

The New Laudes Domini

For use in Baptist Churches

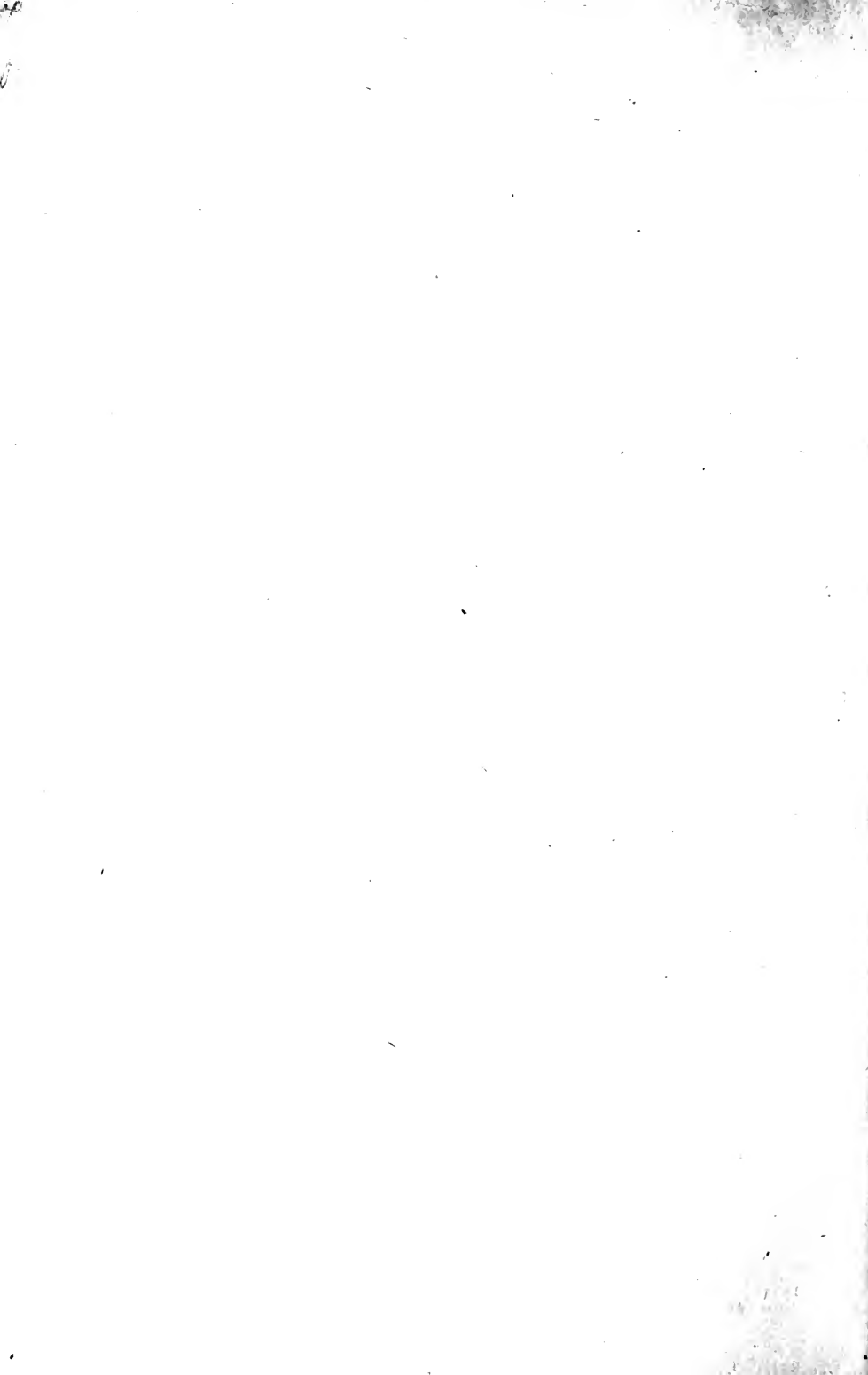
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THE NEW LAUDES DOMINI

A SELECTION OF SPIRITUAL
SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

FOR USE IN BAPTIST CHURCHES

BY

CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D.

AND

EDWARD JUDSON, D. D.



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Preface.

PSALMS and hymns and spiritual songs in which we do homage to our blessed Lord remind us of our mercies and enkindle us to love and gratitude and joy. By raising the character of the service of praise in our churches, we present a more joyous type of Christianity, and attract the world, especially the young, within hearing distance of the Gospel.

The editors of this book have endeavored to preserve the best and the dearest of the old hymns and tunes—music the church does not willingly let die, hymns rich in doctrine and suggestive of holy childhood memories. The congregation has rights which the minister is bound to respect, and one of them is, that there should be given out at each service one hymn at least which is familiar to all. But it will not do to keep singing over and over a few old hymns; there should be at least one new hymn at each service. Hence we have embraced in this collection many modern tunes in which the melody is so clear and sweet as to catch the popular ear, while at the same time we have taken pains to omit the cheap and sensational airs which are sure in the end to weary and repel people of good taste. Recognizing, also, the wide-spread musical culture that characterizes our time, and the consequent demand in our churches for a higher and more classical order of music, we have introduced many new adaptations from the great German and Italian composers, and following in the direction of the old *Laudes Domini*, we have amply availed ourselves of the modern English school with its rich and varied harmonies. We have striven to make the book comprehensive, so as to meet and to educate the popular taste, and at the same time to satisfy the most cultivated and fastidious of musical critics.

We hope that "*The New Laudes Domini*" may help the people of God to attain that which should be the final goal and product of all musical effort in our churches, good congregational singing—praise which will not only be acceptable to our Lord, but, as Milton says, will have

Power to mitigate and suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.

It must be a matter of honest pride to the Baptists on both sides of the sea to discover, what has become more and more evident to us, as we have gone forward in making our selections, namely, that a large and most honorable part of the whole hymnology of the Christian church has proceeded from Baptist authors.

EDWARD JUDSON,
CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON.

NEW YORK CITY, October 1, 1892.

Order of Arrangement.

	HYMNS.
OPENING OF SERVICE	1 — 91
EVENING WORSHIP	92 — 133
PRAYER AND INVOCATION.....	134 — 156
GENERAL PRAISE	157 — 190
CLOSE OF SERVICE	191 — 239
THE SCRIPTURES.....	240 — 253
GOD: THE FATHER.....	254 — 323
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:—	
INCARNATION AND BIRTH.....	324 — 350
LIFE AND CHARACTER.....	351 — 397
SUFFERINGS AND DEATH	398 — 427
RESURRECTION AND REIGN	428 — 450
EXALTATION AND OFFICES.....	451 — 480
COMING AGAIN	481 — 514
THE HOLY SPIRIT	515 — 564
THE GOSPEL OF ATONEMENT:—	
NEEDED: MAN'S LOST STATE.....	565 — 576
PROVIDED: SALVATION	577 — 609
OFFERED: INVITATIONS.....	610 — 623
ACCEPTED: REPENTANCE	624 — 650

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE:—	
	HYMNS.
CONFLICT WITH SIN.....	651 — 711
COURAGE AND CHEER	712 — 774
COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.....	775 — 844
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT	845 — 886
PRIVILEGES OF BELIEVERS	887 — 919
DISCIPLINE AND SORROW	920 — 948
ACTIVITY AND ZEAL.....	949 — 978
THE CHURCH OF GOD:—	
ORGANIC INSTITUTIONS	979 — 1000
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.....	1001 — 1011
BAPTISMAL ORDINANCE.....	1012 — 1022
THE LORD'S SUPPER	1023 — 1100
MISSIONS AND GROWTH	1101 — 1135
THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH....	1136 — 1161
THE GENERAL JUDGMENT ...	1162 — 1165
THE REST OF HEAVEN.....	1166 — 1199
MISCELLANEOUS	1200 — 1216
CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL ...	1217 — 1228
CHILDREN'S HYMNS	1229 — 1234
	PAGE
DOXOLOGIES	507
INDEXES:—	
OF TUNES.....	508
OF METERS	510
OF SUBJECTS	512
OF TEXTS.....	515
OF AUTHORS	517
OF FIRST LINES	524

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

The Ten Commandments.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: 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.

The Beatitudes.

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.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you,

And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven:

For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Apostles' Creed.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. AMEN.

The New Laudes Domini

NICÆA. P. M.

J. B. DYKES.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;



Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

1

The triune God.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore
thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
fore thee,

Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness
hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory
may not see;

Only thou art holy; there is none beside
thee,

Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in
earth and sky and sea;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

EENAN. 10s.

LOWELL MASON.

A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Je - ho - vah blessed;

When, like his own, he bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace.

2

The Lord's Day.

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
blessed;

When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes
confide,

Whose power defends us and whose pre-
cepts guide,

In life our Guardian and in death our
Friend,

Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

William Mason.

3

Evening Worship.

OH, come, and let us all, with one accord,
Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the
Lord!

Let us this evening bless his holy Name,
Yea, let us laud and magnify the same.

2 Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice to give him thanks and
praise;

Let us and all his saints his glory sing,
Who is our blessed Saviour, Lord, and
King.

3 For by his word the heaven and earth
were made,

The earth's foundation also firmly laid;
All things were done at his divine com-
mand,

And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

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

Anon. Ps. 95.

4

Penitent prayer.

FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

2 Lord, we would bless thee for thy cease-
less care,

And all thy work from day to day declare:
Is not our life with early mercies crowned?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 Oh, by that name in which all fullness dwells,
Oh, by that love which every love excels,
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore.

FAROON. 10s.

J. BARNBY.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks ex-hausted in the summer's chase,

So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

5 Psalm 42.

AS PANTS the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid—
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love!

Robert Lowth.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

I. PLEVEL. D.S.

Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest, What heav'nly peace and transport fill my breast! When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
D.S.—And kindly holds communion with his friends.

6 "Holy rest."

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;

Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

Simou Browne.

GLADNESS. 7s, 6s. D.

J. BARNBY.

The dawn of God's new Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain, As some sweet summer
morn-ing Af - ter a night of pain. It comes as cooling showers To cheer a thirsting
land, As shades of clus-tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.

7 Foretastes of Heaven.

THE dawn of God's new Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To cheer a thirsting land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all our work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few true conquests won.

3 Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,
Still grant us in our need
Here in thy holy presence
The saving name to plead;
And on thy day of blessings,
Within thy temple walls,
To foretaste the pure worship
Of Zion's golden halls:—

4 Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for thee,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity!

Ada C. Cross.

S Cheerful Devotion.

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

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

Ray Palmer.

Opening of Service.

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY.

O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;

On thee, the high and low-ly, Bend- ing before the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.

9

“Day of Rest.”

O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the throne,
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the Great Three in One.

2 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,

Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

MENDEBRAS. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by L. MASON.

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

Bend- ing be-fore the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!

With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.

10

Psalm 84.

HOW PLEASANT, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

11

Psalm 84.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

Isaac Watts.

12

Psalm 92.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

CANONBURY. L. M.

R. SCHUMANN.

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun The dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

13

Morning.

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

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

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

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

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

Thomas Ken.

14

Psalm 145.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

15

Each Day's Duties.

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

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

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

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

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

John Keble.

ST. ALBAN. L. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE-BOOK.

16

Psalm 36.

- HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep:
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There, mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts.

ANGEL VOICES. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

An-gel voic-es, ev-er sing-ing Round thy throne of light—An-gel harps, for ev-er ring-ing,

Rest not day nor night; Thousands only live to bless thee, And con-fess thee, Lord of might!

17

"Lord of might."

- ANGEL voices, ever singing
 Round thy throne of light—
 Angel harps, for ever ringing,
 Rest not day nor night;
 Thousands only live to bless thee,
 And confess thee, Lord of might!
- 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
 Mortal eye can scan,
 Can it be that thou regardest
 Songs of sinful man?
 Can we feel that thou art near us,
 And wilt hear us? Yea, we can!
- 3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
 Of thine own to thee;
 And for thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest melody.
- 4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blesséd Trinity!
 Of the best that thou hast given,
 Earth and heaven render thee!

Francis Pott.

ANVERN. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our
 longing souls aspire, With cheerful hope and strong desire, With cheerful hope and strong desire.

18 "A nobler Rest."
 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge.

19 "Early Vows."
 MY opening eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of thy returning day;
 My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
 While thus my early vows I pay.

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

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

James Hutton.

20 Invocation.
 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love, in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done,
 By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts.

21 Morning Hymn.
 O CHRIST! with each returning morn
 Thine image to our hearts be borne;
 And may we ever clearly see
 Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
 May meekness form our early ray,
 And faithful love our noontide light,
 And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
 And sanctify our wayward soul;
 May guile depart, and malice cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
 Make plain the way of holiness:
 From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And cheer at last our journey's end.

John Chandler, tr.

RAKEM. L. M. 61.

I. B. WOODBURY.

FINE. D.C.

The day of rest once more comes round, A day to all believers dear; The silver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Israel near;
D.C.—Ye people all, obey the call, And in Jehovah's courts appear.

22

"Day of Rest."

THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all, obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,

And send thy people joyful home;
Of thee our King, oh, may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb.

3 Oh, hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know thee here shall see thy face;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest, supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

T. Kelly.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

H. BOND.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and tho't, and being last, Or immor-tal-i-ty en-dures.

23

Psalm 146.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

24

L. M. 61. Tune—RAKEM.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

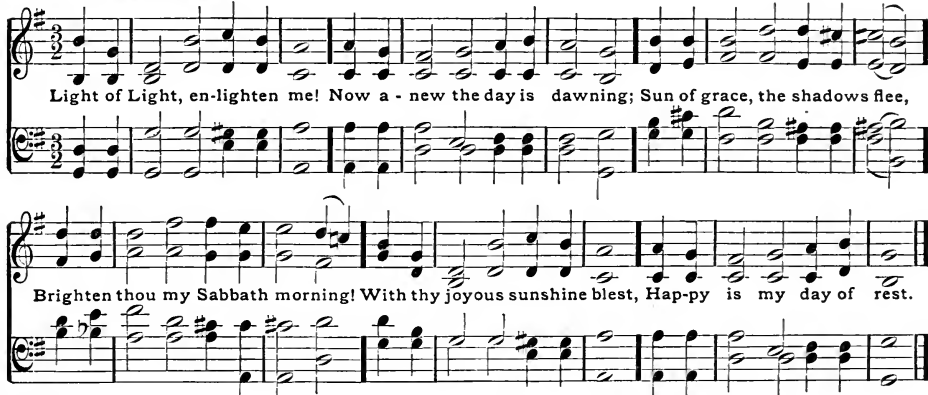
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr.

HINCHMAN. P. M.

U. C. BURNAP.



Light of Light, en-lighten me! Now a - new the day is dawning; Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning! With thy joyous sunshine blest, Hap-py is my day of rest.

25

"Light of Light."

LIGHT of Light, enlighten me!
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning!
With thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

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

3 Rest in me and I in thee,
Build a paradise within me;
Oh, reveal thyself to me,
Blesséd Love, who diedst to win me:
Fed from thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Catherine Winkworth, tr.

26

"Fount of Joy."

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

2 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

3 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship thee in heaven.

Catherine Winkworth, tr.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!"

Yes, with a cheer-ful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.

27

Psalm 122.

HOW PLEASSED and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts.

ST. SAVIOUR. C. M.

F. G. BAKER.

The Lord of glo-ry is my light, And my sal-va-tion too; God is my strength,—nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

28

Psalm 27.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,—
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,—
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;

Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts.

WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY.



Lord! in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;



To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye:—

29

Psalm 5.

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

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

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;

Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

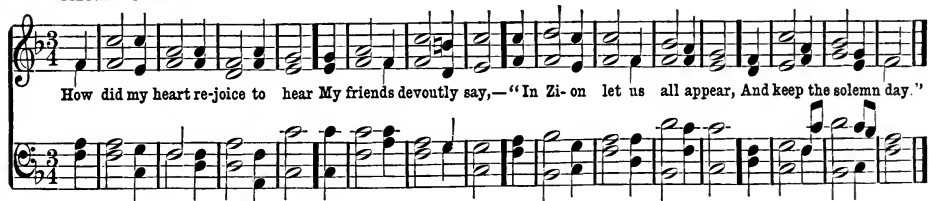
4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

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

Isaac Watts.

MEAR. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends devoutly say,—“In Zi-on let us all appear, And keep the solemn day.”

30

Psalm 122.

HOW DID my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
“In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.”

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;

The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There, God, my Saviour reigns.

Isaac Watts.

ST. GEORGE'S. C. M.

G. SMART.

E - ter - nal Sun of right - eous - ness, Dis - play thy beams di - vine,

And cause the glo - ry of thy face Up - on my heart to shine.

31 "Light in thy Light."

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, oh, may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,
The peace by Jesus given;—
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

MARLOW. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

32 Psalm 118.

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

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son;

Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

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

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.

Sing we the song of those who stand A - round th'e - ter - nal throne,
Of ev - ery kin - dred, clime, and land, A mul - ti - tude un - known.

33 "Worthy the Lamb!"

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, sufferings still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above;
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

James Montgomery.

34 Psalm 122.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

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

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

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

Harriet Auber.

35 Psalm 132.

ARISE, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

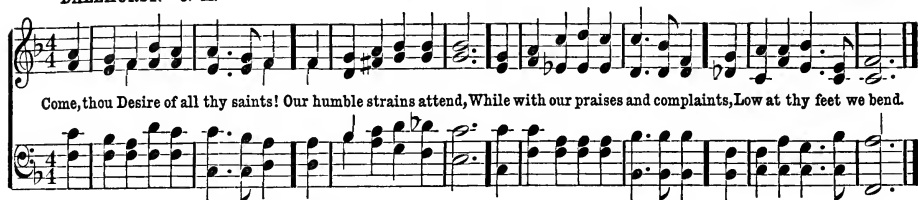
4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts.

DALEHURST. C. M.

A. COTTMAN.



Come, thou Desire of all thy saints! Our humble strains attend, While with our praises and complaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

36

"Come, Lord!"

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints!

Our humble strains attend,

While with our praises and complaints,

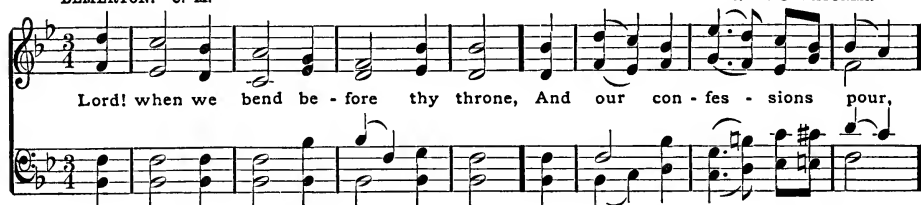
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

Anne Steele.

BEMERTON. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



Lord! when we bend before thy throne, And our confessions pour,



Oh, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.

37

Sincerity.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Jos. Dacre Carlyle.

WINCHESTER. C. M.

GEO. KIRBYE.

Again our earthly cares we leave, And to thy courts repair; A - gain with joyful feet we come, To meet our Saviour here.

38 Christ's Presence sought.
 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair;
 Again with joyful feet we come,
 To meet our Saviour here.

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

3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
 In pity, Lord, remove:
 Dispose our minds to hear aright
 The message of thy love.

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

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

John Newton.

39 "Guide us."
 NOW THAT the sun is gleaming bright,
 Implore we, bending low,
 That he, the uncreated Light,
 May guide us as we go.

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

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

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend;
 That we begin it at thy word,
 And in thy favor end.

5 Now to our God, the Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, sing:
 With praise to God, the Three in One,
 Let all creation ring.

J. H. Newman.

BEATITUDO. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Early, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir-it faints a- way, Without thy cheering grace.

40 Psalm 63.
 EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temples shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hand to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts.

LAUDES DOMINI. P. M.

J. BARNEY.

When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:

A-like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised.

41

Praise to Christ.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 To thee, O God, above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

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

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

E. Caswall, tr.

NATIVITY. C. M.

H. LAHEE.

Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for thee; There shall our vows be paid; Thou hast an ear when sinners pray; All flesh shall seek thine aid.

42

Psalm 65.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 O Lord! our guilt and fears prevail,
But pardoning grace in thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill,
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;

Give them a dwelling in thy house
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
The distant isles shall fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

Isaac Watts.

MIRFIELD. C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



My soul, how lovely is the place, To which thy God re-sorts! 'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face, Tho' in his earthly courts.

43

Psalm 84.

MY soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

Isaac Watts.

44

Psalm 25: 14.

SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

R. HARRISON.



ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

45

"The Rising Day."

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

Isaac Watts.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



Hail to the Sabbath day! The day di-vinely given, When men to God their homage pay, And earth draws near to heaven.

46 The eternal Sabbath.

HAIL to the Sabbath day!
 The day divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend,
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod;

Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God.

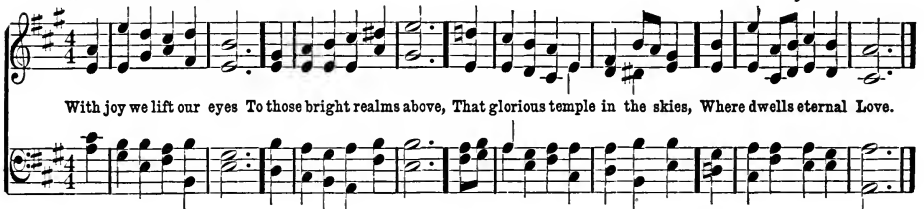
4 Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky;
 Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight;
 And purer worship may we pay
 In heaven's unclouded light.

S. G. Bulfinch.

PACKINGTON. S. M.

J. BLACK.



With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms above, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells eternal Love.

47 Hymn of Praise.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
 O thou almighty King;
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.

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

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

Thomas Jervis.

48 Christian Outlook.

NOW LET our voices join
 To raise a sacred song;
 Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.

2 See—flowers of paradise,
 In rich profusion, spring;
 The sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
 In beauteous prospect, rise;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
 Who marks the shining way,—
 To him who leads the pilgrims on
 To realms of endless day.

Philip Doddridge.

SWABIA. S. M.

Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.

This is the day of light: Let there be light to-day; O Day-spring, rise upon our night, And chase its gloom a-way.

49

Day of Light.

THIS is the day of light:

Let there be light to-day;

O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.5 This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton.

50

Fruits of Holiness.

LORD of the hearts of men,
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,
From age to age, thy chosen saints
With fruits of holiness.2 Here faith and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.3 Oh, love, oh, truth, oh, light!
Light never to decay!
Oh, rest from thousand labors past!
Oh, endless Sabbath-day!4 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bear
Our harvest-burdens home.5 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits thyself dost love;
Soon shalt thou from thy judgment-seat
Crown thine own gifts above.

J. R. Woodford, tr.

CLEVELAND. S. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing; To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

51

Psalm 92.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

SYDENHAM. S. M.

E. A. SYDENHAM.

How charming is the place Where my Redeemer, God, Un-veils the beauty of his face, And sheds his love a-broad!

52

The Sanctuary.

HOW CHARMING is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

53

"Emmanuel's Ground."

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

54

Esb. 15: 3.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blesséd children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond.

VIGIL. S. M.

G. PAISIELLO.

My God! per - mit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine;

And let my ear - ly cries pre - vail To taste thy love di - vine.

55

Psalm 63.

My God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And, on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts.

LISBON. S. M.

D. READ.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!

56

Psalm 84.

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

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

ZEBULON. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.

A - wake, ye saints, a - wake! And hail this sa - cred day; In loftiest songs of praise

Your joy - ful homage pay! Come bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's eternal rest.

57 Type of Heaven.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay!
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,

And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

Thomas Cotterill.

LISCHER. H. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

{ Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; }
I hail thy kind re - turn;—Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mor - tal toys

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar.... to reach im - mor - tal joys.

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

58 Welcome Worship.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,

While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

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

Hayward.

DARWALL. H. M.

J. DARWALL.



Lord of the worlds a - bove! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are! To thine a - bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

59

Psalm 84.

LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant, and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

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

Isaac Watts.

60

"Light in the light."

O ZION! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With luster new, divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And, with his radiance, fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round his throne, ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

Philip Doddridge.

61

Psalm 43.

Now, to thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from thy throne thy mercy shine.

2 Oh, send thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.

3 Now in thy holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word:
Henceforth, to thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise my life shall be.

Timothy Dwight.

SUNRISE. P. M.

J. STAINER.

Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing, Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - - er day:

Come, to him who made this splendor See thou ren-der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

62

Morning Song.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking

O'er the earth another day:

Come, to him who made this splendor;
See thou render

All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:

Ready burning

Be the incense of thy powers:

For the night is safely ended;

God hath tended

With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever

Each endeavor,

When thine aim is good and true;

But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,

When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,

But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding

All things in unclouded day.

5 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,

Be to the eternal One:

To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,

While unending ages run.

H. J. Buckoll, tr.

CHEER. 8s, 7s, 7.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Hal-le - lu-jah! fairest morning! Fairer than our words can say! Down we lay the heavy

bur-den Of our toil and care to-day; While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vigor from above.

GRANGE. 8s, 7s, 7.

R. B. BORTHWICK.

O-pen now thy gates of beauty, Zi-on, let me en-ter there; Where my soul in joy-ful du-ty
 waits for him who answers pray'r; Oh, how blessed is this place, Filled with sol-ace, light, and grace!

63

The Gates of Zion.

OPEN now thy gates of beauty,
 Zion, let me enter there;
 Where my soul in joyful duty
 Waits for him who answers prayer:
 Oh, how blessed is this place,
 Filled with solace, light, and grace.

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

3 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
 Let me keep thy gift divine,
 Howsø'er temptations thicken;
 May thy word still o'er me shine,
 As my pole-star through my life,
 As my comfort in my strife.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear thee,
 Let thy will be done indeed;
 May I undisturbed draw near thee
 Whilst thou dost thy people feed.
 Here of life the fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

Catherine Winkworth, tr.

64

Morning Hymn.

HALLELUJAH! fairest morning!
 Fairer than our words can say!
 Down we lay the heavy burden
 Of our toil and care to-day:
 While this morn of joy and love
 Brings fresh vigor from above.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
 Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
 Light upon a world of darkness
 From thy blessed moments roll!
 Holy, happy, heavenly day,
 Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship
 We will seek our joy to-day:
 It is then we learn the fullness
 Of the grace for which we pray;
 When the word of life is given,
 Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with thee be ended,
 As with thee it has begun;
 And thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
 Till earth's days and weeks are done;
 That at last thy servants may
 Keep eternal Sabbath day.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

65

Hallelujah!

UNTO thee be glory given,
 Word incarnate! evermore;
 Thee the spirits blest in heaven,
 Thee the angel choirs adore;
 Still their hallelujahs rise
 Midst the anthems of the skies.

2 We too, bending low before thee,
 Lord of all, blest Trinity!
 Of thy mercy now implore thee,
 That throughout eternity
 In thy kingdom we may raise
 Hallelujahs to thy praise.

Mrs. H. M. Chester, alt.

SABBATH. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

{ Safe-ly thro' ano-th-er week, God has brought us on our way; }
 { Let us now a blessing seek, [Omit.....] } Waiting in his courts to-day: Day of all

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

66

Sabbath Morning.

SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,—
 May we rest this day in thee.

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

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we rest in thee above.

John Newton.

67

The holy Day of Rest.

WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
 Sweet repose from worldly care;
 Day above all days the best,
 When our souls for heaven prepare;

Day, when our Redeemer rose,
 Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
 Thus he vanquished all our foes;
 Let our lips his glory tell.

2 Gracious Lord! we love this day,
 When we hear thy holy word;
 When we sing thy praise, and pray,
 Earth can no such joys afford:
 But a better rest remains,
 Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
 Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
 Endless joys, and endless praise.

William Browne.

68

Eucharistic.

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart;
 Every fainting soul inspire;
 Enter every drooping heart;
 Every mournful sinner cheer;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom;
 Father! in thy grace appear,
 To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour,
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Set us free from all our sin:
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less;
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

ST. GEORGE. 7s. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.

Pleasant are thy courts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.

Oh, my spirit longs and faints For the converse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, King of glo-ry, God of grace!

69

Psalm 84.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.
Henry F. Lyte.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

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

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;

70 "Rest and Love."

LORD, remove the vail away,
Let us see thyself to-day:
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let thy living church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in thee;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace;
That thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love,
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 Give our souls the spotless dress
Of thy perfect righteousness;
So at length each welcome guest,
Then shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp and raise the song,
All thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.

Mrs. Eric Findlater, tr.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

{ While we low - ly bow be - fore thee, Wilt thou, gra - cious Sav - iour, hear? }
{ We are poor and need - y sin - ners, Full of doubt and full of fear; }

Gra - cious Sav - iour, Gra - cious Sav - iour, Make us hum - ble and sin - cere.

71 Humility.

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.

2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;
Sanctify us by thy grace;
Oh, incline us more to love thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
Hear us, Saviour,
And unvail thy glorious face.

3 None in vain did ever ask thee
For the Spirit of thy love;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us;
Grant an answer from above;
Blesséd Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

D. C. Colesworthy.

72 "Send blessing."

SAVIOUR, send a blessing to us,
Send a blessing from above;
All thy truth and mercy show us,
Be thou here in power and love;
Grant thy presence,
Be it ours thy grace to prove.

2 Nothing have we, Lord, without thee,
But thy promise is our stay;
And thy people must not doubt thee;
Saviour, now thy power display;
And let gladness
Fill thy people's hearts to-day.

Thomas Kelly.

73 "Father, hear us!"

GOD Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then for ever, yea, for ever,
In thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

John Pierpont.

74 Glory to God.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

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

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

Horatius Bonar.

RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4.

E. J. HOPKINS.

In thy name, O Lord! as-sembling, We, thy peo-ple, now draw near; Teach us to re-joyce with trembling; Speak, and let thy ser-vants hear,—Hear with meekness,—Hear thy word with god-ly fear.

75 "Let thy servants hear."

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

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

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

76 "Bless the seed."

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans.

77 God's presence.

GOD is in his holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit;
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet.

James Montgomery.

78 Continued meetings.

WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blesséd Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blesséd Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

S. F. Smith.

DIJON. 7a.

German Evening Hymn.



To thy pastures fair and large, And my couch, with tend'rest care,
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge, 'Mid the springing grass prepare.

79

Psalms 23.

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

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

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

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

James Merrick.

80

Twilight.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

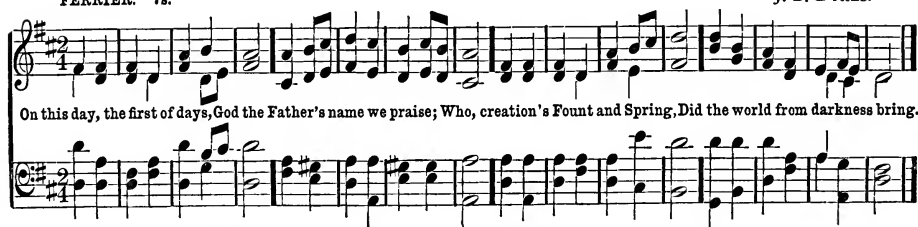
3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. Smith.

FERRIER. 7a.

J. B. DYKES.



On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise; Who, creation's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring.

81

"First of Days."

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,

Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

4 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself, bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

H. W. Baker, tr.

DENHAM. 7s.

W. WOODWARD.

To thy temple we re-pair— Lord, we love to worship there, When within the veil we meet Thee up-on the mercy-seat.

82

Jesus intercedes.

To THY temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;

Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
"We have walked with God to-day."
James Montgomery.

HENDON. 7s.

C. MALAN.

Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our

suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

83

"Thy face we seek."

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

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

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;

Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

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

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

William Hammond.

KELSO. 7s, 6l.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Every morning mercies new Fall as fresh as ear-ly dew; Ev-ery morning let us pay
Trib-ute with the ear-ly day; For thy mercies, Lord, are sure: Thy compassion doth en-dure.

84 "Mercies new."

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

2 Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

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

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-blesséd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unailing prayer and praise.

Horatius Bonar.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber.

86 The Sabbath.

LORD, it is thy holy day;
Here we meet to praise and pray;
Joining with one heart and mind,
Earthly cares we leave behind.
On the day which thou hast made,
Us in our rejoicings aid.

2 Glad as when the glorious shout
Of the morning stars rang out,
Thee, Creator, will we praise,
And our hymns of triumph raise.
Sun and moon, your songs unite;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

3 Louder yet our strains be borne,
Mindful of that happy morn,
When the world's Redeemer rose,
Victor from the grave's repose;
Who by death subdued the grave:
Mighty he our souls to save.

4 Looking for that rest above,
For the Sabbath of thy love,
Here to-day by hope we rise
To our mansion in the skies:
Here by faith and love prepare
For our endless Sabbath there.

Anon., 1863.

85

Psalm 67.

ON thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

HALLE 7s, 61.

Arr. by T. HASTINGS.

Musical score for 'Halle 7s, 61' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: (Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light, Sun of Righteousness, a-rise, Triumph o'er the shades of night;) Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart appear.

87

Morning.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

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

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

Charles Wesley.

88

Evening.

NOW, FROM labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

Thomas Hastings.

HEIMWEH 7s, 61.

S. S. WESLEY.

Musical score for 'Heimweh 7s, 61' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: As the hart, with ea-ger looks, Panteth for the wa-ter-brooks, So my soul, a - thirst for thee,

Musical score for 'Heimweh 7s, 61' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: Pantsthe living God to see; When, oh, when, with filial fear, Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

89

Psalm 42.

AS THE hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, oh, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

James Montgomery.

PALMER. 11s, 5.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

Be - hold, the shade of night is now re - ced - ing, Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is glowing, With fer - vent hearts, oh, let us all im - plore him—Rul - er Al - might - y:

90

Morning Praise.

BEHOLD, the shade of night is now receding,
Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is
glowing,
With fervent hearts, oh, let us all implore
him—
Ruler Almighty :

2 That he, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us his
salvation,
And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.

3 This grace, oh, grant us, Godhead Ever-
blesséd,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most dis-
tant regions
Ever resounding !

Ray Palmer, tr.

91

Through the Day.

BENDING before thee, let our hymn go up-
wards,
Bright as the sunshine breaking from the
darkness,
Thee we implore to guard us on our journey,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Guard us in toil when fainting in the noon-
day,
Guard us reposing under evening shadows,
Guard us when midnight walks abroad in
heaven,
Lord God Almighty.

3 If the dread foe assail us with tempta-
tion,
Hear us, O Lord, and save us from his dan-
ger,
Oh, keep us pure, oh, lead us to thy pres-
ence,
Lord God Almighty.

4 Glory to thee, O Father Everlasting!
Glory to thee, O Son and Holy Spirit!
One in three persons, infinite, unchanging!
Lord God Almighty.

John Coleridge.

92

Evening Praise.

'MID evening shadows let us all be watch-
ing,
Ever in psalms our deep devotion waking,
And with one voice hymns to the Lord, the
Saviour,
Sweetly be singing.

2 That to the holy King our songs ascend-
ing,
We worthily, with all his saints, may enter,
The heavenly temple, joyfully partaking
Life everlasting.

3 This grace, oh, grant us, Godhead Ever-
blesséd,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most dis-
tant regions
Ever resounding !

Ray Palmer, tr.

Night's shadows fall - ing men to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos - sess - ing heavenly peace and

bless - ing: This we im - plore thee, falling down be - fore thee, Great King of Glo - ry!

93 "King of Glory!"

NIGHT'S shadows falling men to rest are calling;
Rest we, possessing heavenly peace and blessing:
This we implore thee, falling down before thee,
Great King of Glory!

2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!

Thine angels send us; let thy love attend us:
He nothing feareth, whom thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;
Thy visitation be our consolation:
Oh, hear the sighing of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying!

4 Thou ever livest; endless life thou givest;
Thou watch art keeping o'er thy faithful sleeping;
In thy clear shining they are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore thee—
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!
Rest, peace, and blessing, we are now possessing,
Thy name confessing.

Addan L. Russell.

94 Evening confession.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father!
hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness!
Forgive its weakness!

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us!
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:

And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest,
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

5 Then place them in thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where ev'ry flower, escaped through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

John Bowring.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.



95

"Sun of my soul."

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

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

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

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

John Keble.

96

Evening Shadows.

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

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

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

Samuel Longfellow.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

T. TALLIS.



97

Evening song.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

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

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken.

CROSTON. L. M.

At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round thee lay;

Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way!

98

Rest at Eventide.

At even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

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

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

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,

And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

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

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

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells.

ANGELUS. L. M.

JOHANN G. W. SCHEFFLER.

At ev-en, when the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round thee lay;

Oh, in what di-vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way!

EVENING PRAISE. P. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Day is dy-ing in the West; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest: Wait and wor-ship while the night

CHORUS.
Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts!

Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

99

"Day is dying."

DAY is dying in the West;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

CHO.—

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee!

Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.—CHO.

Mary A. Lathbury.

NELLINE. 7s, 5.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Ho-ly Father, cheer our way With thy love's perpetual ray; Grant us, ev-ery clos-ing day, Light at evening time.

100

Evening Hymn.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us, every closing day,
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us, in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blesséd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson.

PARACLETE. 7s, 5.

U. C. BURNAP.



101 "Life for evermore."

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled,—
"Peace for evermore."

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

John Ellerton.

102 "Jesus, hear my cry!"

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
To thy cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

5 There on thee I cast my care;
There to thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be thou nigh.

James D. Burns.

103 Prayer for pardon.

GOD of pity, God of grace:
When we humbly seek thy face,
Bend from heaven, thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive, and save.

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

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

4 Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save.

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

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

Mrs. E. F. Morris.

SUNSET. 8s, 4s.

J. BARNBY.

The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold - en store;

The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more.

104 "Departing Day."

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all!

Godfrey Thring.

105 "We follow thee."

THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by thy faithful word,—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
We follow thee.

2 With enemies on every side,
We lean on thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow thee.

3 O Master, point thou out the way,
Nor suffer thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day
We follow thee.

4 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh, keep us, aid us by thy grace:
We follow thee!

5 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save thee, to love?
Still in thy light we onward move;
We follow thee!

Horatius Bonar.

106 Sabbath rest.

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

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
And peace on all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

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

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That thou this restful day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

Godfrey Thring, alt.

RISEHOLME. 8s, 4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

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

107

The hour of prayer.

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

2 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
 Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
 Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
 With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
 Here for my every want I find:

What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind!

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

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
 No privilege so dear shall be
 As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

PASCAL. 8s, 6s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

The Sab-bath-day has reached its close, Yet, Sav-iour, ere I seek re- pose,

Grant me the peace thy love be- stows: Smile on my eve-ning hour.

108

The evening hour.

THE Sabbath-day has reached its close,
 Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
 Grant me the peace thy love bestows:
 Smile on my evening hour.

2 Weary I come to thee for rest;
 Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
 Grant me thy Spirit for my guest:
 Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the gospel seed remain
 Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
 Let heavenly dews descend like rain:
 Smile on my evening hour.

4 O Jesus, Lord enthroned on high,
 Thou hearest the contrite spirit's sigh;
 Look down on me with pitying eye:
 Smile on my evening hour.

5 My only intercessor thou,
 Mingle thy fragrant incense now
 With every prayer, and every vow:
 Smile on my evening hour.

6 And, oh, when time's short course shall end,
 And death's dark shades around impend,
 My God, my everlasting Friend,
 Smile on my evening hour.

Charlotte Elliott.

ALSACE. L. M.

From BEETHOVEN.

Sweet is the light of Sab - bath eve, And soft the sun-beams ling-'ring there;

For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of faith and prayer.

109

Sabbath Eve.

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels sweet the calm, and melts to love,
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston.

110

"Gate of Heaven."

HOW SWEET to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Thomas Kelly.

111

Crib of Rest.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

Stewart.

112

Emberation.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare,
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

Isaac Watts.

Great God! to thee my eve-ning song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise;

Oh, let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

113

Twilight.

GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

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

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

Anne Steele.

114

"Desire of Nations."

WHEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to thee.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 Oh, come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

4 All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whose advent doth thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Tr. fr. C. Coffin.

115

"Bless us this eve!"

O FATHER, who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do thy will,
Bless us this eve for Jesus' sake,
And for thy work preserve us still.

2 O Son, who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us this eve with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with thee.

3 O Holy Ghost, who by thy power
Dost sanctify the church elect,
Seal us this eve, and hour by hour
Our bodies guard, our souls direct.

4 Praise to the Father, and the Son,
O Spirit, equal praise to thee;
All glory be to God alone,
Now, and throughout eternity!

H. B. Heathcote.

116

"God is here."

Lo, GOD is here!—let us adore!
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

J. Wesley, tr.

BONAR. P. M.

Arr. fr. J. B. CALKIN.

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest meas-ures Sing of those who spread the treas-ures In the ho - ly Gospels shrined;

Bless-ed tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their proc-la - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man - kind.

117 Wells of Salvation.

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blesséd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore;
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

R. Campbell, tr.

118 "Deliver us from evil."

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of thy mercy large and free:
Through the day thy love hath fed us,
Through the day thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, oh, pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behavior,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From all evil us deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O thou Lamb of Calvary!

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With thine own serenity;
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on thee reposing,
Ever-blesséd Trinity.

George Rawson.

119 Evening Song.

UPWARD where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,—
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far beyond the arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him,
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blesséd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

Horatius Bonar.

GREY. 7s, 5.

F. R. GREY.

Three in One, and One in Three, Ru-ler of the earth and sea, Hear us, while we lift to thee Ho-ly chant and psalm.

120 Evening Psalm.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights; with morning, shine;
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights; when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

121 Jesus, have mercy.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

Reginald Heber.

CARAMEA. 7s, 5.

J. B. DVKES.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep, Who thy Father's flock dost keep, Safe we wake and safe we sleep, Guard-ed still by thee.

122 "The footsteps of the flock."

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by thee.

2 In thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at thy command,
We will follow thee.

3 By thy blood our souls were bought,
By thy life salvation wrought,

By thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow thee.

4 Father, draw us to thy Son;
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free—

5 We in robes of glory dressed,
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with thee.

Henry Cook.

LEONARD. C. M. D.

H. HILES.

The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky, Up - on the fragrance

of the flowers The dews of eve-ning lie; Be - fore thy throne, O Lord of heav'n!

We kneel at close of day; Look on thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.

123

Twilight.

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

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

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

4 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose!

Adelaide A. Procter.

124

Psalm 134.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
Oh, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine!
Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

2 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.
Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Dear Refuge of my wea-ry soul, On thee, when sorrows rise, On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.

125 Strength, fortress, Refuge.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

126 Evening Song to Christ.

TO THEE, O Christ, we ever pray,
And blend our prayer with tears;
Thou pure and holy One, alway
Protect our night of years!

- 2 Our hearts shall be at rest in thee,
In sleep they dream thy praise;
And to thy glory faithfully
They hail the coming days.
- 3 Give us a life that cannot fail!
Refresh our spirits then;
Let blackest night before thee pale;
And bring thy light to men.
- 4 Our vows in song we pay thee still,
And, at this evening hour,
May all that we have purposed ill
Be right through perfect power.

S. W. Duffield, tr.

127 "Humble Thoughts."

OUR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are thy
May live in us and grow. [care,

- 2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in thy sight.
- 3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.
- 4 Hear us, our Saviour! ours thou art,
Though we are not like thee;
Give us thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

George MacDonald.

128 Looking away.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care;
And look, my soul, from earth, away
To him who heareth prayer.

- 2 How sweet the tear of penitence
Before his throne of grace!
While to the contrite spirit's sense
He shows his smiling face.
- 3 How sweet, through long-remembered
His mercies to recall, [years,
And pressed with wants and grief and
To trust his love for all! [fears,
- 4 How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high!
- 5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

L. Bacon.

A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bid e!

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me!

129 Evening of the Day.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a -
bide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

130 Evening of Life.

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

2 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy
wings,

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

131 "A word of Blessing."

O LORD, who by thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with us also in the silent night,
Be with us when the daylight fades away.

2 Oh, speak a word of blessing, gracious
Lord!

Thy blessing is endued with soothing
power;

On human hearts worn out with toil, thy
word

Falls soft and gentle as the evening
shower.

3 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be our
guest,

After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
Oh, come to bring us peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

4 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching
smart

Left in each bosom from the day just
past,

And let us on a Father's loving heart
Forget our griefs, and find sweet rest at
last.

Richard Massie, tr.

MAGISTER. 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. DYKES.

The hours of day are o - ver, The evening calls us home; Once more to thee, O Fa-ther, With thankful hearts we come;

For all thy countless bless-ings We praise thy holy name, And own thy love un - changing, Thro' days and years the same.

132 Twilight Prayer.

THE hours of day are over,
 The evening calls us home;
 Once more to thee, O Father,
 With thankful hearts we come;
 For all thy countless blessings
 We praise thy holy name,
 And own thy love unchanging,
 Through days and years the same.

2 For this, O Lord, we bless thee,
 For this, we thank thee most,
 The cleansing of the sinful,
 The saving of the lost;

The Teacher ever present,
 The Friend for ever nigh,
 The home prepared by Jesus
 For us above the sky.

3 Lord, gather all thy children
 To meet thee there at last,
 When earthly tasks are ended,
 And earthly days are past;
 With all our dear ones round us
 In that eternal home,
 Where death no more shall part us,
 And night shall never come!

John Ellerton.

GUIDE. 7s, 6l.

M. M. WELLS.

D.C.

Lord of mer-cy and of might, God and Father of us all, Lord of day, and Lord of night, Listen to our solemn call:
 D.C.—Listen, whilst to thee we raise Songs of pray'r and songs of praise.

133 "Give us thy peace."

LORD of mercy and of might,
 God and Father of us all,
 Lord of day, and Lord of night,
 Listen to our solemn call:
 Listen, whilst to thee we raise
 Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

2 Shed within our hearts, oh, shed
 Thine own Spirit's living flame—
 Love for all whom thou hast made,

Love for all who love thy name:
 Young and old together bless.
 Clothe our souls with righteousness.

3 Father, give to us thy peace:
 May our life on earth be blest;
 When our trials here shall cease,
 May we enter into rest,—
 Rest within our home above,
 Thee to praise, and thee to love.

Anon.

Prayer and Invocation.

LINWOOD. L. M.

Arr. fr. ROSSINI.

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

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

134 The mercy-seat.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

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

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

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

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

William Cowper.

RETREAT. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

135 The mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

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

Hugh Stowell.

BARBARA. L. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?" Lord, I would seize the gold - en hour:

I pray to be re - leased from guilt, And freed from sin and Sa - tan's power.

136

"What thou wilt."

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"

Lord, I would seize the golden hour:

I pray to be released from guilt,

And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;

More of thine image let me bear:

Erect thy throne within my heart,

And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh! be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

John Newton.

STOWELL. L. M.

SOLO WILDER.

SOLO.—SOPRANO.

From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

CHORUS.

There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.

I love to steal awhile a-way From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

137

Retirement.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,

And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brightest scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm at this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

There is an eye that never sleeps Beneath the wing of night; There is an ear that never shuts When sink the beams of light.

138

Prayer has power.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

James C. Wallace.

139

"Two or three."

WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim:—

2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place:
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfill to us thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

Thomas Hastings.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNEY.



Dear Father, to thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shelter flies: 'T is here I find a safe retreat When storm and tempests rise.

140

The mercy-seat.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat

My soul for shelter flies :

'T is here I find a safe retreat

When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,

If thou, my God, art near ;

Thy grace can raise my comforts high,

And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,

Thy constant aid impart ;

Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word

Sustain my trembling heart !

4 Oh, never let my soul remove

From this divine retreat !

Still let me trust thy power and love,

And dwell beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele.

BROWNING. C. M.

U. C. BURNAP.



Ap - proach, my soul! the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer ;



There hum - bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

141

"Ueary, heagy-laden."

APPROACH, my soul ! the mercy-seat,

Where Jesus answers prayer ;

There humbly fall before his feet,

For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,

With this I venture nigh :

Thou callest burdened souls to thee,

And such, O Lord ! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,

By Satan sorely pressed ;

By war without, and fears within,

I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,

That, sheltered near thy side,

I may my fierce accuser face,

And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous Love—to bleed and die,

To bear the cross and shame,

That guilty sinners, such as I,

Might plead thy gracious name !

John Newton.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

S. STANLEY.



Our heav'nly Father calls, And Christ invites us near; With both, our friendship shall be sweet, And our com-munion dear.

142 "God pities."

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

143 "The throne of grace."

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

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

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

John Newton.

LANGTON. S. M.

Arr. by STREETFIELD.



Jesus, who knows full well The heart of ev-ery saint, Invites us all our grief to tell, To pray and never faint.

144 *Importunity.*

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

John Newton.

AILEEN. S. M.

J. BARNBY.

Sweet is thy mercy, Lord; Be- fore thy mer- cy - seat My soul, a- doring, pleads thy word, And owns thy mercy sweet.

145 The Lord's Mercy.

SWEET is thy mercy, Lord;
 Before thy mercy seat
 My soul, adoring, pleads thy word,
 And owns thy mercy sweet.

2 My need, and thy desires,
 Are all in Christ complete;
 Thou hast the justice truth requires,
 And I thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er thy name is blest,
 Where'er thy people meet,
 There I delight in thee to rest,
 And find thy mercy sweet.

4 Light thou my weary way,
 Lead thou my wandering feet,
 That while I stay on earth I may
 Still find thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
 Hear all my songs repeat,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 My joy, thy mercy sweet.

J. S. B. Monsell.

146 The Lord's Prayer.

OUR heavenly Father! hear
 The prayer we offer now;—
 "Thy name be hallowed far and near!
 To thee all nations bow!

2 "Thy kingdom come!—thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfill
 Thy perfect law above!

3 "Our daily bread supply,
 While, by thy word, we live;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive.

4 "From dark temptation's power,—
 From Satan's wiles defend;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.

5 "Thine, then, for ever be
 Glory and power divine!
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine."

James Montgomery.

RHODS. S. M.

C. WARWICK JORDAN.

I want a heart to pray,—To pray and nev-er cease; Nev-er to mur-mur at thy stay, Or wish my suf-fer-ings less.

147 For perfect Submission.

I WANT a heart to pray,—
 To pray, and never cease;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing, above all,—
 Always to pray,—I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

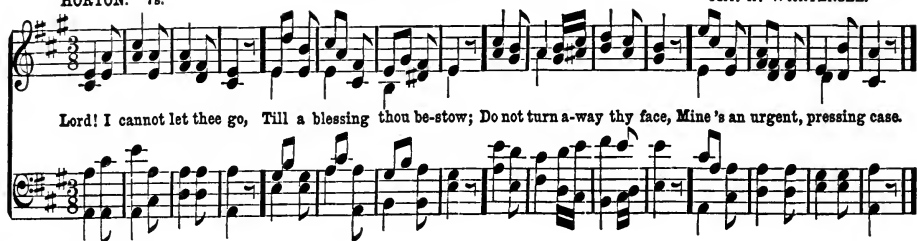
3 I rest upon thy word,—
 The promise is for me;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee.

4 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

HORTON. 7s.

Arr. fr. WARTENSER.



Lord! I cannot let thee go, Till a blessing thou be-stow; Do not turn a-way thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

148

Gen. 32:26.

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

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

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;

Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

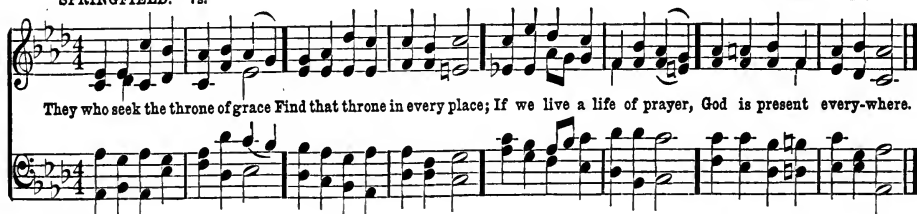
4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

SPRINGFIELD. 7s.

E. MINSHALL.



They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in every place; If we live a life of prayer, God is present every-where.

149

God everywhere.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, alt.

150

Quiet communion.

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

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

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

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

Ray Palmer.

DALLAS. 7s.

Arr. fr. CHERUBINI.

Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.

151

A Prayer in need.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;

There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

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

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

John Newton.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

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

152

Redeeming Love.

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

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

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,

Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

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

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

George Burdes

FARRANT. C. M.

R. FARRANT.

Prayer is the breath of God in man, Re-turn-ing whence it came; Love is the sacred fire within, And prayer the rising flame.

153 "The sacred fire."

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

Benjamin Beddome.

154 Retirement.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy great bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

William Cowper.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Un-uttered or expressed; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

155 "Behold he prays."

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.

INTERCESSION. P. M.

W. H. CALLCOTT.

When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To thy goodness flee; When the heavy - la - den cast All their load on thee;

When the troubled, seeking peace, On thy name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At thy feet shall fall;

REFRAIN. *Slow: double the time.*

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, thy dwell - ing - place on high.

156 Hear, © Lord!

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

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

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

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

Horatius Bonar.

CORDE NATUS. P. M..

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

Voices in Unison.

Christ, to thee, with God the Father, And, O Ho - ly Ghost, to thee, Hymn and chant, and high thanks-

giv - ing, And un-wear - ied prais - es be, Hon - or, glo - ry, and do - min - ion,

And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry,..... Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.

157

Praise Increasing.

CHRIST, to thee, with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
 Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
 And unwearied praises be,
 Honor, glory, and dominion,
 And eternal victory,
 Evermore and evermore.

2 O ye heights of heaven, adore him;
 Angel-hosts, his praises sing:
 All dominions, bow before him,

And extol our God and King;
 Let no tongue on earth be silent,
 Every voice in concert ring,
 Evermore and evermore.

3 Laud and honor to the Father,
 Laud and honor to the Son,
 Laud and honor to the Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One:
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,
 While unending ages run,
 Evermore and evermore!

J. M. Neale, tr.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. FRANC.

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

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

158

Psalm 100.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

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

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

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

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

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

William Kethe.

160

Dorology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

161

Dorology.

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

Isaac Watts.

159

Psalm 100.

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

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

162

Psalm 117.

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

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

LAUDS. L. M.

R. REDHEAD.



163

A joyful song.

SING to the Lord a joyful song;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us his gracious gifts belong,
To him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name, for it is fair:—

3 For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,

Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true:—

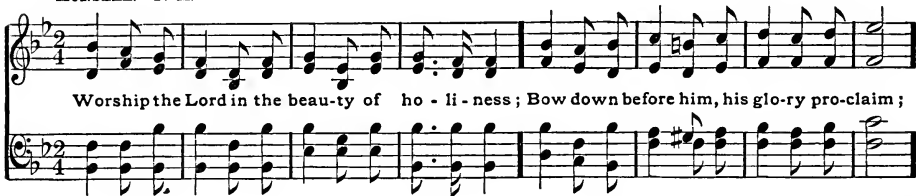
4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy:—

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

J. S. B. Monsell.

MONSELL. P. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.



Worship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li - ness; Bow down before him, his glo - ry pro - claim;



With gold of o - bedience, and incense of low - li - ness, Kneel, and adore him; the Lord is his name!

164

"Beauty of holiness."

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of low-
liness,
Kneel, and adore him; the Lord is his name!

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of care-
fulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee;
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer-
fulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

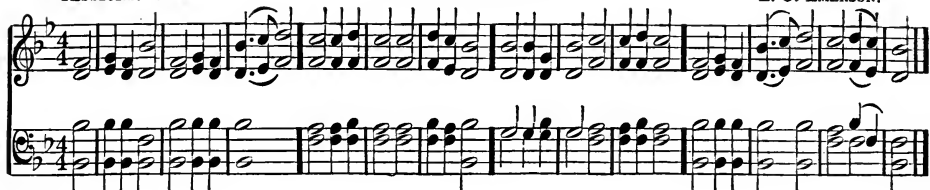
3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slen-
derness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon
as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in tremb-
ling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear-
fulness, [fear.
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our

J. S. B. Monsell.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



165

Psalm 65.

PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;

Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

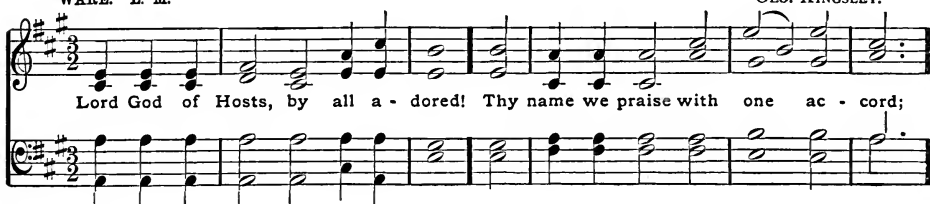
4 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

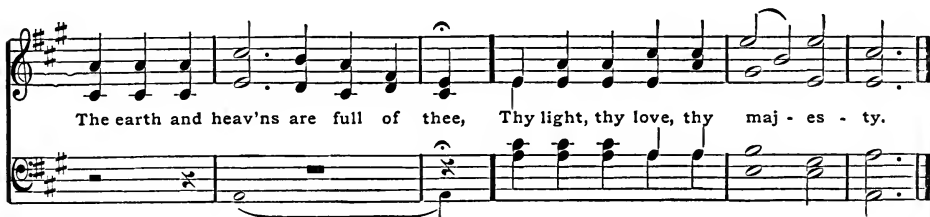
Henry F. Lyte.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



Lord God of Hosts, by all a - dored! Thy name we praise with one ac - cord;



The earth and heav'ns are full of thee, Thy light, thy love, thy maj - es - ty.

166

"Te Drum."

LORD God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,

The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

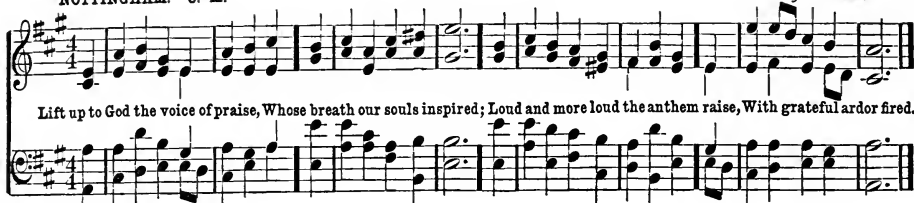
4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

John Gambold, alt.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

J. CLARK.



Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud and more loud the anthem raise, With grateful ardor fired.

167 "The voice of praise."

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of
death,
To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw.

LYONS. 10s, 11s.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.



Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish a-broad his wonderful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus extol; D. S.—His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

168 "Salvation to God."

YE servants of God, your Master pro-
claim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom and
might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

169 "Worship the King."

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days, [praise.

Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopys space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,

And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

Robert Grant.

ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.

ST. GALL'S COLLECTION.

170

Psalm 147.

With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high;
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
 He sends his showers of blessings down,
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.
 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends his word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word:
 With songs and honors sounding loud
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

2 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see;
 And all the blessings we receive,
 Ceaseless proceed from thee.
 In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend;
 In every age, in every clime,
 Our Father and our Friend.

John Thomson.

172

Alpha and Omega.

TO HIM that loved the souls of men,
 And washed us in his blood,
 To royal honors raised our head,
 And made us priests to God,—
 To him let every tongue be praise,
 And every heart be love,
 All grateful honors paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above.

2 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
 His saints shall bless the day;
 While they that pierced him sadly mourn
 In anguish and dismay.
 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
 Time centers all in thee,
 The Almighty God, who was, and is,
 And evermore shall be.

Isaac Watts.

171

Psalm 139.

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
 On every hand we see;
 Oh, may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee.

STUTTGARD. 8s, 7s.

J. G. C. STORL.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue; Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the uni-ver-sal song.

173 "Ten thousand blessings."

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine!

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,

Sound his praise through earth and heaven.
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

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

John Fawcett.

CARTER. 8s, 7s.

E. S. CARTER.

God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.

174 Wisdom and Love.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

175 Divine Perfections.

GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

Richard Mant.

BARBER. S. M.

Arr. fr. MOZART.

Sing to the Lord, our Might, With ho-ly fer - vor sing; Let hearts and instruments unite To praise our heavenly King.

176

Psalm 81.

SING to the Lord, our Might,
With holy fervor sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his sacred house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 And we, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he that Israel then supplied,
Will keep his Israel still.

Henry F. Lyte.

177

"Bless the Lord."

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing! Je - ho - vah is the sov - er - eign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

178

Psalm 95.

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

WESLEY. 7s. D.

THOS. HASTINGS.



{ Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with halle-lujahs rang, }
 { When Je-ho-vah's work be-gun, When he spake, and it was done. } Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when he Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty.

179

Singing to God.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.
 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose, when he
 Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heavens and earth—
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amid eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

Sweet the day of sacred rest,
 When devotion fills the breast,
 When we dwell within thy house,
 Hear thy word, and pay our vows.

2 From thy works our joys arise,
 O thou only good and wise!
 Who thy wonders can declare?
 How profound thy counsels are!
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
 Grateful fervors still inspire;
 All our powers, with all their might,
 Ever in thy praise unite.

C. Sandys.

181 "Earth and Heaven."

FROM the vast and veiled throng,
 Round the Father's heavenly throne,
 Swells the everlasting song:
 Glory be to God alone!
 Round Immanuel's cross of pain
 Mortal men, in tribes unknown,
 Sing to him who once was slain:
 Glory be to God alone!

2 Blend, ye raptured songs, in one,
 Men redeemed, your Father own;
 Angels, worship ye the Son:
 Glory be to God alone!

Spirit, 't is within thy light,
 Streaming far from cross and throne,
 Earth and heaven their songs unite:
 Glory be to God alone!

Hervey Doddridge Ganse.

180

Psalm 92.

THOU who art enthroned above,
 Thou by whom we live and move!
 Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
 To resound thy praise in song!

HONITON. 7s. D.

E. FLOOD.

God e - ter - nal, Lord of all! Low - ly at [thy feet we fall: All the world doth

wor - ship thee; We a - midst the throng would be. All the ho - ly an - gels cry,

Hail, thrice-holy, God most high! Lord of all the heavenly powers, Be the same loud an - them ours.

182

"Te Deum."

GOD eternal, Lord of all!
 Lowly at thy feet we fall:
 All the world doth worship thee;
 We amidst the throng would be.
 All the holy angels cry,
 Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
 Lord of all the heavenly powers,
 Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
 Night and day, continual praise;
 Hast thou not a mission too
 For thy children here to do?
 With the prophet's goodly line
 We in mystic bond combine;
 For thou hast to babes revealed
 Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
 Of thy cross are heard to boast;
 Since so bright the crown they wear,
 We with them thy cross would bear.
 All thy church, in heaven and earth,
 Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—
 Seated on the judgment-throne,
 Number us among thine own!

J. E. Millard tr.

183

"In' Excelsis."

GLORY be to God on high,—
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
 Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
 Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
 God of power, and God of love!
 Christ our Lord and God we own,—
 Christ the Father's only Son;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,
 Take, oh, take our sins away!
 Powerful Advocate with God!
 Justify us by thy blood.
 Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,
 Art with thy great Father one;
 One the Holy Ghost with thee;—
 One supreme eternal Three.

Charles Wesley.

THORNE. 10s.

E. H. THORNE.

Oh, what the joy and the glo-ry must be, Those endless Sabbaths the bless-ed ones see,

Crowns for the valiant, to wea-ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev-er blest!

184

"There remaineth a rest."

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see,
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest!

2 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of
the prayer.

3 There, where no troubles distraction can
bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing,
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of
praise,
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

4 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is
o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

5 Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom
are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the
Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever
one.

J. M. Neale, tr.

185

Glory to the Lamb.

BLESSING, and honor, and glory, and
power,
Wisdom, and riches, and strength, ever-
more,
Give ye to him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and
the throne.

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

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

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

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

Horatius Bonar.

NAAMAN. 10s.

Arr. fr. COSTA.

Hon - or and glo - ry, thanksgiving, and praise, Mak - er of all things, to thee we up-raise;

God the Al-might-y, the Fa - ther, the Lord; God by the an - gels o - beyed and a - dored.

186 God in Creation.

HONOR and glory, thanksgiving and praise,
Maker of all things, to thee we upraise;
God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord;
God by the angels obeyed and adored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to thee owe their birth;
All the creation, thy voice when it heard,
Started to light and to life at thy word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their
march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to
come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the
plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the
rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are thy creatures, and all are thy care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

6 Yea, thou art Father of all, and thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Sharing our nature, though sinless, thy Son
Came to redeem us, by Satan undone.

7 God in three Persons! give ear to our
prayer;
Thought, word, and deed in thine image re-
pair;
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
And, at thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.
Edward A. Dayman.

187 Angels' Worship.

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Thrice-holy" song ever and aye!

2 These are thy counselors: these dost thou
own,
God of Sabaoth! the nearest thy throne;
These are thy ministers; these dost thou
send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

3 When by thy word earth was first poised
in space;
When the far planets first sped on their
race;
When was completed the six days' employ,
Then "all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

4 Still let them succor us; still let them
fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly
pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore!

John M. Neale, tr.

WORSHIP. 11s, 10s.

E. J. HOPKINS.



Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;



Praise him who will with glo-ry crown the low-ly, And with sal-va-tion beau-ti-fy the meek.



188

"Praise Jehovah."

- PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.
- 3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of all our blessings;
Before his gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.
- 2 Praise ye Jehovah! for his loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy he hath shown;
Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.
- 4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son;
Praise ye the Son! who died himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One!

Lady Margaret C. Campbell.

189 P. M. Tune—LEONI.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

2 The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

Thomas Olivers.

DAWN. 11s, 10s.

J. STAINER.

Now, when the dus - ky shades of night re-treat-ing Be - fore the sun's red banner swift-ly flee;

Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleeting, O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee:—

190

The light of the Lord.

Now, WHEN the dusky shades of night re-treating
 Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
 Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
 O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee:—

2 To thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
 When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
 Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
 And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
 Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
 Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
 And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
 Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with thee.

5 Be this by thee, O God thrice holy, granted,
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
 Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
 Whose name by men and angels is confest.

Anon., 1853.

LEONI. P. M.

Arr. by RABBI LEONI.

The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthron'd above, An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love!

Je - ho-vah! great I AM! By earth and heav'n con-fessed; I bow and bless the sa-cred name, For ev - er blest!

GRATITUDE. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



{ My God, how end-less is thy love! }
 { Thy gifts are ev-ery evening new; } And morning mercies, from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - till, like ear - ly dew.

191 "Perpetual blessings."

192 Benediction.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distill, like early dew.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On every soul assembled here!

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Isaac Watts.

John Newton.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



193 Evening.

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

Isaac Watts.

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

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

194 Dismissal.
 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

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

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every burdened soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart.

SABBATA. C. M.

H. F. HEMY.

Al-might-y God, thy word is cast Like seed in-to the ground;

Now let the dew of heav'n de-scend, And right-eous fruits a-bound.

195

"Precious seed."

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ or man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

John Cawood.

196

"Keep us."

ANOTHER day is past and gone,
O God, we bow to thee;
Again, as nightly shades come on,
To thy defence we flee.

2 Forgive us all the evil done,
The good undone, to-day;
And keep us from the Wicked One,
Now, Father, and for aye.

3 When shall that day of gladness come,
Ne'er sinking in the west;
That country and that blessed home,
Where none shall break our rest;—

4 Where we, O God, preserved beneath
The shelter of thy wing,
For evermore thy praise shall breathe,
And of thy mercy sing?

Isaac Williams, tr.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joyful sound; Peace shall attend the path they go, And light their steps surround.

197

Psalm 89.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;

His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

Isaac Watts.

SHIELD. 8s, 7s, 7s.

J. BARNBY.

Through the day thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest, Through the si-lent watches guard us,

Let no foe our peace mo - lest; Je - sus! thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in thee.

198 Abiding Trust.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly.

MURIEL. 8s, 7s, 7s.

C. GOUNOD.

Saviour, now the day is ending, And the shades of evening fall, Let thy Ho-ly Dove descending,

Bring thy mer-cy to us all; Set thy seal on every heart, Je-sus, bless us ere we part!

199 Parting blessing.

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let thy Holy Dove descending,
Bring thy mercy to us all;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!
2 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow,

Strengthened by thy grace divine;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!
3 Pardon thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By thy great example taught:
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

Sarah Doudney.

ELLERTON. 10s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Sav-iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease, And now, de - part - ing, wait thy word of peace.

200 "Go in peace."
SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
 And now, departing, wait thy word of
 peace.
 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward
 way;
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts
 from shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.
 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the
 coming night;
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep thy children
 free,
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.
 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earth-
 ly 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.

HENLEY. 11s, 10s.

LOWELL MASON. D. S.

Father! in thy mysterious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love; For we are weak, and need some deep
 D.S.—Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above. [revealing]
 FINE.

201 "Trust, strength, calmness."
FATHER! in thy mysterious presence kneel-
 ing,
 Fain would our souls feel all thy kind-
 ling love;
 For we are weak, and need some deep re-
 vealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness
 from above.
 2 Lord! we have wandered forth through
 doubt and sorrow,
 And thou hast made each step an on-
 ward one;
 And we will ever trust each unknown mor-
 row;
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is
 done.
 3 Now, Father! now in thy dear presence
 kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling
 love;
 Now make us strong; we need thy deep
 revealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness
 from above.
 Samuel Johnson.

ANATOLIUS. 7s, 6s, 8s.

J. B. DYKES.

The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord! to thee; We pray thee now that sin - less

The hours of dark may be; O Je - sus! keep us in thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

202 "Guard and save."

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord! to thee;
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee;
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God! for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus! hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

J. M. Neale, tr.

COLUMBA. P. M.

H. S. IRONS.

The sun is sink - ing fast, The daylight dies; Let love awake, and pay Her evening sac - ri - fice.

203 "Into thy hands!"

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

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

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give

Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

4 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

5 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord divine!
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine.

Edward Caswall, tr.

NIGHTFALL. 11s, 5.

J. BARNBY.

Now God be with us, for the night is clos-ing, The light and dark-ness are of his dis -
pos-ing, And 'neath his shad - ow here to rest we yield us; For he will shield us.

204

"Lord everlasting."

Now GOD be with us, for the night is clos-ing,
The light and darkness are of his disposing;
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us;
For he will shield us.

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

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-takes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All sick and mourners, we to thee commend them,
Do thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father! who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

C. Winkworth, tr.

CLOISTERS. 11s, 5.

J. BARNBY.

Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom giv'n; Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life; for-give our sins; de-liv-er Us now and ev-er.

205

Prayer and Praise.

FATHER, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given;
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

2 Praise be to thee through Jesus our sal-vation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting!

C. Winkworth, tr.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. fr. H. G. NAGELI.

Still, still with thee, my God, I would de - sire to be:

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with thee.

206 "Still with thee."

STILL, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

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

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

James D. Burns.

207 "Be careth."

HOW GENTLE God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

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

Philip Doddridge.

NEALE. S. M.

J. BARNBY.

The day of praise is done; The evening shadows fall; Yet pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightenest all!

208 Sabbath endev.

THE day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

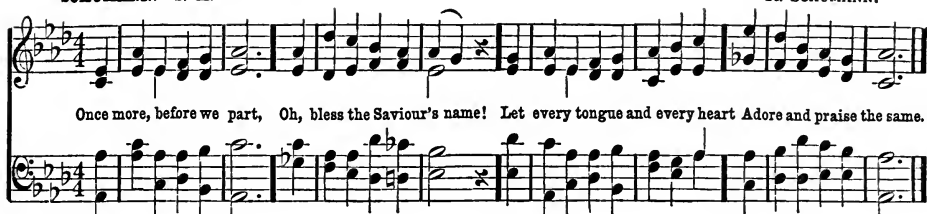
3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN.



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

209 At Dismission.

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

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

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

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

Joseph Hart.

210 Evening.

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

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

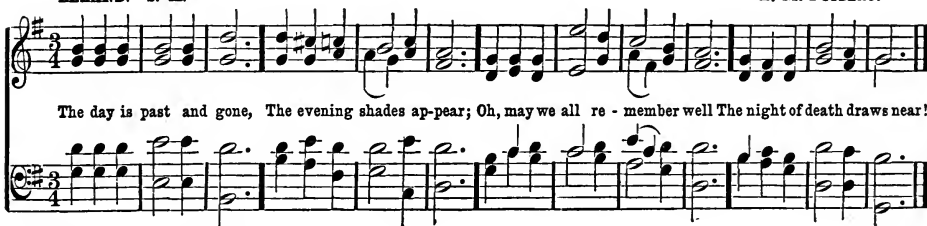
3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

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

Philip Doddridge.

LELAND. S. M.

L. M. FOSBERY.



The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap-pear; Oh, may we all re - member well The night of death draws near!

211 Home Hymn.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;

May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

John Leland.

GENNESARET. 10s. 6L.

H. SMART.

The day is gently sinking to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows; O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou,

Eternal Light of light, be with us now; Where thou art present, darkness cannot be: Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

212

"It is I."

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight
glows;
O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou,
Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
Where thou art present, darkness cannot
be:
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
thee.

2 Thou, who in darkness walking didst ap-
pear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,

Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms
assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

3 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall
fall,

May we arise, awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

C. Wordsworth.

HAYDN. S. M.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.

Lord, at this closing hour, Es-tab-lish every heart Upon thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.

213

"Closing Hour."

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

E. T. Fitch.

PHILIPPI 7s, 101.

Arr. fr. COSTA.

Fath-er, by thy love and power, Comes a-gain the eve-ning hour: Light has vanished, la-bors cease, Wea-ry creatures

rest in peace; Thou, whose genial dews dis - till On the lowliest weed that grows, Fa-ther, guard our couch from ill,

Grant thy chil-dren sweet re - pose: We to thee our-selves re - sign, Let our lat - est thoughts be thine.

214 The evening hour.

FATHER, by thy love and power,
 Comes again the evening hour:
 Light has vanished, labors cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace;
 Thou, whose genial dews distill
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
 Father, guard our couch from ill,
 Grant thy children sweet repose:
 We to thee ourselves resign,
 Let our latest thoughts be thine.

2 Blesséd Trinity, be near
 Through the hours of darkness drear;
 Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
 Thou, O God, most present art.
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Watch o'er our defenceless head;
 Let thy angels' guardian host
 Keep all evil from our bed;
 Till the flood of morning rays
 Wake us to a song of praise.

Joseph Anstice.

215 S. M. Tune—HAYDN.

GOD of the prophets' power!
 God of the gospel's sound!
 Move glorious on,—send out thy voice
 To all the nations round.

2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
 We bless thee for thy word;
 We praise thee for the joyful news,
 Which our glad ears have heard.

3 Oh, may we treasure well
 The counsels that we hear,

Till righteousness and holy joy
 In all our hearts appear.

4 Water the sacred seed,
 And give it large increase;
 May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
 Prevent the fruits of peace.

5 And though we sow in tears,
 Our souls at last shall come,
 And gather in our sheaves with joy
 At heaven's great harvest-home.

J. Cennick.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in- to our minds in-still: And make our lukewarm hearts to glow

REFRAIN.

With low-ly love and fervent will. Thro' life's long day, And death's dark night, O gen- tle Je- sus, be our light.

216

"Ere we go."

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instill:
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.—Through life's long day,
And death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,

The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—REF.

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.—REF.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber.

HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

217

Separation.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton.

218

Hymn at Parting.

THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

Eliza Lee Follen.

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

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

219 Evening.

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

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

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

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

G. W. Doane.

220 Sabbath Evening.

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

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

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

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

"O. P."—Missionary Minstrel, 1826.

BEMINSTER. 7s.

BRISTOL COLLECTION.

Now may he who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safety keep.

221 Closing Benediction.

NOW MAY he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

John Newton.

222 Doxology.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:—

2 Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;—
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Couder.

BARRETT. 8s, 7s.

J. BARNBY.

Gen - tly, Lord, oh, gen - tly lead us, Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears;
Through the chang - es thou' st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.

223

The Pilgrim.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou' st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. by L. MASON.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
Sin - and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. Tho' destruction walk a -
round us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly, Angel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

224

Evening blessing.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

God of our salvation! hear us; Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go; When we join the world, be near us,

Lest we cold and careless grow. Saviour! keep us; Saviour! keep us; Keep us safe from every foe.

225

"Keep us safe."

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

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To our everlasting home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come;
 And, when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

Thomas Kelly.

226

"Lord, keep us."

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
 Vain our hope, if left by thee;
 We are thine; oh, leave us never,
 Till thy glorious face we see;
 Then to praise thee
 Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
 Precious to thy people here;
 Never take thy presence from us,
 Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
 Living, dying,
 May thy name our spirits cheer.

Thomas Kelly.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

FINE.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 D.C.—Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us, Traveling through this wilderness. { Let us each thy love pos-sessing, }
 { Triumph in re-deeming (Omit.) } grace;

227

Dismissal.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,
 May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

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

John Fawcett.

WRAYSBURY. 8s, 7s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Hear my prayer, O heaven-ly Fa-ther, Ere I lay me down to sleep:

Bid thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round my bed their vig-il keep.

228 Evening Prayer.

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

- 2 Great my sins are, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.
- 3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.
- 4 None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son has brought.
- 5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr.

229 "Turn us, O Lord."

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

- 2 Have we wandered? oh, forgive us,
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, oh, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us thee to love.

Anon., 1835.

230 "Thou hearest."

LORD! in love and mercy save us,
For our trust is all in thee:
In that cleansing fountain lave us,
Which alone can make us free!

- 2 Weary, life's rough billows breasting,
Through the long lone dismal night,
Grant that calmly, on thee resting,
We may wait for morning light.
- 3 Lord! we pray, and know thou hearest,
For thy promises are true:
Grant the heart-wish that is dearest;
He who knows can also do!

A. J. Symington.

231 Blessing sought.

GRACIOUS Saviour, thus before thee
With our varied want and care;
For a blessing we implore thee,
Listen to our evening prayer!

- 2 By thy favor safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving;
Listen to our evening praise.
- 3 Through the day, Lord, thou hast given
Strength sufficient for our need;
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped and comforted indeed.
- 4 Lord, we thank thee, and adore thee,
For the solace of thy love;
And rejoicing thus before thee,
Wait thy blessing from above!

Henry Bateman.

CANTERBURY. 11s, 12s.

W. J. FOXELL.

Saviour, to thee we raise our hymn of gladness; Once more at evening's hour we look to heav'n a - bove:

Far, far be - hind to leave earth's toil and sadness—So rest - ing on - ly on thy great re - deem - ing love.

232

Angel Guardianship.

SAVIOUR, to thee we raise our hymn of gladness;

Once more at evening's hour we look to heaven above:

Far, far behind to leave earth's toil and sadness— [love.

So resting only on thy great redeeming

2 May this day's sins, we pray thee, all be pardoned;

Grant us thy absolution, give thy grace to cheer;

Oh, never let our hearts by sin be hardened,
But keep our conscience tender, give us holy fear.

3 Now day is done, and all its labors ended,

Close thou, O Lord, our weary eyes in gentle sleep;

So may we ever be by thee defended—

Oh, may thy guardian angels round us vigil keep!

4 Our souls restore, renew our powers, and make us

Strong in thy strength to rise and greet the morning light;

And at the last, O blessed Saviour, take us
To dwell with thee in that glad land which knows no night!

W. J. Foxell.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

Gra - cious Sa - viour, thus be - fore thee With our va - ried want and care;

For a bless - ing we im - plore thee, List - en to our eve - ning prayer!

EMMELAR. 6s, 5s.

J. BARNEY.



Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal across the sky.
Shadows of the evening Steal a-cross the sky.

233

Day is Over.

NOW THE day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;

Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

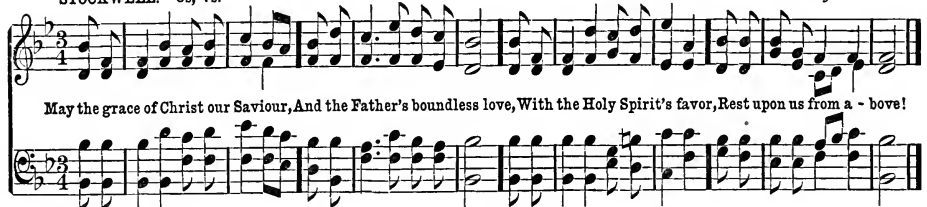
4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

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

S. Baring-Gould.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.



May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from a - bove!

234

Benediction.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

236

Psalm 23: 2.

HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

J. Bickersteth, alt.

235

Sunset.

LO, THE day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light!

2 While thine ear of love addressing
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing!

Chandler Robbins.

237

Dismissal.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker.

TEMPLE. P. M.

E. J. HOPKINS.

God, that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light; Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night; May thine angel-guards defend us, Slumber sweet thy mercy send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night.

238

"Keep us, Lord."

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

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

R. Heber: R. Whately.

BREAD OF LIFE. 6s, 4s.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea; Beyond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O liv-ing Word!

239

"By Galilee."

BREAK thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

Mary A. Lathbury.

CLYDE. 8s, 4.

Arr. by EMMELAR.

Book of grace, and book of glory! Gift of God to age and youth, Wondrous is thy sacred story, Bright, bright with truth.

240 Gift of God.

BOOK of grace, and book of glory!
 Gift of God to age and youth,
 Wondrous is thy sacred story,
 Bright, bright with truth.

2 Book of love! in accents tender
 Speaking unto such as we;
 May it lead us, Lord, to render
 All, all to thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
 Sweetest comfort finds in thee,
 As it hears the Saviour crying,
 "Come, come to me!"

4 Book of life, when we, reposing,
 Bid farewell to friends we love,
 Give us, for the life then closing,
 Life, life above.

Thomas Mackellar.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But, when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

241 Psalm 19.
 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But, when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 So, when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run,
 Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

Isaac Watts.

242 Psalm 19.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
 Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

243 Psalm 19.

ALMIGHTY Lord, the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high,
 The radiant chorus of the sky;—

2 But fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
 When heaven and earth have passed away.

Robert Grant.

WILLINGTON. L. M.

F. W. WILLIAMS.

God, in the gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal coun-sels known:

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

244 The Gospel Word.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome.

CAPELLO. L. M.

R. KREUTZER.

Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gathered beams of a - ges shine;

And, as it hast - ens, ev - ery age But makes its bright-ness more di - vine.

245 Christian Evidence.

UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

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

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

John Bowring.

SOUTHWELL. C. M.

H. S. IRONS.



The Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and promis - es af - ford A sanctify - ing light.

246

Psalm 119.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

247

Psalm 119.

HOW SHALL the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts.

KNOX. C. M.

FR. TEMPLE MELODIES.



How precious is the book divine, By inspiration giv-en! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.

248

Psalm 119.

HOW PRECIOUS is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

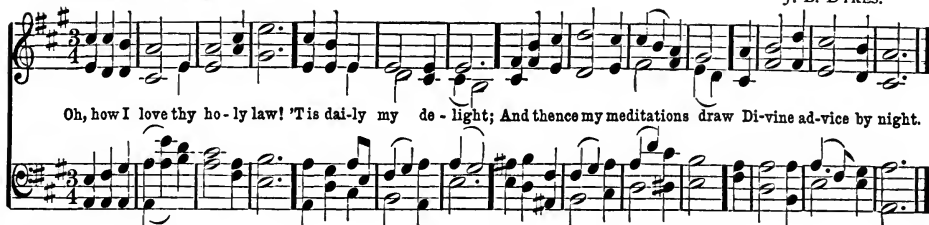
3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

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

John Fawcett.

GERONTIUS. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



249

Psalm 119.

OH, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast:
Not honey dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

250

"Endless glory."

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

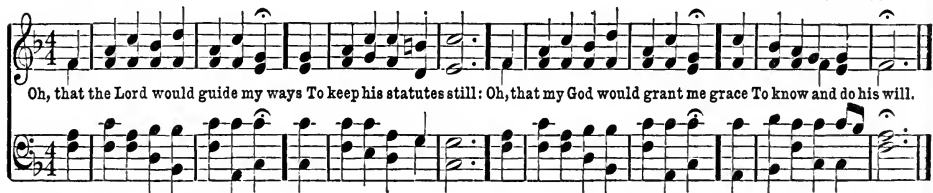
4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

YORK. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER.



251

Psalm 119.

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

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

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

4 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts.

CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O truth un - changed, un -

chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise thee for the ra - dian - ce That

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

252 The Church's Gift.

O WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky!
 We praise thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

- 2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.
- 3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see thee face to face.

William W. How.

253 Psalm 19.

THE heavens declare thy glory,
 The firmament thy power;
 Day unto day the story
 Repeats from hour to hour:
 Night unto night replying,
 Proclaims in every land,
 O Lord, with voice undying
 The wonders of thy hand.

- 2 How perfect, just, and holy
 The precepts thou hast given;
 Still making wise the lowly,
 They lift the thoughts to heaven:
 How pure, how soul-restoring,
 Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than noon of brightest day!
- 3 All heaven on high rejoices
 To do its Maker's will;
 The stars with solemn voices
 Resound thy praises still:
 So let my whole behavior,
 Thoughts, words, and actions be,
 O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
 One ceaseless song to thee.

Thomas Rawson Birks.

MIRIAM. 7s, 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What time the tempest ra - ges,
D. S.—To end-less gen-er - a - tions,

FINE. Our dwelling-place se - rene: Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
The Ev - er-last-ing thou! **D. S.**

254 Everlasting.—Ps. 90.

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!

2 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.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

E. H. Bickersteth.

255 Omnipresent.

ON mountains and in valleys
Where'er we go is God;
The cottage and the palace,
Alike are his abode.

With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight;
Our souls, in him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.

2 Above me and beside me,
My God is ever near,
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
Though other friends may fail me;
In sorrow's dark abode,
Though death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

Tr. fr. the Dutch.

256 Sovereign Love.

'T IS NOT that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing,—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Couder.

RIVAULT. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Fa-ther of heaven, whose love pro-found A ran-som for our souls hath found,

Be-fore thy throne we sin-ners bend; To us thy pardoning love ex-tend.

257

The Trinity.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Edward Cooper.

258

Unsearchableness.

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown!
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God! to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
The eternal, uncreated Mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;
Oh, may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

Edmund Butcher.

259

Long-suffering.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

Elizabeth Scott.

260

Waiting.

WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome.

DWIGHT. L. M.

Att. fr. PELLINI.

O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit - t'rest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain, while thou art near.

261

"Thou art near."

- O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

O. W. Holmes.

262

Divine Providence.

- GOD of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.
- 2 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross,—its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.
- 3 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

S. S. Cutting.

263

The Trinity.

- BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
Vailed in thine own eternal light!
We thee confess, in thee believe;
To thee with loving hearts we cleave.
- 2 O Father! thou most holy One!
O God of God! Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost! thou Love Divine!
To join them both is ever thine.
- 3 Eternal Father! thee we praise;
To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;
O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!
One mighty God for evermore.

Henry W. Baker.

264

God our Light.

- ALL holy, everliving One!
With uncreated splendor bright!
Darkness may blot from heaven the sun,
Thou art my everlasting light.
- 2 Let every star withhold its ray;
Clouds hide the earth and sky from sight;
Fearless I still pursue my way
Toward thee, my everlasting light.
- 3 Thou art the only source of day;
Forgetting thee alone is night;
All things for which we hope or pray
Flow from thine everlasting light.
- 4 Still nearer thee my soul would rise;
Thus she attains her highest flight,
And, as the eagle sunward flies,
Seeks thee, her everlasting light.

Thomas Hill.

HUMILITY. L. M.

SAMUEL PARKMAN TUCKERMAN.

Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye commands, with piercing view,

My ris - ing, and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their powers.

265 Omniscience.—Ps. 139.

LORD! thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising, and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!

My soul, with all the powers I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts.

266

Faithfulness.

OH, for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son!
And call the joys of heaven our own!

2 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Isaac Watts.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

267 Psalm 103.

BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers, within me, join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul! that sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts.

GROSTETE. L. M.

H. W. GREATORIX.

Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise:

But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

268

God's glory.

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works through all this wondrous frame
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

Thomas Blacklock.

269

Unsearchableness.

WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who th' almighty Three in One
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious their adoring songs;
The laboring thought sinks down, opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

Elizabeth Scott.

270

Goodness.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart
To taste, and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

Philip Doddridge.

271

Psalm 29.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er all the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

Isaac Watts.

CREATION. L. M. D.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.

1st. 2d.

{ The spacious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, }
 { And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal (Omit.....) } pro - claim:

Th'un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play;

And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an... al - might - y hand.

272

In Nature.—Ps. 19.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,—
 "The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

273

In the Seasons.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee, sovereign of the year!
 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
 Through all our coasts redundant stores:
 And winters, softened by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.
 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge.

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Lord of all be-ing; throned a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;
Cen-ter and soul of ev-ery sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!

274

Omnipresence.

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

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

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

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

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

275

Providence.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

Anne Steele.

276

Sovereignty.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

Ray Palmer.

LAUD. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



O God! we praise thee, and confess That thou the on - ly Lord
And ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored.

277 "Te Deum."

O GOD! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,

The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

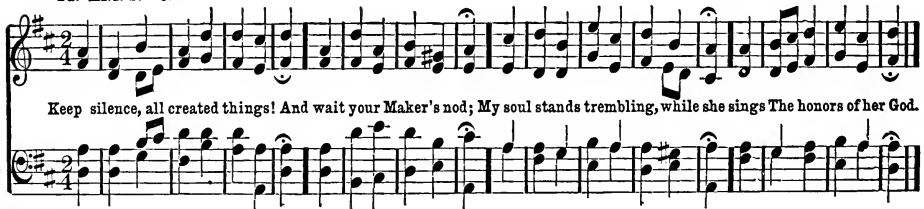
4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

N. Tate, tr.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

W. CROFT.



Keep silence, all created things! And wait your Maker's nod; My soul stands trembling, while she sings The honors of her God.

278 Providence.

KEEP silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;

Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

LUTZEN. C. M.

N. HERMANN.

The Lord, our God, is full of might, The winds obey his will; He speaks,—and in his heavenly height, The rolling sun stands still.

279

Power.

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,

Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

Henry Kirke White.

STERNHOLD. C. M.

C. STEGGALL.

The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heav'ns most high:

And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - ness of the sky.

280

Majesty.—Ps. 18.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high:
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;

And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

5 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty,
Upon his holy throne.

Thomas Sternhold.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

IGNACE PLEVEL.

1st. 2d.

{ While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; }
 { And may this con - se - crat - ed hour (Omit.....) } With

bet - ter hopes be filled; Thy love the power of tho't bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would

soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

281

Providence.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!

Be my vain wishes stilled;

And may this consecrated hour

With better hopes be filled;

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;

To thee my thoughts would soar:

Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;

That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life how clear

Thy ruling hand I see!

Each blessing to my soul more dear

Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,

In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise

Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,

Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,

My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,

The gathering storm shall see;

My steadfast heart shall know no fear;

That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

282

Psalm 116.

WHAT shall I render to my God,

For all his kindness shown?

My feet shall visit thine abode,

My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,

My offering shall be paid;

There shall my zeal perform the vows,

My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,

Thou ever blessed God!

How dear thy servants in thy sight!

How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!

How great thy grace to me!

My life, which thou hast made thy care,

Lord, I devote to thee.

Isaac Watts.

VARINA. C. M. D.

G. F. Root, arr.

{ When all thy mercies, O my God! My ris-ing soul surveys, }
 { Transport-ed with the view I'm lost in wonder, love, and praise. } Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
 Thy ten-der care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.

283

Continued help.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

2 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps, I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your tho'ts above: Let every heart and voice accord, To sing that "God is love."

284

Lobr.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And raise your thoughts above:
 Let every heart and voice accord,
 To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove;
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
 To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
 With those who from him rove;
 Till mighty grace their heart subdues,
 To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove;
 Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
 Proclaim that "God is love."

George Burder.

CORINTH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

My God, how wonderful thou art, Thy maj-es-ty how bright! How glorious is thy mercy-seat, In depths of burning light!

285

"Hercin is Lobe."

My God, how wonderful thou art,
 Thy majesty how bright!
 How glorious is thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light!
 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord!
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored.
 3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
 With deepest, tenderest fears,

And worship thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
 Almighty as thou art,
 For thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
 With me, thy sinful child.

Frederick W. Faber.

AUDITE. C. M. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Slowly. Voices in Unison.

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

*Voices in Harmony.**Last verse.*

Under the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure. Amen.

286

Psalm 90.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!
 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
 2 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.

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

Our 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.

DELIVERANCE. C. M. D.

J. BARNBY.

Fa - ther! how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by

thous - and signs, By thous - and thro' the skies. Those might - y orbs pro - claim thy pow'r,

Their motions speak thy skill; And on the wings of ev - ery hour, We read thy patience still.

287

Nature and Grace.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand through the skies.
 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of every hour,
 We read thy patience still.

2 But, when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms,—
 Here the whole Deity is known;
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shown,
 The justice, or the grace.

3 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains;
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
 Oh, may I bear some humble part,
 In that immortal song;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

288

God in Nature.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
 The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.
 The Moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they run,
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.

3 Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.
 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out thee,
 And read thee every where.

John Keble.

URANIA. C. M. D.

The mer-cies of my God and King My tongue shall still pur - sue:.. Oh, hap - y they, who,

while they sing Those mer-cies, share them too!.... As bright and last - ing as the sun,

* As loft - y as the sky, From age to age thy word shall run, And chance and change defy.

289 God's Mercies.

THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
Oh, happy they, who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too!
As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

2 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like thee?
Oh, spread the gospel of thy love,
Till all thy glories see!

Henry F. Lyte.

290 Goodness.—Ps. 145.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.

2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.
How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

Isaac Watts.

291 Hgsterg.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love and praise.

John Fawcett.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. BURROWES.

In all my vast con - cerns with thee, In vain my soul would try
To shun thy pres - ence, Lord! or flee The no - tice of thine eye.

292

Omnipresence.

- IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;

And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANC.

Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

293

Eternity.

- GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;

To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts.

NOEL C. M. D.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

O God, thy power is won-der-ful, Thy glo-ry pass-ing bright; Thy wis-dom, with its

deep on deep, A rap-ture to the sight. I see thee in th'e-ter-nal years In glo-ry

all a-lone, Ere round thine un-c-re-a-ted fires Cre-a-ted light had shone.

294 My Father.

O GOD, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
I see thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

2 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.
I see thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

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

Frederick W. Faber.

295 Perfections.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts.

LIVING STREAM. C. M. D.

FROM ORATORY HYMNS.



My Shepherd will sup-ply my need; Je - ho-vah is his name; In pastures fresh he
makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream. He brings my wand'ring spirit back, When I for -
sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

296 Our Shepherd.—Ps. 23.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise:
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Isaac Watts.

297 Our Father.—Ps. 31.

My God, my Father!—blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?
This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

2 What'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
Oh, bend my will to thine.
What'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

3 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?
My God, my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Thou grace divine encircling all, A soundless, shoreless sea! Wherein at last our souls must fall, O Love of God most free!

298 Grace Divine.

THOU grace divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

2 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

4 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder.

299 In Nature.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Anne Steele.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; { Father! all-glorious, } { O'er all vic-tor-ious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days!

300 "One in Three."

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

MANOAH. C. M.

Fr. G. ROSSINI.

Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing;
The might - y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.

301*Faithfulness.*

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
The love and truth of God.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

302*Providence.*

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

303*Holiness.*

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our Eternal King,
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

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

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

John Needham.

DEUX ANGES. 7s. D.

Arr. fr. BLUMENTHAL.

Holy Father, hear my cry; Holy Saviour, bend thine ear; Holy Spirit, come thou nigh: Father, Saviour, Spir - it, hear!

Father, save me from my sin; Saviour, I thy mercy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

304

The Trinity.

HOLY Father, hear my cry;
 Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
 Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
 Father, save me from my sin;
 Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
 Spirit, come my heart to move:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All thy grace within me now;
 Be my Father and my God!

Horatius Bonar.

305

"Holy, holy, holy."

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord
 God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at thy word
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All thy works before thee stood,
 And thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sung with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore:

Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all'
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 There shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery.

306

Divine Presence.

LORD of earth! thy forming hand
 Well this beautiful frame hath planned;
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power:
 Yet, amid this scene so fair,
 Should I cease thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
 Shines a world of purer light;
 There in love's unclouded reign
 Parted hands shall meet again:
 Oh, that world is passing fair!
 Yet, if thou wert absent there,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Robert Grant.

NUN DANKET. P. M.

J. CRUGER.

{ Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voices, }
 { Who wondrous things hath done, In whom the world re-joic-es; } Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.

307 Bounteous Care.

NOW THANK we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom the world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

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

C. Winkworth, tr.

308 Eternity.

O THOU essential Word,
 Who wast from everlasting
 With God, for thou wast God;
 On thee our burden casting,
 O Saviour of our race,
 Welcome indeed thou art,
 Redeemer, Fount of Grace,
 To this my longing heart.

2 Come, self-existent Word,
 And speak thou in my spirit;
 The soul where thou art heard,
 Doth endless peace inherit.

Thou Light that lightenest all,
 Abide through faith in me,
 Nor let me from thee fall,
 Nor seek a guide but thee,

C. Winkworth, tr.

309 Beneficence.

TO THEE, O God, we raise
 Our voice in choral singing;
 We come with prayer and praise,
 Our hearts' oblations bringing;
 Thou art our fathers' God,
 And ever shalt be ours;
 Our lips and lives shall laud
 Thy name, with all our powers.

2 Thy goodness, like the dew
 On Hermon's hill descending,
 Is every morning new,
 And tells of love unending.
 We bless thy tender care
 That led our wayward feet,
 Past every fatal snare,
 To streams and pastures sweet.

3 We bless thy Son, who bore
 The cross, for sinners dying;
 Thy Spirit we adore,
 The precious blood applying.
 Let work and worship send
 Their incense unto thee;
 Till song and service blend,
 Beside the crystal sea.

Arthur T. Pierson.

HADDAM. H. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

Oh, for a shout of joy, Worthy the theme we sing; To this di-vine employ Our hearts and voices

bring; Sound, sound, thro' all the earth a - broad, The love, th'e - ter - nal love of God.

310 Eternal Love.

OH, for a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing;
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery,—
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

J. Young.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines
The promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene, thy word my rock.

Philip Doddridge.

312 Sovereignty.

TO HIM that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that formed our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Isaac Watts.

311 God's Truth.

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the Eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

DULEET. H. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.

We give immor-tal praise For God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And
better hopes a - bove: He sent his own e - ter-nal Son To die for sins that we had done.

313 The Trinity.

WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

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

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

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord!

Isaac Watts.

315 The Living God.

THE Lord Jehovah lives,
And blesséd be my Rock!
Though earth her bosom heaves
And mountains feel the shock,
Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
He is the same for evermore.

2 The Lord Jehovah lives,
The dying sinner's Friend;
How freely he forgives
The follies that offend!
He wipes the penitential tear,
Bids faith and hope the spirit cheer.

3 The Lord Jehovah lives
To hear and answer prayer;
Whoe'er in him believes
And trusts his guardian care,
A Father's tender love shall know,
Whence living streams of comfort flow.

Thomas Hastings.

314 Psalm 93.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav-en; Earth is with its fullness stored; Un-to thee be glo-ry
giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ring-ing; Earth takes
up the angels' cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, singing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

316

Holiness.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

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

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

Richard Mant.

317

Grace.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis S. Key.

ARMSTRONG. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. by EMMELAR.

There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea: There's a kind-ness in his jus - tice,
D. S.—There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour;

FINE. D. S.

Which is more than lib - er - ty. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
There is heal - ing in his blood.

318

God's Welcome.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,

Like the wideness of the sea:

There's a kindness in his justice,

Which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner,

And more graces for the good;

There is mercy with the Saviour;

There is healing in his blood.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows

Are more felt than up in heaven;

There is no place where earth's failings

Have such kindly judgment given.

There is plentiful redemption

In the blood that has been shed;

There is joy for all the members

In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader

Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal

Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,

We should take him at his word;

And our lives would be all sunshine

In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

ERIE. 8s, 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE.

There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: There's a kindness in his jus - tice,
D. S.—There is mercy with the Saviour;

FINE. D. S.

Which is more than lib - er - ty. There is welcome for the sin - ner, And more graces for the good;
There is heal - ing in his blood.

CYGNUS. 7s, 6l.

Arr. by H. LAMSON.

What our Father does is well; Bless-ed truth his children tell! Tho' he send for plen-ty want,
Tho' the har-vest store be scant, Yet we rest up-on his love, Seek-ing bet-ter things a-bove.

319 Beneficent Wisdom.

WHAT our Father does is well;
Blesséd truth his children tell!
Though he send for plenty want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Caanan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

4 Therefore unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity!

Henry W. Baker, tr.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l.

Spanish Melody.

Great Crea-tor! who this day From thy perfect work didst rest, (By the souls that own thy sway)
D.C.—Cares of earth a-side be thrown, This day given to heaven alone. (Hallowed be its hours and blest;)

320 Three in One.

GREAT Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,

Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

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

Mrs. Julia Ann Elliott.

DIX. 7s, 6l.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

{ Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, God of hosts, e-ter-nal King, }
 { By the heav'ns and earth adored; Angels and archangels sing, } Chanting ever-last-ing-ly To the bless-ed Tri-ni-ty.

321 "The Blesséd Trinity."

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 God of hosts, eternal King,
 By the heavens and earth adored;
 Angels and archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly
 To the blesséd Trinity.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
 Spirits blest, before the throne,
 Speeding thence at thy command,
 And, when thy commands are done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blesséd Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings;
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the blesséd Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
 Thee the noble martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee,
 Thee, the church in every land;
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blesséd Trinity.

5 Hallelujah! Lord, to thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Godhead one, and Persons three;
 Join us with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blesséd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

322 Nature's King.

OH, give thanks to him who made
 Morning light and evening shade;
 Source and giver of all good,
 Nightly sleep and daily food;
 Quickener of our wearied powers;
 Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
 Who made every breathing thing:
 His, our warm and sentient frame,

9

His, the mind's immortal flame.
 Oh, how close the ties that bind
 Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
 For we are his workmanship;
 And all creatures are his care:
 Not a bird that cleaves the air
 Falls unnoticed; but who can
 Speak the Father's love to man?

4 Oh, give thanks to him that came
 In a mortal, suffering frame—
 Temple of the Deity—
 Came, for rebel man to die;
 In the path himself hath trod,
 Leading back his saints to God.

Josiah Conder.

323 The Babe of Bethlehem.

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

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

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

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

William C. Dix.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.

M. PORTUGAL.

Oh, come, all ye faithful, Joy-ful-ly triumphant, To Bethlehem hasten now with glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger

Lies the King of an-gels; Oh, come, let us a-dore him, Oh, come, let us a-dore him, Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

324 *Adest, fideles.*

OH, come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,

To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord; Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Lo! in a manger

Lies the King of angels;

Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,

Through heaven's high arches be your
praises poured:

Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;

Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

3 Amen! Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation,

O Jesus! for ever be thy name adored;

Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;

Oh, come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

William Mercer, tr.

OSWALD. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

Hark, the hosts of heav'n are singing Praises to their new-born Lord, Strains of sweetest music flinging, Not a note or word unheard.

325 *The glad Song.*

HARK, the hosts of heaven are singing
Praises to the new-born Lord,
Strains of sweetest music flinging,
Not a note or word unheard.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.

3 Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;

As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

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

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

E. H. Plumtree.

TRIUMPH. P. M.

C. GOUNOD.

Christ is born; tell forth his fame! Christ from heav'n; his love proclaim; Christ on earth; exalt his name! Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation; Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation; For he hath triumphed gloriously!

326

The Word made Flesh.

CHRIST is born; tell forth his fame!
 CHRIST from heaven; his love proclaim;
 Christ on earth; exalt his name!
 Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation;
 Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation;
 For he hath triumphed gloriously!

2 Man in God's own image made,
 Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,

Man, on whom corruption preyed,
 Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
 To-day Christ maketh him a new creation;
 For he hath triumphed gloriously!

3 He, the Wisdom, Word, and Might;
 God, and Son, and Light of Light;
 Undiscovered by the sight
 Of earthly monarch or infernal spirit,
 Incarnate was that we should heaven inherit:
 For he hath triumphed gloriously!

John M. Neale, tr.

OVIO. 8s, 7s.

LOWELL MASON.

Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly warbling in the skies? Sure, th' angelic host rejoices—Loudest hallelujahs rise.

327

"Those holy Voices."

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly warbling in the skies?
 Sure, the angelic host rejoices—
 Loudest hallelujahs rise.

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

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;

Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

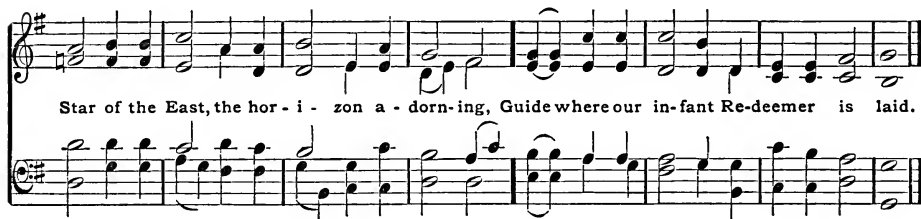
4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his glory sing:
 Glad, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him,
 Learn his name and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven you sing before him,—
 Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood.



Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;



Star of the East, the hor - i - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deemer is laid.

328

"Star of the East."

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,

Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?

Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Vainly with gold would his favor secure:

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;

Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber.

329

"Daughter of Zion!"

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness:

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;

Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier far;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;

For vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,

The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

Anon., 1830.

AVISON. 11s, 10s.

C. AVISON.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing ; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the

mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the Highest, how low - ly his birth; The brightest archangel in

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

ult - ing - ly sing ; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

330 The Glad Tidings.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;

How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resounds through the earth and the skies.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

All praise to thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choos - ing a man - ger for thy throne, While worlds on worlds are thine a - lone!

331

The Child Christ.

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone!

2 Once did the skies before thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain thee now;
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,
Now listen for thine infant voice.

3 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light;
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

5 All this for us thy love hath done:
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Tr. fr. Martin Luther.

332

Incarnation.

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

3 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts.

333

"God with Me."

ETERNAL Father, when to thee,
Beyond all worlds, by faith I soar,
Before thy boundless majesty
I stand in silence and adore.

2 But, Saviour, thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, thy face I see:
Thou art my friend, my daily guide;
God over all, yet God with me!

3 And thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make thy temple day by day:
The Holy Ghost of God thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens thou hast thy throne,
Thou hast thy throne within my breast.

Hervey D. Gause.

VICTORIA. L. M. D.

HENRY LAHEE.

When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky, One star a - lone, of
all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks From ev - ery
host, from ev - ery gem; But one a - lone the Saviour speaks, — It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

334

"They saw the Star."

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean roared, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

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

Henry Kirke White.

335

"Prince of Salem."

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

2 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:
"O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh:
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

3 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."
O Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh:
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

Thomas Campbell.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

CAROL. C. M. D.

R. S. WILLIS.

It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth,
D.S.—earth in solemn stillness lay,

FINE. D.S.
To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King:" The
To hear the an-gels sing.

336 The Angels' Song.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edwin H. Sears.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel

of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.

NOEL. C. M. D.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an-gel of the
 Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their
 troubled mind,—"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind.

337 Bethlehem Song.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
 All seated on the ground; [night,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,—
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 To you and all mankind.

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

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

Nahum Tate.

338 Angels' Music.

CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.
 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there,
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet from all their holy heights
 The Dayspring from on high:
 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm;
 And Sharon waves in solemn praise
 Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
 The realms of ether fills;
 How sweeps the song of solemn joy
 O'er Judah's sacred hills!
 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring:
 "Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King."

Edwin H. Sears.

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,
God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" { Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise, } { Join the triumph of the skies; } With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Beth-le-hem! With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!

339

The Nativity.

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

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley.

340

"The Christ of God."

HE has come! the Christ of God
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come! the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with his light
All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!
He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us his glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

Horatius Bonar.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, }

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

341

Psalm 98.

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

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

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

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nation's prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

342

7s. D. Tune—HERALD ANGELS.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born!
When, amid the wakeful fold,
Tidings good the angels told.
Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

2 While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Gladly we respond, "Amen!"
Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay;
Thus we tell, with saintly mirth,
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

Anon., 1827.

343

7s. D. Tune—HERALD ANGELS.

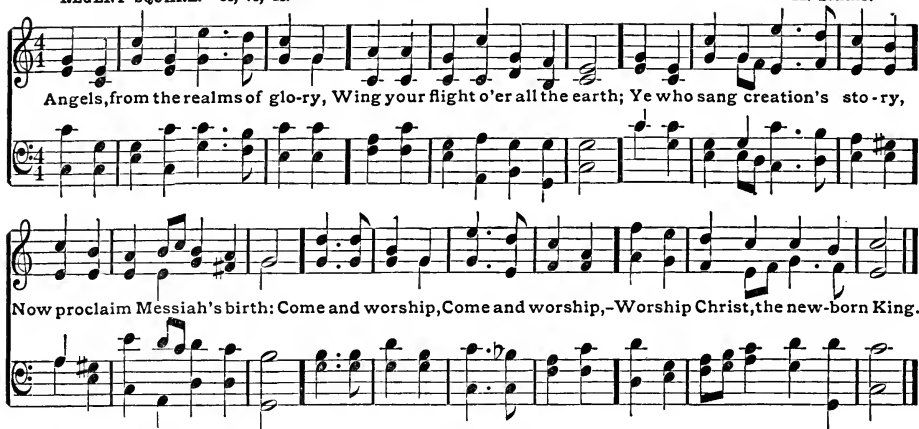
GOD with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!
God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

2 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

Sarah Slinn.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

H. SMART.



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

344 "The new-born King."

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

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

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations:

Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery.

BONN. P. M.

J. G. EBELING.



All my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear, far and near, Sweetest an-gel voi-ces;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are sing-ing, Till the air everywhere Now with joy is ring-ing.

CORDE NATUS. P. M.

Ancient Melody.

Of the Father's love begot-ten, Ere the worlds began to be, He, the Alpha and O - me - ga, He the source, the ending
he, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see, Ev - ermore and ev - er - more!

345

Alpha and Omega.

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

2 At his word the worlds were framéd;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore!

3 He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore!

J. M. Neale, tr.

346

Foretold and Manifested.

HE is here, whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested,
To receive the praise of man,
Evermore and evermore!

2 Praise him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue,
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Thee let age, and thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

J. M. Neale, tr.

347

P. M. Tune—BONN.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of his birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.

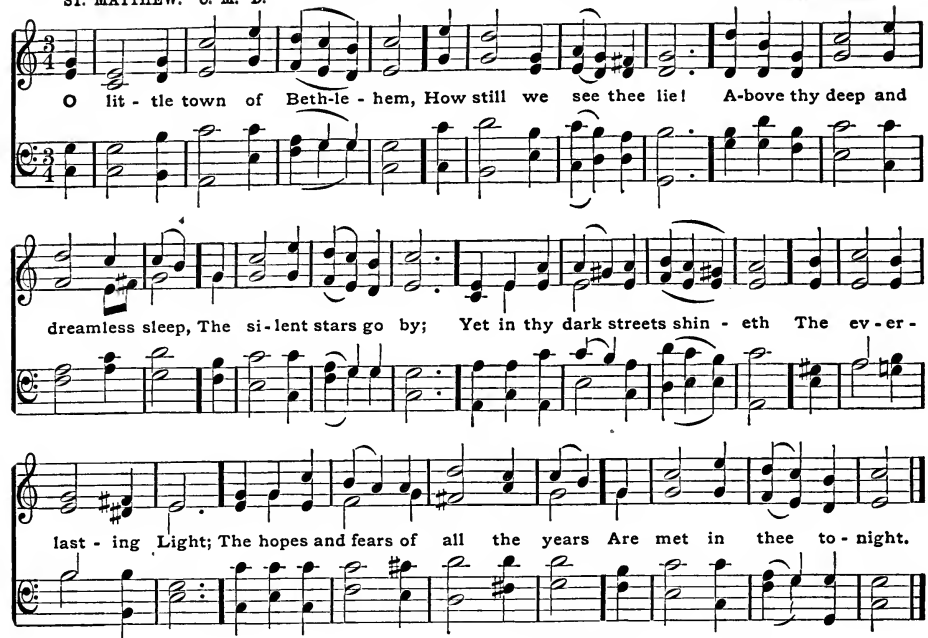
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of his grace to our race
Here his Son he lendeth.

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

C. Winkworth, tr.

ST. MATTHEW. C. M. D.

WILLIAM CROFT.



O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
dreamless sleep, The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er -
last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

348 *The Song of the Angels.*

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

Phillips Brooks.

349 *Bethlehem Star.*

AS SHADOWS cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast,
Just glisten and are gone.

2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

William Cullen Bryant.

Incarnation and Birth.

INCARNATION. P. M.

J. BARNEY.

♩

350

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his

lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And his ho - ly armspread o'er us, His

1st two verses. Last verse only.

ho - ly armspread o'er us. o'er us. } 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
 2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
 3. And the choir of..... an - gels with song a - waits

His arm spread

With ar - mor bright to meet him; And we put to flight the armies of night
 Our hel - met his sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry,
 Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has broken the brazen gates,

D. S.

That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him. } We
 Our watch - word - the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword - the In - car - na - tion. }
 And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. }

IREY. 8s, 7s, 7s.



Once in roy-al David's cit-y Stood a low-ly cat-tle shed, Where a moth-er laid her Ba-by,
In a man-ger for his bed: Ma-ry was that mother mild, Je-sus Christ her lit-tle child.

351 The Child Jesus.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the lowly, poor, and mean,
Lived on earth our Saviour then.

3 And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our God in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

352 "Blesséd Lord!"

SHOUT, O earth! from silence waking,
Tune with joy thy varied tongue;
Shout! as when from chaos breaking
Sweetly flowed thy natal song:
Shout! for thy Creator's love
Sends redemption from above.

2 Downward from his star-paved dwelling
Comes the incarnate Son of God;
Countless voices, thrilling, swelling,
Tell the triumphs of his blood:
Shout! he comes thy tribes to bless
With his spotless righteousness.

3 See his glowing hand uplifted!
Clustering bounties drop around;
Rebels ev'n are richly gifted,
Pardon, peace, and joy abound!
Shout, O earth! and let thy song
Ring the vaulted heavens along.

4 Call him blesséd! on thy mountains
In thy wild and citted plains;
Call him blesséd! where thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains.
Let thy captives, let thy kings
Join the lyre of thousand strings.

5 Blesséd Lord, and Lord of blessing!
Pour thy quickening gifts abroad;
Raptured tongues, thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God.
Blesséd, blesséd, blesséd Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word.

W. H. Havergal.

MURIEL. 8s, 7s, 7s.

C. GOUNOD.

One there is, a-bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be-yond a brother's,

Costly, free, and knows no end: They who once his kindness prove Find it ev - er-lasting love.

353 "Friend of Sinners."

ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove
 Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
 "Friend of sinners" was his name;
 Now above all glories raised,
 He rejoices in the same;
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
 What he daily bears from us?
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
 Loves us though we treat him thus:
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton.

354 Healing the Sick.

THOU to whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing word replying
 To the weary cry of pain;
 Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
 Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

2 Every care and every sorrow,
 Be it great, or be it small;
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 When, where'er it may befall;
 Lay we humbly at thy feet,
 Suppliants round thy mercy-seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care;
 On thy higher help relying,
 May we now their burden share:
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants to thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 Every law of love fulfilling,
 Every comfort to impart:
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

5 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
 To thy healing power yield;
 Till the sick and sad in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleanséd, healed,
 Shall the saints together meet,
 Pardoned at thy judgment-seat!

Godfrey Thring.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place! And joy and gladness filled the place!

355*The Great Teacher.*

HOW SWEETLY flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

John Bowring.

356*"Holy, Harmless."*

HOW BEAUTEOUS were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Even death, which sets the prisoner free.
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

Arthur C. Cox.

357*"He Healed Them."*

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

James Montgomery.

GERMANY. L. M.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

How shall I fol - low him I serve? How shall I cop - y him I love?
 Nor from those bless - ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to his seat a - bove?

358

"How shall I Copy?"

HOW SHALL I follow him I serve ?

How shall I copy him I love ?

Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
 Which lead me to his seat above ?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
 Forbid it I should e'er repine ;
 Still let me turn to Calvary,
 Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

3 Oh, let me think how thou didst leave
 Untasted every pure delight,

To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
 The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
 Thou camest not thyself to please:
 And, dear as earthly comforts be,
 Shall I not love thee more than these ?

5 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
 To gain the notice of thine eye:
 Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
 But thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

359

The Divine Pattern.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

WAINWRIGHT. L. M.

W. WAINWRIGHT.

On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - nounc - es that the Lord is nigh;

A - wake, and heark - en, for he brings Glad ti - dings of the King of kings.

360 John the Baptist.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty guest may come.

3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

John Chandler, tr.

361 The Entry into Jerusalem.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman.

362 Jesus' Miracles.

OH, love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.

2 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,—
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking, not himself, but us.

3 To him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

John M. Neale, tr.

363 The Transfiguration.

OH, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by thy grace
To see thy glory face to face.

John M. Neale, tr.

VIA BONA. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;

Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

364 Life for Winning Souls.

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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

CRUSADERS' HYMN. P. M.

Arr. by R. S. WILLIS.

Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture! O thou of God and man the Son!

Thee will I cher - ish, thee will I hon - or, Thou! my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.

365 "Altogether Lovely."

FAIREST Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!

O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
2 Fair are the meadows, fairer still the
woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;

Jesus is fairer! Jesus is purer!

Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the
moonlight,

And the twinkling starry host;

Jesus shines brighter! Jesus shines purer!

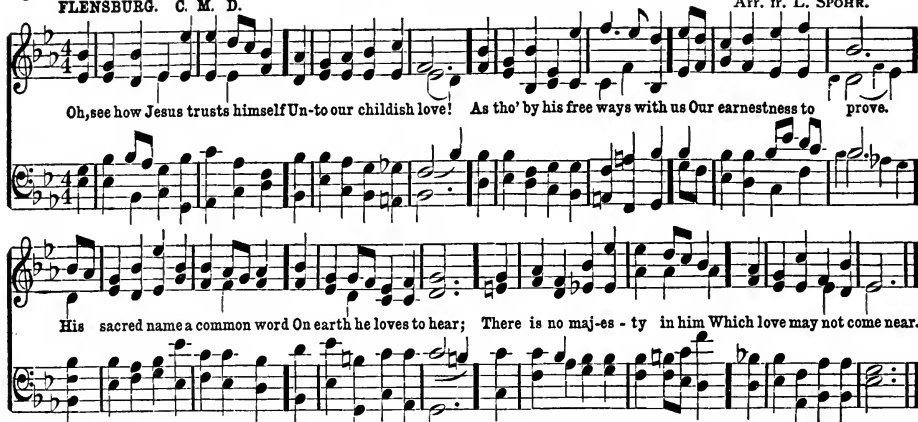
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Richard S. Willis, tr.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

FLENSBURG. C. M. D.

Arr. fr. L. SPOHR.



Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself Un-to our childish love! As tho' by his free ways with us Our earnestness to prove.

His sacred name a common word On earth he loves to hear; There is no maj-es - ty in him Which love may not come near.

366 "His Free Ways."

OH, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.
Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

Frederick W. Faber.

ATHENS. C. M. D.

Arr. fr. GIARDINI.



The Sav-iour! oh, what endless charms Dwell in the bliss-ful sound! Its influence ev - ery fear disarms,
D.S.—While angels viewed with wondering eyes

And spreads sweet comfort round. Th'al - might - y Form-er of the skies Stopped to our vile a - bode;
And hailed th' in-car-nate God.

367 The Name "Jesus."

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

2 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

J. B. DYKES.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter;
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy

one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Of
 thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
 morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In

Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he hath made me glad.
 that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
 him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

368 *The Words of Jesus.*

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast!"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he hath made me glad.

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

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright!"

I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

369 *The Perfect Pattern.*

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.
 As by the light of opening day,
 The stars are all concealed;
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is revealed.

2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fixed my roving heart.
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me?
 Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee.

John Newton.

SERENITY. C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. WALLACE.



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

370

The true Test.

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

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he:
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

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

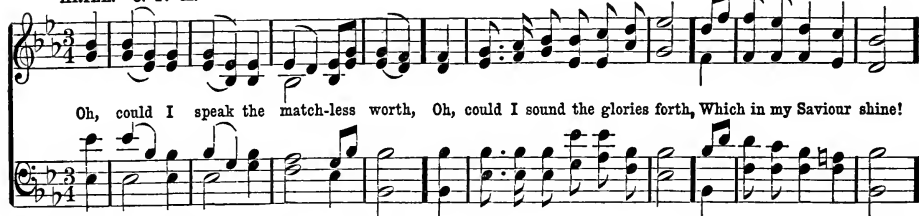
4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

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

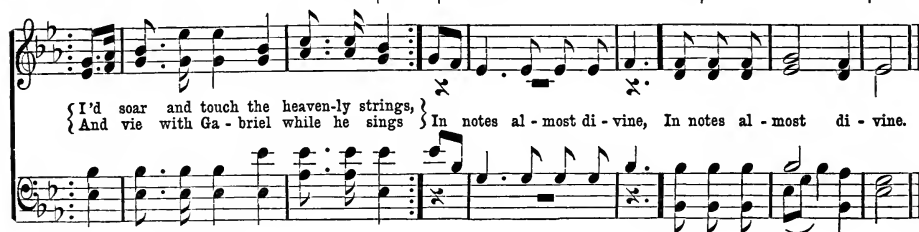
John G. Whittier.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!



{ I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
{ And vie with Gabriel while he sings } In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.

371

"He is Precious."

OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:

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

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:

Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blast eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

372 "Altogether Lovely."

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

KILMARNOCK. C. M.

N. DOUGALL.

There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth.

373 The Name Jesus.

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest name on earth.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child;

- It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
 - 5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.

Frederick Whitfield.



Be - hold, where, in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine!
The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

374

"All in Jesus."

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He meek and patient stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,—
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,—
His joy and glory share.

William Enfield.

375

A Lonely Life.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

Edward Denny.

376

For our Examp^lr.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with thee.

Edward Denny.

FAITH. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Thou art the Way: to thee alone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

377 "Way, Truth, and Life."

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

HELENA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, And pray to be for-given, So let thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heaven.

378 Pattern of Forgiveness.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

John H. Gurney.

379 "Shall we Forget?"

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget —
Thy struggling agony
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid —
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget —
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

William Mitchell.

RUTLAND. C. M.

S. WEBBER.



Lord Jesus! when I think of thee, Of all thy love and grace, My spirit longs and fain would see Thy beauty, face to face.

380 "The King in his Beauty."

LORD Jesus! when I think of thee,
Of all thy love and grace,
My spirit longs and fain would see
Thy beauty, face to face.

2 And though the wilderness I tread,
A barren, thirsty ground,
With thorns and briars overspread,
Where foes and snares abound;—

3 Yet in thy love such depths I see,
My soul o'erflows with praise—
Contents itself, while, Lord, to thee
A joyful song I raise.

4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
My Rock, my Food, my Light;
Each thought of thee doth constant yield
Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stayed,
Hard following after thee;
Till I, in robes of white arrayed,
Thy face in glory see.

James G. Deck.

381 Christ's earthly Path.

O LORD, we now the path retrace
Which thou on earth hast trod,
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God!

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, or loss,
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

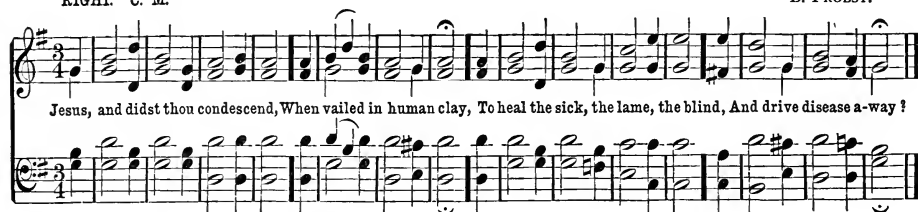
4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways, express.

5 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with thee.

James G. Deck.

RIGHT. C. M.

B. PROBST.



Jesus, and didst thou condescend, When veiled in human clay, To heal the sick, the lame, the blind, And drive disease a-way?

382 "Our Infirmities."

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord, oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

Mrs. Amelia Wakeford.

PETERSHAM. C. M. D.

C. W. POOLE.

Je - sus is God! The glorious bands Of ho - ly an - gels sing Songs of a - dor - ing
 praise to him, Their Mak - er and their King. He was true God in Bethlehem's crib, On
 Calvary's cross true God, He who in heav - en - ter - nal reigned, In time on earth a - bode.

383

"Jesus is God."

JESUS is God! The glorious bands
 Of holy angels sing
 Songs of adoring praise to him,
 Their Maker and their King.
 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
 On Calvary's cross true God,
 He who in heaven eternal reigned,
 In time on earth abode.

2 Jesus is God! If on the earth
 This blessed faith decays,
 More tender must our love become,
 More plentiful our praise.
 We are not angels, but we may
 Down in earth's corners kneel,
 And multiply sweet acts of love,
 And murmur what we feel.

3 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
 And pain, and every ill;
 All are worth while, for all are means
 His glory to fulfill;
 Worth while a thousand years of life,
 To speak one little word,
 If only by our faith we own
 The Godhead of our Lord!

F. W. Faber.

384

Jesus' Miracles.

OH, where is he that trod the sea?
 Oh, where is he that spake,—
 And demons from their victims flee,
 The dead from slumber wake?
 The palsied rise in freedom strong,
 The dumb men talk and sing,
 And from blind eyes, benighted long,
 Bright beams of morning spring.

2 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
 'T is only he can save;
 To thousands hungering wearily,
 A wondrous meal he gave:
 Full soon, celestially fed,
 Their plenteous food they take;
 'T was springtide when he blest the bread,
 'T was harvest when he brake.

3 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
 My soul! the Lord is here:
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,
 And leap, and look, and hear.
 Thy utmost needs he'll satisfy:
 Art thou diseased or dumb?
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
 Behold thy Helper come!

T. T. Lynch.

O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love, O name of might and

CHORUS.

fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove; We wor - ship thee, we bless thee, To

thee a - lone we sing; We praise thee and con - fess thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.

385 An Unseen Saviour.

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

CHO.—We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our holy Lord and King.

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

3 In thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine;—CHO.

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

CHO.—We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

Frances R. Havergal.

386 "With Palms."

ALL glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

J. M. Neale, tr.

TOURS. 7s, 6s. D.

B. TOURS.

To thee, my God and Sav - iour! My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re - joic - ing in thy
fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings! I'll cel - e - brate thy glo - ry, With
all thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of thy re - deem - ing love.

387 "God, our Saviour."

TO THEE, my God and Saviour!

My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
Oh, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:—
What could an angel more?

Thomas Haweis.

388 Children's Hosannas.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
Well pleased to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud hosanna,
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosanna raise.
But should we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, should be the Lord's.

John King.

Org.

“Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest.” Oh, bless - ed voice of

Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest; It tells of be - ne - dic - tion, Of

par - don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which cannot cease.

389

Matt. 11: 28.

“Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.”
Oh, blesséd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 “Come unto me, dear children,
And I will give you light.”
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night:
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 “Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.”
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife:
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made me mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 “And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.”
Oh, patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us,—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,—
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

William C. Dix.

390 Heaven Begun Below.

I BUILD on this foundation,—
That Jesus and his blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true eternal good.
To mine his Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.

2 My merry heart is springing,
And knows not how to pine:
’Tis full of joy and singing,
And radiancy divine.
The sun whose smiles so cheer me
Is Jesus Christ alone:
To have him always near me
Is heaven itself begun.

Richard Massie, tr.

HÄNDEL. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.

Oh, how shall I re - ceive thee, How meet thee on thy way; Blest hope of ev - ery na - tion, My

soul's delight and stay? O Je - sus, Jesus, give me Now by thine own pure light, To know whate'er is

pleas - ing And welcome in thy sight; To know whate'er is pleas - ing And welcome in thy sight.

391 "Fear no More."

OH, how shall I receive thee,
 How meet thee on thy way;
 Blest hope of every nation,
 My soul's delight and stay?
 O Jesus, Jesus, give me
 Now by thine own pure light,
 To know whate'er is pleasing
 And welcome in thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
 And branches fresh and fair;
 My soul in praise awaking,
 Her anthem shall prepare.
 Perpetual thanks and praises
 Forth from my heart shall spring;
 And to thy name the service
 Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
 Are trembling, fear no more:
 With love and grace the Saviour
 Shall you to hope restore.
 He comes, who contrite sinners
 Will with the children place,
 The children of his Father,
 The heirs of life and grace.

Arthur T. Russell, tr.

392 Heb. 13: 13.

My Saviour, I would own thee
 Amid the world's proud scorn,
 The world that mocked and crowned thee
 With diadem of thorn;
 The world that now rejects thee
 Makes nothing of thy love,
 Counts not the grace and pity
 That brought thee from above.

2 My Lord, my Master, help me,
 To walk apart with thee
 Outside the camp, where only
 Thy beauty I may see:
 Far from the world's loud turmoil,
 Far from its busy din,
 Far from its praise and honor,
 Its unbelief and sin.

3 Oh, keep my heart at leisure
 From all the world beside,
 In close communion, ever
 Thus with thee to abide—
 So all thy whispered breathings
 Of love and truth to hear;
 And hail thee with rejoicing,
 When thou shalt soon appear.

Mrs. R. H. Taylor.

{ We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death, }
 { Nor e'er be-held thy cot-tage home In that de-spis-ed Na-zar-eth; }

But we be-lieve thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

393 Loved Ansern.—1 Pet. 1: 8.

WE saw thee not when thou didst come
 To this poor world of sin and death,
 Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home
 In that despised Nazareth;
 But we believe thy footsteps trod
 Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

2 We did not see thee lifted high,
 Amid that wild and savage crew;
 Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry,
 "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
 Yet we believe the deed was done,
 Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
 Wherein thy sacred body lay;
 Nor sat within that upper room,
 Nor met thee in the open way;
 But we believe that angels said,
 "Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
 When thou didst thro' the clouds ascend,
 First lift to heaven their wondering view,
 Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
 Yet we believe that mortal eyes
 Beheld thee taken to the skies.

5 And now that thou dost reign on high,
 And thence thy waiting people bless,
 No ray of glory from the sky
 Doth shine upon our wilderness;
 But we believe thy faithful word,
 And trust in our redeeming Lord.

J. H. Gurney.

394 Light, Way, Truth, Life.

O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
 From twilight dawn till perfect day,
 Shine thou before the shadows fall
 That lead our wandering feet astray:
 At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
 That youth may love and age adore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw
 To yon eternal home of peace, [near
 Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
 And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
 In strength or weakness may we see
 Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
 Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
 To thee our earliest strength we vow,
 Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
 When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
 Turn thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
 To slake the thirst of those who faint,
 Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
 Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
 Be thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
 O Jesus, born mankind to save,
 Give thou thy peace in deadliest strife,
 Shed thou thy calm on stormiest wave;
 Be thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
 Lord of the living and the dead.

E. H. Plumptre.

ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 61.

J. G. WALTON.

As oft with worn and wea - ry feet, We tread earth's rugged val - ley o'er, The tho't how com - fort - ing and sweet,

Christ trod this ver - y path be - fore! Our wants and weaknes - es he knows, From life's first dawning till its close.

395

In Jesus' Footsteps.

AS OFT with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here;
His life how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been;
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston.

- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me thy choice has gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

C. Winkworth, tr.

397

The Good Shepherd.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison.

396

Divine and Human.

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Thro' all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

ST. JOSEPH. 8s, 7s, 7s.

F. R. STATHAM.

{ Jesus wept! those tears are over. But his heart is still the same; }
 { Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother, Is his ev-erlasting name. } Saviour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Betha-ny!

398

"Jesus Wept."

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
 But his heart is still the same;
 Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
 Is his everlasting name.
 Saviour, who can love like thee,
 Gracious One of Bethany?

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
 He can mark each mourner's tear;
 Living to retrace the story
 Of the hearts he solaced here.
 Lord, when I am called to die,
 Let me think of Bethany.

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
 When the waves of sorrow roll,
 I will lay my head on Jesus,
 Pillow of the troubled soul.
 Surely, none can feel like thee,
 Weeping One of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
 Is a legacy of love;
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 He the same doth ever prove.
 Thou art all in all to me,
 Living One of Bethany!

John R. Macduff.

STABAT MATER. P. M.

Old Melody.

(Near the cross was Mary weeping,
 There her mournful station keeping,) Gazing on her dy-ing Son: (There in speechless anguish groaning,
 Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,) Thro' her soul the sword [had gone!]

399

"Near the Cross."

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
 There her mournful station keeping,
 Gazing on her dying Son:
 There in speechless anguish groaning,
 Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
 Through her soul the sword had gone!

3 When no eye its pity gave us,
 When there was no arm to save us,
 He his love and power displayed;
 By his stripes he wrought our healing,
 By his death, our life revealing,
 He for us the ransom paid.

2 But we have no need to borrow
 Motives from the mother's sorrow,
 At our Saviour's cross to mourn.
 'T was our sins brought him from heaven,
 These the cruel nails had driven:
 All his griefs for us were borne.

4 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
 That from sin we may refrain us,
 In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
 Thee our best affections giving,
 To thy glory ever living,
 May we in thy glory live.

J. W. Alexander, tr.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY.

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

400 *Glorying in the Cross.*

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.

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

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,

From the cross the radiance, streaming,
 Adds more luster to the day.

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

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

John Bowring.

ARIMATHEA. P. M.

J. B. CALKIN.

So rest, our Rest, thou ever blest, Thy grave with sinners making: By thy precious death, from sin Our dead souls awak-ing.

401 *Jesus in the Grave.*

SO REST, our Rest, thou ever blest,
 Thy grave with sinners making:
 By thy precious death, from sin
 Our dead souls awaking.

2 Here hast thou lain after much pain,
 Life of our life, reposing:
 Round thee now a rock-hewn grave,
 Rock of Ages, closing.

3 Breath of all breath! we know from death
 Thou wilt our dust awaken;
 Wherefore should we dread the grave,
 Or our faith be shaken?

4 To us the tomb is but a room
 Where we lie down on roses:
 He, who dying conquered death,
 Sweetly there reposes.

5 The body dies—naught else—and lies
 In dust until victorious
 From the grave it shall arise
 Beautiful and glorious.

6 Meantime we will, O Jesus, still
 Deep in remembrance lay thee,
 Musing on thy death; in death
 Be with us, we pray thee.

Richard Massie, tr.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



402

Gethsemane.

'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'T is midnight; in the garden, now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

403

" 'T is finished! "

" 'T is finished! "—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
" 'T is finished! "—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'T is finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'T is finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'T is finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'T is finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Samuel Stennett.

SOLITUDE. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:

'T is mid - night; in the gar - den, now The suffering Sav - iour prays a - lone.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

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

404 "The Wondrous Cross."

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

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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

Isaac Watts.

405 "For He."

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

Horatius Bonar.

ST. CROSS. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

PASSION CHORALE. 7s, 6s. D.

Ar. fr. BACH.

{ O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, }
 { Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns thine on - ly crown; }

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

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

406 "Upon the Cross."

O JESUS, we adore thee,
 Upon the cross, our King:
 We bow our hearts before thee;
 Thy gracious Name we sing:
 That Name hath brought salvation,
 That Name, in life our stay;
 Our peace, our consolation
 When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain thee,
 Still pressing by thy cross:
 Lord, may our hearts retain thee;—
 All else we count but loss.
 The grief thy soul endured,
 Who can that grief declare?
 Thy pains have thus assuréd
 That thou thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee,
 And nailed thee to the tree:
 Our pride, O Lord, disdained thee;—
 Yet deign our hope to be.
 O glorious King, we bless thee,
 No longer pass thee by;
 O Jesus, we confess thee
 Our Lord enthroned on high.

Arthur T. Russell.

407 The Lamb of God.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
 Near to thy wounded side;
 'T is only there in safety
 And peace I can abide!
 What foes and snares surround me,
 What doubts and fears within!
 The grace that sought and found me,
 Alone can keep me clean.

2 'T is only in thee hiding
 I know my life secure—
 Only in thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure:
 Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
 With rapture, face to face;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all thy power and grace:
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all the saints above.

James G. Deck.

GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine only crown;

O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

408

At the Cross.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;

O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserved thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!

These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

J. W. Alexander, tr. f

409

"All-Forgiving!"

LIFE of the world! I hail thee;
Hail, Jesus, Saviour dear!
I to thy cross could yield me,
Might I to thee be near.
Thyself, in all thy fullness,
My Lord, to me impart:
To thee I come as with me,
Yea, find thee in my heart.

3 Look on me, All-Forgiving!
Low at thy feet I bow:
Oh, all-divine thou seemest,
As I behold thee now!
I clasp with tender passion,
Thy feet, so pierced for us,
The cruel wounds deep graven,
O'erwhelmed to see thee thus!

3 While here with thee I linger,
Take me, dear Saviour mine!
Oh, draw me to thee closer,
And make me wholly thine;
Say, "Be thou saved, O sinner!"
And gladly at thy call,
On thy sure word relying,
To thee I give my all.

Ray Palmer, tr.

HORSLEY. C. M.

W. HORSLEY.

{ There is a green hill far a - way, Without a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all. }
 { We may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there. }

410

Calvary.

THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains he had to bear;
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly, has he loved,
 And we must love him too,
 And trust in his redeeming blood,
 And try his works to do.
 For there 's a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

CONCONE. C. M. D.

Arr. fr. CONCONE.

There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was

crucified, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains he

had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

SICILY. 8s, 7s.

Sicilian Melody.



{ Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; }
 { See!— it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: }



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



411 "It is finished!"

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See!—it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
 "It is finished!"—
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 Now redemption is completed,
 Sin atoned, the curse removed,
 Satan, death, and hell defeated,
 At his rising fully proved.
 All is finished!
 Here our hopes do rest unmoved.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished all that God had promised,
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

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

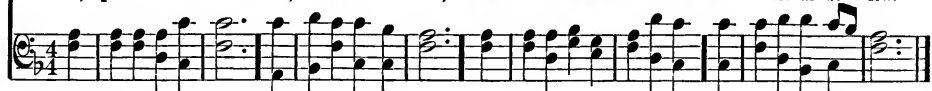
Jonathan Evans.

BADEA. S. M.

German Melody.



Oh, perfect life of love! All, all is finished now,— All that he left his throne above To do for us be - low.



412 "All-atoning Sacrifice."

OH, perfect life of love!
 All, all is finished now,—
 All that he left his throne above
 To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
 Of all the Father willed;
 His toil, his sorrows, one by one,
 The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
 But he has felt its smart;

All forms of human grief and care
 Have pierced that tender heart.

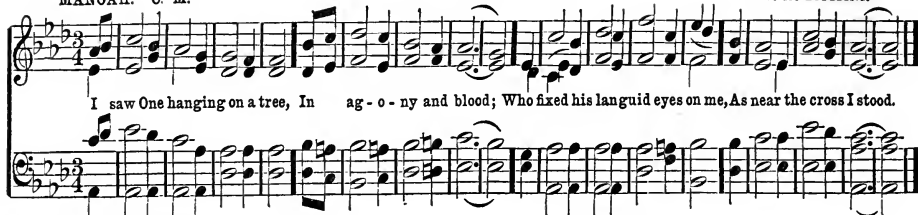
4 And on his thorn-crowned head,
 And on his sinless soul,
 Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
 That he might make us whole.

5 In perfect love he dies;
 For me he dies, for me;
 O all-atoning Sacrifice,
 I cling by faith to thee!

Henry W. Baker.

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. fr. ROSSINI.



I saw One hanging on a tree, In ag-o-ny and blood; Who fixed his languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

413 The Two Looks.

- I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!
- 4 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."
- 5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

John Newton.

414 "O Christ of God!"

- O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.
- 2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.
- 3 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all,—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.
- 4 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.
- 5 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On thy great judgment-day.

Ray Palmer.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNBY.



How condescending and how kind Was God's eternal Son! Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind, And pity brought him down.

415 "He remembers Calvary."

- HOW CONDESCENDING and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

- 3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

Isaac Watts.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

A-las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die! Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I!

416 "Grace Unknown."

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

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

417 Suffered for Sin.

OH, if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

Isaac Watts.

OSLER. S. M.

Ancient Melody.

O Saviour, who didst come By wa-ter and by blood; Confessed on earth, adored in heaven, E-ter-nal Son of God!

418 The Water and the Blood.

O SAVIOUR, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!

2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And rest upon thy name.

3 By faith in thee we live,
By faith in thee we stand,
By thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.

4 O Lord, increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm!

Edward Osler.

From Sinai's cloud of dark-ness The viv-id lightnings play, They serve the God of
 ven-geance, The Lord who shall re-pay. Each fault must bring its pen-ance, Each
 sin th'a-vengeing blade; For God up-holds in jus-tice The laws that he hath made.

419 Sinai and Calvary.

FROM Sinai's cloud of darkness
 The vivid lightnings play,
 They serve the God of vengeance,
 The Lord who shall repay.
 Each fault must bring its penance,
 Each sin the avenging blade;
 For God upholds in justice
 The laws that he hath made.

2 But Calvary stands to ransom
 The earth from utter loss,
 In shade than light more glorious,
 The shadow of the Cross.
 To heal a sick world's trouble,
 To soothe its woe and pain,
 On Calvary's sacred summit
 The Paschal Lamb was slain.

3 The boundless might of Heaven
 Its law in mercy furled,
 As once the bow of promise
 O'erarched a drowning world.
 The law said—As you keep me
 It shall be done to you;
 But Calvary prays—Forgive them,
 They know not what they do.

4 Almighty God! direct us
 To keep thy perfect Law!
 O blesséd Saviour, help us
 Nearer to thee to draw;
 Let Sinai's thunders aid us
 To guard our feet from sin,
 And Calvary's light inspire us
 The love of God to win.

John Hay.

420 Sin seen at Gethsemane.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 Their guilt I never knew
 Till, with thee, in the desert
 I near thy passion drew;
 Till, with thee, in the garden,
 I heard thy pleading prayer,
 And saw the sweat-drops bloody,
 That told thy sorrow there.

2 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
 Ev'n in this time of woe,
 Shall tell of all thy goodness
 To suffering man below.
 Thy goodness and thy favor,
 Whose presence from above,
 Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
 That live in thee and love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

CRUX CHRISTI. 7s, 6s. D.

A. H. MANN.

O Je - sus, "Man of Sor - rows," Sole Son of God, the King! What language shall I
 bor - row Thy bound - less love to sing? No mor - tal words can meas - ure The
 burdens thou didst take, Ac - cept - ing pain as pleas - ure, All for my sin - ful sake.

421 "Man of Sorrows."

O JESUS, "Man of Sorrows,"
 Sole Son of God, the King!
 What language shall I borrow
 Thy boundless love to sing?
 No mortal words can measure
 The burdens thou didst take,
 Accepting pain as pleasure,
 All for my sinful sake.

2 By thine own kin neglected —
 By trusted ones denied —
 By bitter foes rejected,
 Thorn-crowned, and crucified,
 Earth's hatred and affliction
 In patience thou didst bear,
 Returning benediction
 For cross and nail and spear.

3 Had ever love such proving!
 Was ever love so priced!
 Ah, what is all my loving
 Compared with thine, O Christ!
 'T is scarcely worth the gaining —
 This paltry heart of mine;
 And yet for its obtaining
 Thou paid'st a price divine.

George S. Dwight.

422 The Pierced Side.

LORD Jesus, by thy passion,
 To thee I make my prayer;
 Thou who in mercy smitest,
 Have mercy, Lord, and spare:
 Oh, wash me in the fountain
 That floweth from thy side;
 Oh, clothe me in the raiment
 Thy blood hath purified.

2 Oh, hold thou up my goings,
 And lead from strength to strength,
 That unto thee in Zion
 I may appear at length.
 Oh, make my spirit worthy
 To join the ransomed throng;
 Oh, teach my lips to utter
 That everlasting song.

3 Oh, give that last, best blessing
 That even saints can know,
 To follow in thy footsteps
 Wherever thou dost go.
 Not wisdom, might, or glory,
 I ask to win above;
 I ask for thee, thee only,
 O thou eternal Love!

R. F. Littledale.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6l.

423 The bleeding Lamb.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
 Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
 Whither—whither, but to thee,
 Can a trembling sinner fly!
 Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
 Save, oh, save my sinking soul!
 2 Never bowed a martyr's head
 Weighed with equal sorrow down;
 Never blood so rich was shed,
 Never king wore such a crown;
 To thy cross and sacrifice
 Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.
 3 All my soul by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there;
 By thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair:
 Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive,
 Thou hast bid me look and live.
 4 While with broken heart I kneel
 Sinks the inward storm to rest;
 Life—immortal life—I feel
 Kindled in my throbbing breast:
 Thine—for ever thine—I am!
 Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb!

Ray Palmer.

424 "I am Thine."

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
 Purchased thine alone to be,
 By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me;
 Let my heart be all thine own,
 Let me live to thee alone.
 2 Other lords have long held sway;
 Now thy name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?
 Nothing else my joy can be.
 3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;
 Let thy presence in me shine
 All my homeward way to cheer.

Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
 Oh, be thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal.

425 "Only Thine."

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
 All my other joys above;
 All my hopes in thee abide,
 Thou my hope, and naught beside:
 Ever let my glory be,
 Only, only, only thee.
 2 Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.
 3 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,
 Thine to live, and thine to die;
 Height, or depth, or earthly power,
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
 Ever shall my glory be
 Only, only, only thee.

George Duffield.

426 "Come and Welcome."

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear!—
 "Love's redeeming work is done—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
 2 "Spread for thee, the festal board
 See with richest bounty stored;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Thou shalt be a child confessed,
 Never from his house to roam;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
 3 "Soon the days of life shall end—
 Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
 Safe your spirit to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to my eternal home—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Thomas Haweis.

SEPTEM VOCES. P. M.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

Je - sus, in thy dy - ing woes, Even while thy life - blood flows, Craving pardon for thy foes:— *Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!*

427 "Father, forgive Them."

JESUS, in thy dying woes,
Even while thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for thy foes:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed!

PART II. "Co-dun in Paradiſt."

JESUS, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on thy name!

3 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to thine:
Cheer our souls with hope divine!

PART III. "Woman, Behold thy Son."

JESUS, loving to the end
Her whose heart thy sorrows rend,
And thy dearest human friend!
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 May we in thy sorrow share,
And for thee all peril dare,
And enjoy thy tender care!

3 May we all thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of thee!

PART IV. "Thy hast Thou forsaken Me!"

JESUS, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone
While no light from heaven is shown:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 When we vainly seek to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay!

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near!

PART V. "I Thirst."

JESUS, in thy thirst and pain,
While thy wounds thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All thy holy work fulfill—
Satisfy thy loving will!

3 May we thirst thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow!

PART VI. "It is finished."

JESUS, all our ransom paid,
All thy Father's will obeyed,—
By thy sufferings perfect made:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness!

3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day!

PART VII. "Father, into thy Hands."

JESUS,—all thy labor vast,
All thy woe and conflict past—
Yielding up thy soul at last:—
Hear us, holy Jesus!

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour!

3 May thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high!

Thomas B. Pollock.

CROFT. H. M.

W. CROFT.

On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day, Came down the an - gel bright,

And rolled the stone a - way. Your voices raise with one accord To bless and praise your risen Lord!

428 *The Stone rolled Away.*

ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord!

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, &c.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, &c.

4 Oh, let your hearts be strong!
For we, like him, shall rise,
To dwell with him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!
Your voices raise, &c.

W. Walsham How.

429 *"The Debt of Love."*

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes

In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

3 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

Samuel Stennett.

430 *"Captivity Captive."*

THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity, &c.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won;
Captivity, &c.

4 Hail, the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection thou!
We bless thy sacred Word;
Before thy throne we bow;
Captivity, &c.

Thomas Haweis.

DAY OF REST. 7s, 6s. D.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad: The Pass - o - ver of

glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal,

*Voices in Unison.**In Harmony.*

From earth un - to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

431 *The Lord's Day.*

THE day of resurrection,
 Earth, tell it out abroad.
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light;
 And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 And earth her song begin,
 The round world keep high triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Let all things seen and unseen
 Their notes of gladness blend,
 For Christ the Lord is risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

J. M. Neale, tr.

432 *The Ascension.*

O CHRIST, thou hast ascended
 Triumphantly on high,
 By cherub guards attended
 And armies of the sky:
 There, there thou standest pleading
 The virtue of thy blood,
 For sinners interceding,
 Our Advocate with God.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above thee:
 But canst thou, Lord, forget
 The little band who love thee
 And gaze from Olivet?
 Nay, on thy breast engraven
 Thou bearest every name,
 Our Priest in earth and heaven
 Eternally the same.

3 Oh, for the priceless merit
 Of thy redeeming cross,
 Vouchsafe thy sevenfold Spirit,
 And turn to gain our loss;
 Till we by strong endeavor
 In heart and mind ascend,
 And dwell with thee for ever
 In raptures without end.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia. Sons of men, and an - gels,

say; Al - - le - lu - ia. Raise your joys and triumphs high! Al - - - le - lu -

ia. Sing, ye heav'ns! and earth, re - ply! Al - - - le - lu - - ia.

433 "He Lives Again."

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

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

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where 's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Charles Wesley.

434 Joy in the Lord.

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

4 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

Thomas Kelly.

Resurrection and Ascension.

181

CLARION. 7s.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



Hail the day that sees him rise, Glorious, to his native skies! Christ, awhile to mortals given, Enters now the gates of heav'n.

435 The Lord's Day.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:

Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

Charles Wesley.

MOZART. 7s.

Arr. fr. MOZART.



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



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

436 "Hallelujah."

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

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

C. Winkworth, tr.

VICTORIA. P. M.

Arr. fr. PALESTRINA.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done:

Org. *p*

The vic-to-ry of Life is won: The song of triumph has be-gun,— Hal-le-lu-jah!

437 Captivity led Captive.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—
Hallelujah!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
Hallelujah!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;

All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell!
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee,
Hallelujah!

Francis Pott, tr.

REDCLIFF. P. M.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky; The Lord has risen with victory: Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Hal-le-lu-jah!

438 "He is Risen."

MORN's roseate hues have decked the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,
Hallelujah!

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth his blood has given;
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:
Hallelujah!

3 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day,

For he by rising burst the way:
Hallelujah!

4 And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to thine, shall rise:
Hallelujah!

5 Oh, grant us, then, with thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Hallelujah!

William Cooke, tr.

ASCENSION. P. M.

W. H. MONK.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Hal-le-lu-jah! Our triumphant ho-ly day: Hal-le-lu-jah!

He endured the cross and grave, Hal-le-lu-jah! Sinners to redeem and save. Hal-le-lu-jah!

439 The Risen Redeemer.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day,
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

Anon., 1708.

WITTENBERG. P. M.

J. ROSENMÜLLER.

An-gels! roll the rock a-way; Death! yield up thy might-y prey; See! the Sav-iour

leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom. Hal-le-lu-jah!

440 The Resurrection.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

Thomas Scott.

RESURREXIT. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Christ is risen! Christ is ris-en! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Al-le-luia! swell the strain!

For our gain he suffered loss By divine de - cree; He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is he.

CHORUS.

Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!

441 Jesus liber Again.

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
For our gain he suffered loss
By divine decree;
He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is he.—CHO.

2 See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above,
Joy in each amazing token
Of his rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,

Till he comes to earth again,
Comes to claim his bride.—CHO.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation find a voice:
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

A. T. Gurney.

442 L. M. Tune—GILEAD.

O LORD most high, eternal King,
By thee redeemed thy praise we sing;
The bonds of death are burst by thee,
And grace has won the victory.

2 Ascending to the Father's throne
Thou claim'st the kingdom as thine own;
The days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is thine for evermore.

3 To thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

4 Be thou our joy, O mighty Lord,
As thou wilt be our great reward;
Let all our glory be in thee
Both now and through eternity.

John M. Neale, tr.

BENNINGTON. L. M. D.

Arr. fr. PERCIVAL.

Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The pow - ers of hell are

cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky. There his tri - umphal chariot waits, And angels

chant the sol - emn lay: "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! Ye everlasting doors! give way."

443

Psalm 24.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors! give way."

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
 He claims these mansions as his right;
 Receive the King of glory in.

Who is this King of glory — who?
 The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
 Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:—
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors! give way."

Who is this King of glory — who?
 The Lord, of boundless power possessed;
 The King of saints and angels, too,
 God over all, for ever blessed.

Charles Wesley.

GILEAD. L. M.

E. H. MEHUL.

HYMN OF JOY. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

{ Sing with all the sons of glo-ry, Sing the res-ur-rec-tion song! }
 { Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto-ry, To the form-er (Omit.....) } days be-long: All a-round the

clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of time shall cease, In God's likeness, man a-wak-ing, Knows the ev-er-last-ing peace.

444 Easter Anthem.

SING with all the sons of glory,
 Sing the resurrection song!
 Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
 To the former days belong:
 All around the clouds are breaking,
 Soon the storms of time shall cease,
 In God's likeness, man awaking,
 Knows the everlasting peace.

- 2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
 All that eye has yet perceived!
 Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
 Never that full joy conceived.
 God has promised, Christ prepares it,
 There on high our welcome waits;
 Every humble spirit shares it,
 Christ has passed the eternal gates.
- 3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
 Jesus lives who once was dead;
 Join, O man, the deathless voices,
 Child of God, lift up thy head!
 Patriarchs from the distant ages,
 Saints all longing for their heaven,
 Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
 All await the glory given.
- 4 Life eternal! oh, what wonders
 Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
 Saints shall stand before the throne!

Oh, to enter that bright portal,
 See that glowing firmament,
 Know, with thee, O God immortal,
 "Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"
 William J. Irons.

445 "The First-fruits."

- HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 He, who on the cross a victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.
- 2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
 Of the holy harvest-field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At his second coming yield,
 When the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before him wave,
 Ripened by his glorious sunshine,
 From the furrows of the grave.
 - 3 Christ is risen; we are risen;
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,
 Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of thy face,
 That we, with our hearts in heaven,
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel-hands be gathered,
 And be ever, Lord, with thee.

C. Wordsworth.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

{ Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, he sits on yonder throne;
 { Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits

Je - sus rules the world alone. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
 Je - sus rules the world alone.

446

"Jesus Reigns."

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 King of glory! reign for ever—
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly.

447

He lives in Him.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
 See the King in royal state,
 Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
 To his heavenly palace gate!
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful hallelujahs sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?

Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory;
 He, who on the cross did suffer,
 He, who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled his foes.

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

- 4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
 Give us wings of faith and love,
 Gales of holy aspirations,
 Wafting us to realms above;
 That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
 We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
 Where he sits enthroned in glory,
 In the heavenly citadel.

- 5 So at last, when he appeareth,
 We from out our graves may spring,
 With our youth renewed like eagles',
 Flocking round our heavenly King,
 Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
 And may meet him in the air—
 Rise to realms where he is reigning,
 And may reign for ever there.

C. Wordsworth.

Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day!

Lo! the dead is liv-ing, Lord for ev-er-more! Him, their true Crea-tor, All his works a-dore!

REFRAIN IN UNISON.

Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day!

Lo! the dead is liv-ing, Lord for ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, All his works a-dore!

448 The Lord's Day.

WELCOME, happy morning!
 Age to age shall say;
 Hell to-day is vanquished,
 Heaven is won to-day!
 Lo! the dead is living,
 Lord for evermore!
 Him their true Creator,
 All his works adore! — REF.

2 Maker and Redeemer,
 Life and health of all,
 Thou from heaven beholding
 Human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's Godhead
 True and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver,
 Manhood didst put on. — REF.

3 Thou, of life the author,
 Death didst undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness,
 Saving strength to show;
 Come, then, True and Faithful!
 Now fulfill thy word;
 'T is thine own third morning;
 Rise, my buried Lord! — REF.

4 Loose the hearts long prisoned,
 Bound with Satan's chain;
 All that now is fallen
 Raise to life again;
 Show thy face in brightness,
 Bid the nations see;
 Bring again our daylight;
 Day returns with thee.

ST. PATRICK. 7s, D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

He is gone—a cloud of light Has received him from our sight; High in heav'n, where
eye of men Fol - lows not, nor an - gel's ken; Through the veils of time and space,
Passed in - to the holiest place; All the toil, the sorrow done, All the bat-tle fought and won.

449 *The Ascension.*

HE is gone—a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—towards their goal
World and church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until he comes again:
He is risen, he is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in him we find:
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley.

450 "Death is Dead."

SING, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, as he rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise.
Bruiséd is the serpent's head:
Hell is vanquished, death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity.

2 All his work and warfare done,
He into his heaven is gone;
And, beside his Father's throne,
Now is pleading for his own.
Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice;
Angel harp, and human voice!
Round him, in his glory, raise
Your ascended Saviour's praise.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Rise, glorious Conq'ror, rise In - to thy na-tive skies,—As-sume thy right; And where in
many a fold The clouds are backward rolled—Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!

451 "Lion of Judah."

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies,—
Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold.
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!—
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down;
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
"Lo! these have come,
Followers of him who gave

His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

M. Bridges.

452 "Worthy the Lamb!"

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,—
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And, through all ages, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and overborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

453 Christ for the World.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;

The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;

The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;

With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our God.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

454 The Angels' Praise.

SING, sing his lofty praise,
Whom angels cannot raise,
But whom they sing;

Jesus who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King.

2 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then shall we sing his grace,
Sing without fault.

Thomas Kelly.

455 "Jesus is King."

LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame:
What wonders done!

Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

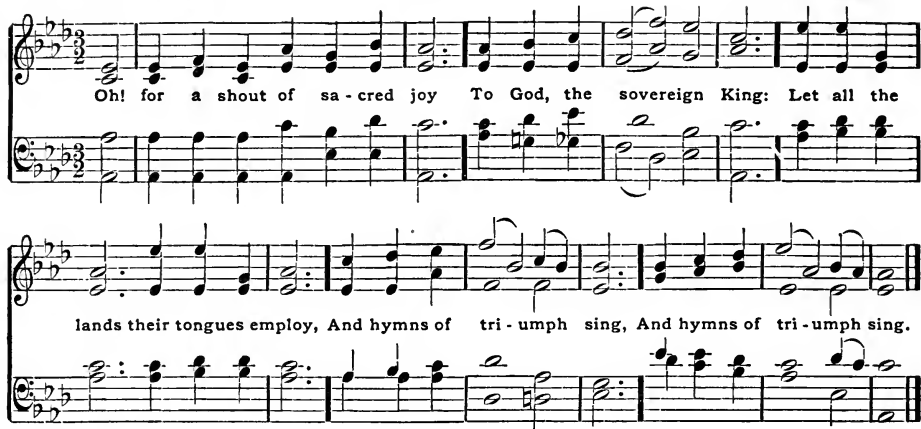
3 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way
Lo, he shall come!

While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

W. Kingsbury.

NEWBOLD. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



Oh! for a shout of sa-cred joy To God, the so-vereign King: Let all the
lands their tongues employ, And hymns of tri-umph sing, And hymns of tri-umph sing.

456 "A Thoughtless Tongue."

OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King:
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

Isaac Watts.

457 "Crowned With Honor."

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

- 6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

458 Reconciliation.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

- 2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

Isaac Watts.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

459 "Lord of All."

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

Edward Perronet.

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

"Worthy the Lamb."

460 "Worthy the Lamb."
COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;

And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

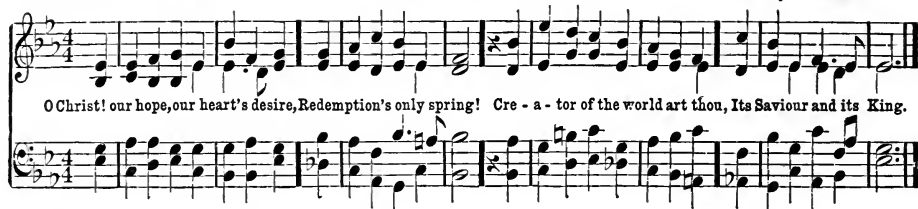
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

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

Isaac Watts.

ST. HUGH. C. M.

E. J. HOPKINS.



O Christ! our hope, our heart's desire, Redemption's only spring! Cre - a - tor of the world art thou, Its Saviour and its King.

461

Our Joy and Reward.

O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death
To set thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid:

And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare!

Oh, may we come before thy throne
And find acceptance there!

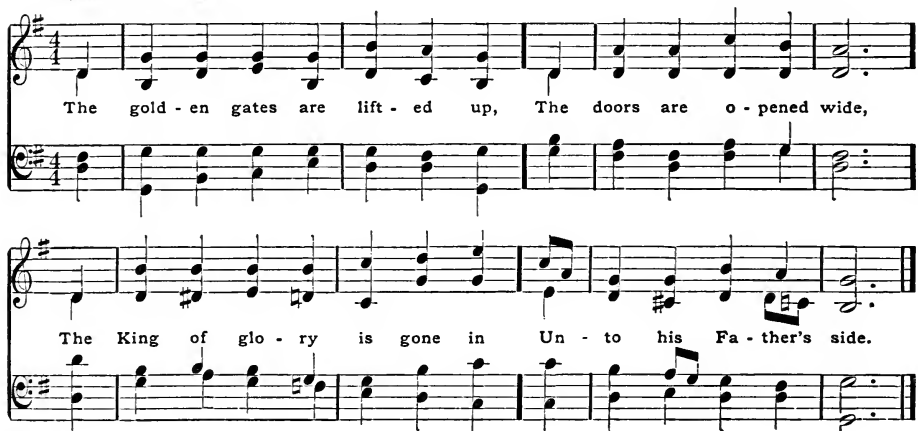
5 O Christ! be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!

Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord.

J. Chandler, tr.

EMMANUEL. C. M.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.



The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide,
The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to his Fa - ther's side.

462

Christ's Return to Heaven.

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;

A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

BRADFORD. C. M.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.

I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me:

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

463

Job 19 : 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

Charles Wesley.

464

Names on his Heart.

NOW LET our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned:—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge.

465

Christ, our Priest.

COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

Alexander Pirie.

BELOIT. S. M. D.

J. BARNBY.

"The Lord is risen in-deed!" And are the ti-dings true? Yes, they be-held the

Sav-iour bleed, And saw him liv-ing too. "The Lord is risen in-deed!" Then

jus-tice asks no more; Mer-cy and truth are now a-greed, Who stood opposed be-fore.

466 Entereeding Ebermore.

"THE Lord is risen indeed!"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
"The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

467 1 Peter 1:12.

BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light
Our great Redeemer dwells.
Around him angels fair
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

2 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love,
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast his honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

3 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness veiled the skies,
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.
They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,—
"The glorious work is done."

James Fanch, alt.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

G. J. ELVEY.

Crown him with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark! how the heav'nly
an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of him who
died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

468

"Many Crowns."

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

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

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

Matthew Bridges.

469

To Send the Comforter.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest!

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

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

Mrs. Emma L. Toke.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. by G. F. Root.

Might-y God! while an-gels bless thee, May a mor-tal lisp thy name! Lord of men, as well as an-gels!
D.S.—Sounded thro' the wide cre-a-tion—

Thou art ev-ery creature's theme: Lord of ev-'ry land and na-tion! Ancient of e-ter-nal days!
Be thy just and aw-ful praise.

470

Christ is God.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation—
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blesséd be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:

Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!

Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson.

471

"Lo, Jehovah!"

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

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

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

William Goode.

VOKES. 8s, 7s. D.

J. BARNBY.

Fa-ther, hear the blood of Je - sus, Speaking in thine ears a - bove: From impending
 wrath re - lease us; Man - i - fest thy pard'ning love. Oh, receive us to thy fa - vor,—
 For his on - ly sake re - ceive; Give us to the bleeding Saviour, Let us by his dy - ing live.

472 "The Blood that Speaketh."

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
 Speaking in thine ears above:
 From impending wrath release us;
 Manifest thy pardoning love.
 Oh, receive us to thy favor,—
 For his only sake receive;
 Give us to the bleeding Saviour,
 Let us by his dying live.

2 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,"
 Once he prayed upon the tree;
 Still his blood cries out "Forgive them;
 All their sins were laid on me."
 Still our Advocate in heaven
 Prays the prayer on earth begun,—
 "Father, show their sins forgiven;
 Father, glorify thy Son!"

Charles Wesley.

473 "Shall see his Face."

"WE shall see Him," in our nature,
 Seated on his lofty throne,
 Loved, adored, by every creature,
 Owned as God, and God alone!
 There the hosts of shining spirits
 Strike their harps, and loudly sing
 To the praise of Jesus' merits,
 To the glory of their King.

2 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
 "We shall see him as he is,"
 Resting in his love and favor,
 Owing all the glory his.
 There to cast our crowns before him,
 Oh, what bliss the thought affords!
 There for ever to adore him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Mary Fyfe

474 The Paschal Lamb.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By Almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

John Bakewell



O Christ, the Lord of heav'n! to thee, Cloth'd with all maj-es-ty di - vine, E - ter-nal pow'r and glo - ry be! E - ter - nal praise of right is thine, E - ter - nal praise of right is thine.

475

"Lord of Heaven."

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be!
Eternal praise of right is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

Ray Palmer.

476

"The Song of Songs."

COME, let us sing the song of songs,—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign:
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

James Montgomery.

477

The atoning Priest.

NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed!
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
He now displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

Isaac Watts.

HOSANNA. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Ho - san - na to the living Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in - car - nate Word! To Christ, Cre - a - tor,

REFRAIN.
Saviour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing. Ho - san - na, Lord! Hosan - na in the high - est!

478

"Hosanna!"

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber.

479

Christ is God.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

Isaac Watts.

480

"King, Creator, Lord."

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found, —
It flows from every streaming wound, —
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Ray Palmer, tr.

He is coming, he is coming, Not as once he came before, Wailing in-fant, born in
weak-ness On a low-ly sta-ble floor: But up-on his cloud of glo-ry, In the
crimson-tint-ed sky, Where we see the golden sun-rise In the ro-sy dis-tance lie.

481 *The Judgment.*

HE is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he came before,
Wailing infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:
But upon his cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, he is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on his forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon him,
And the scepter in his hand,
And the dead all ranged before him,
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

3 He is coming, he is coming,
Not as once he wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With his followers poor and few:
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round his judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles
Sitting crownéd at his feet.

4 He is coming, he is coming;
Let his lowly first estate,
And his tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

482 *"Desire of the Nations."*

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

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

MIDDLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

Att. by J. ZUNDEL

Musical score for 'Coming Again'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. It includes a 'FINE.' section and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction. The bottom staff is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a bass line with chords and eighth notes. Below the staves, there is a block of lyrics in parentheses: '(Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death!) Rise on us, thy love re-vealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath: Thou of heav'n and earth Creator, In our deepest darkness rise,— Scattering all the night of nature, Pouring day upon our eyes.'

483 *The Prince of Peace.*

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death!
 Rise on us, thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,—
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart:
 Come and manifest thy favor
 To the ransomed, helpless race;
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release;
 Every weary, wandering spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

484 "Earth's Redeemer."

HALLELUJAH! sing to Jesus!
 His the scepter, his the throne;
 Hallelujah! his the triumph,
 His the victory alone;
 Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
 Thunder like a mighty flood;
 Jesus out of every nation
 Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Hallelujah! not as orphans
 Are we left in sorrow now;
 Hallelujah! he is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how:

Though the cloud from sight received him,
 When the forty days were o'er;
 Shall our hearts forget his promise,
 "I am with you evermore"?

3 Hallelujah! Bread of angels,
 Thou on earth our food, our stay!
 Hallelujah! hear the sinful
 Flee to thee from day to day;
 Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

William C. Dix.

485 *The Sinner's Friend.*

FRIEND of sinners! Lord of Glory!
 Lowly, mighty! Brother, King!
 Musing o'er thy wondrous story,
 Fain would I thy praises sing.
 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
 In whom power and pity blend,
 Praise we must the grace which gave us,
 Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
 Friend who at all times receives us,
 Friend who came the lost to find!
 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
 Loving until life shall end,
 Then conferring bliss entrancing,
 Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

3 Oh, to love and serve thee better!
 From all evil set us free;
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
 Be each thought conformed to thee.
 Looking for thy bright appearing,
 May our spirits upward tend;
 Till no longer doubting, fearing,
 We behold the sinner's Friend!

Newman Hall.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, 4s.

{ Lo, He comes, with clouds de-scend - ing, Once for fa-vored sin - ners slain; }
 { Thousand thous - and saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri-umph of his train: }

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

486

The True Messiah.

Lo, HE comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train;
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.

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

3 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 Oh, come quickly,
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

C. Wesley, alt.

487

Waiting and Watching.

O'ER the distant mountains breaking
 Comes the reddening dawn of day;
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
 Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
 'Tis thy Saviour,
 On his bright returning way.

2 O thou long-expected! weary
 Waits my anxious soul for thee,
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
 Where thy light I do not see;
 O my Saviour,
 When wilt thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand;
 Keep me in my lowly station,
 Watching for thee, till I stand,
 O my Saviour,
 In thy bright, thy promised land.

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
 Swift to hear and slow to roam,
 Watching for thy glad returning
 To restore me to my home.
 Come, my Saviour,
 Thou hast promised: quickly come.

J. S. B. Monsell.

488

"Christ is Coming!"

CHRIST is coming! let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease:
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore and faith increase;
 Christ is coming!
 Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
 Of thy bitter cross and pain;
 She shall yet behold thy glory
 When thou comest back to reign;
 Christ is coming!
 Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and thee:
 But, in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall thy glory see;
 Christ is coming!
 Haste the joyous jubilee.

John R. Macduff.

VICTORY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

H. H. BEADLE.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now: From the fight returned victorious,
 Ev - ery knee to him shall bow: Crown him, crown him! Crowns become the Victor's brow.

489

"King of Kings."

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See the Man of Sorrows now:
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him, crown him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him;
 While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crown the Saviour, "King of kings."

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

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

Thomas Kelly.

2 Lord! how long shall the creation
 Groan and travail sore in pain;
 Waiting for its sure salvation,
 When thou shalt in glory reign,
 And, like Eden,
 This sad earth shall bloom again?

3 Reign, oh, reign! almighty Saviour!
 Heaven and earth in one unite;
 Make it known, that in thy favor
 There alone is life and light.
 When we see thee,
 We shall have unmixed delight.

James G. Deck.

491 "Thou art Worthg."

HOLY Saviour! we adore thee,
 Seated on the throne of God;
 While the heavenly hosts before thee,
 Gladly sing thy praise aloud.
 "Thou art worthy!

We are ransomed by thy blood."

2 Saviour! though the world despised thee,
 Though thou here wast crucified,
 Yet the Father's glory raised thee,
 Lord of all creation wide;
 "Thou art worthy!

We shall live, for thou hast died."

3 Haste the day of thy returning
 With thy ransomed church to reign:
 Then shall end our days of mourning,
 We shall sing with rapture then,
 "Thou art worthy!
 Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen."

S. P. Tregelles.

490

Creation Groans.

SAVIOUR! hasten thine appearing;
 Take thy waiting people home!
 'T is this hope, our spirits cheering,
 While we in the desert roam,
 Makes thy people
 Strangers here till thou shalt come.

ANDERNACH. 7s, 6s. D.

Ancient.—PRÆTORIUS.

The marriage feast is read - y, The marriage of the Lamb, He calls the faith-ful
 chil - dren Of faith-ful A - bra - ham: Now from the gold-en por - tals The sounds of
 tri - umph ring; The triumph of the Vic - tor, The marriage of the King.

492 The Lamb's Bridal.

THE marriage feast is ready,
 The marriage of the Lamb,
 He calls the faithful children
 Of faithful Abraham:
 Now from the golden portals
 The sounds of triumph ring;
 The triumph of the Victor,
 The marriage of the King.

2 Nor sigh nor sorrow enters
 Where Jesus leads them in;
 Nor death may cross the threshold,
 Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:
 Now shades of night and darkness
 Are past and fled away,
 Before the radiant brightness
 Of everlasting day.

3 No tear-drops stain that threshold,
 No weeping eyes are there;
 For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
 And God hath stilled all care:
 The sunlight of the Presence,
 The bright Shechinah-flame,
 Lights up the bridal banquet
 Of God and of the Lamb.

Gerard Moultrie.

493 "Pour Lamps Trimmed."

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
 And let your lights appear;
 The shades of eve are thickening,
 And darker night is near;
 The Bridegroom is advancing;
 Each hour he draws more nigh;
 Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
 At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Your vessels filled with oil;
 Wait calmly your deliverance
 From earthly pain and toil;
 The watchers on the mountains
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go, meet him, as he cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear!
 Arise, thou sun so looked-for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of our redemption,
 And ever be with thee.

Jane Borthwick, tr.

CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

Re-joice, re-joice, be-lievers! And let your lights ap-pear; The shades of eve are
thick-ning, And dark-er night is near; The Bridegroom is ad-vanc-ing; Each
hour he draws more nigh; Up! watch and pray, nor slum-ber; At mid-night comes the cry.

494 *Isaiah 52:1.*

AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious name.

3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but victor,
For evermore to reign:
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone,
Oh, world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne.

4 Awake, awake, O Zion,
The bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
The sun uprises slowly,
But keep thy watch and ward:
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

Benjamin Gough.

495 "How long, O Lord?"

HOW LONG, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
At thy so long delay;
Oh, when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?

2 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!
Oh, may our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see!

James G. Deck.

WESLEY. 7s, D.

THOS. HASTINGS.

{ Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. }
{ Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory-beaming star! } Watchman, does its beauteous ray

Aught of joy or hope foretell? Trav'ler, yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

496

Isaiah 21: 11.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

John Bowring.

497

The triumphant Victor.

SONS of Zion, raise your songs;
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His, the Victor's crown and fame:
Glory to the Saviour's name!

Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes:
Glorious is the work achieved, —
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

2 Sing we then the Victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne:
He is worthy, he alone!
Place the crown upon his brow;
Every knee to him shall bow:
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings!"

Thomas Kelly.

498

The World's Conversion.

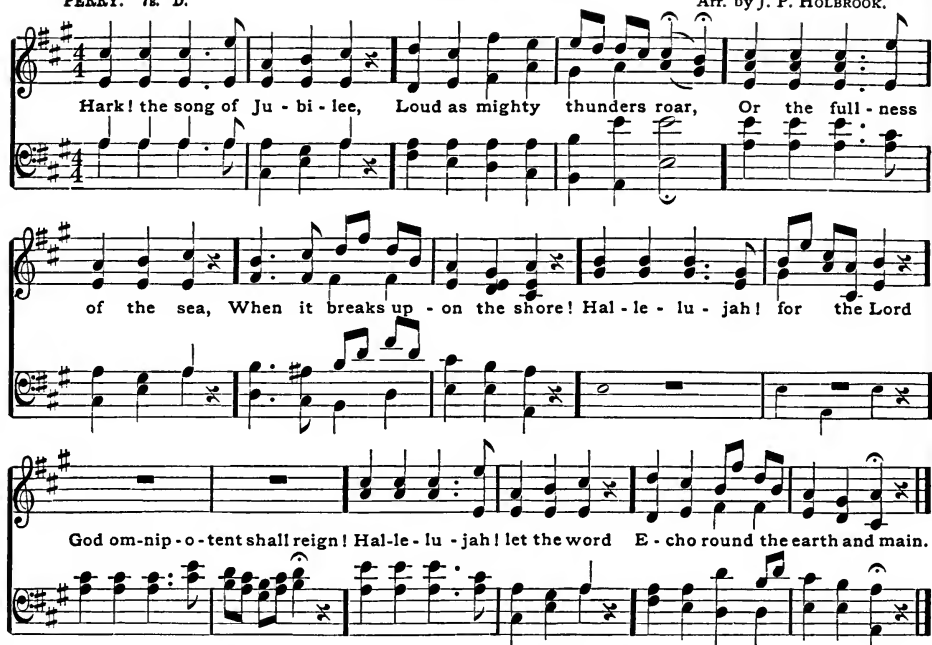
HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

PERRY. 7s. D.

Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.



Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the full - ness
of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore! Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord
God om-nip - o - tent shall reign! Hal-le - lu - jah! let the word E - cho round the earth and main.

499 "Then Cometh the End."

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'t is done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens are passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

James Montgomery.

500 "Desire of Nations."

COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side:
Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then, with all thy saints descend:
Then, our earthly trials end.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan!
Now destroy the Man of Sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear:
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed;
Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign! when sin shall be no more;
Reign! when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

CARTHAGE. 8s, 7s.

Arr. by G. F. Roor.

Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal, strong to save!

To thee, Death, by death de - feat - ed, Tri - umph high and glo - ry gave.

501 Christ in Heaben.

CHRIST, above all glory seated!

King eternal, strong to save!

To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,While the depths of hell before thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

J. R. Woodford, tr.

GENUNG. P. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

In us the hope of glo - ry, O ris - en Lord, art thou; The first-fruits of the Spirit Are in us now.

502 "The Hope of Glory."

IN us the hope of glory,
O risen Lord, art thou;
The first-fruits of the Spirit
Are in us now.2 Oh, come in all thy glory,
Our great Immanuel!
Come forth, our Prince and Saviour,
With us to dwell.3 Bring thine eternal Sabbath,
Bring thine eternal day,
And cause all grief and sighing
To flee away.4 To thee, Almighty Father,
O Saviour, unto thee,
To thee, Creator-Spirit,
All glory be!

E. W. Eddis.

Coming Again.

HEBENHUT. P. M.

P. NICOLAI.

{ Wake, a-wake! for night is fly - ing; The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing; A -
Midnight hears the wel-come voic - es, And at the thrill-ing cry re - joic - es; Come

1st. 2d.
wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! }
forth, ye vir - gins, (*Omit.....*) } night is past! The Bridegroom comes; a-wake, Your lamps with gladness take;

Hal - le - lu - jah! And for his marriage feast prepare, For ye must go to meet him there.

503 "The Bridegroom Cometh."

WAKE, awake! for night is flying;
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for his marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious;
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;

Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah, come, thou blessed One,
God's own beloved Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see,
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

Bride of the Lamb, a - wake, a - wake! Why sleep for sor - row now?

The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A child of glo - ry thou.
D.C.—Hath sighed for one that's far a - way,— The Bride - groom of thy heart.

Thy spir - it, through the lone - ly night, From earth - ly joy a - part,
D.C.

504 "The Lamb's Wife."

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.
Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

2 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
Then weep no more; 't is all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine!

Edward Denny.

505 "Come, blessed Lord."

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.
Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

2 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,—
The air, the earth, the sea,—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.
Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

Edward Denny.

506 "Come, Lord Jesus."

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.
No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and thee!

2 But, dearest Lord, however bright,
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?
What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

Edward Denny

EATON. C. M. D.

J. BARNEY.

Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come; Ye wedding-guests, draw near, And slumber not in sin, when he, The Son of God, is here! Come, let us haste to meet our Lord, And hail him with de-light; Who saved us by his precious blood, And sorrows in-finite!

507

“Behold, I come Quickly.”

SOON will the heavenly Bridegroom come; Ye wedding-guests, draw near, And slumber not in sin, when he, The Son of God, is here! Come, let us haste to meet our Lord, And hail him with delight; Who saved us by his precious blood, And sorrows infinite!

2 Beside him all the patriarchs old, And holy prophets stand: The glorious apostolic choir, And noble martyr band. As brethren dear they welcome us, And lead us to the throne, Where angels bow their vailed heads, Before the Three in One;—

3 Where we, with all the saints of God, A white-robed multitude, Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns To bear our flesh and blood! Our lot shall be for aye to share His reign of peace above: And drink, with unexhausted joy, The river of his love.

B. H. Kennedy—tr.

508

The New Jerusalem.

LO! WHAT a glorious sight appears, To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies. From the third heaven where God resides— That holy, happy place,— The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.

2 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing,— “Mortals! behold the sacred seat Of your descending King:— The God of glory, down to men, Removes his blest abode; Men, the dear objects of his grace, And he their loving God:—

3 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye; And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death itself shall die!” How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time! And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts.

CHALVEY. S. M. D.

L. G. HAYNES.

The Church has waited long Her absent Lord to see; And still in lone-li-ness she waits, A friendless stranger she.

How long, O Lord our God, Holy and true and good, Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church, Her sighs and tears and blood?

509 "How long, O Lord?"

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

2 Saint after saint on earth,
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

3 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

2 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

John Johns.

511 *Philippians 2: 10, 11.*

O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

2 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

Charles Wesley.

510 "Thy Kingdom come!"

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. HOWARD.

Come, Lord, and tar-ry not! Bring the long-looked-for day; Oh, why these years of waiting here, These a-ges of de-lay!

512 "Come, Lord Jesus."

COME, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

Horatius Bonar.

513 The hidden Life.

OUR life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

2 When he who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like his own.

3 He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails;
His fullness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

4 Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life;
We live for evermore.

5 Like him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see him as he is,
And in his light abide.

Horatius Bonar.

ALEXANDER. S. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

Ye servants of the Lord! Each in his office wait, Ob-servant of his heavenly word, And watchful at his gate.

514 Watchfulness.

YE servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch,—'t is your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

DUBLIN. C. M.

I. SMITH.

When God, of old, came down from heaven, In power and wrath he came;

Be - fore his feet the clouds were riven, Half dark - ness and half flame.

515 Day of Pentecost.

WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love:
Softer than gales at morning prime,
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

John Keble.

516 Ember of Grace.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

N. Tate, tr.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8s, 6s, 4s.

J. B. DYKES.

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last fare-well, A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed, With us to dwell.

517 The Promise.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

Harriet Auber.

SPRING-TIDE. C. M.

J. BARNBY.

O Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er, How is thy love de - spised,

While the heart longs for sym - pa - thy And friends are i - dol - ized.

518 The Comforter's Love.

0 HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,
How is thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

2 O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things!

3 Where should our feebleness find strength,
Our helplessness a stay,

Didst thou not bring us hope and help,
And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek thee, and would welcome thee,
How would they prize thy love!

Mrs. Jane E. Saxby.

STEPHENS. C. M.

W. JONES.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove! With all thy quick'ning powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

519 Invocation.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

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

Isaac Watts.

HERSTMONCEUX. P. M.

E. PROUT.

Come thou, oh, come: Sweetest and kind-li - est, Giv - er of tranquil rest... Un-to the

wea - ry soul; In all anx - i - e - ty With power from heaven on high Con - sole.

520 Guidance and Growth.

COME thou, oh, come:
Sweetest and kindest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul;
In all anxiety
With power from heaven on high
Console.

2 Come thou, oh, come:
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come thou, oh, come:
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbor our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come thou, oh, come:
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, blessed Spirit, come;
Lead thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with thee
Our home.

G. Moultrie, tr.

GOUDA. C. M.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

Come, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire, Let us thine influence prove; Source of the old prophetic fire! Fountain of light and love!

521 The Fount of Light.

COME, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire!
Fountain of light and love!

2 Come, Holy Ghost! for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, — thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove!
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley.

ELVET. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend, and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

522

Assurance.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts.

523

Sanctification.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Thomas Cotterill.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend, and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.

Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it blest! And in our souls take up thy rest;

Come, with thy grace, and heaven - ly aid, To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

524 "Veni, Creator."

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace, and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

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

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Edward Caswall, tr.

525 "Inward Teachings."

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

Isaac Watts.

526 Spirit of Grace.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

Philip Doddridge.

527 "The Book Unfold."

COME, blessed Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

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

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

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Benjamin Beddome.

PRINCE. L. M.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

Come, gracious Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove:

Be thou our guard - ian, thou our guide! O'er ev - ery tho't and step pre - side.

528

Invocation.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness — the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share —
Fullness of joy for ever there!

Simon Browne.

529

Veni, Creator.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.

2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

John Dryden, tr.

530

Sending the Spirit.

WE are not left to walk alone,
The Spirit of our God hath come,
For ever with us to abide,
Our Teacher, Comforter and Guide.

2 Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, his own beloved One,
Jesus, now seated at his side,
Hath claimed us for his own, his bride.

3 Of him and his the Spirit tells,
Upon his love he sweetly dwells;
And, while we listen to his voice,
We wonder, worship and rejoice.

Mrs. Mary J. Walker.

531

The Spirit near.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires, —
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say, —
I love my God and taste his grace, —
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart, —
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Anne Steele.

LAST HOPE. 7s.

Arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.

Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

532

All-divine.

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

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

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

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

Andrew Reed.

533

"The Things of Christ."

HOLY Spirit! gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Through his well beloved Son.

William Hammond.

534

The Gifts bestowed.

HOLY Spirit, in my breast
Grant that lively faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what thou hast taught.

2 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter, descend from thee;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
These thy gifts to us impart;—

3 Till our faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallowed in delight,
Love return to dwell with thee,
In the threefold Deity!

Richard Mant.

535

"Keep me, Lord!"

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

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

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

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

John Stocker.

DAYSTAR. 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.

Gracious Spir - it, dwell with me, — I my - self would gracious be; And, with words that help and heal,

Would thy life in mine reveal; And, with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

536

Prayer for Grace.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me, —
 I myself would gracious be;
 And, with words that help and heal,
 Would thy life in mine reveal;
 And, with actions bold and meek,
 Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.
 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me, —
 I myself would truthful be;
 And, with wisdom kind and clear,

Let thy life in mine appear;
 And, with actions brotherly,
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.
 3 Holy Spirit, dwell with me, —
 I myself would holy be;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good;
 And whatever I can be
 Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas T. Lynch.

NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Father! what'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:—

537

A New Heart.

FATHER! what'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:—
 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele.

538

Regeneration.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
 This one great gift impart —
 What most I need, and most desire,
 An humble, holy heart.
 2 Bear witness I am born again,
 My many sins forgiven:
 Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
 To cloud my hope of heaven.
 3 More of myself grant I may know,
 From sin's deceit be free;
 In all the Christian graces grow,
 And live alone to thee.

Asahel Nettleton.

Come, Ho-ly Ghost! in love, Shed on us, from a-bove, Thine own bright ray: Di-vine-ly

good thou art; Thy sa-cred gifts im-part, To gladden each sad heart; Oh, come to-day!

539 "Oh, come To-day."

COME, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,

Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!

With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noon-tide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, light serene! and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;

Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;

Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;

Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;

Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Ray Palmer, tr.

540 "Let there be Light."

THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,

And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,

Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
Oh, now to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!

Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

4 Blesséd and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity,—

Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,—
"Let there be light!"

John Marriott.

541 "The Spirit of Christ."

LIGHT, that from the dark abyss
Madedst all things, none amiss,
To share thy beauty, share thy bliss,
Come to us: come.

2 Light, that dost o'er all things reign,
Light that dost all life maintain;
O Light, that dost create again,
Come to us: come.

3 Light of men, that left the skies,
Light that looked thro' human eyes,

And died in darkness as man dies,
Come to us: come.

4 Light that stooped to rise and raise,
Soared to God above our gaze,
And still art with us all the days,
Come to us: come.

5 We have done great wrong to thee,
Yet we do belong to thee;
Oh, make our life one song to thee,
Come to us: come.

E. B. Birks.

LIGHT. 7s, 31. D.

Art. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

542 "Come and Shine."

HOLY Spirit, come and shine
Sweetly, in this heart of mine,
With thy heavenly love and light;
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, thou Giver, great and sure;
Come, and make my spirit bright!

2 Best of all my helpers thou!
Dearest guest that I can know,
Freshest draught that I can find:
In my labor thou art peace,
Thou dost bid my fever cease,
To my sorrows thou art kind.

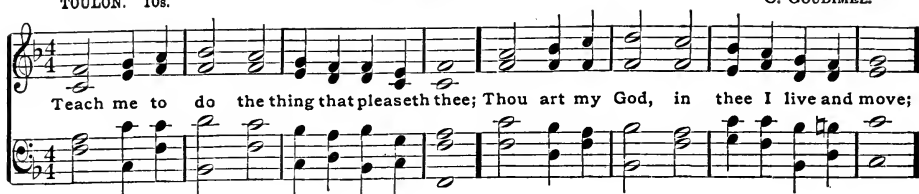
3 Cleanse thou every sordid place,
Softens harshness by thy grace,
Heal the wounds I feel within;
Bend the stubborn will to thine,
Cheer the thoughts that droop and pine—
Rule whatever turns to sin!

4 Give to them that faithful be
Everlasting trust in thee,
All thy sevenfold gifts bestow;
Give to virtue her reward,
Give us safety in our Lord,
Give what joy immortals know!

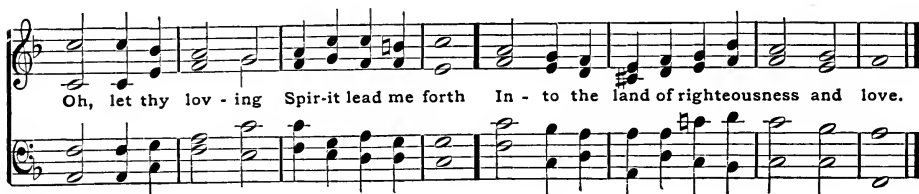
S. W. Duffield, tr.

TOULON. 10s.

C. GOUDIMEL.



Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee; Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;



Oh, let thy lov - ing Spir - it lead me forth In - to the land of righteousness and love.

543 "Thy Loving Spirit."

TEACH me to do the thing that pleaseth thee;

Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;
Oh, let thy loving Spirit lead me forth
Into the land of righteousness and love.

2 Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer thee.

3 My highest hope to be where, Lord, thou art,
To lose myself in thee my richest gain,
To do thy will the habit of my heart,
To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace
from thence,
From self alone what could that peace
destroy?
Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
My sorrow that I am not more thy joy.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Show me the glories that in Jesus shine,
And make my heart the place of his
abode.

3 Be thou my quickener—in me revive
Each drooping grace so prone to fade
and die;

Help me on Jesus day by day to live,
And loosen more and more each earthly
tie.

4 Blest Spirit! I would yield myself to
thee,
Do for me more than I can ask or think;
Let me thy holy habitation be,
And daily deeper from thy fullness drink.

Christina Forsyth.

545 The Heart on the Altar.

SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses
move;

Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love.

2 Teach me to feel that thou art always
nigh;

Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered
prayer.

3 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

George Croly.

544 The Fullness of Grace.

O HOLY Spirit! now descend on me
As showers of rain upon the thirsty
ground;
Cause me to flourish as a spreading tree;
May all thy precious fruits in me be found.

2 Be thou my guide into all truth divine:
Give me increasing knowledge of my
God;

EVENTIDE. 10s.

WM. H. MONK.

Hail, Ho-ly Spir - it, bright immor-tal Dove! Great spring of light, of pur-i - ty and love;

Pro-ceed-ing from the Fa-ther and the Son, Dis-tinct from both, and yet with both but one.

546

"Shed Thine Influence."

HAIL, Holy Spirit, bright immortal Dove!
Great spring of light, of purity and love;
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
Distinct from both, and yet with both but one.
2 O Lord, from thee one kind and quick-
ening ray
Will pierce the gloom and re-ignite day;

Will warm the frozen heart with love divine,
And with its Maker's image make it shine.
3 Oh, shed thine influence, and thy power
exert;
Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy heart;
Pour on my drowsy soul celestial day,
And heavenly life to all its powers convey.

Simon Brown.

PAX DEL. 10s.

J. B. DYKES.

O thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once appeared in humblest guise be-low,

Sin to re-buke, to break the captive's chain, And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

547

Guidance into Truth.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise be-
low,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want
and woe!
2 We look to thee: thy Spirit gives the light
Which guides the nations, groping on
their way,

Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
3 Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the
Way
The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way
of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou
hast given.

Theodore Parker.

PARACLETE. 7s, 5s.

U. C. BURNAP.

Ho-ly Ghost, the In-fin - ite! Shine up-on our nature's night With thy bless-ed inward light, Com-fort-er Di-vine!

548 "Comforter Divine!"

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson.

TREVES. 7s, 5s.

Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Gracious Spir-it, Ho-ly Ghost, Taught by thee, we covet most Of thy gifts at Pen-te-cost, Ho-ly, heaven-ly love.

549 *Wraheng Lobbe.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love, than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;

Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

7 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

C. Wordsworth.

HAYDN. S. M.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.

Come, Ho-ly Spirit, come! Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

550 Ciber of Grace.

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

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

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

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and thee.

Joseph Hart.

551 Jesus' Parting Gift.

THE Holy Ghost is here,
 Where saints in prayer agree;
 As Jesus' parting gift, — is near
 Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
 To be by prayer brought nigh,
 But here in present majesty
 As in his courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
 An ever welcome guest;
 He reigns with absolute control,
 As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
 And he the indwelling Lord;
 All hail, thou Comforter divine,
 Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to thy will,
 We wait to feel thy power,
 O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
 And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon.

GILTON. 7s, 5s.

CHAS. STEGGALL.

Let thy wondrous way be known, And let ev-ery na-tion own Thou art God, and thou a-lone: Spirit, hear our prayer.

552 "The Wondrous Way."

LET thy wondrous way be known,
 And let every nation own
 Thou art God, and thou alone:
 Spirit, hear our prayer.

2 Let each one thy glorious name
 Magnify, and spread thy fame,
 And thy love let all proclaim:
 Spirit, hear our prayer.

3 Let the nations join to sing,
 And let hallelujahs ring
 To the righteous Judge and King:
 Spirit, hear our prayer.

4 Then shall blessings from thy hand
 Fall in showers upon the land,
 And the world in rapture stand:
 Spirit, hear our prayer.

A. Jackson.

The Holy Spirit.

MAYENT. 7s, 6s.

EDWARD BUNNETT.

Spir - it of the On - ly Wise, Thou in whom all knowledge lies,

Ped.

Read - ing all with searching eyes— Hear us, Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

Last verse.

553 "The Spirit searcheth."

SPIRIT of the Only Wise,
Thou in whom all knowledge lies,
Reading all with searching eyes—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Comforter, to whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour's work below,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,

Who dost help us to believe,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, guarding us from ill,
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve thee, patient still—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Thou whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thomas B. Pollock.

SUSIMAME. 7s, 6s.

Art. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

Spirit blest, who art a-dored With the Father and the Word, One eternal God and Lord: Hear us, Ho-ly Spir-it.

554 Keeping and Warning.

SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,

Spirit of resistless might;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come, and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thomas B. Pollock.

BREMEN. C. P. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove, And from the realms of light and love Thine own bright rays im - part. { Come, Fa - ther of the fa - therless, } { Come, Giv - er of all hap - pi - ness, } Come, Lamp of ev - ery heart.

555 The Solace in all Woes.

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

2 O thou, of comforters the best,
O thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

3 Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that goodness need.

A. P. Stanley, tr.

556 Giver of Truth.

O HOLY Ghost, thou Fount of light,
Thy blessed radiance puts to flight
The darkness of the mind;
The pure are only pure through thee;
And thou the prisoner dost set free,
And cheer with light the blind.

2 Thy grace eternal truth instills,
The ignorant with knowledge fills,
Awakens those who sleep,
Inspires the tongue, informs the eye,
Expands the heart with charity,
And comforts all who weep.

3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,
And for its glory to despise
The world and all below;
Cleanse us from sin, direct us right,
Illume us with thy heavenly light,
Thy peace on us bestow.

4 Lord of all sanctity and might,
Eternal thou and infinite,
The life of earth and heaven;
To thee the High and Holy One,
To thee, with Father, and with Son,
Be praise and glory given.

Edward Caswall, tr.

557 The Valley of Dry Bones.

DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove,
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravished breasts inspire.
O Fount of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds:
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest Guide, thy sinner-train
To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain;
And with us there abide.
Let us our loved Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.

Joseph Hart.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

Lord, bid thy light arise On all thy peo-ple here, And when we raise our longing eyes, Oh, may we find thee near!

558 The Light.

LORD, bid thy light arise
On all thy people here,
And when we raise our longing eyes,
Oh, may we find thee near!

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
To quicken every soul;
And hearts, the most rebellious, bend
To thy divine control.

3 Let all that own thy name
Thy sacred image bear,
And light in every heart the flame
Of watchfulness and prayer.

4 Since in thy love we see
Our only sure relief,
Oh, raise our earthly minds to thee,
And help our unbelief!

W. H. Bathurst.

559 Teaching Truth.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

B. Beddome, alt.

ST. MARGARET. S. M.

S. J. P. DUNMAN.

Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, With en-er-gy di-vine; And on this poor be-nighted soul, With beams of mer-cy shine.

560 The Heart Melted.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome.

561 He Works in Us.

'T IS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

Benjamin Beddome.

ARMES. S. M.

P. ARMES.

Blest Com - fort - er di - vine! Let rays of heaven - ly love
A - mid our gloom and dark - ness shine, And guide our souls a - bove.

562 The Comforter.

BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy veil of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery.

563 "May We be Sanctified."

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power!

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

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

564 Cribbing the Spirit.

THE Comforter has come,
We feel his presence here,
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

2 This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power, —
'T is heaven descending from above,
To fill this favored hour.

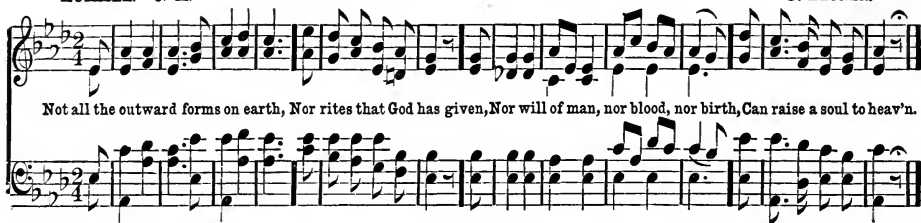
3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4 No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

Anon., 1859.

HUMMEL. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.



Not all the outward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given, Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heav'n.

565

Utter Helplessness.

NOR all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts.

566

The Soul Ruined.

HOW SAD our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."


3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

Isaac Watts.

BALERMA. C. M.

H. WILSON.



How helpless guilty nature lies, Unconscious of its load! The heart, unchanged, can never rise To happiness and God.

567

The Load of Sin.

HOW HELPLESS guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;

To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

Anne Steele.

WONDROUS LOVE. P. M.

W. G. FISCHER.

God loved the world of sinners lost And ruined by the fall; Sal-va-tion full, at high-est cost, He offers free to all.

REFRAIN.

Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love! The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Cal - va - ry.

568 The Seeking Love of God.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

REF.—Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.—REF.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.—REF.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—REF.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.—REF.

Mrs. M. M. Stockton.

BULLINGER. 8s, 5s, 3s.

E. W. BULLINGER.

Precious, precious blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for rebels, shed for sin-ners, Shed for thee!

569 "Blood of Jesus."

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for thee!

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

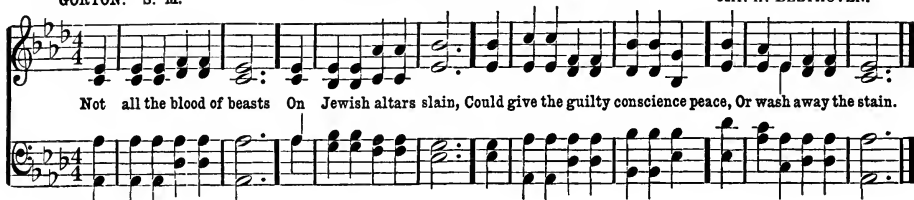
3 Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

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

Frances R. Havergal

GORTON. S. M.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.



Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.

570 "No Other Name."

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

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

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,

While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



Oh, where shall rest be found—Rest for the weary soul? 'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

571 *Psalm 134:19.*

OH, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,

Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

572 *A Physician Wanted.*

AND wilt thou hear, O Lord,
Thy suppliant people's cry?
And pardon, though thy book record
Our crimes of crimson dye?

2 So deep are they engraved,—
So terrible their fear:
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall we appear?

3 Let us make all things known
To him who all things sees:
That so his blood may yet atone
For our iniquities.

4 O thou, Physician blest,
Make clean the guilty soul;
And us, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep us whole!

John M. Neale, tr.

CHISELHURST. S. M.

J. BARNBY.

Can sinners hope for heaven, Who love this world so well! Or dream of future hap - pi - ness, While on the road to hell!

573 Pardon and Purity.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

3 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Benjamin Beddome.

574 "Jesus Only."

NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin:
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Horatius Bonar.

VIGIL. S. M.

G. PAISIELLO.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

575 Probation.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley.

576 "All Downward."

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God—
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

Isaac Watts.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.

577 "Amazing Grace."

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

John Newton.

578 "Salvation."

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

579 Zech. 13: 1.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

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

William Cowper.

COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

{ There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; }
{ And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, (Omit.....) } Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

ATHENS. C. M. D.

F. GIARDINI.

Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In God, the life of all my joys,
D.S.—Up-on a poor, pol-lut-ed worm,

A-loud will I re-joice. 'Tis he adorned my nak-ed soul, And made salvation mine;
He makes his graces shine.

580 "The Seamless Robe."

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

2 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

3 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers arraye.

Isaac Watts.

GLASGOW. C. M.

G. F. ROOR.

Great God, when I approach thy throne, And all thy glory see; This is my stay, and this a-lone, That Je-sus died for me.

581 "Jesus Died for Me."
GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

W. H. Bathurst.

OLD, OLD STORY. 7s, 6s. D.

W. H. DOANE.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

CHORUS.
For I am weak and wea - ry, And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

582 The Story of the Cross.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.—CHO.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—CHO.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—CHO.
K. Hankey.

TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D.

W. G. FISCHER.

I love to tell the sto-ry Of un- seen things a-bove, Of Je- sus and his glo-ry, Of Je- sus and his love.

I love to tell the sto-ry, Be- cause I know 't is true; It sat- is- fies my long- ings As noth- ing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto-ry, 'T will be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je- sus and his love.

583 The Old, Old Story.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 't is true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.—CHO.

2 I love to tell the story:
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'T will be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.—CHO.

K. Hankey.

584 Jesus' Cross.

I SAW the cross of Jesus,
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus,
To give me peace within;
I brought my soul to Jesus,
He cleansed it in his blood;
And in the cross of Jesus
I found my peace with God.

CHO.—No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken,
Till with him, ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing his wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

CHO.—I love the cross of Jesus,
It tells me what I am:
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb.

F. Whitefield.

E - ter - nal Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be, When, placed within thy
 searching sight, It shrinks not, but, with calm de-light Can live, and look on thee!

585 *The Father.*

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!

How pure the soul must be,
 When, placed within thy searching sight,
 It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
 Can live, and look on thee!

2 The spirits that surround thy throne,
 May bear the burning bliss;
 But that is surely theirs alone,
 Since they have never, never known
 A fallen world like this.

3 There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode:—
 An offering and a sacrifice,
 A Holy Spirit's energies,
 An advocate with God.

4 These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of holiness above:
 The sons of ignorance and night
 May dwell in the eternal Light,
 Through the eternal Love!

Thomas Binney.

586 *The Son.*

O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
 Find rest except in thee?
 Thine was the warfare with his foe,
 The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
 And thine the victory.

2 How came the everlasting Son,
 The Lord of life, to die?
 Why didst thou meet the tempter's power,
 Why, Jesus, in thy dying hour,
 Endure such agony?

3 To save us by thy precious blood,
 To make us one in thee,
 That ours might be thy perfect life,
 Thy thorny crown, thy cross, thy strife,
 And ours the victory.

4 Oh, make us worthy, gracious Lord,
 Of all thy love to be;
 To thy blest will our wills incline,
 That unto death we may be thine,
 And ever live in thee.

C. E. May.

587 *The Holy Ghost.*

COME, thou who dost the soul endue
 With sevenfold gifts of grace;
 Come, thou who dost the world renew,
 Author of peace, consoler true,
 Spirit of holiness.

2 Thou didst the gospel-trumpet sound
 O'er all the world afar;
 And summon from their sleep profound
 The dead, who lay in darkness round,
 To hail the Morning Star.

3 Thine be all praise for evermore,
 From all salvation's heirs;
 Thy goodness, truth, and love, and power,
 Let all created worlds adore
 In holy hymns and prayers.

4 O thou, who teachest us to place
 In thee our hope and trust,
 The stains of former guilt efface,
 Confirm the innocent in grace,
 And glorify the just.

Edward Caswall, tr.

TAPPAN. C. M. 51.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Go, tune thy voice to sa-cred song, Ex-ert thy no - - blest powers; Go, mingle
with the cho-ral throng, The Saviour's praises to pro-long, A - mid life's fleet - ing hours.

588

"A Saviour's Blood."

Go, TUNE thy voice to sacred song,
Exert thy noblest powers;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.

2 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near the eternal throne,
Oh, sing the praise of God!

3 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven!

Thomas Hastings.

589

"Eternal Life."

WOULDST thou eternal life obtain?
Now to the cross repair;
There stand and gaze and weep and pray
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
Eternal life is there!

2 Go—there from every streaming wound
Flows rich atoning blood:
That blood can cleanse thy deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.

3 Go—at that cross thy heart subdued
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life from Christ to thee
A vital stream shall flow!

Ray Palmer.

QUIES. C. M. 51.

F. C. MAKER.

Wouldst thou e - ter-nal life ob-tain? Now to the cross re - pair; There stand and gaze and
weep and pray Where Je - sus weeps his life a - way; E - ter - nal life is there.

A - rise, my soul, a-rise ! Shake off thy guilty fears ; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears ;

Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands : My name is written on his hands.

590 Our Surety.

ARISE, my soul, arise !
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands :
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley.

591 Fear of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow ; —
 The gladly solemn sound ; —
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad :
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come !
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

592 "The Cross Alone."

YE saints, your music bring,
 Attuned to sweetest sound,
 Strike every trembling string,
 Till earth and heaven resound ;
 The triumphs of the cross we sing ;
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
 Subdued the powers of hell ;
 Like lightning from his throne
 The prince of darkness fell ;
 The triumphs of the cross we sing ;
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
 From all the foes that rise ;
 The cross hath made the grave
 A passage to the skies ;
 The triumphs of the cross we sing ;
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Andrew Reed.

ST. GODRIC. H. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak gladness to this heart; They tell me all is done; They

bid my fear de - part: To whom, save thee, who canst alone For sin a-tone, Lord, shall I flee?

593 *Thine, not Mine.*

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
 Speak gladness to this heart!
 They tell me all is done;
 They bid my fear depart:
 To whom, save thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
 Have wept my guilt away,
 And turned this night of mine
 Into a blessed day:
 To whom, save thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
 Can heal my bruised soul;
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain
 The balm that makes me whole:
 To whom, save thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few:
 To whom, save thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Horatius Bonar.

594 *The Sacrifice Offered.*

THE atoning work is done,
 The Victim's blood is shed,
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead:
 He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
 And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkled with his blood
 The mercy-seat above;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of love;
 But justice now withstands no more,
 And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
 His place of service is;
 In heaven itself he stands,
 A heavenly priesthood his:
 In him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

Thomas Kelly.

595 *Christ the Surety.*

JESUS, my great High Priest,
 Offered his blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His precious blood did once atone;
 And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
 Will I commit my cause;
 He answers and fulfills
 His Father's broken laws.
 Behold my soul at freedom set;
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My great and glorious Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy scepter and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the power; behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

He lives! the great Re-deem-er lives! What joy the blest as - sur-ance gives! And now, be -

fore his Fa-ther, God, Pleads the full mer-its of his blood, Pleads the full mer - its of his blood.

596 Christ, our Advocate.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele.

597 "Behold the Way."

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick.

598 Atonement Made.

NOW TO the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 'T was his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

4 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

Isaac Watts.

INTERCESSION. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Je - sus, thy Blood and Righteous - ness My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress;

'Midst flam - ing worlds, in these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

599 Robe of Righteousness.

JESUS, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, ev'n for my soul, was shed.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
Ev'n then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice:
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

John Wesley, tr.

600 The Seeking Love of God.

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts.

601 Constraining Grace.

BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea—
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

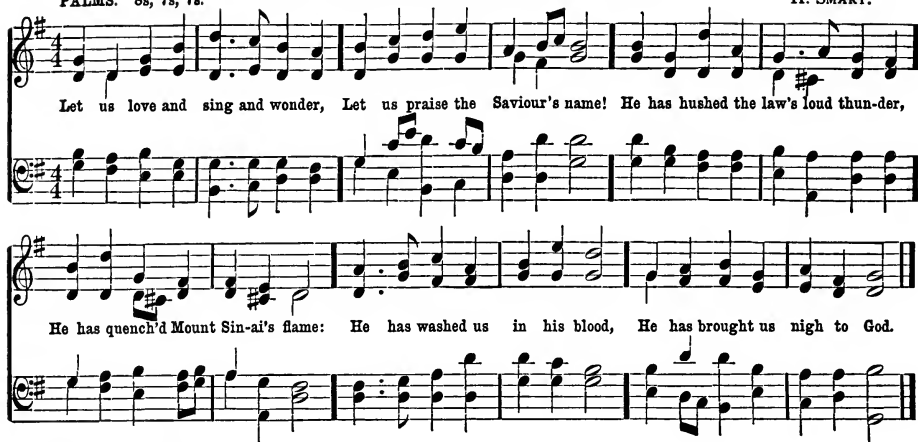
2 My name is graven on his hands,
My name is written on his heart;
I know that while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

5 One with himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Mrs. C. L. Bancroft.



Let us love and sing and wonder, Let us praise the Saviour's name! He has hushed the law's loud thun-der,
He has quenched Mount Sin-ai's flame: He has washed us in his blood, He has brought us nigh to God.

602

"Lamb of God."

LET us love and sing and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame:
He has washed us in his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Called us by his grace, and taught us,
Healed the blindness of our eyes:
He has washed us in his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He, who washed us in his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast washed us in thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

John Newton.

603

The Atonement.

HE, who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With his own most precious blood;
Coming from his throne on high,
On the painful cross to die.

2 Oh, the wisdom of the Eternal!
Oh, the depth of love divine!
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
For the guilty, doomed to die,
Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the judge we tremble,
Conscious of his broken laws,
May the blood of his atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
Bid our guilty terrors cease;
Be our pardon and our peace.

Edward Caswall, tr.

604

The Return to Heaven.

JESUS comes, his conflict over,—
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne, for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet:
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

Thomas Kelly.

NEANDER. 8s, 7s, 7s.

J. NEANDER.

Who is, this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stained with blood; To the captive speaking freedom;
Bringing and be - stow - ing good : Glorious in the garb he wears, Glorious in the spoils he bears?

605

Isaiah 63: 1.

WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood;
To the captive speaking freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling onward in his might;
'T is the Saviour, oh, how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'T is the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly.

BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. 6 l.

Fr. the German. D.C.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall! Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all,—
D.C.—In a full, per-pet - ual tide, Opened when our Saviour died.

606

A Fountain Opened.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,

Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more —

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

James Montgomery.

ECCE AGNUS. P. M.

Ancient Melody.

Be-hold the Lamb of God! O thou for sinners slain, Let it not be in vain That thou hast died;

Thee for my Saviour let me take, My on - ly ref - uge let me make Thy pierc - ed side.

607 Light and Love.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!

O thou for sinners slain,

Let it not be in vain

That thou hast died:

Thee for my Saviour let me take,

My only refuge let me make

Thy piercéd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!

Into the sacred flood

Of thy most precious blood

My soul I cast:

Wash me and make me clean within,

And keep me pure from every sin,

Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!

All hail, Incarnate Word,

Thou everlasting Lord,

Saviour most blest;

Fill us with love that never faints,

Grant us with all thy blesséd saints

Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!

Worthy is he alone,

That sitteth on the throne

Of God above;

One with the Ancient of all days,

One with the Comforter in praise,

All light and love.

M. Bridges.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Western Melody.

A-wake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Re-deemer's praise; He just-ly claims a song from me:

His lov-ing-kind - ness, oh, how free! Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!

SCOTLAND. 12s.

J. CLARK.

The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain, For A-dam's lost race Christ hath o-pened a fountain; { For sin and unclean-ness, and ev - ery transgression, His Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We 'll blood flows most freely in streams of salva-tion, His blood flows most freely in streams of salva-tion. } praise him a - gain, when we pass o-ver Jordan, We 'll praise him again, when we pass o-ver Jordan.

608 "Flee for Life."

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee to the Saviour!
He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor;

Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain—

His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 With joy shall we stand when escaped to the shore;

With harps in our hands we will praise him the more!

We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,

And sing of salvation for ever and ever!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

R. Burdsall.

609 Tune—LOVING-KINDNESS.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

Samuel Medley.

BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.

Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which God's com - pas - sion spares?

While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing need - ful is for - got?

610 One Thing Needful.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge.

611 "God Calling Yet."

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Mrs. E. Findlater, tr.

ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

612 "Why not To-night?"

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;

This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Mrs. Elizabeth Reed.

WELTON. L. M.

C. H. A. MALAN.



“Take up thy cross,” the Sav-iour said, “If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;
De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum-bly fol - low af - ter me.”

613

Our Cross.

“TAKE up thy cross,” the Saviour said,
“If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.”

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest.

614

“At the Door.”

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need —
The Friend of sinners; yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Joseph Grigg.

HORTON. 7s.

Air. fr. WARTENSEE.



Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come.

615

Mat. 11: 28.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;

Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

S. WEBBER.

CHOIR.

Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

CONGREGATION.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

616 "Here Speaks the Comforter."

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

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;

Herespeaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;

Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
Earth hath no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

Thomas Moore.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

J. HOPKINS.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, (When God in great mercy is coming so nigh!) [home.
(Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,) And angels are waiting to welcome you

617 "Why will ye Die?"

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to
receive,

Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come
home.

Josiah Hopkins.

No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his
sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

3 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens
shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment
shall stand;

What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee
his aid?

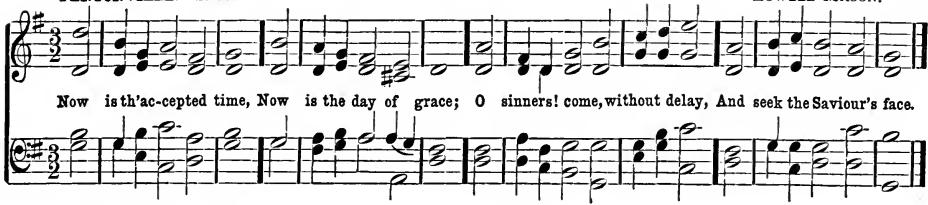
Thomas Hastings.

618 Procrastination.

DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



619 *The Accepted Time.*

NOW IS the accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace;
 O sinners! come, without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late;—
 Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
 And feast them with thy love;
 Then will the angels spread their wings,
 And bear the news above.

John Dobell.

620 *"Sinner, come!"*

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
 The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
 To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, "Come!"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain, come!

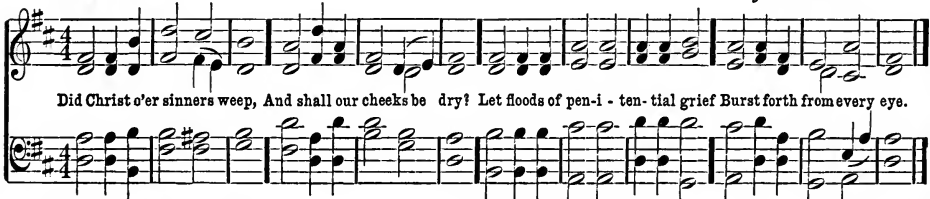
3 Yea, whosoever will,
 Oh, let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, "I quickly come;"
 Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
 O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. Onderdonk.

OWEN. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.



621 *Weeping for Sinners.*

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 Angels with wonder see;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul!
 He shed those tears for thee.

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

Benjamin Beddome.

622 *The Call of Love.*

AND canst thou, sinner! slight
 The call of love divine?
 Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
 And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
 The Spirit from thy breast,
 Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
 With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
 Will hear the suppliant pray;
 To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood,
 Will wash thy guilt away.

Mrs. Abby B. Hyde.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

S. WEBBE.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you—Why? God, who did your being give, Why, ye thankless creatures, why

Made you with himself to live; He the fa-tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands,— Will ye cross his love and die?

623

Ezekiel 33: 11.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,—
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.

Will ye let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

Arr. fr. VON WEBER.

Depth of mercy!—can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

624

“His Repentings are Kindled.”

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face:
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
 God is love! I know, I feel:
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

HOLY OFFERINGS. P. M.

R. REDHEAD.

Ho - ly off'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and pray'r, Pur - er life and

pur-pose high, Clasp-ed hands, up-lift-ed eye, Low-ly acts of ad - o - ra-tion To the God of

our sal - va-tion—On his al - tar laid we leave them : Christ, present them! God, receive them!

625 Vows Renewed.

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspéd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On his altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas ! too long unpaid ;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On thy holy altar pour them :
There in trembling faith to leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its preavillings—
On thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

4 Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them ;
Christ, atone for ! God, forgive them !

5 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within ;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them :
Jesus, plead for ! God, restore them !

6 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
On thine altar laid we leave them :
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

J. S. B. Monsell.

ETIAM ET MIHI. 8s, 7s, 3.

J. B. DYKES.

Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing, Thou art scat - t'ring full and free:

Show'rs the thirs - ty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—E - - ven me.

626

"Even Me!"

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free:
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father;
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
Let me love and cling to thee:
I am longing for thy favor, [me.
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Even

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

6 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

Mrs. E. Codner.

LACHRYME. 7s. 3l.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Lord, in this thy mercy's day, Ere from us it pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.

627 "God be Merciful."

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,—

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see thy face,
With thy ransomed ones a place.

Isaac Williams.

BACA. 6s. 6L.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

Thy life was given for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead; Thy life was given for me; What have I given for thee?

628

Lur Hundi.

THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for thee?

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

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

4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than thy tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for thee?

5 And thou hast brought to me
Down from thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love;
Great gifts thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to thee?

6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gavest thyself for me,
I give myself to thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

PHILIP. 7s. 3L.

W. H. MONK.

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal; Heal me, as I suppliant kneel; Heal me, and my pardon seal.

629

The True Physician.

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Godfrey Thring.

O Je - sus, our sal - va - tion, Low at thy cross we lie; Lord, in thy great com -
pas - sion, Hear our be - wail - ing cry. We come to thee with mourn - ing, We
come to thee in woe; With con - trite hearts re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow.

630 "Jesus, Our Salvation."

O JESUS, our salvation,
Low at thy cross we lie;
Lord, in thy great compassion,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to thee with mourning,
We come to thee in woe;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before thee,
We tell them one by one;
Oh, for thy name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

3 Oh, by thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering,
Endured by thee alone;
O Priest, O spotless offering,
Plead for us, and atone!

4 And in these hearts now broken
Re-enter thou and reign,
And say, by that dear token,
We are absolved again.
And build us up, and guide us,
And guard us day by day;
And in thy presence hide us,
And take our sins away.

James Hamilton.

631 Hymn at the Cross.

WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou mayst chasten,
Thou never canst forsake;
Thou on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head!
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

Charlotte Elliott.

ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.

E. HUSBAND.

O Je - sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly patience
wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His
name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep him standing there.

632

At the Door.

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
“I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

William W. How.

633

“Give Us Pardon.”

WE stand in deep repentance,
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

2 Oh, shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
For ever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bearest the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer, tr.

CONTRITION. 8s, 4s.

J. B. DYKES.

There is a ho - ly sac - ri - fice, Which God in heav'n will not de - spise,
Yea, which is pre - cious in his eyes,— The con - trite heart.

634 *The Contrite Heart.*

THERE is a holy sacrifice,
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in his eyes,—
The contrite heart.

2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,—
The contrite heart.

3 The holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as his abode
The contrite heart.

4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And cheer, and bless, and purify
The contrite heart.

5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on thee;
Such as thou art I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

Charlotte Elliott.

635 *The Heart Surrendered.*

GOD of my life! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
I come to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

636 *"O Lamb of God."*

O LAMB of God! that tak'st away
Our sin, and bidd'st our sorrow cease,
Turn thou, oh, turn this night to day,
Grant us thy peace!

2 The troubled world hath war without;
The restless, wayward heart within
Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin.

3 And there are needs that none can know,
And tears no eye but thine can see;
Hopes naught can satisfy below;
We look to thee.

4 'Tis not the calm, deceitful dream
That earth calls peace, we ask for now:
No dropping down the fatal stream
With careless prow.

5 Probe deep the wound if so thou wilt,
If pain must wake us. Purge our dross—
Help us to lay our load of guilt
Beneath thy cross.

Mrs. Alessie B. Faussett.

SARUM. 8s, 4s.

J. HULLAH.

Je-sus, my Saviour! look on me, For I am wea-ry and op-press; I come to cast my-self on thee: Thou art my Rest.

637 "Thou art All."

JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Ev'n to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

J. R. Macduff.

WIMBLETON. 8s, 4s.

S. S. WESLEY.

Leaning on thee, my guide and friend, My gracious Saviour, I am blest: Tho' weary thou dost condescend To be my rest.

638 Leaning on Christ.

LEANING on thee, my guide and friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:
Though weary thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
Tho' faint with languor, parched with heat:
Thy will has now become my own—
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Charlotte Elliott.

639 Help from Above.

MY heart lies dead; and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
Oh, let thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above.

2 Thy dew doth every morning fall:
And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove?—
The dew for which earth cannot call,
Drop from above!

3 The world is tempting still my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let heavenly grace, to cross its art,
Drop from above!

4 Oh, come; for thou dost know the way!
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
"Drop from above!"

George Herbert.

JAPHET. L. M.

Arr. fr. RUBINSTEIN.

With tear - ful eyes I look a - round;.... Life seems a dark and storm-y sea; Yet,
'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!" A heavenly whisper, "Come..... to me!"

640

"Come to Me!"

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; "Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

Charlotte Elliott.

BLAKE. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Thou on - ly Sovereign of my heart, My Ref - uge, my al - mighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee de - part, On whom a - lone my hopes de - pend!

641

God, Our Refuge.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;

Depart from thee—'t is death, 't is more;
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

3 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

Anne Steele.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

642 "Lamb of God."

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

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

Charlotte Elliott.

643 "Be Merciful, O God."

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven.

644 Psalm 51.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord! should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

I. PLEVEL.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee; Weary of earth, myself, and sin, Open thine arms and take me in.

645

"Thou hast Died."

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:

Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

3 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

Charles Wesley.

WARNER. L. M.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

A brok - en heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring:

The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A brok - en heart for sac - ri - fice.

646

Psalm 51.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

647

Philippians 3:7-10.

NO MORE, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;

I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count but loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

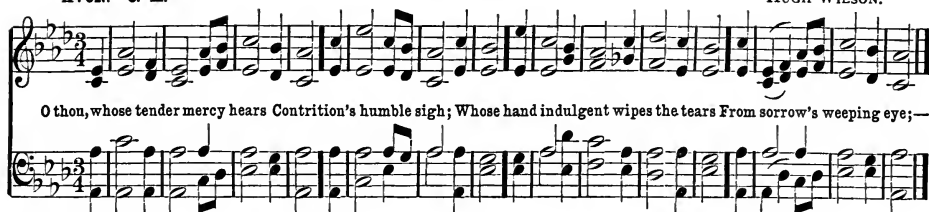
3 Yes—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



648

"Return."

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—"Return"?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 The sense of joy divine.

Anne Steele.

649

"Remember Me."

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
 Thus, Lord, remember me!

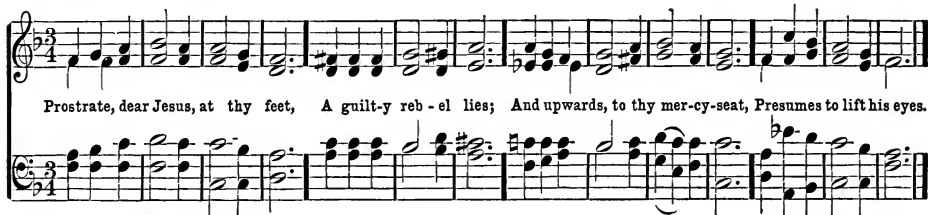
3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 Oh, let my strength be as my day—
 Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
 I wait thy just decree:
 Be this the prayer of my last breath:
 Now, Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis.

LYNDHURST. C. M.

F. C. MAKER.



650

Deep Penitence.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upwards, to thy mercy-seat,
 Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence;
 Oh, stay the vengeful storm;
 Forbid it, that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
 In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive,
 Then justice will approve the word,
 That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

Love divine, all love excelling,—Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal - va-tion,

All thy faithful mercies crown. Je-sus! thou art all com-pan-ion, Pure,unbounded love thou art;
En- ter ev-ery trembling heart.

651 "Finish Thy New Creation."

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

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

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by thee!

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

652

"Take Me."

TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying —
Take me to thy love, my God!

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

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

Ray Palmer.

TRISTE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year thy hand hath brought me
D.S.—Still thine arm has been a - round me,

On through dangers oft un - known. When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubt-ed, sent me light;
All my paths were in thy sight.

653

"Keep Me Ever."

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.

Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

John M. Neale.

GAYLORD. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.

Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
D.S.—Wea - ry come I now, and pray-ing—

Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
Take me to thy love, my God!

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

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

654

A Closer Walk.

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

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

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

William Cowper.

SERENITY. C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. WALLACE.

Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame My longing soul is stirred: Oh, give me a di-viner name! Call me thy servant, Lord!

655

Greatness in Service.

OH, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred:
Oh, give me a diviner name!
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;
Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee!

3 Thy servant,— me thy servant choose;
Naught of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

Thomas H. Gill.

656

"Trembleth at my Lord."

OH, for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

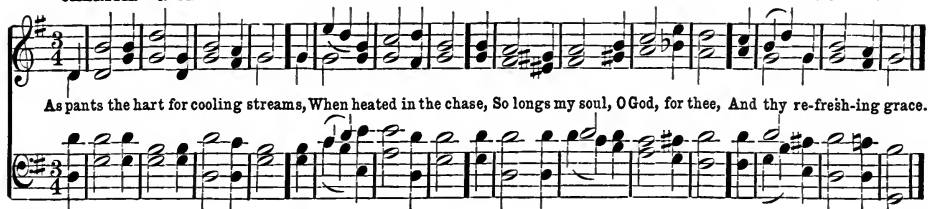
3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

Charles Wesley.

CHERITH. C. M.

Arr. fr. SPOHR.



As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

657

Psalm 42.

AS PANTS the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I beho'd thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Henry F. Lyte.

658

"I shall be with Him."

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

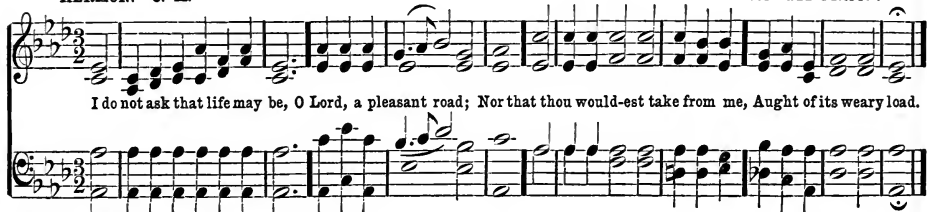
4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

HERMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



I do not ask that life may be, O Lord, a pleasant road; Nor that thou would-est take from me, Aught of its weary load.

659

"Through Peace to Light."

I do not ask that life may be,
O Lord, a pleasant road;
Nor that thou wouldest take from me,
Aught of its weary load.

2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,
Dear Lord, lead me aright; [bleed,
Though strength should fail, and heart should
Lead me through peace to light.

3 I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;
Let me, in darkness, feel thy hand,
And simply follow thee.

4 Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night:
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

A. A. Procter.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.

J. B. DYKES.

Saviour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bend th' a-dor-ing knee; When repentant, to the skies
D. S.—Bending from thy throne on high,

Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes; Oh, by all thy pains and woe Suffered once for man be-low,
Hear our sol-emn Lit-a-ny!

660 The Ancient Litany.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

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

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

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God; —
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascending Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

Robert Grant.

SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. DOWNES.

Je - sus, Je - sus! vis-it me; How my soul longs after thee! When, my best, my dearest Friend! Shall our sep-a-ra-tion end?

661 "Jesus, Visit Me."

JESUS, Jesus! visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend!
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to thee, —
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear;
Nought but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour thou, —
To thy sovereign will I bow.

R. P. Dunn, tr.

REFUGE. 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Choir.

Je-sus! lov - er of my soul, Let³ me to thy bo-som fly While the bil - ³lows near³ me

Congregation.

roll, While the tem - ³pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

662 Christ, Our All.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

FINE.

S. B. MARSH.

D.C.

{ Je-sus! lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly } { Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, }
 { While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }
 D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!

{ Chos - en not for good in me, Waked from com - ing wrath to flee, }
 { Hid - den in the Sav - iour's side, By the Spir - it sanc - ti - fied - }

Teach me, Lord, on earth to show, By my love, how much I owe.

663

Acknowledgment.

CHOSEN not for good in me,
 Waked from coming wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified—
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud :
 But, when fear is at the height,
 Jesus comes, and all is light ;
 Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
 Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
 Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
 But a night thine anger burns—
 Morning comes, and joy returns ;
 God of comforts! bid me show
 To thy poor how much I owe.

R. M. McCheyne.

664

The Narrow Way.

LORD, thy children guide and keep,
 As with feeble steps they press
 On the pathway rough and steep
 Through this weary wilderness :
 Holy Jesus! day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die ;
 Grant us grace to persevere :
 Holy Jesus! day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades,
 Deeked with golden-fruited trees—
 Sunny slopes, and scented shades ;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease :
 Holy Jesus! day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest—
 Holy Jesus! day by day
 Lead us in the narrow way.

William W. How.

665

"Chief of Sinners."

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
 Jesus shed his blood for me ;
 Died that I might live on high,
 Died that I might never die ;
 As the branch is to the vine,
 I am his and he is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
 Higher than the heavens above,
 Deeper than the depths of sea,
 Lasting as eternity ;
 Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—
 Found me when I sought him not !

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
 Christ is all in all to me ;
 All my wants to him are known,
 All my sorrows are his own ;
 Safe with him from earthly strife,
 He sustains my hidden life.

William McComb.

PILOT. 7s. 6l.

J. E. GOULD.

D.C.

666

Life's Sea.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal ;
Chart and compass came from thee :
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey thy will

When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.

NUREMBURG. 7s. 6l.

J. R. AHLB.

667

Barksliding Confessed.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move ;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love ;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power ;
Now I feel my sins anew ;
Now I feel the stormy hour !
Sin has put my joys to flight ;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive ;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

John Newton.

668

"Heart of Prayer."

O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere !
For his sake, whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need :
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace !

2 Leave me not, my strength, my trust ;
Oh, remember I am dust :
Leave me not again to stray ;
Leave me not the tempter's prey :
Fix my heart on things above ;
Make me happy in thy love.

3 Hear and save me, gracious Lord !
For my trust is in thy word ;
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within :
May I know myself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

Josiah Couder.

COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEV.

Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

669 "Where is the Blessedness?"

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton.

670 "What Hourly Dangers!"

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

Anne Steele.

ST. AÆLRED. 8s, 3s.

J. B. DYKES.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anxious servants keep, But thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep, Calm and still.

671 "Peace, be Still."

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

SLINGSBY. C. M. 61.

J. B. DUKES.

Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; The changes that will sure-ly come

I do not fear to see: I ask thee for a present mind, In - tent on pleasing thee.

672 God's Plan for Us.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

Anna L. Waring.

EMMANUEL. C. M.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

When, wounded sore, the stricken soul Lies bleeding and unbound, One on-ly hand, a pier-ced hand, Can heal the sinner's wound.

673 "A Pierced Hand."

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéed hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,

One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

CLIFTON. 11s, 10s.

When winds are raging o'er the up- per o - cean, And bil-lows wild contend with angry roar;

'T is said, far down, beneath the wild com-mo-tion, That peaceful stillness reigneth ev-er - more.

674 *The Sabbath of the Sea.*

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry
roar,

'T is said, far down, beneath the wild com-
motion, [more.

That peaceful stillness reigneth ever-

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests
dieth,

And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it
flieth,

Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O
Purest,

There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful
door.

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise kind and peace-
fully,

And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in
thee.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

PENKIVELL. 6s, 5s.

H. J. TREMBATH.

Christian, work for Jesus, Who on earth for thee Labored, wearied, suffered, Died up-on the tree.

675 "Work for Jesus."

CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Labored, wearied, suffered,
Died upon the tree.

2 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

3 Work with heart that burneth,
Humbly at his feet

Priceless gems to offer,
For his crown made meet.

4 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

5 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

M. Haslock.

EMILIA. 11s, 10s.

F. L. BENJAMIN.

Oh, for the peace which floweth like a riv - er, Mak-ing life's des - ert plac-es bloom and smile!

Oh, for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright "for ever," A - mid the shadows of earth's "little while."

676 "A Little While."

677 Guarded and Led.

OH, for the peace which floweth like a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!

FATHER! whose hand hath led me so se-
curely,

Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright
"for ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little
while!"

Father, whose ear hath listened to my
prayer,
Father, whose eye hath watched o'er me so
surely,

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to battle with the
strong;

Whose heart hath loved me with a love
so rare;—

A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the har-
vest song!

2 Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct
me

3 A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains
fed;

In the straight way wherein I ought to go,
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,
Through health and sickness, and through
weal and woe.

Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fullness of the Fountain-head.

3 O my Redeemer! who hast my redemp-
tion

4 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to
trim;

Purchased and paid for by thy precious
blood;

And then, the Bridegroom's coming foot-
steps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal
hymn!

Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and punishment
of God!

5 And he who is himself the gift and
giver,—

4 Thou who hast saved my soul from con-
demnation,

The future glory and the present smile,—
With the bright promise of the glad "for
ever"

Redeem it also from the power of sin,
Be thou the Captain still of my salvation,
Through whom alone I can the victory
win.

Will light the shadows of the "little
while!"

5 Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
Within my soul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devo-
tion,

A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of thee!

FLEMMING. 8s, 6s.

Arr. fr. FLEMMING.

O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me

lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

678 Clinging to Christ.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Charlotte Elliott.

679 "Plead for Me."

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott.

680 "A Will Resigned."

I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

John G. Whittier.

ELMHURST. 8s, 6s.

E. D. DREWETT.



681

At the Cross.

DRAWN to the cross, which thou hast blessed
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
To find in thee my life, my rest,
Christ Crucified, I come.

2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;
Yet now to thee, with contrite tears,
Christ Crucified, I come.

3 Wash me, and take away each stain;
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ Crucified, I come.

4 And then for work to do for thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ Crucified, I come.

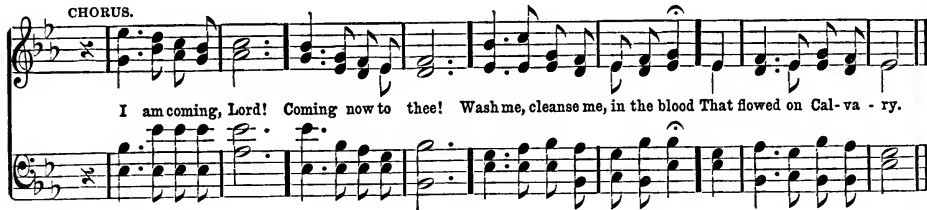
Genevieve Irons.

AUDIO. P. M.

L. HARTSOUGH.



I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy precious blood, That flowed on Calvary.



CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord! Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

682

"Atoning Blood."

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee;
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary!

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.—CHO.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.—CHO.

4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled
If faith but brings the plea.—CHO.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.—CHO.

L. Hartsough.

LANGRAN. 10s.

J. LANGRAN.

Wea-ry of earth, and lad-en with my sin, I look at heaven and long to en-ter in;

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

683 "The Voice of Jesus."

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw
me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly
way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from
all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw
me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
throne.

5 'T was he who found me on the deathly
wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

Samuel J. Stone.

684 "Thine all the Merit."

O JESUS Christ the righteous! live in me,
That, when in glory I thy face shall see,

Within the Father's house, my glorious
dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

2 Then thou wilt welcome me, O righteous
Lord,
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid
down,
Thine the thorn-plaited, mine the righteous
crown.

3 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I
owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Samuel J. Stone, tr.

685 "Jesus Died."

LORD, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh!
But thou hast called the burdened soul to
thee,
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

3 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-
place;
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmoved, I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge with—"Jesus
died."

John Newton.

DALKEITH 10a.

T. HEWLETT.

686

The Dying Thief.

"LORD, when thy kingdom comes, remember me;"

Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
Oh, faith, which in the darkest hour could see

The promised glory of the far-off years!

2 No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,

"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
Oh, words of love to answer words of faith!
Oh, words of hope for those who live to pray!

W. D. MacLagan.

687

"Remember Me."

LORD, when with dying lips my prayer is said,

Grant that in faith thy kingdom I may see;

And, thinking on thy cross and bleeding head,

May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

2 Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;

Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

3 Remember me; yet how canst thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to thee,

The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow thou didst bear for me?

4 Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak thou the assuring word that sets us free,

And make thy promise to my heart, "To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with me."

W. D. MacLagan.

688

"Lord, I Believe."

YES, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy, — myself, mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine, —

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;
Yet, oh, forgive! I doubt not, though I fear,
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

3 Oh, draw me nearer; for, too far away,
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief;

While faith, tho' fainting, still has strength to pray, —

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

J. S. B. Monsell.



We are but strangers here, Heav'n is our home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is our home.



Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round us on every hand, Heav'n is our Father-land, Heav'n is our home.

689 "Home at Last."

We are but strangers here,
 Heaven is our home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is our home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round us on every hand,
 Heaven is our Fatherland,
 Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
 Heaven is our home;
 Short is our pilgrimage,
 Heaven is our home.
 And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast,
 We shall reach home at last;
 Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
 Heaven is our home;
 May we be glorified;
 Heaven is our home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those we love most and best,
 Grant us with them to rest;
 Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
 Heaven is our home;
 Whate'er our earthly lot,
 Heaven is our home.
 Grant us at last to stand
 There at thine own right hand,
 Jesus, in Fatherland:
 Heaven is our home!

Thomas R. Taylor, alt.

690 Jesus is Mine.

Now I have found a Friend;
 Jesus is mine;—
 His love shall never end;
 Jesus is mine:
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though earthly friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace:
 Jesus is mine.

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

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

4 Father! thy name I bless;
 Jesus is mine;
 Thine was the sovereign grace;
 Praise shall be thine;
 Spirit of holiness!
 Sealing the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus, as mine.

Henry J. M. Hope.

BROOKLYN. 5s, 4s.

Rest of the wea - ry, joy of the sad; Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;
Home of the stran-ger, strength to the end; Ref - uge from dan - ger, Sav-iour and Friend.

691

Saviour and friend.

REST of the weary, joy of the sad;
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, strength to the end;
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble, I'll to thee cry,
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing thee, I will raise
Unto thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavor, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend!

J. S. B. Monsell.

OAK. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

Saviour, thy dying love Thou gavest me:
(Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee:) In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Something for thee.
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

692

"Something for Thee."

SAVIOUR, thy dying love
Thou gavest me:
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart —
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have —
Thy gifts so free —
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee:
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

S. Dryden Phelps.

PROPIOR DEO. 6s, 4s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Near-er, O God, to thee! Hear thou our prayer; Ev'n tho' a heav-y cross fainting we bear.

Still all our prayer shall be, Near-er, O God, to thee, near-er to thee! near-er to thee!

693

Close to God.

NEARER, O God, to thee! Hear thou our
prayer;
Ev'n though a heavy cross fainting we
bear,

Still all our prayer shall be
Nearer, O God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2 If, where they led the Lord, we too are
borne,
Planting our steps in his, weary and worn;
There even let us be
Nearer, O God, to thee, nearer to thee!

3 If thou the cup of pain givest to drink,
Let not the trembling lip from the draught
shrink;
So by our woes to be
Nearer, O God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4 And when thou, Lord, once more, glorious
shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling-place, in thy bright
home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to thee, nearer to thee!

William W. How.

MORE LOVE. 6s, 4s.

T. E. PERKINS.

More love to thee, O Christ, more love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make on bended knee; This is my earnest plea,—More love, O
D.S.—More love, O Christ, to thee, more love to thee!

694

"More Love."

MORE love to thee, O Christ, more love to
thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make on bended
knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee, more love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved, sought peace
and rest,
Now thee alone I seek,—give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee, more love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work, send grief and
pain;
Sweet are thy messengers, sweet their re-
frain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee, more love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath whisper thy
praise,
This be the parting cry my heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee, more love to thee!

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss.

Musical score for 'Conflict with Sin'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The second system also has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

Saviour! I fol - low on, guid-ed by thee, See-ing not yet the hand that lead-eth me;

Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no fur-ther ill; On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

695

"A Man They Knew not."

SAVIOUR! I follow on, guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand that leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me, thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink, help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand, ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

Charles S. Robinson.

BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

D. S.

Musical score for 'Bethany'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The second system also has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee! Ev'n tho' it be a cross that raiseth me; Still all my song shall be—Nearer, my God, to thee,
D. s.—Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

696

Genesis 23:10-22.

NEARER, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
2 Though like the wanderer (the sun gone down),
Darkness comes over me—my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
3 There let the way appear steps unto
heaven,
All that thou sendest me in mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright
with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
5 Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

PAROLE. 6s, 5s.

SPENCER LANE.

In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al, I de-part from thee;

When thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suffer me to fall.

697 A Look from Christ.

IN the hour of trial,
 Jesus, plead for me;
 Lest by base denial,
 I depart from thee;
 When thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favor
 Suffer me to fall.

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

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

4 When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again;

On thy truth relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesus, take me, dying,
 To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

698 Earnest Longings.

PURER yet, and purer
 I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet and dearer
 Every duty find;
 Hoping still and trusting
 God without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
 Trial bear and pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To his will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light—
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Goethe

MAGDALENE. 6s, 5s.

J. B. DYKES.

Saviour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.

All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to thee.

699 All for Jesus.

SAVIOUR, blesséd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

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

3 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast.
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigné,
Love that never dies.

4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.

Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Godfrey Thring.

700 "Backward never Looking."

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

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

3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring.

LA MONTE. P. M.

EMMELAR.

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 rich-er, full-er be, May rich-er, full-er be.

701

Christ Our Rest.

O LOVE, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be

3 O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the sunshine through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson.

GRASSMERE. P. M.

Old Melody, arr.

I hear a sweet voice ring-ing clear, All is well! All is well! It is my Father's

voice I hear, All is well! All is well! Wher-e'er I walk that voice is heard: It is my

God, my Father's word, "Fear not, but trust: I am the Lord:" All is well! All is well!

Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our fev-'rish ways! Re-clothe us in our
right-ful mind; In pur - er lives thy ser-vice find, In deep - er rev'rence, praise.

702

Longing for Peace.

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

2 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.

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

4 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.

J. G. Whittier.

703

God's Face Hidden.

O SAVIOUR, lend a listening ear,
And answer my request!
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear,
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.

2 I mourn the hidings of thy face;
The absence of that smile,
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my soul a resting-place,
From earthly care and toil.

3 Up to the place of thine abode
I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God!
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
I raise my ardent cry.

Thomas Hastings.

704

Tune—GRASSMERE.

I HEAR a sweet voice ringing clear,
All is well!

It is my Father's voice I hear;
All is well!

Where'er I walk that voice is heard:
It is my God, my Father's word,
"Fear not, but trust: I am the Lord:"
All is well!

2 Clouds cannot long obscure my sight;
All is well!
I know there is a land of light;
All is well!

From strength to strength, from day to day,
I tread along the world's highway;
Or often stop to sing or say,
All is well!

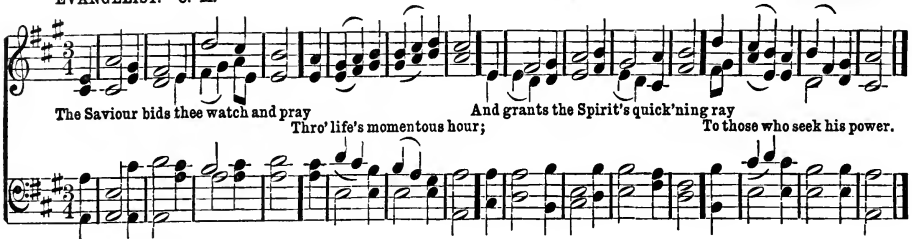
3 In morning hours, serene and bright,
All is well!
In evening hours or darkening night
All is well!

And when to Jordan's side I come,
'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,
Oh, let me sing as I go home,
All is well!

E. Paxton Hood.

EVANGELIST. C. M.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



The Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Thro' life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quick'ning ray
To those who seek his power.

705 "Watch and Pray."

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

Thomas Hastings.

706 "Nearer to Thee."

OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland.

SAVERY. C. M.

Arr. fr. SCHUBERT.



Oh, mean may seem this house of clay, Yet 't was the Lord's abode; Our feet may mourn this thorny way, Yet here Im-man-uel trod.

707 Our Frail Body.

OH, MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep!

3 This world the Master overcame;
This death the Lord did die:

Oh, vanquished world! oh, glorious shame!
Oh, hallowed agony!

4 Oh, vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
Oh, holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Immanuel!

5 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

Thomas H. Gill.

LYNDE. P. M.

THURINGIAN FOLK-SONG.

Tell me, my Saviour! Where thou dost feed thy flock, Resting beside the rock, Cool in the shade:
Why should I be as one Turning aside alone, Left, when thy sheep have gone, Where I have strayed?

708 Cant. 1:7.

TELL me, my Saviour!
Where thou dost feed thy flock,
Resting beside the rock,
Cool in the shade:
Why should I be as one
Turning aside alone,
Left, when thy sheep have gone,
Where I have strayed?

2 Seek me, my Saviour!
For I have lost the way:
I will thy voice obey;
Speak to me here!

Help me to find the gate
Where all thy chosen wait:
Ere it shall be too late,
Oh, call me near!

3 Show me, my Saviour!
How I can grow like thee;
Make me thy child to be,
Taught from above:
Help me thy smile to win;
Keep me safe folded in,
Lest I should rove in sin,
Far from thy love.

Charles S. Robinson.

TRUSTING. 7s.

WM. G. FISCHER.

I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

709 "Cleanseth from All Sin."

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind,
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.
REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;

Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—REF.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for ever more.—REF.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

W. McDonald.

CONSECRATION. 7s. D.

Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love; Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.

710

All for Jesus.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love;
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee;
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.

2 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from thee;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is thine own!
 It shall be thy royal throne;
 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever, only, all, for thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

711

A Hard Heart.

OH, this soul, how dark and blind!
 Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!
 Oh, this forward, selfish will,
 Which refuses to be still!
 Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
 Upward that refuse to rise!
 Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
 Found in every path but thine!

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
 Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
 Longings of the soul, that go
 Like the wild wind, to and fro!
 To and fro, without an aim,
 Turning idly whence they came,
 Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
 Only adding weariness!

3 Giver of the heavenly peace!
 Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
 Minister thy holy balm;
 Fill me with thy Spirit's calm:
 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Leave me not in sin to stay;
 Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
 Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt.

Horatius Bonar.

MESSIAH. 7s. D.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end:

Forward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not dwell below; Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls—come home!"

712

"Come Home."

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:

Joseph Swain.

MORNING. P. M.

The gloomy night will soon be past, The morning will ap-pear, The rays of bless-ed light at last Each eye will cheer.

713

The Morning Star.

THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessed light at last
Each eye will cheer.

2 Thou bright and morning Star, thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight;
No cloud between.

3 Thy love sustains us on our way
While pilgrims here below;

Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

4 But oh! the more we learn of thee,
And thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long thy face to see,
And know thy love.

5 Then shine, thou bright and morning Star
Dispel the dreary gloom;
Oh, take from sin and grief afar
Thy people home.

S. P. Tregelles.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

M. PORTUGAL.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Je-sus have fled?

714

"fear not."

HOW FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—

To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

I will not—I will not desert to his foes; That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,

I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

George Keith.

GOSHEN. 11s.

Arr. by THOS. HASTINGS.

O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore! Look off un-to Je-sus, now (Omit.....) sor-row no more! The light of his countenance shineth so bright, D.C.—That here, as in heav-en, there (Omit.....) need be no night.

CANA. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

D.C.

715

Psalm 23.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

716

"Looking unto Jesus."

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

John N. Darby. (†)

717

"Faint, yet Pursuing."

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Tho' suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

John N. Darby. (†)

Call Je - ho - vah thy salvation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade; In his secret habi - ta - tion

Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed: There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no

hid - den snare; Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safeguard there.

718

Psalm 91.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

719

Day is Breaking.

CHRISTIANS, up! the day is breaking,
Gird your ready armor on;
Slumbering hosts around are waking,
Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong!
While ye sleep or idly linger,
Thousands sink, with none to save;
Hasten! Time's unerring finger
Points to many an open grave.

2 Hark! unnumbered voices crying,
"Save us, or we droop and die!"
Succor bear the faint and dying,
On the wings of mercy fly:
Lead them to the crystal fountain
Gushing with the streams of life;
Guide them to the sheltering mountain,
For the gale with death is rife.

3 See the blest millennial dawning!
Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star:
Eastern lands, behold the morning;
Lo! it glimmers from afar:
O'er the mountain-top ascending,
Soon the scattered light shall rise,
Till, in radiant glory blending,
Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

Elbert S. Porter.

BEECROFT. 8s, 7s. D.

R. DEWITT MALLARY.

Through the night of doubt and sor-row, On-ward goes the pil-grim band, Singing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion,
D. s.—Brother clasps the hand of broth-er,

FINE.
Marching to the prom-ised land. Clear be-fore us, through the darkness, Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;
Step-ping fear-less through the night.

720 The Church One.

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

2 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.

S. Baring-Gould, tr.

Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above ;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

2 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me !
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven ;
Such the joyous song of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

Horatius Bonar.

722 The Reproach of Christ.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation !
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.
The reproach of Christ is glorious !
Those who here his burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

2 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns ;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith !
Lift triumphant songs and praises
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

Tr. fr. L. A. Gotter.

721 Banquet Song.

YES, for me, for me he careth,
With a brother's tender care ;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

ST. ALBANS. 6s, 5s. D.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the des-ert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united, Take our heav'nward way.

REFRAIN.

Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

723 "Echobah Nissi."

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.
 Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 And with hearts united,
 Take our heavenward way.—REF.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At thy sacred feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing
 See thy children meet;

Often have we left thee,
 Often gone astray;
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
 In the way we go;
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe:
 Bid thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower;
 Pardon thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.—REF.

Thomas J. Potter.

WALES. 8s, 4s.

Welsh Melody.

Thro' the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa - vor;
 D.S.—Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us;

FINE.

D. S.

All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;
 All must be well.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

war, With the cross of Je - sus

724 "Fight the Good Fight."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, his banners go.—CHO.

2 Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.—CHO.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.—CHO.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.—CHO.

S. Baring-Gould.

725

Tune—WALES.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well;
 Free and changeless is his favor;
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that healed us;
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well:
 Ours is such a full salvation;
 All, all is well.

Happy still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.

Mrs. Mary B. Peters.

NISSI. 6s, 5s.

HENRY SMART.

Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look behind;

Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?

Forward thro' the desert, Thro' the toil and fight: Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light!

726 *The Glorious City.*

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

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

Henry Alford.

FORWARD. 6s, 5s.

J. BARNBY.

Far o'er yon hor - i - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our God abideth; That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper, Shine the gates with gold: Flows the gladd'ning river Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither, In the Spirit's might: Pilgrims to your country, Forward in - to Light!

727 "forward into Light!"

FAR o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into Light!

2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of Light!

3 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into Light!

4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory
Blesséd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into Light!

Henry Alford.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

Stand up!—stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al ban-ner,
d.s.—Till ev-ery foe is vanquished,

It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.

728 "Hating Done All, Stand."

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,

It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

His army shall he lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this his glorious day:

"Ye that are men, now serve him,"

Against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

Stand in his strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,

And, watching unto prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;

This day, the noise of battle,

The next, the victor's song;

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of Glory

Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield.

CASKEY. 7s, 6s. D.

T. E. PERKINS.

Sometimes a light sur-pris-es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris-es
d.s.—A season of clear shin-ing,

With heal-ing in his wings: When comforts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
To cheer it af-ter rain.

BENTLEY. 7s, 6s. D.

J. HULLAH.

Sometimes a light sur-pris-es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who ris-es With healing in his wings:

When comforts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a - gain A seas-on of clear shining, To cheer it af-ter rain.

729 Matthew 6: 23-34.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

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

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

730 "Follow in His Steps."

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!
The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

2 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn:
What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:
What are they, but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?

John M. Neale, tr.

THURINGIA. 5s, 8s, 5s.

SAMUEL GEE.

Je - sus, who can be Once compared with thee? Source of rest and con - so - la - tion,
Life, and light, and full sal - va - tion; Son of God, with thee None com - pared can be!

731 Steadiness.

JESUS, who can be
Once compared with thee?
Source of rest and consolation,
Life, and light, and full salvation;
Son of God, with thee
None compared can be!

2 Thou hast died for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever;
I am by thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force;
Further thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart;
Where thou art, O Lord, convey me;
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

J. Gambold, tr.

CRETE. 6s, 5s.

J. B. DYKES.

Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of e - vil Rage thy steps a - round?
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smitethem by the mer - it Of the ho - ly Cross.

FATHERLAND. 5s, 8s, 5s.

U. C. BURNAP.

Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-tho' the way be cheerless, We will follow,

calm and fearless; Guide us by thy hand To our Father - land, To our Father - land.

732 "Still Lead On."

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

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

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

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

Jane Borthwick, tr.

733 6s, 5s. Tune—CRETE.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of evil
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never yield to fear:
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe, I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne.

J. M. Neale, tr.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s, 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

734

Guidance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams.

KEVIN. P. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Let the church new anthems raise, Wake the song of gladness: God him-self to joy and praise Turns the martyrs' sad-ness:

Bright the day that won their crown, Opened heaven's bright portal, As they laid the mortal down, To put on th'im-mor-tal.

RAPHAEL. 8s, 7s, 4s.

E. J. HOPKINS.



Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee; { Yet pos-sessing } { Every blessing, } If our God our Fa-ther be.

735

"Lead Us."

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

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

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

James Edmeston.

736

"The Pillar Guide."

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
Without thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path the pillar hovering,
Fire by night and cloud by day,
Shall direct us:
Thus we shall not miss our way.

3 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way,
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
And thy people,
Led by thee, shall win the day.

Thomas Kelly.

737

P. M. Tune—KEVIN.

LET the church new anthems raise;
Wake the song of gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:

For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors, up and win it!

John M. Neale, tr.

STEPHANOS. 8s, 5s, 3s.

W. H. MONK.

Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed? "Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."

738

Our Master.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

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

"In his feet and hand are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—

"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

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

"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

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

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

J. M. Neale, tr.

BULLINGER. 8s, 5s, 3s.

E. W. BULLINGER.

I am trusting thee, Lord Je-sus, Trusting on - ly thee! Trusting thee for full sal - va-tion, Great and free.

739

"Full Salvation."

I AM trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee!
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

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

3 I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

4 I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal.

FRANKFORT. P. M.

P. NICOLAI.

How brightly shines the Morning Star! What ray di-vine streams from a - far! God's glo-ry there is shin-ing.

Bright beam of God! which scatters night, And guides the wandering soul a-right, Which af - ter truth is pin - ing:

Je - sus! God's Word! truth re-veal-ing, Sorrow healing, soothe our sigh - ing, Dry our tears, and end our dy - ing.

740 *The Morning Star.*

HOW BRIGHTLY shines the Morning Star!
What ray divine streams from afar!

God's glory there is shining.
Bright beam of God! which scatters night,
And guides the wandering soul aright,
Which after truth is pining:

Jesus! God's Word! truth revealing,
Sorrow healing, soothe our sighing,
Dry our tears, and end our dying.

2 My comfort here, my joy above,
Man's son, son of the Father's love,
Enthroned in highest heaven,
With my whole heart thy praise I sing;
To thee, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Be endless honors given.

Saviour, to thee, trusting, clinging,
Come I bringing soul and spirit,
Thee, my portion, to inherit.

3 Aid me, my God, to sing thy praise,
Thine ageless love, thy matchless grace,
In Christ our Lord appearing.
When such a gift God gave for thee,

When such a brother true is he,
Why still, my soul, be fearing?
Choose him, know him, greatest, dearest,
Best, and nearest, to befriend thee
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

4 To him who conquered death and hell,
To him let joyous anthems swell
Throughout heaven's great Forever.
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain,
Glory to him who bore our pain,
Flow on, an endless river!
Earth and heaven—creatures lowly,
Angels holy—join your voices,
Till the world with praise rejoices.

5 Rejoice, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply:
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For this his incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know thy salvation.
Amen, amen: hallelujah!
Hallelujah! praise be given
Evermore by earth and heaven!

WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar-mor on;
 March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus, thy great Cap-tain's gone.

741 Ephesians 6:14.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

742 Isaiah 40:28-31.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
 Let every trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 't is a straight and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,

And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

Isaac Watts.

LEAD ME ON. P. M.

C. C. CONVERSE.

Trav'ling to the bet-ter land, O'er the desert's scorching sand, Father! let me grasp thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!

743

Lead Me On.

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on, lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear:
Lead me on, lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,

Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on, lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on, lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on, lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

Anon., 1876.

MILITANT. 10s, 31.

J. BARNEY.

For all thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by faith be - fore the
world confessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blest. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

744

The Army of God.

FOR all thy saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.

2 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of
gold.

3 Oh, best communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

4 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious
day:

The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way.

5 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William W. How.

HUMMEL. C. M.

C. ZEUNER.

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!

745 Thanks for Victory.

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

746 Faith and the Future.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this,
And then, what'e'r may come,
We'll taste ev'n here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

FULBERT. C. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Glory to God! whose witness-train, Those heroes bold in faith, Could smile on poverty and pain, And triumph ev'n in death.

747 Hartgr-faith.

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smoothe the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Tr. fr. Zinzendorf.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.

A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly

race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

748

The Race.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

749

The Warfare.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

750

"I'm not Ashamed."

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

CUTLER. C. M. D.

H. S. CUTLER.

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood-red banner

streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, And

tri-umph o - ver pain, Who pa - tient bears his cross be-low— He fol-lows in his train.

751 The Martyr Spirit.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came: [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.
They climbed the dizzy steep to heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber.

752 Erod. 40: 36-38.

LONG as the darkening cloud abode,
So long did Israel rest;
Nor moved they till the guiding Lord
In brightness stood confessed:
Father of spirits! Light of life!
Now lift the cloudy veil!
Shine forth in fire amid that night
Whose blackness makes us quail!

2 'Tis done! To Christ the power given;
He rends the veil away;
O'er earth a splendor pours from heaven,
That makes our darkness—day!
Rise then, and follow, all the host,
His glory who precedes!
This true Shechinah, which we boast,
To the true Canaan leads.

3 The city there is jasper-built,
The sea, a golden fire,
And underneath the emerald bow
Sings an immortal choir!
Oh, thither lead us, Lord of light!
Through all this wilderness;
Till in the glory of that sight
We perfect are in bliss!

George Richards, alt.

ARCADIA. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

God's glo - ry is a wondrous thing, Most strange in all its ways, And, of all things on earth, least like What men a - gree to praise, What men a - gree.... to praise.

753

Rom. 8: 31.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

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

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

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

Frederick W. Faber.

3 But if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

4 Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, his followers here,
Must do thy will and praise thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

5 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

William J. Irons.

755

Esa. 35: 8-10.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

754

Unwobering Trust.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

ALEXANDER. S. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take: Loud to the praise of love divine Bid every string a - wake.

756 Our Salvation Near.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undismayed; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

757 "Be of Good Courage."

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

John Wesley, tr.

758 "Weigh not Thy Life."

MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Leonard Swain.

RIALTO. S. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Musical score for the hymn "I stand on Zion's mount". It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I stand on Zi-on's mount, And view my star-ry crown; No pow'r on earth my hope can shake, Nor hell can thrust me down.

759 "Jehovah's Church."

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands!

Joseph Swain.

760 "Goeth forth the Harvesting."

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

George Burgess.

761 "To Live is Christ."

FOR me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain;
For him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.

2 A pilgrimage my lot,
My home is in the skies;
I nightly pitch my tent below,
And daily higher rise.

3 I fare with Christ my Lord;
His path the path I choose;
They joy who suffer most with him—
They win who with him lose.

4 The dawn on distant hills
Shines o'er the vales below;
The shadows of this world are lost
In light to which I go.

5 My journey soon will end,
My scrip and staff laid down:
Oh, tempt me not with earthly toys—
I go to wear a crown.

Anon.

SELMA. S. M.

R. A. SMITH.

Musical score for the hymn "Soldiers of Christ, arise". It features a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Soldiers of Christ, a-rise, And put your ar-mor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' his eternal Son.

762 The Panoply of God.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

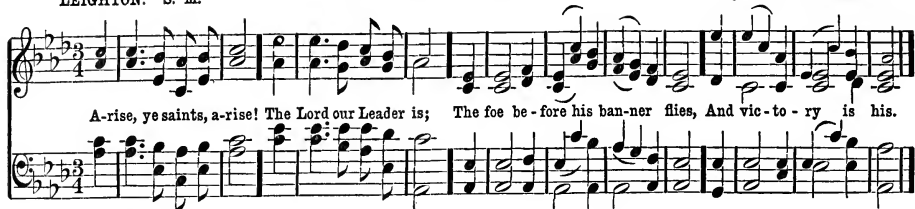
3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Charles Wesley.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATORIX.



A-rise, ye saints, a-rise! The Lord our Leader is; The foe be-fore his ban-ner flies, And vic-to-ry is his.

763

Psalm 60.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!

The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly.

764

Christian Pilgrims.

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

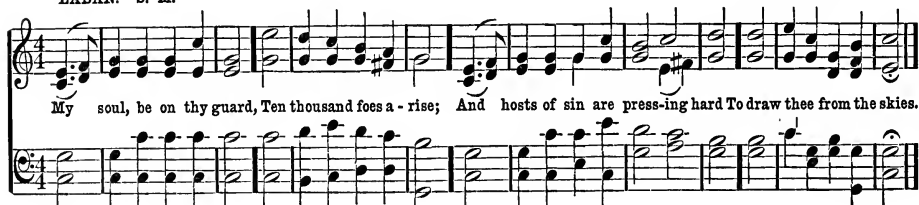
4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing:
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

Thomas Kelly.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

765

"Watch."

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath.

OWEN. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earthly shame or loss? Bright shall the crown of glory be, When we have borne the cross.

766 "Via Crucis, via Lucis."

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours!
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

Henry W. Baker.

767 "E habet Pacem."

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—he changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place;
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 My love is oftentimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

Horatius Bonar.

GUARDIAN. 6s, 4s.

H. T. LESLIE.

Saviour and Lord of all, Turn every heart to thee; Guard us and guide us safe O - ver life's sea.

768 Prayer for Help.

SAVIOUR and Lord of all,
Turn every heart to thee;
Guard us and guide us safe
Over life's sea.

2 When we are full of grief,
Victims of anxious fear,

Give thou our hearts relief,
Jesus, be near.

3 Brighten our darkest hour,
Till the last hour shall come;
Then, in thy love and power,
Oh, take us home!

T. R. Taylor.

ONWARD. 7s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

oft in danger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go: Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.

769 "En Perils Oft."

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White. F. F. Maitland.

770 Strong in Trust.

LORD, thou art my Rock of strength,
And my home is in thine arms;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.

2 When my trials tarry long,
Unto thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in thee abate.

3 And this faith I long have nursed
Comes alone, O God, from thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

4 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee;
In the peace thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.

5 Be my all; in all I do,
Let me only seek thy will:
Where the heart to thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm and still.

C. Winkworth, tr.

CYPRUS. 7s.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

Shadow of a Mighty Rock, Stretching o'er a weary land, Hide me from the tempest's shock, Let me in thy shelter stand.

771 "The Shadow of a Rock."

SHADOW of a Mighty Rock,
Stretching o'er a weary land,
Hide me from the tempest's shock,
Let me in thy shelter stand.

2 When thy Presence, O my God,
Brighter is than I can see,
Shadow on the heavenward road,
Let me find my shade in thee.

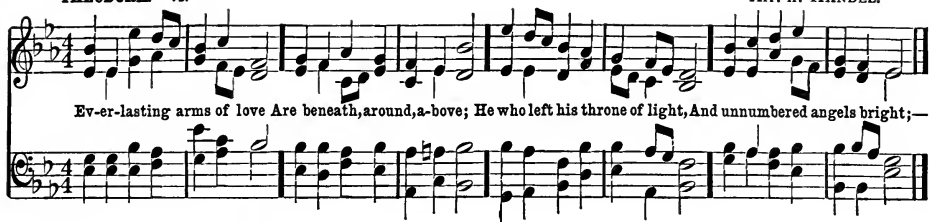
3 Out of thee are shades of death,
Weary ways, and hours unblest;
Shadow of the Rock, beneath
Thee alone are joy and rest.

4 Till the race of life be run,
Till my soul in rest be laid,
God of gods, thou art my Sun;
Son of God, be thou my Shade!

J. S. B. Monsell.

THEODORA. 7s.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.



Ev-er-lasting arms of love Are beneath, around, a-bove; He who left his throne of light, And unnumbered angels bright;—

772 "The Eberlasting Arms."

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—

2 He who on the accurséd tree
Gave his precious life for me;
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

John R. Macduff.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

773 Isaiah 35: 8-10.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

774 Redeeming Love.

NOW BEGIN the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

John Langford.

Je - sus, thou source of calm re - pose, All fullness dwells in thee divine; Our strength to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deep - est gloom to shine; Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower, Our trust and por - tion, ev - er - more.

775

"All Fullness."

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort when in grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

776

Peniel. Gen. 32: 31.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face—
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour! who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

777

In Christ Alone.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote.

ST. CHRISTOPHER. L. M. 61.

J. BARNBY.

Je-sus, my Lord, my God, my all! Blest Saviour, hear me when I call; Oh, hear, and from thy dwell-ing-place

Pour down the rich-es of thy grace: Je-sus, my Lord, I thee a-dore— Oh, make me love thee more and more!

778

"Jesus, my Lord."

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all!
 Blest Saviour, hear me when I call;
 Oh, hear, and from thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of thy grace:
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
 Oh, make me love thee more and more!

2 Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,
 How can I love thee as I ought?
 And how extol thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of thy name?
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
 Oh, make me love thee more and more!

3 Jesus! of thee shall be my song;
 To thee my heart and soul belong;
 All that I am or have is thine,
 And thou, my Saviour, thou art mine!
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
 Oh, make me love thee more and more!

Henry Collins.

779

"My Strength, my Tower."

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower!
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
 Thee will I love, with all my power;
 In all thy works, and thee alone:
 Thee will I love, till thy pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun!
 That thy bright beams on me have shined.
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind.
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace,
 Still to press forward in thy way;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
 Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod.
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

J. Wesley, tr.

780

"Thy Boundless Love."

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
 Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there:
 Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
 Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
 Oh, may thy love possess me whole,—
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
 Strange flames far from my heart remove;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love! how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise:
 O Jesus! nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but thee!

J. Wesley, tr.

NOMEN JESU. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.

Jesus! name of wondrous love! Name all other names a-bove! Un-to which must every knee Bow in deep hu-mil-i-ty.

781 The Name "Jesus."

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall his people save."

4 Jesus! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

William W. How.

782 "Emmanuel."

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high:"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour! Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

John Newton.

ST. BEES. 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Lovely forms or beauties rare, But before my eyes they bring Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

783 "Altogether Lovely."

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light;
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

Frances E. Cox, tr.

ESSEX. 7a.

THOMAS CLARK.

Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy, Still in thee let
me be found, Still for thee my powers employ, Still for thee my powers employ.

784 "To Live is Christ."

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Ralph Wardlaw.

785 "He First Loved Us."

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

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

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

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

Jane E. Leeson.

786 "Christ the Crucified."

ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win!
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

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

Benjamin H. Kennedy.

BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7s

S. JENKS.

None but Christ: his merit hides me, He was faultless—I am fair; None but Christ, his wisdom guides me, He was out-cast—I'm his care.

787 None but Jesus.

NONE but Christ: his merit hides me,
He was faultless— I am fair:
None but Christ, his wisdom guides me,
He was out-cast—I'm his care.

2 None but Christ: his Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control:
None but Christ, his bruising heals me,
And his sorrow soothes my soul.

3 None but Christ: his life sustains me,
Strength and song to me he is;
None but Christ, his love constrains me,
He is mine and I am his.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

788 "Jesus Only."

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Elias Nason.

BROCKLESBURY. 8s, 7s.

Att. fr. CLARIBEL.

Always with us, always with us—Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place above.

789 "With You Always."

ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none:
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevila.

790 A Living Christ.

NOW I KNOW the great Redeemer,
Know he lives and spreads his fame;
Lives—and all the heavens adore him:
Lives—and earth resounds his name.

2 My Redeemer lives within me,
Lives—and heavenly life conveys;
Lives—and glory now surrounds me;
Lives—and I his name shall praise.

3 Pardon, peace, and full salvation
From my living Saviour flow;
Light, and life, and consolation,—
All the good I e'er can know.

4 Soon shall I behold my Saviour;
He who lives and reigns above,
Lives—and I shall live for ever,
Live and sing redeeming love!

Richard Burnham.

GEM. 8s, 7s.

C. H. KENT.

LABORING and heavy-laden, Wanting help in time of need; Fainting by the way from hunger, "Bread of Life!" on thee we feed.

791

Life of Life.

LABORING and heavy-laden,
Wanting help in time of need;
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of Life!" on thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of water,
That by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of Life!" from thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of Life!" we walk in thee.

4 Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,
Longing, struggling to be free;
Where thy loving banner leads us,
"Prince of Life!" we follow thee.

5 Sick of sense's vain deceivings,
Crumbling round us into dust;
Strong alone in faith's believings,
"Word of Life!" in thee we trust.

6 Thou the "Grace of life" supplying,
Thou the "Crown of life" wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of Life" in thee we live.

J. S. B. Monsell.

PRAISE. P. M.

German Melody.

Praise the Saviour, ye who know him: Who can tell how much we owe him? Gladly let us render to him All we are and have!

792

"Praise the Saviour."

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him:
Who can tell how much we owe him?
Gladly let us render to him
All we are and have!

2 With his blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Jesus is the name that charms us;
He for conflicts fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in him.

4 Trust in him, ye saints, for ever;
He is faithful, changing never,
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those he loves from him.

793

Mat. 13: 8.

SAINTS in glory, we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of songs thou art, O Saviour,
All that endless day.

2 Come, ye angels, round us gather,
While to Jesus we draw nearer;
In his throne he'll seat for ever
Those for whom he died.

3 Underneath his throne a river,
Clear as crystal, flows for ever,
Like his fullness, failing never:
Hail, enthronéd Lamb!

4 Oh, the unsearchable Redeemer!
Shoreless ocean, sounded never!
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Jesus Christ, the same.

Thomas Kelly.

Nehemiah Adams.

RAYNOLDS. 11s, 10s.

Art. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen Across this lit - tle landscape of our life;

We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri-ness—the fin-al strife.

794 "We would See Jesus."

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows
lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock
Foundation,
Whereon our feet wereset with sovereign
grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agita-
tion,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

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

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

Anon., 1858.

795 "We are the Lord's."

WE are the Lord's; his all-sufficient merit,
Sealed on the cross, to us this grace ac-
cords;
We are the Lord's, and all things shall in-
herit;
Whether we live or die, we are the
Lord's.

2 We are the Lord's; then let us gladly
tender
Our souls to him, in deeds, not empty
words;
Let heart and tongue, and life, combine to
render
No doubtful witness that we are the
Lord's.

3 We are the Lord's, no darkness brooding
o'er us
Can make us tremble, while this star
affords
A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the
Lord's.

4 We are the Lord's; no evil can befall us
In the dread hour of life's fast loosening
cords;
No pangs of death shall even then appal us;
Death we shall vanquish, for we are the
Lord's.

C. T. Astley, tr.

PSYCHE. 11s, 10s.

Arr. by H. LAMSON.

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:

Fair-er than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

A-lone with thee, a-mid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of na-ture new-ly born;

Alone with thee, in breathless ad-o-ra-tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

796

Still with Jesus.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows
flee:
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
light,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am
with thee.
Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the
morn.

2 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings o'er-
shadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee
there.
So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
flee;
Oh, in that hour, and fairer than day's
dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
thee!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

KLEIN. L. M. D.

Arr. fr. KLEIN.

Though sor-rows rise and dan - gers roll, In waves of dark - ness o'er my soul; Though friends are false, and love de - cays, And few and e - vil are my days; Though conscience, fierc - est of my foes, Swells with re-mem-bered guilt my woes; Yet ev'n in na - ture's ut-most ill, I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

797

"I Love Thee, Lord!"

THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll,
 In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
 Though friends are false, and love decays,
 And few and evil are my days;
 Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
 Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
 Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
 I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
 Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
 And memory points, with busy pain,
 To grace and mercy given in vain;
 Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
 Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
 Though every thought has power to kill,
 I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
 The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
 By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
 Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
 By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
 Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
 I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
 Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still!

Reginald Heber.

798

The Name "Jesus."

JESUS!—the very thought is sweet;
 In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
 But sweeter than sweet honey far
 The glimpses of his presence are.
 No word is sung more sweet than this:
 No name is heard more full of bliss;
 No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
 Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

2 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
 How good to them for sin that mourn!
 To them that seek thee, oh, how kind!
 But what art thou to them that find?
 Jesus, thou sweetness, pure, and blest,
 Truth's fountain, light of souls distressed,
 Surpassing all that heart requires,
 Exceeding all that soul desires!

3 No tongue of mortal can express,
 No letters write, its blessedness:
 Alone who hath thee in his heart
 Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.
 We follow Jesus now, and raise
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
 That he at last may make us meet
 With him to gain the heavenly seat.

J. M. Neale, tr.

PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA.

Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I, that is not in thee? Full par- don,
strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take away, And peace which none can take away.

799

"My Spring's in Thee."

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

James Edmeston.

800

Jesus is for ever Mine.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build and rest secure.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

Anne Steele.

801

"Complete in Him."

My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale.

802

2 Cor. 12:9.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Isaac Watts.

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie In pastures green; he leadeth me The quiet waters by.

803

Psalm 23.

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:

He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous.

804

Christ, our Model.

O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

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

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

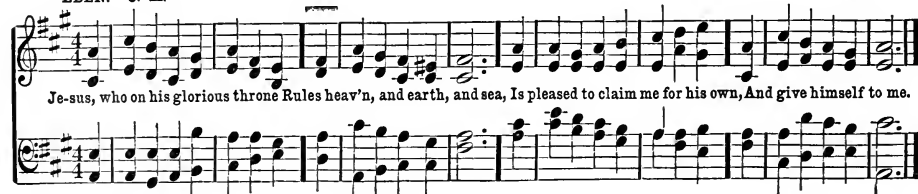
4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

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

Edward Caswall, tr.

EBEN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.



Je-sus, who on his glorious throne Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea, Is pleased to claim me for his own, And give himself to me.

805 "To Life is Christ."

JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

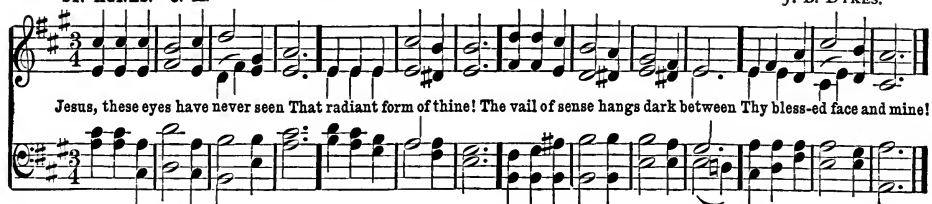
3 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While he prepares my crown.

John Newton.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



806 "Whom Unseen, We Love."

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blesséd face and mine!

- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

Ray Palmer.

807 "The First Loved Us."

O BLESSÉD Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, we give our thoughts, our hearts,
Our lives, our all, to thee.

- 2 We love thee for the glorious worth
Which in thyself we see;
We love thee for that cross of shame
Endured so patiently.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for thine enemies wast slain:
What love with thine can vie?
- 4 Make us like thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace;
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold thy face.

Joseph Stennett.

808 "Altogether Lovely."

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord!

Isaac Watts.

809 A Heart like Christ's.

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely shed for me!

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley.

SABBATA. C. M.

H. F. HEMV.

I've found the Pearl of greatest price, My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine; Christ shall my song employ.

S10 All in All.

- I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine;
Christ shall my song employ.
- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.
- 3 For he indeed is Lord of lords,
And he the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.
- 4 Christ is my Peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice
Offered himself to God.
- 5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

John Mason.

S11 Loving and Beloved.

- Do NOT I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
- 5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge.

ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

My Saviour! my almighty Friend, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end,—The numbers of thy grace?

S12 Psalm 71.

- My Saviour! my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Isaac Watts.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

ART. FR. MENDELSSOHN.



Jesus! I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear.

813 "His Name Jesus."

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

2 Yes!— thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

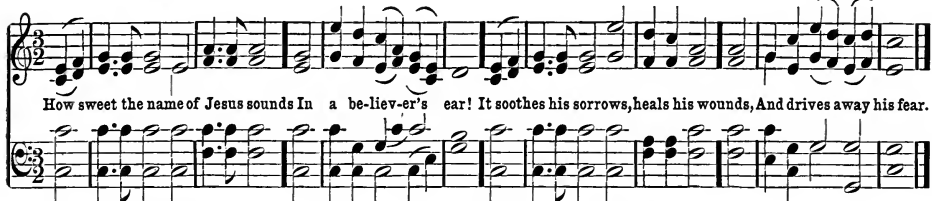
3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

Philip Doddridge.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

814 "He is Precious."

How SWEET the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

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

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

815 "Jesus Only."

JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

John Newton.

Edward Caswall, tr.

WARREN. C. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

Thou love - ly Source of true de - light, Whom I un - seen a - dore!

Un - veil thy beau - ties to my sight, That I may love thee more.

816 Christ in the Word.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'T is here, when'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Anne Steele.

817 Christ Formed Within.

O JESUS Christ, grow thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer thee,
From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day let thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fades every evil thought;
That I am nothing, thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through thy grace
More worthy of thy name.

Mrs. H. B. Smith, tr.

818 Our Elder Brother.

O JESUS, when I think of thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In thee, and thee alone.

2 I see thee in thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from thy shame,
I see thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 In each, a brother's love I trace
By power divine exprest,
One in thy Father God's embrace,
As on thy mother's breast.

4 For me thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

5 Oh, let me share thy holy birth,
Thy faith, thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

G. W. Bethune.

GOULD. C. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

Jesus,—and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes? And didst thou bleed, and groan and die, For thy rebellious foes?

S19 Divine Compassion.

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

Anne Steele.

S20 "He is Precious."

BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

3 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

4 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

O. Heginbotham.

CORTADA. 6s. D.

Arr. by A. CORTADA.

Saviour! hear us, we pray, Keep us safe thro' this day; Keep our lives free from sin, And our hearts pure within.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, Lord! hear our prayer, May we rest in thy care, Je-sus, Lord! hear our prayer, May we rest in thy care.

S21 A Morning Prayer.

SAVIOUR! hear us, we pray,
Keep us safe through this day;
Keep our lives free from sin,
And our hearts pure within.—REF.

2 Be our Guardian and Guide;
May we walk by thy side
Till the evening shades fall
Over us—over all.—REF.

W. W. Ellsworth.

OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! (Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt a-way,) Oh, let me from this day Be wholly [thine!

822 "Look unto Him."

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

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

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

Ray Palmer.

LYTE. 6s, 4s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Jesus, thy name I love, All other names above, Jesus, my Lord! (Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see.) Nothing apart from thee, Jesus, my Lord!

823 "Jesus, my Lord!"

JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord?

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

James G. Deck.

MAGILL. 11s.

T. E. PERKINS.

Come, Je-sus, Re-deem-er, a-bide thou with me; Come, gladden my spir-it that waiteth for thee;

Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe every sorrow tho' keen be the smart.

824

"I Will Come to You."

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

Ray Palmer.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

825

"Distresses for Christ's Sake."

FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss!
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;—

3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed!

Mrs. C. Fry Wilson.

HOLY CHURCH. 7s, 6s. D.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -

fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here: The storm may roar with - out me,

My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-may'd?

826 Perfect Peace.

In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack:
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim:
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been:
 My hope I cannot measure;
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

827 Faithful Saviour.

TO THEE, O dear, dear Saviour!
 My spirit turns for rest,
 My peace is in thy favor,
 My pillow on thy breast;
 Though all the world deceive me,
 I know that I am thine,
 And thou wilt never leave me,
 O blesséd Saviour mine!

2 In thee my trust abideth,
 On thee my hope relies,
 O thou whose love provideth
 For all beneath the skies;
 O thou whose mercy found me,
 From bondage set me free,
 And then for ever bound me
 With threefold cords to thee.

3 Alas, that I should ever
 Have failed in love to thee,
 The only one who never
 Forgot or slighted me!
 Oh, for that choicest blessing
 Of living in thy love,
 And thus on earth possessing
 The peace of heaven above.

J. S. B. Monsell.

SPITTA. 7s, 6s. D.

H. P. DANKS.

The musical score is written in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from thee; In thee is life pro - vid - ed For all man-kind and me: I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly."

828 Never Separated.

I KNOW no life divided,
 O Lord of life, from thee;
 In thee is life provided
 For all mankind and me:
 I know no death, O Jesus,
 Because I live in thee;
 Thy death it is that frees us
 From death eternally.

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

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

Richard Massie, tr.

829 "The World's True Light."

O ONE with God the Father
 In majesty and might,
 The brightness of his glory,
 Eternal Light of light;
 O'er this our home of darkness
 Thy rays are streaming now;
 The shadows flee before thee,
 The world's true Light art thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
 O heavenly Light, arise,
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,
 And hide thee from our eyes!
 We long to track the footprints
 That thou thyself hast trod;
 We long to see the pathway
 That leads to thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
 With radiance of thy grace;
 O Jesus, turn upon us
 The brightness of thy face.
 We need no star to guide us,
 As on our way we press,
 If thou thy light vouchsafest,
 O Sun of righteousness!

William W. How.

LINDEN. 7s, 6s. D.

Arrn by H. LAMSON.

I could not do with-out thee, O Sav-iour of the lost! Whose wondrous love redeemed me At such tremendous cost;

Thy righteousness, thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My on - ly hope and comfort, My glo - ry and my plea.

830

John 15 : 5.

I COULD not do without thee,
 O Saviour of the lost!
 Whose wondrous love redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost;
 Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
 I cannot stand alone,
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own;
 But thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And perfect strength in weakness
 Is theirs who lean on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
 For, oh, the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.
 How could I do without thee?
 I do not know the way;
 Thou knowest, and thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without thee!
 For life is fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be past.

But thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know thou wilt be with me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal.

831 *The Good Shepherd.*

O JESUS, ever present,
 O Shepherd, ever kind,
 Thy very name is music
 To ear, and heart, and mind.
 It woke my wondering childhood
 To muse on things above;
 It drew my harder manhood
 With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
 My feet had gone astray,
 Wert thou not, patient Shepherd,
 The guardian of my way!
 How oft in darkness fallen,
 And wounded sore by sin,
 Thy hand has gently raised me,
 And healing balm poured in.

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
 Wherever thou wilt lead;
 No matter where the pastures,
 With thee at hand, to feed.
 Thy voice, in life so mighty,
 In death shall make me bold:
 Oh, bring my ransomed spirit
 To thine eternal fold.

Lawrence Tuttle.

GRANGE. 8s, 7s, 7s.

R. B. BORTHWICK.

Master, speak! thy servant heareth, Longing for thy gracious word, Longing for thy voice that cheereth;

Master, let it now be heard. I am listening, Lord, for thee; What hast thou to say to me?

832

1 Samuel 3:10.

MASTER, speak! thy servant heareth,
 Longing for thy gracious word,
 Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
 Master, let it now be heard.
 I am listening, Lord, for thee;
 What hast thou to say to me?

2 Often through my heart is pealing
 Many another voice than thine;
 Many an unwilling echo stealing
 From the walls of this thy shrine.
 Let thy longed-for accents fall;
 Master, speak! and silence all.

3 Master, speak! I do not doubt thee,
 Though so tearfully I plead;
 Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without thee
 Life would be a blank indeed.
 But I long for fuller light,
 Deeper love and clearer sight.

4 Speak to me by name, O Master,
 Let me know it is to me;
 Speak, that I may follow faster,
 With a step more firm and free,
 Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
 In the shadow of the rock!

Frances R. Havergal.

2 "Jesus only!" in the glory,
 When the shadows all are flown,
 Seeing him in all his beauty,
 Satisfied with him alone;
 May we join his ransomed throng,
 "Jesus only!"—all our song!

Frances R. Havergal.

834 "He Knoweth Our Frame."

YES, he knows the way is dreary,
 Knows the weakness of our frame,
 Knows that hand and heart are weary,
 He in all points felt the same.
 He is near to help and bless;
 Be not weary, onward press.

2 Look to him, who once was willing
 All his glory to resign,
 That, for thee the law fulfilling,
 All his merit might be thine.
 Strive to follow, day by day,
 Where his footsteps mark the way.

3 Look to him, the Lord of Glory,
 Tasting death to win thy life;
 Gazing on that wondrous story,
 Canst thou falter in the strife?
 Is it not new life to know
 That the Lord hath loved thee so?

4 Look to him, and faith shall brighten,
 Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
 Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
 Rise, he calleth thee, return!
 Be not weary on thy way;
 Jesus is thy strength and stay.

Frances R. Havergal.

833

"Jesus Only."

"JESUS only!" In the shadow
 Of the cloud so chill and dim,
 We are clinging, loving, trusting,
 He with us, and we with him:
 All unseen, though ever nigh,
 "Jesus only!"—all our cry.

CARLISLE. S. M.

C. LOCKHART.

Dear Lord and Mas - ter mine! Thy hap - py ser - vant see;

My Con - qu'ror! with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to thee!

835 "Master Mine."

DEAR Lord and Master mine!
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast;
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine!
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King!
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

Thomas H. Gill.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

837 None but Jesus.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

Isaac Watts.

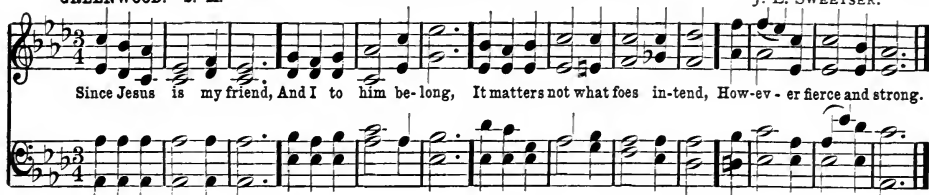
836 Psalm 31.

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.



838 "Jesus is My Friend."

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;—
3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

C. Winkworth, tr.

839 Unseen, We Love.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name;
And love him in his word.

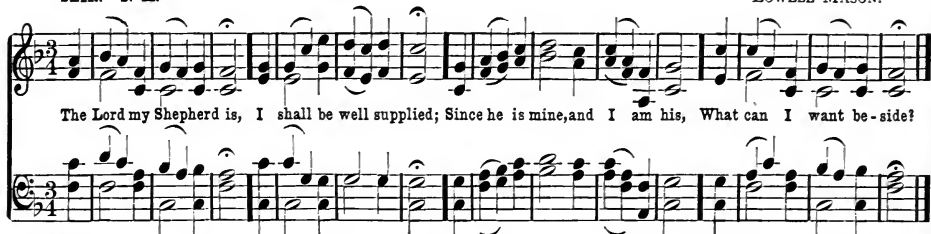
2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Isaac Watts.

SEIR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



840 Psalm 23.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guide me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.



Je - sus, name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est; Je - sus, fount of
 per - fect love, Ho - liest, tend'rest, near - est; { Je - sus, source of grace complet - est, }
 { Je - sus, pur - est, Je - sus, sweetest, }
 Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

841 Theoctistus' Hymn. Part I.

JESUS, name all names above,
 Jesus, best and dearest;
 Jesus, fount of perfect love,
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
 Jesus, source of grace completest,
 Jesus, purest, Jesus, sweetest,
 Jesus, well of power divine,
 Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
 Which the sinner entered,
 Who, in his last dying state,
 Wholly on thee ventured;
 Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
 And thy passion interceding,
 From my misery let me rise
 To a home in Paradise.

3 When I cross death's bitter sea,
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me,
 As the storm draws nigher:
 Jesus, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
 Tell me, "Verily I say,
 Thou shalt be with me to-day."

J. M. Neale, tr.

842 Part II.—Date A. D. 890.

JESUS, crowned with thorns for me,
 Scourged for my transgression,
 Witnessing, in agony
 That thy good confession;
 Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
 For my evil making payment,
 Let not all thy woe and pain,
 Let not Calvary be in vain.

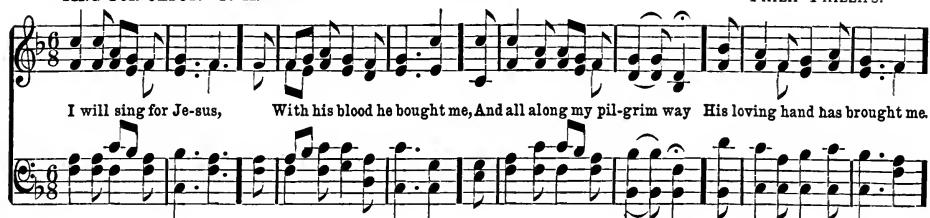
2 Woe, that I have turned aside
 After fleshly pleasure!
 Woe, that I have faintly tried
 For the heavenly treasure!
 Treasure, safe in home supernal,
 Incorruptible, eternal:
 Treasure no less price hath won
 Than the passion of the Son.

3 Thou didst call the prodigal:
 Thou didst pardon Mary:
 Thou whose words can never fall,
 Love can never vary;
 Lord, to heal my lost condition,
 Give—for thou canst give—contrition;
 Thou canst pardon all my ill
 If thou wilt;—oh, say, "I will!"

J. M. Neale, tr.

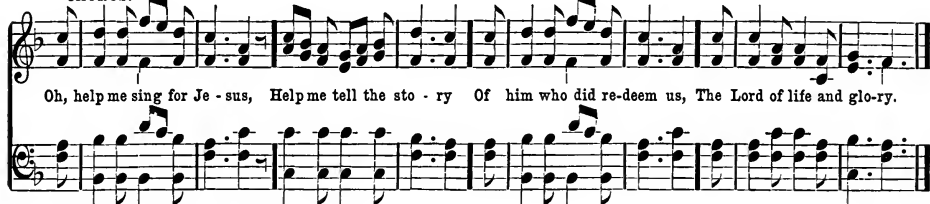
SING FOR JESUS. P. M.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



I will sing for Je-sus, With his blood he bought me, And all along my pil-grim way His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.



Oh, help me sing for Je-sus, Help me tell the sto-ry Of him who did re-deem us, The Lord of life and glo-ry.

843 "My Blessed Master."

I WILL sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me,
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

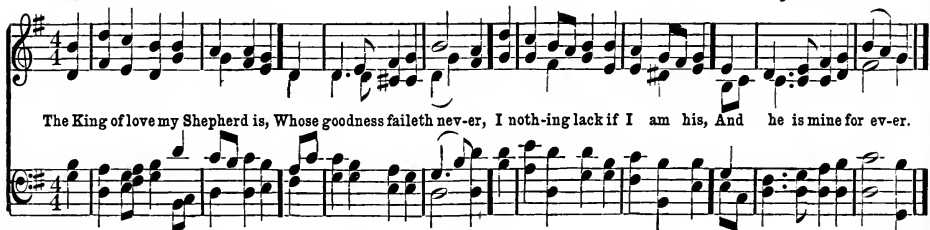
2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster
While I can sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master? — CHO.

CHO. — Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

3 I will sing for Jesus,
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing. — CHO.
Anon.

DOMINUS REGIT. P. M.

J. B. DYKES.



The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev-er, I noth-ing lack if I am his, And he is mine for ev-er.

844

Psalm 23.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never,
Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker.

DIMAN. L. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

Oh, bless-ed Life! the heart at rest, When all with-out tu-mul-tuous seems:

That trusts a high-er Will, and deems That higher Will, not mine, the best.

845*Living by Faith.*

OH, blesséd Life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems:
That trusts a higher Will, and deems
That higher Will, not mine, the best.

2 Oh, blesséd Life! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

3 Oh, blesséd Life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4 Oh, blesséd Life! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5 Oh, Life! how blesséd!—how divine!—
High Life, the earnest of a higher:
Saviour! fulfill my deep desire,
And let this blesséd Life be mine.

W. T. Matson.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

847*In the Light of God.*

GRANT us thy light, that we may know
The wisdom thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 Grant us thy light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to thee,
And love thy simple word the more.

3 Grant us thy light, that we may learn
How dead is life from thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To thee an undivided heart.

4 Grant us thy light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above;
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Grant us thy light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttiert.

846*Straight Onward.*

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face; [grace,
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

GUYON. L. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



848

Contentment.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time:
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

William Cowper, tr.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



'T is by the faith of joys to come, We walk through deserts dark as night;



Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

849

Faith.

'T is by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

Isaac Watts.

850

Consistency.

So LET our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

VIA LUCIS. C. M.

WILLIAM BEST.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His Spirit on-ly can bestow, Who reigns in light a-bove.

851

Godly Sincerity.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

VALENTIA. C. M.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God! how can it be That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me!

852

Faith.

OH, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Frederick W. Faber.

853

Fickness.

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray!

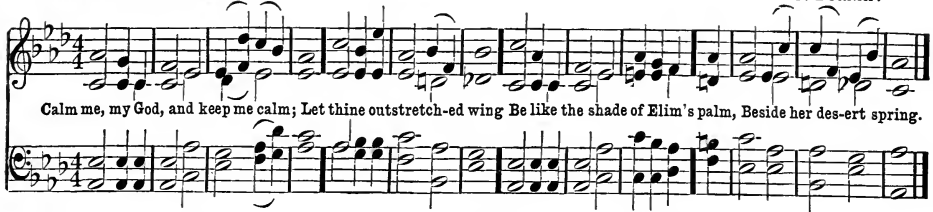
4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

Thomas H. Gill.

ELLSWORTH. C. M.

U. C. BURNAP.



Calm me, my God, and keep me calm; Let thine outstretch-ed wing Be like the shade of Elim's palm, Beside her des-ert spring.

854

Calmness.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm ;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet, —
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street, —

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain, —

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar.

855

Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer ;
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unavails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There — there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

Daniel Turner.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

T. HAWEIS.



Lord, I believe; thy power I own; Thy word I would o-bey; I wander comfortless and lone, When from thy truth I stray.

856

Faith.

LORD, I believe ; thy power I own ;
Thy word I would obey ;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

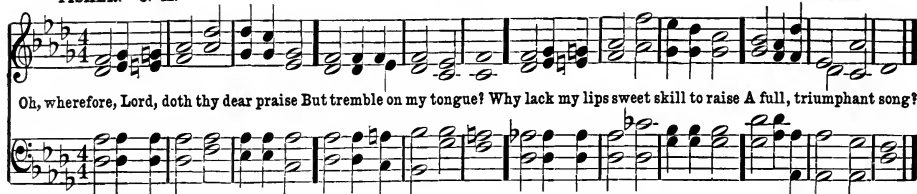
3 Lord, I believe ; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak :
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe ; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief :
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow ;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

John R. Wreford.

FISHER. C. M.

U. C. BURNAP.



857

Longing for Holiness.

OH, wherefore, Lord, doth thy dear praise
But tremble on my tongue?

Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full, triumphant song?

2 Oh, make me, Lord, thy statutes learn;
Keep in thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.

3 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.

4 My voice shall more delight thine ear,
The more I wait on thee;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

5 Oh, when shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

Thomas H. Gill

858

Meditation.

I THINK of thee, my God, by night,
And talk of thee by day;
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.

2 The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of thee,
And dull to meet the sweetest song,
Unless its theme thou be.

3 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let thy presence be,
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorbed in thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C. M.

J. B. CALKIN.



859

Humility.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

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

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

Frederick W. Faber.

860

Dorility.--[Ps. 131.]

IS THERE ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

Isaac Watts.

HARVILLE. C. M.

J. FLINT.

I love thee, O my God,.... but not For what I hope there - by;

Nor yet be - cause who love thee not, Must die e - ter - nal - ly.

861 Disinterested Love.

I LOVE thee, O my God, but not
For what I hope thereby;
Nor yet because who love thee not,
Must die eternally.

2 I love thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love thee,
Solely because my God thou art
Who first hast loved me.

3 For me, to lowest depth of woe
Thou didst thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace:—

4 For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself,—all, all for me,
For me, thine enemy.

5 Then shall I not, O Saviour mine,
Shall I not love thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell:—

6 Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord!

Edward Caswall, tr., alt.

BARBY. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

My Father, it is good for me To trust, and not to trace; And wait with deep humili-ty For thy re-vealing grace.

862 Patience.

My Father, it is good for me
To trust, and not to trace;
And wait with deep humility
For thy revealing grace.

2 Lord! when thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense;
I love thee in the mystery,
I trust thy providence.

3 I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;

I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

4 So faith and patience, wait awhile!—
Not doubting; not in fear;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

5 Then shalt thou end Time's short
Its brief, uncertain night; [eclipse,
Bringing in the grand Apocalypse!
Reveal the perfect Light!

George Rawson.

CARY. S. M.

Arr. fr. L. SPOHR.

Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see their God; The secret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's abode.

863

Purity.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see their God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
 Our life and peace to bring,
 To dwell in lowliness with men,
 Their Pattern and their King:—

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

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

John Keble.

864

Acquiescence.

JESUS, I live to thee,
 The loveliest and best;
 My life in thee, thy life in me,
 In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to thee,
 Whenever death shall come;
 To die in thee is life to me
 In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
 I know not which is best;
 To live in thee is bliss to me,
 To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
 I ask but to be thine;
 My life in thee, thy life in me,
 Makes heaven for ever mine.

Henry Harbaugh.

SELVIN. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

If, through unruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,

We'll own the fav'ring gale; With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.

865

"We Walk by Faith."

IF, through unruffled seas,
 Toward heaven we calmly sail,
 With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
 We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
 And rest delay to come,
 Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
 Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 All yield to thy control:
 Thy tender mercies shall illumine
 The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
 To make thy will our own;
 And when the joys of sense depart,
 To live by faith alone.

A. M. Toplady.

SWAINSTHORPE. S. M.

J. BOOTH.

My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

866 Unfaltering Trust.—Psa. 103.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

867 Poor in Spirit.—Psa. 40: 17.

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care oppress,
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Spirit, and to thee,
The song of praise and love.

A. W. Chatfield, tr.

TRUTH. S. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

Help me, my God, to speak True words to thee each day, True let my voice be when I praise, And trustful when I pray.

868 Genuineness.

HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to thee each day,
True let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to thee be true—
The speech of my whole heart and soul—
However low and few.

3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
Lord, I believe, oh, hear my cry,
Help thou my unbelief.

Horatius Bonar.

GILDAS. S. M.

PETER ABELARD.

Re-joyce, ye pure in heart! Rejoice, give thanks, and sing! Your glorious banner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!

869 "Pure in Heart."

REJOICE, ye pure in heart!

Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

2 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors, through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

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

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

Edward Hayes Plumtre.

ELATION. S. M.

Arr. fr. ROSSINI.

Mine eyes and my de-sire Are ev-er to the Lord; I love to plead his prom-is-es, And rest up-on his word.

870 Psalm 25.

MINE eyes and my desire

Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Lord, turn to thee my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my holy trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

Isaac Watts.

871 Jon.

REJOICE in God always;

When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls,
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their heart it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

John Moultrie.

GRATIA. S. M. D.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to
 bless his name, Whose favors are di-vine. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let his
 mer-cies lie For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die.

872 Gratitude.—Ps. 103.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.
 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

2 'T is he forgives thy sins,
 'T is he relieves thy pain,
 'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave;
 He that redeemed my soul from hell,
 Hath sovereign power to save.

3 He fills the poor with good;
 He gives the sufferers rest:
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.
 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

Isaac Watts.

873 Grateful Confidence.

I BLESS the Christ of God,
 I rest on love divine,
 And with unfaltering lip and heart,
 I call the Saviour mine.
 His cross dispels each doubt;
 I bury in his tomb
 Each thought of unbelief and fear,
 Each lingering shade of gloom.

2 I praise the God of peace;
 I trust his truth and might;
 He calls me his, I call him mine,
 My God, my joy, my light.
 In him is only good,
 In me is only ill;
 My ill but draws his goodness forth,
 And me he loveth still.

3 'T is he who saveth me,
 And freely pardon gives;
 I love because he loveth me;
 I live because he lives.
 My life with him is hid,
 My death has passed away,
 My clouds have melted into light,
 My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar.

ROSEFIELD. 7s, 6l.

C. MALAN.

(Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave; Life e - ter-nal they shall have:) With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e-ter-ni-ty.

874

Brotherly Love.

BLESSÉD are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Joseph Humphreys.

875

Gospel Charity.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues,
Bravest words of strength and fire,
They are but as idle songs,
If no love my heart inspire;
All the eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thy impulse heed;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

Catherine Winkworth, tr.

GUIDE. 7s. 6l.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

D.C.

SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love, Guide me to thy fold a-bove; Let me hear thy gentle voice; More and more in thee rejoice;
D.C.—From thy fullness grace re-ceive, Ev-er in thy Spir - it live.

876

Psalm 23.

SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,

Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death;
And at last, oh, let me stand,
With the sheep at thy right hand.

Anon., 1865.

REPOSE. 7s. 6l.

J. P. HOLBROOK, arr.

Qui-et, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teach-a-ble and mild, Upright, simple, free from art,

Make me as a weaned child: From distrust and en-vy free, Pleased with all that pleases thee.

877

Psalm 131.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child:
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
 'T is enough that thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone;—
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton.

878

Gratitude.

For the beauty of the earth,
 For the glory of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies:
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
 Of the day and of the night;
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light;
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child;
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 Pleasures pure and undefiled;
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For thy church that evermore
 Lifts her holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her pure sacrifice of love;
 Lord of all, to thee we raise
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint.

879

Trust.

SAVIOUR, happy would I be,
 If I could but trust in thee;
 Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
 Trust thy goodness to provide;
 Trust thy saving love and power;
 Trust thee every day and hour:—

2 Trust thee as the only light
 In the darkest hour of night;
 Trust in sickness, trust in health;
 Trust in poverty and wealth;
 Trust in joy and trust in grief;
 Trust thy promise for relief:—

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
 Trust thy grace to make me whole;
 Trust thee living, dying too;
 Trust thee all my journey through;
 Trust thee till my feet shall be
 Planted on the crystal sea.

Edwin H. Nevin.

WIMBORNE. 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. WHITAKER.

Like the ea - gle, up - ward, on - ward, Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calm - ly gaz - ing, sky - ward, sun - ward, Let my eye un - shrink - ing turn!

880 Progress.—Isa. 40: 31.

LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

- 2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!
- 3 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward, press my way!

Horatius Bonar.

881 Self-denial.

PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.

- 2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.
- 3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.
- 4 On the eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining,
Shall not snatch our crown away.

Thomas Hastings.

882 Psalm 127.

VAINLY, through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

- 2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.
- 4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

Harriet Auber.

883 Courage and Faith.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

- 2 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.
- 3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Anon., 1864.

WILSON. 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

Bless - ed an - gels, high in heav - en, O'er the pen - i - tent re - joice ;
 Hast thou for thy bro - ther striv - en With an im - por - tun - ing voice ?

884 "Brother's Keeper."—Gen. 4 : 9.

BLESSED angels, high in heaven,
 O'er the penitent rejoice ;
 Hast thou for thy brother striven
 With an importuning voice ?

2 Art thou not thy brother's keeper ?
 Canst thou not his soul obtain ?

He that wakes his brother sleeper
 Double light himself shall gain.

3 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
 They, who many turn to God,
 Like the stars shall shine for ever,
 In eternal brotherhood !

Anon.

WESTMINSTER. 8s, 7s.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Onward, Christian, tho' the region Where thou art be drear and lone ; God has set a guardian legion Very near thee ; press thou on.

885 Christlikeness.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
 Where thou art be drear and lone ;
 God has set a guardian legion
 Very near thee ; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won ;
 Tread it without shrinking, brother ;
 Jesus trod it ; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For thy life of pain and peace,
 While it needs thee ; oh, no longer
 Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
 That thou be a faithful son ;
 By the prayer of Jesus, " Father,
 Not my will, but thine, be done."

Samuel Johnson.

886 "Not Your Own."

LORD of glory ! thou hast bought us,
 With thy life-blood as the price,
 Never grudging, for the lost ones,
 That tremendous sacrifice.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord ! to yield thee
 Gladly, freely, of thine own ;
 With the sunshine of thy goodness,
 Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;—

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
 To our humblest charity,
 In thine own mysterious sentence,—
 " Ye have done it unto me !"

4 Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
 Hope, to stay our souls on thee ;
 But, oh,—best of all thy graces,—
 Give us thine own charity.

Mrs. E. S. Alderson.

QUEBEC. L. M.

H. BAKER.



SS7

The Beatitudes.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the men whose pities move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

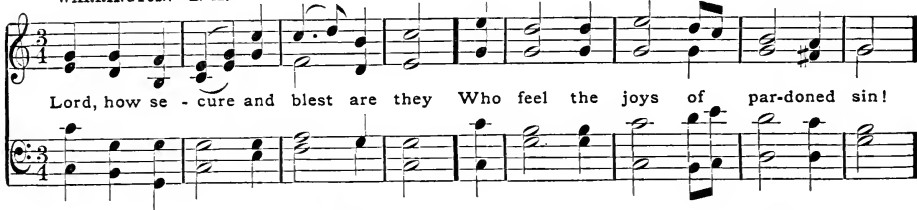
5 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

6 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

Isaac Watts.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. HARRISON.



Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!



Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace with-in.

SSS

Security and Rest.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:

Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



889

Completeness.

COMPLETE in thee, no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee — no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee — each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more — complete in thee.

4 Complete in thee, for ever blest,
Of all thy fullness, Lord, possessed,
Thy praise throughout eternity —
Thy love I'll sing, complete in thee.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

BLACKBURN. L. M.

HAY AITKEN.



Be - neath thy wing, O God, I rest, Un - der thy shad - ow safe - ly lie,

By thine own strength in peace pos - sest, While dread - ed e - vils pass me by.

890

A Subdued Spirit.

BENEATH thy wing, O God, I rest,
Under thy shadow safely lie,
By thine own strength in peace possést,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

2 With strong desire, I here can stay
To see thy love its work complete;
Here can I wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

3 My place of lowly service too,
Beneath that sheltering wing I see;
For all the work I have to do,
Is done thro' strengthening trust in thee.

4 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be;
And, when thy joy the church o'erflows,
I know that it will visit me.

Anna L. Waring.

891

Remembrance.

EARTH'S transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;—

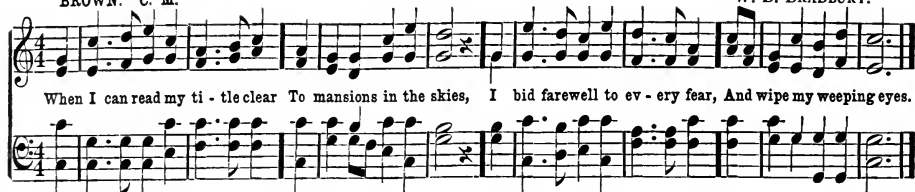
3 As in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

John Bowring.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

892

Assurance.

- WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

893

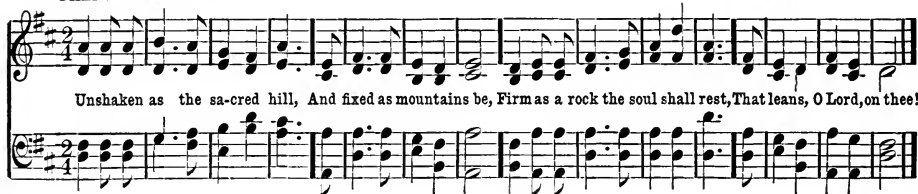
"Saints' Embertorg."

- IF God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee:
Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.
- 4 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome.

PALESTRINA. C. M.

G. P. A. PALESTRINA.



Unshaken as the sa - cred hill, And fixed as mountains be, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on thee!

894

Psalm 125.

- UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts.

895

Perseverance.

- FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

Isaac Watts.

RICH. C. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

Oh, bless-ing rich, for sons of men Mem-bers of Christ to be, Joined to the
 ho - ly Son of God In wondrous u - ni - ty, In wondrous u - ni - ty.

896

Members of Christ.

OH, blessing rich, for sons of men
 Members of Christ to be,
 Joined to the holy Son of God
 In wondrous unity.

2 O Jesus, our great Head divine,
 From whom most freely flow
 The streams of life and strength and
 To all the frame below: [warmth

3 Keep us as members sound and whole
 Within thy body true;
 Build us into a temple fair,
 Meet stones in order due.

4 Keep us good branches of thy vine,
 Large store of fruit to yield;
 Keep us as sheep that wander not
 From thy most pleasant field.

5 For one with God, O Jesus blest,
 We are, when one with thee,
 With saints on earth and saints at rest
 A glorious company.

William W. How.

897

Protection.—Psalm 34.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble, and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name!
 When in distress to him I called,
 He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance he affords to all,
 Who on his succor trust.

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

Tate and Brady.

898

Sovereign Choire.

YE souls for whom the Son did die,
 In whom the Spirit dwells,
 Your sweet amazement riseth high,
 And strong your rapture swells.

2 Who sparéd not that Son divine?
 Who sent that Spirit sweet?
 Father, the work of love is thine,
 The wonder is complete.

3 Thrice blesséd souls, by heavenly love
 Elect, redeemed, renewed;
 Through endless years, below, above,
 By heavenly love pursued!

4 Lord! wouldst thou set thy love on me
 And choose me in thy Son?
 Lord! hath my heart been given to thee?
 Hath love in me begun?

5 Ne'er let thy smile from me depart,
 My heart from thee remove!
 Eternal Lover, teach my heart
 Thine own eternal love.

Thomas H. Gill.

ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

My God, the covenant of thy love Abides for ever sure; And in its matchless grace I feel My happiness secure.

899 The Covenant.

My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Philip Doddridge.

900 Adoption.

My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge.

HUNTINGTON. C. M.

C. W. HUNTINGTON.

There is a safe and secret place Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace— Oh, be that refuge mine!

901 Security.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace—
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry F. Lyte.

BREMEN. C. P. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

O Lord, how hap - py should we be, If we could cast our care on thee, If we from self could
rest; { And feel at heart that One a - bove, }
{ In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, } Is work - ing for the best!

902 Things Working for Good.

O LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

3 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and flowers,
And from self-torment cease!
Father! we trust; and we lie still;
Leave all things to thy holy will,
And so find perfect peace.

Joseph Anstice.

903 The Better Part.

O LOVE Divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Oh, that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

3 Oh, that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord! to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

4 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh; for thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

Charles Wesley.

904 "Complete in Him."

COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet:
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—
"In him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness,—
"In him ye are complete!"

Samuel Medley.

When I had wandered from his fold, His love the wand'rer sought; When slave-like into bondage sold,
D.S.—And as with blessings it hath teemed,

His blood my freedom bought; Therefore that life, by him redeemed, Is his thro' all its days;
So let it teem with praise.

905 Bought with a Price.

WHEN I had wandered from his fold,
His love the wanderer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought;
Therefore that life, by him redeemed,
Is his through all its days;
And as with blessings it hath teemed,
So let it teem with praise.

2 For I am his, and he is mine,
The God whom I adore!
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.

When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
And changed my hopes for fears;
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears.

3 Therefore the joy by him restored,
To him by right belongs;
And to my gracious, loving Lord,
I'll sing through life my songs:
For I am his, and he is mine,
The God whom I adore!
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

KILBURN. C. M.

H. G. B. HUNT.

We bless thee for thy peace, O God! Deep as the soundless sea, Which falls like sunshine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

906 God's Peace.—Phil. 4: 7.

WE bless thee for thy peace, O God!
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;—

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee.

4 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Anon.

GREENPORT. C. M. D.

Arr. fr. THALBERG.

Thou art my hid-ing-place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust; En-couraged by thy
 ho-ly word, A fee-ble child of dust: I have no ar-gu-ment be-side,
 I urge no oth-er plea; And 'tis enough my Saviour died, My Sav-iour died for me!

907

Hiding-place.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
 In thee I put my trust;
 Encouraged by thy holy word,
 A feeble child of dust:
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea;
 And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
 My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
 And furious foes assail,
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the veil:
 From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
 My spirit flies to thee;
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,
 My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life in its last lingering sands
 Is ebbing fast away;—
 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 My voice shall call on thee,
 And ask for strength in death to speak,
 "My Saviour died for me."

Thomas Raffles.

908

Union to Christ.

LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
 Oh, height! oh, depth of love!
 With thee we died upon the tree,
 In thee we live above.
 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down,
 Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
 In all our sorrows one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confessed and borne by thee;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
 To set thy members free.
 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us thou art;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and thee can part.

3 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That thou with us art truly one,
 And we are one with thee!
 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
 When, seated on thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
 That thou with us art one.

James G. Deck.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

O Christ, th'e-ter-nal Light Of ev-ery sun and sphere! Il-lu-mine thou our mor-tal night, And keep our spirits clear.

909 Guardianship.

O CHRIST, the eternal Light
Of every sun and sphere!
Illumine thou our mortal night,
And keep our spirits clear.

2 Let nothing evil smite
Nor enemy invade,
And let us stainless be, and white,
By nothing base betrayed.

3 Guard thou the hearts of all,
But chiefly of thine own;
And hold us that we may not fall,
Through thy great might alone!

4 That so our souls may sing,
When favoring light they see,
And every vow a tribute bring
To God in Trinity!

S. W. Duffield, tr.

910 Grace.

GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to mine ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

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

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

Philip Doddridge.

BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Here I can firm-ly rest; I dare to boast of this, That God, the highest and the best, My Friend and Father is.

911 God Our Father.

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns,
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

C. Winkworth, tr.

THATCHER. S. M.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.

Thou ver - y pres - ent Aid In suf - f'ring and dis - tress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed Is kept in per - fect peace.

912

Pract.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears ;

It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

- 4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry ?
I have the fountain still.
- 5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

Charles Wesley.

FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Be-hold! what wondrous grace The Father has bestowed On sin-ners of a mor-tal race, To call them sons of God!

913

Adoption.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,

May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father ! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts.

LESTER. 11s, 10s, 6s.

J. BARNEY.

Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath his chastening

rod, Tho' rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary, Still will we trust in God.

914

Rest in God.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem
dark and dreary, [ing rod,
And the heart faint beneath his chasten-
Though rough and steep our pathway,
worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief
and pain ;
Through him alone who hath our way ap-
pointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast
designed :
Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is unerr-
ing,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the
loss ;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh.

SCHELL. P. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ; Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest ;

On-ward and onward still be thine endeav-or; The rest that re-maineth en - dur-eth for - ev - er.

PYRENEES. 10s.

Arr. by H. LAMSON.



Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out thy guid - ing hand we go a - stray,
 And doubts ap - pall, and sorrows still in - crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing way.

915

Paths of Peace.

LEAD US, O Father, in the paths of peace;
 Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
 And doubts appall, and sorrows still in -
 crease;
 Lead us through Christ, the true and
 living way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
 Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we
 grope, [youth,
 While passion stains and folly dims our
 And age comes on uncheered by faith
 and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
 Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night:
 Only with thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to the heavenly rest,
 However rough and steep the path may
 be,
 Thro' joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
 Until our lives are perfected in thee.

William H. Burleigh.

916

Thinking of Jesus.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
 Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts be -
 guiled [stay,
 Of him on whom I lean, my strength, my
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

2 Thoughts of his sojourn in this vale of
 tears—
 The tale of love unfolded in those years
 Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,
 I love again, and yet again, to trace.

3 Thoughts of his glory—on the cross I gaze,
 And there behold its sad yet healing rays:
 Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed
 eye.

4 Thoughts of his coming—for that joyful
 day
 In patient hope I watch and wait and pray;
 The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shad -
 ows flee;
 Oh, what a sunrise will that advent be!

Mrs. M. J. Walker.

917

P. M. Tune—SCHELL.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is
 strongest; [longest;
 Watch for day, Christian, when night is
 Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;
 The rest that remaineth endureth for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er
 thee; [thee;
 Run the race, Christian, heaven is before

He who hath promised all faltereth never;
 Oh, trust in the love that endureth for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
 Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
 Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall
 sever;
 Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise
 him for ever.

Joseph Stammers.

CLAPHAM. 7s. D.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know! Spir - it, breathing
 from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so. Oh, this full and per - fect peace!
 Oh, this transport all di - vine! In a love which cannot cease, I am his and he is mine.

918 Loving and Loved.

LOVED with everlasting love,
 Led by grace that love to know!
 Spirit, breathing from above,
 Thou hast taught me it is so.
 Oh, this full and perfect peace!
 Oh, this transport all divine!
 In a love which cannot cease,
 I am his and he is mine.

2 Things that once caused wild alarms
 Cannot now disturb my rest,
 Closed in everlasting arms,
 Pillowed on his loving breast.
 Oh, to lie for ever here,
 Care, and doubt, and self resign;
 While he whispers in my ear,
 I am his and he is mine.

3 His for ever, only his!
 Who the Lord and me can part?
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss
 Christ can fill the loving heart!
 Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
 First-born light in gloom decline;
 But while God and I shall be,
 I am his and he is mine.

Anon.

919 Daily Food.

DAY by day the manna fell:
 Oh, to learn this lesson well!
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
 "Day by day" the promise reads,
 Daily strength for daily needs;
 Cast foreboding fears away,
 Take the manna of to-day.

2 Lord, my times are in thy hand;
 All my sanguine hopes have planned,
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.
 Thou my daily task shalt give:
 Day by day to thee I live:
 So shall added years fulfill,
 Not mine own—my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
 Happy is my humble lot.
 Anxious, busy cares, away!
 I'm provided for to-day.
 Oh, to live exempt from care
 By the energy of prayer;
 Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
 Yet elate with gratitude!

Josiah Couder.

COMFORT. 7s. D.

English Melody.

When our heads are bowed with woe;— When our bit-ter tears o'erflow; When we mourn the

lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! Thou our fee - ble flesh hast worn;

Thou our mortal griefs hast borne; Thou hast shed the human tear: Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

920

"Son of Mary."

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;—
 When our bitter tears o'erflow;—
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
 Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
 Thou hast shed the human tear:
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the heart is sad within,
 With the thought of all its sin;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
 Though the sins were not thine own,
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
 When we heave the parting breath;
 When our solemn doom is near,
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed;
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Henry H. Milman.

921

Looking to Jesus.

WHEN along life's thorny road,
 Faints the soul beneath the load,
 By its cares and sins oppressed,
 Finds on earth no peace or rest;
 When the wily tempter's near,
 Filling us with doubt and fear:
 Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
 Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
 Listenest to thy people's moan;
 Thou, the living Head, dost share
 Every pang thy members bear;
 Full of tenderness thou art,
 Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
 Full of power, thine arm shall quell
 All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
 Thou hast overcome the grave;
 Thou the bars of death hast riven,
 Opened wide the gates of heaven;
 Soon in glory thou shalt come,
 Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
 Jesus, then we all shall be,
 Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

James G. Deck.

Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.

922 "Lead Thou Me On!"

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure
it still

Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

John H. Newman.

923 Strength from the Word.

THY word, O Lord, thy precious word
alone,

Can lead me on;
By this, until the darksome night be gone,
Lead thou me on!

Thy word is light, thy word is life and
power;

By it, oh, guide me in each trying hour!
2 What'er my path, led by the word, t 'is

good,
Oh, lead me on!

Be my poor heart thy blesséd word's abode,
Lead thou me on!

Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,
And leads me by thy word, close following
thee.

3 Led by aught else, I tread a devious way,
Oh, lead me on!

Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey,
Lead thou me on!

My every step shall then be well defined,
And all I do according to thy mind.

Albert Midlane.

PORTLAND. 8s, 4s.

J. E. SWEETSER.

My God, my Father! while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh! teach me from my heart to say "Thy will be done."

COCHRAN. 10s, 4s.

U. C. BURNAP.

924

Unflinching Faith.

LIGHT of the world! whose kind and gentle care
Is joy and rest;
Whose counsels and commands so gra-cious are,
Wisest and best.
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure
Its hope and peace; [desire,
Let not the faith thy loving words inspire
Falter, or cease;
But be to me, true Friend, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessed Lord! what bliss to feel thee near,
Faithful and true;
To trust in thee, without one doubt or fear,
Thy will to do;
And all the while to know that thou, our Friend,
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

4 And then, oh, then! when sorrow's night is o'er,
Life's daylight come,
And we are safe within heaven's golden door,
At home! at home!
How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to thee our everlasting praise.

H. Bateman.

925

8s, 4s. Tune—PORTLAND.

MY God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

CANONS ASHBY. L. M. 61.

JOHN HULLAH.

When gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On him I lean, who, not in vain,

Ex- per ienced ev-ery hu- man pain; He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

926

"Jesus Wept."

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone, I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict, but the last,—
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

Robert Grant.

EDRIS. S. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.

Far from my heavenly home, Far from my Father's breast, Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit! come, And speed me to my rest.

927

Psalm 137.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit! come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 "Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?"

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;

My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

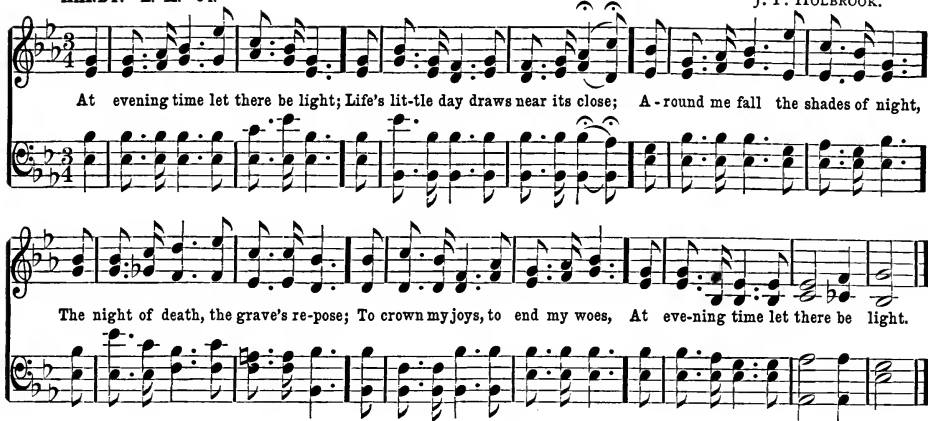
4 To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life! be near!
On thee my hopes I cast:
Oh! guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Henry F. Lyte.

HANDY. L. M. 61.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



At evening time let there be light; Life's lit-tle day draws near its close; A-round me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's re-pose; To crown my joys, to end my woes, At eve-ning time let there be light.

928

"At Evening Time."

At evening time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day—
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;

Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way;—
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'T is evening time, and there is light!

James Montgomery.

RHOSSILLY. 6s, 5s.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



Oh, let him whose sorrow No re-lief can find, Trust in God and borrow Ease for heart and mind.

929

Succor and Solace.

OH, let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

3 God will never leave us,
All our wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes.

4 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

5 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know,—

6 When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above
Crowns us with his favor,
Fills us with his love.

Frances E. Cox, tr.

ROMBERG. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

O thou, whose bounty fills my cup With every blessing meet! I give thee thanks for every drop—The bitter and the sweet.

930

Thanks for All.

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!

I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;

I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

SECURITY. P. M.

English Melody.

I left it all with Je-sus long a-go, All my sins I brought him and my woe; When by faith I saw him on the tree, Heard his

small still whisper, "T is for thee," From my heart the burden rolled away! Happy day.

931

"The Burden Rolled Away."

I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought him and my woe;
When by faith I saw him on the tree,
Heard his small, still whisper, "'T is for
thee,"
From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day.

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop with his smile,

Make the desert garden bloom awhile:
When my weakness leaneth on his might,
All seems light.

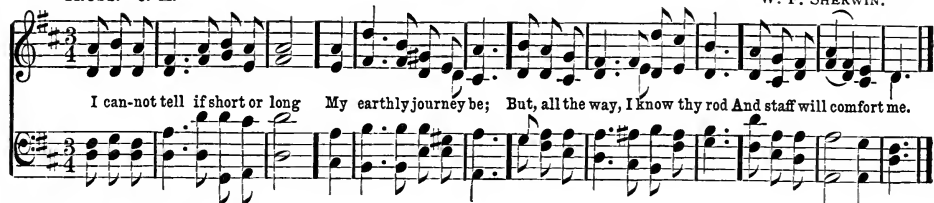
3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him, come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her
rest,

In the calm sure haven of his breast;
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At his side.

Ellen H. Willis.

TRUST. C. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.



I can-not tell if short or long My earthly journey be; But, all the way, I know thy rod And staff will comfort me.

932 A Hymn of Trust.

I CANNOT tell if short or long
My earthly journey be;

But, all the way, I know thy rod
And staff will comfort me.

2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,
What need have I to care?

Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt
Beyond my strength to bear.

3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,
My soul would not avoid;

Who follow thee, O Lord, may be
Cast down, but not destroyed.

4 Though over steep and rugged ways
My weary feet be brought,
Still following where thy footprints lead,
I take no anxious thought.

5 Oh, perfect peace! oh, endless rest!
No care, no vain alarms;
Beneath my every cross I find
The Everlasting Arms.

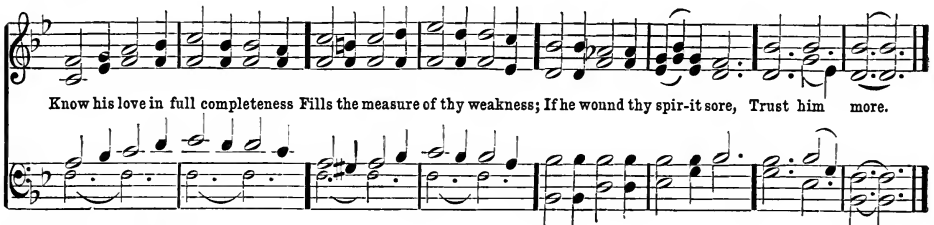
Miss H. O. Knowlton.

HARVEY. P. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.



Since thy Fa-ther's arm sustains thee, Peace-ful be; When a chastening hand restrains thee, It is he!



Know his love in full completeness Fills the measure of thy weakness; If he wound thy spir-it sore, Trust him more.

933 Resting in God.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;

When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he!

Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand:

Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill—
Lying still.

3 To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;
Ask him not, then—when or how—
Only bow.

Tr. fr. K. R. Hagenbach.

ABER. S. M.

WM. H. MONK.

It is no untried way That takes us home to God; The road that leads to realms of day By Christ himself was trod.

934 Christ Suffered.

It is no untried way
That takes us home to God;
The road that leads to realms of day
By Christ himself was trod.

2 The Lord of Love has borne
The burdens of this life,
The Man of Sorrows oft was worn
With earth's incessant strife.

3 See from his throne of light
He now in grace looks down,
He holds within faith's piercing sight,
And bids us win — the crown.

4 Our hearts can never faint
With such a goal in view;
But doubts dismissed, hushed each com-
We will the way pursue. [plaint,

Robert M. Offord.

935 "It is Well."

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
" 'T is with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of God.

3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls;—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

John Kent.

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.

A - long my earthly way, How ma - ny clouds are spread! Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray, Seems gathering o'er my head.

936 Hereafter.

ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through.

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;

And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh, from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

James Edmeston.

ALDERSGATE. S. M.

G. P. MERRICK.



How ten - der is thy hand, O thou be - lov - ed Lord! Af - fictions come at thy command, And leave us at thy word.

937 Kindness Even in Affliction.

HOW TENDER is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.


3 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name adored;
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings.

CLEVELAND. S. M.

U. C. BURNAP.



Father, my cup is full! My trembling soul I raise; Oh, save me in this solemn hour, Thy might and love to praise!

938 "My Cup is Full."

FATHER, my cup is full!
My trembling soul I raise;
Oh, save me in this solemn hour,
Thy might and love to praise!

2 Father, my cup is full!
But One hath drank before,
And for our sins thy face was hid;
The bitter draught ran o'er.

3 Father, my cup is full!
But thou dost bid me drink:
I know thy love the chalice mixed,
But yet I faint—I shrink.

4 Alone he drank the cup,
The holy, sinless One,
That not one soul on earth again
Should drain the dregs alone.

5 Father, forsake me not!
O Christ! I look to thee;
And by thy midnight agony
Do thou remember me.

Anna Shipton.

939 God's Help Sure.

SAY not, my soul, "From whence
Can God relieve my care?"
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.

2 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed:
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.

3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before his time,
And never is behind.

4 Hast thou assumed a load,
Which few will share with thee,—
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall he fail to see?

5 Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone;
Now, thou the Lord's companion art;
Soon, thou wilt share his throne.

T. T. Lynch.

JEWETT. 6s. D.

Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.

My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

940 "Not An Will, but Thine."

- My Jesus, as thou wilt!
 Oh, may thy will be mine;
 Into thy hand of love
 I would my all resign;
 Through sorrow, or through joy,
 Conduct me as thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, thy will be done!
- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with thee,
 My Lord, thy will be done!
- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with thee:
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, thy will be done!

Jane Borthwick, tr.

941 "He Knoweth the Way."

- THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by thine own hand;
 Choose out my path for me,
 I dare not choose my lot:
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
- 2 The kingdom that I seek
 Is thine: so let the way
 That leads to it be thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
 Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee may seem;
 Choose thou my good and ill.
- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All.

Horatius Bonar.

BLESSED HOME. 6s. D.

J. STAINER.

There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crowned, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glory throws a-round.

942 The Homeland.

THERE is a blessed home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace ;
 Good angels know it well ;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell ;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father one,
 And Spirit, evermore.

3 Look up, ye saints of God !
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;

Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love ;
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker.

943 A Father's Hand.

BE tranquil, O my soul !
 Be quiet every fear !
 Thy Father hath control,
 And he is ever near.
 Ne'er of thy lot complain,
 Whatever may befall ;
 Sickness, or care, or pain,
 'T is well appointed all.

2 A Father's chastening hand
 Is leading thee along ;
 Nor distant is the land
 Where swells the immortal song.
 Oh, then, my soul, be still !
 Await heaven's high decree ;
 Seek but thy Father's will,
 It shall be well with thee.

Thomas Hastings.

VIA PACIS. 6s.

J. BARNBY.

{ Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand; Choose out my path for me. }

{ I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might; Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a-right. }

BELTRA. 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord, To his gracious promise flee, Laying hold up-on his word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

944

Deut. 33:25.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

W. F. Lloyd.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D.

J. NARES.

{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por-tion trace; }
{ Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place: } Sun and moon and stars de-cay;

Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

945

The Better Portion.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:

So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

LAST HOPE. 7s.

Arr. fr. GOTTSCHALK.

In the dark and cloudy day, When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay, Saviour, comfort, comfort me!

946

Comfort.

IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

George Rawson.

947

"For Me Careth."

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

Rowland Hill.

948

Love Seen in Trials.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?

5 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper.

WHIPPLE. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Je - sus! our best be - lov - ed Friend, On thy re - deem - ing name we call;
 Je - sus! in love to us de - scend, Par - don and sanc - ti - fy us all.

949

Consecration.

JESUS! our best beloved Friend,
 On thy redeeming name we call;
 Jesus! in love to us descend,
 Pardon and sanctify us all.

2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow thy commands;
 Oh! take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
 Accept the service of our hands.

3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 Our Master's voice will we obey,
 Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.

4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
 In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
 And till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

James Montgomery.

950

Faith and Works.

ONE cup of healing oil and wine,
 One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
 Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
 Than lifted eye or bended knee.

2 In true and inward faith we trace
 The source of every outward grace;
 Within the pious heart it plays,
 A living fount of joy and praise.

3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
 Where'er the stream has found its way;
 But, where these spring not rich and fair,
 The stream has never wandered there.

William H. Drummond.

951

The Poor.—Luke 6:20.

THOU God of hope, to thee we bow!
 Thou art our Refuge in distress;
 The Husband of the widow thou,
 The Father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
 To them thy promises are sure:
 Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
 Oh! may we always thus be poor!

3 May we thy law of love fulfill,
 To bear each other's burdens here,
 Endure and do thy righteous will,
 And walk in all thy faith and fear.

Anon.

952

Not Your Own.

OH, not my own these verdant hills,
 And fruits and flowers, and stream, and
 But his who all with glory fills, [wood;
 Who bought me with his precious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
 Its curious work, its living soul;
 But his who for my ransom came;
 Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
 My feet from fierce temptations free;
 Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
 Adoring, blessed Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
 When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
 And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
 Safe home, to wander nevermore.

Samuel F. Smith.

DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.

Go, la-bor on, while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on; Speed, speed, thy work,—cast sloth a-way! It is not thus that souls are won—It is not thus that souls are won.

953

Zeal.

- Go, LABOR ON, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Go, labor on: your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Horatius Bonar.

954

Encouragement.

- It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
- 2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.
- 3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.
- 4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

J. G. Whittier.

BISHOP. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Father's will; It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

955

Zeal.—John 12: 43.

- Go, LABOR ON; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

- 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar.

Fa-ther of mercies! send thy grace, All powerful from above, To form in our obedient souls The im-age of thy love.

956 "So Jesus Looked."

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And 'mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge.

957 God's Hidden Ones.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crosswell.

958 Minute Fidelity.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon., 1845.

959 Psalm 41.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous
A stranger's woes to feel; [warmth
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

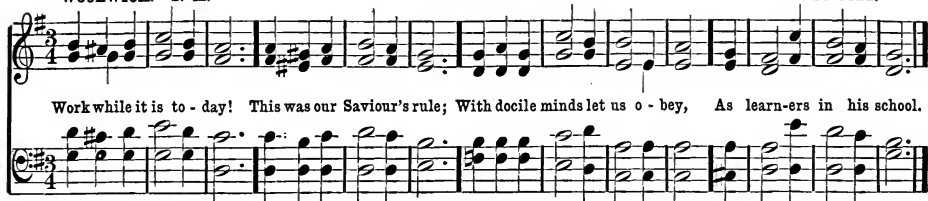
4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.

WOOLWICH. S. M.

C. E. KETTLE.



Work while it is to-day! This was our Saviour's rule; With docile minds let us o-bey, As learn-ers in his school.

960

Expedition.

WORK while it is to-day!

This was our Saviour's rule;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in his school.

2 Lord Christ, we humbly ask
Of thee the power and will,
With fear and meekness, every task
Of duty to fulfill.

3 At home, by word and deed,
Adorn redeeming grace;
And sow abroad the precious seed
Of truth in every place:—

4 That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness,
Where'er life's river flows.

James Montgomery.

961

Contributions.

THY bounties, gracious Lord!

With gratitude we own;
We bless thy providential grace,
Which showers its blessings down.

2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold! we pay
A tribute of thine own.

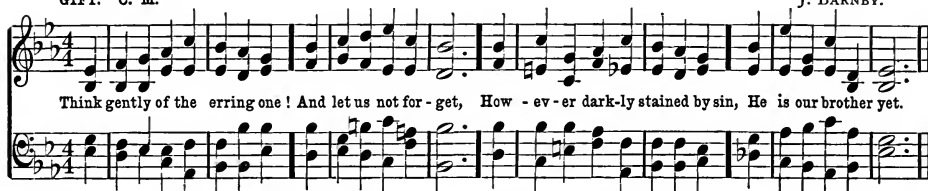
3 Let a Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide;
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.

4 Oh! may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

Elizabeth Scott.

GIFT. C. M.

J. BARNBY.



Think gently of the erring one! And let us not for-get, How - ev - er dark-ly stained by sin, He is our brother yet.

962

Charitableness.

THINK gently of the erring one!

And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one:
As God has dealt with thee.

Miss ———, Fletcher.

963

More Laborers.

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
“More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!”

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

Samuel Longfellow.

SAMSON. L. M.

Arr. fr. HÄNDEL.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone;

As thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.

964

Just a Word.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;

Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

PISA. 7s, 6s.

W. H. JUDE.

Lord of the living har-vest, That whitens o'er the plain, Where angels soon shall gather Their sheaves of golden grain,—

965 "Thy Kingdom Come."

LORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,—

2 Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

3 As laborers in thy vineyard
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee.

4 We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

J. S. B. Monsell.

MISSION SONG. 8s, 7s. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,—
D.S.—Who will answer, gladly saying,

Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he offers free;
"Here am I, O Lord, send me." FINE. D.S.

966 "The Laborers are few."

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,—
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Dr. March.

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaf,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

967 "What Thy Hand findeth."

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,

E. H. Gates.

OFFORD. S. M.

J. Goss.

Oh! praise our God to-day, His constant mercy bless, Whose love hath helped us on our way, And granted us success.

968 The Law of Love.

OH! praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

3 Oh! happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow! hear;
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless! be near,
And grant us good success.

Henry W. Baker.

969 Contribution.

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All what we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as thou blestest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless—
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William W. How.

OSLER. S. M.

Ancient Melody.

Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land.

970 "Harvest Home."

SOW IN the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

SOLNEY. 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. SCHULZ.

All un - seen the Mas - ter walk - eth By the toil - ing servant's side ;
 Com - fort - a - ble words he speak - eth, While his hands up - hold and guide.

971 "I am with You."

ALL unseenthe Master walketh
 By the toiling servant's side ;
 Comfortable words he speaketh,
 While his hands uphold and guide.
 2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
 Rends thy heart, to him unknown ;

He to-day, and he to-morrow,
 Grace sufficient gives his own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
 Long endurance wins the crown ;
 When the evening shadows lengthen,
 Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

Thomas MacKellar.

STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love, Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from a - bove.

972 Psalm 126: 6.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.
 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine ;
 Precious fruit will thus be given,
 Through an influence all divine.
 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !
 See the rising grain appear ;
 Look again ! the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings.

973 Benevolent Efforts.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
 Thinking not 't is thrown away ;
 God himself saith, thou shalt gather
 It again some future day.
 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
 Wildly though the billows roll,
 They but aid thee as thou toilest
 Truth to spread from pole to pole.
 3 As the seed, by billows floated,
 To some distant island lone,
 So to human souls benighted,
 That thou flingest may be borne.
 4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
 Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?
 Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
 If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.

WORK SONG. P. M.

C. J. DICKENSON.

Work, for the night is coming; Work, through the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling; Work, 'mid springing flowers;

Work, when the day grows brighter, Work, in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

974 "The Night Cometh."

WORK, for the night is coming;
 Work, through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling;
 Work, 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work, in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker.

ST. PIRAN. 7s, 5s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Thine are all the gifts, O God! Thine the broken bread; Let the naked feet be shod, And the starving fed.

975 The Grace of Giving.

THINE are all the gifts, O God!
 Thine the broken bread;
 Let the naked feet be shod,
 And the starving fed.

2 Let thy children, by thy grace,
 Give as they abound,
 Till the poor have breathing-space,
 And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
 Is the giver's choice;
 Sweeter than the song of birds
 Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
 As the flowers of spring;
 Let the tender hearts be glad
 With the joy they bring.

John G. Whittier.

HALLEL. C. M. 61.

R. DEWITT MALLARY.



Dis-miss me not thy service, Lord, But train me for thy will; For e-ven I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may ful-fill; And I will ask for no re-ward, Ex-cept to serve thee still.

976 A Veteran's Prayer.

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord,
But train me for thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfill;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come!
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

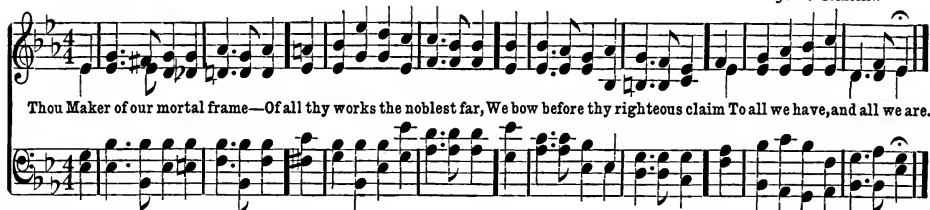
3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest,
Wilt thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his sonship may;
Lord, I would serve and be a son:
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

ENSIGN. L. M.

J. B. CALKIN.



Thou Maker of our mortal frame—Of all thy works the noblest far, We bow before thy righteous claim To all we have, and all we are.

977 Chief End of Man.

THOU Maker of our mortal frame—
Of all thy works the noblest far,
We bow before thy righteous claim
To all we have, and all we are.

2 Our tongues were fashioned for thy word,
Our hands—to do thy will divine;
Our bodies are thy temple, Lord,
The mind's immortal powers are thine.

3 Its highest thought—to trace thy skill,
Its purest love on thee to rest,

Its noblest action of the will,
To choose thy service, and be blest.

4 Our ransomed spirits rise to thee—
Unfailing source of light and joy!
Thy love has made thy children free,
Thy praise shall life and strength employ.

5 Give grace and mercy to the end—
For we are thine and not our own:
So shall we to thy courts ascend,
And cast our crowns before thy throne.

A. R. Wolfe.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea, To thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to thee, Who giv - est all?

978 God Giveth All Things.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

3 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,

And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

C. Wordsworth.

Fa-ther of all, from land and sea The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we, Countless in number, but in thee May we be one."

979 Unity in Diversity.

FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in thee
May we be one."

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make thee man to be,
United to our God in thee,
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own

Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

5 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

C. Wordsworth.

ECCLESIA. 11s, 5s.

G. M. GARRETT.

Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, and hope of ev - ery
na - tion, Hear and re - ceive thy church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y.

980

Grant Us Peace.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Lord, thou canst help when earthly arm-
or faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin as-
saileth,
Lord, o'er thy rock nor death nor hell pre-
vailleth :
Grant us thy peace, Lord :-

3 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts
assuaging,
Peace in thy church, where brothers are
engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is
waging ;
Calm thy foes raging.

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

Philip Pusey.

981

Public Acknowledgment.

PRAISE ye the Father, for his loving kind-
ness,
Tenderly cares he for his loving children ;

26*

Praise him ye angels, praise him in the
heavens,
Praise ye Jehovah!

2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is his com-
passion,
Graciously cares he for his chosen people ;
Young men and maidens, ye old men and
children,
Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of Israel,
Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us ;
Praise ye the Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Praise ye the Triune God.

Elizabeth Charles.

982

Public Imploration.

O GRACIOUS Jesus, hear our humble crying ;
Haste to our help, in all thy grace replying
To us, who, laden with our sins, implore
thee,
Falling before thee.

2 O thou, whose mercy to our prayer de-
scendeth,
And to the contrite consolation sendeth,
Thy comfort give ; accept our supplication,
Lord, our salvation.

3 Our need thou knowest ; Lord, descend ;
supplying
Our wants, who live on thy sure word rely-
ing.
Lord Jesus, spare us ; to our hearts be
given
Thy peace from heaven.

A. T. Russell.

ARDATH. S. M. D.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

How beautiful are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation
on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. How charming is their voice! How
sweet their tidings are! "Zion, behold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here."

983

The Ministry.

HOW BEAUTIFUL are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

Isaac Watts.

984

More Laborers.

LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

3 Oh, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

Charles Wesley

SALZBURG. S. M. D.

JOHANN M. HAYDN.

Far as thy name is known, Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne With joy let Judah stand On Zion's chosen hill, Proclaim the wonders of thy hand, And counsels of thy will, And counsels of thy will.

985

Psalm 48.

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord! before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.
3 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
The God we worship now
Will guide us, till we die;
Will be our God, while here below;
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

I love thy kingdom, Lord! The house of thine abode, The church, our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

986

Psalm 137.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

REX GLORIE. L. M. D.

E. J. HOPKINS.

O Lord of hosts, whose glo-ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills, And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made by hands; Grant that all we, who here to-day Rejoicing this founda-tion lay, May be in ver-y deed thine own, Built on the precious Cor-ner-stone.

987

Corner-Stone.

O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made by hands;
Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

2 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.
To thee they all belong; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And, when we bring them to thy throne,
We but present thee with thine own.

3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blesséd Trinity!

John M. Neale.

988

Dedication.—Ezek. 1:26.

COME, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where thy redeemed behold thy face,
Enter this temple, now thine own,
And let thy glory fill the place.
We praise thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before thee stand;
'T is thine for us—'t is ours for thee;
Reared by thy kind assisting hand.

2 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With thine own joy fill every breast,
With thine own power thy word attend.
Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid thou the throbbing heart be still;
Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet thy will.

3 When round this board thine own shall
And keep the feast of dying love, [meet,
Be our communion ever sweet,
With thee, and with thy Church above.
Come, faithful Shepherd, feed thy sheep;
In thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till thy full glory we behold.

Ray Palmer.

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

{ A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing; }
 { Our Help-er he, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. } For still our an-cient foe Doth
 seek to work his woe; His craft and power are great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

989 "A Mighty Fortress."

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our Helper he, amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work his woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is he;
 Lord Sabaoth is his name,
 From age to age the same,
 And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill;
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

Frederick H. Hedge, tr.

MIDDLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

Art. by J. ZUNDEL.

FINE. D.C.
 (Hail! thou God of grace and glory! Who thy name hast magnified,
 By redemption's wondrous sto-ry, By the Saviour cru-ci-fied;) Thanks to thee for ev'ry blessing, Flowing from the Fount of love;
 D.C.—Thanks for present good unceasing, And for hopes of bliss above.

990 Christian Union.

HAIL! thou God of grace and glory!
 Who thy name hast magnified,
 By redemption's wondrous story,
 By the Saviour crucified;
 Thanks to thee for every blessing,
 Flowing from the Fount of love;
 Thanks for present good unceasing,
 And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,
 With the sevenfold cord of love;
 Breathe a spirit of communion
 With the glorious hosts above;
 Let thy work be seen progressing;
 Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
 Till the world, thy truth possessing,
 Celebrates its jubilee.

Thomas W. Aveling.

AVELING. 8s, 7s. D.

J. BARNEY.



Sav-iour, vis-it thy plan-tation! Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain: All will come to
des-o-la-tion, Un-less thou re-turn a-gain. Keep no long-er at a dis-tance,
Shine up-on us from on high, Lest, for want of thine as-sis-tance, Eve-ry plant should droop and die.

991 *Bebibal Emplord.—Cant. 4: 16.*

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

John Newton.

992 *Sabbath School Meeting.*

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day:
Raise we then with glad emotion
Thankful lays; and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend, as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again!

Anon., 1865.

STOUGHTON. 8s, 7s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

Glorious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He, whose word can - not be brok - en,
D.S. — With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded,

FINE. D. S.
Formed thee for his own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

993

"Glorious Things."—Pss. 87.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

John Newton.

994

The Cobnant.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moon no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

William Cowper.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

W. CROFT.



Oh, where are kings and empires now, Of old that went and came? But, Lord, thy church is praying yet, A thousand years the same.

995 A Growing Kingdom.

Oh, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;

We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

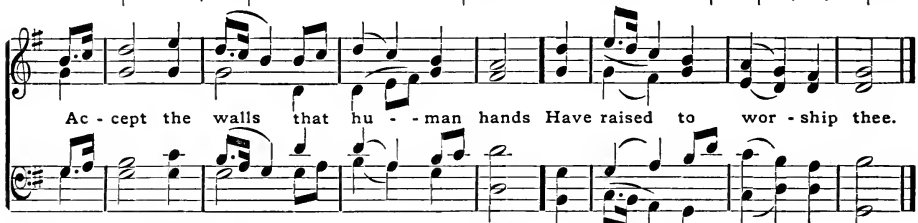
Arthur C. Cox.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANSUR.



O thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built o - - ver earth and sea,



Ac - cept the walls that hu - - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

996 For Dedication.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,

Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,

The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;

And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,

While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant.

997 The Ministry.

'T IS not a cause of small import

The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

2 The watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—

For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;

And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see,

And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

WARSAW. H. M.

T. CLARK.

Christ is our Cor-ner-stone; On him a-lone we build; With his true saints a-lone
The courts of heav'n are filled: On his great love Our hopes we place, Of pres-ent grace And joys a-bove.

998 Corner-Stone.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song | That glorious Name.

3 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

John Chandler, tr.

3 Our heavenly Father thou,—
We—children of thy grace,
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

John Burton.

1000 The Church One.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one,

George Robinson.

999 The Spirit and the Bride.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

Dear Saviour! we are thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands; Our hearts, our souls, we would resign En - tire - ly to thy hands.

1001 "We are Thine."

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still should cleave
With evergrowing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne
He'll fix his members there.

Philip Doddridge.

1002 Meeting, after Absence.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

3 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

Charles Wesley.

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

1003 "Christian Love."

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawc.

RHOADS. S. M.

C. WARWICK JORDAN.

Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As - sem-bled in thy name.

1004 Christ's Presence.

JESUS, we look to thee,
 Thy promised presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet;
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
 Which thou hast freely given;

We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
 But, oh, thyself reveal!
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
 The death of sin remove;
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
 In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. HOWARD.

O Lord, thy work re-vive, In Zi-on's gloomy hour, And make her dy-ing grac-es live By thy re-stor-ing power.

1005 "Rebuke Thy Work."

O LORD, thy work revive,
 In Zion's gloomy hour,
 And make her dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
 To fervent earnest prayer;
 Again may they their vows renew
 Thy blessed presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of feeble clay,
 And hearts of adamant will break,
 And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
 Oh, listen to our cry;
 Oh, come and bring salvation here:
 Our hopes on thee rely.

1006 Declension.

OH, for the happy hour
 When God will hear our cry,
 And send, with a reviving power,
 His Spirit from on high.

2 While many crowd thy house,
 How few, around thy board,
 Meet to recount their solemn vows,
 And bless thee as their Lord!

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
 Thy gospel sure success;
 Canst bid the dying sinner live
 Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
 Spirit of life and love!
 Then shall this people all be thine,
 This church like that above.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, alt.

G. W. Bethune.

CRAGIN. C. M.

J. BARNBY.

Blest be the dear, uniting love, That will not let us part: Our bodies may far off re-move; We still are one in heart.

1007 "The Head, even Christ."

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

Charles Wesley.

1008 "Little Flock."

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

4 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Horatius Bonar.

BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBB.

Lord, thou on earth didst love thine own, Didst love them to the end; Oh, still from thy celestial throne, Let gifts of love descend.

1009 "One as We are One."

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,

So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then, robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

Ray Palmer.

UNA. C. M. D.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Let saints below in concert sing With those to glory gone; For all the servants of our King In earth and heav'n are one.

One fam-i-ly—we dwell in him—One church above, beneath, Tho' now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death;—

1010 "One Family."

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;—

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore.

Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so ful-fill his word!

1011 1 John 4:21.

HOW SWEET, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,

Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain

DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.

Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb, Who loved our race ere time be-gan, Who vailed his Godhead
in our clay, And in an humble manger lay, And in an humble man-ger lay.

1012

Imitation of Christ.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who vailed his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

Thomas Baldwin.

1013

"Buried with Him."

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restored;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

3 He by his blood atoned for sin;
This precious blood can wash us clean;
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

Moravian.

1014

The Pleasant Path.

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

Adoniram Judson.

1015

Emboration.

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood,
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

Adoniram Judson.

DOMINUS REGIT. P. M.

J. B. DYKES.

This rite our blest Redeemer gave To all in him be-lieving; He leads us thro' this hallowed wave, To his example cleaving.

1016 The Hallowed Wave.

THIS rite our blest Redeemer gave
To all in him believing;
He leads us through this hallowed wave,
To his example cleaving.

2 I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever;
He saved my soul, and left his word
To guide me now and ever.

3 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;

Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.

4 Jesus, to thee I yield my all;
In thy kind arms enfold me:
My heart is fixed—no fears appall—
Thy gracious power shall hold me.

5 How sweet the way divine to take,
So clear in Jordan's story;
On souls that follow Christ shall break
The Spirit's beam of glory.

S. Dryden Phelps.

GOSHEN. 11s.

Arr. by THOMAS HASTINGS.

{ O thou who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head, }
{ And whelmed in our sorrow, didst sink to the dead, Then rose from the darkness to glo-ry a-bove, }
D.C.—And claimed for thy chosen the (Omit.....) king-dom of love,—

1017 following Jesus.

O THOU who in Jordan didst bow thy meek
head,
And whelmed in our sorrow, didst sink to
the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for thy chosen the kingdom of
love,—

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with thee in the death thou
hast died,
Then wake in thy likeness to walk in the
way
That brightens and brightens to shadow-
less day.

3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy
word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from
sin.

4 Till crowned with thy glory, and waving
the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of
the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone
before,
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise
evermore.

George W. Bethune.

SACRAMENTUM. L. M. D.

Arr. fr. FAURE.



Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword; Forth to the battle
may they go, And boldly fight against the foe With banner of the cross unfurled, And by it
o - ver - come the world; And so at last receive from thee The palm and crown of victory.

1018

Soldiers of Christ.

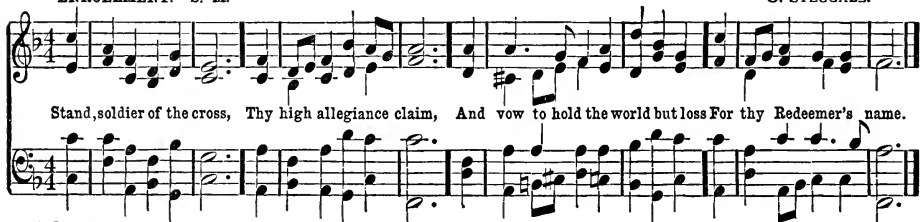
ARM these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blesséd Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.

C. Wordsworth.

ENROLLMENT. S. M.

C. STEGGALL.



Stand, soldier of the cross, Thy high allegiance claim, And vow to hold the world but loss For thy Redeemer's name.

1019

The Symbolic Sign.

STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.
2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;

Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled.

E. H. Bickersteth.

*

The Ordinance of Baptism.

COMMUNION. C. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

417

In all my Lord's ap-pointed ways My journey I'll pursue; Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.

1020

Gen. 24: 56.

In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not! shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go-at his command;
Hinder me not! for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee!

John Ryland.

1021

Jesus' Baptism.

MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blesséd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

Samuel Francis Smith.

BAPTISMAL CHANT.

R. FARRANT.

1022

Selections.

- 1 BURIED with Christ by | baptism . . unto | death,— || We rise in the | likeness . . of
his | res-ur- | rection.
- 2 If ye then be | risen . . with | Christ, || Seek those things which are above, where
Christ sitteth at the | right — | hand of | God.
- 3 For as many as have been baptized into Christ, have | put on | Christ. || Therefore
glorify God in your body, and in your | spir-it, | which are | God's.
- 4 Reckon ye yourselves to be dead in- | deed . . unto | sin,— || But alive unto God
through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.
- 5 If we be dead with him, we shall also | live with | him; || If we suffer with him, we
shall | al-so | reign with | him.
- 6 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose | sin is | covered. || Blessed is
the man to whom the Lord im- | pu-teth | not in- | iquity.

[GLORIA PATRI.]

FLORENCE. L. M.

Oh, sweet - ly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an - gels touch the quiver - ing string,
And wake, to chant Im - man - uel's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing!

1023

Immanuel.

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;

And carnal joys that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust,—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

Ray Palmer.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1024

Parting Song.

OH, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

3 O Lord, the Lord of lords, to thee
Eternal praise and glory be;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Isaac Watts.

1025 "Happy Day."—Ps. 56:12.

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

Philip Doddridge.

PANIS CÆLI. L. M.

J. BARNBY.

I feed by faith on Christ; my bread, His bod-y brok-en on the tree;

I live in him, my liv-ing Head, Who died, and rose a-gain for me.

1026 Feeding on Christ.

I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me.

2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

James Montgomery.

1027 At the Cross.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around thee on the curséd tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts there were,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, tho' crowned with thorn;
Like thee, thy blesséd self, endure
The cross with all its cruel scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

Edward Denny.

DWIGHT. L. M.

Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK.

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfiled to thee a-gain.

1028 Jesus All in All.

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

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

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;

We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

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

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

Ray Palmer, tr.

Draw near, O Ho - ly Dove, draw near, With peace and glad - ness on thy wing;

Re - veal the Sav - iour's pres - ence here, And light, and life, and com - fort bring.

1029 "Eat, O Friends!"

DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blessed company,
Thy banner over us is love.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

1030 "Bought with a Price."

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Samuel Davies.

1031 Libing to Christ.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 'T is to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

3 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

Philip Doddridge.

1032 "Forget Him Not."

O THOU, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 Oh, no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Joshua Marshman, tr.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1033 Crucifying the Lord Afresh.

O JESUS! bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet!

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure;

O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure;—

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails,
That pierced thy victim body through.

5 Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with thee, Jesus enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink,
His precious blood wash out our sin!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

1034 "Ashamed of Me."

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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

Joseph Grigg.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

I. PLEVEL.



1035 "The Living Bread."

AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
For ever firm, on Zion's hill.

Ray Palmer.

DUNDEE. C. M.

G. FRANC.

How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While ever-lasting love displays The choicest of her stores.

1036 Persistent Love.

HOW SWEET and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 When all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,—
“Lord, why was I a guest?”

3 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there’s room,

When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”

4 ’T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Isaac Watts.

CHERITH. C. M.

Arr. fr. SPOHR.

Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend; As such I look to thee; Now, in the full-ness of thy love, O Lord! re-mem-ber me.

1037 “Friend of Sinners.”

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Richard Burnham.

1038 “Prepare Us, Lord.”

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
“The Saviour died for me!”

Thomas Cotterill.

1039 Feeding on Christ.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh, let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

John Cennick.

DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER.

According to thy gracious word, In meek hu-mil-i - ty, This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - member thee.

1040 "I will Remember Thee."

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

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

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

James Montgomery.

BEATITUDO. C. M.

J. B. DUKES.

Jesus, at whose supreme command We now approach to God, Before us in thy vesture stand, Thy vesture dipped in blood.

1041 "The Cup of Blessing."

JESUS, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

4 The cup of blessing blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The broken bread thy body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

Charles Wesley.

1042 "Greater Love hath No Man."

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie:
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

Gerard T. Noel.

ADRIAN. S. M.

J. E. GOULD.

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

All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home.

1043 "The Ark of God."

OH, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God !
Behold the open door !
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest ;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

1044 *Dorlogg.*

To GOD the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

Isaac Watts.

BETHESDA. S. M.

U. C. BURNAP.

Je-sus, we thus o - bey Thy last and kindest word, And in thine own appointed way We come to meet thee, Lord !

1045 "The Banqueting House."

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet thee, Lord !

2 Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer ;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.

4 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

AILEEN. S. M.

J. BARNEY.

No gospel like this feast Spread for thy church by thee; Nor prophet nor e - van - ge - list Preach the glad news so free.

1046 "Still at the Cross."

NO GOSPEL like this feast
Spread for thy church by thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

2 Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift, given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

3 Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight.

4 From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hast trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God:—

5 Till from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold thee, only thee.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.

1047 The Invitation.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around the board;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.

4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind
And every voice be praise.

5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity.

Isaac Watts.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

A parting hymn we sing A-round thy ta-ble, Lord; A-gain our grateful tribute bring, Our solemn vows record.

1048 At Closing.

A PARTING hymn we sing
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

LACHRYME. 7s. 3l.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



Je - sus, to thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - ery heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread.

1049 "The Living Bread."

JESUS, to thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All thy wondrous love reveal!

3 While on thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine!

5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us thy peace!

6 Lead us by thy pierced hand,
Till around thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



The day, O Lord, is spent; A - bide with us, and rest; Our hearts' desires are ful - ly bent On making thee our guest.

1050 "Abide with Us."

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

John M. Neale.

1051 Parting in Love.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O thou, our souls' chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

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

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

John Austin.

ABERHONDDU. 7s, 6s. D.

OLD WELSH HYMNAL.

{ O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve thee to the end; }
 { Be thou for ev - er near me, My Master and my friend; } I shall not fear the bat - tle

If thou art by my side, Nor wander from the path - way If thou wilt be my guide.

1052 Church Covenant.

O JESUS, I have promised
 To serve thee to the end;
 Be thou for ever near me,
 My Master and my friend;
 I shall not fear the battle
 If thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If thou wilt be my guide.
 2 Oh, let me feel thee near me;
 The world is ever near;
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear;

My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within;
 But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.
 3 O Jesus, thou hast promised
 To all who follow thee,
 That where thou art in glory
 There shall thy servant be;
 And, Jesus, I have promised
 To serve thee to the end;
 Oh, give me grace to follow,
 My Master and my friend.

John Ernest Bode.

SACRIFICE. 7s, 6s.

Arr. fr. H. LAHEE.

Sit down beneath his shadow, And rest with great delight; The faith that now be-holds him Is pledge of future sight.

1053 "Beneath His Shadow."
 Sit down beneath his shadow,
 And rest with great delight;
 The faith that now beholds him
 Is pledge of future sight.
 2 Our Master's love remember,
 Exceeding great and free;
 Lift up thy heart in gladness,
 For he remembers thee.
 3 His righteousness "all glorious"
 Thy festal robe shall be;

And love that passeth knowledge
 His banner over thee.
 4 A little while, though parted,
 Remember, wait, and love,
 Until he comes in glory,
 Until we meet above.
 5 Till in the Father's kingdom
 The heavenly feast is spread,
 And we behold his beauty,
 Whose blood for us was shed!

Frances R. Havergal

RELIEF. 7s, 6s. D.

J. BARNEY.

I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and
frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my
crim-son stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.

1054 "None Other Name."

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

1055 "I Need Thee."

I NEED thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne:
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

Frederick Whitfield.

The Lord's Supper.

429

AURELIA. 7s, 6s. D.

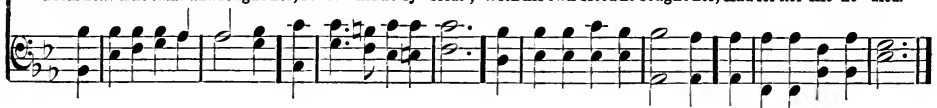
S. S. WESLEY.



The Church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:



From heav'n he came and sought her, To be his ho - ly bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.



1056 The Church is Christ's.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;

Oh, happy ones and holy!

Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Samuel J. Stone.

1057 "The Living Bread."

O BREAD, to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna, sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart!
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art;
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Ray Palmer, tr.

ARMSTRONG. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. fr. B. RICHARDS.

Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross we spend; Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing,
D.S.—While we see di-vine com-pas-sion,

From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie,
Beaming in his gra-cious eye.

1058

Before the Cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

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

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze,
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

James Allen.

1059

"Him We Pierced."

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind:

True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Charles Wesley.

1060

Christ on the Cross.

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!
Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

2 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.
Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

Richard Lee.

ELLESBIE. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. fr. MOZART.

Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow thee; Naked, poor, despis'd, for-sak-en,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion,

Thou, from hence, my all shalt be! Perish, every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
God and heaven are still my own!

1061 Bearing the Cross.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me!
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Henry F. Lyte.

1062 The Crown Coming.

SOUL, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee!
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

1063 A Spotless Soul.

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come, and I will give you rest;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

Anon., 1855.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

Jesus spreads his banner o'er us, Cheers our famished souls with food; He the banquet spreads before us, Of his mystic flesh and blood.

1064 "His Banner."

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free:
May we taste it, kindly given
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

3 In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee!

Roswell Park.

1065 Parting Hymn.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

John Rowe.

DORRNANCE. 8s, 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, follow me!

1066 "Follow Me."

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

1067 "Take My Heart."

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

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

3 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

Anon., 1849.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

A. NETTLETON.

{ Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ; }
 { Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise ; } Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues [above;
 D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—Mount of thy redeeming love.

1068 "Eben-ezer."

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise ;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee ;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart ; oh, take and seal it ;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

Arr. by L. MASON.

While in sweet communion feeding On this earthly bread and wine, Saviour, may we see thee bleeding On the cross, to make us thine.

1069 "In Remembrance."

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
 On this earthly bread and wine,
 Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
 On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
 With the still small voice of love ;
 Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
 Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,
 Of thy life, and death of woe ;
 And, with hopes of endless glory,
 Wean our hearts from all below.

Edward Denny.

1070 Hymn for Closing.

THINE for ever, thine for ever !
 May thy face upon us shine ;
 Help, oh, help our weak endeavor,
 Lord, for ever to be thine.

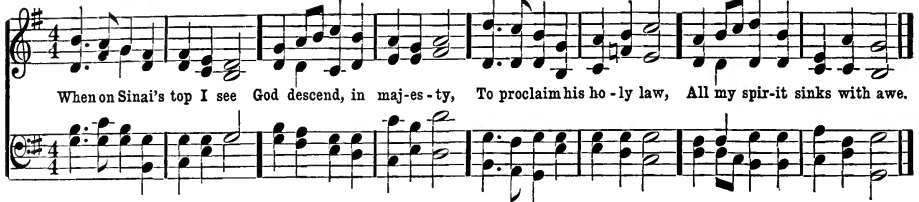
2 Thine for ever, thine for ever !
 Armed with faith, and strong in thee,
 Ever fighting, fainting never,
 May we march to victory !

3 Daily in the grace increasing
 Of thy Spirit, more and more,
 Watching, praying without ceasing,
 May we reach the heavenly shore !

C. Wordsworth.

NEW CALABAR. 7s.

J. D. FARRER.



When on Sinai's top I see God descend, in maj-es-ty, To proclaim his ho-ly law, All my spir-it sinks with awe.

1071 Three Mountains.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

James Montgomery.

1072 "Thine for Ever."

THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity!

2 Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! thou our Guide,—
All our wants by thee supplied,—
All our sins by thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

Mrs. Mary F. Maude.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEVEL.



Bread of heav'n! on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed: Ev-er let our souls be fed With this true and living bread!

1073 "This is His Body."

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! oh, let us be,
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

Josiah Conder.

1074 Wounded for Us.

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

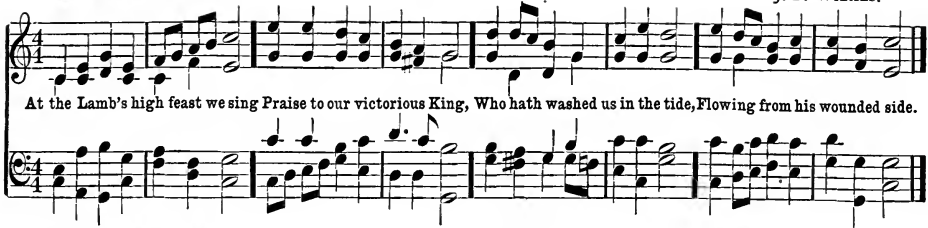
2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

Anon., 1842.

MONKLAND. 7s.

J. P. WILKES.



1075 "Christ, Our Passover."

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

Robert Campbell, tr.

1076 "The People shall be His People."

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns —
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave; —

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

James Montgomery.

DURHAM. 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



1077 "Lovest Thou Me?"

HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore; —
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

William Cowper.

Rock of A-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed, Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

1078 "Wash Me, Saviour."

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

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

A. M. Toplady.

1079 "In Remembrance."

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,
Fountain of redeeming grace,
Let us now thy fullness see,
While we here converse with thee;
Hearken to our ardent prayer,—
Let us all thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord,
Meet around thy table, Lord,
Bid us feast with joy divine,
On the appointed bread and wine;
Emblems may they truly prove,
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
Yet we seek thy heavenly smile:
Canst thou all our sins forgive?
Dost thou bid us look and live?
Lord, we wonder and adore!
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

Thomas Hastings.

1080 "Till He Come."

"TILL He come:" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory come,
Severed only—"Till he come."

E. H. Bickersteth.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6l.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

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

1081 The Rock of Ages.

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

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,

Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. Toplady.

GLASTONBURY. 7s. 6l.

J. B. DYKES.

Ma-ny cen-tu-ries have fled Since our Saviour broke the bread, And this sacred feast ordained, Ev-er by his church retained: Those his bod-y who dis-cern, Thus shall meet till his re-turn.

1082 The Historic Memorial.

MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained;
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

2 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

Josiah Conder.

1083 "Manifest Thyself."

SON of God! to thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

2 Prince of Life! to thee I cry:
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

Richard Mant.

ELLERTON. 10s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

True Bread of life, in pitying mercy given, Long famished souls to strengthen and to feed ;

Christ Je - sus, Son of God, true Bread of heav'n, Thy flesh is meat, thy blood is drink in - deed.

1084 The True Bread.

TRUE Bread of life, in pitying mercy given,
Long famished souls to strengthen and
to feed ;

Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread of
heaven,
Thy flesh is meat, thy blood is drink indeed.

2 I cannot famish, tho' this earth should
fail,
Though life through all its fields should
pine and die ;

Though the sweet verdure should forsake
each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

3 True Tree of Life ! Of thee I eat and live,
Who eateth of thy fruit shall never die ;
'T is thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

4 Feeding on thee all weakness turns to
power,
This sickly soul revives, like earth in
spring ;
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant
hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

5 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy church's Life and Lord, Immanuel !
At thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
And in thy empty tomb the living well.

Horatius Bonar.

1085 Penitent Prayer.

NOR worthy, Lord ! to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand, that from thy
table fall,

A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child ;
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board ;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 And is not mercy thy prerogative —
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, di-
vine ?
Me, Lord ! the chief of sinners, me for-
give,
And thine the greater glory, only thine.

4 I hear thy voice ; thou bid'st me come
and rest ;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercéed feet ;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome
guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet
eat.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in
prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee ;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord ! let me sup with thee ; sup thou
with me.

E. H. Bickersteth.

DIGBY. 10s.

FINE.

D.C.

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things unseen; Here grasp with firmer hand th'eternal grace,
D.C.—And all my weariness upon thee lean.

1086

Coming to the Table.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things
unseen; [grace,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of
heaven;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
given.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still pro-
long

The brief bright hour of fellowship with
thee.

Horatius Bonar.

DELPNON. 10s.

Too soon we rise; the symbols dis-ap - pear; The feast, tho' not the love, is passed and gone;

The bread and wine re-move, but thou art here—Near - er than ev - er—still my Shield and Sun.

1087

"Sweet foretastes."

TOO SOON we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed
and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art
here—
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and
Sun.

2 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might
alone.

3 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteous-
ness;

Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing
blood;

Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord,
my God.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast
above,

Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
and love.

Horatius Bonar.

O Rock of a - ges, one foun - da - tion, On which the liv - ing church doth rest, -
The church, whose walls are strong sal - va - tion, Whose gates are praise, - thy name be blest!

1088 "Christ the Foundation."

O ROCK of ages, one foundation,
On which the living church doth rest, -
The church, whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise, - thy name be blest!
2 Son of the living God! oh, call us
Once and again to follow thee;
And give us strength, what'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.
3 When fears appall, and faith is failing,
Make thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,

"Why doubt?" and in thy love prevail -
ing
Put forth thine hand to help and save.
4 And if our coward hearts deny thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.
5 Oh, strengthen thou our weak endeavor
Thee in thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to thee for ever,
And find thee with us to the end.

Henry A. Martin.

PANIS VITÆ. 9s, 8s.

J. S. B. HODGES.

Bread of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead; -

1089 "The Living Bread."

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead; -

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber.

BUDLEIGH. P. M.

T. M. MUDIE.

I lift my heart to thee, Saviour di-vine! For thou art all to me, And I am thine.
Is there on earth a clos-er bond than this, That "my Be-lov-ed's mine, and I.... am his"?

1090 "My Belovéd."

I LIFT my heart to thee,
Saviour divine!
For thou art all to me,
And I am thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That "my Belovéd's mine, and I am his"?

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

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

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power? [from thee,
Why should I keep one precious thing
When thou hast given thine own dear self
for me?

C. E. Mudie.

RAWSON. 8s, 4s.

F. C. MAKER.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Un-til he come.

1091 "Till He Come."

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

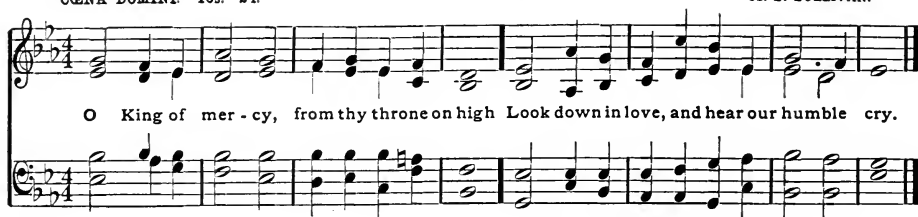
5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blesséd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come!

George Rawson.

CÆNA DOMINI. 10s. 21.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



O King of mer - cy, from thy throne on high Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

1092

"Bread of Heaven."

O KING of mercy, from thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-
bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour, by thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on thee
we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's
Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 Oh, come and cheer us with thy heav-
enly grace,
Reveal the brightness of thy glorious face.

7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness
light.

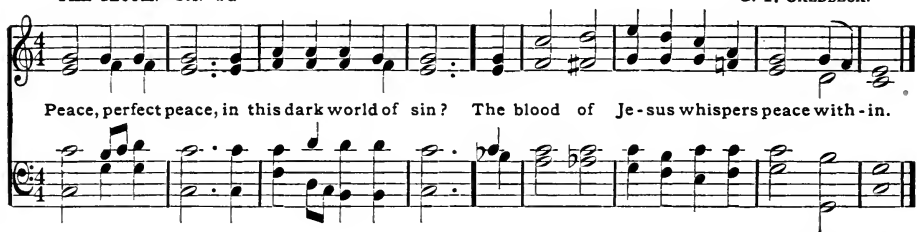
8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength,
and Guide.

9 Oh, lead us daily with thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

Thomas R. Birks.

PAX TECUM. 10s. 21.

G. T. CALDBECK.



Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Je - sus whispers peace with - in.

1093

"Peace, Perfect Peace."

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world
of sin?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace with-
in.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging du-
ties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surg-
ing round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is
found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones
far away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all un-
known?

Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing
us and ours? [ers.

Jesus has vanquished death and all its pow-

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall
cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth.

LANGRAN. 10s.

J. LANGRAN.

Draw nigh and take the bod-y of your Lord, And drink the ho - ly blood for you outpoured.

Of - fered was he for greatest and for least, Him-self the vic-tim and him-self the priest.

1094 "This is His Body."

DRAW nigh and take the body of your Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.
Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and himself the priest.

2 He, that in this world rules his saints,
and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
With heavenly bread makes them that
hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

3 Approach ye then with faithful hearts
sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.
O Judge of all, our only Saviour thou,
In this thy feast of love be with us now.

J. M. Neale, tr.

1095 "Do this in Remembrance."

"THIS is my body, which is given for you;
Do this," he said, and brake, "remem-
bering me."

O Lamb of God, our paschal offering true,
To us the bread of life each moment be.

2 "This is my blood, for sins' remission
shed;"

He spake, and passed the cup of bless-
ing round;

So let us drink, and, on life's fullness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening
pulse shall bound.

3 Some will betray thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To thee, the Strong, for strength, when
sin is near.

4 But round us fall the evening shadows
dim;
A saddened awe pervades our darkening
sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear thy voice, "Arise, let us go
hence."

Charles L. Ford.

1096 The Memorial.

OH, blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on thee,
And thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

2 Fountain of goodness! Jesus, Lord and
God!

Cleanse us, unclean, with thy most cleans-
ing blood;

Increase our faith and love, that we may
know

The hope and peace which from thy pres-
ence flow.

3 O Christ! whom now beneath a veil we
see,

May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
To gaze on thee unveiled, and see thy face,
The vision of thy glory and thy grace.

James R. Woodford, tr.

ABINGER. 6s, 4s.

ERSKINE ALLON.

Low in thine agony
Bearing thy cross for me,
Saviour Divine! In the dark tempter's hour,
Quailing beneath his power,
Sorrowing more and more,
Thou dost in-cline.

1097 Jesus' Agony.

LOW IN thine agony
Bearing thy cross for me,
Saviour Divine!
In the dark tempter's hour,
Quailing beneath his power,
Sorrowing more and more,
Thou dost incline.

2 O Lord of heaven and earth,
What sorrow unto death
Dost thou sustain?
Thou dost in anguish bow:
Thou art forsaken now:
For me this cup of woe
Thou dost now drain.

3 Saviour, give me to share
Thy lowly will and prayer
In all my woe;
In my soul's agony
Let me resemble thee;
An angel strengthening me,
Let me, too, know.

4 Thy soul its travail saw,
And in its heavy woe
Was satisfied.
So let my sorrow, Lord,
Fullness of joy afford,
To life and God restored,
Through him who died.

H. Allon.

BAVARIA. 8s, 7s. D.

From the German.

(In the name of God, the Fa-ther, In the name of God, the Son,)
(In the name of God, the Spirit, One in Three, and Three in One,) In the name, which highest angels Speak not, ere they veil their
D.C.—Crying, "Holy, ho-ly, ho-ly!" Come we to this sacred place. [face,

1098

En a figure.

IN the name of God, the Father,
In the name of God, the Son,
In the name of God, the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One,
In the name, which highest angels
Speak not, ere they veil their face,
Crying, "Holy, holy, holy!"
Come we to this sacred place.

2 Here, in figure represented,
See the passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most holy,
As for our redemption slain;

Here the Saviour's body broken,
Here the blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic food of life eternal,
See, for our refreshment spread.

3 Here shall highest praise be offered;
Here shall meekest prayer be poured;
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God incarnate be adored:
Holy Jesus! for thy coming,
May thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, Lord! and tarry there.

John William Hewett.

BAXTER. 6s. D.

U. C. BURNAP.

Give us our dai-ly bread, O God, the bread of strength; For we have learnt to know How weak we are at length:

As children we are weak, As children must be fed; Give us thy grace, O Lord, To be our dai-ly bread.

1099 "Our Daily Bread."

GIVE us our daily bread,
 O God, the bread of strength;
 For we have learnt to know
 How weak we are at length:
 As children we are weak,
 As children must be fed;
 Give us thy grace, O Lord,
 To be our daily bread.

2 Give us our daily bread,
 The bitter bread of grief:
 We sought earth's poisoned feasts,
 For pleasure and relief;
 We sought her deadly fruits,
 But now, O God, instead,
 We ask thy healing grief,
 To be our daily bread.

3 Give us our daily bread,
 To cheer our fainting soul;
 The feast of comfort, Lord,
 And peace to make us whole:
 For we are sick of tears,
 The useless tears we shed;
 Now give us comfort, Lord,
 To be our daily bread.

4 Give us our daily bread,
 The bread of angels, Lord,
 By us so many times
 Broken, betrayed, adored;

His body and his blood,
 The feast that Jesus spread,
 Give him, our Life, our All,
 To be our daily bread.

A. A. Procter.

1100 Bread and Wine.

I HUNGER and I thirst;
 Jesus, my manna be;
 Ye living waters, burst
 Out of the Rock for me.
 Thou bruised and broken Bread!
 My life-long wants supply;
 As living souls are fed,
 Oh, feed me or I die.

2 Thou true life-giving Vine!
 Let me thy sweetness prove;
 Renew my life with thine,
 Refresh my soul with love.
 Rough paths my feet have trod,
 Since first their course began;
 Feed me, thou Bread of God!
 Help me, thou Son of Man!

3 For still the desert lies
 My thirsting soul before,
 O Living Waters! rise
 Within me evermore.
 To Father, and to Son,
 And Holy Ghost, to thee,
 Eternal Three in One,
 Eternal glory be.

J. S. B. Monsell.

GROSTETE. L. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mill - ions of the skies—
That song of tri - umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's!

1101 *The Last Song.*

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

Mrs. Vokes.

1102 *Missionary Convocation.*

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

William B. Collyer.

1103 *Christ's Coming.*

JESUS! thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

William H. Bathurst.

1104 *"Ascend Thy Throne."*

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

Benjamin Beddome.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



1105

Psalm 72.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Isaac Watts.

1106

Conversion of the World.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

B. H. Draper.

MENDON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1107

"O Light of Zion."

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise, with light divine
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendor of the day.

Leonard Bacon.

1108

Zion's Glory.

ZION! awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

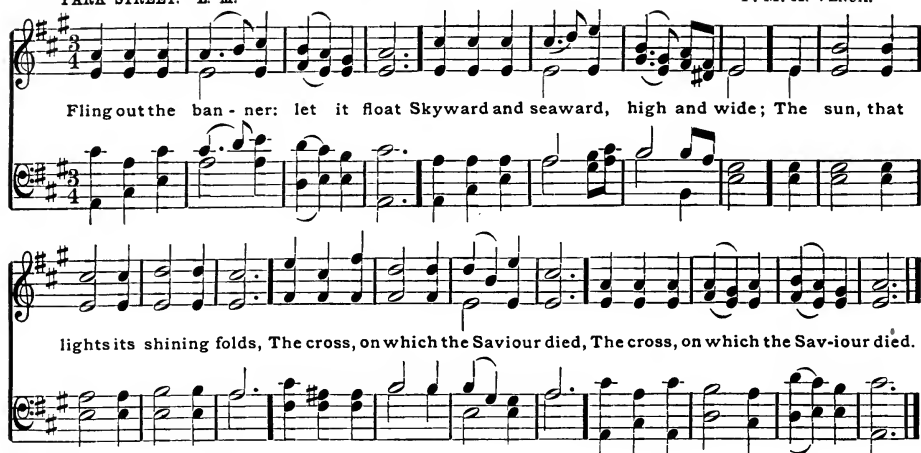
2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

William Shrubsole, tr.

PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA.



Fling out the ban - ner: let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The sun, that
lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died, The cross, on which the Sav-iour died.

1109

"Fling out the Banner."

FLING out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner: angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner: heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner: let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

George W. Doane.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1110

Psalm 46.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

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

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

ANVERN. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead; Tho' humbled

long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

1111 "Triumphant Zion."

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

2 Put all thy beautiful garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

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

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge.

1112 Ancient Israel.

WHY on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his scepter sways:
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumphs share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

James Joyce.

1113 Home Missions.

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

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

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

William C. Bryant.

EAGLEY. C. M.

J. WALCH.



A mother may forgetful be, For human love is frail; But thy Creator's love to thee, O Zion, cannot fail.

1114 "Can a Mother Forget?"

A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No: thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thine almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

Anne Steele.

1115 Messiah's Beign.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

4 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore!

John Milton.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



Shine, mighty God! on Zion shine With beams of heavenly grace; Reveal thy power through all our coasts, And show thy smiling face.

1116 Psalm 67.

SHINE, mighty God! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;

Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

5 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Isaac Watts.

VERBUM PACIS. 8s, 6s, 4s.

G. LOMAS.

With the sweet word of peace We bid our brethren go; Peace, as a river to increase, And ceaseless flow.

1117 Departure.

WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee;
That thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.

5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer:
Till he whose home is ours above
Unite us there.

G. Watson.

MOSCOW. 10s.

Arr. fr. LWOFF.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise! Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day.

1118 The Fullness of the Gentiles.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
rise!

Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See along race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

Alexander Pope.

1st. 2d.

{ From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, }
 { Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains (Omit.....) } Roll down their golden sand,—From many an

an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

1119 "Come Over, and Help Us."

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

Reginald Heber.

1120 The Day of Jubilee.

HOW BEAUTEOUS on the mountains,
 The feet of him that brings,
 Like streams from living fountains,
 Good tidings of good things;
 That publisheth salvation,
 And jubilee release,
 To every tribe and nation,
 God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman!
 And shout, from Zion's towers,
 Thy hallelujah chorus,—
 "The victory is ours!"
 The Lord shall build up Zion
 In glory and renown,
 And Jesus, Judah's lion,
 Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness,
 O waste Jerusalem!
 Let songs, instead of sadness,
 Thy jubilee proclaim;
 The Lord, in strength victorious,
 Upon thy foes hath trod;
 Behold, O earth! the glorious
 Salvation of our God!

Benjamin Gough.

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D.

F. J. HAYDN.

{ We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time, }
 { In an age on a-ges tell-ing; To be liv-ing is sub-lime. } Hark, the waking up of na-tions,
 Gog and Ma-gog to the fray: Hark, what soundeth? is creation Groaning for its lat-ter day?

1121 *The Call to Service.*

WE are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time,
 In an age on ages telling;
 To be living is sublime.
 Hark, the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray:
 Hark, what soundeth? is creation
 Groaning for its latter day?

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On, right onward, for the right!
 On! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad.
 Strike, let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

Arthur Cleveland Cox.

1122 *Home Missions.*

GOODLY were thy tents, O Israel,
 Spread along the river's side,
 Bright thy star which rose prophetic,
 Herald of dominion wide;
 Fairer are the homes of freemen,
 Scattered o'er our broad domain;
 Brighter is our rising day-star,
 Ushering in a purer reign.

2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,
 Which our fathers hither brought;
 Welcome to the priceless treasure,
 Which with constant faith they sought,—

See, from every nation gathering,
 Swarming myriads through our coasts,
 Hear, with steady steps advancing,
 Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! our Preserver,
 Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
 Lift o'er all thy radiant banner,
 On these souls thy love impress;
 From thy throne of boundless blessing,
 O'er our land thy Spirit pour;
 In the grandeur of thine empire,
 Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Samuel Wolcott.

1123 *"Westward."*

HARK! the sound of angel-voices
 Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
 Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
 Jesus comes on earth to reign.
 See celestial radiance beaming,
 Lighting up the midnight sky;
 'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
 'Tis the day-spring from on high.

2 Westward, all along the ages,
 Trace its pathway clear and bright;
 Star of hope to Eastern sages,
 Radiant now with gospel light.
 Angels from the realms of glory,
 Peace on earth delight to sing;
 Christian, tell the wondrous story,
 Go proclaim the Saviour King!

Mrs. Rebecca Phoenix Coe.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed,
D.S.—To take away transgression,

FINE. His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free,
And rule in equity. **D.S.**

1124 Psalm 72.—Part E.

- HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
- 4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

James Montgomery.

1125 Psalm 72.—Part EE.

- HE shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
- 2 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.
- 3 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

James Montgomery.

SAVOY CHAPEL. 7s, 6s. D.

J. B. CALKIN.

The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-ap-pears! The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings ti-dings from a- far, Of na-tions in com-mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.

1126 *The Morning Light.*

THE morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears!
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

1127 *Israel.—Is. 14.*

OH, that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home!

How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart;
 Let Israel, home returning,
 Their lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy Church to thee.

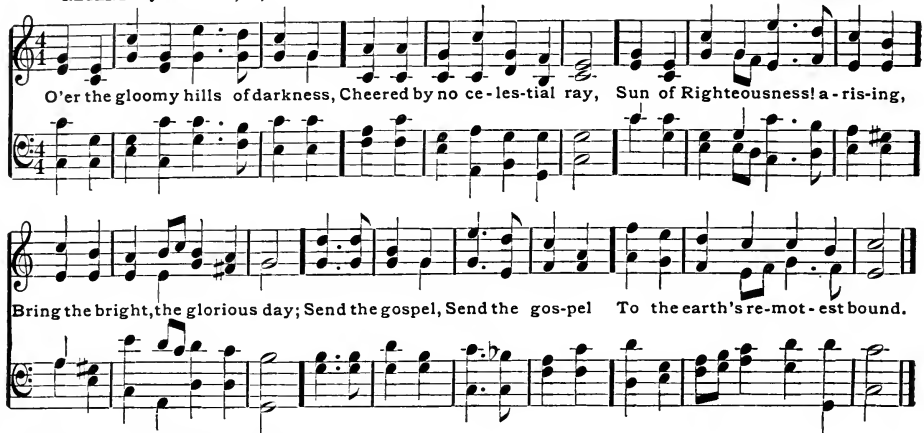
Henry F. Lyte.

1128 *Departing Missionaries.*

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
 And, as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.
 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
 Safe to the destined shore;
 That man may sit in darkness,
 And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
 Who holdest in thine arm
 The tempests of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm!
 Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
 Wherever they may be;
 Though far from us, who love them,
 Still let them be with thee.

James Edmeston.



O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no ce-les-tial ray, Sun of Righteousness! a - ris-ing,
Bring the bright, the glorious day; Send the gospel, Send the gos-pel To the earth's re-mot-est bound.

1129 Sun of Righteousness.

- O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, —
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway the scepter,
Saviour! all the world around.

William Williams.

1130 "Hallelujah!"

- HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.
- 2 Hallelujah! Church Victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye Saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

- 3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

- 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see.
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

John Chandler, tr.

1131 The Gospel Herald.

- ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing —
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Thomas Kelly.

BENEDICTION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

A. H. MANN.

Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of our com-ing Lord; O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; Louder rings the Master's word,—“Pray for reapers In the harvest of the Lord.”

1132

Home Missions.

SAINTS of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word,—
“Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord.”

2 Now, O Lord! fulfill thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit,
Bring thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

Mrs. Mary Maxwell.

TULLY. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

Our country's voice is pleading, Ye men of God, arise! } Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning, }
His providence is lead-ing, The (Omit) } land before you lies; } And promise clothes the soil; }
D.C.—Wide fields, for harvest whit'ning, In-(Omit) vite the reaper's toil.

1133

Home Missions.

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson.



Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sor-row and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.

1134

The Promise.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

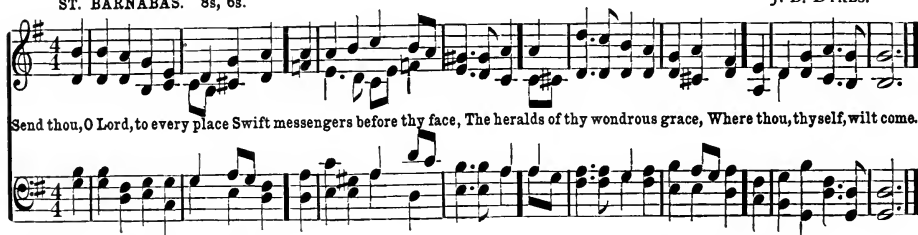
3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

ST. BARNABAS. 8s, 6s.

J. B. DYKES.



Send thou, O Lord, to every place Swift messengers before thy face, The heralds of thy wondrous grace, Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

1135

Heralds of the King.

SEND thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before thy face,
The heralds of thy wondrous grace,
Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King!
Men in whose ears his sweet words ring;
Send such thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;

In every place to bring them in;
Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

4 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering
Lord,
Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

5 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1136 "His Beloved Sleep."

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 We still shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there!

Isaac Watts.

1137 Death of the Righteous.

HOW BLEST the righteous when he dies,—
 When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,—
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1138 "Asleep in Jesus."

ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
 From which none ever wake to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;

No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be:
 But thine is still a blesséd sleep
 From which none ever wake to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

CAROLYN. C. M. D.

Arr. by EMMELAR.

Be - hold the west-ern evening light! It melts in deepening gloom: So calm-ly Christians
sink a - way, De - scending to the tomb. The winds breathe low, the with'ring leaf Scarce
whispers from the tree: So gen - tly flows the part-ing breath, When good men cease to be.

1139

Life's Sunset.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

W. B. O. Peabody.

1140

"Number Our Days."

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

3 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Reginald Heber.

ENOS. P. M.

U. C. BURNAP.



1141 Going Home.—Phil. 3:20.

No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

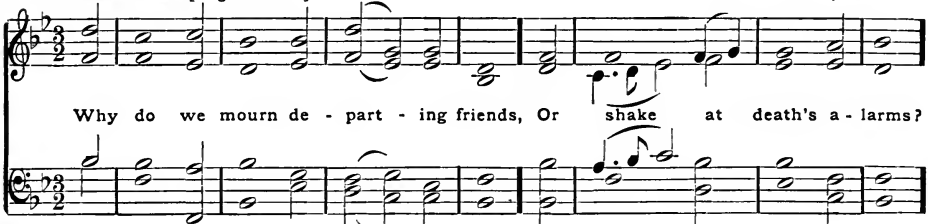
3 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 Oh, no! this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, only drops we find.

R. P. Dunn, tr.

CHINA. C. M. [Original Form.]

TIMOTHY SWAN, 1800.



Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?



'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

1142 "We are Confident."

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts.

The Christian's Death.

REQUIESCAT. P. M.

J. B. DYKES.

Now the lab'rer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle-day is past; Now up - on the far-ther shore

Lands the voy-a-ger at last. Fa-ther, in thy gracious keeping Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

1143 Funeral Service.

NOW THE laborer's task is o'er :

Now the battle-day is past ;

Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in thy gracious keeping

Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried ;

There its hidden things are clear ;

There the work of life is tried

By a juster Judge than here.

Father, in thy gracious keeping

Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls that turn

To the cross their dying eyes,

All the love of Christ shall learn

At his feet in Paradise.

Father, in thy gracious keeping

Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"

Calmly now the words we say ;

Leaving him to sleep in trust,

Till the resurrection-day.

Father, in thy gracious keeping

Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton.

CONGLETON. C. M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

Lord, when in si-lent hours I muse Up-on myself and thee, I seem to hear the stream of life That runs in - vis - i - bly.

1144 Emmortality.

LORD, when in silent hours I muse

Upon myself and thee,

I seem to hear the stream of life

That runs invisibly.

2 Then know I what I oft forget,

How fleeting are my days ;

Remember me, my God, nor let

My end be my dispraise !

3 Oh, think upon me for my good,

Though little good I do ;

My hope and my forgiving Friend

Thou hast been hitherto.

4 My joy, when truest joy I have,

It comes to me from heaven ;

My strength, when I from weakness rise,

Is by thy Spirit given.

5 And while he shines as he has shone,

Whom thou hast made my stay,

Life can but gently float me on,

Not hurry me away.

T. T. Lynch.

BEYOND.—Chant.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

Musical notation for the 'BEYOND.—Chant.' section, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment in 2/2 time. The lyrics are: "I shall be soon; I shall be soon."

REFRAIN.

home!.....

Musical notation for the Refrain, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Love, rest and home! Sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, but come. home!....."

1145

"Lord, Tarry Not."

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ||

REF.—Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. || — REF.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; ||

Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, |
I shall be soon. || — REF.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; ||

Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. || — REF.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |
I shall be soon; ||

Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. || — REF.

Horatius Bonar.

SHARON. C. M.

T. WALLHEAD.

Musical notation for the 'SHARON. C. M.' section, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "When downward to the darksome tomb I thoughtful turn my eyes, Frail nature trembles at the gloom, And anxious fears a-rise."

1146

Resurrection Sure.

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's em-
Once Jesus captive slept; [brace
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,

The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died, from death to save.

Ray Palmer.

NEARER HOME. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.

“For - ev - er with the Lord!” So, Je - sus! let it be: Life from the dead is
in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here, in the bod - y pent, Absent from thee I
roam: Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.

1147 “For Ever.”

“FOR ever with the Lord!”
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
“For ever with the Lord!”
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

3 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
“For ever with the Lord!”

James Montgomery.

1148 “Nearer.”

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross:
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Phoebe Cary, alt.

ATHALIE. S. M. D.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

Ser - vant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy: The bat - tle fought, the

vic - tory won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy! The voice at mid-night came; He

started up to hear; A mor-tal ar-row pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.

1149 Death of a Veteran.

SERVANT of God, well done!
 Rest from thy loved employ:
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy!
 The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
 He fell, but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare!"
 He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit with a bound
 Left its encumbering clay:
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease,
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ, well done!
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

1150 The Pious Dead.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
 Who strove in Christ to live,
 Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
 Our grateful hymn receive.
 For all thy saints, O God,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Christ their great reward,
 And yearned for him to die.

2 Thy mystic members fit
 To join thy saints above,
 In one unmix'd communion knit,
 And fellowship of love.
 They all, in life and death,
 With thee, their Lord, in view,
 Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.

3 For this thy name we bless,
 And humbly beg that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in thee.
 To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest,
 The One in Three, the Three in One,
 Be endless praise addressed.

Richard Mant.

Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore :

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pil - grims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night.

1151

"The New Life."

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REF.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, [come ;

Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—REF.

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber.

CARMEN CÆLI. P. M.

J. BARNBY.

Hark! hark, my soul: angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are telling

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels of Je - sus, Angels of light, Singing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

1152

Pilgrims of the Night.

DARKER than night life's shadows fall
around us,
And like benighted men, we miss our
mark;
God hides himself, and grace hath scarce-
ly found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the
dark.— REF.

2 Rest comes at length, though life be
long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome
night be past;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the
weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.— REF.

3 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams
softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled
sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to
listen
To those brave songs which angels mean
for thee.— REF.

Frederick W. Faber.

OBERLAND. P. M.

Swiss Melody.

Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the

REFRAIN.

truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

ST. ALBINUS. 7s, 8s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Je - sus lives! no long - er now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap - pall us: Je - sus

lives! and this we know, Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thrall us, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1153 "He shall Libr Also."

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall us:
Jesus lives! and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.

2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.

4 Jesus lives: to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.

Frances E. Cox, tr.

LONG HOME. 7s, 8s, 7s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping: Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild

In its nar - row bed 't is sleep - ing! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bo - som more.

1154 Death of a Little Child.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

Catherine Winkworth, tr.

LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

Slowly.

A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb:

REFRAIN.

Then, O my Lord, pre- pare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way.

1155 "A Little While."

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :

REF.— Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :— REF.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :— REF.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :— REF.

5 'T is but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign :— REF.

Horatius Bonar.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

It is not death to die— To leave this weary road, And 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God.

1156 "Where is Thy Victory?"

IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free

From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

G. W. Bethune.

ST. MILLICENT. 7s, 4s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Let no tears to-day be shed, Ho-ly is this nar-row bed. Al-le-lu-ia. [A-men.]

1157

Burial of a Child.

LET no tears to-day be shed,
 Holy is this narrow bed. Alleluia!
 2 Death eternal life bestows,
 Open heaven's portal throws. Alleluia!
 3 Not salvation hardly won,
 Not the meed of race well run: Alleluia!
 4 But the pity of the Lord
 Gives his child a full reward: Alleluia!

5 Grants the prize without the course;
 Crowns, without the battle's force. Alleluia!
 6 God, who loveth innocence,
 Hastes to take his darling hence. Alleluia!
 7 Christ, when this sad life is done,
 Join us to thy little one. Alleluia!
 8 And in thine own tender love,
 Bring us to the ranks above. Alleluia! Amen.

Richard F. Littledale, tr.

TAPHOS. P. M.

J. BARNBY.

Sleep thy last sleep, free from care and sor-row; Rest, where none weep, till th'e-ter-nal mor-row;

Tho' dark waves roll o'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy faint-ing soul Je-sus can de-liv-er.

1158 "All in Jesus Sleeping."

SLEEP thy last sleep, free from care and
 sorrow; [morrow;
 Rest, where none weep, till the eternal
 Though dark waves roll o'er the silent
 river,
 Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.
 2 Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness;
 Brightly at last dawns a day of gladness.

Under thy sod, earth, receive our treasure,
 To rest in God, waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn those in life the
 dearest, [pearest!
 They shall return, Christ, when thou
 Soon shall thy voice comfort those now
 weeping,
 Bidding rejoice all in Jesus sleeping.

Edward A. Dayman.

"THY WILL BE DONE."—Chant.

LOWELL MASON.

D. C.

Close. Thy will be done!

1159

In Bereavement.

1 "THY will be | done!" || In devious way The hurrying stream of | life may run; ||
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, | "Thy will be | done."
 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||
 This prayer will make it more divine — | "Thy will be | done!"
 3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er Our path with | gloom, || one com-
 fort — one || Is ours: — to breathe, while we adore, | "Thy will be | done."

John Bowring.

RUTHERFORD. P. M.

C. D'URBAN.



The sands of time are sink - ing; The dawn of heav - en breaks; The summer morn I've
sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night; But
day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry - glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.

1160 "Emmanuel's Land."

THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered by his love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

1161 "His House of Wine."

OH, Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, I am my Belovéd's,
And my Belovéd's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine!"
I stand upon his merit,
I know no other stand,
Not ev'n where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercéed hand—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ran-somed peo- ple home, Shall

I a-mong them stand? { Shall such a worth-less worm as I, } Be found at thy right hand?
 { Whosometimes am a - fraid to die, }

1162

The Tribunal.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To take thy ransomed people home,

Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
 Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;

But, can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 Among thy saints let me be found,
 When'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntington.

BREST. 8s, 7s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

Day of judg-ment! day of won-ders! Hark!—the trumpet's aw- ful sound, Loud-er than a

thousand thunders, Shakes the vast crea-tion round: How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

1163

"Day of Wonders."

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
 Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round:
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You, who long for his appearing,

Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour!
 Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner!
 What will then become of thee?

John Newton.

JUDGMENT. P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1164 Prepare to Meet God.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

William B. Collyer.

1165 "Into Thine Hand."

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken:
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'Tis safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me;
For as I draw my latest breath,
I'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death;
And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since thou death's bonds hast severed;
By hope with thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered,
I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,—
Live with thee, from thee never part;
Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending;
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To heaven, to life eternal.

Edgar A. Bowring, tr.

ALFORD. 7s, 6s, 8s.

J. B. DYKES.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'T is

finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin : Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the victors in.

1166 *The Armies of God.*

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy, for all its former woes,
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power, and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations—
Thine exiles long for home—
Show in the heaven thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford.

WOODLAND. C. M. 51.

N. G. GOULD.

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for

souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev-ery wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a-bove—in heav'n.

KATEGLIDDEN. 7s, 6s, 8s.

Arr. fr. RUBINSTEIN, by H. L.

The Homeland! oh, the Homeland! The land of souls free-born! No gloomy night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sighing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.

1167 The Homeland.

THE Homeland! oh, the Homeland!
 The land of souls free-born!
 No gloomy night is known there,
 But aye the fadeless morn:
 I'm sighing for that country,
 My heart is aching here;
 There is no pain in the Homeland
 To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there;

The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears,
 And when I think of the Homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
 Are waiting me to come
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invades their holy home:
 Oh, dear, dear native country!
 Oh, rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland
 Of his eternal love.

Hugh Reginald Haweis.

1168 C. M. 61. Tune—WOODLAND.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distressed;
 A balm for every wounded breast:
 'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,—
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom:
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven!

William B. Tappan.

LOWRY. L. M.

G. F. Root.

The Father's house! thine own bright home! And thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam, That distant home by faith I see.

1169

"Many Mansions."

THY Father's house! thine own bright home!
And thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3 I know that thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
And waitest to receive me there!

4 Thy love will there array my soul
In thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On thee, with raptures ever new!

5 Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for evermore!

Ray Palmer.

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

Isaac Watts.

1171

"Eye Hath Not Seen."

NOW LET our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge!
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons.

1170

Psalm 17.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

CHENANGO. L. M. D.

Arr. by F. L. BROWN.

Lord, thou wilt bring the joyful day; Beyond earth's weariness and pains, Thou hast a mansion far a - way, Where, for thine own, a rest remains. No sun there climbs the morning sky, There never falls the shade of night, God and the Lamb, for ever nigh, O'er all shed ev - er - lasting light.

1172 The Best that Remaineth.

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day;
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where, for thine own, a rest remains.
No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night,
God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

2 The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes to mortals all unknown
Float on the calm celestial air.
Around the throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
And shining forms, an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.

3 There, Lord, thy wayworn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to thee for evermore.
O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round.

Ray Palmer.

1173 With Christ in Glory.

OH, for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.
There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

2 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

3 There, all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.
Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal vail,
And we behold thy lovely face.

Anne Steele.

CAERSALEM. 8s, 7s, 7s.

Welsh Melody.

Who are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand ? Each a gold - en crown is wearing ;

Who are all this glo - rious band ? Al - le - lu - ia ! hark they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav'nly King.

1174 "Who are These?"

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing ;
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia ! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng :
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified :
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

4 Lo, the Lamb himself now feeds them,
On Mount Sion's pastures fair ;
From his central throne he leads them
By the living fountains there :
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
Free he gives the cooling stream.

Frances E. Cox.

ALL SAINTS. 8s, 7s, 7s.

German Choral.

On the fount of life e - ter - nal Gaz - ing wist - ful and a - thirst ; Yearning, straining, from the prison

Of con - fin - ing flesh to burst ; Here the soul an ex - ile sighs For her na - tive Par - a - dis.

MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s, 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

{What is life? 'tis but a va-por, Soon it van-ish-es a-way;}
 {Life is but a dy-ing ta-per—O my soul, why wish to stay?} Why not spread thy wings and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?

1175 "What is Your Life?"

WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor,
 Soon it vanishes away;
 Life is but a dying taper—
 O my soul, why wish to stay?
 Why not spread thy wings and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
 Brighter far than fancy paints;
 There, in majesty transcendent,
 Jesus reigns—the King of saints.
 Why not spread, etc.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of his love;
 Through the heavens his praise resounding,
 Filling all the courts above.
 Why not spread, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
 'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
 Thine a joyful wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear.
 Why not spread, etc.

Thomas Kelly.

1176 "Wistful and Athirst."

ON the fount of life eternal
 Gazing wistful and athirst;
 Yearning, straining, from the prison
 Of confining flesh to burst;
 Here the soul an exile sighs
 For her native Paradise.

2 Who can paint that lovely city,
 City of true peace divine,
 Whose pure gates, for ever open,
 Each in pearly splendor shine;
 Whose abodes of glory clear
 Naught defiling cometh near?

3 There no stormy winter rages;
 There no scorching summer glows;
 But through one perennial spring-tide,
 Blooms the lily with the rose;
 And the Lamb, with purest ray,
 Scatters round eternal day.

4 There the saints of God, resplendent
 As the sun in all his might,
 Evermore rejoice together,
 Crowned with diadems of light;
 And from peril safe at last,
 Reckon up their triumphs past.

5 Happy they, who with them seated
 Shall in all their glory share!
 Oh, that we, our days completed,
 Might be but admitted there!
 There with them the praise to sing
 Of our glorious God and King.

6 Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,
 Worn and wounded in the fight;
 Grant, oh, grant us rest for ever,
 In thy beatific sight,
 And thyself our guerdon be
 Through a long eternity.

Edward Caswall, tr.

SANCTUARY. 8s, 7s. D.

J. B. DYKES.

Hark! the sound of holy voices, Chant-ing at the crystal sea, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Lord, to thee!

Multitudes, which none can number, Like the stars in glory stand, Clothed in white apparel, holding Palms of victory in their hands.

1177 "The Sea of Glass."

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Lord, to thee!
 Multitudes, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stand,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.

2 They have come from tribulation,
 And have washed their robes in blood,
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were and firm they stood.

Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
 They have conquered death and Satan
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite.
 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

VESPER. 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. FLOTOW.

This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a cit-y yet to come; On-ward to it I am hast-ing—On to my e-ter-nal home.

1178 Not Our Rest.

THIS is not my place of resting,—
 Mine's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hasting—
 On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
 O'er it shines a nightless day:
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along,—
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain;
 Never more are sad or weary,
 Never, never sin again!

Horatius Bonar.

GUIDANCE. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. fr. FLOTOW.

1st. 2d.

{ Time, thou speedest on but slowly, Hours, how tardy is your pace ! }
 { Ere with Him, the high and ho - ly, (Omit.....) } I hold converse face to face.

Here is naught but care and mourning ; Comes a joy, it will not stay ; Fair-ly shines the

sun at dawn-ing, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day.

1179 "The King in His Beauty."

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly,
 Hours, how tardy is your pace !
 Ere with Him, the high and holy,
 I hold converse face to face.
 Here is naught but care and mourning ;
 Comes a joy, it will not stay ;
 Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
 Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Lo ! it comes, that day of wonder !
 Louder chorals shake the skies :
 Hadés' gates are burst asunder ;
 See ! the new-clothed myriads rise !
 Thought ! repress thy weak endeavor ;
 Here must reason prostrate fall ;
 Oh, the ineffable Forever !
 And the eternal All in All !

Josiah Couder.

2 Onward then ! not long I wander
 Ere my Saviour comes for me,
 And with him abiding yonder,
 All his glory I shall see.
 Oh, the music and the singing
 Of the host redeemed by love !
 Oh, the hallelujahs ringing
 Through the halls of light above !

C. Winkworth, tr.

1180 The Consummation.

JESUS, blesséd Mediator !
 Thou the airy path hast trod ;
 Thou the Judge, the Consummator !
 Shepherd of the fold of God !
 Can I trust a fellow-being ?
 Can I trust an angel's care ?
 O thou merciful All-seeing !
 Beam around my spirit there.

1181 The City.

DAILY, daily sing the praises
 Of the City God hath made ;
 In the beauteous fields of Eden
 Its foundation-stones are laid.
 From the throne a river issues,
 Clear as crystal, passing bright,
 And it traverses the City
 Like a sudden beam of light.

2 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
 And is laden with the song
 Of the seraphs, and the elders,
 And the great redeeméd throng.
 Oh, I would my ears were open
 Here to catch that happy strain !
 Oh, I would my eyes some vision
 Of that Eden could attain !

S. Baring-Gould.

VARINA. C. M. D.

Arr. by G. F. Roor.



There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. } There ever-last-ing spring abides,
And never-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

1182 "Go Over this Jordan."

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

C. F. ROPER.



I can - not think of them as dead Who walk with me no more; A-long the path of life I tread, They have but gone before.

1183 Those Gone Before.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread,
They have but gone before.

2 The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there,
Are living unto him.

3 And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,

As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

4 Their lives are made for ever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

5 Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

CIVITAS DEI. C. M. D.

S. A. WARD.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my labors
have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee! Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall
I thy courts as - cend, Where con - gre - gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?

1184 *The New Jerusalem.*

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee!
Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

J. Montgomery.

1185 *"The City was Pure Gold."*

THERE is a City great and strong,
Twelve gates of precious stones,
With turrets and high battlements,
Not needing light of suns;
The streets aglow with fire of gold,
It hath no sound of strife;
In glory all its own it stands
Beside the stream of Life.

2 A joy is there that knows no cloy,
A light that ne'er grows dim,
A multitude that never cease
From grateful praise and hymn;
Lo, all the sainted sons of earth,
And angels there I view;
And there, oh, vision glorious!
There standeth Jesus too!

3 O wondrous, fair Jerusalem,
Shall I thy gates pass through?
Thy jublations surely join,
Thy lordly splendors view?
O Crucified, O Glorified,
May I thy face behold,
And join the ransomed as they sing
Along the streets of gold!

Denis Wortmann.

Oh, what shall be, oh, when shall be, That ho-ly Sab-bath day, Which heav'nly care shall

ev-er keep, And cel-e-brate al-way; When rest is found for wea-ry limbs, When

la-bor hath re-ward, When ev-ery-thing, for ev-er-more, Is joy-ful in the Lord?

1186 © Quanta Qualia.—Part I.

OH, what shall be, oh, when shall be,
That holy Sabbath day,
Which heavenly care shall ever keep,
And celebrate always;
When rest is found for weary limbs,
When labor hath reward,
When everything, for evermore,
Is joyful in the Lord?

2 The true Jerusalem above,
The holy town, is there,
Whose duties are so full of joy,
Whose joy so free from care;
Where disappointment cometh not
To check the longing heart,
And where the soul in ecstasy
Hath gained her better part.

3 There, there, secure from every ill,
In freedom we shall sing
The songs of Zion, hindered here
By days of suffering;
And unto thee, our gracious Lord,
Our praises shall confess
That all our sorrow hath been good,
And thou by pain canst bless.

Part II.

4 O glorious King! O happy State!
O Palace of the blest!
O sacred peace, and holy joy,
And perfect heavenly rest!
To thee aspire thy citizens
In glory's bright array,
And what they feel and what they know
They strive in vain to say.

5 But while we wait and long for home,
It shall be ours to raise
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers
In that dear country's praise;
And from these Babylonian streams
To lift our weary eyes,
And view the city that we love
Descending from the skies.

6 There Sabbath day to Sabbath day
Sheds on a ceaseless light;
Eternal pleasure of the saints
Who keep that Sabbath bright;
Nor shall the chant ineffable
Decline, nor ever cease,
Which we with all the angels sing
In that sweet realm of peace.

CASTLE RISING. C. M. D.

F. A. J. HERVEY.

The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day, The crimson of the

sun-set sky, How fast they fade a - way! Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the

gold - en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Righteous-ness, That set - teth nev - er - more!

1187

"Hold Fast."

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away!
 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
 Oh, for the golden floor!
 Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
 That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How soon they tire and faint!
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!
 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
 Oh, for a soul washed white!
 Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness and peace,
 Beyond our best desire.
 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
 And by thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
 Nor fail to reach our crown!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

1188

"Let Me Go Over."

ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight!

2 O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Can here no longer stay;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect,— O dear and fu - ture vis - ion
D. S.—To thee my tho'ts are kin - dled,

That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis - cern;
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

1189 "A City."

JERUSALEM, the glorious!

The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting

On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessed Country!

Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!

The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

J. M. Neale, tr.

1190 "The Glory that Excelleth."

OH, fair the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth,
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;

But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Ours, ours in heavenly measure
The glory that excels.

2 The lamplight faintly gleameth
Where shines the noonday ray;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights, all faded,
The Light from heaven dispels;
But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

3 No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills;
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.
Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

4 Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love,
Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells,
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.

Charles I. Cameron.

TEMPLAR. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. fr. NICOLAI.

The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax - ing late: Be so - ber and keep
vig - il; The Judge is at the gate; The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The Judge who
comes in might, To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right.

1191 Better Times Coming.

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes in might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
- 3 Oh, home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

J. M. Neale, tr.

1192 "They Seek a Country."

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

- 2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.
- 3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blesséd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'T is life for them to die!

Thomas MacKellar.

PARADISE. P. M.

J. BARNBY.

O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land, Where they that loved are blest?

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho-ly sight.

1193 "© Paradise."

- O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.
- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see,
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 4 Lord, Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber.

RHINE. C. M.

German Melody.

O moth-er dear, Je-ru-sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

PAX PERENNIS. 7s, 6s. D.

H. LAMSON.

Oh, land relieved from sorrow! Oh, land secure from tears! Oh, res-pite on the morrow From all the toil of years!

To thee we hasten ev - er, To thee our steps ascend, Where darkness cometh nev - er, And joy shall never end.

1194 "Darkness Cometh Never."

OH, land relieved from sorrow!
 Oh, land secure from tears!
 Oh, respite on the morrow
 From all the toil of years!
 To thee we hasten ever,
 To thee our steps ascend,
 Where darkness cometh never,
 And joy shall never end.

2 Oh, happy, holy, portal
 For God's own blest elect:
 Oh, region, pure, immortal,
 With better spring bedecked:
 Thy pearly doors for ever
 Their welcome shall extend,
 Where darkness cometh never,
 And joy shall never end.

3 Oh, home where God the Father
 Takes all his children in:
 Where Christ the Son shall gather
 The sinners saved from sin:
 No night nor fear shall sever
 A friend from any friend,
 For darkness cometh never,
 And joy shall never end.

4 Rise, then, O brightest morning!
 Come, then, triumphant day!
 When into new adorning
 We change and pass away:
 For so with firm endeavor
 Our spirits gladly tend
 Where darkness cometh never,
 And joy shall never end.

S. W. Duffield.

1195

Tune—RHINE.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
 O God! if I were there!

"F. B. P." 1616.

HIEROSOLYMA. 7s, 6s. D.

J. BARNBY.

For thee, O dear, dear Country, Mine eyes their vigils keep; For ver-y love, be-hold-ing Thy hap-py name, they weep.

The mention of thy glo-ry Is unction to the breast, And med-i-cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.

1196 Parabise of Zion.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 The corner-stone is Christ.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
 Thou hast no time, bright day:
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away:
 Upon the Rock of ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

4 Oh, sweet and blesséd Country,
 The home of God's elect!
 Oh, sweet and blesséd Country,
 That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

John M. Neale, tr.

1197 Heaben Explains All.

OUR yet unfinished story
 Is tending all to this:
 To God the greatest glory,
 To us the greatest bliss.
 Our plans may be disjointed,
 But we may calmly rest:
 What God has once appointed
 Is better than our best.

2 We cannot see before us,
 But our all-seeing Friend
 Is always watching o'er us,
 And knows the very end;
 And when amid our blindness
 His disappointments fall,
 We trust his loving-kindness
 Whose wisdom sends them all.

3 They are the purple fringes
 That hide his glorious feet;
 They are the fire-wrought hinges
 Where truth and mercy meet;
 By them the golden portal
 Of Providence shall ope,
 And lift to praise immortal
 The songs of faith and hope.

Frances R. Havergal

EWING. 7s, 6s. D.

A. EWING.

Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy con - tem -
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I know not, oh, I know not, What
joys a - wait me there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.

1198 The New Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

John M. Neale, tr.

1199 "Short Toil."

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life, that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light, that hath no evening,
The health, that hath no sore,
The life, that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine,
Whence earthly love is chased:
Yes! God my King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

John M. Neale, tr.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

S. WEBBE.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast - ed thro' the form - er year, Ma - ny souls their race have run,
D.S.—We a lit - tle lon - ger wait,—

Nev - er - more to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
But how lit - tle none can know.

1200

New Year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

John Newton.

1201

Independence Day.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

1202

Thanksgiving.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

ST. GEORGE. 7s. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.

Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home! All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin:

God our Maker doth provide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home!

1203 Song for Harvest.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin:
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!

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

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

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!
 All are safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin:

There, for ever purified,
 In God's garner to abide:
 Come, ten thousand angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

Henry Alford.

1204 The Close of the Year.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
 Crowned with mercies large and free,
 Rich thy gifts to us abound,
 Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
 Kindly to our worship bow,
 While our grateful thanks we tell,
 That, sustained by thee, we now
 Bid the parting year—farewell!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
 All its busy scenes are o'er,
 All its joys for ever fled,
 All its sorrows felt no more.
 Mingled with the eternal past,
 Its remembrance shall decay;
 Yet to be revived at last
 At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
 Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
 Let thy grace within us live,
 That we spend not years in vain.
 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
 Happy spirits, may we fly
 To our everlasting home,
 To our Father's house on high!

Ray Palmer.

GLASGOW. C. M.

G. F. ROOR.

Lord! while for all mankind we pray, Of every clime and coast, Oh, hear us for our native land, The land we love the most.

1205

National.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford.

1206

New Year.

OUR Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

William Gaskell.

MELITA. L. M. 61.

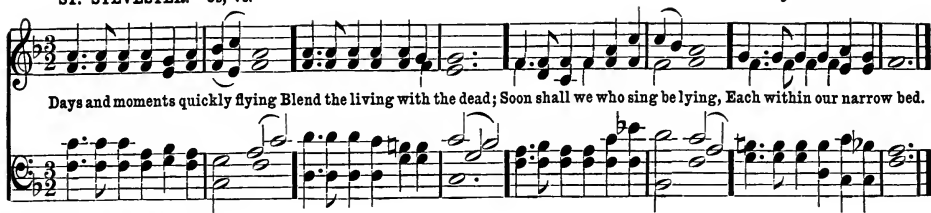
J. B. DYKES.

E - ter - nal Father! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave, Who bid'st the mighty o - cean deep

Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep: Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea!

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.



Days and moments quickly flying Blend the living with the dead; Soon shall we who sing be lying, Each within our narrow bed.

1207 Last Day of the Year.

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

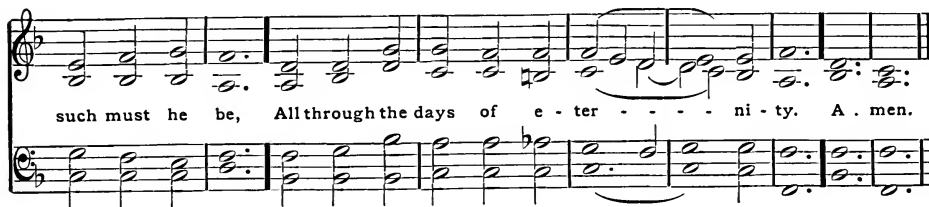
3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame;
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came:—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Edward Caswall.

After fourth verse.

As the tree falls, so it must lie; As the man lives, so will he die; As the man dies,



such must he be, All through the days of e - t e - r - - - n i - t y. A . m e n.

1208 Sailors.—Tune—MELITA.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

H. CAREY.

My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev - ery mountain side Let free-dom ring!

1209 National Song.

My country! 'tis 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!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

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

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

Samuel F. Smith.

IPSWICH. L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

OUR Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

1210 The New Year.

OUR Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge.

DRESDEN. P. M.

J. A. P. SCHULZ.

We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa-tered By God's al-mighty hand;

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft re-freshing rain.

REFRAIN.

All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all.... his love.

1211 Harbest Thanksgiving.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.— REF.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;

The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.— REF.

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.— REF.

Jane M. Campbell, tr.

1212 GLORIA PATRI. Irr.

H. W. GREATORIX.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it

was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end: A - men, A - men.

VISIO DOMINI. 11s, 10s.

J. B. DYKES.

O Ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led thy children In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud,

Thro' seas dry-shod; thro' weary wastes bewild'ring; To thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

1213 Thanksgiving.

O HOLY Father, who hast led thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary
wastes bewildering;
To thee, in reverent love, our hearts are
bowed.

2 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To thee we owe the peace that still pre-
vails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy
gales.

3 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-
Giver,
Thine is the quickening power that
gives increase.
From thee have flowed, as from a pleasant
river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

4 O Triune God, with heart and voice a-
doring,
Praise we the goodness that has crowned
our day; [ploring
Pray we, that thou wilt hear us, still im-
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

William Crosswell Doane.

1214 Evening Prayer.

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its
changes guide:—

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded
ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

John Ellerton.

1215 Guilds and Societies.

O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human
grief,
We bless thee for thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of thee their
Chief.

2 Those whom thy Spirit's dread vocation
severs [host;
To lead the vanguard of thy conquering
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave
endeavors
To bear thy saving name from coast to
coast.

3 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and
skilful, [earth,
Who shed thy light across our darkened
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the
wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the chil-
dren's mirth.

4 Thus, Lord, thy comforters in memory
keeping,
Still be thy church's watchword, "Com-
fort ye"; [weeping,
Till in our Father's house shall end our
And all our wants be satisfied in thee.

John Ellerton.

MENDON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
 And when they trod the wintry strand,
 Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
 With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

1216 National Privileges.

- O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
 Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
 And when they trod the wintry strand,
 With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.
- 2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song,
 the prayer—
 Thy blessing came; and still its power
 Shall onward through all ages bear
 The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 What change! through pathless wilds
 no more

- The fierce and naked savage roams:
 Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
 Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.
- 4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
 The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 5 And here thy name, O God of love,
 Their children's children shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

W. BOYCE.

1217

Psalm 95.

- 1 OH, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
 of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || And show ourselves | glad
 in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is |
 his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his | and he | made it; || And his hands pre- | pared — | the dry | land.
- 6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our |
 Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, and the
 sheep of | his— | hand.
- 8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of | holiness; || Let the whole | earth ·· stand |
 in | awe of | him.
- *9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to
 judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever ·· shall | be, || World without | end.
 A- | men, A- | men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Ancient English.

1218

The Ancient "Te Deum."

- 1 WE praise thee, | O — | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. ||
 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever- | last- — | ing. ||
- 2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in. ||
 To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinually * * do | cry, || Holy, holy, holy, Lord |
 God of | Sabà- | oth; ||
- 3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. || The glorious company
 of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — | thee. ||
 The noble army of martyrs | praise — | thee. || The holy church throughout all the |
 world * * doth ac- | knowledge | thee. ||
- 4 The Father, of an | infi- * * nite | majesty; || thine adorable, | true and | only | Son; ||
 Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. || Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou
 art the everlasting | Son * * of the | Fa- — | ther. ||
- 5 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be |
 born — | of a | virgin. ||
 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness * * of | death, || thou didst open the kingdom
 of | heaven * * to | all be- | lievers. ||
- 6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory * * of the | Father. || We believe
 that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge. ||
 We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed — | with thy |
 precious | blood. ||
- 7 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||
 O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; || govern them and | lift them |
 up for- | ever. ||
- 8 Day by day we | magni- * * fy | thee; || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- |
 out — | end. ||
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with- out | sin; || O Lord, have mercy upon us,
 have | mer- cy up- | on — | us. ||
- 9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust — | is in | thee. ||
 O Lord, in | thee * * have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con- | founded. || A- | men. ||

1219

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Part I.

Ancient English.

- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will . . towards | men.
 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks
 to | thee for | thy great | glory.

Part II.

- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al— | mighty!
 4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son |
 of the | Father,

Part III.

- 5 That takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
 6 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
 7 Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.
 9 For thou | only . . art | holy: || thou | only | art the | Lord:
 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory . . of | God
 the | Father. || A- | men.

Return to Part I.

1220

RESPONSE TO THE DECALOGUE.

1st time.

2d time.

FUNERAL.

T. TALLIS.

A - men.

1221

Selections.

- 1 BLESSÉD are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth ; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.
- 2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | bidding ; || We are but of yesterday ; there is but a | step . . between | us and | death ;
- 3 Man's days are as grass : as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth ; || He appeareth for a little time, then | van-ish- | eth a- | way.
- 4 Watch ! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come ; || Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man — | cometh.
- 5 It is the Lord ; let him do what | seemeth . . him | good ; || The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed . . be the | name . . of the | Lord.
- 6 Blesséd are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth ; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

1222 GLORIA PATRI. -

LUDWIG SPOHR.

Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son: And to the Ho - ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1223

Matt. 6: 9-13.

- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name ; || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven ;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread ; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil ; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever. A- | men.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS.

T. TALLIS.



1224

Psalm 51.

- 1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness: || According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from | mine in- | iquity, || And | cleanse me | from my | sin.
- 3 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || And my | sin is | ever · · be- | fore me.
- 4 Hide thy face | from my | sins, || And blot out | all — | mine in- | iquities.
- 5 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God; || And renew a right | spirit · · with- | in — | me.
- 6 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || And take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || And uphold me | with thy | free — | Spirit.
- 8 Then I will teach trans- | gressors · · thy | ways; || And sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.
- 9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of | my sal- | vation: || And my tongue shall sing aloud | of thy | righteous- | ness.
- 10 O Lord, open | thou my | lips: || And my mouth shall | show forth | thy — | praise
- 11 For thou desirest not sacrifice; | else · · would I | give it: || Thou delightest | not in, burnt — | offering.
- 12 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: || A broken and a contrite heart, O God, | thou wilt | not de- | spise.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

R. FARRANT.



1225

Psalm 67.

- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci- · · ful | unto | us.
- 2 That thy way may be known | up- · · on | earth; || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, | O — | God. || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise — | thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || For thou shall judge the people righteously, and govern the | na- · · tions upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise thee, | O — | God, || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise — | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || And God, even our own | God shall | give us · · his | blessing.
- 7 God shall | bless — | us; || And all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | him.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without | end.
A- | men.

DOMINUS REGIT ME.

LOWELL MASON.

1226

Psalm 23.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still — | waters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup · · · runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. || A- | men.

1227

RESPONSE AFTER DECALOGUE.

1st time.
2d time.

1228

RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS.

OSWALD. 8s, 7s.

J. B. DYKES.

Sav - iour! who thy flock art feed - ing With the shepherd's kind - est care,

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share;—

1229 "These Little Ones."

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

INVERNESS. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Great God, now condescend To bless our ris - ing race; Soon may their willing spirits bend, The subjects of thy grace.

1230 Our Children.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
The word of truth divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

John Fellows.

1231 "Suffer Them to Come."

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Henry U. Onderdonk.

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy people still are fed; Who thro' this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led!

1232 Genesis 28:19-22.

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

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

1233 Christ Receiving Children.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

By cool Si-loam's sha-dy rill How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose!

1234 A Christian Child.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

Dorologies.

1 L. M.
 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
 Praise him, all creatures here below!
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 L. M. 6l.
 TO GOD the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

3 L. M. D.
 ETERNAL Father, throned above,
 Thou fountain of redeeming love!
 Eternal Word! who left thy throne
 For man's rebellion to atone;
 Eternal Spirit, who dost give
 That grace whereby our spirits live:
 Thou God of our salvation, be
 Eternal praises paid to thee!

4 C. M.
 TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

5 C. M. D.
 THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word
 And new-creating breath;
 To praise the Father and the Son
 And Spirit all-divine,—
 The one in three, and three in one—
 Let saints and angels join.

6 S. M.
 YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit, too.

7 7s.
 SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8 7s. 6l.
 PRAISE the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

9 7s. D.
 PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
 Angels waiting on his word,
 Saints that walk with him in white,
 Pilgrims walking in his light:
 Glory to the Eternal One,
 Glory to his only Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be
 Now, and through eternity.

10 8s, 7s.
 PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

11 8s, 7s. D.
 PRAISE the God of all creation;
 Praise the Father's boundless love:
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above:
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live:
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

12 8s, 7s, 4s.
 GLORY be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Glory to the Three in One;
 Hallelujah!
 God, the LORD is God alone.

13 H. M.
 TO GOD the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise;
 Glory to God the Son;
 To God, the Spirit, praise;
 With all our powers, Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

Index of Tunes.

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PAGE	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
ABER. S. M. 384	Blackburn. L. M. 365	Cordé Natns. P. M 66, 141	Emmelaar. 6s, 5s. 96
Aberhonddu. 7s, 6s, D 427	Blessed Home. 6s, D. 387	Corinth. C. M. 114	Emilia. 11s. 10s. 279
Abinger. 6s, 4s. 449	Boardman. C. M. 219	Coronation. C. M. 193	Enos. P. M. 461
Adrian. S. M. 424	Bonar. P. M. 50	Cortada. 6s, D. 339	Enrollment. S. M. 416
Aileen. S. M. 61, 425	Bonn. P. M. 140	Cowper. C. M. 238	Ensign. L. M. 399
Aldersgate. S. M. 385	Boylston. S. M. 110	Cragin. C. M. 412	Ernan. 10s. 6
Alexander. S. M. 215, 318	Braden. S. M. 372	Crawford. L. M. 146	Erie. 8s, 7s, D. 127
Alford. 7s, 6s, 8s. 474	Bradford. C. M. 195	Creation. L. M. D. 108	Etiam et Mihi. 8s, 7s, 3 258
All Saints. 8s, 7s, 7s. 478	Brattle St. C. M. D. 112	Crete. 6s, 5s. 306	Evans. C. M. 270, 413
Alsace. L. M. 48	Bread of Life. 6s, 4s. 97	Croft. H. M. 178	Evangelist. C. M. 292
Alvan. 8s, 7s, 4s. 34	Bremen. C. P. M. 231, 369	Croston. L. M. 43	Evening Hymn. L. M. 42
America. 6s, 4s. 496	Brest. 8s, 7s, 4s. 472	Crusaders' Hy. P. M. 149	Evening Praise. P. M. 44
Amsterdam. 7s, 6s, D. 388	Brocklesbury. 8s, 7s. 328	Crux Christi. 7s, 6s, D 175	Evidente. 10s. 54, 227
Anatolius. 7s, 6s, 8s. 84	Brookfield. L. M. 49	Cutler. C. M. D. 316	Ewing. 7s, 6s, D. 491
Arnach. 7s, 6s, 8s. 206	Brooklyn. 5s, 4s. 285	Cyprus. 7s. 322	Expostulation. 11s. 254
Angel Voices. P. M. 12	Brown. C. M. 366	Cygnus. 7s, 6l. 128	
Angelus. L. M. 43	Brownell. L. M. 6l. 324		
Antioch. C. M. 139	Browning. C. M. 59	DALEHURST. C. M. 20	FABEN. 8s, 7s, D. 126
Anvers. L. M. 13, 449	Bulleigh. P. M. 441	Dalkeith. 10s. 283	Faith. C. M. 155
Aradia. C. M. 317	Bullinger. 8s, 5s, 3s, 2s, 310	Dallas. 7s. 63	Faron. 10s. 7
Armath. S. M. D. 402	Burlington. C. M. 117	Dalston. S. P. M. 16	Farrant. C. M. 64
Ariel. C. P. M. 152	Byfield. C. M. 67	Darley. L. M. 391, 414	Fatherland. 5s, 8s, 5s 307
Arimathea. P. M. 165		Darwall. H. M. 29	Federal St. L. M. 421
Arlington. C. M. 238	CAERSALEM. 8s, 7s, 7s 478	Dawn. 11s, 10s. 79	Ferguson. S. M. 873
Armes. S. M. 233	Caena. 11s. 297	Day of Rest. 7s, 6s, D. 179	Ferrier. 7s. 36
Armstrong. 8s, 7s, D. 127, 430	Canaan. C. M. D. 212	Daystar. 7s, 6l. 223	Fisher. C. M. 354
Ascension. P. M. 183	Canonbury. L. M. 11	Deham. C. M. 423	Flemming. 8s, 6s. 280
Ashwell. L. M. 252	Canons Ashby. L. M. 6l 380	Deipnon. 10s. 439	Flensburg. C. M. D. 150
Athlete. S. M. D. 465	Canterbury. 11s, 12s. 95	Deliverance. C. M. D 115	Florence. L. M. 418
Athens. C. M. D. 150, 239	Capello. L. M. 99	Denham. 7s. 37	Forward. 6s, 5s, D. 303
Audio. P. M. 281	Caramea. 7s, 5. 51	Dennis. S. M. 86, 384	Frankfort. P. M. 311
Audite. C. M. D. 114	Carlisle. S. M. 346	Deux Anges. 7s, D. 122	Fulbert. C. M. 314
Aurelia. 7s, 6s, D. 9, 429	Carmen Cœli. P. M. 467	Diademata. S. M. D. 114	
Austria. 8s, 7s, D. 453	Carol. C. M. D. 136	Disby. 10s. 439	GAYLORD. 8s, 7s, D. 269
Autumn. 8s, 7s, D. 198	Carolyn. C. M. D. 469	Dijon. 7s. 36	Gem. 8s, 7s. 329
Aveling. 8s, 7s, D. 406	Carter. 8s, 7s. 72	Diman. L. M. 350	Gennesaret. 10s, 6l. 88
Avon. 11s. 10s. 133	Carthage. 8s, 7s. 210	Dix. 7s, 6l. 129	Genung. P. M. 210
Avon. C. M. 173, 267	Cary. S. M. 356	Dominus Reg. P. M. 349, 415	Gerhardt. 7s, 6s, D. 159
Azmon. C. M. 193, 506	Caskey. 7s, 6s, D. 304	Dorrance. 8s, 7s. 432	Germany. L. M. 347
	Castello. P. M. 348	Downs. C. M. 113	Gerontius. C. M. 101
BACA. 6s, 6l. 259	Castle Rising. C. M. D 485	Dresden. P. M. 497	Giff. C. M. 393
Badea. S. M. 171	Chalvey. S. M. D. 214	Dublin. C. M. 216	Gildas. S. M. 358
Balerna. C. M. 234	Cheer. 8s, 7s, 7. 30	Duke St. L. M. 351	Gilead. L. M. 185
Baptismal Chant. 417	Chenango. L. M. D. 477	Duleet. H. M. 125	Gilton. 7s, 5s. 229
Barbara. L. M. 57	Chenies. 7s, 6s, D. 102, 207	Dunlop. C. M. 117, 422	Gladness. C. M. D. 370
Barber. S. M. 73	Cherith. C. M. 271, 422	Durham. 7s. 435	Gladness. 7s, 6s, D. 8
Barby. C. M. 355	Chesterfield. C. M. 353	Dwight. L. M. 105, 419	Glasgow. C. M. 249, 494
Barrett. 8s, 7s. 92	China. C. M. 461		Glastonbury. 7s, 6l. 437
Bartimeus. 8s, 7s. 328	Chiselhurst. S. M. 237		Gloria Patri. Irr. 497
Bavaria. 8s, 7s, 6l. 249	Church. C. M. 154		Golden Hill. S. M. 410
Baxter. 6s, 7s, D. 444	Christmas. C. M. 136, 315	EAGLEY. C. M. 450	Goshen. 11s. 296, 415
Beatudo. C. M. 21, 423	Civitas Del. C. M. D. 483	Easter Hymn. 7s. 180	Gorton. S. M. 236
Beccroft. 8s, 7s, D. 299	Clapham. 7s, D. 376	Eaton. C. M. D. 213	Gouda. C. M. 318
Belmont. C. M. 412	Clarion. 7s. 181	Eben. C. M. 324	Gould. C. M. 239
Beloit. S. M. D. 196	Cleveland. S. M. 25, 385	Ecce Agnus. P. M. 250	Grace Ch. L. M. 266, 421
Beltra. 7s. 388	Clifton. 11s, 10s. 278	Ecclesia. 11s, 5s. 401	Grange. 8s, 7s, 7s, 3l, 345
Bemerton. C. M. 20	Cloisters. 11s, 5. 85	Eckhardtshelm. C. M 368	Grassmere. P. M. 290
Beminstor. 7s. 91	Clyde. 8s, 4s. 98	Edris. S. M. 380	Gratia. S. M. D. 359
Benediction. 8s, 7s, 4s, 487	Coohan. 10s, 4s. 379	Ein' Feste Burg. P. M 405	Gratindale. L. M. 80
Benevento. 7s, D. 256, 492	Cœna Domini. 10s, 2l. 442	Elaton. S. M. 358	Gratipote. C. M. D. 371
Bennington. L. M. D 185	Columba. P. M. 84	Elizabethn. C. M. 81, 120	Greenwood. S. M 347, 469
Bentley. 7s, 6s, D. 305	Come, ye Dis. 11s, 10s. 254	Ellacombe. C. M. D. 71	Greenville. 8s, 7s, 4s. 93
Bera. L. M. 252	Comfort. 7s, D. 377	Ellerton. 10s. 83, 438	Grey. 7s, 5. 51
Bethany. 6s, 4s. 257	Communion. C. M. 417	Ellesditch. 8s, 7s, D. 431	Grösete. L. M. 107, 446
Bethesda. S. M. 424	Concoe. C. M. D. 170	Elmhurst. 8s, 6s. 281	Guardian. 6s, 4s. 321
Beyond. Chant. 463	Congleton. C. M. 462	Elton. C. M. 5l. 291	Guidance. 8s, 7s, D. 481
Bishop. L. M. 391	Consecration. 7s, D. 294	Elvet. C. M. 219	Guide. 7s, 6l. 55, 360
	Contrition. 8s, 4s, 202, 400	Emmanuel. C. M. 194, 277	Guyon. L. M. 851
	Cooling. C. M. 276		

Index of Tunes.

509

PAGE	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
HADDAM, H. M. 124	Lowty, L. M. 476	Panis Vita, 98, 88. 440	Seymour, 78. 91, 256
Halle, 78, 61. 39	Lutzen, C. M. 111	Paraclete, 78, 58. 45, 228	Sharon, C. M. 463
Hallel, C. M. 61. 899	Lux Benigna, 108, 48. 373	Paradise, P. M. 488	Shawmut, S. M. 236
Hamburg, L. M. 167, 418	Lux Mundi, 78, 68, D. 230	Park St. L. M. 393, 448	Shield, 88, 78, 78. 82
Handel, 78, 68, D. 161	Lynde, P. M. 293	Parole, 68, 88. 288	Shirland, S. M. 60
Handy, L. M. 61. 381	Lyndhurst, C. M. 267	Pascal, 88, 68. 47	Sibly, 88, 78. 171
Harmony Grove, L. M. 134	Lyons, 108, 118. 70	Passion Chor. 78, 68, D. 168	Silver St. S. M. 73, 372
Harvey, P. M. 383	Lyte, 68, 48. 340	Pax Del. 108. 227	Sing for Jesus, P. M. 349
Harville, C. M. 855	MAGDALENE, 68, 58. 289	Pax Perennis, 78, 68, D. 489	Siloom, C. M. 806
Harwell, 88, 78, D. 187	Magill, 118. 431	Pax Tecum, 108, 21. 442	Singsby, C. M., 61. 277
Haydn, S. M. 88, 229	Magister, 78, 68, D. 55	Penitence, L. M. 420	Solitude, L. M. 166
Heber, C. M. 337	Manoah, C. M. 121, 172	Penkville, 68, 58. 278	Solitude, 78. 272
Hebron, L. M. 80	Mansfield, 88, 78, D. 298	Pentonville, S. M. 255	Solney, 88, 78. 397
Heinweh, 78, 61. 39	Marlow, C. M. 18	Perry, 78, D. 209	Southport, C. M. 58
Helena, C. M. 155	Martyn, 78, D. 273	Peterboro', C. M. 23	Southwell, C. M. 100
Hendon, 78. 37	Matthias, L. M. 61. 90	Petersham, C. M. D. 157	Spanish Hy. 78, 61, 128, 176
Henley, 108. 83	Maycut, 78, 68. 230	Phillip, 78, 31. 259	Spitta, 78, 68, D. 343
Herald Angels, 78, D. 138	Mear, C. M. 17	Philippi, 78, 101. 89	Springfield, 78. 62
Herron, C. M. 271	Melcombe, L. M. 106	Pilot, 78, 61. 275	Spring-Tide, C. M. 217
Herrnhut, P. M. 211	Melita, L. M. 61. 494	Pisa, 78, 68. 394	St. Aelred, 88, 38. 376
Hershtoncxncuz, P. M. 213	Memorial, 78, 61. 436	Plyeul's Hy. 78. 323, 434	St. Agnes, C. M. 53, 335
Hierochy, 78, 68, D. 490	Mendelras, 78, 68, D. 496	Portland, 88, 48. 378	St. Alban, L. M. 112
Hirschman, P. M. 15	Mendon, L. M. 447, 499	Portuguese Hy. P. M. 130	St. Albans, 68, 58, D. 300
Holley, 78. 90	Merithal, C. M. 472	Portuguese Hy. 118. 296	St. Albans, 78, 88. 468
Hollingside, 78, D. 272	Messiah, 78, D. 295	Portuguese Hy. L. M. 308	St. Ann's, C. M. 110, 404
Holy Church, 78, 68, D. 337	Middleton, 88, 78, D. 203, 405	Prague, 68, 58, D. 329	St. Asaph, C. M. 468
Holy Cross, C. M. 337	Migdol, L. M. 10	Praise, P. M. 189	St. Barnabas, 88, 68. 458
Holy Offerings, P. M. 257	Militant, 108, 31. 313	Prince, L. M. 221	St. Bees, 78. 326
Holy Trinity, C. M. 59, 172	Millington, 88, 78, 78. 479	Propior Deo, 68, 48. 286	St. Bride, S. M. 215, 411
Honiton, 78, D. 75	Mirfield, C. M. 23	Psyche, 118, 108. 331	St. Catharine, L. M. 61 163
Horsely, C. M. 170	Miriam, 78, 68, D. 103, 486	Pyrenees, 108. 375	St. Christopher, L. M. 61
Horton, 78. 62, 253	Mission Song, 88, 78, D. 395	QUEBEC, L. M. 364	St. Cross, L. M. 167
Hosanna, L. M. 201	Missionary Chant, L. M. 106	Quies, C. M. 51. 243	St. Cuthbert, 88, 68, 48 216
Humility, L. M. 103	Missouri, 78, 68, D. 452	RAKEM, L. M. 61. 14	St. Edmund, 68, 48. 284
Hummel, C. M. 234, 314	Monkland, 78. 435	Raphael, 88, 78, 48. 35, 309	St. George, 78, D. 33, 493
Hursley, L. M. 42	Monroe Place, 68, 48. 279	Rathburn, 88, 78. 165	St. George's, C. M. 18
Huntington, C. M. 368	Monsell, P. M. 68	Raynolds, 118, 108. 330	St. George's, Bolton, 78, 68, D. 174
Hymn of Joy, 88, 78, D. 186	More Love, 68, 48. 286	Rawson, 88, 48. 441	St. Gertrude, 68, 58, D. 301
INCARNATION, P. M. 143	Morning, P. M. 235	Redcliff, P. M. 182	St. Godric, H. M. 245
Innocents, 78. 63	Mornington, S. M. 24, 232	Refuge, 78, D. 273	St. Hilda, 78, 68, D. 261
Integer, 118, 5. 41	Moscow, 108. 451	Regent Square, 88, 78, 48. 140, 456	St. Hugh, C. M. 194
Intercession, L. M. 247	Mozart, 78. 181	Relief, 78, 68, D. 423	St. Joseph, 88, 78, 78. 164
Intercession, P. M. 65	Muriel, 88, 78, 78. 82, 145	Remsen, C. M. 392	St. Margaret, S. M. 232
Inverness, S. M. 505	NAAMAN, 108. 77	Repose, 78, 61. 361	St. Martin's, C. M. 406
Ipswich, L. M. 496	Naomi, C. M. 223	Requiescat, P. M. 462	St. Matthew, C. M. D. 142
Irby, 88, 78, 78. 144	Nativity, C. M. 22	Resurrexit, P. M. 184	St. Millicent, 78, 48. 470
Italian Hy. 68, 48, 120, 191	Nauman, C. M. 51. 242	Retreat, L. M. 56	St. Peter, C. M. 336
JAPHET, L. M. 264	Neale, S. M. 86	Rex Gloria, L. M. D. 404	St. Piran, 78, 58. 398
Jerusalem, C. M. 482	Neander, 88, 78, 78. 249	Rhine, C. M. 488	St. Saviour, C. M. 16
Jewett, 68, D. 386	Nearer Home, S. M. D. 464	Rhoads, S. M. 61, 411	St. Sylvester, 88, 78, 95, 432
Judgment, P. M. 473	Nellie, 78, 5. 44	Rhossilly, 68, 58. 381	St. Sylvester, P. M. 495
KATEGLEDEN, 78, 68, 88 475	Nelson, 88, 78, 48. 93	Rialto, S. M. 319	St. Thomas, S. M. 261
Kelso, 78, 61. 38	Nettleton, 88, 78, D. 433	Rich, C. M. 367	St. Tabat Mater, P. M. 164
Kevin, P. M. 308	New Calabar, 78. 434	Righi, C. M. 156	State St. S. M. 403, 426
Kilburn, C. M. 370	New Haven, 68, 48. 224	Righini, 68, 48. 190	Stephanos, 88, 58, 38. 210
Kilmarnock, C. M. 153	Newbold, C. M. 192	Riseholme, 88, 48. 47	Stephens, C. M. 317
Klein, L. M. D. 332	Newcourt, L. P. M. 14	Rivaulx, L. M. 104	Stonkeld, C. M. 111
Knox, C. M. 100	Nicæa, P. M. 5	Rock of Ages, 78, 61. 437	Stowell, 88, 78, 96, 397
LABAN, S. M. 320	Nightfall, 118, 5. 85	Rockingham, L. M. 147	Stuttgart, 88, 78. 72
Lachryme 78, 31. 258, 426	Ninian, 1's, 108. 132	Romburg, C. M. 382	Sunrise, P. M. 30
La Mira, C. M. 334	Nissi, 68, 58. 302	Rosefield, 78, 61. 360	Sunset, 88, 48. 46
La Monte, P. M. 290	Noel, C. M. D. 118, 137	Rothwell, L. M. 246	Sunshine, 78, 68. 230
Lanshire, 78, 68, D. 153	Nomen Jesu, 78. 326	Rutherford, P. M. 471	Swabia, S. M. 235
Langran, 108. 282, 443	Nottingham, C. M. 70	Rutland, C. M. 156	Sydenham, S. M. 26
Langton, S. M. 60	Nox Preæssit, C. M. 954	SABBATA, C. M. 81, 336	Swainsthorpe, S. M. 357
Last Hope, 78. 222, 389	Nun Danket, P. M. 123	Sabbath, 78, D. 32	TAMWORTH, 88, 78, 48. 204
Land, C. M. 110	Nuremberg, 78, 68. 278	Sacrament, 98, 88. 440	Taphos, P. M. 470
Laudes Domini, P. M. 22	OAK, 68, 48. 285	Sacrament, L. M. D. 416	Tappan, C. M., 51. 243
Lands, L. M. 68	Oakville, C. M. 19, 450	Sacrament, 78, 68. 427	Tell the Story, 78, 68, D. 481
Lead Me On, P. M. 313	Oberland, P. M. 467	Salzburg, S. M. D. 403	Templar, 78, 68, D. 247
Leighton, S. M. 320	Oford, S. M. 396	Samson, L. M. 394	Temple, P. M. 97
Leland, S. M. 87	Old Hundred, L. M. 67	Sanctuary, 88, 78, D. 202, 480	Tharaw, 78, 61. 274
Lenox, H. M. 244	Old, Old Story, 78, 68, D. 240	Sarum, 88, 48. 263	Thatcher, S. M. 373
Leonard, C. M. D. 52	Oliver's Brow, L. M. 166	Savannah, 108. 7	Theodora, 78. 323
Leominster, S. M. D. 469	Olivet, 68, 48. 340	Savery, C. M. 292	Thorne, 108. 806
Leoni, P. M. 79	Olmutz, S. M. 318, 425	Savoy Chapel, 78, 68, D. 455	Thuringia, 58, 88, 58. 76
Lester, 118, 108, 68. 374	Onward, 78. 322	Schell, P. M. 374	"Thy Will," Chant. 470
Light, 78, 31, D. 225	Ortonville, C. M. 153	Schumann, S. M. 87	Toulon, 108. 225
Linden, 78, 68, D. 344	Oslor, S. M. 173, 396	Scotland, 128. 251	Tours, 78, 68, D. 159
Linwood, L. M. 56	Oswald, 88, 78. 130, 505	Security, P. M. 382	Traves, 78, 58. 223
Lisbon, S. M. 27	Oven, S. M. 255, 321	Segur, 88, 78, 48. 308	Triste, 88, 78, D. 269
Lischer, H. M. 28	PACKINGTON, S. M. 24	Seir, S. M. 347	Triumph, P. M. 383
Living Stream, C. M. D. 119	Palestrina, C. M. 366	Selma, S. M. 319	Trust, C. M. 287
Living Home, 78, 88, 78. 468	Palmer, 118, 5. 40	Selvin, S. M. 356	Truth, C. M. 393
Louvan, L. M. 109	Palms, 88, 78, 78. 248	Sep'tem Voces, P. M. 177	Truth, S. M. 287
Love Divine, 88, 78, D. 268	Panis Cœli, L. M. 419	Serenity, C. M. 152, 270	Tully, 78, 68, D. 457
Loving Kindness, L. M. 250		Sessions, L. M. 69	

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
UNA. C. M. D.	413	Victoria. L. M. D.	135	Warrington. L. M.	364	Winchester. C. M.	21
Unitas. 8s. 4s.	400	Victory. 8s, 7s, 4s.	205	Warsaw. H. M.	409	Wittenberg. P. M.	133
Urania. C. M. D.	116	Vigil. S. M.	27, 237	Warwick. C. M.	477	Wondrous Love. P. M.	285
Uxbridge. L. M.	98	Visio Domini. 11s, 10s, 4s	498	Webb. 7s, 6s, D.	304, 454	Woodland. C. M. 5l.	474
		Vokes. 8s, 7s, D.	199	Welton. L. M.	253	Woodstock. C. M.	478
VALENIA. C. M.	352	Vox Angelica. P. M.	466	Wesley. 7s, D.	74, 208	Woodworth. L. M.	265
Varina. C. M. D.	113, 482	Vox Dilecti. C. M. D.	151	Wesley. 11s, 10s.	458	Woolwich. S. M.	393
Veni Lux. P. M.	225	Vox Jesu. 7s, 6s, D.	160	Westminster. 8s, 7s.	360	Work Song. P. M.	398
Verbum Pacis. 8s, 6s, 4s	451			Whipple. L. M.	893	Worship. 11s, 10s.	78
Vesper. 8s, 7s.	480	WAINWRIGHT. L. M.	148	Willington. L. M.	99	Wraybury. 8s, 7s.	94
Vesper Hy. 8s, 7s, D.	92	Wales. 8s, 4s.	300	Wilmot. 8s, 7s.	433	YOAKLEY. L. M. 6l.	162
Via Bona. L. M.	149	Ward. L. M.	448	Wilson. 8s, 7s.	363	York. C. M.	101
Via Lucis. C. M.	352	Ware. L. M.	69, 365	Wimbleton. 8s, 4s.	263	ZEBULON. H. M.	238
Via Pacis. 6s.	387	Warner. L. M.	296	Wimborne. L. M. 220, 312	812	Zephyr. L. M.	459
Victoria. P. M.	182	Warren. C. M.	338	Wimborne. 8s, 7s.	362		

Index of Meters.

L. M. 4 lines.		L. M. 6 Lines.		L. M. Double.		L. P. M.		C. M. 4 lines		C. M. 5 lines.		C. M. 6 lines.		C. M. Double.	
	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Alsace	43	Brownell	824	Bennington	185	Newcourt	14	Antioch	139	Elton	291	Hallel	399	Athens	150, 239
Angelus	43	Canons Ashby	380	Chenango	477			Arcadia	317	Naumann	242	Singsby	277	Audite	114
Anvern	13, 449	Florence	418	Creation	108			Arlington	238	Quies	243			Brattle Street	112
Ashwell	252	Germany	147	Klein	332			Avon	173, 267	Tappan	243			Canaan	212
Barbara	57	Gilead	185	Rex Glorice	404			Azmon	193, 506	Woodland	474			Carol	136
Bera	252	Grace Church	266, 421	Sacramentum	416			Balerna	234					Carolyn	460
Bishop	391	Gratitude	80	Victoria	135			Barby	355					Castle Rising	488
Blackburn	365	Grosstete	107, 446					Beatitudo	21, 423					Civitas Dei	453
Brookfield	49	Guyon	351					Belmont	412					Concone	170
Canonbury	11	Hamburg	167, 418					Bemerton	20					Cutler	316
Capello	99	Harmony Grove	134					Boardman	219					Deliverance	115
Crawford	146	Hebron	80					Bradford	195					Eaton	213
Croston	43	Hosanna	201					Brown	366					Ellacombe	71
Darley	391	Humility	106					Browning	59					Flensburg	150
Diman	350	Hursley	42					Burlington	117					Gladness	370
Duke Street	351	Intercession	247					Byfield	64						
Dw'ght	105, 419	Ipswich	496					Cherith	271, 422						
Esaign	399	Japhet	264												
Evening Hymn	42	Linwood	68												
Federal Street	421	Louvan	109												
Florence	418	Loving-Kindness	250												
Germany	147	Lowry	476												
Gilead	185	Melcombe	106												
Grace Church	266, 421	Mendon	447, 499												
Gratitude	80	Migtol	10												
Grosstete	107, 446	Missionary Chant, 312,	47												
Guyon	351	Old Hundred	67												
Hamburg	167, 418	Olive's Brow	166												
Harmony Grove	134	Panis Cœli	419												
Hebron	80	Park Street	333, 448												
Hosanna	201	Penitence	420												
Humility	106	Portuguese Hymn	390												
Hursley	42	Prince	221												
Intercession	247	Quebec	364												
Ipswich	496	Rest	459												
Japhet	264	Retreat	56												
Jands	68	Rivaulx	104												
Linwood	68	Rockingham	147												
Louvan	109	Rothwell	246												
Loving-Kindness	250	Samson	394												
Lowry	476	Sessions	69												
Melcombe	106	Solitude	166												
Mendon	447, 499														
Migtol	10														
Missionary Chant, 312,	47														
Old Hundred	67														
Olive's Brow	166														
Panis Cœli	419														
Park Street	333, 448														
Penitence	420														
Portuguese Hymn	390														
Prince	221														
Quebec	364														
Rest	459														
Retreat	56														
Rivaulx	104														
Rockingham	147														
Rothwell	246														
Samson	394														
Sessions	69														
Solitude	166														

PAGE	S. P. M.	PAGE	PAGE	PAGE
Greenport		371	Nomen Jesu	326
Leonard		52	Onward	322
Living Stream		119	Peyel's Hymn	323, 434
Noel	118, 137		Seymour	91, 256
Petersham	157		Solitude	272
St. Asaph	484		Springfield	62
St. Matthew	149		St. Bees	326
Una	413		Theodora	323
Urania	116		Trusting	293
Varina	113, 482			
Vox Dilecti	151			
C. P. M.				
Ariel		152		
Bremen		231, 369		
Meribah		472		
S. M. 4 lines.				
Aber		384		
Adrian		424		
Aileen		61, 425		
Aldersgate		385		
Alexander		215, 318		
Armes		233		
Badea		171		
Barber		73		
Bethesda		424		
Boylston		410		
Braden		372		
Carlisle		346		
Cary		356		
Chiselhurst		237		
Cleveland		25, 385		
Dennis		86, 384		
Edris		350		
Elation		416		
Entolment		373		
Ferguson		358		
Gildas		410		
Golden Hill		410		
Gorton		236		
Greenwood		347, 469		
Haydn		83, 229		
Inverness		505		
Laban		320		
Langton		60		
Leighton		320		
Leland		87		
Lisbon		27		
Mornington		24, 232		
Neale		86		
Oxford		396		
Olmutz		318, 425		
Osler		173, 396		
Owen		255, 321		
Packington		24		
Pentonville		255		
Rhoads		61, 411		
Rialto		319		
Schumann		87		
Seir		347		
Selma		319		
Selvin		356		
Shawmut		236		
Shirland		60		
Silver Street		73, 372		
St. Bride		215, 411		
St. Margaret		232		
St. Thomas		26		
State Street		403, 426		
Swabia		25		
Sydenham		26		
Swainsthorpe		357		
Thatcher		373		
Truth		357		
Vigil		27, 337		
Woolwich		393		
S. M. Double.				
Ardath		402		
A thalie		465		
Beloit		196		
Chalvey		214		
Diademata		197		
Gratia		359		
Leominster		469		
Nearer Home		464		
Salzburg		403		
S. P. M.				
Dalston		16		
H. M.				
Croft		173		
Darwall		29		
Duleet		425		
Haddam		124		
Lenox		244		
Lischer		28		
St. Godric		245		
Warsaw		409		
Zebulun		28		
5s, 8s, 5s.				
Fatherland		307		
Thuringia		306		
5s, 4s.				
Brooklyn		285		
6s.				
Baca		259		
Baxter		445		
Blessed Home		387		
Cortada		339		
Jewett		386		
Via Pacis		387		
6s, 4s.				
Abinger		444		
America		496		
Bethany		287		
Bread of Life		97		
Guardian		321		
Italian Hymn		120, 191		
Lyte		340		
Monroe Place		257		
More Love		286		
New Haven		224		
Oak		285		
Olivet		340		
Propior Deo		240		
Rightini		190		
St. Edmund		284		
6s, 5s.				
Crete		306		
Emmelaar		96		
Forward		303		
Magdalene		289		
Nissi		302		
Parole		288		
Penkivell		278		
Prague		138		
Rhossilly		381		
St. Albans		300		
St. Gertrude		301		
7s, 3 lines.				
Lachrymæ		258, 426		
Light		225		
Philip		259		
7s, 4 lines.				
Beltra		338		
Beminster		91		
Clarion		181		
Cyprus		322		
Dallas		63		
Denham		37		
Dijon		36		
Durham		435		
Easter Hymn		180		
Essex		327		
Ferrid		36		
Hendon		37		
Holley		90		
Horton		62, 253		
Innocents		63		
Last Hope		222, 389		
Monkland		435		
Mozart		181		
New Calabar		434		
7s, 6 lines.				
Cygnus		128		
Daystar		223		
Dix		129		
Glastonbury		437		
Guide		55, 360		
Halle		39		
Heimweh		39		
Kelso		38		
Memorial		436		
Nuremberg		275		
Pilot		275		
Rock of Ages		361		
Repose		437		
Rosefield		360		
Spanish Hymn		123, 176		
Tharaw		274		
7s, Double.				
Benevento		256, 492		
Clapham		376		
Comfort		377		
Consecration		294		
Deux Anges		122		
Herald Angels		138		
Hollingside		272		
Honiton		75		
Martyn		273		
Messiah		295		
Perry		209		
Refuge		273		
Sabbath		32		
St. George		33, 493		
St. Patrick		189		
Wesley		74, 208		
7s, 10 lines.				
Phillippi		89		
7s, 4s.				
St. Millicent		470		
7s, 5s.				
Caramea		51		
Gilton		229		
Grey		51		
Nelline		44		
Paraclete		45, 228		
St. Piran		398		
Treves		228		
7s, 6s.				
Aberhonddu		427		
Amsterdam		383		
Andernach		296		
Aurelia		9, 429		
Bentley		305		
Caskey		304		
Chenies		102, 207		
Crux Christi		175		
Day of Rest		179		
Ewing		491		
Gerhardt		169		
Gladness		8		
Handel		161		
Hierosolyma		490		
Holy Church		342		
Lancashire		158		
Linden		344		
Lux Mundi		290		
Magister		55		
Mayer		230		
Mendebras		9		
Miriam		103, 458		
Missionary Hymn		452		
Old, Old Story		240		
Passion Chorale		168		
Pax Perennis		489		
Pisa		394		
Relief		428		
Sacrifice		427		
Savoy Chapel		455		
Spitta		343		
St. George's, Bolton		174		
St. Hilda		261		
Susiname		230		
Tell the Story		241		
Templar		487		
Tours		159		
Tully		457		
Vox Jesu		160		
Webb		304, 454		
7s, 6s, 8s.				
Alford		474		
Anatolius		84		
Kategildiden		475		
7s, 8s.				
St. Albinus		468		
7s, 8s, 7s.				
Long Home		468		
8s, 3s.				
St. Aëlred		276		
8s, 4s.				
Clyde		98		
Conitron		262, 400		
Portland		378		
Rawson		441		
Riseholme		47		
Sarum		263		
Sunset		46		
Unitas		400		
Wales		300		
Wimbleton		233		
8s, 5s, 3s.				
Bullinger		235, 310		
Stephanos		310		
8s, 6s.				
Elmhurst		281		
Flemming		280		
Pascal		47		
St. Barnabas		458		
8s, 6s, 4s.				
St. Cuthbert		216		
Verbum Pacis		451		
8s, 7s, 4 lines.				
Barrett		92		
Bartimeus		323		
Brocklesbury		323		
Carter		72		
Carthage		210		
Dornance		432		
Gem		329		
Oswald		130, 505		
Ovio		131		
Rathbun		165		
Sicily		171		
Solney		397		
St. Sylvester		95, 432		
Stockwell		96, 397		
Stutgard		72		
Vesper		480		
Westminster		363		
Wilmot		433		
Wilson		363		
Wimborne		362		
Wraybury		94		

Index of Subjects.

Ss, 7s. Double.		PAGE	11s.		PAGE	PAGE	
Armstrong	127, 420	249	Cana	297	Corde Natus	66, 141	
Austria	453	248	Expostulation	254	Crusaders' Hymn	149	
Autumn	198	82	Goshen	296, 415	Dominus Regit	349, 415	
Aveling	406	164	Magill	341	Dresden	497	
Bavaria	444		Portuguese Hymn	296	Ecce Agnus	250	
Beecroft	299				Ein' Feste Burg	405	
Ellesdie	431				Enos	461	
Erie	127				Evening Praise	44	
Faben	126				Frankfort	311	
Gaylord	269				Genung	210	
Guidance	481				Grassmere	290	
Harwell	187				Harvey	283	
Hymn of Joy	186				Herrnhut	211	
Love Divine	268				Hinchman	15	
Mansfield	298				Holy Offerings	257	
Middleton	203, 405				Incarnation	143	
Mission Song	395				Intercession	65	
Nettleton	433				Judgment	473	
Sanctuary	202, 480				Kevin	308	
Stoughton	407				La Monte	290	
Triste	269				Laudes Domini	22	
Vesper Hymn	92				Lead Me On	313	
Vokes	199				Leoni	79	
					Lynde	293	
					Monsell	68	
					Morning	295	
					Nicæa	5	
					Non Dandet	123	
					Oberland	467	
					Paradise	488	
					Portuguese Hymn	130	
					Praise	329	
					Redcliff	182	
					Requiescat	462	
					Resurrexit	184	
					Rutherford	471	
					Schell	374	
					Security	382	
					Septem Voces	177	
					Sing for Jesus	349	
					St. Sylvester	495	
					Stabat Mater	164	
					Sunrise	30	
					Taphos	470	
					Temple	97	
					Triumph	131	
					Veni, Lux	225	
					Vox Angelica	466	
					Wittenberg	183	
					Wondrous Love	235	
					Work Song	398	

Index of Subjects.

Abba, Father	548, 590, 900, 913, 1061	Atonement:		Brevity of Life	See <i>Life</i> .
Abide with Me	95, 129, 824, 830, 1050	Necessary	317, 565-576	Brotherly Love	See <i>Fellowship</i> .
Absence from God	306, 641, 654, 703	Provided	168, 577-609	Burial	See <i>Death and Heaven</i> .
Accepted Time	591, 612, 617, 619	Offered	610-624	Of a Child	933, 946, 1140, 1154, 1157
Access to God	458, 465, 577-609	Accepted	625-652	Of a Pastor	744, 1137, 1143, 1149
Activity	124, 675, 760, 765, 949-978	Attributes of God	See <i>God</i> .		
Adoption	297, 874, 899-902, 911, 913	Autumn	273, 1202, 1203, 1211		
Advent of Christ:					
At Birth	323-352	Backsliding	652-711	Calinness	537, 848, 854, 877
To Judgment	477, 481, 1162-1165	Baptism	1012-1022	Calvary	410, 419, 631, 1063, 1071
To Kingdom	481-514, 1101-1135	Being of God	See <i>God</i> .	Cares	207, 721, 729, 757, 852, 892
Advocate	See <i>Christ</i> .	Believing	See <i>Faith</i> .	Charity	354, 710, 886, 950, 969, 978
Afflictions	693-697, 825, 918-948	Benevolence:	192, 221, 234, 1050	Charitableness	376, 378, 956, 962
Aged	See <i>Old Age</i> .	Of Christ	See <i>Christ</i> .	Cheerfulness	See <i>Joy</i> .
Alms	710, 886, 961, 969, 973, 975, 978	Of Christians	See <i>Christ</i> .	Children	336, 338, 410, 992, 1229-1234
Alpha and Omega	See <i>Christ</i> .	Of God	See <i>God</i> .	Childlike Spirit	See <i>Humility</i> .
Angels	17, 187, 336, 718, 885, 1151	Bereavement	See <i>Afflictions</i> .	Christ:	
Ark of God	640, 662, 747, 1043	Bible	117, 195, 197, 239-253, 923	Advent at Birth	323-352
Ascension	See <i>Christ</i> .	Blessedness	825, 874, 887-919, 1028	Advocate	432, 458, 472, 596, 1037
Ashamed of Jesus	392, 750, 1034	Blessing Sought	136, 147, 148, 626	Agony of	399-427, 1058, 1097
Asleep in Jesus	401, 1138, 1158, 1170	Blindness	525, 550, 626, 709, 711	All in All	239, 424, 775, 778, 810, 1028
Assurance:		Blood	See <i>Atonement</i> .	Alpha and Omega	172, 345, 651
Attained	777, 790, 801, 828, 873, 911	Book of Life	278, 445, 750, 1162	Ascension of	432, 447, 449, 451, 597
Prayed for	463, 483, 522, 535, 651, 893	Bread of Life	See <i>Christ</i> .	Blood of	143, 472, 568, 570, 579-608
Urged	716, 738, 742, 756, 774, 831			Bread of Heaven	734, 1073-1100
				Bread of Life	239, 616, 1035, 1084
				Bridegroom	492-495, 503-507

Burial of 401, 920, 1142, 1146
 Captain 105, 677, 726, 741, 751, 763
 Character of 353-398, 775-844
 Compassion of 353, 398, 411-415, 651
 Condescension of 340-352, 366-415
 Corner-stone 979, 998, 1056
 Crucifixion of 399-427, 1058-1063
 Dayspring 49, 81, 338, 483, 1123
 Desire of Nations 114, 344, 482, 511
 Divinity of 308, 332, 340, 383, 470
 Example of 356-359, 376-382, 934
 Fountain 308, 579, 662, 799, 1096
 Friend 353, 485, 690, 691, 712, 838
 Hiding-place 141, 637, 685, 907
 Humanity of 331-340, 370, 395, 920
 Immanuel 332, 393, 349, 732, 1023
 Incarnation of 324-352, 367, 383, 1023
 Jesus 373, 731, 798, 814, 823, 841
 Judge 481, 486, 1078, 1162-1165
 King of Glory 435, 443-446, 462
 King of Kings 119, 436, 467, 473
 King of Saints 341, 455, 604, 1105
 Knocking at the Door 614, 632
 Lamb of God 419, 474, 570, 607, 642
 Leader 105, 664, 717, 763, 773
 Life on Earth 353-398, 916, 934
 Light 25, 483, 829, 922-924
 Lion of Judah 451, 1120
 Lord of All 442, 459, 1101, 1180
 Lord of Sabbath 99, 187, 987, 989
 Lord our Righteousness 82, 599
 Love of 429, 465, 774, 780, 785, 807
 Master 364, 392, 424, 832, 835
 Mediator 465, 472, 590, 595, 601
 Morning Star 503, 713, 740, 1106
 Pearl of Great Price 558, 810
 Physician 98, 354, 357, 352, 629, 629
 Priest 432, 465, 477, 504, 601, 630
 Prince of Glory 28, 185, 404, 1198
 Prince of Life 438, 467, 475, 1156
 Prince of Peace 339, 342, 479, 966
 Prophet 239, 327, 355, 740, 814
 Ransom 371, 461, 576, 593, 874
 Redeemer 463, 468, 774, 790, 839
 Refuge 662, 685, 717, 775, 901
 Resurrection of 32, 428-451, 799
 Return to God See *Ascension*.
 Rock of Ages 254, 993, 1078, 1196
 Saviour 566, 586, 588, 602, 790
 Shepherd 397, 715, 844, 876, 1013
 Substitute 405, 570, 576, 593, 628
 Sufferings of 399-427, 628, 1060
 Sun 31, 87, 242, 339, 829, 1129
 Surety 463, 590, 595, 647, 727
 Sympathy of 398, 721, 802, 920, 926
 Teacher 302, 355, 364, 374, 823
 Temptation of 359, 381, 395, 926
 Transfiguration of 382, 363, 1071
 Triumph 361, 386, 398, 821
 Way 155, 377, 547, 567, 711, 915
 Weeping 398, 402, 412, 621, 660, 926
 Wisdom 252, 326, 385, 603, 941
 Wonderful 340, 343, 364, 804
 Word 252, 308, 326, 332, 441, 478

Christians:
 Afflictions 920-948
 Conflicts 651-711
 Disciplines 920-948
 Duties 949-978
 Encouragements 712-774
 Fellowship 1000-1011
 Graces 845-887
 Love for Christ 775-844
 Privileges 888-919

Church:
 Believed 483, 509, 982, 991, 1005
 Affected 994, 1056, 1110, 1114
 Dear to Saints 30, 979-999, 1076
 Missions of 979-999, 1213-1218
 Ordinances of 1012-1100
 Revival of 483, 557-564, 991-999
 Triumph of 496-512, 1101-1134
 Unity of 744, 874, 979, 1000-1011
 Uniting with 1017, 1030-1034, 1175
 Work of 949-978, 1101-1135

Close of Service 921-238
 Comfort 319, 693, 802, 922-948
 Comforter See *Holy Spirit*.
 Coming of Christ See *Advent*.
 Communion of Saints:
 At Lord's Table 1023-1100

With Christ 88, 112, 154, 775-844
 With God 44, 137, 201, 206, 219
 With Each Other 33, 152, 1003

Compassion:
 Of Christ See *Christ*.
 Of Christians *Charitableness*.
 Of God See *God*.
 Completeness 801, 828, 889, 904
 Condescension. See *Christ*, or *God*.
 Confession:
 Of Faith See *Faith*.
 Of Sin See *Sin*.
 Confidence See *Faith*, or *Trust*.
 Conflict with Sin 652-711
 Conformity 856-851, 994, 806-809
 Consistency 251, 570, 610, 644, 888
 Consecration:
 Of Possessions 710, 969, 975, 978
 Of Self 404, 628, 710, 1030-1076
 Consistency 37, 706, 746, 850-853
 Consolations See *Afflictions*.
 Constancy 653, 717-731, 826, 914
 Contentment 658, 838, 848, 860, 877
 Contributions See *Charity*.
 Contrition 630, 633, 634, 643, 648
 Conversion See *Heart*.
 Conviction See *Law*.
 Corner-stone 987, 998, 1056, 1088
 Courage 712-774, 885, 1017, 1033
 Covenant:
 Church 1017, 1030-1034, 1076
 Divine 289, 714, 893-899, 911, 918
 Creation 899-911, *See God*.
 Cross:
 Taking 392, 613, 681, 751, 948, 1061
 Bearing 364, 378, 414, 693, 749, 932
 Glorifying in 350, 400, 592, 722, 1024
 Salvation by 426, 578-595, 602-608
 Crowns of Glory 48, 748, 758, 765, 934
 Crucifixion See *Christ*.
 Darkness 68, 525, 532, 558-567, 756
 Day of Grace See *To-day*.
 Dayspring See *Christ*.
 Death 401, 920, 946, 1136-1161
 Declension 637-711
 Decrees 256, 260, 276, 278, 312, 898
 Dedication:
 Of a Church See *Sanctuary*.
 Of One's Self See *Consecration*.
 Delay 608, 611, 612, 618, 619, 622
 Dependence:
 On Providence 255, 281, 302, 307
 On Grace 570, 574, 577, 593, 633
 Depravity See *Lost State*.
 Despondency 5, 522, 639, 654, 678
 Devotion See *Prayer*.
 Diligence See *Activity*.
 Doubt 125, 266, 276, 302, 659, 762
 Doxologies 160-162, 222: *p. 507*

Earnest See *Holy Spirit*.
 Earnestness See *Activity*.
 Ebenezer 883, 1002, 1068, 1210
 Eden See *Paradise*.
 Effectual Calling 256, 312, 714, 801
 Effort, Christian See *Activity*.
 Election See *Decrees*.
 Encouragement 53-60, 712-774
 Energy See *Activity*.
 Eternal Life See *Life*.
 Eternal Punishment See *Hell*.
 Eternity 1147, 1171, 1176, 1186
 Evening 3, 80, 88, 92-133, 191-238
 Example:
 Of Christ See *Christ*.
 Of Christians 356-359, 373, 850

Faint Heart See *Despondency*.
 Faith:
 Aspiration of 664, 698, 700, 746
 Assurance of See *Assurance*.
 Blessedness of 714, 845, 849, 852
 Confession of 418, 566, 688, 787, 914
 Gift of God 534, 556, 561, 852, 873
 Justification by 566, 570, 590, 647
 Prayer for 418, 550, 746, 856, 879
 Triumph of 739, 828, 838, 855, 888
 Walking by 835, 848, 849, 869, 931

Faithfulness:
 Of Christians See *Fidelity*.
 Of God See *God*.

Fall of Man See *Lost State*.
 Family 73, 214, 1010-1011
 Family Worship 386, 388, 410, 664
 Fast Days 483, 509, 541, 980, 982
 Father See *God*.
 Fearfulness 712-717, 741, 757, 133
 Fellowship 549, 574, 1000, 1011
 Fidelity 672, 692, 847, 850, 915, 958
 Following Christ 105, 122, 751, 1088
 Forbearance:
 Divine See *God*.
 Christian See *Forgiveness*.
 Forgiveness:
 Of Injuries 356, 364, 374-378, 962
 Of Sin 566-608, 874-119
 Formality 37, 366, 456, 519, 625, 851
 Foundation 390, 714, 759, 800, 1058
 Friend of Sinners See *Christ*.
 Friends in Heaven See *Heaven*.
 Funeral See *Burial and Death*.
 Future Punishment See *Hell*.

Gentleness:
 Of Christians 374-378, 853, 877
 Of God See *God*.
 Gethsemane 402, 405, 420, 693, 657
 Gloria in Excelsis 183, 337, 475, 1219
 Glorifying in the Cross See *Cross*.
 Glory of God See *God*.
 God:
 Attributes 16, 158, 174, 254-322
 Being 116, 253, 272, 288, 298, 315
 Benevolence 270, 290, 318, 319, 322
 Compassion 175, 188, 290, 318, 866
 Condescension 6, 188, 285, 317, 367
 Creator 158, 186, 272, 305, 345, 540
 Eternity 162, 254, 286, 293, 308
 Faithfulness 243, 266, 301, 311, 714
 Father 186, 277, 294, 297, 902, 911
 Forbearance 7, 94, 175, 259, 285
 Gentleness 164, 207, 259, 283, 318
 Glory 14, 40, 93, 169, 268, 285, 316
 Goodness 16, 171, 270, 307, 322
 Grace 285, 287, 290, 298, 317, 600
 Holiness 1, 187, 285, 303, 305, 316
 Infinity 14, 158, 166, 276, 291-294
 Jehovah 158, 171, 188, 189, 296, 315
 Justice 16, 23, 42, 260, 318, 1164
 Long-suffering 7, 94, 175, 259, 285
 Love 6, 47, 256, 284, 285, 310, 785
 Majesty 169, 169, 178, 182, 277, 280
 Mercy 4, 16, 118, 145, 189, 188, 282
 Mystery 258, 260, 269, 275, 291, 302
 Omnipotence 169, 171, 271, 279, 305
 Omnipresence 96, 149, 169, 255, 274
 Omniscience 219, 224, 265, 292, 677
 Patience 7, 94, 175, 259, 285
 Pity 84, 142, 219, 318, 866, 872
 Providence 275, 278, 281-283, 302
 Sovereignty 256, 276, 278, 312, 1036
 Supremacy 158, 166, 178, 182, 1218
 Trinity 1, 115, 257, 263, 313, 321
 Truth 243, 266, 301, 311, 714, 800
 Unchangeable 254, 294, 767, 772
 Unsearchable 258, 269, 275, 294
 Wisdom 168, 174, 244, 268, 603, 939

Gospel See *Attonement*.
 Grace:
 Abounding 577, 600, 606, 684, 1037
 Free 60, 282, 600, 602, 608, 910
 Justifying 472, 570, 581, 1030, 1078
 Quickening 43, 519, 544, 556, 786
 Redeeming 143, 287, 372, 774, 1068
 Restoring 340, 525, 668, 716, 870
 Reviving 31, 40, 56, 83, 557, 822
 Sanctifying 71, 378, 580, 756, 1067
 Saving 32, 257, 365, 565, 570, 576
 Sovereign 172, 256, 319, 317, 566
 Throne of 136, 143, 149, 590
 Graces 318, 536, 580, 845-857
 Gratitude 84, 317, 322, 537, 663, 878
 Grave 400, 1138, 1142, 1158, 1165
 Grieving See *Holy Spirit*.
 Growth 538, 694-700, 778, 853, 880
 Guidance 528-530, 664, 695, 734, 922

Happiness See *Joy*.
 Harvest 1202, 1203, 1211
 Hearing 76, 194-197, 200, 227, 239
 Heart:
 Change of 526, 538, 550-567, 809
 Deceitfulness of 519, 625, 651-771

- Searching . . . 127, 517, 636, 730, 811
 Surrendered . . . 532, 543, 652, 710, 1063
Heaven:
 Christ in . . . 119, 185, 447, 473, 1160
 Friends in . . . 1010, 1156, 1166, 1183
 Home in . . . 689, 756, 1145, 1151, 1161
 Rest in . . . 184, 444, 1168, 1178, 1186
 Heirship . . . 828, 874, 893, 901, 908, 913
 Hell 417, 501, 610, 1162-1164
 Heralds, Gospel . . . See *Ministry*.
 Hiding-place See *Christ*.
Holiness:
 Of Saints . . . 31, 50, 463, 538, 698-701
 Of God See *God*.
Holy Scriptures See Bible.
Holy Spirit:
 Baptism of . . . 529, 544-546, 563, 990
 Comforter . . . 469, 516, 530, 562, 859
 Descent of . . . 515, 517, 543, 557, 593
 Divine . . . 515, 532, 540, 543, 546, 548
 Earned of . . . 522, 535, 548, 720, 893
 Enlightener . . . 525, 530, 533, 550, 558
 Fruits of . . . 50, 133, 531, 554, 639
 Grieved . . . 518, 564, 618, 622, 624
 Indweller . . . 517, 521, 532, 536, 859
 Inspirer . . . 215, 244-251, 544, 556
 Leadings of . . . 527, 528, 555-561, 735
 Love of . . . 518, 524, 543, 557, 634
 Quickening . . . 111, 519, 544, 558, 565
 Regenerating . . . 526, 532, 550, 560, 565
 Sealing . . . 522, 535, 548, 900, 1059
 Striving . . . 567, 587, 618, 620, 623
 Witnessing . . . 522, 523, 538, 626, 913
Home See Family or Heaven.
Home Missions 949-978, 1101-1135
Hope:
 In Affliction 916-948, 1165
 In Conviction . . . 573, 634, 652, 679, 683
 In Death 799, 945, 1126-1161
 In Despondency . . . 522, 657, 800, 907
 Humility . . . 127, 538, 672, 853, 859, 877
Immanuel See Christ.
 Immanuel's Land . . . 532, 1160, 1194
 Immortality . . . 1144-1147, 1151, 1199
 Importunity . . . 72, 83, 141, 144, 148
 Imputation . . . 398, 570, 574, 580, 593
 Incarnation See *Christ*.
 Infants See *Children*.
 Ingratitude . . . 614, 623, 628, 632, 639
 Inspiration . . . 215, 244-251, 544, 556
 Installation See *Ordinances*.
 Intercession . . . 432, 465, 594, 601, 630
 Invitations 610-623
 Israel See *Jews*.
Jehovah See God.
 Jerusalem . . . 184, 494, 508, 1181-1199
 Jesus See *Christ*.
 Jews 496, 1112, 1118, 1120, 1127
 Joining the Church . . . See *Church*.
 Joy 390, 434, 786, 835, 838, 852
 Jubilee 488, 499, 591, 1008, 1120
 Judgment Day 481, 1162-1164
 Justice See *God*.
 Justification . . . 570, 576, 584, 590, 874
Kindness 374-382, 549, 1000-1011
Kingdom of Christ:
 Prayed for . . . 482, 498, 509, 512, 1105
 Progress of . . . 496, 983, 1118, 1123
 Triumph of . . . 475, 484, 499, 989, 994
Labor See Activity.
 Lamb of God See *Christ*.
Law of God:
 And Gospel . . . 345, 413, 419, 570, 1071
 And Guilt . . . 570, 581, 593, 634, 650
 Liberty See *Charity*.
Life:
 Brevity 612, 618, 1144, 1148, 1155
 Object 571, 628, 710, 977, 1171
 Solemnity . . . 50, 123, 571, 575, 1155
 Uncertainty . . . 97, 725, 848, 860, 1140
 Vanity 610, 706, 945, 1140, 1170
 Light of the World . . . See *Christ*.
 Likeness See *Conformity*.
 Litany 427, 627, 660, 920, 1083
 Little Things . . . 15, 950, 954, 958, 1008
 Longing:
 For Christ . . . 87, 481-514, 661, 794
 For God . . . 40, 55, 63, 70, 89, 657, 693
 For Heaven . . . 119, 1167, 1176, 1188
 For Holiness . . . 50, 94, 654, 698, 809
 Long-suffering . . . See *Forgiveness*.
 Looking to Jesus . . . 716, 794, 831, 834
 Lord's Day . . . 9, 18, 22, 49, 67, 122
 Lord's Prayer 146, 205, 1273
 Lord's Supper 1023-1100
 Lord, our Righteousness . . . 82, 599
 Lost State of Man . . . 114, 565-576
Love:
 Of God the Father . . . See *God*.
 Of Christ See *Christ*.
 Of Holy Spirit . . . See *Holy Spirit*.
 For God . . . 256, 283, 285, 287, 317, 859
 For Christ . . . 105, 216, 775-844, 952
 For Saints See *Fellowship*.
 For the Church . . . See *Church*.
 For Souls . . . 364, 621, 692, 949-973
 Loving-kindness . . . 188, 609, 756, 1197
 Lukewarmness . . . 639, 654, 749, 880, 978
Majesty See God.
 Man See *Lost State*.
 Manna . . . 695, 734, 919, 993, 1045, 1057
 Martyrs . . . 737, 744, 747, 751, 1150, 1177
 Mediator See *Christ*.
 Mediatorial Reign . . . See *Kingdom*.
 Meditation . . . 55, 112, 137, 154, 249, 916
 Meekness See *Humility*.
 Mercies . . . 175, 191, 283, 289, 309, 872
 Mercifulness . . . See *Forgiveness*.
 Mercy See *God*.
 Mercy-seat . . . 82, 134, 139-141, 594
 Millennium See *Kingdom*.
Ministry:
 Commission . . . 953, 964, 983, 1120
 Convocation . . . 78, 720, 983, 1102, 1215
 Installation . . . 744, 868, 983, 997, 1120
 Ordination . . . 710, 733, 751, 885, 953
 Prayed for . . . 963, 984, 997, 999, 1017
 Miracles . . . 354, 357, 362, 377, 382, 354
 Missions 949-978, 1101-1135
 Missionaries . . . 1117, 1120, 1128, 1135
 Morning . . . 1, 13, 21, 39, 45, 62, 87, 190
 Mortality See *Life*.
 Mysteries of Providence . . . See *God*.
National 1122, 1201, 1205, 1209, 1216
Nature See Christ.
 Nature, the Material Universe:
 Principles of . . . 165, 169, 186, 273, 306
 God Seen in . . . 171, 272, 288, 299, 733
 Nearness:
 To God . . . 261, 274, 654, 693, 696, 700
 To Heaven . . . 1148, 1160, 1165-1171
 Needed, one Thing . . . 567, 610, 830, 1055
 New Birth See *Heart*.
 New Jerusalem . . . See *Jerusalem*.
 New Song . . . 33, 54, 184, 187, 460, 476
 New Year . . . 165, 273, 1200, 1206, 1210
 Night See *Evening*.
 Now See *Accepted Time*.
Obedience 244, 251, 543, 575, 832
Old Age 130, 714, 976, 1145, 1155
Omnipotence See God.
Omnipresence See God.
Omniscience See God.
Oneness with Christ . . . See Union.
Opening of Service . . . 1-90, 134-189
Ordinances 1012-1022, 1023-1100
Ordination See Ministry.
Original Sin See Lost State.
Orphans 912, 951, 959, 968, 969, 1166
Paradise 48, 686, 1167, 1184, 1193
Pardon See Forgiveness.
Parting 209, 213, 217, 223, 1003
Passover 419, 431, 474, 1075, 1095
Pastor See Ministry.
Patience 364, 381, 545, 672, 676, 697
Peace:
 Christian . . . 200, 676, 702, 767, 902, 906
 National 498, 1201, 1205, 1213
 Peacemakers . . . 356, 364, 376, 887, 1011
 Penitence See *Repentance*.
 Pentecost See *Holy Spirit*.
 Perils See *Protection*.
 Perseverance . . . 801, 873, 874, 892-911
 Pilgrimage . . . 689, 730, 743, 764, 881
 Pilgrims, The . . . 1122, 1209, 1213, 1216
 Pilgrim-spirit . . . 48, 176, 223, 761, 916
Pillar of Fire . . . 720, 726, 734, 736, 752
Pity of God See God.
Pleasures See Life.
Poor 216, 374, 951, 957, 968, 975
Praise:
 To God 158-290, 524-322
 To Christ . . . 41, 428-514, 775-844
 Prayer 134-156, 1214
 Preaching See *Ministry*.
 Predestination See *Decrees*.
 Pride 612, 625, 680, 853, 860, 862
 Priesthood See *Christ*.
 Probation See *Life and Now*.
 Procrastination See *Delay*.
 Profligate Son . . . 426, 652, 683, 832
 Profession . . . 1017, 1030-1034, 1076
 Progress See *Growth in Grace*.
 Promises . . . 243, 266, 301, 311, 71
 Prophecy . . . 215, 244, 252, 278, 302, 511
 Protection . . . 718, 836, 882, 901, 915
 Providence See *God*.
 Punishment See *Hell*.
 Purity See *Holiness*.
 Purposes See *Decrees*.
Race 101, 211, 742, 748, 773, 846
Rain 165, 169, 170, 186, 271, 280
Ransom See Christ.
Receiving Christ . . . See Repentance.
Redemption See Atonement.
Refuge, Christ our . . . See Christ.
Regeneration See Heart.
Renunciation See Consecration.
Repentance 62-452, 653-711
Resignation See Afflictions.
Rest 571, 635-640, 674, 680, 845
Resurrection:
 Of Christ See *Christ*.
 Of Believers . . . 401, 428, 513, 799
 Retirement See *Meditation*.
 Return to God . . . 590, 617, 623, 648, 683
 Revelation See *Bible*.
 Revival See *Church*.
 Riches 571, 887, 891, 945, 952, 969
 Righteousness . . . 70, 580, 599, 647, 684
 Rock of Ages See *Christ*.
Sabaoth, Lord of See Christ.
Sabbath See Lord's Day.
Sabbath School See Children.
Sacraments See Ordinances.
Sacrifice See Atonement.
Safety See Protection.
Sailors 640, 662, 666, 768, 1208
Salvation See Atonement.
Sanctification See Growth.
Sanctuary:
 Corner-stone . . . 987, 998, 1056, 1088
 Dedication . . . 35, 985, 988, 994, 996
 Love for 10, 27, 30, 52, 69, 986
 Satan 136, 141, 196, 305, 712, 731
 Saviour See *Christ*.
Science See Nature and Bible.
Scriptures See Bible.
Seamen See Sailors.
Seed-sowing . . . 760, 954, 960, 970, 972
Self-deception See Heart.
Self-dedication See Consecration.
Self-denial . . . 15, 845, 954, 965, 973, 978
Self-examination See Heart.
Self-renounced See Consecration.
Self-righteousness . . . 574, 581, 593, 787
Sensibility See Weeping.
Shechinah . . . 492, 752. See Pillar.
Shepherd See Christ.
Sickness 282, 707, 799, 825, 933, 941
Sin:
 Indwelling See *Conflict*.
 Original See *Lost State*.
 Confession of . . . See *Repentance*.
 Conflict with . . . See *Conflict*.
 Conviction See *Law or Hope*.
 Sinal 570, 602, 797, 1071
 Sincerity . . . 87, 251, 456, 538, 850, 869
 Sinners See *Sin*.
 Sleep See *Evening*.
 Soldier . . . 724, 728, 741, 749, 751, 1017
 Song of Moses See *New Song*.
 Sorrow See *Afflictions*.
 Soul of Man See *Immortality*.
 Souls, Love for See *Love*.
 Sovereignty See *God*.

Spirit.....See *Holy Spirit*.
 Spring.....165, 170, 273, 299, 1202
 Star of Bethlehem.....323, 328, 334, 349
 Steadfastness.....741, 747, 759, 826, 894
 Storm.....169, 170, 271, 279, 315
 Strength as our Days.....643, 802, 919
 Submission.....See *Afflictions*.
 Substitution.....574, 593, 634, 777, 787
 Suffering.....See *Afflictions*.
 Summer.....170, 262, 273, 295, 306
 Sun of Righteousness.....See *Christ*.
 Surety.....See *Christ*.
 Surrender.....See *Heart*.
 Sympathy.....364, 370, 376, 956, 968

Table.....See *Lord's Supper*.
 Tabor.....332, 363, 365, 1028, 1071
 Teacher.....See *Christ*.
 Te Deum.....166, 182, 277, 305, 1218
 Temperance.....See *Self-denial*.
 Temptation.....359, 381, 395, 639, 926
 Thankfulness.....See *Gratitude*.
 Thanksgiving Day.....1202, 1203, 1211
 Thief, Penitent.....579, 649, 686, 841
 Throne of Grace.....143, 149, 590

Time.....See *Life*.
 To-day.....618, 619, 622, 1148
 To-morrow.....275, 618, 619, 725, 729
 Transfiguration.....See *Tabor*.
 Trials.....See *Afflictions*.
 Tribulation.....See *Afflictions*.
 Trinity.....See *God*.
 Triumphal Entry.....See *Christ*.
 Trust:
 Grace.....570, 678, 777, 879, 931, 947
 Providence.....275, 302, 714, 718, 914
 Truth.....See *God and Bible*.
 Unbelief.....278, 558, 566, 688, 856, 862
 Unchangeableness.....See *God*.
 Union of Believers:
 With Christ.....513, 601, 828, 874, 908
 With Each Other.....*Fellowship*.
 With Redeemed.....720, 744, 1010, 1183
 Unsearchableness.....See *God*.
 Vows, Christian.....See *Covenant*.
 Waiting.....See *Patience*.
 Walking with God.....654, 664, 695, 826

Wandering, Spiritual.....See *Conflict*.
 War.....See *Peace*.
 Warfare.....See *Soldier*.
 Warnings.....See *Invitations*.
 Watchfulness.....558, 705, 712, 733, 765
 Water of Life.....26, 308, 579, 616, 662
 Way of Salvation.....See *Attonement*.
 Way, Truth, and Life.....See *Christ*.
 Wealth.....See *Riches*.
 Weariness.....395, 716, 738, 834, 972
 Weeping.....398, 417, 621, 624, 760, 972
 Winds, God in the.....See *Storm*.
 Winning Souls.....364, 621, 692, 953
 Winter.....170, 273
 Wisdom.....See *God*.
 Witness.....See *Holy Spirit*.
 Witnesses, Cloud of.....See *Reve*.
 Word of God.....See *Bible*.
 Working.....See *Activity*.
 Worldliness.....See *Riches and Life*.
 Worthy the Lamb.....See *New Song*.
 Wrath of God.....See *Hell*.
 Zeal.....See *Activity*.
 Zion.....See *Church*.

Index of Texts.

GENESIS.	JUDGES.	JOB.		ECCLESIASTES.
1: 1178, 186, 272	8: 4717, 742, 764	1: 21.....825, 930, 937	56: 3718, 757, 912	8: 12.....29, 725, 935
1: 3524, 540, 847		9: 33.....570, 590, 601	61: 2815, 759, 1088	9: 10.....953, 990, 974
1: 31.....272, 295, 305	RUTH.	11: 7258, 269, 276	63: 140, 55, 659	11: 1954, 958, 973
2: 367, 81, 176		19: 25.....463, 790, 1153	65: 142, 165, 981	11: 6760, 970, 972
3: 8265, 292, 294	1: 16635, 874, 1076	23: 10.....714, 834, 936	66: 16.....786, 903, 1068	
3: 15.....450, 451, 500	2: 12.....662, 718, 914	26: 14.....260, 276, 302	66: 18.....37, 251, 868	
3: 19.1140, 1143, 1146	1ST SAMUEL.	37: 21.....699, 725, 756	67: 185, 116, 1225	
3: 24.....433, 458, 1193		38: 7179, 187, 305	71: 5291, 288, 812	
4: 9884, 959, 962	3: 1044, 832, 868		72: 6644, 626, 1125	
5: 24.....654, 826, 883	7: 12.1002, 1068, 1210	PSALMS.	73: 25.....306, 897, 848	
6: 3618, 622, 623		8: 3272, 294, 299	84: 143, 59, 63	1: 7708, 832, 876
7: 1640, 746, 1043	2D SAMUEL.	14: 2268, 276, 345	84: 11.....11, 69, 782	2: 41045, 1053, 1064
16: 13.....265, 285, 292		14: 71112, 1127, 1134	87: 3726, 986, 993	2: 16.....808, 918, 1090
18: 25.....260, 302, 319	12: 23.1140, 1154, 1157	16: 8359, 369, 380	89: 184, 289, 872	4: 16.....882, 991, 1099
22: 14.....714, 729, 885	22: 31.....245, 250, 252	17: 15.....799, 1146, 1170	89: 15.....197, 578, 851	5: 11029, 1047, 1084
28: 16.....110, 116, 531	1ST KINGS.	18: 11.....260, 278, 280	90: 1254, 286, 293	6: 4724, 726, 1109
28: 19.....52, 696, 1012		18: 35.....207, 283, 318	91: 1662, 718, 771	8: 5.....638, 720, 1131
32: 2683, 148, 758	8: 57.1122, 1205, 1216	18: 46254, 315, 1088	98: 8330, 341, 352	
	18: 21.....612, 618, 622	19: 1241, 253, 272	103: 1142, 318, 866	ISAIAH.
		23: 179, 296, 715	103: 2184, 264, 268	1: 18.....566, 572, 589
EXODUS.	2D KINGS.	23: 2397, 840, 844	106: 4626, 649, 661	8: 853, 1160, 1161
12: 27.....474, 1075, 1095		23: 5803, 876, 1029	111: 9308, 305, 316	9: 6331, 340, 346
13: 21.....720, 734, 736	4: 26725, 935, 1154	25: 7649, 999, 1037	112: 6874, 891, 1137	12: 316, 117, 606
15: 23.....695, 743, 939	7: 3539, 623, 683	25: 1444, 201, 1083	116: 7281, 674, 911	21: 11.....496, 1126, 1132
16: 15695, 993, 1040	1ST CHRONICLES.	25: 15716, 870, 1090	116: 12.....282, 322, 1002	26: 3767, 912, 1063
28: 29.....432, 464, 601		27: 123, 756, 759	117: 2162, 243, 301	32: 17.....702, 600, 883
	2D CHRONICLES.	27: 11.....822, 915, 941	119: 9242, 243, 247	33: 17.....380, 338, 783
LEVITICUS.		29: 3149, 303, 1217	119: 1085.....31, 248, 252	35: 10.....755, 764, 1168
16: 21.....570, 594, 1054	28: 9127, 292, 780	29: 3169, 271, 279	119: 130.....197, 246, 556	40: 31.....742, 834, 880
25: 13.....488, 591, 1008	29: 15.1140, 1144, 1175	30: 7667, 669, 933	119: 151.....261, 274, 693	42: 16.....653, 695, 915
		31: 15.....319, 836, 932	119: 154.....466, 601, 679	43: 2714, 746, 757
	2D CHRONICLES.	32: 1138, 224, 826	121: 4138, 224, 826	43: 8728, 749, 1088
		122: 127, 30, 34	122: 127, 30, 34	44: 2983, 1120, 1131
	6: 21.....121, 156, 982	122: 2311, 718, 894	125: 2311, 718, 894	53: 3375, 406, 408
	30: 18.1035, 1038, 1085	126: 6621, 760, 972	126: 6621, 760, 972	53: 4412, 581, 623
		127: 1519, 882, 991	127: 1519, 882, 991	55: 1606, 620, 626
	EZRA.	131: 1672, 860, 877	131: 1672, 860, 877	59: 2654, 703, 711
		137: 5986, 1112, 1130	137: 5986, 1112, 1130	60: 8526, 1108, 1118
	3: 11.....993, 1056, 1088	139: 1171, 265, 292	139: 1171, 265, 292	60: 18.....993, 994, 1088
	9: 6572, 633, 982	139: 17.....163, 207, 878	139: 17.....163, 207, 878	61: 10.....580, 599, 634
		139: 18.....206, 836, 888	139: 18.....206, 836, 888	63: 1447, 604, 605
	NEHEMIAH.	139: 23.....202, 636, 860	139: 23.....202, 636, 860	63: 7609, 756, 1197
		43: 361, 539, 556	43: 361, 539, 556	65: 1317, 605, 683
	4: 6882, 960, 974	44: 2365, 372, 783	44: 2365, 372, 783	66: 2634, 648, 656
	5: 19.....127, 976, 1144	46: 1980, 989, 1110	46: 1980, 989, 1110	
		48: 1981, 985, 1217	48: 1981, 985, 1217	PROVERBS.
	ESTHER.	50: 15.....141, 142, 144	50: 15.....141, 142, 144	1: 24.....611, 618, 640
		51: 2644, 646, 1224	51: 2644, 646, 1224	4: 18.....891, 936, 1139
		51: 10.....550, 567, 809	51: 10.....550, 567, 809	10: 7874, 931, 1137
		51: 17.....634, 646, 809	51: 17.....634, 646, 809	11: 30.....364, 692, 953
		55: 22.....207, 721, 947	55: 22.....207, 721, 947	23: 26.....285, 682, 710
JOSHUA.				JEREMIAH.
3: 17.....734, 743, 1182	4: 16.....566, 739, 879			8: 22.....354, 572, 629
23: 14.....266, 311, 936	6: 1260, 276, 302			17: 9.....538, 1055, 1067

- LAMENTATIONS.**
 1: 4526, 991, 1006
 3: 22.....494, 259, 318
 3: 26.....573, 683, 756
- EZEKIEL.**
 11: 19.....526, 560, 567
 18: 31.....575, 617, 623
 36: 37.....136, 143, 703
 37: 9526, 557, 565
- DANIEL.**
 12: 2571, 1162, 1164
 12: 3984, 953, 954
 12: 4245, 246, 252
- HOSEA.**
 11: 4370, 395, 480
 11: 8362, 367, 624
 12: 483, 148, 696
 13: 9566, 570, 576
 14: 5548, 639, 991
- JOEL.**
 2: 19, 591, 1163
 3: 14.....611, 618, 623
- AMOS.**
 3: 3874, 1007, 1011
 4: 12.....481, 1163, 1164
- JONAH.**
 2: 91168, 367, 578
 3: 10.....318, 603, 624
- MICAH.**
 2: 10.....880, 1151, 1178
 6: 6570, 581, 595
- NAHUM.**
 1: 3169, 271, 279
 1: 15.....983, 1120, 1131
- HABAKKUK.**
 2: 4567, 570, 683
 2: 14.....245, 511, 1118
 3: 2526, 991, 1005
 3: 17.....319, 729, 924
- ZEPHANIAH.**
 1: 14.....1162, 1163, 1164
 3: 17.....756, 994, 1056
- HAGGAI.**
 1: 71061, 664, 710
 2: 7482, 505, 511
- ZECCHARIAH.**
 4: 6558, 882, 999
 4: 10.....950, 958, 1008
 12: 10.....477, 481, 1033
 13: 1579, 606, 608
 14: 7100, 756, 928
- MALACHI.**
 3: 2481, 1162, 1164
 3: 6285, 293, 767
 4: 2567, 729, 829
- MATTHEW.**
 1: 21.....373, 814, 841
 1: 23.....343, 348, 782
 2: 9323, 328, 334
 3: 3330, 346, 360
 4: 1359, 811, 895
 5: 13.....575, 726, 874
 5: 16.....663, 853, 874
- 6: 9146, 205, 1223
 6: 20.....462, 658, 689
 6: 25.....729, 729, 879
 7: 1317, 956, 962
 7: 14.....613, 664, 677
 8: 26.....666, 671, 674
 9: 38.....963, 954, 1132
 10: 29.....322, 470, 962
 10: 32.....828, 750, 1001
 10: 42.....950, 954, 958
 11: 25.....182, 388, 877
 11: 28.....389, 640, 1063
 13: 17.....346, 983, 1120
 13: 19.....195, 197, 227
 13: 46.....588, 690, 810
 14: 19.....239, 250, 956
 14: 27.....212, 671, 704
 14: 30.....382, 671, 716
 16: 18.....724, 980, 1056
 16: 24.....15, 613, 1061
 17: 8425, 788, 833
 18: 3201, 785, 877
 18: 4127, 672, 859
 18: 11.....345, 367, 568
 20: 28.....364, 370, 382
 21: 5361, 386, 391
 22: 42.....308, 332, 345
 24: 35.....179, 243, 311
 25: 6493, 503, 514
 25: 40.....886, 957, 969
 26: 41.....558, 575, 670
 27: 36.....404, 408, 1060
 27: 45.....416, 407, 480
 27: 46.....327, 576, 628
 27: 51.....405, 411, 438
 28: 9431, 437, 441
 28: 20.....789, 806, 971
- 4: 24.....149, 251, 549
 4: 37.....954, 963, 965
 5: 39.....117, 252, 816
 6: 35.....239, 1035, 1084
 6: 68.....586, 593, 845
 9: 4953, 960, 974
 9: 25.....577, 602, 922
 10: 4122, 717, 798
 10: 29.....800, 859, 905
 11: 25.....401, 444, 799
 11: 35.....388, 920, 926
 12: 21.....794, 806, 839
 12: 32.....404, 414, 1058
 13: 7291, 302, 862
 13: 13.....424, 632, 855
 13: 34.....1001, 1003, 1069
 14: 2449, 1189, 1183
 14: 6377, 547, 711
 14: 16.....517, 530, 551
 14: 22.....201, 418, 1083
 14: 26.....516, 533, 544
 14: 27.....636, 767, 874
 15: 4129, 824, 828
 15: 13.....581, 628, 807
 16: 7517, 530, 564
 16: 18.....676, 1145, 1155
 17: 4412, 426, 934
 17: 21.....979, 1000, 1010
 19: 2404, 408, 474
 19: 25.....1027, 1058, 1060
 19: 26.....393, 399, 427
 19: 28.....412, 427, 861
 19: 30.....403, 411, 427
 19: 34.....418, 1033, 1073
 19: 41.....401, 405, 1142
 21: 15.....358, 1066, 1077
- MARK.**
 6: 34.....375, 953, 956
 8: 94.....392, 613, 1061
 8: 38.....392, 750, 1034
 9: 24.....566, 688, 856
 10: 47.....382, 626, 711
 13: 13.....575, 705, 765
 16: 3428, 433, 440
- LUKE.**
 1: 31.....781, 813, 841
 1: 78.....878, 843, 1123
 2: 14.....324, 336, 339
 7: 47.....684, 785, 1060
 8: 45.....370, 629, 685
 9: 23.....392, 396, 1061
 9: 26.....392, 750, 1034
 10: 2963, 984, 1132
 10: 39.....364, 903, 967
 10: 42.....610, 830, 1055
 11: 13.....545, 558, 999
 13: 794, 259, 285
 15: 7467, 578, 617
 15: 18.....648, 652, 842
 18: 1136, 142, 144
 18: 13.....643, 645, 665
 19: 10.....345, 367, 568
 19: 40.....391, 434, 782
 19: 41.....376, 621, 627
 22: 44.....402, 405, 938
 22: 54.....105, 392, 1058
 22: 61.....413, 697, 1088
 23: 33.....410, 415, 1017
 23: 34.....376, 427, 472
 23: 42.....647, 686, 687
 23: 43.....579, 686, 687
 23: 46.....203, 412, 427
 24: 29.....95, 129, 1050
 24: 34.....439, 443, 469
 24: 38.....716, 738, 757
 24: 40.....624, 673, 710
- ROMANS.**
 1: 16.....592, 603, 1034
 2: 448, 259, 285
 3: 19.....566, 568, 585
 3: 20.....565, 574, 628
 5: 1767, 874, 912
 5: 6581, 590, 685
 5: 8568, 807, 1060
 5: 11.....590, 594, 767
 5: 20.....577, 802, 910
 6: 11.....566, 573, 578
 8: 1874, 888, 931
 8: 14.....898, 911, 913
 8: 15.....548, 590, 900
 8: 16.....523, 558, 913
 8: 22.....488, 490, 512
 8: 26.....539, 547, 648
 8: 29.....804, 818, 898
 8: 33.....874, 888, 892
 8: 39.....828, 873, 908
 10: 6366, 370, 415
 10: 20.....317, 665, 683
 12: 1699, 710, 845
 12: 5913, 1000, 1001
 13: 11.....193, 1148, 1155
 14: 8677, 795, 918
- 1ST CORINTHIANS.**
 2: 2574, 787, 1007
 2: 9444, 720, 1198
 2: 10.....533, 548, 559
 3: 11.....390, 800, 1088
 3: 21.....188, 823, 893
 5: 7474, 945, 1075
 6: 19.....533, 551, 859
 6: 20.....424, 886, 952
 10: 4734, 883, 993
 12: 27.....920, 1001, 1007
 13: 1549, 875, 1009
- 2D CORINTHIANS.**
 1: 4932, 946, 968
 1: 20.....286, 301, 311
 3: 10.....385, 444, 1190
 4: 14.....401, 799, 1165
 5: 17.....580, 590, 684
 6: 2612, 619, 627
 7: 5636, 685, 711
 7: 11.....117, 625, 677
 9: 15.....253, 352, 568
 2: 18.....359, 385, 465
 12: 10.....825, 865, 930
 13: 14.....234, 1044, 1050
- GALATIANS.**
 2: 20.....405, 593, 681
 3: 28.....908, 979, 1000
 4: 6590, 900, 913
 4: 15.....654, 669, 701
 4: 26.....1184, 1195, 1198
 5: 1728, 741, 758
 6: 9545, 717, 733
 6: 14.....400, 404, 786
 6: 17.....425, 655, 835
- EPHESIANS.**
 1: 4256, 276, 312
 1: 13.....522, 535, 900
 2: 8570, 852, 856
 3: 15.....720, 979, 1010
 4: 5720, 1000, 1056
 4: 8430, 450, 501
 4: 30.....518, 543, 564
 5: 8756, 851, 874
 5: 32.....504, 1009, 1056
 6: 13.....749, 758, 765
 6: 14.....728, 733, 741
- ACTS.**
 1: 11.....432, 449, 469
 2: 1515, 551, 563
 4: 12.....570, 574, 1054
 7: 59.....130, 1146, 1165
 14: 22.....693, 725, 942
 16: 31.....566, 570, 589
 17: 11.....246, 252, 816
 24: 25.....575, 618, 1164
- PHILIPPIANS.**
 1: 6651, 713, 743
 1: 21.....761, 823, 873
 2: 10.....442, 511, 1124
 2: 13.....561, 873, 911
 2: 7647, 805, 813
 3: 14.....700, 717, 732
 3: 20.....828, 945, 1186
 4: 4390, 434, 838
 4: 7192, 200, 767
 4: 11.....845, 848, 877
 4: 13.....725, 746, 802
- COLOSSIANS.**
 1: 18.....896, 1001, 1007
 1: 19.....383, 385, 470
 2: 6654, 825, 851
 2: 9383, 385, 470
 2: 10.....801, 889, 904
 2: 14.....581, 585, 647
 3: 3513, 601, 873
- 1ST THESSALONIANS.**
 4: 3463, 523, 667
 4: 14.....1138, 1142, 1158
 4: 17.....447, 1147, 1199
 5: 5829, 847, 851
- 2D THESSALONIANS.**
 3: 5455, 496, 509
 3: 13.....545, 733, 738
- 1ST TIMOTHY.**
 1: 15.....102, 624, 665
 2: 5585, 590, 601
 6: 12.....712, 749, 1145
- 2D TIMOTHY.**
 1: 12.....390, 823, 931
 2: 3728, 749, 758
 2: 19.....714, 759, 800
- TITUS.**
 2: 11.....566, 577, 910
 2: 13.....481, 488, 850
- HEBREWS.**
 1: 3383, 470, 600
 2: 10.....105, 631, 741
 2: 18.....359, 385, 465
 4: 91178, 1193, 1199
 4: 15.....405, 818, 834
 6: 19.....465, 600, 800
 7: 22.....388, 590, 595
 9: 22.....579, 590, 594
 11: 8746, 848, 849
 12: 1742, 747, 748
 12: 2716, 834, 916
 12: 11.....933, 937, 943
 13: 5714, 732, 739
 13: 8332, 345, 383
 13: 13.....392, 722, 1061
 13: 20.....200, 221, 876
- JAMES.**
 1: 17.....163, 191, 878
 2: 17.....875, 882, 950
 4: 8693, 700, 706
 4: 14.....612, 1140, 1175
 5: 20.....364, 621, 953
- 1ST PETER.**
 1: 8794, 806, 839
 1: 12367, 467, 468
 2: 7371, 841, 918
 4: 14.....392, 722, 1061
 5: 7307, 721, 947
 5: 8141, 395, 712
- 2D PETER.**
 1: 17.....363, 365, 1071
 3: 9481, 259, 285
 3: 18.....538, 698, 880
- 1ST JOHN.**
 1: 6581, 874, 908
 1: 7568, 579, 607
 2: 17.....557, 759, 800
 3: 1874, 911, 913
 3: 2473, 658, 913
 4: 8284, 310, 313
 4: 18.....255, 366, 903
 4: 19.....256, 312, 785
 4: 21.....1003, 1009, 1011
- REVELATION.**
 1: 6465, 477, 602
 1: 7481, 486, 1164
 2: 17.....494, 993, 1100
 3: 11.....741, 758, 1187
 3: 20.....614, 632, 657
 4: 31172, 1196, 1198
 4: 11.....111, 173, 185
 5: 5461, 459, 1120
 5: 9338, 376, 774
 6: 10.....508, 509, 1179
 7: 13.....744, 1174, 1177
 7: 17.....492, 1174, 1180
 11: 15.....453, 498, 1101
 14: 13.....1137, 1139, 1149
 15: 354, 185, 720
 19: 7452, 494, 507
 19: 12.....459, 468, 471
 21: 2508, 1185, 1186
 21: 23.....727, 1172, 1195
 22: 17.....617, 620, 640
 22: 20.....477, 512, 1145

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- Rev. WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST. An English Episcopalian; a rector in Yorkshire for some years; he died in 1877, at Lydney Park, Gloucestershire.—[558, 581, 746, 1103.]
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- Rev. ROBERT HALL BAYNES. An English clergyman; Canon of Worcester Cathedral and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Folkestone.—[1049.]
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- Rev. STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH, D. D. An American Unitarian; ordained at Charleston; died at East Cambridge, Mass., 1870.—[46.]

- Rev. GEORGE BURDER. The author of the "Village Sermons"; a Congregational pastor in London and elsewhere; died in 1832.—[152, 234.]
- Rev. RICHARD BURDSALL. An English Wesleyan clergyman. He is known only as the author of a single hymn, much altered. He died in 1824.—[608.]
- Rev. GEORGE BURGESS, D. D. An American Episcopalian; for many years Bishop of the diocese of Maine; died in 1866.—[760.]
- WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH. An American Unitarian; journalist and lecturer; an enthusiastic friend of reform; died in 1871.—[914, 915.]
- Rev. RICHARD BURHAM. An English Baptist clergyman; for many years a pastor in London, where he died in 1810.—[790, 1037.]
- Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS. A clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland; after a long decline, he died at Mentone, 1864.—[102, 206.]
- JOHN BURTON. A deacon in the Congregational Church at Stratford, in England; a cooper for more than sixty years. He died in 1877.—[999.]
- Rev. EDMUND BUTCHER. An English clergyman, pastor of a Unitarian congregation in Sidbury Vale, Devonshire; died, 1822.—[235.]
- Rev. CHARLES LYNES CAMERON. A Scotch Presbyterian minister, once a missionary in India; he died in New Edinburgh, Canada, about 1875.—[1190.]
- Miss JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL. This lady is understood to have been an English Episcopalian, born in London, 1817. She died at Bovey Tracey in 1878.—[1190.]
- Mrs. MARGARET COCKBURN CAMPBELL. A Scotch authoress of noble rank, the wife of one of the founders of the Plymouth Brethren in England. She died at Aliphington, near Exeter, in 1841.—[188.]
- ROBERT CAMPBELL. A Scotch advocate; late in life received into the Church of Rome; he died in Edinburgh in 1868.—[117, 1075.]
- THOMAS CAMPBELL. The well-known Scotch poet; Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; he died in 1844.—[355.]
- Rev. JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE. An English Episcopalian; Professor of Arabic at Cambridge; vicar of Newstead; died in 1804.—[37.]
- Miss PHEBE CARY. An American poetess; usually reckoned as a Universalist; she died at Newport in 1871.—[1148.]
- Rev. EDWARD CASWALL. An English priest of the Roman Catholic Church; an ingenious and successful translator; died, 1878.—[41, 203, 524, 556, 557, 603, 804, 815, 861, 1176, 1207.]
- Rev. JOHN CAWOOD. An English Episcopal clergyman; perpetual curate in Worcestershire; he died in 1852.—[195, 327.]
- Rev. JOHN CENICK. An English clergyman, for some time associated with the Wesleys; afterward a Moravian; died, 1756.—[215, 597, 773, 1036.]
- Rev. JOHN CHANDLER. An English Episcopalian; vicar of Witley; translator of "Hymns of the Primitive Church"; died, 1876.—[21, 369, 461, 998, 1130.]
- Mrs. ELIZABETH CHARLES. An English lady, the widow of Andrew P. Charles; authoress of the "Schönberg-Cotta" stories; living in London.—[981, 1046.]
- Rev. ALLEN WILLIAM CHATFIELD. A clergyman of the Church of England. Vicar of Much-Marcle, Herefordshire; he has made some excellent translations.—[867.]
- Mrs. HARRIET MARY CHESTER. An English Episcopalian; the wife of Harry Chester; a widow since 1868. She is an authoress, and has done some good work for the hymn-books.—[65.]
- BENJAMIN CLEVELAND. An American, probably in connection with the Baptist Church; his hymns were published about 1790.—[706.]
- Mrs. ELIZABETH COBNER. An English authoress; the hymn bearing her name appeared in 1860, and was suggested by the news of the great revival in Ireland.—[626.]
- Mrs. REBECCA PHOENIX COE. The honored wife of Rev. David B. Coe, D. D., so long the Secretary of the Home Missionary Society. She is residing at present in Bloomfield, N. J.—[1123.]
- CHARLES COFFIN was Rector of the University of Paris in 1718, and died in 1749. His hymn was translated from the Latin by the compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern"—[114.]
- JOHN DEKE COLEBRIDGE. An English Episcopalian; a lawyer for a lifetime; now Lord Chief Justice of England. His hymns are of high merit.—[91.]
- DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY. An American Congregational layman in Boston; formerly a printer, afterward a bookseller.—[71.]
- Rev. HENRY COLLINS. An English Episcopal clergyman once; now a Cistercian priest in the Church of Rome.—[773.]
- Rev. WILLIAM BENO GOOLYER, D. D. An English Congregationalist; after a useful pastorate in London, he died in 1854.—[1102, 1164.]
- JOSEPH CONDER. An English author and journalist; the compiler of the first official Congregational Hymn-Book; died, 1855.—[222, 256, 322, 358, 668, 919, 1073, 1082.]
- Rev. HENRY COOK, D. D. An Irish Presbyterian clergyman; pastor of May Street Church in Belfast, where in 1868 he died.—[122.]
- Rev. WILLIAM COOKE. An English Episcopalian; Vicar of Gapley, Suffolk; Canon of Chester Cathedral; edited "The Church Hymnal" in 1853, and the "Hymnary" in 1872.—[438.]
- Rev. EDWARD COOPER. An English Episcopal clergyman; early in this century he was a rector in Staffordshire; he died in 1833.—[257.]
- Rev. THOMAS COTTRELL. An English Episcopalian; perpetual curate in Sheffield for many years; he died in 1823.—[57, 523, 1038.]
- Mrs. ANNE ROSS COUSIN. A Scotch Presbyterian; the wife of Rev. William Cousin, minister of the Free Church in Melrose.—[787, 1160, 1161.]
- WILLIAM COWPER. The well-known poet, author of "The Task"; an English Episcopalian; lived a while at Olney; died, 1800.—[134, 154, 246, 302, 579, 654, 729, 848, 948, 994, 1077.]
- Miss FRANCES ELIZABETH COX. An English Episcopalian; born at Oxford; she is best known as a translator of German hymns.—[783, 929, 1153, 1174.]
- Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D. An American Episcopalian; at present Bishop of the diocese of Western New York.—[359, 985, 1121.]
- Mrs. JANE CREWEDSON. An English writer, the wife of Thomas Crewedson of Manchester; long an invalid; she died in 1863.—[676, 930.]
- Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL. D. An Episcopalian; rector in London; a well-known writer and poet; he died in 1860.—[545.]
- Mrs. ADA CAMBRIDGE CROSS. Known best by her maiden name; now the wife of an English Episcopal clergyman in Australia.—[7.]
- Rev. WILLIAM CROSSWELL, D. D. An American Episcopalian; rector of the Church of the Advent in Boston; he died in 1851.—[937.]
- Rev. SEWALL SYLVESTER CUTTING, D. D. An American Baptist clergyman of wide reputation; he died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1882.—[762.]
- Rev. JOHN NELSON DARBY. The founder of the sect called "Plymouth Brethren"; he died in 1882. His authorship of the hymns is doubtful. [716, 717.]
- Rev. SAMUEL DAVIES. An eminent American Presbyterian minister; President of the College of New Jersey; he died in 1761.—[1030.]
- Rev. EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN. An English Episcopal clergyman, at present the Honorary Canon of Bilton in Salisbury Cathedral.—[186, 1158.]
- Rev. JAMES GEORGE DECK. An English preacher among the "Plymouth Brethren"; he is now living in New Zealand.—[380, 381, 407, 490, 491, 495, 823, 908, 921.]
- Sir EDWARD DENNY. An Irish landholder and baronet, connected with the "Plymouth Brethren"; he resides much in London.—[375, 376, 504, 505, 506, 1027, 1069.]
- WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX. An English Episcopalian; for some time engaged in the Marine Insurance Office in Glasgow.—[323, 380, 484.]
- Rev. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D. D. An American Episcopalian; Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey; he died in 1859.—[219, 377, 1109.]
- Rev. WILLIAM CROSSWELL DOANE, D. D. An American Episcopalian; now the Bishop of the diocese of Albany; a prelate, like his father, of great dignity and force.—[1213.]
- JOHN DOBELL. An English Congregationalist; compiler of a book of hymns; exciseman at Poole, in Dorset; he died in 1840.—[619.]
- Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. The well-known expositor; a Congregational pastor in Northampton, England; died 1751.—[13, 48, 60, 124, 142, 207, 210, 270, 273, 311, 464, 514, 526, 610, 748, 755, 811, 813, 899, 900, 910, 956, 997, 1001, 1025, 1031, 1111, 1210, 1252, 1253.]
- Miss SARAH DOUTNEY. An English writer of verse and prose for magazines; published "Stepping Stones" in 1881, London.—[199.]
- Rev. BOURNE HALL DRAPER. An English Baptist clergyman; for some time a pastor in Southampton; he died in 1843. This hymn in many collections is credited mistakenly to Mrs. Voke.—[1106.]

- Rev. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D. An Irish Presbyterian; a pastor once in Belfast, afterward in Dublin; he died in 1865.—[350.]
- Rev. JOHN DRYDEN, Poet Laureate of England; in early life a Protestant, afterward a Roman Catholic; he died in 1701.—[529.]
- Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR., D. D. An American Presbyterian, son of Rev. George Duffield, D. D., so long a pastor in Detroit; a pastor in Brooklyn and in Adrian, Mich.; he died in Bloomfield, N. J., in 1888.—[425, 728.]
- Rev. SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD. The pastor of Westminister Presbyterian Church, Bloomfield, N. J.; he was a writer of much grace and ability; the author of "English Hymns" and of "Latin Hymns"; he died in 1887.—[126, 542, 909, 1186, 1194.]
- Rev. ROBINSON PORTER DUNN, D. D. An American Presbyterian clergyman, professor of Rhetoric in Brown University, Providence, R. I.; he died in 1867.—[661, 1344.]
- GEORGE SPRING DWIGHT. An American Presbyterian; a business man and an inventor; he was ill for years, and died in 1866 at Summit, N. J.—[421.]
- Rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D. An American Congregational clergyman; formerly President of Yale College; died in 1817.—[61, 986.]
- EDWARD WILLIAM EDDIS. An English layman of the Irvingite connection; compiler of "Hymns for the Use of the Churches," 1864.—[502.]
- JAMES EDMESTON. An English architect and surveyor; he is said to have written nearly two thousand hymns; he died in 1867.—[109, 224, 395, 735, 799, 936, 1128.]
- Rev. JOHN ELLERTON. An English Episcopal clergyman, now the rector of a parish in White Road; a voluminous writer of excellent hymns.—[49, 101, 132, 200, 208, 448, 1143, 1214, 1215.]
- Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. An English Episcopalian; the granddaughter of Rev. John Venn; died at Brighton in 1871.—[107, 108, 631, 634, 635, 638, 640, 642, 678, 679, 925.]
- Mrs. JULIA ANN ELLIOTT. An English Episcopalian; the wife of Rev. H. V. Elliott, minister at Brighton; she died in 1841.—[320.]
- WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH. An American Presbyterian, residing in Yonkers, N. Y.; a publisher in New York City.—[821.]
- Rev. CORNELIUS ELVEN. An English Baptist clergyman, a pastor at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk; he died in 1873.—[613.]
- Rev. WILLIAM ENFIELD, D. D. An English Unitarian; minister at Norwich; for two years professor at Warrington; died, 1797.—[374.]
- Rev. JONATHAN EVANS. An English Congregational minister; he was a pastor in Warwickshire; he died in 1809.—[76, 411.]
- Rev. CHARLES WILLIAM EVEREST. An American clergyman, rector of an Episcopal Church in Hamden, Connecticut; he died in 1877.—[613.]
- Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D. An English priest of the Church of Rome, formerly an Episcopalian; he died in 1863.—[216, 285, 294, 318, 366, 353, 753, 832, 839, 1151, 1152, 1193.]
- Rev. JAMES FANGCH. An English Baptist clergyman, who was associated in preaching with Rev. Daniel Turner; he died in 1767.—[467.]
- Mrs. ALESSIE BOND FAUSSSETT. An Irish Episcopalian authoress, the wife of Rev. H. Faussett, of Edenderry, Omagh.—[636.]
- Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. An English Baptist minister, preaching for many years at Wainsgate; he died in 1817.—[173, 227, 245, 291, 1003.]
- JOHN FELLOWS. An English Baptist layman, living formerly in Birmingham, engaged in business there; he died in 1785.—[1230.]
- Mrs. ERIC FINDLATER. A Scotch authoress, sister of Miss Borthwick, her associate in "Hymns from the Land of Luther"; living now in Edinburgh.—[70.]
- Rev. ELEAZER THOMPSON FITCH, D. D. An American Congregational minister; professor in Yale College; he died in 1871.—[213.]
- Miss — FLEICHEL. The hymn to which this name is attached appeared first in "Hymns for Christian Devotion," 1846; no information can be obtained.—[962.]
- Mrs. ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. An American Unitarian; the wife of Professor Charles Follen; she died in Boston in 1869.—[218.]
- CHARLES LAURENCE FORD. The son of an artist in Bath, England; his hymns are found in the "Lyra Anglicana."—[1095.]
- Miss CHRISTINA FORSYTH. An English Episcopalian; born in Liverpool; much an invalid; she died at Hastings in 1859.—[544.]
- Rev. WILLIAM JAMES FOXELL. An English Episcopalian, residing in Canterbury; minor Canon of the Cathedral.—[232.]
- Rev. JOHN GAMBOLD. A Moravian clergyman; an Episcopalian in his early life, but ultimately a Bishop among the United Brethren. He died in England in 1771.—[166, 731.]
- Rev. HERVEY DODDRIDGE GANSE. An American Presbyterian, formerly in the Reformed Dutch Church; Secretary of the Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies; he died in 1891.—[181, 333.]
- Rev. WILLIAM GASKELL. An English Unitarian clergyman; this hymn was published in Beard's collection in 1837. He died in 1884.—[1206.]
- Mrs. ELLEN HUNTINGTON GATES. An American writer who has written much for evangelical and Sunday-school work. She resides in Elizabeth, N. J.—[967.]
- Mrs. MARY C. GATES. Mrs. Merrill E. Gates; the wife of the President of Amherst College. She now resides at Amherst, Massachusetts.—[1135.]
- Rev. THOMAS GIBBONS, D. D. An English Congregationalist; once a very popular preacher in London; he died in 1785.—[1171.]
- THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL. An English Episcopal layman, living in Kent, near London; author of many superior hymns.—[655, 707, 835, 853, 857, 898.]
- Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D. An American Congregationalist; an editor formerly; now a pastor in Columbus, Ohio.—[364.]
- JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. The famous philosopher, author and poet of Germany; he died in 1832.—[698.]
- Rev. WILLIAM GOODE. An English Episcopal pastor in London; the author of "A New Version of the Psalms"; died in 1816.—[471.]
- Rev. LUDWIG ANDREAS GOTTER. A German clergyman, the Court preacher and superintendent at Gotha. He died in 1755. His version of J. W. Petersen's Latin hymn was translated into English for the Moravian Hymn-Book.—[722.]
- BENJAMIN GOUGH. An English merchant, belonging to the Wesleyan communion; in later life a lay-preacher; he died in 1877.—[494, 1120.]
- Sir ROBERT GRANT. An English barrister, of Scotch descent and wide fame; Governor of Bombay; he died in India in 1838.—[169, 243, 306, 660, 926.]
- Rev. JOSEPH GRIGG. An English Presbyterian, who preached in London; he wrote Hymn 1034 at ten years old; died in 1768.—[614, 1034.]
- Rev. ARCHER THOMPSON GURNEY. An English Episcopalian, ministering for some years to a congregation in Paris, France.—[441.]
- Rev. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY. An English Episcopalian; a rector in Marylebone, London; Prebendary of St. Paul's; died, 1862.—[378, 393.]
- Rev. KARL RUDOLPH HAGENBACH, D. D. Professor of Church History in the University of Basel. He died in 1874.—[333.]
- Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL. B. The well-known Congregational minister of Surrey Chapel in South-west London, afterward Christ Church, Westminster; now retired.—[345.]
- Rev. JAMES HAMILTON. An English Episcopalian, now the vicar of Doulting, in the diocese of Bath and Wells.—[630.]
- Rev. WILLIAM HAMMOND. An English Calvinistic Methodist; afterward a Moravian, in which communion he died in 1783.—[54, 83, 533, 947.]
- Mrs. PHOEBE A. HANAFORD. An American minister of the Universalist Church; formerly a settled pastor in several successive churches; she is now engaged in literary work.—[973.]
- Miss KATHARINE HANKEY. An English writer, whose "Old, Old Story," in two parts, was published in London in 1886.—[582, 583.]
- Rev. HENRY HARBAUGH, D. D. A clergyman of the German Reformed Church in America; Professor of Theology at Mercersburg Seminary; he died in 1867.—[864.]
- Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH. An American clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church; he has done very good work in his evangelical hymns.—[682.]
- Rev. JOSEPH HART. An English Independent, minister of Jewin Street Chapel in London; a remarkable man; he died in 1768.—[194, 209, 550, 557.]
- Mrs. MARY HASLOCK. This lady's name appears in connection with a single hymn in the "Congregational Church Hymnal" in England; but with no information further.—[675.]
- THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. Doc. An American Presbyterian layman, for forty years a "sweet singer in Israel"; he died in 1872.—[88, 139, 223, 315, 583, 618, 703, 705, 881, 937, 943, 972, 1079, 1134.]

- Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. An English Episcopalian, daughter of Rev. W. H. Havergal; a voluminous writer; died, 1879.—[385, 424, 569, 628, 710, 739, 830, 832, 833, 834, 964, 1053, 1197.]
- Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Worcester Cathedral; a composer of music; he died in 1870.—[352.]
- Rev. HUGH REGINALD HAWES. A clergyman of the Church of England; residing in London; a preacher, lecturer, and writer of books, many and interesting.—[1167.]
- Rev. THOMAS HAWES, LL. B., M. D. An English Episcopalian, rector of a parish in Aldwinckle; died at Bath in 1820.—[387, 428, 430, 649.]
- Rev. ROBERT HAWKER, M. D. An English Episcopalian; the Incumbent at Plymouth of the Church of Charles the Martyr, from 1784 to 1827, when he died.—[237.]
- JOHN HAY. An American lawyer by profession, but known better as an author; he was Secretary of Legation at Paris and at Madrid; he is now engaged in literary work.—[419.]
- HAYWARD. This name, attached to one familiar hymn, has been traced back to Dobell's "New Selection," 1806, and there the trail ends.—[58.]
- Rev. GEORGE HEATH. An English clergyman, pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Honiton, Devonshire, in 1770. He died in 1822.—[765.]
- Rev. WILLIAM BEADON HEATHCOTE. An English Episcopalian; precentor of Salisbury Cathedral, and chaplain of the Bishop; died, 1862.—[115.]
- Rev. REGINALD HEBER, D. D. An English Episcopalian; consecrated Bishop of Calcutta in 1823; he died in India in 1826.—[1, 121, 133, 238, 328, 478, 751, 797, 1089, 1119, 1140, 1234.]
- Rev. FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE, D. D. An American Unitarian; Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Harvard Divinity School; he died in 1890.—[989.]
- Rev. JOHANN HEERMAN. A German pastor at Köben; died, 1647. His hymn was translated by Rev. Richard Frederick Littleale, LL. D., an English Episcopalian clergyman.—[422.]
- Rev. OTTOWELL HEGINBOTHOM. An English Nonconformist clergyman, pastor of a church in Sudbury, Suffolk; he died in 1768.—[820.]
- Rev. GEORGE HERBERT. An English Episcopalian; the well-known poet and pastor; incumbent of Bemerton; he died in 1632.—[639.]
- Rev. JOHN WILLIAM HEWITT. An English Episcopalian; holding a curacy on occasion, but occupied as Senior Classical Master in the North London College School; he died in 1886.—[1098.]
- Rev. THOMAS HILL, D. D., LL. D. Formerly President of Harvard College; now a Unitarian pastor in Portland, Maine.—[264.]
- Mrs. GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE. An American Congregationalist; wife of Theodore Hinsdale; residing in Brooklyn, N. Y.—[801.]
- OLIVER HOLDEN. An American Baptist; a musician, teacher, and composer, in Boston. He died at Charlestown, Mass., 1844.—[149.]
- OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D. An American poet; till lately Professor in Harvard Medical College; now living in Boston.—[261, 274.]
- Rev. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. An English Independent; preacher and author; his last charge was in Falcon Square, London. He died in Paris, 1885.—[704.]
- HENRY JOY MCCrackEN HOPE. An Irish bookbinder, of much piety and good talent, living in Dublin. He died in Shanenagowston, 1872.—[690.]
- Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, D. D. An American Congregationalist; afterward a Presbyterian; he died at Geneva, New York, 1862.—[617.]
- Rev. EDWARD HOPE, D. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor of the Church of Sea and Land, in New York City. He died in 1888.—[666.]
- Rev. FREDERICK L. HOSMER. An American Unitarian; pastor for many years in Cleveland, Ohio; a graduate of Harvard College and Divinity School.—[1183.]
- Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, D. D. A clergyman of the Church of England; now the Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, East London.—[252, 428, 632, 664, 693, 744, 781, 829, 896, 969.]
- Rev. JOSEPH HUMPHREYS. An English clergyman, an associate of Whitefield; his hymn was published in 1748. He died in London.—[874.]
- ELIZA SHIRLEY, Countess of Huntingdon. An English lady high in rank, and of great devotion; she died in 1791.—[1162.]
- JAMES HUTTON. An English Moravian layman; a bookseller by business; the cousin of Sir Isaac Newton; he died in 1795.—[19.]
- Mrs. ABBY BRADLEY HYDE. An American Congregationalist; wife of Rev. Lavius Hyde; she died at Andover in 1872.—[622.]
- Rev. JOSIAH IRONS, D. D. An English Episcopalian; vicar of Brompton, Prebendary of St. Paul's, London; died in 1883.—[444, 754.]
- Miss GENEVIEVE MARY IRONS. Daughter of Dr. W. J. Irons. She has given to the churches some excellent and valuable hymns.—[681.]
- A. JACKSON. In one of the British collections we found this name attached to several good litanies; but no other information has been furnished.—[552.]
- Rev. THOMAS JERVIS. An English Unitarian; minister of a congregation in Leeds; he died in 1833.—[47.]
- Rev. JOHN JOHNS. An English Unitarian clergyman; this hymn was published in 1837; he died in 1847.—[510.]
- Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON. An American Unitarian clergyman and author; aided in compiling "Hymns of the Spirit"; died, 1882.—[201, 885.]
- Rev. JAMES JOYCE. An English Episcopalian, vicar of Dorling; he published "Hymns with Notes"; he died in 1850.—[1112.]
- Rev. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D. D. An American Baptist; eminent as a missionary in Burma for thirty-eight years; he died at sea, 1850.—[1014, 1015.]
- Rev. JOHN KELLY. An English Episcopalian; the well-known author of "The Christian Year"; vicar of Hursley; died, 1866.—[15, 95, 288, 515, 863.]
- GEORGE KEITH. An English publisher in London; son-in-law of Dr. Gill; his hymn appeared in "Rippon's Selection," 1787.—[714.]
- Rev. THOMAS KELLY. An Irish clergyman, an Independent, preaching in Dublin; author of many hymns; he died in 1855.—[22, 72, 75, 110, 198, 225, 226, 434, 446, 454, 457, 466, 489, 497, 594, 604, 605, 736, 763, 764, 792, 1131, 1175.]
- Rev. THOMAS KEN, D. D. The well-known and historic Bishop of Bath and Wells in England; he died in Whitshire in 1711.—[13, 97, 160.]
- Rev. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Ely Cathedral; he died at Torquay, 1889.—[507, 796.]
- JOHN KEVY. An English shipwright in Plymouth dockyard; he issued a volume of hymns in 1803; he died in 1843.—[935.]
- Rev. WILLIAM KETHE. A Scottish clergyman; one of John Knox's companions in Geneva; rector of Childe Okeford; he died in 1593.—[159.]
- FRANCIS S. KEY. An American Episcopalian; an attorney in Washington; author of the "Star-spangled Banner"; died, 1843.—[317.]
- Rev. JOHN KING. An English Episcopal minister, the incumbent of Christ Church in Hull; he died in 1858.—[388.]
- Rev. WILLIAM KINGSBURY. An English Congregational minister for fifty-four years; he died at Southampton in 1818.—[455.]
- Miss H. O. KNOWLTON. This young American girl, years ago, wrote for us some good hymns, married and disappeared in the far West.—[932.]
- Rev. JOHN LANGFORD. An English Baptist minister in London; he published a hymn-book in 1776; he died in 1790.—[774.]
- Miss MARY A. LATHBURY. An American writer, connected with the Methodist Church; she resides now in New York City.—[99, 239.]
- RICHARD LEE. An English poet; published "Flowers from Sharon," London, 1794, from which Dobell took five hymns.—[1060.]
- Miss JANE E. LEESON. An English authoress; this hymn comes from her book, "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood," 1842.—[785.]
- Rev. JOHN LELAND. An American Baptist minister, born in Massachusetts in 1754; preached in the South, and died in 1841.—[711.]
- Rev. RICHARD FREDERICK LITTLEDALE, LL. D., D. C. L. An English Episcopalian, once a curate in London; then engaged in literary work; he died in 1890.—[1157.]
- WILLIAM FREEMAN LLOYD. An English layman; Secretary of the London Sunday-school Union; he died in Gloucestershire, 1853.—[944.]
- Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. An American Unitarian clergyman; one of the compilers of the "Hymns of the Spirit"; he died in Portland, Me., Oct. 3, 1892.—[96, 963.]
- Rev. ROBERT LOWTH, D. D. An English Episcopalian; a voluminous author; the Bishop of London; he died in the year 1787.—[5.]
- Rev. MARTIN LUTHER, D. D. The great Reformer; died in 1546; his hymn was put into English for the "Sabbath Hymn Book."—[331.]

- Rev. THOMAS TOKE LYNCH. An English Congregationalist, pastor of Mornington Church, Hampstead Road, London; died in 1871.—[384, 536, 939, 976, 1144.]
- Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. An English Episcopalian; perpetual curate of Lower Brixham, in Devonshire; he died in 1847.—[69, 129, 130, 165, 176, 289, 567, 836, 901, 927, 1061, 1062, 1127.]
- GEORGE MACDONALD, LL. D. Formerly an Independent clergyman; now a member of the Church of England; an author in London.—[127.]
- Rev. JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, D. D. A Scotch Presbyterian; once a pastor in Glasgow; now a writer residing at Chislehurst, Kent.—[398, 485, 637, 772.]
- Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY, A Scotch writer, daughter of Captain Robert Mackay, and wife of Major William Mackay; she lived at Inverness, and died at Cheltenham, 1887.—[1138.]
- THOMAS MACKELLAR. An American Presbyterian elder, now residing in Philadelphia in useful and happy old age; a type-founder, born in New York.—[240, 971, 1192.]
- Rev. WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Bishop of Lichfield in 1878, Archbishop of York in 1891.—[636, 687.]
- Rev. RICHARD MANT, D. D. Born in England and educated at Oxford; Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland; died in 1848.—[175, 316, 534, 1083, 1150.]
- Rev. DANIEL MARCH, D. D. An American Congregationalist; pastor in Philadelphia for some years; now settled at Woburn, Mass.—[966.]
- Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT. An English Episcopalian, minister of parish in Warwickshire; he died at Epsom Christ in 1824.—[540.]
- Rev. JOSEPH MARSHMAN, D. D. An English Baptist missionary, who translated Krishnoo Pal's hymn; he died in 1837, and was buried at Serampore.—[1032.]
- Rev. HENRY ARTHUR MARTIN. An English Episcopalian; the vicar of Laxton; he resides at Newark-on-Trent, England.—[1088.]
- Rev. JOHN MASON. An English Episcopalian; the rector of Water-Stratford; he died in 1694.—[810.]
- Rev. WILLIAM MASON. An English Episcopalian; incumbent of Aston, and chaplain of George III.; he died in 1797.—[2.]
- RICHARD MASSIE. An English Episcopalian, residing at Pulford Hall, Wrexham; translator of Luther's and Spitta's hymns.—[131, 390, 401, 677, 828.]
- Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, D. D. A Presbyterian minister of the Scotch Church; pastor of St. Bernard's in Edinburgh; blind for many years.—[701.]
- Rev. WILLIAM TIDD MATSON. An English Congregational minister; settled at Portsmouth.—[845.]
- Mrs. MARY FAWCETT MAUDE. An English Episcopalian; the wife of Rev. Joseph Maude, vicar of Chirk, and a canon of St. Asaph's Cathedral.—[1072.]
- Mrs. MARY MAXWELL. The authoress of this prize Home Missionary hymn, preferred to be known only as "A Lady of Virginia"; she resides in Richmond.—[1132.]
- C. E. MAY. This English author contributed to "The Choral Hymn-book" of Dr. P. Maurice, published in London in 1861.—[586.]
- Rev. ROBERT MURRAY MCCHENEY. A Scotch Presbyterian of marked piety and great success; minister in Dundee; died in 1843.—[663.]
- WILLIAM MCCOMB. An Irish bookseller in Belfast, long retired from business; he has written several volumes of verse.—[665.]
- Rev. WILLIAM McDONALD. An American Methodist preacher; he published his hymn in 1853.—[709.]
- Rev. SAMUEL MEDLEY. An English Baptist clergyman; pastor at Watford; removed to Liverpool in 1772; he died in 1799.—[371, 609, 904.]
- Rev. WILLIAM MERCER. An English Episcopalian; vicar of St. George's Church in Sheffield; he died in 1873.—[324.]
- Rev. JAMES MERRICK. An English Episcopalian; his original version of the Psalms was considered valuable; he died in 1769.—[79.]
- ALBERT MIDLANE. An English layman, engaged in business at Newport in the Isle of Wight; an active Christian and a writer of many good hymns.—[923.]
- Rev. JAMES ELWIN MILLARD, D. D. An English Episcopalian; an author and poet; now the vicar of Basinstoke, in Hampshire.—[182.]
- Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D. The well-known Dean of St. Paul's, in London; a historian and poet of wide fame; died in 1868.—[361, 920.]
- JOHN MILTON. The English poet; a Puritan in religious profession; the author of "Paradise Lost"; he died in 1674.—[1115.]
- Rev. WILLIAM MITCHELL. An American minister of the Congregational Church; for much of his life he was industriously engaged in colonization work in connection with various societies; he died in Texas in 1867.—[379.]
- Rev. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, LL. D. An English Episcopalian; once a rural dean of Winchester; rector in Guildford; died, 1875.—[145, 163, 164, 420, 550, 487, 543, 625, 688, 691, 771, 791, 827, 846, 858, 905, 965, 1100.]
- JAMES MONTGOMERY. An adherent of the Moravian Church; editor of the "Iris," in Sheffield, England; he died in 1854.—[37, 72, 82, 89, 146, 155, 177, 179, 305, 344, 357, 476, 490, 533, 571, 606, 697, 715, 718, 928, 949, 960, 970, 1028, 1040, 1071, 1076, 1124, 1125, 1147, 1149.]
- THOMAS MOORE. The well-known Poet Laureate; born in Dublin; author of the "Irish Melodies"; he died in 1852.—[616.]
- Mrs. ELIZA FANNY MORRIS. An English lady, compiler of "The Bible Class Hymn-book"; she now resides in Malvern.—[103.]
- Rev. EDWARD MOTE. An English Baptist; for many years a pastor at Horsham, Sussex; he died in 1874.—[777.]
- Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE. An English Episcopalian, vicar of South Leigh, near Oxford; son of Rev. John Moultrie; he died in 1885.—[350, 492, 520.]
- Rev. JOHN MOULTRIE. An English Episcopalian; rector of Rugby; author of some volumes of verse; he died in 1874.—[871.]
- CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE. An English book-lover and writer; the founder of the great Library in London which bears his name; died, 1890.—[1090.]
- Rev. WILLIAM A. MUEHLBERG, D. D. The rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, New York; he died in 1877.—[330, 1043, 1229.]
- Rev. ELIAS NASON. An American Congregationalist; the compiler of an excellent collection; residing at North Belterica, Mass.; he died in 1887.—[788.]
- Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Warden of Sackville College; gifted as a translator; died, 1866.—[157, 184, 187, 202, 326, 345, 346, 362, 363, 386, 431, 442, 572, 653, 730, 733, 737, 738, 798, 841, 842, 982, 1050, 1094, 1189, 1191, 1196, 1198, 1199.]
- Rev. JOHN NEEDHAM. An English Baptist minister, settled in Bristol; there is no record of him after the year 1787.—[303.]
- Rev. ASAHEL NETTLETON, D. D. A Congregational Minister, an eminent evangelist in New England for many years; he died in 1843.—[538.]
- Rev. EDWIN HENRY NEVIN, D. D. An American Presbyterian clergyman, now residing in Philadelphia; an author of merit and reputation.—[789, 879.]
- Rev. FREDERICK NEWMAN, D. D. Formerly an English Episcopalian; afterward a Roman Catholic Cardinal living in Birmingham; died 1890.—[39, 922.]
- Rev. JOHN NEWTON. An English Episcopalian; curate of Olney; afterward rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London; died, 1807.—[38, 66, 136, 141, 143, 144, 148, 151, 192, 217, 221, 234, 353, 369, 413, 577, 602, 667, 669, 685, 782, 805, 814, 877, 991, 993, 1163, 1200.]
- Rev. GERARD THOMAS NOEL. An English Episcopalian; brother of the Earl of Gainsborough; vicar of Romsey; he died in 1851.—[1042.]
- Rev. ROBERT M. OFFORD. An American clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church; now residing at Lodi, New Jersey.—[934.]
- Rev. THOMAS OLIVERS. An English Methodist traveling preacher of great piety and power; he died in 1799.—[139.]
- Rev. HENRY USTIC ONDERDONK, D. D. An American Episcopalian; Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania; he died in 1858.—[620, 1231.]
- EDWARD OSLER. An English surgeon, of the Established Church; he resided at Swansea and Bath, and died in 1863.—[418.]
- Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D. An American Congregationalist; pastor in Albany, N. Y. After varied service, he died at Newark, N. J., 1887.—[8, 90, 92, 150, 276, 409, 414, 423, 475, 480, 539, 559, 633, 652, 806, 822, 824, 988, 1009, 1023, 1023, 1035, 1057, 1146, 1169, 1172, 1204.]
- Rev. ROSWELL PARK, D. D. An American Episcopalian; this hymn was published in 1836; the author died in 1869.—[1064.]
- Rev. THEODORE PARKER, D. D. An American preacher, Unitarian at first, quite independent afterward; died in Italy, 1860.—[547.]
- Miss HARRIET PARR. An English writer. "Holme Lee"; her hymn appeared in a tale in "Household Words," in 1856.—[223.]
- Rev. WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY, D. D. An American Unitarian; pastor in Springfield, Mass., twenty-seven years; died in 1847.—[1139.]

- Rev. EDWARD PERRONET. An English Independent; one of the most rigid Nonconformists; this one hymn has given him a perennial fame in the churches on both sides of the sea; he died at Canterbury in 1792.—[459.]
- Mrs. MARY BOWLY PETERS. An English Episcopalian; wife of Rev. John McW. Peters, rector of Quennington; sh. died in 1856.—[725.]
- Rev. SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D. An American Baptist minister; editor of the "Christian Secretary," at Hartford.—[612.]
- FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT. An English Episcopalian, born at Bath in 1835; his hymns appeared in "Lyra Eucharistica."—[575.]
- Rev. JOHN PIERPOINT. An American Unitarian, pastor of Hollis Street Church, Boston, from 1819 to 1838; he died in 1866.—[73.]
- Rev. ARTHUR TAPPAN PIERSON, D. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor formerly in Detroit, of late laboring as an evangelist.—[309.]
- Rev. ALEXANDER PIRIE. An English Independent preacher; his hymn appeared in the Glasgow Collection in 1786; died, 1804, at Newburgh, Fifeshire.—[465.]
- Rev. EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, D. D. An English Episcopalian; Professor of Exegesis in King's College, London; Dean of Wells; died, 1891.—[325, 394, 809.]
- Rev. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK. An English Episcopalian; archdeacon of Chester Cathedral; rector of St. Albas Martyr, Birmingham.—[427, 553, 554.]
- ALEXANDER POPE. This well-known English poet lived in his villa at Twickenham twenty-six years, and died in 1744.—[1118.]
- Rev. ELBERT S. PORTER, D. D. An American minister of much repute in the Reformed (Dutch) Church; pastor in Brooklyn, E. D.; died in 1888.—[719.]
- Rev. FRANCIS POTT. An English Episcopalian; the incumbent of Northill, Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire.—[17, 437.]
- Rev. THOMAS JOSEPH POTTER. An English priest of the Roman Catholic Church; author of several volumes; he died in 1873.—[723.]
- Mrs. ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS. An American Presbyterian; wife of Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D. D., of New York; she died in 1878.—[694.]
- Miss ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. An English poetess, connected with the Roman Catholic Church; she died in London in 1864.—[123, 659, 1099.]
- PHILIP PUSEY. An English Episcopal layman; a descendant of Viscount Folkestone; born in 1799, and died in 1855.—[890.]
- Miss MARY PYPER. A pious and worthy Scotch needle-woman; born in 1795 at Greenock; and in 1870 she died there.—[473.]
- Rev. THOMAS RAFFLES, D. D.; LL. D. An eminent Congregational minister in Liverpool for fifty years; he died in 1863.—[907.]
- GEORGE RAWSON. An English author, born in 1807, and now living at Clifton near Bristol; he published a volume of his hymns in 1876; died 1889.—[118, 548, 862, 946, 1091.]
- Rev. ANDREW REED, D. D. An esteemed Congregational minister in London; compiler of two collections of hymns; died, 1862.—[532, 592.]
- Mrs. ELIZABETH REED. An English Congregationalist; wife of Dr. Andrew Reed; this hymn was published in 1825; she died in 1867.—[612.]
- Rev. GEORGE RICHARDS. An American Universalist minister, preaching at Portsmouth, N. H.; he died in Philadelphia, 1816.—[732.]
- Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D. D. A Unitarian minister in Boston, Mass. He died in Westport, 1882.—[235.]
- Rev. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, D. D., LL. D. An American Presbyterian; pastor in Brooklyn and New York for many years.—[695, 708.]
- Rev. GEORGE WADE ROBINSON. An Irish Congregational minister at Brighton, England; he died at Southampton in 1877.—[1090.]
- RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON. An English Episcopalian; in 1884 he was Incumbent of St. Germans, Blackheath.—[100.]
- Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON. An English Baptist pastor at Cambridge from 1759 to 1790; he was born in 1735, and died in 1790.—[470, 1068.]
- Rev. GILBERT ROBINSON, LL. D. A Scotch Episcopalian; the incumbent of St. Peter's Church at Peterhead, near Aberdeen; he died in 1869.—[120.]
- FRANCIS ROUS. Author of the Scotch version of the Psalms; member of the Westminster Assembly; born, 1579; he died in 1659.—[803.]
- Rev. JOHN ROWE. An English Unitarian by faith; having charges in more than one sect; finally at Lewin's Mead, Bristol; he died in 1882.—[1065.]
- Rev. ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL. An English Episcopalian; the rector of Southwick, near Brighton; he was an industrious writer all his life; died, 1874.—[93, 391, 406, 982.]
- Rev. JOHN RYLAND, D. D. An English Baptist; a pastor in Northampton; afterward president of the College in Bristol; he died in 1825.—[1020.]
- GEORGE SANDYS. An English Episcopalian; son of the Archbishop of York, 1577. He was an author and a great traveler for that age; he died in 1643.—[180.]
- Mrs. JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY. An English Episcopalian, wife of the vicar of East Clevedon; this hymn was published in 1849.—[518.]
- Miss ELIZABETH SCOTT. Born in England, married Colonel Elisha Williams; removed to Connecticut, where she died, 1776.—[259, 269, 961.]
- Rev. THOMAS SCOTT. An English Independent pastor at Ipswich; not the Commentator of the same name; he died in 1776.—[440.]
- Miss ELIZA SCUDDER. An American Episcopalian, formerly a Unitarian; niece of Dr. E. H. Sears; now residing in Salem, Mass.—[298.]
- Rev. ROBERT SEAGRAVE. An English Episcopalian; born in 1693, labored in London; but the date of his death is not known.—[945.]
- Rev. EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, D. D. An American Unitarian; pastor some years at Wayland, Mass.; he died in 1876.—[336, 338.]
- ANNA SHIPTON.—No information concerning this writer is vouchsafed except the titles and dates of some books she issued in 1855-1864.—[938.]
- WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, Jr. An officer in the Bank of England, but often preaching in Congregational churches; died, 1829.—[24, 1108.]
- Mrs. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY. An American poetess; the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney; she died at Hartford in 1865.—[562.]
- Miss SARAH SLINN. An English lady, concerning whom no more is known than that the hymn was written about the year 1779.—[343.]
- Rev. JOHN MORRISON SLOAN. A clergyman of the Scotch Presbyterian Church; minister of the Grange Free Church in Edinburgh.—[740.]
- Rev. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D. An American Baptist editor and pastor, born in 1808; still living in an honored old age, in Newton Center, Mass.—[78, 80, 952, 1021, 1126, 1200.]
- Mrs. ELIZABETH LEE SMITH was married in 1843 to Dr. H. B. Smith, one of the Professors in Union Theological Seminary. He died in 1877. She lives in Lakewood, N. J.—[817.]
- Rev. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. An English Baptist; widely known as the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in London; he died in 1892.—[551.]
- JOSEPH STAMMERS. An English lawyer of much reputation. He wrote for the "Lyra Britannica"; died in 1885.—[917.]
- Rev. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D. An English Episcopalian; professor at Oxford; afterward Dean of Westminster; died in 1882.—[449, 555.]
- Miss ANNE STEELE. An English Baptist; living at Brighton in Hampshire; always an invalid, always singing; died, 1778.—[36, 113, 125, 140, 250, 275, 297, 299, 367, 531, 537, 567, 596, 641, 648, 670, 800, 816, 819, 1114, 1173.]
- Rev. JOSEPH STENNETT, D. D. An English Baptist clergyman; for some years settled in London; he died in 1713.—[807.]
- Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT, D. D. An English Baptist; colleague of his father, and his successor in London; he died in 1795.—[52, 372, 403, 429, 650, 1188.]
- THOMAS STERNHOLD. An English Episcopalian; Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII.; translator of the Psalms; he died in 1549.—[280.]
- JOHN STEWART. An unknown English writer, whose name is affixed to a hymn published first in 1803.—[111.]
- JOHN STOCKER. This writer lived in Honiton, Devon, England, and published hymns in the "Gospel Magazine" in 1776.—[535.]
- Mrs. MARY MATHIEA STOCKTON. An American authoress; wife of Rev. W. C. Stockton; residing at Ocean City, N. J. She died in 1885.—[568.]
- Rev. SAMUEL JOHN STONE. An English Episcopalian; the vicar of St. Paul's Church, Haggerstone, London.—[683, 684, 1056.]
- Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. An American authoress of high repute; wife of Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D. D.; living now in Hartford, Conn.—[674, 796.]
- Rev. HUGH STOWELL. An English Episcopalian; Canon of Chester; Rural Dean of Eccles; he died in 1865.—[135.]
- Rev. NATHAN STRONG, D. D. For forty-two years an eminent Congregational pastor in Hartford, Conn.; he died in 1816.—[1201.]

- Rev. JOSEPH SWAIN. An English Baptist minister; in early life an engraver; settled in Waltham, where he died in 1796.—[712, 759, 1011.]
- Rev. LEONARD SWAIN, D. D. An American Congregationalist; born in 1821; a pastor in Providence, R. I.; he died in 1869.—[758.]
- ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. An author and writer of general literature, but engaged in business life in Paisley, Scotland; born, 1825.—[230.]
- Rev. WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN. An evangelist and Congregationalist; long in the American Sunday-School Union; he died in 1849.—[402, 1168.]
- NAHUM TATE. Irish by birth, living mostly in London; Poet Laureate; connected with the Church of England; died in 1715.—[277, 337, 516, 897.]
- Mrs. HERBEKAH HOPE TAYLOR. An English lady, wife of Robert W. Taylor; in connection with the Plymouth Brethren. She died in 1877.—[392.]
- Rev. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR. An English Congregationalist; at one time a pastor in Sheffield; born in 1807, he died, 1835.—[639, 768.]
- Rev. JOHN THOMSON. An English Unitarian minister; then a physician: this hymn appeared in Aspland's collection, 1810; he died in 1818.—[171.]
- Rev. GODFREY THRING. An English Episcopalian; rector of Alford in Somersetshire, and Prebendary of Wells Cathedral.—[104, 106, 354, 623, 671, 699, 700.]
- Mrs. EMMA LESLIE TOKE. An English Episcopalian; wife of Rev. Nicholas Toke, rector of Godington, Kent; died in 1872.—[469.]
- Rev. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. An English Episcopalian; the well known vicar of Broad Hembury in Devonshire; died in 1778.—[756, 865, 1078, 1081.]
- Rev. SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL. D. An English scholar; at one time associated with Plymouth Brethren; died, 1875.—[713.]
- Rev. DANIEL TURNER. An English Baptist; settled at Reading; afterward at Abingdon, Berkshire, where he died in 1798.—[855.]
- Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT. An English Episcopalian; incumbent of the Episcopal Church of St. Andrews, Scotland; Prebendary of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth.—[831, 847.]
- Rev. HENRY TWELLS. A minister of the Church of England; rector of Waltham-on-the-Wolds; Canon of Peterborough Cathedral.—[98.]
- Mrs. VOKE. This name is all we know of one whose heart was full of love for missions; probably an English Baptist.—[1101.]
- Mrs. AMELIA WAKEFORD. This hymn appeared in Ash and Evans' collection, published in 1769; of the writer we have no information.—[382.]
- Miss ANNA L. WALKER. She was the author of a volume of religious poems; a Canadian lady; in this the hymn appeared as original in 1868.—[974.]
- Mrs. MARY JANE WALKER. An English lady, wife of Rev. Edward Walker, rector of Cheltenham; sister of Rev. J. G. Deck.—[530, 916.]
- Rev. JAMES COWDEN WALLACE. An English Unitarian minister at Totnes and afterward at Wareham, in which last charge he died in 1841.—[138.]
- Rev. RALPH WARDLAW, D. D. A Scotch Congregationalist; pastor and professor in Glasgow until his death, in 1853.—[167, 784.]
- Miss ANNA LETITIA WARING. An English poetess, said to be a "Friend"; born in Neath, Glamorgan-shire, where she now resides.—[672, 826, 890.]
- GEORGE WATSON. An English printer; originator and publisher of religious illustrated newspapers; living and working for good in London.—[1117.]
- Rev. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. An English Congregationalist; the very Father of English hymnody; died at Stoke Newington, 1748.—[10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 20, 23, 27, 28, 29, 30, 32, 35, 40, 42, 43, 45, 53, 55, 56, 59, 112, 153, 161, 162, 170, 172, 178, 191, 193, 197, 241, 242, 247, 249, 251, 265, 266, 267, 271, 278, 282, 286, 287, 290, 292, 293, 295, 296, 301, 312, 313, 314, 332, 341, 359, 404, 415, 416, 417, 456, 458, 460, 477, 479, 508, 519, 522, 525, 565, 566, 570, 576, 578, 580, 595, 598, 600, 644, 646, 647, 741, 742, 749, 750, 802, 808, 812, 837, 839, 840, 849, 850, 860, 866, 870, 872, 887, 888, 892, 894, 895, 913, 983, 985, 1024, 1035, 1036, 1044, 1047, 1105, 1110, 1116, 1136, 1142, 1170, 1182.]
- Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. The poet and preacher of the Methodists; known and loved the world over; he died in 1788.—[31, 44, 68, 87, 147, 168, 183, 300, 339, 433, 435, 443, 463, 472, 482, 493, 498, 500, 511, 521, 575, 590, 591, 623, 624, 645, 1024, 1036, 1042, 1045, 1047, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, 1574, 1575, 1576, 1577, 1578, 1579, 1580, 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1664, 1665, 1666, 1667, 1668, 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, 1673, 1674, 1675, 1676, 1677, 1678, 1679, 1680, 1681, 1682, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1686, 1687, 1688, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1692, 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, 1709, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1716, 1717, 1718, 1719, 1720, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1724, 1725, 1726, 1727, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 27

Index of First Lines.

	HYMN		HYMN
A broken heart, my God, my King	646	As shadows cast by cloud and sun	349
A charge to keep I have	575	As the hart, with eager looks	98
A few more years shall roll	1155	As with gladness men of old	323
A mighty fortress is our God	989	Ascend thy throne, almighty King	1104
A mother may forgetful be	1114	Ask ye what great thing I know	786
A parting hymn we sing	1048	Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!	1138
A pilgrim through this lonely world	375	Assembled at thy great command	1102
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	129	At evening time let there be light	928
According to thy gracious word	1040	At even, when the sun was set	98
Again, as evening's shadow falls	96	At the Lamb's high feast we sing	1075
Again our earthly cares we leave	38	Awake, and sing the song	54
Again returns the day of holy rest	2	Awake, awake, O Zion	494
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	416	Awake, my heart! arise, my tongue	580
Alas! what hourly dangers rise!	670	Awake, my soul, and with the sun	13
All glory, laud, and honor	386	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	748
All hail the power of Jesus' name	459	Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	609
All holy, everliving One	264	Awake, our souls! away, our fears!	742
All my heart this night rejoices	347	Awake, ye saints, awake!	57
All people that on earth do dwell	159	Away from earth my spirit turns	1035
All praise to thee, eternal Lord	331		
All unseen the Master walketh	971	Be tranquil, O my soul!	943
Almighty God, thy word is cast	195	Before Jehovah's awful throne	158
Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail	243	Before the heavens were spread abroad	332
Along my earthly way	936	Before the throne of God above	601
Always with us, always with us	789	Begin, my tongue, some heavenly	301
Am I a soldier of the cross	749	Behold a Stranger at the door!	614
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound	577	Behold the Lamb of God!	607
And are we yet alive	1002	Behold, the shade of night is now	90
And canst thou, sinner! slight	622	Behold the throne of grace	143
And dost thou say, "Ask what thou	136	Behold the western evening light!	1139
And wilt thou hear, O Lord	572	Behold! what wondrous grace	913
Angel voices, ever singing	17	Behold, where, in a mortal form	374
Angels, from the realms of glory	344	Bending before thee, let our hymn	91
Angels! roll the rock away	440	Beneath our feet and o'er our head	1140
Another day is past and gone	196	Beneath thy wing, O God, I rest	890
Approach, my soul! the mercy-seat	141	Beyond the smiling and the weeping	1145
Arise, my soul, arise	590	Beyond the starry skies	467
Arise, O King of grace! arise	35	Bless, O my soul! the living God	267
Arise, ye saints, arise!	763	Blessed angels, high in heaven	884
Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord	1018	Blessed are the dead, who die in the	1221
Art thou weary, art thou languid	738	Blessed are the sons of God	874
As oft with worn and weary feet	395	Blessed Saviour! thee I love	425
As pants the hart for cooling streams	657	Blessing, and honor, and glory, and	185
As pants the wearied hart for cooling	5	Blest are the humble souls that see	887

HYMN

HYMN

Blest are the pure in heart	863	Come, Desire of nations, come	500
Blest are the souls that hear and know.	197	Come, every pious heart	429
Blest be the dear, uniting love	1007	Come, gracious Lord, descend and	20
Blest be the tie that binds	1003	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	528
Blest be thy love, dear Lord	1051	Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb	1012
Blest Comforter divine	562	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	516
Blest is the man whose softening heart	959	Come, Holy Ghost! in love	539
Blest Jesus! when my soaring thoughts	820	Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire	538
Blest Trinity! from mortal sight	263	Come, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire	521
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	591	Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind	111
Book of grace, and book of glory	240	Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let	550
Bread of heaven! on thee we feed	1073	Come, Holy Spirit, come, With	560
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	1089	Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine	1015
Break thou the bread of life	239	Come, Holy Spirit, from above	555
Breast the wave, Christian, when it is	917	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove	519
Brethren, while we sojourn here	712	Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne	988
Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake	504	Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou	824
Brief life is here our portion	1199	Come join, ye saints, with heart and	904
Brightest and best of the sons of the	328	Come, kingdom of our God	510
Brightly gleams our banner	723	Come, let us join our cheerful songs	460
Buried in baptism with our Lord	1013	Come, let us join our songs of praise	465
Buried with Christ by baptism unto	1022	Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	458
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored.	1091	Come, let us sing the song of songs	476
By cool Siloam's shady rill	1234	Come, Lord, and tarry not	512
Call Jehovah thy salvation	718	Come, my soul, thou must be waking	62
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm	854	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	151
Calm on the listening ear of night	338	Come, O Creator Spirit blest	524
Can sinners hope for heaven	573	Come, O my soul! in sacred lays	268
Cast thy bread upon the waters	973	Come, O thou Traveler unknown!	776
Cast thy burden on the Lord	947	Come, pure hearts, in sweetest	117
Chief of sinners though I be	665	Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	615
Children of the heavenly King	773	Come, sacred Spirit, from above	526
Chosen not for good in me	663	Come, sound his praise abroad	178
Christ, above all glory seated	501	Come, Spirit, source of light	559
Christ for the world we sing	453	Come, thou Almighty King	300
Christ is born; tell forth his fame	326	Come, thou Desire of all thy Saints	36
Christ is coming! let creation	488	Come, thou everlasting Spirit	1059
Christ is our Corner-stone	998	Come, thou Fount of every blessing	1068
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!	441	Come, thou long-expected Jesus	482
Christ, of all my hopes the Ground	784	Come thou, oh, come	520
Christ the Lord is risen again	436	Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit	76
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Our	439	Come, thou who dost the soul endue	587
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons	433	Come to Calvary's holy mountain	606
Christ, to thee, with God the Father	157	"Come unto me, ye weary	389
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	87	Come, we who love the Lord	53
Christian, dost thou see them	733	Come, ye disconsolate, where'er	616
Christian, work for Jesus	675	Come, ye thankful people, come	1203
Christians, up! the day is breaking	719	Come, ye that know and fear the Lord	284
Church of the ever-living God	1008	Complete in thee, no work of mine	889
Come, blessed Spirit, source of light	527	Creator Spirit, by whose aid	529
		Cross, reproach, and tribulation	722

	HYMN		HYMN
Crown him with many crowns	468	Father, hear the prayer we offer	883
Crown his head with endless blessing..	471	Father! how wide thy glory shines....	287
Daily, daily sing the praises	1181	Father, I know that all my life.	672
Darker than night life's shadows fall .	1152	Father, in high heaven dwelling	118
Daughter of Zion! awake from thy . . .	329	Father! in thy mysterious presence . . .	201
Day by day the manna fell	919	Father, my cup is full!	938
Day is dying in the West	99	Father of all, from land and sea	979
Day of judgment! day of wonders! . . .	1163	Father of heaven, whose love profound	257
Days and moments quickly flying	1207	Father of love, our Guide and Friend..	754
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat	140	Father of mercies! in thy word	250
Dear Lord, amid the throng that	1027	Father of mercies! send thy grace	956
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	702	Father, thy name be praised, thy	205
Dear Lord and Master mine	835	Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.	537
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	125	Father! whose hand hath led me so . . .	677
Dear Saviour, if these lambs should. . .	1019	Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	671
Dear Saviour! we are thine.	1001	Fight the good fight with all thy might	846
Delay not, delay not; O sinner, draw..	618	Firm as the earth thy gospel stands. . .	895
Depth of mercy!—can there be	624	Fling out the banner: let it float	1109
Descend from heaven, celestial Dove..	557	For a season called to part	217
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	621	For all thy saints, O Lord	1150
Dismiss me not thy service, Lord	976	For all thy saints, who from their. . . .	744
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord. . . .	194	“For ever with the Lord!”	1147
Do not I love thee, O my Lord.	811	For me to live is Christ	761
Draw near, O Holy Dove, draw near . .	1029	For the beauty of the earth.	878
Draw nigh and take the body of your .	1094	For the mercies of the day.	220
Drawn to the cross, which thou hast . .	681	For thee, O dear, dear Country	1196
Early, my God, without delay.	40	For what shall I praise thee, my God..	825
Earth has nothing sweet or fair	783	Forward! be our watchword.	726
Earth's transitory things decay	891	Fount of all our joy and peace.	26
Eternal Father! strong to save	1208	Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free.	799
Eternal Father, when to thee	333	Friend of sinners! Lord of glory	485
Eternal Light! eternal Light	585	From all that dwell below the skies. . .	162
Eternal Source of every joy.	273	From every stormy wind that blows. . .	135
Eternal Spirit, God of truth.	523	From Greenland's icy mountains.	1119
Eternal Spirit, we confess	525	From Sinai's cloud of darkness	419
Eternal Sun of righteousness.	31	From the cross uplifted high	426
Everlasting arms of love.	772	From the recesses of a lowly spirit. . . .	94
Every morning mercies new	84	From the table now retiring.	1065
Fairest Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature	365	From the vast and veiled throng.	181
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss	855	Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us	223
Far as thy name is known	985	Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame	271
Far from my heavenly home	927	Give to the winds thy fears.	757
Far from my thoughts, vain world, . . .	112	Give us our daily bread.	1099
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee. . . .	154	Glorious things of thee are spoken . . .	993
Far o'er yon horizon.	727	Glory be to God on high	183
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet.	4	Glory be to God on high, and on earth.	1219
Father, by thy love and power	214	Glory be to God the Father	74
Father, hear the blood of Jesus	472	Glory be to the Father, and.	1212, 1222
		Glory to God on high.	452
		Glory to God! whose witness-train. . . .	747

	HYMN		HYMN
Glory to thee, my God, this night	97	Hail, tranquil hour of closing day	128
Go, labor on; spend and be spent	955	Hallelujah! best and sweetest	1130
Go, labor on, while it is day	953	Hallelujah! fairest morning	64
Go, tune thy voice to sacred song	588	Hallelujah! hallelujah!	445
God Almighty and All-seeing	73	Hallelujah! sing to Jesus	484
God be merciful unto us, and bless us	1225	Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are	1151
God calling yet! shall I not hear	611	Hark! my soul! it is the Lord	1077
God eternal, Lord of all	182	Hark! ten thousand harps and voices	446
God, in the gospel of his Son	244	Hark! the herald angels sing	339
God is in his holy temple	77	Hark, the hosts of heaven are singing	325
God is love; his mercy brightens	174	Hark! the song of Jubilee	499
God is the refuge of his saints	1110	Hark! the sound of angel-voices	1123
God loved the world of sinners lost	568	Hark! the sound of holy voices	1177
God moves in a mysterious way	302	Hark! the voice of Jesus calling	966
God, my King, thy might confessing	175	Hark! the voice of love and mercy	411
God of my life! thy boundless grace	635	Hark! what mean those holy voices	327
God of my life, to thee belong	259	Hasten, Lord! the glorious time	498
God of our salvation! hear us	225	Have mercy upon me, O God, according	1224
God of pity, God of grace	103	He has come! the Christ of God	340
God of the prophets' power	215	He is coming, he is coming	481
God of the world! thy glories shine	262	He is gone—a cloud of light	449
God, that madest earth and heaven	238	He is here, whom seers in old time	346
God with us! oh, glorious name	343	He lives! the great Redeemer lives	596
God's glory is a wondrous thing	753	He shall come down like showers	1125
Goodly were thy tents, O Israel!	1122	He that goeth forth with weeping	972
Grace! 't is a charming sound!	910	He, who once in righteous vengeance	603
Gracious Saviour, thus before thee	231	Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	629
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	536	Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father	228
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	549	Hear what God the Lord hath spoken	994
Gracious Spirit, Love divine	535	Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing	229
Grant us thy light, that we may know	847	Heavenly Shepherd, guide us, feed us	236
Great Creator! who this day	320	Help me, my God, to speak	868
Great God! attend, while Zion sings	11	Here I can firmly rest	911
Great God, how infinite art thou	293	Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to	1086
Great God, now condescend	1230	High in the heavens, eternal God!	16
Great God! to thee my evening song	113	Holy and reverend is the name	303
Great God, what do I see and hear!	1164	Holy Father, cheer our way	100
Great God, when I approach thy	581	Holy Father, hear my cry	304
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise	242	Holy Father, thou hast taught me	653
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	734	Holy Ghost, the Infinite	548
		Holy Ghost! with light divine	532
Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest	6	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	1
Hail, Holy Spirit, bright immortal	546	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts	305
Hail, sacred day of earthly rest	106	Holy, holy, holy Lord	321
Hail the day that sees him rise	435	Holy offerings, rich and rare	625
Hail the night, all hail the morn	342	Holy Saviour! we adore thee	491
Hail! thou God of grace and glory!	990	Holy Spirit, come and shine	542
Hail, thou once despised Jesus	474	Holy Spirit! gently come	533
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad	1134	Holy Spirit, in my breast	534
Hail to the Lord's anointed	1124	Honor and glory, thanksgiving and	186
Hail to the Sabbath day!	46	Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear	506

	HYMN		HYMN
Hosanna to the living Lord	478	I'll praise my Maker with my breath..	23
How beauteous are their feet	983	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.	750
How beauteous on the mountains	1120	I need thee, precious Jesus	1055
How beauteous were the marks divine.	356	I saw One hanging on a tree	413
How blest the righteous when he dies.	1137	I saw the cross of Jesus	584
How brightly shines the Morning Star!	740	I sing the almighty power of God	295
How charming is the place	52	I stand on Zion's mount	759
How condescending and how kind	415	I think of thee, my God, by night.	858
How did my heart rejoice to hear	30	I want a heart to pray	147
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the	714	I will sing for Jesus	843
How gentle God's commands	207	If God is mine, then present things	893
How helpless guilty nature lies	567	If human kindness meets return	1042
How long, O Lord our Saviour.	495	If, through unruffled seas	865
How pleasant, how divinely fair	10	If you cannot on the ocean	967
How pleased and blest was I	27	In all my Lord's appointed ways	1020
How precious is the book divine	248	In all my vast concerns with thee.	292
How sad our state by nature is	566	In heavenly love abiding	826
How shall I follow him I serve.	358	In the cross of Christ I glory.	400
How shall the young secure their	247	In the dark and cloudy day	946
How sweet and awful is the place.	1036	In the hour of trial	697
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.	1011	In the name of God, the Father	1098
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	814	In thy name, O Lord! assembling.	75
How sweet to leave the world awhile	110	In us the hope of glory	502
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound	355	Is there ambition in my heart?	860
How tender is thy hand	937	It came upon the midnight clear	336
I am coming to the cross	709	It is no untried way	934
I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus	739	It is not death to die	1156
I ask not now for gold to gild	680	It may not be our lot to wield.	954
I bless the Christ of God	873	I've found the Pearl of greatest price.	810
I build on this foundation	390	Jehovah God! thy gracious power.	171
I cannot tell if short or long	932	Jerusalem! my happy home!	1184
I cannot think of them as dead	1183	Jerusalem, the glorious!	1189
I could not do without thee.	830	Jerusalem, the golden	1198
I do not ask that life may be.	659	Jesus, and didst thou condescend	382
I feed by faith on Christ; my bread.	1026	Jesus,—and didst thou leave the sky.	819
I hear a sweet voice ringing clear	704	Jesus! and shall it ever be	1034
I hear the words of love	767	Jesus, at whose supreme command	1041
I hear thy welcome voice	682	Jesus, blessed Mediator!	1180
I heard the voice of Jesus say	368	Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult	1066
I hunger and I thirst	1100	Jesus comes, his conflict over	604
I journey through a desert drear and.	916	Jesus, crowned with thorns for me.	842
I know no life divided	828	Jesus, I live to thee	864
I know that my Redeemer lives	463	Jesus! I love thy charming name	813
I lay my sins on Jesus.	1054	Jesus, I my cross have taken.	1061
I left it all with Jesus long ago	931	Jesus, in thy dying woes.	427
I lift my heart to thee	1090	Jesus invites his saints	1047
I love thee, O my God, but not.	861	Jesus is God! The glorious bands	383
I love thy kingdom, Lord!	986	Jesus, Jesus! visit me	661
I love to steal awhile away	137	Jesus, Lamb of God, for me	423
I love to tell the story	583	Jesus lives! no longer now	1153

	HYMN		HYMN
Jesus! lover of my soul	662	Leaning on thee, my guide and friend.	638
Jesus, Master! hear me now.....	1074	Let me but hear my Saviour say	802
Jesus, Master, whose I am.....	424	Let no tears to-day be shed	1157
Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone.....	597	Let saints below in concert sing	1010
Jesus, my great High Priest.....	595	Let the church new anthems raise	737
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all.....	778	Let thy wondrous way be known.....	552
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me	637	Let us awake our joys.....	455
Jesus, name all names above	841	Let us love and sing and wonder	602
Jesus! name of wondrous love!.....	781	Let worldly minds the world pursue ..	369
"Jesus only!" In the shadow	833	Life of the world! I hail thee.....	409
Jesus only, when the morning	788	Lift up to God the voice of praise.....	167
Jesus! our best beloved Friend.....	949	Light of life, seraphic Fire	68
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	666	Light of Light, enlighten me	25
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ...	1105	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart! ...	505
Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep	122	Light of the world! whose kind and...	924
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us	1064	Light of those whose dreary dwelling..	483
Jesus, still lead on	732	Light, that from the dark abyss.....	541
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee ...	645	Like sheep we went astray	576
Jesus!—the very thought is sweet....	798	Like the eagle, upward, onward.....	880
Jesus, the very thought of thee	815	Lo, God is here! let us adore	116
Jesus, these eyes have never seen	806	Lo, he comes, with clouds descending.	486
Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend....	1037	Lo, the day of rest declineth.....	235
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts	1028	Lo! what a glorious sight appears	508
Jesus, thou source of calm repose.....	775	Long as the darkening cloud abode ...	752
Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness...	599	Look from thy sphere of endless day..	1113
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....	780	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious ..	489
Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes..	1103	Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee ...	378
Jesus! thy love shall we forget	379	Lord, at this closing hour.....	213
Jesus, thy name I love	823	Lord, bid thy light arise	558
Jesus, to thy table led.....	1049	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid	237
Jesus, we look to thee	1004	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill	227
Jesus, we thus obey	1045	Lord God of Hosts, by all adored	166
Jesus wept! those tears are over.....	398	Lord God, the Holy Ghost	563
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	134	Lord, have mercy upon us,	1220, 1227
Jesus, who can be	731	Lord, have mercy upon us, and write..	1228
Jesus, who knows full well	144	Lord, how mysterious are thy ways ...	275
Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain ...	1063	Lord, how secure and blest are they ..	888
Jesus, who on his glorious throne.....	805	Lord, I am come! thy promise is my..	685
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore	405	Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	1030
Joy to the world; the Lord is come ...	341	Lord, I believe; thy power I own	856
Joyful be the hours to-day	434	Lord! I cannot let thee go.....	148
Just as I am, without one plea.....	642	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing....	626
		Lord! in love and mercy save us.....	230
Keep silence, all created things.....	278	Lord! in the morning thou shalt	29
Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever	226	Lord, in this thy mercy's day	627
		Lord, it belongs not to my care	658
		Lord, it is thy holy day.....	86
Laboring and heavy-laden	791	Lord Jesus, are we one with thee? ...	903
Lead, kindly Light! amid the.....	922	Lord Jesus, by thy passion	422
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	735	Lord Jesus, think on me.....	867
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of ...	915	Lord Jesus! when I think of thee	380

	HYMN		HYMN
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went ..	957	My God, my Father! — blissful name ..	297
Lord, my weak thought in vain would.	276	My God, my Father! while I stray	925
Lord of all being; throned afar	274	My God, my King, thy various praise .	14
Lord of earth! thy forming hand	306	My God, my Life, my Love	837
Lord of glory! thou hast bought us ...	886	My God! permit my tongue	55
Lord of mercy and of might, God and .	133	My God, the covenant of thy love	899
Lord of mercy and of might, Of mankind	121	My God! the spring of all my joys ...	808
Lord of our life, and God of our	980	My gracious Lord, I own thy right ...	1031
Lord of the harvest! hear	984	My heart lies dead; and no increase ...	639
Lord of the hearts of men	50	My hope is built on nothing less	777
Lord of the living harvest	965	My Jesus, as thou wilt!	940
Lord of the worlds above	59	My opening eyes with rapture see	19
Lord, remove the veil away	70	My Saviour, I would own thee	392
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak ..	964	My Saviour! my almighty Friend	812
Lord, thou art my Rock of strength ...	770	My Shepherd will supply my need ...	296
Lord! thou hast searched and seen me	265	My sins, my sins, my Saviour!	420
Lord, thou on earth didst love thine ...	1009	My soul, be on thy guard	765
Lord, thou wilt bring the joyful day .	1172	My soul complete in Jesus stands! ...	801
Lord, thy children guide and keep	664	My soul, how lovely is the place	43
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven	316	My soul, repeat his praise	866
Lord, we come before thee now	83	My soul, weigh not thy life	758
Lord! when I all things would possess.	853	My spirit on thy care	836
Lord, when in silent hours I muse ...	1144	Near the cross was Mary weeping	399
Lord, when my raptured thought	299	Nearer, ever nearer	700
Lord, when thy kingdom comes	686	Nearer, my God, to thee	696
Lord! when we bend before thy throne	37	Nearer, O God, to thee!	693
Lord, when with dying lips my prayer.	687	New every morning is the love	15
Lord! while for all mankind we pray ..	1205	Night's shadows falling, men to rest ...	93
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise ..	317	No gospel like this feast	1046
Love divine, all love excelling	651	No more, my God! I boast no more ...	647
Loved with everlasting love	918	No, no, it is not dying	1141
Low in thine agony	1097	None but Christ: his merit hides me ..	787
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	372	Not all the blood of beasts	570
Many centuries have fled	1082	Not all the outward forms on earth ...	565
Master, speak! thy servant heareth ...	832	Not what these hands have done	574
May the grace of Christ our Saviour ..	234	Not with our mortal eyes	839
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream	1021	Not worthy, Lord! to gather up the ...	1085
'Mid evening shadows let us all be	92	Now begin the heavenly theme	774
Mighty God! while angels bless thee ..	470	Now, from labor and from care	88
Mine eyes and my desire	870	Now God be with us, for the night is ..	204
More love to thee, O Christ	694	Now I have found a Friend	690
Morn's roseate hues have decked the ..	438	Now I know the great Redeemer	790
My country! 't is of thee	1209	Now is the accepted time	619
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord	359	Now let our cheerful eyes survey	464
My faith looks up to thee	822	Now let our souls, on wings sublime ..	1171
My Father, God! how sweet the sound!	900	Now let our voices join	48
My Father, it is good for me	862	Now may he who from the dead	221
My God, how endless is thy love	191	Now thank we all our God	307
My God, how wonderful thou art	285	Now that the sun is gleaming bright ..	39
My God, is any hour so sweet	107	Now the day is over	233

	HYMN		HYMN
Now the laborer's task is o'er	1143	O, happy day that fixed my choice	1025
Now to the Lord a noble song	600	O Holy Father, who hast led thy	1213
Now to the Lord, who makes us know.	477	O Holy Ghost, the Comforter	518
Now to the power of God supreme	598	O Holy Ghost, thou Fount of light	556
Now, to thy sacred house	61	O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen	678
Now, when the dusky shades of night	190	O Holy Spirit! now descend on me	544
		O, how I love thy holy law	249
O, bless the Lord, my soul!	872	O, how shall I receive thee	391
O, blessed Life! the heart at rest	845	O, if my soul were formed for woe	417
O blessed Saviour, is thy love	807	O Jesus! bruised and wounded more	1033
O, blessing rich, for sons of men	896	O Jesus Christ, grow thou in me	817
O, blest memorial of our dying Lord	1096	O Jesus Christ the righteous! live in	684
O Bread, to pilgrims given	1057	O Jesus, ever present	831
O, cease, my wandering soul	1043	O Jesus, I have promised	1052
O, Christ, he is the fountain	1161	O Jesus! King most wonderful	804
O Christ! our hope, our heart's desire	461	O Jesus, "Man of Sorrows"	421
O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord	480	O Jesus, our salvation	630
O Christ, the eternal Light	909	O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed	414
O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to thee	475	O Jesus, thou art standing	632
O Christ, thou hast ascended	432	O Jesus, we adore thee	406
O Christ! with each returning morn	21	O Jesus, when I think of thee	818
O, come, all ye faithful	324	O King of mercy, from thy throne on	1092
O, come, and let us all, with one accord	3	O Lamb of God! still keep me	407
O, come, let us sing unto the Lord	1217	O Lamb of God! that tak'st away	636
O, could I find, from day to day	706	O, land relieved from sorrow!	1194
O, could I speak the matchless worth	371	O, let him whose sorrow	929
O day of rest and gladness	9	O Light, whose beams illumine all	394
O, do not let the word depart	612	O little town of Bethlehem	348
O, eyes that are weary, and hearts	716	O Lord, how full of sweet content	848
O, fair the gleams of glory	1190	O Lord, how happy should we be	902
O Father, who didst all things make	115	O Lord most high, eternal King	442
O, for a closer walk with God	654	O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	978
O, for a faith that will not shrink	746	O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	987
O, for a heart to praise my God	809	O Lord, thy work revive	1005
O, for a shout of joy	310	O Lord, we now the path retrace	381
O, for a shout of sacred joy	456	O Lord, who by thy presence hast	131
O, for a strong, a lasting faith	266	O Love Divine! how sweet thou art!	903
O, for a sweet inspiring ray	1173	O Love Divine! that stooped to share	261
O, for a thousand tongues to sing	745	O, love, how deep! how broad! how	362
O, for that tenderness of heart	656	O Love, that wilt not let me go	701
O, for the happy hour	1006	O Love, who formedst me to wear	396
O, for the peace which floweth like a	676	O Master, let me walk with thee	364
O, give thanks to him who made	322	O, mean may seem this house of clay	707
O, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!	852	O mother dear, Jerusalem	1195
O God, beneath thy guiding hand	1216	O, not my own these verdant hills	952
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	1232	O, not to fill the mouth of fame	655
O God, the Rock of Ages	254	O one with God the Father	829
O God, thy power is wonderful	294	O Paradise, O Paradise	1193
O God! we praise thee, and confess	277	O, perfect life of love	412
O gracious Jesus, hear our humble	982	O! praise our God to-day	968
O happy band of pilgrims	730	O Rock of Ages, one foundation	1088

	HYMN		HYMN
O sacred Head, now wounded	408	Once in royal David's city	351
O Saviour, lend a listening ear	703	Once more, before we part	209
O Saviour, precious Saviour	385	Once more, my soul, the rising day . . .	45
O Saviour, where shall guilty man	586	One cup of healing oil and wine	950
O Saviour, who didst come	418	One sole baptismal sign	1000
O, see how Jesus trusts himself	366	One sweetly solemn thought	1148
O Son of God, our Captain of salvation .	1215	One there is above all others	353
O, still in accents sweet and strong . . .	963	Onward, Christian soldiers	724
O Strength and Stay, upholding all . . .	1214	Onward, Christian, though the region . .	885
O, sweetly breathe the lyres above	1023	Open now thy gates of beauty	63
O, that the Lord would guide my ways . .	251	Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed . .	517
O, that the Lord's salvation	1127	Our country's voice is pleading	1133
O, the sweet wonders of that cross	1024	Our Father, hear our longing prayer . .	127
O, this soul, how dark and blind	711	Our Father! through the coming year .	1206
O thou essential Word	308	Our Father, who art in heaven	1223
O thou, from whom all goodness flows . .	649	Our God, our help in ages past	286
O thou God who hearest prayer	668	Our heavenly Father calls	142
O thou great Friend to all the sons of . .	547	Our heavenly Father! hear	146
O thou, my soul, forget no more	1032	Our Helper, God! we bless thy name . .	1210
O thou, the contrite sinner's Friend . . .	679	Our life is hid with Christ	513
O thou that hearest prayer!	999	Our Lord is risen from the dead	443
O Thou who in Jordan didst bow thy . .	1017	Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave .	1014
O thou whom we adore	511	Our yet unfinished story	1197
O thou, whose bounty fills my cup	930	Peace, perfect peace, in this dark	1093
O thou, whose own vast temple stands . .	996	People of the living God	1076
O thou, whose tender mercy hears	648	Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow	881
O, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye	617	Pleasant are thy courts above	69
O, what if we are Christ's	766	Praise God, from whom all blessings . .	160
O, what shall be, oh, when shall be . . .	1186	Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits . . .	165
O, what the joy and the glory must . . .	184	Praise the God of our salvation	222
O, where are kings and empires now . . .	995	Praise the Saviour, ye who know him . .	792
O, where is he that trod the sea?	384	Praise to God, immortal praise	1202
O, where shall rest be found	571	Praise to thee, thou great Creator	173
O, wherefore, Lord, doth thy dear	857	Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for thee . .	42
O, wondrous type, oh, vision fair	362	Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord . . .	188
O Word of God incarnate	252	Praise ye the Father, for his loving . . .	981
O, worship the King, all glorious	169	Prayer is the breath of God in man . . .	153
O Zion! tune thy voice	60	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	155
O'er the distant mountains breaking . . .	487	Precious, precious blood of Jesus	569
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	1129	Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross . . .	1038
Of the Father's love begotten	345	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet	650
Of in danger, oft in woe	769	Purer yet and purer	698
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	360	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	877
On Jordan's rugged banks I stand	1188	Rejoice in God alway	871
On mountains and in valleys	255	Rejoice, rejoice, believers	493
On the fount of life eternal	1176	Rejoice, ye pure in heart	869
On the mountain's top appearing	1131	Rest of the weary, joy of the sad	691
On this day, the first of days	81	Ride on! ride on in majesty	361
On thy church, O Power divine	85		
On wings of living light	428		
Once I thought my mountain strong	667		

HYMN	HYMN
Rise, crowned with light, imperial . . . 1118	Sinners, turn, why will ye die 623
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise 451	Sit down beneath his shadow 1053
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.. 945	Sleep thy last sleep, free from care . . . 1158
Rock of Ages, cleft for me! . . . 1078, 1081	So let our lips and lives express 850
Roll on, thou mighty ocean. 1128	So rest, our Rest, thou ever blest 401
	Softly fades the twilight ray 80
Safely through another week 66	Softly now the light of day 219
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening 1132	Soldiers of Christ, arise 762
Saints in glory, we together 793	Sometimes a light surprises. 729
Salvation!—oh, the joyful sound 578	Son of God! to thee I cry. 1083
Saviour, again to thy dear name we. . . 200	Sons of Zion, raise your songs 497
Saviour and Lord of all. 768	Songs of praise the angels sang. 179
Saviour, blessed Saviour 699	Soon may the last glad song arise. . . . 1101
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.. 224	Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom . . . 507
Saviour, happy would I be. 879	Soul, then know thy full salvation . . . 1062
Saviour! hasten thine appearing. 490	Sovereign of worlds! display thy. . . . 1106
Saviour! hear us, we pray 821	Sow in the morn thy seed. 970
Saviour! I follow on. 695	Speak to me, Lord, thyself reveal. . . . 44
Saviour King, in hallowed union. 992	Spirit blest, who art adored 554
Saviour, now the day is ending 199	Spirit of God! descend upon my heart. 545
Saviour of our ruined race 1079	Spirit of the Only Wise. 553
Saviour, send a blessing to us 72	Stand, soldier of the cross 1019
Saviour! teach me, day by day 785	Stand up, and bless the Lord 177
Saviour, to thee we raise our hymn of. 232	Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears. 741
Saviour, through the desert lead us . . 736	Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! 728
Saviour, thy dying love. 692	Stars of the morning, so gloriously. . . 187
Saviour, visit thy plantation! 991	Stealing from the world away. 150
Saviour, when, in dust, to thee 660	Still, still with thee, my God. 206
Saviour! who thy flock art feeding . . 1229	Still, still with thee, when purple 796
Say not, my soul, "From whence. 939	Still will we trust, though earth seem . 914
Scorn not the slightest word or deed . . 958	Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear. . . . 95
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands . . 1233	Sure the blest Comforter is nigh 531
See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph 447	Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve 109
Send thou, O Lord, to every place . . . 1135	Sweet is the memory of thy grace. 290
Servant of God, well done! 1149	Sweet is the work, my God, my King!. 12
Shadow of a Mighty Rock 771	Sweet is the work, O Lord. 51
Shepherd! with thy tenderest love. . . . 876	Sweet is thy mercy, Lord. 145
Shine, mighty God! on Zion shine . . . 1116	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go. 216
Shine on our souls, eternal God 124	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . 1058
Shout, O earth! from silence waking.. 352	Sweet the time, exceeding sweet. 152
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly. . . . 330	Sweet was the time when first I felt. . . 669
Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive . . . 644	Sweeter sounds than music knows 782
Since Jesus is my friend. 838	Swell the anthem, raise the song. . . . 1201
Since thy Father's arm sustains thee . . 933	Swift to its close ebbs out life's little. . 130
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord. 755	
Sing, O heavens! O earth! rejoice . . . 450	Take me, O my Father, take me 652
Sing, sing his lofty praise 454	Take my heart, O Father! take it. . . . 1067
Sing to the Lord a joyful song 163	Take my life, and let it be 710
Sing to the Lord, our Might 176	"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said. 613
Sing we the song of those who stand . . . 33	Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth 543
Sing with all the sons of glory 444	Tell me, my Saviour. 708

	HYMN		HYMN
Tell me the old, old story.....	582	The Saviour! oh, what endless charms	367
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled....	1154	The shadows of the evening hours	123
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	1166	The Son of God goes forth to war.....	751
The atoning work is done.....	594	The spacious firmament on high.....	272
The Church has waited long.....	509	The Spirit breathes upon the word....	246
The Church's one foundation.....	1056	The Spirit in our hearts.....	620
The Comforter has come.....	564	The strife is o'er, the battle done....	437
The dawn of God's new Sabbath.....	7	The sun is sinking fast.....	203
The day is gently sinking to a close...	212	The swift declining day.....	210
The day is past and gone.....	211	The voice of free grace cries, Escape..	608
The day is past and over.....	202	The world is very evil.....	1191
The day, O Lord, is spent.....	1050	Thee will I love, my Strength, my	779
The day of praise is done.....	208	There is a blessed home.....	942
The day of rest once more comes.....	22	There is a book, who runs may read...	288
The day of resurrection.....	431	There is a City great and strong.....	1185
The gloomy night will soon be past ...	713	There is a fountain filled with blood ..	579
The God of Abraham praise.....	189	There is a green hill far away.....	410
The golden gates are lifted up.....	462	There is a holy sacrifice.....	634
The happy morn is come.....	430	There is a land immortal.....	1192
The harvest dawn is near.....	760	There is a land of pure delight.....	1182
The head that once was crowned with.	457	There is a name I love to hear.....	373
The heavens declare his glory.....	253	There is a safe and secret place.....	901
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord..	241	There is an eye that never sleeps....	138
The Holy Ghost is here.....	551	There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	1168
The Homeland! oh, the Homeland!..	1167	There's a wideness in God's mercy....	318
The hours of day are over.....	132	They who seek the throne of grace..	149
The King of love my Shepherd is.....	844	Thine are all the gifts, O God!.....	975
The Lord descended from above.....	280	Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we.....	18
The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not.	1226	Thine for ever! God of love.....	1072
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want ...	715	Thine for ever, thine for ever!	1070
"The Lord is risen indeed".....	466	Thine holy day's returning.....	8
The Lord Jehovah lives.....	315	Think gently of the erring one!.....	962
The Lord Jehovah reigns.....	314	"This is my body, which is given for..	1095
The Lord my pasture shall prepare ...	397	This is not my place of resting.....	1178
The Lord my Shepherd is.....	840	This is the day of light.....	49
The Lord of glory is my light.....	28	This is the day the Lord hath made...	32
The Lord, our God, is full of might ...	279	This rite our blest Redeemer gave ...	1016
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not ...	803	Thou art gone up on high.....	469
The Lord will come, and not be slow..	1115	Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!...	907
The marriage feast is ready.....	492	Thou art the Way; to thee alone.....	377
The mercies of my God and King.....	289	Thou, from whom we never part.....	218
The morning light is breaking.....	1126	Thou God of hope, to thee we bow....	951
The peace which God alone reveals ...	192	Thou grace divine encircling all.....	298
The people of the Lord.....	764	Thou lovely Source of true delight....	816
The promises I sing.....	311	Thou Maker of our mortal frame.....	977
The radiant morn hath passed away ..	104	Thou only Sovereign of my heart....	641
The roseate hues of early dawn.....	1187	Thou to whom the sick and dying....	354
The Sabbath-day has reached its close.	108	Thou very present Aid.....	912
The sands of time are sinking.....	1160	Thou who art enthroned above.....	180
The Saviour bids thee watch and pray.	705	Thou who didst on Calvary bleed....	102
The Saviour kindly calls.....	1231	Thou who roll'st the year around....	1204

	HYMN		HYMN
Thou! whose almighty word.....	540	Vainly, through night's weary hours ..	882
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on .	717	Wait, my soul, upon the Lord.....	944
Though I speak with angel tongues ...	875	Wait, O my soul! thy Maker's will....	260
Though now the nations sit beneath...1107		Wake, awake! for night is flying.....	503
Though sorrows rise and dangers roll .	797	Walk in the light! so shalt thou know.	851
Three in One, and One in Three	120	Watchman, tell us of the night	496
Through all the changing scenes of life	897	We are but strangers here	689
Through good report and evil, Lord ...	105	We are living, we are dwelling.....1121	
Through the day thy love has spared us	198	We are not left to walk alone	530
Through the love of God our Saviour..	725	We are the Lord's; his all-sufficient...	795
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	720	We bless thee for thy peace, O God! ..	906
Thus far the Lord has led me on	193	We give immortal praise.....	313
Thy bounties, gracious Lord.....	961	We give thee but thine own	969
Thy Father's house! thine own bright.1169		We march, we march to victory.....	350
Thy home is with the humble, Lord!..	859	We may not climb the heavenly steeps	370
Thy life was given for me	628	We plough the fields, and scatter	1211
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	941	We praise thee, O God; we	1218
Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea.....	291	We saw thee not when thou didst	393
"Thy will be done!" In devious way.1159		"We shall see him," in our nature	473
Thy word, O Lord, thy precious word .	923	We stand in deep repentance	633
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	593	We would see Jesus—for the shadows	794
"Till He come:" oh, let the words ...1080		Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	683
Time, thou speedest on but slowly1179		Welcome, days of solemn meeting	78
'T is by the faith of joys to come	849	Welcome, delightful morn.....	58
"'T is finished!"—so the Saviour.....	403	Welcome, happy morning.....	448
'T is God the Spirit leads	561	Welcome, sacred day of rest.....	67
'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow... 402		Welcome, sweet day of rest	56
'T is my happiness below	948	What cheering words are these	935
'T is not a cause of small import	997	What equal honors shall we bring	479
'T is not that I did choose thee	256	What finite power, with ceaseless toil.	269
Together with these symbols, Lord ...1039		What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	376
To God the Father, God the Son	161	What is life? 't is but a vapor	1175
To God the only wise	1044	What our Father does is well	319
To him that chose us first.....	312	What shall I render to my God	282
To him that loved the souls of men ...	172	What sinners value I resign	1170
To thee, my God and Saviour.....	387	When all thy mercies, O my God.....	283
To thee, O Christ, we ever pray.....	126	When along life's thorny road	921
To thee, O dear, dear Saviour!.....	827	When downward to the darksome1146	
To thee, O God, we raise	309	When gathering clouds around I view .	926
To thy pastures fair and large	79	When God, of old, came down from ...	515
To thy temple we repair	82	When his salvation bringing.....	388
Too soon we rise; the symbols	1087	When human hopes all wither	631
Traveling to the better land	743	When I can read my title clear	892
Triumphant Lord, thy goodness reigns	270	When I had wandered from his fold... 905	
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head	1111	When I survey the wondrous cross....	404
True Bread of life, in pitying mercy ..1084		When I view my Saviour bleeding1060	
Unshaken as the sacred hill.....	894	When Jordan hushed his waters still ..	335
Unto thee be glory given	65	When, like a stranger on our sphere ..	357
Upon the Gospel's sacred page	245	When, marshaled on the nightly plain.	334
Upward where the stars are burning ..	119	When morning gilds the skies.....	41

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