

MISSION HYMNAL

UNITARIAN LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

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OF THE

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SIXTEEN BEACON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

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TO THOSE USING THIS HYMNAL

WE are glad to welcome you to this meeting which is one of a series in connection with a movement of UNITARIAN PREACHING MISSIONS, promoted by the Unitarian Laymen's League throughout the length and breadth of our beloved country.

It may interest you to know something concerning their purpose and aim and to learn about the objectives and ideals we have in view.

Our primary purpose is to make a spiritual contribution to the life of our time. The age is such that religious and spiritual values are being challenged. Thousands there are, who, finding that for them the old doctrines and creeds have lost their meaning, feel that Faith is without foundation and Religion itself of doubtful validity. These are found not only among the great masses of the unchurched, but also within the borders of the various churches themselves. To these must be added an increasing number of college men and women, graduates and undergraduates, who feel that Science and Historic Criticism have destroyed the basis of Religion and that Faith is without justification for the modern mind. "*There can be no vision without Faith and where there is no vision the people perish.*" The whole situation is full of peril to the future. Where spiritual values fail, civilization is undermined and democratic institutions fall. We desire to help in meeting this situation. We believe that the New Knowledge may minister to Faith and that through the method of Free Inquiry spiritual values can be placed on a firmer foundation.

Our second purpose is to spread the principles and inspiring message of Liberal Religion. We believe that it will prove a Gospel of Hope and furnish a working Faith for great numbers who now feel they must be regarded as "irreligious" or who find the old foundations slipping away.

Our third objective is to confirm our own membership and constituency in the fundamental principles of our Faith, to help them realize that they are the custodians of a great cause and a sacred trust.

With profound admiration and deepest respect for the noble traditions and past accomplishments of all other churches, with no spirit of antagonism, no intention of proselyting among their members, we seek to serve the cause of religion in general. We desire, of course, to benefit our own people and we are happy to be able to offer those with no church home one where they can worship and serve, freed from prescribed creed, obligated by no dogmatic test.

We shall be happy to have you keep this hymnal as a memento of this service. We hope that you will want to come again. If you find the message inspiring and helpful, you will make a gift to your friends by inviting them to come to other meetings.

We want you to feel at home here. Do not hesitate to ask questions. You can do so by writing them on the cards you will find on the seats or in the pew

racks. If the Mission Preacher is obscure in any way, he will be glad to explain. He is also happy to meet people at the close of each service. If you wish to consult him personally, do not be reluctant in asking for an interview. Pamphlets concerning our Faith will be found on tables in the vestibule. They are for free distribution.

Join in the singing of the hymns. They represent the noblest poetry of faith and are chosen from the hymns of all churches.



UNITARIAN CHURCHES

Unitarian churches are dedicated to religion, but not to a creed. Neither upon themselves nor upon their members do they impose a test of doctrinal formulas. Love to God and man and the perfecting of our spiritual nature they regard as the unchanging substance of religion and the essential gospel of Jesus. Consecrating themselves to these principles, they aim at cultivating reverence for truth, moral character and insight, helpfulness to humanity and the spirit of communion with the Infinite. They welcome to their worship and fellowship all who are in sympathy with a religion thus simple and thus free.



ENRICHING OUR DAILY LIFE

The spiritual life is a growth and achievement. It develops only through cultivation and care. It has its laws, even as there are laws in the domain of the physical world.

One of the supreme needs of the hour is that attention be given to this. As never before, we are emphasizing the necessity of care for the body and daily physical exercise is a part of the regime of every well-ordered life.

How much more important, therefore, that we should give some attention to the better side of our natures and that we conduct daily spiritual exercises, not as a matter of piety but as a matter of common sense. We could make no greater contribution to our well-being, since such exercises develop confidence and poise and a sense of security in facing the situations of life.

Put aside at least ten minutes every day for such purpose. There is for free distribution an excellent little pamphlet entitled "Beginning the Day," a collection of prayers by Dr. Charles Edwards Park of the First Church, Boston. You say, however, "I do not believe in prayer." Even so, this does not obviate the necessity of daily spiritual exercise. Retire every day into the silence of your own thoughts, there commune with the highest you can possibly conceive. Read some portion each day from the great literature of the race, not alone from the Bible, but from the immortals of every age and clime. You will thereby be lifted above the transitoriness of the daily routine into the freer atmosphere of the ageless and universal and realize yourself to be a citizen of that realm which Jesus called the Kingdom of God.

SERVICES FOR CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP

SERVICE NUMBER ONE

To be said by the Minister

The kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy.

Let us follow after the things that make for peace, and the things whereby we may edify one another.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

To be said by the Minister

In the holy quiet of this hour, let us pray that the sense of the nearness and faithfulness of God may be quickened within us. May our hearts be filled with gratitude and praise, and our daily lives be gladdened and uplifted by the thought of our divine kinship, and let us earnestly awaken to the high privilege of those accounted worthy to be fellow workers with God, called by his spirit to bring in the reign of righteousness and peace.

To be said by Minister and People together

O Thou who keepest the steps of the upright in heart, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life: enable us by thy grace to live worthily as in thy sight. Inspire us with the spirit of devotion to thy holy will whereby we may prove faithful in that which is least as well as in that which is most. Join us in one great fellowship with those who seek to make firm and sure thy kingdom upon the earth. By the charity of our temper and thoughts may we show forth the power of the gospel of love and so live in unity and peace with all men. *Amen.*

To be said by Minister and People alternately

O God, who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell in the unity of the spirit which is the bond of peace; amid diversities of race and calling enable us to trust thy divine plan of love, in the working out of which thou dost give to each generation its appointed share.

Uphold in us, O Lord, the faith in our common brotherhood, that we may be kindly affectioned one toward another.

Grant that the blessings we have received from those gone before may be transmitted to them that are to come, with no principle impaired, but strengthened and illuminated by our steadfast loyalty and good works.

Make us worthy, O Lord, of all thy benefits.

Revive in us and in the people of this land a spirit of devotion to the common weal, that so we may be kept from sloth and indifference, from every selfish indulgence and impurity, and from all corruption of civil government and the high citizenship committed to us.

Lead us, O Lord, in thy righteousness.

Endue with the spirit of wisdom those entrusted with authority, that there may be peace throughout this land, and that we may be an influence for good among the nations of the earth.

Let thy peace, O Lord, rule in all our hearts.

Take from us all jealousy and envy at the good of others, all unkindness from offences given or taken, all unrighteous anger and an impatient spirit.

O Lord, deliver us from evil.

To be said by the Minister and People together

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up unto the Lord.

O Lord, open thou our eyes.

That we may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

O Lord, open thou our lips.

And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Praise ye the Lord.

The Lord's name be praised.

RESPONSIVE READING

The Lord our God hath prepared his throne for judgment. It is he who reigneth over all the earth.

And he will judge the world in righteousness and minister judgment to the people.

He will bring forth justice to the nations; he will bring forth mercy and truth. The Lord will not fail nor faint till he have set justice in the earth; until he have burst the cruel yoke asunder, and given liberty to the captive and to them that are oppressed.

In righteousness and peace hath he called us, and set us as a great light among the nations.

And in the need of the times that are and shall be, the Lord, the Eternal, shall be our help and that of all generations.

Pray for the peace of our land; let all the people say, Peace be within thee. Peace be within thee and prosperity within thy borders.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say this, whom he hath redeemed from many lands,

And called from the east and from the west; from the north and from the south.

O let them praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men.

Arise, O Lord, that the nations may know thy power; arise, O God, and let not brutish men have dominion upon the earth,

Nor they that know not thy law triumph in their might.

Lighten, O Lord, the dark places of the nations, and give peace and godliness to the world,

So that the cruel shall be turned to mercy, and the unthankful shall open his heart.

Pour out thy spirit upon all flesh and write thy law upon the hearts of men,
For then shall there be the flame of freedom in men's souls and the light of
knowledge in their eyes.

Let justice dwell in the far-off isles and righteousness abound among the
people.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness
quietness and confidence forever.

And men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into prun-
ing hooks.

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war
any more.

Let good-will speed from nation to nation; let the voice of friendship prevail
in distant lands.

Yea: let the whole earth rejoice together as one people.

And the melody of righteousness shall be as the new song of them that are
redeemed.

So shall all hearts be filled with rejoicing, and sorrow and sighing shall flee
away.

SERVICE NUMBER TWO

To be said by the Minister and People responsively

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul,
and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

To be said by Minister and People together

O Thou whom Jesus called Father and who hast revealed Thyself through prophets and seers in every age: we rejoice in those faithful souls who have borne witness to the truth throughout all generations. Thankful for the light of their example we would seek first the Heavenly Kingdom manifested in their lives. But we give greater thanks for the knowledge that more light is still to be revealed and that Thou art calling us to be Thy servants, even today. Casting aside all indifference and subduing the selfishness of our wills, may we hear Thy call and may we be found worthy of fellowship with all pure hearts who have aspired to be co-workers with Thee. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER, *Minister and People*

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

SERVICE NUMBER THREE

To be said by the Minister and People responsively

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation,
And he whose strength is in the Lord.

Blessed is he who regardeth justice,
And he who practiseth righteousness at all times.

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,
In whose spirit there is no guile.

Blessed is he who seeing his brother have need, shutteth not up his heart against his brother;

For he shall inherit the kingdom of the Heavenly Father prepared from the foundation of the world.

He that will save his soul and enter into the joy of the Lord.

Let him be faithful in that which is least as well as faithful in that which is most.

To be said by the Minister

O Lord, teach us to serve, to give and not to count the cost, to fight the good fight and not to heed our wounds, to labor and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we do thy will. Keep alive in our hearts the adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that thy will be done. O Thou eternal Love, bestow upon us that love of men which was his who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, that the same spirit which was in Jesus may be in us also, and that, having his humility in remembrance, we may consecrate ourselves to the service of mankind. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER, *Minister and People*

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

SERVICE NUMBER FOUR

To be said by the Minister and People responsively

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me: Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. **Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?**

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

To be said by the Minister

Grant unto us, O God, something of that singleness of purpose, that simplicity of thought, which can only come when we enter into our own minds and shut the door, and for a little time take account of what we are and what we long to be, and what is our true relation to the world we live in. And may there come to us the feeling that in that hour of self-communion we are not really alone, the sense that in some way soul speaks to soul, and that there is in the universe something that is interpreted by our own deeper selves. May we then go forth renewed in courage to take up the task of daily living in the actual world, and see that world transfigured by our thought of God. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER, Minister and People

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

SERVICE NUMBER FIVE

To be said by the Minister and People responsively

Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. **For there the Lord commandeth a blessing, even life forevermore.**

He that would love life and see good days, let him seek peace and pursue it. **Let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips from speaking guile.**

Let him not say I will honor the wise and hate the unwise; I will have respect unto the rich and despise the poor.

For God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that worketh righteousness and doeth the will of the Lord shall abide forever.

Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

To be said by the Minister

O Thou Great Lover of the souls of men, whom all men worship under many names and diverse forms, we pray for thy blessing upon the great company of those who fain would know thy law and do thy will.

Grant unto thy Church, wheresoever it may be found, an increasing knowledge of the truth, a deeper understanding of human need, a more generous spirit of sacrificial love. Where it is weak in the presence of evil, strengthen and up-build it in the hearts of men; where it is in error reëstablish it in the right way; where it is corrupt, purify it, though it be by fire; where it is divided by misunderstanding, jealousy or suspicion bring it into one spirit of good-will.

Draw together in one accord the spirits of all thy children until each shall labor in his appointed way for thy kingdom of righteousness and love, until the discords of earthly strife and clamor shall be lost in one great hymn of praise.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, *Minister and People*

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

SERVICE NUMBER SIX

To be said by the Minister

Let us call to remembrance, and be glad in their goodness, the dead yet ever-living who have passed the doors beyond which we cannot see. As they kept the faith in time of trial and held fast to righteousness in the hour of temptation, so, inspired by their example, may we, when danger is near and the flesh is weak, triumph over every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and finally attain unto everlasting life.

To be said by the Minister and People responsively

O Thou who keepest the steps of the upright in heart, from Thee cometh every good and perfect gift. Thine are the messengers that publish peace, that proclaim salvation to all mankind.

Thine, O Lord, is the love that answereth and filleth every prayerful spirit.

We thank Thee for the martyr souls who for righteousness' sake were persecuted, tormented, and afflicted, who had trial of mockings and scourging and died to save;

For the faithful who in their love believed beyond all believers;

For all those who overcame evil, and in faith and hope endured, esteeming the reproach for truth greater riches than the treasures of the world.

For them, O Lord, do we lift up the voice of praise.

Let the blessed company of those who have gone before and entered into rest be to us an example of righteous living, that so our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments.

Lord, fix our hearts on Thee.

Enable us by Thy grace to live worthily as in Thy sight and to be ready for whatsoever duty Thou seest fit to lay upon us; inspire us with the spirit of devotion to Thy holy will, whereby we may prove faithful in that which is least as well as in that which is most; and when our course on earth is run, if it be Thy will join us with those who have part in that eternal kingdom where death and pain are known no more. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER, *Minister and People*

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

SERVICE NUMBER SEVEN

To be said by the Minister and People respectively

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

To be said by the Minister

O God, in whom we live, through whom we do the tasks of each day, we hope for larger and better things to come. We do not need to come to Thee: Thou art about us and Thou art within us. We need but to open our eyes to see the wonders that are about us, wonders that are infinite. We need but to take counsel with our own hearts to realize that there is something in us with divine promise and divine power. We need but to come into sympathy with our fellowmen to know that in their hearts is the same secret — the same power that challenges them, that humbles them, that at last rewards their effort.

So as members of one great brotherhood we work and worship, knowing that in all our partial efforts there is the fulfillment of some great and wonderful divine promise, and that each step forward is a step nearer, our God, to Thee. *Amen.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER, *Minister and People*

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

SERVICE NUMBER EIGHT

PREFATORY SENTENCES

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night:
But this thing is God —
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit
And to live out thy life as the light.

No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to see the good —
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from th' indifferent air.

The Minister

Come into the circle of Love and Justice,
Come into the Brotherhood of Pity,
Of Holiness and Health.
Come, and ye shall know Peace and Joy.
Let what ye desire of the Universe penetrate you,
Let Loving-kindness and Mercy pass through you,
And Truth be the Law of your mouth.
For so ye are channels of the divine sea,
Which may not flood the earth, but only steal in
Through the rifts of your souls.

The Minister and People

A Prayer in the Sanctity of Self-Recollection

We have consulted our own hearts, and they have told us that it is good to take this season of rest, and to confer with one another in questions of life. We retreat from the claims and cares of our busy days and we enter into the sanctuary of self-recollection and meditation. We desire that fellowship with high thoughts may soothe our unquiet minds, and that the vision of Goodness may give rest to our weary hearts. May the sympathy of kindred souls here present give us courage to face our faults. May we be nourished in our determination to be what we wish to be. May we take true measurements of our circumstances, being led away neither by foolish confidence or weak fear. May we fathom the depths of our feelings, and dwell securely within ourselves; doing nothing blindly, yet living with sweet naturalness. May every secret change that is proceeding in us move towards the happiness of all; and may we know that everything is well with us because our friends show they need us. For all our powers of body and for all the garnishing of mind, for work done and for work we hope to do, for an honorable place among men and for rest in those we love, we give thanks this day with worship and humility.

A Prayer in the Quiet of the Mind

May this meeting help to make us wise, that we may know where life is, good is, and greater good to come. May we turn our faces away from the things that disturb us; knowing that we cannot be wise if we are hurried and pressed. May we give ourselves up to every good influence, and blend our minds with the spoken word, so that we may gather all the truth that comes our way.

May thought, like rain in spring, sink down into the deep wells of trust and courage, into the springs that feed all our happiness and all our work; for thereby we shall gather new treasures, though we may not know well how they come. When this day and all its meditations are blurred in the memory by days more active, may we be riper in knowledge, more just in judgment, a little kinder and a little braver because of what we now think.

SERVICE NUMBER NINE

PREFATORY SENTENCES

Ours is a faith
Taught by no priest, but by our beating hearts:
Faith to each other: the fidelity
Of men whose pulses leap with kindred fire,
Who, in the flash of eyes, the clasp of hands,
Nay, in the silent bodily presence, feel
The mystic stirrings of a common life
That makes the many one.

Let the inmost counsel of thine own heart stand:
For there is none more faithful unto thee than it.
For the Holy Spirit within a man is sometimes
wont to bring him tidings,
More than seven watchmen, that sit above in an
high tower.

The Minister

Let not any prophet speak to us, but rather speak Thou, O Soul of All, at the heart of each, who didst inspire and illuminate all the prophets, for Thou alone, without them, canst from within us perfectly fill us with knowledge, whilst they without Thee can do nothing.

The Minister and People

A Prayer of Praise to the Soul of All in the Soul of Each

Thou Soul of All in the soul of each,
Blessed shall the nations be when Thy glory is recognized.
We praise Thee in Thy power, thou Soul of our souls.
We praise Thee in Thy sanctity.
We praise Thee for the wistfulness springing up in every one of us.
We praise Thee, thou Dweller in the innermost;
O Strength and Secret Nourisher.
No voice can duly proclaim Thy majesty,
No heart can comprehend Thy glorious destiny,
Thou Parent of all our spirits.

O Sacred Heart of Love in every human breast,
Strengthen us in life and death and in every moment of time,
To be Thine in will as we are in right;
To obey cheerfully, to strive loyally,
To suffer meekly, to enjoy thankfully.

SERVICE NUMBER TEN

PREFATORY SENTENCES

I felt the heart throbs of the world
Beating in me greater birth;
And I sang, I laughed, I cried in my glee,
That I was a part of earth.

The same stream of life that runs through my body night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass, and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow.

I feel my limbs are made more glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment. O thou beautiful, thou art the sky, and thou art the nest as well.

There in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colors and sounds and odors.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, no form nor color, and never, never a word.

The Minister

Thou hast made us known to friends whom we knew not. Thou hast given us seats in homes not our own. Thou hast brought the distant near, and made a brother of the stranger.

We are uneasy at heart when we have to leave our accustomed shelters; we forget that there abidest the old in the new, and that there thou also abidest. Through birth and through death, wherever thou leadest us, it is thou, the same, the one companion of our endless life, who ever linkest our hearts with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar.

The Minister and People

A Prayer for the Heart and for the Mind

When my heart is hard and parched up, O Life of my life, come upon me with a shower of mercy.

When grace is lost from my life, O Life of my life, come upon me with a burst of song.

When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides, shutting me out from beyond, come to me, my Lord of silence, with thy peace and rest.

When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner, break open the door, my lord, and come upon me with ceremony.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O thou holy one, thou wakeful, come with thy light and thy thunder.

A Confession of Love for Life and for Death

What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!

When in the morning I looked upon the light, I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world; I felt that the inscrutable without name had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know that I shall love death as well.

LAYMEN'S LEAGUE HYMN

TUNE — *Austria*

A - MEN.

One in purpose, hearts united
For the Faith that makes men free,
Far-flung goals our eyes have sighted —
Press we on in Liberty.

Pathless oceans call us onward,
Burning wastes our feet may tread.
Beck'ning vistas still cry "Forward!"
Ever by Truth's spirit led.

Ancient wrongs we leave behind us,
Boasting selfishness disown;
Hate shall never prove victorious,
Tyrant might shall be o'erthrown.
Though the storm of Evil rages
And new ills beset our way,
Fiercer though the conflict wages,
Still we seek the Perfect Day.

Living Church! Thy flag flies o'er us,
We have heard thy trumpet call;
Valiant souls have served before us,
On thy altars place we all.
Quicken us in our endeavor,
May we never faithless be.
Trust and Hope and Love forever
In thy vast Humanity.

Amen.

HORACE WESTWOOD.

LAYMEN'S LEAGUE MARCHING SONG

TUNE — *In the Lonely Midnight*

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and march-like, with a strong rhythmic pattern. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, providing a steady harmonic support for the vocal line.

Onward, ever onward
To the hills of Light;
Marching with our brethren,
Clad in Freedom's might.
Truth is on our banner,
Faith shall be our song,
As we journey forward,
Though the way be long.

Evil shall not daunt us,
Wrong shall be cast down;
Justice our endeavor,
Righteousness our crown.
Peace shall be our message,
Hate alone our ill,
Love shall be our weapon
Fighting for "good-will."

God within, the witness
Of our heart's desire.
Christ's pure spirit o'er us
Burns with holy fire.
Martyr hosts and prophets
Who have gone before,
Hark! they join our chorus
Swelling from earth's shore.

Onward, then, still onward
To the hills of Light!
Marching with our brethren,
Strong in Freedom's might.
Truth shall win the vict'ry!
Faith's triumphant song
Echoes o'er the hilltops
As we journey on.

HORACE WESTWOOD,
Written August 9, 1929.

THE HYMNS

The second number printed with each hymn is its number in the Hymn and Tune Book published in 1914 by the Beacon Press, Inc.

1 (2)

Psalm C

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth
tell,

Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

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

WILLIAM KETHE, 1561.

2 (7)

"Calling"

Father, thou art calling, calling to us
plainly;

To the spirit comes thy loving mes-
sage evermore;

Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the
door.

In the whirling tempest and the storm
thou livest,

In the rain, and in the sweetness of
the after-glow;

Summer's golden bounty, winter's
snow, thou givest,

And blooming meadows where sweet
waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice
appealing,

Deep within the spirit's secret being
speaking low:

Enter, O our Father! truth and life
revealing;

From every evil free us as we go.

In thee living, moving, unto thee up-
rearing

All the hope and joyfulness and trust
that fill the soul,

Father, we adore thee, asking naught
nor fearing;

We cannot wander from thy dear
control.

JAMES VILA BLAKE, 1880.

3 (9)

Strength, Love, Light

Come, thou Almighty Will!

Our fainting bosoms fill

With thy great power:

Strength of our good intents,

Our tempted hour's defence,

Calm of faith's confidence,

Come, in this hour!

Come, thou most tender Love!

Within our spirits move,

Their sweetest guest:

Extinguish passion's fire,

Exalt each low desire,

To deeds of love inspire,

Quickener and Rest!

Come, Light serene and still!

Our darkened spirits fill

With thy clear day:

Guide of the feeble sight,

Star of grief's darkest night,

Reveal the path of right,

Show us thy way!

Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

4 (10)

Psalm CIV

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.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space.

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of
the storm.

This earth, with its store of wonders
untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of
old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless
decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle,
the sea.

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.

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

ROBERT GRANT, 1833.

5 (24)

Dedication

Unto thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity: —

The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and
bless!

Here make the wellsprings of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here;
Thy gospel light for ever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

ROBERT COLLYER, 1873.

6 (25)

"The Truth as it is in Jesus"

Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

O grant thy blessing here to-day!
O give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread:
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith and hope and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven!

HENRY WARE, JR., 1819.

7 (29)

This latter day

Our God, our God, thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,
Here goes thy glorious way!

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore;
On us thou streamest strong and
bright,

Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee,
New births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy outgoings bright;
Down cometh thy full power;
We, the glad bearers of thy light,
This, this thy saving hour!

On us thy spirit thou hast poured,
To us thy word has come;
We feel, we bless thy quickening, Lord!
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near; thou standest by;
Our work begins to shine;
Thou dwellest with us mightily —
On come the years divine!

THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL, 1846.

8 (32)

The Lord is in his holy temple

God is in his holy temple:
 Earthly thoughts, be silent now,
 While with reverence we assemble,
 And before his presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,
 When we call upon his name,
 Aiding every good endeavor,
 Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple —
 In the pure and holy mind;
 In the reverent heart and simple;
 In the soul from sense refined.

Then let every low emotion
 Banished far and silent be,
 And our souls in pure devotion,
 Lord, be temples worthy thee!

Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

9 (35)

Temple worship

Where ancient forests widely spread,
 Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
 On the lone mountain's silent head,
 There are thy temples, God of all!

All space is holy, for all space
 Is filled by thee; but human thought
 Burns clearer in some chosen place,
 Where thine own words of love are
 taught.

Here be they taught; and may we
 know
 That faith thy servants knew of old,
 Which onward bears, through weal or
 woe,
 Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
 Shows yet no trace of human cares
 Hereafter stand where we do now,
 And raise to thee still holier prayers.

ANDREWS NORTON,* 1833.

10 (37)

"The Chapel of the Hermits"

O sometimes gleams upon our sight
 Through present wrong the eternal
 right;

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

And step by step, since time began,
 We see the steady gain of man —

That all of good the past hath had
 Remains to make our own time glad,
 Our common, daily life divine,
 And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of
 fear
 A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no
 more
 For olden time and holier shore:
 God's love and blessing, then and
 there,
 Are now and here and everywhere.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,* 1851.

11 (44)

"O Gott, o Geist, o Licht des Lebens"

O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
 Who dost on them that sit in dark-
 ness shine!
 The darkness ever with the light doth
 strive,
 Yet pour on us again thy beams
 divine.

O Breath from out the eternal silence!
 blow
 Softly upon our spirits' waiting
 ground;
 The precious fulness of our God be-
 stow,
 That fruits of faith, love, reverence
 may abound.

O Fountain, that dost unexhausted
 flow
 To quench the thirst that seeks thy
 waters clear!

O God, O Spirit, Life of life! flow now
 Into the hearts which seek thy
 quickening here.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1745.
 Trans. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.
 Adapted in Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

12 (45)

"The Spirit-Land"

Father, thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found;
 In losing thee are all things lost beside;
 Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
 And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see,
 Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
 And in the spirit-land may ever be,
 And feel thy presence with us always near.

JONES VERY, 1839, 1846.

13 (50)

The Lord is my light

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!

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.

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.

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.

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.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1859.

14 (65)

Consider the lilies

He hides within the lily,
 A strong and tender Care,
 That wins the earth-born atoms
 To glory of the air;
 He weaves the shining garments
 Unceasingly and still,
 Along the quiet waters,
 In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
 With him who bent the knee
 To watch the old-time lilies
 In distant Galilee;
 And still the worship deepens
 And quickens into new,
 As brightening down the ages
 God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch is in the man!
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan:
 The flower-horizons open,
 The blossom vaster shows;
 We hear thy wide worlds echo,
 "See how the lily grows!"

Shy yearnings of the savage,
 Unfolding, thought by thought,
 To holy lives are lifted,
 To visions fair are wrought:
 The races rise and cluster,
 And evils fade and fall,
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,
 Thy purpose crowning all!

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, 1873.

15 (68)

"The God of Sea and Shore"

O God, whose smile is in the sky,
 Whose path is in the sea,
 Once more from earth's tumultuous strife,
 We gladly turn to thee.

Now all the myriad sounds of earth
 In solenn stillness die;
 While wind and wave unite to chant
 Their anthems to the sky.

We come as those with toil far spent
Who crave thy rest and peace,
And from the care and fret of life
Would find in thee release.

O Father, soothe all troubled thought,
Dispel all idle fear,
Purge thou each heart of secret sin,
And banish every care;

Until, as shine upon the sea
The silent stars above,
There shines upon our trusting souls
The light of thine own love.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, 1907.

16 (69)

"The Inward Witness"

O Thou whose Spirit witness bears
Within our spirits free,
That we thy children are and heirs
Of thine eternity —

Here may this simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written
scroll,
Our creeds arise and fall;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrow sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour;
While hope and faith and love abide,
Forever more and more!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1891.

17 (70)

The silent Spirit

Unheard the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

In quietude thy Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thine all-redeeming power.

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice:
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

ANON.

18 (71)

Eternal Love

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1866.

19 (73)

Love Divine

O Love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from
thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

And everywhere thy Spirit walks
With man as under Eden's trees,
In gardens of the heart, and talks
In all his varied languages.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou
know'st:

Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
Adapted.

20 (74)

"The thought of God"

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1880.

21 (75)

*"O that I knew where I might find
him!"*

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there —
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision eome to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.

Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1879.

22 (77)

The Divine Spirit

Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home:
Descend with all thy gracious powers —
O come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light! to us reveal
The truth we long to know,
And lead us in the path of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be
In love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

Come as the wind, O breath of God!
O Pentecostal grace!
Come, make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

ANDREW REED, 1829.

Adapted by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

23 (79)

The stream of faith

From heart to heart, from creed to
creed
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons —

The stream of faith, whose source is
God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood,
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows.

O Thou who art the secret Source
That riseth in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean, too — and thine,
That ever deepening roll!

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, 1875.

24 (80)

Mysterious Presence

Mysterious Presence, source of all —
The world without, the soul within —
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

SETH CURTIS BEACH, 1866.

25 (81)

Truth and love

O God, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is
love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace re-
ceived,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM,
1828.

26 (95)

The Immanent Spirit

Thou whose spirit dwells in all,
Primal source of life and mind,
In the clod as in the soul,
Ever full and unconfined!

What shall separate from thee?
Naught of all created things!
Joy and sorrow, good and ill,
Each from thee its essence brings.

Thine the atom's faintest thrill,
Thine the humblest creature's breath,
Prophet-soul in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death.

Yearning for the crowning race —
Man, in whom at last unfold
All thy secrets strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old:

Secrets too of things to be,
In the cycles on before:
Love that stronger is than death,
Life with thee forevermore.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK,* 1890.

27 (104)

"The inward Light"

When shadows gather on our way,
Fast deepening as the night,
Be thou, O God, the spirit's stay,
Our inward Light.

Amid the outward toil and strife,
The world's dull roar and din,
Still speak thy word of higher life,
Thou Voice within.

When burdens sore upon us press,
And vexing cares increase,
Spring thou, a fount of quietness,
Our hidden Peace.

Though fond hopes fail, and joy depart,
And friends should faithless prove,
O, save us from the bitter heart,
Indwelling Love!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1904.

28 (139)

"Evening"

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, forever dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

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.

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.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless
store;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we
take;

Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE,* 1827.

29 (144)

Through the long night-watches

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

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

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

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

SABINE BARING-GOULD,* 1865.

30 (162)

*The Lord shall give his people the blessing
of peace. Psalm XXIX.*

Father, 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.

Grant us thy peace upon our home-
ward 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.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into
light;
From harm and danger keep thy chil-
dren free,
For dark and light are both alike to
thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our
earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our
conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.
JOHN ELLERTON,* 1866.

31 (163)

Abide with us, for it is toward evening
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, O abide with me!
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

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!

I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempt-
er's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to
bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-
terness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847.

32 (205)

Easter hymn

The Light along the ages
Shines higher as it goes;
From age to age more glorious
Its radiant splendor grows.
Man's life, begun so lowly,
Now soars to heaven above,
To share in life eternal
The joys of endless love!

We thank thee, O our Father,
For every gift of thine;
All speak alike the bounty
Of tenderness divine;
But every gift surpassing,
This wondrous gift we own —
The Son of Man is risen
To dwell before thy throne!

Wherever goodness reigneth
The soul of Christ lives on,
And every Christ-like spirit
Shall rise where he hath gone:
Earth's dust hath served its mission;
Henceforth the soul is free,
And through the heights of being
Ascends, O God, to thee!

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

33 (207)

"Unto Him all live"

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
 O Lord of Life, where'er they be,
 Safe in thine own eternity,
 Our dead are living unto thee.
 Alleluia!

All souls are thine, and, here or there,
 They rest within thy sheltering care;
 One providence alike they share.
 Alleluia!

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;
 Above the requiem, "Dust to dust,"
 Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.
 Alleluia!

O happy they in God who rest,
 No more by fear and doubt oppressed!
 Living or dying they are blest.
 Alleluia!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1888.

34 (213)

"In the cross of Christ I glory"

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

35 (216)

The way, the truth, the life

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 brethren forth from
 want and woe!

We look to thee: thy truth is still the
 light
 Which guides the nations, groping
 on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous
 night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

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 deep-
 est pray,
 Toil by the light, life, way, which
 thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER, 1846.

36 (218)

O Love! O Life!

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one.
 As, through transfigured clouds of
 white,
 We trace the noon-day sun,

So, to our mortal eye subdued,
 Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
 We know in thee the fatherhood
 And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray;
 But, dim or clear, we own in thee
 The light, the truth, the way.

To do thy will is more than praise,
 As words are less than deeds;
 And simple trust can find thy ways
 We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord;
What may thy service be? —
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1863.

37 (219)

*Alternative Tune: Monk
Love and duty*

A voice by Jordan's shore!
A summons stern and clear:
Reform! be just! and sin no more!
God's judgment draweth near!

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
Love God! thy neighbor love! for see,
God's mercy draweth near!

O voice of duty, still
Speak forth, I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

38

*Tune: Webb
"The Mind that Dwelt in Jesus"*

The Mind that dwelt in Jesus
Who lived in Galilee,
Has lived throughout the ages
In all Humanity.
For the Eternal Spirit
Is not confined to space
And speaks in living accents
In every time and place.

Where shall we find the Savior,
To save the world from sin?
Where now a true Messiah
Whom we may call our King?
Not in some distant nation,
Nor in some far-off clime,
Nor future revelation:
Some Personage Divine.

For we are all Redeemers,
In this vast scheme of life,
Working with all our brethren
To rid the world of strife.
Jesus our Elder Brother!
We also Christs would be,
To usher in Salvation:
The world from evil free!

HORACE WESTWOOD, 1926

39 (220)

Following

Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me";
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore
And help to follow thee.

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:
Go, Lord: we follow thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1865.

40 (225)

Going about doing good

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and
strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give —
With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879.

41 (226)

Our Brother Christ

We bear the strain of earthly care,
But bear it not alone;
Beside us walks our brother Christ
And makes our task his own.

Through din of market, whirl of wheels,
And thrust of driving trade,
We follow where the Master leads,
Serenely and unafraid.

The common hopes that make us men
Were his in Galilee;
The tasks he gives are those he gave
Beside the restless sea.

Our brotherhood still rests in him,
The Brother of us all,
And o'er the centuries still we hear
The Master's winsome call.

OZORA STEARNS DAVIS, 1909.

42 (263)

"The pillar of the cloud"

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encir-
cling 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.

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.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure
it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
rent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces
smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

43 (283)

"Abide in me and I in you"

Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark
thought of sin;

Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low
desire,

And keep my soul as thine, calm and
divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its
own,

So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems
around it thrown.

Abide in me; there have been moments
blest,

When I have heard thy voice and felt
thy power;

Then evil lost its grasp, and passion,
hushed,

Owning the divine enchantment of the
hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and
rare;

Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once thy precept and my
prayer —

Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1855.

44 (285)

Dear Lord and Father of mankind!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind!
 Forgive our foolish ways!
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of thy call,
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall
 As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and
 stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1872.

45 (286)

"Love and life"

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.

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.

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.

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.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1882.

46 (287)

*Alternative Tune: St. Edmund
 Nearer, my God, to Thee.*

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!

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.

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1841.

47 (295)

"So near, so far"

O Thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here —

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presenee round about.

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

O sweeter now than aught besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1876.

48 (296)

*"They that know thy name will put their
trust in thee"*

O Name, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill!

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

The thought of thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1878.

49 (300)

"The Right must Win"

Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like!
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

O blest is he to whom is given
The instinet that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1849.

50 (305)

Psalm XXIII.

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, re-
deems when oppressed.

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 com-
forter near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er;

With perfume and oil thou anointest
my head:
O what shall I ask of thy providence
more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
above.

I seek, by the path which my fore-
fathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn,
thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

51 (326)

*Alternative Tune: Regent Square
God the upholder*

He who suns and worlds upholdeth
Lends us his upholding hand;
He the ages who unfoldeth
Doth our times and ways command.
God is for us; God is for us;
In his strength and stay we stand.

He who sage and seer instructed
Will not keep from us his lore;
Who those ancient saints conducted
Hath not given his guiding o'er.
God is for us; God is for us;
Helpful now as heretofore.

Onward, upward, doth he beckon;
Onward, upward, would we press;
As his own our burdens reckon,
As our own his strength possess.
God is for us; God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless.
THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL.

52 (328)

"Light for all"

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 all human spirits,
As the waters fill the sea.

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

Then let each waiting spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
And spread the truth of heaven
As wide as 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.

JOSEPH GOSTICK,* 1848.

53 (335)

"Thy Brother"

When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS,
1891.

54 (345)

"For submission to the Divine Will"

O Thou who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control,
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and
thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look through them to
thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

And, while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give
Until the joyful summons come
That calls thy willing servants home!

JANE COTTERILL, 1815.

55 (346)

"The Harvest Call"

Abide not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands:
From duty's claim no life is free —
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and eare.

The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

56 (347)

He liveth long who liveth well

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Fill up each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst
reap,
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy consciencee keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright,
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1864.

57 (348)

"Co-workers with God"

Creation's Lord, we give thee thanks
That this thy world is incomplete;
That battle calls our marshalled ranks,
That work awaits our hands and feet;

That thou hast not yet finished man,
That we are in the making still —
As friends who share the Maker's plan,
As sons who know the Father's will.

Beyond the present sin and shame,
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,
We see the beekoning vision flame,
The blessed Kingdom of the Right.

What though the Kingdom long delay,
And still with haughty foes must cope?
It gives us that for which to pray,
A field for toil and faith and hope.

Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar —
The will to win it makes us free.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, 1903.

58 (349)

"Father of all, whose powerful voice"

Spirit of grace and health and power,
Fountain of life and light below,
Abroad thy healing influencee shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.

Inspire our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth to do thy will.

Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply:
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens' cry.

In faith we wait and long and pray
To see that time, by prophets told,
When nations, new-born into day,
Shall be ingathered to thy fold.

We cannot doubt thy gracious will,
Thou mighty, merciful, and just!
And thou wilt speedily fulfil
The word in which thy servants trust.

CHARLES WESLEY.

59 (350)

*"Wisdom and virtue sought from
God"*

Supreme and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above and all below:

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a generous zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

HENRY MOORE.*

60 (351)

*Alternative Tune: Wareham
"The Character of a Happy Life"*
(Fourth stanza omitted)

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

HENRY WOTTON.*

61 (362)

*Tune: Laban (361)
Rise up, O men of God!*

Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things,
Give heart and soul and mind and
strength
To serve the King of kings.

Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great!

Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where his feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, 1911.

62 (366)

*Alternative Tune: Christmas
"On the Lord's Side"*

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering
world:

Now, each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled:
Who joins the glorious host?

He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,

Doth consecrate his generous youth —
He joins the noble host!

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness 'gainst all
wrong —

He joins the saered host!
He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still —
He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss —
He joins the martyr host!
All these, the messengers of God,
To every age and coast
Proclaim his righteous will abroad —
One glad triumphant host!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.
Adapted.

63 (370)

Press on!

Press on! press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter erown.

Press on! press on! through toil and
woe,
Calmly resolved to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening
ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

Press on! press on! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death,
And, till you hear his high "Well done,"
True to the last, press on! press on!

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

64 (371)

"A thanksgiving of faith"

We praise thee, God, for harvests
earned,
The fruits of labor garnered in;
But praise thee more for soil unturned
From which the yield is yet to win!

We praise thee for the harbor's lee,
And moorings safe in waters still;

But more for leagues of open sea,
Where favoring gales our canvas fill.

We praise thee for the journey's end,
The inn, all warmth and light and
cheer;
But more for lengthening roads that
wend
Through dust and heat to hilltops clear.

We praise thee for the conflicts won,
For captured strongholds of the foe;
But more for fields whereon the sun
Lights us when we to battle go.

We praise thee for life's gathered gains,
The blessings that our cup o'erbrim;
But more for pledge of what remains
Past the horizon's utmost rim!

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS, 1911.

65 (372)

"Life's mission"

Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

66 (375)

"Behold, I make all things new"

O Life that maketh all things new —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of
men!

Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope
glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death —
The Life that maketh all things new.
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1874.

67 (378)

"Forward through the ages"

Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine:
Gifts in differing measure,
Hearts of one accord,
Manifold the service,
One the sure reward.

Cho. Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine.

Wider grows the kingdom,
Reign of love and light;
For it we must labor,
Till our faith is sight.
Prophets have proclaimed it,
Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
Heroes for it died.

Cho. Forward, etc.

Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal!

Cho. Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine.
FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1908.

68 (379)

Spirit of God, in thunder speak
Spirit of God, in thunder speak
To rouse us from our sluggish joy;
Our soft content accursed make,
Our peace with sharpest pain alloy.

Bid us go forth where doubt hath
wrung
Man's hope from out his aching
breast;
Where all is dark, and for his feet,
Far-wandering, there is no rest.

Wherever right her flag unfurls,
And justice shows a better way,
Where truth and freedom spurn the
night,
And hail the burnished spears of
day —

There be our place! O there be heard
Thy voice a clarion ringing clear —
To rouse the sleepers, wake the dead,
And stay the faint with hope and
cheer!

Adapted from
JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

69 (385)

*"Until the day dawn, and the day-star
arise in your hearts"*
O Lord of life, thy kingdom is at hand!
Blest reign of love and liberty and
light;
Time long foretold by seers of every
land;
The cherished dream of watchers
through the night.

Lo! in our hearts shines forth the
morning star,
Shedding its luster on our darkened
way;
And we behold, as pilgrims from afar,
The holy dawning of thy perfect day.

Now gleams at last upon our waiting
eyes

The glory of the kingdom that shall
be;
When truth in conquering grandeur
shall arise,
And man shall rule the world with
equity.

Father, we hail with joy this hallowed
hour!

Transcendent vision breaking on our
sight!
Cheered by thy presence, quickened
by thy power,
We face the splendor of the heavenly
light!

Forward again we move at thy com-
mand!

The flaming pillar leading on anew;
One in the faith of all thy prophet
band,

Onward we press to make the vision
true!

MARION FRANKLIN HAM, 1912.

70 (390)

Send down thy truth, O God!

Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

Send down thy spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy spirit, O send down!

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and
strife
Thy living love send down!

Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, 1867.

71 (394)

"Inspiration"

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty —

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back —

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.

72 (395)

The Everlasting God

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.

On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest;
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blessed.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1866.

73 (396)

"Man frail and God eternal"

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

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

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

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

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

74 (397)

Our dwelling-place forever

O God, while generations flee
Like leaves before thy face,
Through endless ages thou wilt be
Thy children's dwelling-place;

Great Shepherd of the countless flock,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Their cheering sun, their sheltering
rock,
Their everlasting home.

Our sainted fathers — where are they?
They slept, they woke in thee,
And here in memory's light to-day
They walk serene and free.

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

O Thou who led'st our sires of old,
Their grateful children lead;
Thy flock in shelter safe enfold,
In sunny pastures feed.

Still guide our footsteps in the way
That climbs the morning height,
Thy law, O God, our cloud by day,
Thy love our fire by night.

ANON., 1889.

75 (401)

Alternative Tune: Melita
"Faith of our fathers"

Faith of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious
word!

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience
free;

And blest would be their children's
fate

If they, like them, should die for
thee:

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer
Have kept our country brave and
free,

And through the truth that comes from
God,

Her children have true liberty.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows
how,

By kindly words and virtuous life;

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER,* 1849.

76 (407)

*Alternative Tune: Duke Street
"The Founders"*

Like pilgrims sailing through the night
In search of shores more wide and free,
A dauntless few, they went apart
To gain a grander liberty.

The living seed they planted then
Has known the increase of the years,
And now a harvest-time has come;
We garner in the precious ears.

Brave-hearted ones have passed be-
yond

Into that land whence none return.
With such a cloud of witnesses
Should not their hope within us burn?

O Thou, who led'st the founders on
In paths untrod and trouble-fraught,
Help us with fervor to enlarge
The liberty for which they wrought.

FLORENCE HARRIS, 1907.

77 (408)

*Alternative Tune: Duke Street
The coming race*

These things shall be — a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall
rise

With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die,
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1880.

78 (410)

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
his terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory, hallelujah;

His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that
shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men be-
fore his judgment seat,

O be swift, my soul, to answer him: be
jubilant, my feet;

Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that trans-
figures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us
die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1861.

79 (411)

Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,

Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;

The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not thee in
 awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not thee to
 guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word —
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.

80 (412)

*Alternative Tune: Tours
 O God of earth and altar*

O God of earth and altar,
 Bow down and hear our cry,
 Our earthly rulers falter,
 Our people drift and die;
 The walls of gold entomb us,
 The swords of scorn divide,
 Take not thy thunder from us,
 But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
 From lies of tongue and pen,
 From all the easy speeches
 That comfort cruel men,
 From sale and profanation
 Of honor and the sword,
 From sleep and from damnation,
 Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether
 The priest and prince and thrall,
 Bind all our lives together,
 Smite us and save us all;
 In ire and exultation
 Aflame with faith, and free,
 Lift up a living nation,
 A single sword to thee.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.
 By permission of the Committee of
 the English Hymnal.

81 (414)

"Hymn for America"

Great and fair is she, our land,
 High of heart and strong of hand;
 Dawn is on her forehead still,
 In her veins youth's arrowy thrill.
 Hers are riches, might and fame;
 All the earth resounds her name;
 In her roadsteads navies ride:
 Hath she need of aught beside?

Power Unseen, before whose eyes
 Nations fall and nations rise,
 Grant she climb not to her goal
 All-forgetful of the Soul!
 Firm in honor be she found,
 Justice-armed and mercy-crowned,
 Blest in labor, blest in ease,
 Blest in noiseless charities.

Unenslaved by things that must
 Yield full soon to moth and rust
 Let her hold a light on high
 Men unborn may travel by.
 Mightier still she then shall stand,
 Moulded by thy secret hand,
 Power Eternal, at whose call
 Nations rise and nations fall!

WILLIAM WATSON, 1910.

82 (415)

*Alternative Tune: Austria
 "The People's Thanksgiving"*

Not alone for mighty empire,
 Stretching far o'er land and sea,
 Not alone for bounteous harvests,
 Lift we up our hearts to thee:
 Standing in the living present,
 Memory and hope between,
 Lord, we would with deep thanks-
 giving
 Praise thee more for things unseen.

Not for battle-ship and fortress,
 Not for conquests of the sword,
 But for conquests of the spirit
 Give we thanks to thee, O Lord;
 For the heritage of freedom,
 For the home, the church, the school,
 For the open door to manhood
 In a land the people rule.

For the armies of the faithful,
 Lives that passed and left no name;
 For the glory that illumines
 Patriot souls of deathless fame;
 For the people's prophet-leaders,
 Loyal to thy living word —
 For all heroes of the spirit,
 Give we thanks to thee, O Lord.

God of justice, save the people
 From the war of race and creed,
 From the strife of class and faction —
 Make our nation free indeed;
 Keep her faith in simple manhood
 Strong as when her life began,
 Till it find its full fruition
 In the brotherhood of man!

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL.

83 (419)

"America, the beautiful"

O beautiful for spacious skies,
 For amber waves of grain,
 For purple mountain majesties
 Above the fruited plain!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee,
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
 Whose stern, impassioned stress,
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness!
 America! America!
 God mend thine every flaw,
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,
 Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
 Of liberating strife,
 When valiantly for man's avail,
 Men lavished precious life!
 America! America!
 May God thy gold refine,
 Till all success be nobleness,
 And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam
 Undimmed by human tears!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

KATHERINE LEE BATES.*

84 (420)

My Country, 't is of thee

My country 't is of thee —
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

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.

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!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty —
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1832.

85 (424)

Alternative Tune: Aurelia or Ewing
"O Beautiful, my Country"

"O Beautiful, my Country!"
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair;
 Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor;
 Be thou to the oppressèd
 Fair freedom's open door!

* An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

For thee our fathers suffered;
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem!
FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1884.

86 (426)

God of the nations

God of the nations, near and far,
Ruler of all mankind,
Bless thou thy peoples as they strive
The paths of peace to find.

The clash of arms still shakes the sky,
King battles still with king;
Wild through the frightened air of night
The bloody tocsins ring.

But clearer far the friendly speech
Of scientists and seers,
The wise debate of statesmen, and
The shouts of pioneers.

And stronger far the clasped hands
Of labor's teeming throngs,
Who in a hundred tongues repeat
Their common creeds and songs.

From shore to shore the peoples call
In loud and sweet acclaim;
The gloom of land and sea is lit
With pentecostal flame.

O Father, from the curse of war
We pray thee give release;
And speed, O speed thy blessed day
Of justice, love, and peace.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, 1911.

87 (429)

Hear, O ye Nations!

Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing
obey
The cry from the past and the call of
to-day!
Earth wearies and wastes with her
fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of
the sword.

Lo, dawns a new era, transcending the
old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet
foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh
appeal
To service of all in a world's common-
weal.

Home, altar, and school, the mill, and
the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join
to create
The manifold life of the firm-built
state.

Then, then shall the empire of right
over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to
the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-
flags furled,
The high court of nations give law to
the world.

And thou, O my country, from many
made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning
thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace
and good will!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1909.

88 (430)

The promised time

Now is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold.

Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
Yet shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away.
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK.*

89 (431)

The city of God

Not given to us from out the skies,
Perfect, complete, to glad our eyes;
On earth the new Jerusalem
Is built by earnest, loving men.

Four-square with truth that city lies,
Its shining walls toward heaven arise,
And its foundations, strong and sure,
In righteousness and faith endure.

Its gates stand open day and night,
While issuing from them, rayed in light,
A happy throng life's highways press,
With loving zeal to serve and bless.

O city, dreamed by ancient seer!
Our faithfulness must bring thee near;
Our toil and sorrow, hope and prayer,
Alone can lift thy walls in air.

Yet not to us, to him the praise,
Whose wisdom guides and guards our
ways;
Let all our hearts adoring own
The Master-Builder, God alone.

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE, 1907.

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

90 (434)

"A Prayer for Peace"

Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts!
Let there be wisdom on the earth!
Let broad humanity have birth!
Let there be deeds, instead of boasts!

Within our passioned hearts instill
The calm that endeth deadly strife;
Make us thy ministers of life;
Purge us from lusts that curse and kill.

Give us the peace of vision clear
To see our brothers' good our own,
To joy and suffer not alone:
The love that casteth out all fear.

Let woe and waste of warfare cease,
That useful labor yet may build
Its homes with love and laughter filled.
God, give thy wayward children peace!

WILLIAM MERRELL VORIES, 1911.

91 (435)

One Lord there is, all lords above

One Lord there is, all lords above;
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to wrong what is his name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming
Flame!

Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that
hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate.

Thy happy Gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

92 (439)

"In lonely vigil"

O thou in lonely vigil led
To follow Truth's new-risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
And vale and upland shadowed are —

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be:
Trust not in numbers; God is God,
And one with him majority!

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame;
The Word moves on, a gladdening
power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born:
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then, the kings of earth at morn!
FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1903.

93 (441)

The unchanging God

Eternal One, thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged
reveal,
With thee their way our fathers trod;
The hand they held, in ours we feel.

The same our trust, the same our need,
In sorrow's stress, in duty's hour;
We keep their faith, if not their creed,
That faith the fount of all our power.

We bless thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widen-
ing view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the new.

With wider view, come loftier goal;
With fuller light, more good to see;
With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence
be.

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy truth shall lead;
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1875.

94 (446)

"Igjennem Nat og Traengsel"

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
And before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
And steps fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er his faithful 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:

One the strain which 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 forevermore.

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN, 1825.
TRANS. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1867.

95 (448)

"Godminster"

The ages one great minster seem
That throbs with praise and prayer;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The church's east is there:
And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's
crown,
And safe in God repose.

And as the mystic aisles we pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the cross we trace
Alike through grace and guilt.
Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of God, the inmost Friend.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say "my brother" here,
And hear "my son" in heaven!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

96 (450)

*Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The rival altars that we raise,
The wrangling tongues that war thy
praise!*

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
Thy grace impart! In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to thee —
Thy Church our broad humanity.
Alleluia!

White flowers of love its walls shall
climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.
Alleluia!

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
Confessing, in a world's accord,
The inward Christ, the living Word.
Alleluia!

That song shall swell from shore to
shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.
Alleluia!

Composite: based on
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

97 (451)

"The City of God"

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come
down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the
night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The eternal city stands.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.

98 (452)

The Church Universal

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1860.

99 (453)

Inspiration

Light of ages and of nations,
Every race, and every time,
Has received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Always spirits in rapt vision
Passed the heavenly veil within,

Always hearts bowed in contrition
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the eternal law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were
heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering now to our endeavor,
Truth and right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the soul's deep pages,
Shines to-day, forever new!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

100 (455)

Alternative Tune: Winchester Old
"The goodly fellowship of the
prophets"

From age to age how grandly rise
The prophet souls in line!
Above the passing centuries
Like beacon-lights they shine.

Through differing accents of the lip
One message they proclaim,
One growing bond of fellowship,
Above all names one Name.

They witness to one heritage,
One Spirit's quickening breath,
One widening reign, from age to age,
Of freedom and of faith.

Their kindling power our souls confess;
Though dead they speak to-day:
How great the cloud of witnesses
Encompassing our way!

Through every race, in every clime,
One song shall yet be heard:
Move onward in thy course sublime,
O everlasting Word!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1899.

101 (456)

Alternative Tune: Winchester Old
The reformers

O pure reformers! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not
gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have
found
Are those which heaven hath wrought,
Light, truth and love; your battle-
ground,
The free, broad field of thought.

O may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
No lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.

Press on! and, if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1843.
Adapted.

102 (457)

"One Life, Law, Love"

O prophet souls of all the years,
Bend o'er us from above;
Your far-off vision, toils, and tears
Now to fulfilment move!

From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name —
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame.

One Life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard:

One Law that guides the shining
spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinais of the soul:

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1893.

103 (458)

“*The Day of God*”

Thy kingdom come — on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near!

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed:

When knowledge hand in hand with
peace
Shall walk the earth abroad —
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1891.

104 (469)

Assured

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

105 (472)

God of the living

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies,
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
Forever living unto thee!

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867.

106

Tune: Aurelia

“*Throughout the Growing Ages*”

Throughout the growing ages,
Right from the dawn of time,
One purpose Life engages,
Both human and divine:
Telling the wondrous story,
It speaks of things above —
Transcending all earth's glory —
The Fellowship of Love.

Higher than state or nation,
It rises like the sun,
Proclaiming true Salvation —
Humanity made one.

Bringing both peace and healing,
A world from strife set free:
It hallows all our feeling —
Bond of Fraternity.

The ties of home and friendship
Unite our hearts in praise:
Foretell a nobler kinship
Beyond these few brief days,
They breathe the Life Eternal,
Whate'er may now betide
Of hope and joy supernal,
In which our souls abide.

HORACE WESTWOOD, 1926.

107 (473)

Alternative Tune: Materna
"The Abiding Love"

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call:
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the
sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'T is hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But O 't is good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have
been,
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast un-
known,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1876.

108 (503)

"Church anniversary"

O Light, from age to age the same,
Forever living Word,

Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and
prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair —
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song!

Vanish the mists of time and sense;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
Holds all forevermore.

O not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine,
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and
thought
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide!
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1890.

109 (506)

The memorial of virtue is immortal

Within this temple, reared of old
By faithful men and true,
We keep the faith our fathers kept,
Their vows to God renew.
They fought the fight, they sank from
sight
Beneath the sacred sod;
Though dead, they yet speak on —
they live:
Their souls do rest in God!

They nobly battled for the right —
Come many or come few,
The stainless banner of God's truth
Above them proudly flew.
Undauntedly they testified,
Again, and yet again.
They slumbered not on ward or watch:
They quitted them like men!

And manfully they took their post
When conscience gave the word;
No earthly lure availed to tempt
Those servants of the Lord.
They faced the persecutor's power,
Nor feared the world's dark frown,
The wrath of man was turned aside:
The Lord was with his own!

Within these hallowed walls were
found

Pure witnesses for truth,
Of sweet and sainted womanhood,
And bright and buoyant youth;
Like angels fair, in memory's realm,
They float in holy light,
And softly waft their message down:
Be steadfast in the right!

Eternal One! before whose face
Men rise and pass away
Whose holy will our fathers sought,
As we would seek to-day.
Be with us thou, who wert with them,
Lead on by staff or rod,
We ask thy blessing, Lord, this day:
We trust our fathers' God.

AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD.

110 (539)

*(Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.)*

Father in heaven, who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves away,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's dis-
tress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

*(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years
to be.)*

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1906.

111 (541)

*Alternative Tune:
Lancashire or Webb
Isaiah VI, 8*

The voice of God is calling
Its summons unto men;
As once he spake in Zion,
So now he speaks again.
Whom shall I send to succor
My people in their need?
Whom shall I send to loosen
The bonds of shame and greed?

I hear my people crying
In cot and mine and slum;
No field or mart is silent,
No city street is dumb.
I see my people falling
In darkness and despair.
Whom shall I send to shatter
The fetters which they bear?

We heed, O Lord, thy summons,
And answer: Here are we!
Send us upon thine errand!
Let us thy servants be!
Our strength is dust and ashes,
Our years a passing hour;
But thou canst use our weakness,
To magnify thy power.

From ease and plenty save us,
From pride of place absolve;
Purge us of low desire,
Lift us to high resolve.

Take us, and make us holy,
 Teach us thy will and way.
 Speak, and, behold! we answer,
 Command, and we obey!
 JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, 1913.

112 (542)

Onward, Christian Soldiers

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. Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 May we not divided,
 But one body be,
 One in hope and duty,
 One in charity. Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto God our King;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing. Onward, etc.
 SABINE BARING-GOULD*, 1865.

113 (544)

O Canada!

O Canada, our home, our native land,
 True patriot-love in all thy sons com-
 mand,
 With glowing hearts we see thee rise
 The true North strong and free,
 And stand on guard, O Canada,
 Stand aye on guard for thee.

O Canada, O Canada,
 We stand on guard, we stand on guard
 for thee,
 O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
 Amen.

Against the evil foes of holy peace
 Who foster faction making feuds in-
 crease,
 Nor heed thy beckoning star on high,
 O true North fair and free,
 We stand on guard all steadfastly,
 We stand on guard for thee.

For all who strive to make thee nobly
 great:
 On justice build foundations for the
 state;
 Who keep the inward vision clear;
 A true North strong and free,
 We stand on guard, O Canada,
 We stand on guard for thee.

Ruler supreme, O hear our country's
 prayer,
 Keep us and all men 'neath thy loving
 care.
 Help us to find, O God, in thee,
 Our certain rich reward,
 As, waiting for the better day,
 We ever stand on guard.

ROBERT STANLEY WEIR, 1908.

114 HYMN of *Young People's
 Religious Union*

TUNE: "Pomp and Circumstance"—ELGAR

Forward shoulder to shoulder,
 Fling the banner of youth,
 On through worship and service
 To the glorious truth.
 Light of our torch wide shining,
 Colors always unfurled,
 Strength, vision and courage
 We pledge to the life of the world,
 Strength, vision and courage
 We pledge to the life of the world.

Far horizons are calling —
 Here, humanity cries,
 Deep in the unfathomed darkness —
 High in the radiant skies,
 Onward questing, and daring
 Mighty our chorus is hurled:
 Strength, vision and courage
 We pledge to the life of the world,
 Strength, vision and courage
 We pledge to the life of the world.

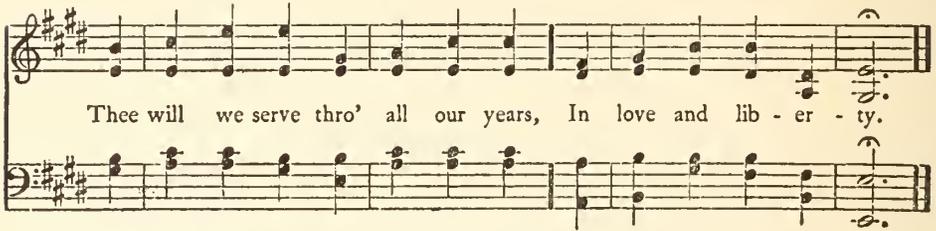
SARA COMINS.

*An asterisk after an author's name indicates that the hymn, as printed in the Hymn and Tune Book, has been slightly altered.

ENGLISH MELODY

Arranged by MAUDE DRAGO


Spir - it of Life Di - vine! We give our-selves to Thee!



Thee will we serve thro' all our years, In love and lib - er - ty.

In earnestness and truth
 We dedicate our lives;
 That this our earth a heaven shall be
 A fairer paradise.

O, may Thy service free
 Hallow and bless our days;
 That we with all the sons of men
 May walk in Thy sure ways.

Within these sacred walls
 Our solemn faith we plight;
 The wider vision to fulfil
 Of justice and the right.

From tombs of selfish greed —
 From curse of strife set free —
 We would arise in trust and hope,
 Our nobler selves to be.

HORACE WESTWOOD, 1925.

LIST OF HYMNS

The second number printed in this list and with each of the hymns on the preceding pages is the number of the hymn in the Hymn and Tune Book, published in 1914 by the Beacon Press, Inc.

<i>Number</i>	<i>First Line</i>	<i>Author</i>
37 219	A voice by Jordan's shore	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW
43 283	Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
55 346	Abide not in the realm of dreams	WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH
31 163	Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	HENRY FRANCIS LYTE
1 2	All people that on earth do dwell	WILLIAM KETHE
33 207	Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
96 450	Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	COMP. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
97 451	City of God, how broad and far	SAMUEL JOHNSON
3 9	Come, thou Almighty Will	HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT
57 348	Creation's Lord, we give thee thanks	WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE
44 285	Dear Lord and Father of mankind	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
93 441	Eternal One, thou living God	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW
75 401	Faith of our fathers, living still	FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER
30 162	Father, again to thy dear name we raise	JOHN ELLERTON
110 539	Father in heaven, who lovest all	RUDYARD KIPLING
2 7	Father, thou art calling, calling to us plainly	JAMES VILA BLAKE
12 45	Father, thy wonders do not singly stand	JONES VERY
67 378	Forward through the ages	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
100 455	From age to age how grandly rise	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
23 79	From heart to heart, from creed to creed	WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT
114	Forward shoulder to shoulder	SARA COMINS
65 372	Go forth to life, O child of earth	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW
21 75	Go not, my soul, in search of him	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
8 32	God is in his holy temple	HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT
79 411	God of our fathers, known of old	RUDYARD KIPLING
105 472	God of the living, in whose eyes	JOHN ELLERTON
86 426	God of the nations, near and far	JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
62 366	God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW
81 414	Great and fair is she, our land	WILLIAM WATSON
6 25	Great God, the followers of thy Son	HENRY WARE, JR.
14 65	He hides within the lily	WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT
56 347	He liveth long who liveth well	HORATIUS BONAR
51 326	He who suns and worlds upholdeth	THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL
87 429	Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
60 351	How happy is he born or taught	HENRY WOTTON
104 469	I long for household voices gone	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
18 71	Immortal Love, forever full	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
34 213	In the cross of Christ I glory	JOHN BOWRING
107 473	It singeth low in every heart	JOHN WHITE CHADWICK
42 263	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
90 434	Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts	WILLIAM MERRELL VORLES
71 394	Life of ages, richly poured	SAMUEL JOHNSON
99 453	Light of ages and of nations	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

LIST OF HYMNS (*Continued*)

<i>Number</i>	<i>First Line</i>	<i>Author</i>
76 407	Like pilgrims sailing through the night.....	FLORENCE HARRIS
13 50	Lord of all being, throned afar.....	OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
78 410	Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord	JULIA WARD HOWE
84 420	My country, 'tis of thee.....	SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH
24 80	Mysterious Presence, source of all.....	SETH CURTIS BEACH
46 287	Nearer, my God, to thee.....	SARAH FLOWER ADAMS
82 415	Not alone for mighty empire.....	WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL
89 431	Not given to us from out the skies.....	CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE
88 430	Now is the time approaching.....	JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK
29 144	Now the day is over.....	SABINE BARING-GOULD
83 419	O beautiful for spacious skies.....	KATHERINE LEE BATES
85 424	O Beautiful, my Country.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
113 544	O Canada, our home, our native land.....	ROBERT STANLEY WEIR
11 44	O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live.....	GERHARD TERSTEEGEN
80 412	O God of earth and altar.....	GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON
73 396	O God, our help in ages past.....	ISAAC WATTS
72 395	O God, the Rock of Ages.....	EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH
74 397	O God, while generations flee.....	ANON.
25 81	O God, whose presence glows in all.....	NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM
15 68	O God, whose smile is in the sky.....	JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
66 375	O Life that maketh all things new.....	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW
108 503	O Light, from age to age the same.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
69 385	O Lord of life, thy kingdom is at hand.....	MARION FRANKLIN HAM
19 73	O Love divine, whose constant beam.....	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
36 218	O Love! O Life! our faith and sight.....	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
45 286	O Love that wilt not let me go.....	GEORGE MATHESON
40 225	O Master, let me walk with thee.....	WASHINGTON GLADDEN
48 296	O Name, all other names above.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
102 457	O prophet souls of all the years.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
101 456	O pure reformers! not in vain.....	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
10 37	O sometimes gleams upon our sight.....	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
35 216	O thou great friend to all the sons of men.....	THEODORE PARKER
47 295	O Thou, in all thy might so far.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
92 439	O thou in lonely vigil led.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
54 345	O Thou who hast at thy command.....	JANE COTTERILL
16 69	O Thou whose Spirit witness bears.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
4 10	O worship the King, all glorious above.....	ROBERT GRANT
98 452	One holy Church of God appears.....	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW
91 435	One Lord there is, all lords above.....	WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS
20 74	One thought I have, my ample creed.....	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
112 542	Onward, Christian soldiers.....	SABINE BARING-GOULD
7 29	Our God, our God, thou shinest here.....	THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL
63 370	Press on! press on! ye sons of light.....	WILLIAM GASKELL
61 362	Rise up, O men of God.....	WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL
70 390	Send down thy truth, O God.....	EDWARD ROWLAND SILL
22 77	Spirit divine, attend our prayer.....	ANDREW REED
68 379	Spirit of God, in thunder speak.....	AD. JOHN WHITE CHADWICK
58 349	Spirit of grace and health and power.....	CHARLES WESLEY
115	Spirit of Life Divine.....	HORACE WESTWOOD
59 350	Supreme and universal Light.....	HENRY MOORE

LIST OF HYMNS (*Continued*)

<i>Number</i>	<i>First Line</i>	<i>Author</i>
95 448	The ages one great minster seem	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
32 205	The Light along the ages	WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT
52 328	The light pours down from heaven	JOSEPH GOSTICK
50 305	The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know . . .	JAMES MONTGOMERY
38	The mind that dwelt in Jesus	HORACE WESTWOOD
111 541	The voice of God is calling	JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
77 408	These things shall be — a loftier race	JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS
39 220	Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross"	FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE
26 95	Thou whose spirit dwells in all	JOHN WHITE CHADWICK
94 446	Through the night of doubt and sorrow .	BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN
106	Throughout the growing ages	HORACE WESTWOOD
103 458	Thy kingdom come — on bended knee	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
28 139	'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze	JOHN KEBLE
17 70	Unheard the dews around me fall	ANON.
5 24	Unto thy temple, Lord, we come	ROBERT COLLYER
41 226	We bear the strain of earthly care	OZORA STEARNS DAVIS
64 371	We praise thee, God, for harvests earned	JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS
27 104	When shadows gather on our way	FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER
53 335	When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing .	THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS
9 35	Where ancient forests widely spread	ANDREWS NORTON
109 506	Within this temple, reared of old	AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD
49 300	Workman of God, O lose not heart	FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER





