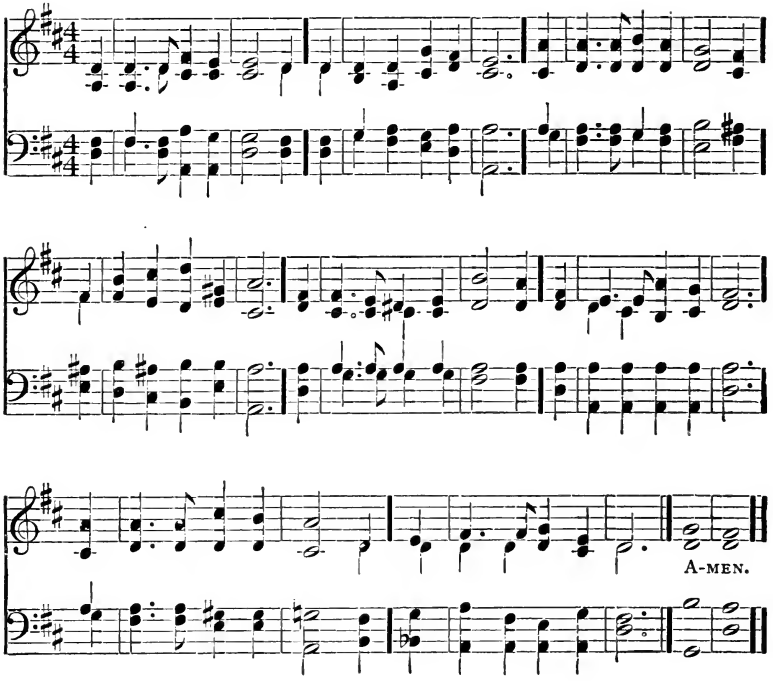
2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when it chideth,
Tender is its tone;
Only He shall guide us,
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
Even death's dark valley,
Now has lost its gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
With His goodness now,
And His tender mercy,
He doth us endow;
Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him,
Never more to part.

358 He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.
John viii: 12.

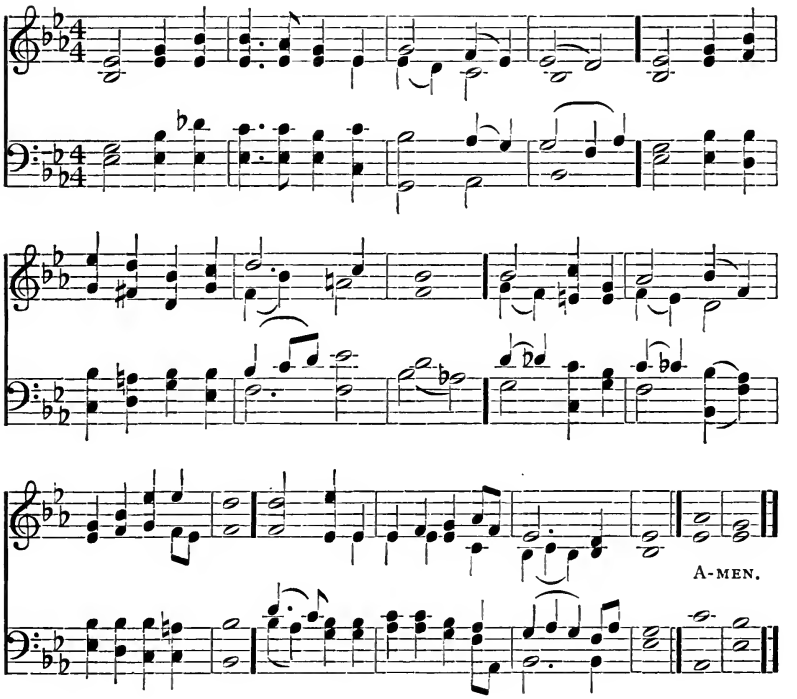
1 Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
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 hath blessed 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.

359 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. John x: 27.

1 O Jesus ever present,
O Shepherd ever kind!
Thy very Name is music
To ear and heart and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

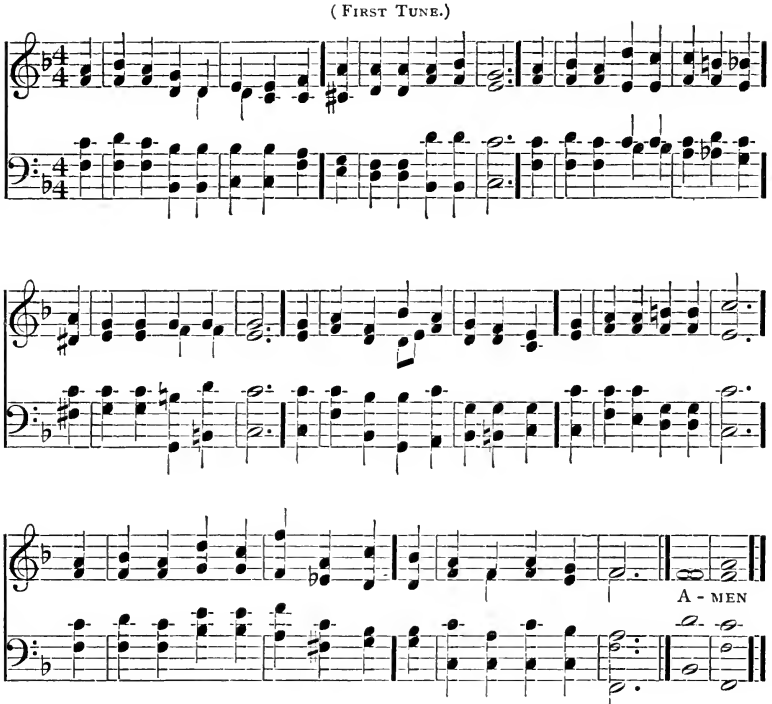
3 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The guardian of my way!
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in!

3 O Shepherd good! I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed:
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold:
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold!

360 The Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee. Deut. xxx: 3.

1 O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call Thy children forth from want and woe!

2 We look to Thee: Thy Spirit gives the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

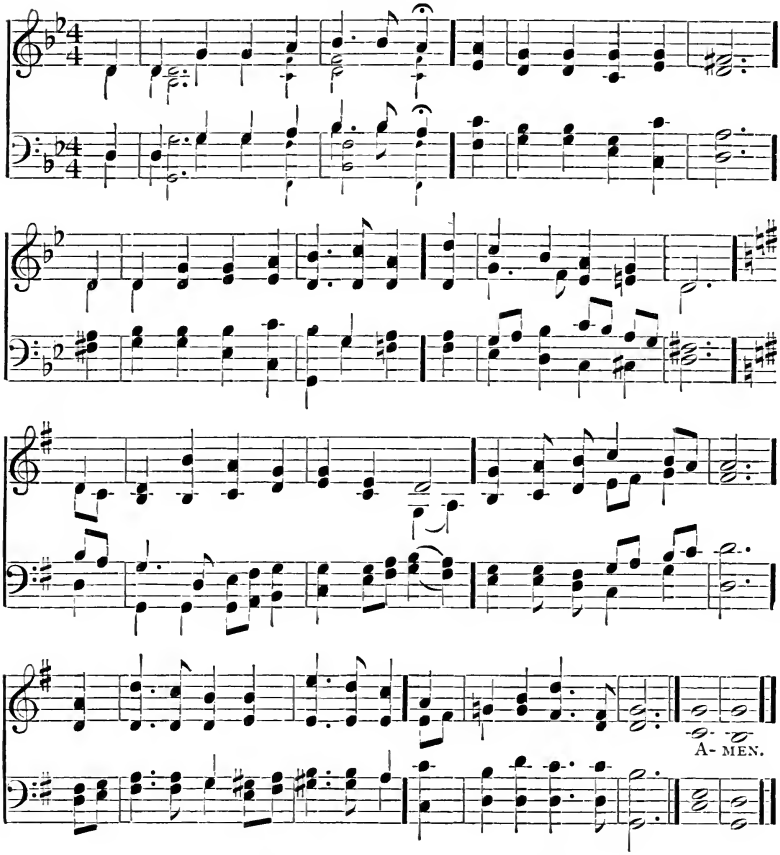
3 Yes: Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way
The holiest know,—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which Thou hast given.

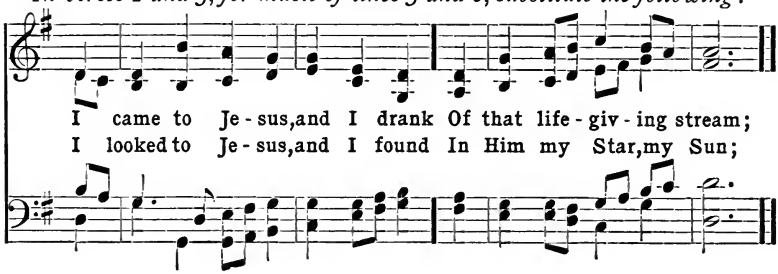
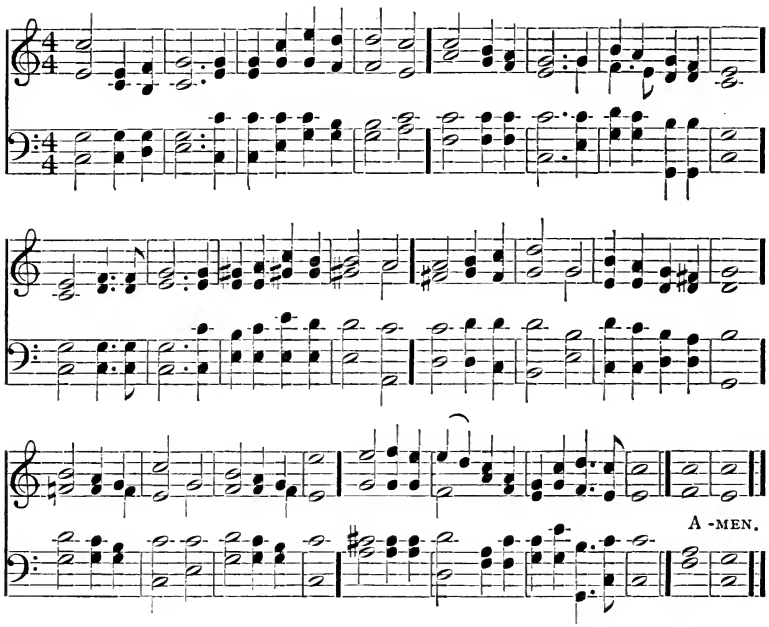
(First Tune.)

361 Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Matt. xi : 28.

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

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.

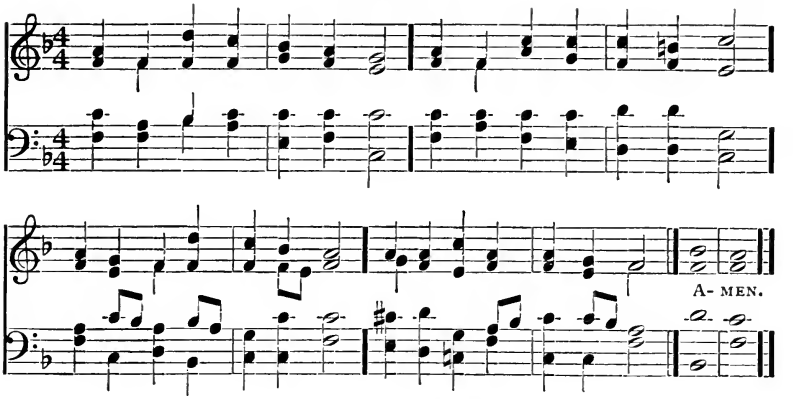
(SECOND TUNE.)

In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:



362 I will hear what God the Lord will speak, for he will speak peace unto his people. Ps. lxxxv: 8.

1 Hark, hark, my soul! the Saviour's voice is calling,
E'en now it breathes o'er life's dark, troubled sea;
His gracious truth like heavenly dew is falling;
Hark, hark, my soul! thy Father calls for thee!
Father of mercy, Father of love!
Thee would we follow to our blest home above.

2 Hark, hark, my soul! from heaven that voice is pleading
With thee, ere evil days draw darkly near;
Still by His Word our Father's hand is leading,
From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt and fear.
Father of mercy, etc.

3 Hark, hark, my soul! still, still that voice is sounding
Like music sweet, from some far distant shore,
While angel bands, our daily path surrounding,
Lead God's dear children on forevermore.
Father of mercy, etc.

363 Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. Ps. cxliv: 1.

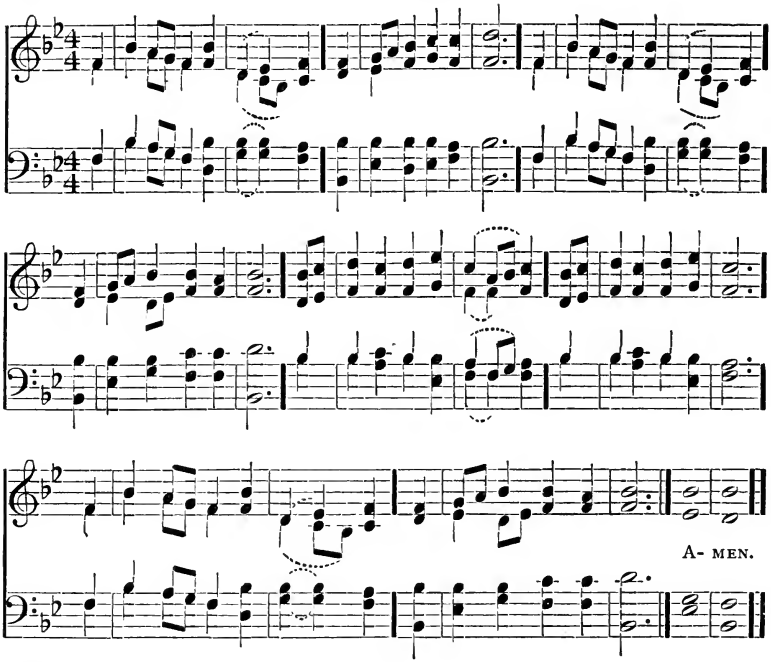
1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians! onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2 Onward, Christians! onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers! onward go.

364 Ye shall not fear them: for the Lord your God he shall fight for you. Deut. iii: 22.

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

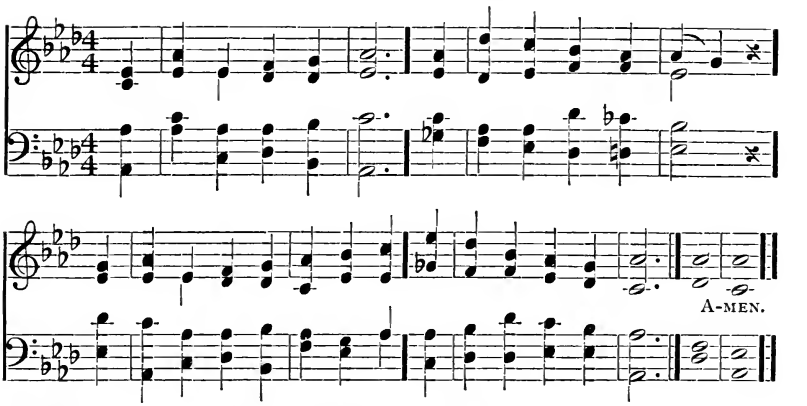
2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possest;
Till God Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

(Music on opposite page.)

365 In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name forever. Ps. xliv: 8.

1 Thou art the mighty King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high:
Israel is safe beneath Thy wings;
Thy servants shall not die.
Through Thee we shall the victory gain,
Though hosts of hell oppose:
Thou art our God; and Thou wilt reign,
And conquer all our foes.

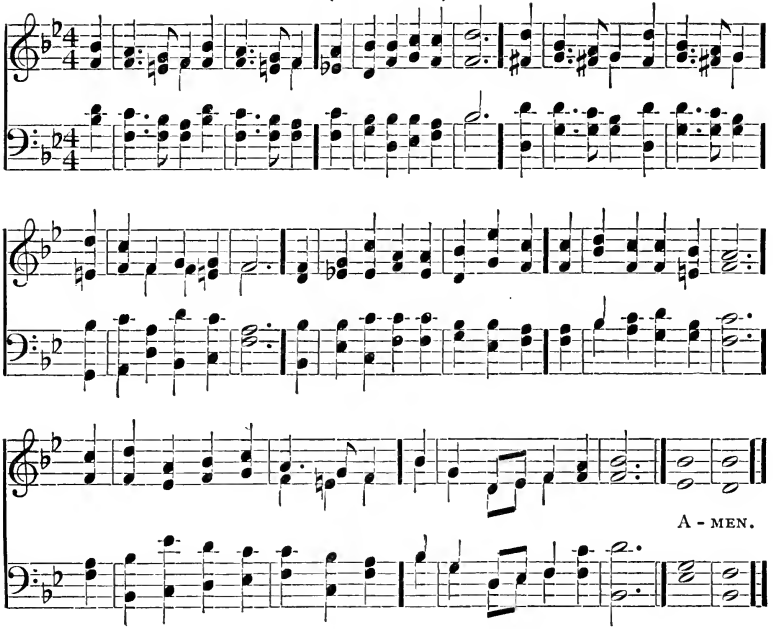
2 We trust not in our bow or sword;
For weakness is our power:
In Thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
Through every dangerous hour.
To Thee we look, Thou God of love,
Thy holy Name adore:
Oh, may we rise to heaven above,
To love and praise Thee more.

366 Take ye heed, watch and pray. Mark xiii: 33.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

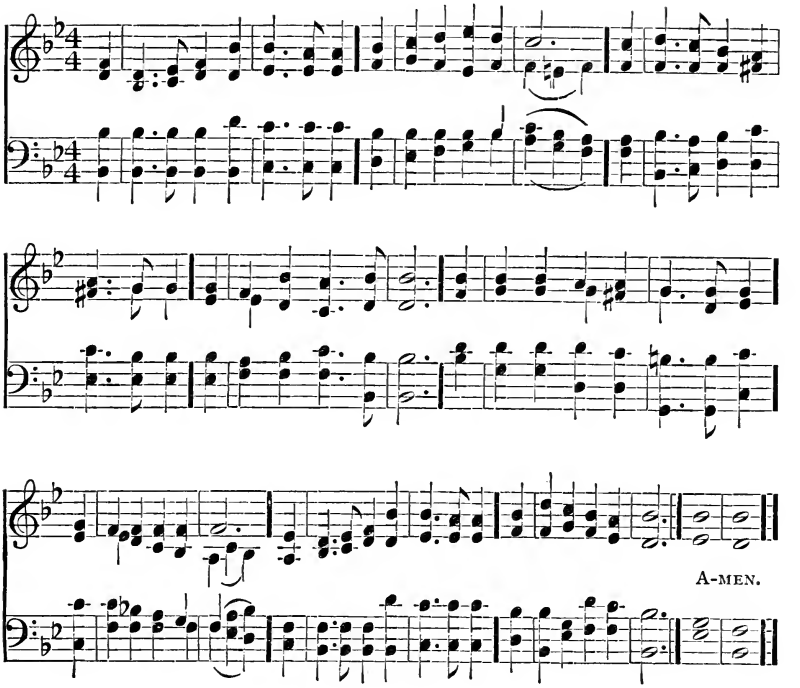
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

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.

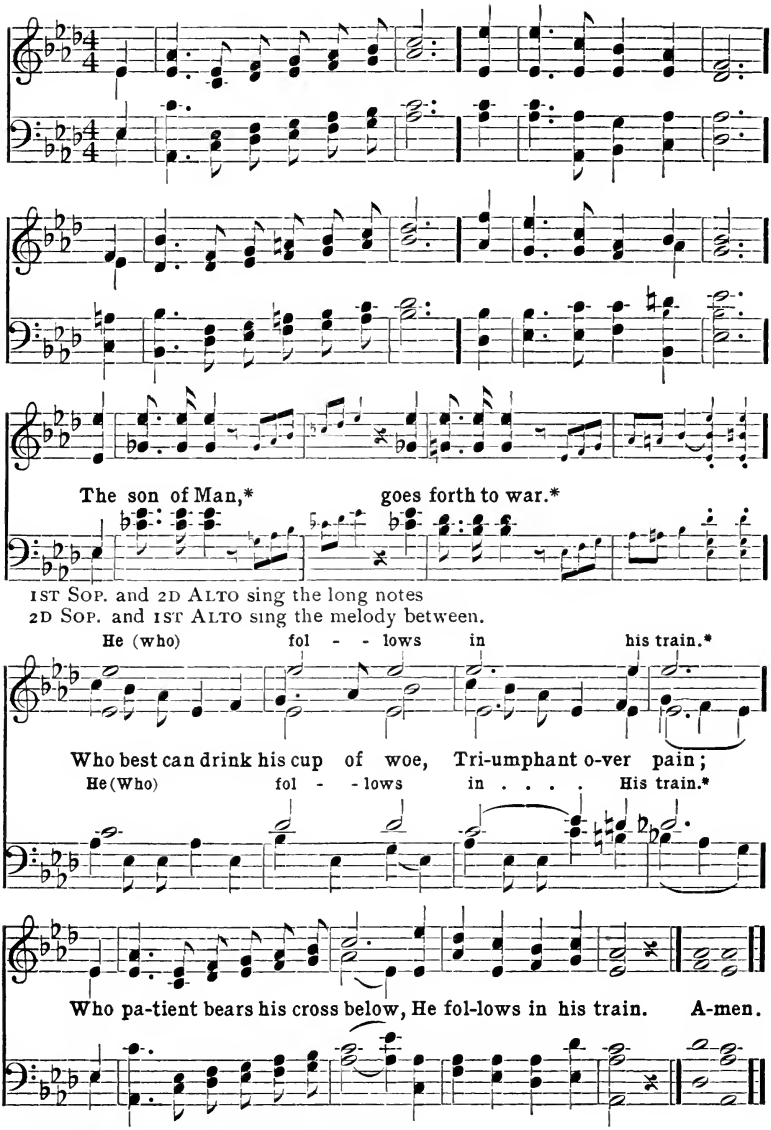
(First Tune.)

367 The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name. Exod. xv: 3.

1 The Son of Man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

(Second Tune.)

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

(THIRD TUNE.)

*These words are to be repeated in every verse.

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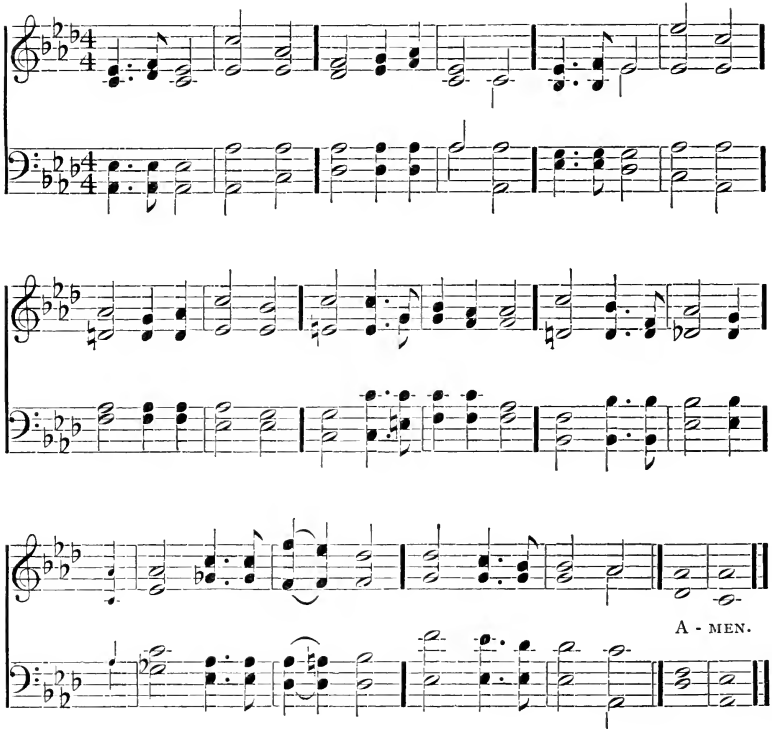
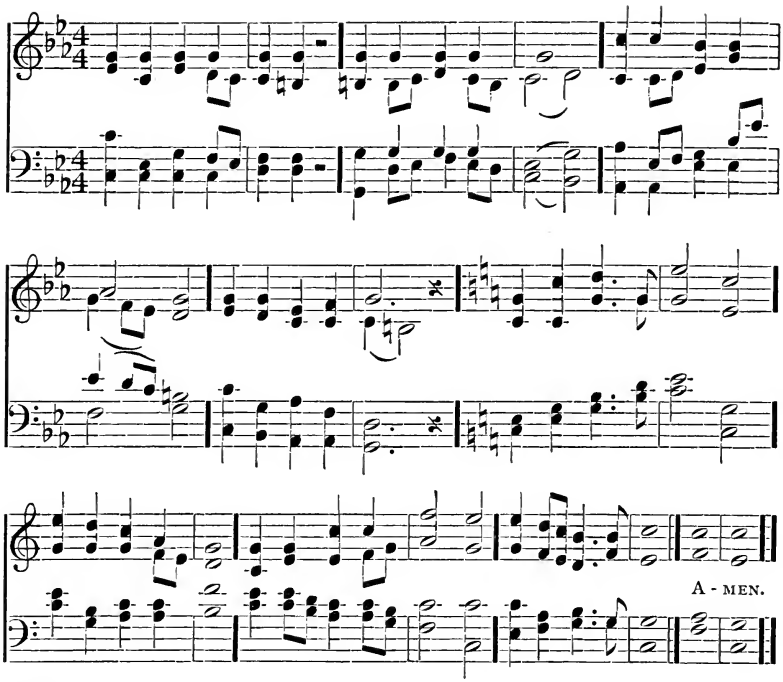

368 He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved. Matt. xxiv: 13.

1 Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth,
Will be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee:
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

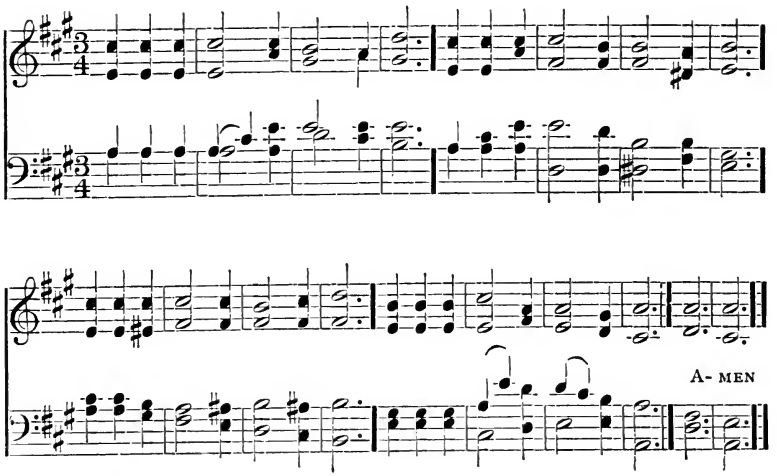
3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

369 Be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles. I Sam. xviii : 17.

1 Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

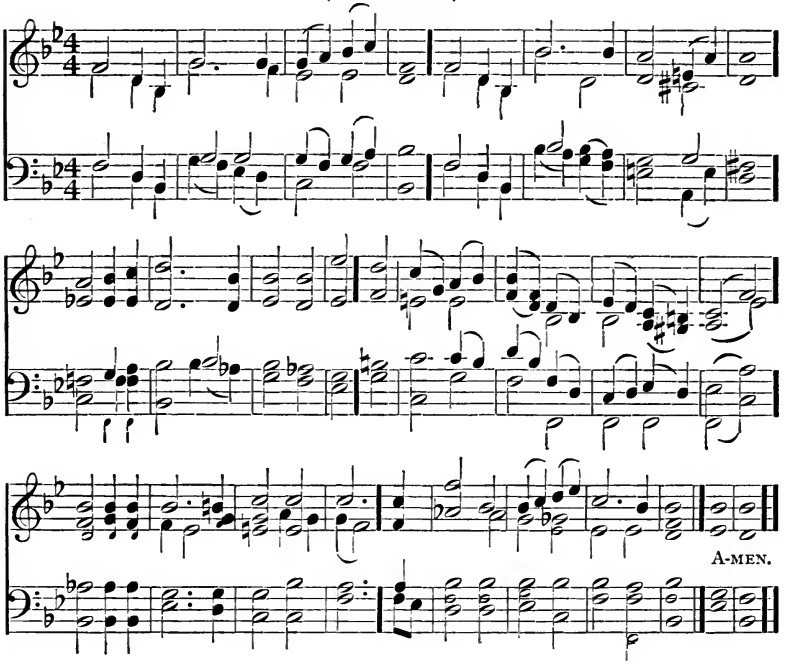
(First Tune.)

370 Fight the good fight of faith. I Tim. vi: 12.

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Dox. II.

(Second Tune.)

370

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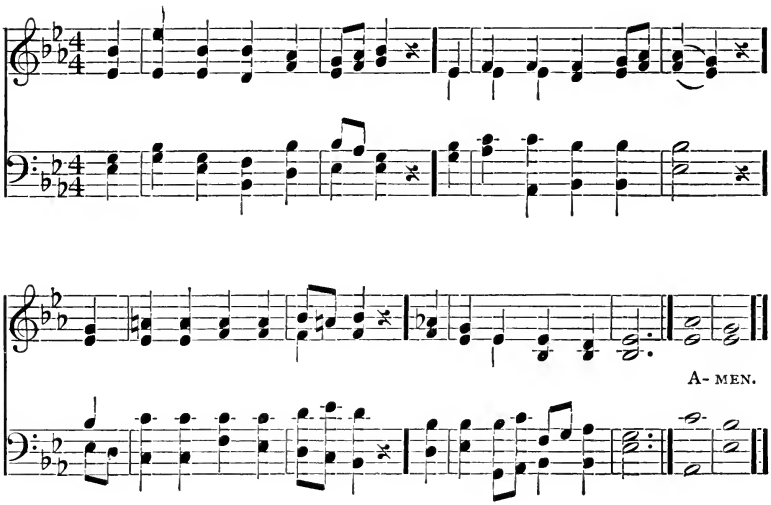
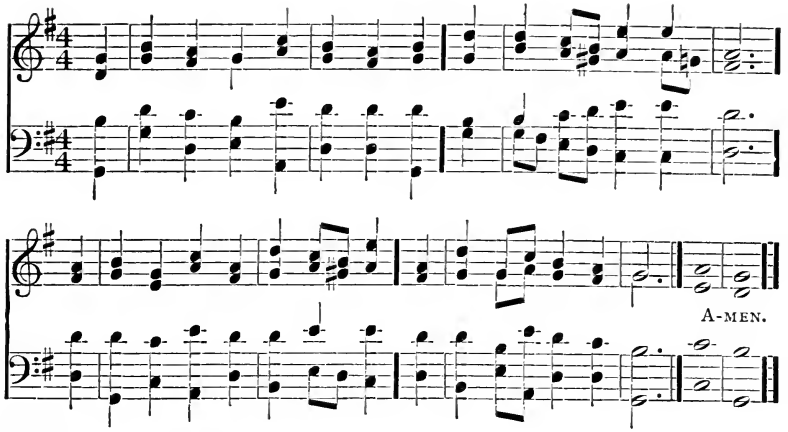

371 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear. **Ps. xxvii: 3.**

1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

3 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with homage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

4 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

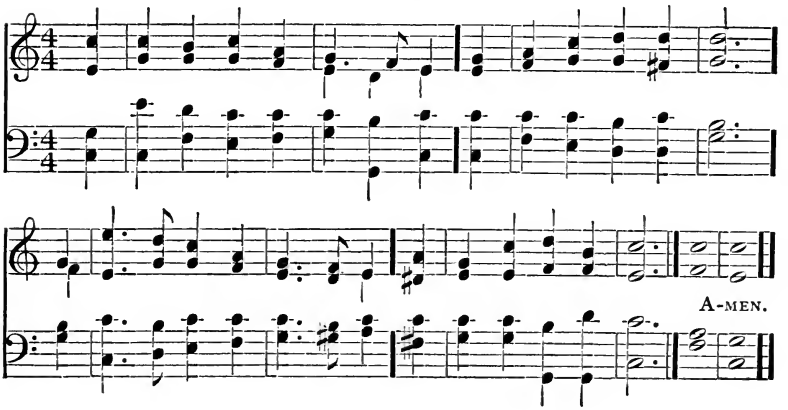
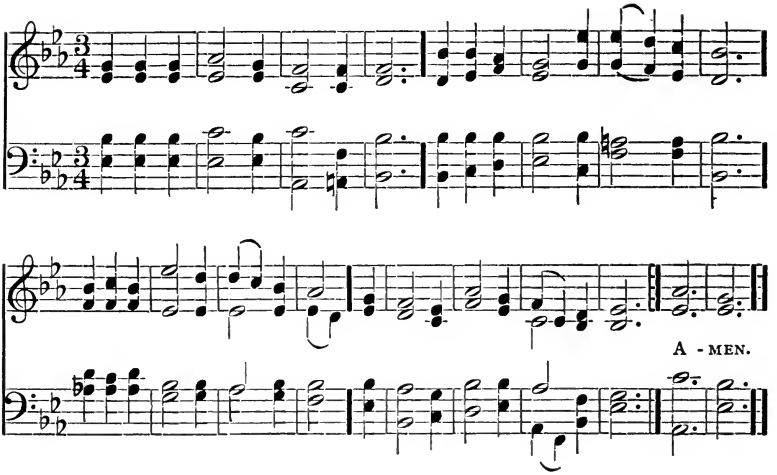
(First Tune.)

372

His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Ps. xci: 4.

1 Forever blessèd be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends His Spirit with His Word
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise. Dox. IV

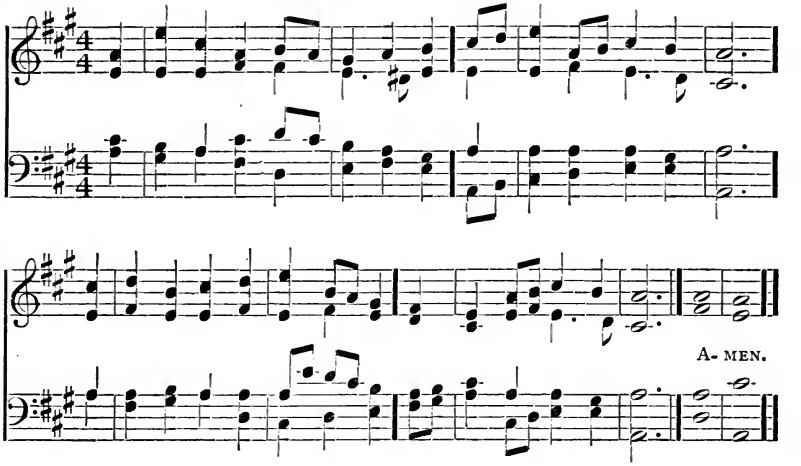
(Second Tune.)

373 With thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light. Ps. xxxvi: 9.

1 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 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

4 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.

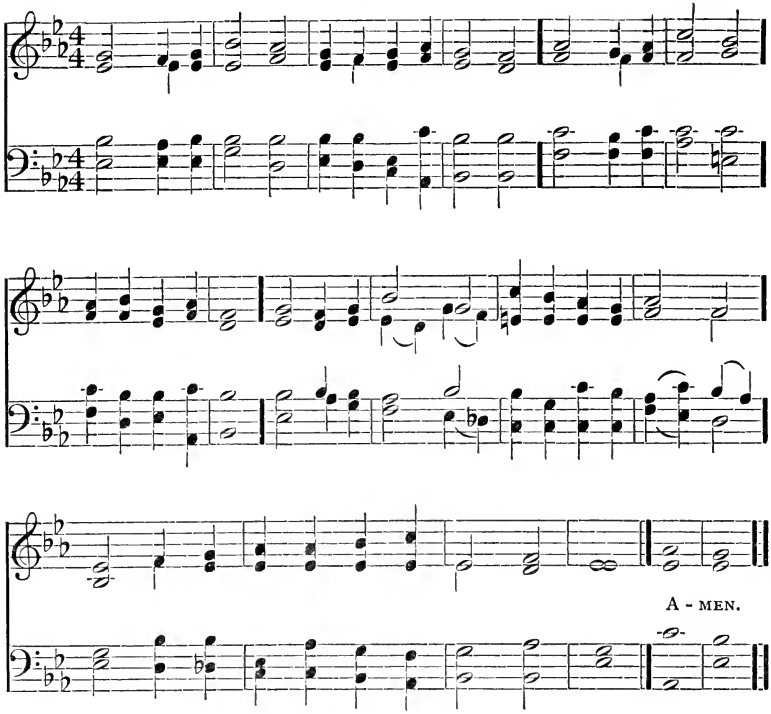
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light! Dox. II.

374 Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Ps. li: 10.

1 O! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's cleansèd by the Word
Which He has given for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

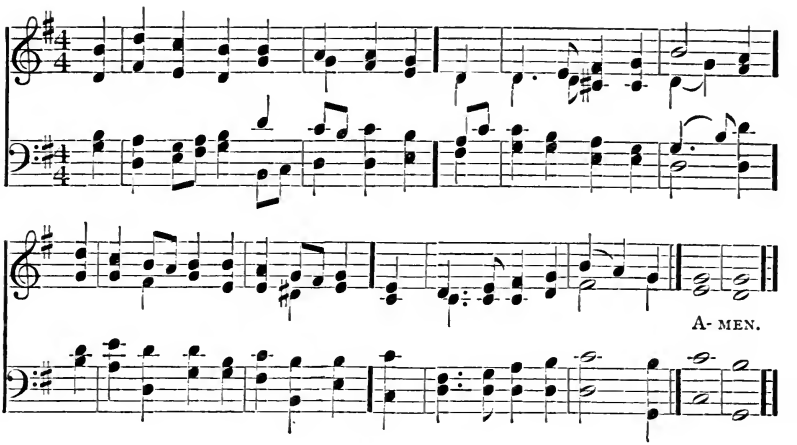
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
An image, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

375 I am with thee. Isa. xliii : 5.

1 Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When wake the birds, and all the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

2 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber;
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and feel Thee there.

3 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

376 The Lord is my shepherd. Ps. xxiii: 1.

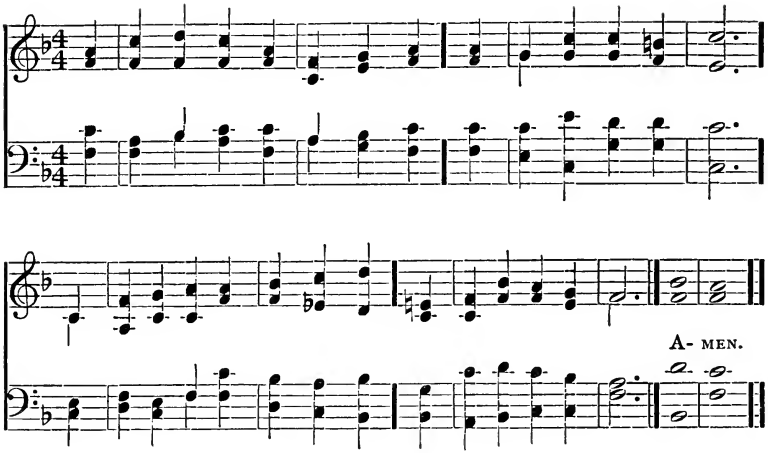
1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

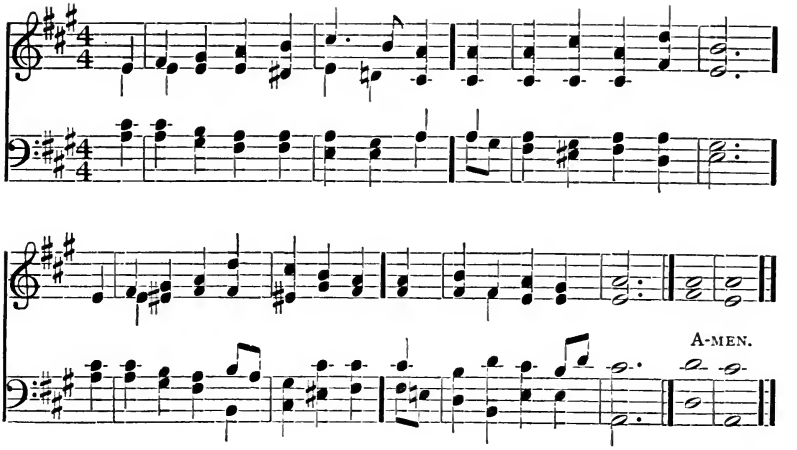
6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

377 Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. John xx: 29.

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine:
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll;
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

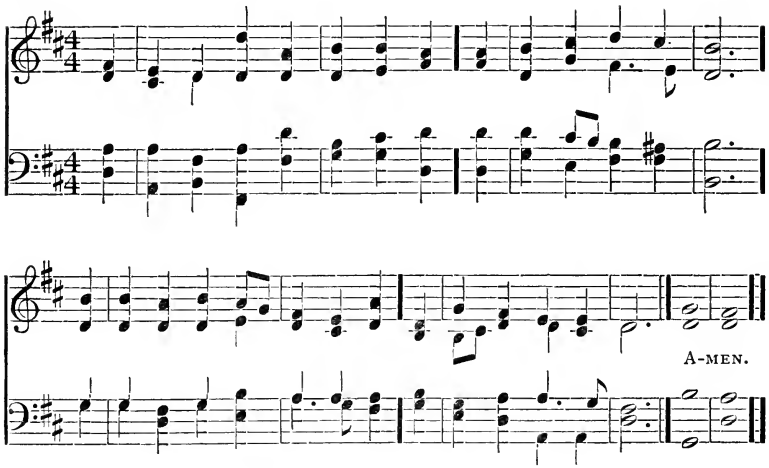
5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art. Dox. IV.

378 My meditation of him shall be sweet. Ps. civ: 34.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no 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 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

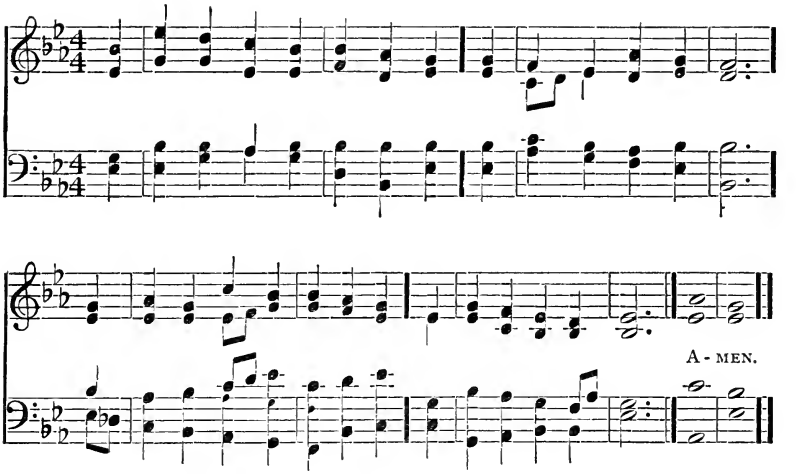
5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Dox. IV.

379 Behold the beauty of the Lord. Ps. xxvii: 4.

1 O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed!
Who eat thee, hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which naught but Thou can fill.

3 O most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
To Thee our prayers ascend.

4 Abide with us, and let the light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

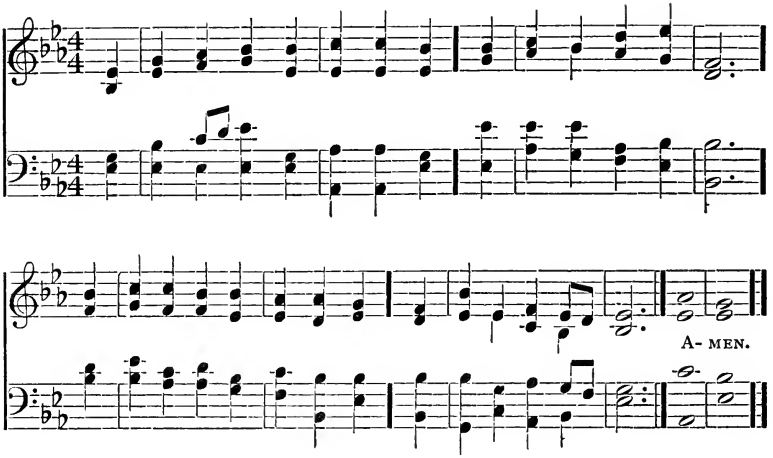
5 Jesus, our Love and Joy, to Thee,
The Father, Spirit, Son,
All might and praise and glory be
While endless ages run.

380 His name shall be called wonderful. Isa. ix: 6.

1 O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

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

3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire.

4 Jesus, may all confess Thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, led by love's celestial flame
But seek Thee more and more.

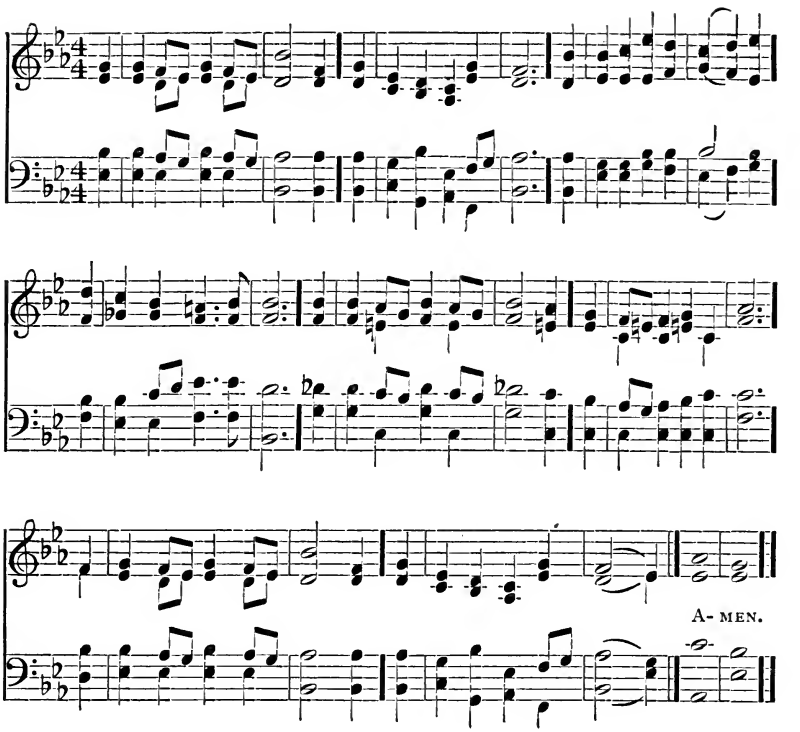
5 Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Dox. IV.

381 I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Ps. cxvi: 1.

1 I love the Lord; He heard my voice,
And owned my humble prayer:
He makes my broken heart rejoice:
He makes my soul His care.

2 When hosts of foes beset me round,
And threatened to destroy,
In Him the wished relief I found;
My heart revived with joy.

3 The pains of hell, and fears of death,
Encompassed me around:
To Him I cried with faltering breath,
And full deliverance found.

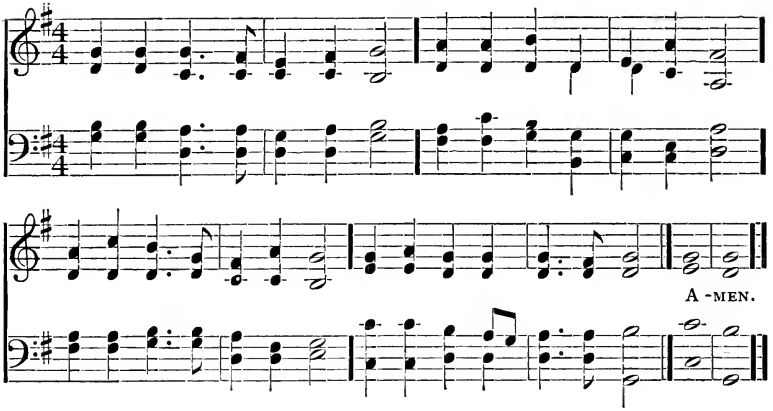
4 Long as I live, I'll bless His Name,
And triumph in His Word;
By Him alone salvation came,
Who is the mighty Lord.

5 Trust ye the Lord, nor yield to fear;
On His rich love depend:
He will preserve you while you're here,
And save you to the end. Dox. IV.

382 I drew them with cords of a man, with bonds of love. Hos. xi: 4.

1 To Thee, O Lord, my Saviour!
My spirit turns for rest;
My peace is in Thy favor,
My pillow on Thy breast:
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine!

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies;
O Thou, whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies!
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee!

3 O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought!
O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

(First Tune.)

383

Simon, son of Jonas, Lovest thou me? John xxi: 15.

1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

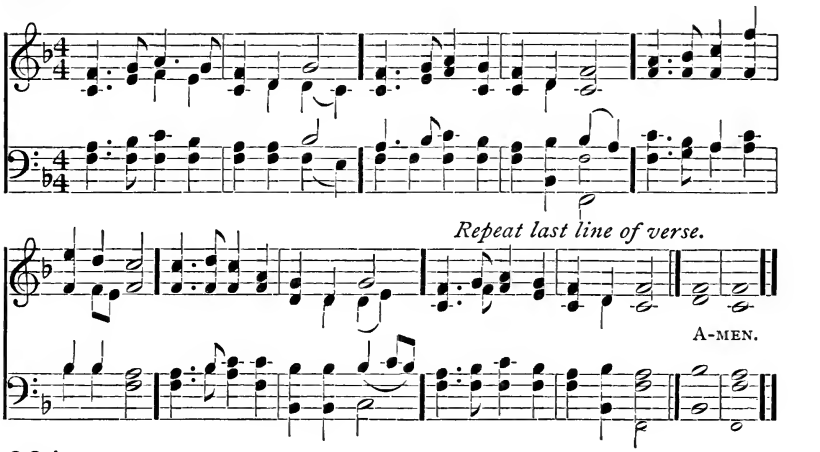
2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care,
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Knowing neither change nor death.

5 Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Thou the Father's house shalt see,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

383 (SECOND TUNE.)

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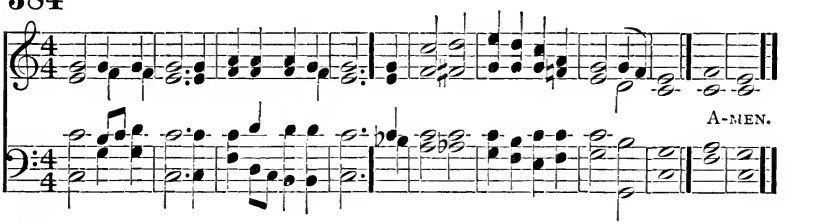


384 My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. John xiv: 27.

1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The voice of Jesus, whispers peace within.

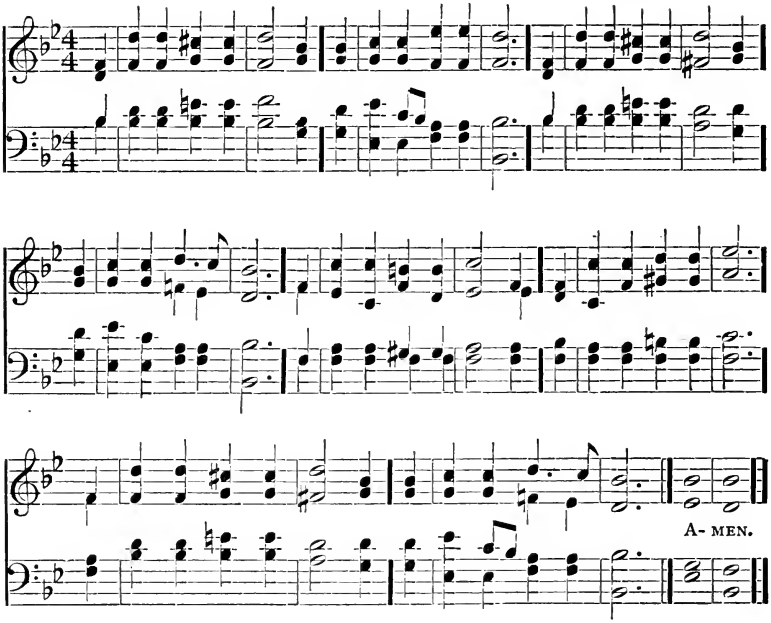
2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

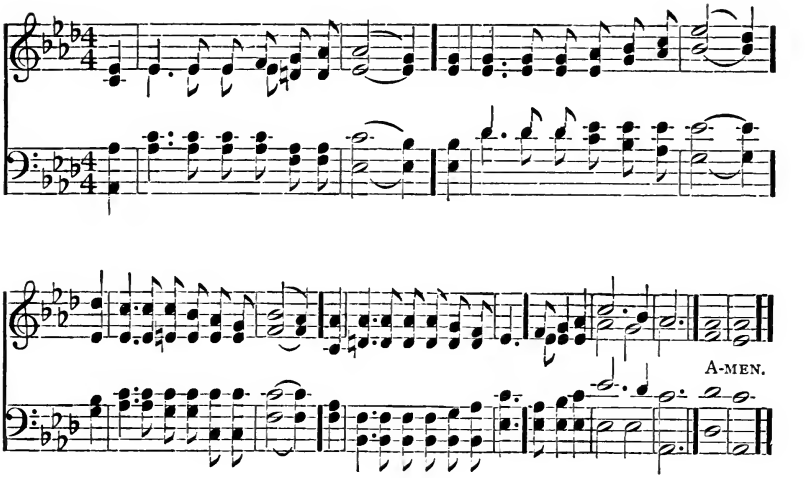
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

385 I will fear no evil : for thou art with me. Ps. xxiii : 4.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is my confiding,
When He, my strength is near.
The storm may roar without me,
My hopes may low be laid,
My God is round about me,
I cannot be dismayed.

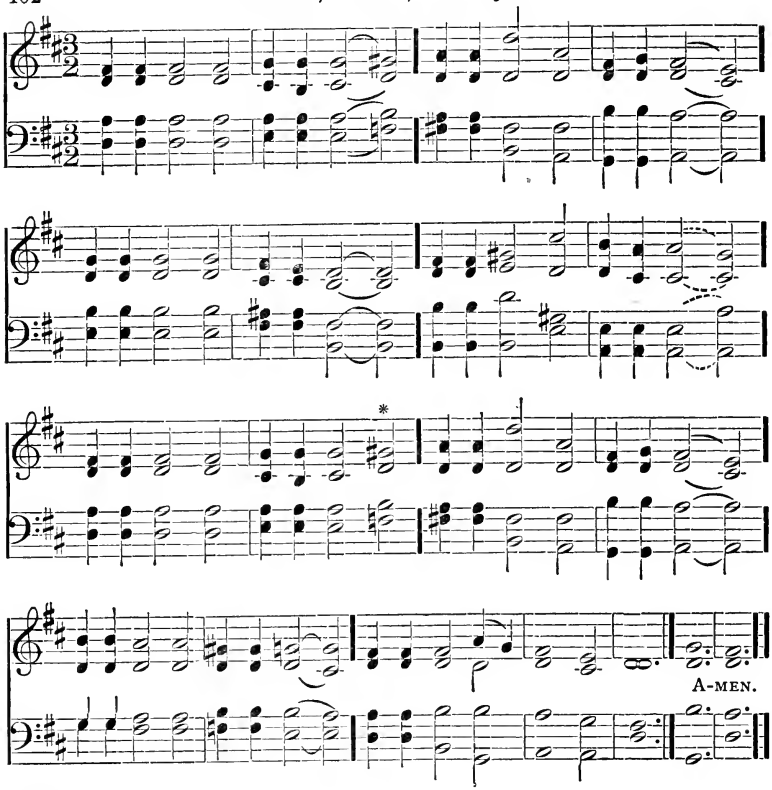
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where frowning clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour is my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

386 Who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. Ps. lxvi: 9.

1 O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

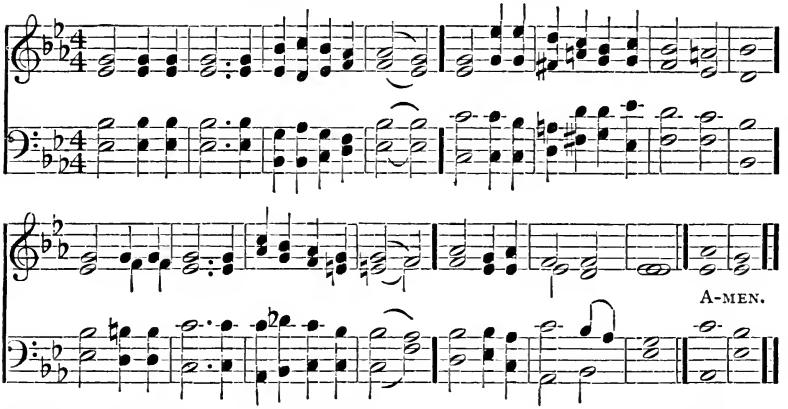
4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

387 Continue ye in my love. John xv : 9.

1 Jesus is my best of friends,
  None like Him 'mongst mortals born;
And shall I whom He defends,
  Join the world, His goodness scorn?
Nought shall raise a parting line
  To hold me from His tenderest love;
One shall be His will and mine—
  Lifelong here, for aye above.

2 Once He suffered death for me;
  In that death He conquered sin,
Him redeeming still I see;
  Wondrous strength from Him I win.

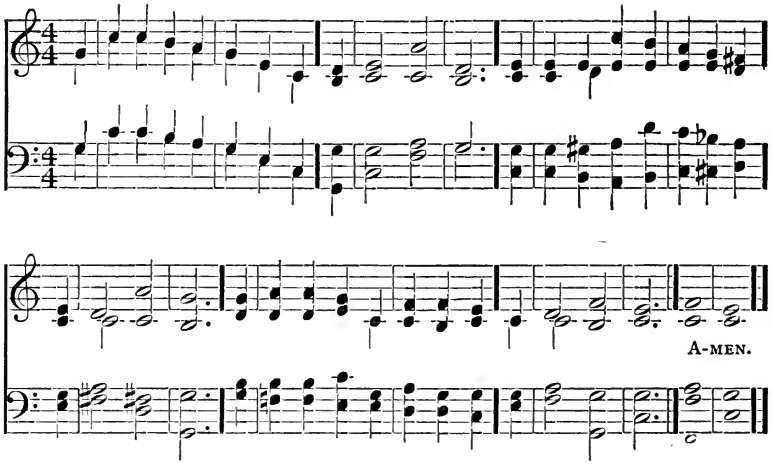
* In 1st verse, 6th line, begin with this note.

Who could sullen, sit complaining,
Knowing Christ has sealed his bliss?
Who, the ransom gift disdaining,
E'er could fly such love as His?

3 In that well-proved love I bide;
Nought from Him this heart shall sever.
Angel glory, mortal pride,
Wealth or want shall part us never.
Depth below nor height above
E'er shall hold my soul enticed,
Luring from a Father's love
Mine henceforth in Jesus Christ.

388 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit. John xv: 16.

1 I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew
He moved my soul to it who sought for me;
It was not I that found, O Saviour true,
No, I was found of Thee.

2 Thou did'st reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked, and sank not on the storm-vexed seas;
But not so much that I on Thee took hold
As by Thy hold of me.

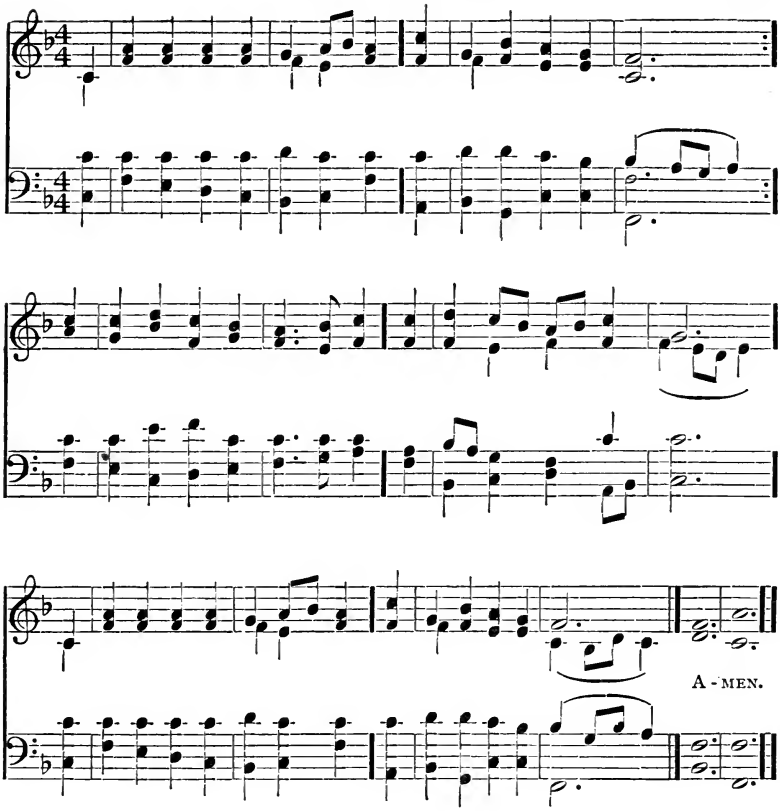
3 I find, I walk, I love, but oh, the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee:
Lord, Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always Thou lovedst me.

389 I thank thee, and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers. Dan. ii: 23.

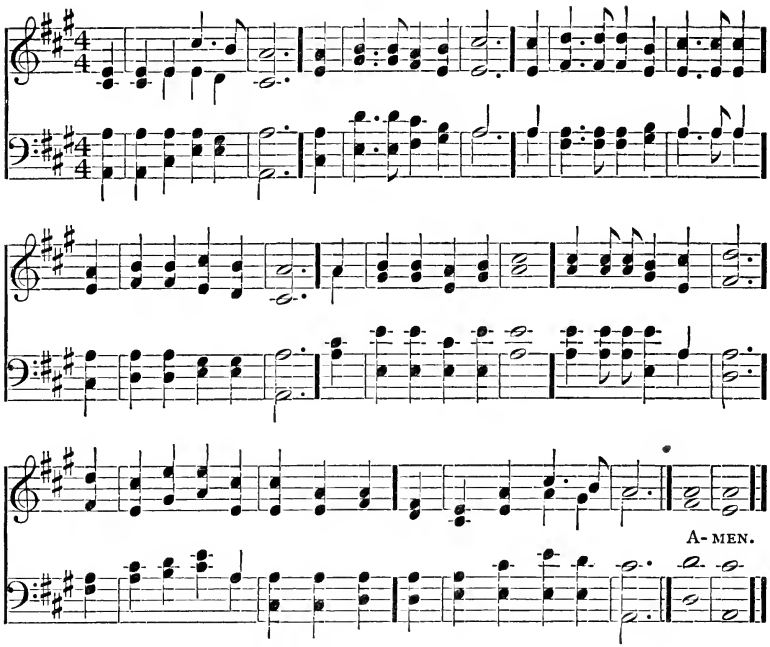
1 Our God, we thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 We thank Thee too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spots of earth
Some love is found.

3 We thank Thee, too, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 We thank thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

5 We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
Upon Thy breast.

390 And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me. John xii: 32.

1 As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.
Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us, then, that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

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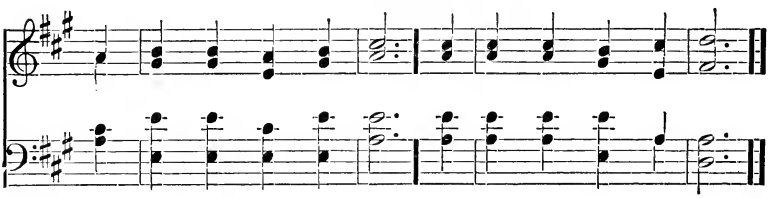
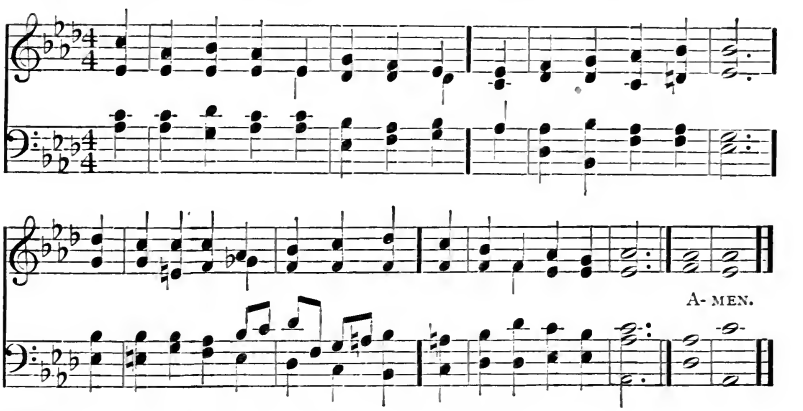

391

Thou art ever with me. Luke xv: 31.

1 For ever with the Lord:
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's home on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

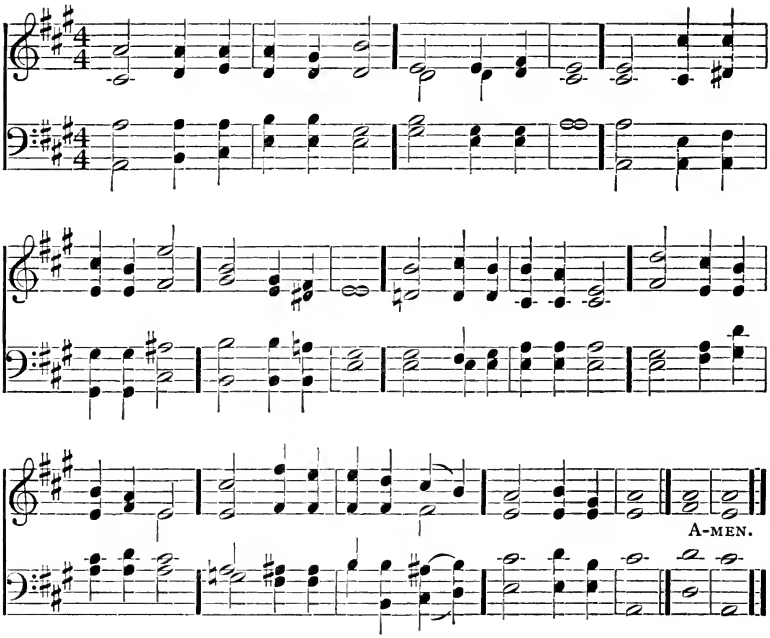
3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.

392 For all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it. Gen. xiii: 15.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

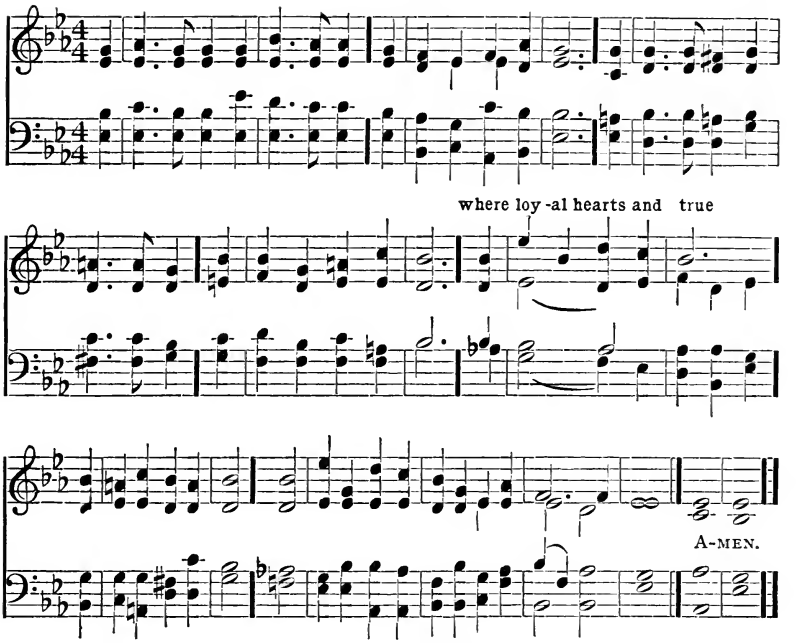
4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His mansions rest? Dox. IV.

393 We have an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. v: 1.

1 I'm but a pilgrim here,
Heaven is my Home;
After earth's desert drear,
Heaven is my Home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my Home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my Home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my Home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Shall soon be overpast,
I shall reach Home at last;
Heaven is my Home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my Home;
May I be glorified;
Heaven is my Home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
Grant me with them to rest;
Heaven is my Home.

4 Grant me to murmur not,
Heaven is my Home.
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my Home.
There shall the promise stand
Pleasures at Thy right hand,
Jesu, in Fatherland:
Heaven is my Home!

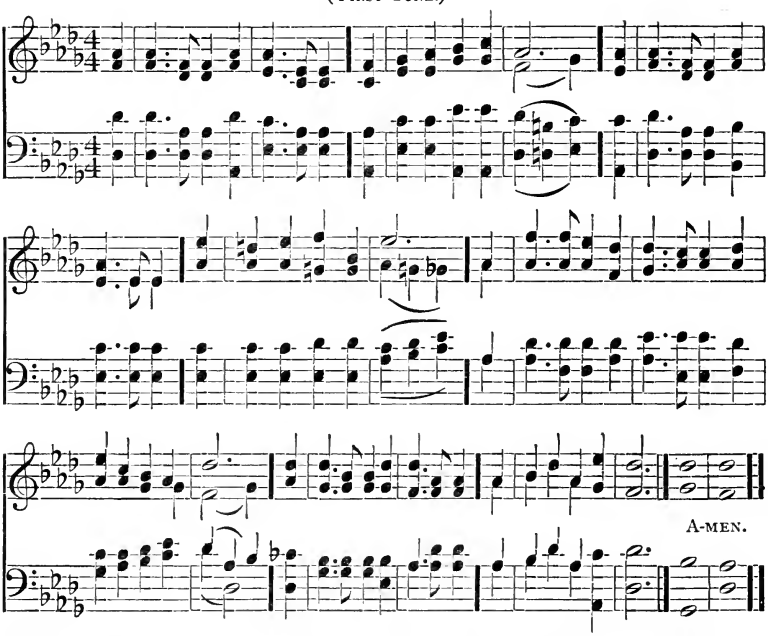


394 To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. Rev. ii: 7.

1 O Paradise, O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise!
O let me sin no more;
O let me be as pure on earth,
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise!
Fain would I worthy be
To serve thee in the place, O Lord,
Thou wilt prepare for me,
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

395 And I John saw the holy city new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. Rev. xxi: 2.

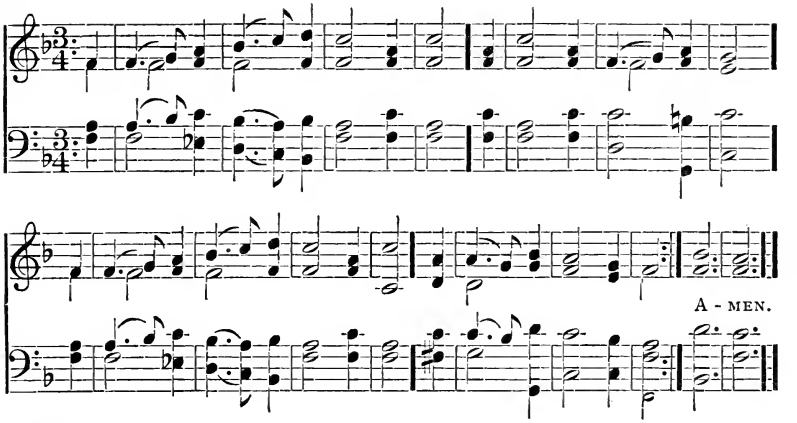
1 O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
What joy to come to thee!
To find my sorrows at an end,
In thy tranquility!
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun:
For God Himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
What joy thy gates to see,
The King that sitteth on the throne
In His felicity.

3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
The tree of life doth grow.

4 That tree each month yields ripened fruit,
For ever more it springs;
And every nation of the earth
To thee its honor brings.
O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
What joy to come to thee!
In thee to find my sorrows end,
And Love's eternity.

395

(Second Tune.)

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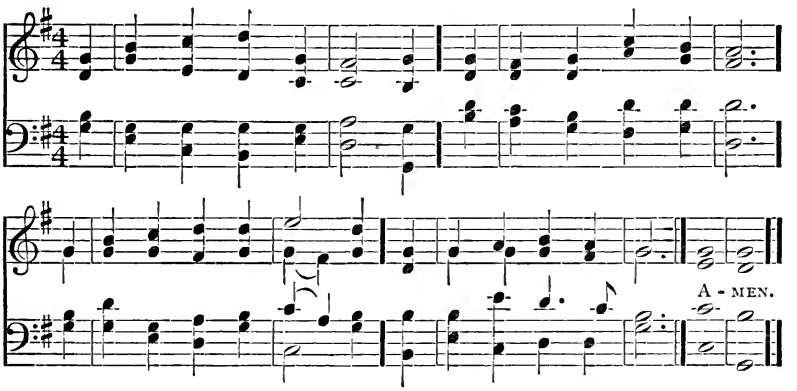
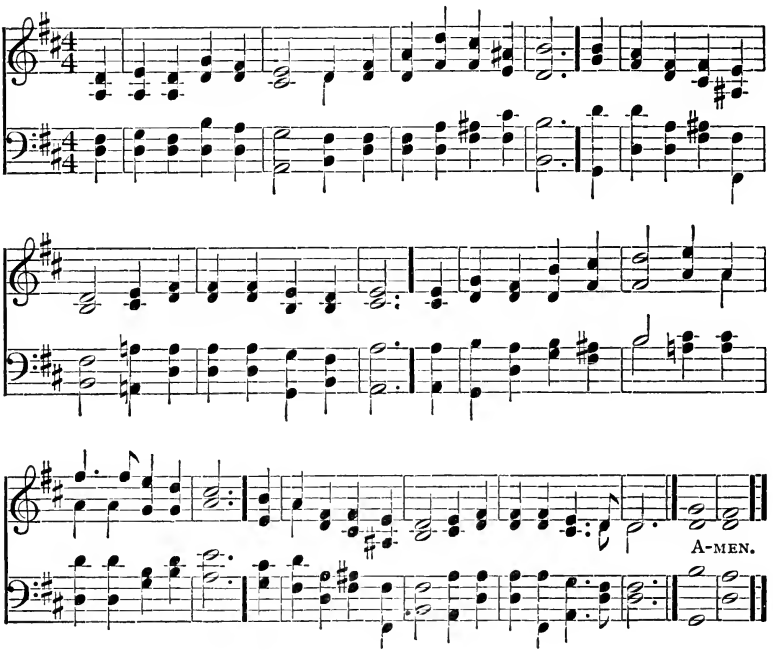

396 Thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Matt. xxv: 23.

1 O peace of all the faithful!
O calm of all the blest!
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

2 Yes, peace! for war is over;
Yes, calm! for storm is past;
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.

3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest!
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!

4 Strive, man, to win that glory!
Toil, man, to gain that light!
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

397 The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. Rev. xxi: 18.

1 Jerusalem, the golden! O city of the blest!
O heavenly land of promise! the weary pilgrim's rest;
Safe through the thorny journey; freed from the strife of sin;
Within the walls of jasper; the pearly gates within.

2 What peace beyond all telling; what joy, for them whose feet
Stand by the crystal river, and walk the golden street!
With boughs of palms, like victors, arrayed in robes of white,
With hymns of glad thanksgiving they throng the halls of light.

3 They thirst not, neither hunger, who gain that bright abode,
With oil of love anointed; as kings and priests to God.
O dear and blessèd vision; the Seer of Patmos tells!
What glad and hopeful tidings, the prophet's voice reveals.

4 Behold the Tabernacle of God is now with men:
And He will dwell among them and heal their grief and pain,
And he that overcometh shall be the Father's heir,
Within the glorious city! and dwell forever there.

398 We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Isa. xxvi: 1

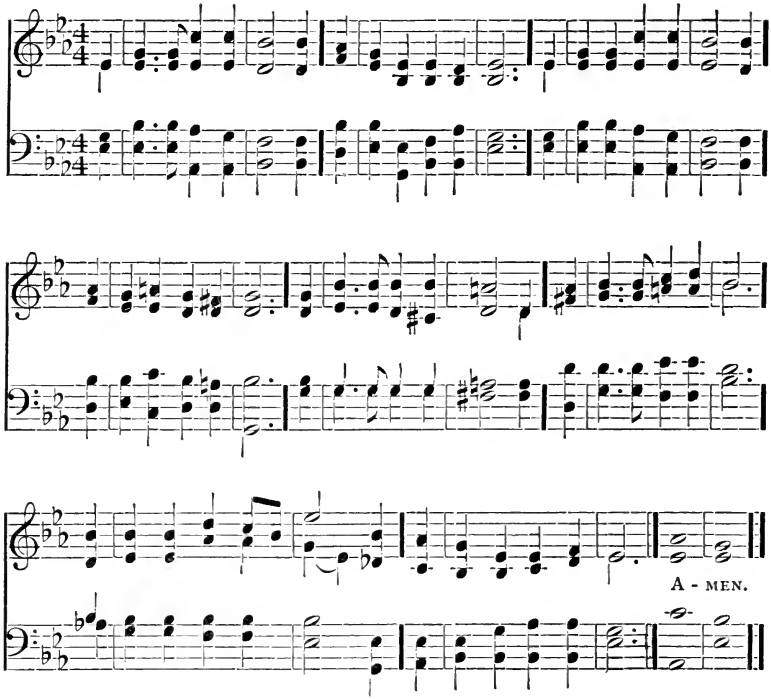
1 Thou City of the angels, thou City of the Lord,
Whose everlasting music is e'er in sweet accord;
Jerusalem, exulting on that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, and love thee evermore.

2 O fields that know no sorrow! O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers, O land of flowers, O realm and home of life!
There, through the sacred lilies, and flowers on every side,
The happy ransomed people go wandering far and wide.

3 O one, O heavenly mansion! O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished and smiles have no alloy:
With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays.

4 Thou hast no night, fair heaven; thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower.

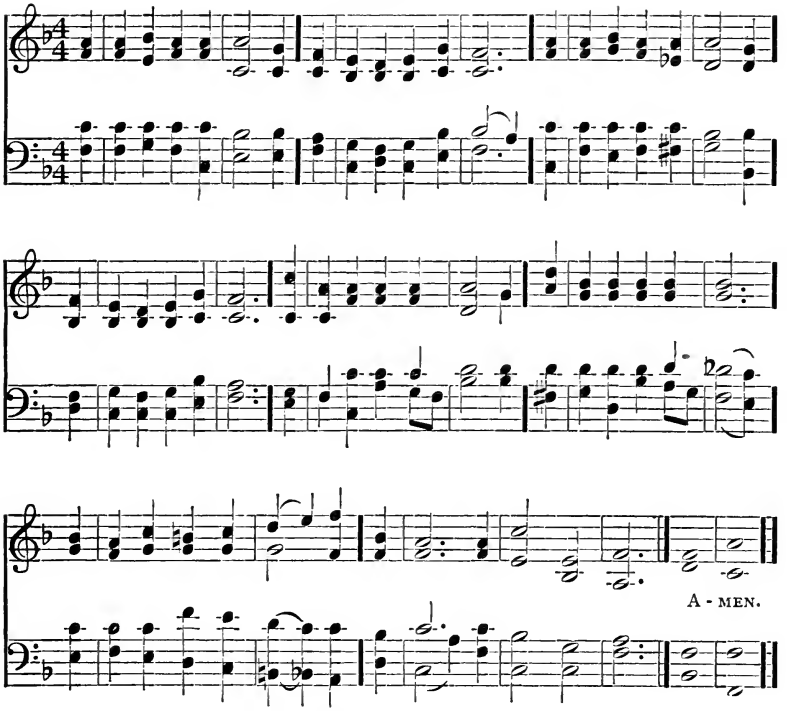
5 O sweet and blessèd country, the home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country that eager hearts expect!
In mercy, Saviour, bring us to that dear land of rest,
Who art our heavenly Father and Saviour ever blest.

(First Tune.)

399 The land whither ye go to possess it is a land which the Lord thy God careth for. Deut. xi: 11, 12.

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
There, too, the emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-Stone is Christ.

3 Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower!
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
Jesus, the heavenly Bridegroom,
True God and Man they sing;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Prince of peace, the King.

(Second Tune.)

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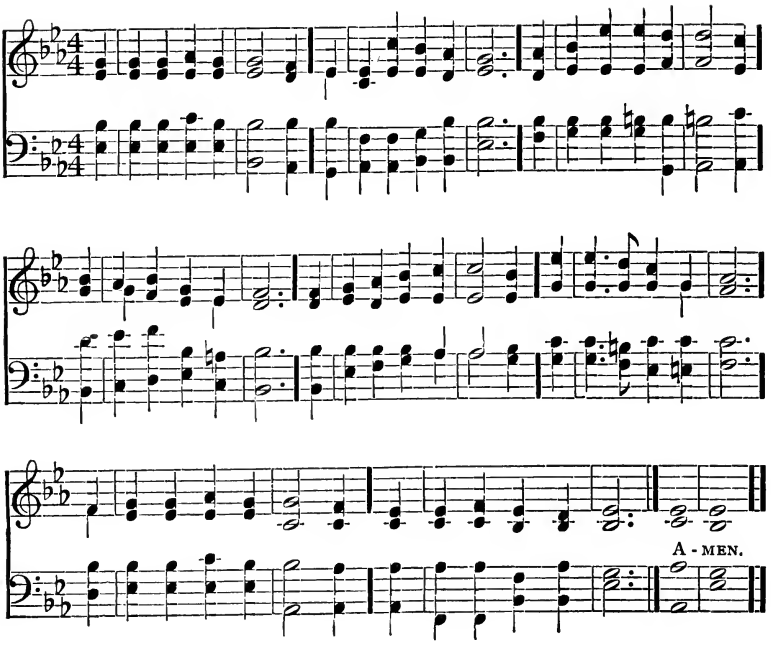
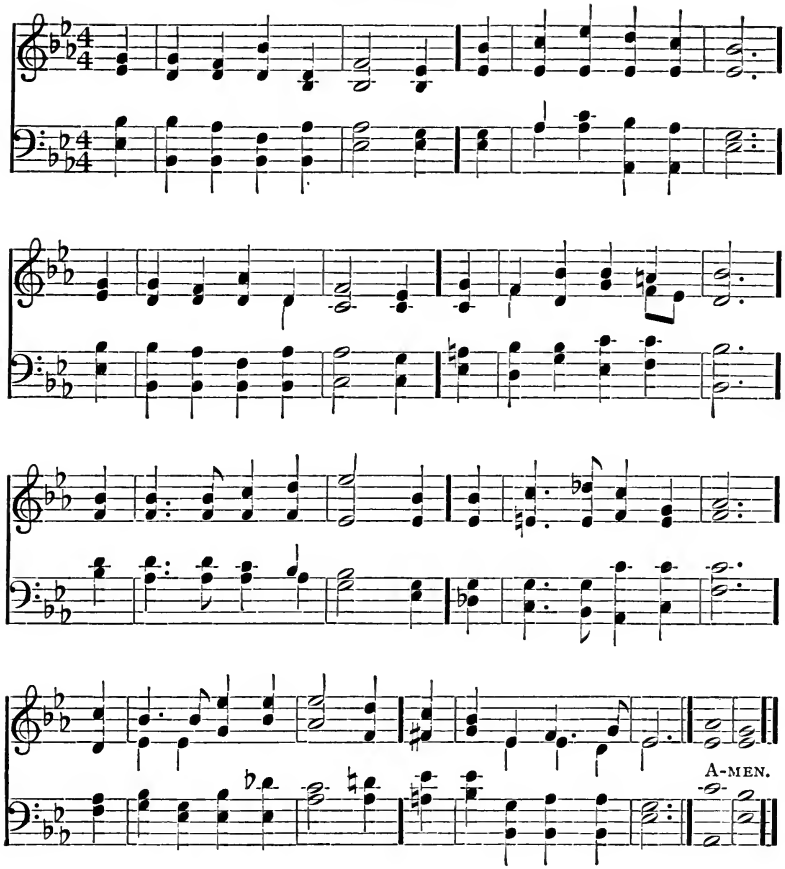

400 God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Rev. xxi: 4.

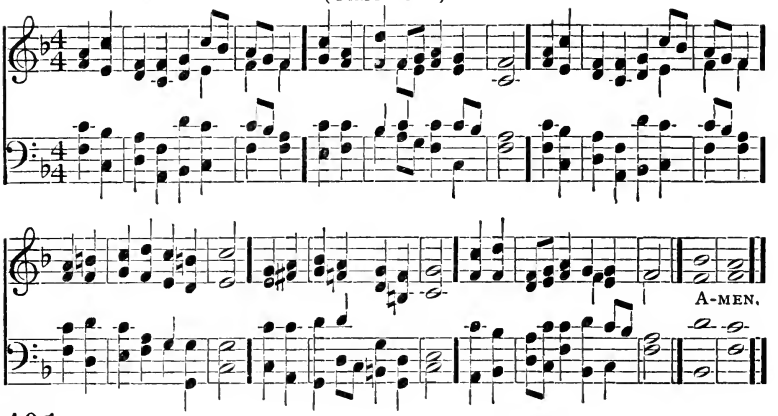
1 Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless-renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

3 For He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own:
With light that hath no darkness,
And health that hath no sore,
And life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

(Second Tune.)

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
Yes! God, our King and portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

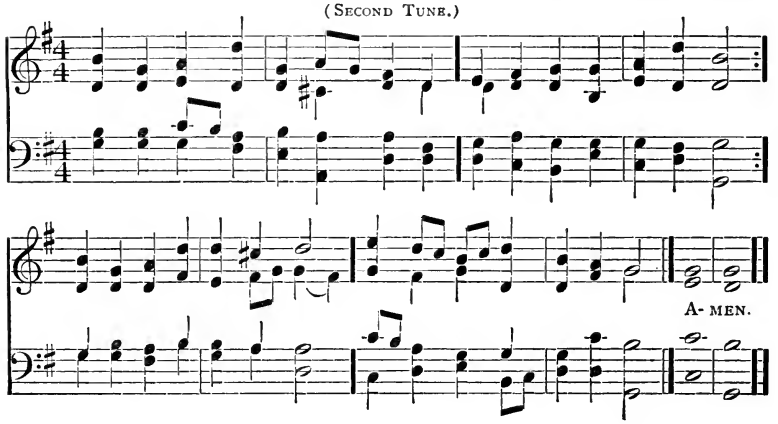
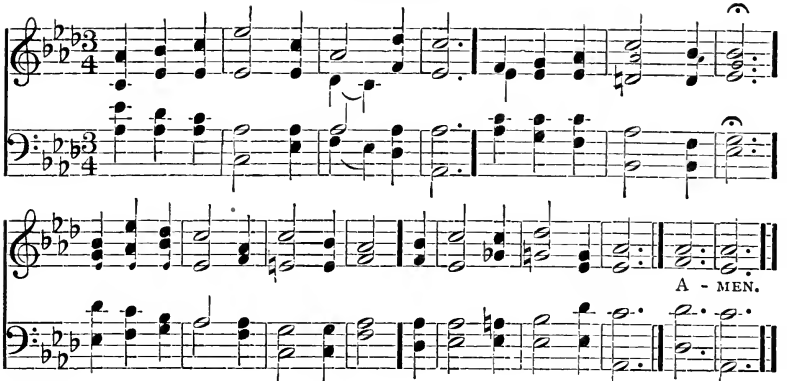
HEAVEN.

(First Tune.)

401 Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. Matt. vi: 20.

1 Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy pinions,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim;
There is naught in earth's dominions,
Worthy to be all thine aim.
Every soul that God inspires,
Back to Him, its Source, aspires.

2 Heavenward! is His spirit crying,
When I hear Him in His Word;
Promise blest to souls undying,
Doth its holy page record.
When His Word fills all my tho't,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

3 Heavenward! Heavenward! ever rising,
This my watchword be on earth;
For the love of heaven, despising
Things of transitory worth.
Heavenward all my spirit tends
Till in heaven its journey ends.

(Second Tune.)

(First Tune.)

402 That great city, the holy Jerusalem. Rev. xxi: 10.

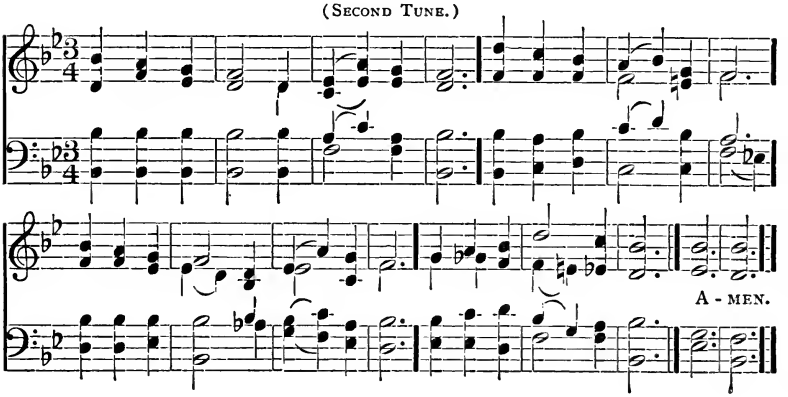
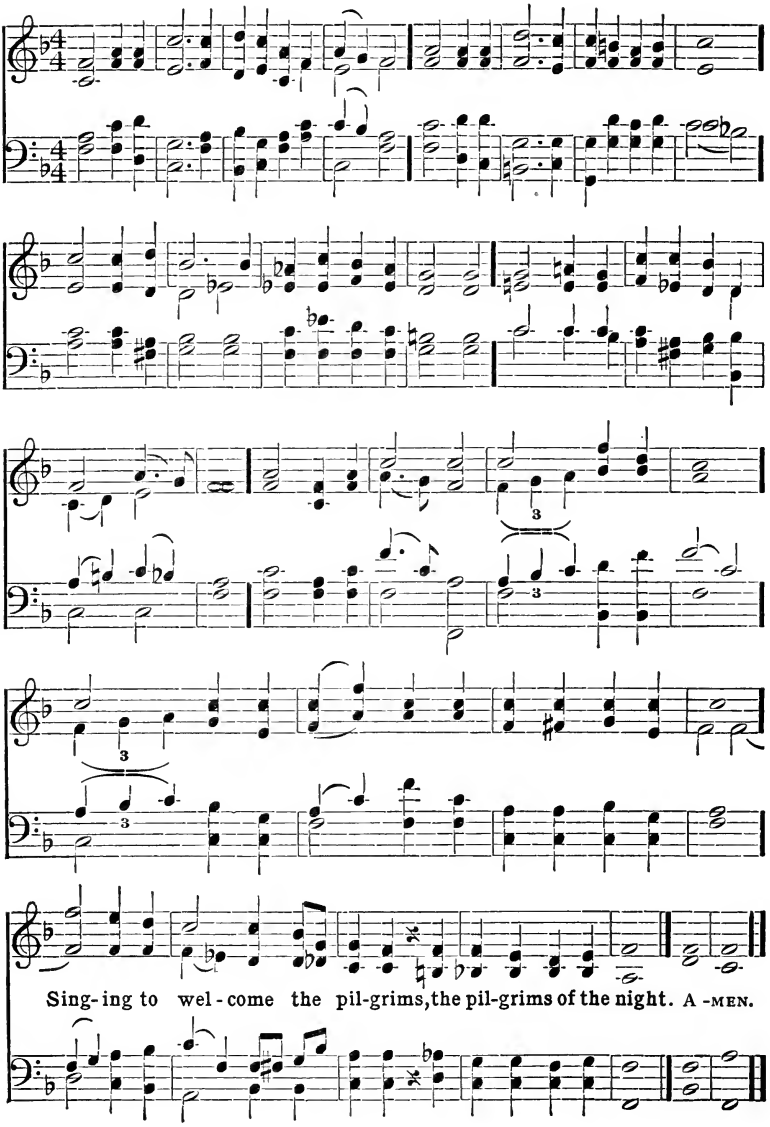
1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
The mansions by my Lord prepared,
For faithful souls below.

4 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.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
My labors then shall have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

(Second Tune.)

(First Tune.)

Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A-MEN.

403 He shall give his angels charge over thee. Matt. iv: 6.

1 Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
‖: Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. :‖

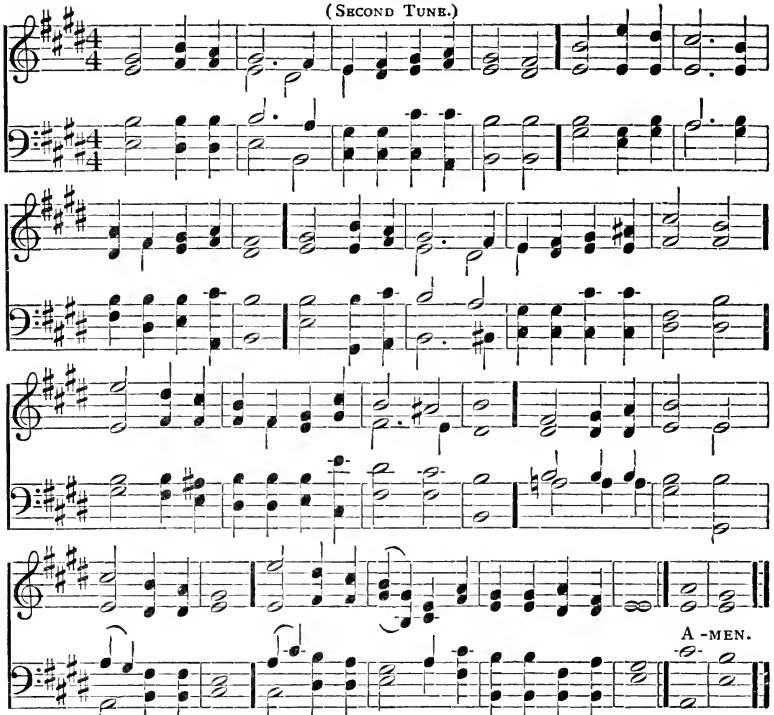
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 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.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

HEAVEN

(SECOND TUNE.)

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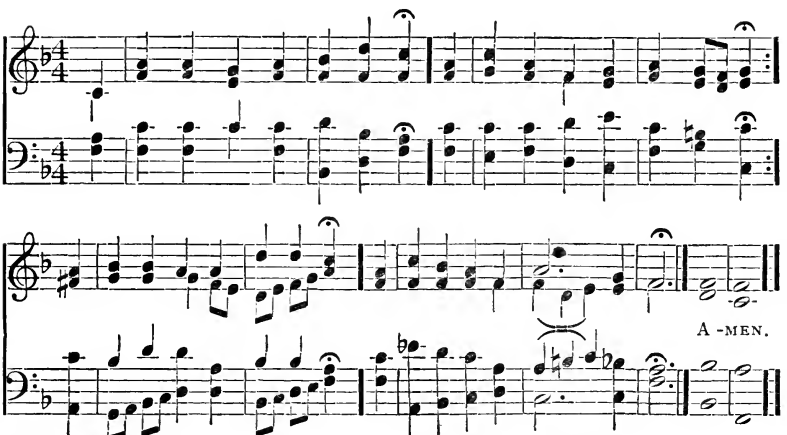
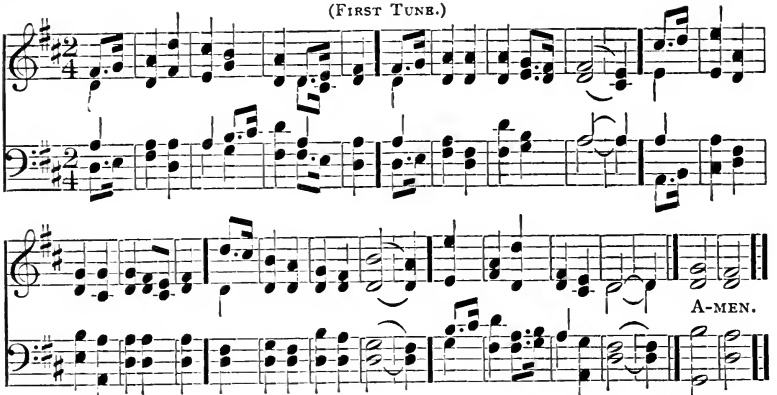

404 He showed me a pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God. Rev. xxii: 1.

1 There is a stream whose waters rise
Amid the hills of Paradise,
Where foot of man hath never trod,
Proceeding from the throne of God;
O give me sickness here, or strife,
So I may reach that spring of life.

2 There is a rock that nigh at hand
Gives shadow in a weary land.
Who by that stricken rock hath rest,
Finds waters gushing from its breast;
Here grant me, Lord, my wand'rings o'er,
To rest, and drink, and thirst no more.

3 There is a people who have cast
The strife and toil away at last;
On whom — so calm their rest and sweet —
The sun lights not, nor any heat.
Give us with them at length to be;
And send us here what pleaseth Thee.

4 Thou only Good! Thou only Wise!
Who dost so lovingly chastise
To give more strength and add more grace —
Grant me Thy spirit to embrace,
The more, the more that nature faints,
The glorious portion of Thy saints.

(First Tune.)

405 Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off. Isa. xxxiii: 17.

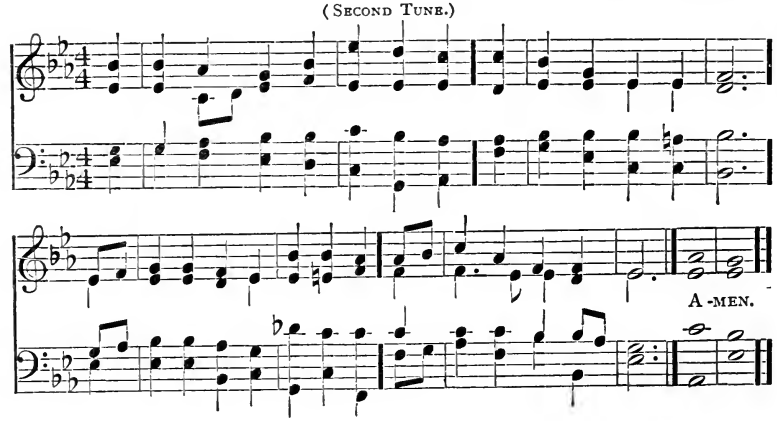
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where God the Saviour reigns;
Infinite day excludes the night,
‖: And pleasures banish pains. :‖

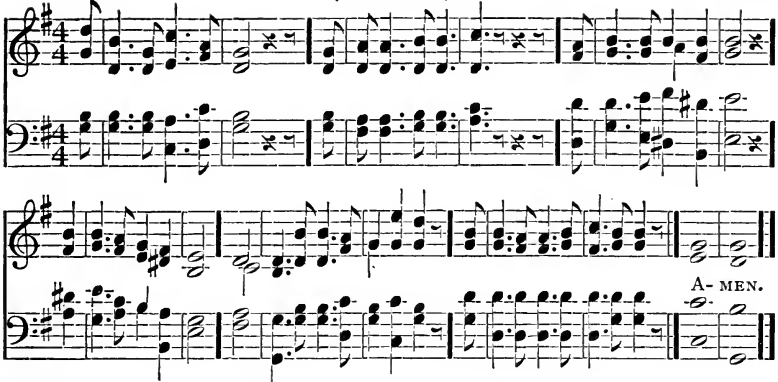
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
‖: This heavenly land from ours. :‖

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
‖: Can never enter there. :‖

4 O may the heavenly prospects fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
‖: Bear every thought above. :‖

Dox. IV.

(Second Tune.)

HEAVEN.

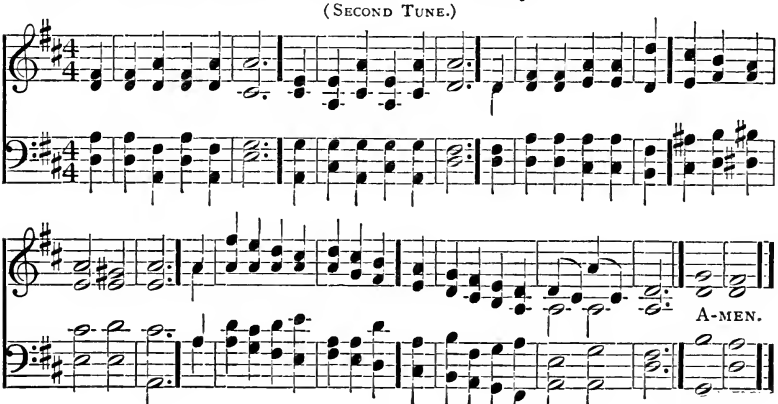
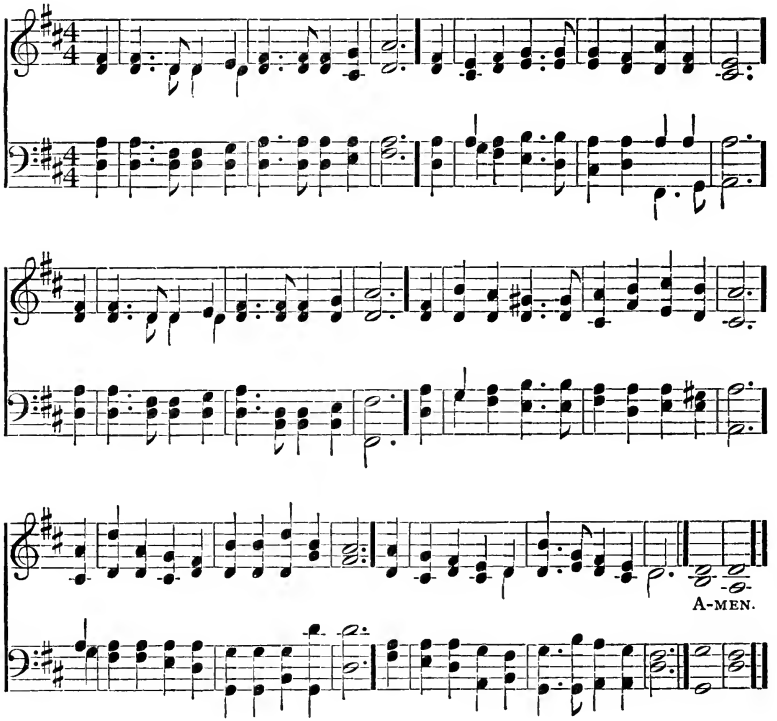
(First Tune.)

406 God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Rev. xxi: 4.

1 Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But O the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leagur'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

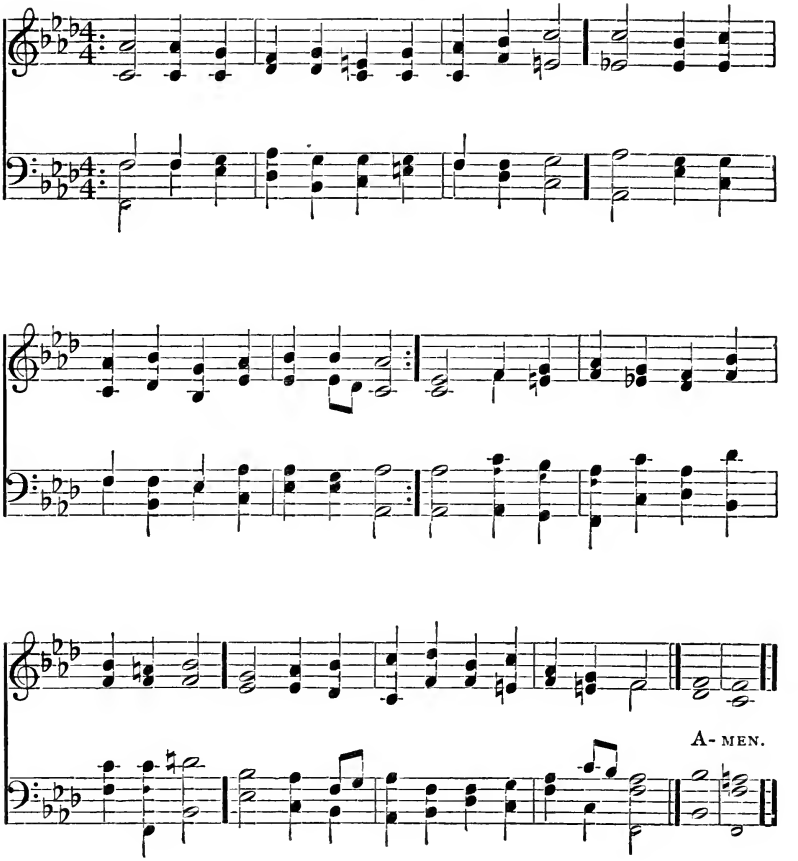
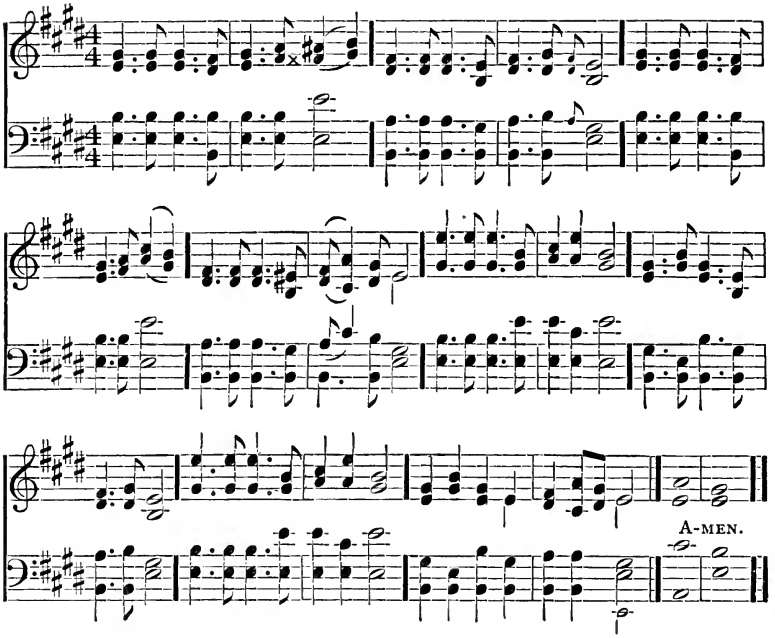
4 The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears;
What matter now this bitter fray?
The King has wiped those tears away.

(Second Tune.)

(First Tune.)

407

Ye in me, and I in you. John xiv: 20.

1 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2 The good I have is from His stores supplied,
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
Changes may come, I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

(SECOND TUNE.)

3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines,
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And on His people's inward darkness shines:
All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

408 The Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for evermore. Rev. xxii: 5.

1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

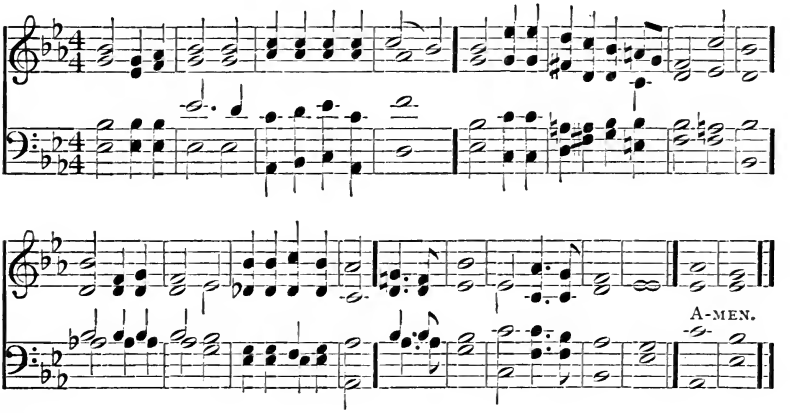
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest. Dox. VI.

409 The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water. Rev. vii: 17.

1 Who are these in bright array
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand—
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

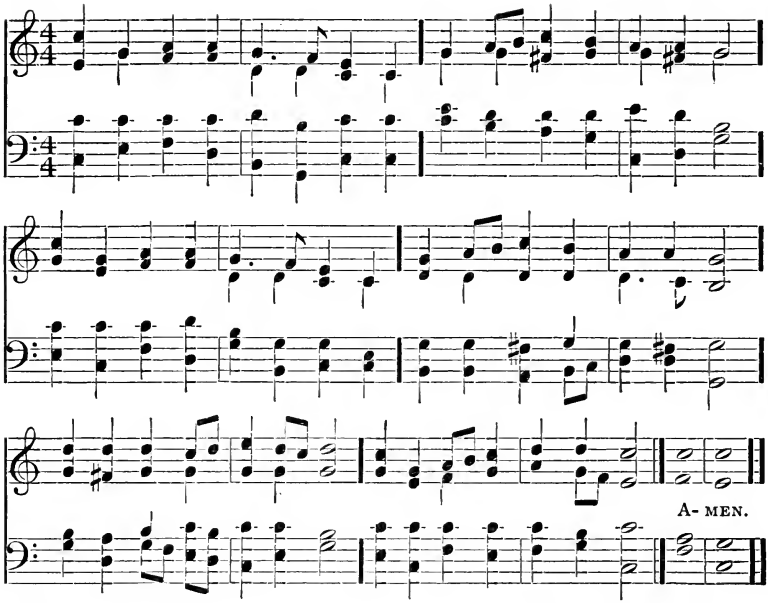
Dox. IV.

410 I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia. Rex. xix: 1.

1 For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever bless'd.
‖:Alleluia.:‖

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
‖:Alleluia.:‖

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
‖:Alleluia.:‖

4 Ana when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
‖:Alleluia.:‖

5 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
‖:Alleluia. ‖

411 These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii : 14.

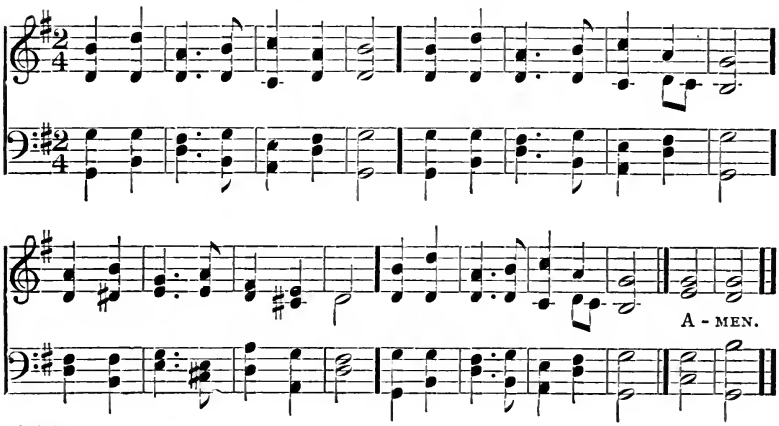
1 Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

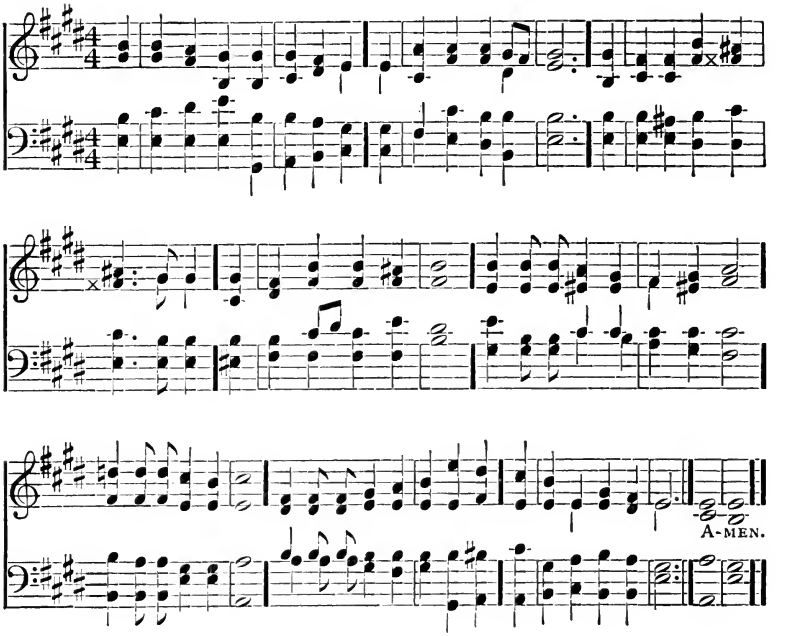
6 Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds them
On Mount Zion's pastures fair;
From His central throne He leads them
By the living fountains there;
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
Free He gives the cooling stream.

412

I go to prepare a place for you. John xiv: 2.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

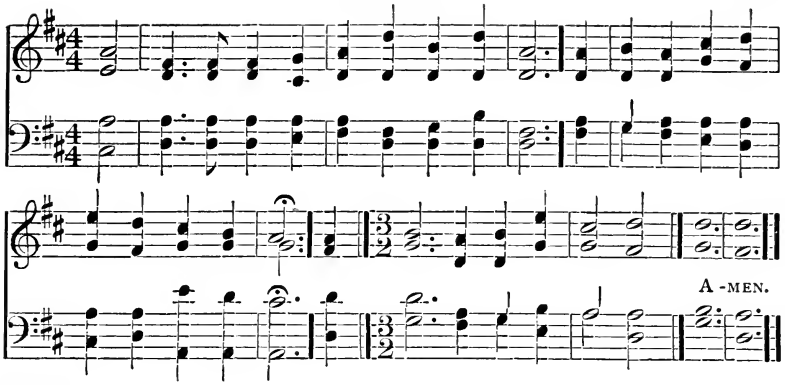
3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

413

Though he were dead, yet shall he live. John xi: 25.

1 Gone! yes, but for a little while,
The parting and the pain,
Heaven shall restore the near and dear
To those they love again.
Gone, whither we shall follow soon,
With them the joys to share,
Which for His servants here below,
The Lord hath treasured there.

2 Gone! no, they dwell with us unseen,
They share our hopes and fears,
In our rejoicing they rejoice,
And sorrow in our tears.
Unseen, God sets His angels watch,
With constant care to keep
The ways His children walk by day,
And guard their nightly sleep.

3 Departed, but not dead; yea, more
Alive than when they dwelt
With us on earth in mortal flesh,
And all its weakness felt.
They only lose their earthly part,
They gain immortal youth,
Who in the fear of God have lived,
And kept His Word of truth.

414 Praise ye the Lord. Ps. cl: 1.

1 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven, O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

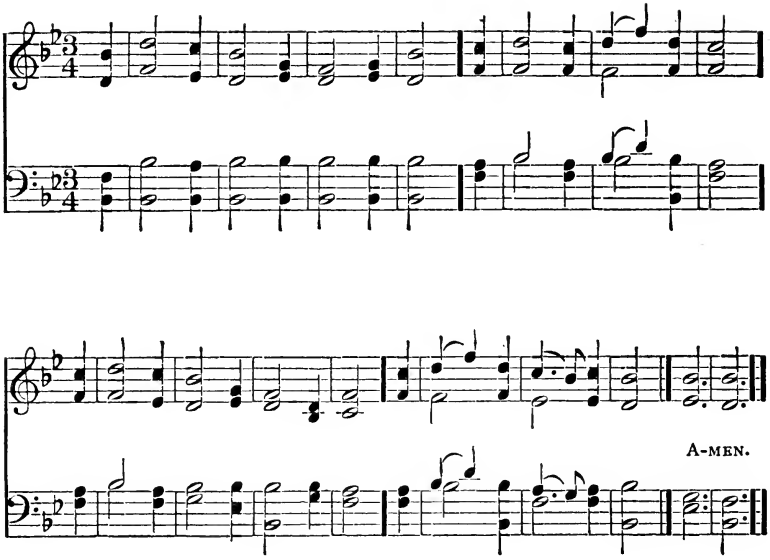
4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

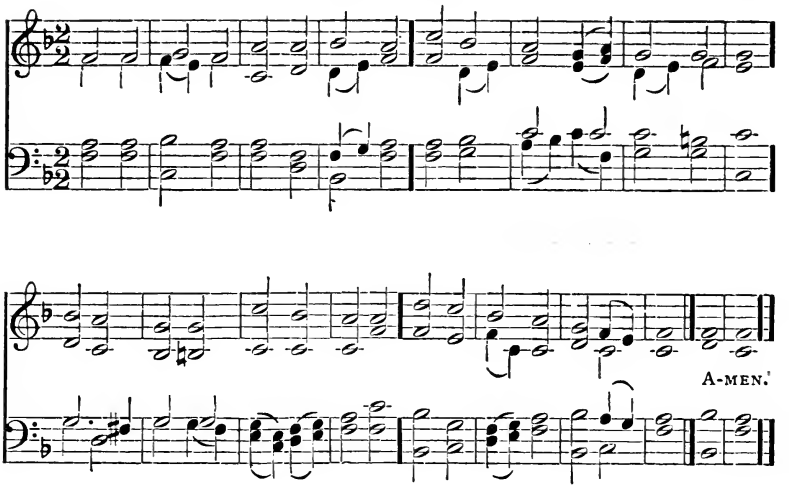
7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

415 Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. xix: 14.

1 Lo, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms:
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 "Suffer the little ones," He says,
"Forbid them not to come:
Of such is heaven; and souls like these
Shall find in heaven their home."

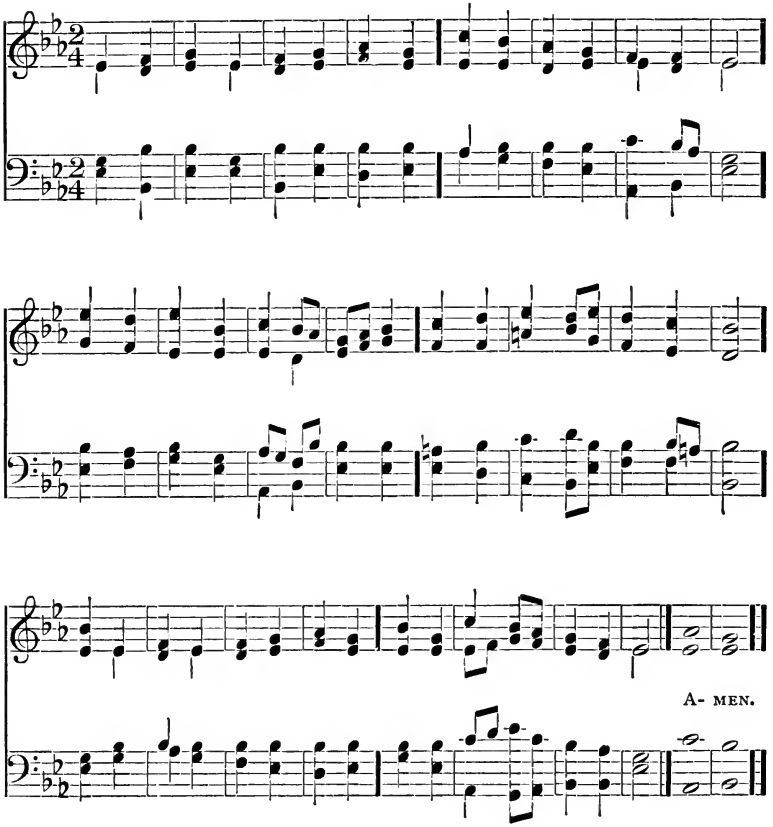
3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to Thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be. Dox. IV.

416 He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Isa. xl: 11.

1 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
And the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.

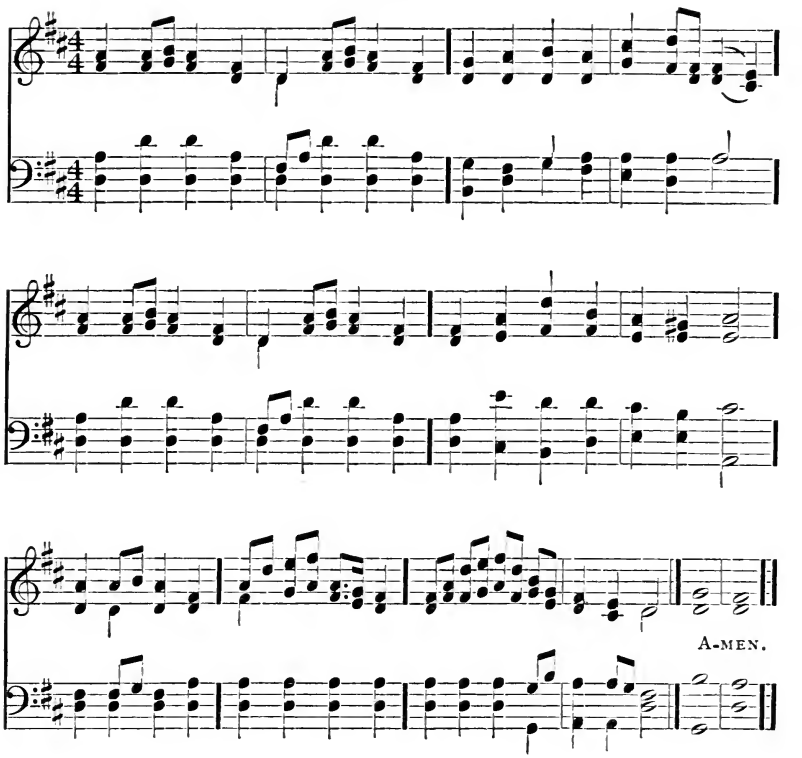
2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there secure from harm!

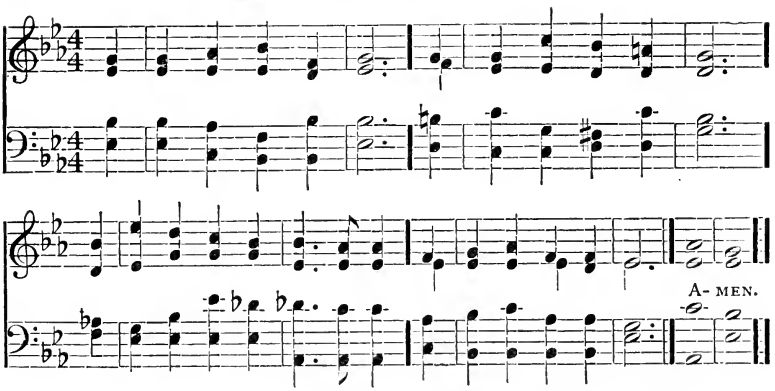
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace! Dox. IX.

(First Tune.)

417 Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.
Ps. lxxiii : 24.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

(Second Tune.)

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Guide me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

418 I will bring him, that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide for ever. 1 Sam. i: 22.

1 To Thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring ;
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,—
Our dearest offering.

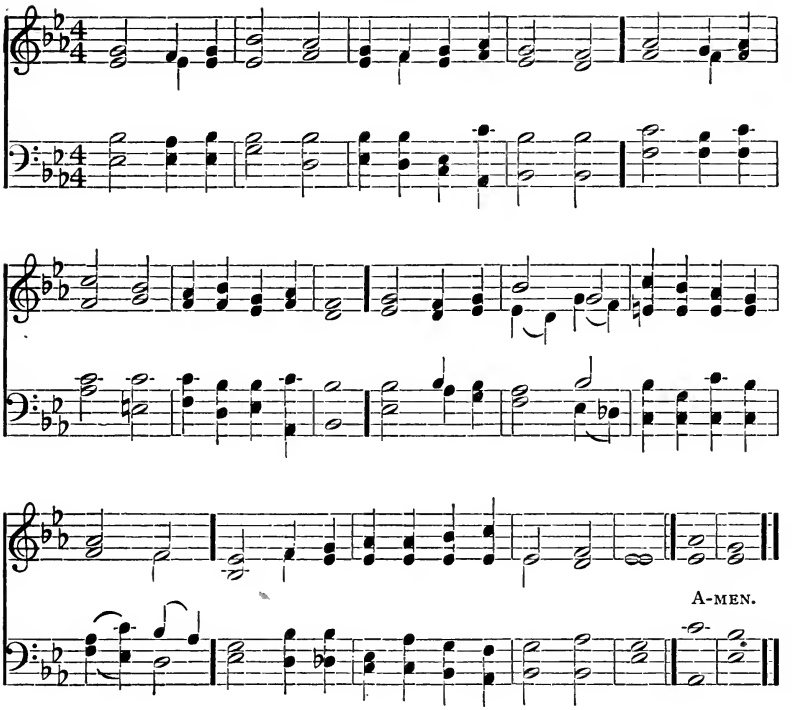
2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3 Oh, let Thy Word of love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean ! Dox. V.

419 He took them up in his arms and blessed them. Mark x: 16.

1 To Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,—
To Him who took them to His breast
We bring these children home.

2 To Thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

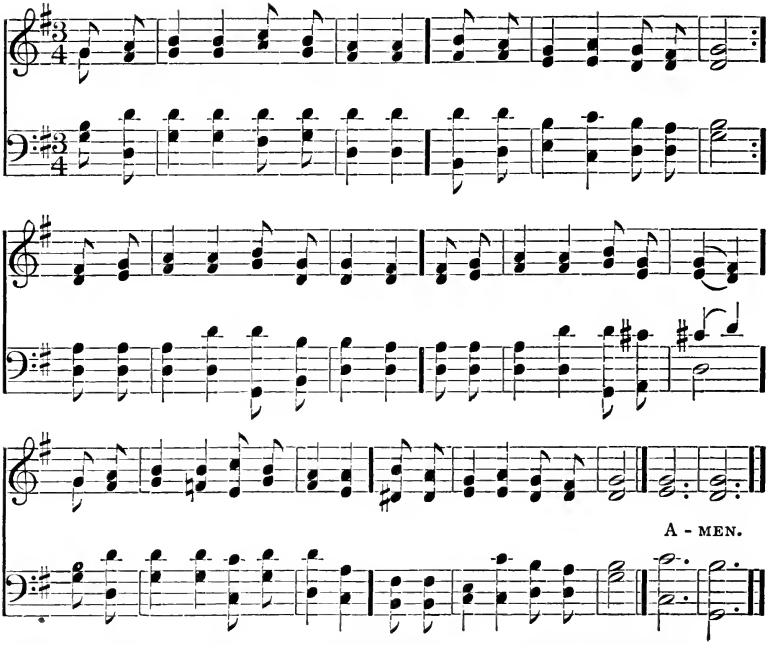
3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now ! Dox. V.

420

Thou canst make me clean. Mark ii : 40.

1 Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ign'rance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy name;

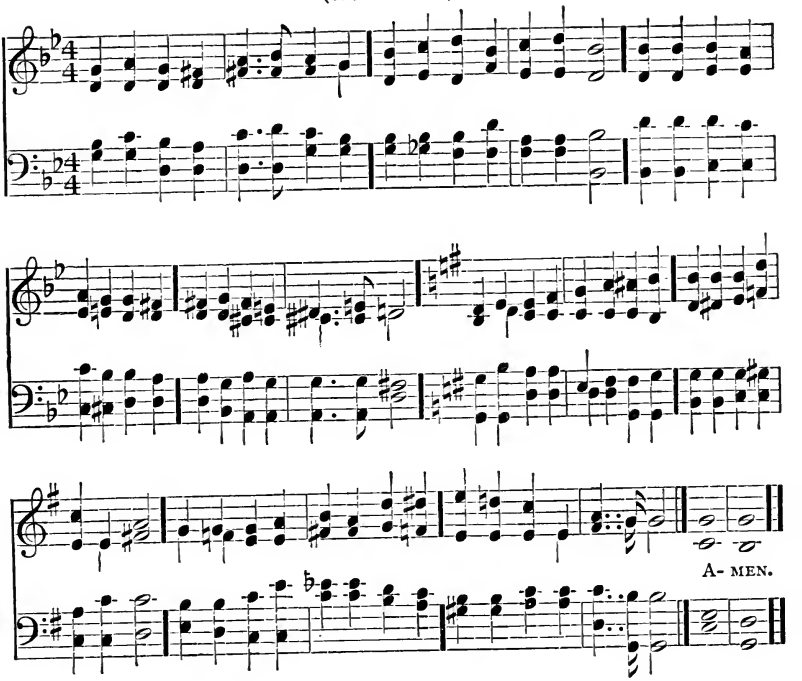
2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

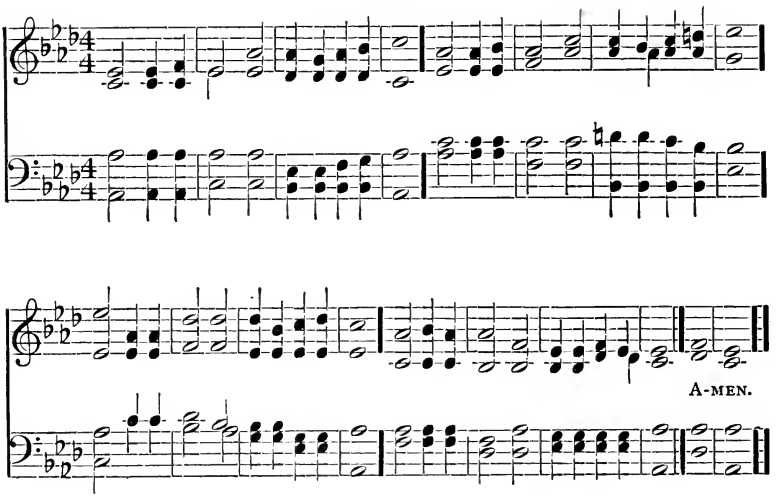
3 Lord, let Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Tokens of mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean;
Oh, speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed!

(First Tune.)

421 Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple. Luke xiv: 27.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee:
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
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!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

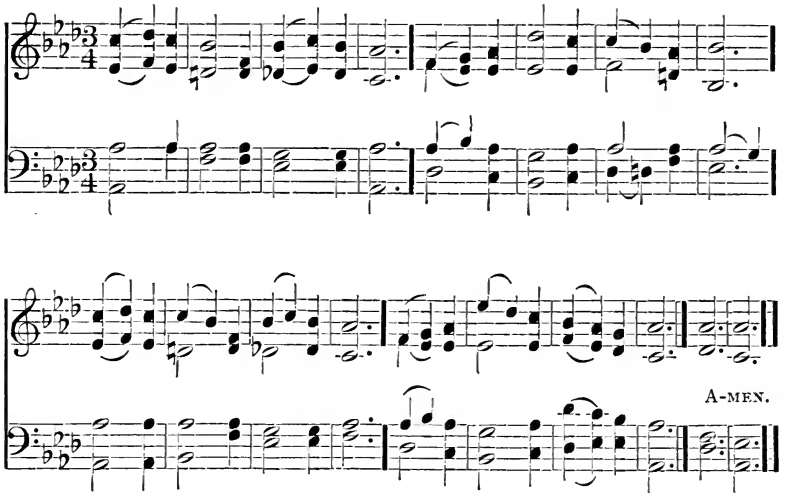
(SECOND TUNE.)

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise. DOX. VIII.

422 Look down from thy holy habitation, from heaven, and bless thy people. Deut. xxvi: 15.

1 O blest Redeemer, from Thy radiant throne,
Where tongues angelic sing Thy triumphs won,
Look down on those who bear Thy sacred name,
And with Thy glorious deeds their hearts inflame!

2 Restore their ways! renew them, by Thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and Thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to Thy doctrine join,
And by their conduct prove their faith divine!

3 O be Thy Providence their constant friend!
Through life still guard them, and in death attend!
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace!

4 And O! when called before their Judge divine,
May they in Zion's wedding-garments shine;
With Thee sit down, and find their great reward,
In full conjunction with their God and Lord! Dox. XI.

423 We are thine. Isa. lxiii: 19.

1 Thine for ever:— God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:— Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife!
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:— O how bless'd
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever:— Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:— Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven.
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Dox. VI.

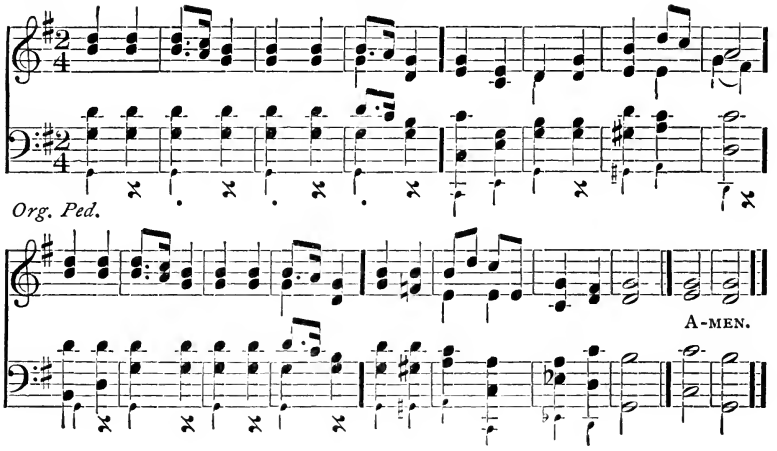
424 Come and follow me. Matt. xix: 21.

1 Jesus, ever-present Guide!
Keep me closely by Thy side.
I would yield my all to Thee,
Follow where Thou leadest me.

2 Be the pathway smooth or wild,
Lead me like a trusting child,
Lest I falter, lest I stray
From the homeward, heavenly way.

3 Thou, my Light, my Life, my All!
Now I hear Thy loving call:
"Come, my child, nor longer fear,
I, thy Guide, am ever near."

4 Lord, I place my hand in Thine,
Jesus, Saviour, Guide Divine;
Thine the love-illumined way,
Turning darkness into day.

Dox. VI.

425

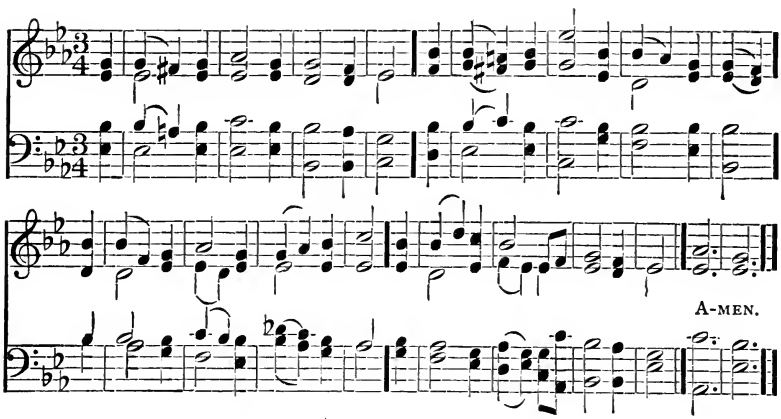
I am Thine, save me. Ps. cxix: 94.

1 Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine,
Help, O, help our weak endeavor,
Lord, for ever to be Thine.

2 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Thine for ever may we be:
May no sin nor sorrow sever
Us from union, Lord, with Thee.

3 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Armed with faith, and strong in Thee,
Ever fighting, fainting never,
May we march to victory!

4 Daily in the grace increasing
Of Thy Spirit, more and more,
Watching, praying without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

5 Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
Let Thy face upon us shine,
Help, oh! help our weak endeavor,
Lord, for ever to be Thine. Dox. IX

426

He will guide you into all truth. John xvi: 13.

1 Come, O Creator, Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

3 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside. Dox. II.

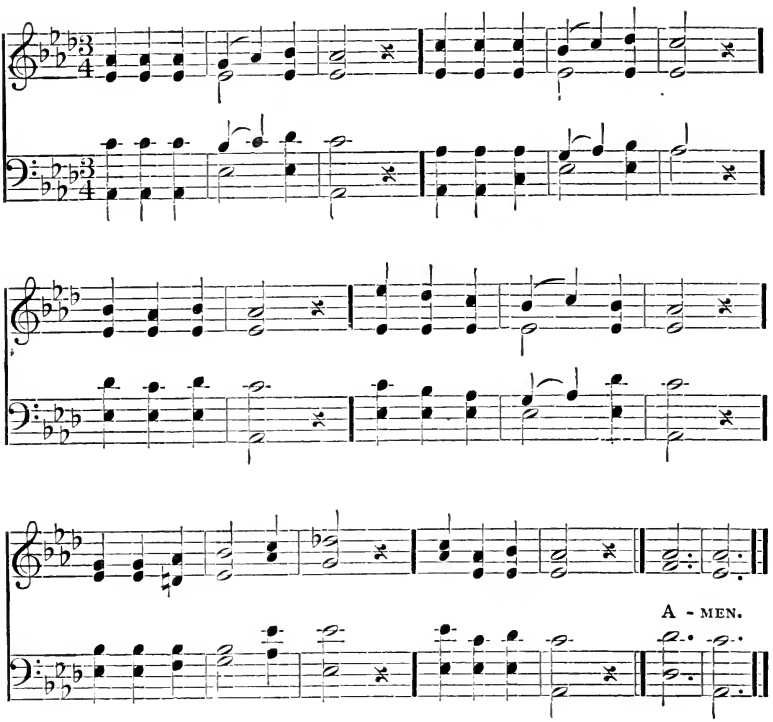
427

Choose you this day whom ye will serve. Josh. xxiv: 15.

1 How blessèd is the heavenly choice,
Of Thee my Saviour and my Lord!
Well may my grateful heart rejoice,
In firmly resting on Thy Word.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to His altar now I move.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Firm on the Rock of ages, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

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

428

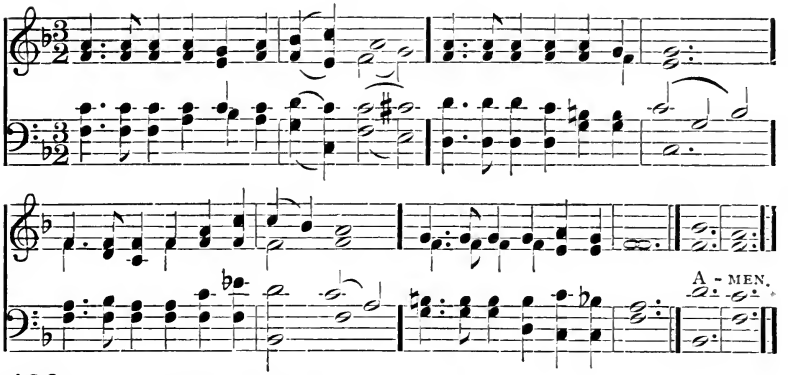
Our Father, which art in heaven. Matt. vi : 9.

1 Father, I go to Thee!
Father! O! show to me,
Mercy and love.
Earthly my thoughts have been:
O, make me pure within!
Lead me above!

2 Deeply believing in
Thy love relieving sin,
Father, I come!
O! take Thy erring child,
Driven by passion wild,—
O! take me home!

3 Lord! let me rest in Thee!
Thine ever blest to be;
Wise in my youth;
Striving Thy will to do;
Aiding my fellows, too;
Cleansed by Thy truth.

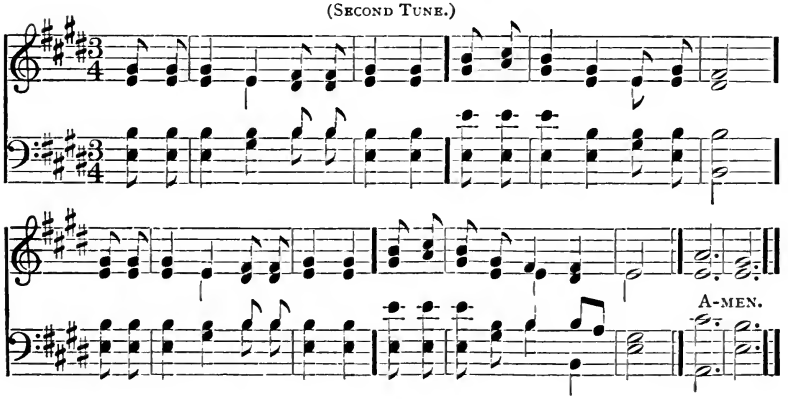
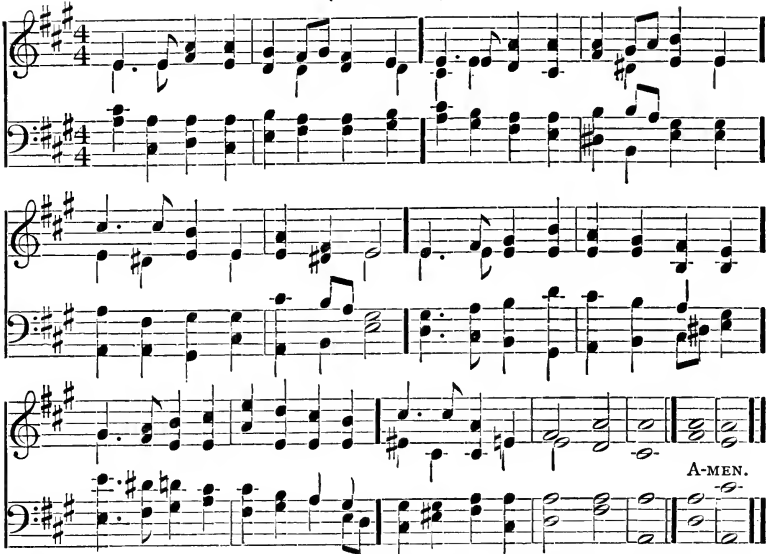
4 Father! I kneel in guilt!
Father! I feel Thou wilt
Ne'er let me fall!
Father! I'll e'er be Thine!
Oh! let Thy mercies shine,
Blessing us all!

(First Tune.)

429 He that eateth me, even he shall live by me. John vi : 57.

1 Jesus spreads His banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of His mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free:
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee!

3 In Thy trial and rejection;
In Thy great humility;
In Thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember Thee! Dox. IX.

(Second Tune.)

(First Tune.)

430 I am the bread of life. John vi. 35.

1 Sion, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Thou wilt never reach the measure
Of His worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays!

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee,
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That Himself to thee He giveth?—
He that eateth ever liveth,—
For the Bread of Life is He.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, His mercy showing
Who this heavenly table spread.
On this day so glad and holy,
To each hungering spirit lowly
Giveth He the living Bread.

Dox. XVIII.

431 This is the bread that cometh down from heaven. John vi: 51.

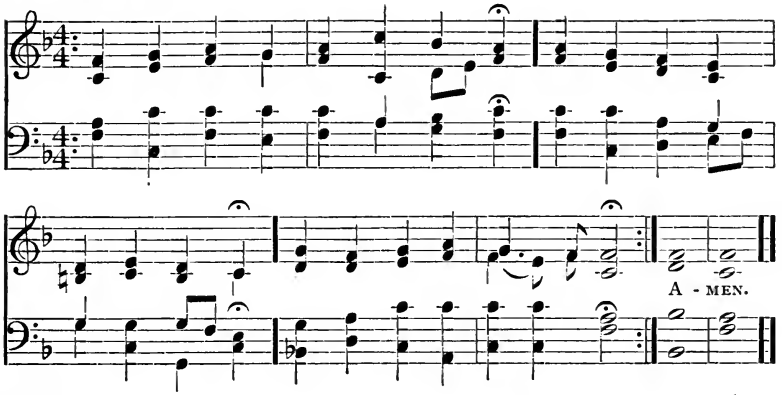
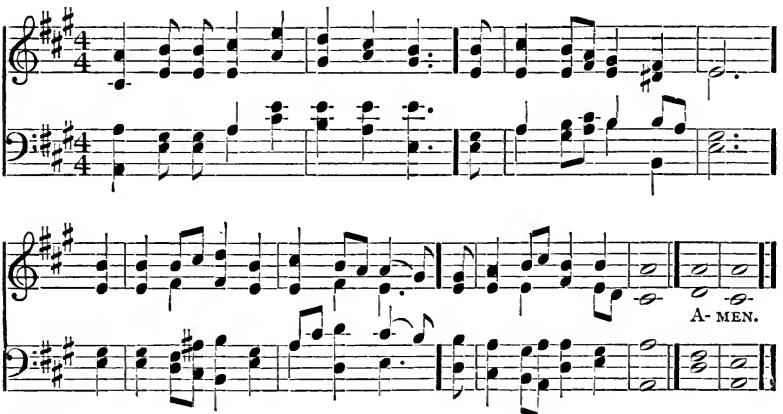
1 Here the King hath spread His table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Him the passover to trace.
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

2 Lo, this angels' food descending
Heavenly love is hither sending,
Pilgrim lips on earth to feed.
So the paschal lamb was given,
So the manna came from heaven,
This the manna is indeed.

3 O good Shepherd, Bread life giving,
Us, Thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore!
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with Thee abiding,
All Thy Church shall Thee adore.

Dox. XVIII.

430 & 431

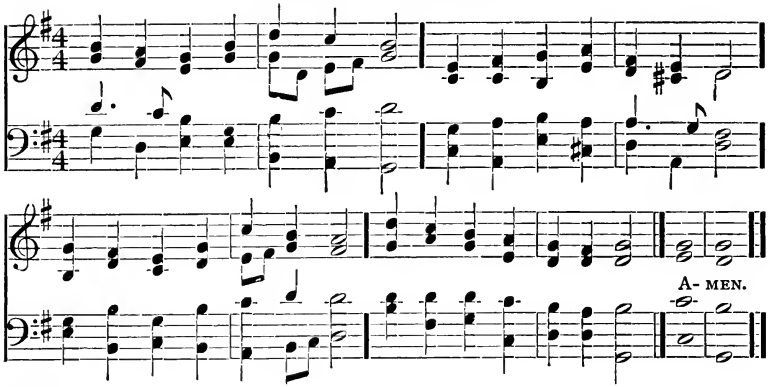
(SECOND TUNE.)

432

432

He was known of them in breaking of bread. Luke xxiv : 35.

1 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock ;
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 We would not live by bread alone,
But by Thy word of grace ;
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

3 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart :
Saviour, abide with us and spread
Thy table in our heart.

4 There sup with us in love divine ;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. DOX. IV

433

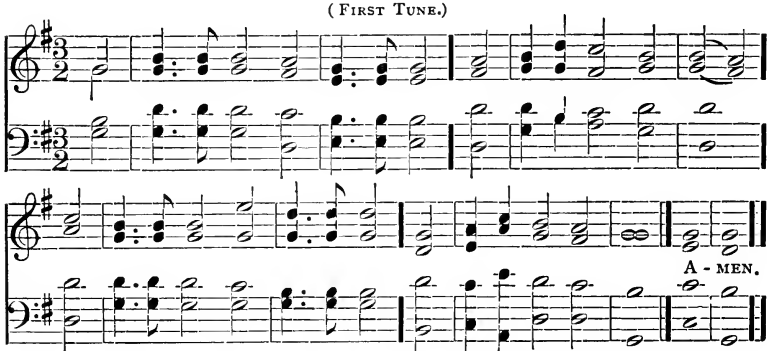
This do in remembrance of me. Luke xxii: 19.

1 At Thy table, Lord of life,
May our souls find peace and rest,
On our Saviour may we lean,
Safe repose upon Thy breast.

2 Thou dost call us to this feast,
Thou hast said, "remember Me:"
May we come with trustful hearts,
Hearts devoted, Lord, to Thee.

3 May Thy grace our souls awake;
Make them glow with holy love;
While we take the bread and cup,
Set our hearts on things above.

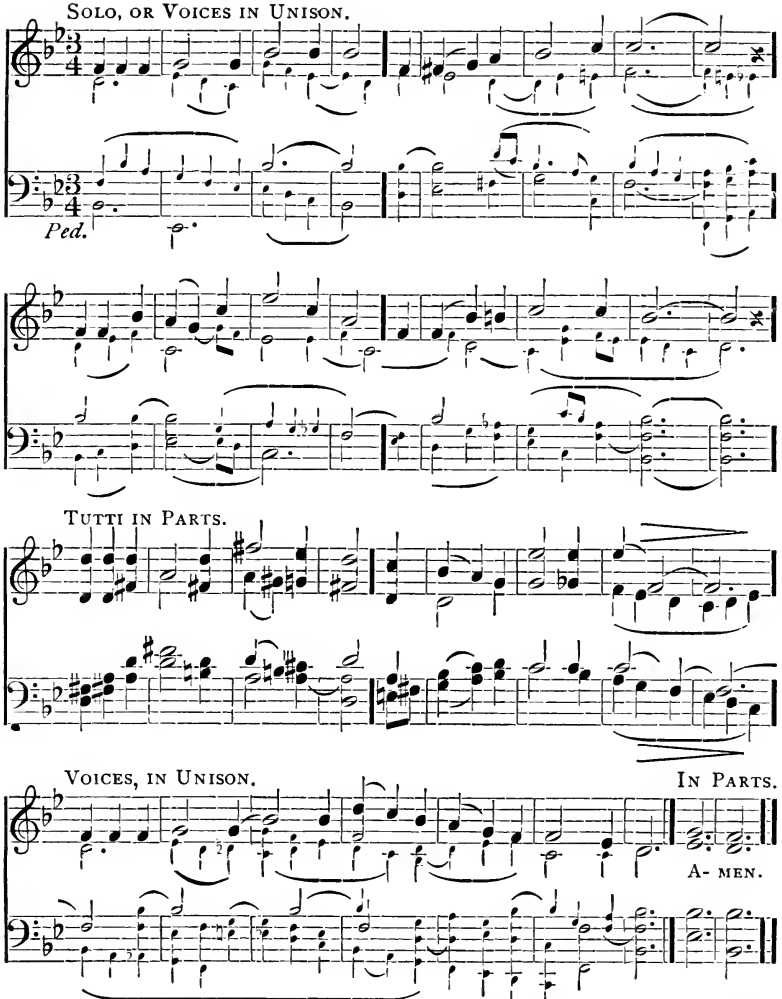
Dox. VI.

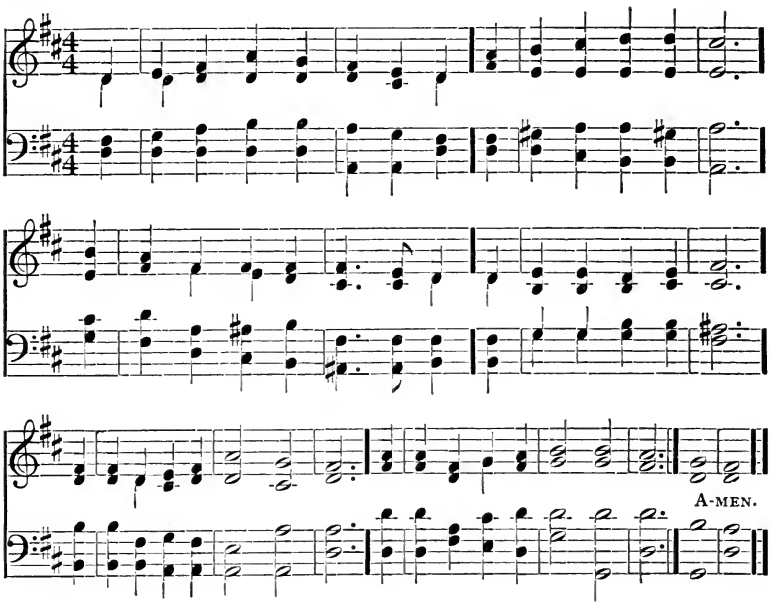
(First Tune.)

434

The bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. John vi: 33.

1 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 thro' the desert flow,
The manna from above.

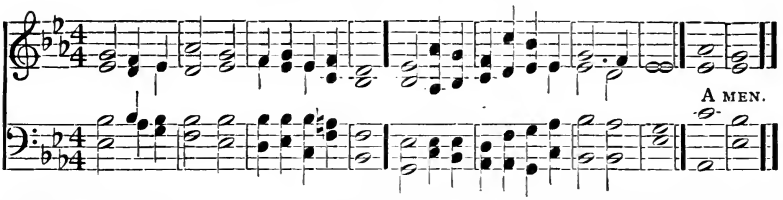
(SECOND TUNE)

3 We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, Thy body, blessèd Lord,
Our drink, Thy 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.

435

Lord, evermore give us this bread. John vi: 34.

1 Lord! when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat,
Thy blessing on us pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for Thee.

2 Thy flesh, in loving kindness given;
Thy blood in mercy shed;
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed;
And as we round Thy table kneel,
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

3 Be Thou, all-glorious Saviour! nigh;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise,
As fragrant incense, to the skies.

436 This is the bread which cometh down from heaven that a man may eat thereof and not die. John v: 50.

1 O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the ransomed sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy life we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

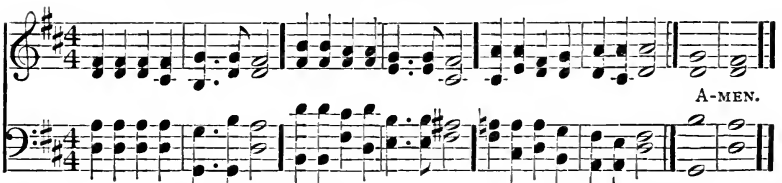
4 O Thou, the Bread of heaven, on whom we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessing without end.

6 Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

7 In pillar'd cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

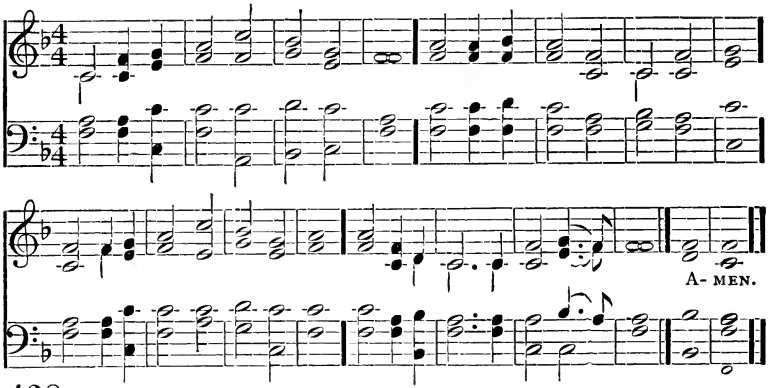
8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.

9 Oh, lead us daily by Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

437 Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart. Jer. xv: 16.

1 Jesus, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal!

3 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with truth divine!

4 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

438

My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. John vi: 55.

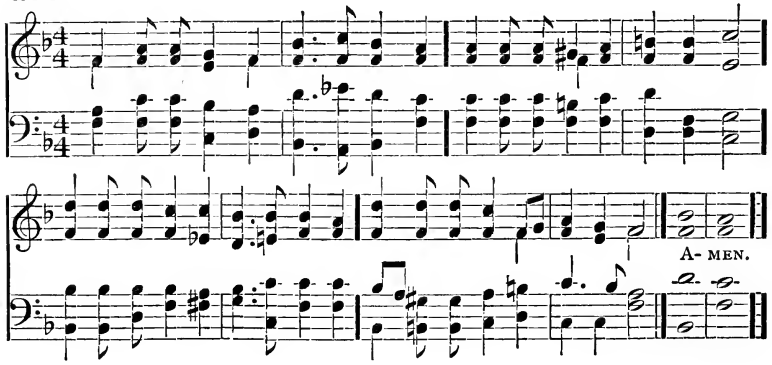
1 O Lord! and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with truth o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

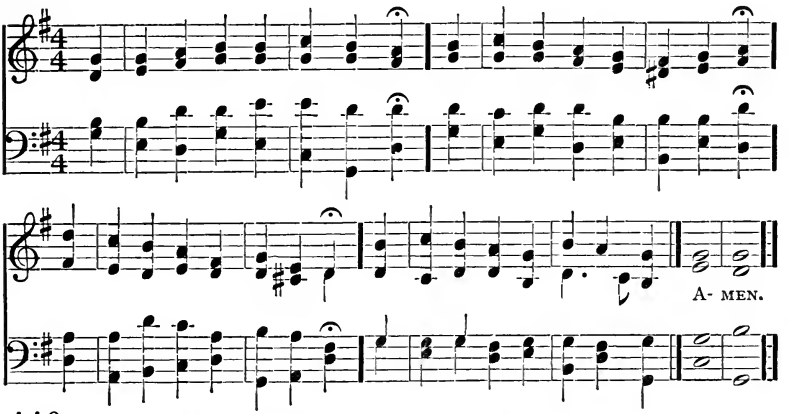
4 Nor let Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men are blest
Who see the light, or feel the sun.

Dox. I.

439

439 He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. John vi: 35.

1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And by whose voice Thy flock is led;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy love our souls are fed.

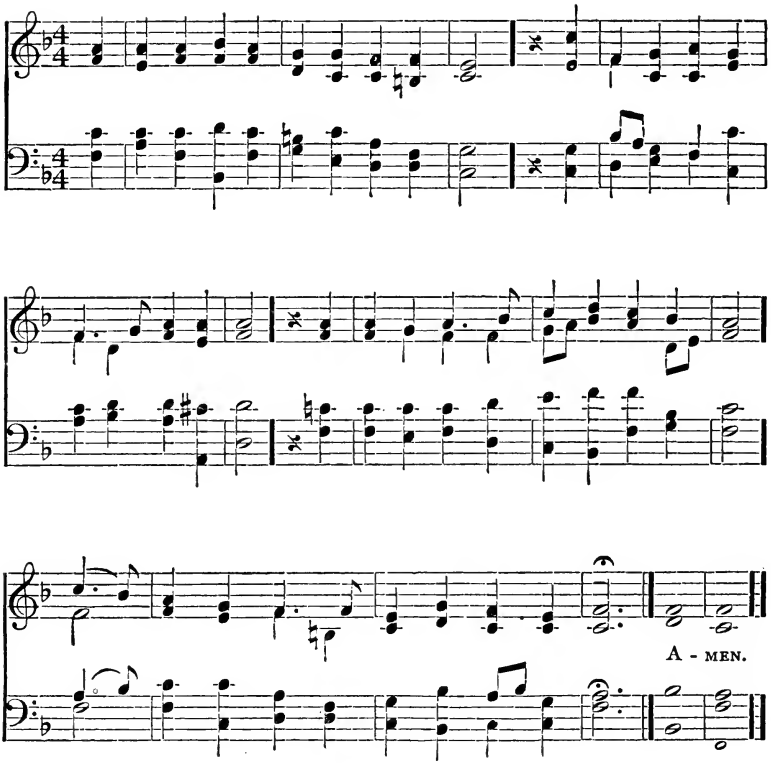
440

440 I am the living bread which came down from heaven. John vi: 51.

1 O Jesus, Saviour, Source of good!
We bless Thee for Thy flesh and blood;
Thy bread gives love in every heart;
Thy wine doth wisdom's joy impart.

2 Weak, weary, faint, Thy strength we need,
Thy bread of life is meat indeed:
Upheld by Thee, we keep the road
Which leads to Thy Divine abode.

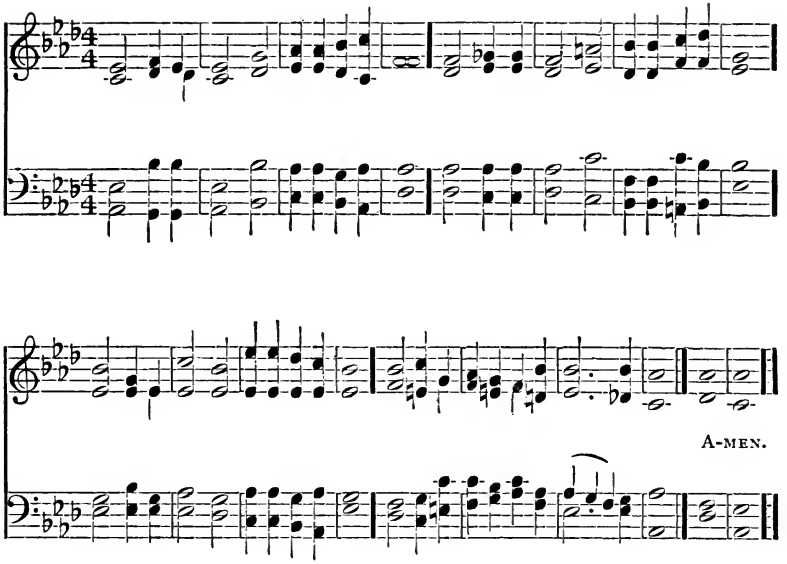
3 Renew Thy mercies, Lord, each day,
In darkened hours, Thy light display,
When coldness chills, and trials prove,
O warm us by Thy beams of love!

4 Again, O Lord, our souls adore,
And bless Thy goodness more and more;
Still grant us aid and peace and love,
Until we worship Thee above. Dox. III.

(First Tune.)

441 My Father giveth you the true bread out of heaven. John vi: 32.

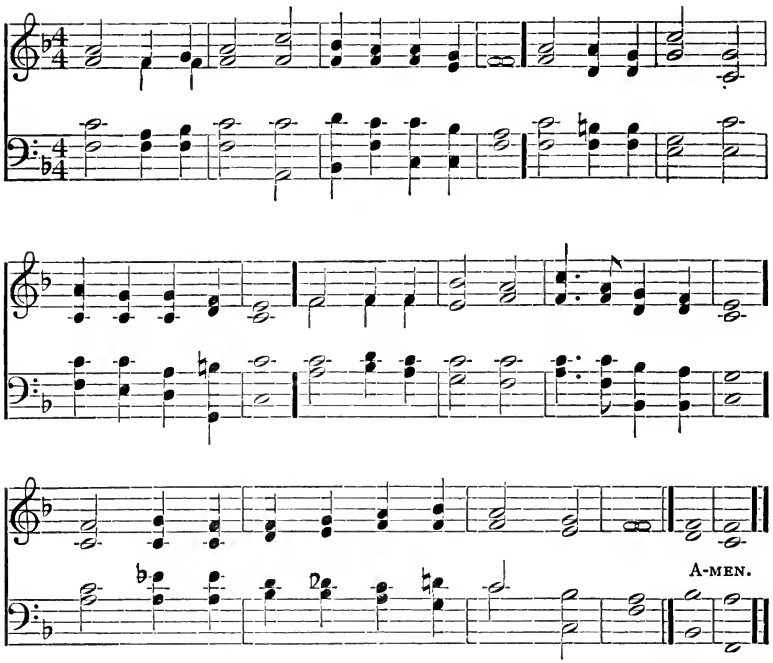
1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

(SECOND TUNE.)

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone,
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here —
Nearer than ever — still my shield and sun.

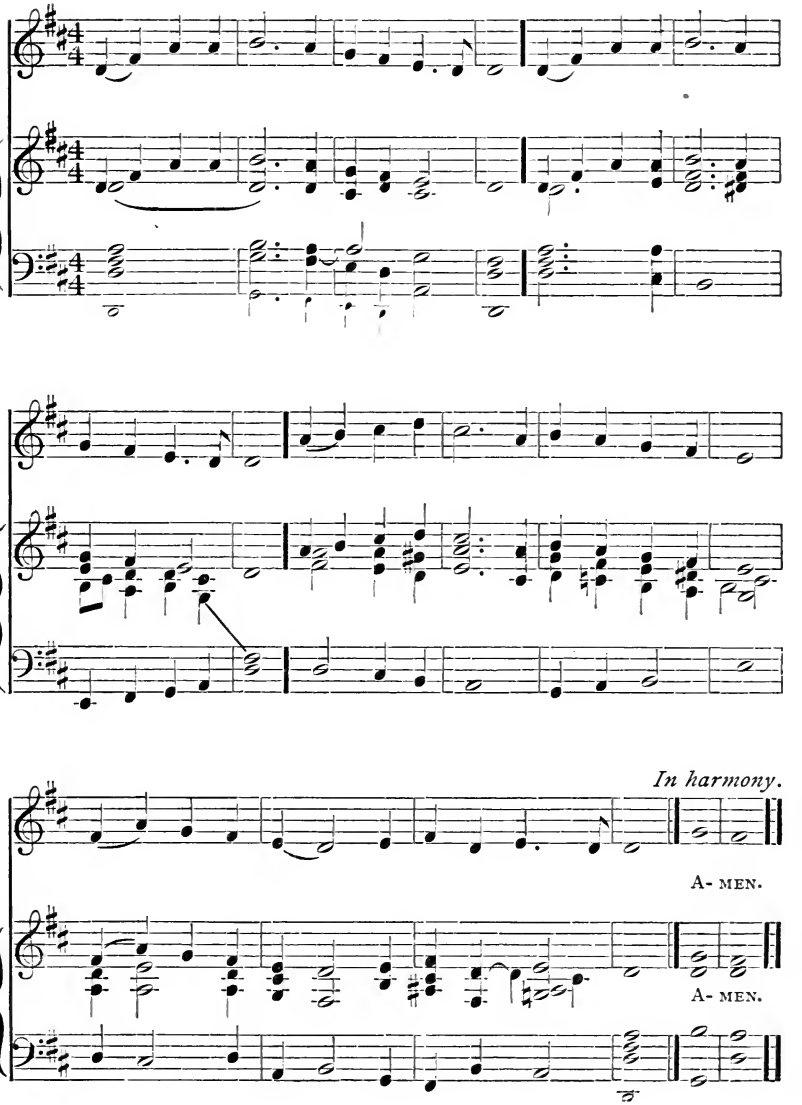
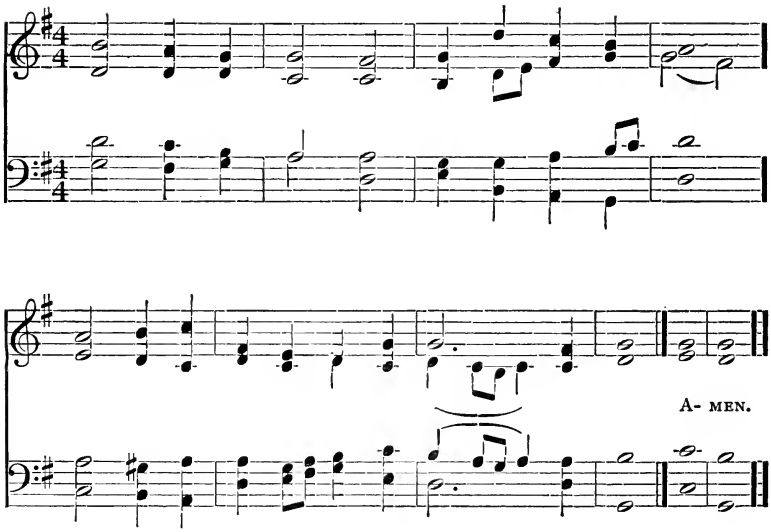
5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above;
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love. DOX. XI.

(First Tune.)

442 He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. John vi: 56.

1 O, blest memorial of our risen Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, for ever precious be!

2 Fountain of goodness! Jesus, Lord and God!
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

3 O Lord! whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Dox. XI.

(Second Tune.)

443 Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God. Rev. xix : 17.

1 Draw nigh and take the Supper of the Lord,
And drink the holy cup that He hath poured.

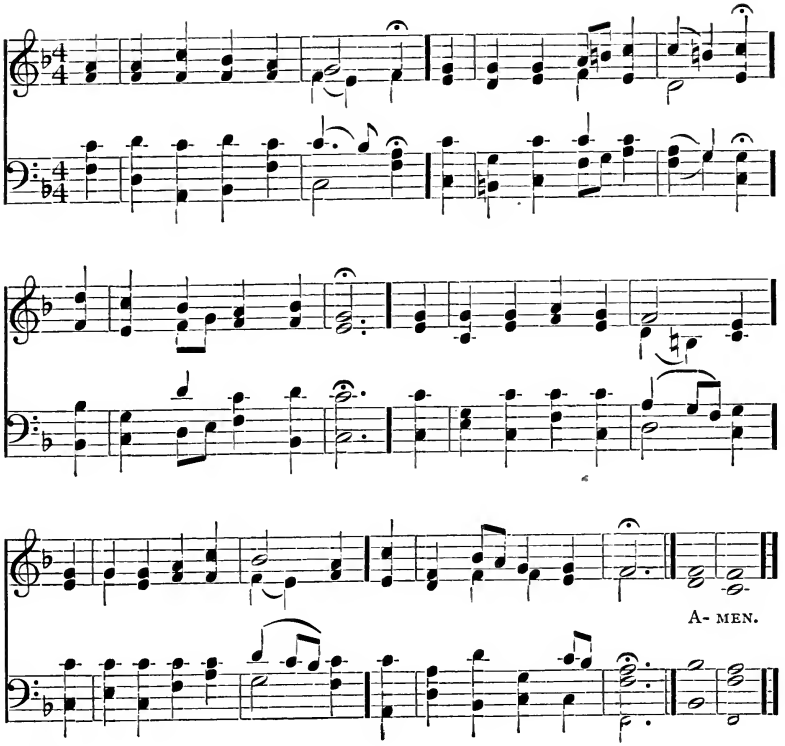
2 Fed by that heavenly Bread, that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's Giver, Jesus Christ alone
For us o'er all the hells the victory won.

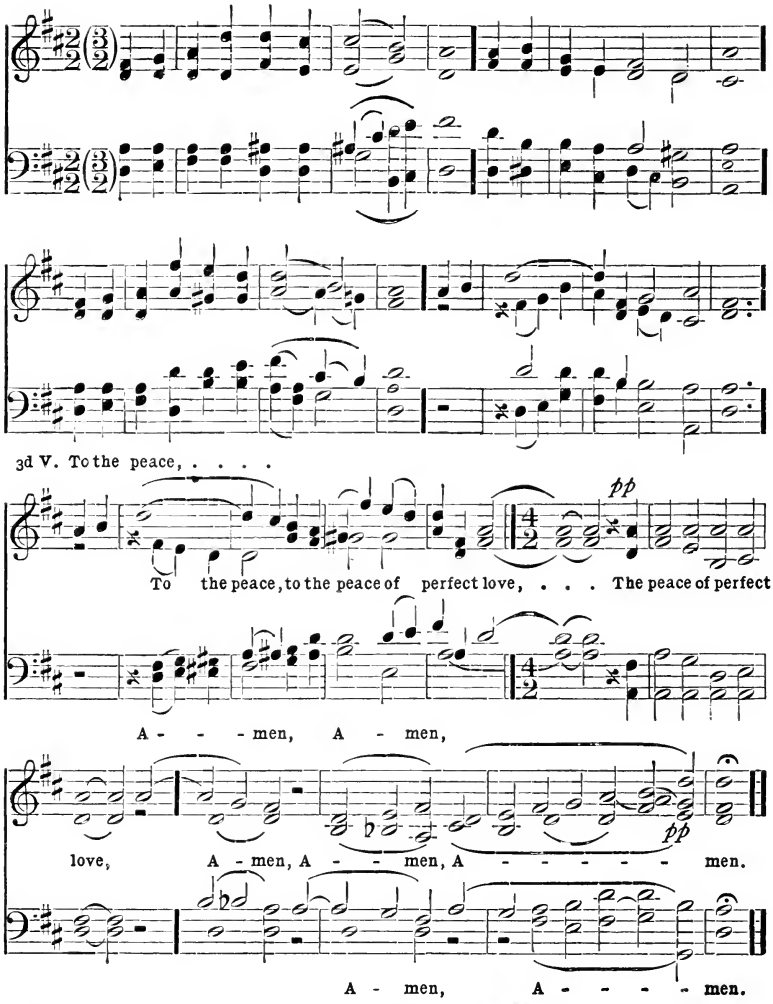
4 Approach ye, then, with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguards of salvation here.

5 He who alone in dire temptation shields,
And to the faithful, life eternal yields,

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

7 Alpha and Omega, to whom all shall bow,
With Thy redeeming gifts, be with us now.

444 Take, eat; this is my body. Matt. xxvi: 26.

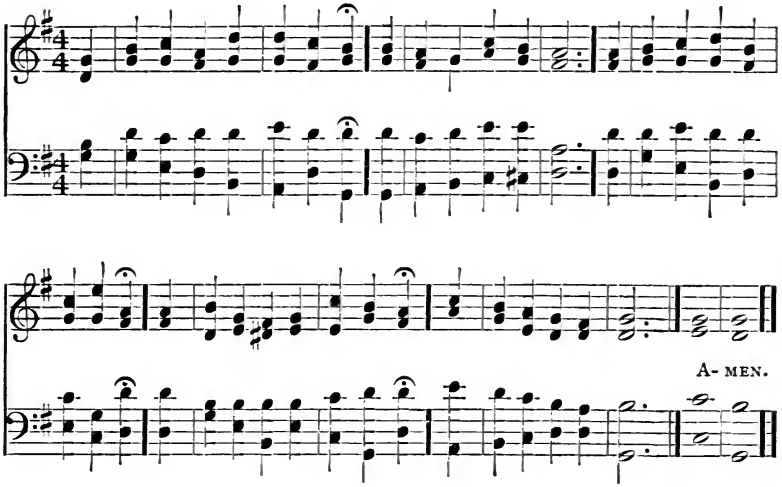
1 O food of men wayfaring,
The bread of Angels sharing,
O manna from on high!
We hunger; Lord, supply us,
Nor Thy delights deny us,
Whose hearts to Thee draw nigh.

2 O stream of love past telling,
O purest fountain, swelling
In Thy great mercy's tide!
We faint with thirst; revive us,
Of Thine abundance give us,
And all we need provide.

445

No more twain but one. Matt. xix: 6.

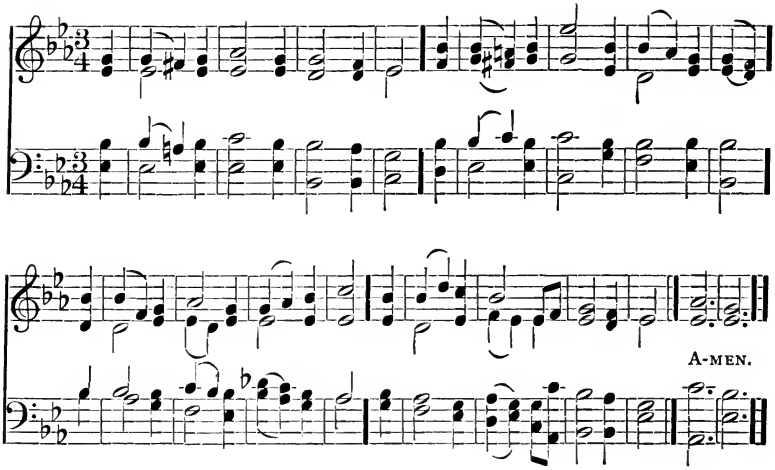
1. Heavenly Father, breathe Thy blessing,
In their hearts who humbly bow,
Give enduring, pure affection,
To confirm this holy vow.

2 Grant Thy children strength to serve Thee,
With united heart and mind;
Make them brave, and true, and faithful,
Make them tender, patient, kind.

3 One in sorrow and rejoicing,
May each year Thy wisdom prove;
Lead them, Father, ever nearer
To the peace of perfect Love.

446

They are no more twain, but one flesh. Matt. xix: 6.

1 How sweet the charm where Love unites
Two kindred souls, to make
A heav'n of their terrestrial home,
And all the kindly graces come,
Their blessings to partake.

2 There Friendship finds a welcome seat,
And Charity's a guest;
And every day of all the year
Brings peace, contentment, and good cheer,
With angels at the feast.

447

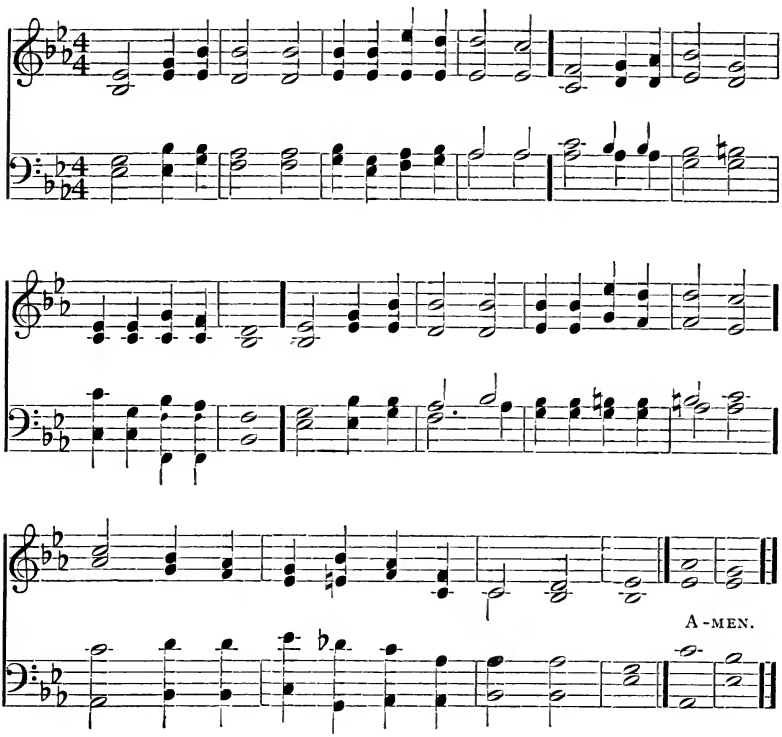
They twain shall be one flesh. Matt. xix: 5.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 In secret, or within the place
Where Jesus shows His glorious face,
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

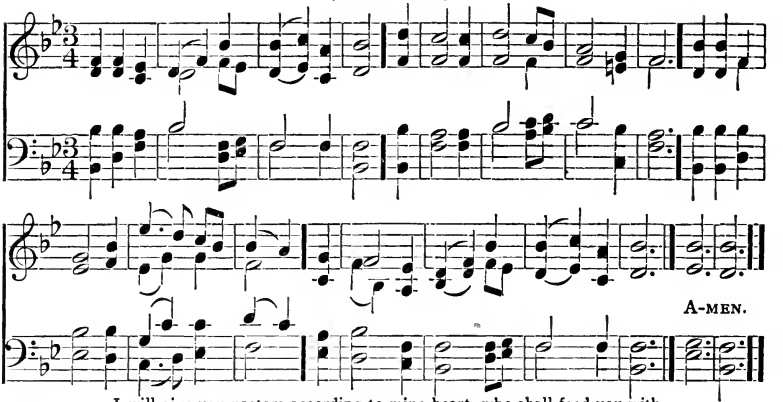
4 They range the intellectual fields,
And taste the joys that wisdom yields;
And, while engaged in sweet discourse,
Together rise to wisdom's Source.

5 Age shall not cool the sacred fire,
Nor shall the flame with death expire,
But brighter burn in heaven above;
A heaven of joy, because of love.

448 What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Matt. xix: 6.

1 O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love that knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the full and glorious morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

(First Tune.)

449

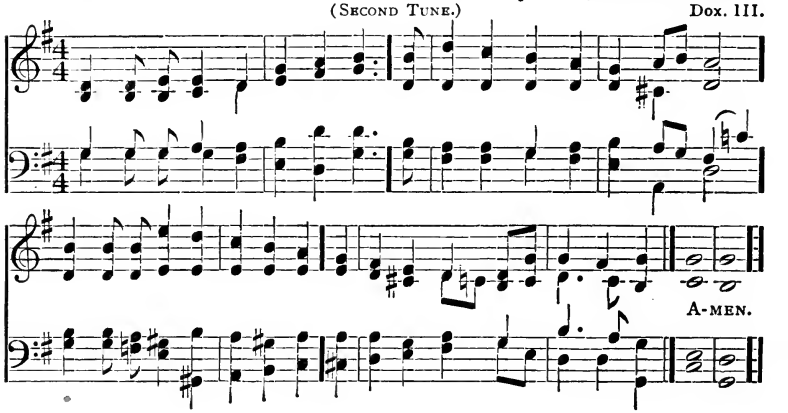
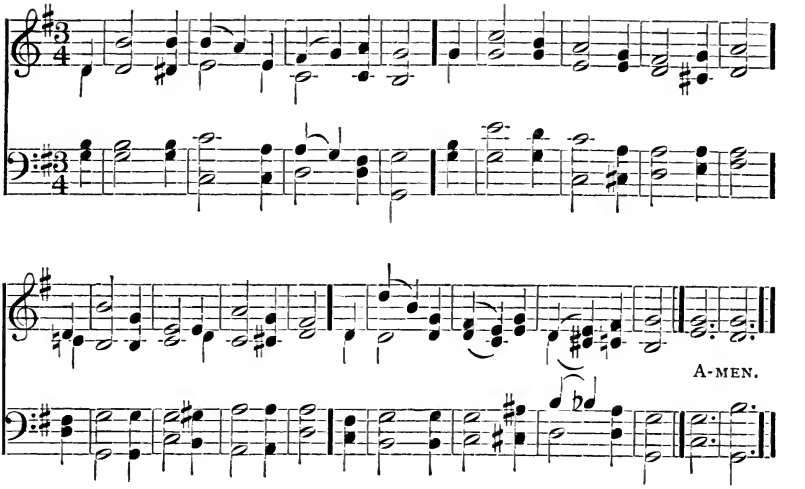
I will give you pastors according to mine heart, who shall feed you with knowledge and understanding. Jer. iii: 15.

1 Jesus, Thou Shepherd of the sheep,
True shepherds send Thy flock to keep:
That by their hand we may be led
To Thee, the ever living Bread.

2 Lord, give us pastors called by Thee,
Thy guiding hand cause them to see:
And give them skill to guide Thy flock,
In righteous ways to Thee their Rock.

3 Thy sheep and lambs help them to lead,
In pastures green where they may feed,
That by the waters of Thy grace,
They all may grow in love and peace.

4 Give them the knowledge of Thy Word,
Draw them by love to Thee, their Lord:
That their delight may ever be,
To hear Thy voice, and follow Thee.

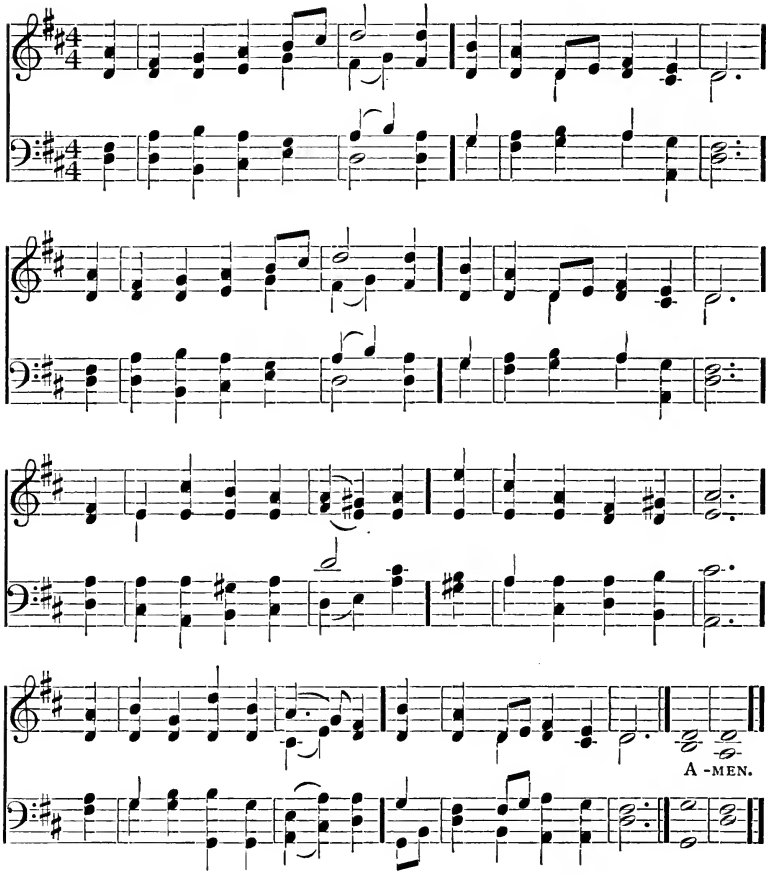
(Second Tune.) Dox. III.

450 I have chosen you and ordained you. John xv: 16.

1 Lord, pour Thy spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

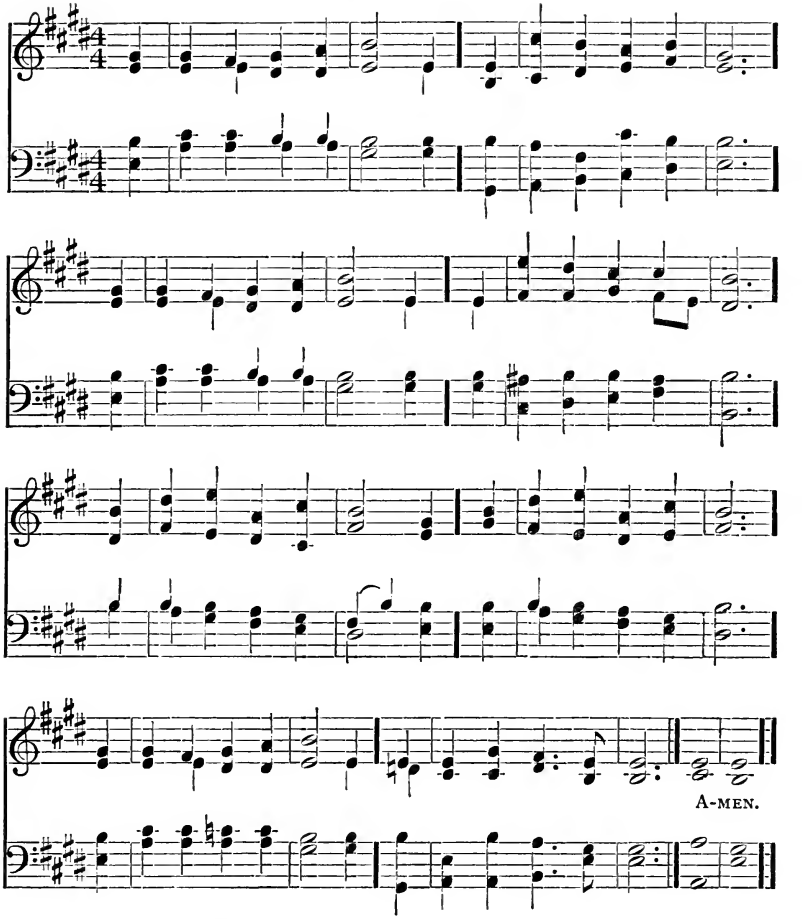
4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

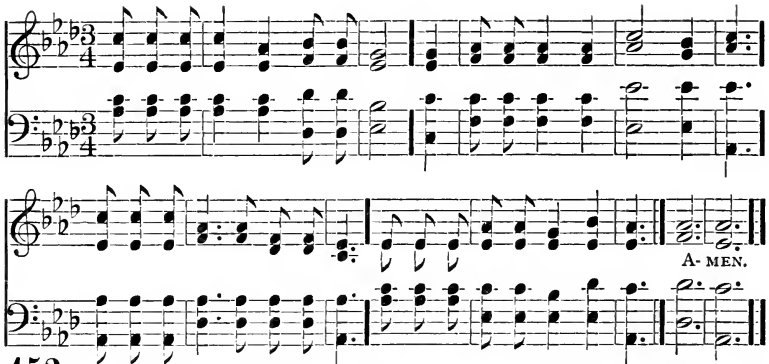
(First Tune.)

451

We are laborers together with God. 1 Cor. iii: 9.

1 Lord of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may these be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

(SECOND TUNE.)

3 Send down Thy Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To teach and guide Thy people
Unto the heav'nly land.

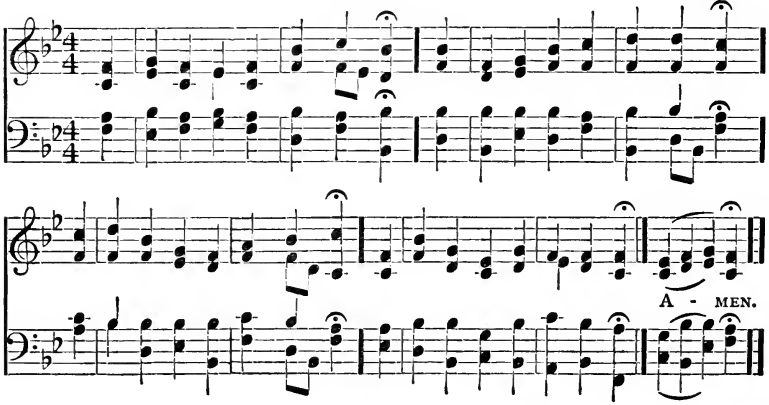
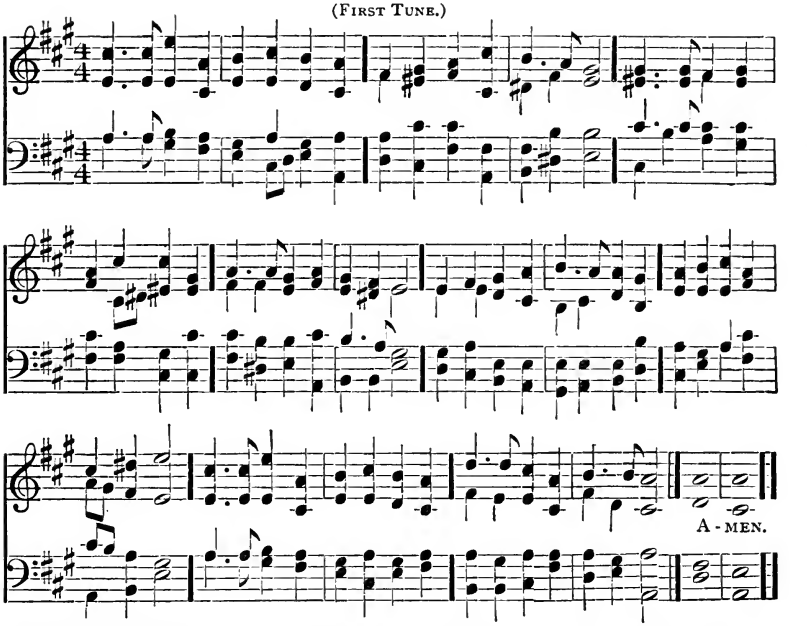
(First Tune.)

452 Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let thy saints shout for joy. Ps. cxxxii: 9.

1 O Guardian of the church divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine;
And kindled by Thy hidden fires,
The soul to highest aims aspires.

2 Thy priests with wisdom, Lord, endue,
Their hearts with love and zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O Thou, the source of life and light.

3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know;
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.

4 Protect Thy church from every foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
The glories of Thy righteousness.

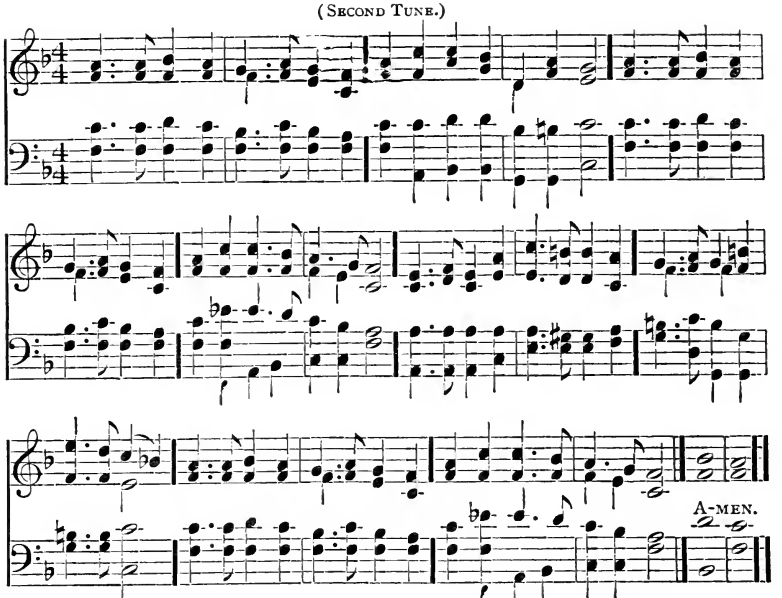
(Second Tune.) Dox. I.

(First Tune.)

453 Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation. Isa. xxviii: 16.

1 Praise the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His Name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the Corner-stone;
Vain against our rock-built Sion
Winds and waters, fire and hail;
God is in her midst; against her
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2 Framed of living stones, cemented
By the Spirit's unity,
Based on Prophets and Apostles,
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,
May Thy Church, O Lord Incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love;
Emblem of the heavenly Sion,
The Jerusalem above.

3 Stands four-square that heavenly City;
Paved with gold like crystal bright;
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
Emerald and chrysolyte.
Broad and lofty tower its ramparts;
At its gates twelve angels stand;
On its walls twelve names are graven,
Of the Apostles' chosen band.

4 Where Thou reignest, King of glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night:
Glad may we those portals enter
When this earthly life is o'er;
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

(SECOND TUNE.)

453 On this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Matt. xvi: 18.

1 Praise the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His Name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the Corner-stone;
Vain against our rock-built Sion
Winds and waters, fire and hail;
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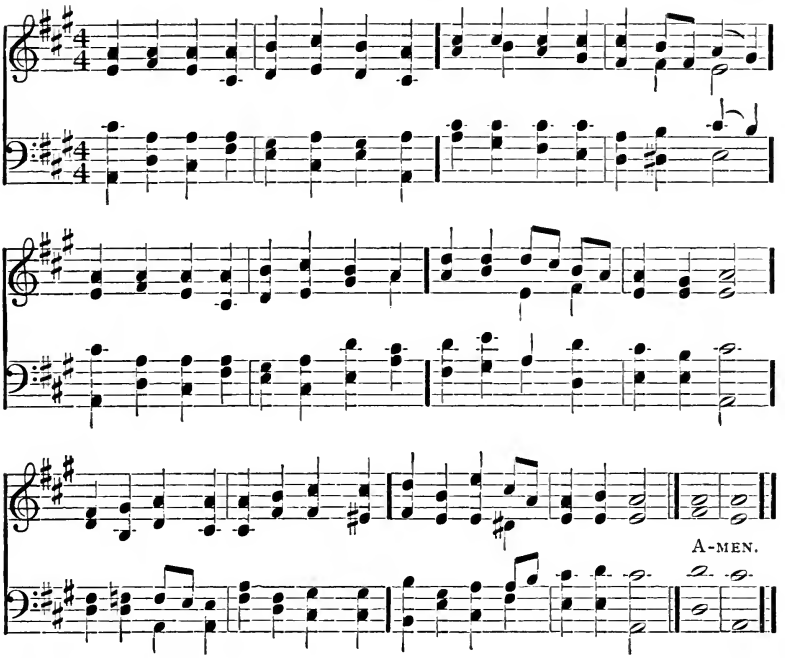
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night;
Glad may we those portals enter
When this earthly life is o'er;
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

Dox. VIII.

454 The holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God. Rev. xxi: 10.

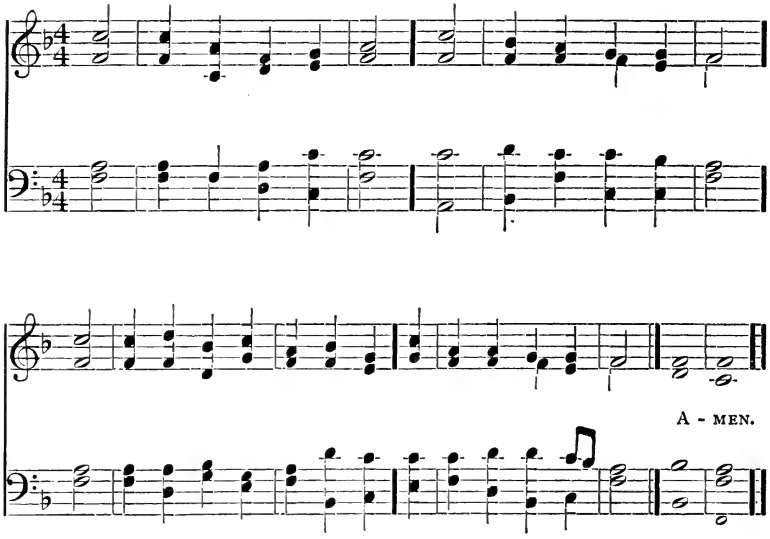
1 Blessèd city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Come Thou now, and be among us,
Lord and Maker, while we pray;
Let Thy presence fill the temple
Which we dedicate to-day,
And Thyself, its consecrator,
Dwell within its walls alway.

4 Grant that all Thy faithful people
May Thy truer temple be;
Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit,
Know another Lord than Thee;
But to Thee once dedicated,
Serve Thee everlastingly.

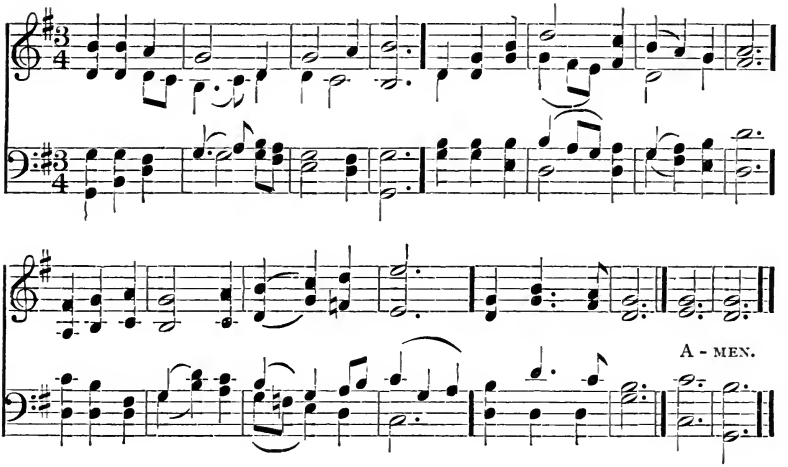
DOXOLOGY.

Glory to thy Royal Bridegroom,
Salem, sing rejoicingly;
He, thy Lord, thy Light, thy Temple,
Dwelleth evermore with thee;
His be blessing and thanksgiving,
Now and to eternity.

455 Peace be within thy walls, prosperity within thy palaces. **Ps. cxxii : 7.**

1 Lord Jesus, God of heav'n,
By men on earth adored,
This temple now to Thee is giv'n:
Accept the offering, Lord.

2 Here may Thy glory rest;
Here may Thy truth be known;
Be Thou by every heart confess'd
As Lord and God alone.

3 Here, Lord, Thyself reveal,
Thy love divine impart;
The doctrines of Thy kingdom seal
On every humble heart.

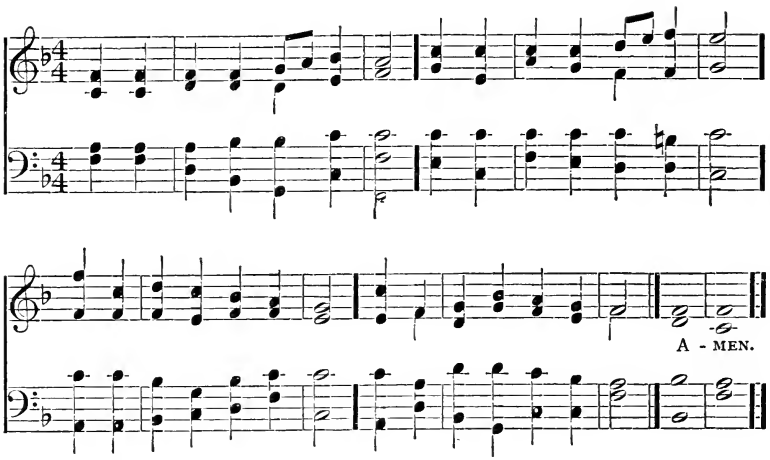
4 May peace, within these walls,
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
These palaces be crowned. Dox. V.

456 Thou openest thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. Ps. cxlv: 16.

1 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heav'n,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasures without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

457 O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good ; for his mercy endureth forever.
Ps. cxxxvi: 1.

1 Praise, O praise our heavenly King,
Grateful alleluias sing ;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him, that His love appears,
Crowning our revolving years ;
For His mercies, etc.

3 Praise Him, that the sun by day,
Pours on all his golden ray,
For His mercies, etc.

4 Praise Him, that the moon by night
Gives the world her silver light ;
For His mercies, etc.

5 Praise Him, that the stars appear
Glittering in the mighty sphere ;
For His mercies, etc.

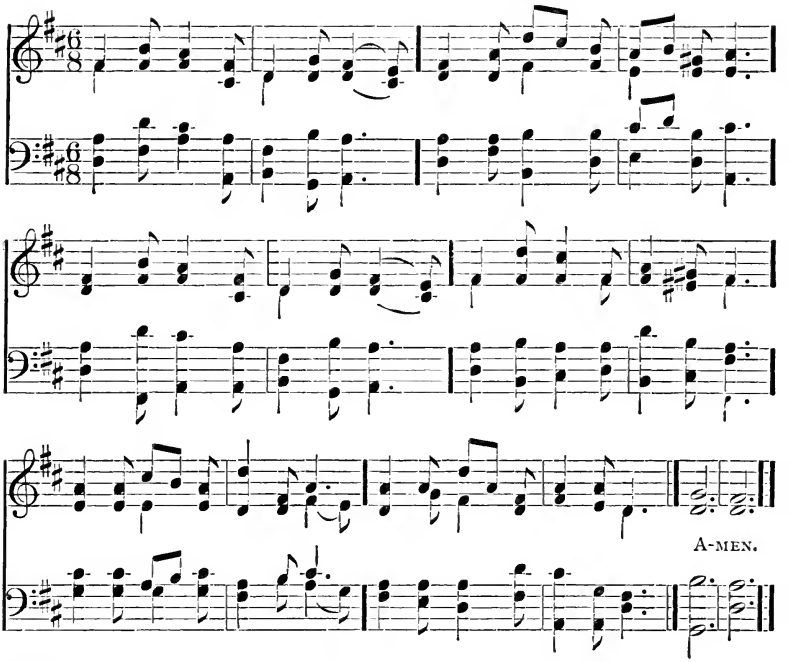
6 Praise Him, that the rain cloud drops
Fatness on the ripening crops ;
For His mercies, etc.

7 Praise Him, that the country round
Rich with waving ears is found ;
For His mercies, etc.

8 Praise Him, that the barns contain
Precious stores of gathered grain ;
For His mercies, etc.

9 Praise Him, that with Living Bread
Our immortal souls are fed ;
For His mercies, etc.

10 Praise Him, that He grants in this
Earnest of eternal bliss ;
For His mercies, etc.

11 Praise to our all-bounteous King ;
Praise for ever let us sing :
Praise Him, ye angelic host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

458 Bring the sacrifice of praise into the house of the Lord. Jer. xxxiii: 11

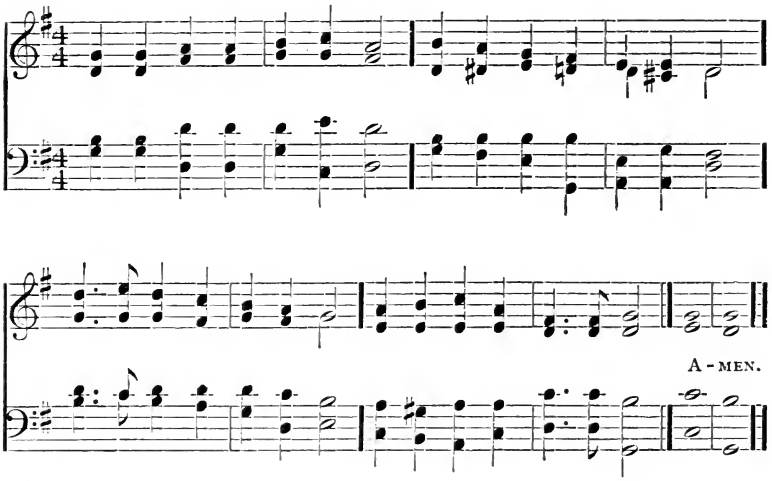
1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Christ our God, etc.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
Christ our God, etc.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, etc.

5 For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
Christ our God, etc.

6 For thy Bride that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
This pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, etc.

459

They joy before thee according to the joy of harvest. Isa. ix: 3.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice;
For the generous olive's use.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain:
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

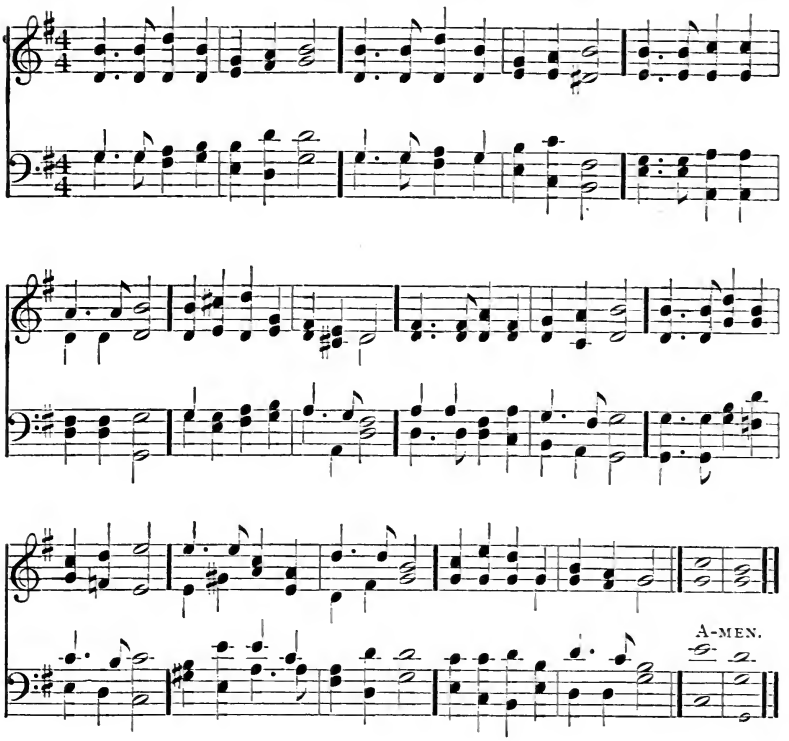
4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

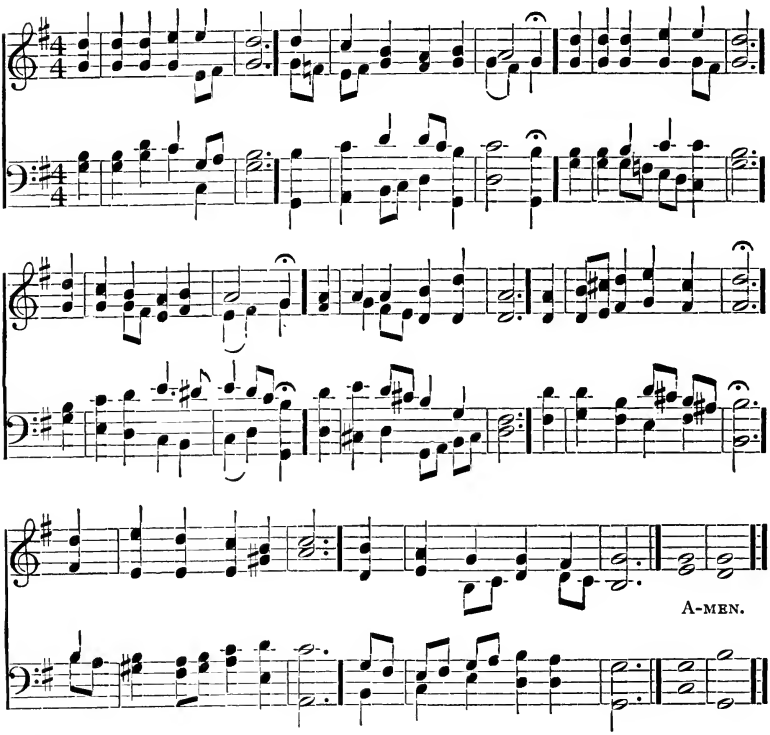
7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

8 Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

Dox. VII.

460 When ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord. Lev. iii: 39.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

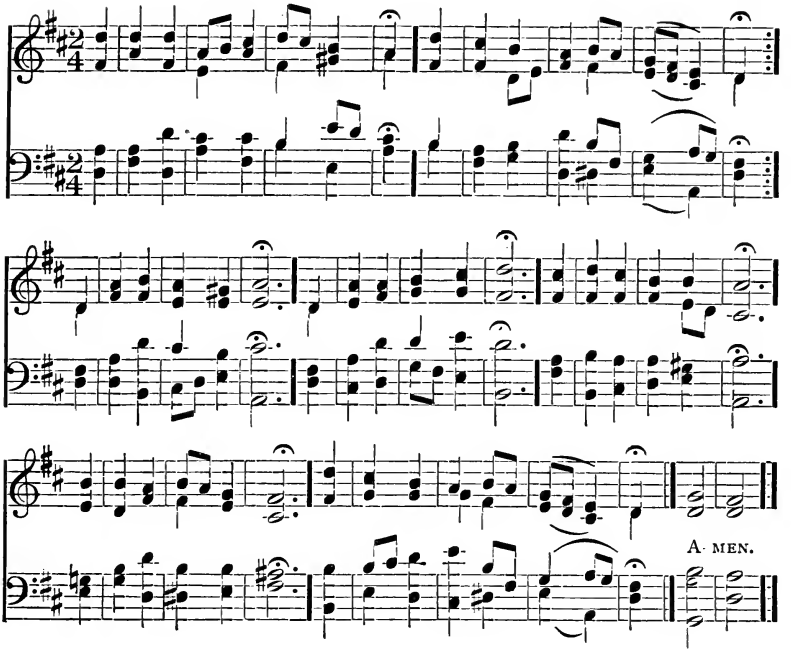
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest Home.
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin.
There forever purified
In Thy presence to abide:
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home.

461

Let us come before his face with thanksgiving. Ps. xcv: 2.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices.
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

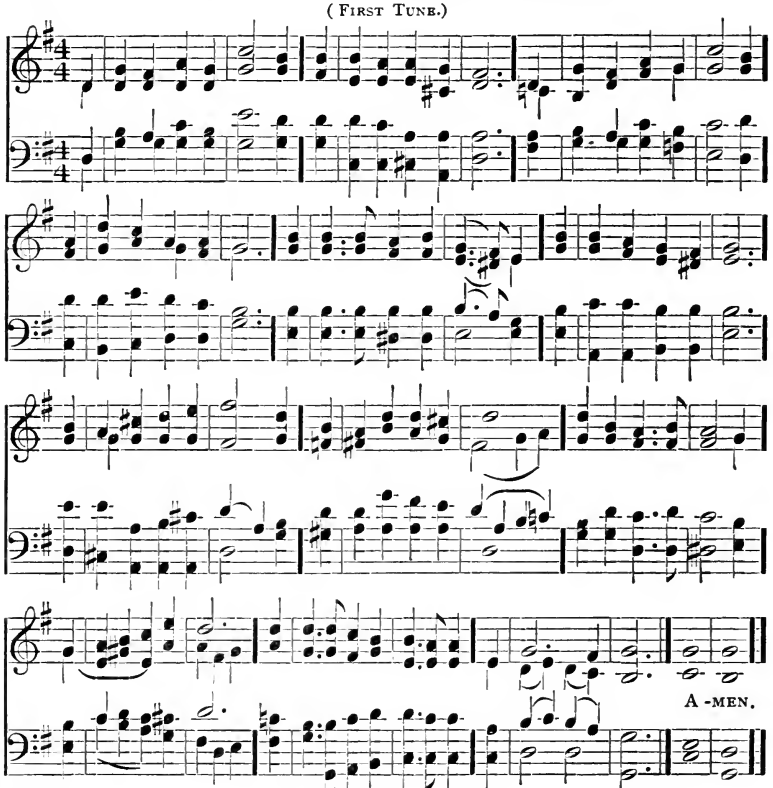
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Saviour, King, and Lord
Of all in earth and heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

462 Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given thee. Deut. xxvi: 11.

1 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!

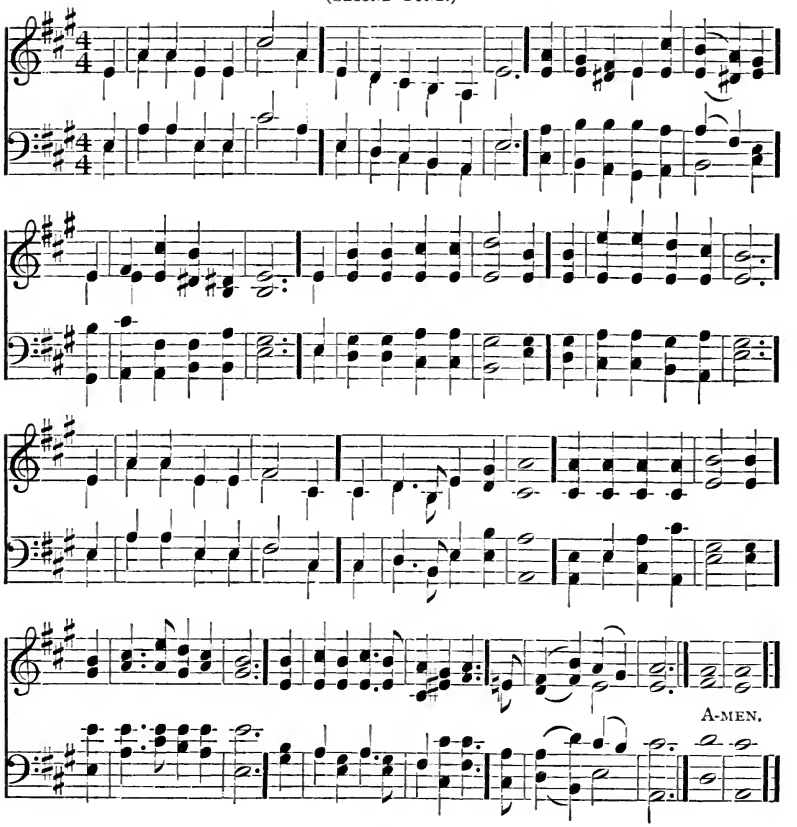
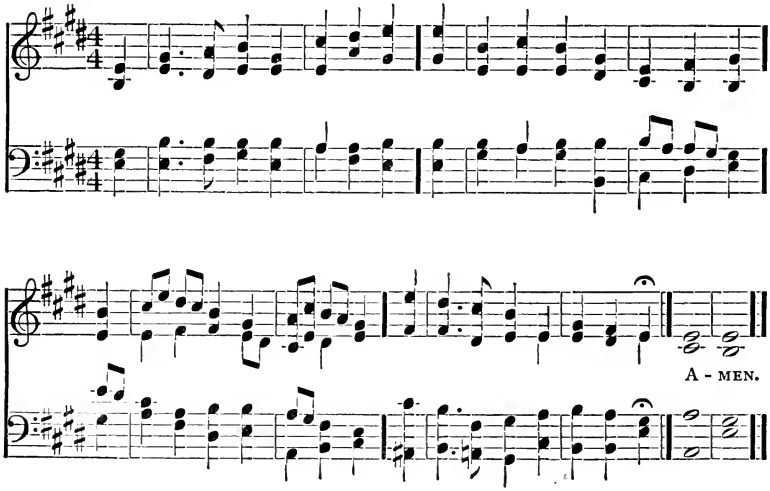
2 When, in distress, to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;"
Let all His saints adore Him!

3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him.

(First Tune.)

463 Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above. James i: 17.

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

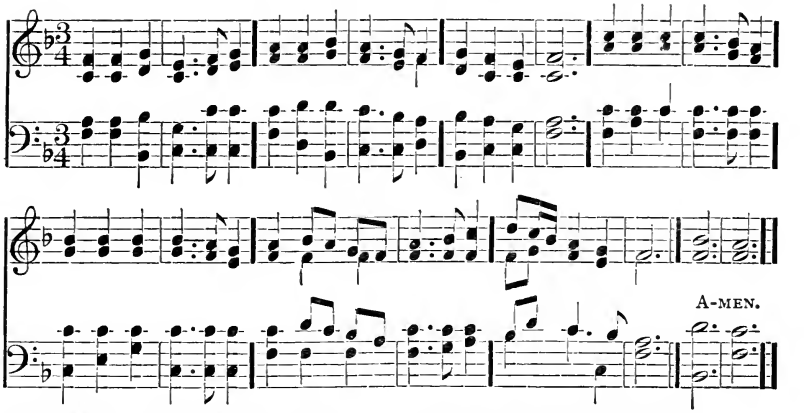
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

(SECOND TUNE.)

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.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

464 While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. Gen. viii: 22.

1 Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear:
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flow'ry Spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land:
And summer's rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in Autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores:
E'en Winter, softened by Thy care,
A face of horror cannot wear.

4 The seasons, months, the weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Our grateful homage shall be paid,
With opening light, and evening shade. Dox. II

465 Ye shall proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. Levit. xxv: 10.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

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.

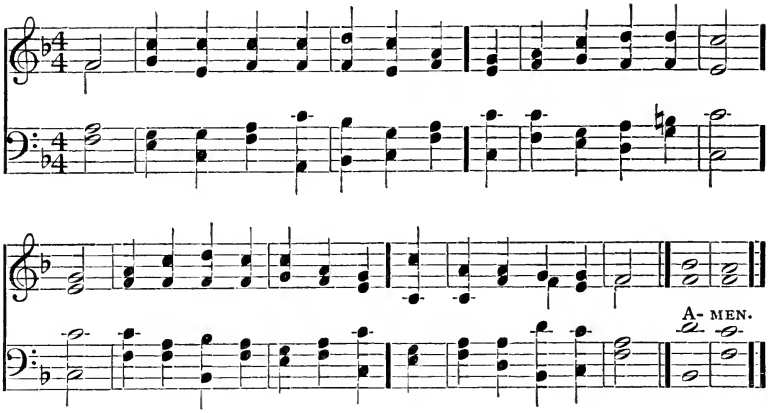
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

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.

466 Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. Ps. xxxiii: 12.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to Thee,
On Thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness:
Her rulers, Righteousness,
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State!

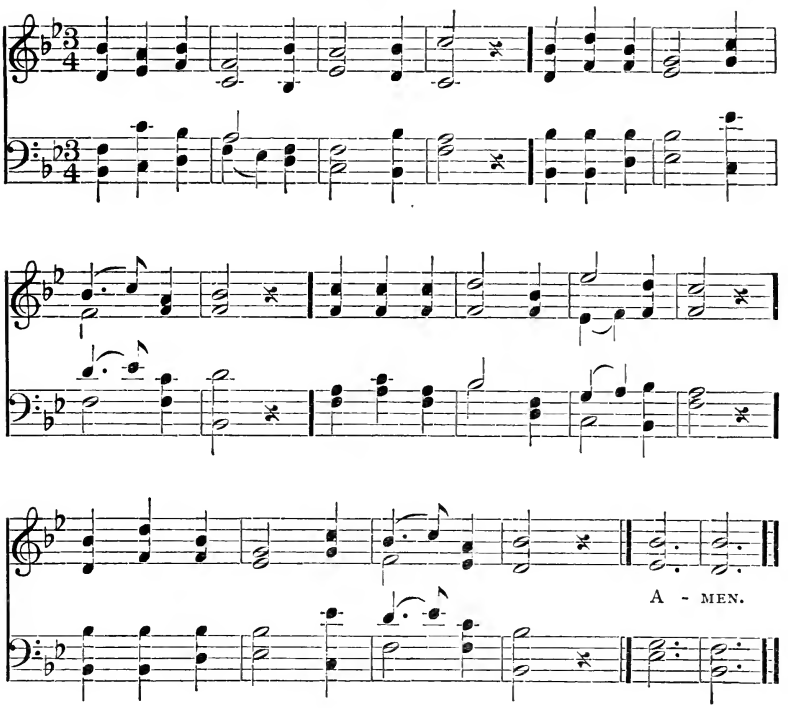
3 Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On Thee we call!
Give us prosperity;
Give us true liberty;
May all the oppressed go free;
God save us all!

467 God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us.
Ps. lxvii: 1.

1 Great God! Thou dost all nations rule,
And their affairs control;
Thy power extends o'er all the earth,
Thy love from pole to pole.

2 Our native land in mercy view!
From heaven, O Lord, look down!
Thy kingdom in each heart erect!
Maintain Thy rightful crown!

3 On people and on ruler let
Thy blessing, Lord, be shed;
To God and country true, may we
In wisdom's paths be led.

4 As Thee, their God our fathers owned,
So Thou art still our King:
Thou only canst our peace maintain,
Or our deliverance bring.

5 To Thee all glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless Thy Name.

468

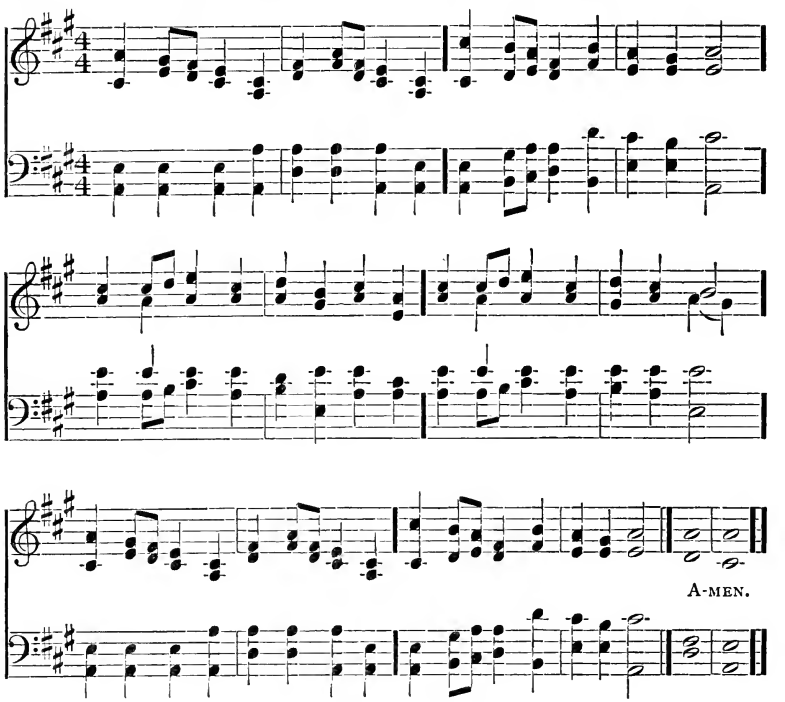
Let the King hear us when we call. Ps. xx: 9.

1 O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring:
To every arm Thy strength impart;
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

2 Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem: — Praise to Thee!

469

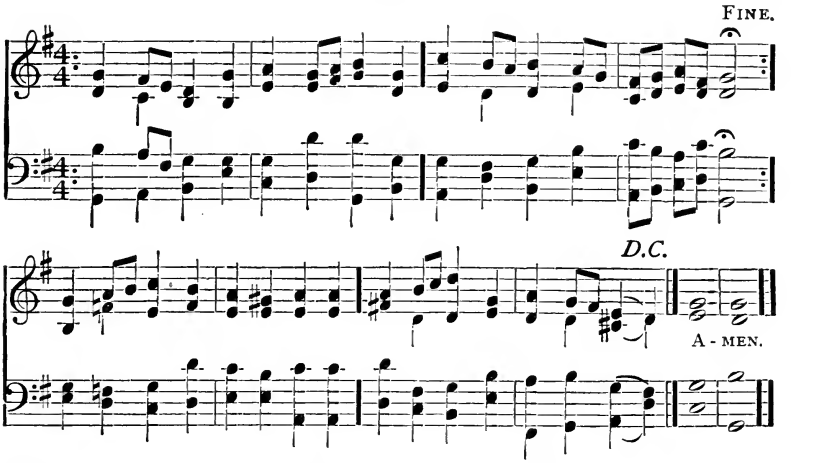
For precept must be upon precept. Isa. xxviii: 10.

Part II.

1 Lord, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love and faith and fear:
‖:Still protect us:‖
By Thy presence ever near.

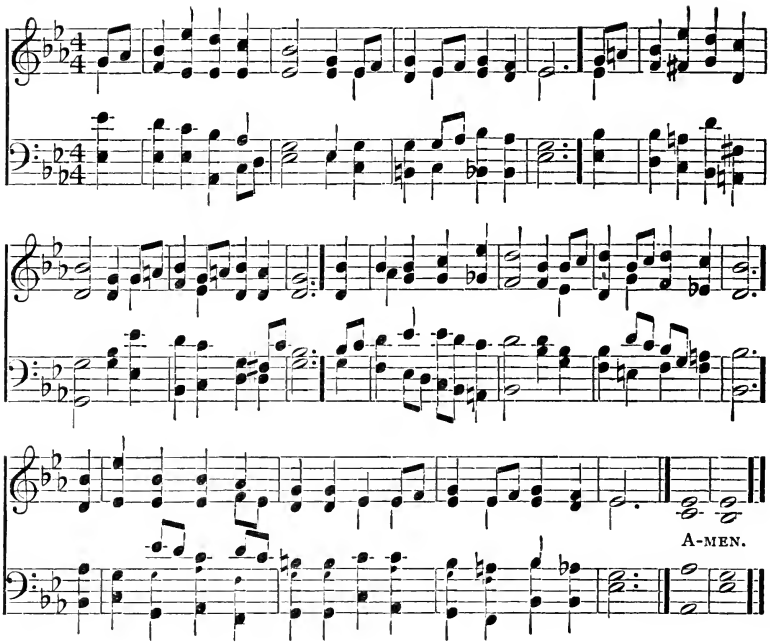
2 For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way;
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labors day by day:
‖:Mind and spirit:‖
With Thy choicest gifts array.

3 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve:
‖:May Thy children:‖
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

4 Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store:
‖:Those returning:‖
Make more faithful than before.

470 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. Ps. lxv : ii.

1 At Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days
We with grateful hearts would gather,
And begin the year with praise—
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender
Here on earth for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With Thy Word's true Light provided,
We upon our way will go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory breaks before us,
Through the City's open gate. Dox. VIII,

471 The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. Ps. cxxvi: 3.

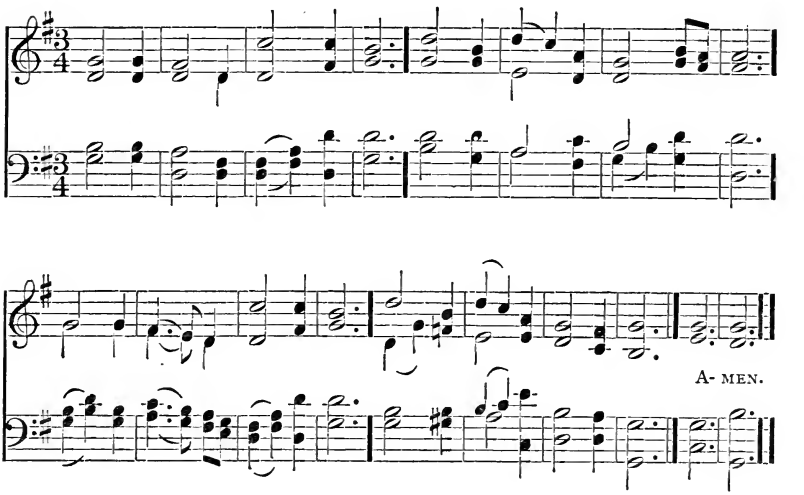
1 From glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song;
As on the King's own highway, we bravely march along.
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!

3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.

4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

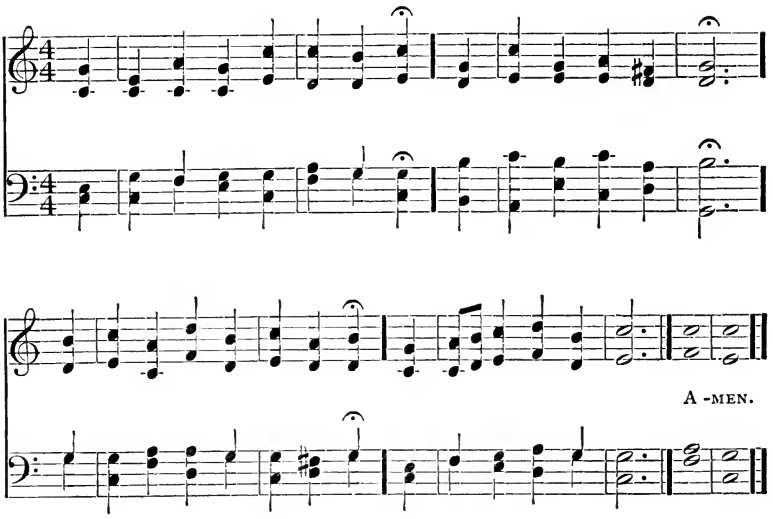
5 O let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep and true:
O even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

472 Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these years. Deut. viii: 2.

1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

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

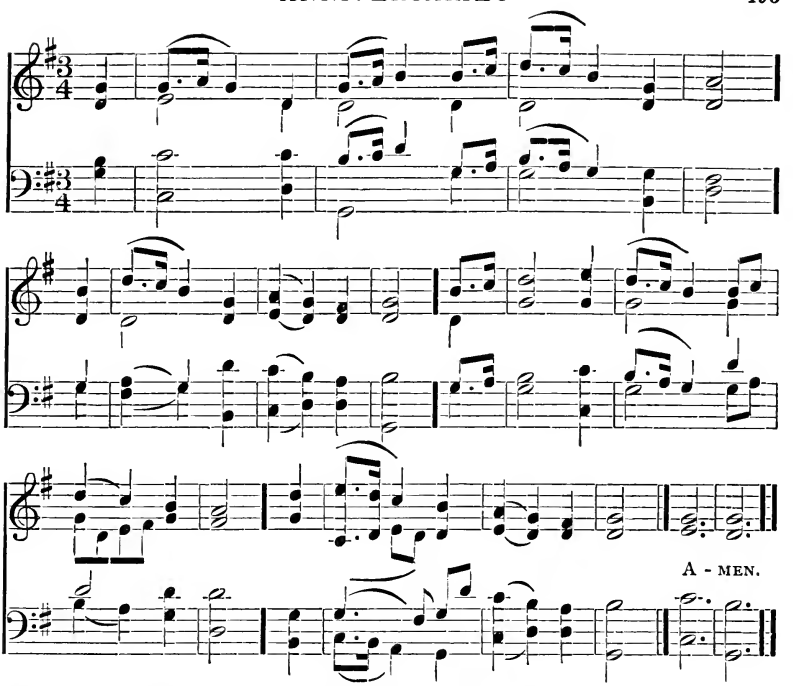
3 Who of us death's solemn road
In the coming year shall tread
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help us trials to endure
That shall fit us for the crown.

473 We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and the wonderful works that he hath done. Ps. lxxviii: 4.

1 Long as I live, I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love:
My work and joy shall be the same,
In brighter worlds above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown;
O let His praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy love shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

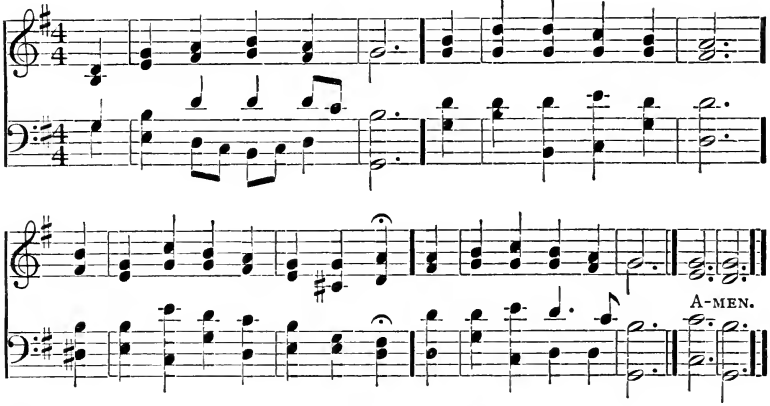
4 Fathers to sons shall tell Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise. Dox. IV.

474 I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may teach them their children. Deut. iv: 10.

1 Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands. Dox. IV.

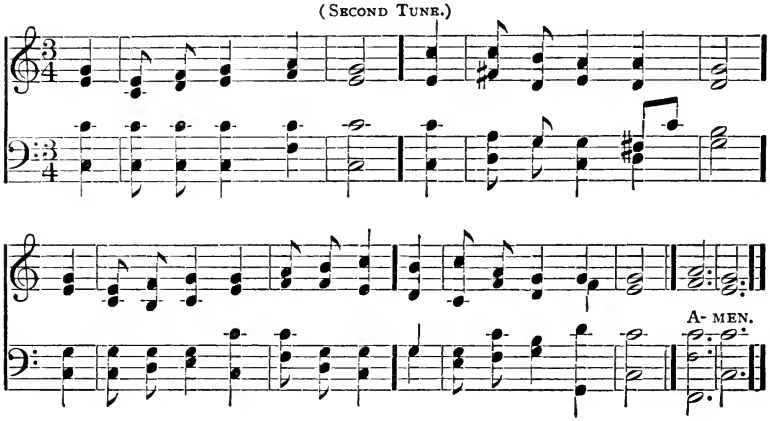
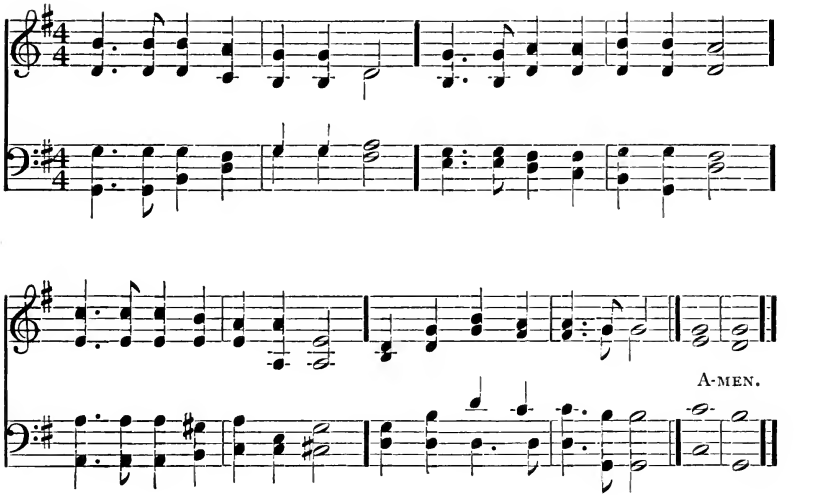
(First Tune.)

475 Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Ps. cxxxiii: 1.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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.

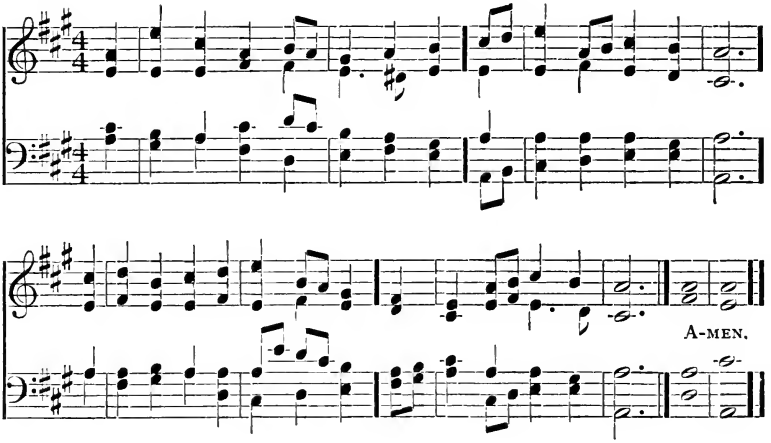
4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Dox. IV.

(Second Tune.)

476 That they all may be one. John xvii: 21.

1 Father, at Thy footstool see
Those who would be one in Thee!
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us in Thy perfect peace.

2 Plant in us a humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Glad to serve for love of Thee.

3 Still forgetting things behind,—
Following Thee in heart and mind;
To the mark we onward press,
To Thy reign of righteousness.

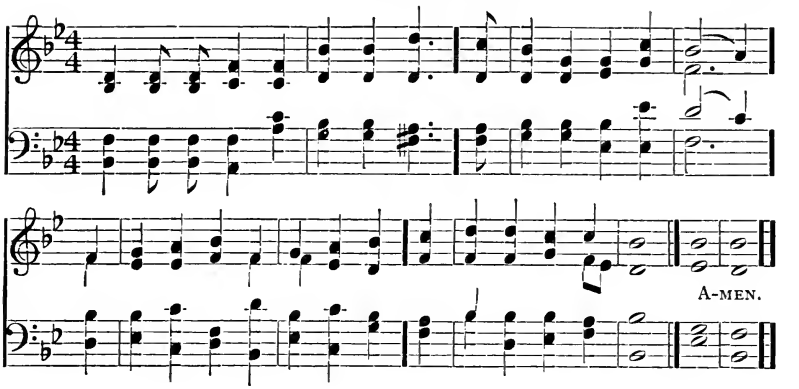
4 Father, fill us with Thy love;
Selfish thoughts and aims remove;
Dwell with us, that we may be
One in heavenly harmony. Dox. VI.

477 O send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me. Ps. xliii: 3.

1 Lord, give us light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee,
Can come the light by which our eyes
The way of work can see.

2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With light and shadows strewn;
We wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in our own.

3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and we
Are prone to go astray.

4 O send us light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall we work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth we live.

5 The work is Thine, not ours, O Lord,
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then may all we do
Be well and truly done. Dox. IV.

478 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee. Ps. cxxii : 6.

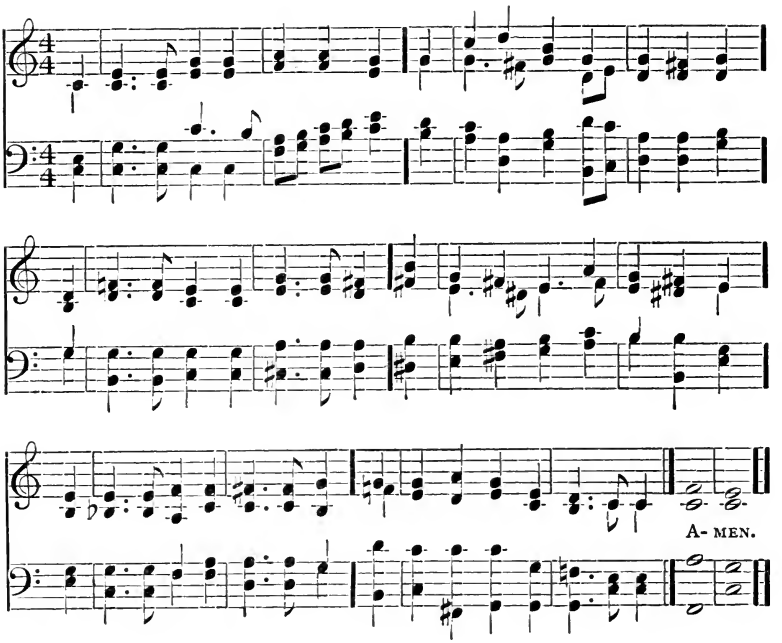
1 O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel ! to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled powers
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 O ever pray for Salem's peace ;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to Thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found ;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

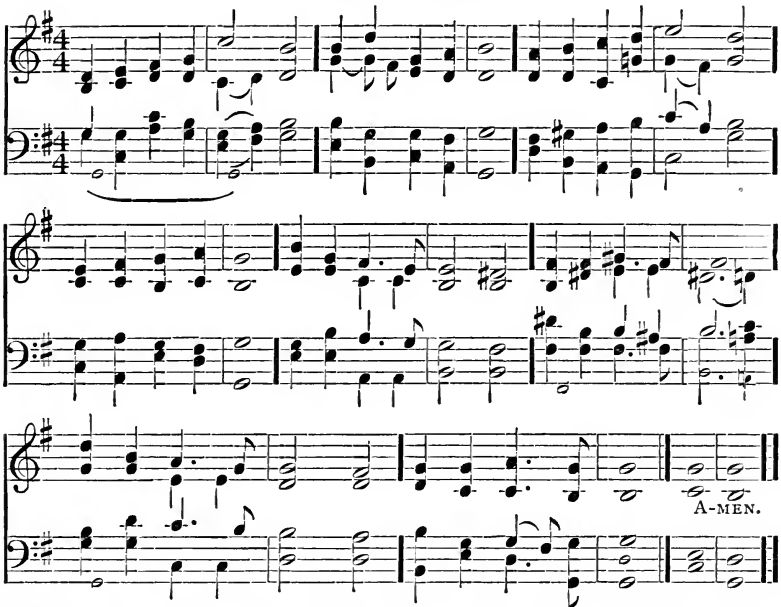
5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell. Dox. IV.

479 He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still. Ps. cvii: 29.

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Who dost restrain the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O mighty Lord of Love and Power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

480 No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God. Luke ix: 62.

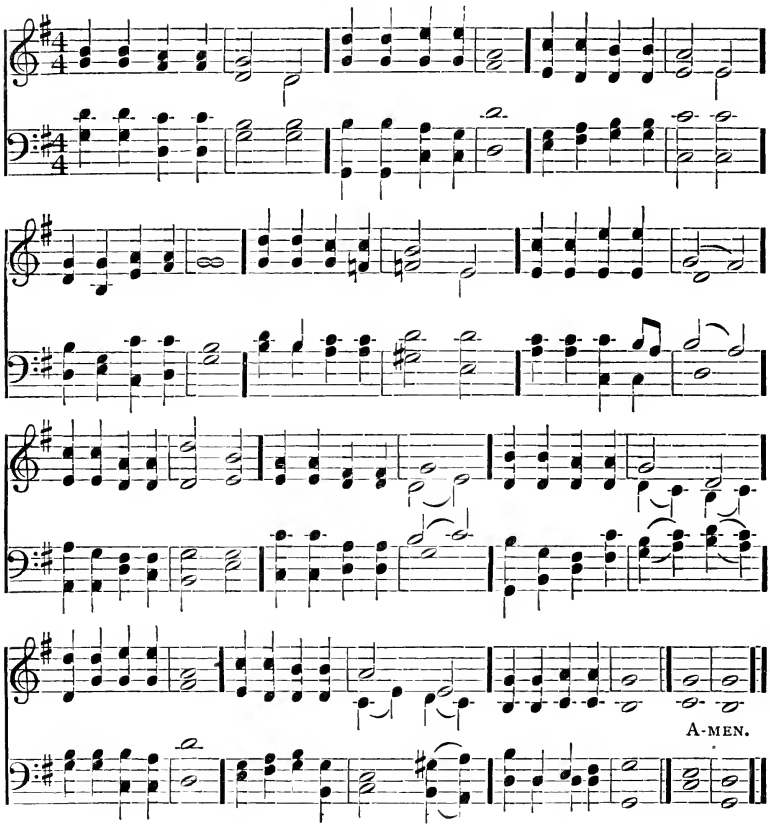
1 Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have, we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Lord, 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, nor care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

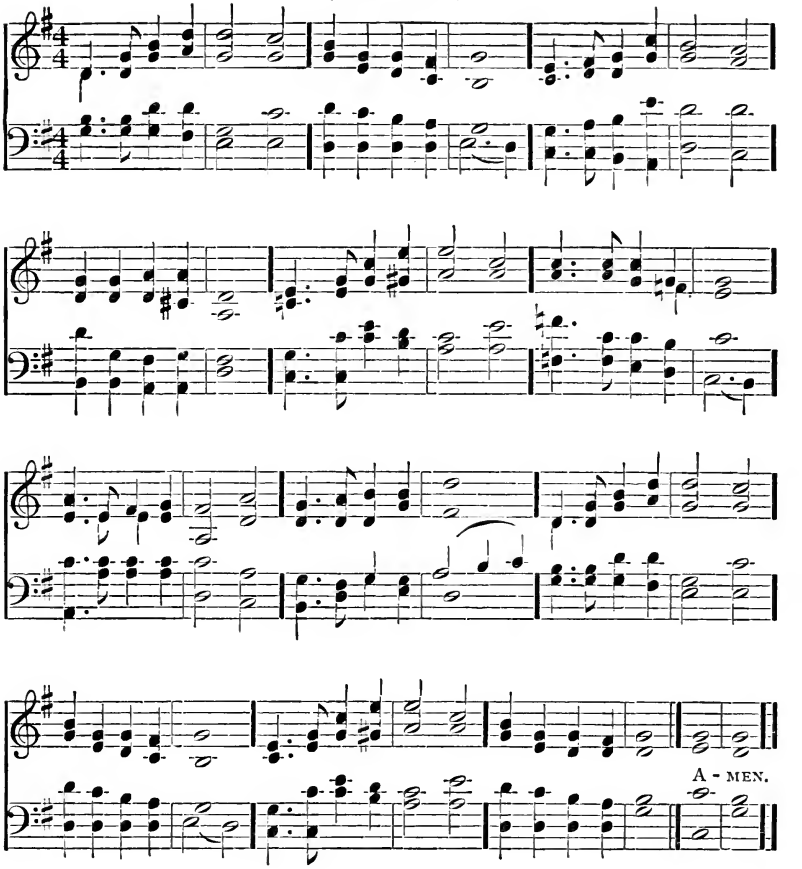
4 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrows past,
May we blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

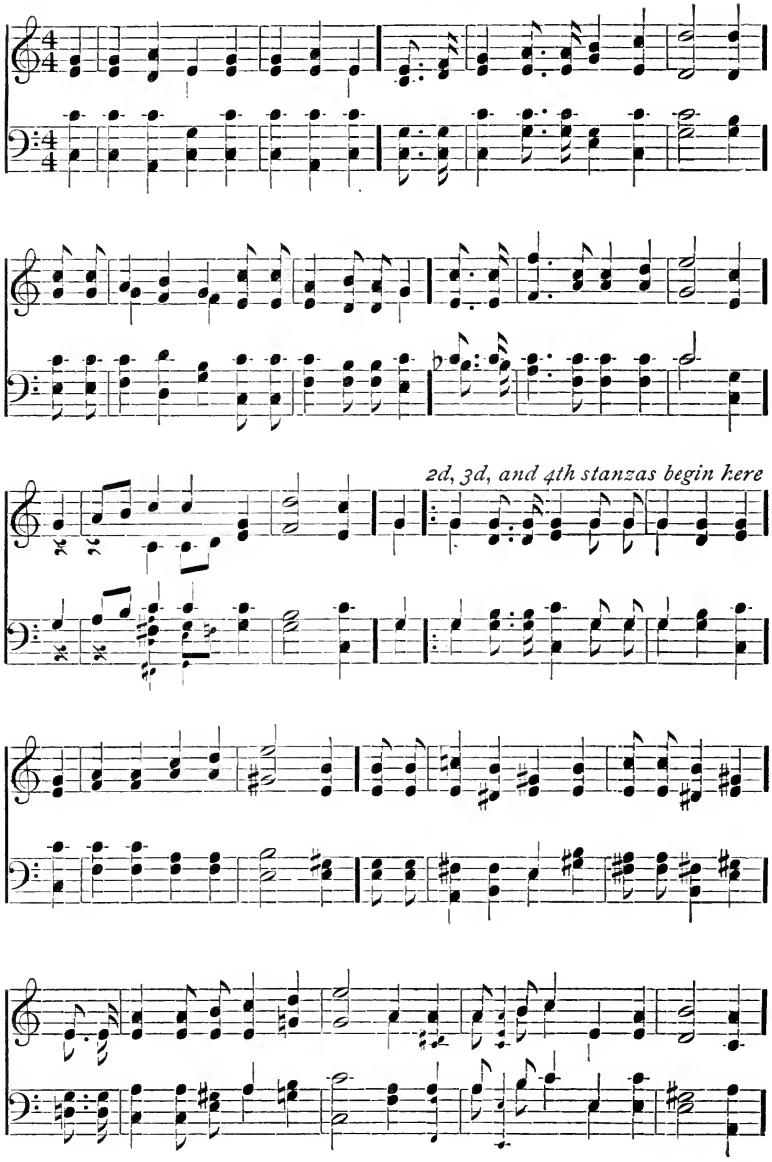
5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

(First Tune.)

481 Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. Exod. xiv: 15.

1 Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

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;

(Second Tune.)

Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours;
Flash the walls with jasper,
Shine the streets with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might:
Pilgrims, to your country,
Forward into light.

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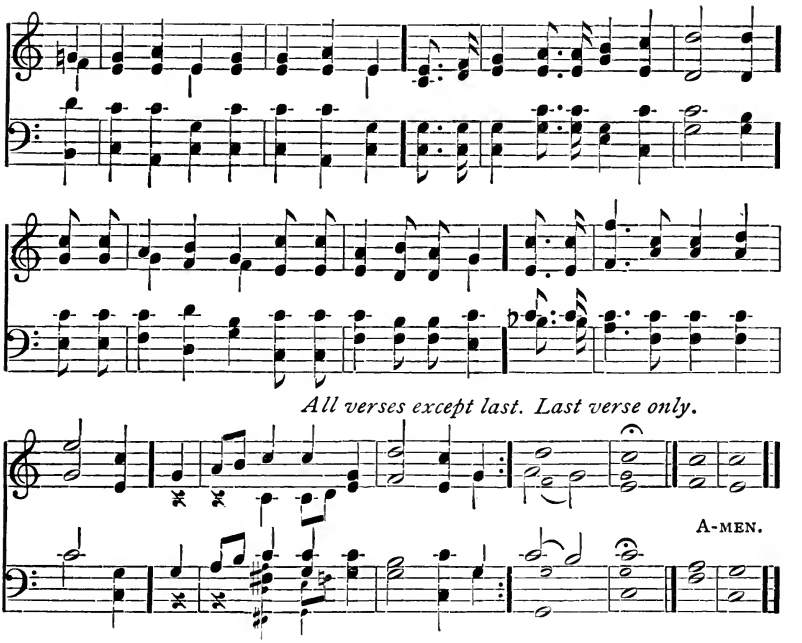


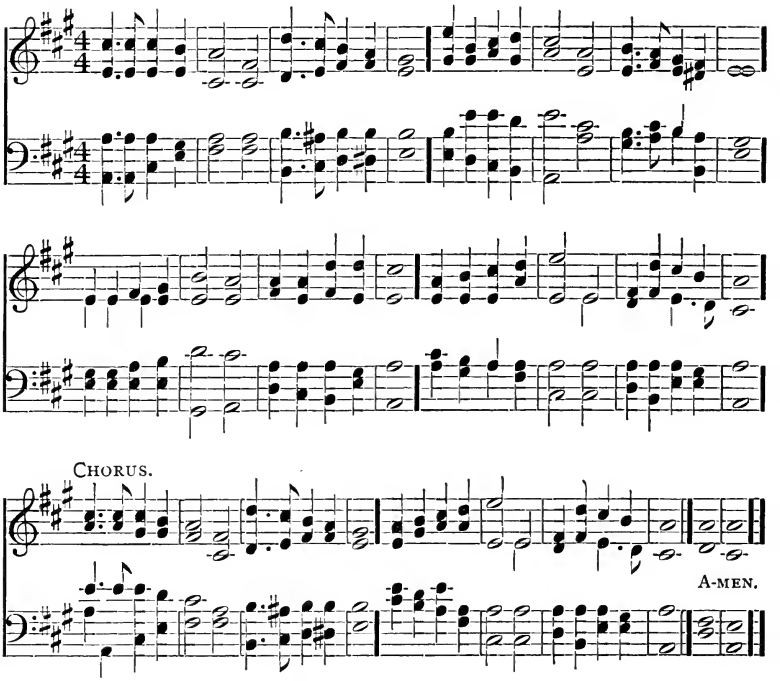
482

His holy arm hath gotten him the victory. Ps. xcviii: 1.

1 We march, we march to victory,
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
‖:And His holy arm spread o'er us.:‖
We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
With armor bright to meet Him;
And He puts to flight the armies of night,
‖:That the sons of the day may greet Him.:‖
We march, we march, etc.

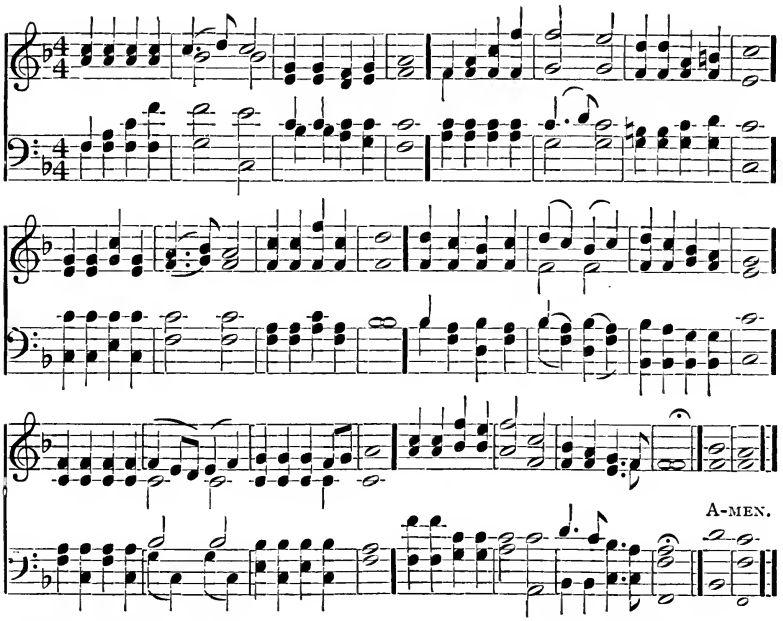
2 Our sword is the Truth of God on High,
Our helmet, His Salvation;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
‖:Our watchword, the Incarnation.:‖
We march, we march, etc.

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.

483 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies. Ps. cxix : 14.

1 On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky be-clouded? Clouds are not from Thee!
Cho. On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Harken to our praises, O Thou God of love!

2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace. ***Cho.***

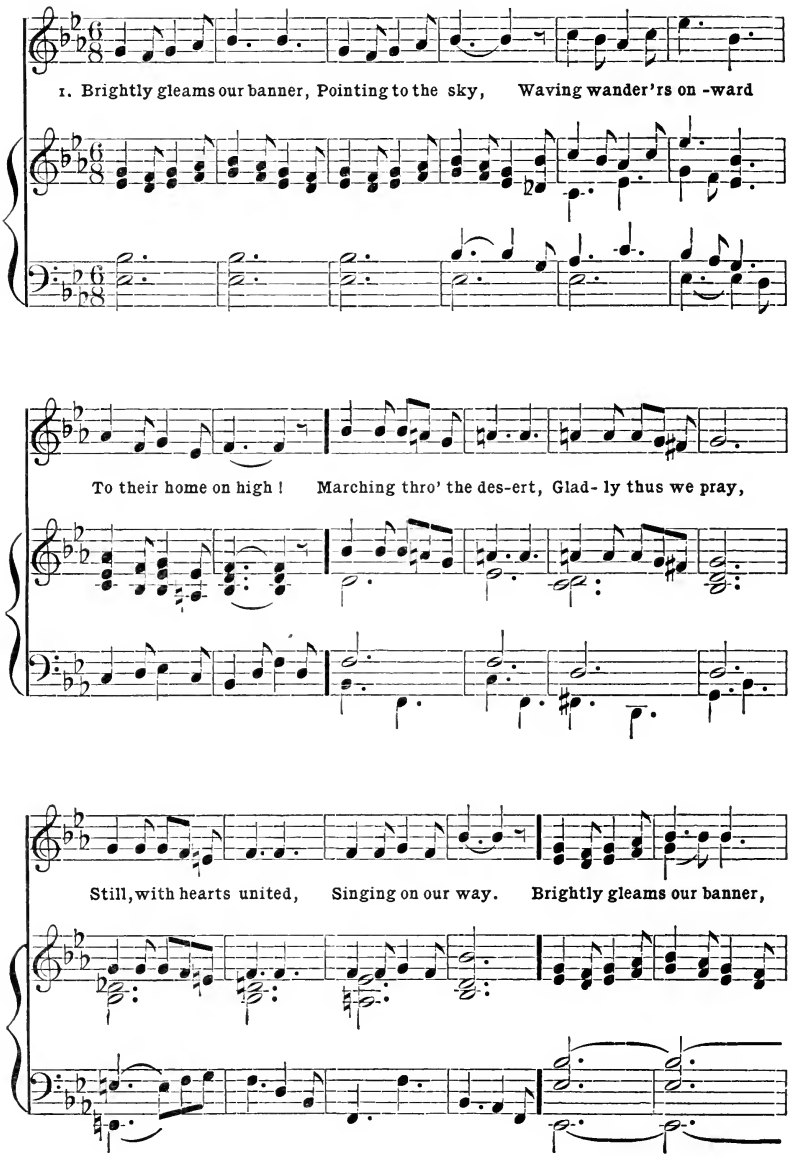
3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety; Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy? ***Cho.***

484 Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. Josh. i: 9.

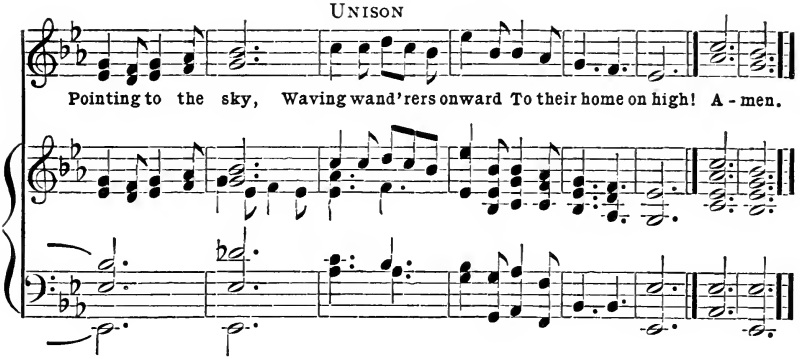
1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle
See, His banners go.

Cho. Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

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. *Cho.*

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail. *Cho.*

4 Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song—
Glory, laud and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing. *Cho.*

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wander'rs on -ward
To their home on high ! Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad- ly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united, Singing on our way. Brightly gleams our banner,



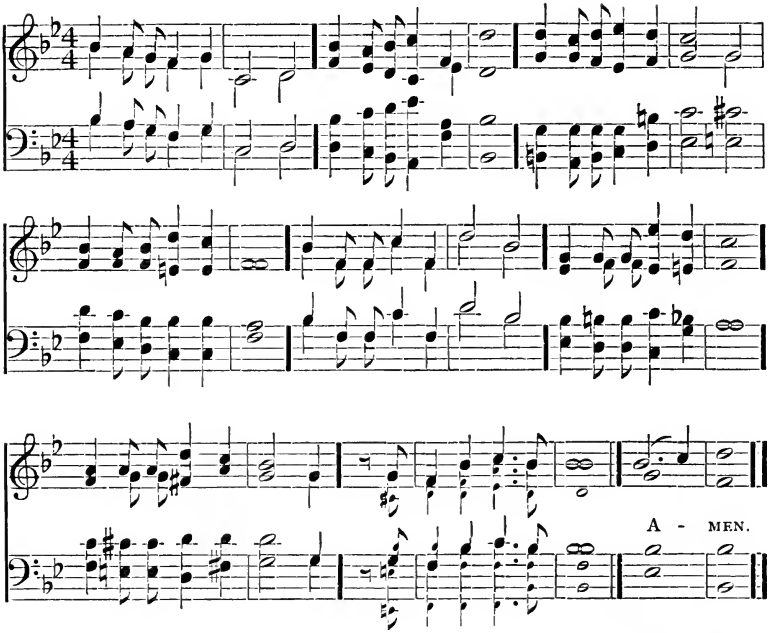
485 In the name of our God we will set up our banners. Ps. xxv: 5.

1 Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward to their home on high!
Marching through the desert, gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united, singing on our way,—
Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward to their home on high!

2 Jesus, Lord and Master, at Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing, see Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee, often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour, in the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 Pattern of our childhood, once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy, pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour, only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 All our days direct us in the way we go,
Lead us on victorious over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us when the storm-clouds lower,
Strengthen, Thou, and save us in temptation's hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

5 Then with saints and angels may we join above,
Offering prayers and praises at Thy throne of love;
When the march is over, then come rest and peace,
Heaven's loving service, joys that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

486

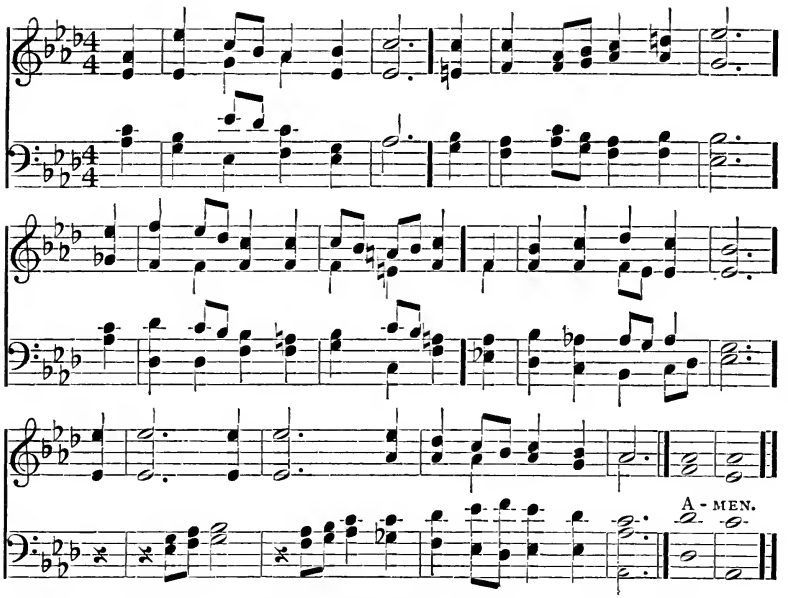
Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Ps. lx: 4.

1 Forth to the fight, ye ransomed,
Mighty in God's own might,
Stemming the tide of battle,
Routing the hosts of night.
Lift ye the Snow-white Banner,
Wield ye the victor's sword,
Raise ye the Christian's war cry,
"The cross of Christ the Lord."

2 Fear not the din of battle,
Follow where He has trod
Perfecting strength in weakness,
Jesus, Incarnate God.
Lift ye, etc.

3 Angels around us hover,
Succor in time of need,
Ever at hand to strengthen,
Guardians they indeed.
Lift ye, etc.

4 Arm ye against the battle,
Watch ye, and strive, and pray,
Peace shall succeed the warfare,
Night shall be changed to day.
Lift ye, etc.

5 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you,
Fight, for He bids you fight;
There where the fray is thickest
Close with the hosts of night.
Lift ye, etc.

487 Let the righteous be glad: let them rejoice before God, yea, let them exceedingly rejoice. Ps. lxviii : 3.

1 Rejoice, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high
Of Jesus, God and King!

Cho. Rejoice, Rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!

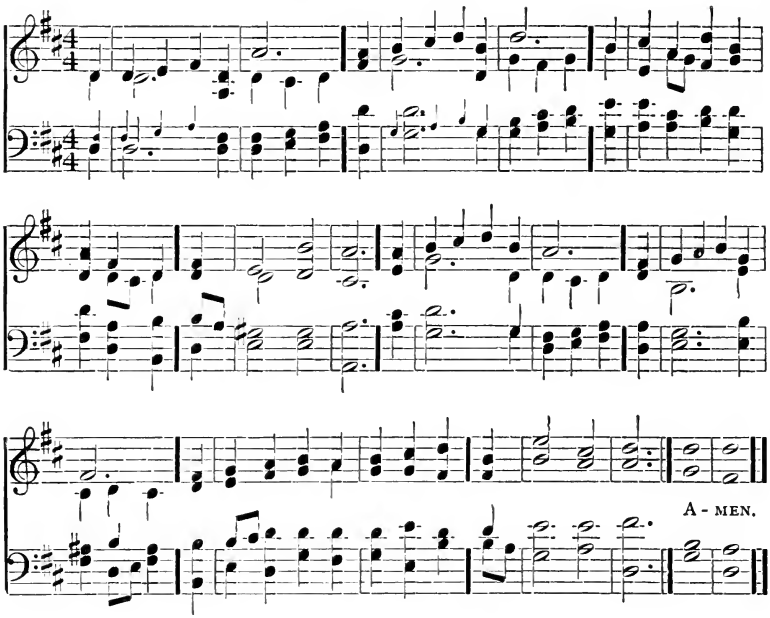
2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!
Cho.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!
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.

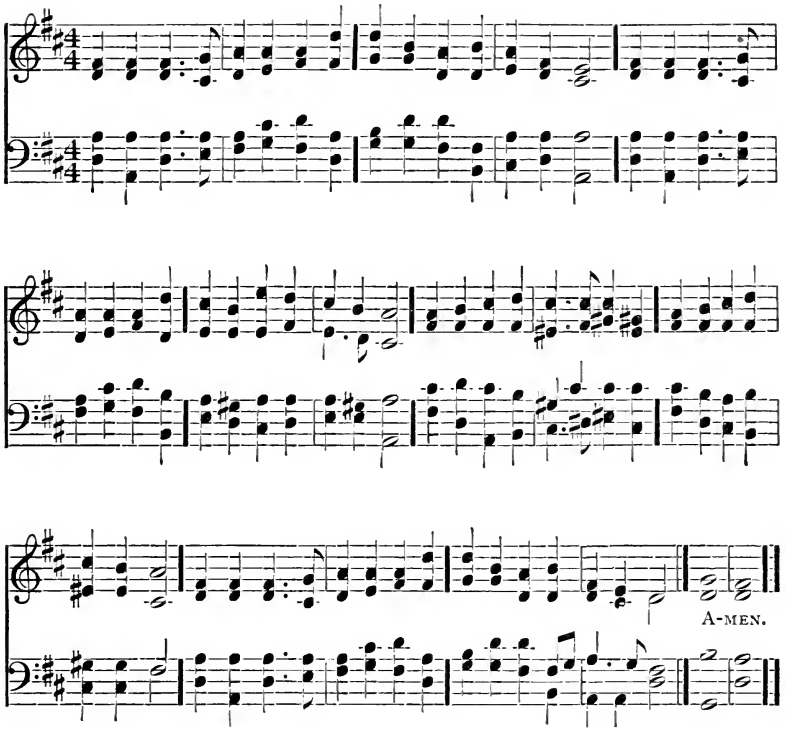
6 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest:
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
Cho.

7 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, [as in verse 1.]
Cho.

488 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion Ps xlviii: 2.

1 With gladsome feet we press
To Sion's holy mount,
Where gushes from its deep recess
The cooling fount:
Oh! happy, happy hill,
The joy of every saint!
With sweet Siloam's crystal rill,
That cheers the faint!

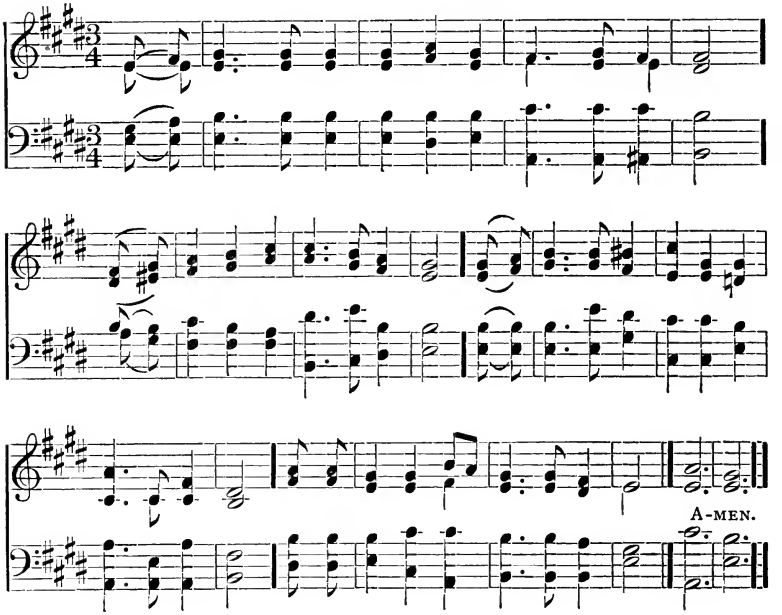
2 Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to Thee!
The martyr's bleeding feet,
The saints, with wounded breast,
Alike have sought thy golden seat,
To win their rest.

3 Lord, while Thy courts we tread,
Guide Thou, our thoughts aright!
May evil never lift its head
To shame the light!
But all be pure below;
Each heart from taint be free,
Unsullied, bright as sunlit snow,
Meet shrines for Thee!

4 So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise.
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All!

489 One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. Matt. xxiii: 8.

1 Thro' the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light.
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless thro' the night.

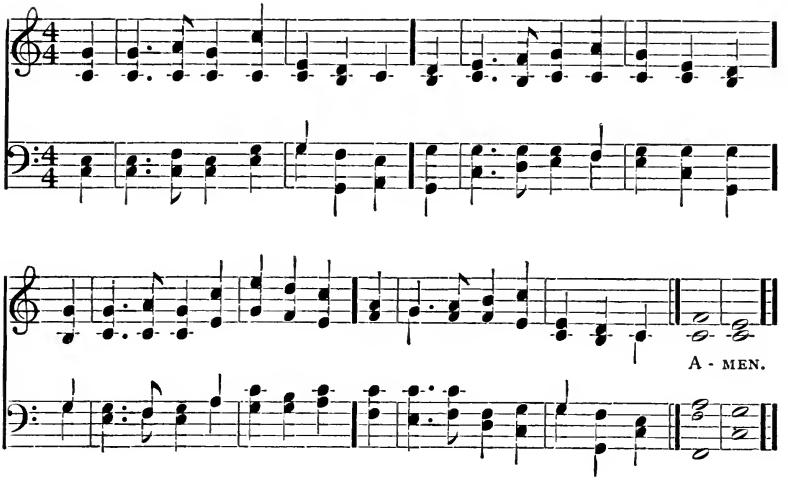
2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

490 He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them. Mark x: 16.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto Me.

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all the redeemed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

491

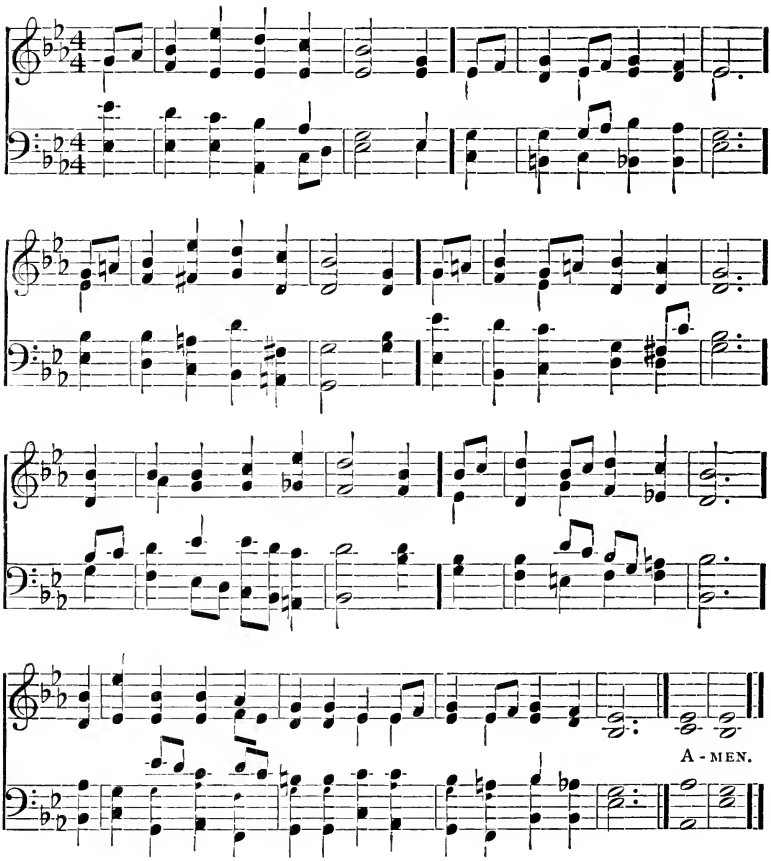
Let the weak say, I am strong. Joel iii: 10.

1 We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

2 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

3 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

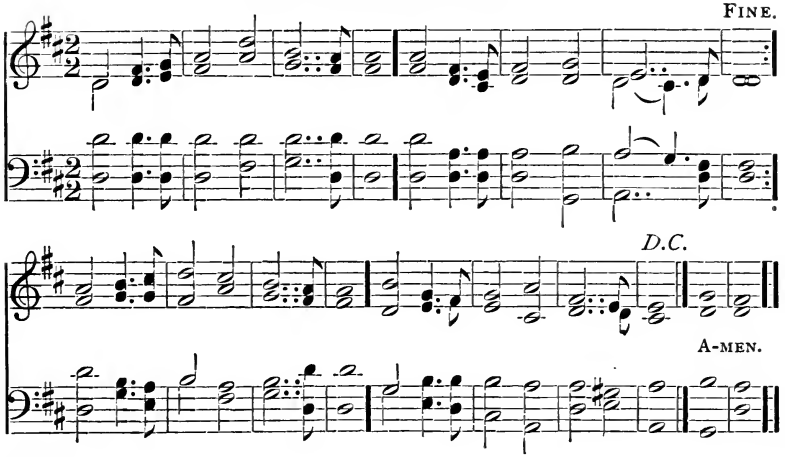
4 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

5 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

492 The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David. Matt. xxi: 15.

1 When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
"Hosanna" to His Name:
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
‖: He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song. :‖

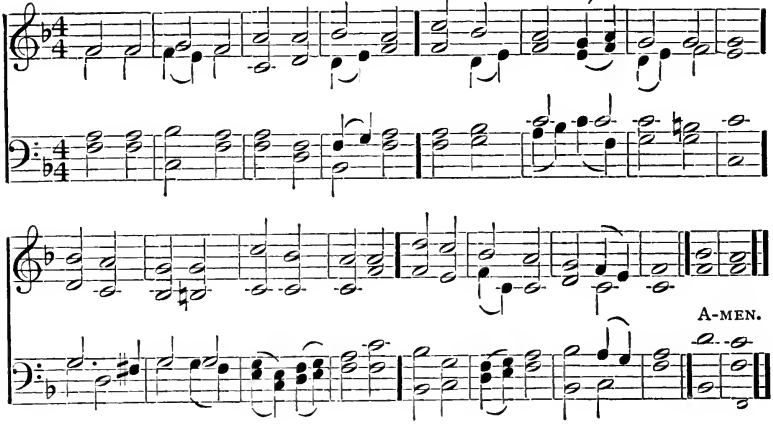
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His throne,
‖: And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!" :‖

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.

Then flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne;
‖: And cry to Him "Hosanna,"
Who reigneth God alone. :‖

493 Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. Deut. vi: 4.

1 To God, the Father, Spirit, Son,
In soul and mind and person one,
Be glory, praise, and service given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.
Jesus, our Lord, we praise in Thee
The ever-blessèd Trinity;
And while before Thy throne we fall,
We own Thee God and Lord of all.

2 In childhood's blissful days descend,
Inspire us for our being's end;
And when our outward nature dies,
Own us Thy children in the skies.
To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise:
Thy glory, suppliant, we adore
Forever and for evermore.

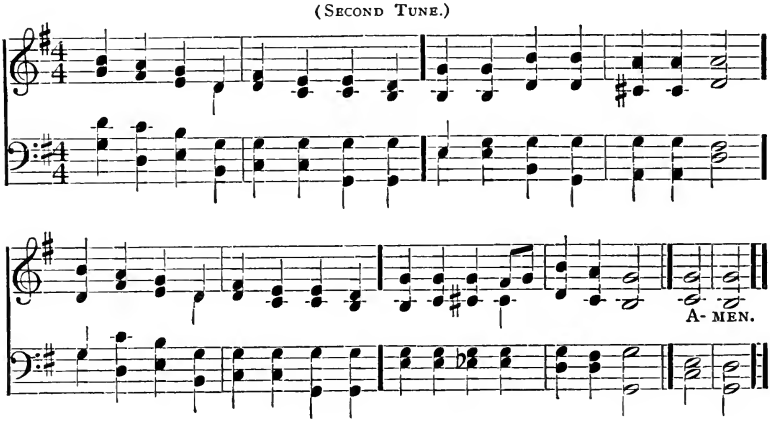
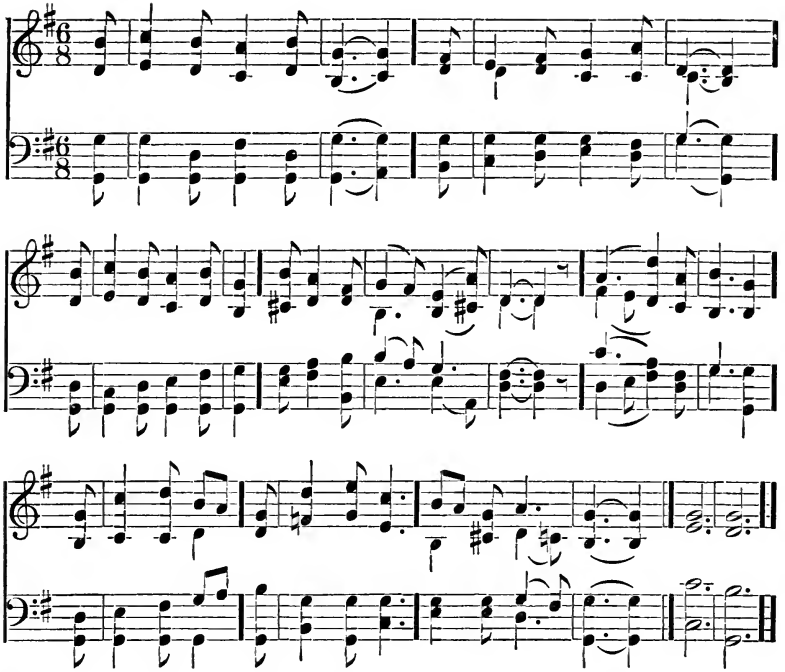
(First Tune.)

494

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. Isa. xl: 11.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

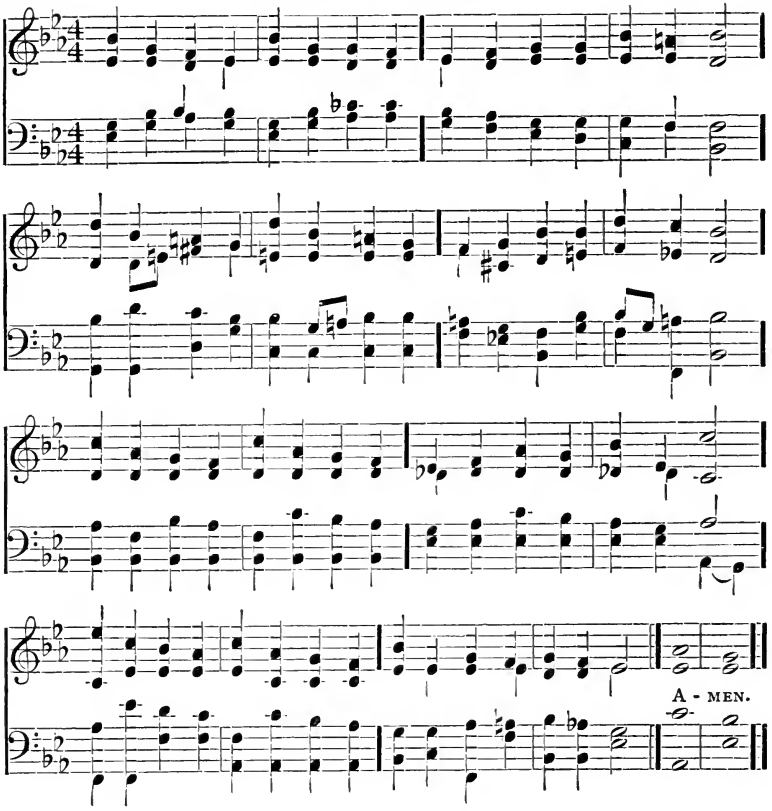
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

(Second Tune.)

495 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. Matt. xxi: 16.

1 Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

2 But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

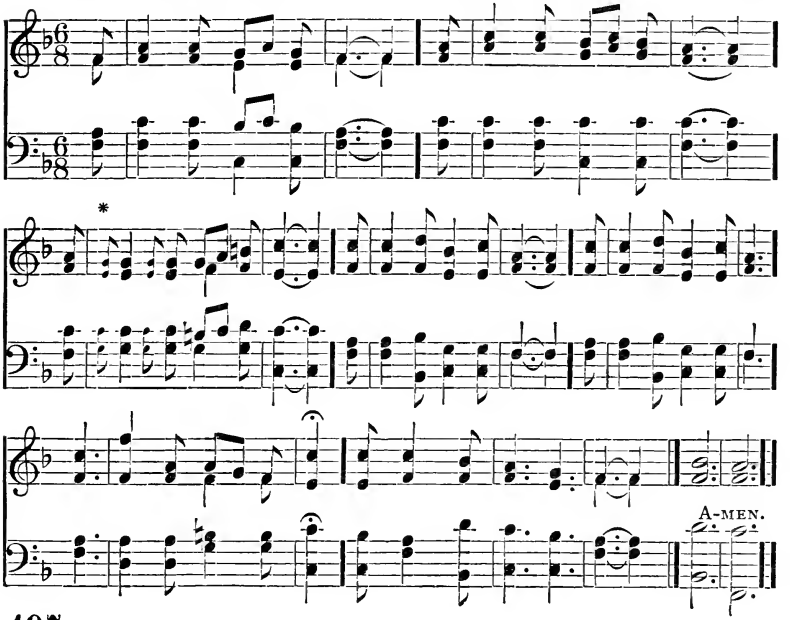
3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

4 O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

496

We have seen his star in the east. Matt. ii: 2.

1 Saw you never, in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.

2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that Infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And, we too, may seek His cradle;
There our hearts' best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true obedience,
To our Saviour, God and King.

497

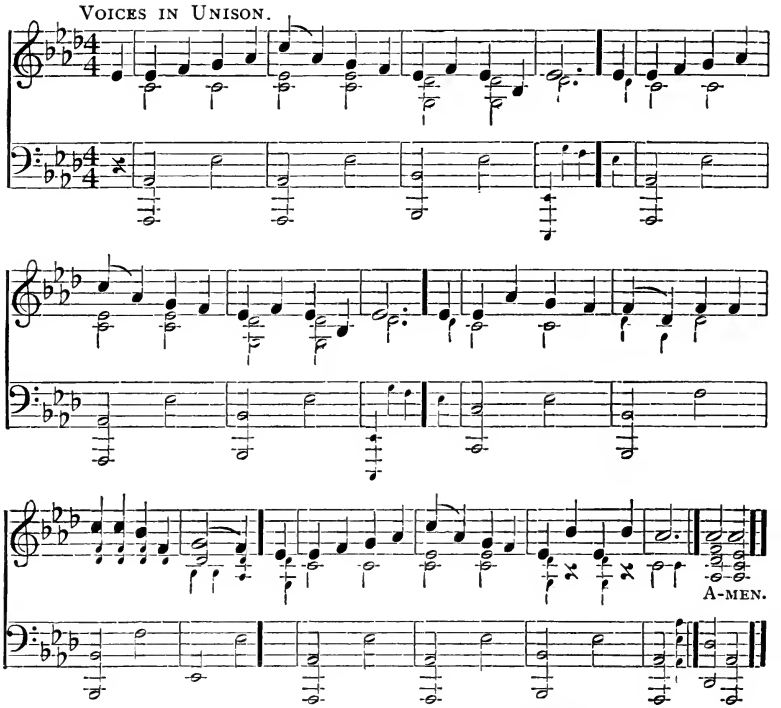
I am the good shepherd. John x: 11.

1 Good Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all Thy flock dost keep,
Leading by waters calm;
Do Thou my foot-steps guide,
To follow by Thy side;
‖: Make me Thy little lamb.:‖

2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
‖: Out of Thy pleasant way.:‖

3 But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear;
And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
‖: Where all the flowers are fair.:‖

4 Till, from the soil of sin,
My soul made clean within,
Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love,
Safe to Thy fold above,
‖: A little snow-white lamb.:‖

*The small notes are to be used in the 1st verse only.

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498

Suffer the little children to come unto me. Mark x: 14.

1 I love to hear the story how the Lord from heaven came
And did not fear to visit men in all their sin and shame;
But touched the sick and made them well, the blind, and they did see,
And said of little children "Suffer them to come to Me."

2 I love to think of Jesus as my gentle Shepherd Lord
Who leads in heavenly pastures those who love to hear His Word:
And when I am in sorrow, and sore trouble makes me fear,
I hear Him say: "Be not afraid, My child, for I am near!"

3 I love to speak to Him alone in word of song and prayer
In darkest night and roughest way, for He is with me there;
And so He guides me that each day I may not fail to see
The way to heaven, that where He is, there also I may be.

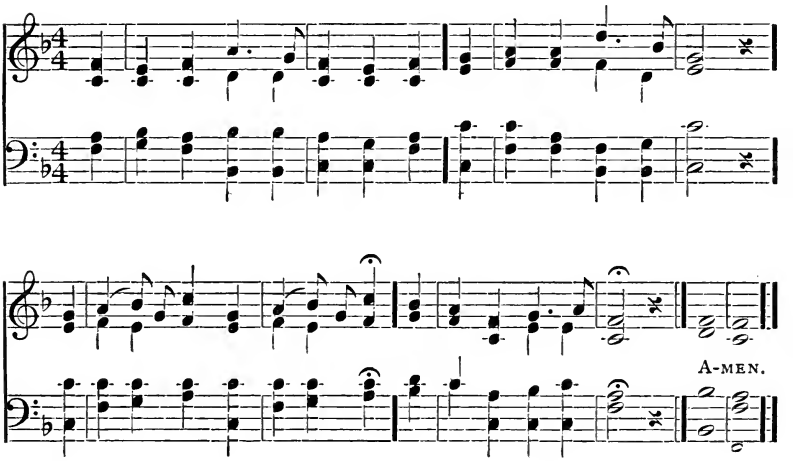
499

Suffer the little children to come unto me. Luke xviii : 16

(*Tune 498, using slurs.*)

1 I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord come down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

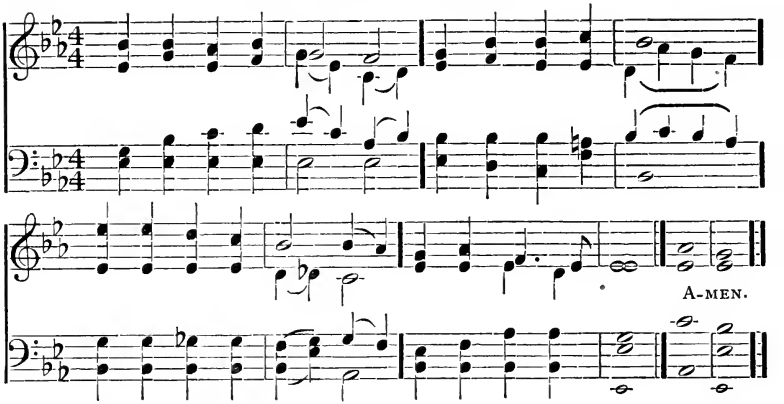
2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
So gentle and obedient
As we should also be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To tell His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He Himself has promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

500

He giveth his beloved sleep. Ps. cxxvii : 2.

1 Dear Lord in heav'n, who by my bed,
Thy faithful watch didst keep:
And night's best blessings o'er me shed,
Sweet rest and balmy sleep.

2 I thank Thee, Lord and Father mild,
And all Thine angels too,
And pray Thee still to help Thy child
Thy holy will to do.

3 Help me to shun each evil thought,
And all Thy laws to heed,
That into heav'n I may be brought,
And be Thy child indeed.

501

For I am meek and lowly of heart. Matt. xi: 29.

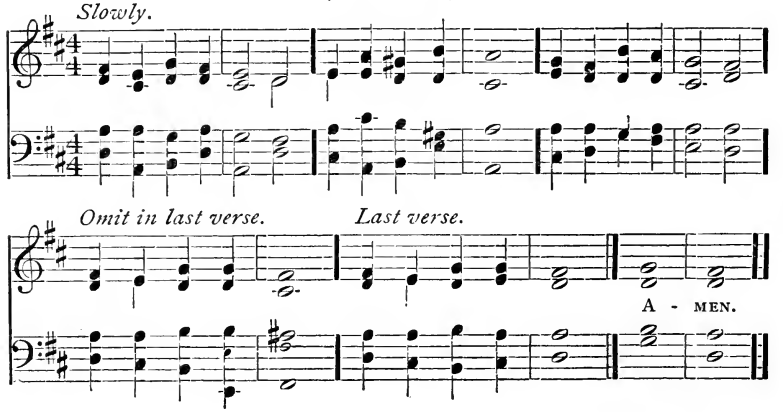
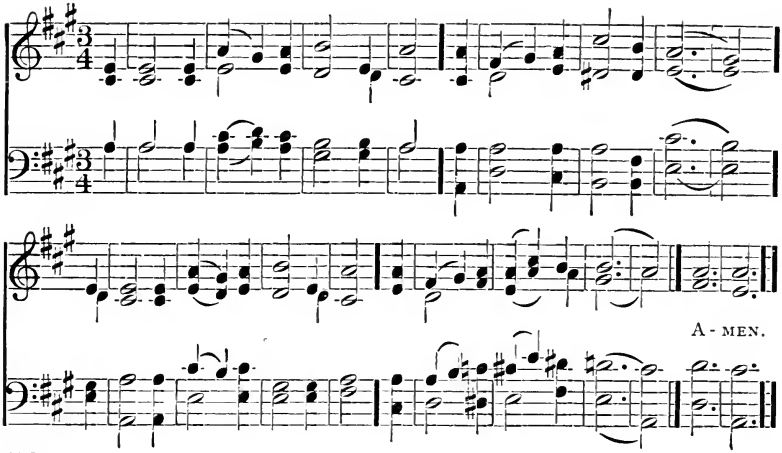
1 Jesu meek and gentle,
Holy Lord most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesu meek and gentle,
Holy Lord most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry

(SECOND TUNE.)

502

They found him in the temple. Luke ii: 46.

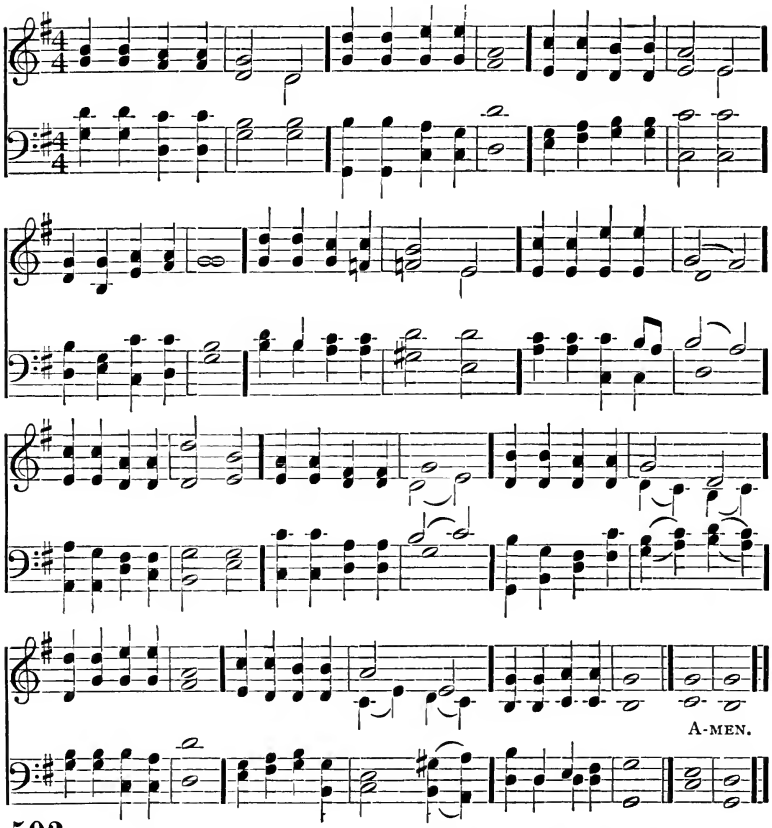
1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with growing virtue crowned,
Were filled with life divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

503

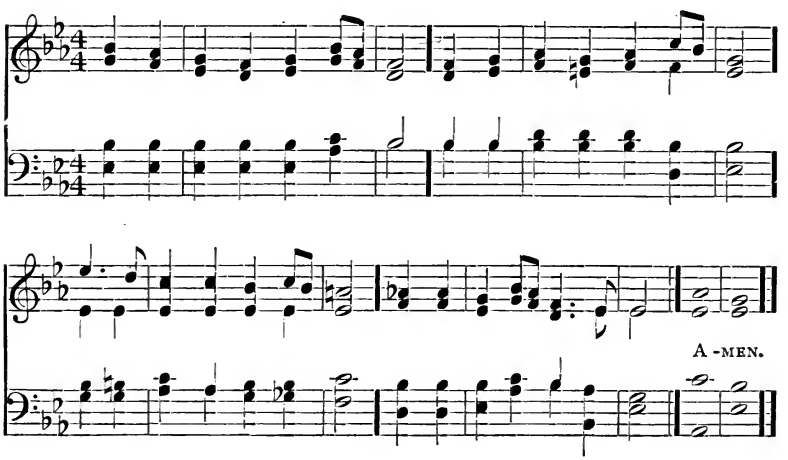
My glory which thou hast given me. John xvii: 24.

1 Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry;
Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin,
By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.
Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of glory, etc.

3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face.
Jesus, King of Glory, etc.

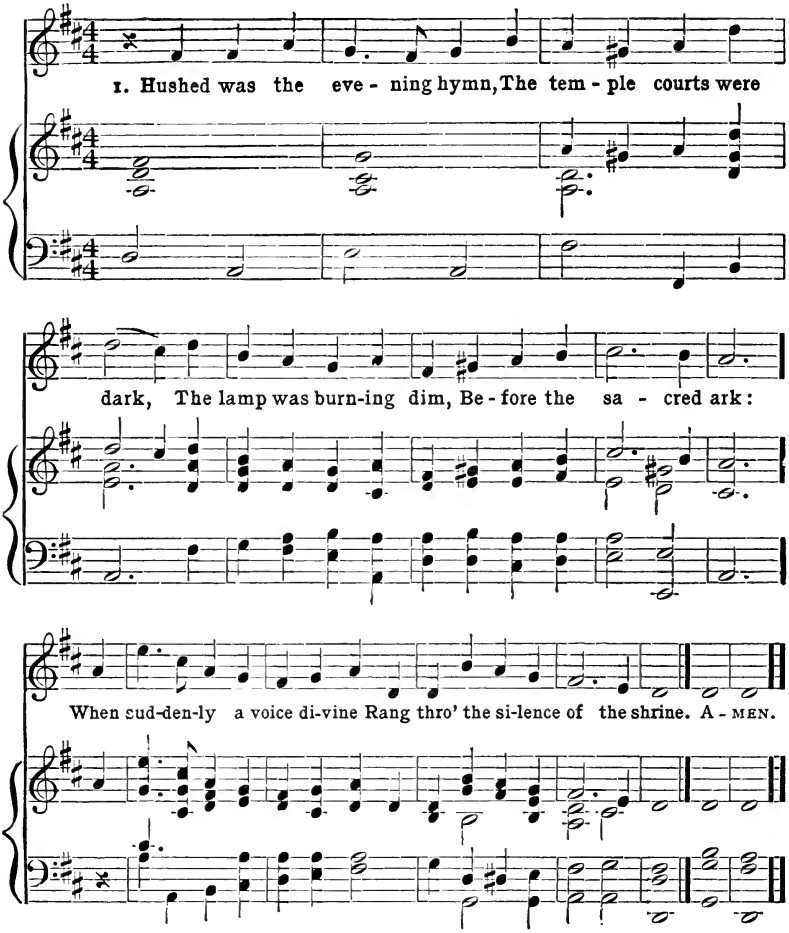
4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;
Jesus, King of Glory, etc.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of Glory, etc.

504

They shall rest in their beds. Isa. lvii: 2.

1 Wearily at daylight's close,
As mine eyelids seek repose,
Lord, as here in bed I lie,
Watch me with a Father's eye.

2 Parents, brothers, sisters dear,
Have them in Thy heavenly care:
All mankind, whoe'er they be,
Let them find repose in Thee!

3 Sick and weary, all who weep,
Father, close their eyes in sleep;
Let the great moon from the sky
O'er the world shine silently.

505

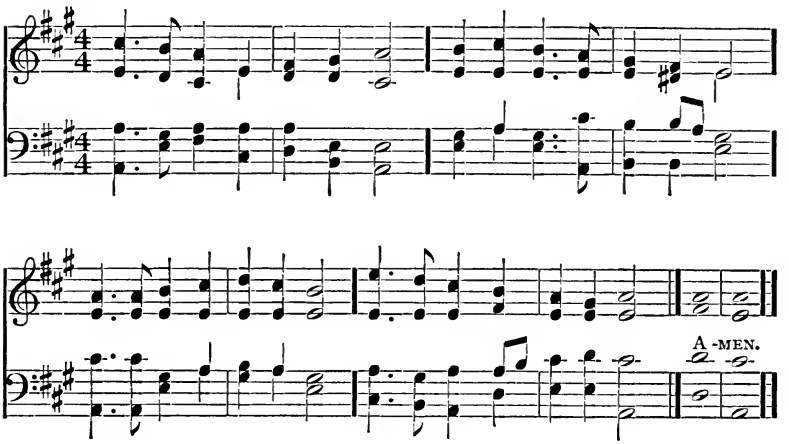
The temple of the Lord where the ark of God was. I Sam. iii: 3.

1 Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim,
Before the sacred ark:
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of
the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was
sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word!
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

506

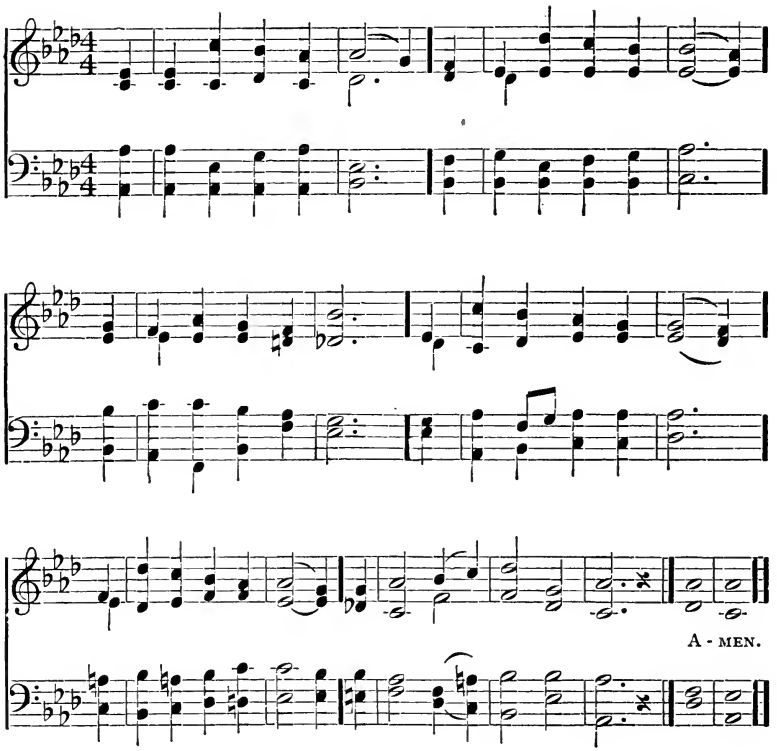
As I have loved you. John xv: 12.

1 Saviour! teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

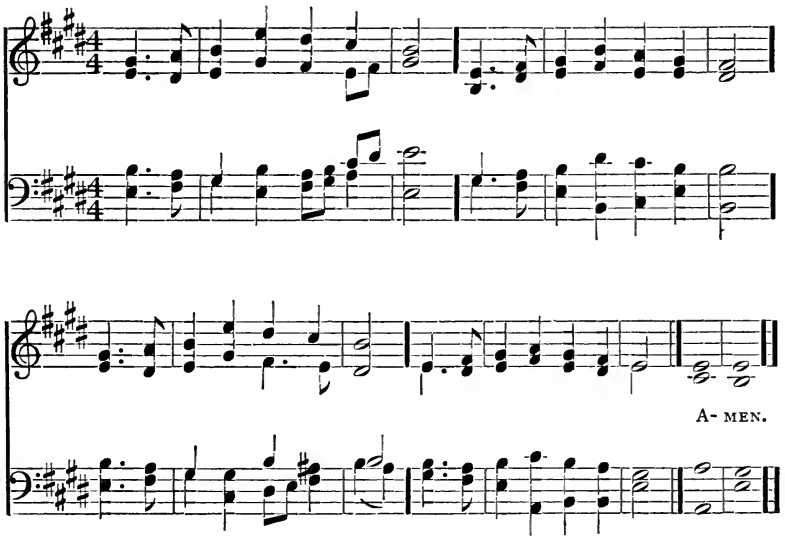
5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till the face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

507

The children singing in the temple. Matt. xxi : 15.

1 With gladsome hearts we come
Within our holy home,
Our Saviour's Name to sing.
O well His House we love!
O joy all joys above,
To praise the children's King!

2 The angels sing on high
Thy glory through the sky,
And then to earth they wing;
To guard us while we sleep,
And, as their watch they keep,
To praise the children's King.

3 O may we, while we live,
Such willing service give,
A holy offering!
And still Thy glory show
By deeds of love below,
To praise the children's King.

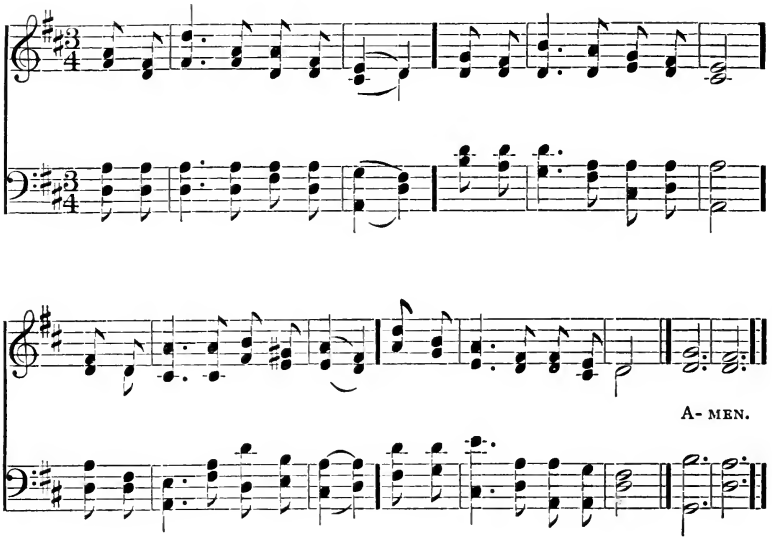
4 O Light of Light, to Thee
Let earth and sky and sea
Eternal homage bring;
And grant us through Thy love,
Before Thy throne above,
To praise the children's King.

508

He leadeth me beside the still waters. Ps. xxiii: 2.

1 All things beautiful and fair,
Earth and sky and balmy air,
Sunny field and shady grove,
Gently whisper, God is love.

2 Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every sparrow, every dove
Seems to whisper, God is love.

3 Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, God is love.

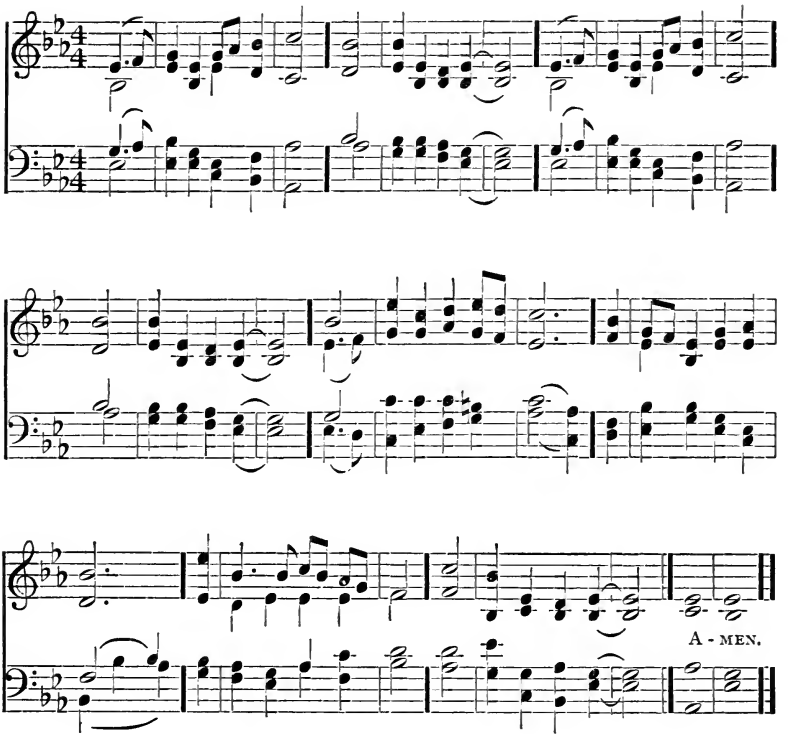
4 He who dwelleth high in heaven
Unto us hath all things given;
May we, as through life we move
Ever feel that God is love.

509

Thou, God, seest me. Gen. xvi: 13.

1 In our work, and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near;
Guarding, guiding all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.

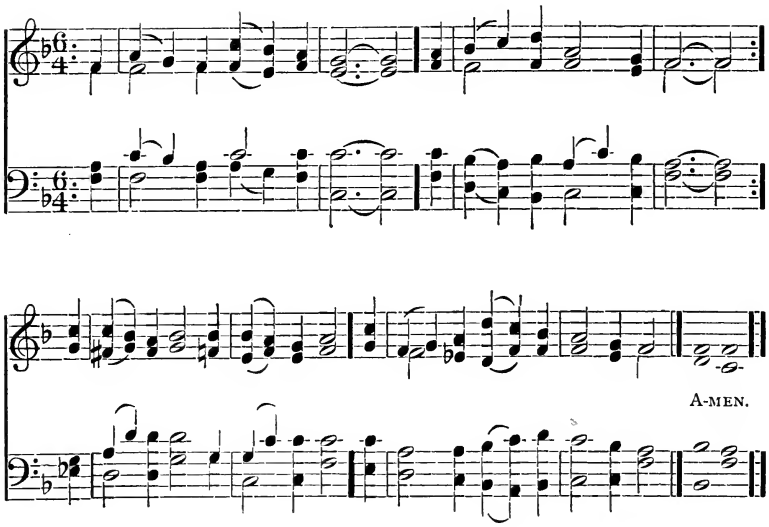
2 Thou didst toil, O royal Child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labor undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.

3 Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
If we ask Thy succor strong;
Watch o'er all we say or do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 O! how happy thus to spend
Work and playtime in His sight,
Who that day which shall not end
Gives to those who do the right.

510 If any man will follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross. Matt. xvi: 24.

1 He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

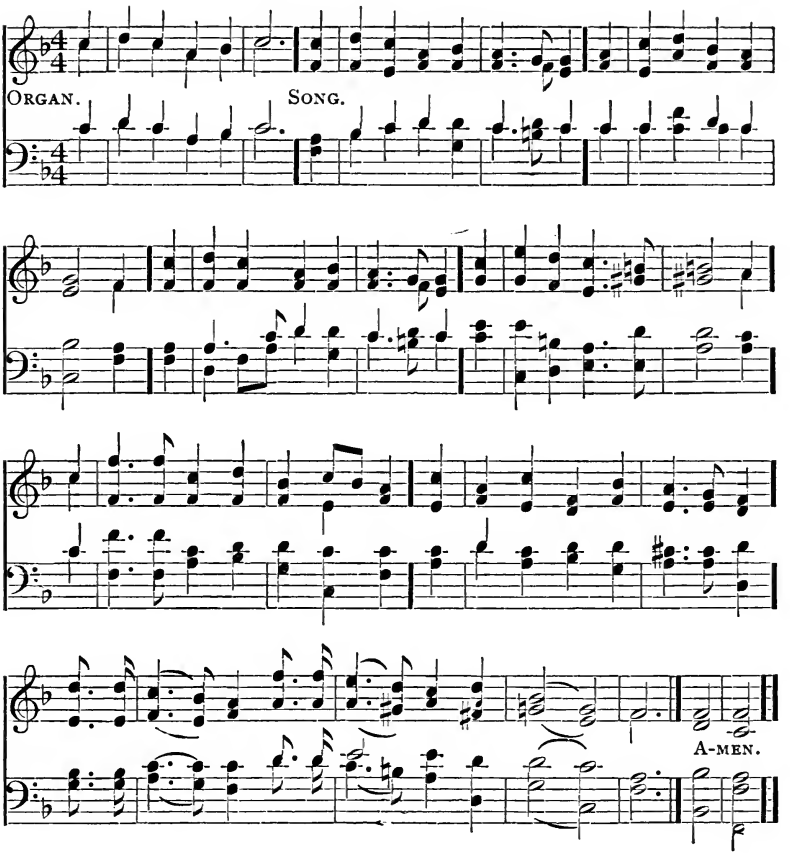
2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

3 Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labor night and day
To be a pilgrim.

511

And was subject to them. Luke ii: 51.

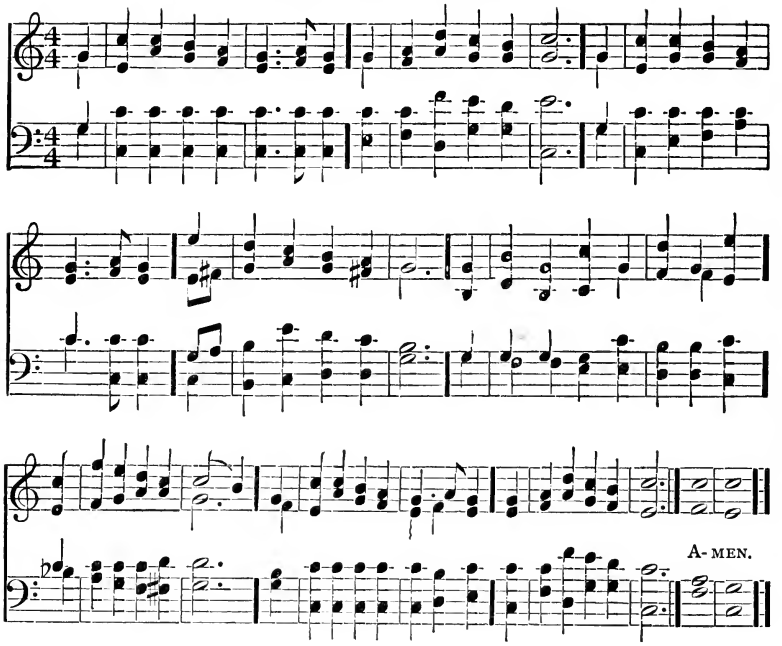
1 Behold a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant head.
But who is this so lowly laid?
'Tis He by whom the worlds were made.

2 Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labors too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest.

3 Lord! once Thyself a boy,
Our childhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.

512

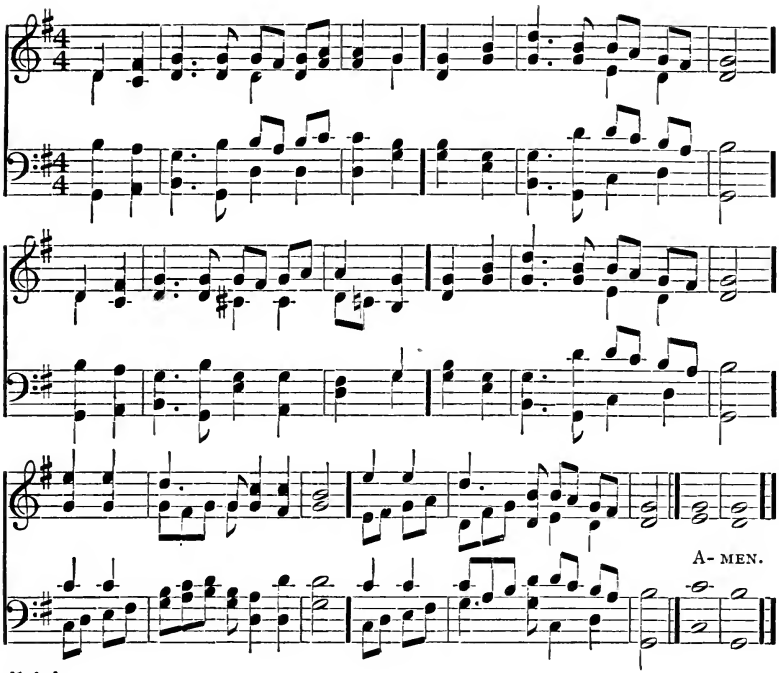
He shall save his people from their sins. Matt. i : 21.

1 Child Jesus comes from heavenly height
To save us from sin's keeping;
On manger straw, in darksome night,
The Blessed One lies sleeping.
The star smiles down, the angels greet,
The oxen kiss the Baby's feet:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Child Jesus!

2 Take courage, soul in grief cast down,
Forget the bitter dealing:
A Child is born in David's town
To touch all souls with healing.
Then let children seek the Child,
Like Him be meek and undefiled,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Child Jesus!

513 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. Luke ii: 8.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not" said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

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 wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the angel; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd 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!"

514

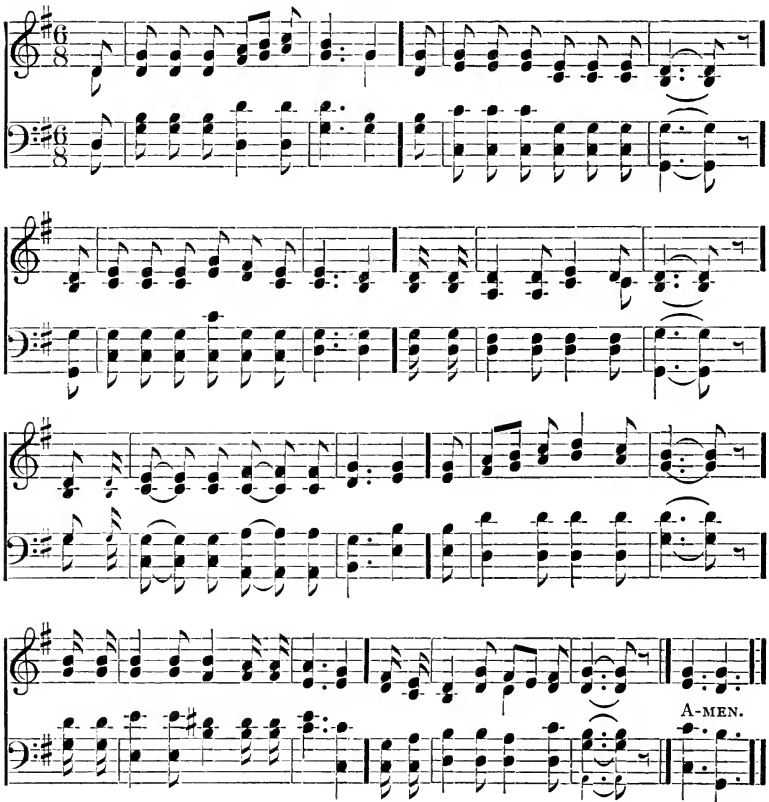
Unto us a child is born. Isa. ix: 6.

1 Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ, that little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, the mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

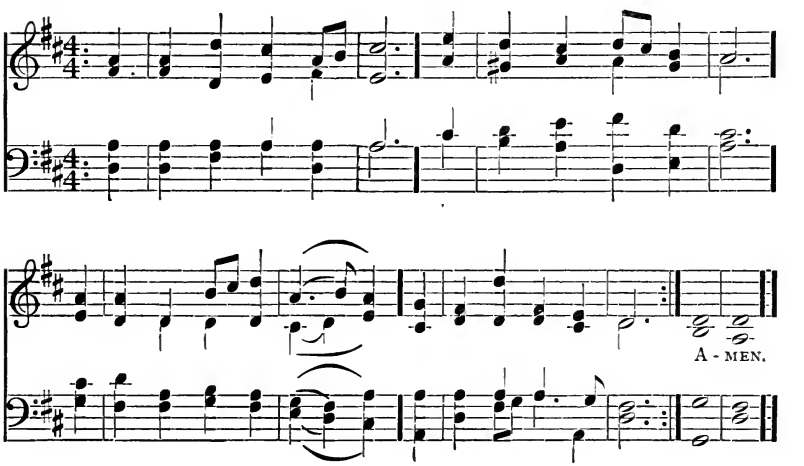
4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

515 Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. Luke ii: 12.

1 "O how shall I keep my Christ-
mas?"
My heart whispered softly to me,
For I had been reading the story
Of the Lord's nativity;
And slowly and clearly before me
The words like pictures rise,
And the scenes appear in the
beauty
Of the starry Syrian skies.

2 O cradled He was in a manger!
For lowly and poor was He,
Whose throne is the splendors of
heav'n,
Whose pow'r is infinity;
And He bore His cross to save us,
To save us from death and sin,
And He trod all alone the wine-
press,
To make us pure and clean.

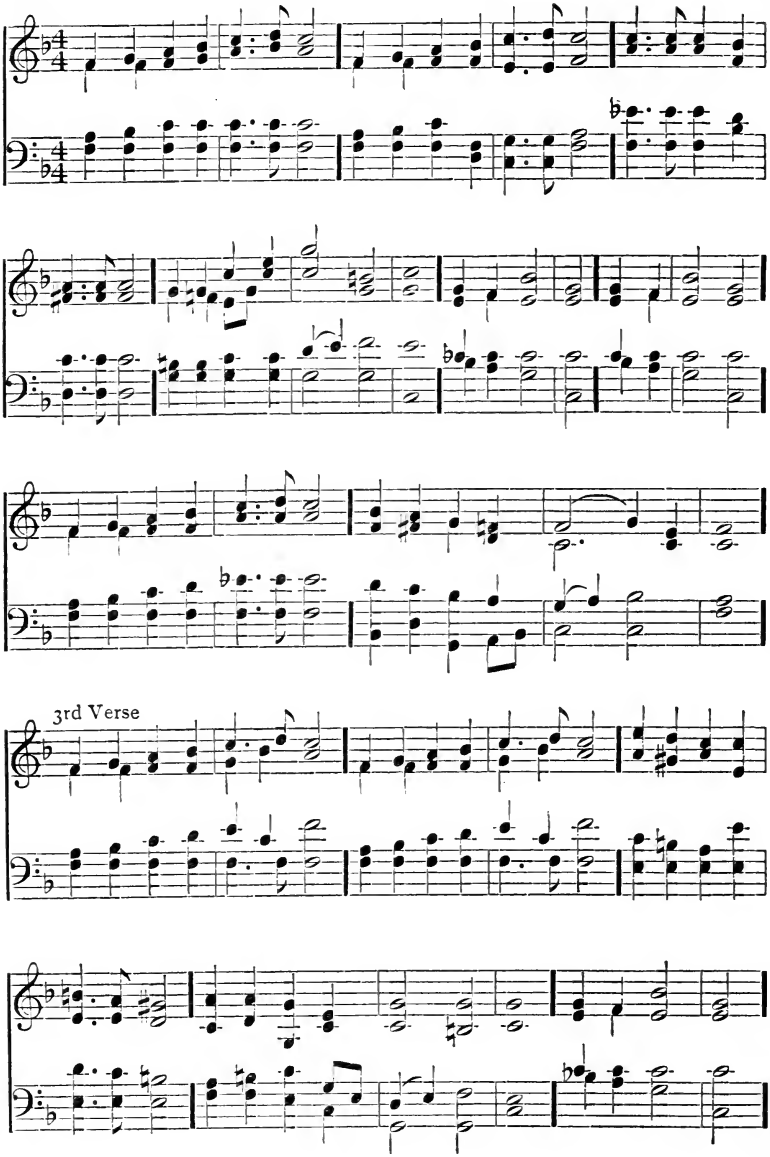
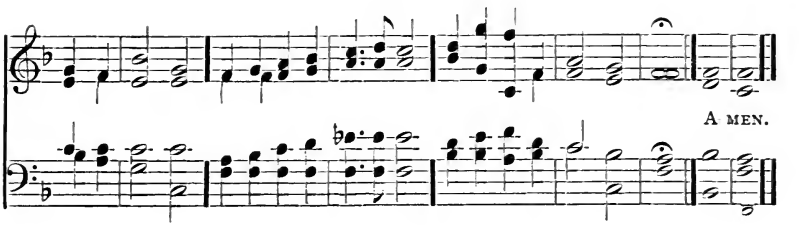
3 In glory the hosts of the angels
Came singing His song of praise,
And filling the heav'ns with their music
In those wonderful old days:
Singing "Glory to God in the highest!"
And "Peace upon Earth," and then
The mighty chorus of voices
Pealed forth "Good Will to Men."

4 "O how shall I keep my Christmas?"
As they keep it in heav'n above;
O keep it with peace and thanksgiving,
And kindliest deeds of love;
And share with the poor and needy
The joys which the Lord gives thee;
And thy heart shall keep with the angels
The Lord's Nativity.

516

For unto you is born this day a Saviour. Luke ii: 11.

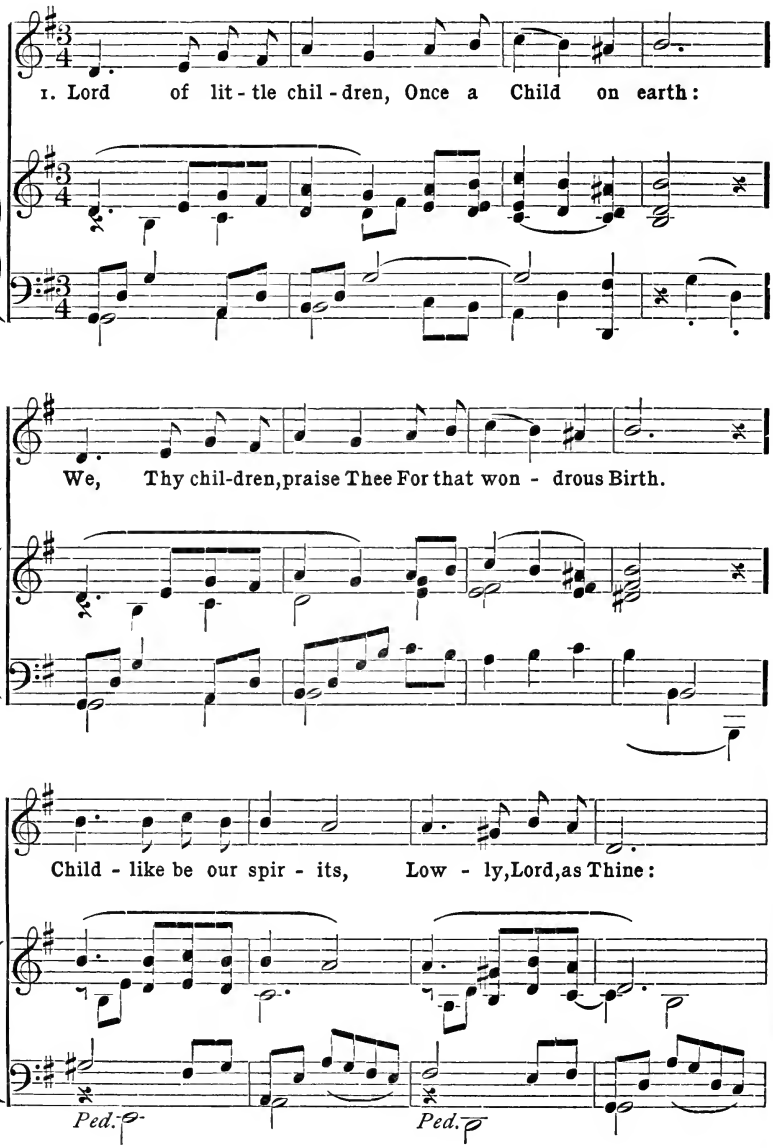
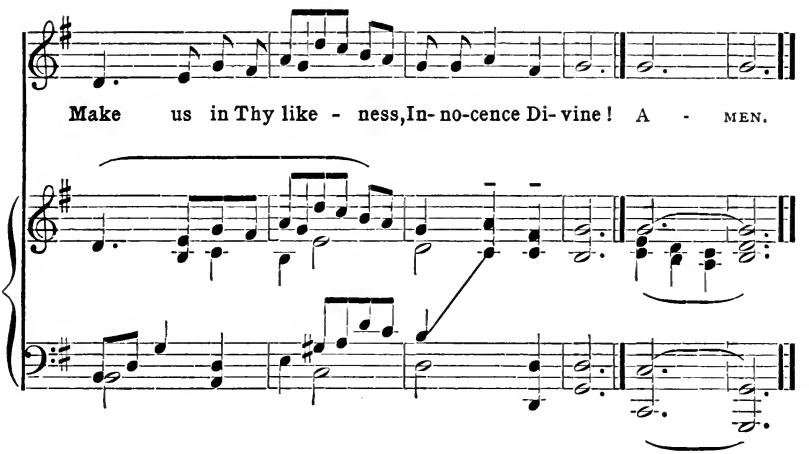
1 A Child this day is born,
A Child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.
Glad tidings to all men,
Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of kings
Was born on Christmas day.

2 These tidings shepherds heard,
Whilst watching o'er their fold;
'Twas by an angel unto them
That night revealed and told.
Glad tidings, etc.

3 They praised the Lord, our God
And our celestial King:
All glory be in Paradise,
This heavenly host do sing.
Glad tidings, etc.

3rd Verse

517 The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. Is. ix: 2.

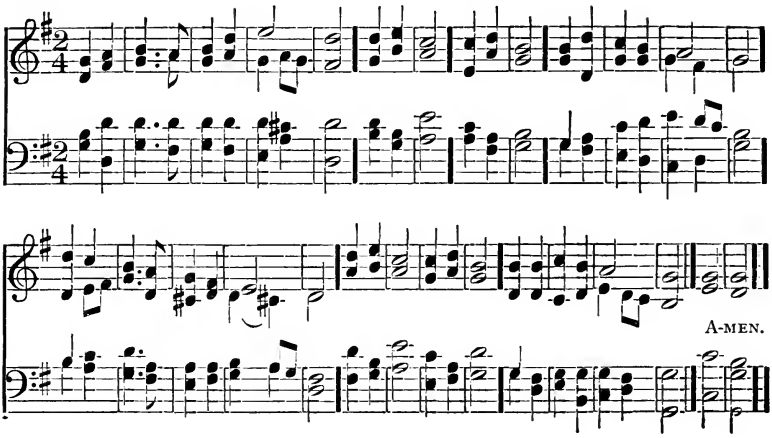
1 All this night bright angels sing;
Never was such caroling.
Hark! a voice which loudly cries:
"Mortals, mortals, wake and rise.
Lo! to gladness
Turns your sadness,
From the earth is ris'n a Sun,
Shines all night, though day be done.

2 Wake, O earth, wake, everything!
Wake, and hear the joy I bring;
Wake and joy, for all this night
Heaven and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing:
Angels, powers, and all that be,
Wake and joy this Sun to see!"

3 Hail! O Sun, O blessèd Light!
Sent into this world by night:
Let Thy rays and heavenly pow'rs
Shine in these dark souls of ours.
For most duly,
Thou art truly
God and man we do confess —
Hail, O Sun of righteousness!

1. Lord of lit - tle chil - dren, Once a Child on earth:
We, Thy chil-dren, praise Thee For that won - drous Birth.
Child - like be our spir - its, Low - ly, Lord, as Thine:
Ped.
Ped.

518

They saw the young child. Matt. ii: 11.

1 Lord of little children,
Once a Child on earth:
We, Thy children, praise Thee
For that wondrous Birth.
Child-like be our spirits,
Lowly, Lord, as Thine:
Make us in Thy likeness,
Innocence Divine!

2 Lord of perfect Manhood,
Victor, day by day,
O'er the false and evil,
Guide us in Thy way.
Breathe Thy Manhood in us,
Hold us by Thy hand;
Thou alone, our Father,
Thine, our Fatherland!

519

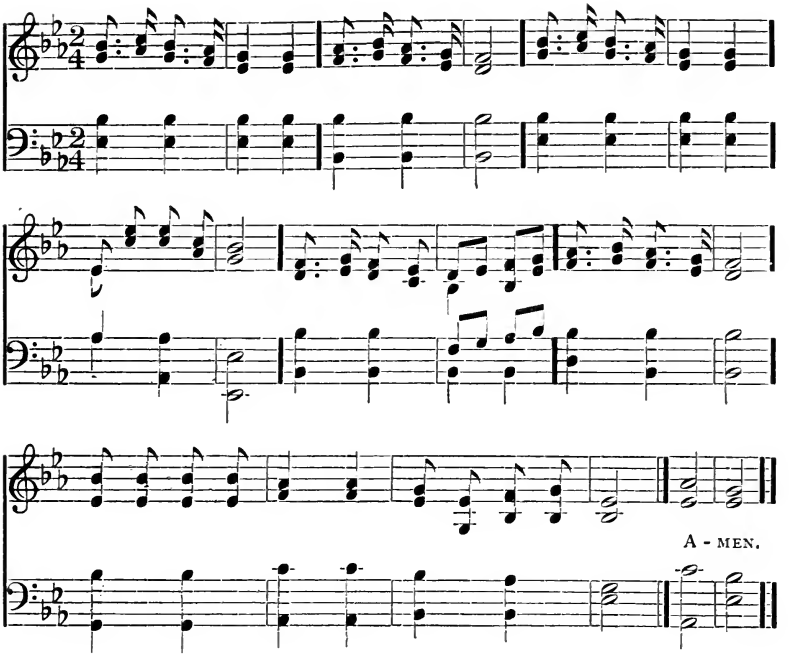
They rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Matt. ii: 10.

1 All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark, a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

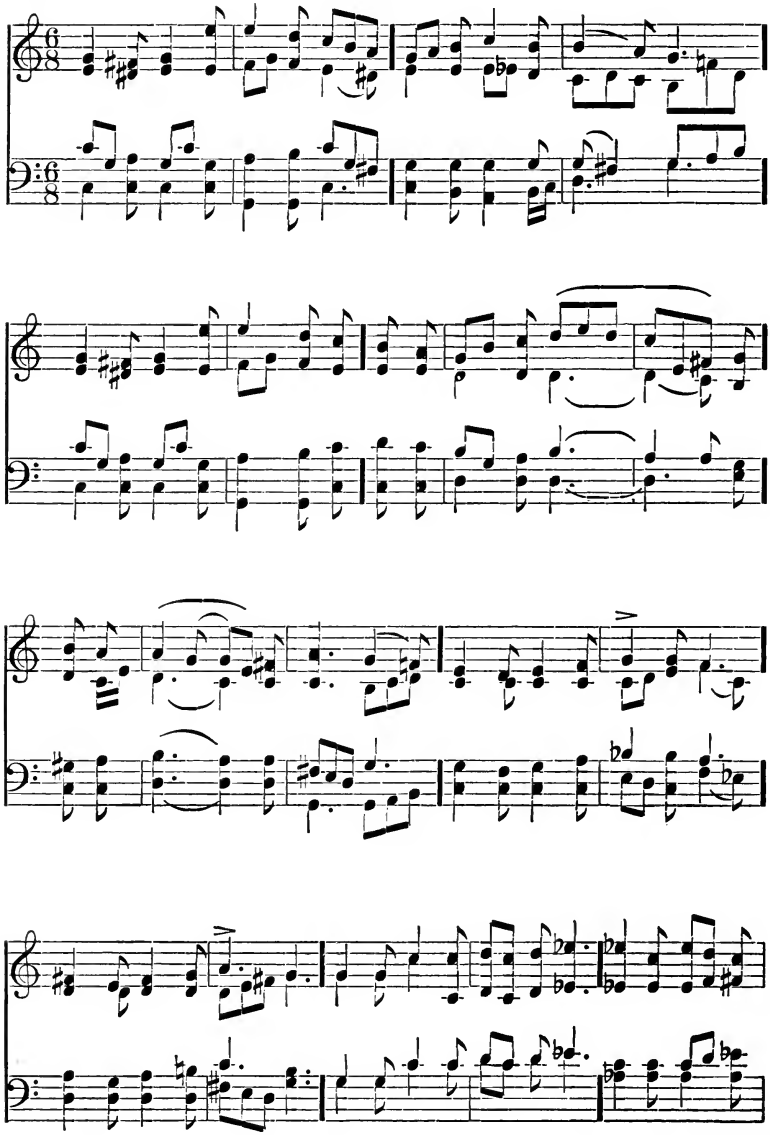
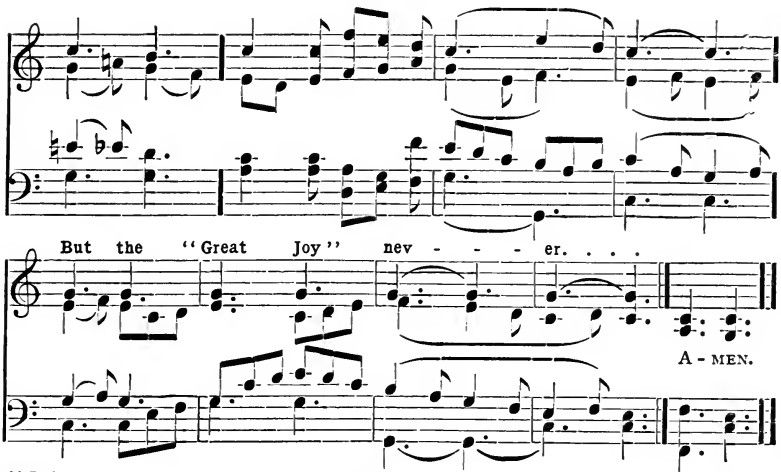
4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness:
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

5 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

520 They presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Matt. ii: 11.

1 Waken, Christian children,
Up, and let us sing,
With glad hearts and voices,
Of our newborn King.
Up! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

2 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heavenly Child,
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.
Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.
Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity.
Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

521

Behold I bring you tidings of great joy. Luke ii : 10.

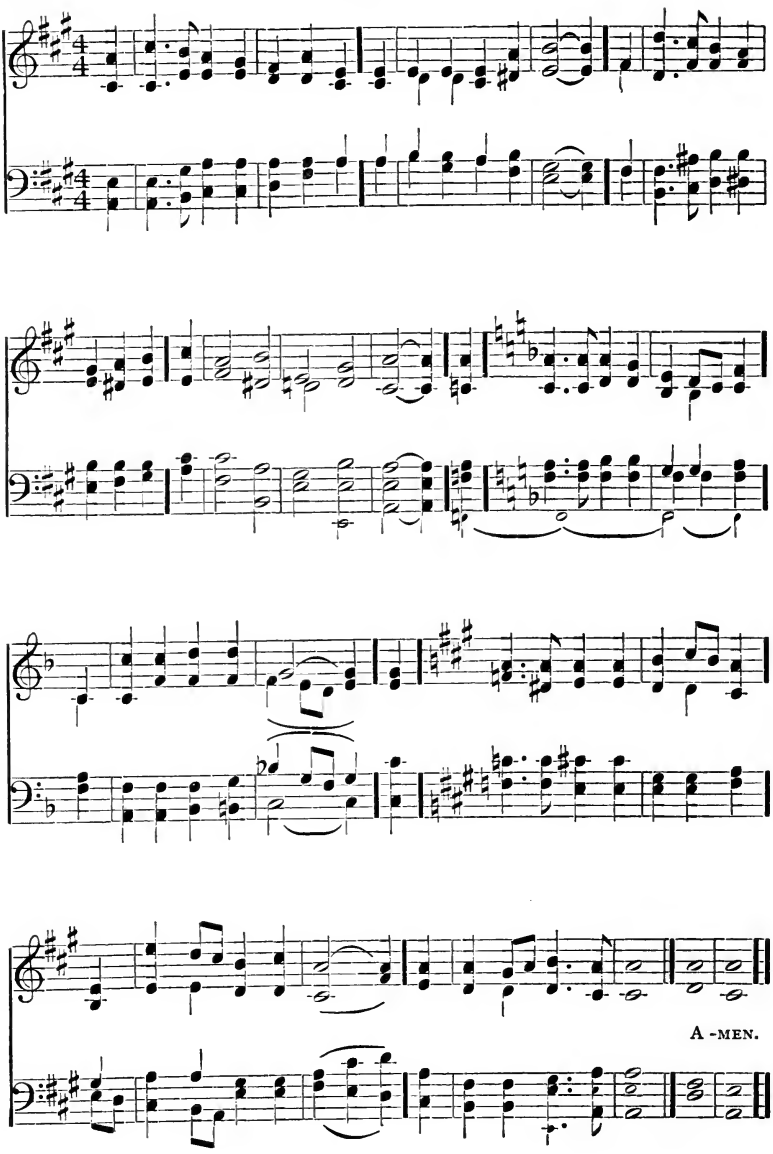
1 Once again, O blessèd time,
Thankful hearts embrace thee;
If we lost thy festal chime,
‖: What could e'er replace thee?: ‖
Change will darken many a day,
Many a bond dissever;
Many a joy shall pass away,
‖: But the "Great Joy" never.: ‖

2 Once again the holy night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the manger light
‖: Sheds its gentle splendor; :‖
O could tongues by angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the virgin's Child that brought
‖: All mankind salvation! :‖

3 Welcome! Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of hell may do their worst
‖: While we clasp our treasure: :‖
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy name on trial,
And the truth that makes our bliss
‖: Pleads against denial. :‖

4 Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best all-loving Heart,
‖: We will hold Thee dearer; :‖
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
‖: Born on Christmas morning.": ‖

5 So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee True God, and Thee True Man,
‖: On our knees confessing; :‖
While Thy birthday morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
‖: In Thy mercy's ocean. :‖

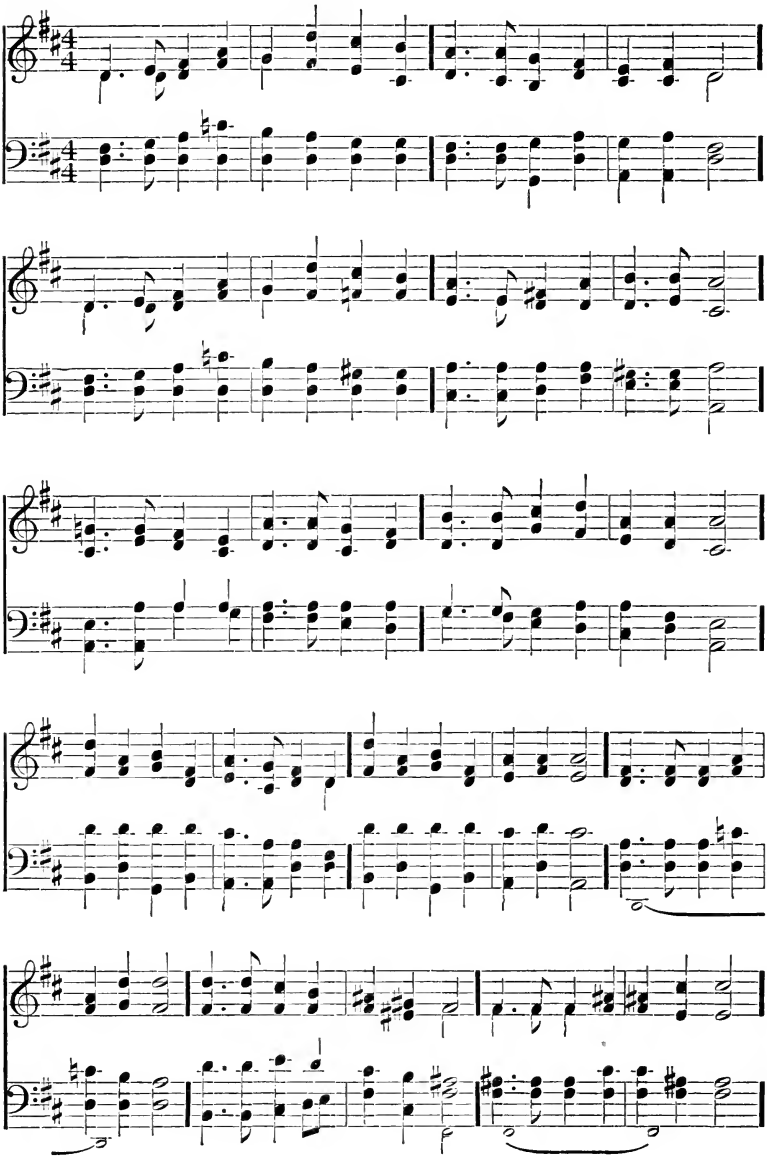
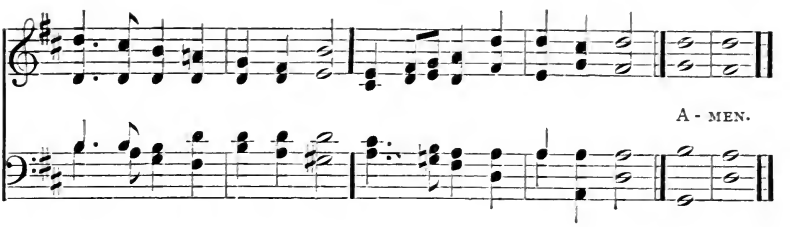
6 Thou that once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou whose altar-veils enfold
‖: Power and life undying,: ‖
Thou whose love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavor,
Have Thou joy of this Thy birth
‖: In our praise forever! :‖

A-MEN.

522 And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah. Matt. ii: 6.

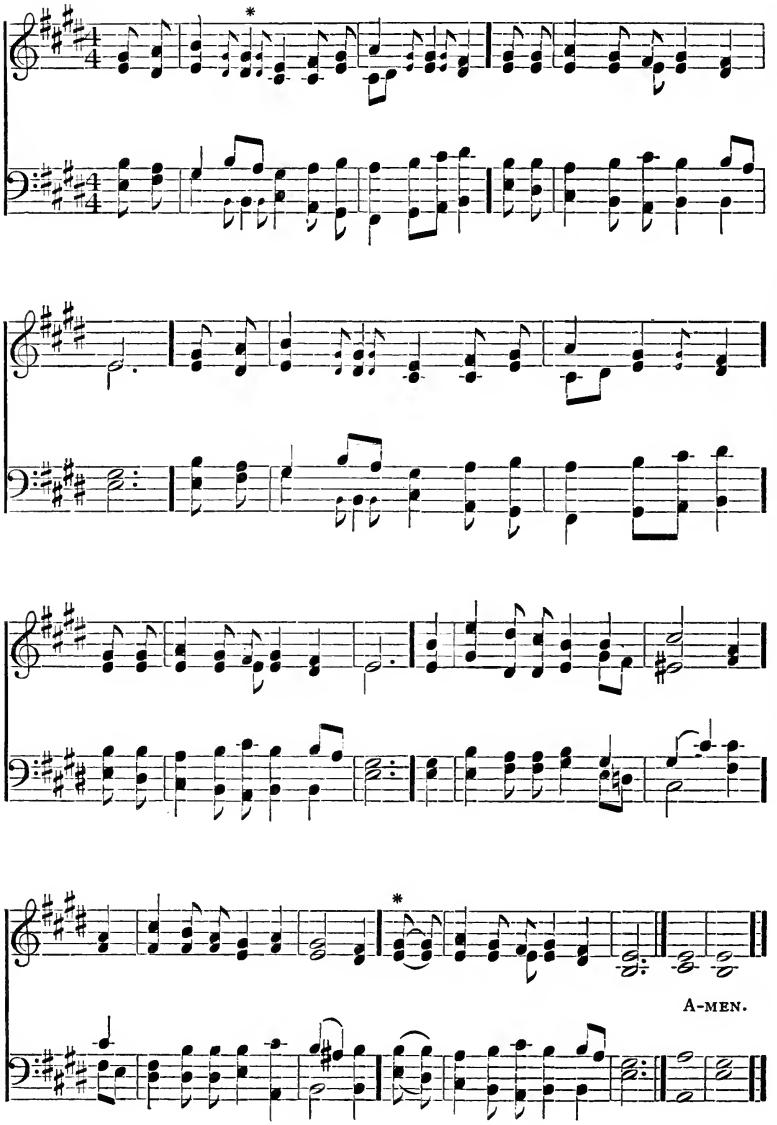
1 O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
||: Are met in thee to-night. :||

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
||: And peace to men on earth. :||

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given,
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
||: The dear Christ enters in. :||

4 O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sins and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great, glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
||: Our Lord Emmanuel! :||

523 Glory to God in the highest. Luke ii: 14.

1 Clear upon the night-air sounding,
Sweetly echoing o'er the plain,
Fell the angel-voice, announcing,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Clearer, sweeter, swelled the chorus,
From the angel host around,
"Glory, glory in the highest,
And on earth good will abound."
As the angels sang we sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
And our song we'll never cease,
‖: Glory to the Prince of Peace! :‖

2 Prophets told the wondrous story
Of the future King and Lord;
Who from upper realms of glory
Should descend, our Light and Word.
But they knew not all His brightness
Nor the fulness of His grace,—
Could not join the heavenly chorus,
Nor the song of triumph raise.
As the angels sang we sing,
Glory to our God and King,
And our song we'll never cease,
‖: Glory to the Prince of Peace! :‖

* The quavers and ties to be used as the syllables require.

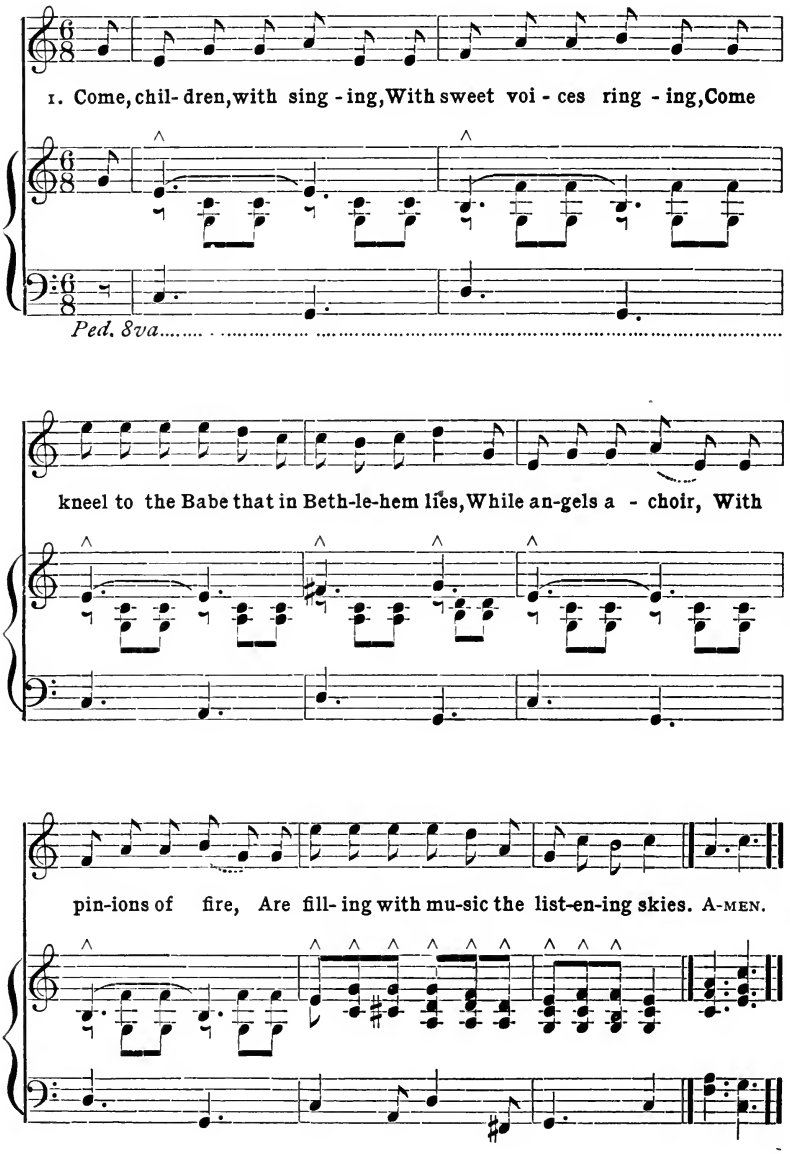
524 There was no room for them in the inn. Luke ii: 7.

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
‖: O come to my heart, Lord Jesus! :‖
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
‖: O come to my heart, Lord Jesus! :‖ etc.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
‖: O come to my heart, Lord Jesus! :‖ etc.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, as the living Word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
‖: O come to my heart, Lord Jesus! :‖ etc.

5 When the heavens did ring, and the angels sing
At Thy rising in victory,
When Thy voice called me home, saying, "Here there is room,
There is room, my belovéd, for thee."
‖: And my heart doth rejoice, Lord Jesus,:‖
That Thou camest and calledst for me.

1. Come, chil- dren, with sing - ing, With sweet voi - ces ring - ing, Come
Ped. 8va
kneel to the Babe that in Beth-le-hem lies, While an-gels a - choir, With
pin-ions of fire, Are fill- ing with mu-sic the list-en-ing skies. A-MEN.

525 Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Matt. ii: 1.

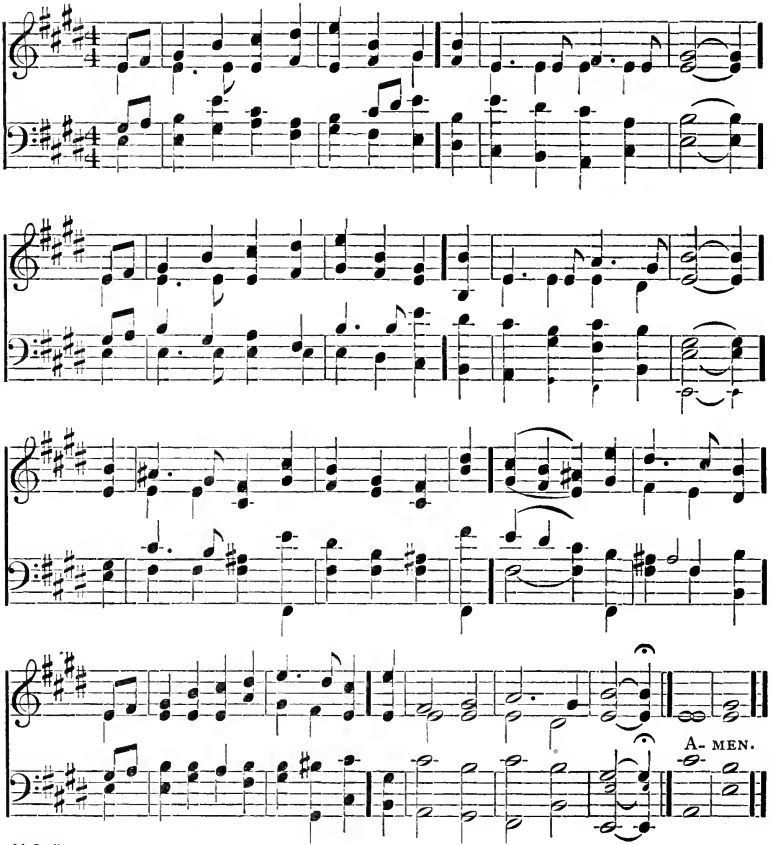
1 Come, children, with singing,
With sweet voices ringing,
Come kneel to the Babe that in Bethlehem lies,
While angels a-choir,
With pinions of fire,
Are filling with music the list'ning skies.

2 Repeat the dear story
How, veiling His glory,
The Hope of the Ages came down to the earth,
Oh, worship Him lowly,
The lofty and holy!
Our Star of the Morning shone out at His birth.

3 See Mary enfold Him,
While shepherds behold Him,
And sages are bent at His beautiful feet.
Come, haste to adore Him,
And, bowing before Him,
The Lord who redeems you in reverence greet.

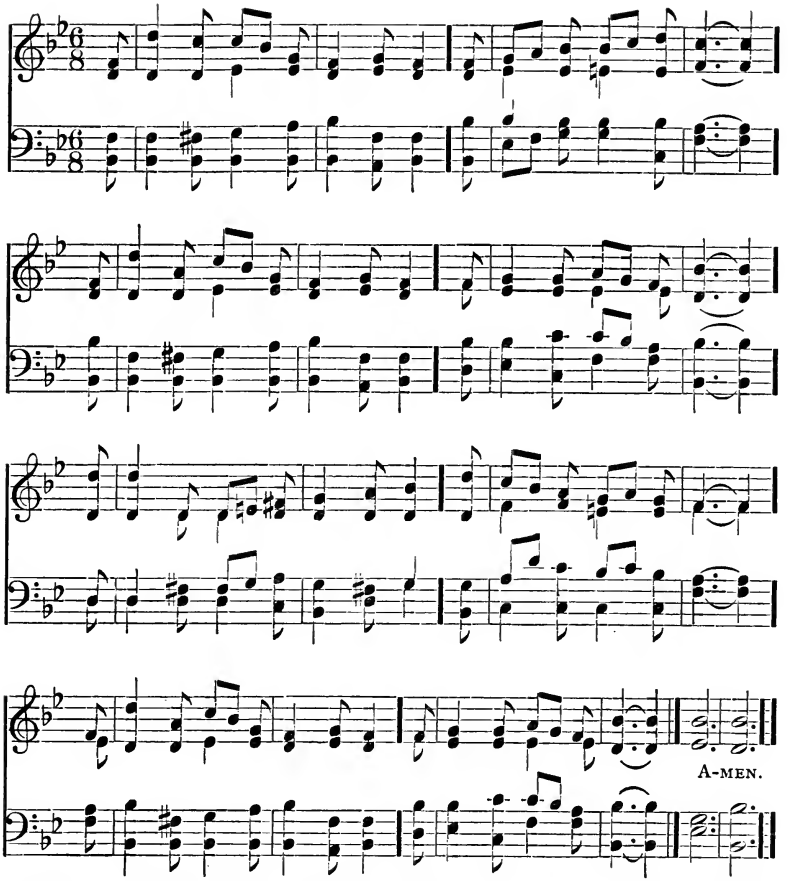
4 This wonderful Stranger,
His couch is a manger,
His cradle is made with the cattle in stall;
Yet God of creation,
In blest incarnation,
He stoops to our nature to ransom us all.

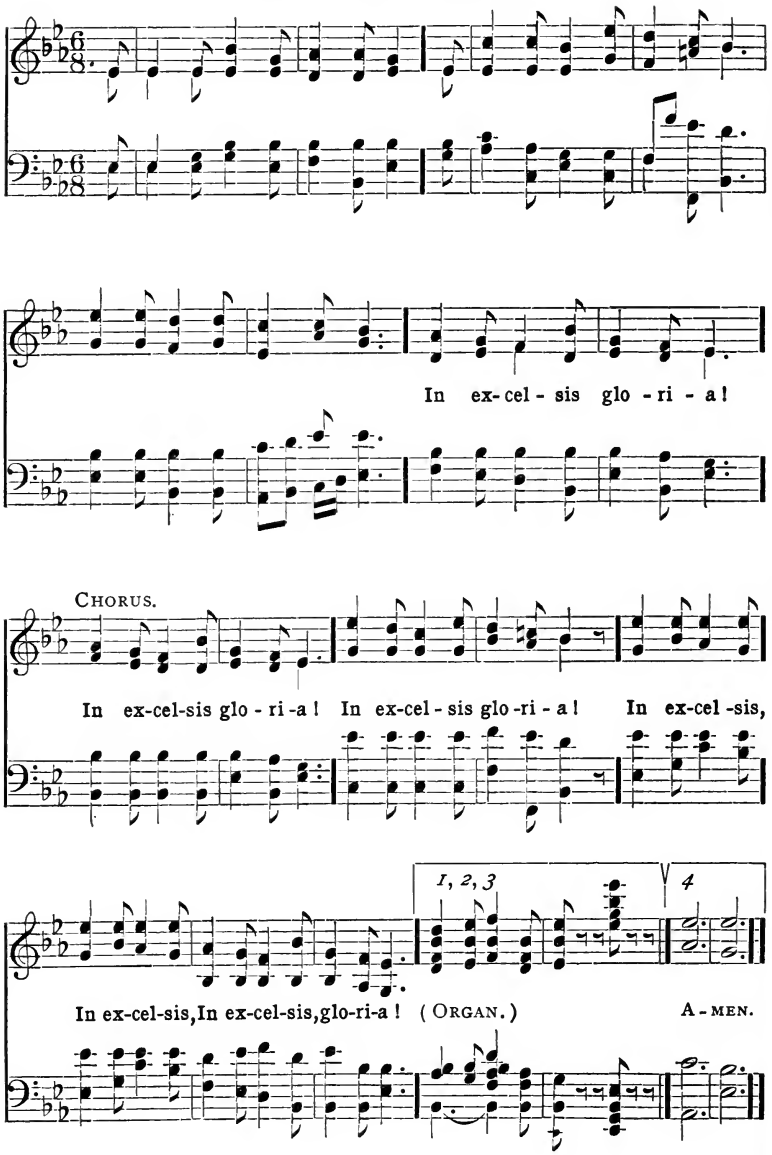
5 Rock, bells, in the steeple,
Shout loudly, good people,
And, children, oh, merrily, merrily sing!
O'er land and o'er ocean,
With joyful commotion,
Send forth the glad tidings that Jesus is King!

(First Tune.)

526 A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God. Luke ii: 13.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,"
From heaven's all-gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

(SECOND TUNE.)

3 And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 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 give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

In ex-cel - sis glo - ri - a!
CHORUS.
In ex-cel-sis glo - ri-a! In ex-cel - sis glo-ri - a! In ex-cel -sis,
1, 2, 3
4
In ex-cel-sis, In ex-cel-sis, glo-ri-a! (ORGAN.)
A - MEN.

527 He shall be called the Son of the Highest. Luke i: 32.

1 When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Beth'lem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria!

2 Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearing with great light
Who said, God's Son is born this night;
In excelsis gloria!

3 This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

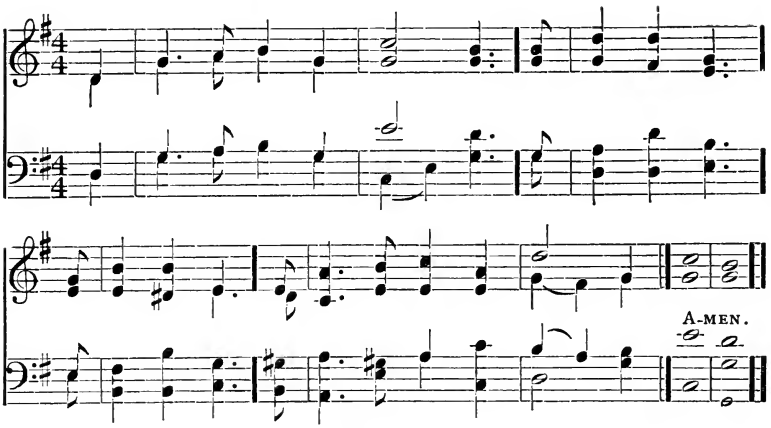
4 Therefore, Lord, for Thy great grace;
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face;
There we shall sing to Thy solace,
In excelsis gloria!

528 Shepherds. . . Keeping watch over their flocks by night. Luke ii: 8.

1 When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
In Bethlehem's fields so still and bright,
Angels sang in songs of light,
In excelsis gloria!

2 Glory to God! on earth be peace!
Good will to men shall never cease!
Sinners now shall find release:
In excelsis gloria!

3 "For unto you is born this day,"
They heard the Lord's bright angel say,
"Christ, the crown of prophecy"
In excelsis gloria!

4 O Saviour who dost make us free!
With songs of joy we come to Thee;
Glory to Thy name shall be!
In excelsis gloria!

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529 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host. Luke ii: 13.

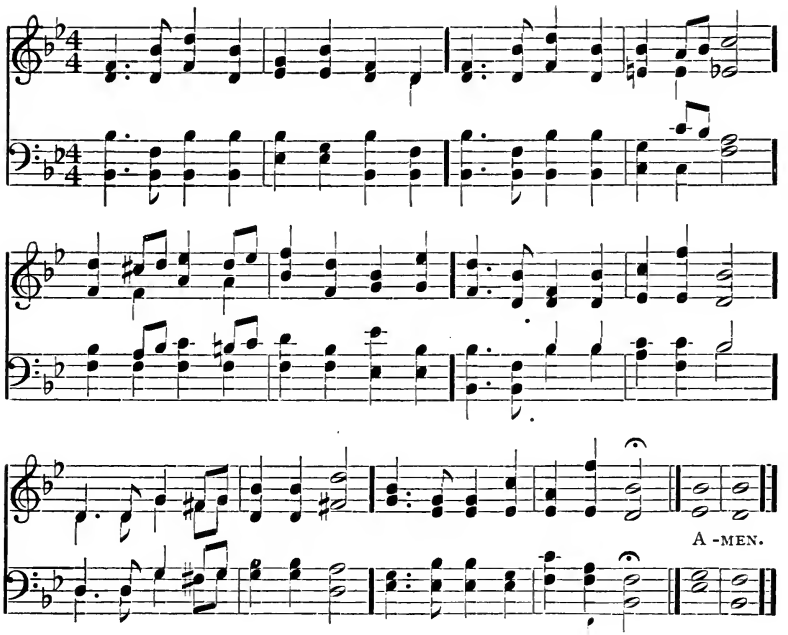
1 Come, children, raise your voices!
The King of Love
Comes from above,
The heavenly host rejoices.

2 The Babe lies in the manger;
God seeks His own,
By angels known
But unto men a stranger.

3 Though weak and helpless lying,
From Him is given
Through earth and heaven
New life, and peace undying.

4 But who on earth do greet Him?
A shepherd band
With staff in hand
Sets forth by night to meet Him.

5 And lo! from eastward riding
The wise men three;
The star they see,
And follow it confiding.

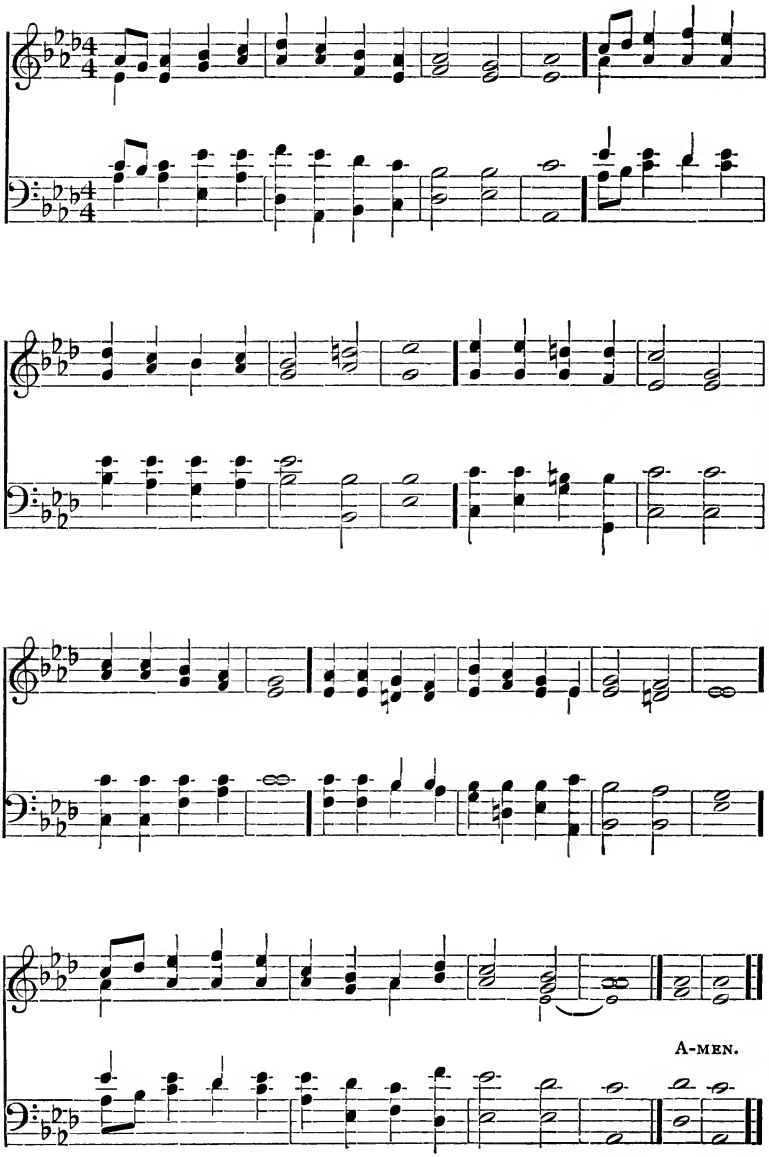
6 Oh, Hope of all the ages!
May we find grace
To claim our place
Where shepherds kneel and sages.

530 Tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me. Matt. xxviii: 10.

1 Easter flowers, Easter carols,
Deck the altar, fill the air;
Glorious dawns the happy morning
O'er a world so bright and fair.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

2 When the clouds of night were broken,
Angels rolled the stone away,
And on this bright Easter morning
Sing we now the triumph lay.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King.

3 In the mists of early morning,
Came the faithful to the tomb,
Angel guardians clad in white robes,
Sat there in the breaking gloom.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

4 "He is risen!" thus the Angel
Spake unto the faithful three,
"He is risen," wondrous story,
"He has gone to Galilee."
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

5 Now the clouds of night are broken,
Mortals now the story tell,
"He is risen! Alleluia!"
Let the joyful anthem swell.
Alleluia let us sing.
Alleluia to the King.

A-MEN.

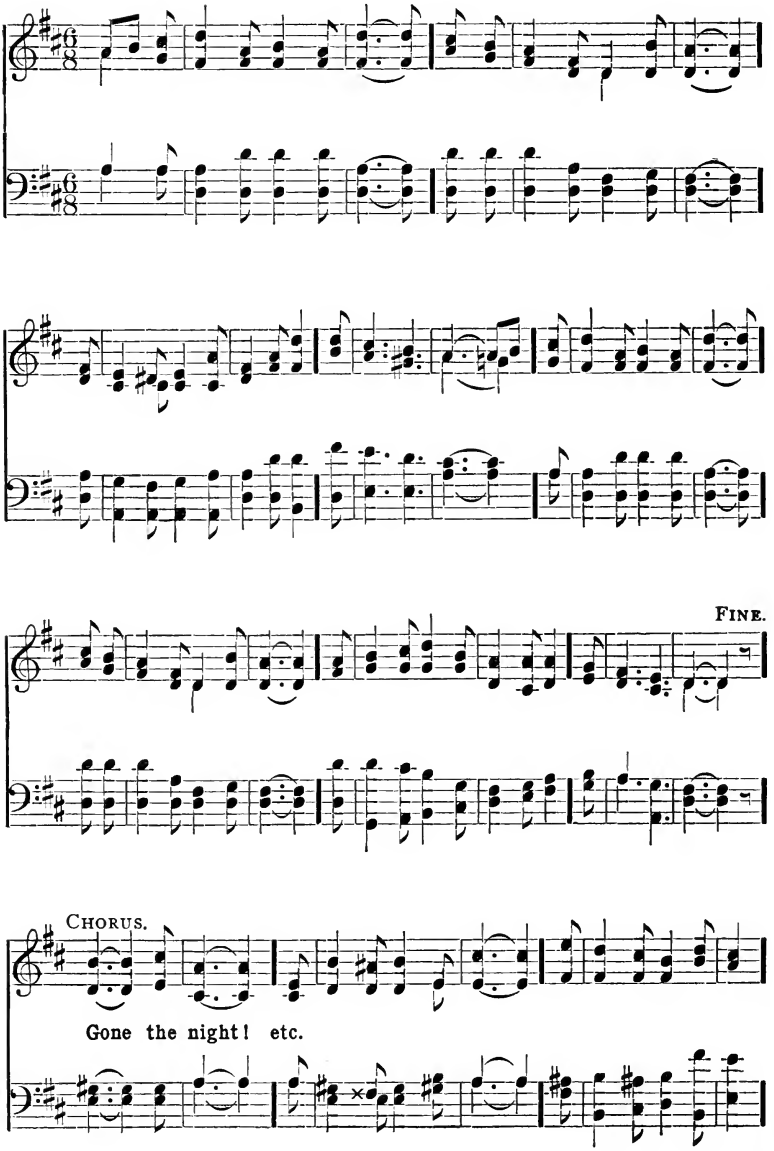
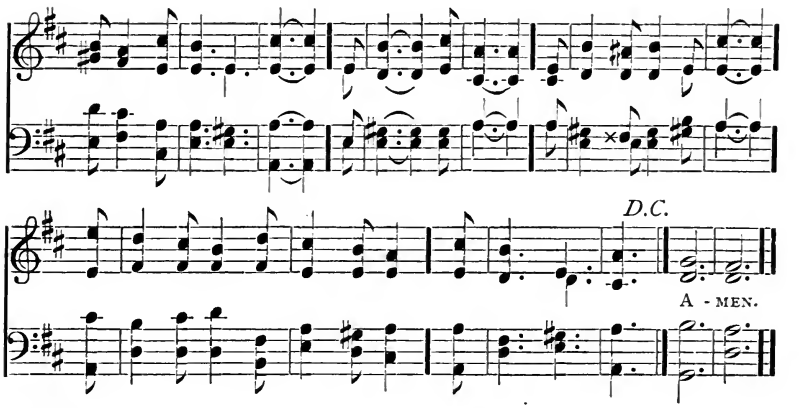
531 He will swallow up death in victory. Isa. xxv : 8.

1 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day;
Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore!
Him their true Creator all His works adore.
"Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say.

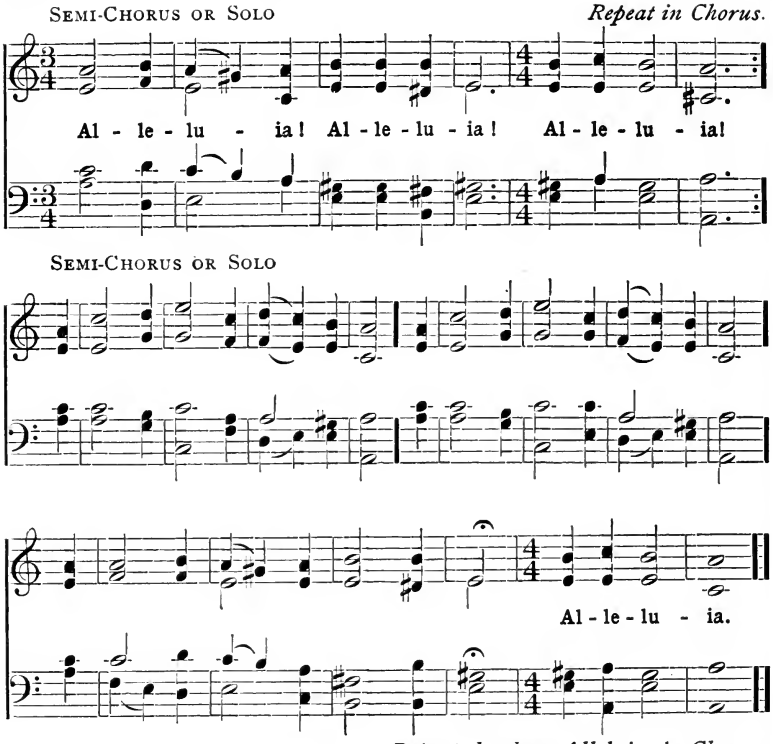
2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Able to restore us, Thou the only One,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say.

FINE.
CHORUS.
Gone the night! etc.

532 The Lord is risen indeed. Luke xxiv: 34.

1 Let the whole creation sing
Joyous carols to our King;
Your voices raise
In songs of praise
On this glad day.
All praise to Him is given,
For the hope He gives of heav'n,
For life and love that come to us
This Easter morn.
Gone the night!
The world is filled with light,
For He hath risen indeed,
And we no more shall mourn.
He rose, He rose,
In triumph o'er our foes,
For us the Lord of life arose
This Easter morn. (*D.C. first ten lines.*)

2 Now a nobler song of love
Let us sing to Him above
Whose gladsome light
Dispels the night
On this glad day.
Let every heart and voice
In this happy hour rejoice,
The earth now stirs with gladness;
Death is no more King.
Gone the night! etc.

Repeat the three Alleluias in Chorus.

533 As it began to dawn. Matt. xxviii: 1.

1 O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

2 That Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amid them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until he came and spake this word:
Alleluia!

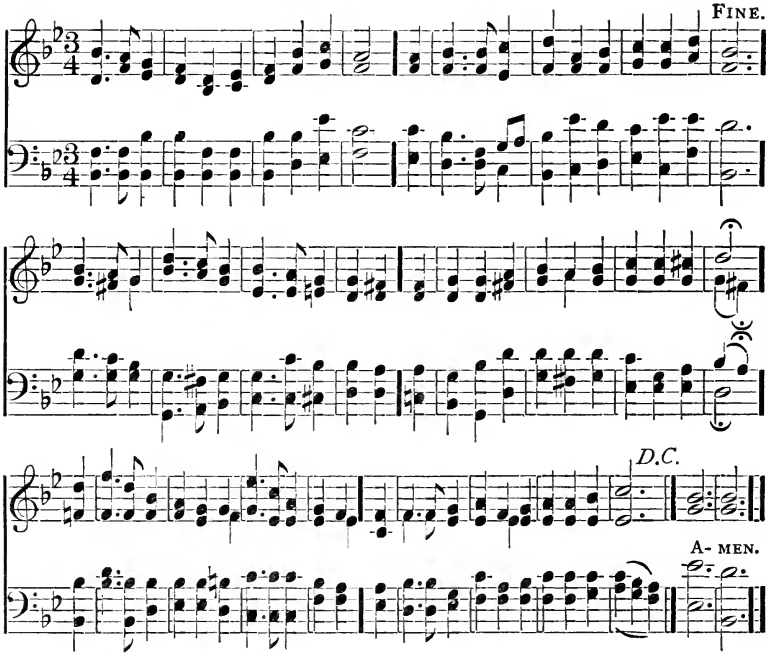
6 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, my feet I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

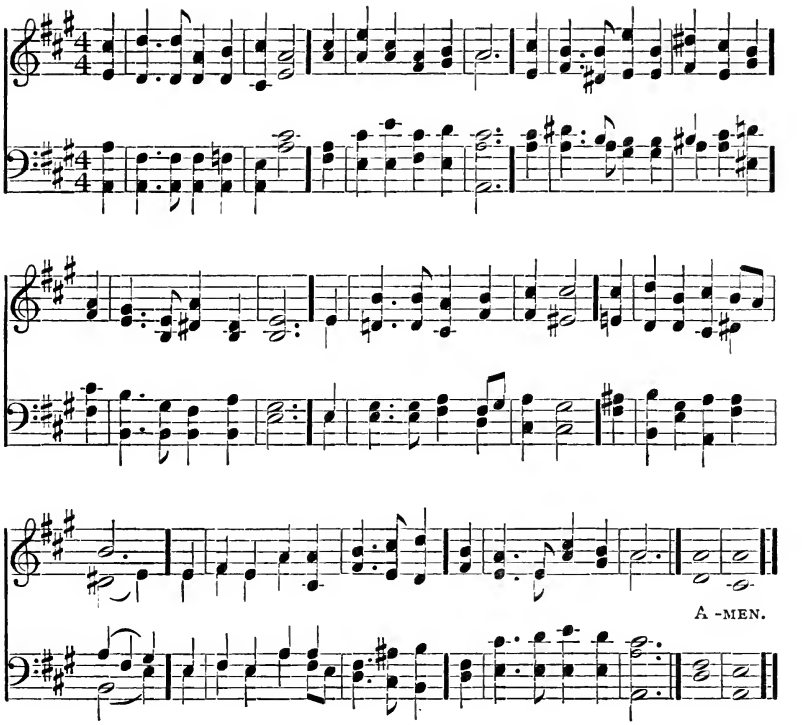
DOXOLOGY.

Glory and praises ever be,
O Jesus Christ, our Lord, to Thee,
Reigning on high eternally.
Alleluia!

534 He hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder. Ps. cvii: 16.

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die,
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And vain the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.

Refrain. Loud lift your voices in triumph on high
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

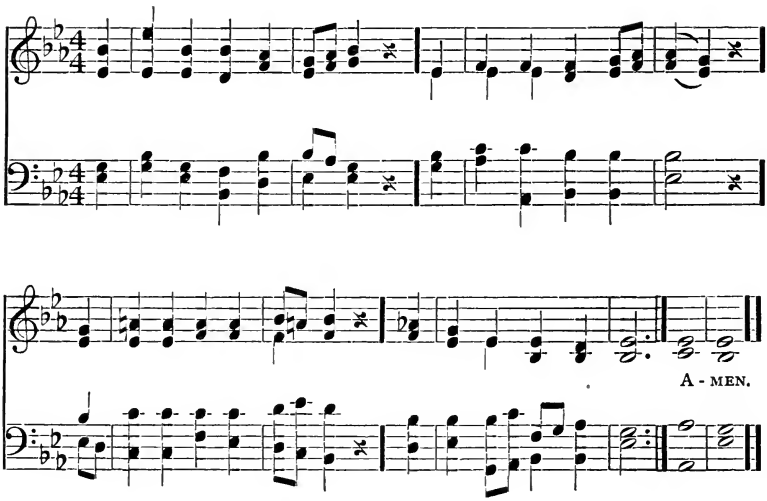
2 Glory to God in full anthems of joy;
The being He gave us death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with tomorrow,
If tears were our birth-right and death were our end.
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Refrain. Loud lift, etc.

535

And I beheld many angels. Rev. v : 11.

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day, for which Creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all our former woes
A thousand fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings
On heaven's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

536

He that goeth forth and weepeth. Ps. cxxvi: 6.

1 O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

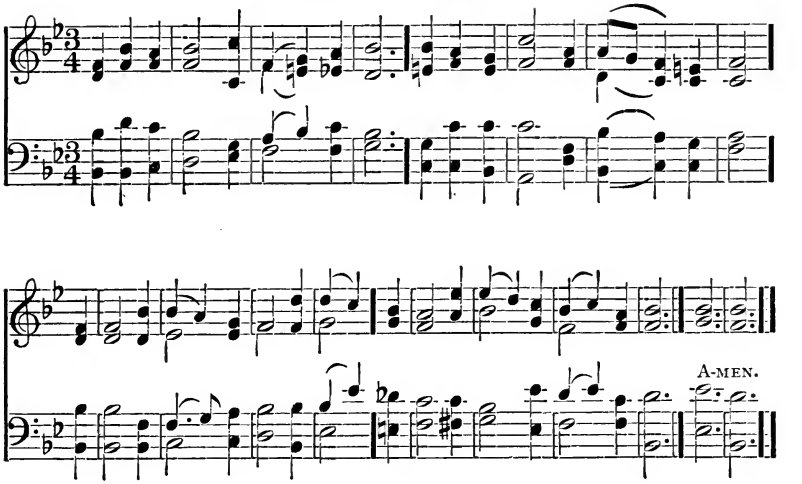
3 The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

5 What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

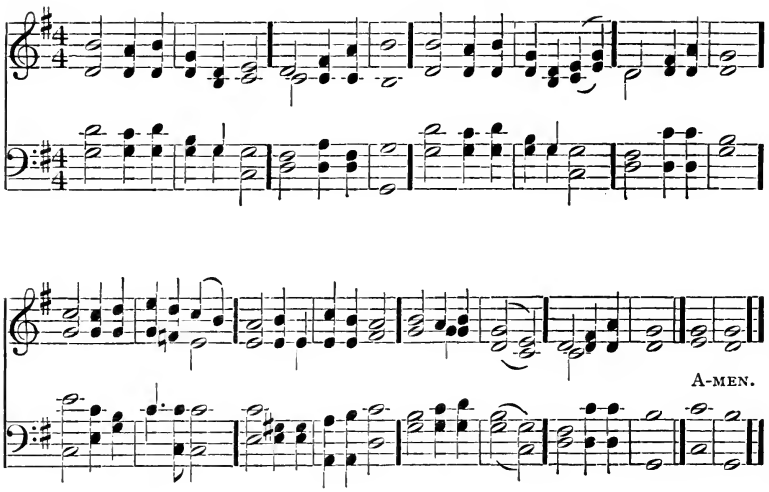
7 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!

537 In my Father's house are many mansions. John xiv: 2.

1 As, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;

2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road. Dox. II.

538

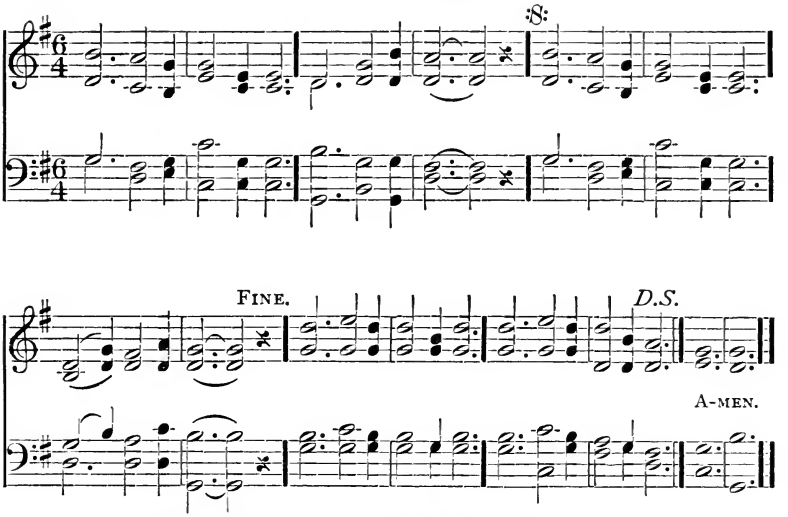
Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Ps. cii: 1

1 Nearer, O God, to Thee!
Hear Thou our prayer;
E'en though a heavy cross
Fainting we bear,
Still all our prayer shall be,
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
‖: Nearer to Thee! ‖

2 If, where they led Thee, Lord,
We too are borne,
Planting our steps in Thine,
Weary and worn;
There even let us be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
‖: Nearer to Thee!: ‖

3 If Thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not the trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by our woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
‖: Nearer to Thee! ‖

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights
Let us be found;
Thro' toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
‖: Nearer to Thee!: ‖

5 When through death's shining gate
To Thee we come,
Oh! for a dwelling-place,
In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
‖: Nearer to Thee!: ‖

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539

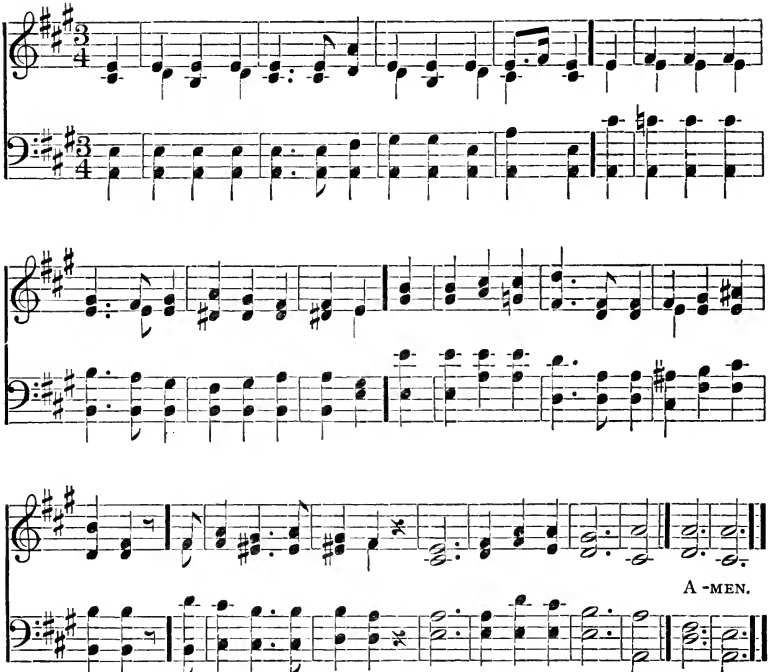
It is good for me to draw near to God. Ps. lxiii: 28.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my 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.

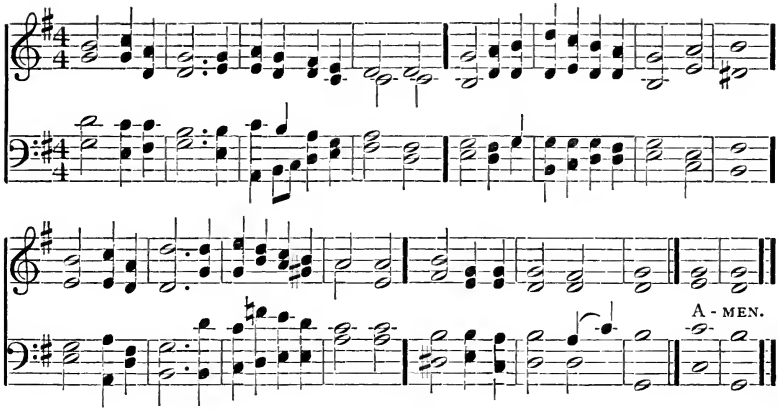
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony couch
Bethel I'll raise;
So by Thy help to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 And when on joyous wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Leaving all earthly cares,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

540

Lord, save us; we perish. Matt. viii: 25.

1 When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Saviour:—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

541 In my Father's house are many mansions. John xiv: 2.

1 Thou Lord, who here hast made my life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

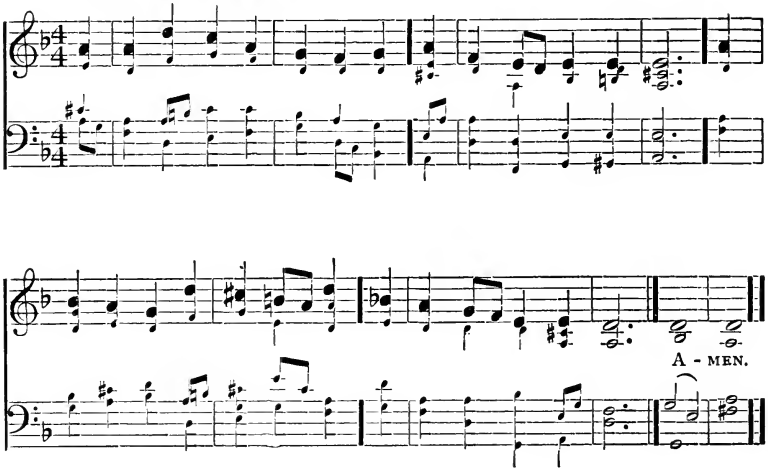
2 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

3 I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

4 Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And all forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

5 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

6 There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

All the voices in Unison.

542

Peace, be still! Mark iv: 39.

ON THE SEA.

1 O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our Guard, when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, tho' all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thine hand.

PART I.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save,

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our heart
To whisper, "Peace, be still!"

PART II.

6 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

7 Be Thou the Mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword
And thro' the world make peace.

PART III.

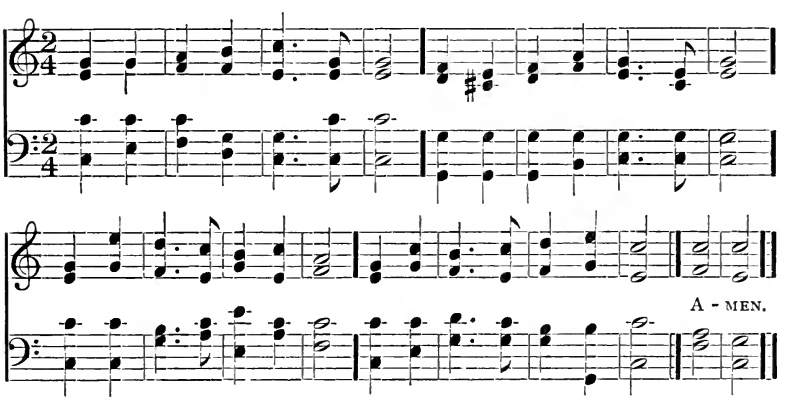
8 When tempest-tost in seas of doubt
Hearts sink, and cheeks grow pale,
May we, within the Church, Thine ark,
Secure outride the gale.

9 And may our anchor, grappling still
Fast moored to that firm Rock,
By being held of Thee, hold on
And brave the tempest shock.

10 Then may Thy Word the compass prove
To steer our course afar,
Thy hope our anchor lest we drift,
Thy love, our polar star.

11 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

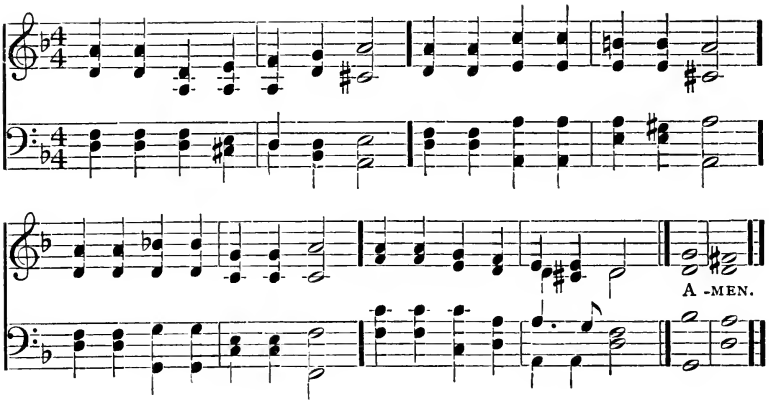
DOXOLOGY.

To Thee whom only we adore,
Who rulest earth and sea,
Be praise from all Thy creatures now
And through eternity!

543 The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Isa. xxxv; 1.

1 Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green arrayed;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome alleluias sing
To the great, Almighty King.

3 Lo! abundantly they bloom
Lebanon is hither come.
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

4 May these barren wastes of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers;
Flowers of wisdom, fruits of love,
Gifts imparted from above. Dox. VI.

544

Have faith and doubt not. Matt. xxi: 21.

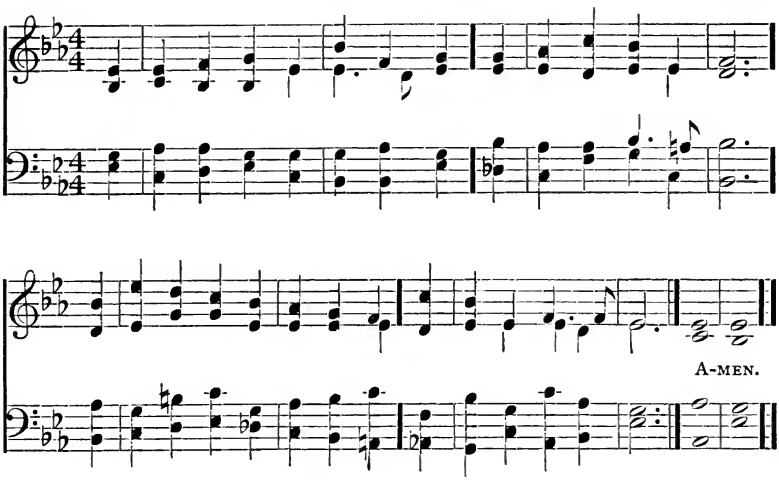
1 What within me and without
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days.

2 In it I behold Thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace;
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till Thou send release.

3 Yea, on Thee, my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.

4 In Thy might all things I bear,
In Thy love find bitter sweet,
And, with all my grief and care,
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

5 Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me—keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.

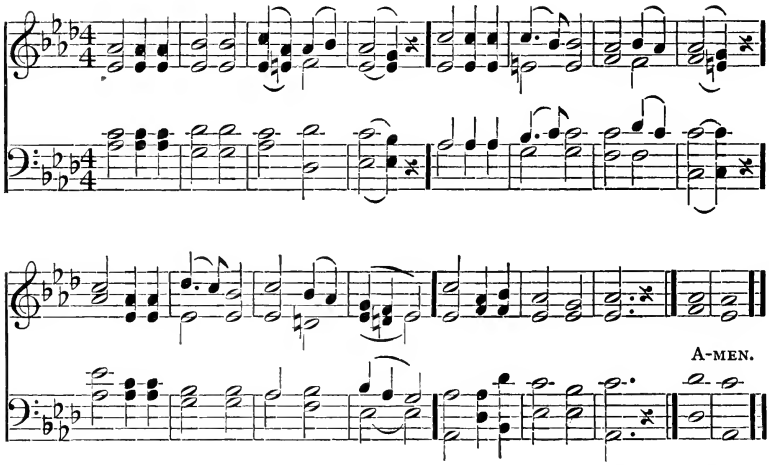
6 Be my all; in all I do,
Let me only seek Thy will;
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still. Dox. VI.

545 He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. Matt. x: 38

1 Lord, as we to Thy mercy flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
Both free and true like Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

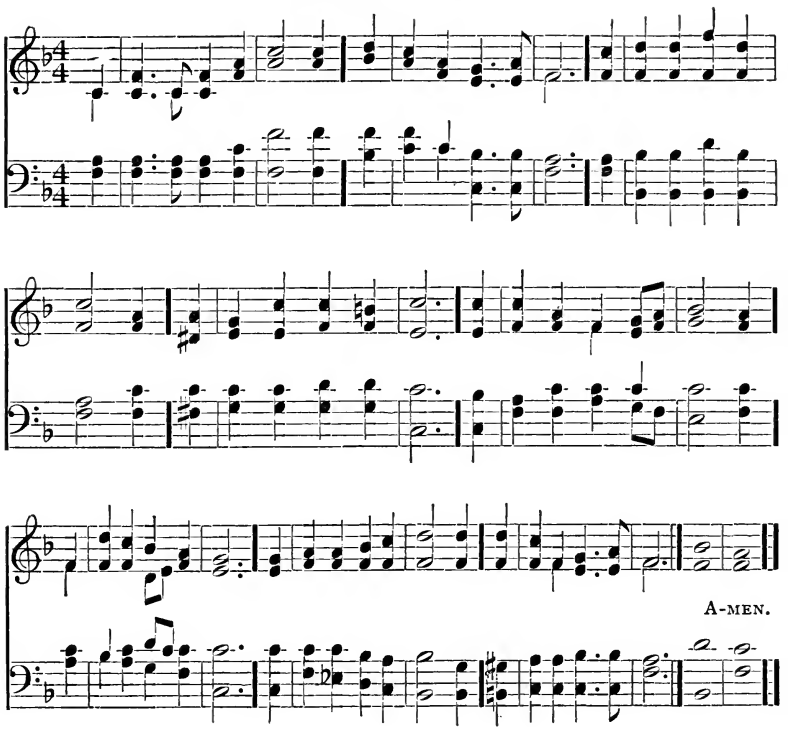
5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven;
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

546 Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God ; him shalt thou serve, and to him shalt thou cleave.
Deut. x : 20.

1 O Holy Saviour ! Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
In faith to cling to Thee !

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee !

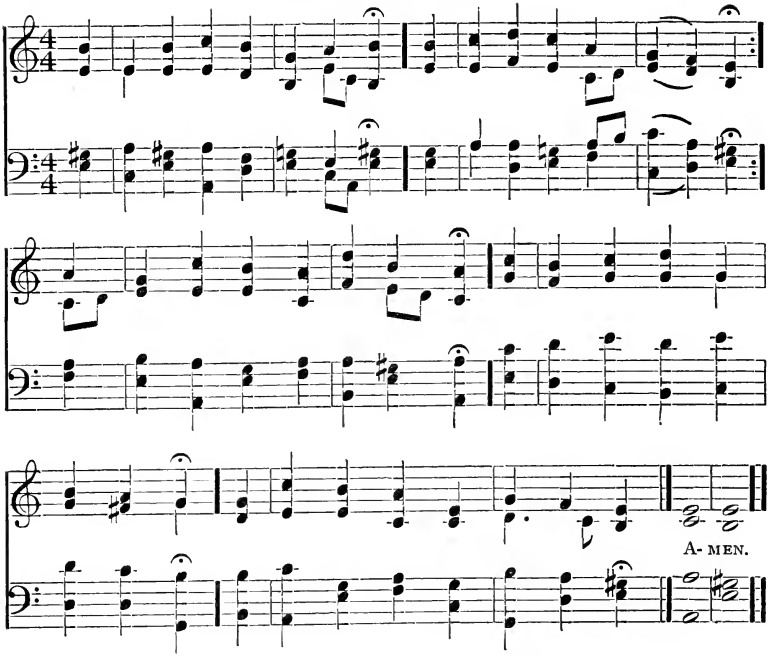
3 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers , "Still cling to me ! "

4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee !

5 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

547 As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. John ix: 5.

1 O Thou, our God and Father,
Whose majesty and might
Do fill the heaven with glory,
Eternal Light of light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

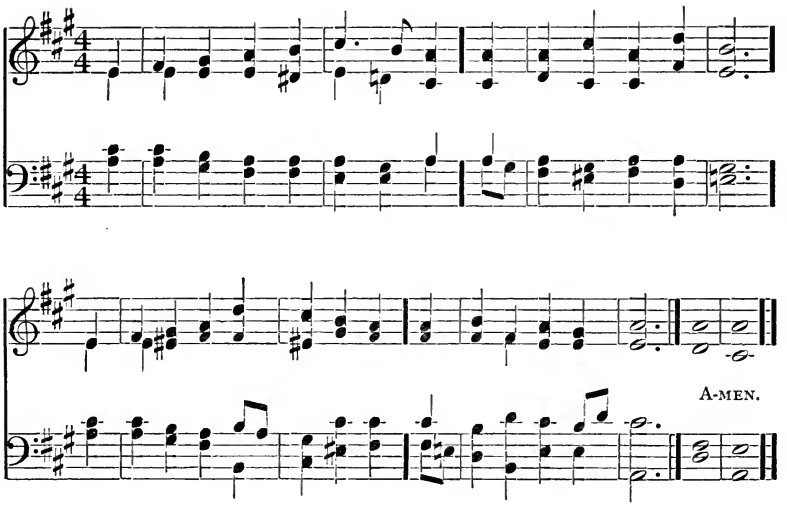
2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness!

548 For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. Isa. liv: 7.

1 Almighty God, I call to Thee,
By sore temptation shaken.
Incline Thy gracious ear to me,
And leave me not forsaken,
For who that feels the power within,
Of past remorse and present sin,
Can stand, O Lord, before Thee?

2 On Thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting,
Relying on Thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting.
I rest upon Thy sacred word:
Thou wilt repel him not, O Lord,
Who to Thy mercy fleeth.

3 And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow;
Forgetting not that Thou of old
Did'st Israel, though weak, uphold,
When weakest then most loving.

4 What tho' my sinfulness be great,
Redeeming love is greater;
What though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator;
And He my rock and fortress is,
And when most helpless, most I'm His,
My Strength and my Redeemer.

549 Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.
Habakkuk ii: 2.

1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

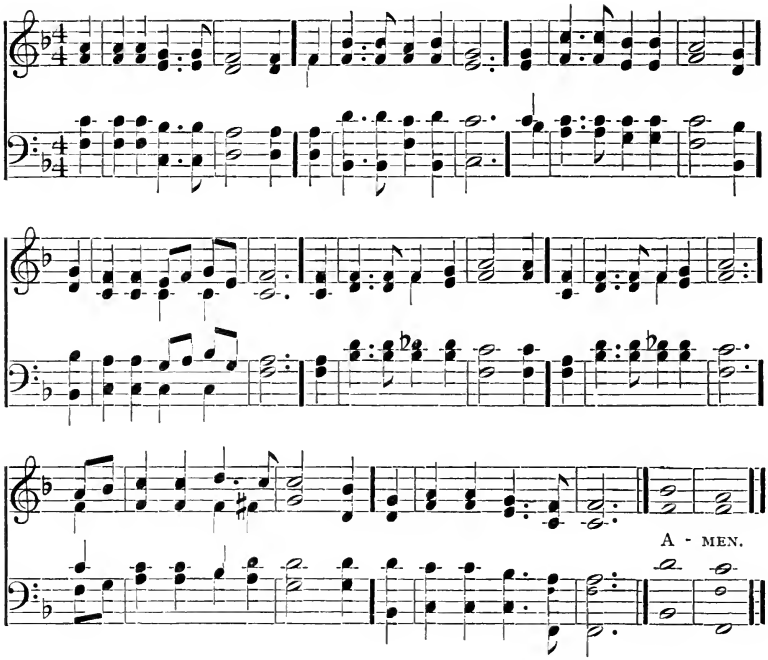
3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill:
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place,
By richest fruits is known.

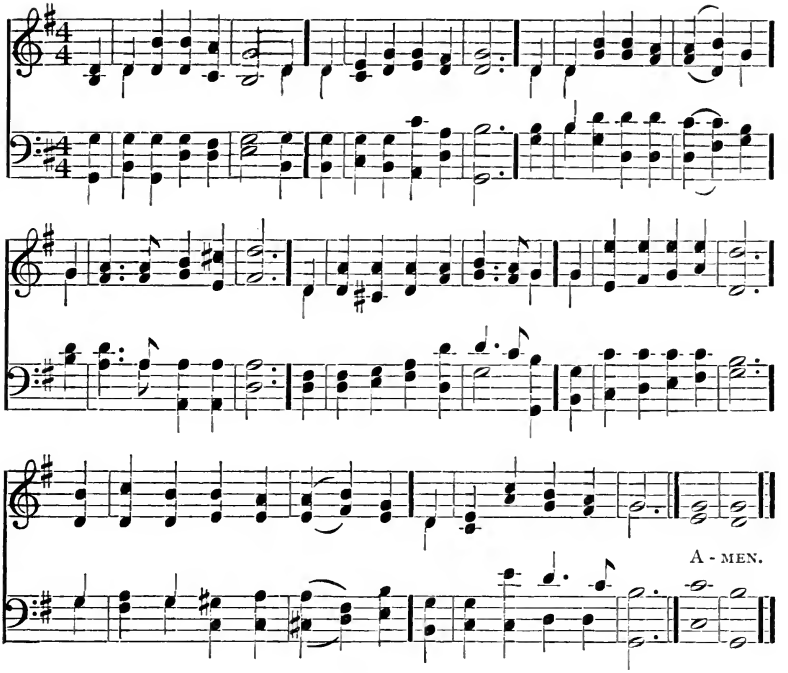
7 One Name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

8 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

550 The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. Isa. liv: 10.

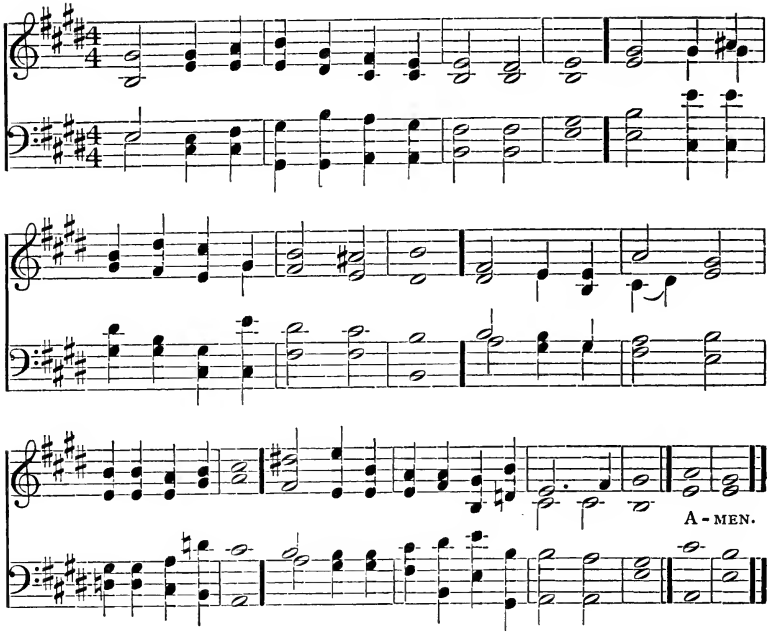
1 O comfort to the weary!
O balm to the distressed!
To lean, when life is dreary,
Upon the Saviour's breast:
Amid its cares and sorrows,
To feel Him always nigh;
While earth a radiance borrows
From hopes beyond the sky.

2 O sweetness passing measure,
To taste the Saviour's love:
And know our choicest treasure
Is safe with Him above!
To prove His care, how tender!
His Providence, how wise!
Our Guardian and Defender,
Whose goodness never dies.

3 O Saviour meek and lowly,
Our never-failing Friend!
Teach us to trust Thee wholly,
And on Thy grace depend:
In mercy watching o'er us,
Whene'er our feet may stray,
With gentle love restore us,
And lead us in Thy way.

4 When sorrows, Lord! o'ertake us,
Thy promises are sure:
Thou never wilt forsake us,
Thy mercies still endure.
Soon may we stand before Thee,
And see Thee face to face,
Where saints with joy adore Thee
And ever sing Thy praise.

551 Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Jer. xxiii: 24.

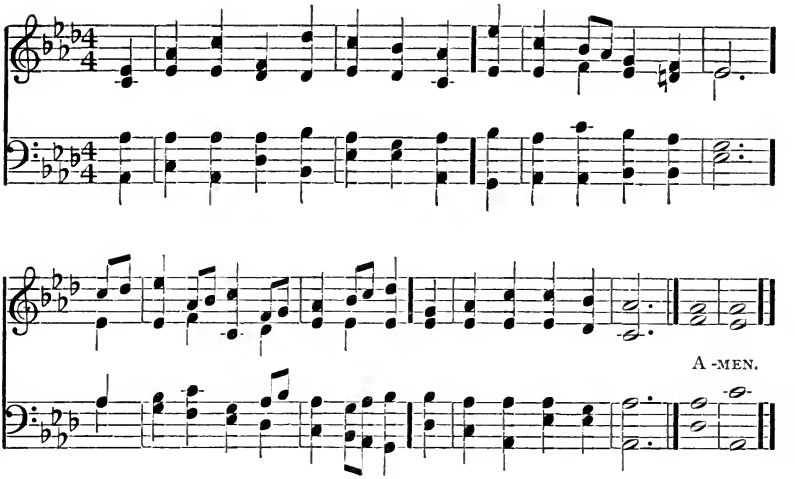
1 On mountains and in valleys
Where'er we go is God;
The cottage and the palace
Alike are His abode.
With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight,
Our souls, in Him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.

2 Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near,
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
Though other friends may fail me;
In sorrow's dark abode,
Though death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

552 Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. John vi: 68.

1 Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee;
O Thou, my God, in whom I live and move;
Oh, let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth
Into the ways of righteousness and love.

2 Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
Thine arm the refuge whither I may flee;
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer Thee.

3 My highest hope to be where, Lord, Thou art,
To lose myself in Thee my richest gain,
To do Thy will the habit of my heart,
To grieve Thy Spirit my severest pain.

4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from thence,
That peace which only self-love can destroy:
Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
My sorrow that I am not more Thy joy.

553 Sing unto the Lord . . . talk ye of all his wondrous works. Ps. cv: 2.

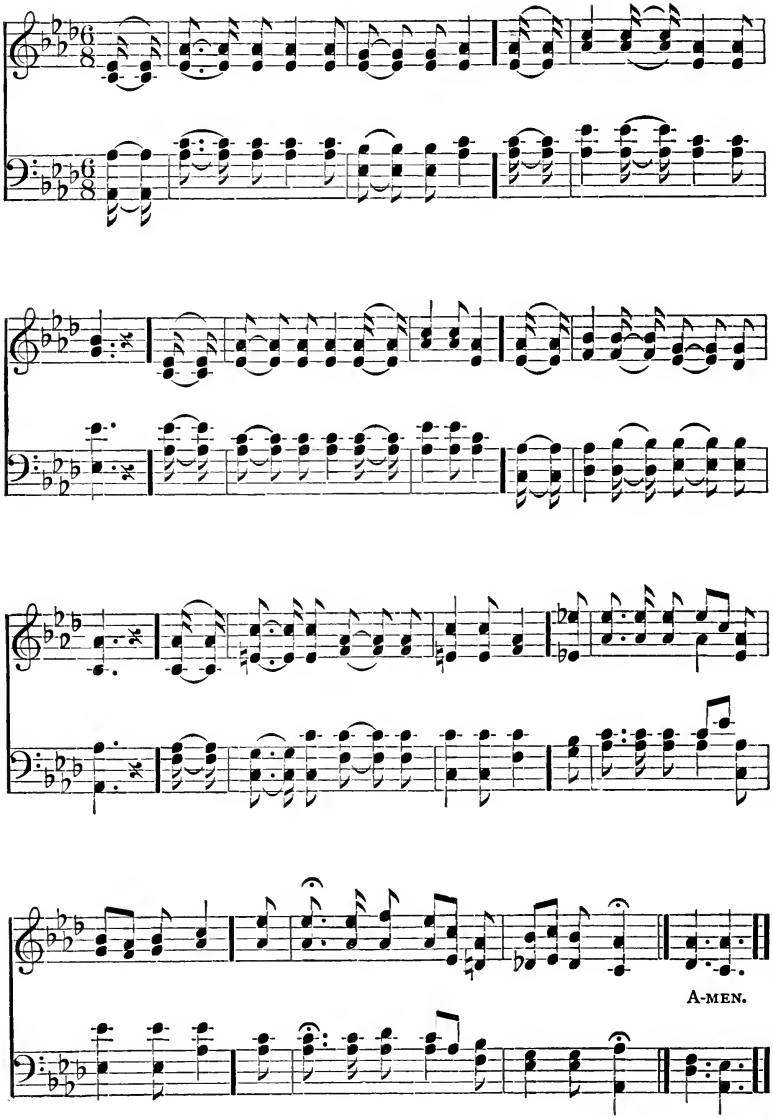
1 I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food:
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye—
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

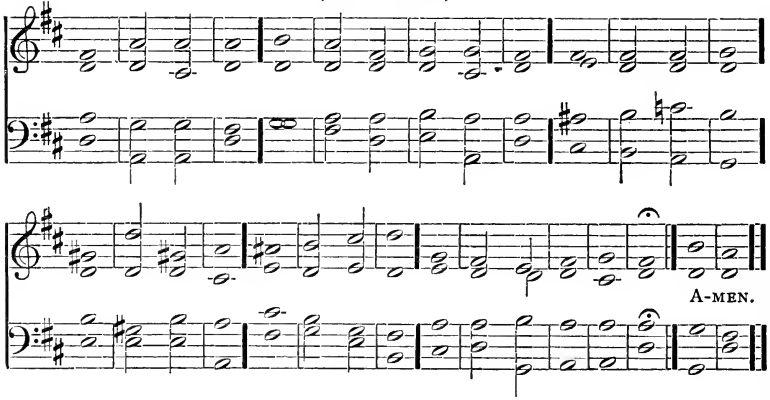
(First Tune.)

554 Rejoice with me: for I have found my sheep which was lost. Luke xv: 6.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold —
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
‖: Away from the tender Shepherd's care.:‖

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And, although the road be rough and steep
‖: I go to the desert to find My sheep.:‖

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry —
‖: Sick and helpless, and ready to die.:‖

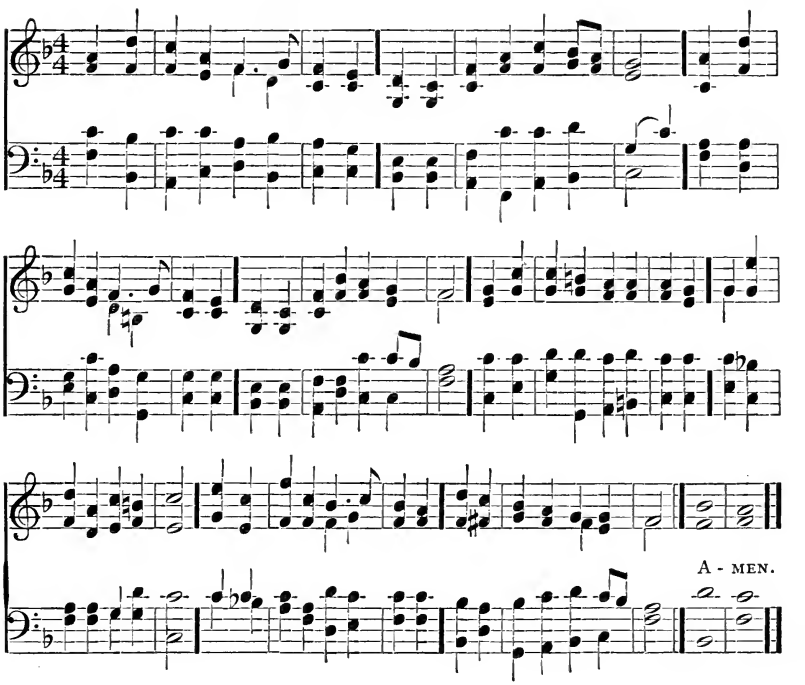
4 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
‖: "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!":‖

(SECOND TUNE.)

555 Rejoice with me ; for I have found my sheep which was lost. **Luke xv: 6.**

1 There were ninety and nine˙ that | safely | lay ‖
In˙ the | shelter | of the | fold; ‖
But one was out˙ on the | hills a- | way, ‖
Far off˙ from the | gates of | gold, ‖
Away on the mountains˙ | wild and | bare, ‖
Away˙ from the | tender | Shep- | herd's | care. ‖

2 "Lord, Thou hast here˙ Thy | ninety . and | nine, ‖
Are˙ they | not e- | nough for | Thee?" ‖
But the Shepherd made answer˙: | "this . sheep of | mine ‖
Has wander'd˙ a- | way from | me; ‖
And although the road˙ be | rough and | steep, ‖
I go˙ to the | desert to | find— | my— | sheep." ‖

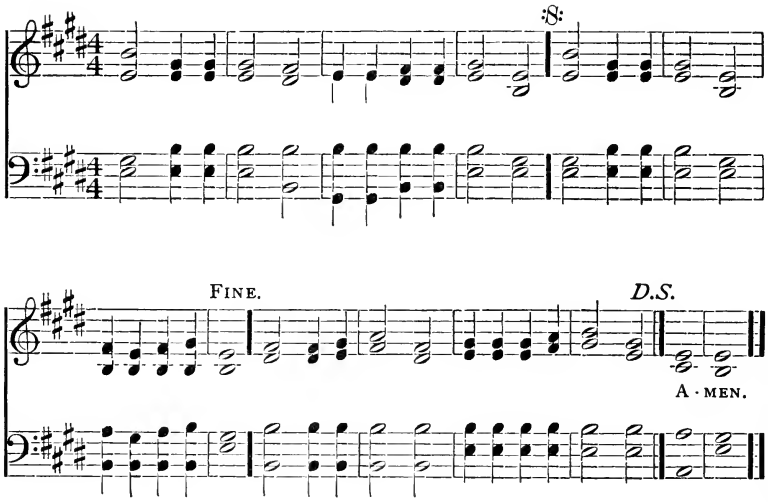
3 But none of the ransomed˙ | ever | knew, ‖
How˙ | deep . were the | waters | cross'd: ‖
Nor how dark was the night˙ that the | Lord pass'd | through ‖
Ere He found His sheep˙ | that was | lost. ‖
Out in the desert˙ He | heard its | cry, ‖
Sick˙, and | helpless . and | ready | to— | die. ‖

4 And all through the mountains˙, | thunder | riven, ‖
And up˙ | from the | rocky | steep, ‖
There arose a cry˙ to the | gate of | heaven, ‖
"Rejoice˙, I have | found my | sheep." ‖
And the angels echoed˙ a- | round the | throne, ‖
"Rejoice˙, for the | Lord brings | back— | His— | own."

556

He bowed the heavens also and came down 2 Sam. xxii: 10

1 Holy Love, from heav'n descended,
Let us feel Thy kindling flame!
Thou hast earth and heaven blended,
Love, that out of heaven came.
Thou hast thrown a smile of beauty
Over meadow, hill and grove,
Thou hast quickened us to duty,
Thou hast warmed our hearts to love.

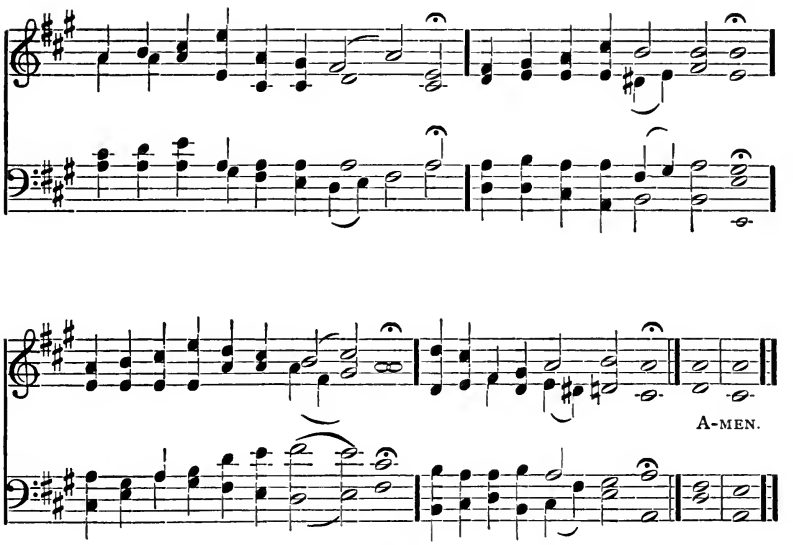
2 Holy Love, from heaven descended,
Let us feel Thy kindling flame!
Thou hast earth and heaven blended,
Love that out of heaven came.
Thine the gift of smiling flowers,
Thine the lofty mountain pine;
Thine the fruit-tree's golden shower,
Thine the close entwining vine.

3 Stay Thou with us, and replenish
Still our hearts with warmest love;
Discord and dissension banish,
Loving Spirit from above.
Holy Love, from heaven descended,
Let us feel Thy kindling flame!
Thou hast earth and heaven blended,
Love that out of heaven came.

557 I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Ps. xxvii: 13.

1 Father! in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls receive Thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

2 Lord! we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will trust in each unknown to-morrow
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Lingers; and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4 Now, Father! now in Thine own presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
O make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

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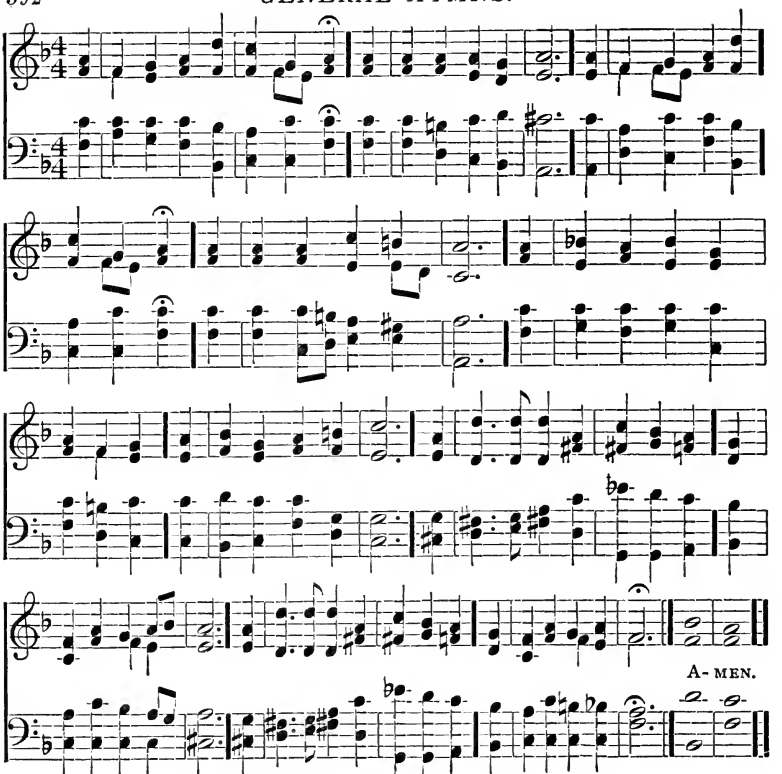
558 Only be thou strong and very courageous. Josh. 1 : 7.

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer ;
Not for ease that prayer shall be ;
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

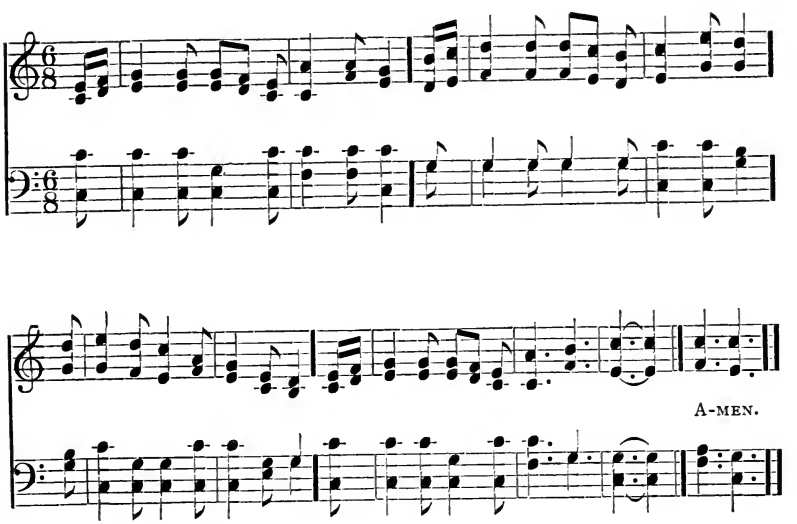
2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
Inour wanderings be our Guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side. Dox. IX.

559 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Ps. xc: 14.

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away:
O for the pearly gates of heav'n!
O for the golden floor!
‖:O for the Sun of Righteousness!
That setteth nevermore!:‖

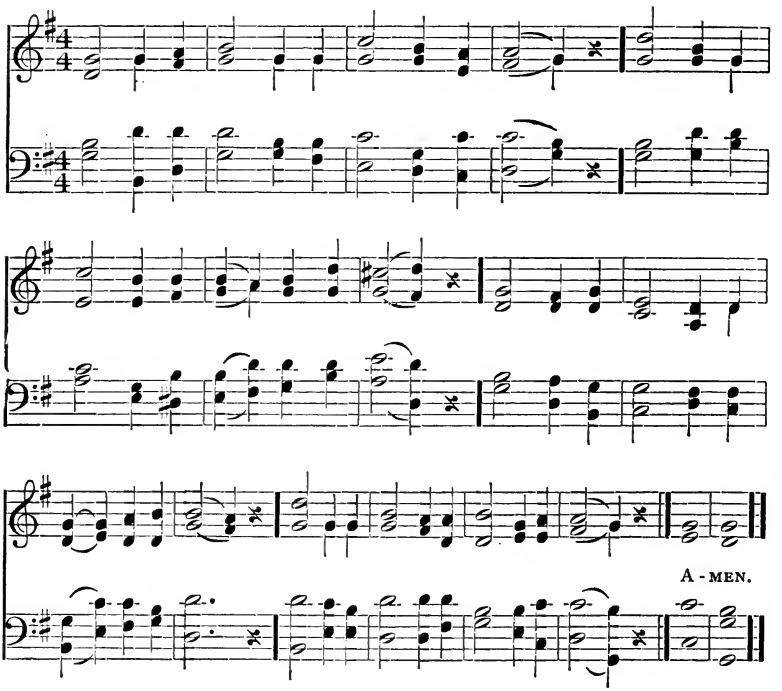
2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint:
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
‖:O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!:‖

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
‖:Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!:‖

560 I trust in the mercy of God forever. Ps. lii: 8.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

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

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

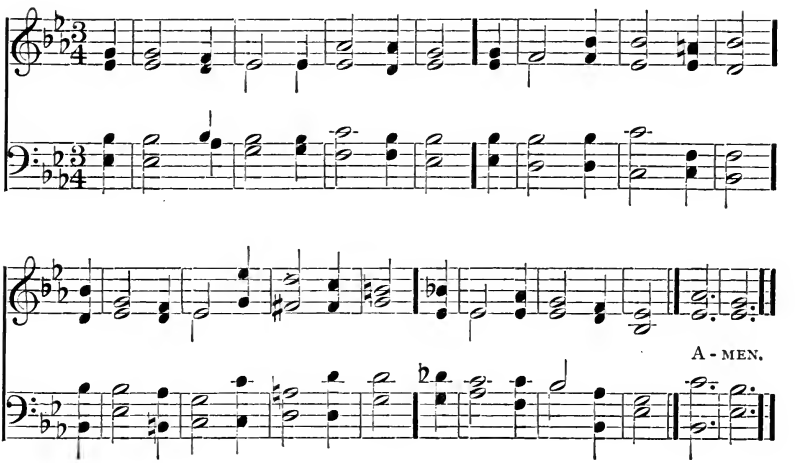
4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

561 And ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem. Is. lxvi: 13.

1 O what their joy and their glory must be,
Those heav'nly Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crown for the valiant; to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

2 Truly "Jerusalem" name we that shore,
Vision of peace that brings joy evermore!
Wish and contentment can be severed ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

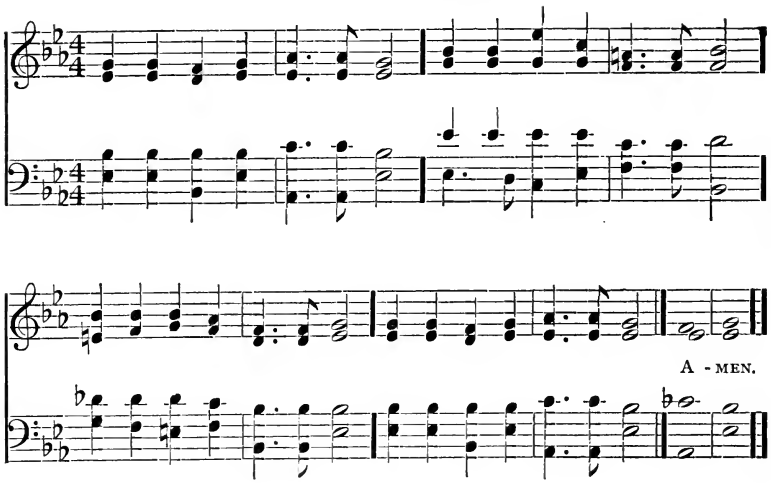
3 We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people shall evermore raise.

4 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh,
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

5 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Whose Love is the Father, whose Wisdom the Son;
Whose Spirit the Life wherein lives every one.

562 Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people. Ps. lxxvii: 15.

1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2 Forgive me guilty, Lord, I cry:
Pursued by foes, I come;
O save me tempted, or I die;
A wand'rer, take me home.

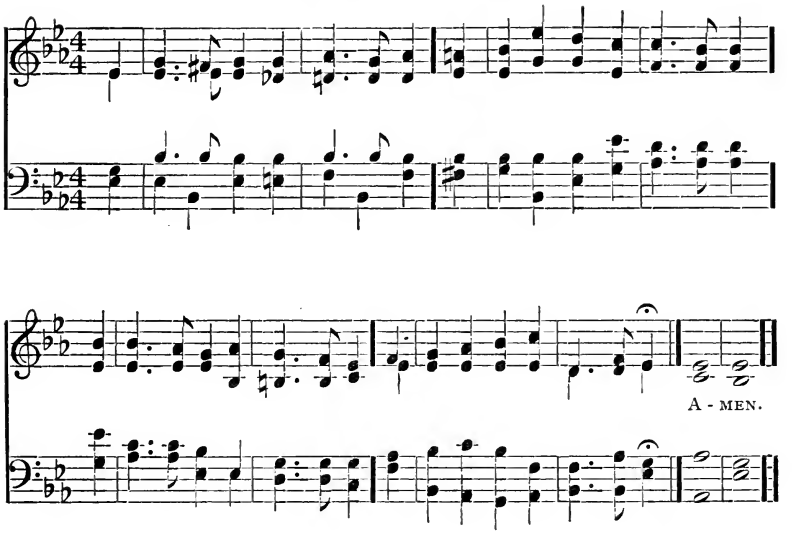
3 There safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain,
No more I fear their dread alarms
Where Thou, O Lord, dost reign. Dox. I.

563 Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Is. liii: 4.

1 When the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit sinks with fear,
Jesus, Holy Saviour! hear.

2 When our hearts are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Holy Saviour! hear.

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Jesus, Holy Saviour, hear.

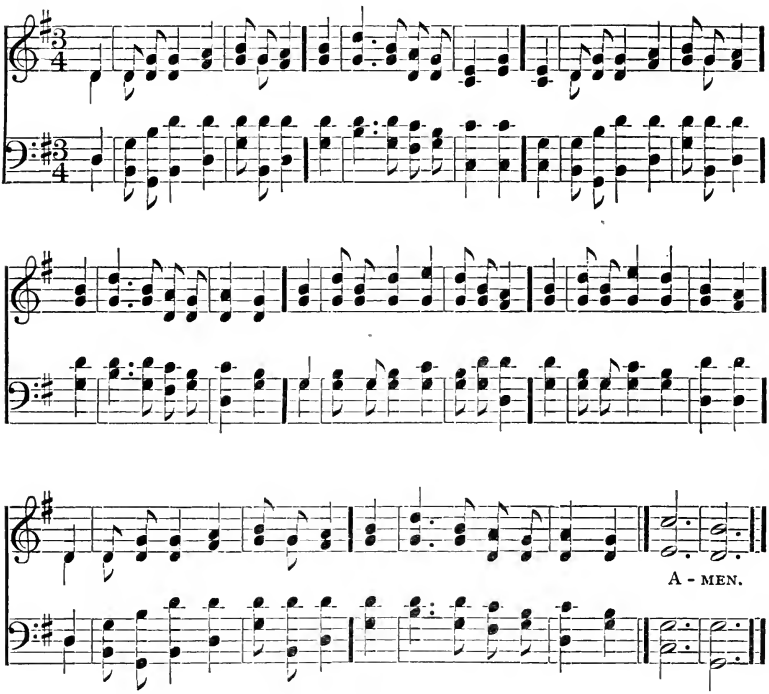
4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou Thy precious blood hast shed,
Thou, whom grateful hearts revere,
Jesus, Holy Saviour! hear.

5 Thou art now our mighty God,
Ruling all with sceptre-rod;
Thou to help art ever near,
Jesus, Holy Saviour! hear.

564 Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee ; that it may be displayed because of thy truth. Ps. lx : 4.

1 Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,—
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

2 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.

3 Fling out the banner ! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

4 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.

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565 Behold I have set the land before you: go in and possess the land which the Lord sware unto your fathers to give them. Deut. i: 8.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by;
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning:
Our waiting Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For, oh! we stand, etc.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing:
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh! we stand, etc.

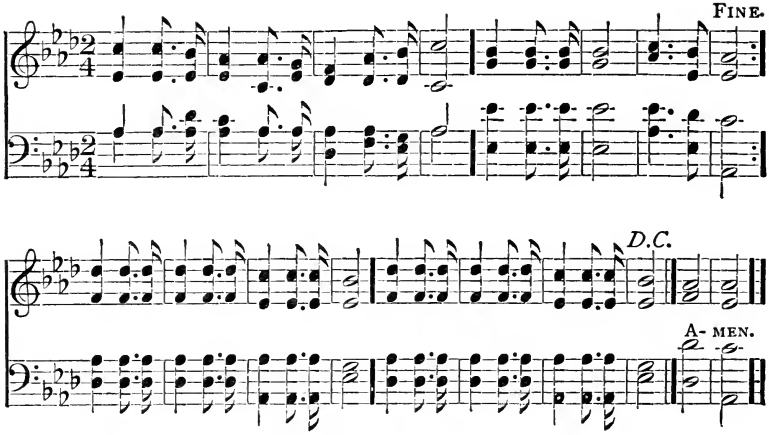
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever:
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever.
For, oh! we stand, etc.

566 The holy city New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. Rev. xxi: 2

1 Jerusalem, thou City bright
From heav'n to earth descending,
How wondrously their holy light
Thy precious stones are blending.
O City fair, O City blest,
All joy to mortals bringing,
Who would not raise his voice in praise
And thy dear name be singing!

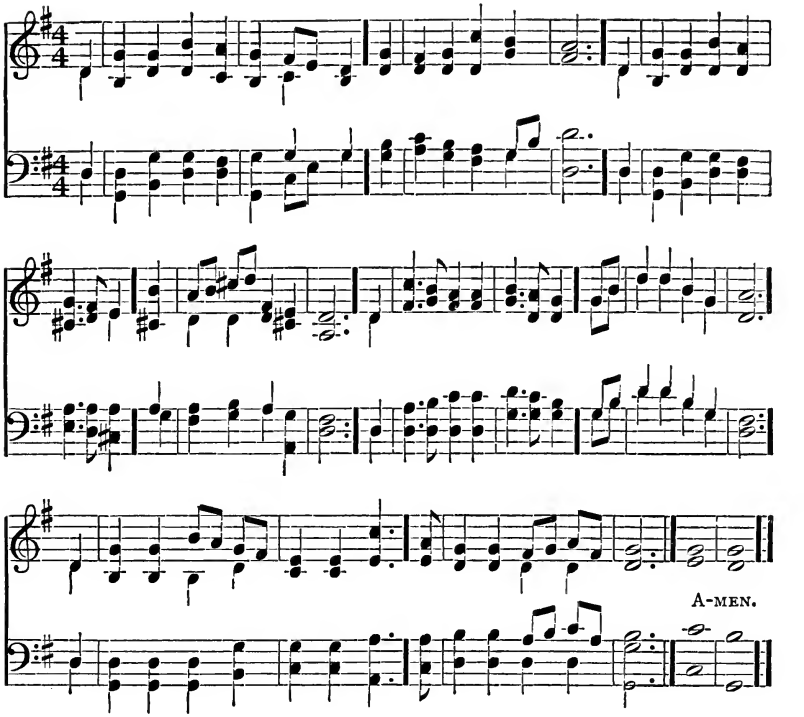
2 O Gates of pearl, O Streets of gold,
O River ever flowing
Where leads the Shepherd to the fold
The flock their Saviour knowing.
O City Fair, O City blest, etc.

3 O Living Stream, O heav'nly Gleam
New earth and heav'n creating:
Shine far and wide, O saving Beam,
Man's wearied soul elating.
O City fair, O City blest, etc.

4 Shine, holy Light, within our hearts
All evil shade dispelling,
That we ne'er from Thy way depart,
Which leads to that blest dwelling.
O City fair, O City blest, etc.

567 So he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Ps. cvii: 30.

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride:
We're homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He bestowed:
We're homeward bound.

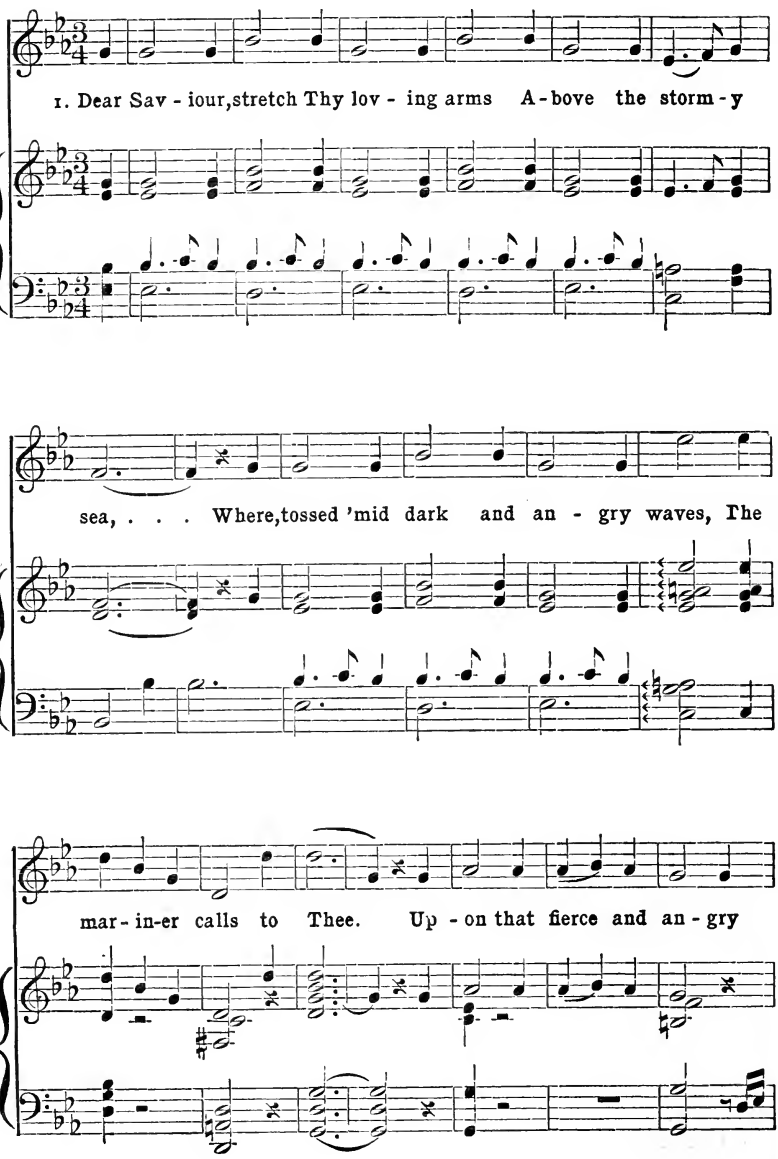
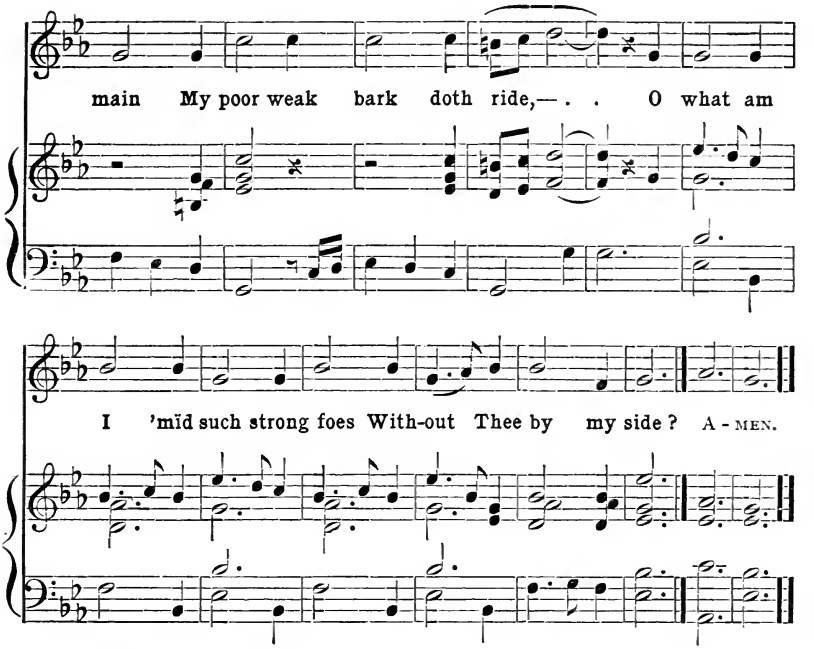
2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars:
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores:
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh, how we fly 'neath the taut, creaking sail:
We're homeward bound!

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide:
We're home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide:
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore:
We're home at last.

568

To him shalt thou cleave. Deut. x : 20.

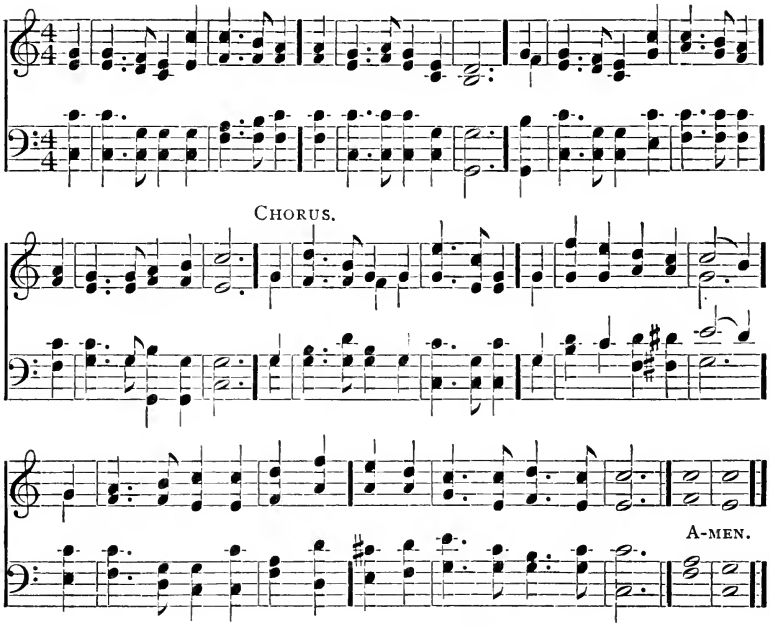
1 As helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And, every passing hour,
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine Almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face Divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

1. Dear Sav - iour, stretch Thy lov - ing arms A - bove the storm - y
sea, . . . Where, tossed 'mid dark and an - gry waves, The
mar - in - er calls to Thee. Up - on that fierce and an - gry

569 There arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves. Matt. viii: 24.

2 O as Thou didst on Galilee
The waters calm at will,
When torrents raised by evil breath
The sinking ship did fill:
So now in my storm-shaken soul
Awake with strength divine,
And whisper 'peace' to warring winds,
And let Thy glory shine.

3 Be Thou my pilot through the mists
And storms that darkly rise,
As o'er life's vast and dangerous sea
My frail bark lightly flies.
With Thee my soul securely rests
From evil's blight restored;
And isles of green and fragrant seas
Bring peace and sweet reward.

4 No hand but Thine can safely guide
The wearied mariner;
No love but Thine can solace bring,—
O Christ, dear Comforter!
Now trusting in Thy tender care
We fear no dark unrest,—
Life's storms are passed; our troubled souls
Lie pillowed on Thy breast.

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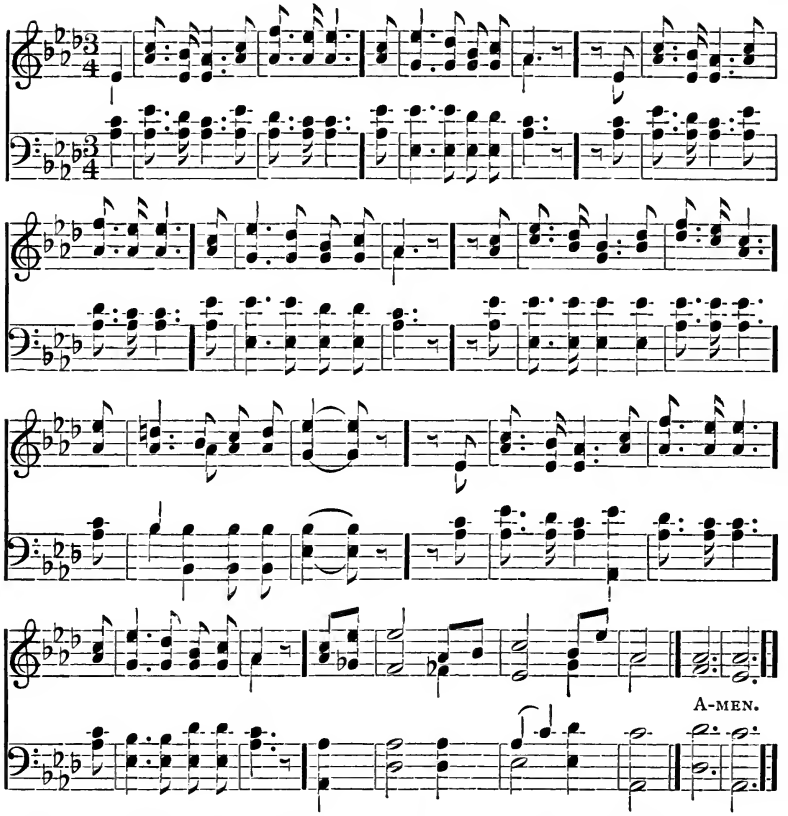
570 His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Isa. ix: 6.

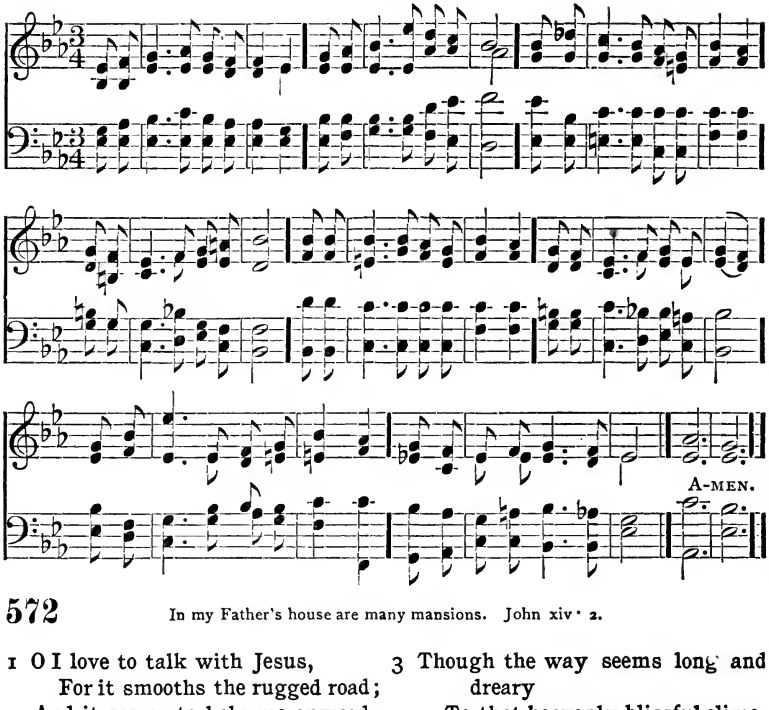
1 O, wondrous Name, by prophets heard
Long years before His birth;
They saw Him coming from afar,
The Prince of Peace on earth.

Cho. The Wonderful! The Counsellor!
The Great and Mighty God!
The Father everlasting
And the blessèd Prince of Peace!

2 O, glorious Name the angels praise,
And ransomed saints adore,—
The Name above all other names,
Our refuge evermore. *Cho.*

3 O, precious Name, exalted high,
To Him all pow'r is given;
Through Him we triumph over sin,
By Him we enter heaven. *Cho.*

571 Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. Ps. lv: 6.

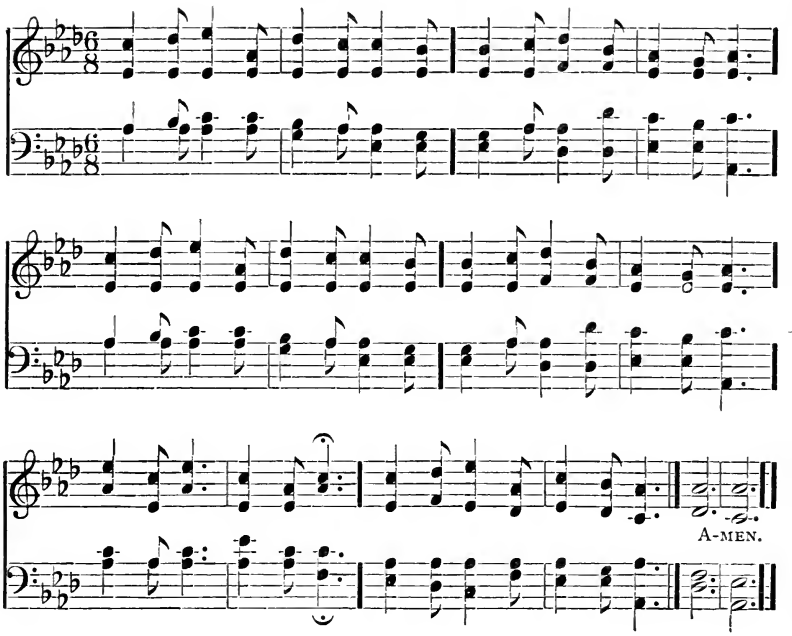
1 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
‖: Nor shadow dims her way.:‖

2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to Thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
‖: Thy freedom in her wings.:‖

572 In my Father's house are many mansions. John xiv. 2.

1 O I love to talk with Jesus,
For it smooths the rugged road;
And it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There is nought can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

2 Oft I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest;
That I'm daily, hourly, longing
To repose upon His breast;
And He answers me so kindly,
In the tend'rest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee
To thy happy home above."

3 Though the way seems long and dreary
To that heavenly, blissful clime,
Yet I know that my Redeemer
Journeys with me all the time;
And the more I come to know Him,
And His wondrous grace explore,
How my longing groweth stronger
Still to know Him more and more.

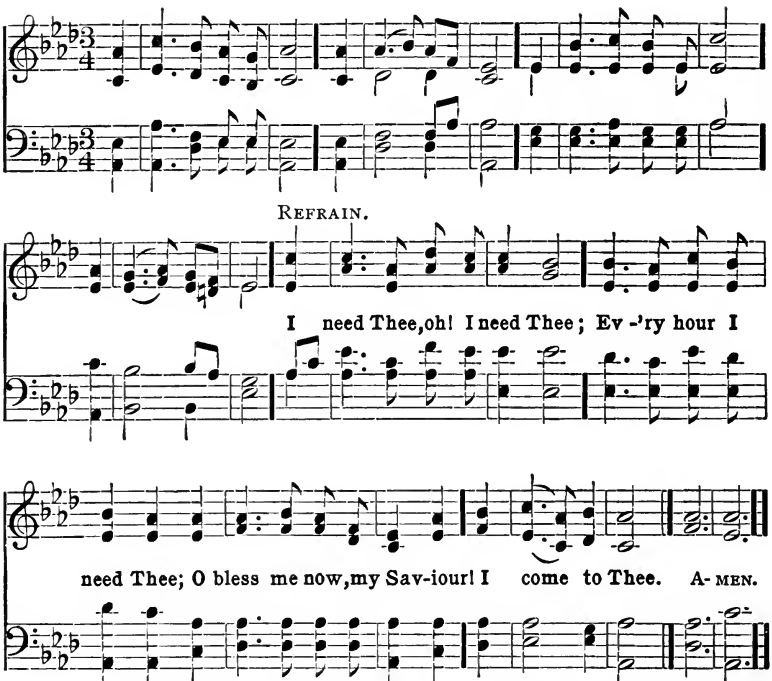
4 So I'll wait a little longer,
Till my Lord's appointed time,
And along the upward pathway
Still my pilgrim feet shall climb;
Soon within my Father's dwelling,
Where the many mansions be,
I shall see my blessed Saviour,
And He then will talk with me.

573 God be merciful to me, a sinner. Luke xviii : 13.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some portion fall on me,
Even me !

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
In the multitude that throng Thee
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me !

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favor ;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me !

4 Have I long in sin been sleeping ?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me !

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Word of God, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
All be magnified in me,
Even me !

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574

Abide in me, and I in you. John xv: 4.

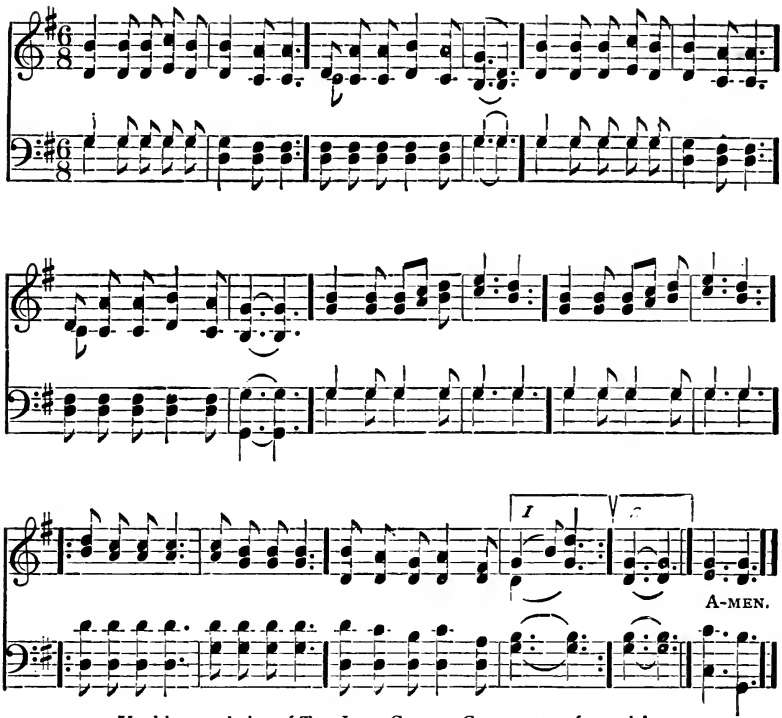
1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

Refrain.
I need Thee, O! I need Thee:
Every hour I need Thee;
O, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh. *Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Ref.*

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd One. *Ref.*

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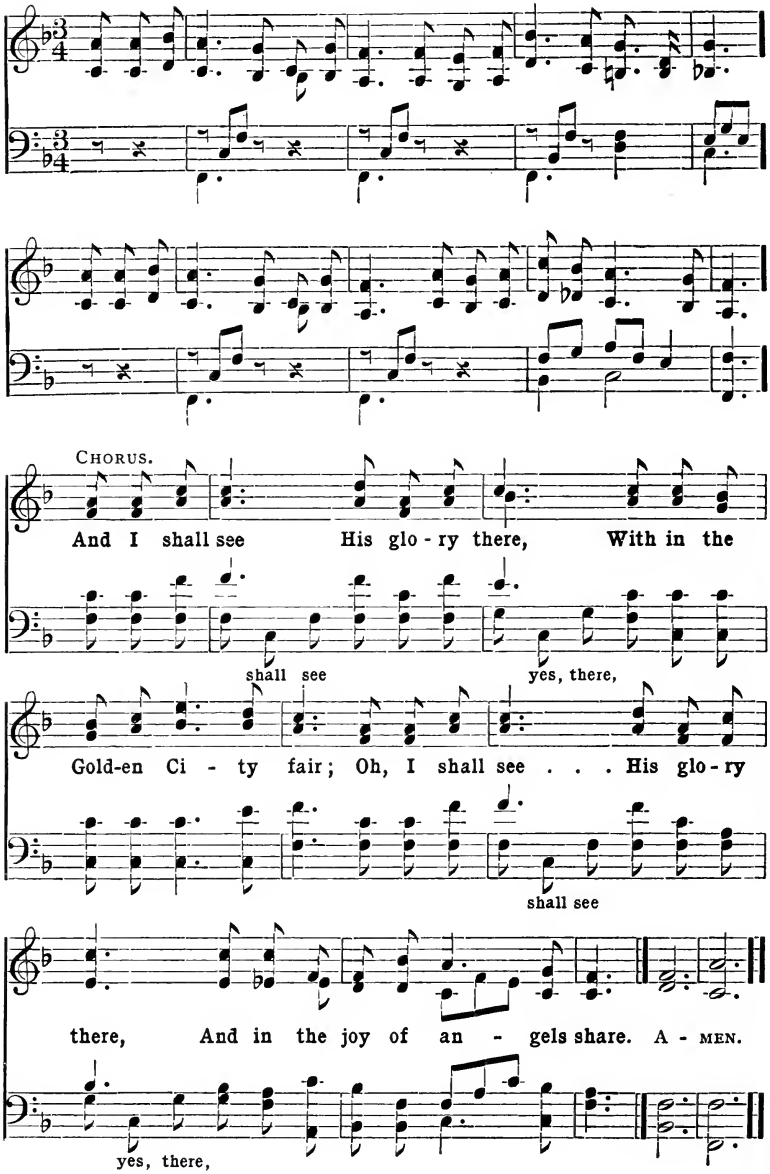
575 All wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth Luke iv: 22

1 Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life;
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty,—

Chorus.
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life;
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven,— *Cho.*

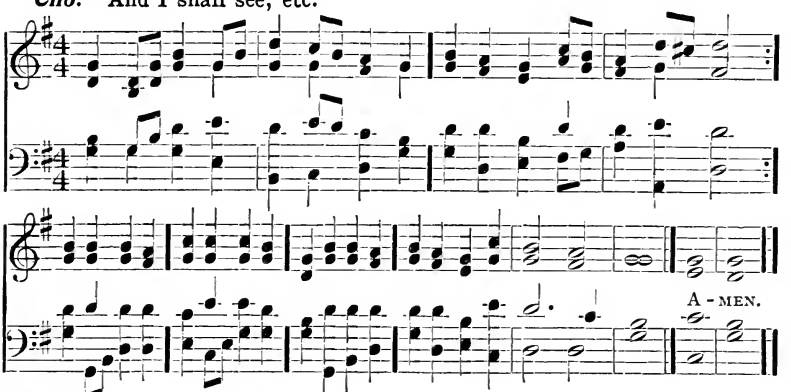
3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever,— *Cho.*

CHORUS.
And I shall see His glo - ry there, With in the
shall see
yes, there,
Gold-en Ci - ty fair; Oh, I shall see . . . His glo - ry
shall see
there, And in the joy of an - gels share. A - MEN.
yes, there,

576 Or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was ; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it. Eccles. xii: 6, 7.

1 Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing ;
But O, the joy when I awake
Within the palace of the King!
And I shall see His glory there,
Within the Golden City fair ;
O, I shall see His glory there,
And in the joy of angels share.

2 Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know — my All in All
Has now a place in heaven for me.
Cho. And I shall see, etc.

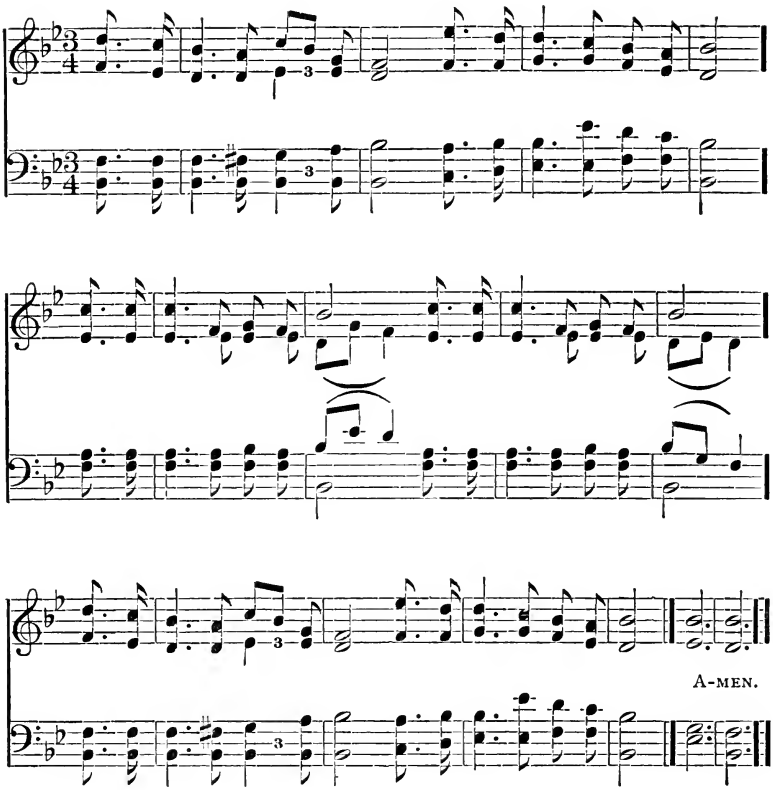
3 Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest. *Cho.*

4 Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight. *Cho.*

577 I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. Luke v: 32.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able, (*3 times*)
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money, (*3 times*)
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

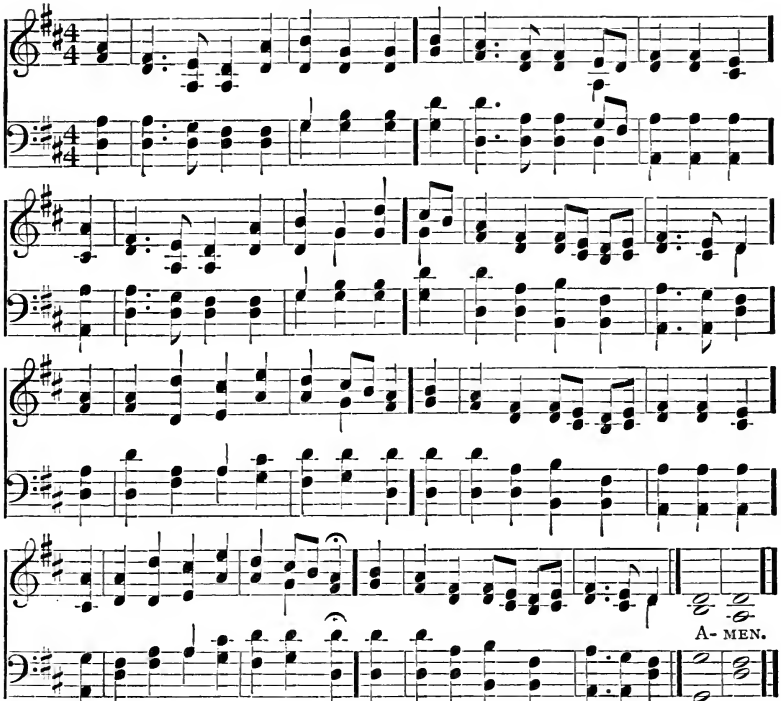
3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by your fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous (*3 times*)
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Lo, the incarnate God ascended
Feeds you with immortal food ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus (*3 times*)
Can do helpless sinners good.

578

He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Ps. cvii: 30.

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock, and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

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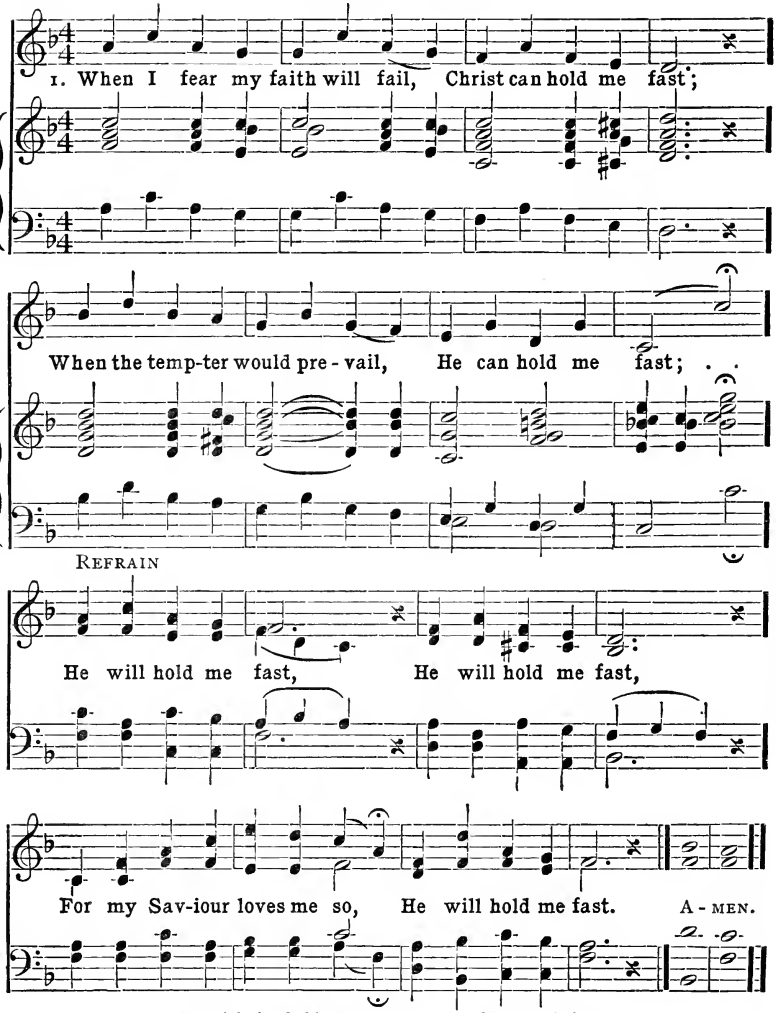
579

He leadeth me. Ps. xxxiii : 2.

1 He leadeth me: O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
What e'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

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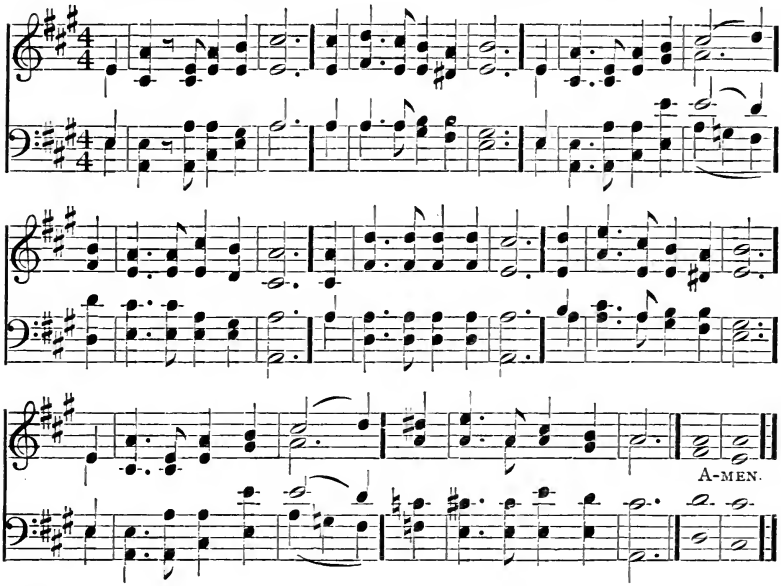
580 Thy right hand shall hold me. Psalm cxl: 10.

1 When I fear my faith will fail,
Christ can hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He can hold me fast.

Ref. He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast;
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.

2 I could never keep my hold,
He must hold me fast;
For my love is often cold,
He must hold me fast. *Ref.*

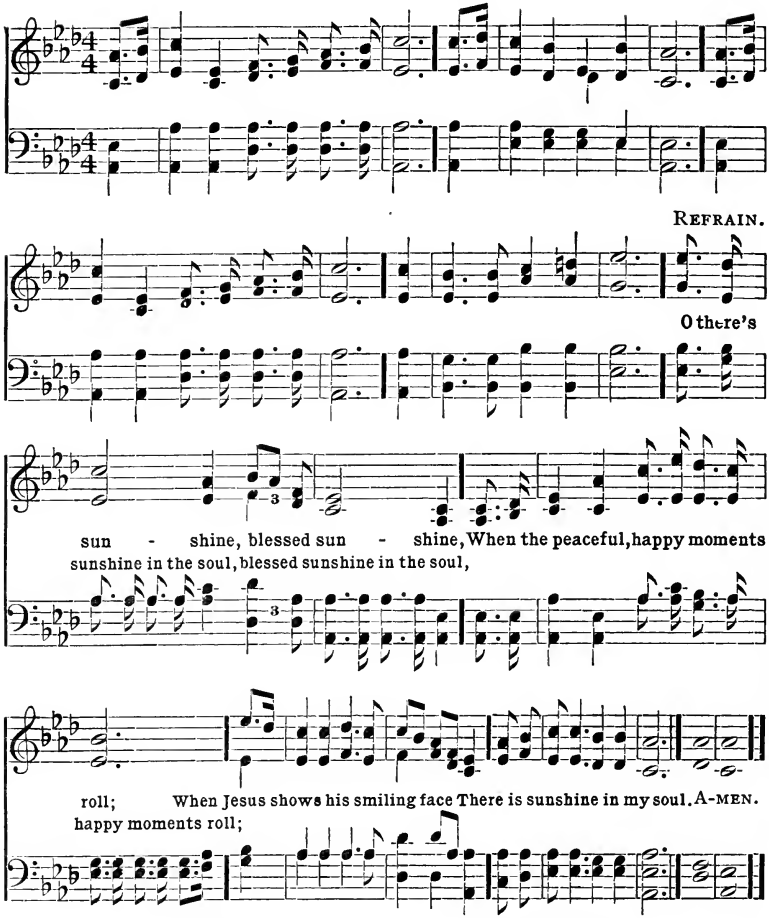
3 I am precious in His sight,
He will hold me fast;
Those He serves are His delight,
He will hold me fast. *Ref.*

4 He'll not let my soul be lost,
Christ will hold me fast;
Silencing the tempter's boast,
He will hold me fast. *Ref.*

581 Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. Gen. xv: 1.

1 Fear not! God is thy shield,
And He thy great reward;
His might has won the field:
Thy strength is in the Lord!
Fear not! 'tis His own voice
That speaks to thee this word;
Lift up your head: rejoice
In Jesus Christ, thy Lord!

2 Fear not! for God has heard
The cry of thy distress;
The water of His Word,
Thy fainting soul shall bless.
Fear not! etc.

3 Fear not! be not dismayed!
He evermore will be
With thee, to give His aid,
And He will strengthen thee.
Fear not! etc.

4 Fear not! ye little flock;
Your Shepherd soon will come,
Give water from the rock,
And bring you to His home!
Fear not! 'tis His own voice
That speaks to thee this word;
Lift up your head: rejoice
In Jesus Christ, thy Lord!

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582 The light of thy countenance. Ps. iv: 6.

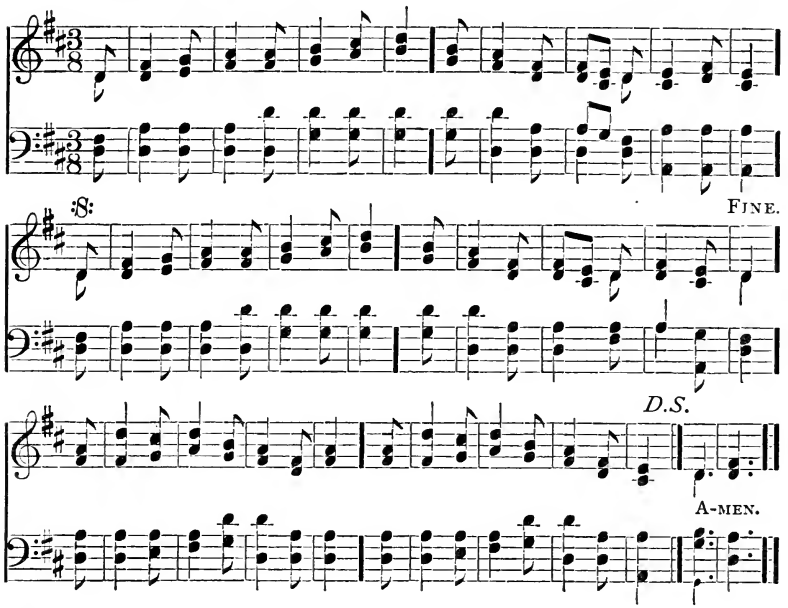
Ref.

1 There's sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

O there's sunshine, blessèd sunshine,
When the peaceful, happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows His smiling face
There is sunshine in the soul.

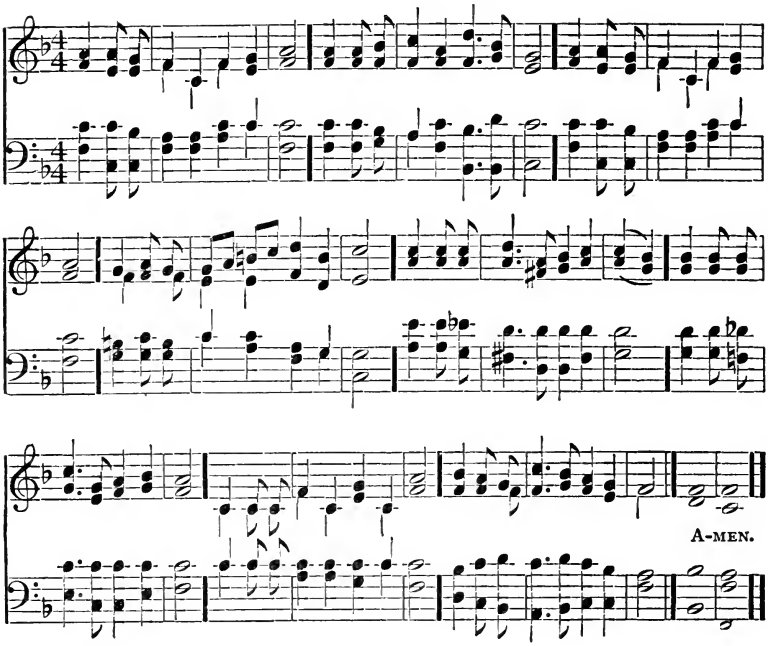
2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening can hear
The songs I cannot sing. *Ref.*

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flow'rs of grace appear. *Ref.*

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above. *Ref.*

583

At the hour of prayer. Acts iii: 1.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

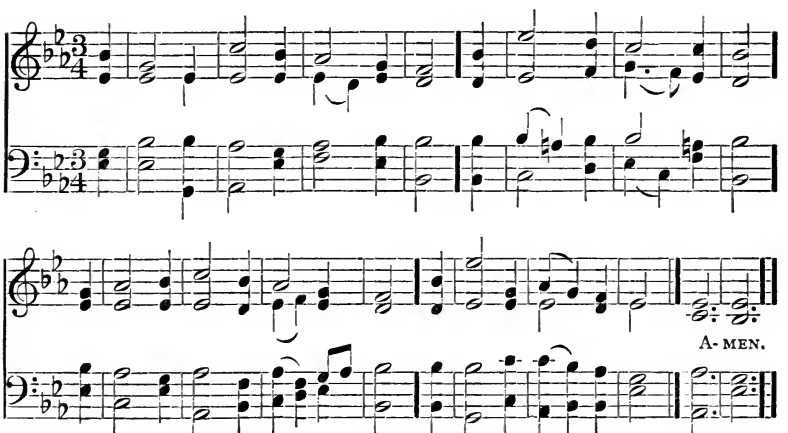
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

584

Praise ye him, sun and moon. Ps. cxlviii : 3.

1 Fairest of all the lights above!
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years.
Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dressed thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

2 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrowed light
Are softer rivals of the noon;
Arise, and to that sovereign power
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

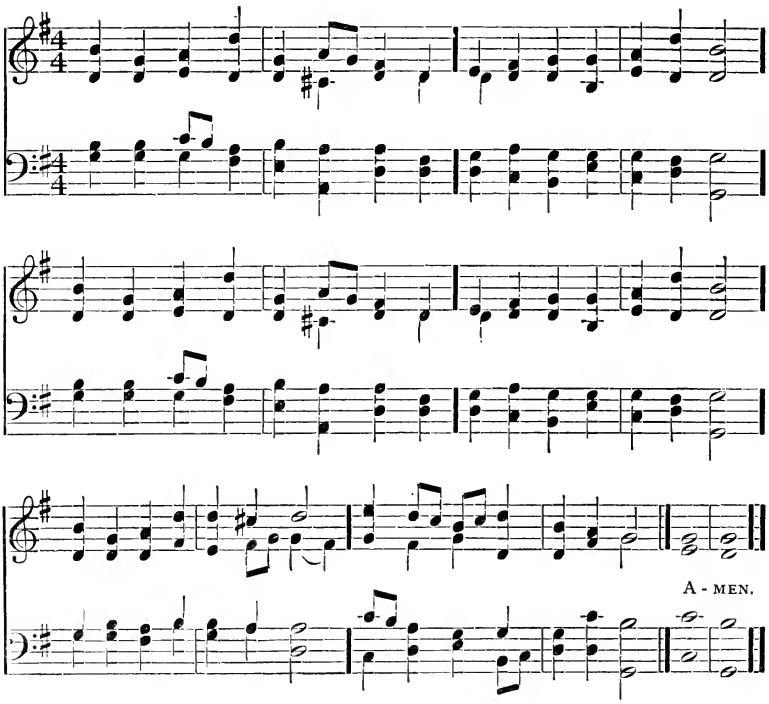
3 Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes
When business, cares, and day are gone;
Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispersed through all the earthly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for His feet.

4 Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who scatters gracious beams of light
On every angel, every saint.
O God of glory, God of love!
Thou art the sun that makes our days;
With all Thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt Thy praise!

585

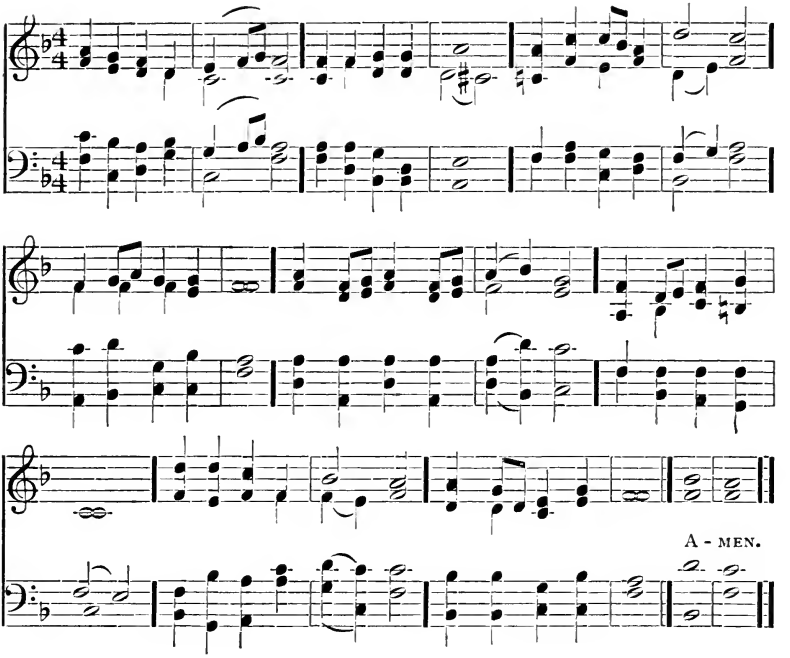
The Lord is my light and my salvation. Ps. xxvii: 1.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning has begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

586 And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only.
Matt. xvii. 8.

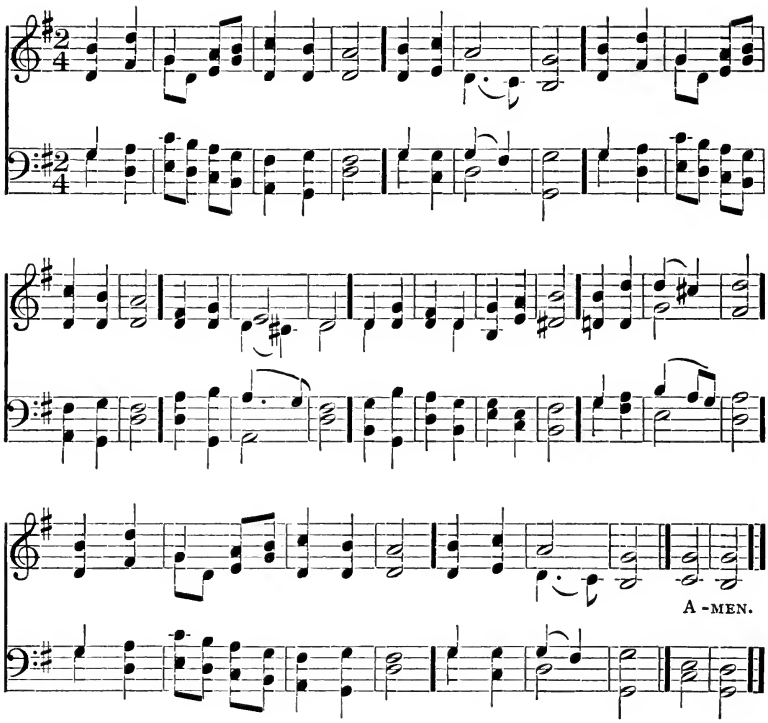
1 "Jesus only!" In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him:
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only!"—all our cry.

2 "Jesus only!" In the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone;
May we join His ransomed throng,
"Jesus only!"—all our song!

587 Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee. Deut. xxvi: 11.

1 Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

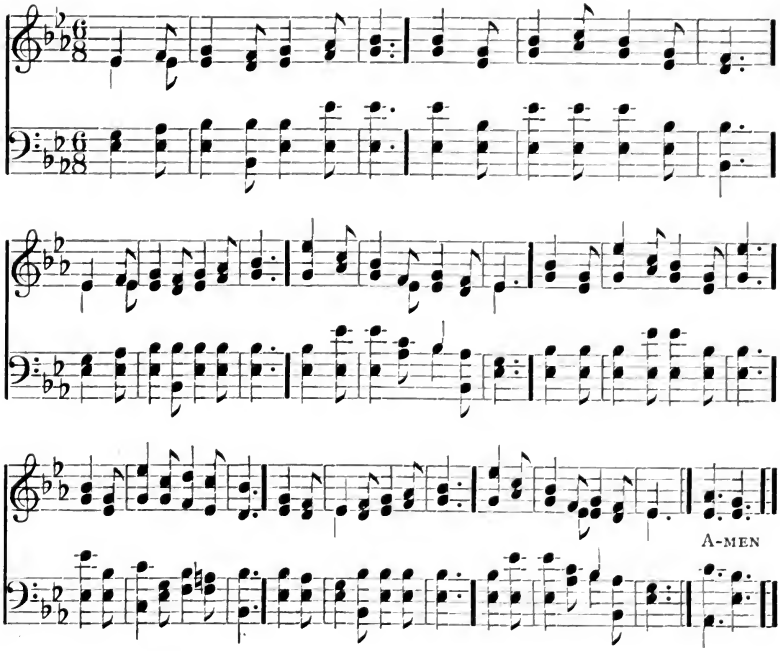
3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

588

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. Ps. xviii: 1.

1 King of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

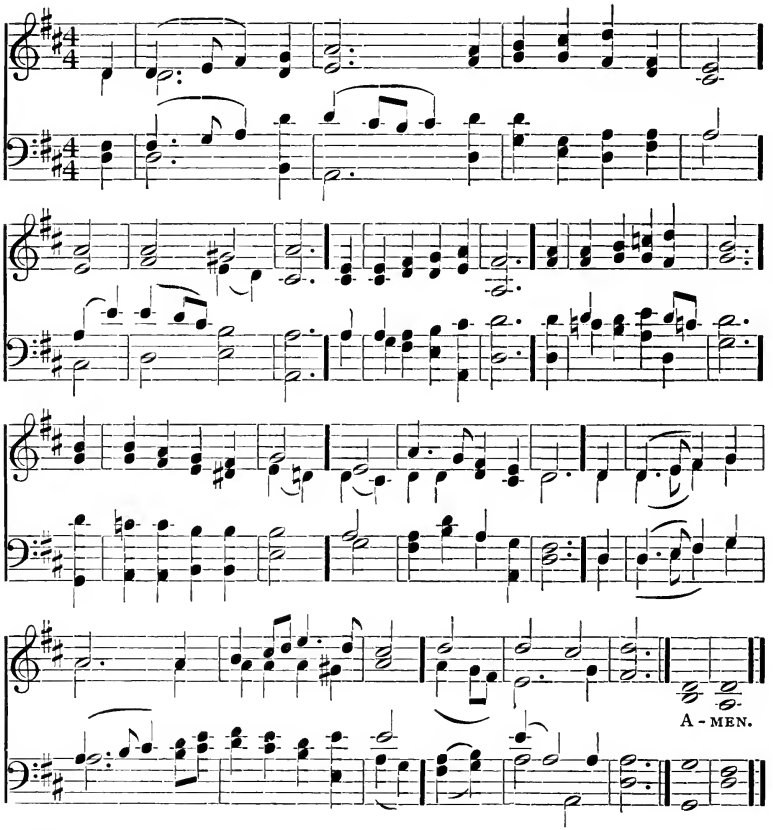
2 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol Thee:
E'en eternity's too short
To extol Thee.

589

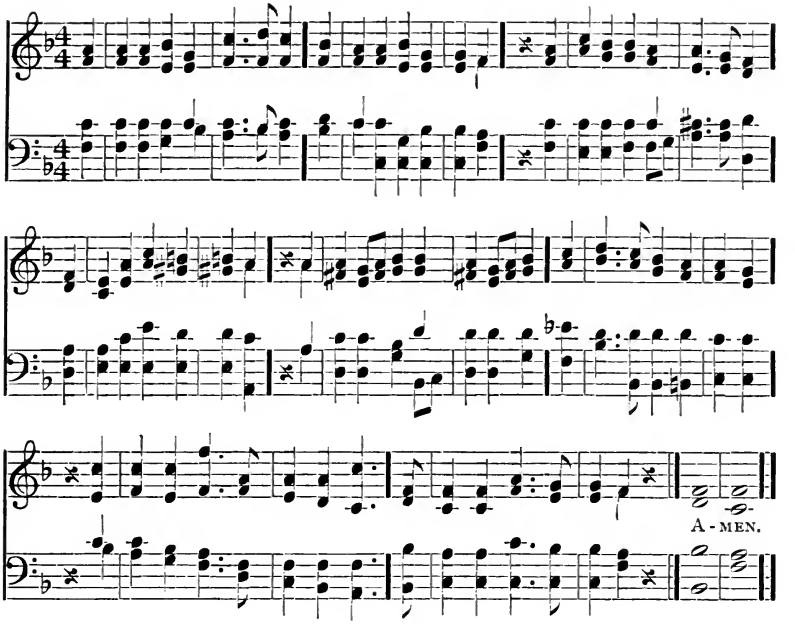
Watchman, what of the night? Isa. xxi: 11.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,—
What its signs of promise are;
"Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star?"
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
"Traveller, yes; it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel."

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
"Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends."
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
"Traveller, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth."

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
"Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn."
Watchman, let thy wandering cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
"Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Saviour God, is come."

590 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Ps. cl: 6.

1 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

2 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

591 Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God. Isa. xli: 10.

1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He lived and died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

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

I. L. M.

Glory eternal be to Thee,
O God, the Father, Spirit, Son,
Blest Fulness of the Trinity,
Revealed in Jesus Christ alone.
Amen.

II. L. M.

Glory and praises ever be,
O Jesus Christ, our Lord, to Thee,
Whom all the heav'nly hosts adore,
God over all for evermore. Amen.

III. L. M.

Grant that we ask, Almighty Lord,
Jesus, the Christ, alone adored,
Blest Fulness of the Trinity,
Reigning on high eternally. Amen.

IV. C. M.

All glory be to Thee, O Lord,
The Father, Spirit, Son,
Alone be Thou our God adored
While endless ages run.
Amen.

V. S. M.

To Thee, O Lord, alone
Whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
Amen.

VI. 7s.

Glory, praise, and blessing be,
Lord, our Saviour, unto Thee;
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
God o'er all for evermore. Amen.

VII. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

Lord, to Thee, in whom is dwelling
All the Godhead bodily,
Hymn and chant and glad thanksgiving,
And unending praises be, —
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory. Amen.

VIII. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

Lord, to Thee, in whom is dwelling
All the Godhead bodily,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in perfect unity,
Hymn and chant and glad thanksgiving,
And unending praises be, —
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory. Amen.

IX. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

Lord, to Thee, in whom is dwelling
All the Holy Trinity,
Blessing, honor and thanksgiving,
And eternal glory be. Amen.

X. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

XI. 10s.

Jesus our Saviour, only God and Lord,
Be Thy blest name in heaven and earth adored,
In Thee dwells all the Godhead bodily
Thine shall the everlasting glory be.
Amen.

XII. 7s & 6s. Single.

To Thee be praise for ever,
O Jesus Christ, our Lord,
On earth as in the heavens,
Our God alone adored. Amen.

Referred to in the Roman Numerals at the end of the Hymns.

XIII. 7s & 6s. Double.

To Thee be praise for ever,
O Jesus Christ, our Lord,
By all the hosts of heav'n,
The One alone adored.
In Thee the Father's glory,
The Wisdom of the Son,
The Spirit's mighty power,
Forevermore are one. Amen.

XIV. 11s. & 10s.

To Thee alone our prayer and praise ascending,
All our hearts' adoration, Lord, be Thine,
In whom, all love and wisdom ever blending,
Alone the glories of the Godhead shine! Amen.

XV. 7s. 6 lines.

Glory, praise and blessing be,
Unto Thee our Saviour, Lord.
In whose blest Humanity,
We behold th' incarnate Word:
Thee let heav'n and earth adore,
God o'er all forevermore! Amen.

XVI. 6. 6. 4: 6. 6. 6. 4.

To Thee, O Lord alone,
Ruling on heav'n's high throne,
All praise be given!
Let all their songs unite,
Who, rescued by Thy might,
Joy in Thy blessed light
In earth and heav'n! Amen.

XVII. 6. 4 lines.

To Thee Incarnate Word
Whom heav'n and earth adore
Our only God and Lord
Be praise forevermore! Amen.

XVIII. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 6 lines.

Lord to Thee in whom is dwelling
All the holy Trinity,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit
One in blessed unity,
Heav'n and earth unite to raise
Endless hymns of thanks and praise.
Amen.

XIX. L. M. Double.

All glory, praise and blessing be
To Thee the one Redeemer Lord
Who throughout all eternity
By heaven and earth shall be adored!
In Thee shines forth the Father's love
Thou art the wisdom of the Son
Thy Spirit shall our spirits move
To praise while endless ages run.
Amen.

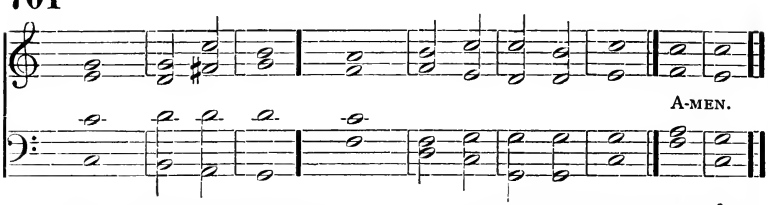
XX. 7s. Double.

Glory, praise and blessing be
Lord our Saviour, unto Thee:
Thee let heaven and earth adore
God o'er all forevermore!
Thee the Father and the Son,
With the Spirit ever One,
In Thy blest Humanity
Praise we to eternity. Amen.

Chants for the Sanctus.

[After the Lord's Prayer.]

NOTE. *In chanting the Sanctus, let there be a pause after each word "Holy."*

701

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Je- | ho-vah of | Hosts ! ‖ All the earth is | full · of His | glo- | ry. ‖

or thus

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord | God of | Hosts ‖ Heaven and earth are | full · of Thy | glo- | ry. ‖

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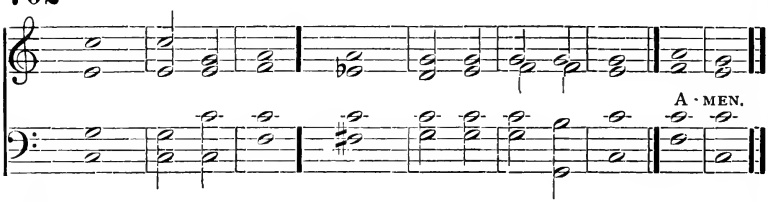
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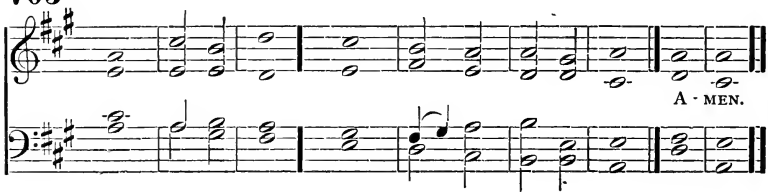
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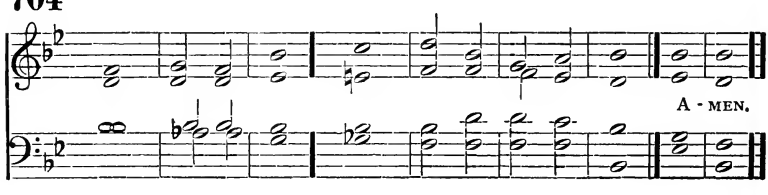
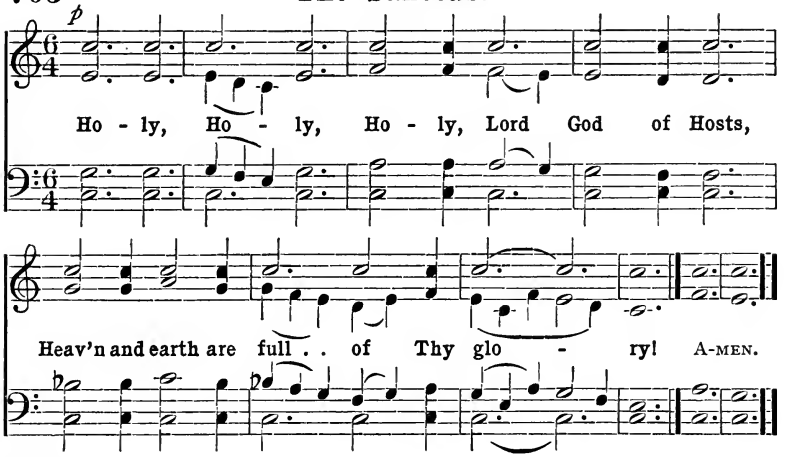

705 The Sanctus.

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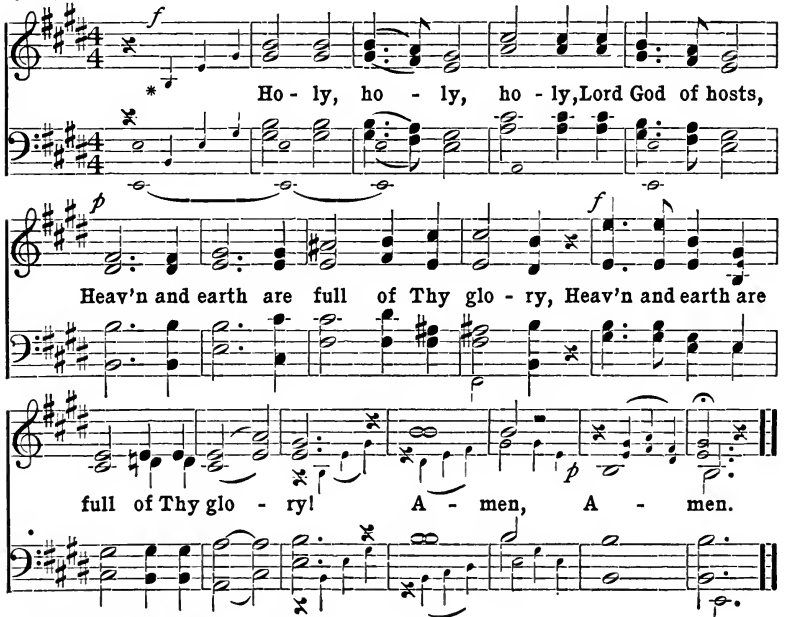

* Small notes for organ.

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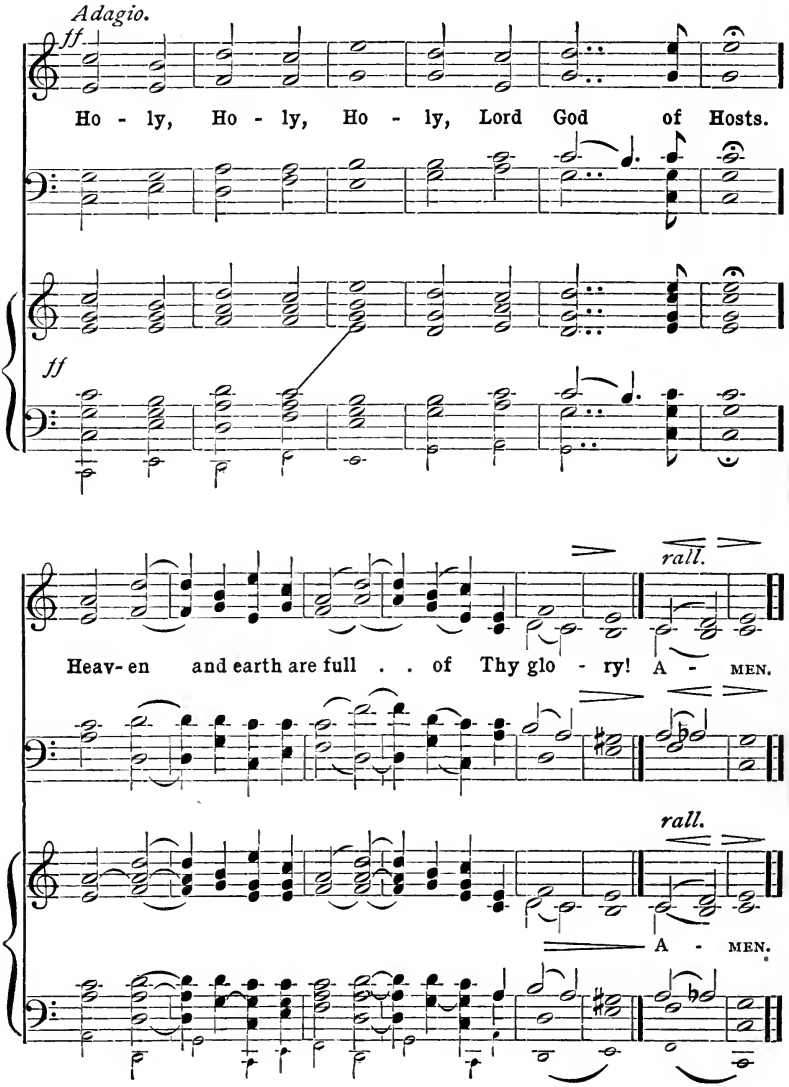
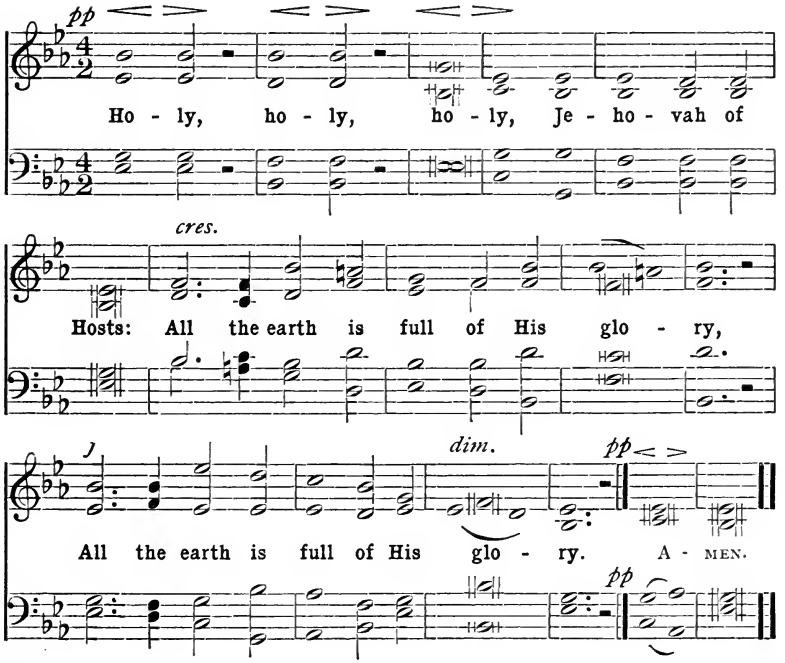
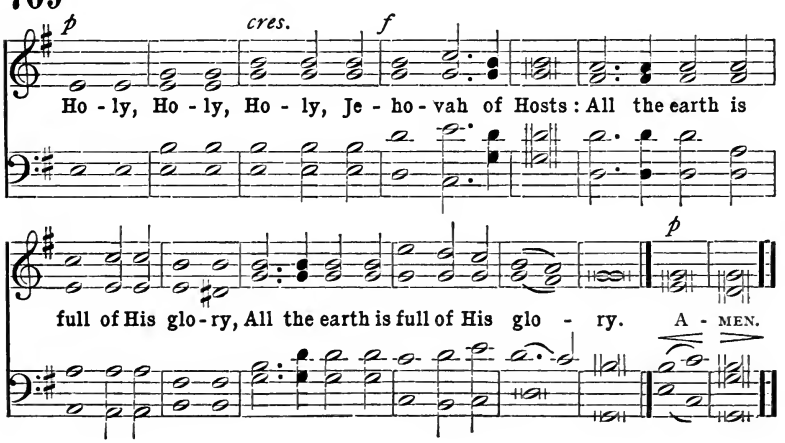
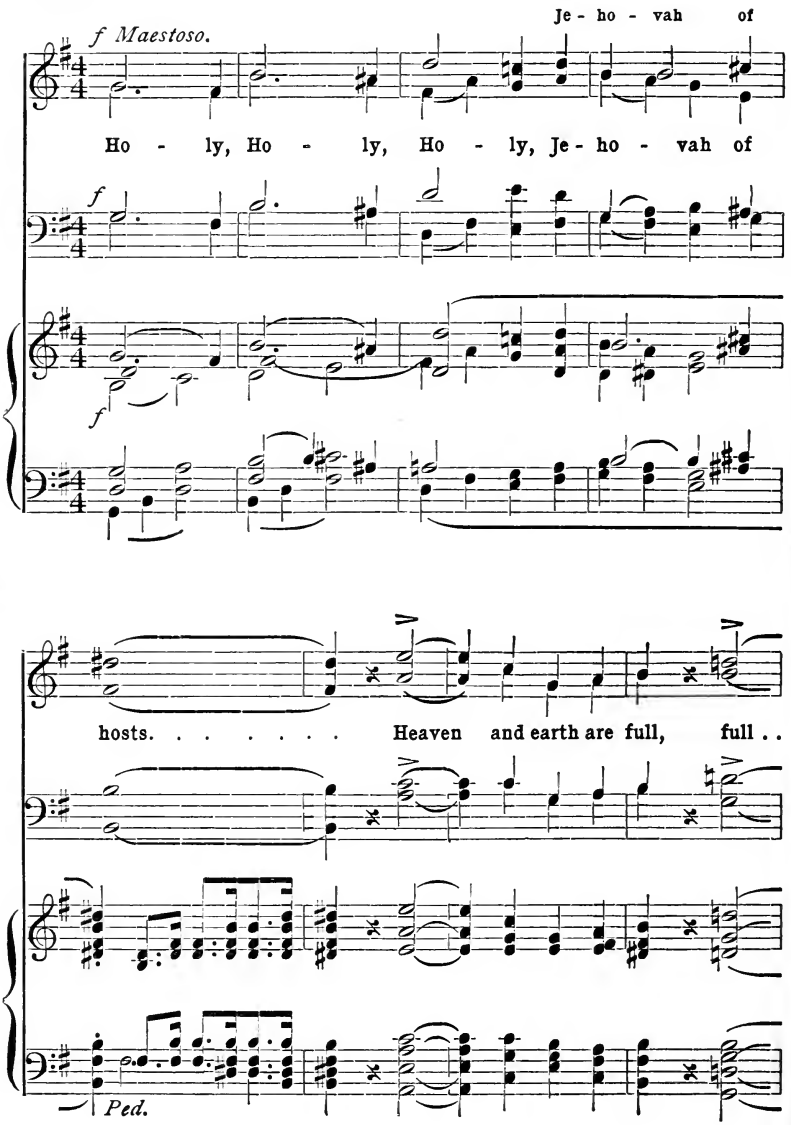
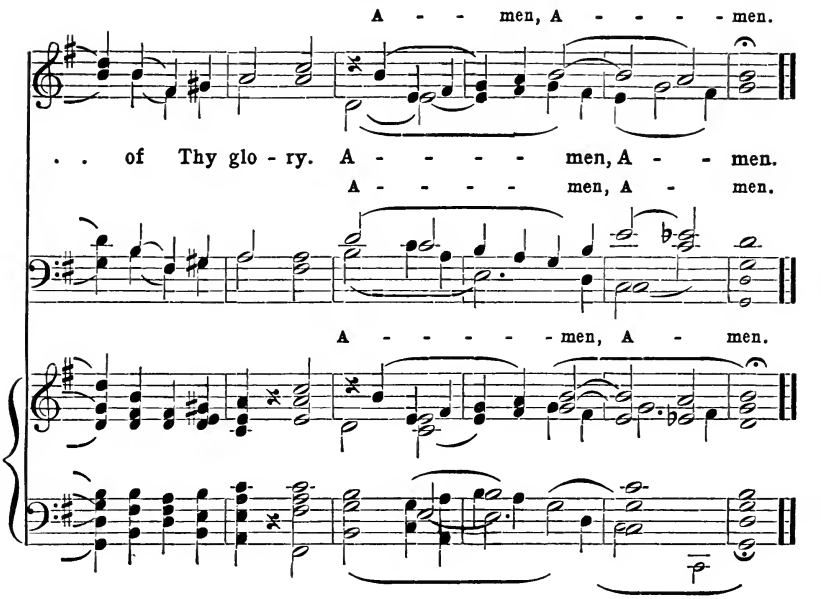
Sanctus.

707

Adagio.
ff
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts.
ff
rall.
Heav- en and earth are full . . of Thy glo - ry! A - MEN.
rall.
A - MEN.

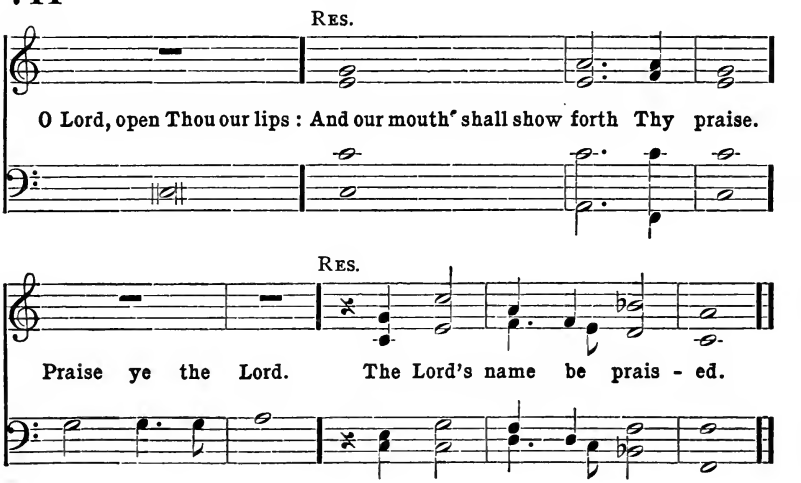
708

pp
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Je - ho - vah of
cres.
Hosts: All the earth is full of His glo - ry,
dim.
pp
All the earth is full of His glo - ry. A - MEN.
pp

709


p
cres.
f
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Je - ho - vah of Hosts: All the earth is
p
full of His glo - ry, All the earth is full of His glo - ry. A - MEN.

710

Je - ho - vah of
f Maestoso.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Je - ho - vah of
f
f
hosts. . . . . Heaven and earth are full, full . .
Ped.

Responses after the Lord's Prayer.

711



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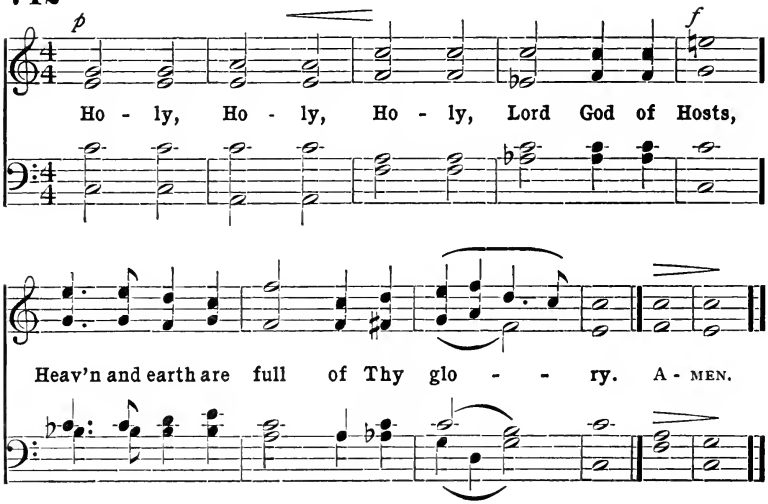
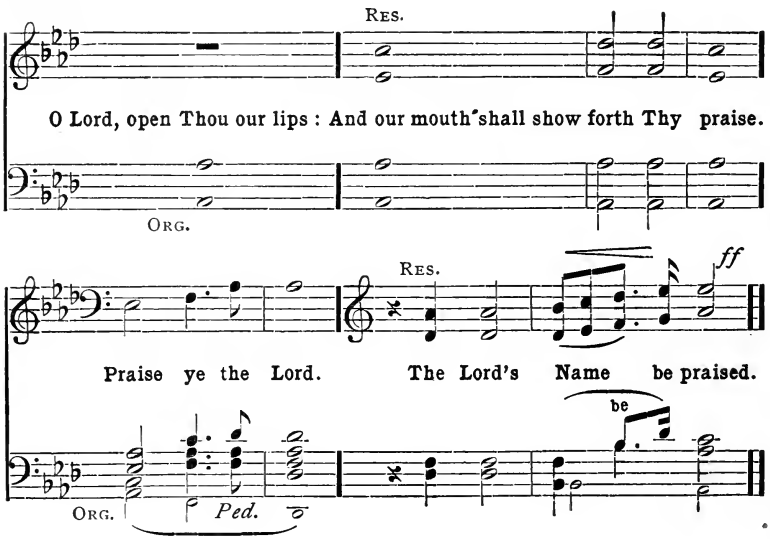
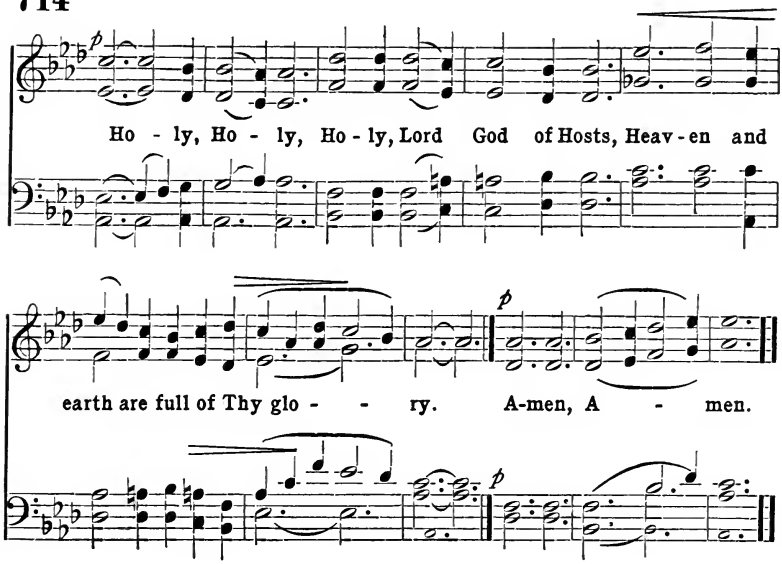
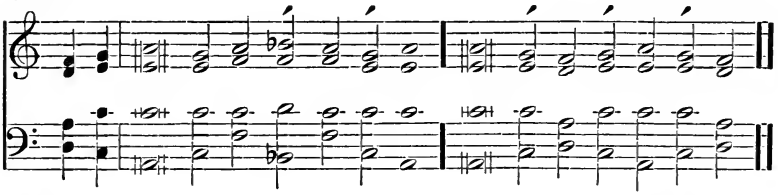
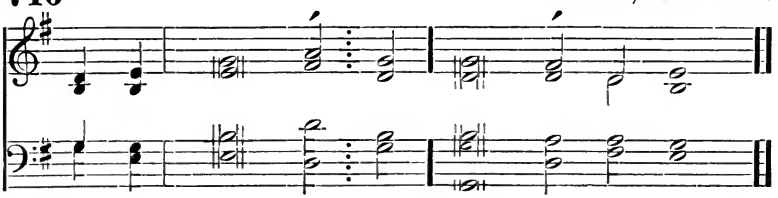
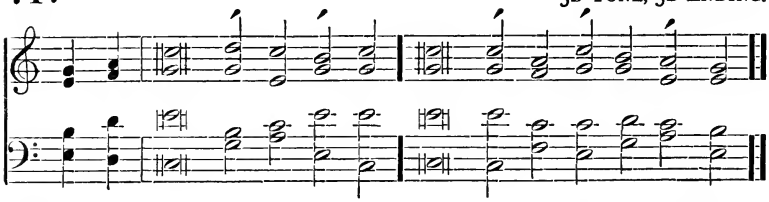
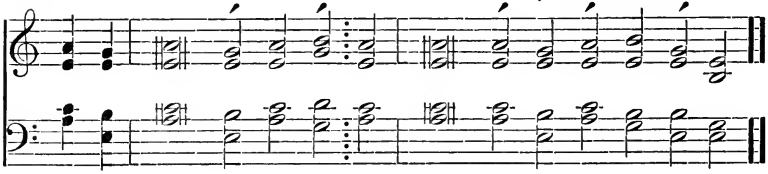
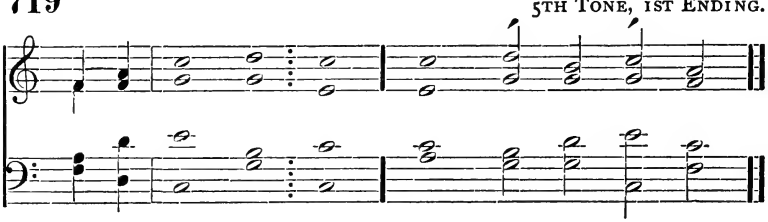
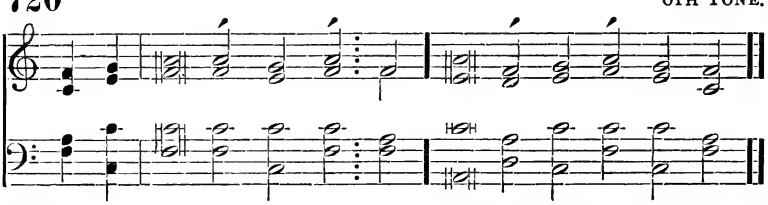
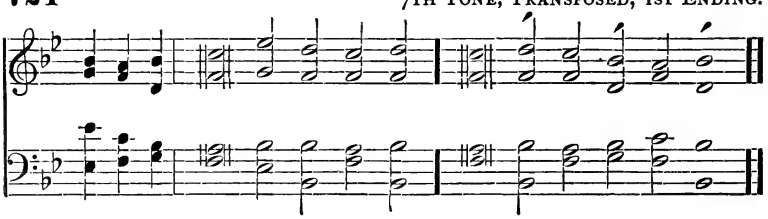
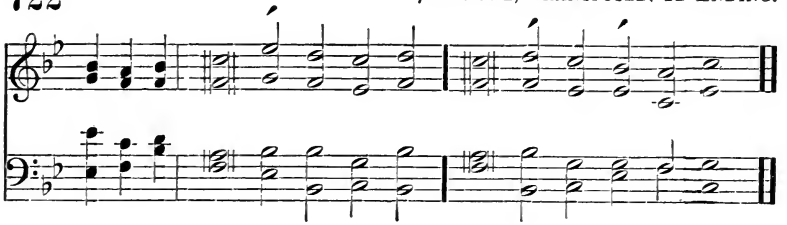
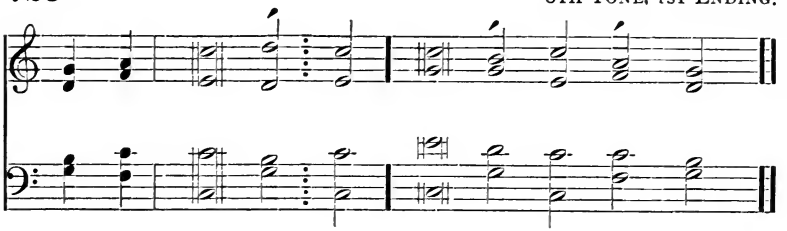
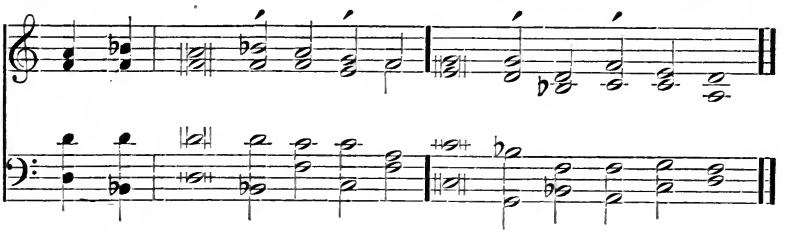

p
f
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts,
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - - ry. A - MEN.

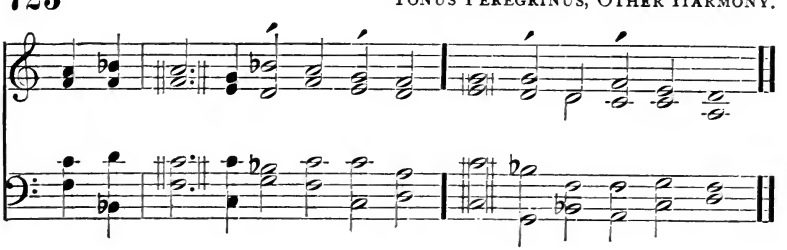
713


RES.
O Lord, open Thou our lips : And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.
ORG.
RES.
ff
Praise ye the Lord. The Lord's Name be praised.
be
ORG.
Ped.

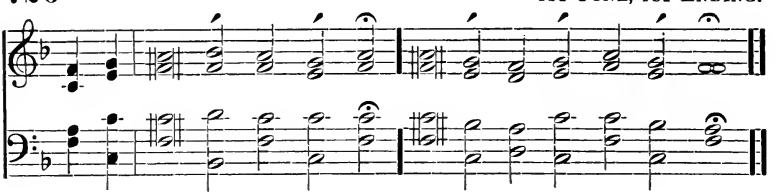
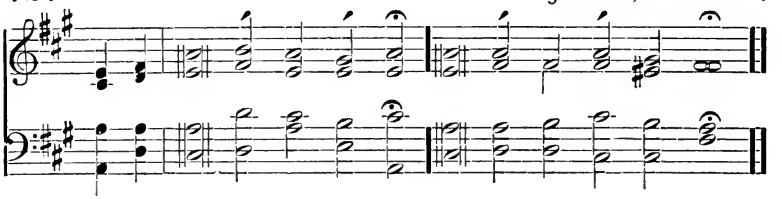
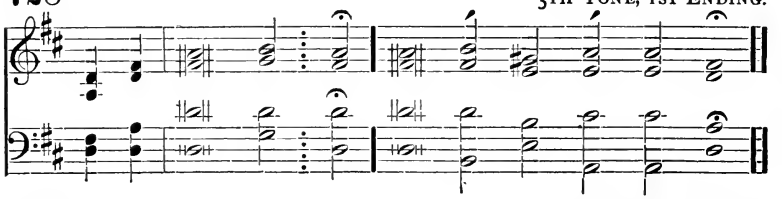
714

Gregorian Psalm Tones.

NOTE. *The black notes may be omitted after the first verse.*

715 1ST TONE, 1ST ENDING.

716 2D TONE, TRANSPOSED.

717 3D TONE, 3D ENDING.

718 4TH TONE, 1ST ENDING.

719 5TH TONE, 1ST ENDING.

720 6TH TONE.

721 7TH TONE, TRANSPOSED, 1ST ENDING.

722 7TH TONE, TRANSPOSED, 2D ENDING.

723 8TH TONE, 1ST ENDING.

724 TONUS PEREGRINUS, TRANSPOSED.

725 TONUS PEREGRINUS, OTHER HARMONY.



PSALM TONES. Second setting with modern harmonies.

726 1ST TONE, 1ST ENDING.

727 3D TONE, 1ST ENDING.

728 5TH TONE, 1ST ENDING.

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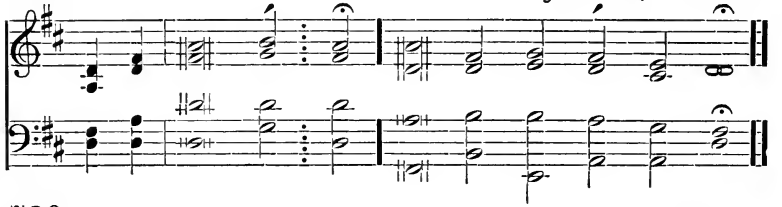
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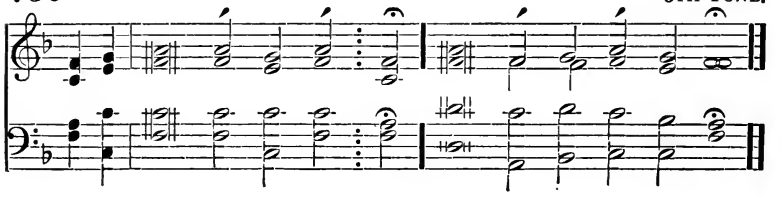
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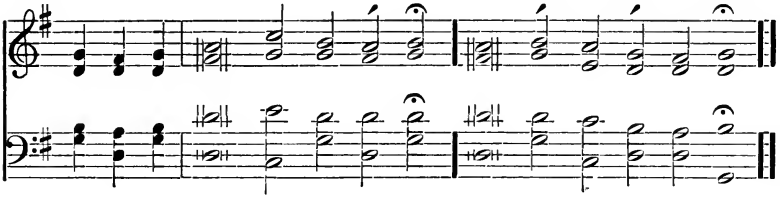
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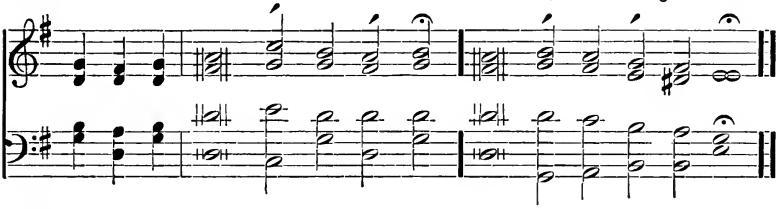
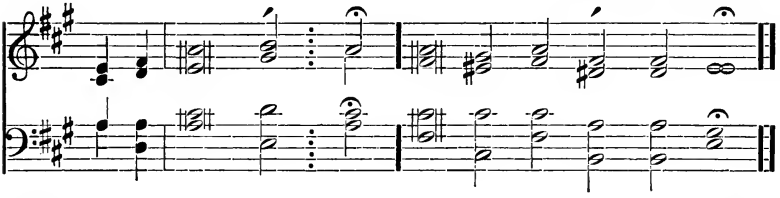
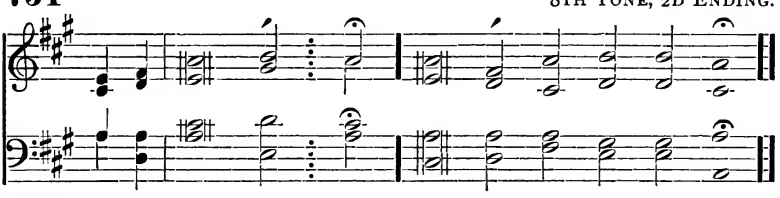
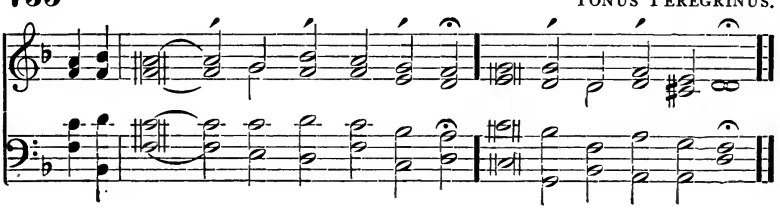
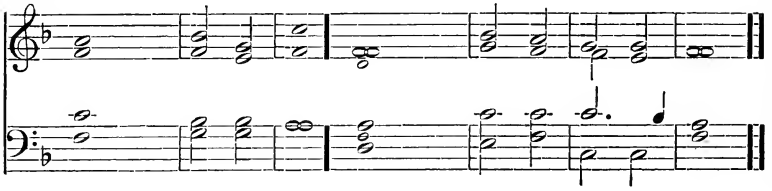

733 8TH TONE, 1ST ENDING.

734 8TH TONE, 2D ENDING.

735 TONUS PEREGRINUS.

Chants for the Doxologies.

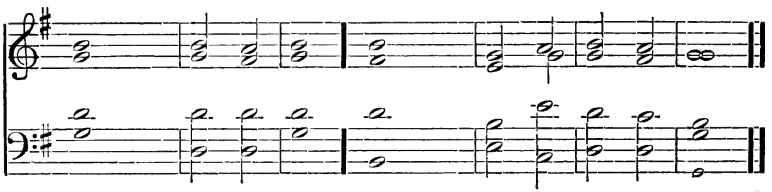
To be sung at the close of the Psalter or Responsive Reading.

736

To Jesus Christ the Lord, be glory˙ | and do- | minion,
For˙ | ever · and | ever. A- | men.
He is the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End˙, the | First · and the | Last;
Who is, and who was, and who is to come˙, the | Al- | might- | y.

Or thus:

Glory be to the Lord˙ the | heaven-ly | King, ‖ Father˙ and | Saviour, | Jesus | Christ.
Whom alone the heavens˙ and | all the | earth ‖ shall worship and adore˙, world | without | end. A- | men.

Other Chants for the same.

737

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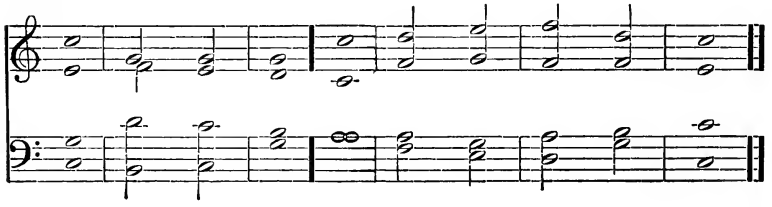
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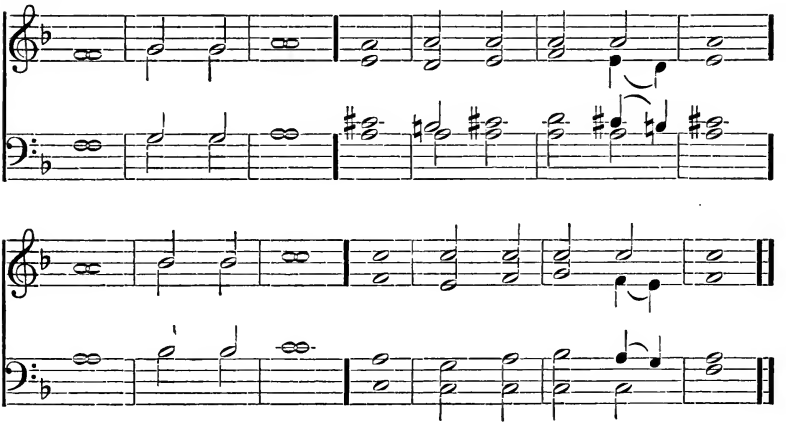
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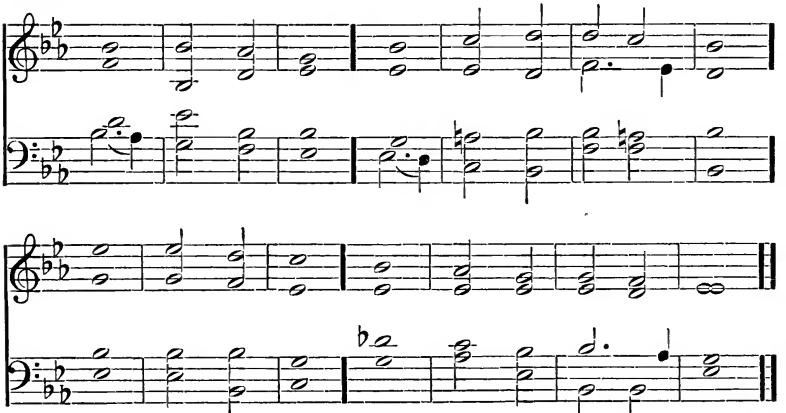
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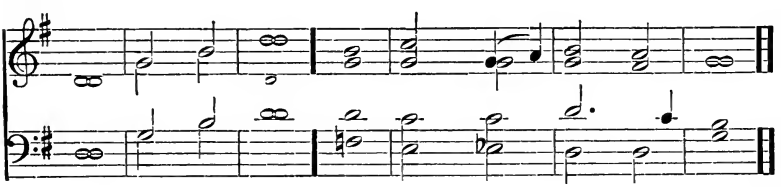
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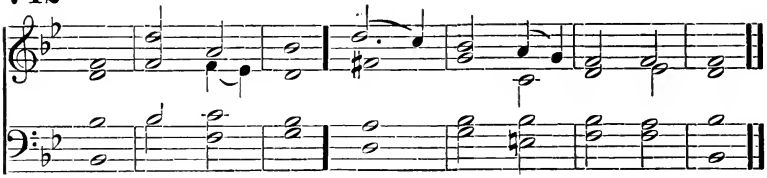
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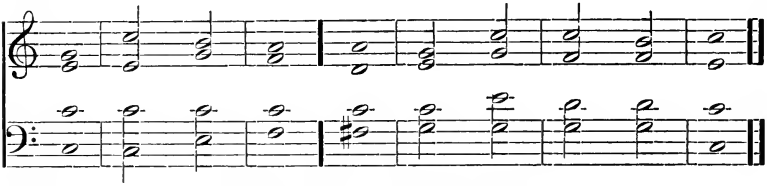
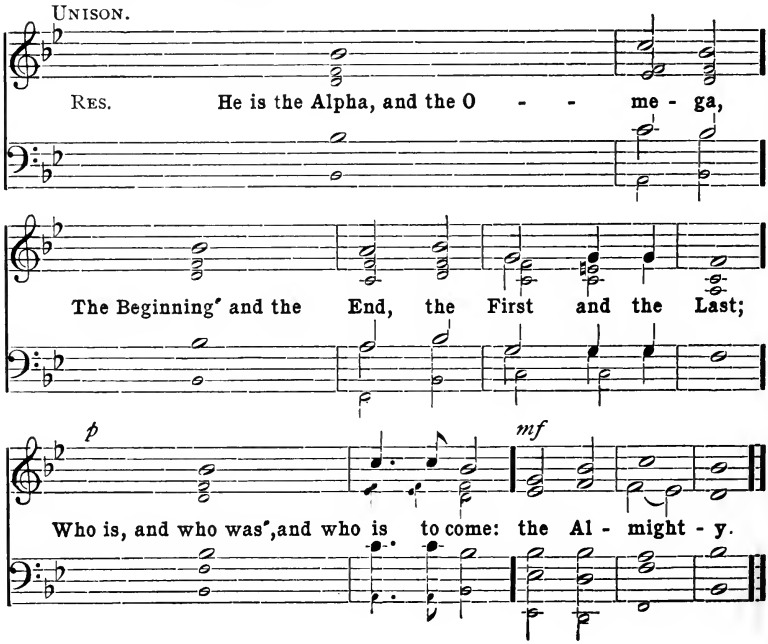

744 Responsive Doxology.

READER. To Jesus Christ the Lord be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

UNISON.



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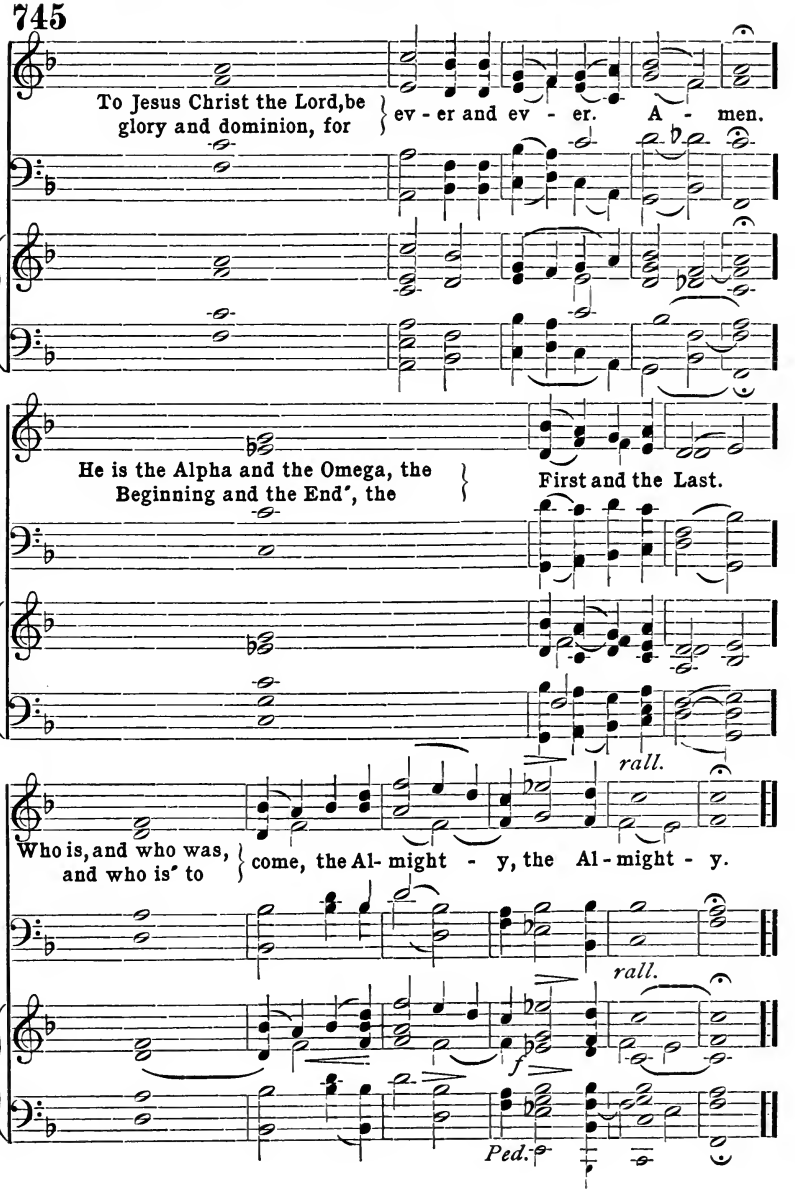
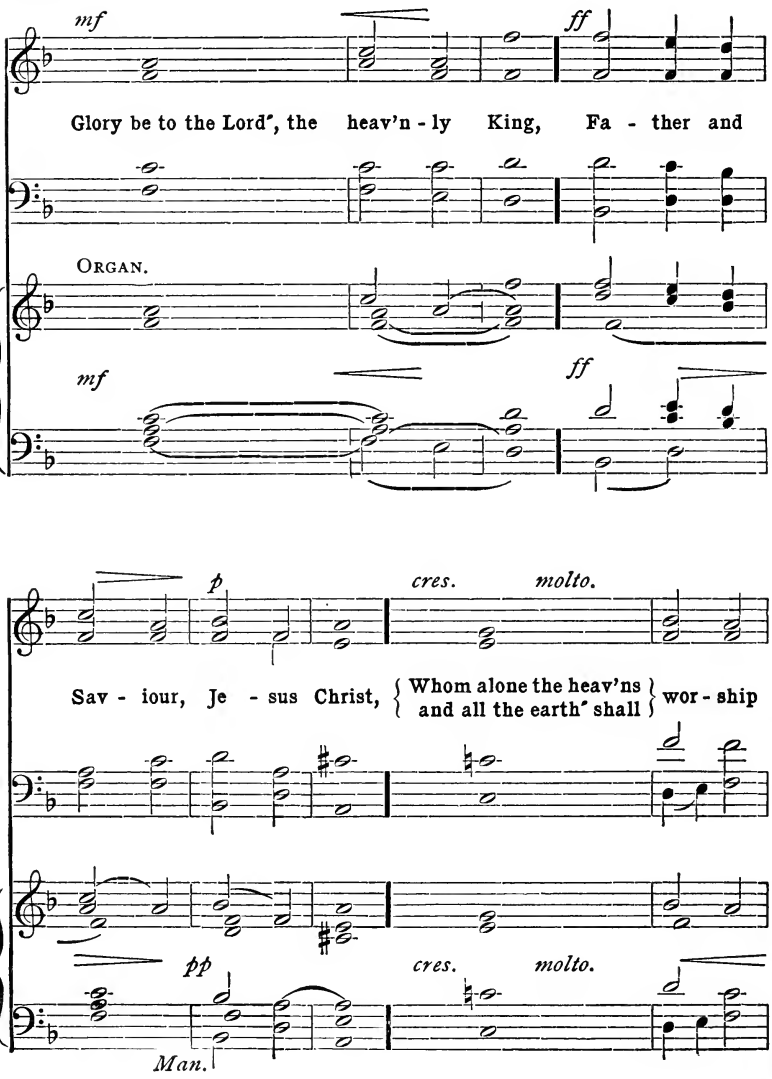
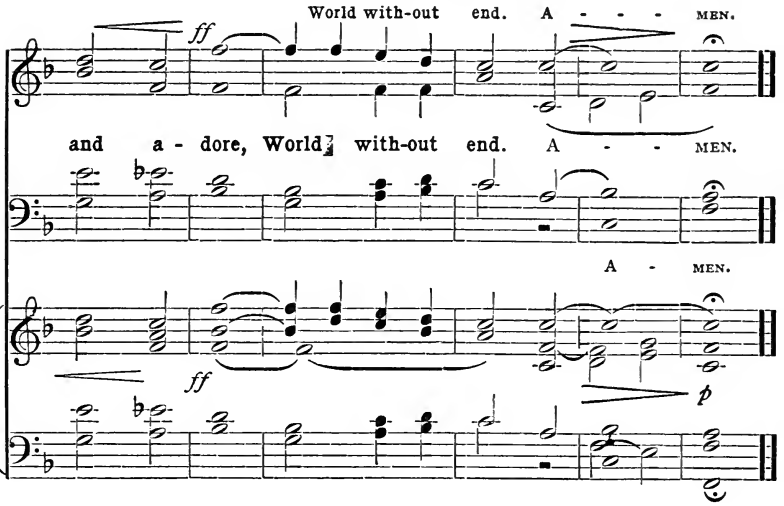
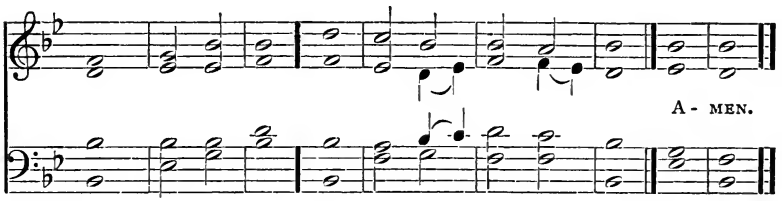

To Jesus Christ the Lord, be glory and dominion, for
ev - er and ev - er. A - men.
He is the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the
First and the Last.
rall.
Who is, and who was, and who is to
come, the Al- might - y, the Al - might - y.
rall.
f
Ped.

Gloria.

746

mf
ff
Glory be to the Lord, the heav'n - ly King, Fa - ther and
ORGAN.
mf
ff
p
cres. molto.
Sav - iour, Je - sus Christ, { Whom alone the heav'ns and all the earth shall } wor - ship
pp
cres. molto.
Man.

Chants for the Trisagion.

[At the close of the lesson from the Old Testament.]

Holy! holy! holy! Lord | God Al- | mighty:
Who was, and who | is, and who | is to | come. ‖ Amen.

747

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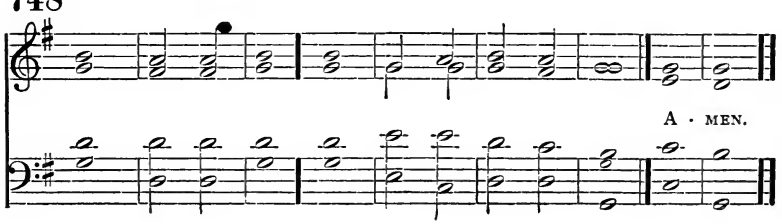
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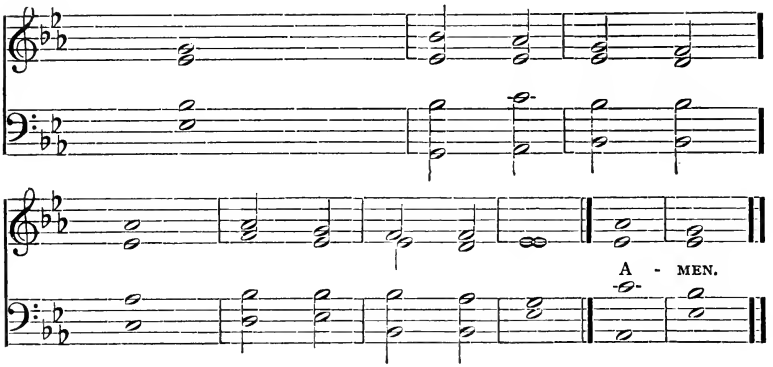
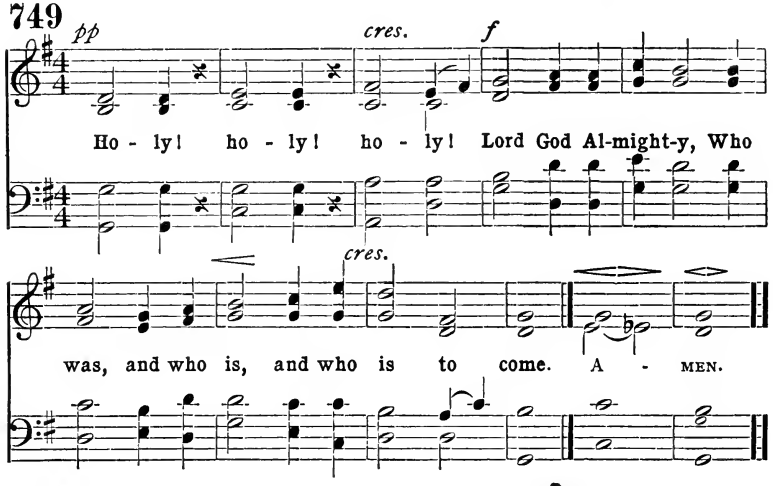

Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God Al-| mighty:
Who was', and who || is, and who | is to | come. **Amen.**

749



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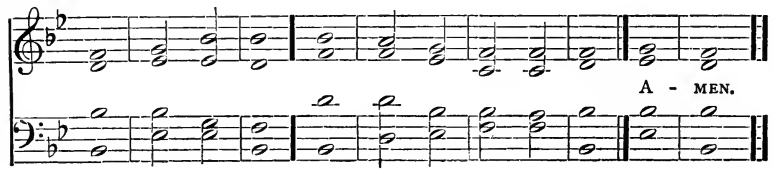
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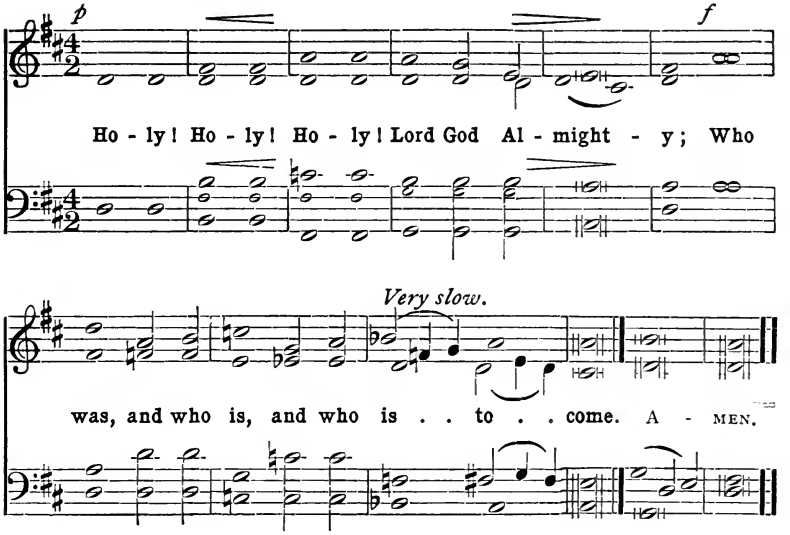
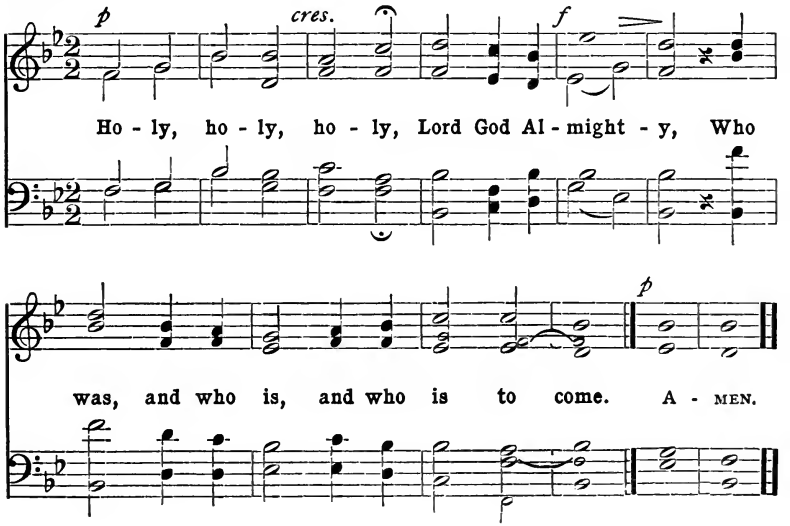
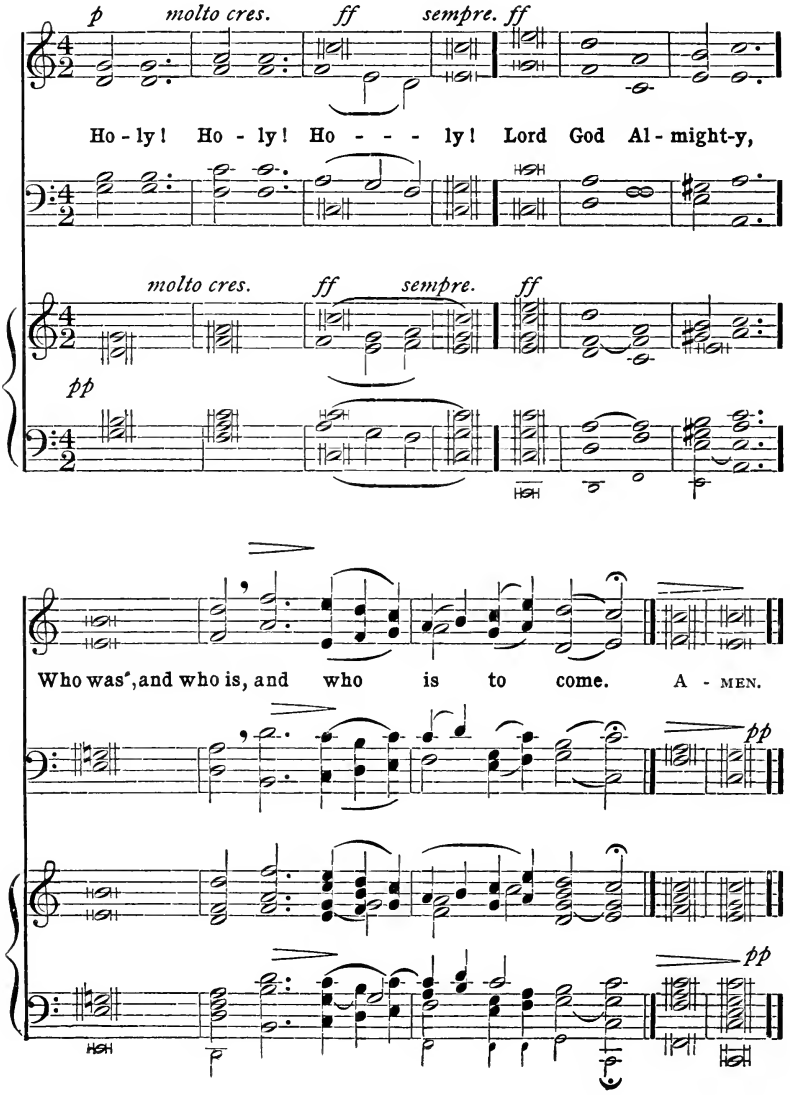

p
f
Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y; Who
Very slow.
was, and who is, and who is . . to . . come. A - MEN.

752


p
cres.
f
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y, Who
p
was, and who is, and who is to come. A - MEN.

753

p
molto cres.
ff
sempre. ff
Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - - - - ly! Lord God Al - might-y,
molto cres.
ff
sempre.
ff
pp
Who was', and who is, and who is to come. A - MEN.
pp
pp

Response to the Commandments.

¶ *When the Commandments are read by the Minister as in the Services on pp. 11–14, the following Response may be repeated by the people silently, or be read, or chanted, at the end of the Commandment; or, the others being omitted, that which follows the 10th Commandment, may alone be used.*

¶ *Response after Commandments I–IX:*

Lord, have mercy upon me: and incline my heart to keep this law.

¶ *Response after Commandment X:*

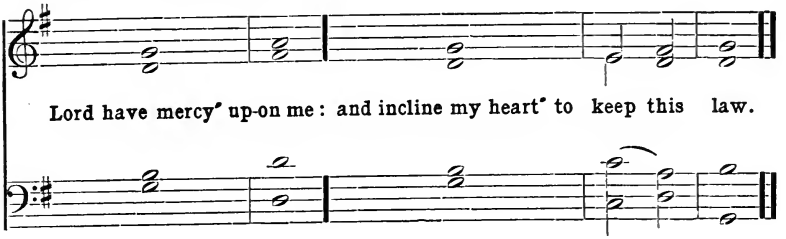
Lord, have mercy upon me: and write all these thy laws in my heart, I beseech Thee.

¶ *When sung one of the following Chants may be used:*

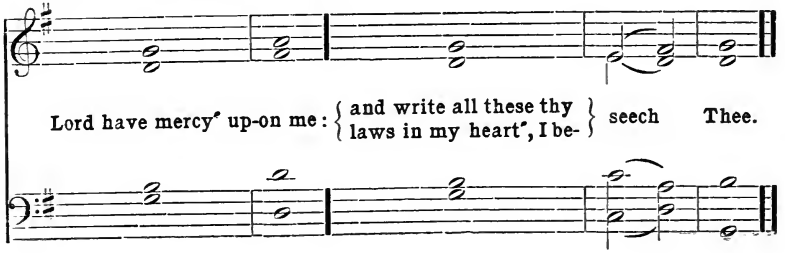
754

KYRIE. I.

After Commandments I–IX.



After Commandment X.

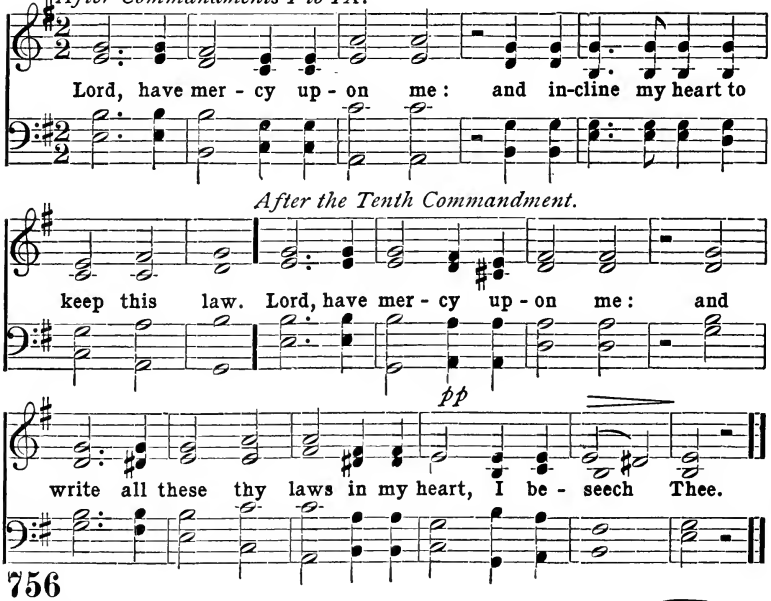


Responses to the Commandments.

755

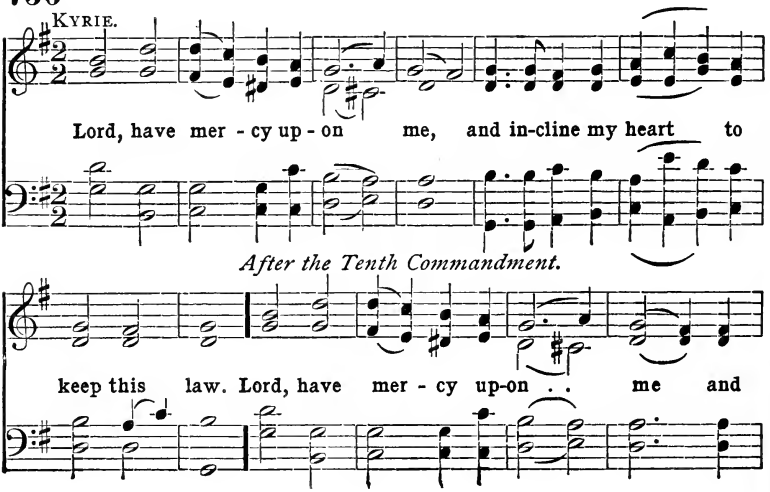
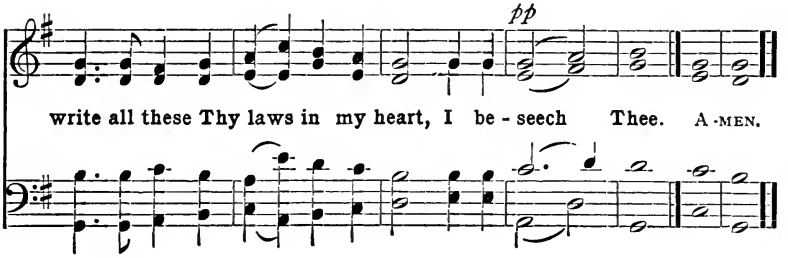
KYRIE.

After Commandments I to IX.

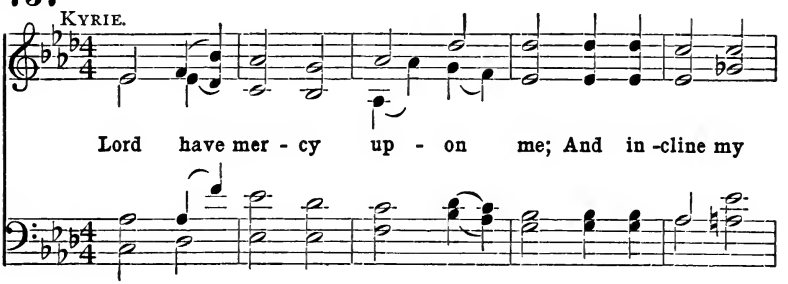
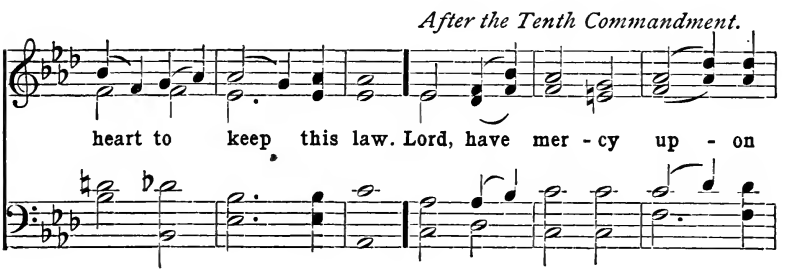
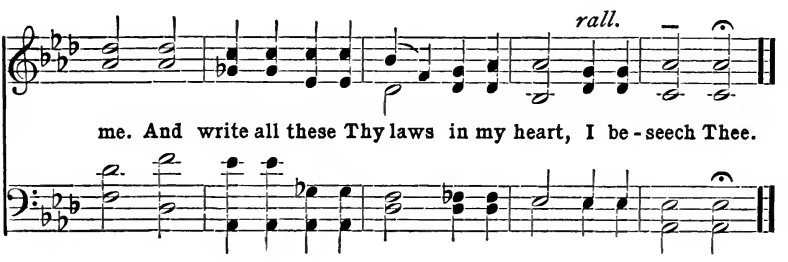


756

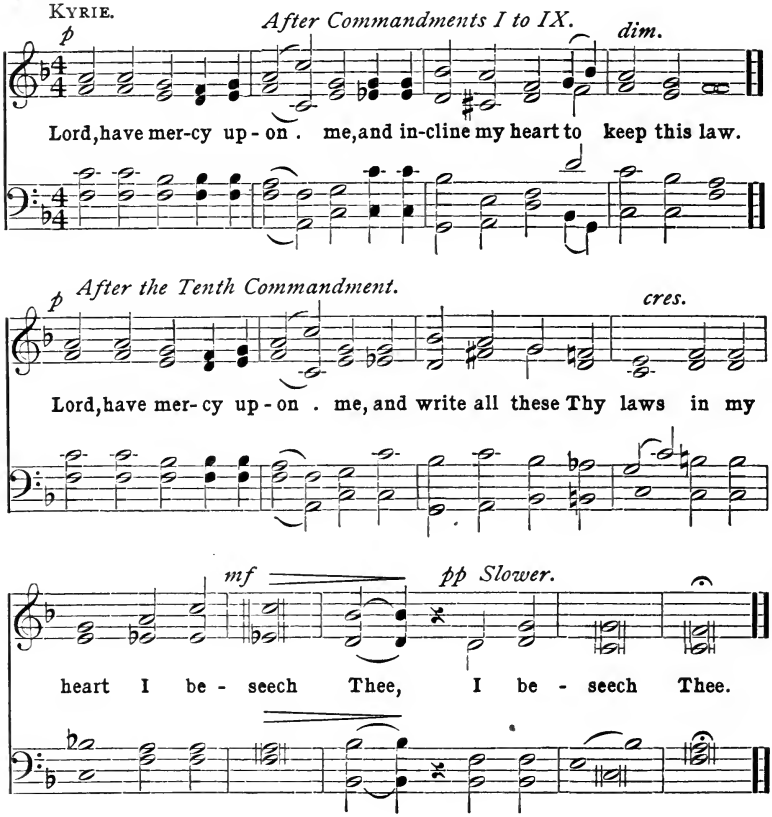
KYRIE.

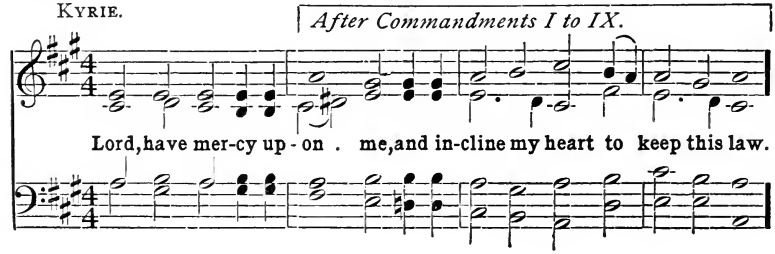


pp
write all these Thy laws in my heart, I be - seech Thee. A - MEN.

757

KYRIE.
Lord have mer - cy up - on me; And in - cline my

After the Tenth Commandment.
heart to keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on

rall.
me. And write all these Thy laws in my heart, I be - seech Thee.

758

KYRIE.

759

KYRIE.

After the Tenth Commandment.

on . me, and write all these Thy laws in my heart, I be - seech Thee.

760

KYRIE.

p *After Commandments I to IX.*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on . . . me, and in - cline my

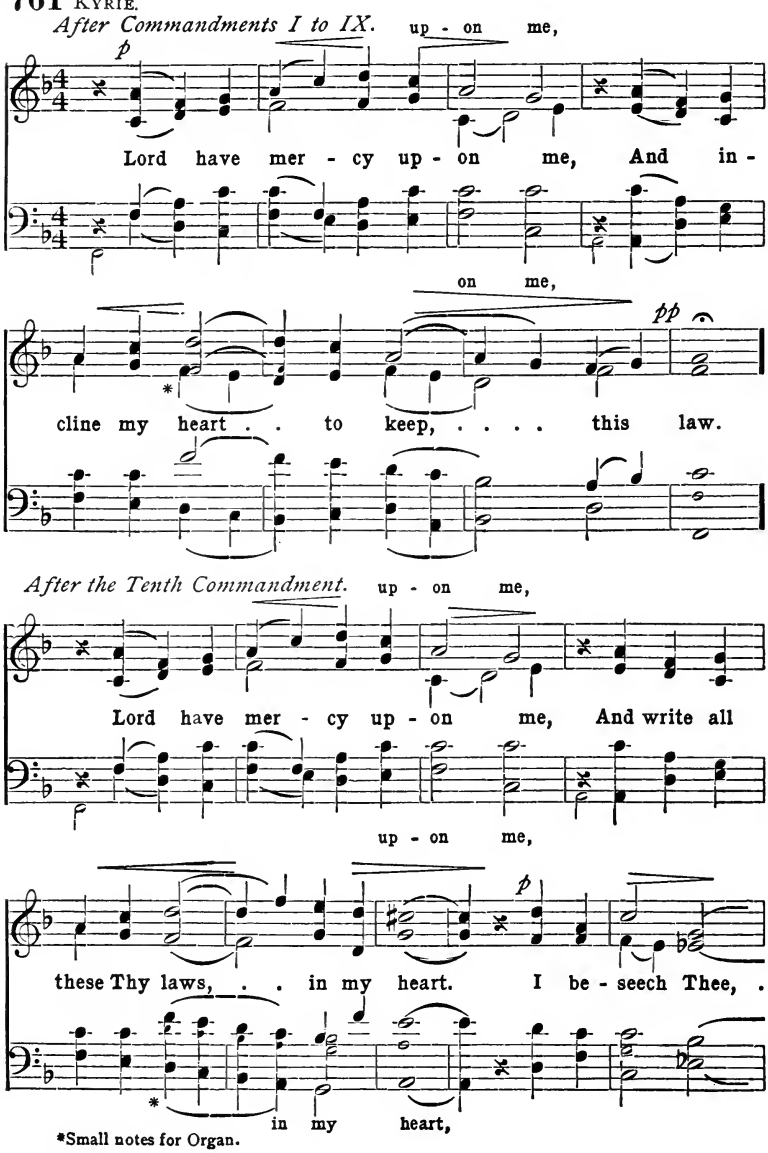
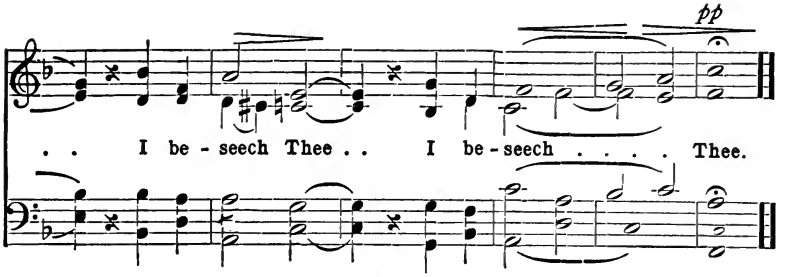
After the Tenth Commandment.

heart to keep this law. me, and write all these Thy

pp

laws in my heart, I be - seech . . . . . Thee.

761 KYRIE.

After Commandments I to IX.

*Small notes for Organ.

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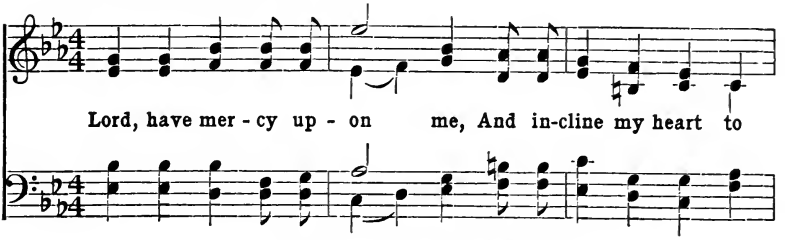
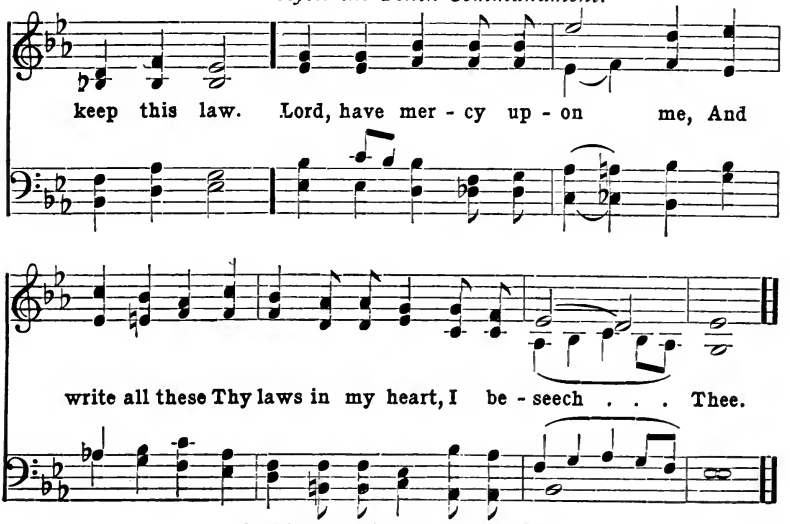
762

KYRIE.

After Commandments I to IX.

After the Tenth Commandment.



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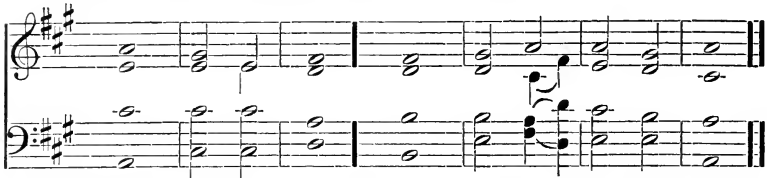
Te Dominum.

763 A HYMN OF PRAISE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

All the voices in Unison: except in verse 7, "Holy, holy, holy,"— which may be sung in Harmony, without the Organ.

1 We praise | Thee, O | Lord, :‖ we mag-ni- | fy Thy | holy | Name:

2 The heavens and earth | praise—| Thee:‖ the sea and | all that | is there- | in.

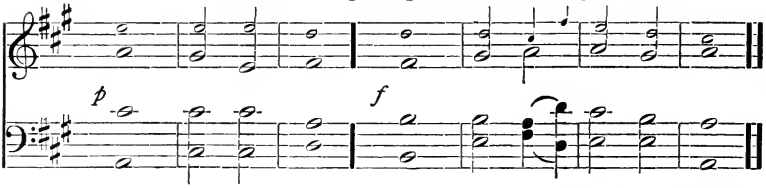
3 All Thy works praise Thee, and Thy | saints—| bless Thee:‖ Thy church doth worship and ac- | knowledge | Thee a | lone,

4 The Father eternal the | Word in- | carnate :‖ the Holy | Spirit, the | Comfort- | er:

5 In essence and in | person | One :‖ JE-| HOVAH, | JESUS, | LORD.

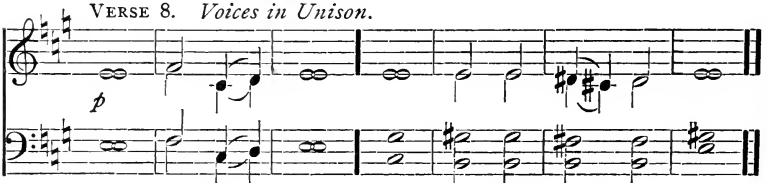
6 To Thee cherubim and | sera- | phim :‖ Angels and blessed spirits lift | up their | voices . and | cry:

VERSE 7. *Voices alone; a single Soprano takes the upper notes.*

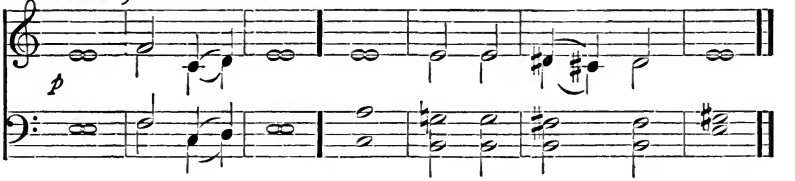


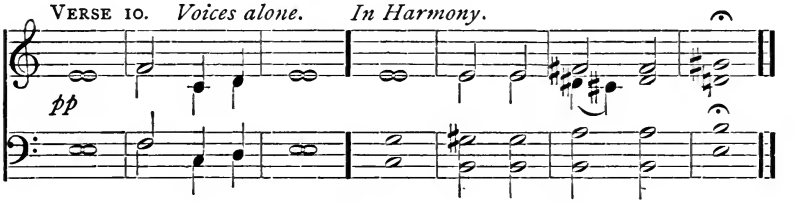
7 Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God Al- | mighty:‖ Heaven and earth are | full . of Thy | glo- | ry.

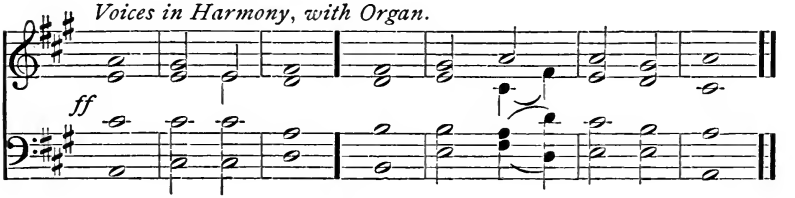
VERSE 8. *Voices in Unison.*



8 Thou didst bow the heavens, and come down for | our sal- | vation :‖ Thou didst clothe Thyself with our nature and be- | came-est | God with | us.

VERSE 9. *Voices in Unison.*

9 In Thy love and pity' Thou | didst re- | deem us :‖ And the chastisement' of our | peace was up- | on—| Thee.

VERSE 10. *Voices alone.* *In Harmony.*

10 Thou didst pass through the bitterness of suffering' | and temp- | tation :‖ Thou didst humble Thyself, even to' the | passion | of the | cross.

Voices in Harmony, with Organ.

11 Thou didst burst asunder' all the | bonds of | death :‖ Thou didst rise in divine' | majes- | ty and | glory.

12 Thou didst ascend on high, Thou didst lead' cap- | tivi-ty | captive :‖ The everlasting doors' were | opened | to re- | ceive Thee.

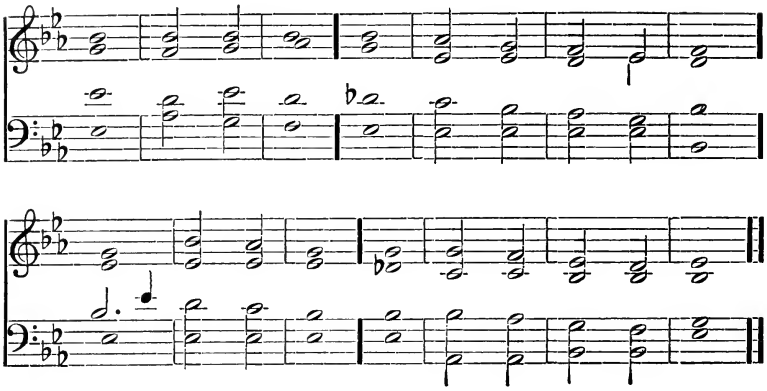
13 High above all the heavens' didst Thou | set Thy | throne :‖ clothed with light inaccessible, girt' with om- | nipo- | tence and | love.

14 Thou art' the | King of | glory :‖ Thou art' JE- | HO- | VAH of | hosts.

15 Day unto day will we exalt Thee', O | Lord, our | God :‖ And worship at Thy footstool', for | Thou a- | lone art | holy.

16 Al'le- | lu- | ia :‖ A- | - - | - - | men.

764 Te Dominum.

Chant to Parts I and III.

1 We praise | Thee, O | Lord,
We mag-ni- | fy Thy | holy | Name:

2 The heavens and earth | praise— | Thee,
The sea and | all that | is there- | in.

3 All Thy works praise Thee and Thy | saints— | bless Thee;
Thy Church doth worship and ac- | knowledge | Thee a- | lone:

4 The Father eternal, the | Word in- | carnate,
The Holy | Spirit, the | Comfort- | er.

Second half of tune.

5 In essence and in | person | One:
JE- | HO-VAH, | JESUS, | LORD.

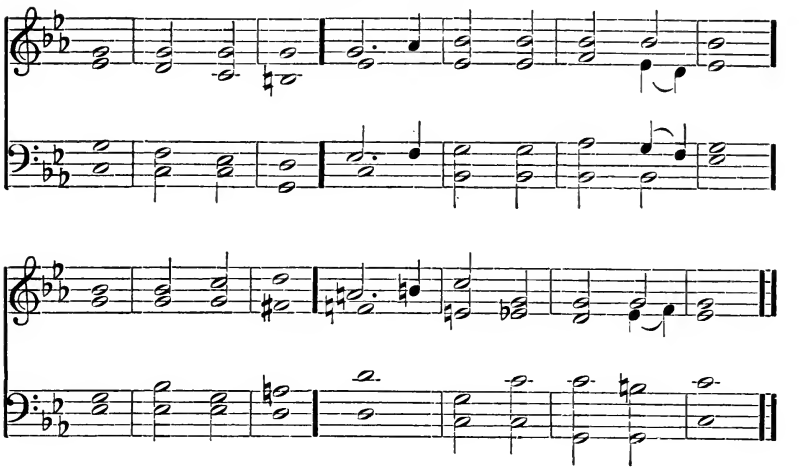
6 To Thee Cherubim and | Sera- | phim,
Angels and blessed spirits lift | up their | voices and | cry:

7 Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord | God Al- | mighty,
Heaven and earth are | full of Thy | glo—| ry.

PART II.

8 Thou didst | bow the | heavens:
And come | down for | our sal- | vation.

9 Thou didst clothe Thyself | with our | nature:
And be- | camest | God with us.

Chant to Part II.

10 In Thy love and pity´ Thou | didst re- | deem us:
And the chastisement´ of our | peace . was up- | on— | Thee.

11 Thou didst pass through the bitterness of suffering´ | and temp- | tation:
Thou didst humble Thyself, even to´ the | passion | of the | cross,

PART III: to Chant I.

12 Thou didst burst asunder´ all the | bonds of | death;
Thou didst rise in divine´ | majes- | ty and | glory:

13 Thou didst ascend on high, Thou didst lead´ cap- | tivity | captive,
The everlasting doors´ were | opened | to re- | ceive Thee.

14 High above all the heavens´ didst Thou | set Thy | throne,
Clothed with light inaccessible, girt´ with om- | nipo- | tence and | love:

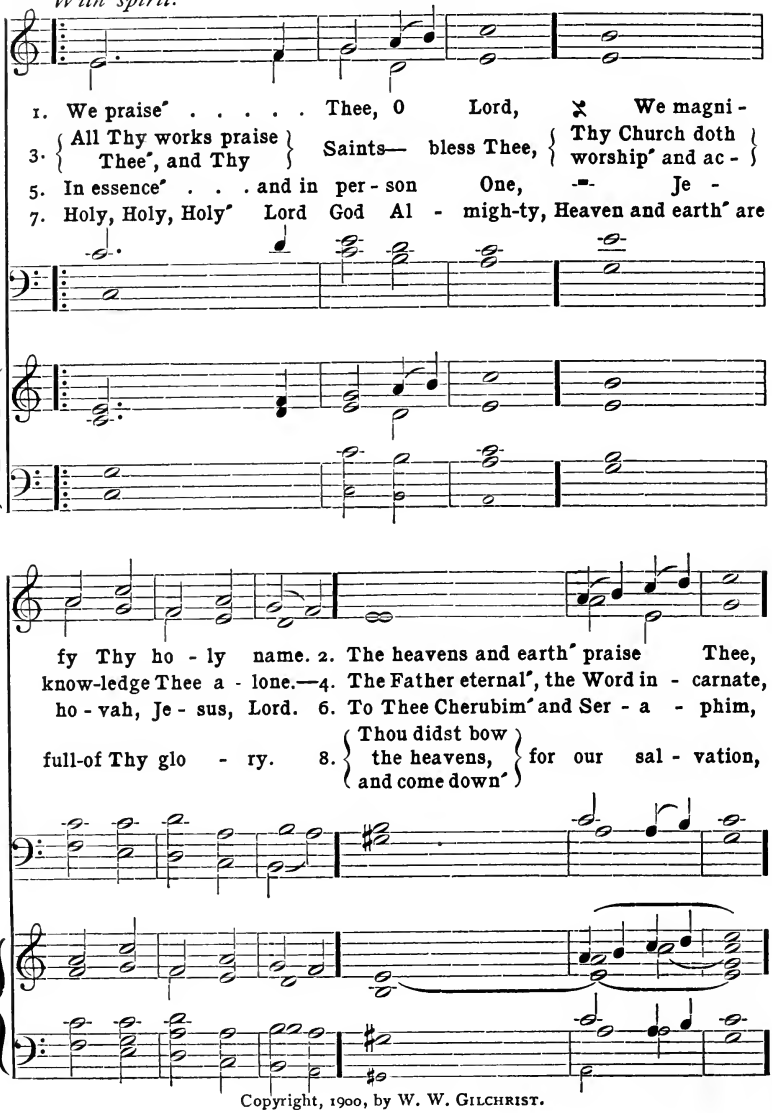
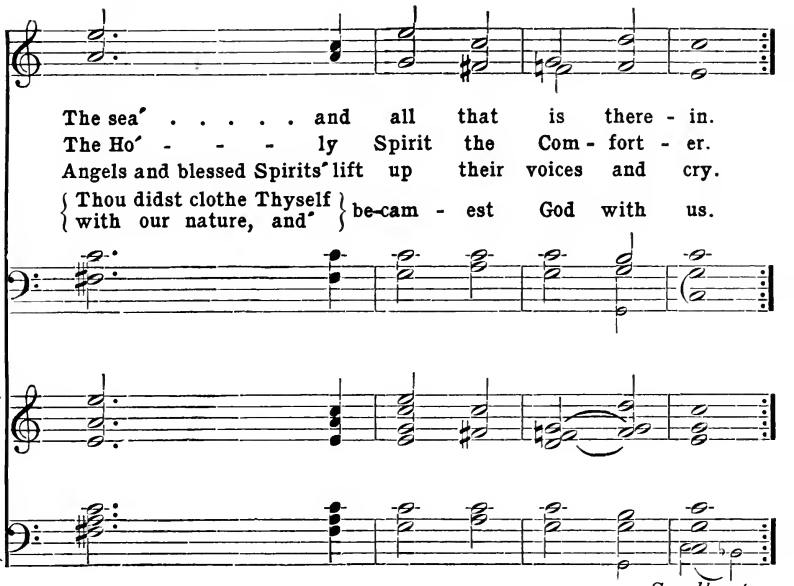
15 Thou art´ the | King of | glory,
Thou´ | art Je- | hovah · of | hosts.

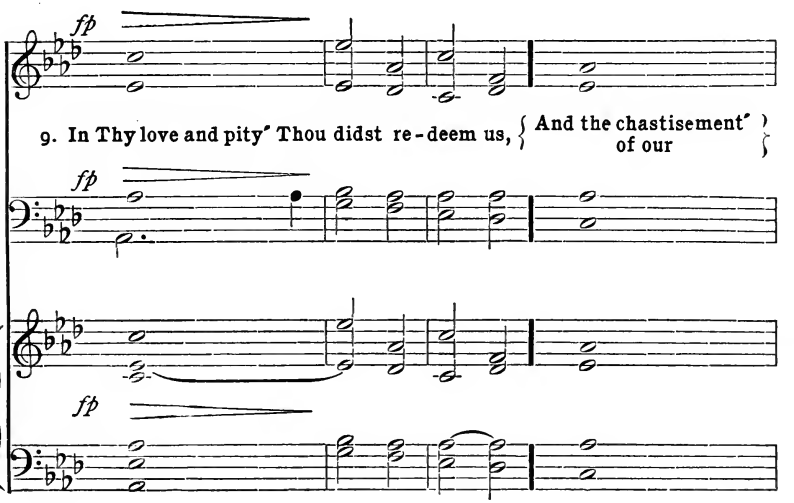
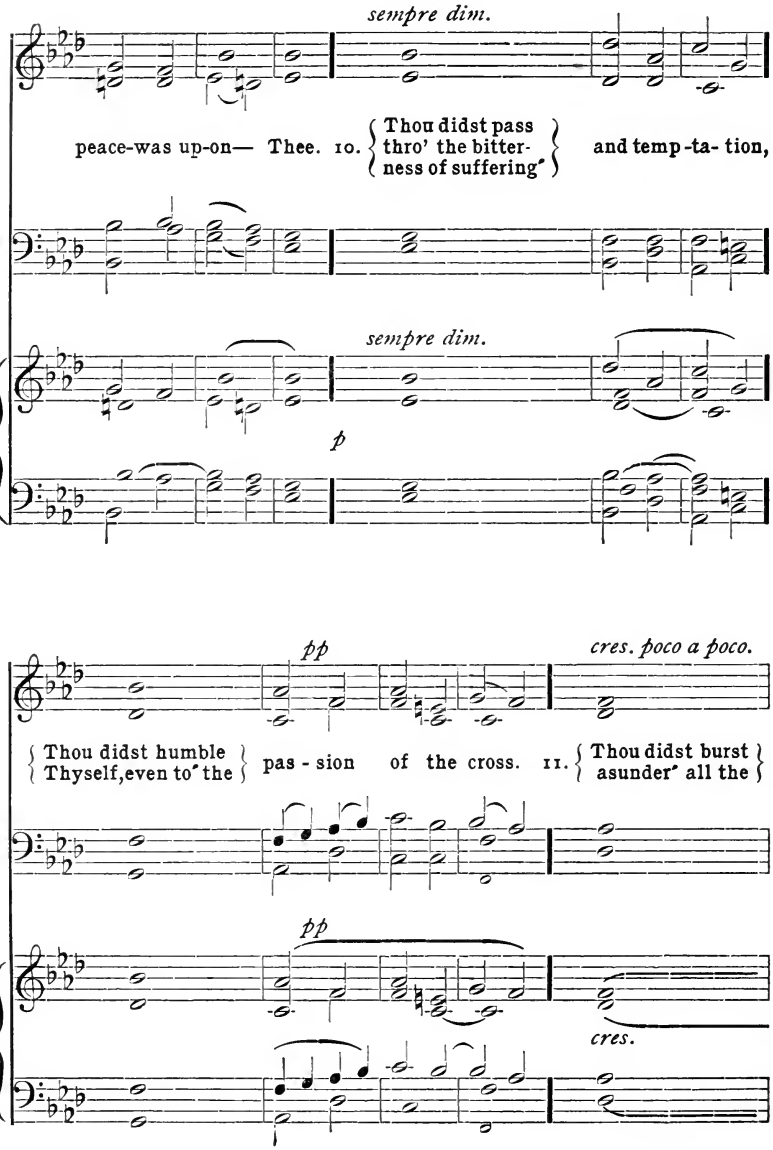
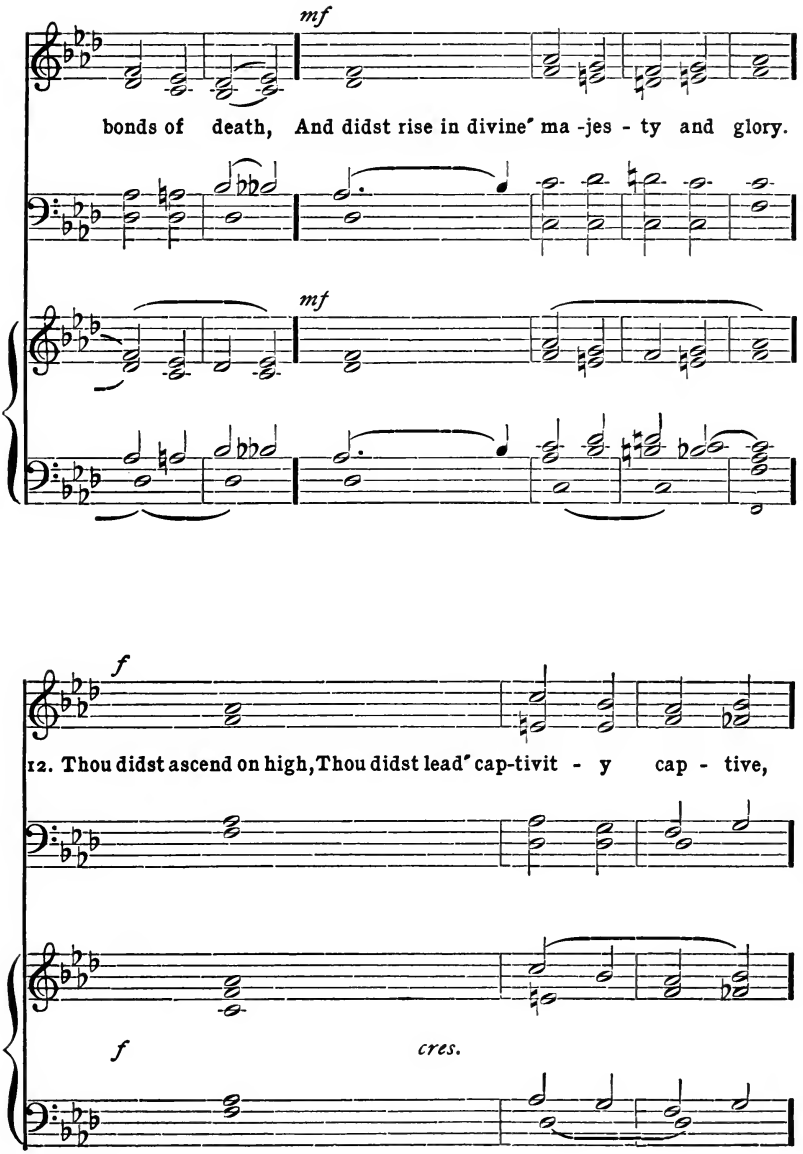
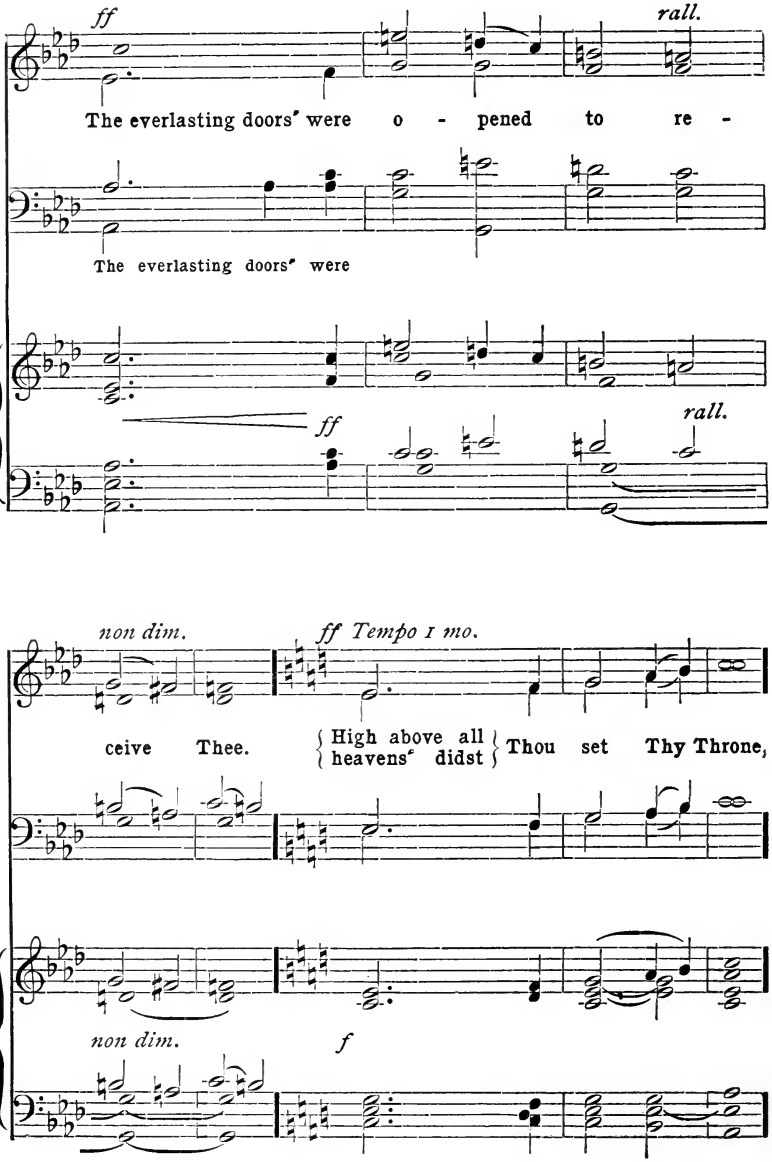
16 Day unto day will we exalt Thee´, O | Lord our | God,
And worship at Thy footstool,´ for | Thou a- | lone art | holy:

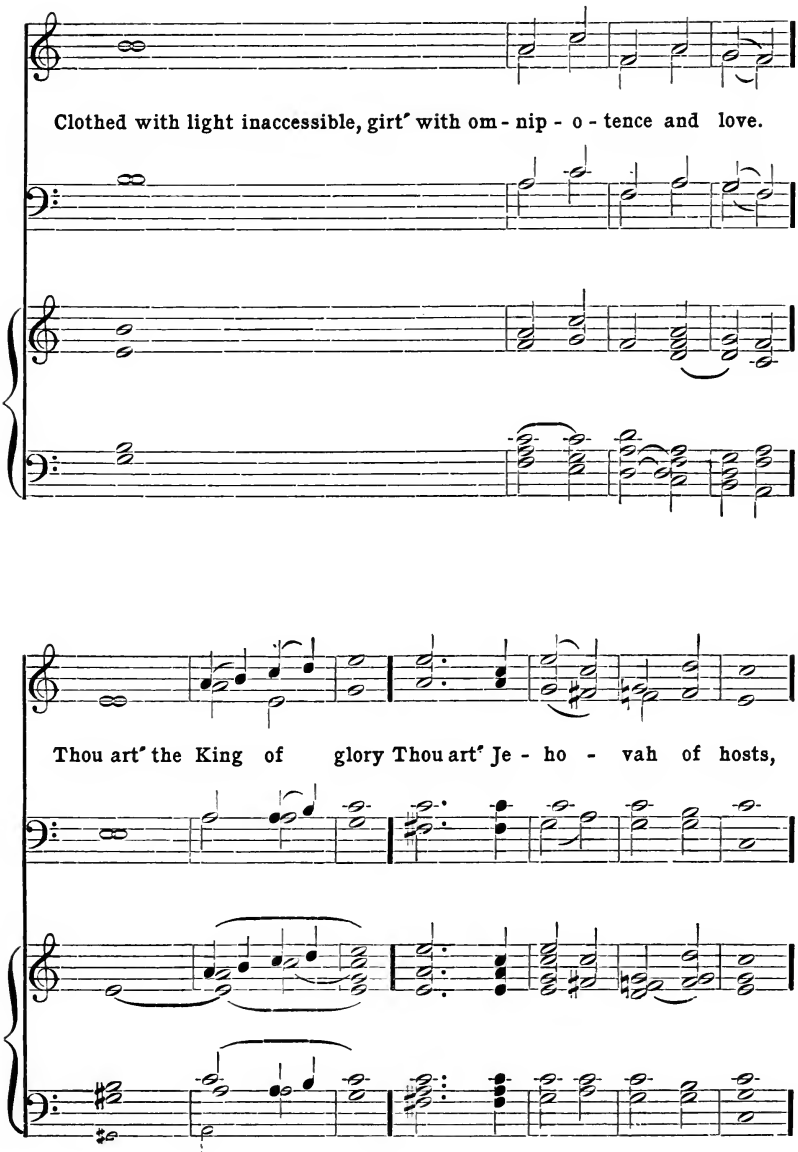
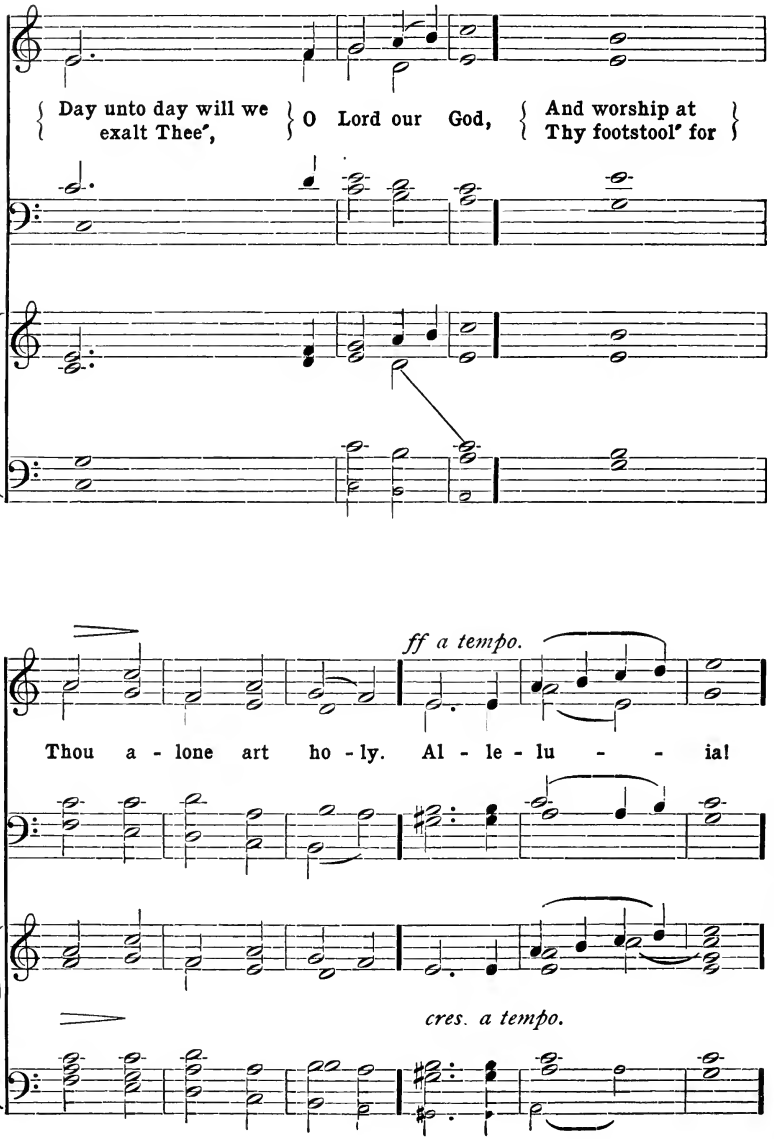
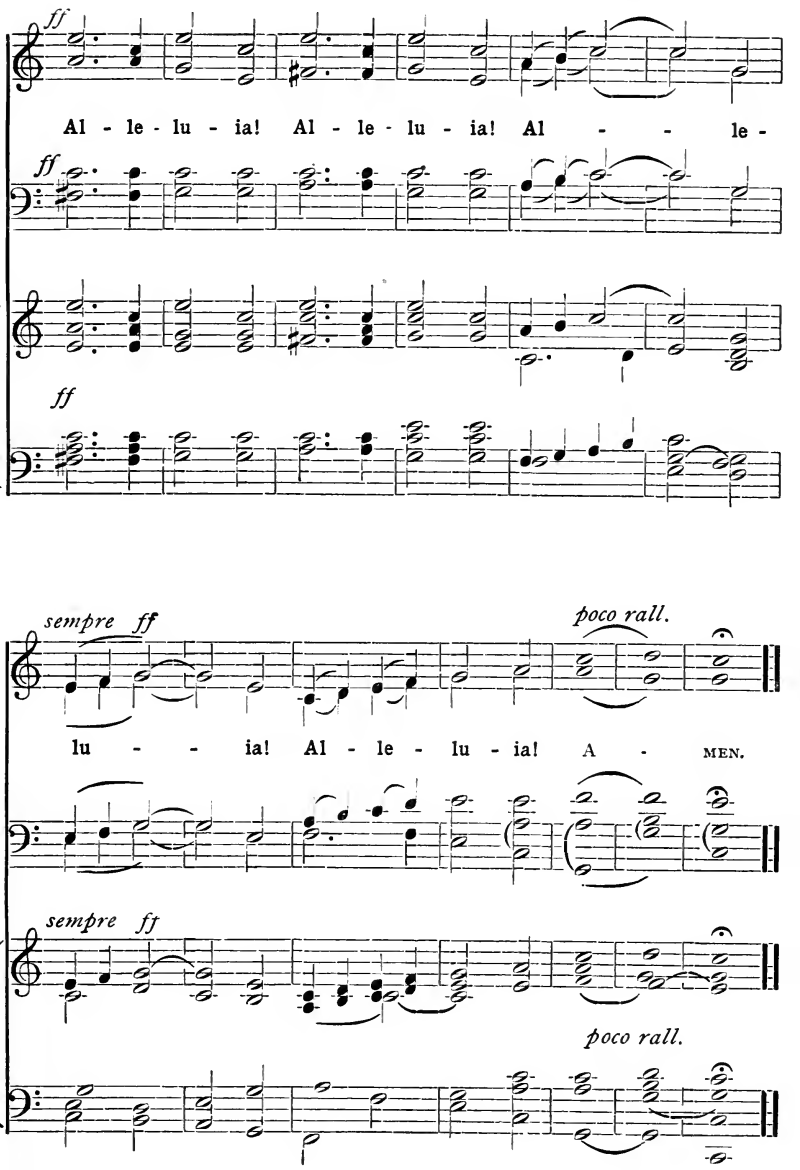
Second half of tune.

17 Al´- le - | lu- | ia:
A - |— |— | men.

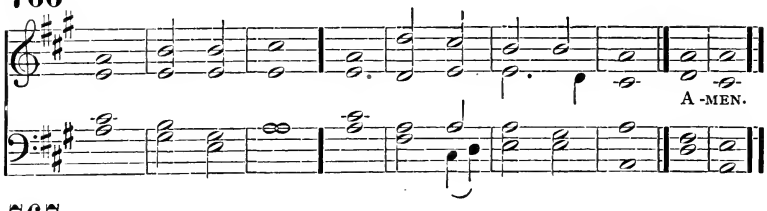
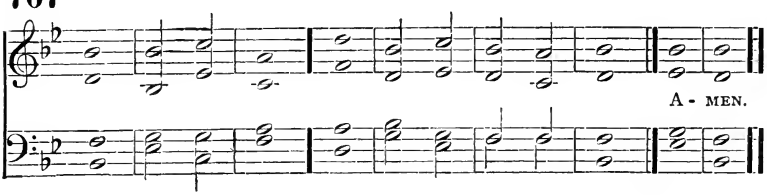
765 Te Dominum.

With spirit.

Copyright, 1900, by W. W. Gilchrist.

The sea' . . . . . and all that is there - in.
The Ho' - - - - ly Spirit the Com - fort - er.
Angels and blessed Spirits' lift up their voices and cry.
{ Thou didst clothe Thyself with our nature, and' } be-cam - est God with us.
Small notes last time only


fp
9. In Thy love and pity' Thou didst re-deem us, { And the chastisement' of our }
fp
fp

sempre dim.
peace-was up-on— Thee. 10. { Thou didst pass thro' the bitter- ness of suffering } and temp-ta- tion,
sempre dim.
p
pp
cres. poco a poco.
{ Thou didst humble Thyself, even to the } pas - sion of the cross. 11. { Thou didst burst asunder all the }
pp
cres.

mf
bonds of death, And didst rise in divine ma -jes - ty and glory.
mf
f
12. Thou didst ascend on high, Thou didst lead cap-tivit - y cap - tive,
f
cres.

ff
rall.
The everlasting doors were o - pened to re -
The everlasting doors were
ff
rall.
non dim.
ff Tempo 1 mo.
ceive Thee.
High above all heavens didst Thou set Thy Throne,
non dim.
f


Clothed with light inaccessible, girt' with om - nip - o - tence and love.
Thou art' the King of glory Thou art' Je - ho - vah of hosts,

Day unto day will we exalt Thee',
O Lord our God,
And worship at Thy footstool' for
ff a tempo.
Thou a - lone art ho - ly. Al - le - lu - - ia!
cres. a tempo.

ff
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - - le -
ff
ff
sempre ff
poco rall.
lu - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.
sempre ff
poco rall.

Chants for the Benedictus.

766

767

The Benedictus. [Luke i: 68.]

(After the New Tes'ament lesson in the morning service.)

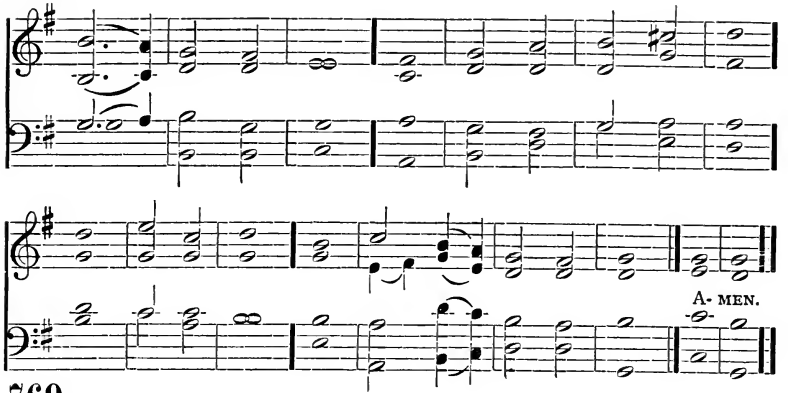
Blessed be the Lord God' of | Isra- | el:
For He hath visited' | and re- | deemed · His | people,
And hath raised up an horn' of sal- | vation | for us,
In' the | house · of His | servant | David.

As He spake by the mouth' of His | holy | prophets,
Who' have | been · since the | world be- | gan:
That we should be saved' from our | ene- | mies,
And from' the | hand of | all that | hate us.

To perform the mercy promised' | to our | fathers,
And to remember' His | holy | cove- | nant:
The oath which He sware to our Father' | Abra- | ham.
That He' would | grant— | unto | us.

That we being delivered from the hand' of our | ene- | mies,
Might' | serve Him | without | fear,
In holiness' and | righteous- | ness,
Be'- | fore Him | all our | days. Amen.

See also the Gregorian Tones, Nos. 772–735.

768

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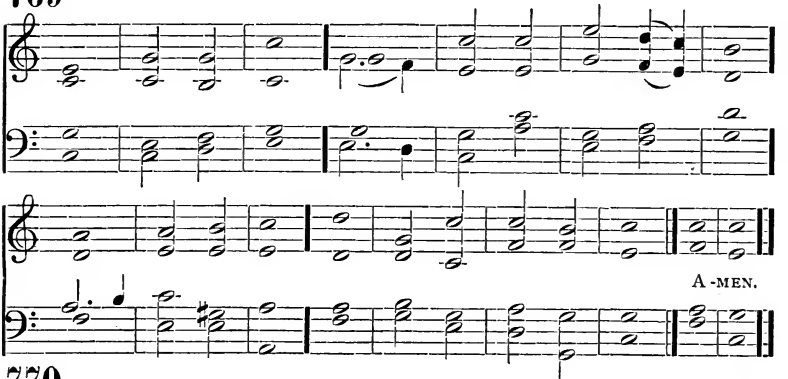
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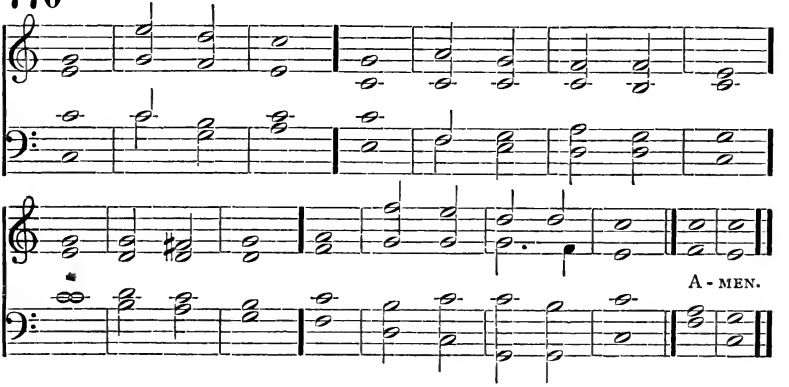
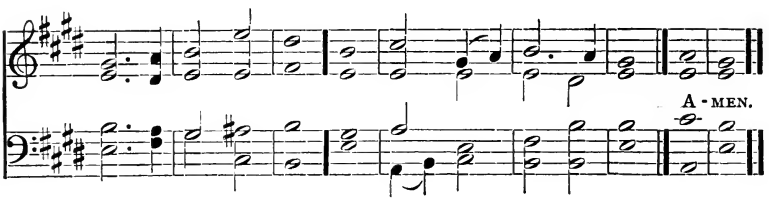

Chants for the Magnificat.

771

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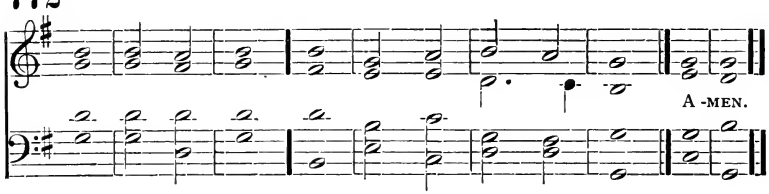
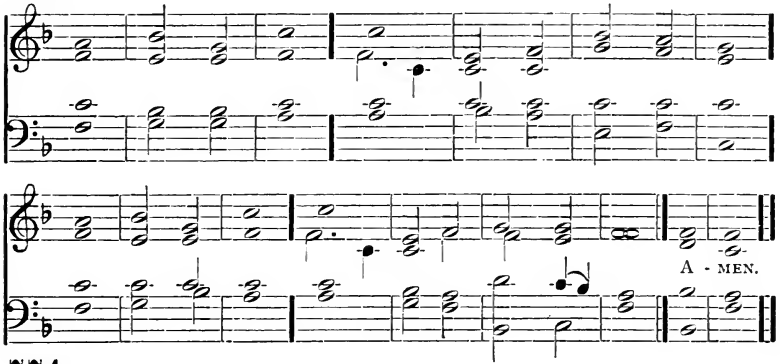

The Magnificat. [Luke i : 46.]

[After the New Testament lesson in the evening service.]

My soul´ doth magni- | fy the Lord,
And my spirit´ hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour:
For´ He | hath re- | garded
The low´ es- | tate of | His hand- | maiden,
For´, be- | hold, from | henceforth
All gen´er- | ations shall | call me | blessed.
For He that is mighty hath done´ to | me great | things,
And´ | holy | is His | name.
And His mercy´ is on | them that | fear Him,
To gen´er- | ations · and | gener- | ations.
He hath show´ed | strength · with His | arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the ima´gin- | ation | of their | heart.
He hath put down the mighty´ | from their | seats,
And exalt´ed | them of | low de- | gree.
He hath filled the hungry´ | with good | things,
And the rich´ He | hath sent | empty · a- | way.
He hath holpen´ His | servant | Israel,
In´ re- | membrance | of His | mercy:
As He spake´ | to our | fathers,
To Abraham´, and | to his | seed for- | ever. **Amen.**

773

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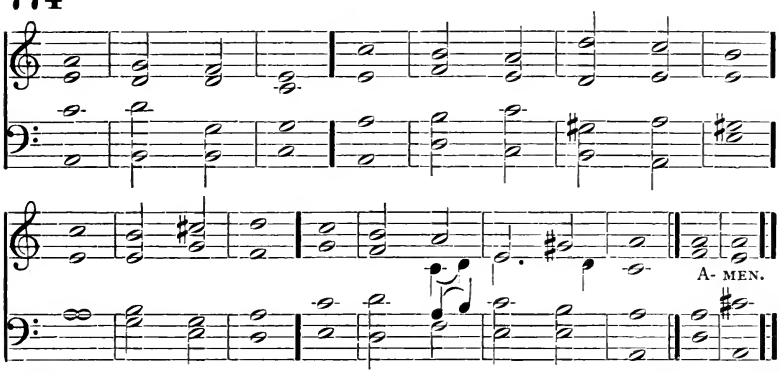
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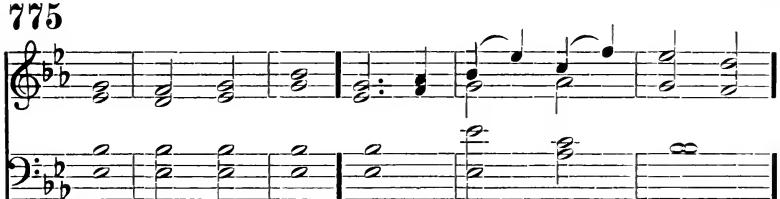
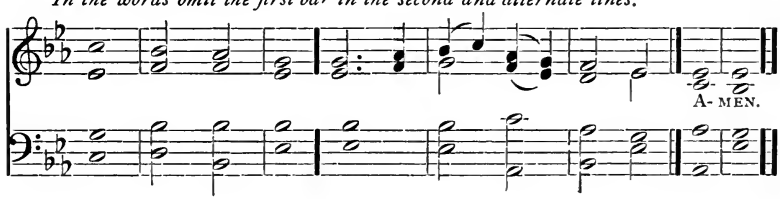
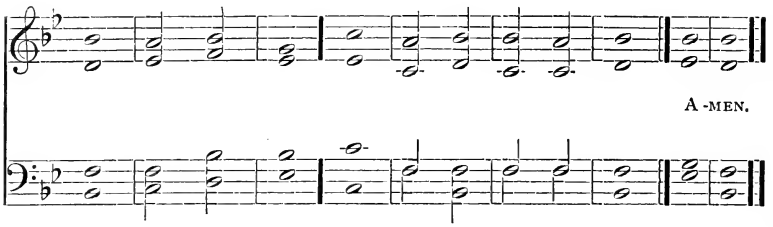
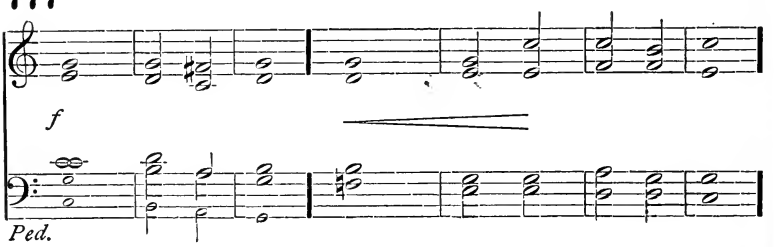
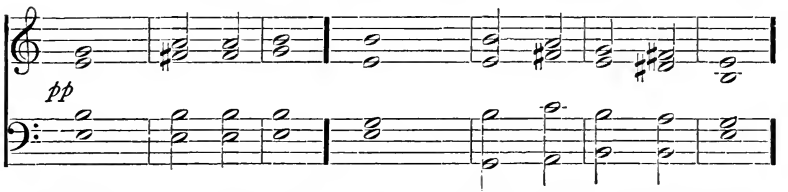
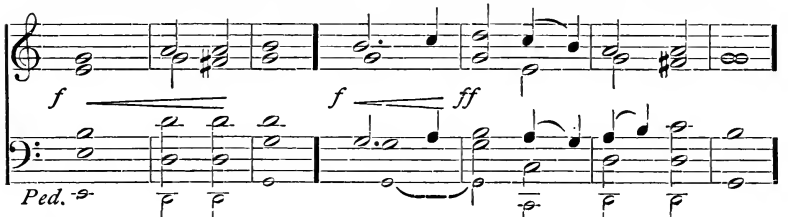

In the words omit the first bar in the second and alternate lines.

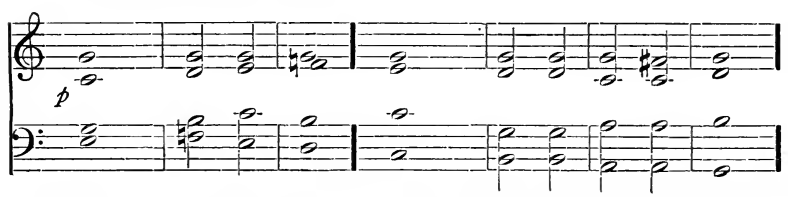


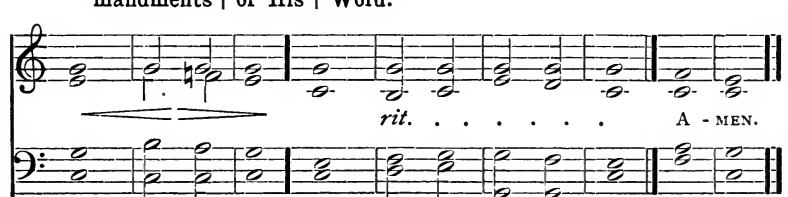
776 The Faith.

1 We worship' the | One —| God: ‖ The Lord', the | Saviour | Jesus | Christ.
2 In whom is the Father, the Son' and the | Holy | Spirit: ‖ Whose' Hu- | manity | is di- | vine.
3 Who for our salvation did come' | into · the | world: ‖ And take' our | nature · up- | on— | Him.
4 He' en- | dured temp- | tation: ‖ Even' to the | passion | of the | cross.
5 He o'ver- | came the | hells: ‖ And' | so de- | livered | man.
6 He glorified' His Hu- | mani- | ty: ‖ By uniting it with the Divinity' of | which it | was be- | gotten.
7 So He became the Redeemer' | of the | world: ‖ Without whom' no | mortal | can be | saved.
8 And they are saved' who be- | lieve in | Him: ‖ And keep' the Com- | mandments | of His | Word.
9 This is His Commandment', that we | love · one a- | nother: ‖ As' | He has | loved | us. Amen.

777

1 We worship' the | One— | God: ‖ The Lord', the | Saviour | Jesus | Christ.
2 In whom is the Father, the Son' and the | Holy | Spirit: ‖ Whose' Hu- | manity | is di- | vine.

3 Who for our salvation, did come' | into the | world: ‖ and take' our | nature · up- | on— | Him: ‖

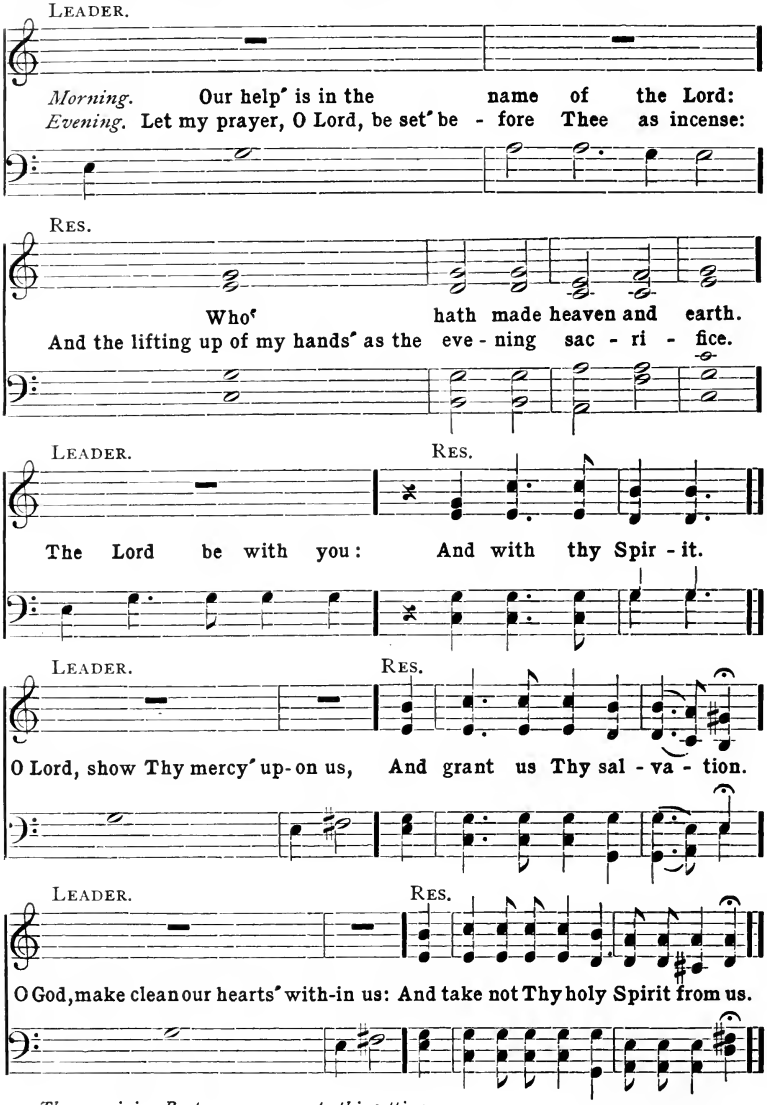
4 He' en- | dured temp- | tation: ‖ Even' to the | passion | of the | cross.

5 He o'ver- | came the | hells: ‖ And' | so de- | livered | man.

6 He glorified' His Hu- | mani- | ty: ‖ By uniting it with the Divinity' of | which it | was be- | gotten.

7 So He became the Redeemer' | of the | world: ‖ Without whom' no | mortal | can be | saved.

8 And they are saved' who be- | lieve in | Him: ‖ And keep' the Com- | mandments | of His | Word.

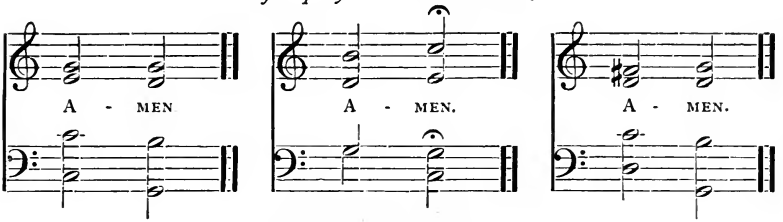


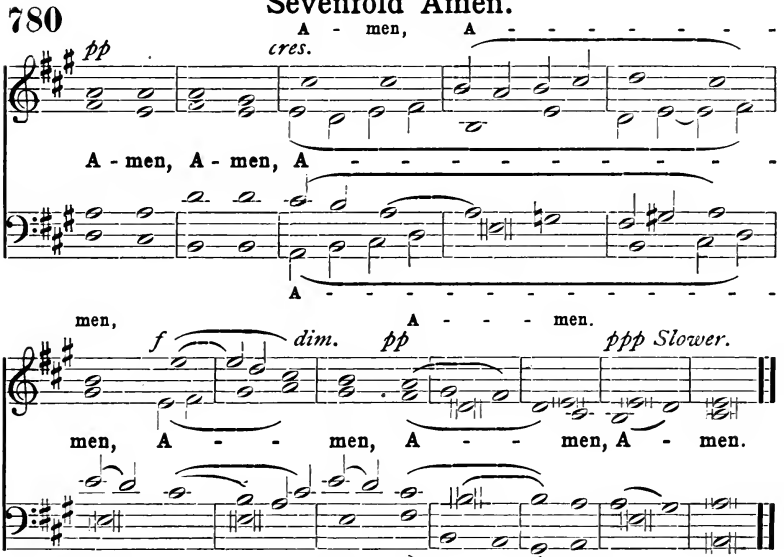
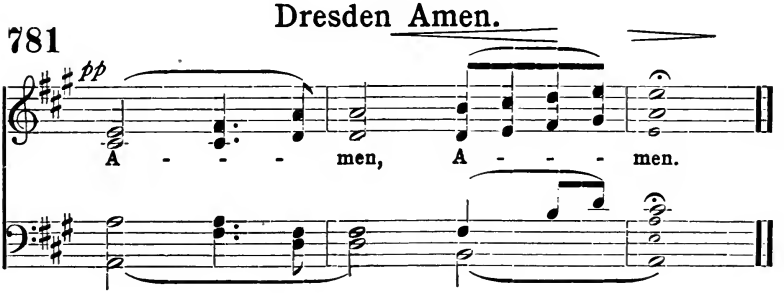
9 This is His Commandment', that we | love · one a- | nother: ‖ As' | He has lovèd | us: ‖ Amen.

778 Responses Introductory to the Prayers.

The remaining Responses are sung to this setting.

779 Amens.

After prayers and benedictions. *or*



780 Sevenfold Amen.

781 Dresden Amen.

Music for the Offertory and Thanksgiving.

¶ *On the days of the Holy Communion, and at other times when desired, the Offerings of the people being received, the Minister, turning to the people may say:*

MIN. Lift up your hearts:
RES. We lift them up to the Lord.
MIN. O magnify the Lord with me:
RES. And let us exalt His Name together.

The Thanksgiving.

¶ *The Minister.*

We praise Thee, we give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, our Creator, Redeemer and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We acknowledge Thee, the Source of all Life, the Fountain of all goodness, the Author of every blessing; we revere Thine infinite Wisdom, Thine unerring Providence, and Thy tender mercies which are over all Thy works:

[*Here follows the special Thanksgiving, according to the season.*]

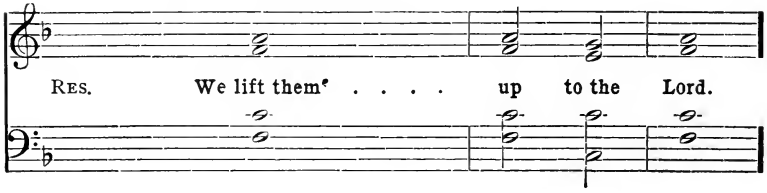
And with all the angels of heaven we adore Thee and magnify Thy glorious name, saying: Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts: heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest; blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

¶ *At the words,* "Holy, holy, holy, etc.," *the Choir and People may take up the Thanksgiving in chanting. See the musical arrangement here following:*

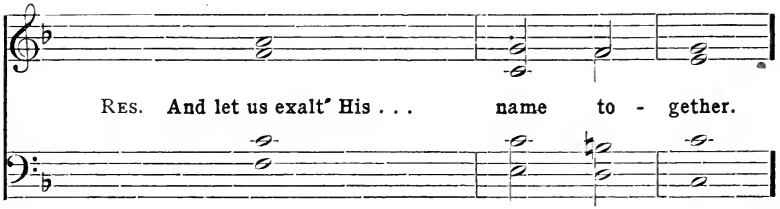
The Thanksgiving I.

782

THE MINISTER. **Lift up your hearts.**

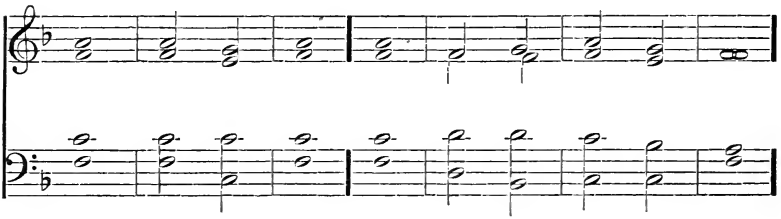


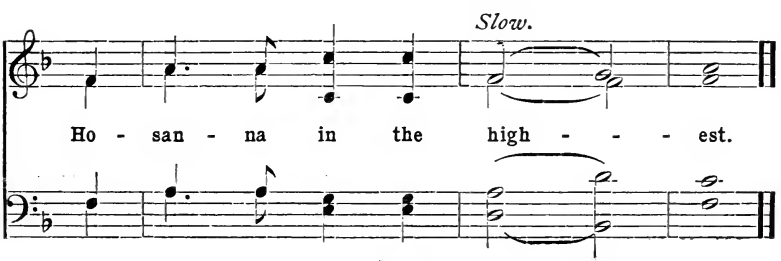
MIN. O magnify the Lord with me:

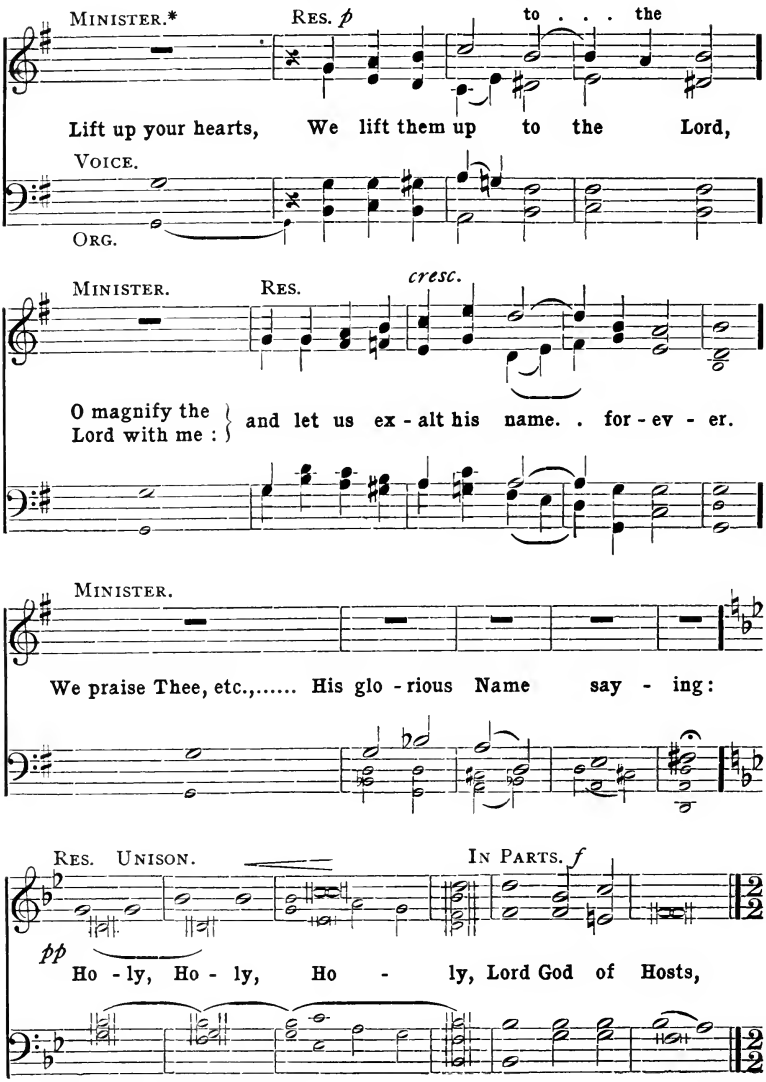
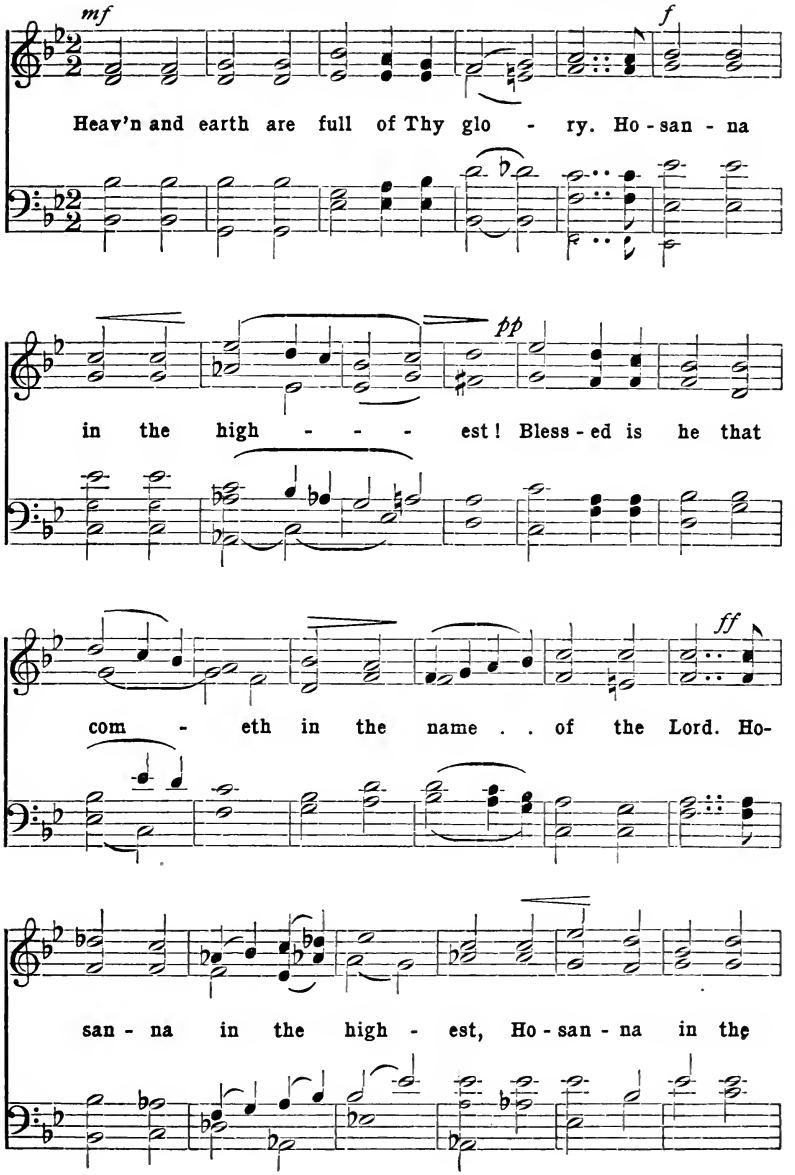


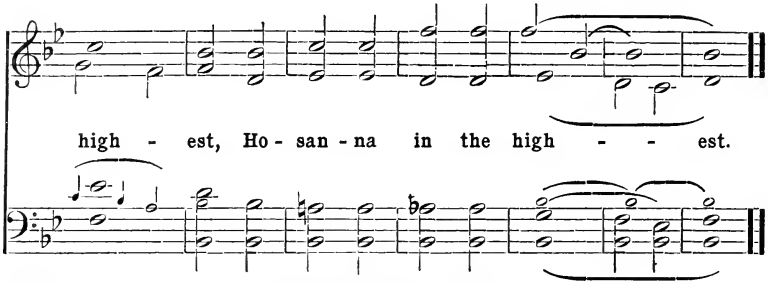
MIN. We praise Thee, we give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, our Creator, Redeemer, and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

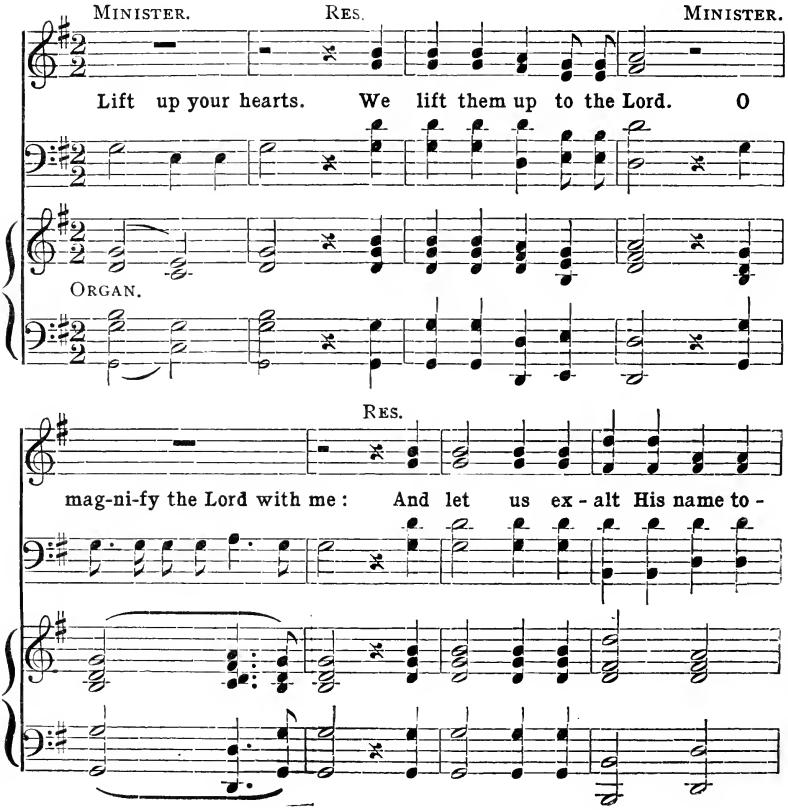
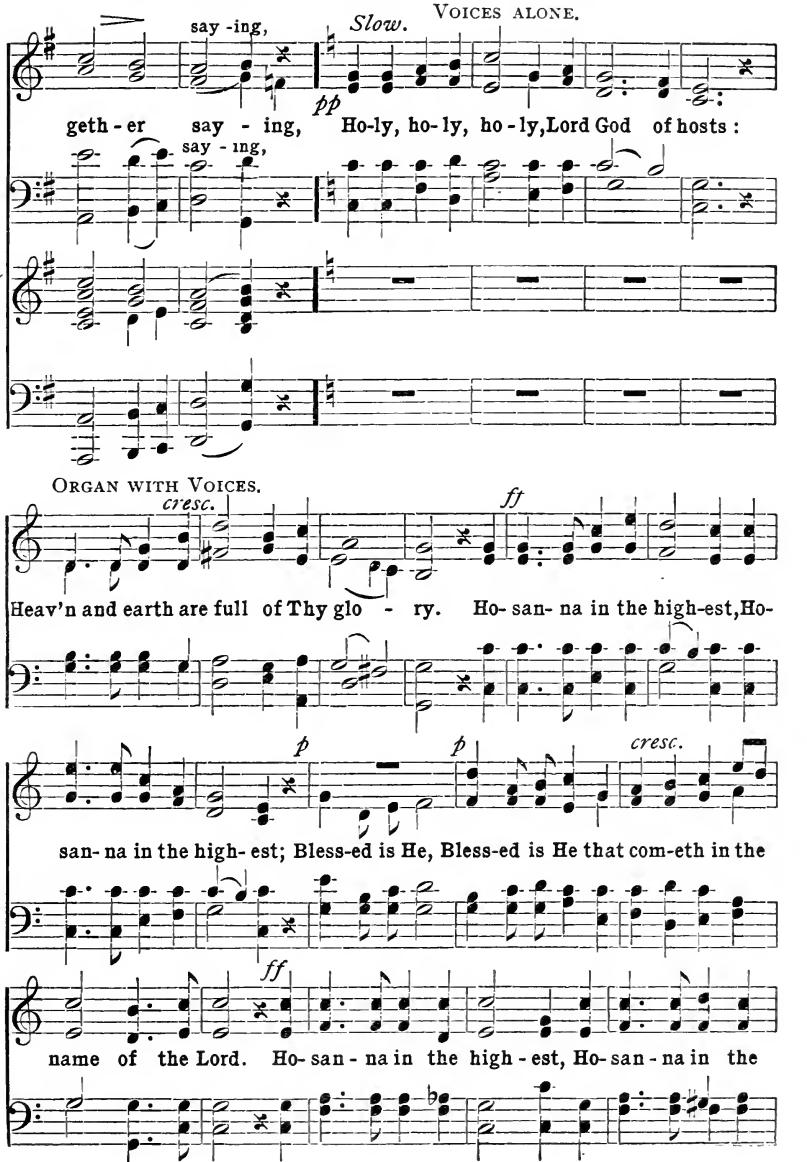
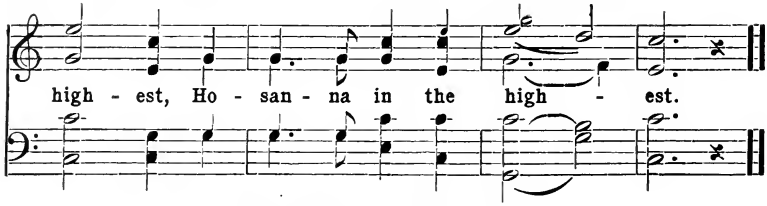
[*Here follows the Special Thanksgiving, according to the occasion.*]

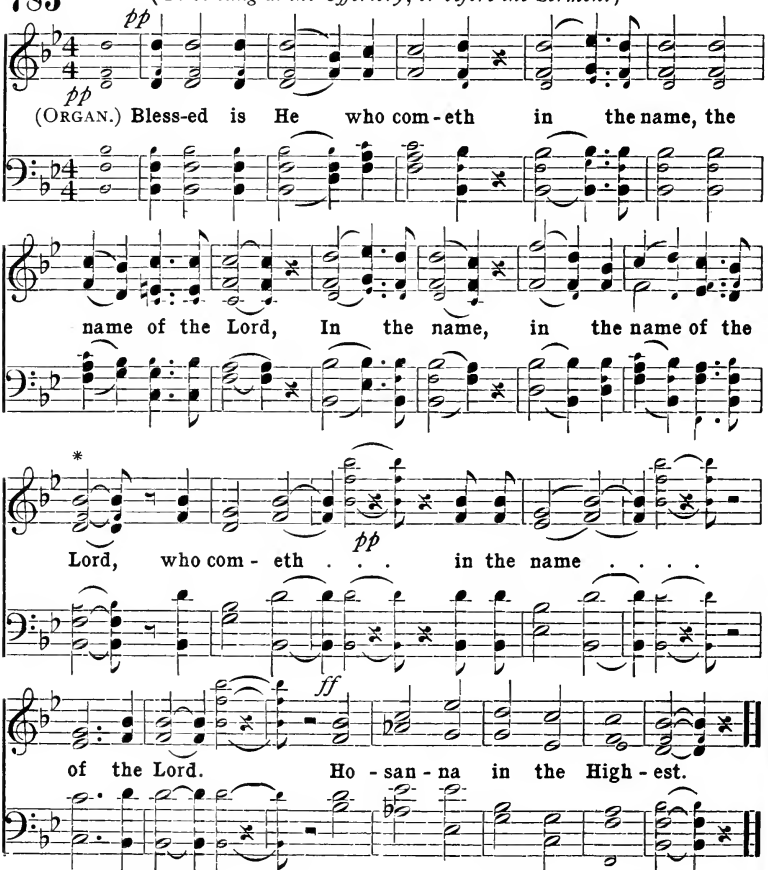
And with all the angels of heaven we adore Thee and magnify Thy glorious name, saying:

Holy! holy! holy! Lord | God of | Hosts;
Heaven and earth' are | full · of Thy | glo- | ry;
Hosanna' in the | high- | est,
Blessed is He' that | cometh · in the | Name of the | Lord.

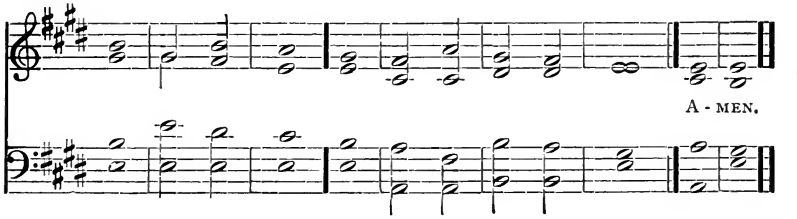
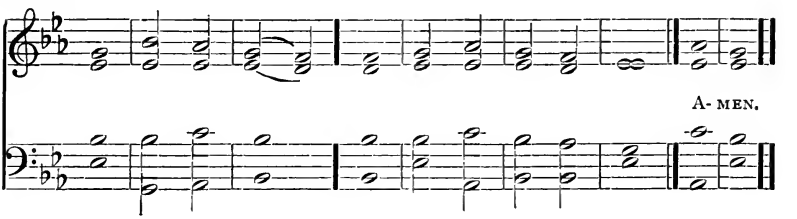
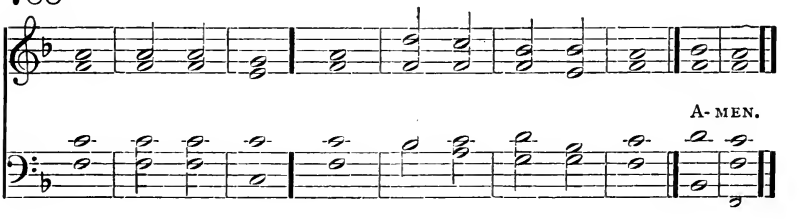


783 The Thanksgiving II.

*The Minister's part may be read or sung.

mf
f
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry. Ho - san - na
pp
in the high - - - est! Bless - ed is he that
ff
com - eth in the name . . of the Lord. Ho-
san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the



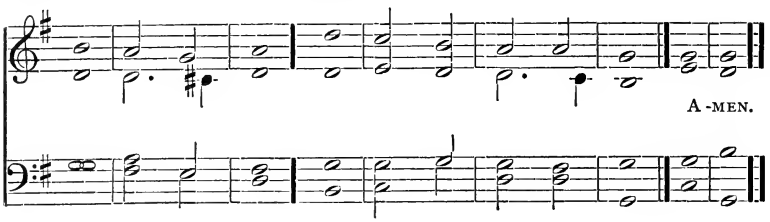
784 Thanksgiving III.

say - ing,
Slow.
VOICES ALONE.
pp
geth - er say - ing, Ho-ly, ho- ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts:
say - ing,
ORGAN WITH VOICES.
cresc.
ff
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry. Ho- san- na in the high-est, Ho-
p
p
cresc.
san- na in the high- est; Bless-ed is He, Bless-ed is He that com-eth in the
ff
name of the Lord. Ho- san - na in the high - est, Ho- san - na in the

Benedictus qui venit.

785 (*To be sung at the Offertory, or before the Sermon.*)

**The first twelve measures may be given as a solo for Soprano or Tenor before being sung in Chorus.*

786

787

788

Nunc Dimittis. [Luke ii: v. 29.]

[At Evening service, after the Benediction.]

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace:
Ac- | cording | to Thy | Word:
For mine | eyes have | seen:
Thy | — sal- | va— | tion.
Which Thou | hast pre- | pared:
Before the | face of | all— | people.
A light to | lighten · the Gentiles:
And the glo'ry | of Thy | people | Israel. **Amen.**

789 Morning.

Ps. cviii: 1–6.

1 O God', my | heart is | fixed;
I will sing and give praise' | even | with my | glory.

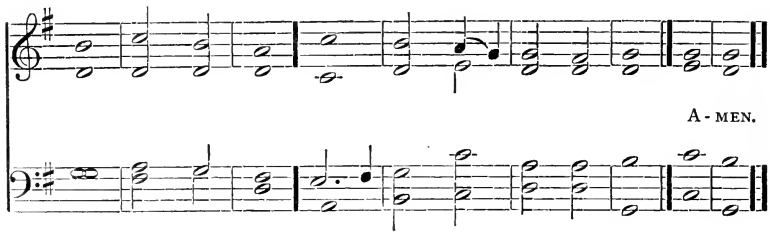
2 Awake', | psalt'ry · and | harp:
I' | will a- | wake the | dawn.

3 I will praise Thee, O Lord', a- | mong the | people;
And I will sing praises' unto | Thee a- | mong the | nations.

4 For Thy mercy is great' a- | bove the | heavens;
And thy truth' | reacheth | unto · the | clouds.

5 Be Thou exalted, O God', a- | bove the | heavens:
And Thy glory' a- | bove— | all the | earth.

6 That thy beloved' may | be de- | liverèd;
Save with thy right' | hand, and | answer | me. **Amen.**

790

Ps. xcv: 1–7.

1 O come' let us | sing · to the | Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise' to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His presence' | with thanks- | giving,
And make a joy'ful | noise · unto | Him with | psalms.

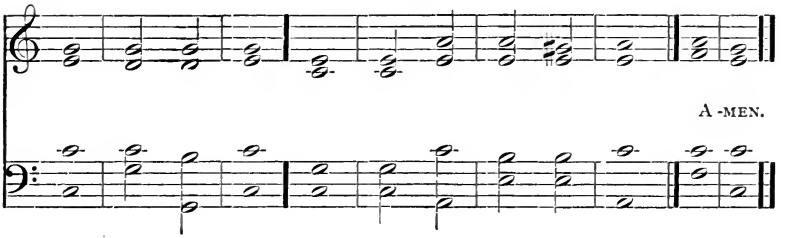
3 For a great' | God · is the | Lord,
And a great' | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand˙ are the | depths · of the | earth;
And˙ the | heights · of the | mountains · are | His.

5 The sea˙ is | His · and He | made it;
And˙ His | hands did | form the · dry | land,

6 O come, let us worship˙ | and bow | down;
Let us kneel˙ be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For˙ | He is · our | God;
And we are the people of His pasture˙ and the | sheep— | of His | hand. Amen.

791 Night.

Ps. iv.

1 Hear me˙ | when I | call,
O˙ | God of · my | righteous- | ness.

2 Thou hast enlarged me˙ | when · in dis- | tress;
Have mercy˙ up- | on · me, and | hear my | prayer.

3 O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory˙ | be for | shame?
How long will ye love vanity˙, and | seek— | after | falsehood?

4 But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly˙ | for Him- | self:
The Lord˙ will | hear · when I | call · unto | Him.

5 Stand˙ in | awe, · and | sin not:
Commune with your own heart˙ up- | on your | bed, and be | still.

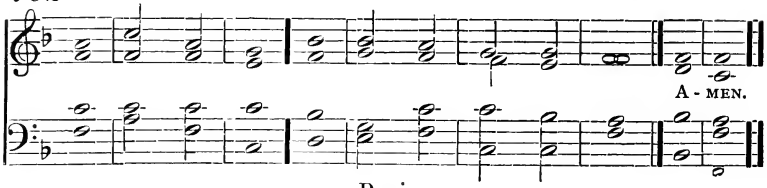
6 Offer the sacrifices˙ of | righteous- | ness,
And put˙ your | trust— | in the | Lord.

7 There be many that say, Who˙ will | show us | good?
O Lord, lift up the light˙ of Thy | counte- | nance up- | on us.

8 Thou hast put glad˙ness | in my | heart,
More than in the time˙ their | corn · and their | wine in- | creased.

9 I will both lay me down˙ in | peace, and | sleep;
For Thou only, O Lord˙, dost | make me | dwell in | safety.
Amen.

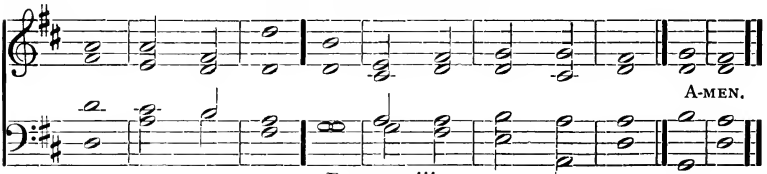
792



Ps. i.

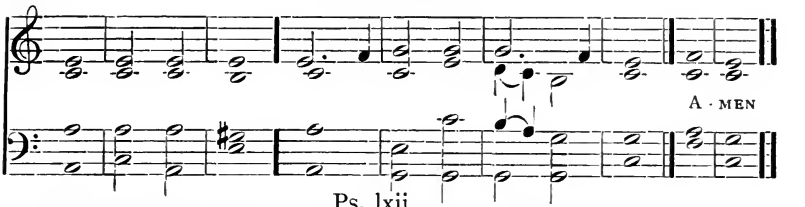
1 Blessed′ | is the | man
That walketh not′ in the |counsel | of · the un- | godly.
2 Nor standeth′ in the | way of | sinners,
Nor sitteth′ in the | seat — | of the | scornful.
3 But His delight′ is in the | law · of the | Lord;
And in his law′ doth he | medi- · tate | day and | night.
4 And He shall be like a tree planted′ by the | rivers · of | waters.
That bringeth forth′ his | fruit — | in his | season:
5 His leaf also′ | shall not | wither;
And whatsoever′ he | doeth | shall— | prosper.
6 The ungodly′ | are not | so:
But are like the chaff′ which the | wind doth | drive a- | way.
7 Therefore the ungodly′ shall not | stand · in the | judgment,
Nor sinners′ in the congre- | gation | of the | righteous.
8 For the Lord knoweth′ the | way · of the | righteous;
But the way′ of the un- | godly | shall — | perish. Amen.

793 ## At Assemblies.



Ps. cxxxiii.

1 Behold, how good′ and how | pleasant · it | is,
For brethren′ to | dwell to- | gether · in | unity.
2 It is like the precious ointment′ up- | on the | head,
That′ ran | down up- | on the | beard,
3 Even′ | Aaron's | beard,
That went down′ to the | border | of his | garments.
4 It is like′ the | dew of | Hermon,
That descended′ up- | on the | mountains · of | Zion:
5 For there the Lord′ com- | manded · the | blessing,
Even′ | life for | ever | more. Amen.

794 Penitential.

Ps. lxii.

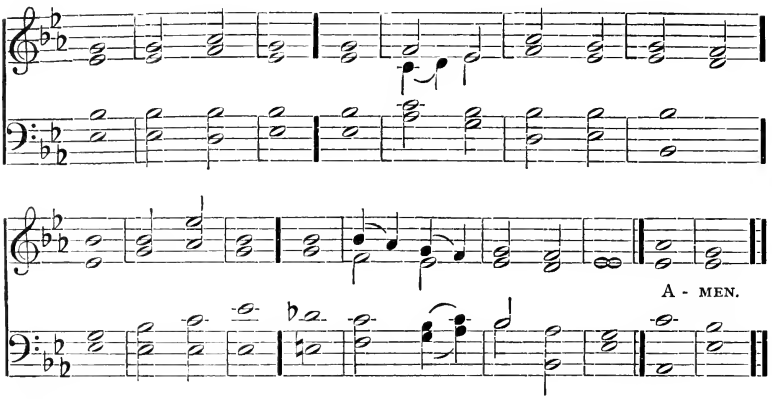
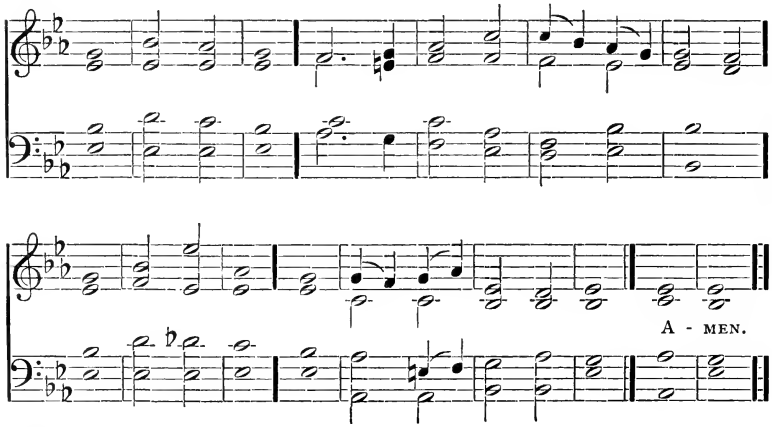
1 As the hart panteth for the | brooks of | water,
So panteth my | soul for | Thee, O | God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the | living | God:
When shall I | come · and ap- | pear be- · fore | God?
3 My tears have been my meat | day and | night;
While they continually say unto me, | Where— | is Thy | God?
4 When I re- | member · these | things,
I pour | out my | soul with- | in me.
5 For I had gone with the | multi- | tude;
I went with them | to the | house of | God,
6 With the voice of | joy and | praise,
With a multitude that | kept a | festi- | val.
7 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis- | quiet- | ed with- | in me?
8 Hope thou in God, for I shall | yet— | praise Him.
For the | help · of His | counte- | nance. Amen.

In the Litany. Ps. cxxx.

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto | Thee, O | Lord:
O Lord, | hearken | to my | voice.
2 Let thine | ears · be at- | tentive
Unto the | voice · of my | suppli- | cations.
3 If Thou O Lord, shouldst | mark in- | iquities,
O | Lord,— | who shall | stand?
4 But with | Thee · is for- | giveness,
That | Thou— | mayst be | feared.
5 I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait;
And in his | word— | do I | hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than watchers | for the | morning:
Than | watchers | for the | morning.
7 Let Israel | hope · in the | Lord;
For with the | Lord— | there is | mercy:
8 And with Him is | plen · teous re- | demption;
And He shall redeem Is-ra- | el from | all · his in- | iquities.

Amen

Vespers.

795 Chants for the QUAM DILECTA: Ps. lxxxiv.

796

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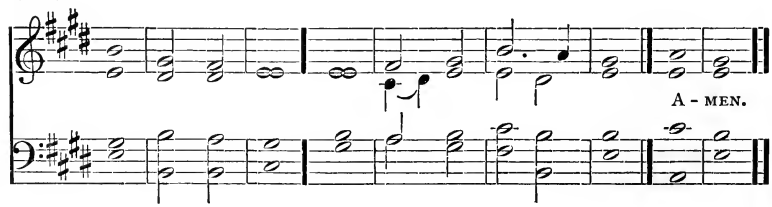
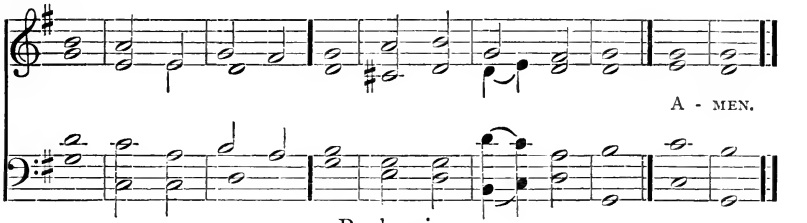


798

Ps. lxxxiv.

1 How lovely´ are Thy | taber- | nacles,
O´ | Lord— | of— | Hosts.

2 My soul longeth, yea even fainteth´ for the | courts · of the Lord:
My heart and my flesh´ cry | out · for the | living | God.

3 Yea, the sparrow´ hath | found an | house,
And the swallow´ a | nest— | for her- | self,

4 Where she´ may | lay her | young;
Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts´, my | King— | and my | God.

5 Blessed are they´ that | dwell · in Thy | house:
Con- | tin- · ual- | ly they | praise Thee.

6 Blessed is the man´ whose | strength · is in | Thee,
In´ whose | heart · are the | high— | ways.

7 Passing through the valley of weeping, they make it´ a | place of | fountains:
The early rain also´ doth | cover | it with | blessings.

8 They go´ from | strength to | strength;
He appeareth´ be | fore— | God in | Zion.

9 O Lord, God of Hosts´, | hear my | prayer:
Give´ | ear, O | God of | Jacob.

10 Behold´, O | God, our | shield;
And look upon´ the | face of | thine an- | ointed.

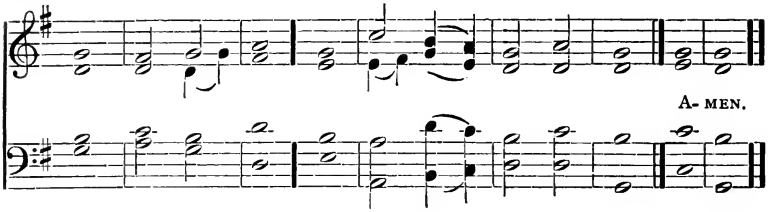
11 For a day´ in | thy— | courts
Is´ | better | than a | thousand.

12 I had rather stand at the door´ in the | house of · my | God,
Than to dwell´ in the | tents of | wicked- | ness.

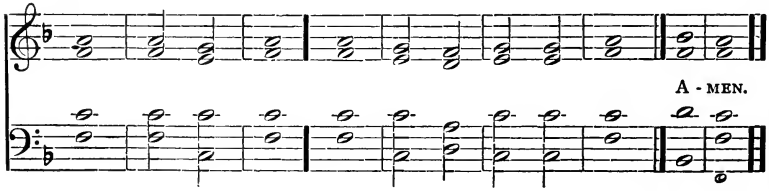
13 For the Lord God´ is a | sun and | shield:
The Lord´ | will give | grace and | glory.

14 No good´ will | He with- | hold
From them´ that | walk in | upright- | ness.

15 O´ | Lord of | Hosts,
Blessed´ is the | man that | trusteth · in | Thee. Amen.

799 Communion Chants.

Ps. xliii.

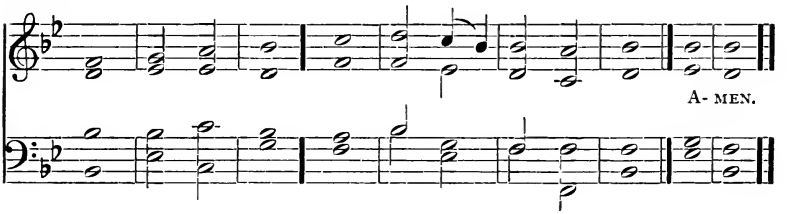
1 Judge me O God', and | plead my | cause,
A'- | gainst · an un- | god- | ly | nation.
2 O' de- | liver | me
From the man' of de- | ceit · and in- | iqui- | ty.
3 For Thou' art the | God · of my | strength:
Why' | dost thou | cast me | off?
4 Why' | go I | mourning,
Because' of the op- | pression | of the | enemy?
5 O send' | out Thy | light,
And' Thy | truth;— | let them | lead me:
6 Let them bring me' unto Thy | holy | hill,
And' | to Thy | taber- | nacles.
7 Then will I go' unto the | altar of | God;
Unto God' the | gladness | of my | joy:
8 And' | I will | praise Thee
Upon' the | harp, O | God, my | God.
9 Why art thou bowed down', | O my | soul?
And why art thou' dis- | quiet- | ed with- | in me?
10 Hope in God, for I' | yet shall | praise Him;
Who is the health' of my | counte- · nance | and my | God. Amen.

800

John vi: 33. Rev. xxii: 17.

1 The bread of God is He' that cometh | down from | heaven,
And giveth' | life un- | to the | world.

2 He that cometh to Me´ shall | never | hunger,
And he that believeth´ on | Me shall | never | thirst.
3 This is the bread that cometh´ | down from | heaven,
That one´ may | eat there- | of, and not | die.
4 I am the living bread´ that came | down from | heaven:
If any one eat´ of this | bread, he shall | live for | ever.
5 And the bread that I will give´ | is my | flesh,
Which I´ will | give · for the | life . of the | world.
6 And the Spirit´ and the | Bride say, | Come:
And let him´ that | heareth | say,— | Come:
7 And let him´ that | thirsteth | come:
And let him that willeth´ take | water of | life— | freely. Amen.

801



The Angelic Alleluia. Rev. xix: 6.

[At the Close of the Communion.]

1 Al´le- | lu- | ia:
For the Lord´ | God om- | nipo- · tent | reigneth.
2 Let us´ be | glad, and re- | joice,
And give´ the | glory | unto | Him:
3 For the marriage´ of the | Lamb is | come;
And´ His | Wife hath | made her · self | ready.
4 And to her was granted that she´ should | be ar- | rayed
In´ fine | linen | bright and | clean:
5 For´ the | fine— | linen
Is´ the | righteous- | ness of | saints.
6 Blessed´ are | they · that are | callèd
Unto the marriage´ | supper | of the | Lamb.
Dox. Amen: Blessing´, and | glory, and | wisdom,
And thanksgiving´, and | honor, and | power, and | might,
Be´ | unto · our | God,
For´ | ev- | er and | ever. Amen.

THE END.

GENERAL INDEX.

Italic letters in parentheses show that the respective hymns have been altered: (*a*) slightly, (*b*) in several passages, (*c*) extensively. Original versions and altered first lines appear in italics and indented, under the first line; they also appear in italics, in their respective alphabetical places.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
A charge to keep I have	346	C. Wesley	Thatcher	G. F. Händel.
A Child this day is born. (*c*)	516	Traditional	Sandys	English Carol.
A herald voice the lonely desert cheers	138	A. Pope	Troyte No. 2	A. H. D. Troyte.
A mighty fortress is our God	325	F. H. Hedge, *Tr.*	Ein' Feste Burg	M. Luther.
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott		Martin Luther		
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	113	H. F. Lyte	Eventide	W. H. Monk.
Above the clear blue sky	495	Cotterill-Bourdillon	Children's Voices	E. J. Hopkins.
Beyond the clear blue sky.				
Adeste fideles		(see 141).		
Adoro te devote		(see 442).		
Again as evening's shadow falls	118	S. Longfellow	{ Melcombe { Schumann	S. Webbe, Sr. Schumann.
Again our earthly cares we leave	42	J. Newton	St. Hugh	E. J. Hopkins.
Aisomen pantes laoi		(see 181).		
All glory, laud, and honor (*c*)	173	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	St. Theodulph	M. Teschner.
Gloria, laus et honor		Theodulph		
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	49	E. Perronet	{ Miles Lane { Coronation	W. Shrubsole. O. Holden.
All my heart this night rejoices	519	C. Winkworth, *Tr.* P. Gerhardt.	Lüneburg	J. G. Ebeling.
Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen.				
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord	152	Anon. Sab. A. B. 14th Century	Gelobet Seist Du	P. Bach-Luther.
Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ.				
All praise to Thee, O Lord	165	H. W. Beadon	Franconia No. 1	König-Havergal.
All things beautiful and fair	508	"New Hosanna"	Innocents	T. Smith.
All this night bright angels sing. (*b*)	517	W. Austin	All This Night	A. Sullivan.
Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr		(see 158).		
All ye Gentile lands, awake	157	C. Winkworth, *Tr.* J. Rist	Tübingen	German.
Werde licht, du Stadt der Heiden.				
Alleluia piis edite		(see 414).		
Almighty God, I call to Thee	548	Am. Epis. Hymns. Martin Luther	Aus Tiefer Noth	Att. to Luther.
Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir.				
Alone to God on high be praise	158	F. Sewall, *Tr.* N. Decius	Gloria in Excelsis	Arr. by Decius.
Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr.				
Anastaseos hemera		(see 183).		
Angels, from the realms of glory (*a*)	149	J. Montgomery	{ Gilbert { Regent Square	W. B. Gilbert. H. Smart.
Angels, roll the rock away (*b*)	191	T. Scott	St. Nicolai	{ J. Rosenmüller. { Ad.W.H. Monk.
Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch		(see 417).		
Arise, all souls, arise	188	M. A. Lathbury	Sursum Corda, 1	F. Sewall.
Arise, O Lord, and shine	228	W. Hurn	Harvey	C. V. Stanford.
Art thou weary, art thou languid	353	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* St. Stephen Sabaite	Stephanos	H. W. Baker.
Kopon te kai kamaton.				
Art thou weary, heavy laden	354	J. Hyde	Stephanos	H. W. Baker.
As above the darkest storm-cloud	265	D. H. Howard	Sanctuary	J. B. Dykes.
As helpless as a child who clings	568	J. D. Burns	Trust No. 2	Hollandish Air.
As now the sun's declining rays. (*b*)	390	J. Chandler, *Tr.* C. Coffin.	Wilma	J. K. Smyth.
Labente jam solis rotâ				
As pants the hart for cooling streams	303	Tate and Brady	Magdalene	L. Spohr.
As, when the weary traveller gains (*b*)	537	J. Newton	Germany	Gardiner, Sac. Mel.
As with gladness men of old	164	W. C. Dix	Dix	Ar. fr. C. Kocher.
At even, ere the sun was set	110	H. Twells	Angelus	G. Joseph.
At the name of Jesus	78	C. M. Noel	Laus Tibi, Christe	Old German.
At Thy feet, our God and Father (*a*)	470	J. D. Burns	In Babilone	Dutch Traditional.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
At Thy table, Lord of life	433	Anonymous	Vienna	J. H. Knecht.
Auf, Ihr Christen, lasst uns singen		(see 127).		
Aurora lucis		(see 182 and 187).		
Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir.		(see 548).		
Awake, awake, O Zion	217	B. Gough	St. Anselm	J. Barnby.
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	2	T. Ken	Morning Hymn	F.H.Barthélémon.
Barn Jesus i en Krybbe lad		(see 512).		
Be Thou, O God, exalted high	54	Tate and Brady	Old Hundredth	Genevan Psalter.
Before the ending of the day	102	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	Te Lucis	Ancient.
Te lucis ante terminum		8th Century.		
Befiehl du deine Wege		(see 317).		
Behold a little Child (*b*)	511	W. W. How	Wesley	Anonymous.
Beim frühen Morgenlicht		(see 1).		
Bethlehem in the land of Judah (*c*)	162	E. Caswall, *Tr.*	Stuttgart	German.
O sola magnarum urbium		Aur. Clem. Prudentius		
Beyond the clear blue sky		(see 495).		
Blessed city, heavenly Salem (*a*)	454	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	Vladimir	F. Sewall.
O beata Jerusalem		Dox., F. Sewall		
Urbs beata Jerusalem		Latin, 7th Cent.		
Blessèd Jesus, at Thy Word (*b*)	89	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	Arnheim	J. R. Ahle.
Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier		T. Clausnitzer		
Blessed Lord, what shall we (Pt.2) (*c*)	55	J. Cennick	Accrington	F. Sewall.
Blest are the pure in heart (*a*)	36	J. Keble	Franconia No. 1	König-Havergal.
			Augustine	J. S. Bach.
Blest be the tie that binds (*a*)	475	J. Fawcett	Boylston	L. Mason.
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	321	J. Austin	Austin	F. Sewall.
Blest Comforter divine	212	L. H. Sigourney	Serenity	C. Bryan.
Blow on, Thou mighty Wind	213	J. H. Hopkins, Jr.	Whitsuntide	W. W. Gilchrist.
Bread of the world, in mercy broken (*b*)	439	R. Heber	St. Luke No. 2	H. C. Gilmore.
Break Thou the bread of life	297	M. A. Lathbury	Bread of Life	W. F. Sherwin.
Breast the wave, Christian	368	J. Stammers	Onward	W. C. Filby.
Brief life is here our portion	400	J. M. Neale. *Tr.*	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley.
Hora novissima		Bernard of Cluny	St. George's Bol'n	J. Walch.
Brightest and best of the sons	161	R. Heber	Gould	S. P. Warren.
Brightly gleams our banner (*a*)	485	T. J. Potter	St. Theresa	A. S. Sullivan.
Built by Jehovah's hand (*b*)	225	J. Proud	St. Thomas	A. Williams.
By cool Siloam's shady rill	502	R. Heber	Sabata	Crown of Jesus.
By the cross her station keeping	178	Casw'l-Mant-F.S., *Tr.*	Lux Vitae	J. Barnby.
Stabat mater dolorosa		Jacopone di Benedetti	Stabat Mater	French Melody.
Cast on Jesus all Thy care	266	English Conference	Mercy	L. M. Gottschalk.
Child Jesus comes from heavenly	512	Hans Andersen	Child Jesus	N. W. Gade.
Barn Jesus i en Krybbe lad.				
Children of the heavenly King (*a*)	412	J. Cennick	Pleyel's Hymn	I. Pleyel.
Christ, whose glory fills the skies		(see 12).		
Christe, du Beistand		(see 41).		
Christian, dost thou see them (*b*)	369	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	St. Andrew	J. B. Dykes.
Ou gar blepeis		St. Andrew of Crete		
Christian, seek not yet repose (*a*)	341	C. Elliott	Vigilantes	P. Armes.
Christians! awake, salute the happy (*b*)	147	J. Byrom	Stockport	J. Wainwright.
Cleanse my heart, O Father! cleanse it	27	Anonymous	Dorrnance	I. B. Woodbury.
Clear upon the night-air sounding	523	Unknown	Hodges	J. S. B. Hodges.
Come, blesséd Saviour! Source of	29	B. Beddome	Zephyr	W. B. Bradbury.
Come, children, raise your voices	529	M. G. Sewall	Jubilate	M. G. Sewall.
Come, children, with singing	525	Magnificat I	Come, Children	Arr. by F. Sewall.
Come in, Thou blessèd, honored (*a*)	215	J. Proud	Winchester New	B. Crasselius.
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	8	H. J. Buckoll, *Tr.*	Borkdale	H. Hiles.
Seele, du musst munter werden		Von Canitz		
Come, O Creator, Spirit blest	426	E. Caswall, *Tr.* ad.	Staincliffe	R. W. Dixon.
Veni Creator Spiritus		Rabanus Maurus (?)		
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest	240	R. Campbell, *Tr.*	St. Amand	F. Sewall.
Jucundare plebs fidelis		Adam of St. Victor		
Come, Redeemer, blessed Jesus (*a*)	159	C. Wesley	Trust No. 1	F. Mendelssohn.
"Come," said Jesus' sacred voice	349	A. L. Barbauld	Forgiveness	G. M. Garrett.
Come, sound His praise abroad (*b*)	59	I. Watts	Badea	German.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Come, Thou holy Spirit, come . (*b*)	205	E. Caswall, *Tr.* . . .	Pentecost No. 1 .	F. Sewall.
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light.				
Veni, Sancte Spiritus.		13th Century . . .		
Come Thou, O come	206	G. Moultrie, *Tr.* . .	Stella Maris . . .	Anonymous.
Veni, jam veni, benignissime. . . .		St. Anselm (?) . . .		
" Come unto Me, ye weary.	337	W. Dix	Come Unto Me .	J. B. Dykes.
Come, ye disconsolate, wheresoe'er (*b*)	330	T. Moore	Alma	S. Webbe.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain. .	181	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* . .	St. Kevin . . .	A. S. Sullivan.
Aisomen pantes laoi		St. John Damascene.		
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy (*a*)	577	J. Hart	Caersalem . . .	Welsh Melody.
Come, ye thankful people, come (*b*)	460	H. Alford	St. George's Wdsr.	G. J. Elvey.
Commit thou all thy griefs	317	Wesley, Sewall, *Trs.*.	Resurgam . . .	F. Sewall.
Befiehl du deine Wege.		P. Gerhardt		
Crown Him with many crowns . . .	195	Thring and Bridges .	Diademata . . .	G. J. Elvey.
Day by day the manna fell . . (*a*)	253	J. Conder	Vienna	J. H. Knecht.
Dear Lord in heaven, who by my bed	500	Anonymous	Morning Prayer .	C. Reinecke.
Dear refuge of my weary soul		(see 302).		
Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go (*a*)	101	F. W. Faber	St. Matthias . .	W. H. Monk.
Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go (*a*)	103	F. W. Faber	Federal Street . .	H. K. Oliver.
Dear Saviour, stretch Thy loving . .	569	C. Smyth	God's Mariner . .	J. K. Smyth.
Dein Wort, O Herr, ist milder Thau .		(see 243).		
Die guldne Sonne		(see 261).		
Die Nacht ist kommen, darin wir . . .		(see 117).		
Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord .	345	T. T. Lynch	St. Silas	J. Lancaster.
Dost Thou in a manger lie.	140	E. Charles, *Tr.* . . .	Manger	G. M. Garrett.
Heu quid jaces stabulo		J. Manburn.		
Down from the worlds of radiant light	125	J. Proud	Bristol No. 1 . .	Old English.
Draw nigh and take the Supper of (*c*)	443	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* . .	Lammas	A. H. Brown.
Sancti, venite, Christi corpus ***sumite.***		Latin, 7th Cent. . .		
Easter flowers, Easter carols	530	Anonymous	Easter Flowers. .	W. H. A. Hall.
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott		(see 325).		
En dies est dominica		(see 182).		
Ere another day shall close.	100	Anonymous	{ Blumenthal . .	J. Blumenthal.
			{ Spanish Chant.	Spanish Chant.
Eternal beam of light divine		(see 307).		
Eternal Father! strong to save . (*a*)	479	W. Whiting	Melita	J. B. Dykes.
Eternal Source of every joy . . (*a*)	464	P. Doddridge	Samson	G. F. Händel.
			{ Lanesboro. . .	W. Dixon.
Eternal Source of light and life . (*a*)	33	J. P. Estlin.	{ Gouda	B. Tours.
Evening and morning	261	R. Massie, *Tr.* . . .	Franconia No. 2 .	German.
Die guldne Sonne		P. Gerhardt		
Ever gracious Lord! I fly . . . (*c*)	300	C. Wesley	Toplady	T. Hastings.
Every morning mercies new	7	G. Phillimore	Kelso.	E. J. Hopkins.
Exultet cor precordiis.		(see 155).		
Fairest of all the lights above . . .	584	I. Watts	Mein Vaterland .	H. B. Klein.
Far from my heavenly home	333	H. F. Lyte	Carlisle.	C. Lockhart.
Father, at Thy footstool see	470	Part from Wesley . .	Litany No. 2 . .	Ar. A. Sullivan.
			{ Penitentia. . .	E. Dearle.
Father divine, the deadening power	282	J. Tuckerman . . .	{ Eureka	F. A. G. Ouseley.
Father, hear the prayer we offer . .	558	L. M. Willis	Supplication . .	W. W. Gilchrist.
Father, I go to Thee	428	E. C. Mitchell . . .	Confirmation . .	M. E. V. Hayden
Father! in Thy mysterious presence	557	S. Johnson	Henley	L. Mason.
Father of mercies, in Thy word . (*b*)	236	Anne Steele	Chesterfield . . .	T. Haweis.
Father, throned on high	51	L. T. Nyberg, ad. . .	St. Hubert . . .	L. Darwall.
Father Who on high.				
Father, to us Thy children, humbly	420	J. F. Clarke	Oswestry	J. B. Dykes.
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . .	247	Anne Steele	Naomi	L. Mason.
Father Who on high		(see 51).		
Fear not! God is Thy shield	581	E. G. Taylor	Fear Not	G. C. Stebbins.
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	170	G. Thring	St. Aelred . . .	J. B. Dykes.
			{ Pentecost No. 2	W. Boyd.
Fight the good fight with all thy . .	370	J. S. B. Monsell . .	{ Courage . . .	H. W. Parker.
Filled with Thy joy and peace, O Lord	34	Unknown	Boston	O. B. Brown.
Finita jam sunt proelia		(see 185).		

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Fling out the banner! let it float . .	564	G. W. Doane . . .	Camden . . .	J. B. Calkin.
For all the saints, who from their (*a*)	410	W. W. How . . .	Sarum . . .	J. Barnby.
For the beauty of the earth . . .	458	F. S. Pierpont . .	Smyth . . .	W. W. Gilchrist.
For thee, O dear, dear country . (*a*)	399	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* .	O Bona Patria.	A. S. Sullivan.
Hora novissima		Bernard of Cluny .	Holy City . .	H. Pierson.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace . (*b*)	472	H. Downton . . .	Nottingham. . .	W. A. Mozart.
Forever blessèd be the Lord . . (*a*)	372	I. Watts	{ Spohr . . . . { St. Saviour . .	L. Spohr. F. G. Baker.
Forever with the Lord	391	J. Montgomery . .	Nearer Home . .	I. B. Woodbury.
Forsake me not! O Thou, my Lord	299	Mrs J. P. Morgan, *Tr.*	Forsake Me Not.	W. W. Gilchrist.
Verlass mich nicht		C. C. Hohlfeldt . .		
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord! I go (*a*)	348	C. Wesley	Alstone	C. E. Willing.
Forth to the fight, ye ransomed . . .	486	W. H. Kirby . . .	Festival. . . .	J. Heywood.
Forward! be our watchword . . (*a*)	481	H. Alford	{ St. Alban . . . { St. Boniface . .	F. J. Haydn. H. Gadsby.
Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen (*a*)		(see 519).		
From all that dwell below the skies (*a*)	53	I. Watts	Old Hundredth .	Genevan Psalter.
From every stormy wind that blows.	560	H. Stowell	Retreat	T. Hastings.
From glory unto glory! Be this our.	471	F. R. Havergal . .	Tours.	B. Tours.
From Greenland's icy mountains (*a*)	229	R. Heber.	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason.
Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ . . .		(see 152).		
Give thanks to God; He reigns above .	71	I. Watts	Missionary Chant	C. Zeuner.
Gloria, laus et honor		(see 173).		
Gloriosi Salvatoris		(see 154).		
Glorious things of Thee are spoken .	218	J. Newton	{ Hermann . . . { Austrian Hymn.	H. Strachauer. F. J. Haydn.
Glory to Thee, my God, this night .	104	T. Ken, alt. . . .	Tallis	T. Tallis.
Go forward, Christian soldier . . .	364	L. Tuttiett	Ellacombe . . .	St. Gall Coll.
Go to dark Gethsemane	175	Fr. J. Montgomery .	Gethsemane . . .	Ar. W. H. Monk.
Go when the morning shineth . . .	26	J. C. Simpson . . .	Webb	G. J. Webb.
God bless our native land	466	Brooks, alt. Dwight .	America	H. Carey.
God is in His temple	19	F. Sewall, *Tr.* . . .	Gott ist geg'wärtig	J. Neander.
Gott ist gegenwärtig		G. Tersteegen. . . .		
God is love: His mercy brightens (*b*)	73	J. Bowring	{ Sardis . . . . { Oporto	Ad. fr. Beethoven. W. Mason.
God is love! the heavens tell it . (*b*)	62	J. S. B. Monsell . .	Hallelujah . . .	A. Lowe.
God is my strong salvation.	371	J. Montgomery . . .	Swabia No. 2 . .	German.
God is our strength and refuge high .	324	Unknown	Confidence No. 2.	W. W. Gilchrist.
God is the refuge of His saints . . .	269	I. Watts	Ward	Scotch.
God moves in a mysterious way . .	260	W. Cowper.	London New . .	Scotch.
God of mercy, God of grace	16	H. F. Lyte	Heathlands . . .	H. Smart.
God of pity, Lord of grace	39	Eliza F. Morris . .	Ledbury.	Anonymous.
God of the morning, at whose voice (*a*)	11	I. Watts.	Winchester New .	B. Crasselius.
God that madest earth and heaven .	122	Heber-Whately . . .	Evening.	W. W. Gilchrist.
Salva nos, Domine (st. 2)		Ancient Antiphon . .	Upsal	J. Crüger.
Golden harps are sounding . . (*b*)	202	F. R. Havergal . . .	Hermas	F. R. Havergal.
Gone! yes, but for a little while. . .	413	D. H. Howard . . .	Roseate Hues . .	J. Barnby.
Good Shepherd of the sheep	497	Sabbath School Bell .	Pastoral.	Anonymous.
Gott ist gegenwärtig		(see 19).		
Gracious Spirit, Love divine . . (*a*)	209	J. Stocker	{ Holley . . . . { Jersey	G. Hews. W. Boyce.
Great God! Thou dost all nations rule	467	English Conference .	Lützen	German.
Great God, we give Thee praise . .	238	J. Proud.	St. Thomas . . .	A. Williams.
Great refuge of the weary soul. . . .	302	Anne Steele	Martyrdom . . .	H. Wilson.
Dear refuge of my weary soul.				
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah . (*a*)	417	P. & W. Williams, *Tr.*	St. John	Ar. fr. S. Webbe.
Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch .		W. Williams	Oliphant	Ar. by L. Mason.
Hail! gladdening Light, of that pure	109	J. Keble, *Tr.* alt. . .	Wordsworth . .	F. Sewall.
Phos hilaron		3d Century or earlier		
Hail, sacred day of earthly rest . . .	86	G. Thring	St. Cuthbert . .	J. B. Dykes.
Hail the day that sees Him rise . (*b*)	199	C. Wesley	Ascension No. 1 .	W. H. Monk.
Hail, Thou long expected Jesus . . .	143	C. Wesley	{ Stuttgart . . . { Trust No. 1 . .	German. F. Mendelssohn.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Hail to the Lord's anointed . . (*a*)	132	J. Montgomery . . .	{ Webb	G. J. Webb.
			{ Greeting . . .	W. W. Gilchrist.
Happy soul, secure from harm . . .	326	Par. fr. Wesley . . .	Toronto	E. J. Hopkins.
Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs (*a*)	403	F. W. Faber	{ Vox Angelica .	J. B. Dykes.
			{ Pilgrims . . .	H. Smart.
Hark, hark, my soul! the Saviour's (*a*)	362	H. Allon	Angelic Songs . .	J. Walch.
Hark! how all the welkin rings. . . .		(see 144).		
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord . (*b*)	383	W. Cowper	{ St. Bees. . . .	J. B. Dykes.
			{ Hudson	J. Bayley(?).
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour . .	135	P. Doddridge . . .	York	Scotch Psalter.
Hark! the herald angels sing . . (*c*)	144	C. Wesley	Mendelssohn . .	F. Mendelssohn.
Hark! how all the welkin rings.				
Hark! the skies with music sound. .	142	Anonymous	Carol	Old Melody.
Hark, the song of jubilee	201	Montgomery, ex. st. 3.	Taconic	T. W. Harris.
Hark! what mean those holy . . (*b*)	145	J. Cawood	Autumn No. 1 . .	L. Von Esch.
"He is risen," "He is risen"	184	C. F. Alexander . . .	Unser Herrscher .	German, ar. Monk.
He leadeth me: O blessèd thought .	579	J. H. Gilmore . . .	He Leadeth Me .	W. H. Bradbury.
He who would valiant be . . . . (*c*)	510	J. Bunyan *et al.*. . .	Monk's Gate . .	Ad. fr. Eng. Trad. Melody by E. H.
Who would true valor see.				
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal . . (*a*)	284	G. Thring	Lachrimae . . .	A. S. Sullivan.
Heavenly Father, breathe Thy blessing	445	W. L. Worcester . .	Worcester. . . .	W. W. Gilchrist.
Heavenly Father, to whose eye . . .	251	J. Conder	Solitude.	L. T. Downes.
Heavenward stretch, my soul . . (*a*)	401	C. Winkworth, *Tr.* .	Neckar	German.
Himmelan geht unsre Bahn		B. Schmolck	Bamberg	J. C. Bach.
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee . (*a*)	441	H. Bonar	{ Praeneste . . .	Ar. fr. Palestrina.
			{ Beaumaris . .	H. J. Gauntlett.
Here the King hath spread His table.	431	A. R. Thompson, *Tr.*	Bonar	J. B. Calkin, Ar.
Lauda Sion Salvatorem		St. Thomas Aquinas.	Stabat Mater . .	French Melody.
Heu quid jaces stabulo		(see 140).		
High in yonder realms of light . (*b*)	408	T. Raffles	Otto	English Melody.
Himmelan geht unsre Bahn		(see 401).		
Holy Father, cheer our way	119	R. H. Robinson. Ad. by S. A. Brooke .	Huddersfield. . .	W. Parratt.
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God	43	R. Heber, alt. . . .	Nicæa	J. B. Dykes.
Holy Love, from heav'n descended. .	556	Magnificat I	Bethany No. 2. .	H. Smart.
Holy offerings, rich and rare . . (*a*)	288	J. S. B. Monsell . .	Holy Offerings . .	R. Redhead.
Holy Saviour, Truth divine . . (*b*)	20	S. Longfellow . . .	Hollingside . . .	J. B. Dykes.
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light		(see 205).		
Hora novissima		(see 396, 398, 399, 400)		
How beauteous are their feet . . .	232	I. Watts	St. Michael . . .	Ar. Dr. Crotch.
How beauteous on the mountains .	230	B. Gough	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason.
How blessèd is the heavenly choice .	427	P. Doddridge	Staincliffe	R. W. Dixon.
O happy day that fixed my choice.				
How blest the sacred tie that binds (*b*)	447	A. L. Barbauld . . .	Staincliffe. . . .	R. W. Dixon.
How bright appears the morning-star.	134	J. C. Jacobi, *Tr.* . .	Nicolai	German har. by Mendelssohn.
Wie schön leucht uns der Morgenstern		P. Nicolai		
How gentle God's commands . . (*b*)	98	P. Doddridge	Dennis	Ar. fr. H. G. Nägeli.
How glorious is the hour	289	S. Bulfinch	Leominster . . .	Marston-Sullivan.
How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord (*c*)	85	J. Milton	Bedford.	W. Wheall.
How precious is the Book Divine . .	244	J. Fawcett	Farrant	R. Farrant.
How shall we celebrate Thy love (*a*)	241	J. Proud	Marlow	L. Mason.
How sweet the charm where Love . .	446	J. Newton	Conjugial Love .	E. Gould.
How sweet the Name of Jesus . . .	153	Alt. fr. J. Newton .	Evan	W. H. Havergal.
Hushed was the evening hymn . (*a*)	505	J. D. Burns	Samuel	A. S. Sullivan.
I close my heavy eye	335	H. Bonar.	Sursum Corda, 2 .	G. Lomas.
Igjennem Nat og Traengsel		(see 487).		
I heard the voice of Jesus say . .	361	H. Bonar	{ Blenden . . .	C. E. Kettle.
			{ Vox Dilecti . .	J. B. Dykes.
I love the Lord; He heard my voice (*c*)	381	J. Proud	Solomon	G. F. Händel.
I love the voice divine that speaks .	339	J. Proud	Manoah	Rossini-Greatorex.
I love to hear the story	499	Mrs. E. Miller . . .	Montrose	J. K. Smyth.
I love to hear the story how the Lord	498	F. Sewall	Montrose	J. K. Smyth.
I need Thee every hour . . . . (*a*)	574	A. S. Hawks	I Need Thee. . .	R. Lowry.
I sing the almighty power of God . .	553	I. Watts	Bristol No. 2 . .	J. S. B. Hodges.
I sought the Lord, and afterward I .	388	J. Ingelow	Marlborough . .	Ar. by Sullivan.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
I think when I read that sweet story	490	J. Luke	I Think When, etc.	J. H. Cornell.
If God be on my side		(see 256).		
I'm but a pilgrim here (*b*)	393	T. R. Taylor	St. Edmund	A. S. Sullivan.
In all my vast concerns with Thee	274	I. Watts	Audite Audientes	A. S. Sullivan.
In boundless mercy, gracious Lord	28	Att. to Swedenborg	Skara	F. Sewall.
In every condition, in sickness and	254	G. Keith	St. Luke No 1	Bristol Collection
In heavenly love abiding	385	A. L. Waring	Fairford	F. Schubert.
In our work, and in our play	509	W. C. Dix	Beminster	Bristol Collection
In tenebris nostrae		(see 320).		
In the hour of trial	300	J. Montgomery	Penitence	S. Lane.
In Thy peaceful house of prayer	18	Hymns of the Spirit	Brompton	T. R. Schrack.
Instantis adventum Dei		(see 159).		
Is thy cruse of comfort wasting (*a*)	233	E. Charles	Comfort	F. Sewall.
Ist Gott für mich, so trete		(see 256).		
It came upon the midnight clear (*b*)	526	E. H. Sears	Christmas No. 2 / Vision	W. W. Gilchrist. / R. S. Willis.
I've found a Friend; O such a Friend	591	J. G. Small	Constance	A. S. Sullivan.
Jam lucis orto sidere		(see 6).		
Jerusalem, arise (*b*)	220	J. Proud	Jerusalem	Chauvenet Coll.
Jerusalem luminosa		(see 219).		
Jerusalem, my happy home	402	Ar. by J. Bromehead	Beatitudo / Sawley	J. B. Dykes. / J. Walch.
Jerusalem, the golden! O city of (*a*)	397	D. H. Howard	Ewing	A. Ewing.
Jerusalem, thou City bright	566	F. Sewall	Shining Shore	G. F. Root.
Jesu dulcis memoria		(see 373, 378, 379, 380).		
Jesu geh' voran		(see 350).		
Jesu meek and gentle	501 / 124	G. R. Prynne	Gentle Saviour. / St. Constantine / Merrial	H. deK. Rider. / W. H. Monk. / J. Barnby.
Jesu, with Thy Church abide	224	T.B. Pollock	Litany No. 1 / Litany No. 3	E. Bunnett. / W. H. Monk.
Jesus ar min wan then beste		(see 387).		
Jesus calls us! — o'er the tumult	17	C. F. Alexander	Galilee	W. H. Jude.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia	186	Lyra Davidica	Easter Hymn	Lyra Davidica.
Jesus, ever-present Guide	424	S. M. Wright	Haven	E. H. Lemare.
Jesus, guide our way	350	A. T. Russell, *Tr.*	Guide	A. Drese.
Jesu geh' voran		N. L. Zinzendorf		
Jesus, I my cross have taken	421	H. F. Lyte	Bavaria / St. Polycarp, 2.	German. / J. Barnby.
Jesus, in Thee our hopes shall rest	44	English Conference	Duke Street / Mendon	J. Hatton. / German.
Jesus is my best of friends	387	Fr. the Swedish	Roxbury	J. K. Smyth.
Jesus är min wän then beste		Quoted by Swedenborg (Documents).		
Jesus is our Shepherd	357	H. Stowell	St. Mary M'gd., 1	J. B. Dykes.
Jesus, King of Glory	503	Anonymous	St. Alban	F. J. Haydn.
Jesus lives! no longer now (*b*)	193	F. E. Cox, *Tr.*	St. Albinus	H. J. Gauntlett
Jesu lebt, mit Ihm auch ich		C. F. Gellert		
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	287	J. J. Cummins	St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins.
Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious	128	J. Montgomery, *Tr.*	Wachet Auf	P. Nicolai.
Looft den Koning, alle Volken		R. Feith		
Jesus, lover of my soul (*a*)	312	C. Wesley	Elijah No.2 / Martyn / Hollingside	F. Mendelssohn / S. B. Marsh. / J. B. Dykes.
Jesus, meek and gentle (see 501) (*a*)	124	G. R. Prynne	Merrial	J. Barnby.
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	40	H. Collins	Speranza / Jesu, Domine	F. Sewall. / J. Barnby.
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me	298	C. Elliott	Hanford	A. S. Sullivan.
"Jesus only!" In the shadow	586	F. R. Havergal	Bamberg	J. C. Bach.
Jesus, our true and only light (*b*)	30	C. Winkworth *Tr.*	St. Polycarp No. 1	Pleyel-Gardiner.
O Christ, our true and only light				
O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht		J. Heermann		
Jesus, Saviour infinite (*b*)	207	G. Rawson	Dantzic	F. Filitz.
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	578	E. Hopper	Pilot	J. E. Gould.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun (*a*)	66	I. Watts	Méhul / Truro	E. N. Méhul. / Williams' Ps. Ev

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Jesus spreads His banner o'er us	429	R. Park	{ St. Sylvester / Dornance	J. B. Dykes. / I. B. Woodbury.
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me (*a*)	494	M. L. Duncan	{ Mecklenburg / Brocklesbury	German. / C. A. Barnard.
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	378	E. Caswall. St. Bernard, *Tr.*	Gouda	B. Tours.
Jesu dulcis memoria				
Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest (*b*)	307	C. Wesley	Hamburg	L. Mason (Greg'n)
Eternal beam of light divine.				
Jesus, these eyes have never seen	377	R. Palmer	Bunyan	F. Mendelssohn.
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts	373	R. Palmer, *Tr.* St. Bernard	Sun of My Soul	H. P. Smith.
Jesu dulcis memoria.				
Jesus, Thou Shepherd of the sheep	449	T. Kelly	{ Warrington / Keble No. 2	R. Harrison. / J. B. Dykes.
Jesus, Thou Shepherd of us all	15	English Conference	Hamburg	L. Mason (Greg'n)
Jesus, Thou source of life, and light	108	English Conference	Wordsworth	F. Sewall.
Jesus, to Thee be endless praise.	60	English Conference	{ Praise / Selwyn	F. Sewall. / F. Mendelssohn.
Jesus, to Thy table led	437	R. H. Baynes.	St. Basil	German Chorale.
Jesus triumphant reigns	67	I. Watts	Silver Street	I. Smith.
The God Jehovah reigns.				
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	14	W. Cowper	Trinity	Pierracini.
Joy fills our inmost heart to-day	139	W. C. Dix	Gaudete	S. Smith.
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	137	I. Watts (see 240).	Antioch	L. Mason.
Jucundare plebs fidelis				
Keep me, Saviour, near Thy side	316	F. Sewall, a cento	Dallas	I. Cherubini.
King of glory, King of peace	588	G. Herbert	Gwalchmai	J. D. Jones.
Knock! but O most patient Lord	286	J. Ingelow (see 353).	Lachrimae	A. S. Sullivan.
Kopon te kai kamaton				
Labente jam solis rota		(see 390).		
Laboring and heavy-laden	304	J. S. B. Monsell. (see 430, 431).	St. Sylvester.	J. B. Dykes.
Lauda Sion Salvatorem				
Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling	358	J. H. Newman	Lux Benigna.	J. B. Dykes.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us (*a*)	293	J. Edmeston	Verona	J. H. Deane.
Let all the world in every corner sing	590	G. Herbert	Universal Praise	W. S. Whinfield.
Let children hear the mighty deeds	474	I. Watts	St. Martin's	W. Tans'ur.
Let every heart exulting beat	155	J. D. Chambers, *Tr.* Anonymous	Méhul	E. N. Méhul.
Exultet cor præcordiis				
Let the whole creation sing	532	Magnificat I (see 457).	Alpha	H. B. Richards.
Let us with a gladsome mind		(see 87).		
Licht vom Licht, erleuchte mich		(see 89).		
Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier				
Lift up, lift up your voices now	182	Neale-Charles, *Tr.* 15th Century St. Ambrose (?)	Lauds	R. Redhead.
En dies est dominica				
Aurora lucis rutilat				
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates (*a*)	133	C. Winkworth, *Tr.* G. Weissel	Advent Hymn	J. Crüger (Ritter's Chorale Book).
Macht hoch die Thür				
Lift your glad voices in triumph (*a*)	534	H. Ware, Jr.	Lift Your Voices.	E. Leslie.
Light of life, the great Messiah	146	Anonymous	Bethany No. 2.	H. Smart.
Light of light! enlighten me (*a*)	87	C. Winkworth, *Tr.* B. Schmolck	The Long Home	A. S. Sullivan.
Licht vom Licht, erleuchte mich				
Light's abode, celestial Salem	219	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* Thomas à Kempis (?)	Vladimir	F. Sewall.
Jerusalem luminosa				
Lo! for us the wilds are glad (*b*)	543	C. Wesley	Lebanon	English.
Lo, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands	415	P. Doddridge	Balerma	Ar. by R. Simpson.
Lo, the pilgrim Magi	156	J. D Chambers, *Tr.* C. Coffin. (see 76).	Orient	C. Steggall.
Linquunt tecta Magi principis urbis				
Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König				
Long as I live, I'll bless Thy name (*a*)	473	I. Watts	St. Anne's.	W. Croft.
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly	407	F. Quarles (see 128).	{ Unde et Memores / Battle	W. H. Monk. / H. Lawes.
Looft den Koning, alle Volken				
Lord, as to Thy dear cross		(see 545).		
Lord, as we to Thy mercy flee (*a*)	545	J. H. Gurney	St. Hugh	E. J. Hopkins.
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee.				

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Lord, before Thy throne we bend .	99	J. Bowdler	{Blumenthal / Spanish Chant	J. Blumenthal. / Spanish Chant.
Lord, behold us with Thy blessing .	469	H. J. Buckoll.	Dismissal	W. L. Viner.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing .	96	J. Fawcett	Störl	J. G. C. Störl.
Lord, give us light to do Thy work .	477	H. Bonar	St. Stephen	W. Jones.
"Lord, I believe: help Thou mine .	327	D. H. Howard	Longwood	J. Barnby.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing (*a*)	573	E. Codner	Even Me	W. B. Bradbury.
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear	9	I. Watts	Winchester Old	{Este's Psalter. / Ad. fr. C. Tye.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day . (*a*)	285	I. Williams	Lachrimae	A. S. Sullivan.
Lord Jesus, God of heaven	455	English Conference	Badea	German.
Lord Jesus, I have promised	355	J. E. Bode	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott.
O Jesus, I have promised.				
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.	179	W. W. How	Rockingham	Ar. E. Miller.
Lord of all being! throned afar	24	O. W. Holmes	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver.
Lord of little children	518	C. E. Rowe	Wallace	W. W. Gilchrist.
Lord of our life, and God of our	41	P. Pusey	Bath	F. Sewall.
Christe, du Beistand		M. A. v. Löwenstern.	Chr. Du Beist'd	M. v. Löwenstern.
Lord of the living harvest (*b*)	451	J. S. B. Monsell	{Pæan / Genesis	F. Weber. / G. M. Garrett.
Lord of the worlds above	74	I. Watts	Darwall	J. Darwall.
Lord, on Thee alone I stay me	331	Magnificat I	Coblentz	L. Bourgeois.
Lord, pour Thy spirit from on high .	450	J. Montgomery	Brookfield	T. B. Southgate.
Lord, send Thy spirit from above	210	T. Davis	Winchester Old	{Este's Psalter. / Ad. fr. C. Tye.
Lord, Thy Word abideth	239	H. W. Baker	{Kemerton / St. Cyprian	L. Spohr. / R. R. Chope.
Lord, what offering shall we bring (*a*)	48	J. Taylor	Horton	Schnyder v. Wa'see
Lord! when before Thy throne we (*a*)	435	T. G. Nicolas	Palmyra	J. L. Summers.
Lord, when Thou mak'st Thy	65	Novalis-Winkworth	Novalis	W. A. Mozart.
Lord! when we bend before Thy (*a*)	275	J. D. Carlyle	Windsor	Scotch.
Lord, whose glory fills the skies. (*a*)	12	C. Wesley	Ratisbon	Neander, ad. fr. Eins ist Noth.
Christ whose glory fills the skies.				
Love divine, all loves excelling . (*b*)	21	C. Wesley	Weston	J. E. Roe.
Lucis Creator optime.		(see 107).		
Macht hoch die Thür		(see 133).		
Master, speak! Thy servant heareth .	342	F. R. Havergal	Kirkdale	J. Barnby.
Mater Hierusalem.		(see 395).		
Mein Jesu, wie du willt		(see 315).		
Mein König, deine Liebe		(see 547).		
Morn's roseate hues have decked the	187	W. Cooke, *Tr.*	Redcliff	E. J. Hopkins.
Aurora lucis dum novae		N. Le Tourneaux		
Much in sorrow		(see 303).		
My country, 'tis of thee	465	S. F. Smith	America	H. Carey (?).
My days are gliding swiftly by	565	D. Nelson	Shining Shore	G. F. Root.
My dear Redeemer and my Lord (*b*)	167	I. Watts	Rockingham New	L. Mason.
My faith looks up to Thee	180	R. Palmer	Olivet	L. Mason.
My God, is any hour so sweet . (*a*)	37	C. Elliott	Almsgiving	J. B. Dykes.
My God and Father, while I stray .	336	C. Elliott	Troyte No. 1	A. H. D. Troyte.
My God! permit me not to be . (*b*)	277	I. Watts	Mendon	Ar. by S. Dyer.
My God, the spring of all my joys .	585	I. Watts	Bedford	W. Wheall.
My God, whose gracious pity I . (*a*)	332	A. L. Newton	Abba Father	C. Kohlmann.
My heart is resting, O my God	318	A. L. Waring	Boardman	Devereux-K'gsley.
My Lord, my God, my only King.	80	J. Proud	Eisenach	J. H. Schein.
My opening eyes with rapture see.	10	Attr. to J. Hutton.	Dawn	E. F. Ulrich.
My Saviour, as Thou wilt	315	J. Borthwick, *Tr.*	Constance	F. Sewall.
Mein Jesu, wie du willt		B. Schmolck		
My soul, be on thy guard	366	G. Heath	Heath	R. Schumann.
My spirit on Thy care	262	H. F. Lyte	Olmutz	Gregorian-Mason.
Nearer, my God, to Thee (*b*)	539	S. F. Adams	Bethany No. 1	L. Mason.
Nearer, O God, to Thee (*b*)	538	W. W. How	Propior Deo	A. S. Sullivan.
New every morning is the love	3	J. Keble	Schumann	R. Schumann.
None is like Jeshurun's God	50	C. Wesley	Jeshurun	H. J. Gauntlett.
Now blessing, honor, glory, praise.	214	J. Proud	Mear	Old English.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Now, Lord, be with us, for the night	117	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	Nightfall	J. Barnby.
Die Nacht ist kommen, darin wir.		Petrus Herbert		
Now thank we all our God (*a*)	461	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	Nun Danket Alle	J. Crüger.
Nun danket alle Gott		M. Rinkart		
Now that the daylight fills the sky	6	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	Quebec	H. W. Baker.
Jam lucis orto sidere		Fifth Century	Jam Lucis	Ar. T. Helmore.
Now the day is over	123	S. Baring-Gould	Merrial	J. Barnby.
Nun danket alle Gott		(see 461).		
Nun ruhen alle Wälder		(see 114).		
O amor quam ecstaticus		(see 168).		
O Beata Jerusalem		(see 454).		
O bless the Lord, my soul (*a*)	75	I. Watts	St. George	H. J. Gauntlett.
O blest Creator of the light (*a*)	107	E. Caswall, *Tr.*	Lucis Creator	Ar. F. Sewall.
Lucis Creator optime		St. Gregory (?)		
O blest memorial of our risen Lord (*a*)	442	T. R. Woodford, *Tr.*	Langran	J. Langran.
Adoro te devote		St. Thomas Aquinas	Adoro Te	Fr. Plain Song.
O blest Redeemer, from Thy radiant(*c*)	422	S. Boyse	Ellers	E. J. Hopkins.
O cease, my wandering soul	281	W. A. Mühlenberg	St. Bride	S. Howard.
O Christ, our true and only light		(see 30).		
O come, all ye faithful	141	F. Oakeley, *Tr.*	Adeste Fideles	J. Reading.
Adeste fideles		Unknown		
O come, and let us all, with one accord	91	Anonymous	O Quanta Qualia	Ar. fr. LaFeuillée.
O come, O come, Emmanuel (*b*)	136	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	Emmanuel / Gounod	F. Sewall. / C. Gounod.
Veni, veni, Emmanuel		Ninth Century	Veni, Veni	Hebrew Melody.
O comfort to the weary	550	T. R. Birks	Rutherford	C. d'Urhan.
O day of rest and gladness (*a*)	82	C. Wordsworth	Mendebras / Lancashire	Ar. by L. Mason / H. Smart.
O esca viatorum		(see 444).		
O everlasting Light	31	H. Bonar	Domenica	H. S. Oakeley.
O filii et filiae		(see 533).		
O food of men wayfaring (*a*)	444	A. Riley, *Tr.*	In all'n m'n Thaten	Zion's Harfe.
O esca viatorum		17th Cent., Latin		
O for a closer walk with God	283	W. Cowper	Balerma	Ar. R. Simpson.
O for a heart to praise my God	374	Alt. fr. C. Wesley	St. Stephen	W. Jones.
O God, before Thy sun's bright beams	5	G. Phillimore	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle.
O God, my heavenly King	323	J. Proud	Dover	English.
O God of truth, O Lord of might (Pt. 2)	13	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	Rector Potens	F. Sewall.
Rector Potens verax Deus		St. Ambrose (?)		
O God, our help in ages past		(see 270).		
O God, unseen yet ever near (*a*)	434	E. Osler	Arlington / Communion	T. A. Arne. / W. W. Gilchrist.
O Guardian of the church divine	452	Ad. by T. Chamberlain	Missionary Chant / Veni Creator	C. Zeuner. / Ar. by F. Sewall.
O happy band of pilgrims	536	J. M. Neale	Swabia No. 2.	German.
O happy day, that fixed my choice		(see 427).		
O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden		(see 176).		
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen (*a*)	546	C. Elliott	Flemming	Ar. fr. Flemming.
O how shall I keep my Christmas	515	J. Westall	Westall	J. Worcester.
O how shall I receive Thee	131	A. T. Russell, *Tr.*	Gerhardt	German.
Wie soll ich dich empfangen		P. Gerhardt.		
O I love to talk with Jesus	572	J. E. Collom, ad.	Chamouni	G. Lomas.
O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht		(see 30).		
O Jesus, ever present	359	L. Tuttiett	Anfield	Unknown.
O Jesus, I have promised		(see 355).		
O Jesus, King most wonderful (*a*)	380	E. Caswall, *Tr.*	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle.
Jesu dulcis memoria		St. Bernard		
O Jesus, Lord and Saviour (*a*)	38	J. Bayley	Pilgrim	F. Sewall.
O Jesus, Saviour of the lost (*b*)	562	E. H. Bickersteth	Palestine	Anonymous.
O Jesus, Saviour, Source of good	440	J. Bayley	Magdeburg	L. Bourgeois.
O Jesus, Thou art standing	291	W. W. How	St. Edith	Knecht-Husband.
O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art (*a*)	379	E. Caswall, *Tr.*	Metzler	R. Redhead.
Jesu dulcis memoria		St. Bernard		
O King of kings, beneath Thy wings	268	W. Mason	Bemerton	H. W. Greatorex.
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on	436	T. R. Birks	Coena Domini	A. S. Sullivan.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
O let him, whose sorrow . . . . (*a*)	334	F. E. Cox, *Tr.* . . .	Caswall	F. Filitz.
Wenn in Leidenstagen		H. S. Oswald		
O little town of Bethlehem	522	P. Brooks	Copley Square . .	J. K. Smyth.
O Lord all glorious, Life of life . . .	68	English Conference .	Firmament . . .	G. F. Root.
O Lord! and is Thy table spread . .	438	P. Doddridge . . .	Eucharist	F. Sewall.
O Lord, be with us when we sail . .	542	E. A. Dayman . . .	Domine Nobiscum	J. Barnby.
O Lord, each morn again to Thee .	4	Unknown	Matins No. 2 . .	P. H. Goepp.
O Lord, how boundless is Thy love .	252	H. Auber	{ Larue	I. Pleyel.
O Lord, how infinite Thy love.			{ Gratitude . . .	H. Harris
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	456	C. Wordsworth . . .	Almsgiving . . .	J. B. Dykes.
O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King . .	468	O. W. Holmes . . .	Mendon	German.
O Lord of life, the Truth, the Way .	63	Anonymous	Lauds	R. Redhead.
O Lord, our help in ages past . . (*a*)	270	I. Watts	Dundee	Scotch.
O God, our help in ages past.				
O Love, how deep! how broad! . (*a*)	168	B. Webb, *Tr.*	Leipsic	J. Clauderi.
O amor quam ecstaticus		Thomas à Kempis . .	Sun of My Soul .	H. P. Smith.
O Love that will not let me go . . .	386	G. Matheson	St. Margaret . .	A. L. Peace.
O Mother dear, Jerusalem . . . (*c*)	395	Par. F. B. P. (1600 ?)	Materna	S. A. Ward.
Mater Hierusalem, civitas sancta Dei		St. Augustine . . .	Casket	C. F. Roper.
O Paradise, O Paradise . . . . (*a*)	394	F. W. Faber	Paradise	J. Barnby.
O peace of all the faithful	396	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* . .	St. Alphage . . .	H. J. Gauntlett.
Hora novissima		Bernard of Cluny . .		
O perfect Love, all human thought .	448	Blomfield-Gurney . .	Sandringham . .	J. Barnby.
O praise ye the Lord! prepare your .	61	Anonymous	Lyons	J. M. Haydn.
O quanta qualia		(see 561).		
O sacred Head sore wounded	176	J. Alexander *et al*, *Trs.*	Passion Choral .	Hassler-Bach.
O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden . .		P. Gerhardt		
O Saviour, precious Saviour . . (*a*)	56	F. R. Havergal . . .	Lancashire . . .	H. Smart.
O Sola magnarum urbium		(see 162).		
O sons and daughters, let us sing (*b*)	533	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* . .	O Filii et Filiae .	La Feuillée.
O filii et filiae		J. Tisserand		
O that the Lord would guide . . (*a*)	294	I. Watts	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes.
O the golden glowing morning . . .	192	G. T. Rider	Warren	R. H. Warren.
O Thou, at whose divine command .	245	H. Alford	Whiteland . . .	German.
O Thou essential Word	160	L. Laurenti	Sanford	J. Stephenson.
O Thou from whom all goodness (*b*)	313	T. Haweis	Sanglier.	German.
O Thou great Friend to all the sons	360	T. Parker	Pax Dei	J. B. Dykes.
O Thou, our God and Father	547	Tr. unknown	Spitta	H. P. Danks.
Mein König, deine Liebe		A. Nitschmann . . .		
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight	344	J. Wesley, *Tr.* . . .	Morning Star . .	C. Meineke.
Seelenbräutigam, O du Gottes Lamm		Zinzendorf, *et al.* . .		
O Thou true Life of all that live (Pt. 3)	13	E. Caswall, *Tr.* . . .	Rector Potens . .	F. Sewall.
Rerum Deus tenax vigor		St. Ambrose		
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear . . .	478	Tate and Brady . .	Nativity	H. Lahee.
O what their joy and their glory. (*a*)	561	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* . .	O Quanta Qualia .	Ar. fr. La Feuillée.
O quanta qualia.		P. Abelard		
O where shall rest be found	280	J. Montgomery . . .	St. Bride	S. Howard.
O wonder amazing	151	F. Sewall	Sewall	W. W. Gilchrist.
O wondrous Name, by prophets heard	570	V. Frances	O Wondrous Name	I. D. Sankey.
O Word of God incarnate . . . (*a*)	235	W. W. How	Zoan	W. H. Havergal.
			{ Houghton . . .	H. J. Gauntlett.
O worship the King, all glorious above	47	R. Grant.	{ Hanover . . .	W. Croft.
Oft in danger, oft in woe. . . . (*c*)	363	H. K. White, alt.	University College	H. J. Gauntlett.
Much in sorrow.		Bickersteth, Hall, Fuller-Maitland.		
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand .	392	S. Stennett	St. Marguerite. .	E. C. Walker.
On mountains and in valleys	551	Magnificat I	Chenies	T. R. Matthews.
On our way rejoicing, as we . . (*a*)	483	J. S. B. Monsell . .	Hermas	F. R. Havergal.
Once again, O blessèd time	521	W. Bright	Once Again . . .	J. B. Dykes.
Once in royal David's city	514	C. F. Alexander . .	Irby	H. J. Gauntlett.
Onward, Christian soldiers	484	S. Baring-Gould . .	St. Gertrude. . .	A. S. Sullivan.
Ou gar blepeis		(see 369).		
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	208	H. Auber	St. Cuthbert . .	J. B. Dykes.
Our Father, we adore Thee	23	J. E. Bowers	In all'n m'nThaten	Zion's Harfe.
Our God, we thank Thee, who hast .	389	A. Procter	Wentworth . . .	F. C. Maker.
Out on an ocean all boundless we ride	567	W. F. Warren . . .	Homeward Bound	C. S. Harrington.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Peace be to this congregation. (*a*)	95	C. Wesley	Peace	R. Redhead.
Peace of God, which knows no	211	Anon. (fr. Wesley)	St. Hilda	J. Barnby.
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark (*a*)	384	E. H. Bickersteth	Pax Tecum	G. T. Caldbeck.
Phos hilaron		(see 109).		
Pilgrim, bend thy footsteps on	320	C. F. Jones.	Haven No. 1.	J. Barnby.
Pleasant are Thy courts above (*a*)	101	H. F. Lyte	Maidstone / St. MaryMgd. 2. / Corinth	W. B. Gilbert. / A. S. Sullivan. / M. Haydn.
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven (*a*)	58	H. F. Lyte	Benedic Anima. / Regent Square	J. Goss. / H. Smart.
Praise, O praise our heavenly King	457	H Trend, par. (?) fr. Milton	Ever Faithful	German.
Let us with a gladsome mind.				
Praise the Lord who reigns above (*b*)	45	C. Wesley	Amsterdam	J. Nares (?).
Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore	57	J. Kempthorne (?).	Rathbun	I. Conkey.
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore	77	Anonymous	Regent Square	H. Smart.
Praise the Rock of our salvation	453	B. Webb	Sion Quadrata / Weston	F. A. W. Docker. / J. E. Roe.
Praise to God, immortal praise	459	A. L. Barbauld	Ever Faithful	A. S. Sullivan.
Praise to the Lord! He is King over	76	T. Porter, *Tr.* / J. Neander	Lobe Den Herren	Ar. fr. Neander.
Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen				
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart. (*a*)	273	J. Newton	Mount Zion	A. S. Sullivan.
Rector Potens verax Deus		(see 13II).		
Rejoice! the Lord is King (*c*)	200	C. Wesley	Christ Church	C. H. Steggall.
Rejoice to-day with one accord	462	H. W. Baker	Ein' Feste Burg	M. Luther.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart (*a*)	487	E. H. Plumptre	Marion	A. H. Messiter.
Rerum Deus tenax vigor		(see 13III).		
Rest of the weary	308	J. S. B. Monsell.	St. Cecilia	F. Sewall.
Rest remaineth, oh, so sweet	328	E. P. Hood.	Wyoming	J. H. Carter.
Return, my roving heart, return (*b*)	278	P. Doddridge	Mendon	German-Dyer.
Rich in mercy, Jesus reigns (*a*)	222	S. Woodworth	Messiah	G. Kingsley.
Ride on, ride on, in majesty. (*b*)	174	H. H. Milman	St. Drostane. / Prince of Peace	J. B. Dykes. / J. K. Smyth.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial	216	A. Pope	Russian Hymn	A. Lwoff.
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	204	M. Bridges	Righini	V. Righini.
Roll out, O song to God	150	F. Sewall	Vigilia	J. K. Smyth.
Ruler of the hosts of light (*b*)	196	J. Chandler, *Tr.*	Gibbons	O. Gibbons.
Supreme Rector coelitum		Unknown.		
Safe home, safe home in port (*a*)	406	J. M. Neale, *Par.*	Safe Home No. 1	Eastern Church.
Ton hieron athlophoron		St. Joseph (Studium)	Safe Home No. 2	A. S. Sullivan.
Salva nos, Domine		(see 122).		
Salve festa dies, toto venerabilis aevo		(see 531).		
Sancti, venite, Christi corpus sancti		(see 443).		
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we	97	J. Ellerton	Ellers	E. J. Hopkins.
Saviour and Regenerator (Pt. 1)	55	J. Cennick	Accrington	F. Sewall.
Saviour, blessèd Saviour	480	G. Thring	Edina	H. S. Oakley.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	115	J. Edmeston	Sicily	Sicilian Melody.
Saviour! I follow on	356	C. S. Robinson	Eden	S. S. Wesley.
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	292	D. A. Thrupp	Sheepfold	W. W. Gilchrist.
Saviour, now the day is ending	105	S. Doudney	Muriel / Rouen	C. Gounod. / C. Gounod.
Saviour, Source of every blessing (*a*)	249	Robinson	Sardis	L. van Beethoven.
Saviour! teach me day by day (*b*)	506	J. E. Leeson	Percivals	Anonymous.
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	416	W. A. Mühlenberg	Mecklenburg	German.
Saw you never in the twilight	496	C. F. Alexander	The Wise Men	B. Tours.
Seele, du musst munter werden		(see 8).		
Seelenbräutigam, O du Gottes Lamm		(see 344).		
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless	432	1–2, Anonymous / 3–4, Montgomery	Dedham	W. Gardiner.
Shepherd of tender youth	64	H. M. Dexter, *Tr.* / Clement of Alexan.	Agape	W. F. Sherwin.
Stomion polon adaon				
Shine forth, O Sun (Pt. 1) (*a*)	13	S. Browne	Rector Potens	F. Sewall.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing	148	W. A. Mühlenberg	Triumph / Avison	J. H. Cornell. / C. Avison.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Since Jesus is my friend . . . . (*b*)	256	C. Winkworth, *Tr.* .	Greenwood . . .	J. E. Sweetser.
If God be on my side.				
Ist Gott für mich, so trete		P. Gerhardt		
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	414	J. Ellerton, *Tr.* . . .	Alleluia Perenne .	W. H. Monk.
Alleluia pius edite laudibus . . .		5th Cent., Latin . .		
Sing them over again to me	575	P. P. Bliss	Words of Life . .	P. P. Bliss.
Sing with all the sons of glory . (*b*)	190	W. J. Irons.	Hymn of Joy . .	L. van Beethoven.
Sion, to thy Saviour singing . . (*b*)	430	A. R. Thompson, *Tr.*	Bonar	Ar. fr. J. B. Calkin.
Lauda Sion Salvatorem		St. Thomas Aquinas.	Stabat Mater . .	French Melody.
Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling . .	126	W. Ball and A. J. Ellis	Wachet Auf . . .	P. Nicolai.
Wachet auf! so ruft die Stimme . .		P. Nicolai.		
Softly now the light of day. . . (*b*)	121	G. W. Doane	Spanish Chant. .	Spanish Melody.
Sola magnarum urbium		(see 162).		
Some day the silver cord will break .	576	F. J. Crosby	The Silver Cord .	G. C. Stebbins.
Sometimes a light surprises	25	W. Cowper	Webb	G. J. Webb.
Stabat Mater dolorosa		(see 178).		
Still, still with Thee, when purple .	375	H. B. Stowe	Oswestry	J. B. Dykes.
Stilles Lamm und Friedefürst . . .		(see 311).		
Stomion polon adaon		(see 64).		
Summer suns are glowing	587	W. W. How	Ambleside. . . .	A. Lowe.
Summi Parentis Filio		(see 189).		
Supreme Rector coelitum		(see 196).		
Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear (*b*)	112	J. Keble	Keble No. 1 . . .	F. Sewall.
Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend . .	94	T. Gray	Seymour	C. M. von Weber.
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour . .	583	W. W. Walford . . .	Sw'tHour ofPray'r	W. B. Bradbury.
Take Thou the heart I cannot give (*a*)	295	M. A. Lathbury . .	Abbey	Ar. T. Ravenscroft.
Te Deum laudamus		(see 72).		
Te lucis ante terminum.		(see 102).		
Teach me, my God and King. . . .	347	Herbert and Wesley.	Sandys	English Carol.
Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth	552	J. S. B. Monsell. . .	Longwood. . . .	J. Barnby.
Ten hemeran dielthon		(see 111).		
Ten thousand times ten thousand . .	535	H. Alford	Alford	J. B. Dykes.
The Advent of our King. . . . (*b*)	129	J. C. Chandler, *Tr.* .	St. Michael . . .	Ar. by Dr. Crotch.
Instantis adventum Dei		C. Coffin.		
The bird let loose in eastern skies (*a*)	571	T. Moore	Moore	German.
The dove let loose in eastern skies.				
The Bridegroom comes	226	H. Bonar	Winchcombe . .	J. B. Calkin.
The Church's one foundation. . (*a*)	227	S. J. Stone	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley.
The dawn of God's own Sabbath (*a*)	90	A. Cross	Holy Church . .	A. H. Brown.
The day is gently sinking to a close .	120	C. Wordsworth . . .	Carmel	H. Smart.
The day is past and over	111	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* . . .	St. Anatolius . .	A. H. Brown.
Ten hemeran dielthon		Anatolius (?)		
The day of Resurrection . . . . (*a*)	183	J. M. Neale, *Tr.* . .	Day of Rest . . .	J. W. Elliott.
Anastaseos hemera		St. John Damascene.		
The dove let loose in eastern skies . .		(see 571).		
The duteous day now closeth . . .	114	R. Brathwaite (?) *Tr.*	Nun Ruhen . . .	J. S. Bach.
Nun ruhen alle Wälder		P. Gerhardt		
The God Jehovah reigns		(see 67).		
The God of Abraham praise	306	The Yigdal, par. by Olivers and Proud.	Leoni	Hebrew Melody.
The Head, that once was crowned .	194	T. Kelly	St. Magnus . . .	J. Clarke.
The King of love my Shepherd is . .	376	H. W. Baker	Dominus Regit Me	J. B. Dykes.
The light pours down from heaven .	231	Anonymous	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason.
The light! the light! the heav'nly light	221	J. E. Collom	Aspiration . . .	P. H. Goepp.
The Lord descended from above . .	130	T. Sternhold, alt. . .	St. Magnus . . .	J. Clarke.
The Lord is my shepherd, no want .	263	J. Montgomery . . .	Pastor Bonus . .	J. K. Smyth.
The Lord my pasture shall prepare (*a*)	250	J. Addison	Prince	Mendel'n-Hemy.
The Lord my Shepherd is	257	I. Watts	Greenwood . . .	J. E. Sweetser.
The Lord our Saviour is the Way .	242	W. Mason	Arlington	T. A. Arne.
The more thou puttest in the Lord .	322	D. H. Howard . . .	Adoro Te	French Plain Song.
The people that in darkness sat. . .	163	Alt. fr. J. Morrison .	Dundee	Scotch Psalter.
The roseate hues of early dawn . (*a*)	559	C. F. Alexander. . .	Christina	F. Sewall.
The shadows of the evening hours. .	116	A. A. Procter	St. Leonard . . .	H. Hiles.
The Son of Man goes forth to war (*a*)	367	R. Heber	Fight of Faith .	A. L. Peace.
			All Saints No. 2	H. S. Cutler.
The Son of God goes forth to war. .			Crusader . . .	S. B. Whitney.

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
The strife is o'er, the battle done (*b*)	185	F. Pott, *Tr.*	Victory	G. P. Palestrina.
Finita jam sunt proelia		17th Century		
Thee we praise, eternal Lord	72	F. Sewall, *Tr.*	Te Deum	P. Ritter.
Te Deum laudamus		St. Ambrose, ad.		
There is a book, who runs may read	549	J. Keble	Gouda	B. Tours.
There is a land of pure delight	405	1, 2, Watts, alt.	Christmas No. 1	G. F. Händel.
		3, 4, U. C. addition.	Mendif	English Melody.
There is a stream whose waters rise	404	J. M. Neale	Speranza	F. Sewall.
There's sunshine in my soul	582	E. E. Hewitt	Sunshine	J. R. Sweeney.
There were ninety and nine that	554	E. C. Clephane	Ninety and Nine	I. D. Sankey.
safely lay	555		Pastoral Chant	C. R. Cuff.
			St. James the Less	F. Sewall.
They who on the Lord rely	259	H. Auber	Confidence No. 1	J. B. Calkin.
Thine forever: — God of love	423	M. F. Maude	Haven No. 2	E. H. Lemare.
Thine forever! Thine forever	425	C. Wordsworth	Children of Light	J. K. Smyth.
This is the day of light	83	J. Ellerton	Swabia No. 1	J. M. Spiess.
Thou art gone up on high (*b*)	198	E. L. Toke	Rachel	F. Sewall.
Thou art, O God, the life and light (*a*)	70	T. Moore	Jesu Domine	J. Barnby.
Thou art the mighty King of kings	365	J. Proud	Ellacombe	St. Gall Coll.
Thou City of the angels, thou City (*b*)	308	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	Ewing	A. Ewing.
Hora novissima		Bernard of Cluny		
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy	524	E. E. S. Elliott	Veni	E. E. S. Elliott.
Thou hidden love of God, whose	310	J. Wesley, *Tr.*	Prince	H. F. Hemy.
Verborgene Gottesliebe Du		G. Tersteegen		
Thou Jesus! art the Way	35	English Conference	Franconia No. 1	König-Havergal.
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness (*b*)	338	J. Borthwick	Consolator	M. L. Bradshaw.
Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of	311	J. Wesley, *Tr.*	Leipsic	J. Clauderi.
Stilles Lamm und Friedefürst		C. Richter		
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast	276	Tate and Brady	Keble No. 2	J. B. Dykes.
Thou, Lord, who here hast made	541	J. G. Whittier	Eirene	F. R. Havergal.
When on my day of life.				
Thou to Whom the sick and dying	171	G. Thring	Kirkdale	J. Barnby.
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go	352	J. N. Darby	Robinson	Anonymous.
Though troubles assail, and dangers	248	J. Newton	Houghton	H. J. Gauntlett.
Through good report and evil, Lord	351	H. Bonar	Hanford	A. S. Sullivan.
Thro' the night of doubt and sorrow	589	S. Baring-Gould, *Tr.*	St. Asaph No. 2	W. S. Bambridge.
Igjennem Nat og Trængzel		B. S. Ingemann		
Thus far the Lord hath led me on	106	I. Watts	Sunset	W. W. Gilchrist.
Thy holy day's returning (*a*)	81	R. Palmer	St. Anselm	J. Barnby.
Thy mighty power we sing	69	English Conference	Italian Hymn	F. Giardini.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	314	H. Bonar	Constance	F. Sewall.
Thy will, O Lord, not mine	296	E. D. Daniels	Langton	Ad. C. Streatfeild.
Thy Word, O Lord, like gentle dews (*a*)	243	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	Hermon	Sev. Gastorius.
Dein Wort, O Herr, ist milder Thau.		C. B. Garve		
To Christ, the Prince of Peace (*b*)	189	E. Caswall, *Tr.*	St. George	H. J. Gauntlett.
Summi Parentis Filio		18th Century		
To God, the Father, Spirit, Son	493	F. Sewall	St. Ambrose	F. Sewall.
To God I lift my eyes	22	Alt. fr. Watts	Thatcher	Fr. Händel.
Upward I lift my eyes.				
To Him who children blessed	419	J. F. Clarke	St. Andrew	J. Barnby.
To Jesus Christ be glory given (*a*)	52	W. Mason	Old Hundredth	Genevan Psalter.
To the Name of our Salvation	154	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	Oriel	Ett, Cant. Sacra.
Gloriosi Salvatoris		15th Century		
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour		(see 382).		
To Thee, O God in heaven	418	J. F. Clarke	St. Andrew	J. Barnby.
To Thee, O Lord, my Saviour	382	J. S. B. Monsell	Lux Mundi	A. S. Sullivan.
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour.				
To Thy temple I repair (*a*)	88	J. Montgomery	Sabbath	Fr. Beethoven.
Ton hieron athlophoron		(see 406).		
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head (*a*)	223	P. Doddridge	All Saints No. 1	W. Knapp.
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes (*c*)	267	I. Watts	Sidwell	Fr. Beethoven.
Up, ye Christians, join in singing	127	N. Frothingham, *Tr.*	Wachet Auf	P. Nicolai.
Auf, Ihr Christen, lasst uns singen.		J. C. Arnschwanger.		
Upward I lift my eyes		(see 22).		
Urbs beata Jerusalem		(see 454).		

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Veni, Creator Spiritus		(see 426).		
Veni, jam veni, benignissime		(see 206).		
Veni, sancte Spiritus		(see 205).		
Veni, veni, Emmanuel		(see 136).		
Verborgene Gottesliebe Du		(see 310).		
Verlass mich nicht		(see 299).		
Wachet auf! so ruft die Stimme		(see 126).		
Waken, Christian children	520	S. C. Hamerton	Waken, etc.	Anonymous.
Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan		(see 271).		
Was von aussen und von innen		(see 544).		
Watchman, tell us of the night	589	J. Bowring	Watchman	L. Mason.
We are but little children weak	491	C. F. Alexander	Alstone	C. E. Willing.
We give Thee but Thine own	234	W. W. How	St. Giles	J. M. Bell.
We love the place, O God (*a*)	84	W. Bullock	St. Denys	F. Spinney.
We march, we march to victory (*b*)	482	G. Moultrie	March to Victory	J. Barnby.
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	169	J. G. Whittier	Dalehurst	A. Cottman.
We plough the fields, and scatter	463	J. Campbell, *Tr.*	Cottman	A. Cottman.
Wir pflügen und wir streuen		M. Claudius	Wir Pflügen	Ar. fr. Schultz.
We saw Thee not when Thou didst	166	Richter-Gurney	Nazareth	C. Malan.
We thank Thee, Lord! for this fair	79	G. E. L. Cotton	Morning Hymn	F.H. Barthélémon.
Wearily at daylight's close	504	Magnificat I	Evening Prayer	Reinecke, ar. B.
Weary of earth and laden with (*a*)	290	S. J. Stone	Langran	J. Langran.
Welcome, happy morning! age to	531	J. Ellerton, *Tr.*	Fortunatus	A. S. Sullivan.
Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis aevo		V. N. C. Fortunatus		
Welcome, sweet day of rest (*a*)	92	I. Watts	Detroit	E. P. Hastings.
Wenn in höchster Noth und Pein		(see 329).		
Wenn in Leidenstagen		(see 334).		
Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne		(see 411).		
Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten		(see 258).		
Werde licht, du Stadt der Heiden		(see 157).		
What are these in bright array		(see 409).		
What glory gilds the sacred page	237	W. Cowper	Bristol No. 2	J. S. B. Hodges.
What grace, O Lord, and beauty	172	E. Denny	Patience	L. van Beethoven.
What within me and without	544	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	Aus Der Tiefe Ruf Ich	P. Heinlein or M. Herbst.
Was von aussen und von innen		A. H. Francke		
Whate'er my God ordains is right	271	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	Hermon	Sev. Gastorius.
Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan		S. Rodigast		
When all Thy mercies, gracious (*a*)	255	J. Addison	Vulpius	M. Vulpius.
When Christ was born of Mary free	527	MS. *c.* 1456, Br. Mus.	In Excelsis Gloria	E. T. Potter.
When day's shadows lengthen	319	F. G. Lee	Ades Domine	Anonymous.
When, His salvation bringing	492	J. King	Tours	B. Tours.
When I fear my faith will fail	580	A. R. Haberkorn	He Will Hold Me	R. Harkness.
When I survey the wondrous cross	177	I. Watts	Rockingham	Ar. E. Miller.
When, in the hour of utmost need	329	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	Leipsic	J. Clauderi.
Wenn in höchster Noth und Pein		P. Eber		
In tenebris nostrae		J. Camerarius		
When morning gilds the skies	1	E. Caswall, *Tr.*	Matins No. 1	H. F. Shepherd.
Beim frühen Morgenlicht		Early 19th Century	Laudes Domini	J. Barnby.
When on my day of life		(see 541).		
When, overwhelmed with grief	279	I. Watts	St. Bride	S. Howard.
When shepherds watched their flocks	528	J. Westall	In Excelsis Gloria	E. T. Potter.
When the heart is sad within (*b*)	563	H. H. Milman	Redhead	R. Redhead.
When the weary seeking rest	32	H. Bonar	Elijah No. 1	J. Stainer.
When through the torn sail the wild	540	R. Heber	Gennesaret	A. S. Sullivan.
Where for safety shall I fly	340	English Conference	Sherborne	F. Mendelssohn.
While my Redeemer's near	264	Anne Steele	Vincenzo	F. Sewall.
While shepherds watched their flocks	513	N. Tate	Gabriel	Old Carol.
While Thee I seek, protecting Power	246	H. M. Williams	Brattle Street	Fr. Pleyel.
While Thou, O my God! art my help	305	W. Young	St. Asaph No. 1	A. H. Mann.
Who are these in bright array (*a*)	409	J. Montgomery	Otto	English Melody.
What are these in bright array.				
Who are these like stars appearing	411	F. E. Cox, *Tr.*	All Saints No. 3	German, ar. by J. G. C. Störl.
Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne		H. T. Schenck		
Who is this that comes in glory	197	Ad. fr. C. Wordsworth	Lux Eoi	A. S. Sullivan.
Who would true valor see		(see 510).		

First Line of Hymn.	No	Author or Source.	Name of Tune.	Composer or Source.
Whom have we, Lord, in heaven (*a*)	272	H. Auber.	Haydn No. 2 . .	F J. Haydn
Whoso in God alone confideth . . .	258	C. Winkworth, *Tr.* alt.	Wer nur den lieben	G Neumark
Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.		G. Neumark		
Wie schön leucht uns der Morgenstern.		(see 134).		
Wie soll ich dich empfangen		(see 131).		
Wir pflügen und wir streuen		(see 463).		
With gladsome feet we press	488	R. C. Singleton . . .	Holy Mount. . .	G. A. Macfarren
With gladsome hearts we come . . .	507	L. MacLeod	Children's King .	D. B. MacLeod
With songs and honors sounding loud	46	I. Watts	Belfield	W. W. Gilchrist
Within Thy tabernacle, Lord	93	English Conference .	Dedham	W. Gardiner
Ye Christians, tune your noblest (*c*)	203	Anne Steele	Haydn No. 1 . .	F. J. Haydn
Yes, He knows the way is dreary . .	343	F. R. Havergal . . .	Suppliant	J. Stainer

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON HYMNS.

All hail the great Immanuel's name, *see* 49.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, *see* 104.

Cast upon the Lord thy care, *see* 266.

Come hither, ye faithful, *see* 141.

Come, Thou long expected Jesus, *see* 159.

Holy Spirit, Truth divine, *see* 20.

I'm but a stranger here, *see* 393.

In Jesus' love abiding, *see* 385.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, 186, based on *Surrexit Christus hodie* (14th century, anonymous) and Arnold's Compleat Psalmodist (1749).

Lord, when Thou mak'st Thy presence felt, 65, from *Was wär' ich ohne Dich* by Novalis. Stanzas 3 and 4 by Miss Winkworth.

O Thou essential Word, 160, from *Du wesentliches Wort* of L. Laurenti, by Miss Winkworth.

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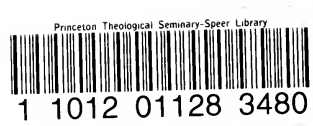
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