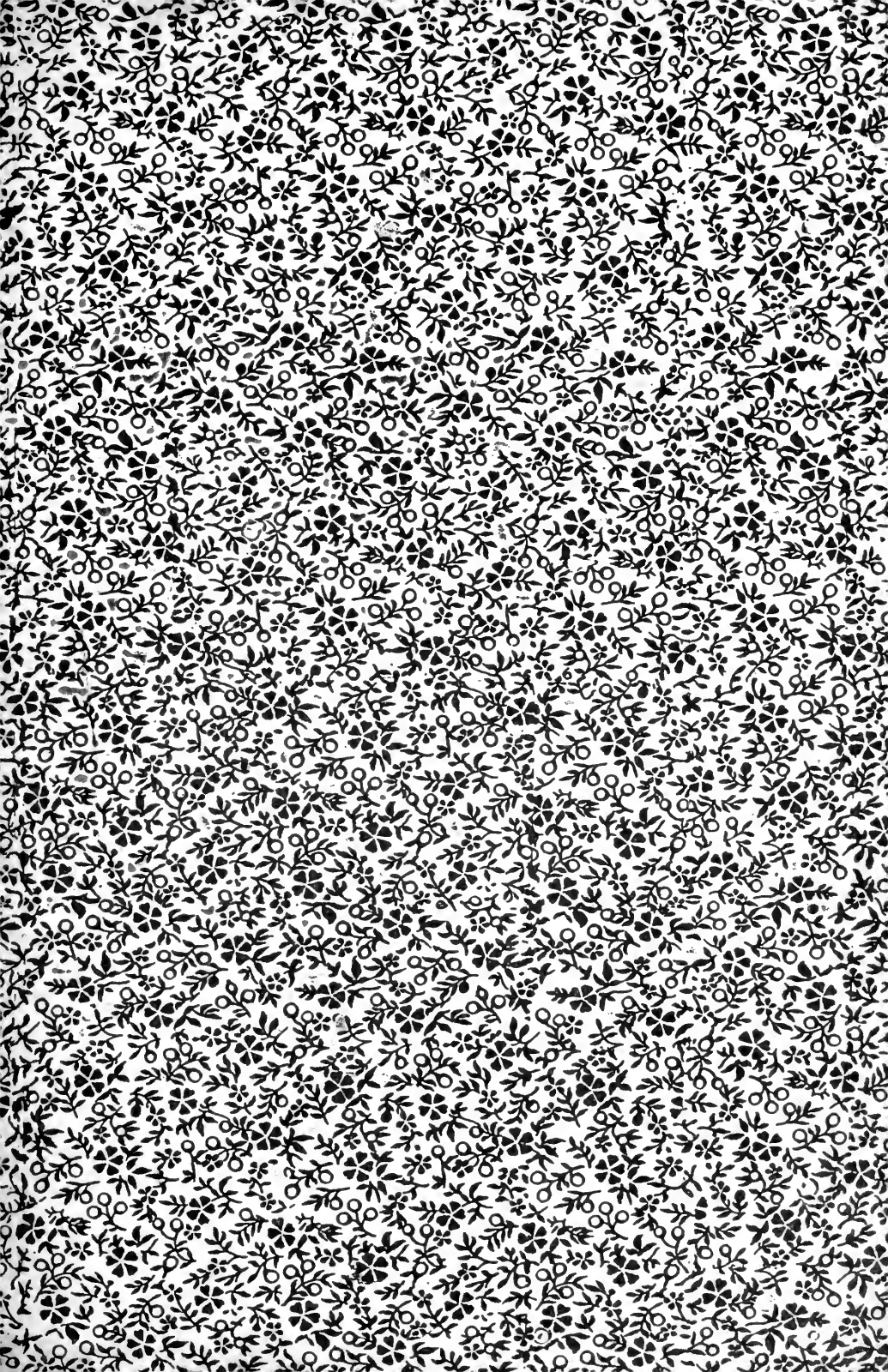


New  
Manual of Praise  
✠

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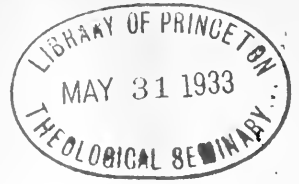
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Celia L. Krehbiel

07-08

156 South Prof. Oberlin O.

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✓✓

# New Manual of Praise.

FOR

Sabbath and Social Worship.



OBERLIN, OHIO:

E. J. GOODRICH.

# Preface.

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The new edition of the *MANUAL OF PRAISE*, while based on the general plan and method of the book published twenty years ago, is no mere revision, but virtually a new collection. The aim of the compilers has been to preserve all that is poetically and musically the best and spiritually the most profitable in the old hymnal, and at the same time to gather the choicest of the treasures of devotional expression with which congregational song has been enriched during recent years.

An important part of the mission of a hymn-book is educational. No more than an individual should a congregation be satisfied to depend upon an unchanging routine in the agencies chosen for spiritual culture. Although truth is immutable the vision of truth alters. Different aspects of truth receive special emphasis at different periods and under shifting conditions, and intellectual and emotional reactions will produce inevitable changes in the modes of devotional expression. A hymn-book is the product of its time, and in turn aids to quicken the religious life out of which it grows. Moreover the general diffusion of education involves a continual elevation of taste in the choice of devotional verse and music, and the hymnal should promote as well as gratify this higher demand.

Recognizing these obligations, the editors of the *NEW MANUAL OF PRAISE* have endeavored to bring together a body of religious poetry and music which shall answer the growing needs of the church. In the search for fresh material, however, the editors have not forgotten the claims of that noble repository of song from which the church has drawn such an abundance of spiritual nurture in the past. They have aimed to gratify the reasonable demands of both the conservative and the liberal temperament, seeking to meet what they conceive to be the needs of the future as well as of the present.

Many will regret the absence of certain familiar friends among both hymns and tunes. This is unavoidable. Certain old tunes have been rejected on account of triviality or dullness; they must give way to more worthy successors. Hymns glaringly faulty in technical details, or else prosaic, over-dogmatic, or unsuited to the purpose for which a hymn as distinct from an individual lyric exists, have been cast aside. The editors believe that nothing of indispensable value has been omitted, and that in any case the loss has been more than made good.

It is hoped that the new manual will be found as well adapted to the prayer meeting, the Sunday school and family worship as to the main services of the Sabbath. Especial attention has been given to hymns and music applicable to communion, baptism, funerals and festal-days.

It is a growing custom in the church—reverting to the rule in the early Protestant congregations—that each hymn should have its “proper” tune. The editors have recognized the propriety of this usage, and it is believed that there will be found a more apt correspondence than before between the sentiment of the hymns and the style of their associated melodies.

FENELON B. RICE,  
G. FREDERICK WRIGHT,  
EDWARD DICKINSON.

OBERLIN, O., January, 1901.



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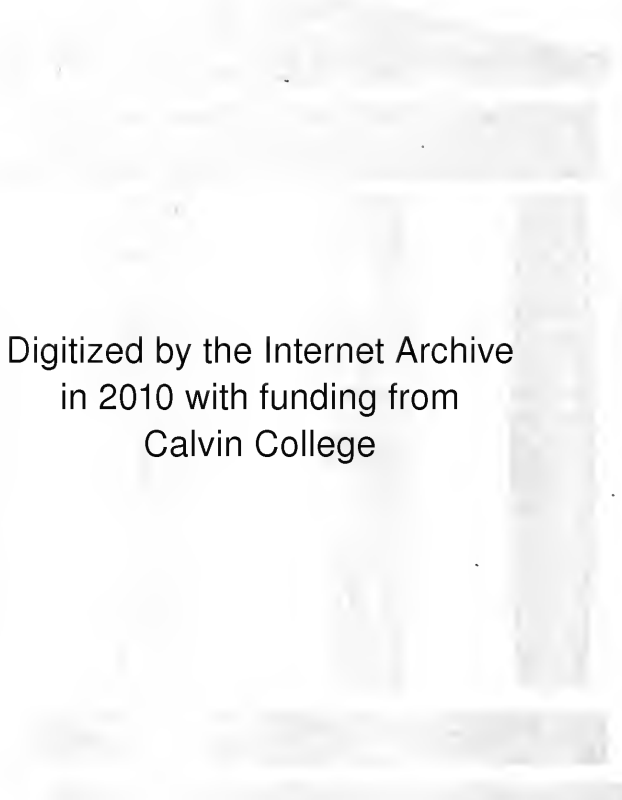
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# NEW MANUAL OF PRAISE.

## Invocation.

NICÆA. P. M. (*Irregular.*)

DYKES.

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

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

mer - ci - ful and might - y: God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

1

*The blessed Trinity.*

REGINALD HEBER.

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! 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.

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

Casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea;

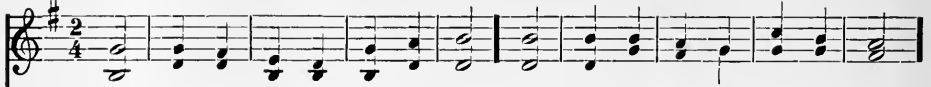
Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-  
fore thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt  
be.

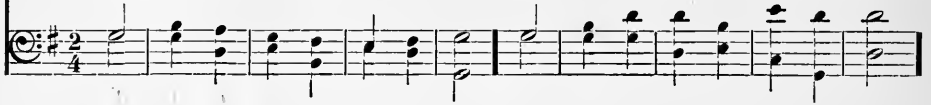
# God the Father.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

FROM GENEVA PSALTER.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove ye heavenly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.



**2**

*Psalm 117.*

WATTS.

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

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord:  
Eternal truth attends thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

**3**

BE thou, O God, exalted high;  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And with my heart my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round:  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

**4**

*Psalm 68.*

WATTS.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:  
His wondrous name and power rehearse;  
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the  
sky;  
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;  
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace;  
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3 God is our shield, our joy, our rest;  
God is our King, proclaim him blest;  
When terrors rise, when nations faint,  
He is the strength of every saint.

**5**

*Psalm 100.*

KETH.

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.

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.

# God the Father.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. Je - ho - - vah reigns; he dwells in light, Gird - ed with

maj - es - ty..... and might: The world..... cre - a - ted

by..... his hands, Still on..... its first foun - da - - tion stands.

6

*Psalm 90.*

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,  
Girded with majesty and might:  
The world, created by his hands,  
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But, ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundation laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,—  
Thyself, the ever-living God.

3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies:  
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!—  
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure,  
Thy promise stands for ever sure;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

7

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th'astonished lands,  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

WATTS.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And, O, when gathers on our path,  
In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

8

*Psalm 100.*

WATTS.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice,  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King:  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice:  
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give:  
We are his work, and not our own:  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

SCOTT.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

# God the Father.

AUDITE. C. M. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

*Slowly. Voices in Unison.*

1. 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.*

Under the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

9

Psalm 90.

WATTS.

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.

DUNDEE. C. M.

From the Scotch Psalter, 1615.

1. O God, thy pow'r is wonderful, Thy glory passing bright; Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep, A rapture to the sight,

10

*My father.*

FABER.

O GOD, thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.

2 I see thee in th' eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.

3 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,  
I see thee all through time;

Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.

4 Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of thee have drunk their fill;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.

5 O little heart of mine! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own?

# God the Father.

AURELIA. 7. 6. D.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What time the tem-pest

rag - es, Our dwell-ing-place ser - ene: Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O

Lord, the same as now, To end-less gen - er - a - tions, The Ev - er - last - ing thou!

## 11

Psalm 90.

BICKERSTETH.

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 thy fail.  
On us thy mercy lighten,  
On us thy goodness rest,  
And let thy Spirit brighten  
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor  
With beauty and with grace,  
Till, clothed in light forever,  
We see thee face to face:

A joy no language measures,  
A fountain brimming o'er,  
An endless flow of pleasures,  
An ocean without shore.

## 12

"God, our Saviour."

THOMAS HAWEIS.

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?

# God the Father.

GERONTIUS. C. M.

DYKES.



1. 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.

13

Psalm 104.

H. K. WHITE.

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 our God.

ST. ANNS. C. M.

CROFT.



1. The Lord de-scend-ed from a-bove, And bowed the heavens most high;  
And un-der-neath his feet he cast The dark-ness of the sky.

14

"He bowed the heavens, also, and came down."

Psalm 18.

STERNHOLD.

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.



# God the Father.

SURSUM CORDA. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. Oh, who is like the Might-y One, Whose throne is in the sky!

Who com-pass-eth the u-ni-verse With his all-searching eye:

## 15

*Psalm 63.*

OH, who is like the Mighty One,  
Whose throne is in the sky!  
Who compasseth the universe  
With his all-searching eye;

2 At whose creative word appeared  
The dry land and the sea:  
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,  
My spirit thirsts for thee!

3 Around him suns and systems swim  
In harmony and light;  
Before him harps angelic hymn  
His praises day and night;

4 Yet to the contrite, day and night,  
In mercy turneth he:  
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,  
My spirit thirsts for thee!

## 16

*Genesis 1.*

I sing th' almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

MOIR.

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.

4 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.

## 17

*Condescension of God.—Psalm 8.*

LATE AND BRADY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world, how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy beauteous work on  
high,  
Employs my wondering sight;  
The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler light:—

WATTS.

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst  
deign  
To bear him in thy mind!  
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove  
To them so wondrous kind!

4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame;  
Through all the world, how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy name!

# God the Father.

THANKSGIVING. L. M.

DYKES.

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens, re-joice!

From world to world the joy shall ring: "The Lord om-nip-o-tent is King!"

## 18

Rev. 19 : 6.

CONDER.

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

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare  
Resist his will, distrust his care?  
Holy and true are all his ways:  
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains;  
Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns;  
One Lord, one empire, all secures:  
He reigns, and life and death are yours.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, his love forsake,  
Then may his children cease to sing,  
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

## 19

Psalms 145.

WATTS

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 Let distant times and nations raise,  
The long succession of thy praise;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labor of their tongue.

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.

20 "Who can show forth all his praise?" Ps. 106.  
TATE AND BRADY.

OUI, render thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love;  
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,  
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express—  
Not only vast, but numberless!  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise!

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh, render thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love;  
His mercy firm, through ages past,  
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

# God the Father.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

WM. TANSUR.

1. High in the heavens, e - ter - nal God! Thy good - ness in full  
glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through ev - 'ry cloud That veils and  
dark - ens thy de - signs, That veils and dark - ens thy de - signs.

21

*Psaln 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 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep:  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace!  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
All in thy light our souls shall see  
Thy glories promised in thy word.

22

*Psaln 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?

WATTS.

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 shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

23

*Omnipresence.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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

2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray  
Sheds of 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 thine ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

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

# God the Father.

SAMSON. L. M.

HANDEL.

1. The spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e  
the-real..... sky, And span-gled heav'ns, a  
shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim.

24

*Psalm 19.*

ADDISON.

25

*Psalm 19.*

WATTS.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 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;

4 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.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6 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."

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 night, and day, 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 hand.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth hath run;  
Till Christ hath all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

# God the Father.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song; A - wake, my soul! a - - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - na to th' e - ter - nal Name, And all his bound - less love pro - claim.

**26** Heb. 1: 2-6. **WATTS.**

Now to the Lord a noble song;  
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!  
Hosanna to th' 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,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis 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 live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face!  
Where I his beauties shall behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold!

**27** Psalm 36: 5-10. **STERLING.**

O SOURCE divine, and life of all,  
The fount of being's wondrous sea!  
Thy depth would every heart appall  
That saw not love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,  
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;  
We know thee truly, but in this,  
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so 'mid boundless time and space,  
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,  
And through the ceaseless web to trace  
Thy presence working all things well.

**28** Rom. 11: 33-36. **NEEDHAM'**

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring  
To him who gave thee power to sing;  
Praise him, who is all praise above,  
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 Through each bright world above, behold  
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:  
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,  
To speak his wisdom all divine.

3 But in redemption, oh, what grace!  
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!  
Here wisdom shines forever bright:  
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

**29** **TATE AND BRADY.**

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
Above the heavenly orb ascends;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope  
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains:  
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;  
Thy providence the world sustains;  
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance should the just  
Thy sheltering wings thy refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 With thee the springs of life remain;  
Thy presence is eternal day;  
O let thy saints thy favor gain!  
To upright hearts thy truth display!

# God the Father.

DARWELL. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

DARWELL.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns: His throne is built on high; The  
gar - ments he as - sumes Are light and maj - es - ty: His glo - ries  
shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

**30**

*Psalm 97.*

WARRS.

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.

2 Through all his ancient works,  
Surprising wisdom shines;  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their curs'd designs;  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill  
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

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!

**31**

S. FRANCIS.

In loud exalted strains,  
The King of glory praise:  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days;  
But Zion, with his presence blest,  
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come  
And with thy favor crown  
This temple as thy home,

This people as thy own;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies;  
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe thy truth and love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above;  
Till all who humbly seek thy face  
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

**32**

Rev. 5: 9-14.

CUMMINS.

SHALL hymns of grateful love  
Through heaven's high arches ring,  
And all the hosts above  
Their songs of triumph sing;  
And shall not we take up the strain,  
And send the echo back again?

2 Oh, spread the joyful sound!  
The Saviour's love proclaim;  
And publish all around  
Salvation through his name:  
Till all the world take up the strain,  
And send the echo back again!

# God the Father.

ST. GODRIC. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

DYKES.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair,

The dwell - ings of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are! To

thine a - bode my heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, to see my God.

## 33

Psalm 84.

WATTS.

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 that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
Oh, happy men that 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!

## 34

TATE AND BRADY.

YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame:  
His praise your songs employ  
Above the starry frame:  
Your voices raise, ye cherubim,  
And seraphim, to sing his praise.

2 United zeal be shown,  
His wondrous fame to raise,  
Whose glorious name alone

Deserves our endless praise:  
Earth's utmost ends his power obey;  
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

## 35

DWIGHT.

SING to the Lord most high;  
Let every land adore;  
With grateful voice make known  
His goodness and his power.  
Let cheerful songs declare his ways,  
And let his praise inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;  
With fear address the Lord;  
He formed us with his hand,  
And quickened by his word.  
With wide command he spreads his sway  
O'er every sea and every land.

3 His hands provide our food,  
And every blessing give;  
We feed upon his care,  
And in his pastures live.  
With cheerful songs declare his ways,  
And let his praise inspire our tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,  
His truth and mercy sure;  
While earth and heaven shall last,  
His promises endure.  
With bounteous hand he spreads his sway  
O'er every sea, and every land.

# God the Father.

MONMOUTH. P. M.

JOSEPH KLUG'S *Gesangbuch.*

1. Sing praise to God who reigns a-bove, The God of all cre - a - tion, The God of

pow'r, the God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion; With healing balm my

soul he fills, And ev'-ry faithless mur-mur stills; To God all praise and glo - ry.

## 36

SING praise to God who reigns above,  
The God of all creation,  
The God of power, the God of love,  
The God of our salvation;  
With healing balm my soul he fills,  
And every faithless murmur stills:  
To God all praise and glory.

2 The angel-host, O King of kings,  
Thy praise forever telling,  
In earth and sky all living things  
Beneath thy shadow dwelling,  
Adore the wisdom which could span,  
And power which formed creation's plan:  
To God all praise and glory.

3 What God's almighty power hath made,  
His gracious mercy keepeth;  
By morning glow or evening shade  
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;  
Within the kingdom of his might,  
Lo! all is just and all is right:  
To God all praise and glory.

4 The Lord is never far away,  
But, through all grief distressing,  
An ever present help and stay,  
Of peace and joy and blessing:  
As with a mother's tender hand,  
He leads his own, his chosen band:  
To God all praise and glory.

SCHÜTZ.

5 Thus all my toilsome way along,  
I sing aloud thy praises,  
That men may hear the grateful song  
My voice unwearied raises:  
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;  
Both soul and body bear your part;  
To God all praise and glory.

## 37

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place  
In every generation;  
Thy people still have known thy grace,  
And blessed thy consolation;  
Through every age thou heardest our cry;  
Through every age we found thee nigh,  
Our strength and our salvation.

2 Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,  
And oft thy patience prov'd;  
But still thy faith we fast have kept,  
Thy name we still have lov'd:  
And thou hast kept and loved us well,  
Hast granted us in thee to dwell,  
Unshaken, unremoved.

3 No, nothing from thine arms of love  
Shall thine own people sever;  
Our helper never will remove,  
Our God will fail us never.  
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in thee,  
Our dwelling-place thou still wilt be  
Forever and forever.

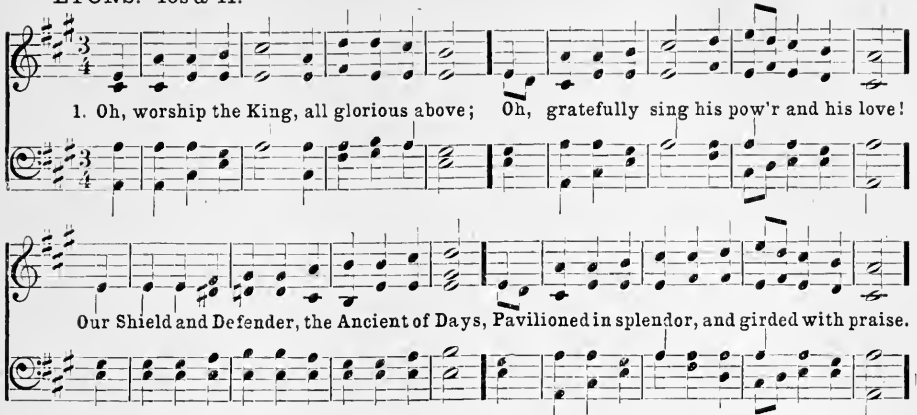
GILL.



God the Father.

LYONS. 10s & 11.

HAYDN.



1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious above; Oh, gratefully sing his pow'r and his love!  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

38

Ps. 29.

GRANT.

Oh, worship the King, all glorious above;  
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love!  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space!  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,

And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,

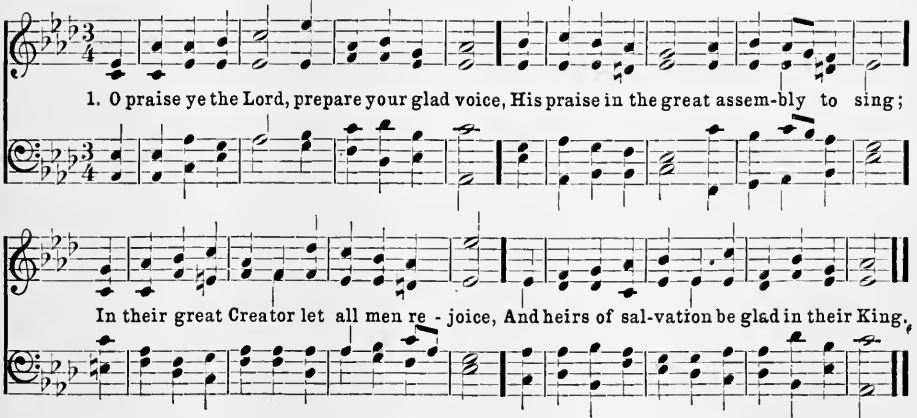
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rains.

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.

HANOVER. 10. 10. 11. 11.

CROFT.



1. O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing;  
In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King,

39

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,

His praise in the great assembly to sing;  
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,  
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore,  
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,

Who graciously opens his bountiful store,  
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing  
To God, who defends and plenty supplies;  
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,

Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

# God the Father.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

40

*Psalm 95.*

WATTS.

41

*Psalm 135: 1-5.*

MONTGOMERY.

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 your gracious God.

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 blessings 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.

POTSDAM. S. M.

BACH.

1. Rejoice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing; Your festal banner wave on high  
The cross of Christ your King.

42

PLUMTRE.

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;  
Your festal banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King.

2 With voice as full and strong  
As ocean's surging praise,  
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,  
The psalms of ancient days.

3 Still lift your standard high,  
Still march in firm array,  
As warriors through the darkness toil,  
Till dawns the golden day.

4 Then on, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,  
Your festal banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King.

# God the Father.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TANSUR.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb!

Wake, ev - 'ry heart, and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name!

43

Rev. 15: 3.

HAMMOND.

A WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name!

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

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, th' exalted King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye bless'd children, come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

44

Psalm 103.

WATTS.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.

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

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;  
'Tis he relieves thy pain;  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave;  
He who redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.

45

Psalm 84.

WATTS.

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

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

46

Homage and Devotion.

JERVIS.

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

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

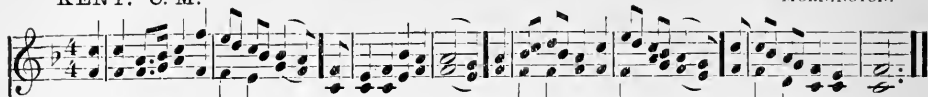
3 While in thy house we kneel,  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.

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

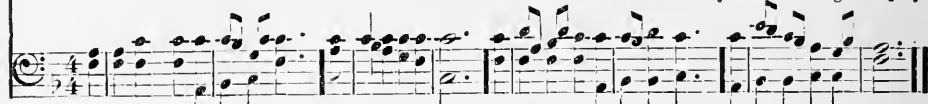
# God the Father.

KENT. C. M.

MORNINGTON.



1. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still,  
My heart and tongue employ.



47

Psalm 34.

TATE AND BRADY.

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.

48

"Praise ye the Lord."

WARDLAW.

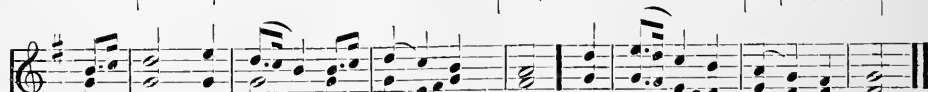
LIFT up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose breath our souls inspired;  
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,  
With grateful ardor fired.  
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose goodness, passing thought,  
Loads every moment, as it flies  
With benefits unsought.  
3 Lift up to God the voice 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, [death  
Which lights through darkest shades of  
To realms of endless day.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

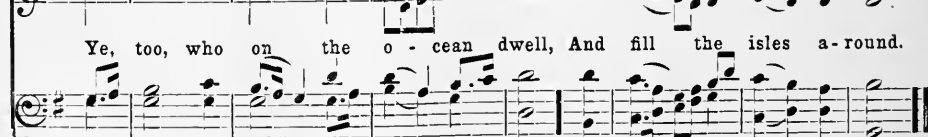
WM. TANSUR.



1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains! Let earth his praise re-sound;



Ye, too, who on the o - cean dwell, And fill the isles a-round.



49

LOGAN.

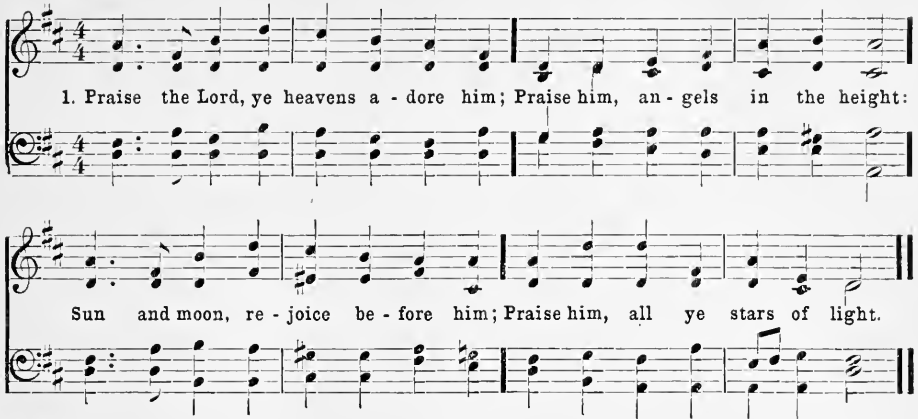
SING to the Lord in joyful strains!  
Let earth his praise resound;  
Ye, too, who on the ocean dwell,  
And fill the isles around!  
2 O city of the Lord! begin  
The universal song,  
And let the scattered villages  
Thy joyful notes prolong.

3 Oh, from the streams of distant lands,  
Unto Jehovah sing!  
And joyful from the mountain tops  
Shout to the Lord, the King.  
4 Let all combined, with one accord,  
Jehovah's glories raise,  
Till in remotest bounds of earth  
The nations sound his praise.

# God the Father.

ST. OSWALD. 8s & 7s.

DYKES.



1. Praise the Lord, ye heavens a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels in the height:  
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

50

KEMPTHORNE.

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore him;  
Praise him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

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

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;  
Never shall his promise fail.  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the Lord for our salvation,  
Hosts on high his power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth and all creation  
Laud and magnify his name.

PITTINGTON. 8s & 7s.

DYKES.



1. Crown his head with end - less bless - ing, Who, in God the Fa - ther's name,  
With com - pass - ions nev - er ceas - ing, Comes sal - va - tion to pro - claim.

51

"Over all, God blessed for ever."

W. GOODR.

Crown his head with endless blessing,  
Who, in God the Father's name,  
With compassions never ceasing,  
Comes salvation to proclaim.

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.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee, our God, in praise we own;  
Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,  
In your grateful strains adore;  
For his mercy, never ceasing,  
Flows, and flows for evermore.

# God the Father.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, all ye saints of God, Wide thro' the earth a-broad Spread Jesus' fame: Tell what his

love hath done; Trust in his name a-lone; Shout to his loft - y throne, "Worthy the Lamb!"

52

Rev. 5.

BODEN.

COME, all ye saints of God,  
Wide through the earth abroad  
Spread Jesus' fame:  
Tell what his love hath done;  
Trust in his name alone;  
Shout to his lofty throne,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!  
Dry up your mournful tears;  
Swell the glad theme:  
To Christ, our gracious King,  
Strike each melodious string;  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name!  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

53

2 Cor. 13 : 14.

C. WESLEY.

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!

54 "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."—Psalm 150. GOODE.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,  
Praise through his courts proclaim;  
Rise and adore:  
High o'er the heavens above  
Sound his great acts of love,  
While his rich grace we prove,  
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise  
Sounds of triumphant praise,  
Wide as his fame:  
There let the harp be found;  
Organs, with solemn sound,  
Roll your deep notes around,  
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,  
Strike every sounding string;  
Sweet the accord!  
He vital breath bestows;  
Let every breath that flows  
His noblest fame disclose:  
Praise ye the Lord.

# God the Father.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

PERGOLESI.

1. Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind

For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.

**55** "His mercy endureth for ever."—Psalm 136.  
MILTON.

- LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

**56** *Glory to the Triune God.*  
C. WESLEY.

- GLORY be to God on high,—  
God, whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King!  
Thee we now presume to sing;  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,  
Take, oh! take our sins away!  
Powerful Advocate with God!  
Justify us by thy blood.
- 4 Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,  
Art with thy great Father one;  
One the Holy Ghost with thee;—  
One supreme eternal Three.

MOZART. 7s.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun,—  
When he spake, and it was done.

**57** *Glory to God in the highest.*  
MONTGOMERY.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,—  
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 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.
- 4 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

# Public Worship.

MESSIAH. 7s. 8 lines.

HEROLD.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, holy Lord God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth Out of darkness, at thy word,

*D. S.*—While they sung with sweet accord,

Is-sued in - to glorious birth. All thy works before thee stood, And thine eye beheld them good;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.

58

Gen. 1: 31. Is. 6: 3.

MONTGOMERY.

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! all  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
 While the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King:  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Blending in sublime accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

59

Psalms 84.

LYTLE.

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,  
 For thy fullness, God of grace!

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,  
 Even 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.

60

"Wonders of God's Condescension,"  
 Psalm 113.

JESIAH CONDER.

HALLELUJAH! let us raise  
 To our God the song of praise:  
 All his servants join to sing,  
 God, our Saviour and our King.  
 Bless'd be for evermore  
 That dread name which we adore;  
 O'er all nations, God alone,  
 Higher than the heavens his throne.

2 Yet to view the heavens he bends;  
 Yea, to earth he condescends;  
 Passing by the rich and great,  
 For the low and desolate.  
 He the broken spirit cheers,  
 Turns to joy the mourner's tears,  
 Such the wonders of his ways:  
 Praise his name, forever praise.

61

Te Deum.

C. WESLEY.

THEE to laud in songs divine,  
 Angels and archangels join,  
 We with them our voices raise,  
 Echo thine eternal praise:  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Live, by heaven and earth adored;  
 Full of thee, they ever cry,  
 Glory be to God on high.



# Public Worship.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WM. KNAPP.

1. How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of

hosts, thy dwell - ings are! With long de - sire my

spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.

62

*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 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.

4 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.

63

*Macht hoch die Thür.* Geo. WEISSEL.  
Miss WINKWORTH, tr.

On, hallowed is the land and blest,  
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!  
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,  
To whom the great Redeemer comes!

2 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!  
Behold the King of glory waits:

WATTS. The King of kings is drawing near;  
The Saviour of the world is here.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart:  
Make it a temple set apart  
From earthly use for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

4 Redeemer, come! I open wide  
My soul to thee: here, Lord, abide!  
Thankful and glad my song I raise,  
And give to thee a life of praise.

64

*Psalm 27: 5.*

HEBER.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek thy shelter here.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

3 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest tossed;  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

# Public Worship.

GERMANY. L. M.

Art. from BEETHOVEN.

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be-gone! Let my re-lig-ious hours a-lone:

Fain would mine eyes my Sav-iour see; I wait a vis-it, Lord, from thee.

**65**

John 6: 31-35.

WATTS.

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

With power proclaimed, in peace received,—  
Our spirits' light, thy spirit's grace.

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

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

**66**

Psaln 139: 23-24.

DODDRIDGE.

O THOU great God! whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep recess;—  
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.

2 Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be cleansed and purified.

3 Then, with the visits of thy love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;  
Till every grace shall join to prove  
That God has fixed his dwelling here.

**68**

JOHN PIERPONT

O THOU, to whom in ancient time  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

2 Not now on Zion's height alone,  
Thy favored worshippers may dwell,  
Nor where at sultry noon thy Son  
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well:

3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age with snowy hair  
And strength and beauty, bend the knee:  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O Thou, to whom in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,—  
To thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

**67**

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

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

2 That truth be with the heart believed  
Of all who seek this sacred place,

# Public Worship.

KEBLE. L. M.

DYKES.

1. Praise, Lord, for thee in Zi - on waits: Pray'r shall besiege thy tem - pled gates:

All flesh shall to thy throne re - pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal - va - tion there.

69

H. F. LYTB.

PRAYSE, 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 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:  
O thou that hearest prayer, descend,  
And still be found the sinner's friend.

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;  
O let thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

70

TERSTEEGEN AND WESLEV.

Lo! God is here: let us adore,  
And own how holy is this place;  
Let all within us feel his power,  
And humbly bow before his face.

2 Lo! God is here, whom day and night  
United choirs of angels praise;  
To him, enthroned above all height,  
The hosts of heaven their anthems raise.

3 Almighty Father, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

71

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 heavenly fire?  
O kindle now the sacred flame:  
Teach it to burn with pure desire.

3 Impress upon my wandering mind  
The love that Christ for sinners bore;  
And give a new, a contrite heart,  
A heart the Saviour to adore.

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

# Public Worship.

LAUD. C. M.

DYKES.

1. When, as re - turns this sol - emn day, Man comes to meet his God,

What rites, what hon - ors shall he pay? How spread his praise a - broad?

**72**

*Micah 6: 6-8.*

MRS. BARBAULD.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his God,  
What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall clouds of incense rise?  
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord  
Thine offerings well may spare;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

**73**

*Before Public Worship.*

CARLYLE.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;  
And penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from thee,  
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.

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

**74** *An old Version of the Eighty-fourth Psalm.*

How lovely are thy dwellings fair,  
O Lord of hosts! how dear  
The pleasant tabernacles are,  
Where thou dost dwell so near:

2 My soul doth long and, fainting, sigh  
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God, for thee!

3 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise;  
Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways.

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

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

6 Lord God of hosts, who reign'st on high!  
That man is truly blest  
Who doth on thee alone rely,  
In thee alone doth rest.

# Public Worship.

REDHEAD. S. M.

REDHEAD.

1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God,  
Un - veils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!

**75** "How amiable are Thy tabernacles!"  
S. STENNETT.

- How charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer, God,  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him our prayers and cries  
Our humble souls present;  
He listens to our broken sighs,  
And grants us every want.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

**76** Psalm 84: 10-12. WATTS.

- 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.

LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ.

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

# Public Worship.

ROTTERDAM. (TOURS.) 7s. 6s. 8l.

B. TOURS.

1. 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 be-fore the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the great Three in One.

**77** \* Gen. 2: 2, 3.—Matt. 28: 1-7.—Acts 2: 1-4.  
CH. WORDSWORTH.

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

**78** "There remaineth a rest."  
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.

2 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.

**79** ADA CROSS.

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

2 And 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 thy work undone—  
So many talents wasted!  
So few bright laurels won!

3 And with that sorrow mingling,  
A steadfast faith, and sure,  
And love so deep and fervent,  
That tries to make it pure:—  
In his dear presence finding  
The pardon that we need;  
And then the peace so lasting—  
Celestial peace indeed!

\* This hymn and the 73th, being originally one composition, may be used as a single hymn.

# Public Worship.

DIES DOMINICA. 7s. 6s. 8l.

DYKES.



1. Thy ho-ly day's re-tur-n ing Our hearts ex-ult to see, And with de-vo-tion  
burn-ing, As-cend, our God, to thee. To-day with pur-est pleas-ure, Our  
tho'ts from earth withdraw; We search for sa-cred treas-ure, We learn thy ho-ly law.

80

R. PALMER.

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

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

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.

Arr. by L. MASON.

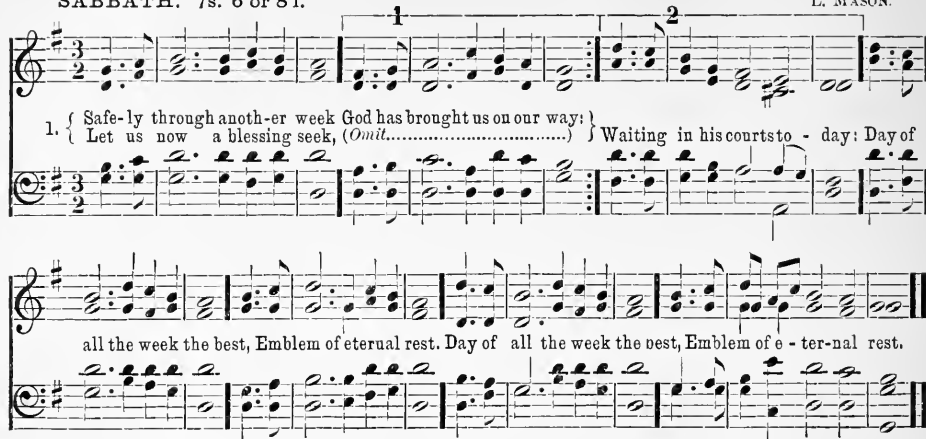


1. { Thy ho-ly day's returning Our hearts exult to see, } To-day with purest pleasure,  
{ And with de-vo-tion burning, As-cend, our God, to thee. }  
Our tho'ts from earth withdraw; We search for sacred treasure We learn thy ho-ly law.

# Public Worship.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 or 81.

L. MASON.



1. { Safe-ly through 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, Emblem of eter-nal rest. Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest.

**81**

Psalm 100 : 4.

NEWTON.

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

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

**82**

Mal. 4 : 2.

C. WESLEY.

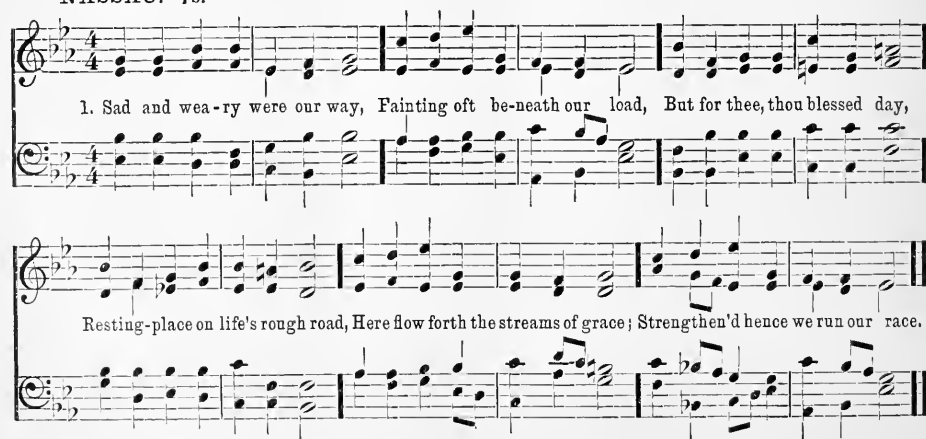
CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
 Christ, the true, the only light,  
 Sun of Righteousness! arise;  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
 Day-spring from on high, be near;  
 Day-star, in my heart appear!

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,  
 Glad my eyes, and warm 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.

NASSAU. 7s.

J. ROSENMÜLLER.



1. Sad and wea-ry were our way, Fainting oft be-neath our load, But for thee, thou blessed day,  
 Resting-place on life's rough road, Here flow forth the streams of grace; Strengthen'd hence we run our race.



# Public Worship.

83

Heb. 4: 9.

MRS. J. A. ELLIOTT.

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

2 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose  
Of this day of God will cease;  
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,

Vanish soon the hours of peace;  
Soon return the toil, the strife,  
All the weariness of life.

3 But the rest which yet remains  
For thy people, Lord, above,  
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,  
Endless as the Saviour's love:  
Oh, may every Sabbath here  
Bring us to that rest more near!

ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4.

DYKES.

1. Hail! sa - cred day of earth - ly rest, From toil and trou - ble free;

Hail! day of light, that bring - est light And joy to me.

84

THRING.

HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,  
From toil and trouble free;  
Hail! day of light, that bringest light  
And joy to me.

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

3 On all I think or say or do,  
A ray of light divine  
Is shed, O God, this day by thee,  
For it is thine.

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

85

Snow me myself, O holy Lord,  
Help me to look within;

I will not turn me from the sight  
Of all my sin.

2 Not mine the purity of heart  
That shall at last see God;  
Not mine, the following in the steps  
The Saviour trod;

3 Not mine the life I thought to live  
When first I took his name:  
Mine, but the right to weep and grieve  
Over my shame.

4 Yet, Lord! I thank thee for the sight  
Thou hast vouchsafed to me;  
And humbled in the dust, I shrink  
Closer to thee.

5 And if thy love will not disown  
So frail a heart as mine,  
Chasten and cleanse it as thou wilt,  
But keep it thine!

# Public Worship.

ST. GODRIC. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

DYKES.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore;

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice; Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.

86

C. WESLEY.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 He sits on God's right hand,  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

87

Psalm 43.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

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.

# Public Worship.

LISCHER. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

F. SCHNEIDER.

1. Welcome, de-lightful 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

88

Psalm 118: 24.

HAYWARD.

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 sceptre, 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.

89

The Church and its Founder.

DODDRIDGE.

WITH ecstacy of joy  
Extol his glorious name,  
Who made the spacious earth,  
And saved our ruined frame:  
He built the church who built the sky;  
Shout and exalt his honors high.

2 Descend, and shed abroad  
The tokens of thy grace,  
And, with more radiant beams,  
Let glory fill the place:  
Our joyful soul shall prostrate fall,  
And own our Maker, Lord of all.

90

The Glory of the Church.

DODDRIDGE.

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 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.

3 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.

# Public Worship.

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

91

Psalm 92.

WATTS.

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.

92

"Return unto thy rest.—Ps. 116: 7.

J. STENNETT.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun:  
Return, my soul, unto thy rest;  
Enjoy the day thy God hath blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may  
As grateful incense to the skies! [rise,  
And draw from heaven that calm repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.

3 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M.

BARNBY.

1. Thine earth - ly Sab - baths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;

To that our long - ing souls as - pire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire.

# Public Worship.

93

Rev. 22 : 1-5.

DODDRIDGE.

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  
Which 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.

BEVAN. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

J. Goss.

1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail the sa - cred day! In

lof - tiest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: Come,

bless the day that God hath blest, The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest.

94

E. SCOTT.  
T. COTTERILL.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,  
And hail the 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,  
And burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes;  
And now he pleads our cause above  
And reaps the fruit 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!

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,  
Ascend thy conquering car,  
With justice, power and love  
Maintain the glorious war:  
This day let sinners own thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away!

# Public Worship.

BEATITUDO. C. M.

DYKES.

1. Earl - y, my God, with - out de lay, I haste to seek thy face:

My thirs-ty spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

95

*Psalm 63.*

WATTS.

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

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.

3 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 hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

96

*Rev. 7: 15-17.*

BROWNE.

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

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;  
Our follies, Lord, forgive:  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
And Sabbaths never end;—

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

LANESBORO'. C. M.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Earl - y, my God, with-out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face: My thirs-ty spir - it

faints a - way, My thirs-ty spir-it faints a - way, With-out thy cheering grace.

# Public Worship.

NEW CASTLE. S. G. S. S. 6.

MORLEY.

1. O thou, who art enrobed with light, How pure the soul must be, When placed within thy

search-ing sight, It shrinks not, but with calm delight Can live and look on thee!

97

Rev. 21 : 22-27.

BINNEY.

O THOU, who art enrobed with 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 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.

2 Lord, how can I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Before thy radiant light appear,  
And on my naked spirit bear  
Thine uncreated beam?

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

3 Is there a way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode?  
Thine offering and thy sacrifice,  
Thy pains, and groans, and tears, and cries,  
Thy death, O Lamb of God!—

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

4 These, these prepare us for the sight  
Of Majesty above;  
The sons of ignorance and night  
Can dwell in the eternal Light,  
Through the eternal Love.

5 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.

98

WHITTIER.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our feverish ways!  
Reclioe us in our rightful mind;  
In purer lives thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind and  
fire,  
O still small voice of calm!

# Public Worship.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

VON WEBER.

**99**

Heb. 10: 19-22.

MONTGOMERY.

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

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

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
 God of love! to mine attend:  
 Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;  
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

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

**100**

Psaln 27: 8, 9.

HAMMOND.

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 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.

**101**

"The peace of God."—Phil. 4: 7.

S. F. SMITH.

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;  
 'Tis 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 peace and joy in thee!  
 Till in heaven our souls repose,  
 Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

**102**

"The night cometh."

DOANE.

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 forever pass away:  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take, me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.



# The Holy Spirit.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

**103**

"Be filled with the Spirit."—Eph. 5: 18.

WATTS.

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 joys!  
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 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers!  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

ST. GODRIC. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

DYKES.

1. O thou that hearest pray'r! At-tend our humble cry: And let thy servants share Thy

blessing from on high: We plead the promise of thy word; Grant us thy Ho-ly Spir - it, Lord!

**105**

Luke 11: 13.

J. BURTON.

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.

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.

ZEBULON. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. (Second Time.)

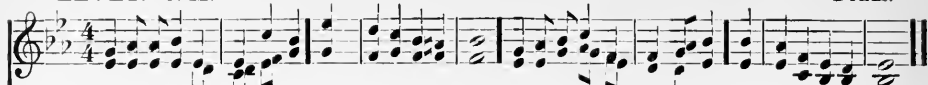
L. MASON.

1. O thou that hearest pray'r! 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.

# The Holy Spirit.

ELVET. C. M.

DYKES.



1. Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days? Great Comforter! descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.



## 106 "The earnest of the Spirit."—2 Cor. 1: 22. WATTS.

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 thy saints,  
And seal them heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In my 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.

## 107 John 14: 16. Acts 2: 4. MISS AUBER.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed  
With us on earth to dwell.

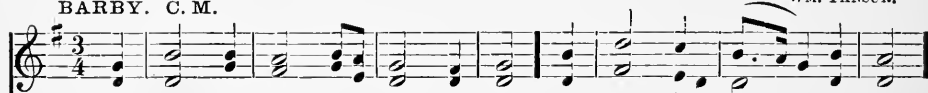
2 He came in tongues of living flame  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All-powerful as the wind he came,  
And ev'n as viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart;  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to fix his rest.

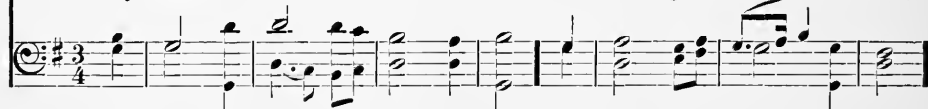
4 Spirit of purity and grace!  
Our weakness pitying see;  
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling place,  
Purer and worthier thee.

BARBY. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



1. Thy home is with the hum - ble, Lord! The sim - plest are..... the best;



Thy lodg - ing is in child - like hearts; Thou mak - est there thy rest.



## 108 "To this man will I look."—Is. 66: 2. FABER.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!  
The simplest 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 beating heart of mine  
But thou, my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but thee,  
And let it be thy rest!

## 109 Psalm 133. MISS AUBER.

SPIRIT of peace! celestial Dove!  
How excellent thy praise!  
No richer gift than Christian love  
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower  
That silently distills,  
At evening's soft and balmy hour,  
On Zion's fruitful hills,—

3 So, with mild influence from above,  
Shall promised grace descend,  
Till universal peace and love  
O'er all the earth extend!

# The Holy Spirit.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, come! Let thy bright beams arise: Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

110

John 16: 8-11.

HAF.

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 secret love of God.

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

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

111

MRS. BROWN.

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 their sacred vows renew;  
Thy bless'd 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.

DETROIT. S. M.

E. P. HASTINGS.

1. Thou art, O Christ, the Way: Thy - self re - veal to me;

And let me hum - bly, day by day, Live, move, and walk in thee.

112

Prayer for Likeness to Christ,  
John 11: 6.

G. SMITH.

THOU art, O Christ, the Way:  
Thyself reveal to me;  
And let me humbly, day by day,  
Live, move, and walk in thee.

2 Thou art the Truth divine:  
Its fullness may I see;  
Believe, and find the promise mine,—  
"The Truth shall make you free."

3 Thou art the Life of God;  
By thee the dying live:  
In me diffuse thyself abroad,  
And life eternal give.

4 Thus, by thyself, the Way,  
I to the Father come;  
Led by the Truth, I can not stray;  
The Life and I are one.

# The Holy Spirit.

MERCY. 7.

GOTTSCHALK.

1. 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.

**113**

2 Cor. 6: 16-18.

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!

**114**  
HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!  
From thy clear celestial height,  
Come, thou Light of all that live!  
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

ROBERT II, KING OF FRANCE.  
CASWALL, *tr.*

ERNAN. L. M.

REED.

2 Come, thou Father of the poor!  
Come with treasures which endure!  
Thou, of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast.

3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe;  
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Light immortal! Light divine!  
Visit thou these hearts of thine!  
If thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay.

5 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;  
On our dryness pour thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away;  
Guide the steps that go astray;

6 Give us comfort when we die;  
Give us life with thee on high;  
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;  
Give us joys which never end.

L. MASON.

1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;

Be thou our guar - dian, thou our guide, O'er ev - ry thought and step pre - side.

**115**

John 16: 13.

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 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

S. BROWNE.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God; our final rest,  
To be with him forever blest;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—  
Fullness of joy forever there.

# The Holy Spirit.

ST. JOSEPH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, 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 ev'ry longing heart.

## 116 "Ye are the temple."—2 Cor. 6: 16-18. C. WESLEY.

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 longing heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all thy grace inherit,  
Let us find thy promised rest:

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive;  
Hasten thy return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish, Lord, thy new creation;  
Pure and spotless 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.

BEECHER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

ZUNDEL.

1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
All thy faithful mercies crown:

All thy faithful mercies crown: Jesus! thou art all compassion; Pure, unbounded love thou art:  
Enter ev'ry longing heart.

# The Holy Spirit.

FIAT LUX. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

DYKES.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost,—in love Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Divinely  
good thou art; Thy sa-cred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: Oh, come to-day!

117

*Veni Sancte Spiritus.*

ROBERT II, KING OF FRANCE.  
RAY PALMER, *fr.*

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, tend'rest Friend, and best,  
Our most delightful guest,  
With soothing power:

Rest, which the weary know,  
Shade, 'mid the noontide 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!

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Thou, whose almighty word Cha - os and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we  
hum - bly pray, And where the gospel day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light!

118

J. MARRIOTT.

THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight;  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel 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 on the waters' face  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place,  
Let there be light!

# The Mercy-Seat.

BULLINGER. 8. 5. 8. 5.

E. N. BULLINGER.



1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;  
While on oth-ers thou art call-ing Do not pass me by.

**119** "Son of David, have mercy on me."  
F. J. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others thou art calling  
Do not pass me by.

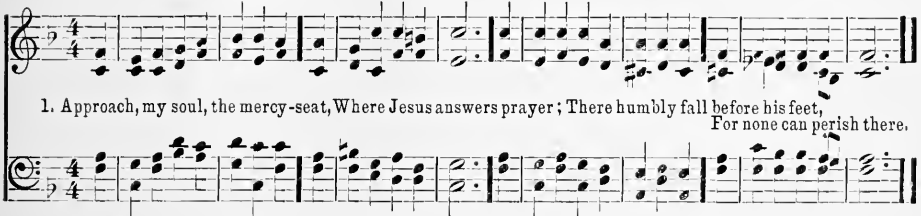
2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief,  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merits,  
Would I seek thy face,  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,—  
Whom have I on earth beside thee,  
Whom in heaven but thee?

ST. JOHN'S WESTMINSTER. C. M.

JAMES TURLIE.



1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

**120** "Made nigh by the blood of Christ,"  
Eph. 2: 13. NEWTON.

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,

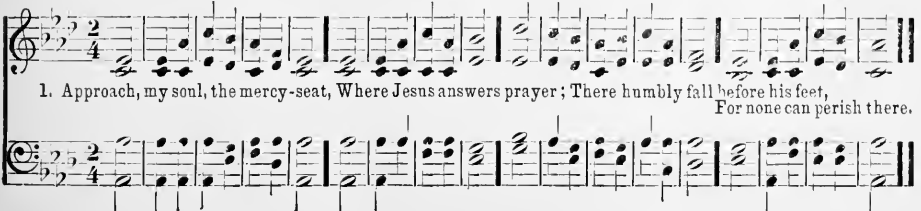
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.

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.

EVAN. C. M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

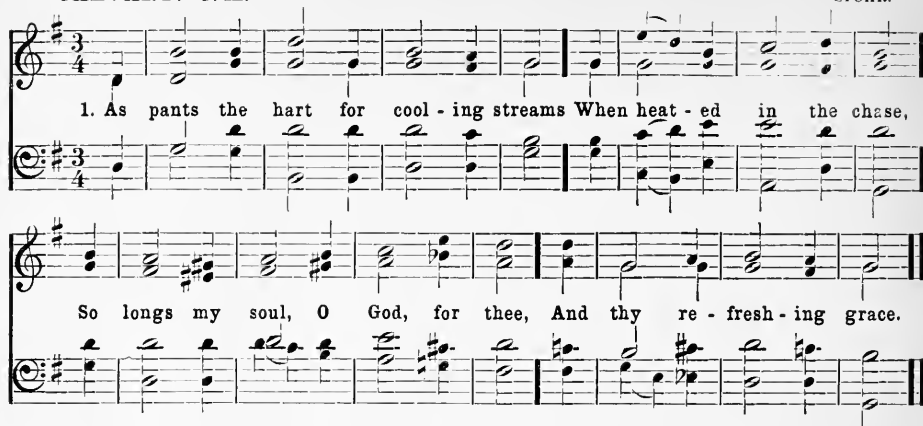


1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

# The Mercy-Seat.

CALVARY. C. M.

SPHR.



1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heat-ed in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

121

*Psaln 42.*

TATE AND BRADY.

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 behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine.

3 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.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.



1. From ev-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-ry swell-ing tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.

122

*Heb. 10: 19-22.*

STOWELL.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—  
A place, than all 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.

123

*"Men ought always to pray.—Luke 18: 1.*

COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there?

2 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

3 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, [draw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.



# The Mercy-Seat.

CANONBURY. L. M.

SCHUMANN.

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

Wher - e'er they seek thee, thou art found And ev - 'ry place is hal - lowed ground.

**124** "There am I in the midst."—Matt. 18: 20.  
COWPER.

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 Behold, at thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord;  
Come, with thy glory fill the place,  
And bless us with a large increase.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great: Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate.

**125** Psalm 103.

WATTS.

MY soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great:  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

2 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel:  
He knows our feeble frame.

3 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.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

**126**

Luke 18: 1-7.

NEWTON.

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

2 He bows his gracious ear—  
We never plead in vain;  
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 awhile 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.

# The Mercy-Seat.

MONSELL. (ST. ANDREW.) S. M.

BARNBY.

1. Sweet is thy mer - cy, Lord! Be - fore thy mer - cy - seat

My soul, a - dor - ing, pleads thy word, And owns thy mer - cy sweet.

127

MONSELL.

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

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

128 "Let us come boldly."—Heb. 4: 16. NEWTON.

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

2 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?

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

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

129 "Evening, morning, and at noon." Ps. 55: 17. MONTGOMERY.

COME, at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff  
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of ages, rest and pray;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening in thy home,  
Around its altar, pray;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,  
Oh, it is sweet to say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With thee to watch and pray.

# The Mercy-Seat.

BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBER.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove:  
His heart is made of ten - der - ness— It melts with pity - ing love.

130

Heb. 4: 15.

WATTS.

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above:  
His heart is made of tenderness—  
It melts with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears;  
And, in his measure, feels afresh  
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

PLEYEL.

1. While thee I seek, pro-TECT-ING Pow'r! Be my vain wish-es stilled; And may this con-se-crAT-ed hour  
With better hopes be filled! Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar:  
D.S.—That mercy I a - dore. Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;

131

"They shall talk of thy power."

MISS WILLIAMS.

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.

# The Mercy-Seat.

REPOSE. L. M.

W. HARRISON.

1. My God! is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even - ing star,

As that which calls me to thy feet— The hour of pray'r, The hour of pray'r?

**132**

*The still Hour.*

MISS ELLIOTT.

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

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that hour of solemn eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,  
||: The world I leave. :||

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
||: With hope of heaven. :||

4 Hush! 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 that blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be

As thus my inmost soul to pour  
||: In prayer to thee. :||

**133**

*Luke 10: 39.*

MRS. E. REED.

On that I could for ever dwell,  
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;  
Behold the form I love so well,  
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,  
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,—  
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,  
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—  
A life of penitential love!

When most my follies I despise,  
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,  
And all my former sins forsake;  
Then rise to God within the veil,  
And of eternal joys partake.

**I NEED THEE.** 6. 4. 6. 4.

LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine, Can peace af-ford.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, O I need thee: Ev'ry hour I need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Saviour, I come to thee.

**134**

*Col. 1: 2.*

MRS. A. HAWKS.

I need thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like thine,  
Can peace afford.

2 I need thee every hour;  
Stay thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;  
Teach me thy will;  
And thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.

# The Mercy-Seat.

STOWE. 11. 10.

CHAS. H. MORSE.

1. Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;

Fair-er than morning, love-lier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee!

From "Plymouth Hymnal" by per. Chas. H. Morse.

I am with thee!

**135**

MRS. STOWE.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee!

2 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.

3 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-shading,  
But sweeter still, to wake and find thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;  
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawn-ing,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee!

OBERLIN. 11. 10.

J. A. DEMUTH.

1. Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;

Fair-er than morn-ing, lovelier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee!

# The Mercy-Seat.

FELIX. 10s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Fa-ther, a-gain in Je-sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i-tence beneath thy feet;

A - gain to thee our fee-ble voi-ces raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing thy praise.

## 136

WHITMORE.

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.

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.

2 Oh, we would bless thee for thy ceaseless  
care,  
And all thy work from day to day declare!  
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned!  
Does not thine arm encircle us around!

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!

PAX DEL. 10s.

DYKES.

1 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.

## 137

R. LOWTH.

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 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.

3 Why faint my soul? why doubt Jeho-  
vah'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.

## The Mercy-Seat.

FULTON. 7s.

BRADBURY.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;

He him - self has bid thee pray; Rise, and ask with - out de - lay.

**138**

*Matt. 7: 7-11.*

NEWTON.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He himself has bid thee pray;  
 Rise, and ask without delay.

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 sovereign right maintain,  
 And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
 Be my guide, my guard, my friend:—  
 Lead me to my journey's end.

**139**

*1 John 4: 19.*

LEESON.

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 childlike heart of love,  
 At thy bidding may I move,  
 Prompt to serve and follow thee—  
 Loving him who first loved me.

3 Love in loving finds employ—  
 In obedience all her joy;  
 Ever new that joy will be:  
 Loving him who first loved me.

4 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.

CONSECRATION. 7s.

GARRETT.

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

**140**

*Eph. 5: 18-20.*

BURDER.

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.

# Family Worship.

ST. PETERSBURGH. L. M. 61.

BORTNIANSKY.

1. { When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing light sa - lutes mine eyes, }  
 O Sun of right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine!

Oh! chase the clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.

141

Mal. 4: 2.

SHRUSOLE.

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!

KEBLE. L. M.

DYKES.

1. O Christ! with each re - turn - ing morn Thine im - age to our heart be borne;

And may we ev - er clear - ly see Our God and Sav - iour, Lord, in thee!

142

"Splendor paterne glorie." AMEROSE OF MILAN.  
 J. CHANDLER, tr.

O CHRIST! with each returning morn  
 Thine image to our heart 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.



# Family Worship.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, Tune 53.

STAINER.

1. Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating Be-fore the sun's red banner swift-ly flee;

Now, when the ter-rors of the dark are fleeing, O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

143

KENNEDY.

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  
fleeing,  
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to  
thee.  
2 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,  
3 So, when that morn of endless light is  
waking,  
And shades of evil from its splendours  
flee,  
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale  
forsaking,  
Through all the long bright day to  
dwell with thee.

HURSLEY. L. M.

P. RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near:

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.

144

Luke 21: 29.

KEBLE.

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 wearied 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 can not 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.

# Family Worship.

TALLIS' CANON. L. M.

TALLIS.

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

**145** "I will awake early."—Ps. 108: 2.

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 th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while 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.

KEN. **146** "Under the shadow of the Almighty."—Ps. 91.  
KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! through 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 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,  
Thy watchful station near me keep;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care!  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r pro - longs my days;

And ev - ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

**147** Psalm 1: 8.

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:  
He gives me strength for days to come.

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

4 Faith in thy name forbids my fear;  
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.

# Family Worship.

WINCHESTER, NEW. L. M.

Alt. fr. HAMBURGER MUSICALISCHES HANDBUCH, 1690.

1. If on our dai - ly course our mind Be set to hal - low all we find,

New treasures still, of countless price, God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.

## 148 "Whatsoever ye do." Col. 3: 23.

KEBLE. And help us, this and every day  
To live more nearly as we pray.

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.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

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

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;

## 149 "New every morning." Lam. 3: 23.

WATTS.

MY God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new:  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spreadest the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

HASTINGS, arr.

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry even-ing new:

And morn-ing mer-cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - till, like earl - y dew.

# Family Worship.

ST. IGNATIUS. L. M.

1. Great God! to thee my even-ing 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.

**150** "Thy sleep shall be sweet." *Prov. 3 : 23-24.*  
MRS. STEELE.

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 gently 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.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name!

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.

1. I love to steal, awhile, away From ev'ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

**151** "When evening was come, he was alone." *Math. 14 : 23.*  
MRS. BROWN.

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 brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

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

**152** "In the secret of thy presence." *Ps. 31 : 20.*  
COWPER.

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 sweet 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 communes with her God!

# Family Worship.

4 There, like the nightingale she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

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

BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBER.



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

To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye;

153

*Psaltn 5.*

WATTS.

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 is 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.

WINCHESTER, OLD. C. M.

ESTE'S PSALTER.



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

To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye;

# Family Worship.

LAUDES DOMINI. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

BARNEY.

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

A-like at work or prayer To Je-sus I re-pair: May Je-sus Christ be praised.

154

EDW. CASWALL, *tr.*

WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries

May Jesus Christ be praised.

Alike at work or prayer

To Jesus I repair;

May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs

May Jesus Christ be praised:

When evil thoughts molest,

With this I shield my breast,

May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?

A solace here I find,

May Jesus Christ be praised:

Or fades my earthly bliss?

My comfort still is this,

May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say

May Jesus Christ be praised:

The powers of darkness fear,

When this sweet chant they hear,

May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,

May Jesus Christ be praised:

Let air, and sea, and sky

From depth to height reply

May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,

May Jesus Christ be praised:

Be this the eternal song,

Through all the ages on,

May Jesus Christ be praised.

VESPER. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone: The evening shades appear; Oh, may we all remember well The night of death draws near.

155

LELAND.

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've 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

To view the unwearied sun,

May we set out to win the prize.

And after glory run.

# Family Worship.

GERHARDT. 7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 8.

GERMAN MELODY, 15th Cent.

1. Now all the woods are sleeping, And night and stillness creeping O'er cit- y, man, and beast;

But thou, my heart, awake thee, To pray'r awhile betake thee, And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

156

GERHARDT.

Now all the woods are sleeping,  
And night and stillness creeping  
O'er city, man, and beast;  
But thou, my heart, awake thee,  
To prayer awhile betake thee,  
And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

2 O Sun, where art thou vanished?  
The Night thy reign hath banished,  
Thy ancient foe, the Night.  
Farewell, a brighter glory  
My Jesus sheddeth o'er me,  
All clear within me shines his light.

3 The last faint beam is going,  
The golden stars are glowing  
In yonder dark-blue deep;  
And such the glory given  
When called of God to heaven,  
On earth no more to pine and weep.

4 My Jesus, stay thou by me,  
And let no foe come nigh me,  
Safe sheltered by thy wing;  
But would the foe alarm me,  
Oh, let him never harm me,  
But still thine angels round me sing.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. Ss. 61.

W B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne

*D. S.*—And oft escaped the tempter's snare

Make all my wants and wishes known; In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

157

*The Sweet Hour.*

WALFORD.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known;  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of  
prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
To him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
And, since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

# Family Worship.

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 1. 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

BARNEY.

1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to thee! I pray thee that offenceless Thee I pray

hours of dark may be: O Jesus, keep me in thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night!  
O Je-sus, keep me

be: O Jesus, keep me

**158** "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."  
ST. ANATOLIUS.

THE day is past and over;  
All thanks, O Lord, to thee!  
I pray thee that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be:  
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,  
And save me through the coming night!

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

3 The toils of day are over;  
I raise the hymn to thee,  
And ask, that free from peril  
The hours of fear may be:  
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be thou my soul's Preserver,  
O God! for thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go:  
Lover of men! O hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all!

MERRIAL. 6. 5 6. 5.

BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh; Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky!

evening Steal across the sky.

**159**

S. BARING-GOULD.

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

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



## Close of Worship.

BENEDICTION. (ELLERS.) 10s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee

ere our wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.

**160**

J. ELLERTON.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of  
praise;  
We stand to bless thee ere our worship  
cease;  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of  
peace.

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

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

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

**161**

FRANCES A. PERCY.

As swiftly, silently draws near the night,  
And into gloom the daylight dies away,  
I praise thee, Heavenly Father, for thy  
light,  
That shineth ever, an eternal day.

2 I praise thee that thy weary child may  
see  
The way to thee, though darkness  
gathers deep,  
I come, O Father, to receive of thee  
Thy pardon and thy blessing ere I sleep.

3 I lift to thee this burdened heart of  
mine,  
Filled with the shadows of the deepening  
night;  
Thou floodest me with rays of love di-  
vine,  
And darkness flees from me, and all is  
light.

4 O Father, as the night of life draws  
near,  
And as earth's fading brightness ebbs  
away,  
In growing glory may thy light appear,  
Until for me it always shall be day.

# Evening Worship.

EVENTIDE. 10.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the even - tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!

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

162

"Abide with us," Luke 24: 29.

LYRTE.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the | even- | tide,  
 The darkness deepens—Lord, with | me a- | bide!  
 When other helpers fail, and | comforts | flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh, a- | bide with | me!  
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's | little | day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories | pass a- | way;  
 Change and decay in all a- | round I | see;  
 O thou who changest not, a- | bide with | me!  
 3 I need thy presence every | passing | hour,  
 What but thy grace can foil the | tempter's | power?  
 Who, like thyself, my guide and | stay can | be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, a- | bide 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, a- | bide with | me!

TROYTE, No. 1. (Chant.)

A. H. D. TROYTE.

ALDERSGATE. S. M.

G. P. MERRICK.

1. Jesus, I live to thee, The loveliest and best; My life in thee, thy life in me, In thy blest love I rest.

163

H. HARBAUGH.

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.

# Evening Worship.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

SWEETSER.

1. Still with thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be;

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with thee:

164

*Psalm 139.*

BONAR

STILL with thee, O 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, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,  
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,  
Speak softly to my heart:

4 With thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind:  
The setting as the rising sun  
With thee my heart would find:

5 With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with thee.

165

*Luke 24 : 29.*

J. M. NEALE.

THE day, O Lord, is spent,  
Abide with us and rest;  
Our heart's 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!

166

J. ELLERTON.

OUR day of praise is done,  
The evening shadows fall;  
But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.

2 Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here:  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But O, the strains, how full and clear,  
Of that eternal choir!

4 'Tis thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our daily life a psalm  
Of glory to thy name.

167

*Mark 1 : 35;—6 : 46-51.*

MRS. BROWN.

How sweet the melting lay,  
Which breaks upon the ear,  
When at the hour of rising day  
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries  
Up to Jehovah's throne;  
He listens to their humble sighs,  
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray  
Before the morning light;  
Once on the chilling mount did stay,  
And wrestle all the night;—

4 Then left his vigil there,—  
Came down upon the wave:  
So come to us while we toil here,  
And storms shall cease to rave!

# Evening Worship.

VESPERI LUX. 7. 7. 7. 5.

DYKES.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With thy love's per - pet - ual ray;

Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning - time.

168

R. H. ROBINSON.

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, blessed Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark to thee:  
Those thou keepest always see  
Light at evening-time.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

SCHUMANN.

1. The day is past and gone, Great God, we bow to thee;

A - gain as shades of night steal on, To thee for ref - uge flee.

169

The day is past and gone,  
Great God, we bow to thee;  
Again as shades of night steal on,  
To thee for refuge flee.

2 O, when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west,  
That country and that holy home,  
Where none shall break our rest?

3 Where all things shall be peace,  
And pleasure without end,

And golden harps that never cease,  
With joyous hymns shall blend.

4 Where we preserved beneath  
The shelter of thy wing,  
Forevermore thy praise shall breathe,  
And of thy mercy sing;

5 And with the angel-host  
Praise, honor, and adore  
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God for evermore?

# Evening Worship.

GUNTHER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

BAENBY.

1. Thro' the day thy love hath spared us, Now we lay us down to rest; Thro' the silent watches guard us,

Let no foe our peace molest; Je-sus, thou our guardian be, Sweet it is to trust in thee.

## 170

KELLY.

THROUGH the day thy love hath 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.

KIRBY BEDON. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

E. BUNNETT.

1. Father of love and pow'r, Guard thou our evening hour, Shield with thy might! For all thy care this

day Our grateful thanks we pay, And to our Fa-ther pray: Bless us to-night.

## 171

GEORGE RAWSON.

FATHER of love and power,  
Guard thou our evening hour,  
Shield with thy might!  
For all thy care this day  
Our grateful thanks we pay,  
And to our Father pray:  
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus, Immanuel,  
Come in thy love to dwell  
In hearts contrite;

For many sins we grieve,  
But we thy grace receive,  
And on thy word believe:  
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Shed forth thy light;  
Heal every sinner's smart.  
Still every throbbing heart,  
And thine own peace impart:  
Bless us to-night.

# Evening Worship.

SALVATOR. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Goss.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal; Sin and want we come con-

fess-ing; 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.

172

*Psalm 91: 5-12.*

EDMESTON.

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

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow near us fly,  
Angel-guards from thee surround us;  
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness can not hide from thee:  
Thou art he who, never weary,  
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 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.

173

*Psalm 39: 12-13.*

C. C. Cox.

SILENTLY the shades of evening  
Gather round our lonely door;  
Silently they bring before us  
Faces we shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten!  
Though the world be off forgot;  
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!  
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,  
Where our spirits only blend;  
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,  
We, still hoping for the end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,  
Like the stars when storms are past,  
Pointing up to that fair heaven  
We may hope to gain at last!

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1. Silently the shades of evening Gather round our lonely door; Silently they bring before us  
Faces we shall see no more.

# Evening Worship.

WILLIS. Ss & 7s.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. Vain - ly thro' night's wea - ry hours, Keep we watch, lest foes a - larm;

Vain our bul-warks, and our tow - ers, But for God's pro - tect - ing arm.

## 174 *All vain, without God's Blessing.* *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 shall grant us peace and rest:  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
Who to Christ his prayer addressed.

## 175 *"It is toward evening."* MRS. C. S. SMITH.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!  
For the day is passing by;  
See! the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness:  
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me—  
Morning of eternal rest!

## 176

LONGFELLOW.

NOW on sea and land descending,  
Brings the night its peace profound;  
Let our vesper hymn be blending  
With the holy calm around.

2 Soon as dies the sunset glory,  
Stars of heaven shine out above,  
Telling still the ancient story,—  
Their Creator's changeless love.

3 Now our wants and burdens leaving  
To his care who cares for all.  
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving:  
At his touch our burdens fall.

4 As the darkness deepens o'er us,  
Lo, eternal stars arise;  
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,  
Shining in the spirit's skies.

## 177

W. C. BRYANT.

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,  
Let thy children, Lord, depart  
With the blessing of thy peace  
And thy love in every heart.

2 O, where'er our path may lie,  
Father let us not forget  
That we walk beneath thine eye,  
That thy care upholds us yet.

3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail—  
Be thine aid forever near;  
May the fear to sin prevail  
Over every other fear.

## Close of Worship.

SICILIAN MELODY. 8s. 7s.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

**178**

*John 19: 25.*

ALLEN.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life and health and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still, in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit—forever viewing  
Mercy streaming in his blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

DORRANCE. 8s. 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us now de - part in peace; }  
{ Still on heav'nly manna feed - ing, (Omit.....) } Let our faith and love in - crease.

**179**

*"Depart in peace."*

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.

**180**

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing,  
On the teaching of the 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 us, turn us, and receive us,  
And incline us thee to love.

**181**

2 Cor. 13: 14.

NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ the 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 can not afford.

**182**

BATEMAN.

Gracious Saviour, thus before thee  
With our varied want and care;  
For a blessing we implore thee,  
Listen to our evening prayer!

2 Lord, we thank thee and adore thee,  
For the solace of thy love;  
And rejoicing thus before thee,  
Wait thy blessing from above!



# The Scriptures.

TANTUM ERGO. Ss. 7s. 6l.

1. 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, Then to praise thee Thro' a bright eterni - ty.

183

*Psalm 27: 8-9.*

KELLY.

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.

184

*"My peace I give unto you."*

FAWCETT.

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.

RAVENSHAW. 6s.

GERMAN.

1. Lord, thy word a-bid- eth, And our footsteps guideth; Who its truth believeth Light and joy receiv-eth.

185

W. H. BAKER.

LORD, thy word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,  
Then thy word doth cheer us;  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,

Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving  
Succor to the living;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying!

5 Oh, that we, discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear thee!  
Evermore be near thee!

# The Scriptures.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

BARNEY.

1. Father of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines! Forever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.

## 186 "Oh, how love I thy law."

MRS. STEELE.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here my Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

REV. THOMAS HAWES.

1. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun:

It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor - rows none.

## 187

Psalm 19.

COWPER.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun:  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat:  
Its truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,

Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above!

## 188

Psalm 119.

WATTS.

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

3 Make me to walk in thy commands—  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let my head nor heart nor hands  
Offend against my God.

# The Scriptures.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

1. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path, when wont to stray,  
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the trav - eler's way.

189

B. BARTON.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path, when wont to stray,  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
Brook by the traveler's way.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
Or radiant cloud by day;

When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the ever-living God,  
Will of his glorious Son;  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, child-like hearts.

DOWNNS. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

190

"The commandment is a lamp,"  
Prov. 6: 23.

FAWCETT.

How precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way;  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis 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.

3 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.

191

Psalm 119: 9.

WATTS.

How shall the young secure their hearts  
And guard their lives from sin?

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

# The Scriptures.

KÖNIGSBERG. 7s & 6s.

GERMAN CHORAL.

1. { O word of God in - car - nate, O Wisdom from on high, }  
 { O Truth unchanged, unchanging, O Light of our dark sky; } We praise thee for the radiance

That from the hallow'd page, A lamp un-to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age.

## 192 "The true Light."—John 1: 9. W. W. How.

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 lamp unto our footsteps,  
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from thee, her Master,  
 Received the gift divine;  
 And still that light she lifteth  
 O'er all the earth to shine:  
 It floateth like a banner  
 Before God's hosts unfurled;  
 It shineth like a beacon  
 Above the darkling world.

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.

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  
 The gospel's heavenly ray,  
 A brighter radiance pouring  
 Than noon of brightest day!

3 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness  
 Rejoice the humble heart;  
 And guilty fear and sadness  
 From contrite souls depart;  
 Thy word hath richer treasure  
 Than dwells within the mine,  
 And sweetness beyond measure  
 Attends thy voice divine.

4 All heaven on high rejoices  
 To do its Maker's will;  
 The stars with solemn voices  
 Resound thy praises still;  
 So let my whole behaviour,  
 Thoughts, words, and action be,  
 O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,  
 One ceaseless song to thee.

## 193 Psalm 19. T. R. Birks.

THE heavens declare thy glory,  
 The firmament thy power;  
 Day unto day the story  
 Repeats from hour to hour;

# Jesus Christ.

ADESTE FIDELES. 6. 6. 11. 5. 6. 10.

JOHN READING.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, To Beth - le - hem

hast - en now with glad ac - cord; Come and be - hold him, Born the King of

O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a -  
an - gels, O come,..... O come,..... a  
O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a -

dore him,  
dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.  
dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.

194

F. OAKELEY, *tr.*

O COME, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad ac -  
Come, and behold him. [cord;  
Born the King of angels,  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 O sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Through heaven's high arches be your  
praises poured;

Now to our God be  
Glory in the highest!  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

3 Yea, Lord, now we bless thee,  
Born for our salvation;  
O Jesus, forever be thy name adored;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing,  
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

# Jesus Christ.

✓ **HERALD ANGELS.** 7s. D.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her-ald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild;

God and sin-ners reconciled." {Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise;}  
{Join the triumphs of the skies;} With th'angelic host proclaim,

"Christ is born in Bethlehem." With th'angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

**195** "Christ is born in Bethlehem."—Luke 2.  
C. WESLEY.

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 triumphs of the skies;  
With th'angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 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.  
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.

3 Now display thy saving power,  
Ruined nature now restore,  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to thine.  
Let us then with angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King!—  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
God and sinners reconciled!"

**196** "The Christ of God."  
HORATIUS BONAR.

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.

1. Calm, on the list'ning ear of night, Come heaven's melodious strains, Where wild Judea stretches far

Her sil-ver-mantled plains. Celestial choirs, from courts above, 'Mid sacred gl'ories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make mu-sic on the air.

**197** "On earth peace." Luke 2. E. H. SEARS.

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,  
'Mid sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.  
O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm;  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain  
The realm of ether fills;  
How sweeps the song of sacred joy  
O'er Judah's sacred hills!  
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring;  
"Peace to the earth—good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King."

**198** NAHUM TATE.

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 meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and 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."

**199** The Angels' Song. EDWIN H. SEARS.

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!

# Jesus Christ.

PHILLIPS BROOKS. P. M.

C. H. MORSE.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A -  
bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet  
in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er - last - ing light; The hopes, and fears of  
all the years Are met in thee to - night. Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

*Ending for last stanza.*

From "Plymouth Hymnal" by per. Charles H. Morse.

**200**

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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 O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.  
For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.

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 Where children pure and happy  
Pray to the blessed Child;  
Where misery cries out to thee,  
Son of the mother mild;  
Where Charity stands watching,  
And Faith holds wide the door,—  
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,  
And Christmas comes once more.

5 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;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!



# Advent.

ST. NINIAN 11. 10. 11. 10.

DYKES.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid

201

Matt. 2: 1-11.

HEBER.

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 devo-  
tion,

Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the  
mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation:  
Vainly with gifts would his favor se-  
cure:

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
poor.

AURORA. 11s & 10s.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

# Jesus Christ.

HOLY NIGHT. P. M.

J. BARNEY.

1. Ho-ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the darkness beams a light, Ho-ly night!

peace-ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness

beams a light, Yon-der, where they sweet vig-ils keep O'er the Babe who, in

*Rallentando.*  
si- lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace.

202

J. MOHR.

HOLY night! peaceful night!  
Through the darkness beams a light,  
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep  
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,  
Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!  
Darkness flies, and all is light!  
Shepherds hear the angels sing:  
"Alleluia! hail the King!  
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!  
Child of heaven, oh, how bright

Thou didst smile when thou wast born;  
Bless'd was that happy morn,  
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!  
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!  
See the eastern wise men bring  
Gifts and homage to our King!  
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!  
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!  
With the angels let us sing  
Alleluia to our King!  
Jesus our Saviour is here!

# Advent.

BETHANY. (SMART.) 8s. 7s. 8l.

H. SMART.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story, While they chant in hymns of joy: "Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!

## 203

"Glory to God" Luke 2.

J. CAWOOD.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

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

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

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

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;  
Learn his name, and taste his joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
'Glory be to God most high!'"

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

## 204

"The shepherds returned praising God."

R. ROBINSON.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?  
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;  
Sing the Lord who came to die.

2 Did archangels sing thy coming?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty captives!  
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!  
Leave thy footstool, take my throne:  
Thence return, and reign forever;  
Be the kingdom all thine own.

SICILIAN MELODY. 8s & 7s.

1. Bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry, Shall thy praise un-ut-tered lie?

Break, my tongue, such guilt-y si-lence; Sing the Lord who came to die.

# Jesus Christ.

✓ DANIA. 6s & 5s.

F. G. ILSLEY.

1. Sweetly sang the an-gels In the clear calm night, On their white wings resting In the heav'nly light;

Sent by God the Fa-ther, Who our love has sought, Unto men and children Tidings glad they brought.

## CHORUS.

Children, blend your voic - es In sweet concord sing, Hail the Lord's anointed, Christ the children's King.

## 205

SWEETLY sang the angels  
In the clear calm night,  
On their white wings resting  
In the heavenly light;  
Sent by God the Father,  
Who our love has sought,  
Unto men and children  
Tidings glad they brought.

### CHORUS.

Children, blend your voices  
In sweet concord sing,  
Hail the Lord's anointed,  
Christ the children's King.

2 To the gentle shepherds  
It was first revealed,—  
Watching 'mid the darkness  
In the open field,—  
That in David's city,  
On that holy morn,  
In a lowly stable,  
Christ our King was born.  
Children, blend your voices, etc.

3 Gladdened by the tidings,  
Hastly they sped

To the crowded city  
And the manger bed;  
There they found the Saviour,  
With his mother mild;  
Him they loved and worshipped  
Though a lowly child.  
Children, blend your voices, etc.

4 In his simple childhood,  
And his sacred youth,  
All his ways were holy,  
All his words were truth;  
For our sins he suffered,  
And, through grief untold,  
All his lambs he purchased  
For his sacred fold.  
Children, blend your voices, etc.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Make us like to thee;  
Loving, true, and tender,  
Thou wouldst have us be.  
Blessings rich and holy,  
At this Christmas-tide,  
Pour thou out upon us,  
Saviour, King, and Guide!  
Children, blend your voices, etc.

Advent.

SILENT NIGHT. 6. 6. 8. 8. 5.

M. HAYDN.

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round you virgin mother and child,

Ho - ly In - fant, tender and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace! Sleep in heav - en - ly peace!

206

SILENT night! Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright,  
Round you virgin mother and child,  
Holy Infant, tender and mild,  
||: Sleep in heavenly peace! :||  
2 Silent night! holy night!  
Shepherds wake, touched with fright.

Glories stream from heaven afar;  
Heavenly hosts sing Hallelujah,  
||: Christ the Saviour is born. :||

3 Silent night! holy night!  
Son of God! Light of light!—  
O how love beams from his face,  
With the dawn of heavenly grace.  
||: At Immanuel's birth! :||

REGENT SQUARE. 8s. 7s. 6l.

HENRY SMART.

1. Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,

Now proclaim Mes - si - ah's birth; Come and worship. Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

207

MONTGOMERY.

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.

# Jesus Christ.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King! Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n and nature sing, and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

208

*Psalm 98.*

WATTS.

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

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

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

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

FAITH. C. M.

DYKES.

1. Immortal Love, forever full, Forever flowing free, Forever shar'd, forever whole, A never-ebbing sea.

209

WHITTIER

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea.

2 Our outward lips confess the Name  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.

3 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.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;

And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

6 Thro' him the first fond prayers are said,  
Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.

7 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.

# Character and Life.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jestic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow; His lips with grace o'er - flow.

210

"Chiefest among ten thousand."

S. STENNETT.

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.

LAND OF REST. C. M. 81.

R. S. NEWMAN.

1. Oh, where is he that trod the sea? Oh, where is he that spake, And lepers from their pains are free, And slaves their fetters break?  
The lame and palsied freely rise, With joy the dumb do sing; And, on the darkened, blinded eyes, Glad beams of morning spring!

211

Matth. 11: 4-6.

T. T. LYNCH.

OH, where is he that trod the sea?  
Oh, where is he that spake,  
And lepers from their pains are free,  
And slaves their fetters break?  
2 The lame and palsied freely rise,  
With joy the dumb do sing;  
And, on the darkened, blinded eyes,  
Glad beams of morning spring!

3 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?  
4 Here, here art thou, almighty Lord!  
Oh, speak to us once more,  
And let thy healing, quickening word,  
Our ruined souls restore!

# Jesus Christ.

EUROCLYDON. 10s.

Att. from ROSSINI.

1. Fierce were the billows wild, dark was the night, Oars labored heav-ily, foam glimmered white; Trembled the

mar - i - ners, per - il was nigh: Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I." "Peace! it is I."

*1st ending.* *Ending for last stanza.*

## 212

ANATOLIUS.  
J. M. NEALE, tr.

FIERCE were the billows wild, dark was the night,  
Oars labored heavily, foam glimmered white;  
Trembled the mariners, peril was nigh:  
Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I."  
2 Ridge of the mountain wave, lower thy crest!  
Wail of Euroclydon, be thou at rest!

Sorrow can never be—darkness must fly,  
Where saith the Light of light, "Peace!  
it is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer, come thou to me,  
Soothe thou my voyaging over life's sea;  
Thou, when the storm of death roars sweep-  
ing by,  
Whisper, thou Truth of truth, "Peace!  
it is I."

NAZARETH. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. How sweet-ly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,

When listening thousands gath - ered round, And joy and reverence filled the place!

## 213

"Never man spake like this man."

BOWRING.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence 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.

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.

## 214

1 Peter 2: 19-25.

A. C. COXE.

How beautiful were the marks divine  
That in thy meekness used to shine,  
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wordrous love, O Son of God!

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!



# Character and Life.

215

"Leaving us an example."

WATTS.

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.

MARYTON. L. M.

H. P. SMITH.



O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;  
Tell me thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

216

W. GLADDEN.

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.

GERMANY. L. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.



1. 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?

217

"How shall I copy."

JOSIAH CONDER.

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 thro' 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.

# Jesus Christ.

CHRIST IS COMING HERE TO-DAY 7s. 6l.

W. T. UPTON.

1. Christ is com-ing here to - day, Hap - py chil-dren joy - ful say,

He is sure-ly pass-ing by; We will watch him drawing nigh, Let us wave and

CHORUS.

sweet-ly sing While the branching palms we bring. Chanting psalms! wav-ing palms,

Hear the children sing Ho-san - na! Ho-san - na! Je-sus is our King.

218

MRS S. L. SEVERANCE.

CHRIST is coming here to-day,  
Happy children joyful say,  
He is surely passing by;  
We will watch him drawing nigh,  
Let us wave and sweetly sing  
While the branching palms we bring.

2 Men may crowd us all the while,  
But he'll see us, he will smile;  
Once my mother heard him say:  
"Do not send a child away."  
And he will be glad to see  
Little ones like you and me.

3 We can never hope to find  
Any other friend so kind,  
We would choose him for our King.  
So our garments we will bring,  
While we cast them at his feet  
We will sing hosannas sweet.

4 Every little child will know,  
This was long and long ago,  
But our Jesus comes to day,  
He is passing now this way;  
Let us own him as our King,  
And hosannas to him sing!

# Jesus Christ.

JORDAN. L. M. 81.

BARNBY.

1. O Mas-ter, it is good to be High on the mountain here with thee, Where stand revealed to

mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days, Who once received on Horeb's height Th'e-

ter-nal laws of truth and right; Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

## 219

A. P. STANLEY.

O MASTER, it is good to be  
High on the mountain here with thee,  
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
Those glorious saints of other days,  
Who once received on Horeb's height  
Th' eternal laws of truth and right;  
Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be  
With thee, and with thy faithful three,  
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock  
Is nerved against temptation's shock;  
Here where the son of thunder learns  
The thought that breathes, and word that  
burns;  
Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
With him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be  
Entranced, enwrap, alone with thee;  
And watch thy glistening raiment glow  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,  
The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light divine,  
Till we too change from grace to grace,  
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be  
Here on the holy mount with thee,  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,  
"This is my Son, oh, hear ye him."

## 220

MICHAEL BRUCK.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High-Priest our nature wears,  
The Patron of mankind appears.  
Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

2 In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of Sorrows has a part;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.  
With boldness therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aids of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour

# Jesus Christ.

ST. CROSS. L. M.

DYKES.

1. "'Tis finished!"—so the Sav-iour cried, And meekly bowed his head, and died:

"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.

**221**

"It is finished"—John 19: 30.

S STENNETT.

"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head, and died:

"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!"—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.

3 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;  
"'Tis finished!"—let the echo fly  
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

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'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

**222**

Luke 23: 46-49.

FABER.

Oh, come, and mourn with me awhile;

Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;

Oh, come, together let us mourn;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed:  
His throat with parching thirst is dried;  
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

4 Seven times he spake, seven words of love;  
And all three hours his silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

**224**

Luke 22: 39-46.

TAPPAN

'Tis midnight; and, on Olive's brow,  
The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
'Tis midnight; in the garden now  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis 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 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet he who hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis 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.

**223**

Gal. 6: 14.


WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,

# Suffering and Death.

PASSION CHORALE No. 2. 7s. 6s. 8l.

H. L. HASSLER



1. { O sacred Head, once wounded, With grief and pain weigh'd down! }  
 How scornfully surround-ed, With thorns thy on-ly crown; } O sacred Head, what glo-ry,  
 What bliss till now was thine! Yet, tho' despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

**225** "Salve. caput cruentatum." BERNARD.  
 J. W. ALEXANDER, tr.

O SACRED Head, once wounded,  
 With grief and pain weighed down!  
 How scornfully surrounded,  
 With thorns thy 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!  
 'Tis I deserve thy place;  
 Look on me with thy favor,  
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,  
 To praise thee, heavenly Friend,  
 For this, thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 Lord! make me thine forever,  
 Nor let me faithless prove:  
 Oh, let me never, never  
 Abuse such dying love.

**226** *Jesus on 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 passing 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 assur'd  
 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.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight; and, on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now  
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

# Jesus Christ.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6l.

REDHEAD.

1. Go to dark Gethsem-a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power! Your Redeemer's conflict see,

Watch with him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from his griefs away, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

**227** "Follow his steps." 1 Pet. 2: 21. MONTGOMERY.

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power!  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished," hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid his breathless clay:  
All in solitude and gloom;—  
Who hath taken him away?  
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes:  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

**228** "Venit e celo Mediator alto." ROMAN BREVIARY. REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, *tr.*

Zion's Daughter, weep no more,  
Though thy troubled heart be sore;  
He of whom the Psalmist sung,  
He who woke the Prophet's tongue,  
Christ, the Mediator blest,  
Brings thee everlasting rest.

2 In a garden man became  
Heir of sin, and death, and shame:  
Jesus in a garden wins  
Life, and pardon for our sins;  
Through his hour of agony  
Praying in Gethsemane.

3 There for us he intercedes:  
There with God the Father pleads;  
Willing there for us to drain  
To the dregs the cup of pain,  
That in everlasting day  
He may wipe our tears away.

4 Therefore to his name be given  
Glory both in earth and heaven;  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Honor, praise, and glory be,  
Now and through eternity.

ALETTA. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Zi - on's Daugh-ter, weep no more, Tho' thy trou-bled heart be sore; }  
He of whom the Psalm-ist sung, He who woke the Prophet's tongue, }

Christ, the Me - di - a - tor blest, Brings thee ev - er - last - ing rest.

# Suffering and Death.

STABAT MATER. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

DYKES.

1. Dark-ly rose the guilt-y morn-ing, When, the King of glo-ry scorn-ing,

Raged the fierce Je - ru - sa - lem; See the Christ, his cross up - bear - ing,

See him strick - en, spit on, wear - ing The thorn-plat-ted di - a - dem.

229

J ANSTICE.

DARKLY rose the guilty morning,  
When, the King of glory scorning,  
Raged the fierce Jerusalem;  
See the Christ, his cross upbearing,  
See him stricken, spit on, wearing  
The thorn-platted diadem.

2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,  
Not the hands that rudely nailed him,  
Slew him on the cursed tree;  
Ours the sin from heaven that called him,  
Ours the sin whose burden galled him  
In the sad Gethsemane.

3 For our sins, of glory emptied,  
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,  
He was slain on Calvary;  
Yet he for his murderers pleaded;  
Lord, by us that prayer is needed,  
We have pierced, yet trust in thee.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,  
By thy precious cross and passion,  
By thy blood and agony,  
By thy glorious resurrection,  
By thy Holy Ghost's protection,  
Make us thine eternally.

230

JACOBUS DA TODI.  
J. W. ALEXANDER, *tr.*

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.

2 What he for his people suffered,  
Stripes and scoffs and insults offered,  
His fond mother saw the whole;  
Never from the scene retiring  
Till he bowed his head, expiring,  
And to God breathed out his soul.

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.

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.

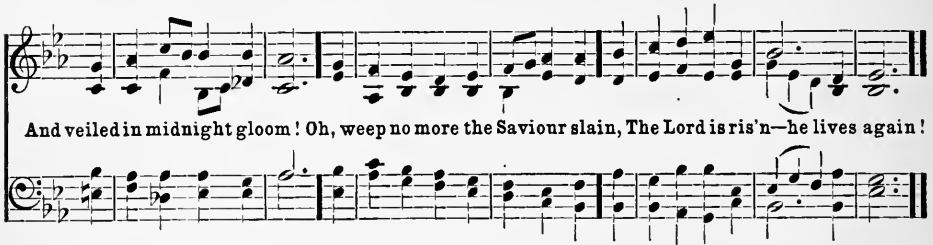
# Jesus Christ.

EUCCHARIST. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

DYKES.



1. How calm and beautiful the morn That gilds the sacred tomb, Where once the Crucified was borne.



And veiled in midnight gloom! Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain, The Lord is ris'n—he lives again!

231

Luke 24: 1-9.

HASTINGS.

How calm and beautiful the morn  
That gilds the sacred tomb,  
Where once the Crucified was borne,  
And veiled in midnight gloom!  
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,  
The Lord is risen—he lives again!

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear  
For your departed Lord,  
"Behold the place, he is not here!"  
The tomb is all unbarred;  
The gates of death were closed in vain,  
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!  
'Tis Jesus still appears,  
A risen Lord, to chase away  
Your unbelieving fears:  
Once, by the law, your hopes were slain,  
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,  
Your early footsteps bend;  
The Saviour will himself be there,  
Your Advocate and Friend;  
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,  
The Lord is risen—he lives again!

HASTINGS. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

T. HASTINGS.



1. How calm and beautiful the morn That gilds the sacred tomb, Where once the Crucified was borne,



And veiled in midnight gloom! Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain, The Lord is ris'n—he lives again!



# The Resurrection.

FORTUNATUS. 11s.

SULLIVAN.

1 Welcome, hap-py morning! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is

won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more; Him, their true Cre-

a - tor, all his works a - dore. Wel-come, hap-py morning! age to age shall say.

232

V. H. C. FORTUNATUS.  
J. ELLERTON, *tr*

WELCOME, happy morning! age to age shall say,

Hell to day is vanquished, heaven is won to day,

Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore;  
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore,  
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,

All good gifts returned with her returning King;

Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,

Speak his sorrow ended, hail his triumph now.

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to day.

3 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.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,

Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;

Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word;

'Tis thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!

Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,

All that now is fallen raise to life again;

Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,

Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee.

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

# Jesus Christ.

JORDAN. L. M. 81.

J. BARNEY.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are captive led,

*Voices in Unison.* *In Harmony.*

Dragg'd to the por- tals of the sky. Lo! his triumph- al chariot waits, And angels chant the

*In Unison.* *In Harmony.*

sol- emn lay: "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! Ye ev- er- lasting doors, give way!"

**233** "Who is the King of glory." Ps. 24.  
C. WESLEY.

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.  
Lo! 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 radiant scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right;  
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory, who?  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and nell 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 the King of glory, who?  
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God, over all, for ever blest.

TRURO. L. M.

CHAS. BURNEY.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.

# The Resurrection.

ST. KEVIN. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

SULLIVAN.

1. Come ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness;

God hath brought his Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;

Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;

Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters.

234

JOHN OF DAMASCUS.  
J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

COME ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought his Israel  
Into joy from sadness;  
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;  
Christ hath burst his prison,  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a sun hath risen;  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From his light, to whom we give  
Land and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,  
Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
Hold thee as immortal:  
But today amidst thine own  
Thou didst stand, bestowing  
That thy peace which evermore  
Passeth human knowing.

# Jesus Christ.

REDHEAD. 7s.

REDHEAD.

1. "Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say:

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply!

**235**

Mark 16: 6.

WESLEY.

"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 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?

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head:  
Made like him, like him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

**236** "King of kings."—Rev. 17: 14.

KELLY.

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!

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,  
Precious in the Victor's eyes:  
Glorious is the work achieved,  
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

3 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!

4 Place the crown upon his brow;  
Every knee to him shall bow;  
Him the brightest seraph sings;  
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings!"

**237**

"Come, see the place."

COLLYER.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb;  
Jesus scatters all its gloom:  
Day of triumph! through the skies  
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christian! dry your flowing tears;  
Chase those unbelieving fears:  
Look on his deserted grave;  
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye, who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade;  
Drive your anxious cares away:  
See the place where Jesus lay!

**238**

John 14: 28.

STANLEY.

HE is gone! we heard him say,  
"Good that I should go away;"  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone his present grace.

2 Though himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we cannot be;  
No, his Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

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.

4 In the many mansions there,  
Place for us he will prepare:  
In that world unseen, unknown,  
He and we shall yet be one.

# The Resurrection.

LANCASHIRE. 7s. 6s. 8l.

H. SMART.

1. 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, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

**239** *The Lord's day.* JOHN OF DAMASCUS.  
J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

THE day of resurrection,  
Earth, tell it out abroad;  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of God.  
From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our Christ hath brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of Resurrection light;

And, listening to his accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His own "All hail," and hearing  
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Invisible and visible  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord is risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

## Jesus Christ.

1. Gold - en harps are sounding, An - gel voi - ces sing, Pearl - y gates are o - pened,  
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glo - ry,  
 3. Pleading for his chil - dren In the blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry,

Opened for the King! Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,  
 At his Fa - ther's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die;  
 Send - ing them his grace; His bright home prepar - ing, Faith - ful ones, for you;

Is gone up in tri - umph, To his throne a - bove. All his work is end - ed,  
 Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high! All his work is end - ed,  
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too. All his work is end - ed,

Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

# Exaltation and Glory.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above: Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;

Je-sus reigns, the God of love: See, he sits on yon-der throne;  
See, he sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus

REFRAIN.

Jesus rules the world alone. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

rules the world a-lone.

## 241

*Heb. 1: 3-8.*

KELLY.

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.—REF.

2 King of glory, reign forever!  
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!"

## 242

*The glorious Conqueror.*

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

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 hallelujas 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.

## 243

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

SEE him, who is gone before us,  
Heavenly mansions to prepare;  
See him, who is ever pleading  
For us with prevailing prayer;  
See him, who with sound of trumpet  
And with his angelic train,  
Summoning the world to judgment,  
On the clouds will come again.

2 Raise 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 his heavenly citadel

# Jesus Christ.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.



1. 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.

**244**

Rev. 4: 10, 11.

PERRONET.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall!  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all!

2 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!

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song!  
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid!  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

**246**

Our Joy and Reward, J. CHANDLER, tr.

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 them 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 O Christ! be thou our present joy,  
Our future great reward!  
Our only glory may it be,  
To glory in the Lord.

**245**

Rev. 5: 6-12.

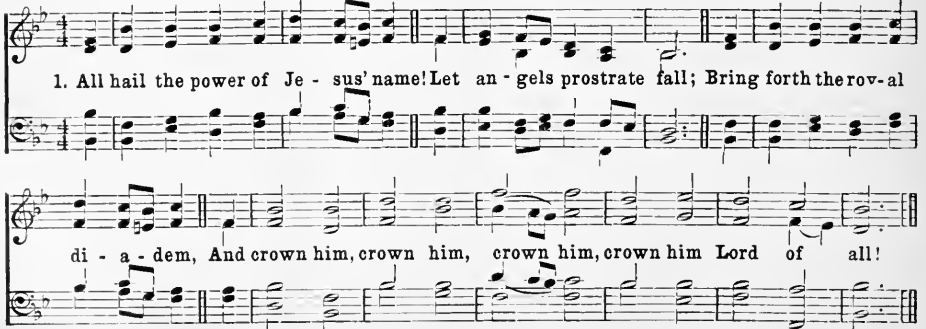
WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amid his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.

MILES LANE. C. M. (Second Tune.)

W. SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roval  
di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all!



# Exaltation and Glory.

LAUD. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;

Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

247

"Worthy is the Lamb,"

WATTS.

- 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, forever 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.

248

Rev. 22: 3-5.

WATTS.

- 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 Come, let us bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord:  
No fiery cherubs guard 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 th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
And glory to th' eternal King,  
Who lays his anger by.

AZMON. C. M.

Art. from GLÄSER.

1. Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;

A sover - eign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

249

"Show forth his salvation."

WATTS.

- SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!  
'Tis 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.

# Salvation.

SATURNIA. (No. 1.) \* C. M.

F. B. RICE.

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretch - ed sin - ners lay,

With - out one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

**250** "God commendeth his love."—Rom. 5: 8.  
WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief:  
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!—  
He ran to our relief.

\* For first two stanzas use No. 1; for the last three use No. 2.

SATURNIA. (No. 2.) \* C. M.

3. Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove, With joy - ful haste he fled,

En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a - mong the dead.

**251** Psalm 85.

S. BROWNE.

3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys!  
Strike all your harps of gold!  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door:  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favor we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display  
Of thy forgiving love;  
Take all our heinous guilt away:  
This heavy load remove.

3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore,  
We would thy pity move;  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.

# Warning.

WELLS. L. M.

I. HOLDROYD.

1. 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.

## 252 "One thing is needful."

DODDRIDGE.

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.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

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?

4 Now God invites—how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

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.

## 253

*Psalm 88: 10-12.*

DWIGHT.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

## 254 "Haste thee: escape thither."—Gen. 19: 22.

COLLYER.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,  
And many a shining hour is gone;  
The storm is gathering in the west,  
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;  
The rains descend, the winds are high;  
The waters swell, and death and fear  
Beset thy path; no refuge near.

3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,—  
A covert from the wind and rain,—  
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,—  
A refuge from the wrath to come.

4 Then linger not in all the plain;  
Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;  
Look not behind: make no delay;  
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

# Salvation.

STORRS. 7s.

R. STORRS WILLIS.

1. Haste, O sinner! now be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom if you still despise,— Harder is it to be won.

**255**

James 4: 13-15.

T. SCOTT.

**256**

Luke 15.

J. F. CLARKE.

HASTE, O sinner! now be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom if you still despise,—  
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest the season should be o'er  
Ere the morrow is begun.

3 Haste, O sinner! now return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far  
From thy Father's happy home,  
With thyself and God at war?  
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noble uses gave?  
Squandered life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,  
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;  
Seek him, for he may be found;  
Call upon him; he is near.

HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry wanderer, hith-er come!

**257**

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28-30.

MRS. BARBAULD.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary wanderer, 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 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

4 Hither come! for here is found  
Balm 'hat flows for every wound;  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

**258**

"Why will ye die."—Ezek. 18: 31.

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why—  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn! why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why—  
He who did your souls retrieve,  
He who died, that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why—  
Who has sought your hearts to move,  
Wooed you to embrace his love.

4 Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
Oh! ye long-sought sinners, why  
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

# Invitation.

LAWISTON. L. M.

F. R. STATHAM.

1. Come, wea-ry souls, with sin dis-tress'd, Come, and ac-cept the prom-ised rest;

The Saviour's gra-cious call o-bey, And cast your gloom-y fears a-way.

259

"I will give you rest."

MRS. STEELE.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,  
Come, and accept the promised rest;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;

Pardon, and life, and endless peace—  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;  
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

STEPHANOS. 8. 5. 8. 3.

W. H. MONK.

1. Art thou weary, heavy laden, Art thou sore distress'd? "Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."

260

STEPHEN OF ST. SEBAS.  
J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

ART thou weary, heavy laden,  
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 hands are wound-prints  
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That his brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What's my portion here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,  
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What bath 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."

# Salvation.

LUX MUNDI. 7s. 6s. D.

SULLIVAN.

1. O Je-sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly pa-tience

wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: Shame on us! so un-wor-ty His

name and sign to bear; Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep him standing there.

## 261 "Behold I stand at the door." W. W. How.

O JESUS, thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
Shame on us! so unworthy  
His name and sign to 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.

## 262\* *Looking to Jesus.* ROWLAND HILL

YE that in his courts are found,  
Listening to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin and care:  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice,  
See in him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness and heaven;  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

\* Tune, "Elvey," opposite page.

# Invitation.

ELVEY. 7s. 6l.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die,

What me - lo - dious sounds I hear, Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear! -

"Love's re - deem - ing work is done: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!"

**263** "I will draw all men unto me."  
John 12: 32. HAWES.

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 dainties stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again 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!"

**264** The heart breaking before the Cross.  
CHARLES WESLEY.

HEART of stone, relent, relent;  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued!  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Covered with a gore of blood;  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Crucified the Incarnate Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,  
Driven the nails that fixed him there,  
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierced him with the cruel spear,  
Made his soul a sacrifice,  
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?  
Still to death thy Lord pursue?  
Open all his wounds again,  
And the shameful cross renew?  
No; with all my sins I'll part;  
Break, O break, my bleeding heart!

# Salvation.

SERENITY. S. M.

C. BRYAN.

1. Oh, cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;

All this wide world, to ei - ther pole Hath not for thee a home.

**265**

Gen. 8 : 9.

MÜHLENBERG.

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Hath not for thee a home.  
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.

**266**

Eph. 4 : 30.

HYDE.

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.

GORTON. S. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. Now is th' accepted time, Now is the day of grace; Now, sinners, come without delay, And seek the Saviour's face.

**267**

2 Cor. 6 : 2.

DOBELL.

Now is th' accepted time,  
Now is the day of grace;  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.  
2 Now is th' accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.  
3 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love;  
Then will the angels swiftly fly  
To bear the news above.

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 Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

**268**

Rev. 22 : 17-20.

ONDERDONK.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come,"

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come!



# Invitation.

SCHUMANN (Heath). S. M.

Arr. from SCHUMANN.

1. Give to the Lord thine heart; In him all pleasures meet: Oh, come and choose the better part,  
Low at the Saviour's feet.

269

*Give thy Heart.*

GIVE to the Lord thine heart;  
In him all pleasures meet:  
Oh, come and choose the better part,  
Low at the Saviour's feet.

2 Hear, and your soul shall live;  
His peace shall be your stay—  
Peace, which the world can never give,  
Can never take away.

3 Go with him to his cross,  
Go with him to his tomb;  
Your richest gain account but loss,  
And tarry till he come.

4 Then, when you hear his voice,  
Your faithful Shepherd's call,  
Lift up your heads, in him rejoice,  
Your God, your Guide, your All!

ST. OLAVE. 6s. 6l.

BARNBY.

1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord was shed, That I might ransom'd be,  
And quickened from the dead. Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee?

270

F. R. 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?

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

3 Thy Father's home of light,  
Thy rainbow-circled throne,  
Were left for earthly night,

For wanderings sad and lone  
Yea, all was left for me:  
Have I left aught for thee?

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

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

# Salvation.

BELMONT. C. M.

W. GARDINER.

1. Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, now re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face!

Those new de - sires which in thee burn, Were kin - dled by his grace.

**271**

*Isa. 55: 7.*

COLLYER.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,  
And seek thy Father's face!  
Those new desires which in thee burn,  
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
Thy Saviour bids thee live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely he'll forgive.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
And wipe the falling tear!  
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:  
His love invites thee near.

**272**

*"Ho! every one that thirsteth." Isa. 55.*

WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;

The trumpet of the Gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill the empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die:  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never die.

5 The happy gates of gospel-grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDINER.

1. Let ev - 'ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - 'ry heart re - joice;

The trum - pet of the Gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.

# Invitation.

JESU BONE PASTOR. 8s. 7s.

J. H. WILCOX.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, This is your accepted hour; Je- sus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r: He is a - ble, He is able, He is willing; doubt no more.

## 273 "Look unto me and be ye saved."

HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
This is your accepted hour;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able, :||  
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
||: "It is finished!" :||  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

3 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
||: None but Jesus :||  
Can do helpless sinners good.

## 274

Isa. 55.

ALLEN.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence, oh, how tender!  
Every line is full of love;  
||: Hear, oh, hear it! :||  
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,  
News from Zion's King proclaim:  
"To each rebel sinner pardon,  
Free forgiveness in his name:"  
||: Oh, receive it! :||  
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Now ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way;  
Haste ye to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay:  
||: Rebel sinners :||  
Glad the message will obey.

BELMONT. 8s. 7s & 4s.

1. { Sinners, will you scorn the message Sent in mercy from above? Hear, oh, hear it! Hear, oh, hear it!  
Ev'ry sentence, oh, how tender! Ev-'ry line is full of love; Every line is full of love.

## 275

Heb. 3: 15.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls:  
Ye wanderers, come!  
Oh, ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:  
Oh, listen now!  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:  
For refuge fly:  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve him not away!  
'Tis mercy's hour.

AMOY. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanders, come! Oh, ye benighted souls, Why lon-ger roam?

# Salvation.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

SAML. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so-late! where'er ye languish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fervent-ly kneel:

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

276

2 Cor. 1: 3-6.

MOORE.

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

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the stray-ing,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-ing,  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

PAULINA. 11s.

Arr. from DONIZETTI.

1. 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 wait-ing to welcome you home.

277

Ezek. 33: 11.

J. HOPKINS.

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 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,  
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away!

Come wretched, come starving, make trial and see,  
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

3 Lo! Christ is now ready your souls to receive,  
 Oh, why longer question? oh, why not believe?  
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
 'Tis your he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

# Expostulation.

RIVAUUX. L. M.

DYKES.

1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door: He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

278

Rev. 3: 20.

GRIGG

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 open hands:  
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine;  
Turn out thy soul enslaving sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Oh, welcome him the Prince of Peace!  
Now may his gentle reign increase!  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
And let his empire all mankind.

279

“Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.”

A. R. THOMAS.

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?

4 Our bless'd Lord refuses none  
Who would to him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun:  
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

ASHWELL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. 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?

280

“Gott ruft noch.” TERSTEGEN.  
MISS BORTHWICK, tr.

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 he knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

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!

# Salvation.

MERCY. 7s.

GOTTSCHALK.

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord; Lean thou on - ly on his word:

Ev - er will he be thy stay, Though the heav'ns shall melt a - way.

**281**

*Psalm 55: 22.*

CAST thy burden on the Lord;  
Lean thou only on his word:  
Ever will he be thy stay,  
Though the heavens shall melt away.

2 Ever in the raging storm,  
Thou shalt see his cheering form,  
Hear his pledge of coming aid:  
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet:  
Linger near his mercy-seat;  
He will lead thee by the hand  
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,  
In thy weary, fainting hour:  
Lean, then, loving, on his word;  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

**282**

*Heb. 10: 29.*

C. WESLEY.

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 scorned the Son of God,  
Trampled on his precious blood,  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent:  
Let me now my fall lament—  
Deeply my revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still 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.

LACRYMÆ. 7s. 3l.

SULLIVAN.

1. Heal me, O my Saviour, heal; Heal me as I suppliant kneel; Heal me, and my pardon seal.

**283**

G. THRING.

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 Helpless, none can help me now;  
Cheerless, none can cheer but thou;  
Suppliant, Lord, to thee I bow.

4 Thou the true physician art;  
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;  
Thou canst heal, and thou alone,  
Thou for all my sin atone.

# Conviction and Sorrow.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. Show pit - y, Lord! O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;

Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

284

*Psalm 51.*

WATTS.

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 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean!  
Here on my heart the burden lies  
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 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.

285

*Psalm 51.*

WATTS.

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.

3 My soul lies humble 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.

WARNER. L. M.

Arr. from ROSSINI.

1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

286

*Luke 18: 13.*

ELVEN.

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 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

# Salvation.

MANOAH. C. M.

1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood,

Who fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

## 287 "Him ye have crucified."

NEWTON.

- 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 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.
- 4 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.
- 5 A second look he gave that said,  
"I freely all forgive:  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou may'st live."
- 6 Thus while his death my sin displays,  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too.

Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

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

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away:  
'Tis all that I can do.

## 289 "Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me."

ANNE STEELE.

- O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
For 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.

## 288 Matt. 27 : 26-50.

WATTS.

- 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?



# Repentance.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. O thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee; In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, O Lord, remember me!

290

"Remember me."

THOMAS HAWEIS.

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!

MONMOUTH. P. M.

JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGEBUCH.

FINE.

1. { Out of the depths I cry to thee, Lord God, oh hear my wail - ing! }  
{ Thy gra-cious ear in-cline to me, And make my prayer a - vail - ing. }

D.S.—Or who can stand be - fore thee?  
D.S.

On my mis - deeds in mer - cy look, Oh deign to blot them from thy book,

291

M. LUTHER  
New Cong. H. B., tr.

OUT of the depths I cry to thee,  
Lord God, oh hear my wailing!  
Thy gracious ear incline to me,  
And make my prayer availing.  
On my misdeeds in mercy look,  
Oh deign to blot them from thy book,  
Or who can stand before thee?

2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love  
Make thee, O Lord, forgiving;  
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove  
Sin in my heart is living:  
None guiltless in thy sight appear;  
All who approach thy throne must fear,  
And humbly trust thy mercy

3 Thou canst be merciful while just,—  
This is my hope's foundation;  
On thy redeeming grace I trust,  
Grant me, then, thy salvation.

Shielded by thee, I stand secure;  
Thy word is firm, thy promise sure,  
And I rely upon thee.

4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour

To hail the dawning morrow,  
I wait for thee, I trust thy power,  
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.  
So thus let Israel hope in thee,  
And he shall find thy mercy free,  
And thy redemption plenteous.

5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,  
By grace they are exceeded;  
Thy helping hand is always found  
With aid, where aid is needed:  
Thy hand, the only hand to save,  
Will rescue Israel from the grave,  
And pardon his transgression.

# Salvation.

BENEDICTUS. S. M.

CHAS. H. MORSE.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.

From "Plymouth Hymnal" by per. Chas. H. Morse.

**292**

*Luke 19: 41.*

BEDDOME.

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  
The wondering angels 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 weeping is not there.

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 cursed tree,  
And knows her guilt was there.

**293**

*Heb. 10: 1-10.*

WATTS.

NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. My Father bids me come, O, why do I delay? He calls the wandering spirit home, And yet from Him I stay.

**294**

C. WESLEY.

MY Father bids me come,  
O, why do I delay?  
He calls the wandering spirit home,  
And yet from him I stay.

2 Father the hindrance show  
Which I have failed to see,  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me far from thee.

3 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying powers display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,—  
Take every veil away.

4 In me the hindrance lies:  
The fatal bar remove,  
And let me see in sweet surprise,  
Thy full redeeming love.

# Repentance.

295

ANNE BRONTË.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,  
A burdened heart I bear;  
Opposed by many a mighty foe,  
But I will not despair.

2 With this polluted heart  
I dare to come to thee,  
Holy and mighty as thou art,  
For thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,  
And prone to every sin:

But thou who givest to those who seek,  
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes,  
I need not yield to care,  
I need not sink beneath my woes,  
For thou wilt answer prayer.

5 In my Redeemer's name,  
I give myself to thee;  
And, all unworthy as I am,  
My God will welcome me.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. 8l.

DYKES.

1. Sav-iour! when, in dust to thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee; When, re-pent-ant,

to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes; Oh! by all thy pain and woe

Suffer'd once for man below, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn Lit-a - ny!

296

*The penitential Plea.*

ROBERT GRANT.

SAVIOUR! when, in dust to thee  
Low we bow th' adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
Oh! by all thy pain 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 th' 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-ascended Lord!  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany!

# The Christian.

PASCAL. L. M.

ELVEY.



1. 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 whis-per, "Come to me!"

**297** "Come unto me." *Matt. 11: 28-30.*  
 MISS ELLIOTT.

- 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."
- 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—poor, wretched, blind;  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

**298** *John 1: 35-37.*  
 MISS ELLIOTT.

- JUST as I am without one plea,  
 And that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 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!

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

# Redemption.

ST. GODRIC. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

DYKES.

1. 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 atone, Lord, shall I flee?

299

H. BONAR.

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 cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins, that none in heaven  
Or earth could bear but God.  
To whom, save thee, who canst alone  
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 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?

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me;  
No righteousness avails  
Save that which is of thee.  
To whom, save thee, who canst alone  
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

CLYDE. 8. 5. 8. 3.

SULLIVAN.

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

300

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary,  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me.

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

3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Let it make thee whole;

Let it flow in mighty cleansing  
O'er thy soul.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood can make them  
White as snow.

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

# The Christian.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.

ARR. FROM MOZART. FINE.

1. { Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, (Omit.....) Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

D. C.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, (Omit.....) God and heav'n are still my own. D. C.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

## 301 "Lo, we have left all." Mark 10: 28.

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:

LYR. E.

And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me;  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 l.

REV. C. H. MALAN.

1. { Once a-gain be-side the cross, All my gain I count but loss: } Hence, vain shadows! let me see  
{ Earthly pleasures fade away, Clouds they are that hide my day: } Je-sus crucified for me.

## 302

Phil. 3: 7.

DUFFIELD.

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.

2 From beneath that thorny crown  
Trickle drops of cleansing down;  
Pardon from thy pierced hand  
Now I take, while here I stand:  
Only then I live to thee,  
When thy wounded side I see.

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!

## 303

"Joint heirs with Christ." Rom. 8: 17.

HUMPHREYS.

BLESSED are the sons of God!  
They are bought with Jesus' blood;  
They are ransomed from the grave,  
Life eternal they shall have:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here, and in eternity!

2 They are harmless, meek, and mild,  
Holy, humble, undefiled;  
They are by the Spirit sealed,  
They with love and peace are filled:  
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!

# Consecration.

SANCTUARY. 8s. 7s. D.

DYKES.

1. 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.

304

"Herein is love."

FABER.

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 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 all be sunshine,  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

SALVATOR. 8s. 7s. 8l.

Goss.

1. Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in ev'ry 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?

305

"I press toward the mark."

LYTE.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear:  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
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 before thee—  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

# The Christian.

WIEN. 7s.

Att. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul! Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

## 306 "My refuge—in him will I trust." C. WESLEY.

JESUS, lover of my soul!  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,—  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

## 307 "Complete in Him" C. WESLEY.

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.

2 Just and holy is thy name:  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.

4 Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. 81.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul! Let me to thy bos - om 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 in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.



# Faith in Christ.

VERDUN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

GEISTLICHES GESANGBUCH.

1. Great High Priest, who deign'dst to be Once the Sac - ri - fice for me;

Take this liv - ing heart of mine, Lay it on thy ho - ly shrine.

## 308 "A merciful and faithful High Priest."

REV. J. SCHAFFLER.

GREAT High Priest, who deign'dst to be  
Once the Sacrifice for me;  
Take this living heart of mine,  
Lay it on thy holy shrine.

2 Love, I know, accepteth nought,  
Save what thou, O Love, hast wrought,  
Offer thou my sacrifice,  
Else to God it cannot rise;

3 Slay in me the wayward will,  
Earthly sense and passion kill,

Tear self-love from out my heart,  
Though it cost me bitter smart.

4 Kindle, Mighty Love, the pyre,  
Quick consume me in thy fire.  
Fain were I of self bereft,  
Nought but thee within me left.

5 So may God, the Righteous, brook,  
On my sacrifice to look,  
In whose sight no gift has worth,  
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER.

1. Thou art the Way: to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

## 309

John 11: 6.

G. W. DOANE.

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.

# The Christian.

COWPER. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins; And

sinner, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

## 310 "A fountain opened." 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.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6l.

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

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

DYKES.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

From thy riv - en side that flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

## 311 "That Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10: 4.

TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side that flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow—  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and thou alone!  
Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 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.

## 312

Son of God, to thee I cry:  
By the holy mystery

R. MANT.

Of thy dwelling here on earth,  
By thy pure and holy birth,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself in me.

2 Lamb of God, to thee I cry:  
By thy bitter agony,  
By thy pangs to us unknown,  
By thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.

3 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.

4 Lord of glory, God most high—  
Man exalted to the sky,  
With thy love my bosom fill,  
Prompt me to perform thy will;  
Then thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

# Faith in Christ.

ADORO. L. M. 61.

J. BARNEY.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me blest Sav - iour, when I call;

Hear me, 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.

313

H. COLLINS.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from thy dwelling place  
Pour down the riches of thy grace.  
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore:  
Oh, make me love thee more and more.

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

3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me,  
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought.  
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore:  
Oh, make me love thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of thee shall be my song,  
To thee my heart and soul belong:  
All that I have or am is thine,  
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.  
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore:  
Oh, make me love thee more and more.

314

F. W. FABER.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All!  
How can I love thee as I ought?  
And how revere this wondrous gift,  
So far surpassing hope or thought?  
Jesus, my Lord! I thee adore:  
O make me love thee more and more!

2 O earth, grow flowers beneath his feet!  
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!  
He comes! he comes! O heaven on earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon his way.  
Jesus, my Lord! I thee adore:  
O make me love thee more and more!

3 He comes! he comes! the Lord of Hosts,  
Borne on his throne triumphantly!  
We see thee, and we know thee, Lord!  
And yearn to shed our blood for thee!  
Jesus, my Lord! I thee adore:  
O make me love thee more and more!

4 Our hearts leap up; our trembling song  
Grows fainter still, we can no more,  
Silence! and let us weep—and die  
Of very love, while we adore.  
Jesus, my Lord! I thee adore:  
O make me love thee more and more!

# The Christian.

ST. AMBROSE, No. 2. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

W. H. MONK.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now

hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine!

## 315 "Looking unto Jesus."

RAY PALMER.

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!

## 316

"Jesus, my Lord!"

JAMES G. DECK.

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, blesséd 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!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me

while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine!

# Faith in Christ.

RAPHAEL. C. M.

Arr. from FONIZETTI.

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

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

**317** "Complete in Him."—Col. 2: 10.

J. MASON.

**318** "Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. 1: 8.

RAY PALMER.

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.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of thine!  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine!

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.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,  
Yet art thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with thee.

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

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 Christ is my Peace; he died for me,  
For me he gave his blood;  
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,  
Offered himself to God.

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 Christ Jesus is my All in all,  
My Comfort and my Love,  
My Life below, and he shall be  
My Joy and Crown above.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall thee reveal,  
All glorious as thou art!

BEMERTON. C. M.

GREATOREX.

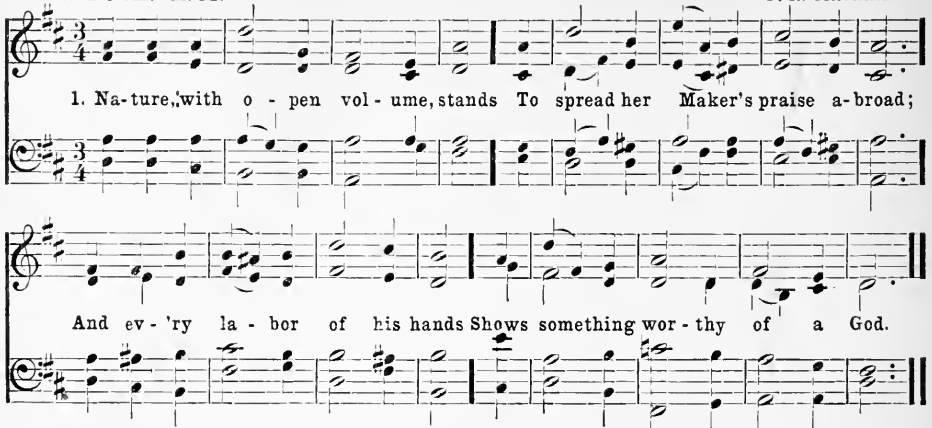
1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - dant form of thine!

The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine!

# The Christian.

REPOSE. L. M.

F. R. STATHAM.



1. Na-ture, with o - pen vol - ume, stands To spread her Maker's praise a - broad;  
And ev - 'ry la - bor of his hands Shows something wor - thy of a God.

319

WATTS.

NATURE, with open volume, stands  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;  
And every labor of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God.

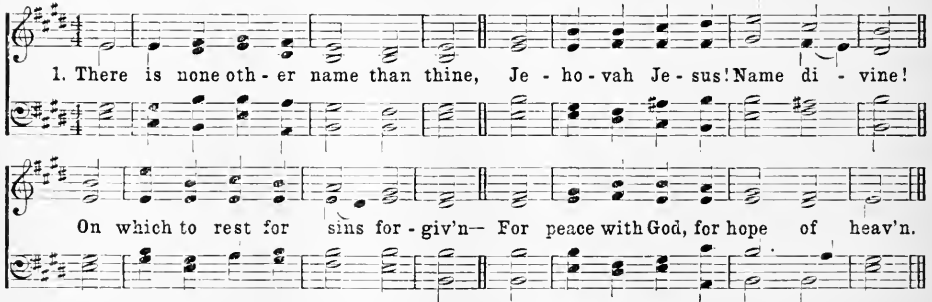
2 But, in the grace that rescued man,  
His brightest form of glory shines;  
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 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.

4 I would forever speak his name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.



1. There is none oth - er name than thine, Je - ho - vah Je - sus! Name di - vine!  
On which to rest for sins for - giv'n— For peace with God, for hope of heav'n.

320

"None other name." Acts 4: 12.

THERE is none other name than thine,  
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!  
On which to rest for sins forgiven—  
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine  
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,  
That, with a gracious power, can heal  
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

3 There is none other name than thine,  
When called my spirit to resign,  
To bear me through that latest strife,  
And even in death to be my life.

4 Name, above every name! thy praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days:  
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!  
Rock of Salvation! thou art mine.

321

Mark 8: 38.—Rom. 1: 16.

GRIGG.

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! 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.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

4 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.

# Delight in Christ.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of Life! thou Light of men!

From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to thee a - gain.

**322** "Jesu, dulcedo cordium." BERNARD.  
RAY PALMER, tr.

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

2 Thy truth unchanged has ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on thee call:  
To them that seek thee thou art good,  
To them that find thee—All in all!

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

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

VALENTIA. C. M.

**323** Latin, 15th Cent.  
J. M. Neale, tr.

O LOVE! how deep, how broad, how high,  
How passing thought and fantasy,  
That God, the Son of God, should take  
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race,  
Of higher or of lower place,  
But wore the robe of human frame  
And he himself to this world came.

3 For us to wicked men betrayed, [rayed,  
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns ar-  
For us he bore the cross's death,  
For us at length gave up his breath.

4 For us he rose from death again,  
For us he went on high to reign,  
For us he sent his Spirit here  
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

Att. from EBERWEIN.

1. Jesus! the very tho't of thee With gladness fills my breast; But dearer far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

**324** "Jesu dulcis memoria." BERNARD.  
E. CASWALL, tr.

JESUS! the very thought of thee  
With gladness fills my breast;  
But dearer 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 And those who find thee, find a bliss  
Nor tongue nor pen can show:

The love of Jesus—what it is  
None but his loved ones know!

**325** "Jesu rex admirabilis." BERNARD.  
E. CASWALL, tr.

O JESUS! King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned,  
Thou sweetness most ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found!

2 May every heart confess thy name,  
And ever thee adore;  
And, seeking thee, itself inflame  
To seek thee more and more.

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

# The Christian.

BRADFORD. C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL.

1. 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.

## 326 "Ever liveth to make intercession." C. WESLEY.

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 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to thyself receive.

4 When God is mine, and I am his,  
Of paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. C. M.

GARRETT.

1. The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pen'd wide;

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

## 327 C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide;  
The King of glory is gone up  
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 thy face.

3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
Let thy dear grace be given,  
That while we wander here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven;

4 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.



# Delight in Christ.

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

**328** "Unto you which believe He is precious!"

NEWTON.

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 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.

4 Till then I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

**329**

"Elect, precious."

DODDRIDGE.

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

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

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
With my last laboring breath;  
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,  
The Conqueror of death.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

DYKES.

1. O Jesus, thou the beauty art Of angel worlds above; Thy name is music to the heart, Enchanting it with love.

**330**

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.  
E. CASWALL, tr.

O JESUS, thou the beauty art  
Of angel worlds above;  
Thy name is music to the heart,  
Enchanting it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,  
Who eat thee hunger still;  
Who drink of thee still feel a void  
Which only thou canst fill.

3 O most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs  
Which unto thee we send;

To thee our inmost spirit cries,  
Our being's hope and end!

4 Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light  
Illume the soul's abyss;  
Scatter the darkness of our night,  
And fill the world with bliss.

5 O Jesus, spotless virgin-flower,  
Our love and joy, to thee  
Be praise, beatitude, and power,  
Through all eternity.

# The Christian.

BEATITUDO. C. M.

DYKES.

1. Oh for a thous - and tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!

**331**

*"Unto Him be glory."*

C. WESLEY.

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 our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease—  
'Tis music to my ravished ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean:  
His blood availed for me!

**332**

*"He set my feet upon a rock."*

WATTS.

ARISE, my soul! my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God;  
Awake, my voice! and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he placed,  
And on the Rock of Ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode  
Is walled around with grace;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!  
And tunes of pleasure sing;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

KENT. C. M.

MORNINGTON.

1. A - rise, my soul! my joy - ful pow'rs, And tri - umph in my God;

A - wake, my voice! and loud pro - claim His glo - rious grace a - broad.

# Gratitude and Praise.

ARIEL. S. S. C. G. 1.

Arr. from MOZART by L. MASON.

1. 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 heav'nly strings, }  
{ And vie with Gabriel, while he sings } In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

**333**

"A new song."—Rev. 5: 9.

MEDLEY.

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

RAVENDALE. S. S. G. 6. 1.

W. STOKES.

1. O love divine! how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love,—The love of Christ to me.

**334**

"Love—which passeth knowledge."

C. WESLEY.

O LOVE divine! how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,—  
The love of Christ to me.  
2 Stronger his love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;  
Oh that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor, stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine—  
Be mine this better part.  
4 Oh that I could for ever sit  
In transport at my Saviour's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear my Saviour's voice.

# The Christian.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. 81.

DYKES.

*p* *pp rall.* *mf a tempo.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to mè and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head up - on my breast;" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
 I found him in a rest - ing - place, And he has made me glad.

2d V. Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 3d V. In him my star, my sun;

## 335 Matt. 11 : 28. — John 7 : 37; 12 : 46.

BONAR.

- 1 HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon my breast:"
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in him a resting-place,  
 And he has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water! thirsty one  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live:"

- 4 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.
- 5 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:"
- 6 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.

EDWARD. C. M.

W. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast:"

# Gratitude and Praise.

AUDITE. C. M. 81.  
*Voices in Unison.*

SULLIVAN.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."

*Voices in Harmony.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
2d V. Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
3d V. In him my star, mv sun;

I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad.

## 336 "His grace was not in vain." 1 Cor. 15: 10. NEWTON.

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 'Twas 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;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 Let God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

## 337

G. W. BETHUNE.

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 O let me share thy holy birth,  
Thy faith, thy death to sin,  
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,  
My heavenly life begin.

4 Then shall I know what means the strain  
Of thy good servant Paul  
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"  
"Christ is my all in all."

# The Christian.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear: Heav'n  
with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

## 338 "By grace are ye saved"

DODDRIDGE.

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

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

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

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

## 339

Adoption.

WATTS.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace  
The Father hath 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 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,  
And thou the kindred own

LEIGHTON. S. M.

GREATOREX.

1. Be - hold! what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed  
On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!

# Gratitude and Praise.

PASTOR BONUS. S. M. D.

CALDICOTT.



1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled.



I was a wayward child; I did not love my home; I did not love my Father's voice; I loved afar to roam.

## 340 "As sheep going astray."—1 Pet. 2: 25.

BONAR.

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.

2 I was a wayward child;  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice;  
I loved afar to roam.

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

4 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that make me whole;  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis he that still doth keep.

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

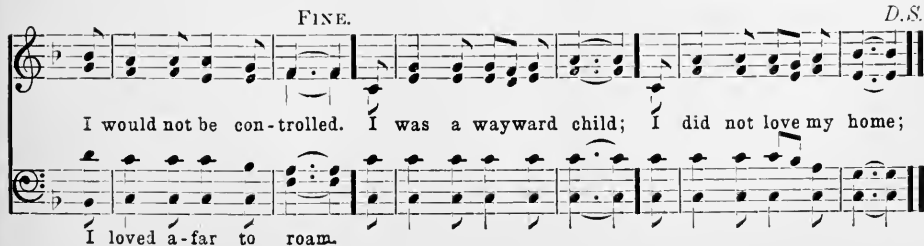
LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my Shepherd's voice,

*D.S.*—I did not love my Father's voice;



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

# The Christian.

ALSTONE. L. M.

CHRISTOPHER E. WILLING.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re - deem - er's praise;  
He just - ly claims a song from me: His lov - ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!

**341**

*Psalms 36: 7.*

MEDLEY.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing the 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 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!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale:  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
Oh, may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death!

**342**

*"The Song of Songs."*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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!"

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me:

REFRAIN (for Hymn 341). [Last line of each stanza.]

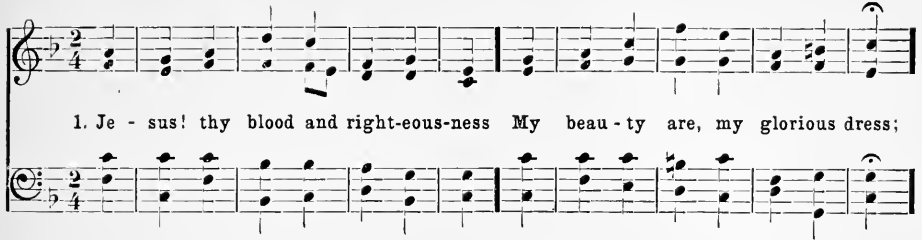
His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how free! Lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how free!



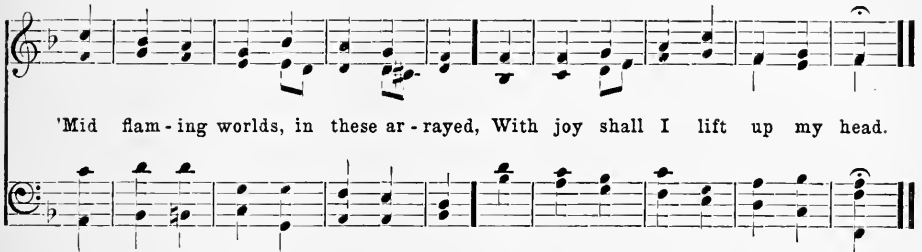
# Gratitude and Praise.

DEMUTH. L. M.

J. P. MORGAN.



1. Je - sus! thy blood and right-eous-ness My beau-ty are, my glorious dress;



'Mid flam-ing worlds, in these ar-rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

**343** "Ye have put on Christ." ZINZENDORF.  
Gal. 3: 27. J. WESLEY, tr.

JESUS! thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

3 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.

2 When from the dust of earth I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies;  
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea:  
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

4 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.

3 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.

**345**

SARUM.  
J. M. NEALE, tr.

4 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress—  
Jesus! thy blood and righteousness!

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.

**344** " Rex Christe, Factor omnium."

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 From age to age the tale declare,  
Flow with the three disciples there,  
Where Moses and Elias meet,  
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

# The Christian.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

I. CONKEY.



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

**346**

Gal. 6: 14.

BOWRING.

**347**

Luke 15.

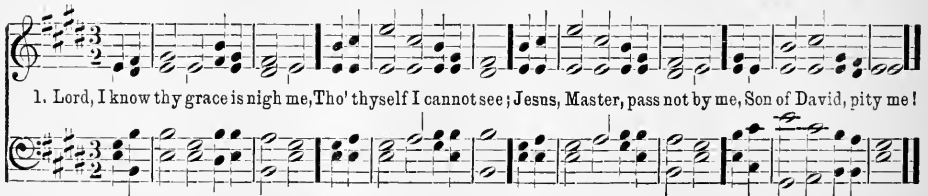
F. S. KEY.

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 new lustre to the day.  
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified:  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

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.  
2 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, my deep, my ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Lord, before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.  
4 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.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS.



1. Lord, I know thy grace is nigh me, Tho' thyself I cannot see; Jesus, Master, pass not by me, Son of David, pity me!

**348**

"He received his sight." Mark 10: 52.  
H. D. GANSE.

LORD, I know thy grace is nigh me,  
Though thyself I cannot see;  
Jesus, Master, pass not by me,  
Son of David, pity me!  
2 While I sit in weary blindness,  
Longing for the blessed light,  
Many taste thy loving-kindness:  
Lord, I would receive my sight.  
3 I would see thee and adore thee,  
And thy word the power can give;

Hear the sightless soul implore thee:  
Let me see thy face and live.  
4 Ah, what touch is this that thrills me?  
What this burst of strange delight?  
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!  
This is Jesus! this is sight!  
5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him!  
Let me follow in the way;  
I will teach the blind to find him  
Who can turn their night to day.

# Gratitude and Praise.

TRUST. 8s. 7s.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise:

**349**

*Eph. 2: 4-8.*

R. ROBINSON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:

2 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.

4 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!

CROSS. 8s. 7s.

J. STAINER.

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be - stows;

For the par - doning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:

**350**

*Grace.*

FRANCIS S. KEY.

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:

2 Help, O God, my weak endeavor,  
This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my soul be warmed in praise.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;

4 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.

# The Christian.

AUBURNDALE. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SULLIVAN.

1. Come, ev-ry pi-ous heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest pow'rs exert To cele-

brate his fame: Tell all a-bove, and all be-low, The debt of love to him you owe.

351

Phil 2: 6-11.

S. STENNETT.

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 He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died!  
What he endured, oh, who can tell?  
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion 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.

4 From thence he'll quickly come—  
His chariot will not stay—  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day:  
There shall we see his lovely face,  
And ever be in his embrace.

WARSAW. H. M.

THOMAS CLARK.

1. Come, ev-ry pi-ous heart That loves the Sav-iour's name, Your

no-blest pow'rs ex-ert To cel-e-brate his fame: Tell all a-

bove, and all be-low, The debt of love to him you owe.

# Gratitude and Praise.

BERTHOLD. 7s. 6s. D.

B. TOURS.

1. When, his salvation bringing, To Zion Jesus came, The children all stood singing Ho - san-na to his name;  
Nor did their zeal offend him; But, as he rode a-long, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

## 352 "Hosanna to the Son of David," Matt. 21: 2-16. JOHN KING.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to his name;  
Nor did their zeal offend him;  
But, as he rode along,  
He let them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.  
2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around his banner,  
We'll bow before his throne,  
And cry aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son!  
3 For, should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise:  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No! while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

SALVATION. 7s. 6s.

MOZART.

1. When, his sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, The children all stood  
sing-ing Ho-san-na to his name; Nor did their zeal of-fend him; But,  
as he rode a-long, He let them still at-tend him, And smiled to hear their song.

# The Christian.

HENDON. 7s.

MALAN.

1. Bless-ed foun-tain full of grace! Grace for sin-ners, grace for me! To this source a-  
lone I trace, What I am, and hope to be; What I am, and hope to be.

**353** "The fountain of life."—Psalm 36: 9.

KELLY.

**354**

Psalm 23.

MERRICK.

BLESSED fountain full of grace!  
Grace for sinners, grace for me!  
To this source alone I trace,  
What I am, and hope to be.  
2 What I am, as one redeemed,  
Saved and rescued by the Lord;  
Hating what I once esteemed,  
Loving what I once abhorred.  
3 What I hope to be ere long,  
When I take my place above,  
When I join the heavenly throng,  
When I see the God of Love.  
4 Then I hope like him to be  
Who redeemed his saints from sin,  
Whom I now obscurely see,  
Through a veil that stands between.

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;  
Thou shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

VON WEBER.

1. (Ev-er-last-ing arms of love Are be-neath, a-round, a-bove:  
(He who left his throne of light, [Omit.....] And un-numbered an-gels bright;

**355** "The same, yesterday, to-day, and forever." MACDUFF.

EVERLASTING arms of love  
Are beneath, around, above:  
He who left his throne of light,  
And unnumbered angels bright;  
2 He who on th' accursed tree  
Gave his precious life for me—  
He it is that bears me on,  
His the arm I lean upon,  
3 He who wields creation's rod,  
He my Brother, yet my God;

Faithful he, whate'er betide,  
Is my everlasting Guide!  
4 All things hasten to decay,  
Earth and seas will pass away;  
Soon will yonder circling sun  
Cease his blazing course to run.  
5 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,  
But the Changeless cannot change:  
Gladly will I journey on,  
With his arm to lean upon.

# Dependence and Trust.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6l.

HENRY SMART.



1. 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.

**356**

"Our Guide unto death."

W. WILLIAMS.

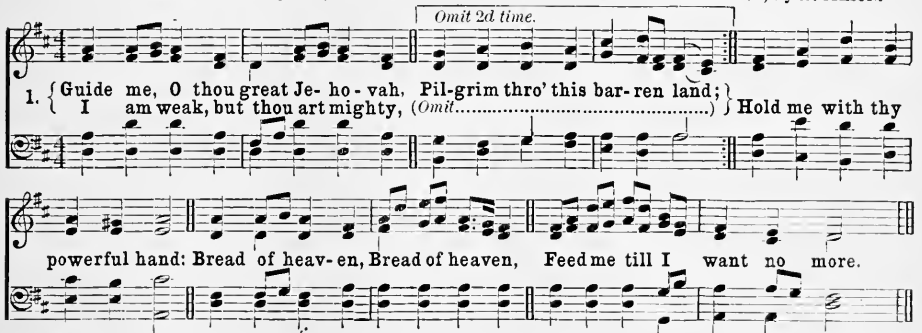
GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven!  
Feed me till I want no more.  
2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

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;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

OLIPHANT. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

ARR. FR. P. M. F. DES. BAILLOT, BY L. MASON.



1. { Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; }  
I am weak, but thou art mighty, (Omit.....) } Hold me with thy  
powerful hand: Bread of heav-en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

SONG. 8s & 5s.

GERMAN MELODY.



1. Sing of Jesus, sing for ever Of the love that changes never: Who or what from him can sever Those he makes his own?

**357**

"Sing unto the Lord."

KELLY.

SING of Jesus, sing forever  
Of the love that changes never:  
Who or what from him can sever  
Those he makes his own?

And through all the way he speeds them  
To their home above.

2 With his blood the Lord hath bought them,  
When they knew him not, he sought them,  
And from all their wanderings brought  
them:

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,  
Him who came from heaven, and sought  
them,  
Him who by his Spirit taught them:  
Him they serve and love.

His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,  
With the bread of heaven he feeds them,

5 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever,  
Sing the love that changes never:  
Who or what from him can sever  
Those he makes his own?

# The Christian.

SMART. 8s. 7s. 8l.

SMART.



1. Yes, for me, for me he careth With a brother's ten-der care; Yes, with me, with me he shar-eth Ev-'ry bur-den, ev-'ry fear. Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth, night and day: Yes, ev'n me, ev'n me he snatcheth From the perils of the way.

## 358 "Not ashamed to call them brethren." BONAR.

- YES, for me, for me he careth  
With a brother's tender care;  
Yes, with me, with me he shareth  
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,  
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day:  
Yes, even me, even me he snatcheth  
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,  
At the mercy-seat above;  
Ever for me interceeding,  
Constant in untiring love.
- 4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth  
Joys unearthly, love and light;  
And to cover me he spreadeth  
His paternal wing of might!
- 5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;  
I in him, and he in me!  
And my empty soul he filleth,  
Here and through eternity!

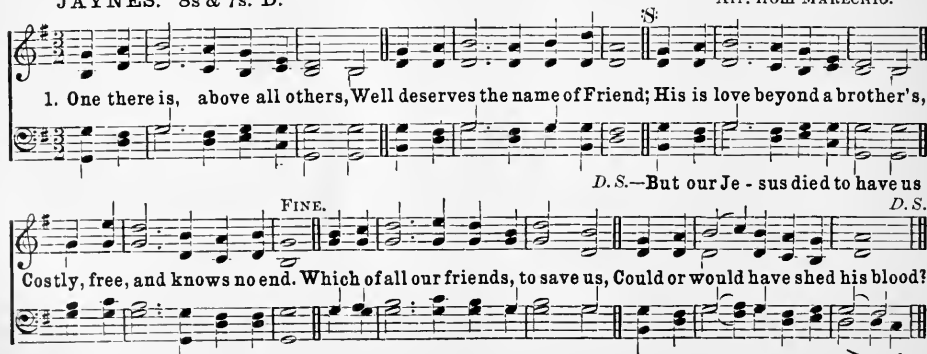
JAYNES. 8s & 7s. D.

- 6 Thus I wait for his returning,  
Singing all the way to heaven:  
Such the joyful song of morning,  
Such the tranquil song of even.

## 359 "Closer than a brother." Prov. 13: 24. NEWTON.

- 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.
- 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.
- 3 When he lived on earth abaséd,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory raiséd,  
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 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.

Arr. from MARECHIO.



1. 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. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?

D. S.—But our Je - sus died to have us Reconciled in him to God.

Rec-onciled in him to God.



# Dependence and Trust.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.

ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. { Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us Thro' this lonely vale of tears; } When temptation's darts assail us,  
Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change ap- } When in devious paths we (Omit....) stray,  
[pears:

D. C.

D. C.—Let thy goodness never fail us; Lead us in thy perfect way.

**360** "Lead me in a plain path."—Ps. 27: 11.  
HASTINGS.

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:  
When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us;  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 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:  
And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us on thy bosom rest;  
Till by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

**361** "Lo, I am with you always."—Matt. 28: 20.  
E. H. NEVIN.

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 of glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

1. God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

**362** "God is love."—1 John 4: 8.  
BOWRING.

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 entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere his glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

DORRANCE. 8s & 7s.

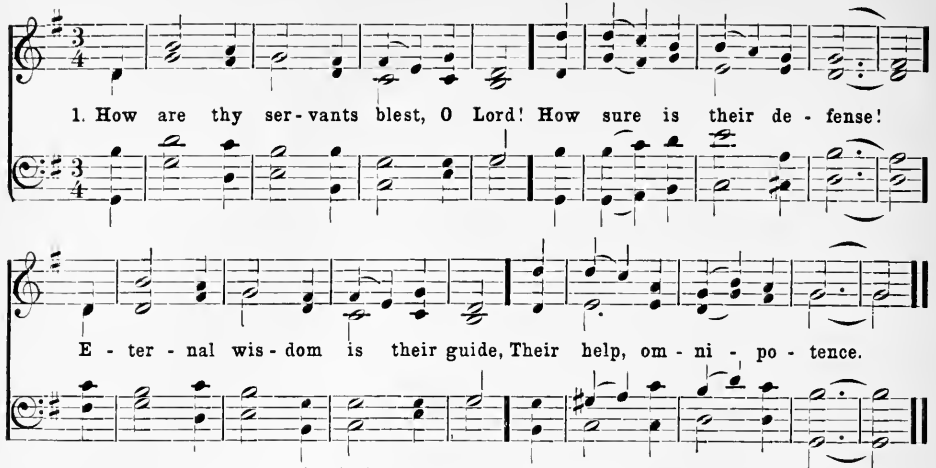
I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; }  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; (Omit.....) } God is wisdom, God is love.

# The Christian.

BELMONT. C. M.

W. GARDINER.



1. How are thy ser-vants blest, O Lord! How sure is their de-fense!  
E-ter-nal wis-dom is their guide, Their help, om-ni-po-tence.

**363** "The Lord preserveth the faithful."

ADDISON.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defense!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

**364** "They shall be as Mount Zion."

WATTS.

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.

COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEY.



1. There is a safe and secret place Beneath the wings divine, Reserved for all the heirs of grace; Oh, be that refuge mine!

**365** "The secret place."—Ps. 91.

LYRE.

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 hide,  
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!

# Dependence and Trust.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

1. O Lord, I would de-light in thee, And on thy care de-pend;  
To thee in ev-'ry trou-ble flee, My best, my on-ly friend.

## 366 "Filled with all the fullness of God." RYLAND.

- O LORD, I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fullness is the same:  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name!
- 3 Oh that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil,—  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail.
- 4 He who has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide:  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want beside?
- 5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;  
I triumph and adore:

Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

## 367 "Forget not all his benefits." ADDISON.

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise!
- 2 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.
- 4 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But, oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

DOWN'S. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Thou art my portion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no de-lay.

## 368 "Thou art my portion."—Ps. 119: 57. WATTS.

- THOU art my portion, O my God;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

3 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.

4 Now I am thine—forever thine—  
Oh, save thy servant, Lord!  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;  
My hope is in thy word.

# The Christian.

TRUST. 8s. 7s.

Arr from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Call the Lord thy sure sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th' Al - might - y's shade;

In his se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed!

## 369

*Psalms 91.*

MONTGOMERY.

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,  
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;  
In his secret habitation  
Dwell, and never be dismayed!

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

3 Thee, tho' winds and waves are swelling,  
God, thy Hope, shall bear through all;  
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,  
Thee no evil shall befall.

4 He shall charge his angel legions  
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,  
Though thou walk through hostile regions,  
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with firm and pure affection,  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of his protection  
He shall shield thee from above.

## 370

*"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."*

MADAME GUYON.

I WOULD love thee, God and Father!  
My Redeemer, and my King!  
I would love thee; for without thee  
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing  
Flows to me from out thy throne:  
I would love thee—he who loves thee  
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,  
Ever guide me with thine eye:

I would love thee; if not nourished  
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee, I have vowed it;  
On thy love my heart is set;  
While I love thee, I will never  
My Redeemer's blood forget.

## 371

German.  
MRS. S. FINDLATER, *tr.*

Am! the heart that hath forsaken  
All things to secure the one,  
In the secret of its chambers  
Finds the joy of heaven begun.

2 Ah! the heart that is contented  
Nought to know save God alone,  
In the fullness of his blessing  
Finds a peace before unknown.

3 Ah! the heart that once is bathed  
In salvation's boundless sea,  
In its waters drops the burden  
Of a life-time's misery.

4 Oh! that thus we could surrender  
Worldly pomp, and pride, and show,  
Seeking him in whom is centered  
All of good that man can know.

5 Oh that thus his blessed presence  
In our hearts we here enjoyed!  
For without him all is dreary,  
Earth is dark, and vain, and void.

6 Oh! thou Fount of every blessing  
Draw us, by the cross, till we,  
Heart and soul and will and spirit,  
Are forever one with thee!

# Dependence and Trust.

BIRKDALE. P. M. 11. 10. 11. 6.

BARNEY.

1. Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath his chast'ning rod,

Tho' rough and steep our pathway, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God.

**372**

W. H. BURLEIGH.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,<br/>And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod,<br/>Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,<br/>Still will we trust in God.</p> <p>2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,<br/>And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;<br/>Through him alone who hath our way appointed,<br/>We find our peace again.</p> | <p>3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring<br/>Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed;<br/>Choose for us, God; thy wisdom is unerring,<br/>And we are fools and blind.</p> <p>4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,<br/>Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;<br/>Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,<br/>Our crown beyond the cross.</p> |
|--|---|

OVIO. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Ah! the heart that has for - sak - en All things to se - cure the one,

In the se - cret of its cham - bers Finds the joy of heav'n be - gun.

# The Christian.

ETHELBERG. L. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. O Love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit - trest tear.

On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile on pain while thou art near.

373

O. W. HOLMES.

374

"To whom shall we go."—John 6: 68.

MRS. STEELE.

O LOVE divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile on 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, forever dear!  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, thou art near.

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 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,  
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore,  
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;  
Depart from thee!—'tis death, 'tis more,  
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

4 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.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. 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 pow'rs.

375

Psalm 139.

WATTS.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me  
through;  
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 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.

# Dependence and Trust.

ADORO. L. M. 61.

BARNEY.

1. Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,

I see from far thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for thy re - pose:

*Slower.*

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in thee.

**376**

G. TERSTEEGEN.  
J. WESLEY, *tr.*

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

2 'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee;  
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see:  
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

3 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart  
To save me from low-thoughted care;  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there;  
Make me thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."  
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

**377\*** "I delight to do Thy will." J. F. OBERLIN.  
MRS. D. WILSON, *tr.*

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief delight shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

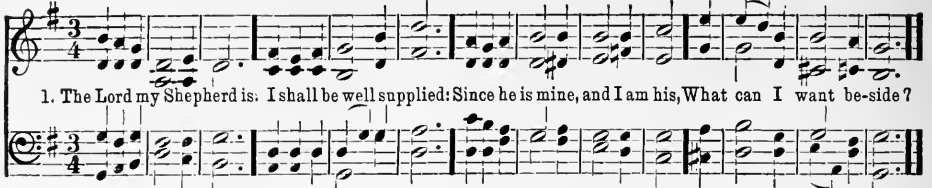
3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

\* Tune, "Ethelberg" or "Federal Street," opposite page.

# The Christian.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.



1. The Lord my Shepherd is: I shall be well supplied: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

378

Psalm 23.

WATTS.

379

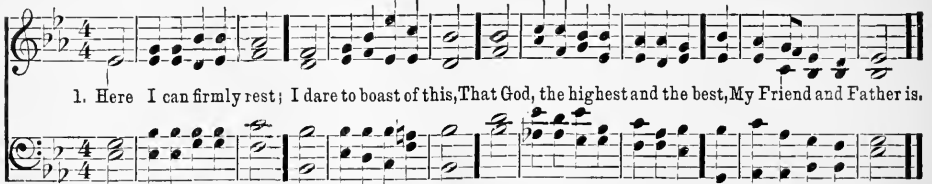
Christ is All.

BONAR.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;  
I shall be well supplied:  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?  
2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows:  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.  
3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim:  
And guides me, in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.  
4 While he affords his aid,  
I can not yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
My Shepherd's with me there. [shade,  
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.

O EVERLASTING Light!  
Shine graciously within;  
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,  
Come, shine away my sin!  
2 O everlasting Truth!  
Truest of all that's true,  
Sure guide of erring age or youth,  
Lead me and teach me, too.  
3 O everlasting Strength!  
Uphold me in the way;  
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,  
To joy, and light, and day.  
4 O everlasting Love!  
Well-spring of grace and peace,  
Pour down thy fullness from above;  
Bid doubt and trouble cease.  
5 O everlasting Rest!  
Lift off life's load of care;  
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,  
And every sorrow bear.  
6 Thou art in heaven our all;  
Our all on earth art thou:  
Upon thy glorious name we call,  
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

PEKIN. S. M.



1. Here I can firmly rest; I dare to boast of this, That God, the highest and the best, My Friend and Father is.

380

God our Father.

C. WINKWORTH, tr

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 His Spirit in me dwells,  
O'er all my mind he reigns,  
My care and sadness he dispels,  
And sooths away my pains.  
5 He prospers day by day  
His work within my heart,

Till I have strength and faith to say,  
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

381

"The Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

J. KEELER.

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!



# Dependence and Trust.

ST. BEDE. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

DYKES.

1. Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; The changes that will surely come

I do not fear to see: I ask thee for a present mind, In-tent on pleas-ing thee.

382 "In whatsoever state content."  
MISS A. L. WARING.

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.

3 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.

2 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
That seeks for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know:  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

4 And if some things I do not ask  
Among my blessings be,  
I'd have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to thee;  
More careful—not to serve thee much,  
But please thee perfectly.

MONSELL. (St. Andrew.) S. M.

BARNEY.

1. My spirit, on thy care, Blest Saviour, I recline; Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For thou art love divine.

383 LYTE.

MY spirit, on thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For thou art love divine.

3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform:  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

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.

4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me;  
Secure of having thee in all,  
Of having all in thee.

# The Christian.

WINTERTON. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

BARNBY.

1. Sav-iour thy dy - ing love thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord, from thee;  
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Some-thing for thee.

**384** "What wilt thou have me to do."—Acts 9: 6.  
S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR, thy dying love thou gavest me,  
Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord,  
In love my soul would bow, [from thee;  
My heart fulfill its vow,  
Some offering bring thee now,  
Something for thee.

2 My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to thee,  
At the blest mercy-seat, pleading for me:  
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  
Some work of love begun, [see  
Some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won,  
Something for thee.

## SOMETHING FOR THEE.

R. LOWRY.

1. We are but strangers here, Heav'n is our home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is our home:  
Danger and sorrow stand Round us on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is our Father-land, Heav'n is our home.

**386**

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

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 Father-land,  
Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempests rage?  
Heaven is our home;  
Short is our pilgrimage,  
Heaven is our home:  
And Time's wild wintry blast  
Soon shall be overpast,  
We shall reach home at last;  
Heaven is our home.

**385** "A way they knew not."—Isa. 42: 16.  
C. S. ROBINSON.

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  
Caused my eye a tear,  
But thou dost whisper near,  
Only believe!

3 Saviour, I long to walk closer to thee;  
Led by thy guiding hand ever to be;  
Constantly near thy side,  
Quickened and purified,  
Living for him who died  
Freely for me.

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 Father-land:  
Heaven is our home!

# Longing and Aspiration.

HORBURY. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

DYKES.

1. Nearer, my God to thee, Near-er to thee: E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

## 387 "Draw near to God."

MRS. ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee, :||  
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, :||  
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to 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.

## 388

Phil. 3: 8-14.

MRS. E. P. PRENTISS.

MORE love, O Christ, to thee,  
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 refrain,  
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!

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.

1. More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, Hear thou the pray'r I make, On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea : More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee!

# The Christian.

STEPHANOS. 8. 5. 8. 3.

W. H. MONK.



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

389

F. R. HAVERGAL.

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.

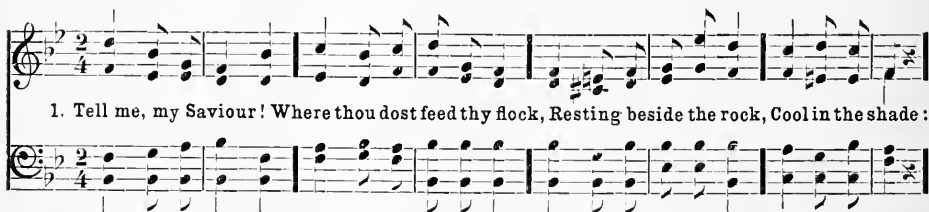
4 I am trusting thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

5 I am trusting thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which thou thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.

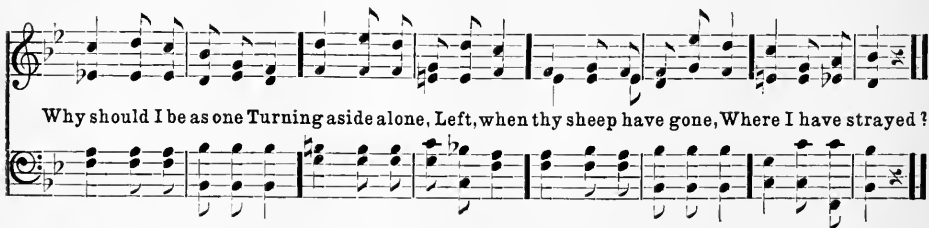
6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting thee for ever,  
And for all.

LYNDE. P. M. 5. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

THURINGIAN FOLK-SONG.



1. 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?

390

*Cant.* 1 : 7.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

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.

# Longing and Adoration.

BEATITUDO. C. M.

DYKES.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that's sprinkled with the blood, So freely shed for me.

391

"Make me a clean heart."—Isa. 51: 10.

C. WESLEY.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek—  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart, in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine:  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

MERRITT. C. M.

L. M. RICE.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame—

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

392

"Walk as children of light."—Eph. 5: 8.

COWPER.

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 Return, O holy Dove! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

5 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.

BALERMA. C. M.

Arr. from HUGH WILSON.

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

# The Christian.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

**393** "Near unto Him."—Ps. 148: 14.  
B. CLEVELAND.

Oh, could I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God!  
Then should 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.

**394** Heb. 12: 4-11. MRS. STEELE.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign hand 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."

ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

G. J. ELVEY.

**395** "Zealous of good works."—Tit. 2: 14. WATTS.

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.

3 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 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,—  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

**396** "Denying ungodliness."—Tit. 2: 12. WATTS.

My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee:  
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

# Discipline of Sorrow.

WHITELAND. L. M.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. Oh, grant us light, that we may know The wis-dom thou a-lone canst give;

That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless where'er we live.

397

L. TUTTIETT.

Oh, grant us 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 Oh, grant us 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 Oh, grant us 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 Oh, grant us 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.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. The billows swell, the winds are high; Clouds o-ver-cast my win-try sky:

Out of the depths to thee I call; My fears are great, my strength is small.

398

"Lord, save us; we perish!"

COWPER.

THE billows swell, the winds are high;  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;  
Out of the depths to thee I call;  
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm;  
Defend me from each threatening ill;  
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek:  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shattered bark again.

399

BRYANT.

OH, deem not they are blest alone,  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
For God, who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

4 For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

# The Christian.

HERRICK. 7s.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. In the dark and cloud-y day, Whenearth's riches flee a-way, And the last hope will not stay, Sav-iour dear: com-fort me, Sav-iour dear, O com-fort me!

**400** "Saviour, comfort me." GEORGE RAWSON.

IN the dark and cloudy day,  
When earth's riches flee away,  
And the last hope will not stay,  
Saviour dear: comfort me,  
Saviour dear, O comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone  
That my poor heart yearned upon,—  
Desolate, bereft, alone,  
Saviour dear: comfort me,  
Saviour dear, O comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
Bid me in thy love confide!  
Saviour dear: comfort me,  
Saviour dear, O comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down;  
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;  
I deserve it all, I own:  
Saviour dear: comfort me,  
Saviour dear, O comfort me!

5 In these hours of sad distress,  
Let me know he loves no less,  
Bids me trust his faithfulness;  
Saviour dear: comfort me,  
Saviour dear, O comfort me!

6 So it shall be good for me  
Much afflicted now to be,  
If thou wilt but tenderly,  
Saviour dear: comfort me,  
Saviour dear, O comfort me!

REDHEAD, 47. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.

1. 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!

**401** "Son of Mary." MILMAN.

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!

2 Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;  
Thou hast shed the human tear:  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 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!

5 When our eyes grow dim in death;  
When we heave the parting breath;  
When our solemn doom is near,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou hast bowed the dying head;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!



# Resignation.

JEWETT. 12s.

VON WEBER.

1. 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!

**402** "Mein Jesu, wie du willst." SCHMOLCKE.  
MISS BORTHWICK, tr.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!—oh, may thy will be mine;  
Into thy hand of love I would my all re - sign:  
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:  
Then to my home above I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,—my Lord, thy will be done!

**403** "Into thine hand I commit my spirit." PS. 31: 5. BONAR

THY way not mine, O Lord, however dark it be!  
Lead me by thine own hand,—choose out the 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.

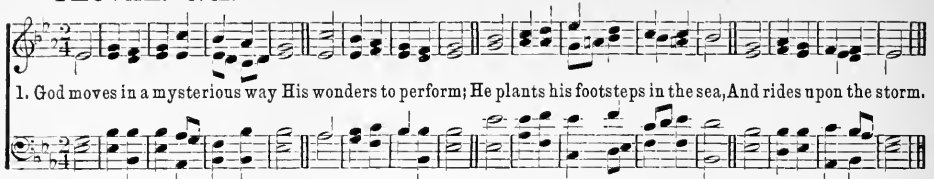
2 The kingdom that I seek is thine: so let the way  
That leads to it be thine, else I must surely stray;  
Take thou my cup, and it with joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem; choose thou my good and ill.

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.

# The Christian.

PHUVAH. C. M.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



1. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

**404** "Wait patiently for Him."—Ps. 37. COWPER.

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 shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

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

**405** "Thy judgments are a great deep." FAWCETT.

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

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

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

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from VON WEBER.



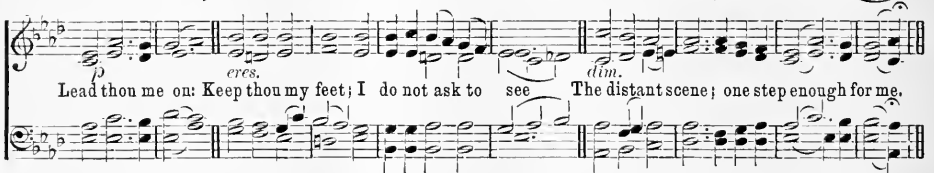
1. Thy way, O God, is in the sea; Thy paths I cannot trace, Nor comprehend the mystery Of thine unbounded grace.

LUX BENIGNA. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

DYKES.



1. 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: *cres.* Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see *dim.* The distant scene; one step enough for me,

**406** "I am the Light."—John 8: 12. NEWMAN.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
Lead thou me on; [gloom,  
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 blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-  
while.

# Resignation.

LUX IN TENEBRIS. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

SULLIVAN.

1. 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 distant scene; one step enough for me.

PROTECTION. L. M. 61.

Arr. from HAYDN.

1. When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On him I lean who not in vain

Experienced ev'ry human pain: He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

407

"Jesus wept."—John 11 : 35.

GRANT.

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 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,

Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

3 And, oh! when I have safely passed  
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 the latest tear away!

ST. PETERSBURGH. L. M. 61.

BORTNIANSKY.

1. { When gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, }  
{ On him I lean who not in vain Ex - per i e n c e d e v - ' r y hu - man pain: }

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treas - ures up my tears.

# The Christian.

ALMSGIVING. 8. 8. 8. 4.

DYKES.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

408

"Thy will be done."—Matt. 6: 10.

MISS ELLIOTT.

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 shouldst 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 thou mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore:  
"Thy will be done!"

TROYTE, No. 1. (Chant.)

A. H. D. TROYTE.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
1. I cannot always trace the way Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"  
But I can always, al - ways say That God is love.

409

"God is Love."—1 John 4: 8.

BOWRING.

I CAN not always trace the way  
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;  
But I can always, always say  
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings  
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,  
As to her native home, upsprings;  
Far God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove:  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

4 Oh, may this truth my heart employ,  
Bid every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes to joy,—  
Thou, God, art love.

# Resignation and Trust.

CLINGING. 8. 8. 8. 6.

G. W. TORRANCE.

1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
 Help me, throughout life's chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

410

"We walk by faith."

MISS ELLIOTT.

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 Blest with this fellowship divine,  
 Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;  
 For, as the branches to the vine,  
 My soul would cling to thee.

3 Tho' far from home, fatigued, oppressed,  
 Here have I found a place of rest;

An exile still, yet not unblest,  
 Because I cling to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,  
 And earthly friends and hopes remove;  
 With patient, uncomplaining love  
 Still would I cling to thee.

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!

ST. TERESA. 8s & 6.

FLEMING.

1. God of my life, thy bound-less grace Chose, pardoned, and a - dopt - ed me;  
 My rest, my home, my dwell - ing place, Fa - ther! I come to thee.

411

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

GOD of my life, thy boundless grace  
 Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;  
 My rest, my home, my dwelling place,  
 Father! 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:  
 Saviour, 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:  
 My God, I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host  
 Who praise thy name unceasingly;  
 Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 My God, I come to thee.

# The Christian.

MEDITATION. C. M.

GOWER.

1. I wor-ship thee, sweet Will of God, And all thy ways a-dore;

And, ev-'ry day I live, I seem To love thee more and more.

**412** "The will of the Lord be done."

FABER.

And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his sweet will.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,  
And all thy ways adore;  
And, every day I live, I seem  
To love thee more and more.

2 I love to trace each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet;  
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will,  
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,  
For all my cares are thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou  
Hast made thy triumph mine.

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

5 Ill that he blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;

**413** "Increase our faith."—Luke 17: 5.

W. H. BATHURST.

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 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

DYKES.

1. Oh for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by ev-'ry foe;

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an-y earth-ly woe!—

# Trust and Safety.

REDEMPTION. L. M.

CHERUBINI.

1. Lord, how mys-ter-i-ous are thy ways! How blind are we! how mean our praise!  
 Thy steps can mor-tal eyes ex-plore! 'Tis ours to won-der and a-dore.

414

"I put my trust in Thee."

MRS. STEEL.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!  
 How blind are we! how mean our praise!  
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?  
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.  
 2 Great God! I would not ask to see  
 What in my coming life shall be;  
 Enough for me if love divine,  
 At length, through every cloud shall shine.  
 3 Are darkness and distress my share?  
 Then let me trust thy guardian care;  
 If light and bliss attend my days,  
 Then let my future hours be praise.  
 4 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
 Be this my only wish below,  
 That Christ be mine:—this great request  
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

Ere we can offer our complaints  
 Behold him present with his aid.  
 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
 In sacred peace our souls abide;  
 While every nation, every shore,  
 Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.  
 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God,—  
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
 And watering our divine abode.  
 4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
 Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting souls.  
 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
 Secure against a threatening hour;  
 Nor can her firm foundations move,  
 Built on his truth and armed with power.

415

Psalm 46.

WATTS.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
 When storms of sharp distress invade;

GERMANY. L. M.

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN.

1. God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;  
 Ere we can of-fer our com-plaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

WARD. L. M.

ARR. BY L. MASON.

1. { God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; }  
 { Ere we can of-fer our complaints, (Omit.....) } Behold him present with his aid.

# The Christian.

STIRLING. 7. 6. D.

BARNEY.

1. In heavenly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here:  
The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

416

*Psalm 91.*

ANNA L. WARING.

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?

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.

417

*Omnipresent.*

Tr. fr. t. s. Dutch.

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.

SAMUEL. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SULLIVAN.

1. Hush'd was the ev'ning hymn, The temple courts were dark: The lamp was burning dim Before the  
sa - cred ark; When sud-den-ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.



# Trust and Safety.

FALFIELD. 8. 7. D.

SULLIVAN.

1. Ho-ly Father, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a- lone, Year by year, thy hand has

brought me On thro' dan- gers oft unknown. When I wander'd thou hast found me; When I

doubted, sent me light; Still thine arm has been a- round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

## 418

JOHN M. NEALE.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me  
I should live to thee alone,  
Year by year, thy hand has 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 protecting,  
Wholly rest upon thine arm,  
Follow wholly thy directing,  
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.

## 419

Tune "Samuel," opposite page.  
JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

Hushed was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark:  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark;  
When suddenly a voice divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept;  
His watch the temple-child,  
The little Levite, kept;  
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive and quick to hear

Each whisper of thy word;  
Like him to answer at thy call,  
And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,  
A lowly heart, that waits  
Where in thy house thou art,  
Or watches at thy gates;  
By day and night, a heart that still  
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,  
A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resigned  
To thee in life and death;  
That I may read with child-like eyes  
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

# The Christian.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL.



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

**420** "His commandments are not grievous." DODDRIDGE.

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 all nature 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.

**421** "Commit thy way unto the Lord." GERHARDT Psalm 37: 5. J. WELSEY, tr.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands;  
To his sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.

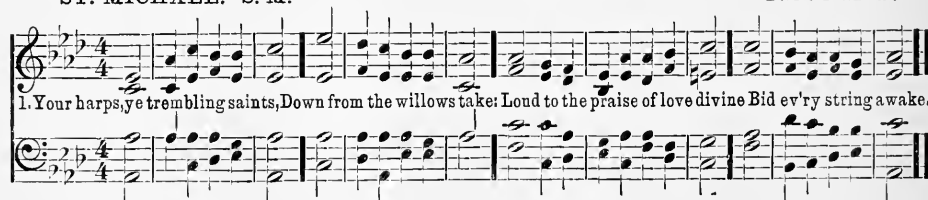
2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

3 On God alone rely,  
Then safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
Then shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To him commend thy periled cause;  
He heareth all thy prayer.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

DAY'S PSALTER.



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine Bid ev'ry string awake.

**422** "Pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. 11: 13. TOPLADY.

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;

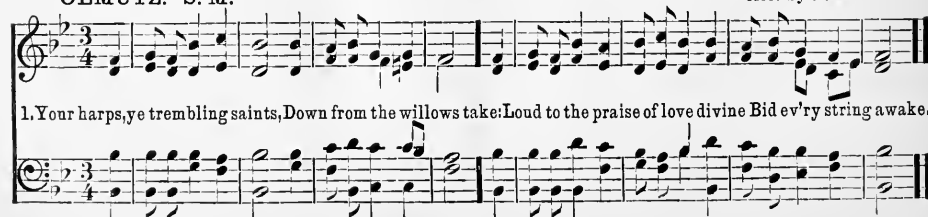
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

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 Blest is the man, O Lord,  
Who stays himself on thee;  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine Bid ev'ry string awake.

# Hope and Courage.

TWEED. S. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope on, be not dismayed;  
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

423

"*Befiehl du deine Wege.*"

GERHARDT.  
 J. WESLEY, *tr.*

- GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
 Hope on, be not dismayed;  
 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: the darkest night  
 Shall end in brightest day.
- 3 Far, far above thy thought  
 His counsel shall appear,  
 When fully he the work hath wrought,  
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
 Our hearts are known to thee;  
 Oh lift thou up the sinking hand,  
 Confirm the feeble knee.
- 5 Let us, in life and death,  
 Thy steadfast truth declare,

And publish with our latest breath  
 Thy love and guardian care.

424

Rom. 8: 28.

TOPLADY.

- IF through unruffled seas  
 Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
 With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
 We'll own the fostering 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.

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. If through un - ruf - fled seas T'ward heav'n we calm - ly sail,  
 With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale.

# The Christian.

ARTHUR'S SEAT. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Goss.

1. Their hearts shall not be moved Who in the Lord con- fide; But, firm as Zi-on's hill, They

ev - er shall a - bide: As mountains shield Jerusalem, The Lord shall be a shield to them.

425

*Psalm 125.*

JANE E. LEESON.

THEIR hearts shall not be moved  
Who in the Lord confide;  
But, firm as Zion's hill,  
They ever shall abide,  
As mountains shield Jerusalem,  
The Lord shall be a shield to them.

2 His blessing on them rests,  
Like freshening dew from heaven;  
And succor from his throne  
In all their need is given:  
Omnipotence shall guard them well,  
And peace remain on Israel.

3 One like the Son of God  
Is walking by their side,  
When by the fervid flame  
And fiery furnace tried;  
And 'tis enough that he is near,  
To comfort them in every fear.

426

*Safety in God.—Ps. 11.*

LYRE.

My trust is in the Lord;  
What foe can injure me?  
Why bid me like a bird  
Before the fowler flee?  
The Lord is on his heavenly throne,  
Omnipotent to save his own.

2 His flock to him is dear,  
He watches them from high;  
He sends them trials here  
To fit them for the sky;  
But safely will he tend and keep  
The humblest, feeblest, of his sheep.

3 His foes a season here  
May triumph and prevail;  
But ah, the hour is near  
When all their hopes must fail:  
While like the sun his saints shall rise,  
And shine with him above the skies.

427 \* *"Faint, yet pursuing."*—*Judges. 8: 4.*

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;  
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;  
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,  
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;  
The weak and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;  
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;  
His flock in the desert, how kindly he feeds!  
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;  
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;  
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;  
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

\* Tune, "Robinson" or "Paulina," opposite page.

# Hope and Courage.

ROBINSON. 11s.

1. Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way; The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;

Tho' suff'ring, and sorrow, and trial be near, The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?!

PAULINA. 11s.

DONIZETTI. Arr. L. W. BACON.

1. O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore, Look off unto Je-sus, now sorrow no more!

The light of his countenance shineth so bright, That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

428 "Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12: 2.  
J. N. DARBY. (?)

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 ye 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.

# The Christian.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

JOHN READING.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his

ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un-to the

Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled:—Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled:—

**429** "Great and precious promises."—2 Pt. 1-4.  
KEITH.

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,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge 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 righteous, 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 troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "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!"

**430** Psalm 23. MONTGOMERY.

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.

# Incentives to Courage.

JUDEA. 11s.

DYKES.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

TRURO. L. M.

BURNEY.

1. 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 Captain's gone.

**431** "Stand therefore."—Eph. 6: 10-16.

WATTS.

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 Jesus 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.

Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

**432** "Mount up with wings, as eagles."—Isa. 40: 31.

WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!  
Let every trembling thought be gone;

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.

# The Christian.

BARNBY. L. M. D.

BARNBY

1. 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 vic-to - ry.

433

*Soldiers of Christ.*

C WORDSWORTH.

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.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' des - erts dark as night;

Till we ar - rive at heav'n, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

434

"We walk by faith."—2 Cor. 5: 7.

WATTS.

'Tis 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.

2 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.



# Incentives to Courage.

SAMSON. L. M.

Arr. from HANDEL

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

435

J. S. B. MONSELL.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,  
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good  
grace,

Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;  
Life with its ways before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy 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.

436 "Uphold me, Lord."—Psalm 9.

LYTTE.

UPHOLD me, Lord, too prone to stray,  
Uphold me in thy narrow way;  
From sin and folly bid me flee,  
And turn from all who turn from thee.

2 The cloud and pillar of thy word,  
Be this my guide, my comfort, Lord,

By day, by night, at hand to bless,  
And lead me through the wilderness.

437 "Our City yet to come."—Heb. 13: 14.  
THOMAS KELLY.

"WE'VE no abiding city here:"  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
"We seek a city yet to come."

2 "We've no abiding city here,"  
We seek a city out of sight,  
Zion its name, the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.

3 Zion! Jehovah is her strength!  
Secure she smiles at all her foes;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.

4 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are  
Had I the pinions of the dove, [blest:  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will be mine,  
And his to fix my time of rest.

# The Christian.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WM. TANSUR.

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor on—Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his eternal Son,

438

*Eph. 6: 10-17.*

C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on—  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son—

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

439

*"Lay aside every weight."—Heb. 12: 1.*

L. SWAIN.

My soul, it is thy God  
Who calls thee by his grace;  
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,  
And bend thee to the race.

2 Make thy salvation sure;  
All sloth and slumber shun;  
Nor dare a moment rest secure,  
Till thou the goal hast won.

3 Thy crown of life hold fast;  
Thy heart with courage stay;  
Nor let one trembling glance be cast  
Along the backward way.

4 Thy path ascends the skies,  
With conquering footsteps bright;  
And thou shalt win and wear the prize  
In everlasting light.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. My soul! be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies,

440

*"Watch and pray."—Mark 14: 38.*

HEATH

My soul! be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The 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 once at ease sit down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God!  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
Up to his blest abode.

441

*"So fight I."—1 Cor. 9: 26.*

L. SWAIN.

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!

# Incentives to Courage.

GANGES. C. P. M.

S. CHANDLER.



1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - verthrow; Dread not his rage and pow'r:  
 What tho' your cour-age sometimes faints! This seeming triumph o'er God's saints Lasts, but a lit - tle hour.

442

"Verzage nicht." ALTENBURG.  
 MISS WINKWORTH, tr.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe  
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;  
 Dread not his rage and power:  
 What tho' your courage sometimes faints!  
 This seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
 Lasts but a little hour.  
 2 Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs  
 To him who can avenge your wrongs;  
 Leave all to him, your Lord:

Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,  
 Salvation shall for you arise:  
 He girdeth on his sword!  
 3 As sure as God's own promise stands,  
 Not earth nor hell with all their bands  
 Against us shall prevail:  
 The Lord shall mock them from his throne;  
 God is with us, we are his own:  
 Our vict'ry cannot fail.

GOODWIN. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner,  
 D. S.—ev - 'ry foe is vanquished,  
 D. S.  
 It must not suffer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His army shall he lead, Till  
 And Christ is Lord in - deed.

443

"Stand therefore."—Eph. 6: 13.  
 G. DUFFIELD.

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!  
 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.  
 3 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!

# The Christian.

ST. GERTRUDE. 11s.

Arr. from SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, 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.

REFRAIN.—Onward, &c. [Two lines of first stanza.]

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus go-ing on be-fore.

444

"Valiant in fight."

S. BARING GOULD.

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.

—REF.

2 At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory:  
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.

3 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.

4 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.

445

The Glorious City.

HENRY ALFORD.

FORWARD! be our watchword, hearts 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!

# Incentives to Courage.

FORWARD. 11s.

J. A. DEMUTH.

1. Forward! be our watchword, hearts and voices joined; Seek the things before us, not a look behind;

Burns the fier-y 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!

PAUL. 10. 11 & 12.

L. MASON.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest; Onward and

on-ward still be thine en-deav-or; The rest that re-main-eth en-dur-eth for-ev-er.

446

"Press toward the mark."

STAMMERS.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;  
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;  
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;  
The rest that remaineth endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;

He who hath promis'd faltereth never;  
Oh, trust in the love that endureth forever!

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth;  
Nothing thy soul from thy Saviour shall sever;  
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him forever.

# The Christian.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb? And  
 shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?

**447** "Fight the good fight."—1 Tim. 6: 12. WATTS

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.

**448** Heb. 12: 1, 2. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on:  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 A bright, immortal crown.  
 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey:  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.  
 3 'Tis God's all animating voice,  
 That calls thee from on high;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.  
 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
 Have I my race begun,  
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
 I'll lay my honors down.

HUMMEL. C. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar:  
 Who follows in his train?

**449** "To him that overcometh." HEBER.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain;  
 His blood-red banner streams afar: ]  
 Who follows in his train?  
 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
 Triumphant over pain,  
 Who patient bears his cross below—  
 He follows in his train.  
 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
 Could pierce beyond the grave,

Who saw his Master in the sky,  
 And called on him to save:  
 4 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
 On whom the Spirit came—  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
 And mocked the cross and flame.  
 5 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
 Through peril, toil, and pain:  
 O God! to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train!

# Work.

MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No: there's a cross for ev'ry one,  
And there's a cross for me.

450

"Bear the cross after Jesus."

\* T. SHEPHERD.

451

Hebrews 11.

NEEDHAM.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No: there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

2 Disowned on earth, 'mid griefs and cares,  
He led his toilsome way;  
But now in heaven a crown he wears,  
And reigns in endless day.

3 How happy are the saints above  
Who once went sorrowing here;  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

4 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till from the cross set free,  
And then go home, my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

\* Alt. and second stanza  
added by G. N. ALLEN.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path  
By ancient worthies trod;  
Aspiring, view those holy men  
Who lived and walked with God.

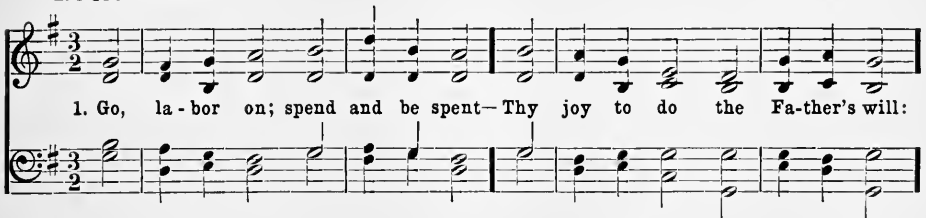
2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
And in example live;  
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds  
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious  
They conquered every foe; [blood  
And to his power and matchless grace  
Their crowns of life they owe.

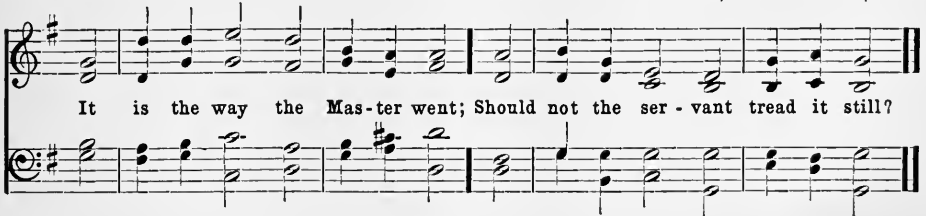
4 Lord! may I ever keep in view  
The patterns thou hast given,  
And ne'er forsake the blessed road  
That led them safe to heaven.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.



1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent—Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will:



It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the ser - vant tread it still?

452

"In due season we shall reap." Gal. 6: 9.

BONAR.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent—  
Thy joy to do thy Father's will:  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises.—what are men?

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 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!"

# The Christian.

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. 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.

453

Matt. 25: 14-16.

C. WESLEY.

454

Eccles 11: 6.

MONTGOMERY.

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 watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

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 Then 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, and 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."

SCHUMANN. S. M.

SCHUMANN.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

VIGILATE. P. M.

W. H. MONK.

1. Christian! seek not yet repose, Cast thy dreams of ease away, Thou art in the midst of foes! "Watch and pray."

455

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away,  
Thou art in the midst of foes:  
"Watch and pray."

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one:  
"Watch and pray."

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;

All with one sweet voice exclaim,  
"Watch and pray."

4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart his word,  
"Watch and pray."

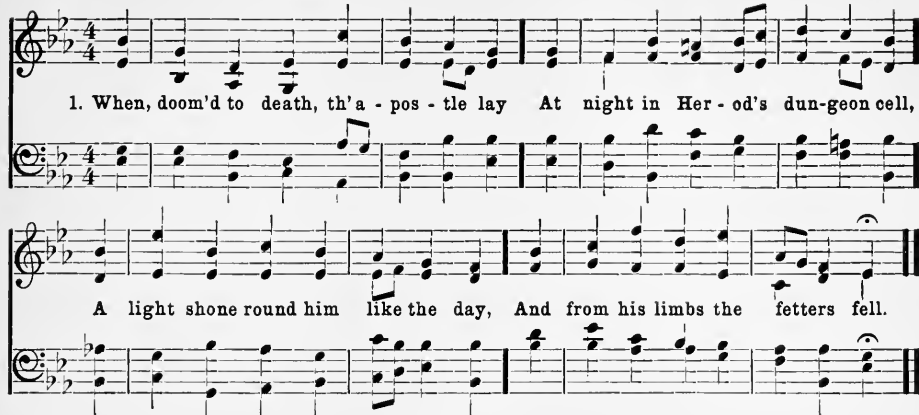
5 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down:  
"Watch and pray."



# Refuge.

KENT. (DEVONSHIRE.) L. M.

J. F. LAMPE.



1. When, doom'd to death, th'a - pos - tle lay At night in Her - od's dun-geon cell,  
A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fetters fell.

456

BRYANT.

WHEN, doomed to death, th' apostle lay  
At night in Herod's dungeon cell,  
A light shone round him like the day,  
And from his limbs the fetters fell.

2 A messenger from God was there,  
To break his chain and bid him rise;  
And lo! the saint, as free as air,  
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind  
The victims of that deadly thirst

Which drowns the soul, and from the mind  
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign  
To look on those with pitying eye  
Who struggle with that fatal chain,  
And send them succor from on high!

5 Send down, in its resistless might,  
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,  
And lead the captive forth to light,  
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

CRUCIFIXION. S. M.

F. W. MILLS.



1. Lord Jesus, think on me, And purge away my sin; From earth-born passions set me free, And make me pure within.

457

SYNESIUS.  
ALLEN W. CHATFIELD, Jr.

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 oppressed,  
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.

458

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOU very present aid  
In suffering and distress!  
The soul, which still on thee is stayed,  
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined  
On the Redeemer's breast,  
'Midst raging storms, exults to find  
An everlasting rest.


3 Jesus, to whom I fly,  
Doth all my wishes fill;  
In vain the creature streams are dry;  
I have the Fountain still.

4 Stripped of my earthly friends,  
I find them all in One,  
And peace, and joy that never ends,  
And heaven, in Christ alone.

# The Christian.

ST. ANDREW. 6s. 5s. D.

DYKES.



1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the pow'rs of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round? Christian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss; In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.

459

ANDREW OF CRETE.  
JOHN MASON NEALE, *tr.*

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the powers of darkness  
Rage thy steps around?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
In the strength that cometh  
By the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin?  
Christian, never tremble;  
Never be down cast;  
Gird thee for the battle;  
Thou shalt win at last.

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."

ST. AGNES. C. M.

DYKES.



1. Blest is the man whose softening heart Feels all another's pain; To whom the supplicating eye Was never raised in vain :-

# The Erring and the Poor.

**460** "Blessed are the merciful."—Matt. 5: 7  
MRS. BARBAULD

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 woe to feel, {warmth,  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.  
3 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.  
4 He hears the Saviour's cheering word,  
"My peace to him I give;"  
And when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

**461** Gal. 6: 1, 2. MISS FLETCHER.

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 Speak gently to the erring one,  
Thou yet may'st lead him back,  
With holy words and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.  
4 Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet must be:  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As God has dealt with thee.

BARBY. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



1. Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob-scure,  
And let our treas-ures still be spent, Like his, up-on the poor.

**462** "Ye have the poor always with you."  
CROSWELL.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let our 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 gloomy 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 Small are the offerings we can make;  
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

**463** DODDRIDGE.  
E. OSLER.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own thy love  
Our thankful hearts incline;  
What can we render Lord to thee,  
When all the worlds are thine?  
2 But thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of thy grace,  
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess  
Before the Father's face.  
3 In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered.  
4 Help us then, Lord, thy yoke to wear,  
And joy to do thy will;  
Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfil.

# The Seaman.

CARDIFF. 12s.

SULLIVAN.

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker:—"Help, Lord, or we per-ish!"

464

HERBER

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming.

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,

We fly to our Maker:—"Help, Lord, or we perish!"

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,

Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,

Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his anguish, "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,

When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,

Arise in thy strength, thy redeem'd to cherish;

Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

PARK STREET. L. M.

FRED. M. A. VENCA.

1. Once on the rag - ing seas I rode: The storm was loud, the night was dark; The o - cean yawned, and rudely blowed The wind that tossed my found'ring bark: The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.

465

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced."

H. K. WHITE.

ONCE on the raging seas I rode:

The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed

The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

2 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.

4 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,

I'll sing, first in night's diadem, Forever and forevermore.

The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

# The Seaman.

HARBOR. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SULLIVAN.

1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And only

not a wreck: But oh! the joy up-on the shore To tell our voyage per - ils o'er!

466

ST. JOSEPH THE HYMNOGRAPHER.  
J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

SAFE home, safe home in port!  
Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provisions short,  
And only not a wreck:  
But oh! the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!  
The warrior nearly fell;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well:  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on.

3 No more the foe can harm;  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp:  
And yet how nearly had he failed—  
How nearly had that foe prevailed.

4 The exile is at home!  
O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins, and doubts, and fears:  
What matter now this bitter fray?  
The King has wiped those tears away.

WAVE. 8s. 7s & 4.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Star of peace! to wand'ers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's

vis - ion dreary, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pilot's vis - ion dreary, Far, far at sea.

467

"The bright and morning Star."—Rev. 22: 16.  
MRS. SIMPSON.

STAR of peace! to wanderers weary,  
Bright the beams that smile on me;  
||: Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,  
Far, far at sea. :||

2 Star of hope! beam on the billow,  
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;  
||: Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
Far, far at sea. :||

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking  
All his toil, he flies to thee;  
||: Save him, on the billows rocking,  
Far, far at sea. :||

4 Star divine! oh, safely guide him,—  
Bring the wanderer home to thee!  
||: Sore temptations long have tried him,  
Far, far at sea. :||

# The Church.

TRUST. 8s. 7s.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Lo! the faith that cross'd the o - cean West-ward with the Pil - grim band,  
Throb - bing with un - quenched de - vo - tion, West-ward cross - es now the land:

468

"These from the land of Sinim."—Isa. 49: 12.  
S. WOLCOTT.

Lo! the faith which crossed the ocean  
Westward with the Pilgrim band,  
Throbbing with unquenched devotion,  
Westward crosses now the land.  
2 Rocky ramparts swiftly scaling,  
Westward o'er the world's highway,  
Now the other ocean hailing,  
Fronts the gateway of Cathay!

3 Onward still, thy glorious mission,  
Westward still thy radiance pour,  
Till the prophet's glowing vision  
Burst upon the sea and shore:  
4 Till, from ransomed souls rejoicing,  
Swells the anthem o'er the seas;  
Heaven and earth their gladness voicing,  
"Lo, from land of Sinim these!"

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

SCHULTZ.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,  
Rise on us, thy - self re - veal - ing, Rise and chase the clouds be - neath.

469

2 Cor. 4: 6.

C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Rise on us, thyself revealing,  
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.  
2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!  
In our deepest darkness rise;  
Scatter all the night of nature;  
Pour the day upon our eyes.  
3 Come and manifest the favor  
Thou hast for our ransomed race;  
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,  
Come, and bring the gospel grace.  
4 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Every burdened soul release;  
Every weary, wandering spirit  
Guide into thy perfect peace.

470

"Bring ye all the tithes."—Mat. 23: 10.

FRANCIS.

WITH my substance I will honor  
My Redeemer and my Lord;  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to his word.  
2 While the heralds of salvation  
His unbounding grace proclaim,  
Let his friends in every station  
Gladly join to spread his fame.  
3 Be his kingdom now promoted;  
Let the earth her Monarch know;  
Be my all to him devoted;  
'To my Lord my all I owe.  
4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!  
Praise him, all ye hosts above!  
Shout, with joyful acclamations,  
His divine, victorious love!

# Missions.

MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are ripe, the har - vest waiting,  
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free;  
Who will answer, glad - ly say - ing:  
"Here am I, send me, send me."

**471** "Son, go work to-day."—Matt. 21 : 28.  
DANIEL MARCH.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,  
Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are ripe, 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, send me, 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, send me, send me."

**472** A. C. COXE.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;  
By thy pain and consolations  
Draw the gentiles unto thee.  
Of thy cross the wondrous story,  
Be it to the nations told;  
Let them see thee in thy glory  
And thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for thee each mortal breast;  
Human tears for thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in thee would rest.

Thirsting as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain;  
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,  
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight  
For thy Spirit, new creating  
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.  
Give the word! and of the preacher  
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

**473** H. DOWNTON.

LORD, her watch thy Church is keeping;  
When shall earth thy rule obey?  
When shall end the night of weeping?  
When shall break the promised day?  
See the whitening harvest languish,  
Waiting still the laborer's toil;  
Was it vain, thy Son's deep anguish?  
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,  
Millions yet have never heard;  
Can they hear without a preacher?  
Lord Almighty, give the word:  
Give the word! in every nation  
Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
Witnessing a world's salvation  
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end: thy Church completed,  
All thy chosen gathered in,  
With their King in glory seated,  
Satan bound, and banished sin;  
Gone forever, parting, weeping,  
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—  
Lo! her watch thy Church is keeping;  
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

# The Church.

FIAT LUX. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

DYKES.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With loving zeal:—The poor, and

them that mourn, The faint and o-verborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

**474** "The uttermost parts of the earth."  
Ps. 2: 8. S. WOLCOTT.

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 passion 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 Lord.

**475** "The Lamb that was slain."—Rev. 5: 12.  
J ALLEN.

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!"

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth reply, "Praise ye his name!" His love and

grace a-dore Who all our sor-rows bore; Sing loud for ev - ermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"



# Missions.

## 476 "Keep not silence."—Isa. 62: 6.

KELLY.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad!  
 Bear ye the word of God  
 Through the wide world;  
 Tell what our Lord hath done;  
 Tell how the day was won,  
 And from his lofty throne  
 Satan is hurled.  
 2 Far over sea and land,  
 'Tis our Lord's own command,  
 Bear ye his name:

Bear it to every shore;  
 Regions unknown explore;  
 Enter at every door—  
 Silence is shame.  
 3 Ye, who, forsaking all  
 At your loved Master's call,  
 Comforts resign,  
 Soon will the work be done;  
 Soon will the prize be won;  
 Brighter than yonder sun  
 Then shall ye shine.

ST. GODRIC. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

DYKES.

1. Blow ye the trum- pet, blow, The glad- ly solemn sound! Let all the nations know,

To earth's remotest bound: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## 477 "The trumpet of the jubilee."—Lev. 25: 9.

C. WESLEY.

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 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atoning Lamb;  
 Redemption in his blood  
 To all the world proclaim:  
 The year of jubilee is come:  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

LENOX. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

L. EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound:

The year of ju-bi- lee is come; The year of ju-bi- lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

# The Church.

GOODWIN. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears, The sons of earth are waking

*D. S.—na-tions in com-mo-tion,*

To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far Of

*D. S.*

Prepared for Zi-on's war.

**478**

*Zech. 9: 10.*

S. F. SMITH.

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 thy 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 has come.

**479**

*Psaln 72.*

MONTGOMERY.

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 shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth;  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go;  
And Righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing—  
A kingdom without end:  
O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all best!

VALENS. 7s. 6s. D.

Arr. from "CATHOLIC HYMNS."

1. 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 eq - ui - ty.

# Missions.

MADISON. 7s. 6s. 8l.

R. STORRS WILLIS.

1. Roll on, thou might-y o - cean! And, as thy bil-lows flow, Bear mes-sen-gers of

mer - cy To ev - 'ry land be - low: A - rise, ye gales! and waft them Safe

to the destin'd shore; That man may sit in dark-ness And death's black shade no more.

## 480 *Departure of Missionaries.*

J. EDMESTON.

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 still be with them,  
Wherever they may be:  
Though far from us who love them,  
Still let them be with thee!

## 481 "Break forth into singing."—Isa. 44: 23.

J. EDMESTON.

WHEN shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along?  
When hill and valley ringing  
With one triumphant song,  
Proclaim the contest ended,  
And him, who once was slain,  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly;  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply:  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the chorus round,  
All hallelujah swelling,  
In one eternal sound!

## 482

T. HASTINGS.

Now be the gospel banner  
In every land unfurled,  
And be the shout, hosanna,  
Re-echoed through the world,  
Till every isle and nation,  
Till every tribe and tongue,  
Receive the great salvation,  
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,  
O Jesus, King of kings!  
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,  
Each ransomed captive sings.  
The isles for thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn thy praise,  
The hills and valleys, greeting,  
The song responsive raise.

# The Church.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON.

1. { From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, } Roll down their golden sand;  
 { Where Afric's sunny fountains (Omit.....) } From many an ancient

riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

## 483 "Thy salvation cometh."

HEBER.

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! O 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.

## 484 "From the river unto the ends of the earth." Ps. 72: 8.

THE whole wide world for Jesus!  
 Once more before we part,  
 Ring out the joyful watchword  
 From every grateful heart;  
 The whole wide world for Jesus!  
 Be this our battle cry;  
 The Crucified shall conquer,  
 And victory is nigh.

2 The whole wide world for Jesus!  
 Its hearts and homes and thrones;  
 Ring out again the watchword  
 In loud and joyous tones:  
 The whole wide world for Jesus!  
 With prayer the song we'll wing,  
 And speed the prayer with labor,  
 Till earth shall crown him King.

## 485

MARIA F. ANDERSON.

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 blessed.  
 Great Author of salvation,  
 Haste, haste the glorious day,  
 When we, a ransomed nation,  
 Thy scepter shall obey.

# Missions.

MANNHEIM. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

F. FILITZ.

1. On the mountain's top appear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing,

Zi-on long in hostile lands: Mourning captive! Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.

486

Nahum 1: 15.

KELLY.

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 will 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 vouchsafes to send.

487

"Thy kingdom come."—Matt. 6: 10.

W. WILLIAMS.

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;  
Now, from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night:  
Let 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 thy scepter,  
Saviour! all the world around.

ZION. 8s. 7s & 4.

T. HASTINGS.

1. {O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness Cheer'd by no ce-les-tial ray;}  
{Sun of Righteousness a-ris-ing, Bring the bright, the glorious day;} Send the gos-pel

To the earth's remot-est bound; Send the gos-pel To the earth's remot-est bound.

# The Church.

ORIENT. 11s. 10a.

GOUNOD.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi-on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.

488

Isa. 61 : 3.

HASTINGS.

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;  
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 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!

WESLEY. 11s & 10s.

L. MASON.

1. 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; Zi-on in tri-umph begins her mild reign.

# Missions.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

489

*Psalms* 72.

WATTS.

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

Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

**490** "I the Lord will hasten it."—*Isa.* 60.

MRS VOKR.

2 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

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!

3 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.

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!

4 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King:

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!

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mil - lions of the skies -

That song of tri - umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's!

# The Church.

REPOSE. L. M.

F. R. STATHAM.

1. Look from thy sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might;  
In pit-y look on those who stray Be-night-ed, in this land of light.

491

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

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from thee.

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.

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

MORNING. 7s. D.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glo-ry beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope foretell?

FINE. D.C.

BRYANT.

492

"Go ye into all the world."—Mark 16: 15.  
Sun. Sep 29-07. Mrs. Voke.  
YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim  
Salvation through Immanuel's name;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then shall we meet to part no more—  
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,  
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

493

"The set time is come."—Ps. 102: 13.  
MRS. VOKÉ.  
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 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.



# Missions.

494 "The morning cometh."—Isa. 21: 11.

BOWRING.

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.

ELTHAM. 7s. D.

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!

L. MASON.

FINE.

1. {Hast-en, Lord, the glo-rious time When, be-neath Mes-si-ah's sway,}  
Ev-ry na-tion, ev-'ry clime, Shall the gos-pel call o-bey:} Mightiest  
D.C.—Sa-tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Hea-then tribes his name a-dore; D.C.  
kings his pow'r shall own, Hea-then tribes his name a-dore;

495 "Thy kingdom come."—Matt. 6: 10.

MISS AUBER.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel call obey:  
2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,  
Heathen tribes his name adore;  
Satan and his host o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

ST. NICOLAI. 7s. D.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness and joy and peace  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.  
4 Bless, we, then, our gracious Lord;  
Ever praise his glorious name;  
All his mighty acts record;  
All his wondrous love proclaim.

1. {Hark! the song of jubilee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,} Halle-lujah! for the Lord God omnipotent  
Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore, shall reign:  
FINE. D.C.

D.C.—Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

496

The Song of Jubilee.

MONTGOMERY.

HARK! the song of jubilee;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.  
2 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign:  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,  
From the depths unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies.  
4 See Jehovah's banner furled;  
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done!  
And the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

# The Church.

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN MELODY

1. O Lord our God! arise; The cause of truth maintain, And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her blessed reign.

497

"Let God arise."—Ps. 68.

WARDLAW.

498

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20.

BONAR.

O LORD our God! arise;  
The cause of truth maintain,  
And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,  
Nor let thy glory cease:  
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise;  
Extend thy healing wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.

4 O all ye nations! rise,—  
To God, the Saviour, sing:  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring!

COME, Lord! and tarry not;  
Bring the long-looked-for day;  
Oh, why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?

2 Come, in thy glorious might;  
Come, with thine iron rod;  
Scattering thy foes before thy face,  
Most mighty Son of God!

3 Come, and make all things new;  
Build up this ruined earth;  
Restore our faded paradise—  
Creation's second birth!

4 Come, and begin thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
Great King of righteousness!

ST. GEORGE. S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.

499

Isa. 52: 7-10.

WATTS.

How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!—  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

NEBO. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring sal-va-tion

on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal, And words of peace re-veal.

# The Ministry.

BENEDICTUS. S. M.

CHARLES H. MORSE.

1. Ye ser-vants of the Lord, Each in his of- fice wait,

Ob- ser - vant of his heav'n - ly word, And watchful at his gate.

From "Plymouth Hymnal" by per. Charles H. Morse.

**500** "Therefore, watch."—Acts 20 : 31.

DODDRIDGE.

YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame:  
Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
And, while we speak he's near:  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

ETHELBERG. L. M.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. We bid thee wel-come in the name Of Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Head;

Come as a ser - vant: so he came; And we re - ceive thee in his stead.

**501** *Welcome to a Pastor.*

J. MONTGOMERY.

WE bid thee welcome in the name  
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;  
Come as a servant: so he came;  
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep  
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;  
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,  
Charged his whole counsel to declare;  
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace.  
Filled with the spirit, fired with love!  
Live to behold our large increase,  
And die to meet us all above.

# The Church.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

KNAPP.

1. All things are thine: no gift have we, Lord of all gifts, to of - fer thee,

And hence with grate - ful hearts to - day, Thy own be - fore thy feet we lay.

502

WHITTIER.

ALL things are thine: no gift have we,  
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee,  
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thy own before thy feet we lay.

2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;  
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,  
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

3 In weakness and in want we call  
On thee, for whom the heavens are small;  
Thy glory is thy children's good;  
Thy joy thy tender fatherhood.

4 O Father, deign these walls to bless,  
Fill with thy love their emptiness,  
And let their door the gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

503

W. E. C. WRIGHT.

ON deep foundations have we reared  
To thee, O God, this house of prayer;  
'Mid storms of life that men have feared,  
Abides our faith in thy sure care.

2 This house is thine; its portals wide,  
Open to all by day and night,  
Bid rich and poor in Christ confide  
And walk together in his light.

3 Beauty and strength are all of thee;  
Chisel and brush for thee have wrought;  
Our praises hear, our offering see,  
Accept the gift our hands have brought.

4 Within these walls thy Spirit give  
A temple of each heart to make,  
That we may serve thee while we live  
In serving men for Christ's own sake.

ST. GERONTIUS. C. M.

DYRES.

1. Thou whose un - meas - ured tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,

Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee!

# The Church.

**504** "Thou and the ark of thy strength."—Ps. 132.  
BRYANT.

THOU whose unmeasured 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.

PALESTRINA. C. M.

Arr. from PALESTRINA.

1. We love the ven - er - a - ble house Our fa - thers built to God;

In heav'n are kept their grate-ful vows, Their dust en - dears the sod.

**505** R. W. EMERSON.

WE love the venerable house  
Our fathers built to God;  
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,  
Their dust endears the sod.

2 Here holy thoughts and light have shed  
From many a radiant face,  
And prayers of humble virtue made  
The perfume of the place.

3 And anxious hearts have pondered here  
The mystery of life,  
And prayed the eternal Light to clear  
Their doubts and aid their strife.

4 On him who by the altar stands,  
On him thy blessing fall!  
Speak through his lips thy pure com-  
mands,  
Thou Heart that lovest all!

**506** *The Millennium.*—Micah 1: 1, 2. *Isa.* 2: 1-4.  
MICHAEL BRUCE.

BENOLD, the Mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
Above the mountains and the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

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

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Zion's towers  
Shall all the world command.

4 Come, then, O come from every land,  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

# The Church.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEYEL.

1. { Rise, crowned with light, imper-ial Sa - lem, rise;  
Ex - alt thy tow'ring head, and (*Omit*.....) lift thine eyes; See Heav'n its  
sparkling portals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

507

ALEXANDER POPE.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem,  
rise;  
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine  
eyes;  
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-  
play,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
kings,  
While every land its 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 realm shall last, thy own Messiah  
reigns.

MENDON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Tri-umphant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and dark - ness and the dead;  
Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Sav-our's strength.

508

"Put on thy strength, O Zion."—Isa. 52: 1.

DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head  
From dust and darkness and the dead;  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.  
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy various charms be known:  
Then, decked in robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.

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 ruin shall repair;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

# The Church.

AUSTRIA. 8s. 7s. 8l.

HAYDN.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can

ne'er be bro-ken, Chose thee for his own a - bode. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling

Still is precious in thy sight; Judah's temple far excelling, Beaming with the gospel's light.

**509**

Isaiah 33: 20.

NEWTON.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word can ne'er be broken  
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,  
Still is precious in thy sight;  
Judah's temple far excelling,  
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake her sure repose?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word can ne'er be broken  
Chose thee for his own abode.

**510**

"Thou shalt call thy walls salvation."

Isa. 60: 18-20.

COWPER.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:  
O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you;

2 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways;  
Ye shall name your walls "Salvation,"  
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

3 Ye no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see;  
But your griefs forever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me.

4 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.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.

SCHULTZ.

1. Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken: O my people, faint and few, Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you.

# The Church.

ST. ANNS. C. M.

CROFT.

1. Oh, where are kings and em - pires now, Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, thy church is pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same.

**511** "Mark ye well her bulwarks."—Ps. 48: 12-14.  
A. C. COXE.

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!  
Though earthquake shocks are threatening  
her,  
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands.,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

DAY'S PSALTER.

1. Far down the ages now, Much of her journey done, The pilgrim church pursues her way, Until her crown be won.

**512** Hebrews 11.

BONAR.

FAR down the ages now,  
Much of her journey done,  
The pilgrim church pursues her way,  
Until her crown be won.

2 No slacker grows the fight,  
No feebler is the foe,  
Nor less the need of armor tried,  
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

3 Thus onward still we press,  
Through evil and through good,—  
Through pain, and poverty, and want,  
Through peril and through blood.

4 Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true,

We follow where he leads the way,  
The kingdom in our view.

**513** Romans 6: 8.

S. F. SMITH.

WITH willing hearts we tread  
The path the Saviour trod;  
We love th' example of our Head,  
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,  
Our hope and faith rely,  
O thou who didst for sin atone,  
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust the sacrifice:  
To thy dear cross we flee;  
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise  
To life and bliss in thee.



# Confession of Faith.

ST. BEES. 7s.

DYKES.

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis my Saviour; hear his word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

## 514 "Lovest thou me?"—John 21: 16. COWPER.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"  
2 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.  
3 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner lov'st thou me?"  
4 Lord! it is my chief complaint  
That my love is cold and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore:  
Oh for grace to love thee more!

SOLITUDE. 7s.

## 515 Ruth 1: 16. MONTGOMERY.

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.

DOWN'S.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter! hear me now, While I would re - new my vow,

And re - cord thy dy - ing love; Hear, and help me from a - bove.

## 516 Wounded for us. ANON.

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!

## 517 "Christ, our Passover." ROBERT CAMPBELL, tr.

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.

# The Church.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav- iour and my God!

Well may this glow - ing heart re - joyce, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

518

"The day of salvation."

WATTS.

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 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:

He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart!  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When called on angels' bread to feast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

MONTAGUE. L. M.

Arr. from SCHUBERT.

1. O thou thro' suff'ring per - fect made, On whom the bit - ter cross was laid,

In hours of sick - ness, grief, and pain, No suff'rer turns to thee in vain.

519

W. W. How.

O THOU thro' suff'ring perfect made,  
On whom the bitter cross was laid;  
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,  
No sufferer turns to thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,  
Sought not in vain thy tendance kind;  
Now in thy poor, thyself we see,  
And minister through them to thee.

3 O loving Saviour, thou canst cure  
The pains and woes thou didst endure;  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, oh, far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,  
Each stroke of thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wanderer nearer God!

5 Oh, heal the bruised heart within;  
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin;  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
That we may praise thee evermore.

520

W. W. How.

O HOLY Lord, content to live  
In a poor home, a lowly Child,  
And in subjection meek to give  
Obedience to thy mother mild;

2 Lead every child that bears thy Name  
To walk in thy pure upright way,  
To dread the touch of sin and shame,  
And humbly, like thyself, obey.

3 Oh, let not this world's scorching glow  
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,  
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,  
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

4 Gather thy lambs within thine arm,  
And gently in thy bosom bear;  
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,  
And bid them rest forever there!

5 So shall they, waiting here below,  
Like thee, their Lord, a little span,  
In wisdom and in stature grow,  
In favor both with God and man.

# Confession of Faith.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Wit - ness, ye men and an - gels, now Be - fore the Lord we speak;

To him we make our sol - emn vow, A vow we dare not break:—

**521** "A good profession before many witnesses."  
1 Tim. 6: 12. BEDDOME.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now  
Before the Lord we speak;  
To him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That with returning wants the Lord  
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways:  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise!

**522** *The New Covenant sealed.* WATTS.

"THE promise of my Father's love  
Shall stand forever good:"  
He said, and gave his soul to death,  
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word  
I set my worthless name;  
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own  
Which Jesus did bequeath;  
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,  
And ratified in death.

4 The light and strength, the pardoning  
grace,  
And glory shall be mine:—  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my powers are thine.

**523** "A God unto thee, and to thy seed."  
Gen. 17: 7. WATTS.

How large the promise, how divine,  
To Abraham and his seed!  
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love  
From age to age endure:  
The angel of the covenant proves,  
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great fathers given,  
He takes young children to his arms,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!  
His love endures the same:  
Nor from the promise of his grace  
Blots out the children's name.

**524** "Baptized into his death."—Rom. 6: 3.

We long to move and breathe in thee,  
Inspired with thine own breath,  
To live thy life, O Lord, and be  
Baptized into thy death:—

2 Thy death to sin we die below,  
But we shall rise in love;  
We here are planted in thy woe,  
But we shall bloom above;—

3 Above we shall thy glory share,  
As we thy cross have borne;  
Ev'n we shall crowns of honor wear,  
When we the thorns have worn.

4 Thy crown of thorns is all our boast,  
While now we fall before  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And tremble, love, adore!

# The Church.

SPOHR. L. M.

SPOHR.

1. Oh, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an - gels touch the quiv'ring string,

And wake, to chant Im - man - uel's love, Such strains as an - gel lips can sing!

**525**

*Acts 2: 47.*

RAY PALMER.

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 glad some 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.

**526**

*Phil. 3: 7, 8.*

WATTS.

No more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done;

I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.

HAMBURG. L. M.

1. Oh, the sweet won - ders of the cross Where my Redeem - er loved and died!

Her noblest life my spir - it draws From his dear wounds and bleed - ing side.

3 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.

**527** *"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."* WATTS.

OH, the sweet wonders of the cross  
Where my Redeemer loved and died!  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak his name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

**528** *"His banner over me was love."*—Cant. 2: 4. WOLFE.

DRAW near, O holy Dove, draw near,  
With peace and gladness on thy wing,  
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,  
And light, and hope, 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 While this we do, remembering thee,  
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove  
We have thy blessed company;  
Thy banner over us is love.

Arr. by L. MASON.

# The Lord's Supper.

HAMPTON. L. M.

SMART.

1. Amidst us our Belovéd stands, And bids us view his piercéd hands; Points to the wounded feet and side,  
Blest emblems of the crucified.

529

C. H. SPURGEON.

AMIDST us our Belovéd stands,  
And bids us view his piercéd hands;  
Points to the wounded feet and side,  
Blest emblems of the crucified.

The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,  
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet.

4 What food luxurious loads the board,  
When at his table sits the Lord!

3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,  
We see the signs, but see not him,  
Oh, may his love the scales displace,  
And bid us see him face to face.

ST. HILDA. 7s. 6s. D.

J. H. KNECHT and E. HUSBAND.

1. O bread to pilgrims given, O food that angels eat, O manna sent from heaven, For heav'n-born natures meet,

Give us, for thee long pining, To eat till richly filled, Till, earth's delights resigning, Our ev'ry wish is stilled.

530

R. PALMER, *tr.*

O BREAD to pilgrims given,  
O food that angels eat,  
O manna sent from heaven,  
For heav'n-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,  
Forth from 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.

# The Lord's Supper.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6l.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Bread of heav'n, on thee I feed, For thy flesh is meat in-deed; Ev-er may my soul be fed

With this true and living bread; Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of him who died.

531

JOSIAH CONDER.

BREAD of heaven, on thee I feed.  
For thy flesh is meat indeed;  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living bread;  
Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice;  
'Tis thy wounds my healing give;  
To thy cross I look and live.  
Thou my life, O let me be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

SACRAMENT. 9s. 8s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life are spok - en; And in whose death our sins our dead.

532

HEBER.

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 hearts 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.

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.

533

AARON R. WOLFE.

A PARTING hymn we sing  
Around thy table, Lord;  
Again our grateful tribute bring,  
Our solemn vows record.

4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the church above,  
And know as we are known.

DENNIS. S. M.

NÄGELI.

1. A parting hymn we sing Around thy table, Lord; Again our grateful tribute bring, Our solemn vows record.

# Brotherly Love.

PAX DEI. 10s.

DYKES.

1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and han-dle things un-seen;

Here grasp with firm-er hand e-ter-nal grace, And all my wear-i-ness up-on thee lean

534

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;  
Here would I touch and handle things  
unseen;

BONAR.

Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,  
Here drink with thee the royal wine of  
heaven;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
This is the heavenly table spread for me;

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong  
The brief bright hour of fellowship with  
thee.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and  
gone;

The bread and wine remove, but thou art  
here,  
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and  
love.

DYKES.

1. If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie, If tender tho'ts within us burn, To feel a friend is nigh;

535 "In remembrance of Me."—1 Cor. 11: 24.

G. T. NOEL.

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—  
Our more than orphan's 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.

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 eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love!

4 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.

536 "Love as brethren."—1 Pet. 3: 8.

J. SWAIN.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord

# Brotherly Love.

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

BARNBY.

1. Blest be the dear, uniting love That will not let us part; Our bodies may far off remove; We still are one in heart.

**537**

"Of one heart and one soul."—Acts 4: 32.

C. WESLEY.

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 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.

FRANCONIA. S. M.

J. G. EBELING.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord—The house of thine abode, The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

**538**

"I will seek thy good."—Ps. 122.

DWIGHT.

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 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

3 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay;  
But love shall keep us near thy side,  
Through all the gloomy way.

4 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.

**540**

"Kindly affectioned."—Rom. 12: 10.

FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free,  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

**539**

"I in thee, and Thou in me."—John 17: 23.

DODDRIDGE.

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,  
By everlasting bands;  
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign  
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

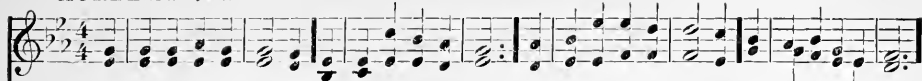
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.



# The Family.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY.



1. The Church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre-ation By water and the word:



From heav'n he came, and sought her To be his holy bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.



541

Eph. 5 : 25-33.

STONE.

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 Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore oppressed,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed,  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.  
4 Mid toil and tribulation  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace forevermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious,  
Shall be the Church at rest.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. By cool Siloam's shady rill How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!



542

"As this little child."—Matt. 18 : 4.

HEBER.

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 O thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
Were all alike divine,— [crowned,  
4 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

543

Eph. 5 : 21-33.—6 : 1-4.

HAPPY the home, when God is there,  
And love fills every breast;  
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,  
And one their heavenly rest.  
2 Happy the home where Jesus' name  
Is sweet to every ear;  
Where children early lisp his fame,  
And parents hold him dear.  
3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,  
And praise is wont to rise;  
Where parents love the sacred word,  
And live but for the skies.  
4 Lord! let us in our homes agree  
This blessed peace to gain;  
Unite our hearts in love to thee,  
And love to all will reign.

# The Children.

WANSFELL. C. M.

SULLIVAN.

1. There is a little, lonely fold Whose flock one Shepherd keeps, Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold,  
With eye that never sleeps.

## 544 "I am the good Shepherd."—John 10: 11.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,  
And calls his sheep by name;  
Gathers the feeble in his arms,  
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 He leads them to the gentle stream  
Where living water flows,  
And guides them to the verdant fields,  
Where sweetest herbage grows.

3 When, wandering from the peaceful fold,  
We leave the narrow way,  
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,  
To seek us when we stray.

4 The weakest lamb amid the flock  
Shall be its Shepherd's care:  
Well folded in our Saviour's arms,  
We're safe from every snare.

## 545 "He shall gather the lambs"—Isa. 40: 11.

THERE is a little, lonely fold  
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,  
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,  
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,  
Or damp of midnight air,  
Not one of all that flock shall die,  
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For, if unheeding or beguiled  
In danger's path they roam,  
His pity follows through the wild,  
And guards them safely home.

4 O gentle Shepherd, still behold  
Thy helpless charge in me;  
And take a wanderer to thy fold,  
That trembling turns to thee.

ALVAN. 8s. 7s & 4.

L. MASON.

1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tender care! } Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use thy folds prepare: Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

## 546 "He shall gather the lambs."—Isa. 40: 11.

MISS D. A. THURFF.

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,  
Much we need thy tender care!  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;  
For our use thy folds prepare:  
Blesséd Jesus!  
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
Blesséd Jesus!  
Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor;  
Early let us learn thy will;  
Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,  
With thy love our bosoms fill;  
Blesséd Jesus!  
Thou hast loved us,—love us still!

WILDERSMOUTH. 8. 7. S. 7. 4. 7.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tender care! In thy pleasant pastures feed us;

For our use thy folds pre- pare: Bless- ed Je- sus! Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

# The Children.

REQUIEM. 8s. 7s. 6l.

W. A. F. SCHULTHES.



1. Gracious Saviour, gen-tle Shepherd, Children all are dear to thee; Gathered with thine arms and carried  
In thy bo-som may we be; Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and danger free.

547

KEBBLE.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,  
Children all are dear to thee;  
Gathered with thine arms and carried  
In thy bosom may we be;  
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,  
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
From thy fold to go astray;  
By thy look of love directed  
May we walk the narrow way;  
Thus direct us, and protect us,  
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let thy holy Word instruct us;  
Guide us daily by its light;  
Let thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve what'er is right,  
Take thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
Strengthened with thy heav'nly might.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth thy children sing,  
Both with lips and hearts unfeign'd,  
May we our thank-off'rings bring;  
Then with all the saints in glory  
Join to praise our Lord and King.

ASAPH. 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

GEORGE E. STUBBS.



1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, 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.

548

GODFREY THRING.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,  
Listen while we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising,  
Praises to our King;  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul and spirit,  
All we yield to thee.

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

3 Great and ever greater  
Are thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,  
Where no pain nor sorrow,  
Toil nor care is known;  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round thy throne.

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

# The Children.

DEAR JESUS, EVER AT MY SIDE.

SULLIVAN.

1. Dear Jesus, ever at my side, How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in heav'n to guard A little child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face I see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.

549

FABER

DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,  
How loving thou must be,  
To leave thy home in heaven to guard  
A little child like me.  
Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near;  
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.  
2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand,  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me as my mother did,  
When I was but a child;

But I have felt thee in my thoughts,  
Rebuking sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God I know  
The sweetness is from thee.  
3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
Morning and night to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me thou art there.  
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

AROUND THE THRONE. C. M.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of children stand— Chil-dren whose sins are all forgiv'n.

REFRAIN.

A ho - ly, hap-py band, Singing Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

550

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Matt. 19: 14.

MRS. SHEPHERD.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand,—  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?  
How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.  
4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace  
On earth they loved his name;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.

# The Children.

JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE. 6. 5. 6. 5.

F. FILITZ.

1. Jesus, meek and gentle, Son of God most High, Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear thy children's cry.

551

G. R. PRYNNE.

JESUS, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.

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

3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;

Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

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

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.

SWEET STORY. 11. 8. 11. 9. Irregular.

ENGLISH.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here among men,

How he called little chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

552

JEMIMA LUKE.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may  
And ask for a share of his love; [go,

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven:  
And many dear children shall be with him there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home,  
I wish they could know there is room for them all.

And that Jesus has bid them to come.

# The Children.

ST. OSWALD. 8s & 7s.

DYKES.

1. 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;

**553** *Committed to the Shepherd's care.*  
MÜHLENBERG.

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.

FERRIER. 7s.

DYKES.

1. Je-sus, Ho-ly, Un-de-filed, Lis-ten to a lit-tle child;

Thou hast sent the glo-ri-ous light, Chas-ing far the si-lent night.

**554**

MRS. SHEPCOTE.

JESUS, Holy, Unde-filed,  
Listen to a little child;  
Thou hast sent the glorious light,  
Chasing far the silent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine  
O'er this glorious world of thine,  
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow  
On each tender flower below.

3 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,  
As becomes a little child;  
All day long in every way,  
Teach me what to do and say.

4 Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
Thine more truly ev'ry day;  
And when thou at last shalt come,  
Take me to thy heav'nly home.

# The Children.

ST. THERESA. 6s. 5s. 8l. With Refrain.

SULLIVAN

1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's

sol - diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

REFRAIN.  
Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing - ing on our way. Brightly gleams our ban - ner,

Pointing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.

555

T. J. POTTER.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving on Christ's soldiers  
To their home on high.  
Marching thro' the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
Still with hearts united  
Singing on our 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, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in his beauty,  
Songs that never cease.—*Ref.*

# The Children.

BUCKLAND. 7s.

L. G. HAYNE.

1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of thy sheep, Keep thy lamb, in safe - ty keep;

Noth - ing can thy pow'r with - stand None can pluck me from thy hand.

## 556 "My sheep hear my voice." JANE E. LEESON.

Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Keep thy lamb, in safety keep;  
Nothing can thy power withstand,  
None can pluck me from thy hand.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach thy lamb thy voice to hear,  
Suffer not my steps to stray  
From the straight and narrow way.

2 Loving Saviour, thou didst give  
Thine own life that we might live,  
And the hands outstretch'd to bless  
Bear the cruel nail's impress.

4 Where thou ledest I would go,  
Walking in thy steps below,  
Till before my Father's throne  
I shall know as I am known.

IN MEMORIAM. 8. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

STAINER.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A

Friend who nev - er changes, Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture,

Who change with changing years, This Friend is always worthy The precious name he bears.



# The Children.

**557** *Of such is the kingdom of God.*  
ALEFRET MIDLANE.

1 THERE'S a Friend for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend who never changes,  
Whose love will never die.  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious name he bears.

2 There's a home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor can be happier there.

3 There's a crown for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look to Jesus  
Shall wear it by-and-by;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which he will sure bestow  
On all who love the Saviour,  
And walk with him below.

4 There's a song for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A harp of sweetest music,  
For hymns of victory;  
And all above is pleasure,  
And found in Christ alone;  
Oh, come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

PILOT. 7s. 6l.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;

Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

**558**

E. HOPFER.

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."

# The Children.

KIRBY BEDON. 8. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

E. BUNNETT.

1. Shep-herd of ten - der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth Through de-vions ways;

Christ our triumphant King, We come thy name to sing; Hith-er our children bring Tri-butes of praise.

559

FROM CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.  
HENRY MARTYN DEXTER, *tr.*

SHEPHERD of tender youth,  
Guiding in love and truth  
Through devious ways;  
Christ our triumphant King,  
We come thy name to sing;  
Hither our children bring  
Tributes of praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife:  
Thou didst thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.

3 Ever be thou our Guide,  
Our Shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song:  
Jesus, thou Christ of God,  
By thy perennial word  
Lead us where thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,  
Sound we thy praises high,  
And joyful sing.  
Let all the holy throng  
Who to thy Church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our King!

HYMN OF JOY. 8s. 7s. D.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. { Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; } Take my  
{ Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in [Omit.....] ceaseless praise; } hands, and

let them move At the impulse of thy love; Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beanti-ful for thee.

# Consecration.

560

F. R. HAVERGAL.

TAKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;  
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.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King;  
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 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.

PURER YET AND PURER. 6s. 5s. D.

DYKES.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and

dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing

God with - out a fear, Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.

561 *Earnest longings.*

GOETHE.

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.

## National.

MOUNT ZION. 7s. 6l.

SULLIVAN.

1 Children's voices, high in heav'n, Make sweet music round the throne: Them, the King of kings hath giv'n

Glo-ry last-ing as his own: Lord, it was thy mer-cy free, Suffered them to come to thee.

562

GEO. RAWSON.

CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,  
 Make sweet music round the throne;  
 Them, the King of kings hath given  
 Glory lasting as his own:  
 Lord, it was thy mercy free,  
 Suffered them to come to thee.

2 We would think of them to-day,  
 And their everlasting song;  
 We would sing as blest as they,  
 In the spirit-land ere long:  
 Lord! let us thy children be,  
 Suffer us to come to thee.

3 Now to come with loving mind,  
 Simple faith and earnest prayer,  
 Seeking thy dear cross, to find  
 Full and free salvation there:  
 Lamb of God! our Saviour be,  
 Suffer us to come to thee.

4 Lord, we come! be thou our Guide  
 Through life's dark and troubled way;  
 And when trained and sanctified,  
 Raise us to the perfect day:  
 Then in heaven thy words shall be,  
 "Suffer them to come to Me."

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. O God, be-neath thy guid - ing hand, Our ex-iled fa - thers cross'd the sea:

And when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshiped thee.

563

"He brought forth his people."—Ps. 105: 43.

L. BACON.

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 heard'st, 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 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.

4 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.

# National.

MOSCOW. 11. 10 & 9.

A. T. LWOFF

1. God, the All-ter-ri-ble! thou who or-dain-est Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword,

Show forth thy pit-y on hi-h where thou reignest; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

564

"He will speak peace unto his people."  
Ps. 85: 8.

CHORLEY.

God, the All-terrible! thou who ordainest  
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy  
sword,  
Show forth thy pity on high where thou  
reignest;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,  
Watching invisible, judging unheard,  
Save us in mercy, oh, save us from danger;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God, the All-merciful, earth hath for-  
saken  
Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word;  
Let not thy wrath in its terrors awaken;  
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will thy people, with thankful de-  
votion,  
Praise him who saved them from peril  
and sword;  
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the  
Lord.

KIPLING. L. M. 61.

GEO. W. ANDREWS.

1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold

Do-minion o-ver palm and pine; Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we for-get!

565

RUDYARD KIPLING.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine;  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire.

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

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

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

# National.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

**566** "I have a goodly heritage." S. F. SMITH.

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!

**567** "A land which the Lord careth for." C. T. BROOKS.

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On him we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State!

FARRANT. C. M.

FARRANT.

1. Lord! while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,

Oh, hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most.

# Thanksgiving.

568

National.

JOHN R. WREFORD.

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.

FERRIER. 7s.

3 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.  
4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting friend.

DYKES.

1. Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days! Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

569

"Praise waiteth for thee."—Ps. 65.

MRS. BARBAULD.

PRAYE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days!  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ!  
2 For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the joy which harvests bring,  
Grateful praises now we sing.  
3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her overflowing stores;  
4 These, great God, to thee we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HENDON. 7s.

570

"Give thanks unto the Lord."—Ps. 136.

H. W. BAKER.

PRAYE, oh, praise our God and King;  
Hymns of adoration sing;  
For his mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.  
2 Praise him that he made the sun  
Day by day his course to run;  
And the silver moon by night,  
Shining with her gentle light.  
3 Praise him that he gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain;  
And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield.  
4 Praise him for our harvest store,  
He hath filled the garner-floor;  
And for richer food than this,  
Pledge for everlasting bliss.

REV. C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home; All is safe-ly

gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin: Ere the win-ter storms be-gin:

571

"The field is the world."—Matt. 13: 38.

ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home;  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin:  
2 God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied;  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

3 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto his praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
4 First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear;  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

# Thanksgiving.

NUN DANKET. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6.

J. CRÜGER.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voice - es,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom the world re - joice - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blest us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

572

C. WINKWORTH, *tr.*

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 blest 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;

And keep us in his grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

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



# Thanksgiving.

RIVAUUX. L. M.

DYKES.

1. Here we, to-day, amidst the flow'rs And fruits, have come to own a-gain

The bless-ings of the sum-mer hours, The ear-ly and the lat-ter rain.

573

WHITTIER.

HERE we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
And fruits, have come to own again  
The blessings of the summer hours,  
The early and the latter rain.

2 To see our Father's hand once more  
Reverse for us the pteuous horn  
Of Autumn, filled and running o'er  
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn.

3 Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems of gold,  
Once more, with harvest song and shout,  
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

4 O favors every year made new!  
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.

5 We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it, shines behind us still.

6 Then let these altars wreathed with flow-  
And piled with fruits, awake again [ers  
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,  
The early and the latter rain.

ALMSGIVING. 8. 8. 8. 4.

DYKES.

1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To thee all praise and glo-ry

be; How shall we show our love to thee, Who giv-est all.

574

C. WORDSWORTH.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,  
To thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to thee,  
Who givest all.

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare;  
When harvest ripens, thou art there,  
Who givest all.

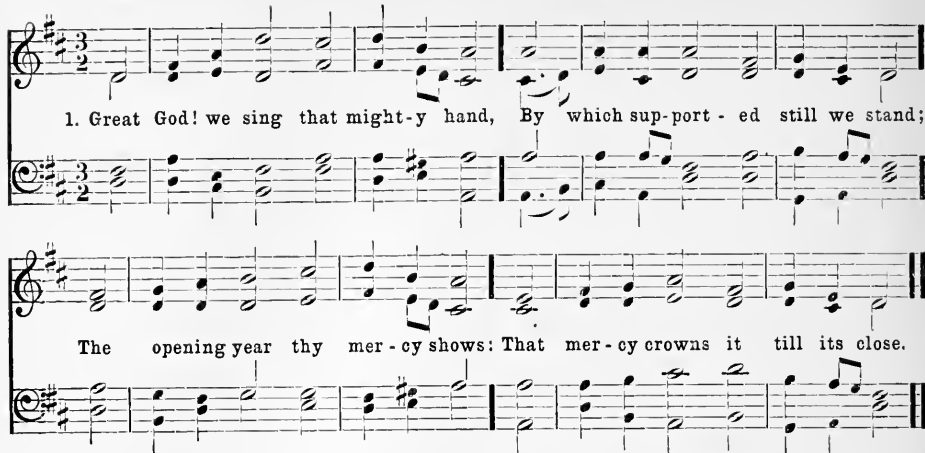
3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.

4 To thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
Oh, may we ever with thee live,  
Who givest all!

# Times and Seasons.

WELLS. L. M.

I. HOLDROYD.



1. Great God! we sing that might-y hand, By which sup-port - ed still we stand;  
The opening year thy mer - cy shows: That mer - cy crowns it till its close.

**575** "Thou crownest the year."—Ps. 65.

DODDRIDGE.

**576** "We spend our years as a tale."—Ps. 90.

LITTLEDALE.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year thy mercy shows:  
That mercy crowns it till its close.

ANOTHER year, another year,  
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,  
And all that marked its brief career  
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God:  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

2 Lord, for thy grace and patient love,  
Unwearied still, and still the same,  
For all our hopes of joy above,  
We laud and bless thy holy name.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

3 Still bear with us, and bless us still;  
And, while in this dark world we stay,  
Oh, let us love thy sacred will,  
Oh, let us keep thy narrow way.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

4 So, when the rolling stream of time  
Hath opened to a boundless sea,  
Loud will we raise that song divine,  
"All power and glory be to thee!"

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



1. As shadows cast by cloud and sun Flit o'er the summer grass, So in thy sight, Almighty One,  
Earth's generations pass.

**577** "Jesus Christ the same."—Hcb. 13: 8.

BRYANT.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun  
Flit o'er the summer grass,  
So in thy sight, Almighty One,  
Earth's generations pass.

3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet,  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.

2 And as the years, an endless host,  
Come swiftly pressing on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten, and are gone.

4 O Father, may that holy star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar,  
To fill the world with light.

# The New Year.

DEVA. 6s. 5s. 8l. *With Refrain.*

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Stand-ing at the por - tal Of the open-ing year, Words of com-fort meet us,

Hush-ing ev-'ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice,

REFRAIN.  
Ten-der, strong, and faith-ful, Making us re - joice. On-ward then, and fear not,

Chil-dren of the day! For his word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a - way.

578

F. R. HAVERGAL.

STANDING at the portal  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear;  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong, and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.—*Ref.*

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid!  
I will keep and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed!  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With my own right hand;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In my sight to stand."—*Ref.*

3 For the year before us,  
Oh, what rich supplies!  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall his grace abound;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.—*Ref.*

4 He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break!  
Resting on his promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.—*Ref.*

# Times and Seasons.

HATHERSAGE. C. M.

R. JACKSON.



1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love;  
And many a lay wears out the day In many a leafy grove.

579

J. S. B. MONSELL.

THE spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower,  
With songs of life and love;  
And many a lay wears out the day  
In many a leafy grove.

2 Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree  
Their choicest gifts to bring;  
Let this poor heart bear well its part,  
And in it be a spring.

3 Dews fall apace, the dews of grace,  
Upon this soul of sin;  
And love divine delights to shine  
Upon the waste within.

4 Oh, year by year fruit, flowers appear,  
And birds their praises sing;  
Then let my heart bear too its part,  
Its winter have a spring.

5 Lord, let thy love, fresh from above,  
Soft as the south wind blow,  
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,  
And bid its spices flow.

6 And when thy voice makes earth rejoice,  
And all the hills to sing;  
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part,  
And join the praise of spring.

SUMMER. Gs. 5s. D.

SAMUEL SMITH.



1. Summer suns are glow-ing O-ver land and sea; Happy light is flow-ing, Beau-ti-ful and free.  
Ev-'ry thing re-joic-es In the mellow rays; All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.

580

W. W. How.

SUMMER suns are glowing  
Over land and sea;  
Happy light is flowing,  
Beautiful and free,  
Every thing rejoices  
In the mellow rays;  
All earth's thousand voices  
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And his banner gleameth  
Everywhere unfurled,  
Broad and deep and glorious  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For thy loving-kindness  
Make us love thee more.  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,  
Though thou veil thy light:  
Life is dark without thee;  
Death with thee is bright.  
Light of light! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go thou still before us  
To the endless day.

# The New Year.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. The year is swiftly waning; The summer days are past: And life, brief life, is speeding; The end is nearing fast.

The ever changing seasons In silence come and go; But thou, Eternal Father, No time or change canst know.

581

W. W. How.

The Year is swiftly waning;  
The summer days are past;  
And life, brief life, is speeding;  
The end is nearing fast.  
The ever changing seasons  
In silence come and go;  
But thou, Eternal Father,  
No time or change canst know.

2 O pour thy grace upon us,  
That we may worthier be,  
Each year that passes o'er us,  
To dwell in heaven with thee.

Behold the bending orchards  
With bounteous fruit are crowned;  
Lord, in our hearts more richly  
Let heavenly fruits abound.

3 Oh, by each mercy sent us,  
And by each grief and pain,  
By blessings like the sunshine,  
And sorrows like the rain.  
Our barren hearts make fruitful  
With every goodly grace,  
That we thy name may hallow,  
And see at last thy face.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

S. WEBBE.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed thro' the former year, Ma-nys souls their race have run,

Ne-ver more to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ter-nal state, They have done with all below;

But how lit-tle, none can know.

582

"Teach us to number our days."

J. NEWTON.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more 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 winged 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;  
When our life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

# Times and Seasons.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

JAMES NARES.

1. { Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }  
 { Rise, from trans - i - to - ry things, Toward 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!

**583** "Seek those things which are above."  
 Col. 3: 1. SEAGRAVE.

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 your Saviour shall return  
 Triumphant in the skies:  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All your sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.

*Slowly.*

Arr. by SULLIVAN.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come; And we shall be with those that rest, Asleep within the tomb;  
 A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rocky shore; And we shall be where tempests cease,  
 And surges swell no more:

**584** *The Pilgrim's song.* BONAR.

A FEW more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come;  
 And we shall be with those that rest,  
 Asleep within the tomb:  
 A few more storms shall beat  
 On this wild, rocky shore;  
 And we shall be where tempests cease,  
 And surges swell no more:

2 A few more struggles here,  
 A few more partings o'er,  
 A few more toils, a few more tears,  
 And we shall weep no more:

A few more Sabbaths here  
 Shall cheer us on our way;  
 And we shall reach the endless rest,  
 Th' eternal Sabbath-day:

3 'Tis but a little while,  
 And he shall come again,  
 Who died that we might live, who lives  
 That we with him may reign:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that glad day;  
 O wash me in thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away!

# Angels.

VOX ANGELICA. P. M. (Dykes')

DYKES.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;  
How sweet the truth those

REFRAIN.

blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night, Singing to welcome the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.

585

"I heard the voice of many angels."

Rev. 5: 11.

FABER.

- 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.*
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*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 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love!—*Ref.*

# Time and Eternity.

PILGRIMS. 11s. 10s.

H. SMART.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle landscape of our life;

We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wear-i-ness—the fin - al strife.

**586** "We would see Jesus."—John 12: 21.

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—other lights are fading,  
 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.

REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

**587** "He fell asleep."—Acts 7: 60.

MRS. MACKAY.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed 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 has lost its venom'd sting.  
 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
 Which 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.

**588** "Which die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

MRS. BARBAULD.

How blest the righteous when he dies!  
 When sinks a weary soul to rest!  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes;  
 How gently heaves th' 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."



# Death.

## SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP.

BARNBY.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, free from care and sor-row; Rest, where none weep, Till th' eter-nal mor-row;

Tho' dark waves roll o'er the si-lent riv-er, Thy faint-ing soul Je-sus can de-liv-er.

589

*Hosca 14: 7.*

E. A. DAYMAN.

SLEEP thy last sleep, free from care and sorrow;  
Rest, where none weep, till th' eternal morrow;  
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 the sod, earth receive our treasure,  
To rest in God, waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn those in life the dearest,  
They shall return, Christ, when thou appearest!  
Soon shall thy voice comfort those now weeping,  
Bidding rejoice all in Jesus sleeping.

ATHALIE. S. M. D.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Servant of God, well done! Rest from thy lov'd employ; The battle fought, the vict'ry 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.

590

*"At midnight there was a cry made."*

MONTGOMERY.

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.

# Death.

MONSELL (ST. ANDREW). S. M.

BARNEY.

1. It is not death to die—To leave this weary road, And, 'mid the brotherhood on high, To be at home with God.

**591** "*Whoso believeth shall never die.*"  
John 11: 26. G. W. BETHUNE.

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 fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with thee on high.

PALESTRINA. C. M.

Att. from PALESTRINA.

1. 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.

**592** "*Present with the Lord.*"—2 Cor. 5: 8. WATTS.

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 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay;  
These hopes unfading bloom.

3 The graves of all his saints he blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

GORTON. S. M.

Att. from BEETHOVEN.

1. Rest for the toiling hand, Rest for the anxious brow, Rest for the weary, way-worn feet, Rest from all labor now;—

**593** "*My flesh also shall rest in hope.*"  
Ps. 16: 9. BONAR.

REST for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the anxious brow,  
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,  
Rest from all labor now;—

2 Soon shall the trump of God  
Give out the welcome sound  
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,  
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

3 Ye dwellers in the dust,  
Awake! come forth and sing;  
Sharp has your frost of winter been,  
But bright shall be your spring.

4 'Twas sown in weakness here;  
'Twill then be raised in power:  
That which was sown an earthly seed,  
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

# Death and Resurrection.

TRUST. 8s. 7s.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the graves of those you love;  
Pain and death and night and anguish Enter not the world above.

594 "To comfort all that mourn."—Isa. 61: 2.  
COLLVER.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the graves of those you love;  
Pain and death and night and anguish  
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying  
Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high,  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Far removed from pain and anguish,  
They are chanting hymns above.

DIRGE. L. M. 4 or 6l.

HANDEL.

1. Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust. And give these sacred relics room To slumber in the silent dust.

595 "Fallen asleep in Christ."—1 Cor. 15.

WATTS. 3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed  
the bed:  
||: Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break and pierce the shade. :||

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
||: And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust. :||  
2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
||: Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose. :||

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!  
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:  
||: Restore thy trust; a glorious form  
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord! :||

# Death.

REQUIESCAT. P. M.

DYKES.

1. Now the laborer's task is o'er: Now the battle-day is past; Now up-on the farther shore Lands the voya-

ger at last. Fa-ther, in thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now thy ser-vant sleep-ing.

## 596

JOHN ELLERTON.

1 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.

## 597

ANGEL'S VISITS.

1. With silence only as their bene - - - - - dic-tion God's | an - gels | come;  
2. Yet would we say what every heart ap - - - | prov-eth, Our | Father's | will,  
3. Not upon us or ours the solemn | an - gel Hath, | e - vil | wrought;  
4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not | whol-ly What | He has | given;

Where in the shadow of a great af - - - - - | fect-ion The | soul sits | dumb.  
Calling to him the dear ones whom he | lov-eth, Is | mer-cy | still.  
The funeral anthem is a glad e - - - - - | van-gel; The | good | die | not.  
They live on earth in thought and deed, as | tru-ly As | in his | heaven.  
WHITTIER.

# Second Coming of Christ.

SLEEPERS WAKE. P. M.

P. NICOLAI.  
Har. by MENDELSSOHN.

1. Wake, a-wake! for night is fly - ing; The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing,

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Midnight hears the welcome voi - ces,

And at the thrilling cry re - joice - es: Come forth, ye vir - gins, night is past!

The Bridegroom comes; a - wake! Your lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu - jah!

And for his mar - riage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet him there.

598

PHILIP NICOLAI.  
CATHERINE WINKWORTH, *tr.*

WAKE, awake! for night is flying;  
The watchmen on the heights are crying,  
A wake, 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 Lord,  
O Jesus, Son of God,  
Hallelujah!

We follow till the halls we see  
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,  
And men and angels sing before thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;  
Of one pearl each shining portal,  
Where we are with the choir immortal  
Of angels round thy dazzling throne;  
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear  
Hath yet attained to hear  
What there is ours,

But we rejoice, and sing to thee  
Our hymns of joy eternally.

# Time and Eternity.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I, Whosometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

**599** "The Lord himself shall descend."—*Thess. 4: 16.*  
LADY HUNTINGDON.

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 gracious feet 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 Oh, let me with thy saints be found,  
Whene'er th' 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.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the vail and see

The saints a - bove— how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be!

**600** "Whence came they."—*Rev. 7: 14-17.*  
WATTS.

Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the vail and see  
The saints above—how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be!

2 I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps that he trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shows the same path to heaven.

**601** "I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—*Rev. 21.*  
WATTS.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

2 "The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode,—  
Men, the dear objects of his grace,  
And he, the 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."

4 How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day!

1. That day of wrath! that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!  
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

**602** "Dies ira, dies illa." THOMAS OF CELANO.  
WALTER SCOTT, tr.

THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,

And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

ROSEATE HUES. C. M. D.

BARNBY.

1. The roseate hues of early dawn, The brightness of the day, The crim-son 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 Righteousness That setteth never-more!

**603**

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

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!

# Heaven.

ELVET. C. M.

DYKES.

1. On Jordan's rugged banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land  
Where my possessions lie.

**604** "Ye shall pass over this Jordan."  
*Josh. 1: 11.* STENNETT.

- ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

**605** "Thou shalt see the land."—*Deut. 32: 52.* WATTS.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 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.

SHEPHERD. C. M.

SULLIVAN.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

**606** "Set your affection on things above."  
*Col. 3: 1.* MRS. STEELE.

- OH, could my thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord! send a beam of light divine  
To guide our upward aim;  
With one reviving touch of thine  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent wishes rise  
To those bright scenes, where pleasures  
Immortal in the skies. [spring

**607** "Let not your heart be troubled."  
*John 14: 15.* WATTS.

- 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 hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
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.



# Heaven.

LEYDEN. 7s. 8l.

SPOHR. Arr. S. S. WESLEY.

1. What are these in bright ar-ray, This in-nu-mer-a-ble throng, Round the al-tar

night and day, Hymning one tri-umph-ant song! "Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing,

hon-or, glo-ry, pow'r, Wisdom, rich-es to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-'ry hour!"

## 608

Rev. 7: 11-17.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches to obtain,  
New dominion every hour!"

2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his almighty name:

Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb amid the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fear;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tear.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. 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.

## 609

"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."  
Gal. 3: 28.

C. WESLEY.

LET saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone:  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

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.

3 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the ransomed blessed bands  
Upon th' eternal shore.

4 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.

# Heaven.

BENEDICTUS. S. M.

CHARLES H. MORSE.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:

Near - er my home am I to - day, Than e'er I was be - fore.

From "Plymouth Hymnal" by per. Charles H. Morse.

**610** "Now is our salvation nearer,"  
Rom. 13: 11. PHOEBE CARY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
Nearer my home am I to-day,  
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—  
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer leaving my heavy cross,  
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream,  
Winding through shades of night,  
Rolling its cold, dark waves between  
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus! to thee I cling:  
Strengthen my arm of faith;  
Stay near me while my way-worn feet  
Press through the stream of death.

DULCE DOMUM. S. M.

R. S. AMBROSE.

1. "Forever with the Lord!" Amen! so let it be: Life from the dead is in that word! 'Tis immortal-i - ty!

**612** "So shall we ever be with the Lord,"  
MONTGOMERY.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"  
Amen! so let it be:  
Life from the dead is in that word!  
'Tis immortality!

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

**611** Deut. 30: 19. MONTGOMERY.

OH, where shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh:  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

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.

3 Be thou at my right hand;  
So shall I never fail:  
Uphold thou me and I shall stand;  
Help, and I shall prevail.

4 So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain:  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

# Heaven.

SOUTHWELL. C. M.

H. S. IRONS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?

## 613 "The holy city, New Jerusalem."—Rev. 21: 2.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>JERUSALEM! my happy home!<br/>Name ever dear to me!<br/>When shall my labors have an end,<br/>In joy, and peace, and thee?</p> <p>2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,<br/>Shall I thy courts ascend,<br/>Where evermore the angels sing,<br/>Where Sabbaths have no end?</p> <p>3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,<br/>Nor sin nor sorrow know:</p> | <p>Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes<br/>I onward press to you.</p> <p>4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?<br/>Or feel at death dismay?<br/>I've Canaan's goodly land in view,<br/>And realms of endless day.</p> <p>5 Jerusalem, my glorious home!<br/>My soul still pants for thee;<br/>Then shall my labors have an end,<br/>When I thy joys shall see.</p> |
|--|---|

EVERMORE. 7. 7. 7. 5.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.

1. When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run, Father, grant thy wearied one Rest for ever-more!

## 614

JOHN ELLERTON.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>When the day of toil is done,<br/>When the race of life is run,<br/>Father, grant thy wearied one<br/>Rest for evermore!</p> <p>2 When the strife of sin is stilled,<br/>When the foe within is killed,<br/>Be thy gracious word fulfilled,<br/>Peace for evermore!</p> <p>3 When the darkness melts away<br/>At the breaking of the day,<br/>Bid us hail the cheering ray;—<br/>Light for evermore!</p> | <p>4 When the heart by sorrow tried<br/>Feels at length its throbs subside,<br/>Bring us, where all tears are dried,<br/>Joy for evermore!</p> <p>5 When for vanished days we yearn,<br/>Days that never can return,<br/>Teach us in thy love to learn<br/>Love for evermore!</p> <p>6 When the breath of life is flown,<br/>When the grave must claim its own,<br/>Lord of life! be ours thy crown—<br/>Life for evermore!</p> |
|---|---|

# Heaven.

ALFORD. 7. 6. 8. 6. 8l.

DYKES.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin: Fling open wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.

## 615

HENRY ALFORD.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light:  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky;  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.  
O day, for which Creation  
And all its tribes were made;  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand fold repaid.

3 O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
What knitting severed friendships up  
Where partings are no more.  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late:  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

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 heavens thy promised sign!  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

JOY. 7s & 6s. 8l.

M. TESCHNER.

1. { Re-joyce, rejoyce, be-liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear; }  
{ The evening is ad - vanc - ing, And dark-er night is near: } The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing,

And soon he will draw nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle, At midnight comes the cry.

# Heaven.

**616** "Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen."  
LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.  
MISS BORTHWICK, &c.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near:  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon he will draw nigh;  
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,  
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,

The end of sin and toil:  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go meet him as he cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear;  
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere:  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with thee.

PARADISE, No. 1 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

BARNEY.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where loy - al hearts and true,  
hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al hearts and true

Stand ev - er in the light, All rapture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight!

**617** FABER.

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, thro' and thro',  
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, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'Tis weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see him near;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 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, etc.

# Heaven.

EWING. 7s & 6s. D.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest! Beneath thy con - tem -  
 pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I know not, oh, I know not What  
 so - cial joys are there, What ra - di - ancy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.

## 618 "That great city, the holy Jerusalem."

BERNARD OF CLUNY. J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

JERUSALEM, the golden!  
 With milk and honey blest!  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice oppressed:  
 I know not, oh, I know not  
 What social joys are there,  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What light beyond compare.

3 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song;  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng:  
 The Prince is ever in them;  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The shouts of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast;  
 And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 Forever and forever,  
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 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 forever,  
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

## 619

*Paradise of Joy.*

BERNARD OF CLUNY. J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

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 their 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 blessed Country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 Oh, sweet and blessed Country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

# Heaven.

REGENT SQUARE. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

HENRY SMART.

1. Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ion dear, whence peace hath spring,

Brighter than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the high - est King;

O how glo - rious are the prais - es Which of thee the proph - ets sing!

620

ANON. (LATIN, 15TH CENT.) NEALE, *tr.*

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,  
 Vision dear, whence peace hath spring,  
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,  
 Mansion of the highest King;  
 O how glorious are the praises  
 Which of thee the prophets sing!

2 There for ever and for ever  
 Alleluia is outpoured,  
 For unending, for unbroken,  
 Is the feast-day of the Lord;  
 All is pure, and all is holy  
 That within thy walls are stored.

3 There no cloud or passing vapor  
 Dims the brightness of the air;  
 Endless noonday, glorious noonday,  
 From the Sun of suns is there;  
 There no night brings rest from labor,  
 There unknown are toil and care.

4 O how glorious and resplendent,  
 Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
 When endued with so much beauty,  
 Full of health, and strong, and free.  
 Full of vigor, full of pleasure  
 That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,  
 Bear the burden on thee laid,  
 That hereafter these thy labors  
 May with endless gifts be paid,  
 And in everlasting glory  
 Thou with joy may'st be arrayed.

6 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.

# Chants.

## VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.



621

Psalm 95.

- 1 O COME let us sing | unto • 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 hand are all the corners | of the | earth || and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his | and he | made it || and his hands pre- | pared • the | dry— | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship and | fall— | down || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of his pasture and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty • of | holiness || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
- 9 \*For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the world and the | peo-ple | with his | truth.
- 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 | without | end, A- | men.

\* Last half of Double Chant.

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.



622

- 1 We praise | thee, O | God! || we acknowl- edge | thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud; || the heavens, and | all the | powers • there- in.
- 4 To thee, cherubim and | sera- | phim || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,—
- 6 The glorious company of the apostles | praise— | thee; || the goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise— | thee;
- 7 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee; || the holy church throughout all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | thee.
- 8 The Father of an | infi-nite | majesty; || 9 Also the | Holy | Ghost, || the—Com— | thine adorable, | true, and | only | Son; fort— | er.



- 5 Holy, | Holy, | Holy | Lord God of | Sabaoth! | Heaven and | earth are | full of the | majesty | of thy | glo- | ry.



# Chants.

MALE VOICES. (*Duett or Quartette.*)

FEMALE VOICES. (*Duett or Quartette.*)



10 Thou art the King of | glory, • O  
Christ! || thou art the ever- | lasting |  
Son • of the | Father.

12 When thou hadst overcome the | sharp-  
ness • of | death, || thou didst open the  
kingdom of | heaven • to | all be- |  
lievers.

14 We believe that | thou shalt | come, || to |  
be | our | Judge.

16 Make them to be numbered | with thy |  
saints, || in | glory | ev-er- | lasting.

18 Day by day we | magni-fy | thee; || and  
we worship thy name ever, | world  
with- | out— | end.

20 O Lord! have | mercy • up- | on us, ||  
have | mercy | upon | us.

11 When thou tookest upon thee to de- |  
liver | man, || thou didst | humble thy-  
self to be | born— | of a | virgin.

13 Thou sittest at the right | hand of |  
God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.

15 We therefore pray thee, | help thy |  
servants, || whom thou hast redeemed |  
with thy | precious | blood.

17 O Lord! save thy people, and | bless  
thy | heritage; || govern them, and | lift  
them | up for | ever.

19 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord! || to keep us  
this | day— | without | sin.

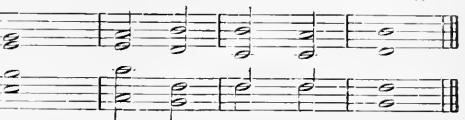
21 O Lord! let thy mercy | be up- | on us, ||  
as our | trust— | is in | thee.



22 O Lord! in | thee, in | thee have I | trusted; | let me | never | be con- | founded, |  
let me | never | be | con- | found- | ed.

BENEDICTUS.

S. ELVEY.



623

Luke 1: 68-70.

1 BLESSED be the Lord God of | Is-ra- | el || for he has visited | and re- | deem-ed • his |  
people:

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | va-tion | for us || in the house | of his | servant |  
David;

3 As he spake by the mouth of his | ho-ly | Prophets || which have been | since the |  
world be- | gan;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies || and from the hand of | all that |  
hate— | us;

5 To perform the mercy promised to | our fore- | fathers || and to remember his | ho-ly |  
Cov-e- | nant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham || that | he  
would | grant unto | us,

7 That we being delivered out of the hand of our | en-e- | mies || might serve | him  
with- | out— | fear;

8 In holiness and righteous- | ness be- | fore him || all the | days of | our— | life.

9 And thou Child, shall be called the Prophet | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go be-  
fore the face of the Lord | to pre- | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto • his | people || for the re- | mis-sion | of  
their | sins,

11 Through the tender mercy | of our | God || whereby the day-spring from on | high  
hath | visit- • ed | us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the | shadow • of | death || and to  
guide our feet | into • the | way of | peace.

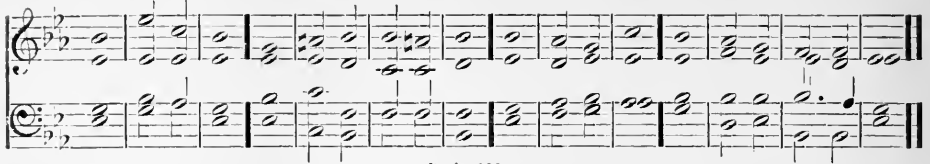
Glor-y be to the Father | and • to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ev-er | shall be || world without | end,— |  
A— | men.

# Chants.

JUBILATE DEO.

JOHN ROBINSON.



**624**

*Psalm 100.*

- 1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands! || Serve the Lord with gladness; |  
come before his | presence | with— | singing.
- 2 Know ye that the Lord | he is | God: || It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; |  
we are his people, | and the | sheep • of his | pasture.
- 3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise: || Be  
thankful unto him, and | bless— | his— | name.
- 4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting; || And his truth endureth to |  
all— | gener- | ations.

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 without | end. — |  
A — | men.

MAGNIFICAT.

BARNBY.



**625**

*Luke 1 : 46-55.*

- 1 My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord || and my spirit hath re- | joiced • in | God my |  
Saviour.
- 2 For he | hath re- | garded || the lowli- | ness of | his hand- | maiden.
- 3 For be- | hold from | henceforth || all gener- | ations • shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For he that is mighty hath | magni- • fied | me || and | ho-ly | is his | name.
- 5 And his mercy is on | them that | fear him || through- | out all | gen-er- | ations.
- 6 He hath showed strength | with his | arm || he hath scattered the proud in the imagin- |  
a- | tion | of their | hearts.
- 7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat || and hath ex- | alted • the | hum-  
ble • and | meek.
- 8 He hath filled the hungry | with good | things || and the rich he hath | sent— | empty •  
a- | way.
- 9 He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant | Is-ra- | el || as he promised to  
our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed for- | ever.

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 without | end. — |  
A — | men.

NUNC DIMITIS.

W. FELTON.



**626**

*Luke 2 : 29-32.*

- 1 LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de- | part in | peace || ac- | cord-ing | to thy | word.
  - 2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy | — sal- | va- — | tion,
  - 3 Which thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all— | people;
  - 4 To be a light to | lighten • the | Gentiles || and to be the glory of thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.
- 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 without | end. — |  
A — | men.

# Chants.

## CANTATE DOMINO.

VIII GREGORIAN TONE.

*First.*

*Second.*

**627**

*Psalm 96 : 1-3, 6-9, 11-13.*

- 1 Ou, sing, unto the Lord a new— | song: || Sing unto the | Lord,— | all the | earth.
- 2 Sing unto the Lord, bless his | name; || Shew forth his sal- | vation • from | day to | day.
- 3 Declare his glory a- mong the | heathen, || His wonders a- | mong— | all— | people.
- 4 Honor and majesty are before | him; || Strength and beauty are | in his | sanctu- | ary.
- 5 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the | people, || Give unto the Lord | glory | and— | strength.
- 6 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his | name: || Bring an offering, and | come • into | his— | courts.
- 7 O worship the Lord in the beauty of | holiness: || Fear be- | fore him, | all the | earth.
- 8 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be | glad; || Let the sea roar, and the | ful- ness | there— | of.
- 9 Let the field be joyful, and all that is there— | in: || Then shall all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord.
- 10 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the | earth: || He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the | people | with his | truth.

## DEUS MISEREATUR.

H. ALDRICH.

**628**

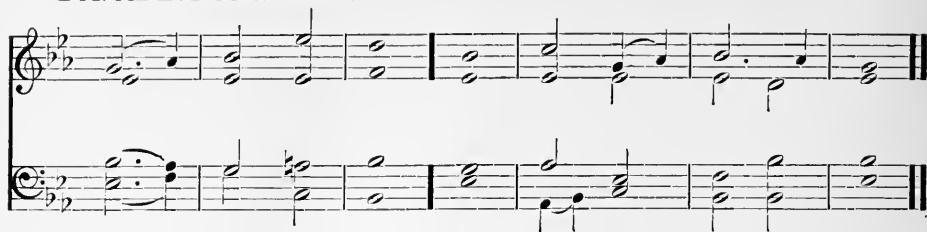
*Psalm 67.*

- 1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And cause his face to | shine up-on | us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth, || Thy saving health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || Let all the | people | praise | thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: || For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations • upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || Let all the | people | praise | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth | yield her increase: || And God, even our own | God, shall | bless | us.
- 7 God | shall— | bless us; || And all the ends of the earth shall | fear—him. || A- | men.

# Chants.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

J. TRAVERS.



**629**

*Psalm 92.*

1 It is a good thing to give thanks | unto • the | Lord || and to sing praises unto thy  
Name | O — | Most — | Highest.

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning || and of thy truth | in the |  
night- — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instrument |  
and up- | on the | harp.

4 For thou, Lord, has made me glad | through thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving  
praise for the oper- | a-tions | of thy | hands.

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 without | end. — |  
A- — | men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

E. G. MONK.



**630**

*Psalm 103.*

1 PRAISE the Lord | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise his | ho-ly | Name.

2 Praise the Lord | O my | soul || and for- | get not | all his | benefits;

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth | all — | thine in- | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction || and crowneth thee with | mercy • and |  
lov-ing- | kindness;

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil his  
commandment, and hearken unto the | voice— | of his | word.

6 O praise the Lord all | ye his | hosts || ye ser- | vants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion ||  
praise thou the | Lord — | O my | soul.

Glory he 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 without | end.—  
A- — | men.

# Chants.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



**631**

- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will • towards | men.  
 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks  
 to | thee for | thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.  
 4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son |  
 of the | Father.



- 5 Thou 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.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.



**632**

- 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;  
 3 And lead us not | into tempt- | ation, || but de- | liver | us from | evil;



- 2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: || And forgive us our debts as | we for- | give  
 our | debtors.  
 4 For thine is the kingdom, and the | power, and the | glory, || For- | ever | A — | men.

Amens.

633

THE SEVENFOLD AMEN.

J. STAINER.

*Slow and sustained.*

A - men, A - - - - - men, *f*

*pp*

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men, A -

*pp*

A - - - - - men,

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow and sustained'. The vocal line starts with 'A - men, A - - - - - men, f' and continues with 'A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men, A -'. The piano accompaniment starts with 'A - - - - - men,' and continues with 'A - - - - - men,'. Dynamics include 'pp' (pianissimo) and 'f' (forte). There are also 'cres.' (crescendo) markings.

A - - - - - men, *Slower.*

*dim.* *pp* *ppp*

- - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.

*pp* *ppp*

*f* *dim.*

A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It features two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slower.'. The vocal line starts with 'A - - - - - men, Slower.' and continues with '- - - - - men, A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.'. The piano accompaniment starts with 'A - - - - - men,' and continues with 'A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.'. Dynamics include 'pp' (pianissimo), 'ppp' (pianississimo), and 'f' (forte). There are also 'dim.' (diminuendo) markings.

THE DRESDEN AMEN.

*pp* *cres.*

A - men, A - - - - - men.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'The Dresden Amen'. It features two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'pp' (pianissimo). The vocal line starts with 'A - men, A - - - - - men.'. The piano accompaniment starts with 'A - - - - - men.'. Dynamics include 'pp' (pianissimo) and 'cres.' (crescendo).

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