

*Offices of Worship  
and Hymns*

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# OFFICES OF WORSHIP

AND

# HYMNS

(WITH TUNES)

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE  
AMERICAN PROVINCE

OF THE

# UNITAS FRATRUM,

OR

✓

# THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

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THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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BETHLEHEM:  
MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE.  
1891.

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## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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THIS book is intended for use in the Church-schools—including in this term the Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, the parochial and the boarding-schools, and the Theological Seminary—in the catechetical classes, in meetings for prayer and praise, and in family worship and private devotion.

In the prefaces to the first and second editions, issued in 1866 and 1872, the principles which guided the compilers in the selection of hymns were stated, substantially, as follows :

1. "A choice principally of hymns that are suitable for purposes of worship. In the ordinary exercises of the Sunday-school and the other religious meetings for the young, too little attention is in general bestowed upon this point. It is a matter of great importance that congregations of children and young persons are made to feel that they are taking part in a service of actual devotion and worship, and therefore the hymns used should help to inspire this feeling.

2. "For the most part, standard hymns have been selected, a principle which follows naturally from the preceding. The hymns which children and youth are to learn and to sing, should be such as are of permanent worth. Once incorporated into the memory they will remain there through life, and be a treasure of Scriptural doctrine, of warning and comfort, which will never be exhausted, and become increasingly valuable with added years and experience.

3. "Regard was had to such hymns as are suitable for religious instruction in the catechetical class, and in preparing candidates for Confirmation."

In preparing the third edition, revised and enlarged, the following additional principles were borne in mind :

4. Special regard for the requirements of morning and evening worship in the family and in the schools of the Church.

5. Special regard for the requirements of meetings for praise and for prayer, whether social or public; whether for young persons or for those of maturer years; whether for awakening, for quickening, or for building up in the faith.

6. The incorporation of a large quantity of music, by which the work became a Tune-book as well as a Hymn-book, caused the insertion of many hymns for general and special occasions of congregational worship, notably in connection with the Christian Year.

7. Finally, a number of hymns were inserted for special reasons; for example, some for use in the private devotions of young and old, some on account of historical association, some because of special music connected with them, etc.

By the application of these principles to the vast treasury of Christian song, the present collection assumed its proportions, that it might meet the

needs of the modern Bible-school, in which all the lessons of Holy Scripture are from time to time considered.

In the selection of the music, which is printed in connection with the text of the hymns, the following were the governing principles :

1. Obedience to the enactments of the General Synod of the *Unitas Fratrum* and the Provincial Synod of its American Province. Therefore, all the well-known chorales (often styled "Moravian Tunes"), and many that deserve to be better known, were inserted.

2. Recognition of the fact that the English-speaking Provinces of the *Unitas Fratrum* have from time to time adopted tunes and melodies of Anglo-Saxon origin. In accordance with this principle many tunes, hitherto not found in Moravian collections, and several which were specially composed for this book, have been inserted.

There are some tunes which the compilers would have been glad to use, if the consent of the owners of the copyright could have been obtained without the payment of royalty.

The number of "Offices of Worship" has been increased to thirty-one. Among the additions is a special service for Independence Day, or any other National Holiday.

The Indexes have been prepared with great care.\* The decision to place all the tunes of the same metre in close proximity, made the ordinary arrangement by rubrics impossible. It is believed that full compensation will be found in the "Index of First Lines of Hymns, arranged according to the Rubrics" (pp. ix to xxvi), in connection with the "Topical Index" (pp. xxvi to xxxii).

For courtesies in connection with the use of copyright hymns or music, the Church is under obligations to the Rev. Drs. C. L. Hutchins, Philip Schaff, Thomas C. Porter, Lewis N. Mudge and Washington Gladden ; to Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. ; to Messrs. E. & J. B. Young & Co., and A. S. Barnes & Co. ; and to Professor W. W. Gilchrist ; for counsel and assistance, to the Rev. Dr. F. M. Bird and to Mr. Anson D. F. Randolph ; and for hearty coöperation, to Messrs. Abraham R. Beck, S. C. Chitty, Massah M. Warner, Robert Rau, J. Fred. Wolle, S. Fred. Van Vleck, and A. G. Rau.

The publication of the first edition of "Offices of Worship and Hymns" was rendered possible by the liberality of a friend of the cause ; the publication of this, the third edition, revised and enlarged, could not have been undertaken, if the Sunday-schools, the trustees of several Congregations and a number of liberal friends had not contributed towards the cost of the electrotype plates.

BETHLEHEM, PA., June 1, 1891.

\* It is proposed to add, in subsequent editions, a complete Biographical Index and a Metrical Index.

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# FESTIVALS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

AND

## MEMORIAL DAYS OF THE UNITAS FRATRUM.

### I.—IMMOVABLE FESTIVALS.

- December 25—Christmas—The Nativity of our Lord.
- January 1—New Year's Day—The Circumcision of Jesus.
- January 6—The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.
- January 19—Beginning of the Mission Work of the Unitas Fratrum in Greenland, A.D. 1733.
- February 2—The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.
- March 1—Organization of the Unitas Fratrum as a distinct branch of the Christian Church, A.D. 1457.
- March 25—The Annunciation—Festival of all the Choirs.
- April 30—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for Widows.
- May 4—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Unmarried Sisters.
- May 12—Adoption of the Brotherly Agreement and Statutes, at Herrnhut, A.D. 1727.
- June 4—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Older Girls.
- June 17—Anniversary of the Beginning of Herrnhut by Emigrants from Moravia, A.D. 1722.
- July 2—The Visitation.
- July 6—Commemoration of the Martyrdom of John Hus, A.D. 1415.
- July 9—[Alternate day, October 21]—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Older Boys.
- August 13—Spiritual Baptism of the Church at Herrnhut, A.D. 1727.
- August 17—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Children.
- August 21—Beginning of the First Mission of the Unitas Fratrum to the Heathen, A.D. 1732.
- August 29—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Unmarried Brethren.
- August 31—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for Widowers.
- September 7—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Married Brethren and Sisters.
- September 16—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Ministers of the Unitas Fratrum, commemorating a powerful experience (A. D. 1741) of the fact that Jesus Christ is the Chief Shepherd and Head of His Church. [See November 13.]
- September 29—[St. Michael and All Angels]—Memorial Day for all who are engaged in the instruction of Children and Youth.
- October 31—Commemoration of the beginning of the German Reformation, A.D. 1517.
- November 1—All Saints' Day.
- November 13—Formal Promulgation in the Unitas Fratrum (A. D. 1741) of the doctrine of the immediate Headship of Jesus Christ in His Church. [See September 16.]

### II.—MOVABLE FESTIVALS.

ADVENT SUNDAY is the *Sunday* nearest to the thirtieth day of *November* (St. Andrew's Day), whether before or after.

All the other *Movable Festivals* depend upon EASTER, which is always the first *Sunday* after the *Full Moon* which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of *March*: provided, that if the *Full Moon* happen upon a *Sunday*, EASTER is the *Sunday* after.

The other Festivals occur as follows:

*Septuagesima Sunday* is nine weeks before *Easter*.

*Sextagesima Sunday* is eight weeks before *Easter*.

*Quinquagesima Sunday* is seven weeks before *Easter*.

*Ash Wednesday*, on which the *Passion Season*, or *Lent*, begins, is forty-six days before *Easter*.

*Palm Sunday*, on which the *Holy Passion Week* begins, is eight days before *Easter*.

*Maundy-Thursday* (*Holy Thursday*) is the Thursday before *Easter*.

*Good Friday* is the Friday before *Easter*.

*Great Sabbath* (*Holy Saturday*, *Easter Eve*) is the Saturday before *Easter*.

*Ascension Day* is forty days after *Easter*.

*Whit-Sunday* is seven weeks after *Easter*.

*Trinity Sunday* is eight weeks after *Easter*.

A TABLE OF THE DAYS ON WHICH EASTER WILL FALL  
FROM A. D. 1891 TO A. D. 2000.

1891. March 29	1913. March 23	1935. April 21	1957. April 21	1979. April 15
1892. April 17	1914. April 12	1936. " 12	1958. " 6	1980. " 6
1893. " 2	1915. " 4	1937. March 28	1959. March 29	1981. " 19
1894. March 25	1916. " 23	1938. April 17	1960. April 17	1982. " 11
1895. April 14	1917. " 8	1939. " 9	1961. " 2	1983. " 3
1896. " 5	1918. March 31	1940. March 24	1962. " 22	1984. " 22
1897. " 18	1919. April 20	1941. April 13	1963. " 14	1985. " 7
1898. " 10	1920. " 4	1942. " 5	1964. March 29	1986. March 30
1899. " 2	1921. March 27	1943. " 25	1965. April 18	1987. April 19
1900. " 15	1922. April 16	1944. " 9	1966. " 10	1988. " 3
1901. " 7	1923. " 1	1945. " 1	1967. March 26	1989. March 26
1902. March 30	1924. " 20	1946. " 21	1968. April 14	1990. April 15
1903. April 12	1925. " 12	1947. " 6	1969. " 6	1991. March 31
1904. " 3	1926. " 4	1948. March 28	1970. March 29	1992. April 19
1905. " 23	1927. " 17	1949. April 17	1971. April 11	1993. " 11
1906. " 15	1928. " 8	1950. " 9	1972. " 2	1994. " 3
1907. March 31	1929. March 31	1951. March 25	1973. " 22	1995. " 16
1908. April 19	1930. April 20	1952. April 13	1974. " 14	1996. " 7
1909. " 11	1931. " 5	1953. " 5	1975. March 30	1997. March 30
1910. March 27	1932. March 27	1954. " 18	1976. April 18	1998. April 12
1911. April 16	1933. April 16	1955. " 10	1977. " 10	1999. " 4
1912. " 7	1934. " 1	1956. " 1	1978. March 26	2000. " 23

A TABLE OF THE MOVABLE FESTIVALS, ACCORDING TO THE DAYS UPON  
WHICH EASTER MAY FALL.

EASTER.	Sundays after Epiphany.		Septuagesima Sunday.		Ash-Wednesday.		Ascension Day.	Whit-Sun-day.	Sundays after Trinity.	First Sun-day in Advent.
	In Com-mon Years.	In Leap Years.	In Com-mon Years.	In Leap Years.	In Com-mon Years.	In Leap Years.				
March 22	1	1	Jan'y 18	Jan'y 19	Feb'y 4	Feb'y 5	April 30	May 10	27	Nov. 29
" 23	1	1	" 19	" 20	" 5	" 6	May 1	" 11	27	" 30
" 24	1	2	" 20	" 21	" 6	" 7	" 2	" 12	27	Dec. 1
" 25	2	2	" 21	" 22	" 7	" 8	" 3	" 13	27	" 2
" 26	2	2	" 22	" 23	" 8	" 9	" 4	" 14	27	" 3
" 27	2	2	" 23	" 24	" 9	" 10	" 5	" 15	26	Nov. 27
" 28	2	2	" 24	" 25	" 10	" 11	" 6	" 16	26	" 28
" 29	2	2	" 25	" 26	" 11	" 12	" 7	" 17	26	" 29
" 30	2	2	" 26	" 27	" 12	" 13	" 8	" 18	26	" 30
" 31	2	3	" 27	" 28	" 13	" 14	" 9	" 19	26	Dec. 1
April 1	3	3	" 28	" 29	" 14	" 15	" 10	" 20	26	" 2
" 2	3	3	" 29	" 30	" 15	" 16	" 11	" 21	26	" 3
" 3	3	3	" 30	" 31	" 16	" 17	" 12	" 22	25	Nov. 27
" 4	3	3	" 31	Feb'y 1	" 17	" 18	" 13	" 23	25	" 28
" 5	3	3	Feb'y 1	" 2	" 18	" 19	" 14	" 24	25	" 29
" 6	3	3	" 2	" 3	" 19	" 20	" 15	" 25	25	" 30
" 7	3	4	" 3	" 4	" 20	" 21	" 16	" 26	25	Dec. 1
" 8	4	4	" 4	" 5	" 21	" 22	" 17	" 27	25	" 2
" 9	4	4	" 5	" 6	" 22	" 23	" 18	" 28	25	" 3
" 10	4	4	" 6	" 7	" 23	" 24	" 19	" 29	24	Nov. 27
" 11	4	4	" 7	" 8	" 24	" 25	" 20	" 30	24	" 28
" 12	4	4	" 8	" 9	" 25	" 26	" 21	" 31	24	" 29
" 13	4	4	" 9	" 10	" 26	" 27	" 22	June 1	24	" 30
" 14	4	5	" 10	" 11	" 27	" 28	" 23	" 2	24	Dec. 1
" 15	4	5	" 11	" 12	" 28	" 29	" 24	" 3	24	" 2
" 16	5	5	" 12	" 13	March 1	" 2	" 25	" 4	24	" 3
" 17	5	5	" 13	" 14	" 2	" 3	" 26	" 5	23	Nov. 27
" 18	5	5	" 14	" 15	" 3	" 4	" 27	" 6	23	" 28
" 19	5	5	" 15	" 16	" 4	" 5	" 28	" 7	23	" 29
" 20	5	5	" 16	" 17	" 5	" 6	" 29	" 8	23	" 30
" 21	5	6	" 17	" 18	" 6	" 7	" 30	" 9	23	Dec. 1
" 22	6	6	" 18	" 19	" 7	" 8	" 31	" 10	23	" 2
" 23	6	6	" 19	" 20	" 8	" 9	June 1	" 11	23	" 3
" 24	6	6	" 20	" 21	" 9	" 10	" 2	" 12	22	Nov. 27
" 25	6	6	" 21	" 22	" 10	" 11	" 3	" 13	22	" 28

# A TABLE OF THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS

FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH-YEAR.

SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS.	EPISTLES.	GOSPELS.
1ST SUNDAY IN ADVENT . . . . .	Rom. 13: 8-14.	Matt. 21: 1-13.
2D " " . . . . .	Rom. 15: 4-13.	Luke 21: 25-36.
3D " " . . . . .	1 Cor. 4: 1-5.	Matt. 11: 2-10.
4TH " " . . . . .	Phil. 4: 4-7.	John 1: 19-28.
CHRISTMAS EVE . . . . .	{ Isaiah 9: 1-7.	
	{ Titus 3: 11-14.	Luke 2: 1-14.
1ST CHRISTMAS DAY . . . . .	Heb. 1: 1-12.	John 1: 1-18.
2D " " . . . . .	Titus 3: 4-7.	Luke 2: 15-20.
SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS . . . . .	Gal. 4: 1-7.	Luke 2: 33-40.
NEW YEAR'S EVE . . . . .	2 Tim. 4: 1-8.	Luke 12: 35-40.
NEW YEAR DAY, or Circumcision of Jesus	{ Rom. 4: 8-14.	
	{ Gal. 3: 23-29.	Luke 2: 21-32.
SUNDAY AFTER NEW YEAR . . . . .	1 Peter 4: 12-19.	Matt. 2: 13-23.
EPIPHANY . . . . .	{ Isaiah 9: 1-7.	
	{ Eph. 3: 1-12.	Matt. 2: 1-12.
1ST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY . . . . .	Rom. 12: 1-5.	Luke 2: 41-52.
2D " " . . . . .	Rom. 2: 6-16. <i>a</i>	John 2: 1-11.
3D " " . . . . .	Rom. 12: 16-21. <i>b</i>	Matt. 8: 1-13.
4TH " " . . . . .	Rom. 13: 1-7.	Matt. 8: 23-27.
5TH " " . . . . .	Col. 3: 12-17.	Matt. 13: 24-30.
6TH " " . . . . .	{ 1 John 3: 1-8.	Matt. 24: 23-31.
	{ 2 Pet. 1: 16-21.	Matt. 17: 1-9.
SEPTUAGESIMA, or the 3d Sunday bef. Lent	1 Cor. 9: 24-10: 5.	Matt. 20: 1-16.
SEXAGESIMA, or the 2d Sunday bef. Lent.	2 Cor. 11: 19-12: 9.	Luke 8: 4-15.
QUINQUAGESIMA, or the Sunday bef. Lent	1 Cor. 13: 1-13.	Luke 18: 31-43.
ASH WEDNESDAY . . . . .	Joel 2: 12-17.	Matt. 6: 16-21.
1ST SUNDAY IN LENT, or <i>Invocavit</i> . . . . .	2 Cor. 6: 1-10.	Matt. 4: 1-11.
2D " " . . . . .	1 Thess. 4: 1-7.	Matt. 15: 21-28.
3D " " . . . . .	Eph. 5: 1-9.	Luke 11: 14-28.
4TH " " . . . . .	Gal. 4: 21-31.	John 6: 1-15.
5TH " " . . . . .	Heb. 9: 11-15.	John 8: 46-59.
6TH " " . . . . .	Phil. 2: 5-11.	Matt. 21: 1-11.
MAUNDY-THURSDAY . . . . .	1 Cor. 11: 23-32.	John 13: 1-15.
GOOD FRIDAY . . . . .	Heb. 10: 1-25.	Isaiah 52: 13-53: 12.
GREAT SABBATH, or EASTER EVE . . . . .	1 Pet. 3: 17-22.	Matt. 27: 57-66.
EASTER SUNDAY . . . . .	{ 1 Cor. 5: 6-8.	{ Mark 16: 1-8.
	{ Col. 3: 1-7.	{ John 20: 1-10.
EASTER MONDAY . . . . .	Acts 10: 34-41.	Luke 24: 13-35.
EASTER TUESDAY . . . . .	Acts 13: 26-41.	Luke 24: 36-48.
1ST SUN. AFT. EASTER, or <i>Quasimodogeniti</i>	1 John 5: 4-12.	John 20: 19-31.
2D SUNDAY AFT. EASTER, or <i>Misericordias</i>	1 Peter 2: 19-25.	John 10: 11-16.
3D SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, or <i>Jubilate</i> . . . . .	1 Peter 2: 11-17.	John 16: 16-23. <i>c</i>
4TH " " . . . . .	James 1: 17-21.	John 16: 5-15.
5TH " " . . . . .	James 1: 22-27.	John 16: 23-30. <i>d</i>
ASCENSION DAY . . . . .	Acts 1: 1-11.	Mark 16: 14-20.
SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY . . . . .	1 Peter 4: 7-11.	John 15: 26-16: 4.
WHIT-SUNDAY . . . . .	Acts 2: 1-13.	John 14: 15-31. <i>e</i>
WHIT-MONDAY . . . . .	Acts 10: 34-48. <i>f</i>	John 3: 16-21.
WHIT-TUESDAY . . . . .	Acts 8: 14-17.	John 10: 1-10.
TRINITY SUNDAY . . . . .	{ Rev. 4: 1-11.	
	{ Rom. 11: 33-36.	John 3: 1-15.
1ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY . . . . .	1 John 4: 7-21.	Luke 16: 19-31.
2D " " . . . . .	1 John 3: 13-24.	Luke 14: 16-24.
3D " " . . . . .	1 Peter 5: 5-11. <i>g</i>	Luke 15: 1-10.
4TH " " . . . . .	Rom. 8: 18-23.	Luke 6: 36-42.
5TH " " . . . . .	1 Peter 3: 8-15. <i>h</i>	Luke 5: 1-11.
6TH " " . . . . .	Rom. 6: 3-11.	Matt. 5: 20-26.
7TH " " . . . . .	Rom. 6: 19-23.	Mark 8: 1-9.
8TH " " . . . . .	Rom. 8: 12-17.	Matt. 7: 15-23.
9TH " " . . . . .	1 Cor. 10: 1-13.	Luke 16: 1-9.
10TH " " . . . . .	1 Cor. 12: 1-11.	Luke 19: 41-48.
11TH " " . . . . .	1 Cor. 15: 1-11.	Luke 18: 9-14.
12TH " " . . . . .	2 Cor. 3: 4-11.	Mark 7: 31-37.
13TH " " . . . . .	Gal. 3: 15-22.	Luke 10: 23-37.
14TH " " . . . . .	Gal. 5: 16-24.	Luke 17: 11-19.
15TH " " . . . . .	Gal. 5: 25-6: 10.	Matt. 6: 24-34.
16TH " " . . . . .	Eph. 3: 13-21.	Luke 7: 11-17.
17TH " " . . . . .	Eph. 4: 1-6.	Luke 14: 1-11.
18TH " " . . . . .	1 Cor. 1: 4-9.	Matt. 22: 34-46.

*a* End: "men of low estate."  
*b* Begin: "Be not wise in your own conceits."  
*c* End: "ye shall ask me nothing."  
*d* Begin: "Verily, verily, I say."

*e* End: "even so I do."  
*f* End: "in the name of the Lord."  
*g* Begin: "All of you be subject one to another."  
*h* End: "sanctify the Lord God in your hearts"

SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS.	EPISTLES.	GOSPELS.
19TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. . . . .	Eph. 4 : 17-32.	Matt. 9 : 1-8.
20TH " " " . . . . .	Eph. 5 : 15-21.	Matt. 22 : 1-14.
21ST " " " . . . . .	Eph. 6 : 10-20.	John 4 : 46-54. <i>i</i>
22D " " " . . . . .	Phil. 1 : 3-11.	Matt. 18 : 21-35.
23D " " " . . . . .	Phil. 3 : 17-21.	Matt. 22 : 15-22.
24TH " " " . . . . .	Col. 1 : 3-14.	Matt. 9 : 18-26.
25TH " " " . . . . .	{ Jer. 23 : 5-8.	{ John 6 : 5-14.
	{ 1 Thess. 4 : 13-18.	{ Matt. 24 : 15-28.
26TH " " " . . . . .	{ 2 Peter 3 : 3-14.	
	{ 2 Thess. 1 : 3-10.	Matt. 25 : 31-46.
27TH " " " . . . . .	1 Thess. 5 : 1-11.	Matt. 25 : 1-13.
THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE, February 2. . . . .	Mal. 3 : 1-5.	Luke 2 : 22-32.
THE ANNUNCIATION, March 25 . . . . .	Is. 7 : 10-16.	Luke 1 : 26-38.
THE VISITATION, July 2 . . . . .	Is. 11 : 1-5.	Luke 1 : 39-56.
IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS, July 6 . . . . .	Acts 7 : 55-60.	{ Matt. 23 : 34-39.
ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, Sept. 29.	Rev. 12 : 7-12.	{ Ps. 31 : 1-24.
ALL SAINTS' DAY, NOV. 1 . . . . .	Rev. 7 : 2-12.	Matt. 18 : 1-11.
		Matt. 5 : 1-12.

*i* Begin: "And there was a certain nobleman."

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE RUBRICS.

## I.—THE WORD OF GOD,

IN NATURE AND IN REVELATION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Above the clear blue sky . . . . .	1191 342	Lord, our eyes unseal . . . . .	536 68
Father of mercies! in Thy word . . . . .	182 14	Lord, Thy Word abideth . . . . .	23 6
For the beauty of the earth . . . . .	1257 581	O Word of God Incarnate . . . . .	804 151
From the doctrines I'll ne'er waver . . . . .	236 16	Precious Bible, what a treasure . . . . .	614 89
Holy Lord, Thanks and praise be . . . . .	713 119	There is a book, who runs may read . . . . .	118 14
How precious is the book divine . . . . .	170 14	The word of God which ne'er shall . . . . .	315 22
Jesus, Thy word is my delight . . . . .	115 14	Thy law is perfect, Lord of light . . . . .	125 14
Lord Jesus, with Thy children stay . . . . .	363 22	With humble prayer, oh, may I read . . . . .	322 22

## II.—THE HOLY TRINITY,

INCLUDING DOXOLOGIES AND BENEDICTIONS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All glory be to God on high . . . . .	735 132	Great Jehovah! we adore Thee . . . . .	1394 585
Arm these Thy servants, mighty . . . . .	930 166	Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord . . . . .	216 14
Blest Trinity, from mortal sight . . . . .	410 22	Holy, Father, hear my cry . . . . .	1068 205
Chants for Trinity Sunday . . . . .	1214 539	Holy Father! we address Thee . . . . .	619 89
Come, sing, thou happy Church of . . . . .	736 132	Holy, holy, holy Lord . . . . .	1258 581
Come, Thou Almighty King . . . . .	1234 579	Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts . . . . .	1064 205
Eternal Father, strong to save . . . . .	667 96	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty . . . . .	780 144
Eternal Father, throned above . . . . .	920 166	Holy Trinity, We confess with joy . . . . .	537 63
Father, God, Thy love we praise . . . . .	1480 591	In humble, grateful lays . . . . .	1120 249
Father of heaven! whose love . . . . .	311 22	Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us . . . . .	621 91
Father, Son and Holy Ghost . . . . .	1277 581	Let God the Father, and the Son . . . . .	140 14
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One . . . . .	1472 591	Lord God, Thy praise we sing . . . . .	1112 235
Father, Whose hand hath led me so . . . . .	1221 552	May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . . . .	933 167
Give God the Father praise . . . . .	1376 582	My Father, when I come to Thee . . . . .	379 22
Gloria in Excelsis . . . . .	1523	Now the Triune God confessing . . . . .	242 16
Gloria Patri . . . . .	1521	Now with angels round the throne . . . . .	1256 581
Glory be to God the Father . . . . .	975 167	O Father Almighty, to Thee be . . . . .	505 39
Glory be to God, the Father! Glory . . . . .	1385 585	O Father of mercy, be ever adored . . . . .	500 39
Glory to the Father . . . . .	525 53	O Holy Father, Holy Son . . . . .	310 22
Glory to the Father give . . . . .	63 11	O God of life, Whose power benign . . . . .	6 2

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Our Heavenly Father, source of . . .	217	The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ	286 22
Praise God, from Whom all . . . . .	309 14	The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ . .	1215 540
Praise our glorious King and Lord	1054 205	Therefore with angels and arch . . .	1524
Praise the Father, earth and heaven	232 16	Three in One, and One in Three . .	1134 265
Praise the God of all creation . . . .	973 167	Thou, Whose almighty word . . . . .	1235 579
Praise the God of our salvation . . . .	254 16	To Christ, the King of glory . . . . .	28 8
Praise the Name of God most high	1255 581	To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . .	144 14
Praise to God, the great Creator . . . .	248 16	To Father, Son and Spirit, Eternal . .	26 8
Praises, thanks, and adoration . . . .	1105 230	To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever . . .	446 32
Praises to Him Whose love has . . . .	393 22	To God the Father, God the Son, . . .	658 96
Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker . . . .	873 157	To God the Father, Son . . . . .	1184 342
Sing we to our God above . . . . .	80 11	To God—the Father, Son and Spirit . .	1246 579
Te Deum Laudamus . . . . .	1522	To God the Father's throne Perpetual	1307 582
That our Lord's views with us may . .	522 58	To God the Father's throne Your . . .	1185 342
The Father and the Son . . . . .	1328 582	Ye angels round the throne . . . . .	1308 582
The God of mercy be adored . . . . .	1437 590	We give immortal praise . . . . .	1181 342

III.—GOD THE FATHER.

I.—IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Along my earthly way . . . . .	1337 582	O Thou Who didst prepare . . . . .	1196 345
All glory to the Sovereign Good . . .	738 132	O Thou, Who givest all their food . .	1439 590
All people that on earth do dwell . .	302 22	Since we can't doubt God's equal . . .	1440 590
Evening and morning . . . . .	1514 607	Shout, O earth! from silence . . . . .	618 89
Father of Love, our Guide and . . . .	1457 590	Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .	843 151
Give to our God immortal praise . . .	304 22	The glorious universe around . . . . .	147 14
Give to the winds thy fears, . . . . .	1495 595	The King of love my Shepherd is . .	232 15
God Almighty and All-seeing . . . . .	1390 585	The Lord be with me everywhere . .	561 79
God moves in a mysterious way . . .	89 14	The Lord is my Shepherd; no want . .	499 39
God, omnipotent Creator . . . . .	593 89	The Lord my Shepherd is and Guide . .	744 132
High in the heavens, eternal God . .	926 166	The Lord, our God, is full of might . .	137 14
Holy and infinite! viewless! . . . .	1154 298	Thou our Light, our Guiding-star . .	867 155
I'll praise Thee with my heart and . .	174 14	Through all the changing scenes of . .	192 14
In Thee I live, and move, and am . .	199 14	To Thee, the Lord of all, I'll . . . .	447 32
I will sing to my Creator . . . . .	1082 214	To the hills I lift mine eyes . . . . .	1474 591
O God, Thy power is wonderful . . . .	1453 590	What our Father does is well . . . . .	1267 581
O praise Jehovah! Who reigneth on	530 61		

2.—IN THE MINISTRY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Above the clear blue sky . . . . .	1191 342	The holy angels, When they to . . . .	545 70
Angels, where'er we go, attend . . . .	223 14	There is a safe and secret place . . .	211 14
Christ, in highest heaven enthroned .	620 89	The seraphim of God . . . . .	1119 249
Glory, praise, to Thee be given . . . .	1083 214	Through all the changing scenes of . .	192 14
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs	1024 189	To God let all the human race . . . .	346 22
Inspirer and hearer of prayer . . . . .	1512 606	While the pilgrim travels . . . . .	753 141

3.—IN THE WORK OF REDEMPTION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All glory be to God on high . . . . .	735 132	Praise God for ever . . . . .	1206 520
Behold, what love the Father hath . .	111 14	Praise to Thee, O Lord, we render . .	1389 585
Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . .	312 22	Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator . .	246 16
Bless, O my soul, the living God . . . .	362 22	The God of Abraham praise . . . . .	1192 345
From all that dwell below the skies .	314 22	The Lord my Shepherd is and Guide . .	744 132
Give to our God immortal praise . . . .	304 22	The mercies of my God and King . . .	1438 590
Grace! 'tis a charming sound . . . . .	1351 582	There's a wideness in God's mercy . .	959 167
I was a wandering sheep . . . . .	1489 595	The wanderer no more will roam . . .	1148 277
Join to render thanks and praises . . .	1392 585	We give immortal praise . . . . .	1181 342
Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's . .	743 132	What human mind can trace the . . .	707 111
Now may He Who from the dead . . . .	60 11	When this passing world is done . . .	1264 581
O Lord our God, in reverence lowly	1104 230	Ye bottomless depths of God's . . . .	1092 221



## IV.—GOD THE SON.

## I.—HIS DIVINITY.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Before the heavens were stretched . . .	349 22	My song shall bless the Lord of all . . .	329 22
Christ, in highest heaven enthronèd . . .	620 89	Now with angels round the throne . . .	1256 581
Come, worship at Immanuel's feet . . .	336 22	O for a thousand tongues, to sing . . .	200 14
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem . . .	627 91	Of the Father's love begotten . . . . .	899 161
Father! reveal Thy Son in me . . . . .	739 192	O One with God the Father . . . . .	805 151
Glorify God on high! . . . . .	1237 579	Praise the Lord, through every . . . . .	1107 230
In stature grows the Heavenly Child . . .	210 14	Sing praises unto God on high . . . . .	737 132
Jesus is God! The glorious bands . . . . .	1434 590	The Saviour! oh, what endless . . . . .	1436 590
Jesus, my Lord, my God . . . . .	1353 582	Thy majesty, how vast it is . . . . .	987 172
Jesus' Name, Source of life . . . . .	718 119	To God the only wise . . . . .	1297 582
Jesus, who with Thee . . . . .	532 68	We bow before Thy throne . . . . .	1122 249
Lo! God, our God, has come . . . . .	1175 342	Worthy, O Lord, art Thou . . . . .	1161 341
Most Holy Lord and God . . . . .	1205 519		

## 2.—HIS FIRST ADVENT.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All the world give praises due . . . . .	42 11	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates . . .	1202 459
Comfort, comfort ye my people . . . . .	911 165	Morning Star, O cheering sight . . . . .	1156 310
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour . . . .	195 14	Of the Father's love begotten . . . . .	899 161
Hail to the Lord's Anointed . . . . .	801 151	Once He came in blessing . . . . .	550 72
He is here, Whom seers in old time . . .	898 161	On Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry . . .	318 22
He has come! the Christ of God . . . . .	1037 205	O Saviour of our race . . . . .	1362 582
Hosanna! Blessèd is He That . . . . .	1518 P.M.	The Saviour! oh, what endless . . . . .	1436 590
Hosanna to the Prince of peace . . . . .	177 14	The world in condemnation lay . . . . .	986 169
Jesus came, the heavens adoring . . . . .	1410 585	We sing to Thee, Immanuel . . . . .	320 22
Joy to the world, the Lord is come . . . .	191 14	What offering shall I bring to Thee . . .	919 166

## 3.—HIS INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All my heart this night rejoices . . . . .	875 157	Hark, the hosts of heaven are . . . . .	261 16
Angels, from the realms of glory . . . . .	1386 585	Hark, what mean those holy voices . . .	274 16
Arise, my spirit, bless the day . . . . .	985 169	Hark, what music fills the sky . . . . .	1132 265
Blessèd night, when first that plain . . .	1126 253	It came upon the midnight clear . . . .	1461 590
Bright and joyful is the morn . . . . .	61 11	Jesus, call Thou me, from the world . . .	511 46
Brightest and best of the sons of . . . . .	1150 298	Lo! God, our God, has come . . . . .	1175 342
Calm on the listening ear of night . . . .	1463 590	Maker of all things, Lord our God . . .	280 22
Christ has come for our salvation . . . . .	646 95	Once again, O blessèd time . . . . .	863 152
Christians, awake, salute the happy . . .	1501 600	Once in royal David's city . . . . .	612 89
Christians, sing out with exultation . . .	991 184	Rejoice, our nature Christ assumes . . .	292 22
Christ the Lord, the Lord most . . . . .	276 16	Silent night! Holy night! . . . . .	1516 P.M.
Come hither, ye faithful, . . . . .	507 39	Softly the night is sleeping . . . . .	859 151
Dost Thou in a manger lie . . . . .	1087 215	Thou fairest Child Divine . . . . .	1491 595
Good Christian men, rejoice . . . . .	722 121	Truly, that eventful day . . . . .	583 83
Good news from heav'n the angels . . . .	291 22	What good news the angels bring . . .	62 11
Hail, Thou long-expected Jesus . . . . .	255 16	Welcome, blessèd Heavenly . . . . .	244 16
Hail, Thou wondrous Infant . . . . .	1401 585	Whence those sounds symphonious . . .	759 141
Hark, the heaven's sweet melody . . . .	729 124	While shepherds watched their . . . . .	1462 590
Hark! the herald angels sing . . . . .	1074 205		

## 4.—HIS NAME—JESUS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All hail the power of Jesus' Name . . . .	162 14	Join all the glorious names . . . . .	1174 342
Come, all ye saints of God . . . . .	1240 579	Sacred Name of Jesus . . . . .	526 58
Conquering kings their titles take . . .	69 11	Sweeter sounds than music knows . . .	81 11
How sweet the Name of Jesus . . . . .	139 14	The ancient law departs . . . . .	1320 582
Jesus' Name, Source of life . . . . .	718 119	The Saviour! oh, what endless . . . . .	1436 590
Jesus, Name of wondrous love! . . . . .	82 11	To the Name of our Salvation . . . . .	628 91
Jesus! the very thought is sweet . . . . .	929 166	There is no other Name than Thine . . .	371 22
Jesus, Thy Name I love . . . . .	1245 579	Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb . . .	1450 590
Jesus, transporting sound! . . . . .	1177 342	To our Redeemer's glorious Name . . . .	145 14

## 5.—HIS MANIFESTATION TO THE GENTILES.

		<i>No. Tune</i>			<i>No. Tune</i>
As with gladness men of old . . .	1259	581	Morning star, O cheering sight . . .	1156	310
Brightest and best of the sons of the	1150	298	O Christ, our true and only Light. . .	298	22
Bright was the guiding star that led	173	14	O One with God the Father . . . . .	805	151
Hail! kingly Jesus, to Thy feet . . .	114	14	O Thou, Who by a star didst guide .	179	14
Hail to the brightness of Zion's . .	1151	298	The wise men from the East adored	562	79
Joy to the world, the Lord is come .	191	14	Watchman, tell us of the night . . .	84	11

## 6.—HIS LIFE, EXAMPLE AND MINISTRY.

		<i>No. Tune</i>			<i>No. Tune</i>
As oft with worn and weary feet . .	669	96	Jesus, Whom angel hosts adore . . .	420	22
Behold, where in a mortal form . . .	178	14	Lord, my times are in Thy hand . . .	58	11
Bethany, O peaceful habitation. . .	1008	185	May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb	563	79
By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . . .	1448	590	My dear Redeemer and my Lord . . .	417	22
Cheer up, desponding soul. . . . .	475	38	Oh, perfect life of love . . . . .	1366	582
Did Christ o'er sinners weep . . . . .	1294	582	O Master, let me walk with Thee . .	385	22
Fierce was the wild billow . . . . .	751	140	O Son of God and man, receive . . .	222	14
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . . . .	38	11	Round Tabor heavenly glories shine	288	22
How beauteous were the marks. . . . .	340	22	Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee. . .	1070	205
How shall I follow Him I serve? . .	387	22	See, my soul, God ever blest. . . . .	51	11
In duties and in sufferings, too . . .	121	14	The holy Child Jesus. . . . .	1115	243
In stature grows the Heavenly Child	210	14	The impression of what Christ, my	90	14
I think when I read that sweet story	1499	596	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old . .	1441	590
Jesus wept! those tears are over . . .	596	89	Thou art the Way: to Thee alone. . .	181	14

## 7.—HIS TRANSFIGURATION.

		<i>No. Tune</i>			<i>No. Tune</i>
"Jesus only!" In the shadow of the.	610	89	O wondrous type, O vision fair. . . .	319	22
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	341	22	Round Tabor heavenly glories shine	288	22
O Master, it is good to be . . . . .	931	166	When on Sinai's top I see . . . . .	55	11

## 8.—HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

		<i>No. Tune</i>			<i>No. Tune</i>
All glory, laud and honor . . . . .	849	151	O how shall I receive Thee . . . . .	800	151
Behold, He comes, thy King most . .	701	109	Ride on! ride on in majesty. . . . .	344	22
Children of Jerusalem . . . . .	1285	581	To Thee be glory, honor, praise . . .	297	22
Hosanna! Blessed is He That comes	1518	P.M.	What are those soul-reviving strains	332	22
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn . .	219	14	When, His salvation bringing . . . . .	826	151
How heart-affecting Christ to see . .	885	159	When Jesus into Salem rode . . . .	103	14

## 9.—HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

		<i>No. Tune</i>			<i>No. Tune</i>
And now, beloved Lord, Thy soul . .	1219	552	In spirit I am waiting . . . . .	1117	244
At the Cross her station keeping . . .	643	95	I see my Saviour languish. . . . .	792	151
Bound upon th' accursed Tree. . . .	1078	210	I see the crowd in Pilate's hall . . .	106	14
By the Cross of Jesus standing . . . .	648	95	I snite upon my guilty breast . . . .	688	99
Come to Calvary's holy mountain . .	597	89	"It is finished!" Shall we raise . . .	54	11
Done is the work that saves . . . . .	1179	342	Jesus, all hail, Who for our sin . . . .	573	79
Forever here my rest shall be. . . . .	187	14	Jesus, Solace of the soul. . . . .	866	152
For our transgressions Thou wast. . .	996	184	Jesus, Source of my salvation. . . . .	976	168
From the Cross the blood is falling. .	645	95	Jesus, tender Saviour. . . . .	769	141
Glory be to Jesus. . . . .	756	141	Jesus, till my latest breath . . . . .	726	124
Go, follow the Saviour. . . . .	1114	243	Lamb of God beloved . . . . .	755	141
Go to dark Gethsemane . . . . .	1250	581	Lamb of God, my Saviour. . . . .	1076	208
Great High-Priest, we view Thee . . .	944	167	Lamb of God, Thy precious blood. . .	1049	205
Hail, Thou King of saints ascending	434	23	Lamb of God, Whose bleeding love.	1468	591
Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus. . . .	955	167	Let me dwell on Golgotha. . . . .	52	11
Hark, the voice of love and mercy . .	1399	585	More than all, one thing my heart . .	1005	185
He, Who once in righteous . . . . .	599	89	Most gracious God and Lord . . . . .	782	146
I kneel in spirit at my Saviour's. . .	436	32	My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet . .	1217	552
In the cross of Christ I glory . . . .	239	16	My Saviour's pierced side . . . . .	1301	582

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Now my soul, thy voice upraising . . .	623 91	Sinners, come, the Saviour see . . .	1043 205
O blessèd Saviour, is Thy love . . .	150 14	Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God . . .	31 9
O come and mourn with me awhile . . .	422 22	Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne . . .	1262 581
O delightful theme, past all . . . . .	1018 185	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . .	252 16
O'er eras past I've pondered . . . . .	560 79	Thanks to the Man of sorrows be . . .	684 97
Oh, perfect life of love . . . . .	1366 582	The Cross, the Cross, oh, that's my . . .	279 22
Oh, there's a sight that rends my . . .	690 99	The Lord of might from Sinai's brow . . .	749 132
O Jesus, for Thy matchless love . . .	206 14	The royal banner is unfurled . . . . .	180 14
O Jesus, we adore Thee . . . . .	835 151	The royal banners forward go . . . . .	324 22
O Lamb of God, unspotted . . . . .	731 127	"Tis finished!" Jesus cries . . . . .	547 71
O Love Divine, what hast Thou done . . .	662 96	'Tis finished now . . . . .	1228 578
One view, Lord Jesus, of Thy . . . . .	995 184	Thou hast canceled my transgress'n . . .	980 168
O sacred head, now wounded . . . . .	791 151	Thy blood, so dear and precious . . . . .	795 151
O scorned and outcast Lord, beneath . . .	233 15	Thy blood, Thy blood the deed hath . . .	230 15
O sinner, lift the eye of faith . . . . .	741 132	Unto Jesus' Cross I'm now retiring . . .	1016 185
O world! behold upon the Tree . . . . .	576 79	Was ever grief like Thine . . . . .	1488 595
Ponder thou the Cross all holy . . . . .	644 95	What laws, my blessèd Saviour, hast . . .	466 36
Praise for every scene distressing . . . . .	939 167	When I by faith my Saviour see . . . . .	361 22
Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee . . . . .	1070 205	When I survey the wondrous Cross . . . .	331 22
See from the rock the waters . . . . .	998 184	When on Sinai's top I see . . . . .	55 11
Sing with awe in strains harmonious . . .	978 168	Wherefore weep we over Jesus . . . . .	958 167

## 10.—HIS BURIAL AND REST IN THE GRAVE.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All is o'er; the pain, the sorrow . . . . .	594 89	Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were . . . .	448 32
By Jesus' grave on either hand . . . . .	5 2	Resting from His work to-day . . . . .	1254 581
Come and deck the grave with . . . . .	241 16	Resting in the silent grave . . . . .	1063 205
Go, my soul, go every day . . . . .	56 11	The passion theme pursuing . . . . .	796 151
Hail, Thou King of saints ascending . . . .	434 23	The sepulcher is holding . . . . .	27 8
In this sepulchral Eden . . . . .	1500 597	Thou, sore oppress, the sabbath-rest . . .	509 45
Jesus, all hail, Who for our sin . . . . .	573 79	Unto Jesus' Cross I'm now retiring . . .	1016 185
Lord of life! now sweetly slumber . . . .	940 167	Weep, Zion, weep, in death's deep . . .	510 45
Met around the sacred tomb . . . . .	1249 581	When I visit Jesus' grave in spirit . . .	1012 185

## 11.—HIS RESURRECTION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
At the Lamb's high feast we sing . . . . .	1061 205	Morn's roseate hues have decked . . . .	4 2
Believing souls, rejoice and sing . . . . .	1431 590	O glorious Head, Thou livest now . . . .	681 97
Chants for Easter Sunday . . . . .	1210 539	O risen Lord, O conquering King . . . .	895 160
Christians, dismiss your fears . . . . .	1494 595	O sons and daughters, let us sing . . . .	3 2
Christ the Lord is risen again . . . . .	1159 315	Our Lord Christ hath risen! the . . . . .	779 142
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day . . . . .	46 11	Our Lord is risen from the dead . . . . .	934 166
Christ, my Rock, my sure Defence . . . . .	588 83	Our Redeemer rose victorious . . . . .	1387 585
Come, see the place where Jesus lay . . . .	632 92	Sing hallelujah, Christ doth live . . . . .	1493 590
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain . . . . .	865 152	The day of resurrection . . . . .	816 151
Far be the sorrow, tears and sighing . . .	750 133	The happy morn is come . . . . .	1176 342
Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and . . . . .	1007 185	The Lord of life is risen . . . . .	730 126
Hallelujah! hallelujah! Hearts to . . . . .	960 167	The morning kindles all the sky . . . . .	1445 590
I know that my Redeemer lives . . . . .	350 22	The Saviour lives, no more to die . . . .	294 22
In Thy glorious resurrection . . . . .	647 95	Upon this happy morn . . . . .	1170 342
I say to all men, far and near . . . . .	95 14	Welcome, happy morning . . . . .	770 141
Jesus Christ is risen to-day . . . . .	87 11	With hearts and with voices, O . . . . .	495 39
Jesus lives! no longer now . . . . .	589 83	Ye choirs of New Jerusalem . . . . .	185 14
Jesus, Who died a world to save . . . . .	639 92	Yes, He is risen, Who is the First . . . .	456 32

## 12.—HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Always with us, always with us . . . . .	256 16	Lift up your heads, O ye gates . . . . .	1519 P.M.
Conquering Prince and Lord of . . . . .	101 163	Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious . . .	1403 585
Golden harps are sounding . . . . .	771 141	O Christ, Thou hast ascended . . . . .	819 151
Hail the day that sees Him rise . . . . .	47 11	Our Lord is risen from the dead . . . . .	934 166
Jesus comes, His conflict over . . . . .	615 89	Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise . . . . .	1236 579
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory . . . . .	970 167	See, the Conqueror mounts in . . . . .	968 167

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
The eternal gates lift up their heads	97 14	To Thee, Lord Christ, all praise be	296 22
The Lord ascendeth up on high . . .	156 14	When Christ, our Saviour, did . . .	575 79
Thou art gone up on high . . . . .	1497 595	Who is this that comes from Edom?	604 89

## 13.—HIS KINGDOM AND PRIESTHOOD.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All hail the power of Jesus' Name . . .	162 14	Mighty King of righteousness . . .	1127 253
Before the Father's awful throne . . .	670 96	My Jesus, if the seraphim . . . . .	992 183
Christ, in highest heaven enthroned	620 89	O if the Lamb had not been slain . . .	745 132
Crown Him with many crowns . . . . .	1492 595	O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend	1147 277
Done is the work that saves . . . . .	1179 342	Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . . .	1183 342
Hark! ten thousand harps and . . . . .	600 89	The atoning work is done . . . . .	1188 342
Hear the royal proclamation . . . . .	435 23	The Lord is King:—upon His throne	734 132
High on His everlasting throne . . . . .	914 166	Thou, Jesus, art our King . . . . .	1160 341
High-Priest before the Father's face	231 15	To Thee be praise for ever . . . . .	829 151
Holy Saviour! we adore Thee . . . . .	1411 585	Upward where the stars are burning	650 95
I see a man at God's right hand . . . . .	1435 590	We bow before Thy throne . . . . .	1122 249
Jesus comes, His conflict over . . . . .	615 89	We give immortal praise . . . . .	1181 342
Jesus, great High-Priest of our . . . . .	1001 185	When along life's thorny road . . . . .	1069 205
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory . . . . .	970 167	Where high the heavenly temple . . . . .	354 22
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . . . . .	303 22	"Who is this that comes from . . . . .	604 89
Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend	1455 590	Who is this, with garments dyed . . . . .	557 77
Jesus, Who died, is now . . . . .	1350 582	Worthy, O Lord, art Thou . . . . .	1161 341
Let us awake our joys . . . . .	1239 579	Ye choirs of New Jerusalem . . . . .	185 14

## 14.—HIS SECOND ADVENT.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
And will the Judge descend? . . . . .	1289 582	Prepare your lamps, stand ready . . . . .	1116 244
Behold He comes, thy King most . . . . .	701 103	Rejoice, rejoice, believers . . . . .	810 151
Christ is coming! let creation . . . . .	1388 585	Sit down beneath His shadow . . . . .	30 8
Come, Lord, and tarry not . . . . .	1334 582	The Church has waited long . . . . .	1485 595
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel . . . . .	677 96	The Church on earth, in humble . . . . .	988 172
He is coming, He is coming . . . . .	963 167	The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	749 132
How long, O Lord, our Saviour . . . . .	817 151	The world is very evil . . . . .	812 151
Let us keep steadfast guard . . . . .	1345 582	Thou art coming, O my Saviour! . . . . .	1203 480
Lo, He cometh! countless trumpets	1378 585	"Till He come," oh let the words . . . . .	1252 581
Lord, for Thy coming us prepare . . . . .	568 79	To God we render praise . . . . .	1123 249
My faith shall triumph o'er the . . . . .	1460 590	To Thee be glory, honor, praise . . . . .	297 22
O quickly come, dread Judge of all . . . . .	655 96	Wake, awake, for night is flying . . . . .	1103 230
O Thou, Whom we adore . . . . .	1493 595	Watchman, tell us of the night . . . . .	84 11

## 15.—PRAYER AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All hail the power of Jesus' Name . . . . .	162 14	Heart of Christ, my King! I greet . . . . .	430 23
Ask ye what great thing I know . . . . .	1157 315	Holy Lord, Thanks and praise . . . . .	713 119
Awake, and sing the song . . . . .	1298 582	Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn . . . . .	219 14
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays . . . . .	293 22	How blest am I, most gracious . . . . .	1088 218
Be our Comfort which ne'er faileth	1109 230	How lovely shines the Morning Star	1097 228
Bless'd be Thy Name . . . . .	538 68	I will rejoice in God, my Saviour . . . . .	1414 586
Bless'd Jesus, we implore Thee . . . . .	1409 585	Jesus, Lord, most great and glorious	1101 230
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and	1155 298	Jesus, Lord of life and glory . . . . .	1379 585
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	146 14	Jesus, my King, Thy kind and . . . . .	706 114
Come, let us sing the song of songs . . . . .	331 22	Jesus, the Christ of God . . . . .	1309 582
Come, worship at Immanuel's feet . . . . .	336 22	Jesus, the very thought of Thee . . . . .	205 11
Deeply moved and duly heeding . . . . .	429 23	Jesus, Thou Source of life, impart . . . . .	687 97
Do you ask what most I prize . . . . .	1158 315	Jesus, Thy love exceeds by far . . . . .	190 11
Earth has nothing sweet or fair . . . . .	48 11	Jesus, who with Thee . . . . .	532 68
Fairest Lord Jesus . . . . .	465 33	Lamb, the once Crucified! Lion, by	531 61
Friend of sinners! Lord of glory! . . . . .	266 16	Lamb of God, all praise to Thee . . . . .	790 149
From all that dwell below the skies	311 22	Lead, kindly Light! amid the . . . . .	1502 601
From all Thy saints in warfare . . . . .	802 151	Light of those whose dreary dwell'g	913 167
Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us . . . . .	947 167	Lord of all being; throned afar . . . . .	368 22
Hail! kingly Jesus, to Thy feet . . . . .	114 11	Lord of mercy and of might . . . . .	1138 265

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Most Holy Lord and God . . . . .	1295 519	Praise the Saviour, we who know . . .	428 23
My All-in-all, my faithful Friend . .	686 97	Rise, exalt our Head and King . . .	1034 245
My portion is the Lord . . . . .	470 37	Son of God! to Thee I cry . . . . .	1269 581
My song shall bless the Lord of all . .	329 22	Sweeter sounds than music knows . .	81 11
None but Christ, my Saviour . . . . .	1077 208	Thanks and praise, Jesus, unto Thee .	712 119
Now let us join our hearts and . . . .	352 22	Thanksgiving, honor, praise and . . .	691 101
Now to the Lamb upon the throne . . .	693 101	The holy Child Jesus . . . . .	1115 243
Now to the Lord a noble song . . . . .	330 22	The seraphim of God . . . . .	1119 249
Now with joyful songs appear . . . . .	581 83	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old . .	1441 590
O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord . . .	280 22	Thou art our Comfort, blessèd Jesus .	999 184
O Christ, our true and only Light . . .	298 22	Thou art the Way: to Thee alone . . .	181 14
O Eternal Word . . . . .	539 68	Thou hidden Source of calm repose . .	664 96
O for a thousand tongues, to sing . . .	200 14	Thou Who didst on Calvary bleed . .	1136 265
O Fountain eternal of life and of . . .	777 142	True Bread of life, in pitying mercy .	441 32
Oh, exalt and praise the Lord . . . . .	1035 205	To Thee I send my cry, Lord Jesus . .	994 184
O Jesus, for Thy matchless love . . . .	206 14	To God, our Immanuel, made flesh . .	491 39
O Jesus, King most wonderful . . . . .	196 14	To our Redeemer's glorious Name . . .	145 14
O Lamb of God! still keep me . . . . .	838 151	To Him, Whose Name is holy . . . . .	874 157
O Lamb of God, Who wast for sinners . .	520 58	Unto the Lamb That was slain . . . .	1209 539
O Light, Whose beams illumine all . . .	661 96	Unto Thee, most faithful Saviour . . .	981 168
One there is above all others . . . . .	601 89	We bow before Thy throne . . . . .	1122 249
O Saviour, precious Saviour . . . . .	834 151	We sing the praise of Him Who died . .	347 22
O that we with gladness of spirit . . .	492 39	When the weary, seeking rest . . . . .	1505 604
O Thou great Friend to all the sons . .	454 32	Who is there like Thee . . . . .	543 68
O what shall I do . . . . .	1423 587	Wisdom and power to Christ belong . .	890 159
O Word of God Incarnate . . . . .	804 151	With awe, and deeply bowed . . . . .	1121 249
Praise, honor, majesty . . . . .	1113 235	Yea, I will extol Thee . . . . .	760 141
Praise the Lord; through every . . . . .	1107 239	Ye servants of God, your great . . . .	503 39

## V.—GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly . . . .	928 166	Lord God, the Holy Ghost . . . . .	1484 595
Come, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our . . .	1033 203	O Comforter, God Holy Ghost . . . .	374 22
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire . .	148 14	O Holy Ghost, on this great day . . . .	445 32
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire . .	373 22	O Holy Ghost, Thou Fount of light . .	635 92
Come, Holy Spirit, come . . . . .	1329 582	O Holy Spirit, enter in . . . . .	1095 228
Come, Holy Spirit, from above . . . . .	633 92	Oh, that the Comforter would come . .	665 96
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove! . . .	142 14	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed . .	1142 272
Come, O come, Thou quickening . . . .	608 89	O Spirit of the living God . . . . .	401 22
Come, O Creator Spirit, blest . . . . .	375 22	Spirit Divine, attend our prayers . . .	212 14
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid . . . . .	376 22	Spirit of God! descend upon my . . . .	443 32
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost . . . . .	1135 265	Spirit of mercy, truth and love . . . . .	416 22
Hail, Holy Spirit, bright immortal . . .	442 32	Spirit of truth, come down . . . . .	1348 582
Holy Ghost, dispel the sadness . . . . .	909 165	The Holy Ghost is here . . . . .	1367 582
Holy Ghost, Illuminator . . . . .	969 167	To Thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray . . .	397 22
Holy Ghost, the Infinite . . . . .	1133 265	We are not left to walk alone . . . . .	936 166
Holy Spirit, come and shine . . . . .	1124 253	When God of old came down from . . .	110 14
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light . . . . .	1125 253	Why should the children of a King . . .	198 14
Let songs of praises fill the sky . . . .	94 14		

## VI.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

## I.—WARNING AND INVITATION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Ah, whither should I go . . . . .	1288 582	Go forth in spirit, go . . . . .	1292 582
All ye that pass by . . . . .	1419 587	Go Thou, in life's fair morning . . . .	846 151
Art thou weary, art thou languid . . .	1140 269	Grace, grace, oh, that's a joyful . . . .	1432 590
Behold, a Stranger at the door! . . . .	364 22	Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh .	389 22
Christ, the good Shepherd, God's . . . .	1424 590	How sad our state by nature is . . . .	108 14
Come, all that heavy-laden are . . . . .	1089 217	I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	1464 590
Come, sinners, to the gospel-feast . . .	414 22	Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult . . . . .	269 16
"Come unto Me, ye weary" . . . . .	844 151	Just as thou art, without one trace . .	1145 277
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched . .	1408 585	Lo, on a narrow neck of land . . . . .	558 79
God calling yet!—shall I not hear . . .	382 22	Not one of Adam's race . . . . .	1286 582

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Oh, how great, how rich, how free . . . . .	1038 205	Souls of men! why will ye scatter . . . . .	250 16
O Jesus, Thou art standing . . . . .	837 151	The Spirit in our hearts . . . . .	1330 582
Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye; for why. . . . .	508 39	The voice of free grace cries escape. . . . .	504 39
One thing's needful; then Lord . . . . .	989 173	To-day the Saviour calls. . . . .	1372 582
Sinner, hear the joyful news . . . . .	1475 591	To the soul that seeks Him Christ is . . . . .	1017 185
Sinner, hear the Saviour's call . . . . .	1467 591	Weary of earth, and laden with my . . . . .	450 32
Sinners, turn, why will ye die . . . . .	1046 205	Why will ye waste on trifling cares . . . . .	386 22

## 2.—PENITENCE AND HUMILITY.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
At thy feet, At Thy piercèd feet. . . . .	717 119	My Saviour, that I without Thee . . . . .	409 22
Chosen, not for good in me . . . . .	1265 581	Not in anger, Mighty God . . . . .	787 149
Dread Jehovah! God of nations! . . . . .	267 16	Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the . . . . .	440 32
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal . . . . .	1131 253	O great Absolver, grant my soul . . . . .	453 32
Holy offerings, rich and rare . . . . .	871 156	O Jesus Christ, if aught there be . . . . .	1456 590
I need Thee, precious Jesus . . . . .	836 151	Only one prayer to-day . . . . .	1287 582
Jesus, heed me, lost and dying . . . . .	427 23	O my Immanuel, My wounded spirit . . . . .	723 121
Jesus, let Thy sufferings ease us . . . . .	872 157	On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call . . . . .	300 22
Jesus, Saviour, I implore Thee . . . . .	240 16	Our Father, hear our longing prayer . . . . .	220 14
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee . . . . .	403 22	Out of the deep I cry to Thee . . . . .	742 132
Jesus, Thou Source of every good. . . . .	740 132	Out of the depths of woe . . . . .	1291 582
Just as I am—without one plea . . . . .	1144 277	Peter, faithless, thrice denies . . . . .	862 152
Lord, for ever at Thy side . . . . .	1066 205	Saviour of Thy chosen race . . . . .	1251 581
Lord, I am come! Thy promise is. . . . .	462 32	Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee . . . . .	1070 205
Lord, I feel a carnal mind . . . . .	1477 591	Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive. . . . .	378 22
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing. . . . .	268 16	Take me, O my Father, take me . . . . .	967 167
Lord! in love and mercy save us . . . . .	275 16	There is a holy sacrifice . . . . .	18 3
Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee alone . . . . .	1032 202	'T is not that I did choose Thee . . . . .	810 151
Lord, to Thee I make confession . . . . .	433 23	Whate'er I am, whate'er I do . . . . .	680 97
Lord, when we bend before Thy . . . . .	197 14	With deeply humbled hearts we . . . . .	467 36

## 3.—FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Ah, how shall fallen man . . . . .	1295 582	Many woes hath Christ endured . . . . .	1261 581
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed? . . . . .	107 14	My case to Thee is fully known . . . . .	884 159
All the bliss which we possess . . . . .	1047 205	My soul before Thee prostrate lies . . . . .	405 22
All praise to the Lamb! . . . . .	1422 587	None from God so distant are . . . . .	582 83
A sinful man am I . . . . .	1312 582	Not all the blood of beasts. . . . .	1293 582
Christ Jesus, once to death abased . . . . .	912 154	Not what these hands have done . . . . .	1324 582
Christ to know is life and peace . . . . .	1476 591	Now I have found the ground . . . . .	659 96
Come, lowly souls that mourn . . . . .	1336 582	O if the Lamb had not been slain . . . . .	745 132
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem . . . . .	627 91	Oh for a faith that will not shrink . . . . .	188 14
Eternal thanks be Thine . . . . .	781 146	Peace on earth, Heaven is . . . . .	1396 585
Faith comes by hearing God's . . . . .	342 22	Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . .	1280 581
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord . . . . .	221 11	Sing hallelujah, Christ doth live . . . . .	1433 590
From my own works at last I cease . . . . .	408 22	The doctrine of our dying Lord . . . . .	652 96
God of my salvation, hear . . . . .	1469 591	There is a green hill far away . . . . .	1449 590
Hail, Alpha and Omega, hail . . . . .	203 14	There is a Fountain filled with blood . . . . .	92 14
Here I can firmly rest . . . . .	1317 582	The one thing needful, that good . . . . .	353 22
How lost was my condition . . . . .	813 151	The Saviour's blood and . . . . .	278 22
How needful, strictly to inquire . . . . .	883 159	The unbounded love of my Creator . . . . .	1009 185
I hear the words of love . . . . .	1487 595	Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord . . . . .	1442 590
I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . .	833 151	Thou, Lord, must for Thy sake . . . . .	101 14
In weariness and pain . . . . .	1311 582	Though by nature I'm defilèd . . . . .	1086 214
Is God my strong Salvation . . . . .	798 151	Thousand times by me be greeted . . . . .	906 165
Jesus, my Lord, my God . . . . .	1353 582	Thy works, not mine, O Christ . . . . .	1186 342
Jesus, my Lord, Thy nearness doth . . . . .	523 58	'T is the most blest and needful part . . . . .	879 159
Jesus, Thou Who once wast dead . . . . .	860 152	To avert from men God's wrath . . . . .	1260 581
Join earth and heaven to bless . . . . .	1165 341	We pray, Thee, wounded Lamb of . . . . .	404 22
Let the world thy virtue boast . . . . .	1466 591	Wherefore weep we over Jesus . . . . .	958 167
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly pray . . . . .	339 22	Yes, since God Himself hath said it . . . . .	602 89
Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes . . . . .	449 32		

## 4.—SELF-CONSECRATION AND CONFESSION OF FAITH.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? . . .	127 14	Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine . . .	381 22
Blessèd Saviour! Thee I love . . .	1282 581	Lord, take my heart just as it is . . .	214 14
Faithful Lord, my only joy and . . .	1021 185	Love, Who in the first beginning . . .	605 89
Farewell, henceforth, for ever . . .	797 151	My God, accept my heart this day . . .	135 14
For mercies, countless as the sands . . .	99 14	My happy lot is here . . .	471 37
Forward! be our watchword . . .	775 141	"My yoke," saith Christ, "upon . . .	617 90
"Give Me, My child," the Father . . .	705 112	Oh, at last I've found my Saviour . . .	983 138
God of my life! Thy boundless . . .	14 3	Oh, happy day! that fix'd my choice . . .	390 22
I am needy, yet forgiven . . .	425 23	O Jesus, my Lord . . .	20 4
If our all on Christ we venture . . .	258 16	O Saviour, the truest, the best of all . . .	778 142
I'll glory in nothing but only in . . .	488 39	O tell me no more . . .	1418 587
I love the Lord! He lent an ear . . .	105 14	Present your bodies to the Lord . . .	1429 590
In Thy service will I ever . . .	945 167	Take my life, and let it be . . .	1071 205
Is God my strong Salvation . . .	798 151	Teach me yet more of Thy blest . . .	136 14
I was a wandering sheep . . .	1489 595	The Lord will grace and glory give . . .	915 166
Jesus, and shall it ever be . . .	377 22	Through good report and evil, Lord . . .	8 3
Jesus! I live to Thee . . .	1327 582	Thy life was given for me . . .	553 74
Jesus, I my cross have taken . . .	956 167	To that Lord Who, unconstrainèd . . .	424 23
Jesus, Master, Whose I am . . .	1270 581	With new life endowed by Christ . . .	1003 185
Jesus, Thy love exceeds by far . . .	190 14	Witness, ye men and angels, now . . .	151 14
Jesus, what offering shall I give . . .	674 96		

## 5.—LOVE AND COMMUNION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Abide in grace, Lord Jesus . . .	25 8	Lord Jesus, may I constantly . . .	326 22
As pants the hart for cooling . . .	208 14	More than shepherd's faithfulness . . .	585 83
Be this henceforth my constant . . .	1096 228	My God, I love Thee! not because . . .	152 14
Blest are they, supremely blest . . .	67 11	My Lord, how full of sweet content . . .	927 166
Chief of sinners though I be . . .	1266 581	My Redeemer knoweth me . . .	884 83
Christ is the Vine, we branches are . . .	284 22	My Saviour, Whom absent I love . . .	1510 606
Christ's love produces love; and . . .	463 32	My spirit longs for Thee . . .	474 38
Come, faithful Shepherd, bind me . . .	811 151	Not what I am, O Lord, but what . . .	451 32
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou . . .	497 39	Object of my first desire . . .	1048 205
Come, My Way, my Truth, my Life . . .	86 11	O Christ, my Light, my gracious . . .	993 184
Deck thyself, my soul, with . . .	423 23	O could we but love that Saviour . . .	952 167
Eternal Sun of Righteousness . . .	98 14	Oh, see how Jesus trusts Himself . . .	1454 590
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord . . .	59 11	O King of mercy, from Thy throne . . .	2 1
Him on yonder Cross I love . . .	1067 205	O Lamb of God! still keep me . . .	838 151
How tedious and tasteless the hours . . .	1508 606	O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art . . .	637 92
I could not do without Thee . . .	808 151	O Saviour, the truest, the best of all . . .	778 142
If human kindness meets return . . .	1451 590	Our life is hid with Christ . . .	1325 582
If only I have Thee . . .	1227 577	Sit down beneath His shadow . . .	30 8
In heavenly love abiding . . .	809 151	Something every heart is loving . . .	950 167
I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour . . .	414 32	Still on Thy loving heart let me . . .	1025 192
I love the Lord Who died for me . . .	335 22	Teach me to do the thing that . . .	460 32
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God . . .	209 14	Tell me, Whom my soul doth love . . .	32 9
I would love Thee, God and Father . . .	951 167	Thee will I love, my Strength and . . .	672 96
Jesus, bless us sensibly . . .	590 83	There is no sorrow, Lord, too light . . .	228 14
Jesus is my Light most fair . . .	870 156	The unbounded love of my Creator . . .	1009 185
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all . . .	668 96	Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine . . .	1509 606
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me . . .	666 96	Till persecuted hence to go . . .	35 9
Jesus, Thy Name I love . . .	1245 579	We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone . . .	1447 590
Jesus, Thyself to us reveal . . .	564 79	We would see Jesus: for the . . .	1216 552
Jesus will I never leave . . .	579 83	When Christ, our Lord and Saviour, . . .	1416 586
Like Mary at her Saviour's feet . . .	880 159	While Thee I seek, proteeting . . .	1452 590
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee . . .	1446 590	Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am . . .	452 32
Lord Jesus, I pray . . .	19 4	Yes, for me, for me, He careth . . .	946 167

## 6.—HOLINESS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Attend, O Saviour, to our prayer . . .	281 22	Blest are the pure in heart . . .	1370 582
Bespinkle with Thy blood my . . .	100 14	Blessèd Jesus, all our hearts incline . . .	517 56
Be this our happy destiny . . .	1100 228	Christ, Whose glory fills the skies . . .	1271 581

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Dear Lord, my soul desireth . . . . .	569 79	Lord, Who didst sanctify . . . . .	548 71
Deliver me, my God, from all that's	711 118	Love Divine, all loves excelling . . .	948 167
Destroy, O Lord, the carnal mind . .	921 166	Mighty God, we humbly pray . . . .	83 11
Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus . . . . .	799 151	More holiness give me, more . . . .	496 39
Grant, most gracious Lamb of God . .	40 11	My heart lies dead, and no increase	13 3
Heavenly Father, to Whose eye . . . .	64 11	None God the Father's favor share .	167 14
How needful, strictly to inquire . . .	883 159	O blessed Saviour, is Thy love . . .	150 14
I did Thee wrong, my God . . . . .	481 38	O give us that good part . . . . .	1167 341
In Thy love and knowledge, gracious	1004 185	O glorious Head, Thou livest now . .	681 97
Into Thy gracious hands I fall . . . .	922 166	Oh, for a heart to praise my God . .	116 14
Jesus, by Thy Holy Spirit . . . . .	263 16	Oh, that the Lord would guide my .	113 14
Jesus hath procured salvation . . . .	432 23	O Jesus Christ, most holy . . . . .	794 151
Jesus' love unbounded . . . . .	754 141	O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace . .	932 166
Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone . . .	413 22	O Jesus, were we, through Thy grace	1099 228
Jesus, Thou art my salvation . . . . .	876 157	O Lord, in me fulfill . . . . .	552 74
Jesus, Thyself to us reveal . . . . .	564 79	One thing's needful, then, Lord . . .	989 173
Jesus, with Thy death and passion . .	426 23	On Thy ransomed congregation . . .	251 16
Lord, and is Thine anger gone . . . .	1471 591	Search me, O God, and know my . .	165 14
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee . .	175 14	Through good report and evil, Lord	8 3
Lord, for grace we Thee entreat . . . .	869 155	'Tis Thine alone, almighty Name . .	213 14
Lord, while I with Thee remain . . . .	1039 205	When simplicity we cherish . . . .	235 16

## 7.—BROTHERLY LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Beneath the shadow of the Cross . . .	227 14	Let party names no more . . . . .	1373 582
Blest be that sacred covenant-love . .	224 14	Lord of mercy and of might . . . . .	1274 581
Blest be the tie that binds . . . . .	1335 582	May we to Thee, our Shepherd . . . .	682 97
Christ, from Whom all blessings flow	1060 205	Oh, praise our God to-day . . . . .	1338 582
Christian hearts, in love united . . . .	942 167	One sole baptismal sign . . . . .	1187 342
Dearest Jesus, come to me . . . . .	37 11	The glorious universe around . . . . .	147 14
Faith, hope, and charity, these three	415 22	Though I speak with angel tongues	1272 581
Father of all, from land and sea . . . .	9 3	'Tis a pleasant thing to see . . . . .	1281 581
How good it is, how pleasant to . . .	437 32	We covenant with hand and heart . .	886 159
How sweet, how heavenly is the . . . .	112 14	We who here together are assembled	1011 185
Jesus, all our souls inspire . . . . .	50 11	What brought us together, what . . .	493 39

## 8.—JOY AND PRAISE.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Bliss beyond compare . . . . .	534 68	O days of perfect happiness . . . . .	902 164
Come join, ye saints, with heart and	638 92	O happy days, days marked with . .	710 115
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	961 167	On our way rejoicing . . . . .	757 141
Come we that love the Lord . . . . .	1354 582	One thing's needful; then, Lord . . .	989 173
For the beauty of the earth . . . . .	1257 581	Our lot is fallen in pleasant places .	699 106
Happiness, delightful name . . . . .	1058 205	O what happiness divine . . . . .	789 149
How great the bliss to be a sheep of	709 115	O would, my God, that I could praise	697 106
How happy are they . . . . .	1421 587	Praise the Lord, His glories show . .	68 11
I'll praise Thee with my heart and . .	174 14	Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord	1223 552
Jesus makes my heart rejoice . . . . .	577 82	Rejoice to-day with one accord . . .	1030 199
Let us love and sing and wonder . . .	616 89	Saviour, blessed Saviour . . . . .	761 141
Long did I toil and knew no earthly	703 110	Since Jesus is my Friend . . . . .	1318 582
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise	974 167	Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord . . .	893 159
Meet and right it is to sing . . . . .	1479 591	Songs of praise the angels sang . . .	49 11
My God, I am Thine . . . . .	1420 587	The wanderer no more will roam . .	1148 277
My God, the Spring of all my joys . .	109 14	Through all the changing scenes of	192 14
My Shepherd is the Lamb . . . . .	1496 595	To Thee, O God, we raise . . . . .	784 146
My Shepherd's mighty aid . . . . .	1195 345	We are the Lord's; His all-sufficient	1222 552
Now begin the heavenly theme . . . .	77 11	When all Thy mercies, O my God!	186 14
Now let us praise the Lord . . . . .	783 146		

## 9.—PATIENCE AND TRUST.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All the way my Saviour leads me . . .	965 167	"At evening time let there be light"	663 96
Always with us, always with us . . .	256 16	At last he's blest who by the . . . .	464 32
"As thy day thy strength shall be"	45 11	Begone, unbelief; for my Saviour is	506 39



	<i>No. Time</i>		<i>No. Time</i>
Be still, my heart, these anxious . . .	421 22	My God, my Father, while I stray . . .	16 3
Be tranquil, O my soul. . . . .	478 38	My Jesus, as Thou wilt . . . . .	486 38
Call Jehovah thy Salvation . . . . .	941 167	My spirit on Thy care . . . . .	1356 582
Calm me, my God, and keep me . . .	194 14	My times are in Thy hand. . . . .	1363 582
Can a mortal flee from sorrow . . .	598 89	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . .	1241 579
Cast thy burden on the Lord . . . .	71 11	Nearer, O God, to Thee. . . . .	1242 579
Christ will gather in His own . . . .	53 11	None e'er shall be ashamed . . . . .	1118 244
Commit thou every grievance. . . .	807 151	O eyes that are weary and hearts. . .	498 39
Day by day the manna fell . . . . .	44 11	Of when the waves of passion rise. .	631 92
"Father, Thy will, not mine, be . . .	634 92	O God, Thy Name is love . . . . .	1358 582
Father! what'er of earthly bliss. . .	120 14	O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen . . .	1146 207
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the . . .	1141 270	O let him, whose sorrow . . . . .	765 141
Fierce was the wild billow. . . . .	751 140	O my soul, what means this sadness	1384 585
Go not far from me, O my Strength	733 129	One prayer I have—all prayers in. . .	160 14
He that confides in his Creator . . .	695 106	O Thou, Who lov'st to send relief. . .	207 14
How firm a foundation, ye saints of	501 39	O Thou, Whose mercy guides my. . .	229 14
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus . . .	1139 269	Our God is truth, most faithful is . .	704 112
If to Jesus for relief . . . . .	1478 591	Peace that passeth understanding . .	982 168
In God, my faithful God. . . . .	555 75	Peace, perfect peace, in this dark. . .	1 1
Is God my strong Salvation . . . . .	798 151	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . .	1263 581
In heavenly love abiding . . . . .	809 151	Since we can't doubt God's equal love	1440 590
In Thine arm I rest me . . . . .	1075 208	Storms of trouble may assail us . . .	238 16
In time of tribulation . . . . .	793 151	The King of Love my Shepherd is . .	232 15
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God . .	209 14	There is a safe and secret place . . .	211 14
Jesus, Lover of my soul . . . . .	1044 205	Though I'm in body full of pain . . .	343 22
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me. . . .	15 3	Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness	1201 383
"Jesus only!" in the shadow . . . . .	610 89	Thy way, not mine, O Lord . . . . .	473 38
Jesus wept! those tears are over . . .	596 89	Vainly through night's weary hours	259 16
Leaning on Thee, my Guide and . . .	17 3	What cheering words are these . . .	1349 582
Let not your heart be faint . . . . .	1316 582	What, my soul, should bow thee . . .	33 9
Look up, my soul, to Christ thy Joy	889 159	When gathering clouds around I . . .	656 96
Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee. . . . .	556 75	Who puts his trust in God most just	1093 223
'Mid the trials we experience. . . . .	979 168	Yes, He knows the way is dreary . .	611 89
My God, the covenant of Thy love . .	130 14		

## 10.—WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELITY.

	<i>No. Time</i>		<i>No. Time</i>
A charge to keep I have . . . . .	1340 582	My soul, be on thy guard . . . . .	1341 582
Are you formed a creature new. . . .	1062 205	Nearer, ever nearer . . . . .	763 141
Children of light, arise and shine. . .	640 92	Oh, exalt and praise the Lord . . . .	1035 295
Come, faithful Shepherd, bind me. . .	811 151	Oh for a principle within . . . . .	159 14
Earthly joys no longer please us . . .	257 16	O happy band of pilgrims . . . . .	852 151
Faith of our fathers! living still . . .	676 96	Oh help us, Lord, each hour of need	123 14
Hark! the sound of holy voices. . . .	265 16	O Jesus, I have promised . . . . .	841 151
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry . . . .	1248 580	Should our minds, to earthly objects	1019 185
Holy Lord, By Thy body . . . . .	715 119	The worst of evils we can name. . . .	1430 590
How great at last my joy will be . . .	905 164	To the soul that seeks Him Christ is	1017 185
In the hour of trial. . . . .	764 141	We know Thee Who Thou art. . . . .	1374 582
Jesus, day by day . . . . .	535 68	We, O Jesus, claim Thy special care	513 56
Jesus! still lead on. . . . .	541 68	Who overcometh shall abide forever	1023 189
Master, speak! Thy servant heareth	609 89	Ye servants of the Lord . . . . .	1314 582

## 11.—COURAGE AND CONFLICT.

	<i>No. Time</i>		<i>No. Time</i>
Am I a soldier of the Cross . . . . .	189 14	Father, hear the prayer we offer . . .	249 16
A safe Stronghold our God is still . .	1028 199	Fear not, O little Flock, the foe . . .	636 92
Are thy toils and woes increasing? . .	493 23	Fight the good fight with all thy . .	380 22
Awake, my soul, stretch every . . . .	131 14	Flung to the heedless winds . . . . .	484 38
Brethren, while we sojourn here . . .	1065 205	For all Thy saints, who from their . .	527 58
Children of the Heavenly King . . . .	75 11	Glory to God, Whose witness-train. . .	96 14
Christians, come, new anthems . . . .	864 152	God of Israel's faithful three . . . .	1470 591
Christian, dost thou see them . . . . .	766 141	Go forward, Christian soldier . . . . .	855 151
Courage, my sorely tempted heart! . .	512 54	If Christ is mine, then all is mine . .	138 14

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord . . .	129 14	Stand up! stand up for Jesus . . . .	854 151
Jesus Christ, Thou Leading-star . . .	580 83	Take up thy cross! the Saviour said . .	345 22
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone . . .	93 14	The call to arms is sounding . . . .	845 151
Nearer, O God, to Thee . . . . .	1242 579	The reproach of Christ is glorious . .	234 16
O be not thou dismay'd . . . . .	842 151	Though faint, yet pursuing, we go . .	502 39
Oh, it is hard to work for God . . .	202 14	Warrior, at thy station stand . . . .	1042 205
Oh for a faith that will not shrink . .	188 14	When adverse winds and waves . . .	657 96
Onward, Christian soldiers . . . . .	772 141	Who are these like stars appearing, . .	607 89
Praise the Lord! From the deeds . . .	721 119	Who the multitudes can number . . .	625 91
Soldiers of Christ, arise . . . . .	1498 595	Who puts his trust in God most just . .	1093 223
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy . . .	398 22		

## 12.—PRAYER.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Almighty God, in humble prayer . . .	119 14	My faith looks up to Thee . . . . .	1244 579
All alone, and yet not lonely . . . .	253 16	My God, is any hour so sweet . . . .	10 3
And dost Thou say, "Ask what . . ."	333 22	O Thou Who hearest prayer . . . . .	1198 345
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat . .	164 14	Our Father, Thou in heaven above . .	651 96
Behold the throne of grace . . . . .	1302 582	Our heavenly Father, hear . . . . .	1319 582
Chants for the Litany . . . . .	1208 539	Our Father, Who art in heaven . . . .	1517 P.M.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . .	72 11	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . .	157 14
Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye . .	1152 298	Pray, without ceasing, pray . . . . .	1321 582
From every stormy wind that . . . .	418 22	Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of . .	923 166
God of my life, on Thee I call . . . .	299 22	The Holy Ghost is here . . . . .	1367 582
God, Who art Love, the same both . .	708 114	There is no sorrow, Lord, too light . .	228 14
I need no other plea . . . . .	1226 577	They who seek the throne of grace . .	66 11
Jesus, Who knows full well . . . . .	1357 582	To the hills I lift mine eyes . . . . .	1474 591
Lord, teach us how to pray aright . .	122 14	What a friend we have in Jesus . . .	957 167
Lord, when we bend before Thy . . .	197 14	What various hindrances we meet . .	407 22

## 13.—CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY AND PRACTICAL LOVE.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Behold us, Lord, a little space . . . .	201 14	May Jesus' grace and blessing . . . . .	565 79
Cast thy bread upon the waters . . . .	260 16	Mourn for the thousands slain . . . .	1296 582
Go, labor on; spend, and be spent . . .	367 22	Oh praise our God to-day . . . . .	1338 582
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry . . . . .	1248 580	O Lord of heaven, and earth and . . .	7 3
Hark, the voice of Jesus crying . . . .	954 167	O Master, let me walk with Thee . . .	385 22
He that goeth forth with weeping . . .	966 167	O Son of God and man, receive . . . .	222 14
High on His everlasting throne . . . .	914 166	O Thou before Whose presence . . . .	839 151
If thou wouldest life attain . . . . .	1253 581	Reach out Thy scepter, King of love . .	678 97
In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow . . .	325 22	Rise, exalt our Head and King . . . .	1034 205
In the lonely house of mourning . . .	908 165	Shepherd, help Thy chosen few . . . .	31 9
In the vineyard of our Father . . . . .	1412 585	Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . .	1360 582
Jesus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace . .	123 14	Teach me, my God and King . . . . .	1342 582
Let Thy presenee go with me . . . . .	1041 205	The gold and silver are the Lord's . .	388 22
Lo! I come with joy to do . . . . .	1481 591	We give Thee but Thine own . . . . .	1361 582
Lord of glory! Thou hast bought us . .	247 16	While we take our seat . . . . .	540 68
Make use of me, my God . . . . .	1290 582	Work, for the night is coming . . . .	853 151

## VII.—THE HOLY SACRAMENTS.

## I.—BAPTISM.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
A little Child the Saviour eame . . . .	290 22	Jesus, we lift ourselves to Thee . . . .	134 14
Bless'd Jesus, here we stand . . . . .	592 84	O Thou, Who on earth didst the . . .	489 39
Chants for the Baptism of Adults . . . .	1212 539	Our baptism first declares . . . . .	1313 582
Chants for the Baptism of Infants . . .	1211 539	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand . .	225 14
Father, Son and Holy Ghost . . . . .	1483 591	The eye can name but water see . . . .	1031 201

## 2.—THE COMMUNION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
According to Thy gracious word . . . .	172 14	Bread of the world, in mercy broken . .	1000 184
A parting hymn we sing . . . . .	1305 582	By Christ redeemed, in Christ . . . .	12 3
At the Lamb's high feast we sing . . . .	1061 205	Chants for the Lord's Supper . . . . .	1213 539
Bread of life, Christ by Whom . . . . .	719 119	Christ crucified, my soul, by faith . .	694 102
Bow down, ye followers of the Lamb . .	692 101	For the bread and for the wine . . . .	24 7

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Happy race of witnesses . . . . .	1036 205	Lord Jesus, Who before Thy passion	700 107
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to	459 32	O Bread of life, from heaven . . . . .	559 79
In that sad, memorable night. . . . .	653 96	O what an act of majesty . . . . .	689 99
Jesus, at Thine invitation. . . . .	277 20	See Jesus seated 'midst His own . . . . .	894 160
Jesus, Lord of life and glory . . . . .	1079 211	Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless	153 14
Jesus, to Thy table led. . . . .	1130 253	Sion, to Thy Saviour singing . . . . .	649 95
Jesus, we thus obey . . . . .	1326 582	They who hunger after Christ, are .	514 56

## VIII.—THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

## I.—MILITANT AND TRIUMPHANT.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All hail, our Church's Elder dear. . . . .	878 159	O be not thou dismay'd . . . . .	842 151
As long as Jesus Lord remains . . . . .	285 22	O Church, thy strength abide. . . . .	472 37
Christ is made the sure Foundation	624 91	Oh! where are kings and empires . . . . .	127 14
Christ, from Whom all blessings . . . . .	1060 205	O Lord! Thy work revive . . . . .	1322 582
Christ, Thou the Champion of the	529 58	One sole baptismal sign . . . . .	1187 342
Church of God, beloved and chosen	964 167	On Thy Church, O Power Divine . . . . .	1276 581
Church of Jesus, sing . . . . .	533 68	Onward, Christian soldiers . . . . .	772 141
Come in, thou bless'd of the Lord . . . . .	133 14	O Rock of ages, one Foundation . . . . .	990 184
Come, let us join our friends above	143 14	O Thou, Whose goodness words can	518 58
Faith of our fathers! living still . . . . .	676 96	Peace be to thy every dwelling . . . . .	1085 214
Flung to the heedless winds . . . . .	484 38	People of the living God . . . . .	85 11
For all Thy saints, O Lord. . . . .	1364 582	Praise God for ever. . . . .	1206 520
For all Thy saints, who from their	527 58	Praise, honor, majesty. . . . .	1113 235
Glorious things of thee are spoken.	937 167	Praise the Lord, Bounteously He. . . . .	714 119
Grace and peace from God our. . . . .	1002 185	Praise the Lord! From the deeds . . . . .	721 119
Great is the Lord our God . . . . .	1365 582	Praise the Lord with hearts and . . . . .	1034 214
Hail, Church of Christ, bought . . . . .	102 14	Rise, crowned with light, imperial . . . . .	455 32
Hail, thou martyr host of heaven! . . . . .	1080 211	Since we, though unworthy. . . . .	752 141
Head of the Church Triumphant . . . . .	1081 212	Sing we the song of those who stand	141 14
Highly favored congregation . . . . .	900 161	The call to arms is sounding . . . . .	845 151
Hold o'er Thy Church, Lord, Thy	521 58	The Church of Christ, that He hath	524 58
How blest and lovely Thy earthly. . . . .	544 69	The Church on earth, in humble . . . . .	938 172
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord. . . . .	1352 582	The Church's one foundation . . . . .	814 151
Jesus, great High-Priest of our . . . . .	1001 185	The springs of salvation from Christ	1090 221
Jesus, Who died a world to save . . . . .	639 92	The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . .	1427 590
Jesus, with Thy Church abide. . . . .	1129 253	Welcome among Thy flock of grace	913 166
Lord God, our Salvation . . . . .	1027 195	What are these in bright array . . . . .	1059 205
Lord Jesus, by Thy death . . . . .	724 121	What is it that makes us stand fast	1091 221
Lord of our life, and God of our. . . . .	468 36	With heart and hand you now we . . . . .	257 22
Now, Lord, Who in this vale of tears	892 159	Zion stands with hills surrounded . . . . .	1391 585

## 2.—THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
And is the time approaching . . . . .	818 151	Oh, that the Lord's salvation . . . . .	803 151
Blessed Saviour, with love's sacred.	516 56	O Lord, of goodness so amazing. . . . .	698 106
Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . . .	1182 342	O Thou Whom we adore. . . . .	1493 595
Church, rejoice; Raise thy voice . . . . .	1094 225	Our country's voice is pleading . . . . .	832 151
Come, Kingdom of our God . . . . .	1375 582	O what praise in highest strain . . . . .	868 155
Come, Thou universal Blessing. . . . .	962 167	Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ng	1393 585
From Greenland's icy mountains. . . . .	828 151	Saviour! sprinkle many nations . . . . .	972 167
Hark, the distant isles proclaim . . . . .	79 11	Send out Thy light and truth, O God	1029 199
Hark! the song of jubilee . . . . .	1051 205	Souls in heathen darkness lying . . . . .	1397 585
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad	1151 298	Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed	1382 585
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time . . . . .	1055 205	The Lord Himself gave forth the . . . . .	679 97
High on His everlasting throne. . . . .	914 166	The morning light is breaking . . . . .	836 151
In these Thy days exalt Thy grace . . . . .	1426 590	There's but a small beginning made	283 22
Let them that love Him . . . . .	1207 520	This ship we now commend to Thee	338 22
Lord Jesus, with Thy presence bless	337 22	Through midnight gloom from . . . . .	654 96
Lord of all power and might . . . . .	1243 579	Thy Kingdom come, O God . . . . .	483 38
Lord of the harvest, hear . . . . .	1199 345	Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense . . . . .	1425 590
Now be the Gospel banner. . . . .	830 151	Urged by love, to every nation . . . . .	896 161
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . . . . .	1404 585	Wake the song of jubilee . . . . .	76 11
O'er the realms of pagan darkness . . . . .	1405 585	When shall Thine hour, dear Jesus	282 22

## 3.—THE MINISTRY.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
A messenger of peace . . . . .	1193 345	Pour out Thy Spirit from on high . . . . .	351 22
Arm these Thy servants, mighty . . . . .	930 166	Redeemer of mankind, God of all . . . . .	519 58
A stranger and a pilgrim, I . . . . .	574 79	Rest from thy labor, rest . . . . .	1300 582
Be present with Thy servants, Lord . . . . .	323 22	Roll on, thou mighty ocean . . . . .	831 151
Cheer Thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus . . . . .	1014 185	Servant of God, well done! . . . . .	1339 582
Christ's love invites us . . . . .	546 70	Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed . . . . .	1382 585
Father of mercies! bow Thine ear . . . . .	317 22	Spirit of peace and holiness . . . . .	419 22
Father of mercies, condescend . . . . .	204 14	The doctrine of our dying Lord . . . . .	652 96
High on His everlasting throne . . . . .	914 166	Think on our brethren, Lord . . . . .	551 74
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord . . . . .	124 14	This ship we now commend to Thee . . . . .	338 22
In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow . . . . .	325 22	Thou, Who didst call Thy saints of . . . . .	1428 590
In these our days exalt Thy grace . . . . .	1426 590	To thy brethren ever be propitious . . . . .	1006 185
Lord, grant Thy servants grace . . . . .	786 146	Warrior, at thy station stand . . . . .	1042 205
Lord, grant us, though deeply abasèd . . . . .	494 39	What affords the Christian warrior . . . . .	1022 185
Lord Jesus, bless Thy witnesses . . . . .	925 166	With the sweet word of peace . . . . .	1197 345
Lord Jesus, with Thy presence bless . . . . .	337 22	Ye who callèd to Christ's service are . . . . .	515 56
Lord, our High-Priest and Saviour . . . . .	571 79		

## 4.—PUBLIC WORSHIP,

## INCLUDING HYMNS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Almighty God, Thy word is east . . . . .	163 14	Oh, how blessèd is the station . . . . .	984 168
And now this holy day . . . . .	480 38	Once more, before we part . . . . .	1331 582
Arise, O King of grace, arise . . . . .	132 14	On what has now been sown . . . . .	1169 342
Before Thee we appear . . . . .	549 71	Open now thy gates of beauty . . . . .	606 89
Behold us, Lord, a little space . . . . .	201 14	O Thou God of our salvation . . . . .	1102 230
Blessèd Jesus, at Thy word . . . . .	591 84	Our day of praise is done . . . . .	1359 582
Bless, O Lord, we pray, Thy . . . . .	1015 185	Our heavenly Father calls . . . . .	1310 582
Christ is made the sure Foundation . . . . .	624 91	Our souls with inmost shame . . . . .	1164 341
Come, and let us sweetly join . . . . .	1056 205	Own Thy congregation . . . . .	758 141
Come, Thou soul-transforming . . . . .	1407 585	Peace be to this congregation . . . . .	938 167
Command Thy blessing from above . . . . .	305 22	Pleasant are Thy courts above . . . . .	1045 205
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear! . . . . .	149 14	Safely through another week . . . . .	1284 581
Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord . . . . .	327 22	Saviour, again to Thy dear Name . . . . .	439 32
From Thy holy habitation . . . . .	1108 230	Saviour, send a blessing to us . . . . .	1406 585
God is in His holy temple . . . . .	1380 585	Sing hallelujah, honor, praise . . . . .	1098 228
God reveals His presence . . . . .	1026 195	Stand up and bless the Lord . . . . .	1306 582
Gracious Lord, our Shepherd and . . . . .	1010 185	Sweet is the work, my God, my King . . . . .	306 22
Here in Thy presence we appear . . . . .	685 97	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go . . . . .	673 96
High in the heavens, eternal God . . . . .	926 166	The Holy Ghost is here . . . . .	1367 582
Hosanna to the living Lord . . . . .	392 22	The Lord bless and keep thee in His . . . . .	1020 185
How sweet Thy dwellings, Lord, how . . . . .	683 97	The peace which God alone reveals . . . . .	924 169
How sweet to leave the world awhile . . . . .	391 22	This day is holy to the Lord . . . . .	887 159
Jesus, God of our salvation . . . . .	1106 230	This is the day of light . . . . .	1355 582
Jesus, hear our fervent prayer . . . . .	1040 205	This is the day the Lord hath made . . . . .	131 14
Jesus, Lord of life and glory . . . . .	1079 211	Thy presence, gracious God, afford . . . . .	316 22
Jesus, we look to Thee . . . . .	1323 582	To Christ we homage pay . . . . .	1166 341
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet . . . . .	395 22	To Thee our vows with sweet accord . . . . .	888 159
Lord! at this closing hour . . . . .	1333 582	We covenant with hand and heart . . . . .	886 159
Lord Christ, reveal Thy holy face . . . . .	321 22	We in one covenant are joined . . . . .	881 159
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing . . . . .	1395 585	Welcome, delightful morn . . . . .	1172 342
Lord, in Thy Name we meet . . . . .	1163 342	Welcome, sweet day of rest . . . . .	1332 582
Lord Jesus, for our call of grace . . . . .	917 166	We love the place, O God . . . . .	477 38
Lord Jesus, in Thy presence we are . . . . .	438 38	We now return each to his tent . . . . .	882 159
Lord of the worlds above . . . . .	1168 342	We who here together are assembled . . . . .	1011 185
May the stream from Thee, the Rock . . . . .	725 124	Where two or three, with sweet . . . . .	406 22
My opening eyes with rapture see . . . . .	372 22	With Thy presence, Lord, our Head . . . . .	1013 185
O day of rest and gladness . . . . .	820 151	Worship the Lord in the beauty of . . . . .	1153 298

## IX.—GENERAL HYMNS.

## I.—TIME AND ETERNITY,

INCLUDING HYMNS FOR A NEW YEAR, ETC.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
A few more years shall roll . . . . .	1490 595	Lord Jesus, 'mid Thy flock appear . . . . .	916 166
Come, let us anew . . . . .	22 4	Lord, let me know mine end . . . . .	1368 582
Days and moments quickly flying . . . . .	270 16	O God, the Rock of ages . . . . .	815 151
Eternal Source of every joy . . . . .	935 166	O God, our Help in ages past . . . . .	126 14
Father, here we dedicate . . . . .	728 124	O Strength and Stay, upholding all . . . . .	1218 552
Father, I know that all my life . . . . .	732 129	Our Father, through the coming . . . . .	154 14
For ever with the Lord . . . . .	1303 582	Standing at the portal . . . . .	762 141
Great God, as seasons disappear . . . . .	313 22	The gloomy night will soon be past . . . . .	1143 272
Great God! we sing that mighty . . . . .	295 22	The Lord of earth and sky . . . . .	1171 342
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah . . . . .	1381 585	The radiant morn hath passed away . . . . .	11 3
Let hearts and tongues unite . . . . .	1347 582	We would see Jesus, for the . . . . .	1216 552
Lo, on a narrow neck of land . . . . .	558 79	While successive years are wasting . . . . .	1383 585
Lord! it belongs not to my care . . . . .	1443 590	While, with ceaseless course, the . . . . .	1073 205

## 2.—DEATH AND BURIAL.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All my hope and consolation . . . . .	910 165	It is not death, to die . . . . .	1299 582
And now, beloved Lord, Thy soul . . . . .	1219 552	I would not live away; I ask not . . . . .	487 39
Asleep in Jesus! bless'd sleep . . . . .	411 132	Mine hour appointed is at hand . . . . .	746 132
"At evening time let there be light" . . . . .	662 96	Now rest in peace, now rest in . . . . .	1294 483
Blest soul, how sweetly dost thou . . . . .	91 14	Oh, where shall rest be found . . . . .	1343 582
For ever with the Lord . . . . .	1304 582	Rest from thy labor, rest . . . . .	1300 582
Friend after friend departs . . . . .	1225 577	Servant of God, well done! . . . . .	1339 582
From land to land the Christian . . . . .	903 164	Sleep thy last sleep . . . . .	1503 602
God of that glorious gift of grace . . . . .	384 22	Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled . . . . .	586 83
Go to the grave in all thy glorious . . . . .	458 32	The child sweetly rests . . . . .	1417 587
Go to thy rest, fair child! . . . . .	485 38	The solemn moment is impending . . . . .	696 106
Happy soul, thy days are ended . . . . .	243 16	The spirits of the just . . . . .	1486 595
Hark! a Voice divides the sky . . . . .	1037 205	When children, blest by Jesus . . . . .	572 79
Hush! bless'd are the dead . . . . .	479 38	Why do we mourn departing . . . . .	104 14
In the hour of trial . . . . .	764 141	Why should we start and fear to die . . . . .	366 22

## 3.—RESURRECTION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Christ, my Rock, my sure Defence . . . . .	588 83	O what joy awaiteth me . . . . .	716 119
From land to land the Christian . . . . .	903 164	Oh, where shall rest be found . . . . .	1343 582
Lord, let Thy blest angelic bands . . . . .	1110 232	Rest for the toiling hand . . . . .	1344 582
Mine hour appointed is at hand . . . . .	746 132	What sinners value, I resign . . . . .	383 22
My faith shall triumph o'er the . . . . .	1460 590	Yes, He is risen Who is the First . . . . .	456 32
O how excellent and fair . . . . .	788 149		

## 4.—JUDGMENT.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
And will the Judge descend? . . . . .	1289 582	Lo, on a narrow neck of land . . . . .	558 79
Day of judgment! day of wonders . . . . .	1377 585	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day . . . . .	1128 253
Day of wrath, that day of mourning . . . . .	1513 608	The Church on earth, in humble . . . . .	988 172
Great God, what do I see and hear! . . . . .	748 132	'T is sure that awful time will come . . . . .	747 132
Judge me now, my God and . . . . .	245 16		

## 5.—HEAVEN.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Ah, this heart is void and chill . . . . .	861 152	Father, in high heaven dwelling . . . . .	641 95
Around the throne of God in . . . . .	169 14	For thee, O dear, dear country . . . . .	823 151
At God's right hand in countless . . . . .	997 184	Had we naught, Naught beyond this . . . . .	720 119
Bless'd city, heavenly Salem . . . . .	626 91	Hallelujah, best and sweetest . . . . .	1400 585
Brief life is here our portion . . . . .	822 151	Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs . . . . .	1024 189
Far o'er yon horizon . . . . .	776 141	Hark! the sound of holy voices . . . . .	265 16

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Hear what God the Lord hath . . .	949 167	Palms of glory, raiment bright. . .	74 11
Heavenward still our pathway . . .	578 83	Safe home, safe home in port! . . .	1190 342
How bright those glorious spirits. . .	184 14	Saviour, blessèd Saviour. . . . .	761 141
In yon blessèd seats of heaven . . .	897 161	Ten thousand times ten thousand . . .	848 151
I would not live away, I ask not to . . .	487 39	The God of Abraham praise. . . . .	1192 345
Jerusalem, my happy home! . . . .	183 14	There is a blessèd home . . . . .	482 38
Jerusalem on high . . . . .	1189 342	There is a happy land . . . . .	1247 580
Jerusalem, the glorious . . . . .	825 151	There is a house not made with. . . . .	155 14
Jerusalem, the golden . . . . .	824 151	There is a land of pure delight . . . . .	176 14
Jerusalem, thou city fair and high . . . . .	1224 576	The world is very evil . . . . .	812 151
Let me be with Thee, where Thou . . . . .	341 22	Through the night of doubt and . . . . .	971 167
Light's abode, celestial Salem. . . . .	629 91	To God we render praise. . . . .	1123 249
Little travelers Zionward . . . . .	1072 205	We speak of the realms of the blest 1507	606
Make my calling and election . . . . .	977 168	What happiness, What joy and. . . . .	1229 578
Mount Zion—where the Lamb of. . . . .	891 159	What sinners value, I resign . . . . .	383 22
My Saviour, Whom absent I love . . . . .	1510 606	Who are these like stars appearing 607	89
O land relieved from sorrow. . . . .	821 151	Who the multitudes can number. . . . .	625 91
O Paradise! O Paradise! . . . . .	1504 603	Ye angels who stand round the . . . . .	1511 606
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings 1473	591		

## X.—SPECIAL HYMNS.

## 1.—HARVEST FESTIVALS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Come, ye thankful people, come . . . . .	1050 205	Praise to God, immortal praise . . . . .	43 11
Earth below is teeming . . . . .	774 141	Sing to the Lord of harvest . . . . .	851 151
God of mercy, God of grace. . . . .	1273 581	Sing to the Lord most high . . . . .	1178 342
Great God, as seasons disappear . . . . .	313 22	The God of harvest praise. . . . .	1233 579
Lord of the harvest! once again . . . . .	660 96	We plow the fields and scatter . . . . .	850 151
O Thou, Who givest all their food . . . . .	1439 590		

## 2.—NATIONAL FESTIVALS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Auspicious morning, hail! . . . . .	1231 579	Lord God, we worship Thee . . . . .	785 146
Dread Jehovah! God of nations . . . . .	267 16	Lord! while for all mankind we . . . . .	158 14
From foes that would the land . . . . .	1149 277	My country, 'tis of thee . . . . .	1230 579
God bless our native land . . . . .	1232 579	O God of heaven and earth, arise. . . . .	301 22
God, most mighty, sovereign Lord . . . . .	57 11	On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call 300	22
God of every land and nation. . . . .	1402 585	Swell the anthem, raise the song . . . . .	1052 205
Great God of nations, now to Thee . . . . .	307 22	To Thee, our God, we fly. . . . .	1180 312

## 3.—CHURCH FESTIVALS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
All hail, our Church's Elder dear. . . . .	878 159	Lord Jesus, in Thy presence we are 438	32
Auspicious morning, hail! . . . . .	1231 579	Now let us praise the Lord . . . . .	783 146
Before Thee we appear. . . . .	549 71	Our souls with inmost shame. . . . .	1161 341
Brightly gleams our banner . . . . .	773 141	To Thee, O blessèd Saviour . . . . .	858 151
Christians, come, new anthems raise 864	152	To Thee, O God, we raise. . . . .	784 146
Great is the Lord our God. . . . .	1365 582	We bring no glittering treasures . . . . .	857 151
Lord, for grace we Thee entreat. . . . .	869 155	Welcome among Thy flock of grace 913	166
Lord, in Thy Name we meet . . . . .	1163 341	We now return, each to his tent . . . . .	882 159
Lord Jesus, for our call of grace. . . . .	917 166	We sing a song, and then we part. . . . .	1515 15
Lord Jesus, God and man . . . . .	1369 582	With gladsome feet we press . . . . .	1194 345

## 4.—FOR THE LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Builder of mighty worlds on worlds 215	14	This stone to Thee in faith we lay . . . . .	306 22
Christ is our Corner-stone. . . . .	1173 342	Thou Who hast in Zion laid . . . . .	1482 591

## 5.—DEDICATIONS AND CONSECRATIONS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise . . . . .	65 11	O Thou, Who didst the temple fill . . . . .	412 22
Not in Jerusalem alone. . . . .	171 14	Spirit Divine! attend our prayers . . . . .	212 14

## 6.—MATRIMONY AND THE PARENTAL RELATION.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Deign this union to approve . . . . .	1268 581	O love, divine and tender . . . . .	827 151
Fountain of life and light . . . . .	1162 341	O Lord, Who numberest all our . . . . .	365 22
How welcome was the call . . . . .	1371 582	Our children, gracious Lord and . . . . .	918 166
In this world so full of snares . . . . .	587 83	Since Jesus freely did appear . . . . .	168 14
Most holy Lord, mankind's Creator 1415	586		

## 7.—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Above the clear blue sky . . . . .	1191 342	Let us sing, with one accord . . . . .	1053 205
And is it true, as I am told . . . . .	630 92	Little travelers Zionward . . . . .	1072 205
Children of Jerusalem . . . . .	1285 581	Lord, Thy children guide and keep 1283	581
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour 847	151	Remember thy Creator now . . . . .	161 14
Dear Saviour, if these lambs should 358	22	Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us . . . . .	1413 585
Dear Saviour, we bless Thee that . . . . .	490 39	Saviour! Who Thy flock art feeding 264	16
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . . . .	38 11	Shepherd of tender youth . . . . .	1238 579
Go thou, in life's fair morning . . . . .	846 151	Tell me the old, old story . . . . .	806 151
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd 622	91	Though but a little child I am . . . . .	328 22
In this world so full of snares . . . . .	587 83	Thou, gracious Saviour, for my . . . . .	218 14
I think when I read that sweet . . . . .	1499 596	We bring no glittering treasures . . . . .	857 151
I will a little pilgrim be . . . . .	370 22	When we devote our youth to God 166	14
Jesus, meek and gentle . . . . .	768 141	Work while it is to-day . . . . .	1346 582
Jesus, our Guardian, Guide and . . . . .	567 79		

## 8.—DAYS OF FASTING.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Dread Jehovah! God of nations! . . . . .	267 16	O God of heaven and earth arise . . . . .	301 22
From foes that would the land . . . . .	1149 277	On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call 300	22

## 9.—FOR MORNING.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Awake, my soul, and with the sun 356	22	My soul, awake, and render . . . . .	36 10
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go . . . . .	359 22	Now that the sun is gleaming . . . . .	226 14
Come, my soul, thou must . . . . .	595 86	Now the shades of night are gone . . . . .	78 11
Evening and morning . . . . .	1514 607	Now, when the dusky shades of . . . . .	1220 552
Every morning mercies new . . . . .	1278 581	O Christ! with each returning . . . . .	348 22
Every morning the red sun . . . . .	727 124	O'er the distant mountains . . . . .	1398 585
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, we go 402	22	O Jesus! Lord of heavenly grace . . . . .	932 166
God Who madest earth and heaven 1275	581	O timely happy, timely wise . . . . .	357 22
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear 1444	590	The roseate hues of early dawn . . . . .	1465 590
Jesus, Sun of righteousness . . . . .	1200 349	When morning gilds the skies . . . . .	554 74
Lord God of morning and of night 933	166	When streaming from the eastern . . . . .	671 96

## 10.—FOR EVENING.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Abide with me! fast falls the . . . . .	457 32	Now the day is over . . . . .	767 141
Again, as evening's shadow falls . . . . .	369 22	Now with the declining sun . . . . .	73 11
All praise to Thee, my God, this . . . . .	394 22	O Lord, Who by Thy presence hast . . . . .	461 32
Another day is at an end . . . . .	400 22	Oh, give thanks to Him Who made 1279	581
Another day is past and gone . . . . .	1459 590	One sweetly solemn thought . . . . .	476 38
As every day Thy mercy spares . . . . .	675 96	Our day of praise is done . . . . .	1359 582
Author of the whole creation . . . . .	907 165	Saviour, breathe an evening bless'g 237	16
Ere I sleep, for every favor . . . . .	877 157	Saviour, now the day is ending . . . . .	613 89
God, That madest earth and heaven 1506	605	Softly now the light of day . . . . .	70 11
Gracious Saviour, thus before Thee 272	16	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear 355	22
Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father 271	16	The day is past and over . . . . .	29 8
In mercy, Lord, remember me . . . . .	88 14	The day is gently sinking to a close 702	110
In peace will I lie down to sleep . . . . .	904 164	The day, O Lord, is spent . . . . .	1315 582
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer . . . . .	1512 606	The hours' decline and setting sun . . . . .	399 22
Jesus, hear our prayer . . . . .	542 68	The night is come wherein at last . . . . .	528 58
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me . . . . .	273 16	The radiant morn hath passed away 11	3
Lord, I have passed another day . . . . .	360 22	The shadows of the evening hours . . . . .	1453 590
No farther go to-night, but stay . . . . .	570 79	Through the day Thy love hath . . . . .	603 89
Now God be with us, for the night . . . . .	469 36	When the day of toil is done . . . . .	1137 265

## II.—FOR USE BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

	<i>No. Tune</i>		<i>No. Tune</i>
Be present at our table, Lord . . . . .	308	22	
Come, Lord Jesus, our Guest to be . . . . .	1520		
Jesus' mercies never fail. . . . .	39	11	
			Thou we address in humble prayer . . . . . 117
			What praise to Thee, my Saviour . . . . . 566
			79

## 12.—SCRIPTURE PSALMS AND HYMNS, AND SENTENCES.

	<i>No.</i>		<i>No.</i>
Bless Jehovah, O my soul. . . . .	1545	My soul doth magnify the Lord . . . . .	1525
Blessèd be the Lord, the God of . . . . .	1526	Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart . . . . .	1527
Blessèd is the man that walketh not in. . . . .	1528	O come, let us sing unto Jehovah . . . . .	1541
Glory be to Thee, O Lord . . . . .	1560	O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is . . . . .	1529
God be merciful unto us . . . . .	1555	O God, Thou art my God . . . . .	1534
God is our Refuge and Strength . . . . .	1533	O Lord, open Thou our lips . . . . .	1558
He that dwelleth in the secret place. . . . .	1538	O sing unto Jehovah a new song. . . . .	1542
He that hath pity on the poor . . . . .	1555	O sing unto Jehovah a new song; for He . . . . .	1543
How amiable are Thy tabernacles . . . . .	1536	Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee . . . . .	1548
I was glad when they said unto me. . . . .	1547	Praise be to Thee, O Christ . . . . .	1559
I will extol Thee, my God, O King. . . . .	1549	Praise ye Jehovah. Praise God in His . . . . .	1553
I will lift up mine eyes unto the . . . . .	1546	Praise ye Jehovah. Praise Jehovah, O . . . . .	1550
It is a good thing to give thanks . . . . .	1539	Praise ye Jehovah :: from the heavens . . . . .	1551
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# OFFICES OF WORSHIP.

## I.

† All standing, the Leader shall say :

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O Most High : to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night. For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work : I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.

*This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it.*

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree : he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

*We will enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.*

O Lord, open Thou our lips ;  
And our mouths shall show forth Thy praise.

† Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 591.

Father, God, Thy love we praise,  
Which gave Thy Son to die ;  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify ;  
Spirit, Comforter Divine,  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
When earth is changed for heaven.

† Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, after which the *Te Deum Laudamus* shall be said or chanted :

*We praise Thee, O God ; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.*

*All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.*

*To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.*

*To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry.*

*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth : Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.*

*The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee.*

*The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee.*

*The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.*

*The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee :*

*The Father, of an infinite majesty ;  
Thine adorable, true and only Son ;*

*Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.*

*Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.*

*Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.*

*When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin.*

*When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of heaven to all believers.*

*Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.*

*We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.*

*We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood ;*

*Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.*

*O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage.*

*Govern them, and lift them up forever. Day by day we magnify Thee ;*

*And we worship Thy Name ever, world without end.*

*Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.*

*O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.*

*O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee.*

*O Lord, in Thee have I trusted ; let me never be confounded.*

## II.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His Name for ever!

*What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the Name of the Lord.*

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

*O Lord, we have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and are no more worthy to be called Thy children. We acknowledge our transgressions unto Thee. Have mercy upon us, O Lord; according to Thy loving-kindness, and the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out our transgressions, through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.*

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

By all the merits of Thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection,

*Bless us, gracious Lord and God.*

May Thy blessed humanity on earth, *Teach us to prize our human nature.*

May Thy holy childhood, Thy obedience and diligence, Thy subjection to Thy parents' will, *Be our comfort and example.*

From indifference to Thy merits and death,

From levity and self-will, From hypocrisy and deceit, From the wiles of Satan, From all neglect of Thy holy will, From a worldly and selfish mind, From every form of sin, *Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost, *Abide with us forever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Since Thou, O holy Lamb of God, Didst take on Thee our flesh and blood, Since Thou for us hast lived and died, Our human nature's sanctified.

Thy youth, unspotted, full of grace, Teach us all virtue to embrace. Be Thou our Pattern; grant that we In all things may resemble Thee!

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, after which shall be said the Apostles' Creed, all standing :

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.*

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits; The third day He rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.*

¶ Then shall the Doxology be said or chanted :  
Tune 539, B.

Unto the Lamb That was slain, *And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;*

Unto the Lord, Who purchased our souls for Himself;

*Unto that Friend Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood;*

Who died for us once, *That we might die unto sin;*

Who rose for us, *That we also might rise :*

Who ascended for us into heaven, *To prepare a place for us;* And to Whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions:

To Him be glory at all times, *In the Church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him,*

From everlasting to everlasting. *Amen.*

Little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :  
Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the love of God, And the communion of the Holy Ghost, Be with us all. : Amen.



## III.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

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

*But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.*

O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me.

*Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, Thou understandest my thoughts afar off.*

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

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

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts:

*And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*

Our Father. Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

By Thy human birth,  
By Thy prayers and tears,  
By all the troubles of Thy life,  
By the grief and anguish of Thy soul,  
By Thy bonds and scourgings,  
By Thy crown of thorns,  
By Thine ignominious crucifixion,  
By Thy atoning death,  
By Thy rest in the grave,  
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,  
By Thy sitting at the right hand of God,  
By Thy divine presence,  
By Thy coming again to Thy Church on earth or our being called home to Thee,

*Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
*Abide with us forever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 582.

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
Oh, may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
The strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely;  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, after which the Leader shall say, all standing, and repeating together:

*I believe in the one only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth.*

*I believe in Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God, Who loved us and gave Himself for us. This is my Lord, Who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death and from the power of the devil; not with gold or silver, but with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying; to the end that I should be His own, and in His Kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness; even as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost, Who proceedeth from the Father and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after He went away, that He should abide with us forever. He calleth me by the Gospel, enlighteneth me with His gifts, and preserveth me in the true faith.*

*And the God of peace, That brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540. E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all. : : Amen.

## IV.

Tune 235.

From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor Thee;  
Thy Name we worship and adore,  
World without end, for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,  
To keep us safe from sin this day,  
Lord we have put our trust in Thee,  
Confounded let us never be. Amen.

Glory be to Thee, Lord God our  
Father,

*Thou Father of mercies, and God of  
all comfort.*

Thou hast chosen us in Jesus Christ  
our Lord before the foundation of the  
world.

*Thou hast delivered us from the power  
of darkness, and hast translated us into  
the kingdom of Thy dear Son.*

Thou hast blessed us with all spiritual  
blessings in heavenly places in Christ;

*Thou hast made us meet to be partakers  
of the inheritance of the saints in light:*

And hast predestinated us unto the  
adoption of children to Thyself, accord-  
ing to the good pleasure of Thy will,

*To the praise of the glory of Thy grace,  
wherein Thou hast made us accepted in  
the Beloved.*

Behold, what manner of love the  
Father has bestowed upon us, that we  
should be called the sons of God!

*Therefore, with angels and archangels,  
and with the assembly of just men made  
perfect, we praise and magnify Thy glo-  
rious name!*

Praise, honor, and glory be unto Him,  
Who is Christ, the Son of the living God.

*To Him be glory at all times, in the  
Church which waiteth for Him, and in that  
which is about Him,*

From everlasting to everlasting.  
Amen.

He is before all things, and by Him  
all things consist.

*He upholdeth all things by the word of  
His power, being the brightness of the  
glory of God and the express image of  
His person.*

He is the Eternal Word, and was  
made flesh and dwelt among us.

*And they that were His, beheld His  
glory, the glory of the Only Begotten of  
the Father, full of grace and truth.*

In Him dwelleth the whole fullness of  
the Godhead bodily; He is the true God  
and eternal life.

*By Himself hath He reconciled all  
things unto God, whether things on earth,  
or things in heaven.*

And hath made peace through the  
blood of His cross.

*Wherefore, God hath highly exalted  
Him, and given Him a Name, which is  
above every name.*

Glory be to God, the Holy Ghost, our  
Teacher, Guide and Comforter!

*Our tongues shall praise Thee, and our  
lips declare Thy glory.*

O thou most gracious Comforter, Who  
abidest with us forever, we worship  
Thee with grateful hearts.

*For Thou dost comfort us, as a mother  
comforteth her children.*

Thou helpst our infirmities and  
makest intercession for us with groan-  
ings which cannot be uttered;

*Thou bearest witness with our spirit,  
that we are the children of God, and  
teachest us to cry: Abba, Father!*

Thou sheddest abroad the love of God  
in the hearts of believers, and makest  
their bodies Thy holy temples.

*By our own reason or strength we could  
not believe in nor come to Jesus Christ,  
our Lord, but Thou callest us and en-  
lightenest us through Thy grace.*

Thou dost sanctify us in the true  
faith, and wilt enable us to abide in  
Jesus Christ.

*Be Thou praised, together with the  
Father and with the Son, now and to all  
eternity!*

¶ Then shall be sung the following, or some other  
suitable hymn:

Tune 581.

Blessing, honor, glory, might,  
And dominion infinite,  
To the Father of our Lord,  
To the Spirit and the Word;  
As it was all worlds before,  
Is, and shall be evermore!

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short  
address and prayer, at the discretion of the  
Leader; after which shall be said the Lord's  
Prayer:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in  
heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name: Thy Kingdom  
come: Thy will be done, in earth as it is  
in heaven: give us this day our daily  
bread: and forgive us our trespasses as  
we forgive them that trespass against us;  
and lead us not into temptation, but de-  
liver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the  
power, and the glory, forever and ever.  
Amen.*

¶ Then shall unite in singing:

Tune 22.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
The love of God so highly prized,  
The Holy Ghost's communion be,  
With all of us most sensibly.

## V.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father Almighty, Thou art the High and Lofty One That inhabitest eternity; yet Thou dwellest with them also that are of an humble and contrite spirit.

Grant that we may bring unto Thee the sacrifice with which Thou art well pleased, the broken and contrite heart, which Thou, O God, dost not despise.

*We acknowledge our transgressions before Thee. Make us to hear joy and gladness. Hide Thy face from our sins and blot out all our transgressions. Create in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us. Cust us not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.*

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sins of the world,  
*Leave Thy peace with us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
*Abide with us forever.*

From the sin of unbelief,  
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit,  
From every departure from the ways of truth,  
From indifference to our soul's salvation,

From every neglect of duty,  
From ingratitude and selfishness,  
*Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.*

By all the merits of Thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection,  
*Bless and save us, O Christ, our Redeemer.*

May Thine early exile  
*Teach us to be contented in every place.*

May Thy pure and blameless childhood  
*Make us pure in heart and life.*

May Thy love for the sacred Scriptures  
*Teach us to prize the Word of Truth.*

May Thy subjection to Thy parents' will  
*Teach us the holy duty of obedience.*

May Thy faithfulness in Thine earthly calling

*Fill us with the spirit of industry and patience.*

May Thy perfect life before God and man

*Incite us to walk in Thy footsteps.*

May Thy tears and agony, Thy crown of thorns and cross,

*Lead us to repentance for our sins.*

May Thy willing sacrifice of Thyself for our salvation

*Constrain us to dedicate both soul and body to Thy service.*

May Thy atoning death for sin

*Remain our only hope and joy.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :  
Tune 519.

Most Holy Lord and God,  
Holy, Almighty God,  
Holy and most merciful Saviour,  
Thou eternal God!  
Grant, that we may never  
Lose the comforts from Thy death.  
Have mercy, O Lord.

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, after which all shall unite in praying :

*Holy Father, accept us as Thy children in Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Who came forth from Thee, and came into the world, was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, took on Him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death, with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying: to the end that we should be His own, and in His Kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness; forasmuch as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end. Amen.*

Blessed be Thou That dwellest between the cherubim, and graciously regardest them of low estate! O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord!

*Bless and magnify Him forever!*

Serve the Lord with gladness, and praise His Name, for He hath redeemed us from the hand of the enemy, He hath saved us from our sins, and hath delivered us out of many dangers. Praise the Lord for He is good,

*And His mercy endureth forever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :  
Tune 22.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## VI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart.

*Oh that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes! Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect unto Thy commandments.*

My son, forget not My law, but let thine heart keep my commandments; for length of days, and long life and peace shall they add to thee.

*Order my steps in Thy word; and let not any iniquity have dominion over me. Make Thy face to shine upon me, and teach me Thy statutes.*

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether: More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than the honey and the honey-comb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping them there is great reward.

*Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe; and I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 14.

Let these, oh God, my soul convert,  
And make Thy servant wise;  
Let these be gladness to my heart,  
The day-spring to my eyes.

By these may I be warned betimes;  
Who knows the guile within?

Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,  
Cleanse me from secret sin.

¶ Then shall all unite in repeating the Commandments:

God spake these words, saying:

1. *Thou shalt have none other gods before Me.*

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

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

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

5. *Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

6. *Thou shalt do no murder.*

7. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

8. *Thou shalt not steal.*

9. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

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

¶ Then the Leader shall continue and say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ hath said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

And again He hath said: "If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments."

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 14.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,  
Try me, and know each thought;  
On me look down in mercy, Lord,  
Whom Thou with blood hast bought.

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which all shall unite in the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all. ∴ Amen.

## VII.

¶ The Leader shall say, all standing:

God be merciful unto us and bless us;  
And cause *His face to shine upon us.*

The Lord is nigh unto them that are  
of a broken heart;

*And saveth such as be of a contrite  
spirit.*

How precious are Thy thoughts unto  
me, O God!

*How great is the sum of them!*

If I should count them, they are  
more in number than the sand;

*When I awake I am still with Thee.*

O Lord, make clean our hearts with-  
in us;

*And take not away Thy Holy Spirit  
from us.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 36.

Before Thy Cross we bow with self-conviction,  
Bewail our sins, implore Thy benediction:  
For Thou art merciful, and grace unmeasured  
In Thee is treasured.

¶ Then the Leader shall continue, all kneeling:

Lord, Lord God, merciful and gra-  
cious, long-suffering, and abundant in  
goodness and truth, keeping mercy for  
thousands, forgiving iniquity and trans-  
gression and sin, and That wilt by no  
means clear the guilty, against Thee,  
Thee only have we sinned, and done  
evil in Thy sight. Forgive us all our  
transgressions wherein we have trans-  
gressed against Thee, and cleanse us  
from all our sins.

*Lord have mercy upon us.*

Remember not, Lord, our offences;  
spare Thy people whom Thou hast re-  
deemed with Thy most precious blood,  
and blot out our sins forever.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

From all blindness of heart,  
From unbelief and neglect of Thy  
word,

From irreverence and ingratitude,  
From pride, vain-glory, and hy-  
pocrisy,

From unholy affections and desires,  
From envy, malice, and uncharit-  
ableness,

From the power of sin and the snares  
of the devil,

*Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.*

By Thy holy birth,  
By Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
By Thy Cross and passion,  
By Thy precious death and burial,

By Thy glorious resurrection and as-  
cension,

By Thy sending the Holy Ghost,

By Thy prevailing intercession,

In the hour of death and in the day  
of judgment,

*Bless and save us, gracious Lord and  
God.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 14.

Oh, may Thy mighty love prevail

Our sinful souls to spare;

Oh, may we come before Thy throne,

And find acceptance there.

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short  
address and prayer, at the discretion of the  
Leader; after which all shall unite in the Lord's  
Prayer:

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom  
come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is  
in heaven; give us this day our daily  
bread: and forgive us our trespasses as  
we forgive them that trespass against us;  
and lead us not into temptation, but de-  
liver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the  
power, and the glory, for ever and ever.  
Amen.*

¶ Then the Leader shall say:

Blessed are the poor in spirit:

*For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.*

Blessed are they that mourn:

*For they shall be comforted.*

Blessed are the meek:

*For they shall inherit the earth.*

Blessed are they which do hunger  
and thirst after righteousness:

*For they shall be filled.*

Blessed are the merciful:

*For they shall obtain mercy.*

Blessed are the pure in heart:

*For they shall see God.*

Blessed are the peacemakers:

*For they shall be called the children of  
God.*

Blessed are they which are persecuted  
for righteousness' sake:

*For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.*

Blessed are ye when men shall revile  
you, and persecute you, and shall say  
all manner of evil against you falsely,  
for Christ's sake.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all. : Amen.

## VIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father,  
*Have mercy upon us.*  
 Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the  
 world,  
*Be gracious unto us.*  
 Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
*Abide with us forever.*  
 Glory be to God, the Father of our  
 Lord Jesus Christ!

*Behold what manner of love the Father  
 hath bestowed upon us, that we should be  
 called the sons of God!*

Therefore with angels and archangels,  
 and with all the company of heaven,  
 and with the assembly of just men  
 made perfect, we laud and magnify  
 Thy glorious Name, evermore praising  
 Thee, and saying:

*Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts!  
 Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.  
 Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Most High!  
 Amen.*

¶ Then shall he sung the following, or some other  
 suitable hymn:

Tune 345.

The God of Abraham praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above;  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love;  
 Jehovah, great I AM,  
 By earth and heaven confessed;  
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
 For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At His right hand.  
 I all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
 And Him my only Portion make,  
 My Shield and Tower.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following Confession  
 of Faith:

*I believe in God, the Father of our  
 Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath chosen us  
 in Him before the foundation of the  
 world; Who hath delivered us from the  
 power of darkness, and hath translated  
 us into the Kingdom of His dear Son;  
 Who hath blessed us with all spiritual  
 blessings in heavenly places in Christ:  
 Who hath made us meet to be partakers  
 of the inheritance of the saints in light:  
 having predestinated us unto the adoption  
 of children by Jesus Christ to Himself,  
 according to the good pleasure of His  
 will, to the praise of the glory of His  
 grace, wherein He hath made us accepted  
 in the Beloved. We thank Thee, O Father,  
 Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou  
 hast hid these things from the wise and  
 prudent, and hast revealed them unto  
 babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed  
 good in Thy sight.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or  
 some other suitable hymn:

Tune 14.

In Thee I live, and move and am;  
 Thou number'st all my days;  
 As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,  
 Let me renew Thy praise.

From Thee I am, through Thee I am,  
 And for Thee I must be:  
 'T were better for me not to live,  
 Than not to live to Thee.

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a  
 short address and prayer, at the discretion of the  
 Leader, whereupon the Leader shall continue:

Holy Father! glorify Thy Son, that  
 Thy Son also may glorify Thee; as  
 Thou hast given Him power over all  
 flesh, that He should give eternal life  
 to as many as Thou hast given Him.

And this is life eternal, that they  
 might know Thee, the only true God,  
 and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast  
 sent.

Keep, through Thine own Name, all  
 those whom Thou hast given unto  
 Him.

We pray not that Thou shouldest take  
 us out of the world, but that Thou  
 shouldest keep us from evil. Sanctify  
 us through Thy truth: Thy word is  
 truth.

We pray, not for ourselves only, but  
 for all who through Thy Word believe  
 in Jesus Christ, that they may be one,  
 as Thou art with Thy Son and the Holy  
 Ghost, before the foundations of the  
 earth were laid, even from eternity to  
 eternity.

Thou God of all grace, the true Father  
 of all Thy children both in heaven and  
 on earth, do Thou, while we are in this  
 world, make us perfect, stablish,  
 strengthen us.

By Thy Spirit strengthen us in the  
 inner man, and grant that Christ may  
 dwell in our hearts by faith, and that  
 we may be rooted and grounded in Him  
 through love; so that we may be with  
 Him where He is, and behold His  
 glory, which Thou hast given Him.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
 and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the  
 beginning, is now, and ever shall be,  
 world without end. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, F.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
 And the love of God,  
 And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
 Be with us all. :|: Amen.

## IX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God ;

*All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made.*

Thy throne, O Lord, is for ever and ever ; a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of Thy Kingdom. In the beginning Thou didst lay the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

*By Thee were all things created, that are in heaven and in earth ; visible and invisible, all things were created by Thee and for Thee.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing : Tune 68.

And who is that Word ?

Jesus Christ the Lord,

All the hosts of heaven adore Him,

We with awe fall down before Him,

And with rapture raise

Songs of love and praise.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following Confession of Faith :

*I believe in the Name of the Only Begotten Son of God, by Whom are all things, and we through Him.*

*I believe, that He was made flesh, and dwelt among us ; and took on Him the form of a servant ; by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary ; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same ; was born of a woman ; and being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.*

*For He is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, Whom we delight in. The Lord and His Spirit sent Him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. He spoke that which He did know, and testified that which He had seen : as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world ; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ; went also by the Spirit and preached unto the spirits in prison ; the third day rose again from the dead, and with Him many bodies of the saints which slept : ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father ; whence He will come, in like manner as He was seen going into heaven. The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead. This is my Lord, Who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death and from the*

*power of the devil ; not with gold or silver, but with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying ; to the end that I should be His own, and in His Kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness ; even as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn : Tune 141.

Glory be to Jesus,

Who, in bitter pains,

Poured for me the life-blood

From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal

In that blood I find,

Blest be His compassion,

Ininitely kind.

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, whereupon the Leader shall continue :

Lord God Son, Thou Saviour of the world ! Thou Eternal Word, by Whom, and for Whom, all things were made ! Thou didst become flesh for our sakes, that whosoever believeth on Thee should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Grant us to behold Thy glory, the glory of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.

O Jesus Christ, our Saviour ! Who art true God and true Man ; Thou art the Light of the world. Teach us to walk in Thy light.

Thou hast words of eternal life ! Help us to abide in Thy word, that we may be Thy true disciples and know the truth, that the truth may set us free.

Thou art the Bread of life ! Feed our souls unto life everlasting.

No man cometh unto the Father but by Thee. Teach us therefore to know the Father, and give us power, through faith on Thee, to become children of God, who are born, not of the flesh, but of God.

And as Thou hast gone to the Father, do Thou send to our hearts the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, that He may reveal Thee unto us as the Propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted :

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost : as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all. : Amen.

## X.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,

*Have mercy upon us.*

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,

*Reveal Thyself unto our hearts.*

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,

*Give unto us Thy peace.*

Lord God, our Father in heaven, Thou hast manifested Thy great love toward us, because that Thou hast sent Thy Son into the world to be the Propitiation for our sins. We give Thee thanks, that Thou hast made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, having delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of Thy dear Son :

*In Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world, forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, Thou didst also Thyself likewise take part of the same, that through death Thou mightest destroy Him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. Thou wast in all things made like unto Thy brethren, that Thou mightest be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. Thou wast despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Thou wast wounded for our transgressions; Thou wast bruised for our iniquities;

*The chastisement of our peace was upon Thee; and with Thy stripes are we healed.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost, Thou didst descend and abide upon Him; Thou didst anoint Him to preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

*In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 581.

Now with angels round the throne,  
Cherubin and seraphim,  
And the Church which still is one,  
Let us swell the solemn hymn;  
Glory to the great I AM!  
Glory to the slaughtered Lamb!

¶ Then the Leader shall continue :

From the sin of unbelief; from all defilement of the flesh and spirit; from all self-righteousness; from every neglect of our duty; from ingratitude and selfishness; from lukewarmness; from all indifference to Thy meritorious life and death.

*Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.*

By Thy holy incarnation and birth; Thine early exile; Thy pure and blameless childhood; Thy willing obedience; Thy humility, meekness and patience; Thy faithfulness in Thine earthly calling; Thy perfect life before God and man.

*Help us, O Christ, to dedicate both soul and body to Thy service.*

Thy tears and agony, Thy crown of thorns and Cross,

*Lead us to repentance for our sins.*

By Thy willing sacrifice of Thyself even unto death,

*Make known to us the mystery of Thy love.*

Into Thine open arms stretched out upon the Cross,

*Receive us all.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 151.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest friend,  
For all Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end!  
Oh, should I leave Thee ever,  
Then do not Thou leave me:  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

By all Thy sacred wounds and precious blood; by Thine innocent suffering and dying; by Thy rest in the grave; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,

*Bless us and save us, O Christ, our Redeemer.*

Fulfill in us Thy prayer that all who love Thee may be one, as Thou art in the Father, and the Father in Thee.

*Hear us and help us, gracious Saviour.*

Thou hast declared unto us the Father's Name, that the love wherewith He hath loved Thee may be in us, *And Thou in us.*

Christ, and Him crucified,

*Remain our confession of faith.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 519.

Most Holy Lord and God,  
Holy, Almighty God,  
Holy and most merciful Saviour,  
Thou eternal God!  
Grant, that we may never  
Lose the comforts from Thy death.  
Have mercy, O Lord.



## XI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

Glory be to God, the Holy Ghost, our Teacher, Guide, and Comforter!

*By Thee, O Spirit of the Lord, the Breath of His mouth, all the hosts of heaven were made.*

Praise, and thanks and adoration are due unto Thee, O Lord, Thou Searcher of hearts!

*Therefore do we praise and laud Thee with holy awe.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the following Confession of Faith:

*I believe in the Holy Ghost, Who proceedeth from the Father, and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after He went away, that He should abide with us forever; that He should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children; that He should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; that He should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father; that He should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies His holy temple; and that He should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as He will. To Him be glory in the Church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy universal Christian Church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity. I believe, that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to Him; but that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with His gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith; even as He calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth, and sanctifieth the whole Church on earth, which He keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith; in which Christian Church God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 166.

Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.  
The light of truth to me display,  
And make me know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear within my heart,  
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.

¶ Then the Leader shall continue and say:

O Thou Holy Spirit! Who proceedest from the Father, and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath sent unto us, Thou Who art true God, do Thou testify of Christ unto our hearts.

O Spirit of truth, Who provest all things, search and try our hearts whether we be in the faith.

Convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.

Teach us to call Jesus our Lord; and help us to cry Abba, Our Father; that we may not again fear, but have access to the throne of grace with all confidence and joy.

Bear witness with our spirits that we are children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may, hereafter, be glorified with Him.

Enlighten us with Thy light, and lead us into all truth, that we may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Constrain us by faith and by love to be obedient unto Thee, that we may not grieve Thee; for by Thee are we sealed unto the day of redemption.

Incite us to every good word and work; and enable us to mortify the flesh, that we may truly live.

Help our infirmities, when we know not how to pray for anything as we ought; make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Adorn us with strength and gifts in Christ Jesus; and change us into His glorious image from glory to glory; that we may be His property, and abound unto the praise of His grace.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all.: Amen.

## XII.

† All standing, the Leader shall say :

Let us lift up our hearts unto God in the heavens !

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
*Abide with us for ever.*

† Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed :

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :*

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.*

† Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted :

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

† Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 15.

The King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never,  
I nothing lack if I am His,  
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

† Thereupon may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which, all standing, the Leader shall continue :

Take diligent heed to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all His ways, and to keep His commandments, and to cleave unto Him, and to serve Him

with all your heart, and with all your soul.

*Help us to love Thee, O Lord our God, with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind.*

The second great commandment is this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If a man say: "I love God," and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God Whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

*O Lord, incline our hearts to obey Thy law.*

O Thou Who art Love, may we dwell in love and so dwell in Thee. May our love be made perfect, and be free from all fear. May we be born of Thee and overcome the world. May we keep all Thy commandments and love all Thy children.

*May we love Thee and our fellow-men, not in word and with the tongue, but in deed and truth.*

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

*May we grow in grace and in the knowledge of God unto life everlasting, walking in love, even as Christ hath loved us.*

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doeth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth.

*Now abide faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.*

† Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 265.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,  
Holy, heavenly love.

Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
Give us heavenly love.

Faith and hope and love we see,  
Joining hand in hand, agree;  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

## XIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*Christ, have mercy upon us.*

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*Christ, hear us.*

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 16.

Jesus, by Thy Holy Spirit  
May we all instructed be;  
Sanctify us by the merit  
Of Thy blest humanity.

Grant that we may love Thee truly;  
Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,  
And to every heart more fully  
Thy atoning grace display.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised, in the city of our God, in His holy mountain. Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King.

*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*

Thus saith the Lord God: Be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in My people, and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying.

*The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage.*

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.

*In Thy Name do they rejoice all the day, and in Thy righteousness are they exalted.*

Folly is joy to them that are void of wisdom; but the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the godless but for a moment.

*The Lord is far from the wicked, but He heareth the prayer of the righteous.*

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil; He preserveth the souls of His saints; He delivereth them out of the hand of the

wicked. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks unto His holy Name!

*We will rejoice in the Lord: we will joy in the God of our salvation.*

He will show us the path of life; in His presence is fullness of joy; in His right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

*O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.*

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;

*Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 14.

Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,  
And through eternity.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

*Wherein we greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, we have been put to grief in manifold temptations, that the proof of our faith, being more precious than gold that perisheth, though it is proved by fire, might be found unto praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ: Whom not having seen we love: on Whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls.*

The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God, and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.

*Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit Which He gave us.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 205.

Amen, yea, hallelujah;  
Lord, our Comfort, Joy and Peace,  
By Thy Cross Thou gain'dst for us  
Everlasting happiness;  
Since the effects we richly prove  
Of this wondrous act of love.  
With what gratitude should we  
Raise our hearts and eyes to Thee!

## XIV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 22.

Lord, lead us in Thy holy ways,  
And teach our lips to tell Thy praise;  
Revive our hope, our faith increase,  
To taste the sweetness of Thy grace.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue :

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad for her, all ye that love her! For thus saith the Lord: "Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the nations like an overflowing stream. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."

*We will give thanks unto Him, and bless His Name; for the Lord is good: His mercy endureth for ever.*

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus, Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ.

*Who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of the Son of His love.*

In Him dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily; He is the true God, and Eternal Life.

*Through Him hath He reconciled all things unto Himself, having made peace through the blood of His Cross, whether things upon the earth, or things in the heavens.*

He came and preached peace to them that were far off, and peace to them that were nigh;

*Through Him we have our access in one Spirit unto the Father.*

He is our Peace, and brake down the middle wall of partition, having abolished in His flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances.

*Being, therefore, justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Return unto Thy Rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

*He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling; I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 151.

Draw us to Thee; and teach us  
E'en now that rest to find,  
Where turmoils cannot reach us,  
Nor cares weigh down the mind.  
Draw us to Thee; nor leave us  
Till all our path is trod,  
Then in Thine arms receive us,  
And bear us home to God.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, whereupon, all standing, he shall continue :

For the sake of that peace which we have with Thee, may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men; teach us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us; have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and lay not this sin to their charge; hinder all schisms and offences; put far from Thy people all deceivers; bring back all that have erred or that are deceived; unite all the children of God in one spirit; watch graciously over all governments; establish them in truth and righteousness, and give them thoughts of peace; teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for Thy sake, and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Gloria in Excelsis:

*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.*

*O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father. That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.*

*For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.*

¶ Then shall the Leader say :

Now the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Amen.*

## XV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

It is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.

*They are new every morning; great is His faithfulness.*

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities; for as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him; as far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.

*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame; He knoweth that we are dust.*

Give ear to our words, O Lord; consider our meditation.

*Hearken unto the voice of our cry, for unto Thee do we pray.*

In the multitude of Thy loving-kindness have we come into Thy house;

*In Thy fear do we worship toward Thy holy temple.*

O Lord, Thou art a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy and truth:

*Turn unto us, and have mercy upon us.*

Give ear, O Lord, unto our prayer:

*And hearken unto the voice of our supplications.*

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us forever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise;  
Why should the wonders He hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

'Tis He, my soul, That sent His Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, he shall continue:

Behold, Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow

His steps; Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; Who when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, threatened not, but committed Himself to Him That judgeth righteously.

*He poured out His soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors; yet He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.*

He hath also given us for an example of suffering and patience the prophets who spake in the Name of the Lord.

*Behold, we call them blessed which endured.*

Therefore, let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.

*We have need of patience, that after we have done the will of God, we might receive the promise.*

May we walk worthily of the calling wherewith we are called; let us put on, as God's elect holy and beloved, a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving each other, if any man have a complaint against any, even as the Lord forgave us.

*Help us, O Lord, to encourage the faint-hearted, to support the weak, to be long-suffering toward all.*

This is acceptable, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when we sin and are buffeted for it, we shall take it patiently? But if when we shall do well, and suffer for it, we shall take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.

*Blessed are we, if we suffer for righteousness' sake.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 11.

They who Jesus' followers are,  
And enjoy His faithful care,  
By a mutual, hearty love,  
Their belief in Jesus prove.

Meek they are to all mankind,  
To good offices inclined,  
Ready, when reviled, to bless,  
Studios of the public peace.

Tender pity, love sincere  
To their enemies they bear;  
And, as Christ affords them light,  
Order all their steps aright.

## XVI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed :

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:*

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.*

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted :

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 195.

O Thou Fount of blessing,  
Purify our spirit,  
Trusting only in Thy merit;  
Like the holy angels  
Who behold Thy glory,  
May we ceaselessly adore Thee:  
Let Thy will, ever still,  
Rule Thy Church terrestrial  
As the hosts celestial.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue:

Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother.

*Give us, O Lord, the wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated,*

*full of merey and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy.*

Be fervent in your love among yourselves; for love covereth a multitude of sins; using hospitality one to another without murmuring; according as each hath received a gift, ministering it among yourselves, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.

*May we be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave us.*

Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good; in love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another, communicating to the necessity of the saints. Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

*Help us, O Lord, to be imitators of Thee, and may we walk in love, even as Thou hast loved us.*

Whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?

*To do good and to communicate may we not forget; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.*

Forget not to shew love unto strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; them that are evil-treated, as being yourselves also in the body.

*Let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and truth.*

He that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

*Let us do according as we have purposed in our heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.*

As we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of the faith; for God is not unrighteous to forget our work and the love which we show toward His Name in that we minister unto the saints.

*The Lord make us to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men; and whatsoever we do, in word or in deed, may we do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through Him.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 540. E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all. :|: Amen.

## XVII.

† All standing, the Leader shall say :

Blessèd are they that are perfect in the way,

*Who walk in the law of the Lord.*

Blessèd are they that keep His testimonies,

*That seek Him with the whole heart.*

Yea, they do no unrighteousness;

*They walk in His ways.*

Thou hast commanded us Thy precepts,

*That we should observe them diligently.*

O that our ways were established to observe Thy statutes!

*Then shall we not be ashamed, when we have respect unto all Thy commandments.*

We will give thanks unto Thee with uprightness of heart, when we learn Thy righteous judgments.

*We will observe Thy statutes.*

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name: Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

† Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 22.

Jesus, our best beloved Friend,

Draw out our souls in pure desire;

Jesus, in love to us descend,

Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

On Thy redeeming Name we call,

Poor and unworthy though we be;

Padon and sanctify us all;

Let each Thy full salvation see.

† Then may follow, at the discretion of the Leader, the Scripture Lesson, prayer and singing. At the close of the service, all standing, the Leader shall say :

The fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth; walk as children of light, proving what is well-pleasing unto the Lord.

*May we walk worthily of the Lord unto all pleasing, bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.*

The Lord hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him That calleth us by His own glory and virtue;

*Whereby He hath granted unto us His precious and exceeding great promises; that through these we may be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust.*

Yea, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue; and in your virtue knowledge; and in your knowledge temperance; and in your temperance patience; and in your patience godliness; and in your godliness love of the brethren; and in your love of the brethren love. For if these things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*May we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service.*

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

*May our God count us worthy of our calling and fulfill every desire of goodness and every work of faith with power, that the Name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in us, and we in Him.*

May ye be strengthened with power through His Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God.

*Help us to attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.*

† Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 14.

In duties and in sufferings, too,

My Lord I fain would trace;

As Thou hast done, so would I do,

Depending on Thy grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 'twas Thy delight,

To do Thy Father's will;

May the same zeal my soul excite,

Thy precepts to fulfill.

Meekness, humility, and love,

Through all Thy conduct shine;

O may my whole deportment prove,

A copy, Lord, of Thine.

## XVIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name ; Thy Kingdom come ; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us,  
Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
Abide with us forever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 22.

In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,  
That in Thy service we may do  
With gladness and a willing mind,  
Whatever is for us assigned.

Grant we, impellèd by Thy love,  
In smallest things may faithful prove ;  
Till we depart, we wish to be  
Devoted wholly unto Thee.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue :

Thus saith the Lord : Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with Me ; he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall minister unto Me.

*A faithful man shall abound with blessings ; the Lord preserveth the faithful.*

Wherefore, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

*Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, may we do it with our might.*

Each man hath his own gift from God, one after this manner, and another after that. To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required ; and to whom they commit much, of him will they ask the more.

*Help us, O Lord, to guard that which is committed to us.*

He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much ; and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much.

*May we be found faithful, not only in that which is much, but also in that which is least.*

Take heed, lest haply there shall be in any one of you an evil heart of unbelief, in falling away from the living God ; but exhort one another day by day, so long as it is called to-day ; lest

any one of you be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin ; for we are become partakers of Christ, if we hold fast the beginning of our confidence firm unto the end.

*Yea, may we look to ourselves, that we lose not the things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward.*

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Blessèd is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love Him.

*Help us, O Lord, to have patience, to bear for Thy Name's sake, and let us not grow weary.*

And the God of all grace, Who called you unto His eternal glory in Christ, after that ye have suffered a little while, shall Himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you.

*To Him be the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 164.

How great at last my joy will be,  
If I have faithful proved  
To Christ, and 'mid adversity  
Till my last breath Him lovèd ;  
They who reproach here bear,  
In heaven a crown shall wear ;  
Who follow Christ are truly blest,  
For they with Him shall ever rest.

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader ; after which, all standing, the Doxology shall be said or chanted :

Tune 539, B.

Unto the Lamb That was slain,  
*And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth :*

Unto the Lord Who purchased our souls for Himself ;

*Unto that Friend Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood ;*

Who died for us once,  
*That we might die unto sin,*

Who rose for us,  
*That we also might rise ;*

Who ascended for us into heaven,  
*To prepare a place for us ;*

And to Whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions : to Him be glory at all times,

*In the Church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him,*

From everlasting to everlasting :  
*Amen.*

Little children, abide in Him ; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.



## XIX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

O Christ, Almighty God,  
Have mercy upon us.

O Thou Lamb of God, Which takest  
away the sin of the world,  
Manifest Thyself to us.

O Thou Lamb of God, Which takest  
away the sin of the world,  
Give unto us Thy peace.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in  
heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom  
come: Thy will be done, in earth as it is  
in heaven; give us this day our daily  
bread; and forgive us our trespasses as  
we forgive them that trespass against us;  
and lead us not into temptation, but de-  
liver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the  
power, and the glory, for ever and ever.  
Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the  
world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or  
some other suitable hymn:

Tune 14.

Almighty God, in humble prayer  
To Thee our souls we lift;  
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
For Thy most needful gift.

We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before Thee give.

¶ Then may follow, at the discretion of the Leader,  
the Scripture Lesson, prayer and singing. At  
the close of the service, all standing, the Leader  
shall say:

Thus saith the High and Lofty One  
That inhabiteth eternity, Whose Name  
is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy  
place, with him also that is of a contrite  
and humble spirit, to revive the spirit  
of the humble, and to revive the heart  
of the contrite ones.

*Great is the glory of the Lord! For  
though the Lord be high, yet hath He re-  
spect unto the lowly; but the haughty He  
knoweth from afar.*

Every one that exalteth himself shall  
be humbled; and he that humbleth  
himself shall be exalted.

*God resisteth the proud; but giveth  
grace to the humble.*

Blessèd are the meek; for they shall  
inherit the earth.

*The meek shall inherit the land, and  
shall delight themselves in the abundance  
of peace.*

The meek shall increase their joy in  
the Lord, and the poor among men shall

rejoice in the Holy One of Israel; the  
Lord upholdeth the meek, He will beau-  
tify them with salvation.

*The Lord is nigh unto them that are of  
a broken heart, and saveth such as be of  
a contrite spirit.*

Behold your calling, brethren, how  
that not many wise after the flesh, not  
many mighty, not many noble, are  
called; but God chose the foolish things  
of the world, that He might put to  
shame them that are wise; and God  
chose the weak things of the world, that  
He might put to shame the things that  
are strong;

*And the base things of the world, and  
the things that are despised, did God  
choose, yea, and the things that are not,  
that He might bring to naught the things  
that are: that no flesh should glory be-  
fore God.*

Thus saith the Lord: Take My yoke  
upon you, and learn of Me; for I am  
meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall  
find rest unto your souls. For My  
yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

*May we walk worthily of the calling  
wherewith we were called, with all lowli-  
ness and meekness.*

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus  
Christ, that though He was rich, yet for  
your sakes He became poor, that ye  
through His poverty might become  
rich.

*He Who knew no sin was made to be  
sin on our behalf; that we might become  
the righteousness of God in Him.*

Have this mind in you, which was  
also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the  
form of God, counted it not a prize to  
be on an equality with God, but emptied  
Himself, taking the form of a servant,  
being made in the likeness of men;  
and being found in fashion as a man,  
He humbled Himself, becoming obedi-  
ent even unto death, yea, the death of  
the Cross.

*Wherefore also God highly exalted  
Him, and gave unto Him the Name  
Which is above every name; that in the  
Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of  
things in heaven and things on earth and  
things under the earth, and that every  
tongue should confess that Jesus Christ  
is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 591.

Let Thy Cross my will control,  
Conform me to my Guide;  
In Thy Image mold my soul,  
And crucify my pride;  
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,  
Ever looking up to Thee;  
Meek Redeemer, now impart  
Thine own humility.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

*Yea, let us worship Him in spirit and truth.*

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed :

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:*

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried: He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven: And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost: The Holy Christian Church: The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 205.

Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,

Own Thy people, seal us Thine;

Thee to obey from day to day

By Thy Spirit us incline:

Us for ever bless and keep,

Mark us as Thy chosen sheep,

From Thy fullness to us grant

Every grace and gift we want.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue :

Look carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is.

*May we not be fashioned according to this world; but may we be transformed by the renewing of our mind, that we may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.*

The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.

*If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk.*

Christ hath said: "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

*Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Him, can not be His disciple.*

The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men, instructing us to the intent that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world; looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ; Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a people for His own possession, zealous of good works.

*May we be sober and set our hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ.*

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey the lusts thereof; neither present your members unto sin as instruments of unrighteousness; but present yourselves unto God, as alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace.

*If a man purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work.*

Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.

*Let us therefore so run, as not uncertainly; let us fight, as not beating the air; but buffet the body and bring it into bondage.*

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

*Yea, let us be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 22.

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

## XXI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed :

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :*

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven: And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church: The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.*

¶ Then shall follow the Gloria in Excelsis :

*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.*

*O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.*

*For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Teach me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to view;

Tune 582.

And what I do in anything,  
For Thee alone to do.

To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to Thee I tend;  
In all I do be Thou the Way,  
In all be Thou the End.

All may of Thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue :

Jehovah is my Shepherd ;

*I shall not want.*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :

*He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

He restoreth my soul :

*He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.*

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me :

*Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.*

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies :

*Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life :

*And I will dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.*

Blessed are the poor in spirit :

*For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.*

Blessed are they that mourn :

*For they shall be comforted.*

Blessed are the meek :

*For they shall inherit the earth.*

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness :

*For they shall be filled.*

Blessed are the merciful :

*For they shall obtain mercy.*

Blessed are the pure in heart :

*For they shall see God.*

Blessed are the peacemakers :

*For they shall be called sons of God.*

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake :

*For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.*

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ's sake.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all.: Amen.

## XXII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.

*Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.*

O Thou That hearest prayer, we reverently approach the throne of grace, and make known our wants unto Thee, with humble confidence in the promise of Thy Son, our Advocate, Who said: "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name He will give it unto you."

¶ Then shall follow silent prayer, after which all shall unite in the Lord's Prayer :

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

¶ Hereupon the Leader shall continue :

What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward us?

*Let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.*

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.

*The Lord is good: His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed :

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.*

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the following hymn :

Tune 144.

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!

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

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide  
Thee, [not see,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside  
Perfect in power, in love and purity. [Thee,

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in  
earth and sky and sea:

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

¶ Then may follow, at the discretion of the Leader, the Scripture Lesson, prayer and singing. At the close of the service the Leader shall say:

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright and in the congregation.

*The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.*

His work is honorable and glorious, and His righteousness endureth for ever.

*He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered; the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.*

He hath given meat to them that fear Him; He will ever be mindful of His covenant.

*He hath showed His people the power of His works, that He may give them the heritage of the heathen.*

The works of His hands are verity and judgment; all His commandments are sure.

*They stand fast for ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 32.

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.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;

With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart  
from shame, [Name.

That in this house have called upon Thy  
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.

## XXIII.

† All standing, the following sentence shall be chanted:

*The Lord is His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.*

† Then the Leader shall continue:

Lord God, our Father Almighty, Thou art the High and Lofty One That inhabitest eternity; yet Thou dwellest with them also that are of an humble and contrite heart.

Grant that we may bring unto Thee the sacrifice with which Thou art well pleased, the broken and contrite heart, which Thou, O God, dost not despise.

*We acknowledge our transgressions before Thee. Make us to hear joy and gladness. Hide Thy face from our sins and blot out all our transgressions. Create in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us. Cast us not away from Thy presenee, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.*

O Thou, of Whom, and through Whom, and to Whom are all things! help us with one mind and one mouth to glorify Thee, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*O Thou Who art the God of hope, fill us with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in all hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.*

May we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto Thee, O God, which is our reasonable service. Save us from being conformed to this world; from thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think; from being wise in our own conceits; from being overcome of evil, and enable us to overcome evil with good.

*Hear us, and help us, we beseech Thee.*

If we have not liked to retain Thee in our thoughts; if we have despised Thy goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering; if our hearts have been impenitent and hard; if we have dishonored Thee by breaking Thy laws:

*Forgive us, we beseech Thee.*

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sins of the world,

*Leave Thy peace with us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then shall follow a hymn, prayer and the reading of the Scripture Lesson, at the discretion of the Leader. At the close of the service all shall unite in repeating the Commandments:

God spake these words, saying:

1. *Thou shalt have none other gods before Me.*

2. *Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not*

*bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.*

3. *Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.*

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

5. *Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

6. *Thou shalt do no murder.*

7. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

8. *Thou shalt not steal.*

9. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

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

¶ Then the Leader shall continue and say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ hath said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

And again He hath said: "If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments."

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

¶ Then shall follow a hymn and the benediction.

## XXIV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

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

God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

*Let my prayer come before Thee, O Lord; incline Thine ear unto my cry.*

¶ Then shall follow a free prayer, and the singing of a hymn, after which all shall unite in the Te Deum Laudamus:

*We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.*

*All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.*

*To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.*

*To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry.*

*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth: Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.*

*The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee.*

*The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee.*

*The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.*

*The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee:*

*The Father, of an infinite majesty;*

*Thine adorable, true and only Son;*

*Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.*

*Thou art the King of glory, O Christ;*

*Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.*

*When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin.*

*When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of heaven to all believers.*

*Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.*

*We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.*

*We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.*

*Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.*

*O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage:*

*Govern them, and lift them up forever.*

*Day by day we magnify Thee:*

*And we worship Thy Name ever, world without end.*

*Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.*

*O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.*

*O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee.*

*O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Gloria in Excelsis, and in the Lord's Prayer:

*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.*

*O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.*

*For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.*

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

¶ The service shall be concluded by singing the following or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 159.

Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord

Sing with a cheerful voice.

Exalt our God with one accord,

And in His Name rejoice.

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

Until in realms of endless light

Your praises shall unite.

There we to all eternity

Shall join the angelic lays,

And sing in perfect harmony

To God, our Saviour's praise:

He hath redeemed us by His blood,

And made us kings and priests to God;

For us, for us, the Lamb was slain:

Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

## XXV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

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

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

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

*They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and sing of Thy righteousness.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 591.

Meet and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our Heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace:  
Join we then with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join:  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Eternal praise be Thine.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue :

Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you :

*For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.*

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

*Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?*

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father Which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?

*Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.*

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat :

*Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father Which is in heaven.

*Many will say unto Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name? and in Thy Name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity.*

Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will

liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock :

*And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded on a rock.*

And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand :

*And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.*

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader: whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue :

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,

*Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.*

But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

*And in His law doth he meditate day and night.*

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,

*That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,*

Whose leaf also doth not wither;

*And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*

The wicked are not so;

*But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.*

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,

*Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.*

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

*But the way of the wicked shall perish.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Lord's Prayer :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

¶ The service shall be closed by singing the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 585.

Thanks we give and adoration  
For the gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
King of glory, !:  
Sway Thy scepter all around.

## XXVI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure in them." Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the duty of all men.

*For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.*

And the Lord God hath said: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, and the holy day of Jehovah honorable; and shalt honor it, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in Jehovah; and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth; for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it."

*Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from profaning it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 582.

This is the day of rest :

Our failing strength renew;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of prayer :

Let earth to heaven draw near;  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;  
Come down to meet us here.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue :

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?  
*My help cometh from Jehovah, Which made heaven and earth.*

He will not suffer Thy foot to be moved: He That keepeth thee will not slumber.

*Behold, He That keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

Jehovah is thy Keeper: Jehovah is thy Shade upon thy right hand.

*The sun shall not smite me by day, nor the moon by night.*

Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; He shall keep thy soul.

*Jehovah shall keep my going out and my coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.*

¶ Then may each class in turn recite a text of praise or promise; after which all shall unite in the Gloria Patri :

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader.

¶ At the close of the service, all standing, the Leader shall say :

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

*That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.*

Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; let all the peoples praise Thee.

*O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.*

Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; let all the peoples praise Thee.

*The earth hath yielded her increase: God, even our own God, shall bless us.*

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

*God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.*

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then all shall unite in the Doxology :

Tune 539. B.

Unto the Lamb That was slain,

*And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth:*

Unto the Lord Who purchased our souls for Himself;

*Unto that Friend Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood;*

Who died for us once,

*That we might die unto sin;*

Who rose for us,

*That we also might rise;*

Who ascended for us into heaven,

*To prepare the place for us;*

And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions: to Him be glory at all times,

*In the church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him.*

From everlasting to everlasting:

*Amen.*

Little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.



## XXVII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains; from whence shall my help come?

*My help cometh from Jehovah, Which made heaven and earth.*

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He That keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He That keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

*Jehovah is my Keeper: Jehovah is my Shade upon my right hand.*

Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; He shall keep thy soul.

*Jehovah shall keep my going out and my coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.*

And now, Lord, what wait we for?  
*Our hope is in Thee.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 15.

Who puts his trust in God most just  
Hath built his house securely;  
He who relies on Jesus Christ,  
Heaven shall be his most surely.

Then fixed on Thee, my trust shall be,  
Whose truth can never alter:  
While mine Thou art, nor death's worst  
smart  
Shall make my courage falter.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower falleth: but the word of the Lord abideth for ever.

*The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but Thou, O Lord, art a Priest for ever, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever, and Thy years shall not fail.*

My times are in Thy hand. Shew me Thy ways, O Jehovah! Teach me Thy paths. Guide me in Thy truth, and teach me; for Thou art the God of my salvation.

*Guide me in the paths of righteousness for Thy Name's sake.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 582.

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

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

"My times are in Thy hand!"  
Jesus, my Advocate:  
Nor shall Thine hand be raised in vain,  
For me to supplicate.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Rejoice ye in His Holy Name! Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

*For the Name of Jehovah is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.*

Unto you that fear His Name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings.

*And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved, but the Name of Jesus Christ, Who was crucified, Whom God raised from the dead.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 68.

Holy Trinity,  
Thanks and praise to Thee,  
That our life and whole salvation  
Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,  
And His death for us  
On the shameful Cross.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which, all standing, the Leader shall say:

O most merciful Saviour! Who hast reconciled all things unto Thyself, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven, and Who hast made peace through the blood of Thy Cross; may Thy precious blood cleanse us from all sin; and by Thy stripes may we be healed.

Crucify with Thee our sinful flesh, with all its desires, that henceforth we may not serve sin, but walk with Thee in newness of life.

O Thou Prince of life, Who didst rise from the grave; Thou Who hast overcome him that had the power of death; Who hast brought life and immortality to light; confirm us in the faith, that we may live, even though we die.

Teach us to look away from the things that are seen and are temporal, and to seek those things that are above; and let Thy strength, O Thou Prince of our salvation, be mighty in our weakness.

O Thou, our eternal High-priest! Thou Who for us didst enter within the vail; be Thou our Advocate at the right hand of the Father, so that neither height nor depth, things present nor things to come, nor any other creature, may be able to separate us from the love of God.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
And the love of God,  
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,  
Be with us all. ∴ Amen.

## XXVIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Glory be to Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life; He was dead, and behold, He is alive forevermore; and he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Glory be to Him in the Church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, from everlasting to everlasting.

*Amen.*

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, Who said unto His disciples, "Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God, Who hath saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, Which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour. He also gave this promise: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Children may be made partakers of this grace; for Christ hath said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

¶ Then shall all unite in saying :

*I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied a member of the Church of Christ, which He hath loved, and for which He gave Himself, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who died for me, and shed His blood on the Cross for the remission of sins.*

¶ Then the Leader shall continue :

Our Lord Jesus Christ hath granted unto us His body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the Scripture saith: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread; and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples, and said, 'Take, eat: this is My body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of Me.' After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ, when He had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.'"

*Amen.*

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson, and a hymn, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which all shall unite in the following Confession of Faith :

*I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible :*

*And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-Begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By Whom all things were made: Who, for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures; And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose Kingdom shall have no end.*

*And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father [and the Son], Who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one holy Christian and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins, And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the life of the world to come. Amen.*

And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them.

*Amen. We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God,*

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the Church Triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors.

*Amen.*

O Christ, Thou eternal King of glory ! unto Whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, rule Thou over Thine enemies, till they become Thy footstool. Lead Thou Thy Church out of conflict unto victory, when Thou shalt come again in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead. Amen ! Come, Lord Jesus !

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

## XXIX.

† All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord, have mercy upon us.  
*Christ, have mercy upon us.*  
 Lord, have mercy upon us.  
*Christ, hear us.*  
 Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name : Thy Kingdom come ; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*  
 Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
*Abide with us forever.*

† Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 68.

Holy Trinity,  
 Thanks and praise to Thee,  
 That our life and whole salvation  
 Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,  
 And His death for us  
 On the shameful Cross.

† Then shall the Leader continue :

When He hath made His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed. He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.

*He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.*

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

*Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him ; all nations shall serve Him.*

He shall spare the poor and needy and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence : and precious shall their blood be in His sight.

*Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved.*

How shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? Lift up your eyes, and look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

*The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.*

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.

† Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 582.

Convert and send forth more  
 Into Thy Church abroad.  
 And let them speak Thy word of power,  
 As workers with their God.

Oh ! let them spread Thy name,  
 Their mission fully prove ;  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 Thine all-redeeming love.

† Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address, prayer and a selected hymn, at the discretion of the Leader, after which he shall continue :

Thou Light and Desire of nations,  
 Prosper the endeavors of all Thy servants to spread Thy gospel,

Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and diminish misapprehensions :

Make the word of Thy Cross universal among those who are called by Thy Name :

Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of Satan :

Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant people, and deliver them from their blindness :

O that Ishmael might live before Thee :  
 Bless our and all other Christian congregations gathered from among the heathen :

Keep them as the apple of Thine eye.  
*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

Watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea ;

Send help to all that are in danger, tribulation or distress ;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer persecution for the sake of the Gospel ;

Keep them in the hour of temptation, and let Thy holy Name be named upon them.

Accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement with demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

Have mercy, O Lord, on Thy whole creation ;

Hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ ; and the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

*Amen.*

† Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 151.

Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thine onward way ;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay :  
 Stay not, till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home ;  
 Stay not, till all the holy  
 Proclaim : "The Lord is come."

## XXX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,  
*Abide with us for ever.*

Blessed be Thou, That dwellest-betwixt the cherubim and graciously regardest them of low estate! O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever! *Magnify Him for ever.*

Laud Him, all ye hosts of heaven! Ye angels of the Lord, praise Him! Glorify, magnify Him for ever! *Magnify Him for ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Gloria in Excelsis:

*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.*

*O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.*

*For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.*

Stand up and bless the Lord your God from everlasting to everlasting: and blessed be Thy glorious Name, Which is exalted above all blessing and praise. Thou art the Lord, even Thou alone: Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens with all their host, the earth and all things that are thereon, the sea and all that is in them, and Thou preservest them all, and the host of heaven worshipeth Thee.

*In Thy presence, O Lord, is fullness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.*

The angels are all ministering spirits,

sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation. He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

*Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 70.

The holy angels,  
When they to Christ draw near,  
Fall down before Him,  
Their God, with holy fear,  
And with profound humiliation  
Pay Him the deepest adoration.

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, after which he shall continue:

Behold Him Who was made for a little while lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor!

*Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the Name which is above every name; that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things of the world below, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.*

Therefore we ought to give the most earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them. For if the word spoken through angels, that is, the law, proved steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

*Lord, have mercy upon us: incline our hearts to keep Thy law, and to believe on Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.*

And I saw and I heard a voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands; saying with a great voice: "Worthy is the Lamb That hath been slain, to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

*Amen. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 172.

Thy majesty, how vast it is,  
And how immense the glory,  
Which Thou, O Jesus, dost possess;  
Both heaven and earth adore Thee;  
The legions of angels exalt Thy great Name,  
Thy glory and might are transcendent;  
And thousands of thousands Thy praises  
proclaim,  
Upon Thee gladly dependent.

## XXXI.

¶ TO BE USED ON INDEPENDENCE DAY, OR ON ANY OTHER NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

¶ The service shall be opened by singing the following, or some other suitable hymn :

Tune 579.

Auspicious morning, hail !  
Voices from hill and dale  
Thy welcome sing.  
Joy on thy dawning breaks ;  
Each heart that joy partakes,  
While cheerful music wakes,  
Its praise to bring.

Peace on this day abide ;  
From morn till eventide  
Wake tuneful song ;  
Melodious accents raise ;  
Let every heart, with praise,  
Bring high and grateful lays,  
Rich, full, and strong.

¶ Then, all standing, the Leader shall continue :

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

*Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*

*For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

*Be gracious unto us.*

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

*Abide with us for ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed :

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

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.*

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted :

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

¶ Then shall the Leader continue :

Remember the days of old. Consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will shew thee; thine elders and they will tell thee. The Eternal God is thy Dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Happy art thou, O Nation! Who is like unto thee, a people saved by Jehovah, the Shield of thy help and the Sword of thy excellency!

*Not unto us, O Jehovah, not unto us, but unto Thy Name do we give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake.*

Yea, Jehovah hath been mindful of us: He will bless us. He will bless them that fear Him, both small and great. Oh that men would praise Him for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! O give thanks unto Jehovah; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever!

*We will sing of the mercies of Jehovah for ever!*

Who can utter the mighty acts of Jehovah, or shew forth all His praise?

*The works of Jehovah are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.*

Bless Jehovah, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name.

*Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*

Jehovah is full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will He keep His anger for ever.

*He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.*

Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear Him.

*For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.*

¶ Then shall all unite in singing :

Tune 22.

Great God of nations, now to Thee  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;  
That Thou hast made this Nation free,  
We offer Thee our song of praise.

We praise Thee that the Gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds,  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

¶ Then may be read, as the First Lesson, Deuteronomy 8 : 1-20, and, as the Second Lesson, 1 Thessalonians 5 : 12-24; whereupon the Leader shall continue :

O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of Jehovah. Thus saith Jehovah, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: "I

am Jehovah, thy God, Which teacheth thee to profit, Which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. Oh that thou wouldest hearken to My commandments! then should thy peace be as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Me, and I will have mercy upon him."

*If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

Hide Thy face from our sins,  
And blot out all our iniquities.

Create in us a clean heart, O God;  
And renew a right spirit within us.

Cast us not away from Thy presence;  
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,  
To our forsaken God return:  
O spare our guilty country, spare  
The Church which Thou hast planted here.

We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,  
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,  
We plead Thy gracious promises:  
And are they unavailing pleas?

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Watch graciously over all governments; establish them in truth and righteousness, and give them thoughts of peace. Bless the President of the United States and both Houses of Congress; the Governor and Legislature of this Commonwealth, and all others that are in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for Thy sake; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell. Give prosperity, O God, to this land, and salvation to all its people!

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

O Lord our God, Whose Name is excellent in all the earth, and Thy glory above the heavens; [*Who on this day didst inspire and direct the hearts of our*

*delegates in Congress to lay the perpetual foundations of peace, liberty and safety:*] we bless and adore Thy glorious Majesty, for Thy loving-kindness and providence. And we humbly pray that the devout sense of Thy signal mercy may renew and increase in us a spirit of love and thankfulness to Thee, its only Author, a spirit of peaceable submission to the laws and government of our country, and a spirit of fervent zeal for Thy holy religion, which Thou hast preserved and secured to us and our posterity.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God.*

¶ Then may be read as the Epistle, Philippians 4: 4-8, and as the Gospel, St. John 8: 31-33; and an address or the reading of a part of the Declaration of Independence may follow.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Trust ye in Jehovah for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is an everlasting rock. Jehovah is righteous in all His ways, and gracious in all His works. Jehovah is high unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him: He also will hear their cry and will save them. Jehovah preserveth all them that love Him; but all the wicked will He destroy.

*My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah: and let all flesh bless His Holy Name for ever and ever.*

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or other suitable hymns:

Tune 14.

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.

Oh, guard our shores from every foe;  
With peace our borders bless,  
Our cities with prosperity,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;  
And let our hills and valleys chant  
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

Tune 22.

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

# HYMNS.

PEACE. }  
*Danket dem Herrn.* } (10, 10, Iambic.)

Bohemian Brethren, 1544.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'PEACE. Danket dem Herrn.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 10/10. The piece is marked 'I, A.' at the beginning of the first staff.

1 **Tune 1.**  
 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world  
 of sin? [within.  
 The blood of Jesus whispers peace  
 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging  
 duties pressed?  
 To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.  
 3 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones  
 far away?  
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

4 Peace, perfect peace, our future all  
 unknown?  
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.  
 5 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing  
 us and ours? [powers.  
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its  
 6 It is enough: earth's struggles soon  
 shall cease,  
 And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect  
 peace. E. H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.

CENA DOMINI. (10, 10, Iambic.)

A. S. Sullivan, 1864.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'CENA DOMINI.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 10/10. The piece is marked 'I, C.' at the beginning of the first staff.

2 **Tune 1.**  
 O King of mercy, from Thy throne on  
 high [ble cry.  
 Look down in love, and hear our hum-  
 2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-  
 bought sheep, [keep.  
 Thy feeble wandering flock in safety  
 3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we  
 live;  
 To contrite sinners life eternal give.  
 4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee  
 we feed;  
 Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's Stay, the sin-  
 ner's Friend, [out end.  
 Sweet Fount of joy and blessings with-  
 6 Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heav-  
 enly grace, [face.  
 Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious  
 7 Go where we go, abide where we abide.  
 In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength,  
 and Guide.  
 8 Oh, lead us daily with Thine eye of  
 love,  
 And bring us safely to our home above.  
 Thomas R. Birks, 1810 83.



3  
 O sons and daughters, let us sing,  
 The King of Heaven, the glorious King,  
 O'er death to-day rose triumphing.

Tune 2.

2 That Easter morn, at break of day,  
 The faithful women went their way,  
 To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

3 An angel clad in white they see,  
 Who sat and spake unto the three,  
 "Your Lord doth go to Galilee."

4 That night the apostles met in fear;  
 Amidst them came their Lord most dear,  
 And said, "My peace be on all here!"

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,  
 How they had seen the risen Lord,  
 He doubted the disciples' word.

6 "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;  
 My hands, My feet, I show to thee;  
 Not faithless but believing be."

7 No longer Thomas then denied;  
 He saw the feet, the hands, the side;  
 "Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

8 How blest are they who have not seen  
 And yet whose faith hath constant been  
 For they eternal life shall win.  
 John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-1866.

4  
 Morn's roseate hues have deeked the  
 The Lord has risen with victory: [sly,  
 Let earth rejoice, its voice lift high.

Tune 2.

2 The Prince of life with death has  
 striven,  
 To cleanse the earth His blood has given;  
 Has rent the veil, and opened heaven.

5 And He the Wheat-corn, sown in earth,  
 Has given a glorious harvest birth:  
 Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth.

4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,  
 Are sown to rise to heavenly day;  
 For He by rising burst the way.

5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,  
 And fleshly passions crucifies,  
 In body, like to Thine, shall rise.

6 O grant us, then, with Thee to die,  
 To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
 And love the things above the sky.  
 William Cooke, 1821-84.

HOLY SEPULCHRE.

E. H. Thorne.



5  
 By Jesus' grave on either hand,  
 While night is brooding o'er the land,  
 The sad and silent mourners stand.

Tune 2.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,  
 The agony and conflict sore  
 Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade  
 The Lord, by Whom the worlds were  
 The Saviour of mankind, is laid. [made,

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,  
 Here is for you a place of rest;  
 Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

Isaac Gregory Smith, b. 1836.

6  
 O God of life, Whose power benign  
 Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,  
 Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

Tune 2.

2 O Father, Uncreated Lord,  
 Be Thou in every land adored,  
 Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,  
 We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain  
 For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care  
 Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,  
 May we in Thy communion share.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-74.



7

Tune 3.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Who givest all?

2 For peaceful homes, and healthful  
days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.

3 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that Blessèd One  
Thou givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
Father, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

8

Tune 3.

Through good report and evil, Lord,  
Still guided by Thy faithful Word,—  
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—  
We follow Thee.

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

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

4 Thou hast passed on before our face;  
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;  
O, keep us, aid us by Thy grace:  
We follow Thee.

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

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

9

Tune 3.

Father of all, from land and sea  
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we;  
Countless in number, but in Thee  
May we be one."

2 O Son of God, Whose love so free  
For men did make Thee man to be,  
United to our God in Thee,  
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,  
Making them one.

4 Join high and low, join young and  
old,  
In love that never waxes cold;  
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,  
Make us all one.

5 So, when the world shall pass away,  
May we awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

3, D.

10 Tune 3.

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

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

3 No words can tell what sweet relief  
Here for my every want I find:  
What strength for warfare, balm for  
What peace of mind! [grief,

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

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

11 Tune 3.

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

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

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

4 Where saints are clothed in spotless  
white,  
And evening shadows never fall;  
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all! Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

12 Tune 3.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord,  
Until He come.

2 And thus that dark betrayal night  
With the last advent we unite—  
By one blest chain of loving rite,  
Until He come—

3 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding word,  
The Lord shall come.

4 Oh, blessed hope! with this elate,  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But, strong in faith, in patience wait  
Until He come!

George Rawson, b. 1807.

13 Tune 3.

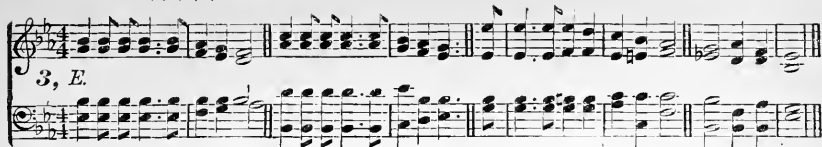
My heart lies dead; and no increase  
Doth my dull husbandry improve:  
Oh, let Thy graces, without cease,  
Drop from above.

2 Thy dew doth every morning fall:  
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove?  
The dew for which earth can not call,  
Drop from above!

3 The world is tempting still my heart  
Unto a hardness void of love;  
Let heavenly grace, to cross its art  
Drop from above!

4 O come; for Thou dost know the way!  
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,  
Remove me where I need not say,  
“Drop from above!”

George Herbert, 1833-1833.



14

Tune 3.

God of my life! Thy boundless grace  
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;  
My Rest, my Home, my Dwelling-  
I come to Thee. [place;

2 Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield!  
Whose precious blood was shed for me,  
Into Thy hands my soul I yield;  
I come to Thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God! [be;  
Long hast Thou deigned my Guide to  
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed;  
I come to Thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,  
Who praise Thy Name unceasingly;  
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
I come to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

15

Tune 3.

Jesus, my Saviour! look on me,  
For I am weary and opprest;  
I come to cast myself on Thee:  
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray;  
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my Peace.

5 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, what'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.

John R. Macduff, 1853.

16

Tune 3.

My God, my Father! while I stray  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
Oh! teach me from my heart to say  
"Thy will be done."

2 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."

3 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done."

4 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done."

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

17

Tune 3.

Leaning on Thee, my Guide and Friend,  
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:  
Though weary, Thou dost condescend  
To be my Rest.

2 Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,  
To Thee the future I confide;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,  
Though faint with languor, parched  
with heat:  
Thy will has now become my own—  
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on Thee, tho' faint and weak,  
Too weak another voice to hear,  
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
"Be of good cheer."

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

18

Tune 3.

There is a holy sacrifice,  
Which God in heaven will not despise,  
Yea, which is precious in His eyes.—  
The contrite heart.

2 That Lofty One, before Whose throne  
The countless hosts of heav'n bow down,  
Another dwelling-place will own,—  
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy One, the Son of God,  
His pardoning love will shed abroad,  
And consecrate as His abode  
The contrite heart.

4 The Holy Spirit from on high  
Will listen to its faintest sigh,  
And cheer, and bless, and purify  
The contrite heart.

5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;  
Such as Thou art I fain would be;  
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me  
The contrite heart.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.



19 Tune 4.  
 Lord Jesus, I pray,  
 On earth while I stay,  
 In union to be  
 With Thee and Thy people inseparably :

2 Concerned for more grace  
 And true happiness ;  
 Intent evermore  
 'Fore Thee to be contrite, and lowly,  
 and poor.

3 O were my whole mind  
 And spirit inclined  
 To show forth Thy praise,  
 To serve Thee with gladness, and walk  
 in Thy ways.

4 If questioned by Thee ;  
 " Say, lovest Thou me ? "   
 I own I shall prove  
 Deficient, O Lord, yet Thou know'st that  
 I love.

5 John's portion so blest,  
 To lean on Thy breast,  
 Be mine, till with Thee, [be.  
 When time is no more, I for ever shall ]  
J. F. Cammerhof, 1721-51.

20 Tune 4.  
 O Jesus, my Lord,  
 For ever adored,  
 My Portion, my All,  
 At Thy holy feet with abasement I fall.

2 As sure as I prove  
 Thy mercy and love  
 As Thou life didst gain  
 For me, and my comfort dost ever re-  
 main,—

3 So sure may I be  
 Devoted to Thee,  
 And cheerfully stand,  
 Prepared to comply with Thy every  
 command.

4 Keep me through Thy power  
 So minded each hour,  
 That I naught beside  
 May know but Thee only, and Thee  
 Crucified.

5 Soul, spirit and mind  
 To Thee be resigned,  
 Thy throne there erect,  
 Till Thou Thy whole purpose in me  
 dost effect.

6 Make me Thine abode,  
 A temple of God,  
 A vessel of grace,  
 Prepared for Thy service, and formed  
 to Thy praise.

7 The covenant is made  
 With Thee as my Head :  
 Lord, grant my request,  
 To love and to serve Thee, till with  
 Thee I rest. Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

21 Tune 4.  
 O Spirit of grace,  
 Thy kindness we trace,  
 In showing to us,  
 That life and salvation proceed from  
 Christ's Cross.

2 In darkness we strayed  
 Until we were led  
 By Thee to believe [receive.  
 That Jesus, our Saviour, will sinners ]

3 Grant us to obey  
 Thy teaching, we pray,  
 O Spirit of love, [to prove.  
 And thankful to Thee for Thy mercies ]  
Moravian.

22 Tune 4.  
 Come, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue,  
 Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master  
 appear.

2 Of heavenly birth  
 Though wandering on earth,  
 This is not our place,  
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves  
 we confess.

3 Our life is a dream ;  
 Our time, as a stream  
 glides swiftly away ;  
 The fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The rougher our way,  
 The shorter our stay ;  
 The tempests that rise  
 Shall serve but to hurry our souls to  
 the skies.

5 The fiercer the blast,  
 The sooner 'tis past ;  
 The troubles that come [home.  
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us ]  
Charles Wesley, 1703-88.

23

Tune 6.

Lord, Thy Word abideth,  
 And our footsteps guideth;  
 Who its truth believeth  
 Light and joy receiveth.

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

3 When the storms are o'er us,  
 And dark clouds before us,  
 Then its light directeth  
 And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
 Who recount the treasure,  
 By Thy Word imparted  
 To the simple-hearted?

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

6 O, that we, discerning  
 Its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
 Evermore be near Thee!

Henry W. Baker, 1821-77.

24

Tune 7.

For the bread and for the wine,  
 For the pledge that seals Him mine;  
 For the words of love divine,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

2 For the feast of love and peace,  
 Bidding all our sorrows cease,  
 Earnest of the Kingdom's bliss,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

3 For the words that turn our eye  
 To the Cross of Calvary,

Bidding us in faith draw nigh,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

4 Till He come, we take the bread,  
 Type of Him on Whom we feed,  
 Him Who liveth and was dead;  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

5 Till He come, we take the cup;  
 As we at His table sup,  
 Eye and heart are lifted up,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

25 Tune 8.

Abide in grace, Lord Jesus,  
Among us constantly,  
Lest Satan's art deceive us  
And gain the victory.

2 Abide, Lord, with the story  
Of Thy redeeming love;  
May we the gospel's glory  
And saving virtue prove.

3 Abide, our pathway brighten  
With Thy celestial ray;  
Blest Light, our souls enlighten,  
Show us the truth, the way.

4 Abide with us in blessing,  
Lord of the earth and sky;  
Rich grace and strength possessing,  
Do Thou our need supply.

5 Abide, our only Safety,  
Thy people's sure Defence;  
No power can withstand Thee,  
Divine Omnipotence.

6 Abide among us ever,  
Lord, with Thy faithfulness;  
Jesus, forsake us never,  
Help us in all distress.

Josua Stegman, 1630; F. W. Detterer, tr., 1890.

26 Tune 8.

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

27 Tune 8.

The sepulcher is holding  
To-day within its band  
The Lord, Who holds creation  
Within His strong right hand.

2 To-day a stone is hiding,  
From gaze of mortal eye,  
The Lord, Whose glory hideth  
The brightness of the sky.

3 The life of all is sleeping,  
But hell is quaking sore;  
And Adam bursts the fetters,  
Which prisoned him before.

4 All praise to Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Whose providence of love,  
Hath won for us, Thy people,  
The Sabbath-rest above.

Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.

28 Tune 8.

To Christ, the king of glory,  
Who in the tomb was laid,  
To Father and to Spirit,  
Eternal laud be paid.

29 Tune 8.

The day is past and over;  
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;  
We pray Thee now that sinless  
The hours of dark may be.

2 The joys of day are over;  
We lift our hearts to Thee;  
And ask Thee that offence  
The hours of dark may be.

3 The toils of day are over;  
We raise our hymn to Thee;  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of dark may be.

4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,  
O God! for Thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which we have to go.

From the Greek of Anatolius;  
Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1818-66, alt.

30 Tune 8.

Sit down beneath His shadow,  
And rest with great delight;  
The faith that now beholds Him  
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,  
Exceeding great and free;  
Lift up thy heart in gladness,  
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,  
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;  
He calls the heavy laden  
And gives them kind relief.

4 His righteousness "all glorious"  
Thy festal robe shall be;  
And love that passeth knowledge  
His banner over thee.

5 A little while, though parted,  
Remember, wait, and love,  
Until He comes in glory,  
Until we meet above.

6 Till in the Father's Kingdom  
The heavenly feast is spread,  
And we behold His beauty,  
Whose blood for us was shed!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-73



**31** Tune 9.  
Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God,  
How hast Thou been used;  
With God's sin-avenging rod  
Soul and body bruised.

2 We, for whom Thou once wast slain,  
We, whose sins did pierce Thee,  
Now commemorate Thy pain,  
And implore Thy mercy.

3 What can we poor sinners do,  
When temptations seize us?  
Naught have we to look unto,  
But the blood of Jesus.

4 Pardon all our sins, O Lord;  
All our weakness pity:  
Guide us safely by Thy Word  
To the heavenly city.  
Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

**32** Tune 9.  
Tell me, Whom my soul doth love,  
Where Thy flocks are feeding;  
Where the pastures which they rove—  
Thou their footsteps leading?

2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat,  
Where at noon they rest them;  
Where at night their safe retreat—  
Fold, where none molest them?

3 Strong is Thy protecting arm;  
Richly Thou providest;  
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—  
Blest the flock Thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my Defence;  
Let no foe ensnare me;  
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—  
In Thy bosom bear me.  
Samuel Wolcott, 1813-86.

**33** Tune 9.  
What, my soul, should bow thee down?  
Perils or temptation?—  
Is not Christ upon the throne  
Still thy strong Salvation?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,  
Thy almighty Saviour;  
He Who death for Thee endured,  
Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to Him every want,  
Yea, whate'er may grieve Thee;

If for comfort Thou dost pant,  
Jesus will relieve Thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,  
Quickly turn to Jesus;  
In His presence thou art blest,  
He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot  
Him, Whose great compassion  
Never fails, Whose blood hath bought  
Thy complete salvation.

6 Earthly things do not regard,  
Trust in Jesus' favor;  
He will be thy great Reward  
And thy Shield for ever.  
John Cennick, 1718-55.

**34** Tune 9.  
Shepherd, help Thy chosen few,  
Thee in truth to follow;  
With Thy Blood, whate'er we do,  
Be Thou pleased to hallow.

2 Show us daily more and more  
Of Thy Church's beauty:  
Give the impulse and the power  
For each sacred duty.

3 Thus shall we with willing feet  
On Thy service venture;  
Thy hard labor makes all sweet,  
When on toil we enter.  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**35** Tune 9.  
Thill permitted hence to go,  
To behold my Saviour,  
Whom e'en here, by faith, to know,  
I enjoy the favor:—

2 Till to heaven I go in peace,  
Where no sin assaileth,  
Sorrows, sighs and tears must cease,  
Love alone prevaileth:—

3 Till the day when I shall tread  
Those celestial mountains,  
Where the Lamb Himself will lead  
Me to living fountains:—

4 Till that time mine eyes I'll raise  
Unto Him in spirit,  
And my feeble tongue shall praise  
My Redeemer's merit.

Chr. Gregor, 1723-1801; st. 3, Thomas Bird.



36

Tune 10.

My soul, awake, and render  
 To God, thy great Defender,  
 Thy prayer and adoration  
 For His kind preservation.

2 With joy I still discover  
 Thy light, O Lord, my Saviour;  
 My thanks shall be the spices  
 Of morning sacrifices.

3 Bless me, this day, Lord Jesus,  
 And be to me propitious;

Grant me Thy kind protection  
 From every sin's infection.

4 Bless every thought and action;  
 Afford me Thy direction;  
 To Thee alone be tending  
 Beginning, middle, ending.

5 Be Thou my only Treasure,  
 Fulfill in me Thy pleasure:  
 May I in every station  
 Give Thee due adoration.

Stanzas 1, 2, 4, 5, Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.  
 Stanza 3, from the Greek of the Eastern  
 Church after A. D. 100.

EDYFIELD. [CHAPEL.]  
*Jesus, komm doch Selbst zu mir.* } (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

John Balthasar Reimann, 1747.



37

Tune 11.

Dearest Jesus, come to me  
 And abide eternally;  
 Friend of needy sinners, come,  
 Fill and make my heart Thy home.

2 Oftentimes for Thee I sigh,  
 Nothing else can give me joy;  
 This is still my cry to Thee:  
 Dearest Jesus, come to me.

3 Jesus, Thee alone I call  
 My beloved Friend, my All;  
 Nothing, whatsoe'er it be,  
 Shall divide my heart with Thee.  
 Johann Scheeller (Angelus Silesius), 1624-77.

4 Due obedience Thou didst show;  
 O make me obedient too.  
 Thou wast merciful and kind;  
 Grant me, Lord, Thy loving mind.

5 Let me above all fulfill  
 God my heavenly Father's will,  
 Never His good Spirit grieve,  
 Only to His glory live.

6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
 In Thy hand secure I am;  
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,  
 Live Thyself within my heart.

7 Teach me to show forth Thy praise,  
 Love and serve Thee all my days;  
 O might all around me see  
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me.  
 Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

38

Tune 11.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
 Look upon a little child;  
 Pity my simplicity,  
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Pain I would to Thee be brought;  
 Gracious God, forbid it not;  
 In the Kingdom of Thy grace  
 Give a little child a place.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,  
 Thou shalt my Example be;  
 When Thou wast a little child,  
 Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

39

Tune 11.

Jesus' mercies never fail,  
 This we prove at every meal:  
 Lord, we thank Thee for Thy grace  
 Gladly join to sing Thy praise.

2 Lord, the gifts Thou dost bestow,  
 Can refresh and cheer us too;  
 But no gift can to the heart  
 Be what Thou our Saviour art.

Johann Scheeller, 1624-77.



40

Tune 11.

Grant, most gracious Lamb of God,  
Who hast bought me with Thy blood,  
That my soul and body be  
Quite devoted unto Thee.

2 JÉSUS, hear my fervent cry,  
My whole nature sanctify;  
Root out all that is unclean,  
Though it cause me pungent pain.

3 Gracious Lord, I wish alone  
Thine to be, yea, quite Thine own,  
And to all eternity  
To remain Thy property.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

41

Tune 11.

Jesus, Who for me hast died,  
Grant I may in Thee abide;  
Set me, Lord, unto Thy praise;  
Water me with showers of grace.

2 Make my heart a garden fair,  
Which such pleasant fruit may bear,  
As affords true joy to Thee  
And Thy Father constantly.

3 In Thy garden here below  
Water me that I may grow;  
When all grace to me is given,  
Then transplant me into heaven.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

LÜBECK.

Gott sei Dank in aller Welt. } (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Freylinghausen, 1704.

42

Tune 11.

All the world give praises due;  
God is faithful, God is true;  
He to man doth comfort send  
In His Son, the sinner's Friend.

2 What the fathers wished of old,  
What the promises foretold,  
What the seers did prophesy,  
Is fulfilled most gloriously.

3 My Salvation, welcome be!  
Thou, my Portion, praise to Thee!  
Come and make Thy blest abode  
In my heart, O Son of God!

4 Jesus, when in majesty  
Thou shalt come my Judge to be,  
Grant in grace that I may stand  
Justified at Thy right hand.

Heinrich Held, d. 1643.

44

Tune 11.

Day by day the manna fell;  
Oh, to learn this lesson well!  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day the promise reads,  
Daily strength for daily needs,  
Cast foreboding fears away:  
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;  
All my brightest hopes have planned  
To Thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;  
Day by day to Thee I live:  
So shall added years fulfill,  
Not my own—my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

43

Tune 11.

Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days!  
Bounteous Source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the fruits in full supply,  
Ripened 'neath the Summer sky:

3 All that Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land,  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
Source Whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld, 1743-1825.

45

Tune 11.

"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"  
This should be enough for thee;  
He Who knows thy frame will spare  
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

2 When thy days are veiled in night,  
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;  
Seem they wearisome and long,  
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

3 Cold and wintry though they prove  
Thine the sunshine of His love;  
Or with fervid heat oppress,  
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

4 When thy days on earth are past,  
Christ shall call thee home at last,  
His redeeming love to praise,  
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.



46

Tune 11.

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

3 Lives again our glorious King;  
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
 Once He died our souls to save;  
 "Where's thy victory, O grave?"

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head;  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!  
 Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

47

Tune 11.

Hail the day that sees Him rise,  
 Glorious, to His native skies!  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
 Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
 Wide unfold the radiant scene;  
 Take the King of glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
 Still He loves the earth He leaves;  
 Though returning to His throne,  
 Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above!  
 See, He shows the prints of love!  
 Hark, His gracious lips bestow  
 Blessings on His Church below!  
 Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

48

Tune 11.

Earth has nothing sweet or fair  
 Lovely forms or beauties rare,  
 But before my eyes they bring  
 Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies  
 When the golden sunbeams rise,  
 Then my Saviour's form I find  
 Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,  
 Oft I think on Jesus' Light,  
 Think how bright that Light will be,  
 Shining through eternity.

4 When as moonlight softly steals,  
 Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,  
 Then I think: Who made their light,  
 Is a thousand times more bright.

5 Lord of all that's fair to see!  
 Come, reveal Thyself to me;  
 Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,  
 See Thine unveiled glories bright.

6 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel  
 The dark clouds in which I dwell;  
 Thus to me the power impart,  
 To behold Thee as Thou art.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77;  
 Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

49

Tune 11.

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 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
 God will make new heavens and earth,  
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,  
 Till that glorious Kingdom come?  
 No:—the Church delights to raise  
 Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice:  
 Learning here, by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
 Then, amidst eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.  
 James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

50

Tune 11.

Jesus, all our souls inspire,  
 Fill us with love's sacred fire;  
 Thus will all in us perceive,  
 That we in Thy Name believe.

2 May it to the world appear,  
 That we Thy disciples are,  
 By our loving mutually,  
 By our being one in Thee.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835



**51** Tune 11.  
 See, my soul, God ever blest  
 In the flesh made manifest;  
 Human nature He assumes,  
 He to ransom sinners comes.

2 He fulfilled all righteousness,  
 Standing in the sinner's place:  
 From the manger to the Cross  
 All He did, He did for us.

3 All our woes He did retrieve;  
 He expired that we might live;  
 By His stripes our wounds are healed,  
 By His blood our pardon's sealed.

4 Lord, conform us to Thy death,  
 Raise us to new life by faith;  
 Through Thy resurrection's power,  
 May we praise Thee evermore.  
 William Hammond, 1719-83.

**52** Tune 11.  
 Let me dwell on Golgotha,  
 Weep and love my life away;  
 While I see Him on the tree  
 Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Shows my sin in all its guilt;  
 Ah, my soul, He bore thy load;  
 Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark, His dying word: "Forgive:  
 Father, let the sinner live;  
 Sinner, wipe thy tears away,  
 I thy ransom freely pay."

4 He has dearly bought my soul:  
 Lord, accept and claim the whole;  
 To Thy will I all resign,  
 Now no more my own, but Thine.  
 John Newton, 1725-1807.

**53** Tune 11.  
 Christ will gather in His own  
 To the place where He is gone,  
 Where the heart and treasure lie,  
 Where our life is hid on high.

2 Day by day the Voice saith, "Come,  
 Enter thine eternal home:"  
 Asking not if we can spare  
 This dear soul It summons there.

3 Had He asked us, well we know  
 We should cry, "Oh spare this blow!"  
 Yes, with streaming tears should pray  
 "Lord, we love him, let him stay."

4 But the Lord doth naught amiss,  
 And, since He has ordered this,

We have naught to do but still  
 Rest in silence on His will.

5 Many a heart no longer here  
 Ah! was all too inly dear;  
 Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call;  
 Thou wilt be our All in all.  
 St. 1, 3-5, Zinzendorf, 1700-60; St. 2, Christian Gregor,  
 1723-1801; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-73.

**54** Tune 11.  
 "It is finishe!" Shall we raise  
 Songs of sorrow, or of praise?  
 Mourn to see the Saviour die,  
 Or proclaim His victory?

2 If of Calvary we tell,  
 How can songs of triumph swell?  
 If of man redeemed from woe,  
 How shall notes of mourning flow?

3 Ours the guilt which pierced His side,  
 Ours the sin for which He died;  
 But the blood which flowed that day  
 Washed our sin and guilt away.

4 Lamb of God! Thy death hath given  
 Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven:  
 "It is finished!" Let us raise  
 Songs of thankfulness and praise.  
 Anon.

**55** Tune 11.  
 When on Sinai's top I see  
 God descend, in majesty,  
 To proclaim His holy law,  
 All my spirit sinks with awe.

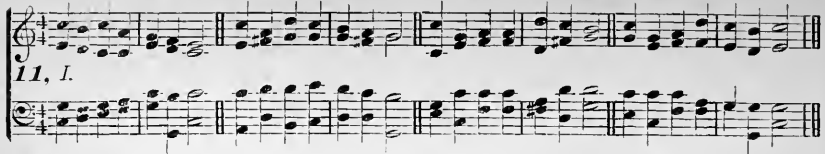
2 When, in ecstasy sublime,  
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb,  
 At the too transporting light,  
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,  
 God, in flesh made manifest,  
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,  
 Weep and gaze my soul away;  
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
 Lovely, mournful Calvary!  
 James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

**56** Tune 11.  
 Go, my soul, go every day  
 To the tomb where Jesus lay;  
 Be with Him my members dead,  
 Be His sepulcher my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come  
 Near my Saviour's sacred tomb;  
 Evil never can molest  
 Those who near His body rest.  
 John Worthington, 1725-90.



57

Tune 11.

God, most mighty, sovereign Lord,  
By the heavenly hosts adored!  
God of nations, King of kings,  
Head of all created things!

2 By Thy saints with joy confessed,  
God o'er all for ever blest!  
Lo! we come before Thy throne,  
In our Saviour's Name alone.

3 On our fields of grass and grain,  
Drop, O Lord! the kindly rain;  
O'er our wide and goodly land,  
Crown the labors of each hand.

4 Let Thy kind protection be  
O'er our commerce on the sea;  
Open, Lord! Thy bounteous hand,  
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

5 Let, O Lord! our rulers be  
Men that love and honor Thee;  
Let the powers, by Thee ordained,  
Be in righteousness maintained.

6 In the people's hearts increase  
Love of piety and peace;  
Thus, united we shall stand,  
One wide, free, and happy land.  
Henry Harbaugh, 1817-67.

58

Tune 11.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand,  
Be they then at Thy command;  
Let me live to Thee alone,  
Then the sting of death is gone.

2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,  
Lord, for shelter, but to Thee?  
Thou hast gone before, in grace,  
To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sins' heavy load,  
All Thy steps were marked with blood,  
From the garden to the Cross,  
Suffering to retrieve our loss.

4 By Thy bitter agony,  
By Thy life poured out for me,  
Oh, let me, a sinner, find  
In my God a Friend most kind.  
Clare Taylor, d. 1778.

FALCKNER. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

John Antes, † 1811.



59

Tune 11.

Hark! my soul! it is the Lord;  
'T is thy Saviour—hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,  
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yea, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done,  
Partner of My throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore;—  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more.  
William Cowper, 1731-1800.

60

Tune 11.

Now may He Who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfill  
What is pleasing in His sight;  
Perfect us in all His will,  
And preserve us day and night.  
John Newton, 1725-1807.



61

Tune 11.

Bright and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a Child is born;  
From the highest realms of heaven  
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear  
Power and majesty, and wear  
On His vesture and His thigh  
Names most awful, Names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,  
Christ, the incarnate Deity,  
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,  
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet;  
Yield to Him the homage meet:  
From the manger to the throne,  
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

62

Tune 11.

What good news the angels bring!  
What glad tidings of our King!  
Christ the Lord is born to-day,  
Christ Who takes our sins away!

2 He Who rules both heaven and earth  
Hath in Bethlehem His birth;  
Him shall all the faithful see,  
And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,  
With Hosannas fill the sky:  
Glory be to God above,  
Who is infinite in love!

4 Peace on earth, good-will to men!  
Now with us our God is seen:  
Angels join His Name to praise,  
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest Name,  
This the angel doth proclaim;  
Sinners poor He came to save,  
They in Him redemption have.

6 They who see themselves undone,  
And take refuge to the Son,  
They shall all be born again,  
And with Him in glory reign.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

63

Tune 11.

Glory to the Father give,  
God in Whom we move and live:  
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;  
Be this day a Pentecost:  
Children's minds may He inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

VIENNA.  
*Ohne Kast und unverweilt.* } (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Justin H. Knecht, 1797.



64

Tune 11.

Heavenly Father, to Whose eye  
Future things unfolded lie,  
Through the desert where I stray,  
Let Thy counsel guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,  
Where fierce trials would assail;  
Leave me not, in darkened hour,  
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Help me ever to maintain  
A profession free from stain,  
That my sole reproach may be  
Following Christ and fearing Thee.

4 Lord, uphold me day by day,  
Shed a light upon my way;  
Guide me through perplexing snares,  
Care for me in all my cares.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.



65

Tune 11.

Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise:  
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed  
With Thy Word, the heavenly Bread;  
Here in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land;  
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply;  
Hallelujah! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.  
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

66

Tune 11.

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

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

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

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer:  
God is present everywhere.  
Oliver Holden, d. 1844, alt.

67

Tune 11.

Blest are they, supremely blest,  
Who of Jesus' grace possessed,  
Cleave to Him by living faith,  
Till they shall resign their breath

2 One with Christ their Head, they share  
Happiness beyond compare;  
Since on Him their hopes they build,  
He is their Reward and Shield.

3 Though all earthly joys be fled,  
If in Him they trust indeed,  
He will be their constant Friend,  
And protect them to the end.

4 If to Jesus they appeal,  
When their faith and courage fail,  
He assures them of His love,  
Doth their Strength in weakness prove.

5 They who simply to Him leave,  
From His fullness grace receive;  
And throughout their mortal days  
Their employment is His praise.

6 Jesus wipes away their tears,  
And their drooping spirits cheers;  
They in truth, with heart and voice,  
Evermore in Him rejoice.  
J. G. Wolf, d. 1754.

68

Tune 11.

Praise the Lord, His glories show,  
Saints within His courts below,  
Angels round His throne above,  
All that see and share His love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
Tell His wonders, sing His worth!  
Age to age, and shore to shore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;  
Praise His providence and grace,  
All that He for man hath done,  
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In the concert bear your parts;  
All that breathe, your Lord adore;  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!  
Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

69

Tune 11.

Conquering kings their titles take  
From the foes they captive make:  
Jesus, by a nobler deed  
From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yes; none other name is given  
Under all the mighty heaven  
Which can make the dead arise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
That salvation, brethren, say,  
Shall we madly cast away?

4 Rather, gladly for that Name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death but victory.

John Chandler, tr. 1806-76.



70

Tune 11.

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

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

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

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

George Washington Doane, 1799-1859.

71

Tune 11.

Cast thy burden on the Lord,  
Only lean upon His word;  
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless  
His eternal faithfulness.

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 at 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.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

72

Tune 11.

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

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

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

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;

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

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

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

John Newton, 1725-1807.

73

Tune 11.

Now with the declining sun  
Day to night is passing on;  
So doth mortal life descend  
Swiftly to its destined end.

2 From the Cross Thine arms, spread  
Fold the world, O Crucified! [wide,  
Help us love the Cross; in Thy  
Dear embrace help us to die.

3 Glory to the Eternal One!  
Glory to the Only Son!  
Glory to the Spirit be  
Now, and through eternity.

From the Latin.

74

Tune 11.

Palms of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light,  
Priests and kings and conquerors  
they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
And proclaim in joyful psalms  
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,  
King of kings and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And His blood, that made them so.

5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,  
Sinners once of Adam's race,  
Guilt and fear and suffering felt;  
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal too like us;  
O when we like them must die,  
May our souls translated thus,  
Triumph, reign and shine on high.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.



75

Tune 11.

Children of the Heavenly King;  
As ye journey, sweetly sing!  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Foes are round us, but we stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus, God's exalted Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Onward then we gladly press  
Through this earthly wilderness:  
Only, Lord, our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

5 Seal our love, our labors end;  
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;  
Let us to Thy Kingdom come;  
Lord, we long to be at home.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

76

Tune 11.

Wake the song of jubilee,  
Let it echo o'er the sea;  
Now is come the promised hour;  
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,  
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;  
Let it sound from shore to shore,  
"Jesus reigns for evermore."

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,  
And the islands join their voice;  
Joy! the whole creation sings,  
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Leonard Bacon, 1802-81.

77

Tune 11.

Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Praise ye Jesus' saving Name;  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to heaven ye onward move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears;

Jesus will your guilt remove,  
Prompted by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,  
Jesus Christ will give you rest;  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Sing, ye ransomed, to His praise,  
Tune your songs to grateful lays,  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

6 When His Spirit leads us home,  
When we to His glory come.  
We shall all the fullness prove  
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

John Langford, d. 1790.

78

Tune 11.

Now the shades of night are gone;  
Now the morning light is come:  
Lord, may we be Thine to-day,  
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;  
In Thy service, Lord, to-day  
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,  
Save us from our foes around,  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.

Samson Occom, 1723-92.

79

Tune 11.

Hark, the distant isles proclaim  
Glory to Messiah's name;  
Hymns of praise unheard before  
Echo from the farthest shore.

2 Hearts that once were taught to own  
Idol gods of wood and stone,  
Now to light and life restored,  
Honor Jesus as their Lord.

3 Blessèd Saviour, still proceed,  
Bid the glorious conquest speed;  
Let this first refreshing ray  
Brighten to a perfect day.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877.

80

Tune 11.

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

Anon.





**81** Tune 11.  
Sweeter sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's Name;  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To His birth, and Cross, and shame.

2 When He came the angels sung,  
"Glory be to God on high!"  
Lord, unlose my stammering tongue,  
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,  
That He might the law fulfill,  
Bleed and suffer in my room,  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are and weak  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,  
Every precious name in one,  
I will love Thee without end.

John Newton, 1725-1807

**82** Tune 11.  
Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
Name all other names above!  
Unto Which must every knee  
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave—  
"Jesus shall His people save."

3 Jesus! Only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

4 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
Human name of God above;  
Pleading only This we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

**83** Tune 11.  
Mighty God, we humbly pray,  
Let Thy power so bear the sway,  
That in all things we may show  
That we in Thy likeness grow.

2 Grant that all of us may prove  
By obedience, faith, and love,  
That our hearts to Thee are given,  
That our treasure is in heaven.

3 May it in our walk be seen,  
That we have with Jesus been,  
That as King o'er us He reigns,  
And unrivaled sway maintains.

4 Then shall we in every state,  
Soul and body dedicate  
Unto Him Who for us died,  
Till with Him we're glorified.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**84** Tune 11.  
Watchman, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height  
See the glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman, does its beautiful ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveler, yes, it brings the day—  
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends.

4 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.

5 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.

John Bowring, d. 1872.

**85** Tune 11.  
People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—  
Turns, a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;—

4 Mine the God Whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:

Such a Way as gives us breath;

Such a Truth as ends all strife;

Such a Life as killeth death.

2 Come, my Light, my Feast, my

Such a Light as shows a feast; [Strength]:

Such a Feast as mends in length;  
Such a Strength as makes His guest.

3 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart  
Such a Joy as none can move;  
Such a Love as none can part;  
Such a Heart as joys in love.

George Herbert, 1593-1632.

WORGAN. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic, with Hallelujahs.)

Lyra Davidica, 1708.

11, W.

Hal - - - le - lu - - jah.

Hal - - - le - lu - - jah.

Hal - - - le - lu - - jah.

Hal - - - le - lu - - jah.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,

Our triumphant holy day,

Who did once upon the Cross,

Suffer to redeem our loss,

2 Hymns of praise, then let us sing, *Hal.*

Unto Christ, our heavenly King, *Hal.*

Who endured the Cross and grave, *Hal.*

Sinners to redeem and save, *Hal.*

3 But the pain which He endured, *Hal.*  
Our salvation bath procured; *Hal.*  
Now above the sky He's King, *Hal.*  
Where the angels ever sing, *Hal.*

4 Now be God the Father praised, *Hal.*  
With the Son, from death upraised, *Hal.*  
And the Spirit, ever blest; *Hal.*  
One true God, by all confessed: *Hal.*

From the Latin.



88 Tune 14.

In mercy, Lord, remember me,  
 Be with me through this night,  
 And grant to me most graciously  
 The safeguard of Thy mighty.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes ;  
 Thou wilt not from me move :  
 Lord, in the morning let me rise,  
 Rejoicing in Thy love.

3 Oh, if this night should prove my last,  
 And end my transient days :  
 Lord, take me to Thy promised rest,  
 Where I may sing Thy praise.  
 Johann F. Herzog, 1647-99.

89 Tune 14.

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 you 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.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain ;  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.  
 William Cowper, 1731-1800.

90 Tune 14.

The impression of what Christ my  
 Hath done for worthless me, [Friend  
 When He His life and blood did spend,  
 Attend me constantly.

2 O may I humbly onward move,  
 While dying here I stay ;  
 And Jesus, Whom unseen I love,  
 Prepare me for His day.  
 Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

91 Tune 14.

Blest soul, how sweetly dost thou rest,  
 From every toil and care,  
 Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,  
 Bliss far beyond compare !

2 His sufferings have delivered thee  
 From misery, woe, and death ;  
 His word, "'Tis finished," proved to be  
 The triumph of thy faith.

3 Now to the earth let these remain  
 In hope committed be ;  
 Until the body, changed, obtains  
 Blest immortality.  
 Gottfried Neumann, 1688-1782 ; St. 2, Anon.

92 Tune 14.

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 have I, as vile as he,  
 Washed all my sins away.

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering  
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue  
 William Cowper, 1731-1800.

93 Tune 14.

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 How happy are the saints above,  
 Who once went mourning here ;  
 But now they taste unmingled love,  
 And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
 Till death shall set me free,  
 And then go home my crown to wear,  
 For there's a crown for me.  
 Thomas Shephard, 1665-1739.



- 94** Tune 14.  
 Let songs of praises fill the sky!  
 Christ, our ascended Lord,  
 Sends down His Spirit from on high,  
 According to His word.
- 2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,  
 New life creates within;  
 He quickens sinners from the death  
 Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,  
 And to our hearts reveals;  
 Our bodies He His temple makes,  
 And our redemption seals.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,  
 With Thy celestial fire;  
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love  
 Our hearts and tongues inspire.  
 Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823.
- 95** Tune 14.  
 I say to all men, far and near,  
 That Christ is risen again;  
 That He is with us now and here,  
 And ever shall remain.
- 2 And what I say, let each this morn  
 Go tell it to his friend,  
 That soon in every place shall dawn  
 His Kingdom without end.
- 3 Now first to souls who thus awake,  
 Seems earth a Fatherland:  
 A new and endless life they take  
 With rapture from His hand.
- 4 The fears of death and of the grave  
 Are whelmed beneath the sea;  
 And every heart, now light and brave,  
 May face the things to be.
- 5 The way of darkness that He trod  
 To heaven at last shall come,  
 And he who hearkens to His Word  
 Shall reach His Father's home.
- 6 Now let the mourner grieve no more,  
 Though his beloved sleep;  
 A happier meeting shall restore  
 Their light to eyes that weep.
- 7 Now every heart each noble deed  
 With new resolves may dare;  
 A glorious harvest shall the seed  
 In happier regions bear.
- 8 He lives! His Presence hath not  
 Though foes and fears be rife; [ceased,  
 And thus we hail, in Easter's feast,  
 A world renewed to life!  
 Friedrich von Hardenberg (Novalls), 1772-1801;  
 Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-75.
- 96** Tune 14.  
 Glory to God, Whose witness-train,  
 Those heroes bold in faith,  
 Could smile on poverty and pain,  
 And triumph e'en in death.
- 2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,  
 Wherein they fearless stood,  
 When in the power of cruel men  
 Who thirsted for their blood.
- 3 God Whom we serve, our God, can  
 Can damp the scorching flame, [save,  
 Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,  
 For such as love His Name.
- 4 Yea, should it e'en to man appear  
 At times, as though our Lord  
 Forsook His chosen people here,  
 At last He'll help afford.
- 5 Lord! if Thine arm support us still  
 With its eternal strength,  
 We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,  
 And conquerors prove at length.  
 Zinzendorf and C. Titius.
- 97** Tune 14.  
 The eternal gates lift up their heads,  
 The doors are opened wide;  
 The King of glory is gone up  
 Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
 Thou hast prepared a place,  
 That we may be where now Thou art,  
 And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on Thine earthly path  
 A gleam of glory lies;  
 A light still breaks behind the cloud  
 That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,  
 And let Thy grace be given,  
 That while we linger yet below,  
 Our hearts may be in heaven;
- 5 That where Thou art at God's right  
 Our hope, our love may be: [hand,  
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell  
 For evermore with Thee.  
 Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.
- 98** Tune 14.  
 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,  
 Display Thy beams divine,  
 And cause the glory of Thy face  
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light in Thy light, oh may I see,  
 Thy grace and mercy prove,  
 Revived, and cheered, and blest by  
 The God of pardoning love. [Thee,  
 Charles Wesley, 1708-38.



99

Tune 14.

For mercies, countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,  
For all He hath bestowed,  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.

5 I cannot serve Him as I ought,  
No works have I to boast;  
Yet would I glory in the thought,  
That I shall owe Him most.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

100

Tune 14.

Besprinkle with Thy blood my heart,  
O Jesus, Son of God;  
And take away whate'er Thy grace  
Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,  
And carnal nature's strife;  
Oh, may I henceforth only thirst  
For Thee, the Well of life.

3 Waters of life Hence may I draw,  
And never more depart:  
My ardent longing is, O Lord,  
Fix at this Spring my heart.

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft  
I've turned away from Thee:  
Oh, let Thy work, renewed to day,  
Remain eternally.

James Hutton, 1715-95.

101

Tune 14.

Thou, Lord, must for Thy sake forgive,  
It cannot be for mine:  
My power the pardon to receive,  
My faith, is all divine.

2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,  
Thy mercy I embrace,  
And gladly own from first to last,  
That I am saved by grace.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

102

Tune 14.

Hail, Church of Christ, bought with His  
The world I freely leave; [blood!  
Ye children of the living God,  
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart  
With thee, through boundless grace,  
And I will never from thee part;  
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,  
I'll go thy safest road;  
Thy people shall my people be,  
And thine shall be my God.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

103

Tune 14.

When Jesus into Salem rode,  
The children sang around;  
For joy they plucked the palms, and  
strewed  
Their garments on the ground.

2 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our King!  
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,  
The stones themselves would sing.

3 For we have learned to love His Name;  
That Name, divinely sweet,  
May every pulse through life proclaim,  
And our last breath repeat.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

104

Tune 14.

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.

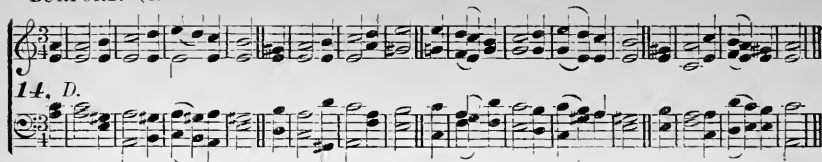
2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And scattered all the gloom.

3 The graves of all the 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 we, too, shall fly  
At the great rising-day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake! ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1743.



105

Tune 14.

- I love the Lord! He lent an ear  
When I for help implored;  
He rescued me from all my fear,  
Therefore I love the Lord.
- 2 Return, my soul, unto thy Rest,  
From God no longer roam;  
His hand hath bountifully blest,  
His goodness calls thee home.
- 3 What shall I render unto Thee,  
My Saviour in distress!  
For all Thy benefits to me,  
So great and numberless?
- 4 This will I do, for Thy love's sake,  
And thus Thy power proclaim,  
Salvation's sacred cup I take,  
And call upon Thy Name.
- 5 Thou God of covenanted grace!  
Hear and record my vow,  
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,  
And at Thine altar bow.
- 6 Henceforth myself to Thee I give,  
With single heart and eye,  
To walk before Thee while I live,  
And bless Thee when I die.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

106

Tune 14.

- I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,  
I mark their wrathful mien;  
Their shouts of "Crucify" appall,  
With blasphemy between.
- 2 And of that shouting multitude  
I feel that I am one;  
And in that din of voices rude,  
I recognize my own.
- 3 I see the scourges tear His back,  
I see the piercing crown,  
And of that crowd who smite and mock  
I feel that I am one.
- 4 Around you Cross the throng I see,  
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;  
Yet still my voice it seems to be,  
As if I mocked alone.
- 5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,  
I nailed Him to the Tree,  
I crucified the Christ of God,  
I joined the mockery.
- 6 Yet not the less that blood avails  
To cleanse away my sin;  
And not the less that Cross prevails  
To give me peace within.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

107

Tune 14.

- Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote His sacred head  
For such an one as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the Tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut His glories in,  
When the Almighty Maker died,  
An offering for my sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While Jesus' Cross appears;  
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,  
And melt, my eyes, in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee:  
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

108

Tune 14.

- How sad our state by nature is,  
Our sin, how deep it stains;  
How Satan binds our captive souls,  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word:  
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,  
Believe in Christ the Lord"
- 3 My soul, obey the gracious call,  
And haste to gain relief;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;  
Oh, help my unbelief.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

109

Tune 14.

- My God, the Spring of all my joys,  
The Life of my delights;  
The Glory of my brightest days,  
And Comfort of my nights:
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright Morning-star,  
And Thou my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
When Jesus shows His mercy's mine,  
And whispers I am His.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

110

Tune 14.

When God of old came down from  
In power and wrath He came; [heaven,  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love;  
Softer than gales at morning prime  
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down,  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings  
Winged with the sinner's doom; [forth,  
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth  
Proclaiming life to come.

ST. JAMES. (C. M.)



111

Tune 14.

Behold what love the Father hath

On guilty men bestowed,  
That we, who children are of wrath,  
Should children be of God.

2 Oh, how beyond expression great  
His love in Christ doth shine!  
'Tis like Himself—the Eternal God,  
Past knowledge, all divine.

3 Behold, for fallen, guilty man,  
The Lord of glory dies;  
Lays down His life us to redeem,  
A precious sacrifice.

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of God,  
Who for us lived and died,  
See of the travail of His soul,  
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to man  
Most gloriously displayed,  
And life eternal we obtain  
From God, in Christ our Head.

6 Oh, let us then repeat the theme,  
Which always sounds above;  
And ever sing with joyful hearts,  
The wonders of His love.

R. Boswell, c. 1784.

112

Tune 14.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfill His word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part!  
When sorrow flows from every eye,  
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and  
Our wishes all above, [pride

5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The Voice exceeding loud,  
The trump that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

6 So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A Voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing mighty wind.

7 It fills the Church of God, It fills  
The sinful world around.  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for It is found.

8 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and  
Open our ears to hear; [Power,  
Let us not miss the accepted hour;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble, 1792-1866.

Raphael Courtville, 1689.

Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem  
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1761-96.

113

Tune 14.

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

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

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;  
Let no corrupt design  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.

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

5 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,  
A stricter watch to keep;  
And should I e'er forget Thy way,  
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.



114

Tune 14.

Hail! kingly Jesus, to Thy feet,  
Our hearts their tribute bring;  
Not sparkling gold, not odors sweet,  
But love, our offering.

2 Such treasures to Thy manger-bed,  
The ancient Magi brought,  
When, by the star resplendent led,  
Judea's king they sought.

3 But hearts of humble poverty  
Are fairer in Thine eyes,  
And penitence is more to Thee  
Than costly sacrifice.

4 And wilt Thou, Master, from our  
Turn scornfully Thine ear? [hymn  
Nay; 'mid the songs of seraphim  
Our worship Thou wilt hear.

Alexander R. Thompson, 1864.

115

Tune 14.

Jesus, Thy Word is my delight;  
There grace and truth are seen;  
Ah, could I study day and night,  
And meditate therein.

2 The gospel, as a polished glass,  
Thy glory lets us see;  
And, by beholding there Thy face,  
We're rendered like to Thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the Book unseal,  
And to our hearts explain;  
Let all its life and spirit feel,  
And heavenly wisdom gain.

4 That Thou for us didst live and die,  
Make known to us, dear Lord;  
To us the promises apply,  
Recorded in Thy Word.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

116

Tune 14.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels 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 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean!  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him That dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine;

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;  
An image, Lord! of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,—  
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

117

Tune 14.

Thee we address in humble prayer,  
Vouchsafe Thy gifts to crown,  
Father of all, Thy children hear,  
And send a blessing down.

2 May we enjoy Thy saving grace,  
Thy goodness taste and see,  
Athirst for blood-bought righteousness,  
And hungry after Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

118

Tune 14.

There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love;  
Wherewith encompassed, great and  
In peace and order move. [small

4 The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run:  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns His holy hill;  
The saints, like stars around His seat,  
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
It steals in silence down;  
But where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.

7 One Name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

8 Thou Who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this light so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble, 1792-1866.





119

Tune 14.

Almighty God, in humble prayer  
To Thee our souls we lift;  
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors which an hour  
May bring or take away;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,  
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before Thee give.

5 The young remember Thee in youth,  
Before the evil day!  
The old be guided by Thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant way!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

120

Tune 14.

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art  
My life and death attend; [mine  
Thy presence through my journey shine  
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele, 1716-68.

121

Tune 14.

In duties and in sufferings, too,  
My Lord I fain would trace;  
As Thou hast done, so would I do,  
Depending on Thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas Thy delight,  
To do Thy Father's will;  
May the same zeal my soul excite,  
Thy precepts to fulfill.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,  
Through all Thy conduct shine;  
O may my whole deportment prove,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Benjamin Beddome, 1719-95.

122

Tune 14.

Lord, teach us how to pray aright:  
With reverence and with fear:  
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;  
Oh grant us power to pray!  
And when to meet Thee we prepare,  
Lord, meet us by the way.

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

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

5 Give deep humility; the sense  
Of godly sorrow give;  
A strong, desiring confidence,  
To hear Thy voice and live:

6 Faith in the only sacrifice  
That can for sin atone;  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
On Christ, on Christ alone:

7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and  
Though mercy long delay; [weep,  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

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

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

123

Tune 14.

Oh help us, Lord, each hour of need,  
Thy heavenly succor give;  
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us, through the power of  
More firmly to believe! [faith,  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Jesus, from on high!  
We know no help but Thee:  
Oh help us so to live and die,  
As Thine in heaven to be.

Henry Hart Milman, 1791-1868.



124

Tune 14.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Thro' 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 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,  
Makes every region please,  
Where on the mountains they proclaim  
Thy reign, O Prince of peace.

6 The love of Christ constraining them,  
They plant sweet Sharon's rose  
Successfully on icy plains,  
And in eternal snows.

7 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness they adore;  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

8 Thus life, whilst Thou preservest life,  
A sacrifice shall be;  
And death, when death shall be their lot,  
Shall join their souls to Thee.

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719; and  
William Cowper, 1731-1800.

125

Tune 14.

Thy law is perfect, Lord of light,  
Thy testimonies sure;  
The statutes of Thy realm are right,  
And Thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate Thy fear,  
Enduring as Thy throne;  
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,  
Justice and truth alone.

3 More prized than gold,—than gold  
Refining fire expels; [whose waste  
Sweeter than honey to my taste,  
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God, my soul convert,  
And make Thy servant wise;

Let these be gladness to my heart,  
The day-spring to my eyes.

5 By these I may be warned betimes;  
Who knows the guile within?  
Lord, save me from presumptuous  
Cleanse me from secret sin. [crimes,  
6 So may the words my lips express,  
The thoughts that throng my mind,  
O Lord, my Strength and Righteous-  
With Thee acceptance find. [ness,  
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

126

Tune 14.

O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

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

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

5 O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual Home.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

127

Tune 14.

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 this world  
Thy Holy Church, O God!  
Though earthquake shocks are threat-  
And tempests are abroad; [ning her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, b. 1818.



128

Tune 14.

Jesus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall we count the matchless sum?  
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost Thou exalted shine;  
What can our poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of Thy grace,  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and  
And visited and cheered; [fed,  
And in their accents of distress  
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with  
We in Thy poor would see; [love,  
Oh, may we minister to them,  
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

129

Tune 14.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause,  
Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His Cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name,  
His Name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise  
And He can well secure [stands,  
What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless  
Before His Father's face, [name  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

130

Tune 14.

My God! the covenant of Thy love  
Abides for ever sure;  
And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become,  
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,  
And Heaven my final home;

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love;  
And when I know not what Thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom  
Shall heavenly rays impart,  
And when my eyelids close in death,  
Sustain my fainting heart.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

131

Tune 14.

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

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King!  
To David's Holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.

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

5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens, in which He  
Shall give Him nobler praise. [reigns,  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

132

Tune 14.

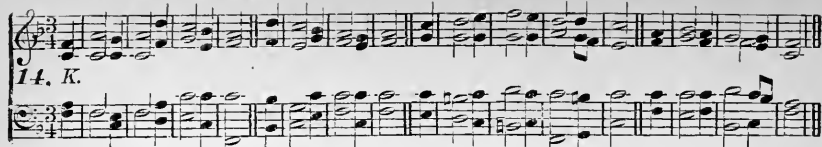
Arise, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to Thy rest;  
Behold, Thy Church, with longing eyes,  
Waits to be owned and blest.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748



133

Tune 14.

Come in, thou blessèd of the Lord,  
Stranger nor foe art thou;  
We welcome thee with warm accord,  
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart  
Of love, we offer thee;  
Leaving the world, thou dost but part  
From lies and vanity.

3 In weal or woe, in joy or care,  
Thy portion shall be ours;  
Christians their mutual burdens share,  
They lend their mutual powers.

4 Come with us, we will do thee good,  
As God to us hath done;  
Stand but in Him, as those have stood  
Whose faith the victory won.

5 And when by turns we pass away,  
As star by star grows dim,  
May each, translated unto day,  
Be lost and found in Him.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

134

Tune 14.

Jesus, we lift ourselves to Thee,  
Thy powerful Spirit breathe;  
And let this little infant be  
Baptized into Thy death.

2 Oh let Thine unction on *him* rest;  
Thy grace *his* soul renew;  
And write within *his* tender breast  
Thy Name and nature too.

3 Thy faithful servant may *he* prove,  
Girded with truth divine;  
A sharer in Thy dying love,  
A follower of Thine.

Beck.

135

Tune 14.

My God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always Thine,  
That I from Thee no more may stray;  
No more from Thee decline.

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

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

4 May the dear blood once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove;  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of Thy love!

5 Let every thought, and work, and  
To Thee be ever given; [word,  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges, b. 1800.

136

Tune 14.

Teach me yet more of Thy blest ways,  
Thou slaughtered Lamb of God;  
And fix and root me in the grace,  
So dearly bought with blood.

2 For Thee, oh, may I freely count  
Whate'er I have but loss;  
And every name, and every thing,  
Compared with Thee, but dross.

3 Engrave this deeply on my heart,  
That Thon for me wast slain;  
Then shall I, in my small degree,  
Return Thy love again.

4 But who can pay that mighty debt,  
Or equal love like Thine?  
My heart, by nature cold and dead,  
To thankfulness incline.

James Hutton, 1715-95.

137

Tune 14.

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 com-  
Without His high behest [bine;  
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peals it dies;  
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend,  
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate your God.

Henry Kirke White, 1785-1806.

**138** Tune 14.  
 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,  
 And more than angels know ;  
 Both present things, and things to come,  
 And grace and glory too.

2 If He is mine, then though He frown,  
 He never will forsake ;  
 His chastisements all work for good,  
 And but His love bespeak.

3 If He is mine I need not fear  
 The rage of earth and hell ;  
 He will support my feeble frame,  
 And all their power repel.

4 If He is mine, let friends forsake,  
 And earthly comforts flee,  
 He, the dispenser of all good,  
 Is more than all to me.

5 If He is mine, unharmed I pass  
 Through death's tremendous vale,  
 He'll be my Comfort and my Stay,  
 When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Christ assure me He is mine,  
 I nothing want beside ;  
 My soul shall at the Fountain live,  
 When all the streams are dried.  
Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95.

**139** Tune 14.  
 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

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

3 Jesus, the Rock on which I build,  
 My Shield and Hiding-place,  
 My never-failing Treasury, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest and King!  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!  
 Accept the praise I bring.

5 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.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,  
 With every fleeting breath ;  
 And may the music of Thy Name  
 Refresh my soul in death.  
John Newton, 1725-1807.

**140** Tune 14.  
 Let God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit, be adored, [known,  
 Where there are works to make Him  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

**141** Tune 14.  
 Sing we the song of those who stand  
 Around the eternal throne,  
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
 A multitude unknown.

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

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

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

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we  
 "Who died our souls to save! [sing,  
 Henceforth, O Death! where is thy  
 Thy victory, O Grave!" [sing?  
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

142

Tune 14.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys!  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

143

Tune 14.

Come, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone:  
For all the servants of our King  
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;

Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die.

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before;  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

144

Tune 14.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

145

Tune 14.

To our Redeemer's glorious Name  
Awake the sacred song!  
Oh, may His love, immortal flame,  
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love what mortal thought can  
What mortal tongue display? [reach,  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die;  
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue;  
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,  
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1716-78.



146

Tune 14.

Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their  
But all their joys are one. [tongues,

2 "Worthy the Lamb That died," they  
"To be exalted thus;" [cry,  
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts 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 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

147

Tune 14.

The glorious universe around,  
The heavens with all their train,  
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound  
In one mysterious chain.

2 God in creation thus displays  
His wisdom and His might,  
Where all His works with all His ways  
Harmoniously unite.

3 In one fraternal bond of love,  
One fellowship of mind,  
The saints below and saints above  
Their bliss and glory find.

4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
Thy statutes are their song;  
There, through one bright eternal age,  
Thy praises they prolong.

5 Lord, may our union form a part  
Of that thrice happy whole,  
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,  
Its life from Thee the Soul.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

148

Tune 14.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
Let us Thine influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of life and love.

2 Open the hearts of all who hear,  
To make the Saviour room;  
Now let us find redemption near,  
Let faith by hearing come.

Charles Wesley, 1703-88.

149

Tune 14.

Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear!  
Thy presence now display:  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell:  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Oh, may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

150

Tune 14.

O'blest Saviour, is Thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Behold, we give our thoughts, our  
Our lives, our all to Thee. [hearts,

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in Thyself we see;  
We love Thee for that Cross of shame  
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast  
Than for his friend to die;  
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain:  
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Make us like Thee in meekness, love,  
And every beauteous grace;  
From glory unto glory changed,  
Till we behold Thy face.

Joseph Stennett, 1663-1713.

151

Tune 14.

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 needs supply.

4 Lord, 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.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95.



152

Tune 14.

My God, I love Thee! not because

I hope for heaven thereby;

Nor yet because if I love not

I must forever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me

Upon the Cross embrace:

For me didst bear the nails and spear,

And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,

And sweat of agony;

E'en death itself; and all for one

Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then, why, O blessèd Jesus Christ!

Should I not love Thee well?

Not for the sake of winning heaven,

Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;

Not seeking a reward;

But, as Thyself hast lovèd me,

O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,

And in Thy praise will sing;

Solely because Thou art my God,

And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier, 1506-52; Edward Caswall,  
tr., 1814-78.

153

Tune 14.

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless

Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,

With manna in the wilderness,

With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,

As Thou when here below,

Our souls the joys celestial seek,

That from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,

But by that word of grace,

In strength of which we travel on

To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,

But do not then depart;

Saviour, abide with us, and spread

Thy table in our heart.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

154

Tune 14.

Our Father! through the coming year

We know not what shall be;

But we would leave without a fear

Its ordering all to Thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain

For what the world holds fair;

And all the good we thought to gain,  
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend  
Our love with anxious fears,  
And snatch away the valued friend,  
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days  
And nights of lingering pain;  
And bid us take a farewell gaze  
On these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;  
No fears our trust shall move;  
Thou knowest what for each is best,  
And thou art Perfect Love.

William Gaskell, c. 1837.

155

Tune 14.

There is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and above;

And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till it shall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by His saving grace

Prepareth me for heaven;

And, as an earnest of the place,

Hath His own Spirit given.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,

Faith lives upon His word;

But while the body is our home,

We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,

But we would rather see;

We would be absent from the flesh,

And present, Lord, with Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

156

Tune 14.

The Lord ascendeth up on high,

Decked with resplendent wounds;

While shouts of victory rend the sky,

And heaven with joy resounds.

2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,

Receive the conquering King,

The angels strike their harps of gold,

And saints triumphant sing.

3 Sinners, rejoice; He died for you,

For you prepares a place;

His Spirit sends, you to endow

With every gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,

For your salvation pleads;

And, seated on His Father's throne,

He reigns and intercedes.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.





157

Tune 14.

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

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

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

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

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

6 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

158

Tune 14.

Lord! while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
Oh, hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless,  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

John R. Wreford, d. 1881.

159

Tune 14.

Oh for a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear!  
Oh for a tender dread of sin  
A pain to feel it near!

2 That I from Thee no more may part,  
No more Thy goodness grieve,

The filial awe, the loving heart,  
The tender conscience give.

3 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, remove;  
Nor let me wander far away,  
Nor ever grieve Thy love.

4 Oh, may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul;  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole.  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

160

Tune 14.

One prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
When I am wholly Thine;  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back in gratitude from me  
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign Thy will?  
No, let me bless Thy Name, and say,  
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed,  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

161

Tune 14.

Remember thy Creator now,  
In these thy youthful days;  
He will accept thine earliest vow;  
He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,  
Seek Him while He is near;  
For evil days will come, when thou  
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,  
His willing servant be;  
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,  
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline  
Thy heavenly voice to hear;  
Let all our future days be Thine,  
Devoted to Thy fear.

John Burton, jr., b. (?) 1803.

**1A, Q.** All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

162

Tune 14.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And, as they tune it, fallBefore His face, Who tunes their choir,  
And crown Him Lord of all.3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light!  
He fixed this floating ball;Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all.4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,—  
Whom David Lord did call,—  
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all!7 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.8 Let every tribe and every tongue  
That hear the Saviour's call,  
Now shout in universal song  
And crown Him Lord of all.

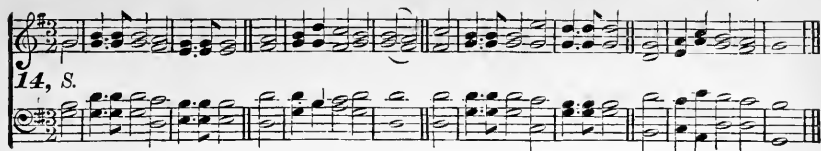
Edward Perronet, 1700-92.

CORONATION. (C. M.)

Oliver Holden, † 1844..

**1A, R.** All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And

crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.



163

Tune 14.

Almighty God, Thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy;  
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,  
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy throne,  
Return to Thee and sadly tell,  
That we reject Thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quickening grace bestow;  
That all, whose souls the truth receive,  
Its saving power may know.

John Cawood, 1775-1852.

164

Tune 14.

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 prest;  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place!  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the Cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

165

Tune 14.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,  
Try me, and know each thought:  
On me look down in mercy, Lord,  
Whom Thou with blood hast bought.

2 My faithless heart, O gracious Lord,  
Correct with gentle hand;

In every danger help afford,  
Alone I cannot stand.

3 Without Thy favor while I live  
Life but a burden is;  
Naught else can satisfaction give,  
Experience shows me this.

4 Haste then, O Lord, to Thee I pray;  
Impart to me Thy grace,  
That when this life is fled away,  
In heaven I may have place.

M. Taylor, Markant and C. Batty.

166

Tune 14.

When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in His eyes:  
A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee,  
Our childhood we resign;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were Thine.

3 Let the sweet work of prayer and  
Employ our youngest breath: [praise  
Thus we're prepared for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

167

Tune 14.

None God the Father's favor share,  
Or heaven's kingdom win,  
But those who little children are,  
And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the Lord  
Doth from their seats put down;  
But to the poor doth grace afford,  
And them with blessings crown.

3 Oh, may I with submissiveness,  
Dear Lord, be taught by Thee;  
To Thee obedience show through grace,  
And learn humility.

4 Jesus, I humbly Thee implore,  
Grant me the Spirit's light,  
That He may teach me evermore,  
And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,  
According to my prayer;  
Since those who know their poverty,  
To the Most High are near.

6 Lord Jesus Christ, oh, may I grow  
In knowledge and in grace;  
Grant that in me, while here below,  
Thy likeness all may trace.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.



168

Tune 14.

Since Jesus freely did appear  
To grace a marriage-feast,  
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here :  
Be Thou our glorious guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands ;  
Their union with Thy favor crown,  
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best :  
Their substance bless, and peace bestow  
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they, with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking mutual share.

5 On every soul assembled here,  
O make Thy face to shine : [cheer,  
Thy goodness more our hearts can  
Than richest food or wine.

John Berridge, 1716-93.

169

Tune 14.

Around the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand ;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,  
See every one arrayed ;  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.

3 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 ?

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood,  
To wash away their sin ;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean !

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's  
On earth they loved His Name ; [grace,  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.

Anne Houlditch Sheperd, 1809-57.

170

Tune 14.

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

2 Its light, descending from above,  
Our gloomy world to cheer,

Displays a Saviour's boundless love,  
And brings His glories near.

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

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

John Fawcett, 1739-1817.

171

Tune 14.

Not in Jerusalem alone,  
God hears and answers prayer,  
Nor on Samaria's mountain known,  
Dispenses blessings there.

2 The worshipers may now draw nigh,  
Sinners may seek His face,  
Assured to meet His ear and eye,  
All times, in every place.

3 Hence in the secrecy of thought  
Our silent souls may pray,  
Or round the household altar brought  
Begin and close the day.

4 Yet meet it is, and right and good,  
Where He records His Name,  
To mingle with the multitude,  
And His high praise proclaim.

5 There, while the Lord their God they  
And He shines forth on them, [bless,  
His Church appears in holiness,  
Their new Jerusalem.

6 Then let us consecrate to Him,  
These walls with love and fear ;  
God dwelt between the cherubim,  
May God in Christ dwell here.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

172

Tune 14.

According to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

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

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

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,

O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!  
I must remember Thee:—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;

Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow  
And mind and memory flee, [dumb,  
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom  
Jesus, remember me. [come,  
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

FARRANT. (C. M.)

R. Farrant, † 1580.



173 Tune 14.  
Bright was the guiding star that led,  
With mild benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.

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

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

4 O gladly tread the narrow path  
While light and grace are given!  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,  
Shall reign with Him in heaven.  
Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

174 Tune 14.  
I'll praise Thee with my heart and  
O Lord, my soul's Delight, [tongue,  
Declaring to the world in song  
Thy glory, praise, and might.

2 Thou art the eternal Source of grace,  
The Source of lasting bliss;  
From Thee unto the human race  
Flows all true happiness.

3 Thy chastisements are naught but  
When we our sins confess, [love:  
We Thy forgiveness richly prove;  
'Tis Thy delight to bless.

4 God never yet mistakes hath made  
In His vast government;  
No, what He doth permit or aid  
Is blest in the event.

5 Then murmur not, but be resigned  
To His most holy will;  
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt find,  
My soul, in being still.  
Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

175 Tune 14.  
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,  
And pray to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell  
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
"Father, Thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven!  
John Hampden Gurney, 1802-62.

176 Tune 14.  
There is a land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

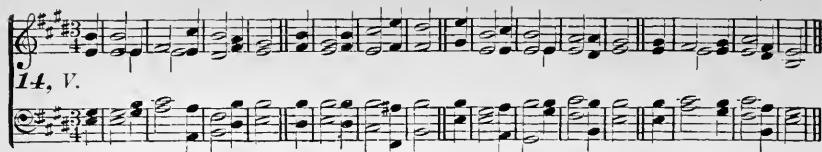
2 There everlasting Spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling  
Stand dressed in living green; [flood,  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses  
And view the landscape o'er, [stood,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
flood  
Should fright us from the shore.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

177 Tune 14.  
Hosanna to the Prince of grace!  
Sion! behold thy King!  
Proclaim the Son of David's race,  
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word,  
Who from the Father came!  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
With blessings on His Name.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.



178

Tune 14.

Behold, where in a mortal form  
Appears each grace divine!  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was His divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach, and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek He stood;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;  
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before His Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, He bowed and said,  
"Thy will, not Mine be done!"

5 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide;  
His image may we bear;  
Oh may we tread His holy steps,  
His joy and glory share.

William Enfield, d. 1797.

179

Tune 14.

O Thou Who by a star didst guide  
The wise men on their way,  
Until it came and stood beside  
The place where Jesus lay:

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead  
Thy servants now below,  
The Holy Spirit, when they need,  
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part:  
But still we trust Thy word,  
That blessed are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,  
To make us pure in heart,  
That we may see Thee face to face  
Hereafter, as Thou art.

John Mason Neale, 1800-68.

180

Tune 14.

The royal banner is unfurled,  
The Cross is reared on high,  
On which the Saviour of the world  
Is stretched in agony.

2 See, through His holy hands and feet  
The cruel nails they drive:  
Our ransom thus is made complete,  
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And see, the spear hath pierced His  
And shed that sacred flood, [side,

That holy reconciling tide,  
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy Cross, from thee we learn  
The only way to heaven:  
And, oh, to thee may sinners turn,  
And look, and be forgiven!

5 So let us praise the Saviour's Name,  
And, with exulting cry,  
The triumph of the Cross proclaim  
To all eternity.  
Venantius Fortunatus, d. 890; John Chandler  
tr., 1806-76.

181

Tune 14.

Thou art the Way: to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
Grant us that Way to know;  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.  
George Washington Doane, 1799-1850.

182

Tune 14

Father of mercies! in Thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy Name adored,  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,  
Invite the longing taste.

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

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

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1716-78.



183

Tune 14.

Jerusalem, my happy home!  
 Name ever dear to me!  
 When shall my labors have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee!

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-  
 And pearly gates behold; [built walls  
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold!

3 There happier bowers than Eden's  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom,  
 Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes  
 I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and  
 And feel at death dismay? [woe,  
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
 And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there  
 Around my Saviour stand;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below,  
 Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
 My soul still pants for thee;  
 Then shall my labors have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

Williams and Boden's Collection.

184

Tune 14.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!  
 Whence all their bright array?  
 How came they to the blissful seats  
 Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings  
 Who came to realms of light, [great  
 And in the blood of Christ have washed  
 These robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphant palms they  
 Before the throne on high, [stand

And serve the God they love, amidst  
 The glories of the sky.

- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,  
 Tunes every mouth to sing;  
 By day, by night, the sacred courts  
 With glad Hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
 Nor suns with scorching ray;  
 God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams  
 Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the  
 Shall o'er them still preside, [throne,  
 Feed them with nourishment divine,  
 And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His  
 Where living streams appear; [flock,  
 And God the Lord from every eye  
 Shall wipe off every tear.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748; alt. by William  
 Cameron, 1751-1811.

185

Tune 14.

Ye choirs of New Jerusalem,  
 Your sweetest notes employ,  
 The Paschal Victory to hymn  
 In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,  
 Crushing the serpent's head;  
 And cries aloud thro' death's domains  
 To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 Triumphant in His glory now,  
 To Him all power is given;  
 To Him in one communion bow  
 All saints in earth and heaven.

4 While we, His soldiers, praise our  
 His mercy we implore, [King,  
 Within His palace bright to bring  
 And keep us evermore.

Fulbert of Chartres, d. 1029; Robert  
 Campbell, tr., d. 1868.

186

Tune 14.

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:  
For, oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719.

187

Tune 14

For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy piercèd side;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine  
Wash me, and mine Thou art; [own];  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

188

Tune 14.

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  
When tempests rage without, [clear,  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877.

189

Tune 14.

Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.



14, Y.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled '14, Y.'. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are a treble and bass clef pair, and the last two are another treble and bass clef pair. The music is in 4/4 time and G major. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

190

Tune 14.

Jesus, Thy love exceeds by far  
The love of earthly friends;  
Bestows what'er the sinner needs,  
Is firm and never ends.

2 My blessèd Saviour, is Thy love  
So bounteous, great and free?  
Behold, I give my sinful heart,  
My life, my all to Thee.

3 No man of greater love can boast  
Than for his friend to die:  
Thou for Thy enemies wast slain;  
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,  
With heavenly glory crowned,  
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,  
Beset with troubles round.

5 And now, upon Thy throne above,  
Thy love is still as great:  
Well Thou remember'st Calvary,  
Nor canst Thy death forget.

6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul  
The memory of Thy love;  
And Thy dear Name shall still to me  
A grateful odor prove.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

191

Tune 14.

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

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
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  
And makes the nations prove [grace,  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

192

Tune 14.

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.

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715, and Nicholas  
Brady, 1659-1726.

193

Tune 14.

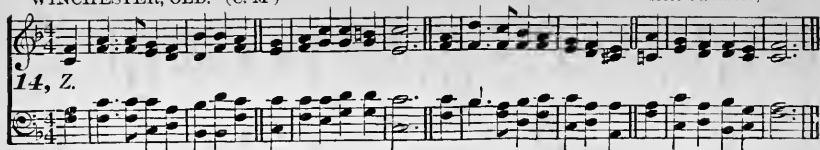
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands Thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 '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;  
When crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-55.



194

Tune 14.

- Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;  
Let Thine outstretchèd wing  
Be like the shade of Elin's palm,  
Beside her desert spring.
- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and  
The sounds my ear that greet,— [rude  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street,—
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in the hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain,—
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him Who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting  
Who hate Thy holy Name. [throng,
- 5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

195

Tune 14.

- Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour  
The Saviour promised long; [comes,  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye, long closed in night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the riches of His grace  
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy belovèd Name!

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

196

Tune 14.

- O Jesus, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned;  
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,  
In Whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine!

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of life and fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire:

- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name,  
And ever Thee adore;  
And seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;  
Thee may we love alone;  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

197

Tune 14.

- 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 spirit pitying see;  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay,  
Their grateful hymns to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And mount to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
That is not wholly Thine.
- 5 May faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis Goodness still,  
That grants it or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1758-1805.

198

Tune 14.

- Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear Thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the Earnest of His love,  
The Pledge of joys to come;  
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove!  
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

199

Tune 14.

In Thee I live, and move and am;  
 Thou number'st all my days:  
 As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,  
 Let me renew Thy praise.

2 From Thee I am, through Thee I am,  
 And for Thee I must be:  
 'Twere better for me not to live,  
 Than not to live to Thee.

3 I do not praise my laboring hand,  
 My laboring head, or chance:  
 Thy providence, most gracious God,  
 Is my inheritance.

4 Thy bounty gives me bread with  
 A table free from strife: [peace,  
 Thy blessing is the staff of bread,  
 Which is the staff of life.

5 The daily favors of my God  
 I cannot sing at large;  
 Yet humbly can I make this boast,  
 I am the Almighty's charge.

6 Oh, let my house a temple be,  
 That I and mine may sing  
 Hosannas to Thy Majesty,  
 And praise our heavenly King.

Ralph Erskine, 1685-1752.

200

Tune 14.

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace.

2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease:  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 His grace subdues the power of sin,  
 He sets the prisoner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean,  
 His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks and, listening to His voice,  
 New life the dead receive:  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye  
 dumb,  
 Your loosened tongues employ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6 Look unto Him, ye nations; own  
 Your God, ye fallen race:  
 Look and be saved through faith alone,  
 Be justified by grace.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

201

Tune 14.

Behold us, Lord, a little space  
 From daily tasks set free,  
 And met within Thy holy place  
 To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
 Of business, toil and care,  
 And scarcely can we turn aside  
 For the brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls  
 Wherein Thou mayest be sought;  
 On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,  
 In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
 The wealth of land and sea;  
 The worlds of science and of art,  
 Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
 In all we do and know;  
 And claim the kingdom of the earth  
 For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
 As Thou wouldst have it done;  
 And prayer, by Thee inspired and  
 Itself with work be one. [taught

John Ellerton, b. 1826.



## 202

Tune 14.

Oh, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart.

2 He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or He deserts us in the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

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

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

## 203

Tune 14.

Hail, Alpha and Omega, hail,  
Thou Author of our faith,  
The Finisher of all our hopes,  
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2 Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM,  
In Whom we live and move;  
Increase our little spark of faith,  
And fill our hearts with love.

3 Oh, let that faith which Thou hast  
Be treasured in our breast; [taught  
The evidence of unseen joys,  
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to  
strength,

From grace to greater grace:  
From each degree of faith to more,  
Till we behold Thy face.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

## 204

Tune 14.

Father of mercies, condescend  
To hear our fervent prayer,  
While this our brother we commend  
To Thy paternal care.

2 Before him set an open door;  
His various efforts bless;  
On him Thy Holy Spirit pour,  
And crown him with success.

3 Endow him with a heavenly mind;  
Supply his every need;  
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,  
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,  
Uphold him by Thy grace;  
And guard him by Thy mighty power,  
Till he shall end his race.

Thomas Morell, 1781-1840.

## 205

Tune 14.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can  
Nor can the memory find [frame,  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!  
O Joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah!  
Nor tongue nor pen can show; [this  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,  
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

## 206

Tune 14.

O Jesus, for Thy matchless love  
Accept our warmest praise;  
Since Thou didst leave Thy throne  
To save a sinful race. [above,

2 Thanks for Thy sufferings, tears, and  
And groans in Thy distress; [cries,  
The source of never-fading joys  
And endless happiness.

3 Thanks for Thy thirst, O Prince of  
When hanging on the tree: [peace,  
What a divine refreshment this  
To souls athirst for Thee.

4 Thanks for Thy last heart-piercing  
And meritorious death: [cry,  
Grant we may all on Thee rely,  
And live a life of faith.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.



## 207

Tune 14.

- O Thou, Who lov'st to send relief  
In time of our distress,  
Because Thyself didst bear our grief,  
And feel our sicknesses ;
- 2 Thy will be done, I still would say,  
Whate'er that will may be ;  
And let this trial, day by day,  
Fulfill its end in me.
- 3 O Lord, look down, O Lord, forgive,  
Oh, help me from on high ;  
Since no man to himself must live,  
Nor to himself can die.
- 4 And when, through feebleness or pain,  
My thoughts are far from Thee,  
Though I forget Thee, Saviour, then,  
Oh, yet, forget not me.

John Mason Neale, 1800-63.

## 208

Tune 14.

- 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  
Trust God ; Who will employ [soul] ?  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 I sigh to think of happier days,  
When Thou, O Lord ! wast nigh ;  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still : and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal Spring.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

## 209

Tune 14.

- 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 kiss each print where Thou  
Hast set Thine unseen feet ;  
I cannot fear Thee, blessèd Will,  
Thine empire is so sweet.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessèd Will,  
For all my cares are Thine ;

I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs 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 :  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

## 210

Tune 14.

- In stature grows the Heavenly Child,  
With death before His eyes ;  
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,  
Prepared for sacrifice.
- 2 The Son of God His glory hides  
With parents mean and poor,  
And He Who made the heavens, abides  
In dwelling-place obscure.
- 3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky  
No earthly toil refuse ;  
The Maker of the stars on high  
An humble trade pursues.
- 4 He, Whom the hosts of angels praise,  
Bearing each dread decree,  
His earthly parents now obeys  
In deep humility.
- 5 For this Thy lowliness revealed,  
Jesus, we Thee adore,  
And praise to God the Father yield  
And Spirit evermore.

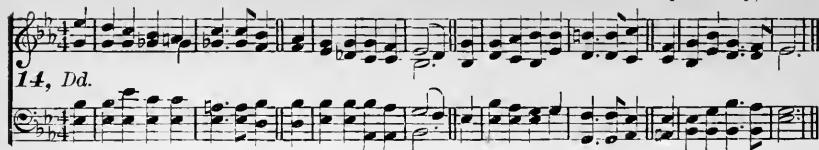
Santolius Victorinus, 1630-1667 ; John Chandler, tr., 1806-76 ; John Keble, rev., 1837.

## 211

Tune 14.

- There is a safe and secret place  
Beneath the Wings Divine,  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;  
O, be that refuge mine !
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed ;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,  
And aid with friendly arm ;  
And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 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 !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.



212

Tune 14.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,  
And make this house Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
Oh come, great Spirit! come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy  
The wings of peaceful love; [wings,  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.

5 Come as the wind; with rushing  
And pentecostal grace, [sound  
That all, of woman born, may see  
The glory of Thy face.

Andrew Reed, 1787-1862.

213

Tune 14.

'Tis Thine alone, Almighty Name!  
To raise the dead to life,  
The lost inebriate to reclaim  
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance  
wrought!  
How widely roll its waves!  
How many myriads hath it brought  
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still  
Are maddened by the bowl;  
Led captive at the tyrant's will,  
In bondage, heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our  
And break the galling chain; [King!  
Deliverance to the captive bring,  
And end the usurper's reign.

5 The cause of temperance is Thine own;  
Our plans and efforts bless;  
We trust, O Lord, in Thee alone,  
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield, b. 1807.

214

Tune 14.

Lord, take my heart just as it is,  
Set up therein Thy Throne:  
So shall I love Thee above all,  
And live to Thee alone.

2 I thank Thee, that in mercy Thou  
Hast wakened me from death,

Aroused me out of sin's deep sleep,  
And called to walk in faith.

3 Complete Thy work and crown Thy  
That I may faithful prove, [grace,  
And listen to that still small voice,  
Which whispers only love:

4 Which teaches me to know Thy will,  
And gives me power to do:  
Which fills my heart with shame, when I  
Do not that will pursue.

5 This unction may I ever feel,  
This teaching of my Lord,  
And learn obedience to Thy voice,  
Thy soft reviving word.

Maria Th. Stonehouse, 1722-51.

215

Tune 14.

Builder of mighty worlds on worlds,  
How poor the house must be,  
That with our human sinful hands  
We may erect for Thee.

2 O Christ, Thou art our Corner-stone  
On Thee our hopes are built;  
Thou art our Lord, our Light, our Life,  
Our Sacrifice for guilt.

3 In Thy blest Name we gather here,  
And consecrate the ground:  
The walls that on this rock shall rise  
Thy praises shall resound.

4 May many a soul, from death re-  
In heavenly regions fair, [deemed,  
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path  
To God and glory, there."

Anon.

216

Tune 14.

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom One in Three we know:  
By all Thy heavenly hosts adored,  
By all Thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity  
With triumph we proclaim;  
Thy universe is full of Thee,  
And speaks Thy glorious Name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;  
Thee, Holy Son, adore;  
And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,  
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Our heavenly song shall be;  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In co-eternal Three.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88



217

Tune 14.

Our Heavenly Father, Source of love,  
To Thee our hearts we raise:  
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing Thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, Thine we wish to be,  
Our sacrifice receive:  
Made, and preserved, and saved by  
To Thee ourselves we give. [Thee,

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live, and move,  
And be with Christ in God.

4 Honor to the Almighty Three,  
An' Everlasting One,  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit and the Son.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

218

Tune 14.

Thou, gracious Saviour, for my good  
Wast pleased a child to be,  
And Thou didst shed Thy precious blood  
Upon the Cross for me.

2 Come, then, and take this heart of  
Come, take me as I am. [mine,  
I know that I by right am Thine,  
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

3 If early Thou wilt take me hence,  
O that no harm will be;  
Since endless bliss will then commence,  
When I shall live with Thee.

4 If Thou wilt have me longer stay,  
In years and stature grow;  
Help me to serve Thee night and day,  
While I am here below.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

219

Tune 14.

Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn  
To David's Son and Lord;  
With cherubim and seraphim  
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue  
No lofty strains can raise:  
But Thou wilt not despise the young,  
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast Thy gifts, how free!  
Thy blood, our life! Thy word, our feast,  
Thy Name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring  
Our offerings to Thy throne;

Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
But hearts to be Thine own.

5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng;  
Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our poor but grateful song.

6 O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,  
Thy temple we behold,  
Hosannas through eternity  
We'll sing to harps of gold.

William H. Havergal, 1793-1870.

220

Tune 14.

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

2 For lowly hearts shall understand  
The peace, the calm delight  
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,  
A pleasure in Thy sight.

3 Give us humility, that so  
Thy reign may come within,  
And when Thy children homeward go,  
We too may enter in.

4 Hear us, our Saviour! ours Thou art,  
Though we are not like Thee;  
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,  
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

George MacDonald, b. 1831.

221

Tune 14.

Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
My Saviour, and my Head,  
I trust in Thee, Whose powerful word  
Hath raised Him from the dead.

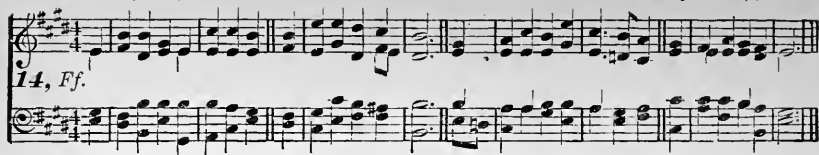
2 In hope, against all human hope,  
Self-desperate, I believe;  
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,  
Thou wilt Thy Spirit give.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To Thee the glory of Thy power  
And faithfulness I give:  
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,  
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,  
Thou never wilt reprove;  
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,  
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.



222

Tune 14.

O Son of God and man, receive  
This humble work of mine;  
Worth to my meanest labor give,  
By blessing it with Thine.

2 Servant of all, to toil for man  
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;  
Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employed for us.

3 In all I think, or speak, or do,  
Let me show forth Thy praise;  
Thy bright example still pursue  
Through all my future days.

4 By faith through outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free;  
My hands alone engaged below,  
My spirit still with Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

223

Tune 14.

Angels, where'er we go, attend  
Our steps, what'er betide;  
With watchful care their charge defend,  
And evil turn aside.

2 Myriads of bright cherubie bands,  
Sent by the King of kings,  
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,  
And shade us with their wings.

3 Jehovah's charioteers surround;  
The ministerial choir  
Encamp where'er His heirs are found,  
And form our wall of fire.

4 Ten thousand offices unseen  
For us they gladly do,  
Deliver in the furnace keen,  
And safe escort us through.

5 And when our spirits we resign,  
On outstretched wings they bear,  
And lodge us in the arms divine,  
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

224

Tune 14.

Blest be that sacred covenant-love,  
Uniting though we 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,  
And while we in His footsteps tread,  
Show forth His praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk with Him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Naught else desire, naught else esteem,  
But Jesus Crucified.

4 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,  
Nor life nor death can part  
Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,  
In Him are one in heart.

5 Soon will He wipe off every tear,  
On Canaan's blissful shore,  
Where all who friends in Jesus are,  
Shall meet to part no more.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

225

Tune 14.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms!  
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach." He cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 't was to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord! in thankful  
And yield them up to Thee; [hand,  
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

226

Tune 14.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,  
Implore we, bending low,  
That Thou, the uncreated Light,  
May'st guide us as we go.

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

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

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

John Henry Newman, 1801-90.

227

Tune 14.

Beneath the shadow of the Cross,  
As earthly hopes remove,  
His new commandment Jesus gives,  
His blessèd word of love.

2 O bond of union strong and deep!  
O bond of perfect peace!  
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,  
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours!  
And swift our feet shall move  
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,  
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow, b. 1819.



14, Hh.

228

Tune 14.

There is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
To bring in prayer to Thee;  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, Who hast trod the thorny road,  
Wilt share each small distress;  
The Love Which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets Thine ear divine,  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,

GREGOR'S 15TH METRE.

*Ich dank' Dir schon durch Deinen Sohn.* } (8, 7, 8, 7, Iambic.)

Michael Praetorius, 1610.

15, A.

230

Tune 15.

Thy blood, Thy blood the deed hath  
wrought,

That won me for Thee, Saviour;  
Else had I never on Thee thought,  
Nor come to thee for ever.

2 O let me Thee behold in faith,  
As Thou for me wast wounded;  
And trust in Thy atoning death,  
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

3 May this each day be my employ,  
The fruits of Thy blest passion  
Still more completely to enjoy,  
And taste Thy great salvation:—

4 Till I shall once behold Thy face  
In endless bliss and glory,

But for that Love Which died for sin,  
That Love Which wept for woe.

Jané Crewdson, 1809-63.

229

Tune 14.

O Thou, Whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seem severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say,  
There is no mercy here.

2 O grant me to desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
More than the world's supreme gain,  
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though Thou bend my spirit  
Love only shall I see; [low,  
The very hand that strikes the blow  
Was wounded once for me.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

And for the wonders of Thy grace  
With humble thanks adore Thee.

Abraham von Gersdorf, 1704-84.

231

Tune 15.

High-Priest before the Father's face,  
When in Thy ministration  
Thou dost present the ransomed race,  
Gathered from every nation,—

2 In love remember this Thy flock,  
Bought by Thy bitter passion:  
To Thee, Who art the Church's Rock,  
We pay our adoration.

3 In prayer we now unite to Thee,  
We praise Thee, Lord Jehovah;  
And join to sighs for mercy free  
A joyful Hallelujah.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

15. C.

Musical score for 'DOMINUS REGIT.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line (treble clef) and the piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system continues the piece. The tempo is marked '15. C.'.

Musical score for 'DOMINUS REGIT.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line (treble clef) and the piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system continues the piece. The tempo is marked '15. C.'.

232

Tune 15.

The King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never,  
I nothing lack if I am His,  
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,  
Thy unction grace bestoweth,  
And, oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd! may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker, 1821-77.

ST. ALBANS. (8, 7, 8, 7, Iambic.)

Charles Steggall.

15. D.

Musical score for 'ST. ALBANS.' in D major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line (treble clef) and the piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system continues the piece. The tempo is marked '15. D.'.

Musical score for 'ST. ALBANS.' in D major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal line (treble clef) and the piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system continues the piece. The tempo is marked '15. D.'.

233

Tune 15.

O scorned and outcast Lord, beneath  
Thy burden meekly bending,  
Thou, our true Isaac, to Thy death  
Art wearily ascending.

2 And soon, with nail-pierced feet and  
Upon the Cross they raise Thee; [hands  
The Cross, which there uplifted stands,  
To all the earth displays Thee.

3 Oh! wondrous love of God on high,  
The sinful thus to cherish!  
He gave His guiltless Son to die,  
Lest guilty man should perish.

4 Yes! 'tis the Cross that breaks the rod  
And chain of condemnation,  
And makes a league 'twixt man and God  
For our entire salvation.

From the Latin.



234

Tune 16.

The reproach of Christ is glorious;  
Those who here His burden bear,  
In the end shall prove victorious,  
And eternal glory share.

2 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,  
Bore for us reproach and shame,  
Conqueror now He lives for ever,  
And we conquer in His Name.

3 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,  
Ye who live a life of faith;  
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,  
Even in martyrdom and death.

Ludwig Andreas Gotter, 1661-1735.

235

Tune 16.

When simplicity we cherish,  
Then the soul is full of light;  
But that light will quickly vanish,  
When of Jesus we lose sight.

2 He who naught but Christ desireth,  
He whom nothing else can cheer,  
But the joy which He inspireth,  
Lending to His voice an ear;

3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,  
And upon His grace depends;  
Who but willeth what Him pleases,  
Simply following His commands;

4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,  
Pays obedience to His word,  
Yea, in closest union liveth  
With our Saviour, Head, and Lord;

5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,  
And, from self-dependence free,  
In naught else but Him confideth;  
Walks in true simplicity.

6 He who is by Christ directed,  
Trusting the Good Shepherd's care,  
From all harm will be protected,  
And no danger needs to fear.

Augustus G. Spangenberg, 1704-92.

236

Tune 16.

From the doctrines I'll ne'er waver,  
In the Holy Scriptures stored,  
O what sweetness do I savor,  
In each sacred covenant word.

2 And if I myself examine,  
While the Book I 'fore me hold,  
To each truth my heart saith Amen,  
One the other doth unfold.

3 Speak, O Lord, Thy servant heareth  
With deep awe attentively;  
What Thy Holy Word declareth  
Shall my rule and practice be.

F. W. Neisser, 1715-77.

237

Tune 16.

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

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

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou, our Shepherd, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake  
And our couch become our tomb, [us,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

238

Tune 16.

Storms of trouble may assail us,  
Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;  
Yet no danger need appall us,  
If our Saviour guide the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,  
Free from care we acquiesce  
In His ways, His consolation  
Will alleviate our distress.

3 God is mighty to deliver,  
None His power can withstand;  
In all trials whatsoever,  
He will be our gracious Friend.

4 When His hour strikes for relieving,  
Help breaks forth amazingly,  
And, to shame our anxious grieving,  
Often unexpectedly.

J. D. Herrnschmidt, 1675-1723.

239

Tune 16.

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

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

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

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

John Bowring, d. 1872.

240

Tune 16.

Jesus, Saviour, I implore Thee,—  
Full of grace and truth Thou art,—  
Where in aught I've sinned before Thee  
Pardon unto me impart.

2 Have I said I ne'er would leave Thee  
And have I unfaithful been,—  
Ah, I see that look; forgive me;  
Bitterly I mourn my sin.

Martin Dober, 1703-48; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1867.

241

Tune 16.

Come and deck the grave with flowers,  
That is now a blessèd bed,  
Where the truest Friend of ours,  
Stooped to rest His holy head.

2 For the Saviour, in it lying,  
Did its grief and gloom destroy,  
Took from death the dread of dying,  
Gave to life its crown and joy.

John S. B. Monsell, 1811-75.

242

Tune 16.

Now the Triune God confessing,  
God the Father's Name adore;  
To the Son give praise and blessing:  
Bless the Spirit evermore.

GREGOR'S 16TH METRE. [16. B.]} (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.)

*O der alles heelt verloren.*

Freylinghausen, 1705.



16, B.

245

Tune 16.

Judge me now, my God and Saviour,  
Even before the judgment-day;  
Then to me, my King. Thy favor  
Through eternity display.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

246

Tune 16.

Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator!  
Praise to Thee from every tongue;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.

2 Father! Source of all compassion!  
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise Him for His love divine!

3 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

John Fawcett, 1739-1817.

247

Tune 16.

Lord of glory! Thou hast bought us,  
With Thy life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging, for the lost ones,  
That tremendous sacrifice.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield  
Gladly, freely, of Thine own; [Thee  
With the sunshine of Thy goodness,  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone.

243

Tune 16

Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below,  
Thou, by angel guards attended,  
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,  
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Reaching out the crown of love.

3 For the joy He set before thee,  
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,  
Die, to live a life of glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

244

Tune 16.

Welcome, blessèd Heavenly Stranger!  
Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,  
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,  
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 Oh Most Mighty, O Most Holy,  
Far above the seraph's thought!  
Zion, view thy King as lowly  
As inspired prophets taught.

Christopher Smart, 1722-70.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given  
To our humblest charity,  
In Thine own mysterious sentence,—  
"Ye have done it unto Me!"

4 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our soul on Thee:  
But, oh,—best of all Thy graces—  
Give us Thine own charity.

E. S. Alderson, 1868.

248

Tune 16.

Praise to God, the great Creator,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;  
Praise Him, every living creature,  
Earth and heaven's united host.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817.

249

Tune 16.

Father, hear the prayer we offer!  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever by still waters  
Would we idly quiet stay;  
But would snite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings, be our Guide;  
Through endeavor, failure, danger,  
Father, be Thou at our side!

Anon., "Hymns of the Spirit," 1864.



## 16

Tune 16.

Souls of men! why will ye scatter  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander  
From a Love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour Who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

3 It is God: His love looks mighty,  
But is mightier than it seems.  
'Tis our Father; and His fondness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4 There is grace enough for thousands  
Of new worlds as great as this;  
There is room for fresh creations  
In that upper home of bliss,  
Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.

## 251

Tune 16.

On Thy ransomed congregation,  
Lord, lift up Thy countenance;  
Be our Help, Joy and Salvation;  
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart, O fix Thy dwelling,  
There erect a monument  
Of Thy love, all love excelling.  
There fulfill Thy blest intent.

3 Take us under Thy protection,  
Grant us to obey Thy voice,  
Simply follow Thy direction,  
To Thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more divested,  
Freed from every earthly view,  
Be our purpose, unmolested  
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we, as Thine anointed,  
Walk 'fore Thee in truth and grace,  
In the path Thou hast appointed,  
Till we reach Thy dwelling-place.  
F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

## 252

Tune 16.

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 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before His Cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion  
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Cross I gaze;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

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

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove His wounds each day more heal-  
And Himself more fully know. (sing,  
Walter Shirley, 1725-86.)

## 253

Tune 16.

All alone, and yet not lonely,  
I'll converse with God my Friend;  
Now from worldly cares withdrawing,  
I my time in prayer will spend.

2 Oh how blessed are the moments,  
When the Lord Himself draws near,  
When I feel His gracious presence,  
And He listens to my prayer.  
Gottfried Arnold, 1666-1714.

## 254

Tune 16.

Praise the God of our salvation;  
Praise the Father's boundless love;  
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;  
Praise the Spirit from above:—

2 Author of the new creation,  
Him by Whom our spirits live:—  
Undivided adoration  
To the one Jehovah give!  
Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

## 255

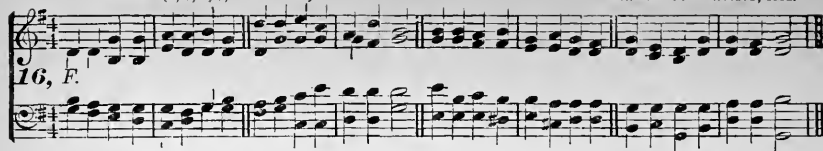
Tune 16.

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

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Long-desired of every nation,  
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, Thy people to deliver;  
Born a Child, yet God our King;  
Born, to reign in us forever;  
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.



256

Tune 16.

Always with us, always with us—  
Words of cheer and words of love;  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none;  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream—  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin, b. 1814.

257

Tune 16.

Earthly joys no longer please us,  
Here would we renounce them all,  
Seek our only rest in Jesus,  
Him our Lord and Master call.

2 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
Points to brighter worlds above,  
Bids us look for His appearing,  
Bids us triumph in His love.

3 May our lights be always burning,  
And our loins be girdled round,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning,  
Longing for the welcome sound.

4 Thus the Christian life adorning,  
Never will we be afraid,  
Should He come at night or morning,  
Early dawn or evening shade.

Charles Lawrence Ford.

258

Tune 16.

If our all on Christ we venture,  
And, while we on Him rely,  
On the hardest trials enter,  
Needful strength He will supply.

2 Of our lives we will be careful,  
While reserv'd for His use;  
But, when He demands, unfeared  
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

259

Tune 16.

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 health be given,  
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;  
He will grant us peace and rest;  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
Who thro' Christ his prayer address'd.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

260

Tune 16.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 't is thrown away;  
God Himself saith thou shalt gather  
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Wildly though the billows roll,  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted,  
That thou fittest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Phoebe A. Hanaford, 1852.

261

Tune 16.

Hark, the hosts of heaven are singing  
Praises to their new-born Lord,  
Strains of sweetest music flinging,  
Not a note or word unheard.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,  
God's high praises sounded forth,  
While the angels' songs were telling  
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.

3 Through the darkness, strangely  
splendid,  
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;  
As their lowly flock they tended,  
Came new tidings from the skies.

4 All the hosts of heaven are chanting  
Songs with power to stir and thrill,  
And the universe is panting  
Joy's deep longings to fulfill.

5 On this day then through creation  
Let this glorious hymn ring out;  
Let men hail the great salvation,  
"God with us," with song and shout.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, b. 1821.

262

Tune 16.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.



## 263

Tune 16.

Jesus, by Thy Holy Spirit  
 May we all instructed be;  
 Sanctify us by the merit  
 Of Thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love Thee truly;  
 Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,  
 And to every heart more fully  
 Thy atoning power display.

3 Lead us so that we may honor  
 Thee, the Lord our Righteousness,  
 And bring fruit to Thee, the Donor  
 Of all gospel-truth and grace.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

## 264

Tune 16.

Saviour! Who Thy flock art feeding  
 With the shepherd's kindest care,  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs Thy bosom share;—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;  
 There, we know, Thy Word believing,  
 Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,  
 Let them be the lion's prey;  
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,  
 Let them find a resting-place,  
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1796-1871.

## 265

Tune 16.

Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
 Chanting, at the crystal sea,  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee:

2 Multitude, which none can number,  
 Like the stars in glory stands,  
 Clothed in white apparel, holding  
 Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,  
 And have washed their robes in blood,  
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;  
 Tried they were and firm they stood;

4 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
 They have conquered death and Satan  
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

5 Marching with Thy Cross their banner,  
 They have triumphed following  
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
 Thee, their Saviour and their King;

6 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;  
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
 And by death to life immortal  
 They were born and glorified.

7 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
 Now they walk in golden light,  
 Now they drink, as from a river,  
 Holy bliss and infinite;

8 Love and peace they taste for ever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the beatific vision  
 Of the Blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

## 266

Tune 16.

Friend of sinners! Lord of glory!  
 Lowly, Mighty! Brother, King!  
 Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,  
 Fain would I Thy praises sing

2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,  
 In Whom power and pity blend,  
 Praise we must the grace which gave us  
 Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

3 Friend Who never fails nor grieves  
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind! [us,  
 Friend Who at all times receives us,  
 Friend Who came the lost to find.

4 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,  
 Loving until life shall end,  
 Then conferring bliss entrancing,  
 Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

5 Oh, to love and serve Thee better!  
 From all evil set us free;  
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,  
 Be each thought conformed to Thee.

Newman Hall, b. 1816.

## 267

Tune 16.

Dread Jehovah! God of nations!  
 From Thy temple in the skies  
 Hear Thy people's supplications;  
 Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confound—  
 Long and loud for vengeance call, [ing,  
 Thou hast mercy more abounding;  
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression,  
 Let that blood our guilt efface;  
 Save Thy people from oppression,  
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,  
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend;  
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;  
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823.



268

Tune 16.

- Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father;  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor,  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh, forgive and rescue me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me.

- 7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
While the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

Elizabeth Codner, c. 1860.

269

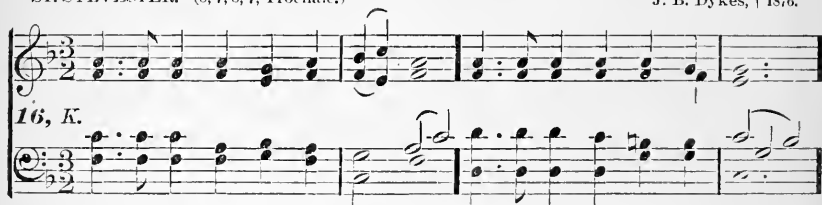
Tune 16.

- Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea:  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love Me more than these!"
- 4 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

ST. SYLVESTER. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.)

J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



270

Tune 16.

- Days and moments quickly flying  
Blend the living with the dead;  
Soon shall we who sing be lying,  
Each within our narrow bed.
- 2 Soon our souls to God who gave them  
Will have sped their rapid flight;  
Able now by grace to save them,  
Oh, that while we can we might!

- 3 Jesus, Infinite Redeemer,  
Maker of this mighty frame;  
Teach, oh, teach us to remember  
What we are, and whence we came;—
- 4 Whence we came, and whither wending;  
Soon we must through darkness go,  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe.

Edward Caswall, 1814-73.



271

Tune 16.

Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,  
Ere I lay me down to sleep:  
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,  
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one;  
Down before Thy cross I cast them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 None shall measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought;  
None shall bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy holy Son has brought.

4 Pardon all my past transgressions;  
Give me strength for days to come;  
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,  
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr, 1856.

272

Tune 16.

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

2 By Thy favor safely living,  
With a grateful heart we raise  
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving:  
Listen to our evening praise.

3 Thro' the day, Lord, Thou hast given  
Strength sufficient for our need;  
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,  
Helped and comforted indeed.

4 Lord, we thank Thee, and adore  
For the solace of Thy love; [Thee,  
And rejoicing thus before Thee,  
Wait Thy blessing from above!

Henry Bateman.

SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.)

16, L.

273

Tune 16.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless Thy feeble lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be Thou near  
Keep me safe till morning light. [me;

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care:  
Kindly Thou hast clothed me, fed me,—  
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 May my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan, 1814-40.

274

Tune 16.

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

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,  
Hear them chant in hymns of joy;—  
"Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from  
Reaching far as man is found; [heaven,

Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!—  
Loud our golden harp shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth His praises sing!  
O 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!"

John Cawood, 1775-1852.

275

Tune 16.

Lord! in love and mercy save us,  
For our trust is all in Thee;  
In that cleansing Fountain lave us,  
Which alone can make us free!

2 Weary, life's rough billows breasting,  
Through the long, lone, dismal night,  
Grant that calmly, on Thee resting,  
We may wait for morning light.

3 Lord! we pray, and know Thou hear-  
For Thy promises are true: [est,  
Grant the heart-wish that is dearest;  
He Who knows can also do!

Andrew J. Symington, 1869.

16, M. Christ the Lord, Christ the Lord, the Lord..... most

glo - rious Now..... is born; oh shout... a - loud; Man by

Him is made vic - to - rious; Praise..... your Sav - iour, hail..... your God.

276

Tune 16.

[Repeat the first three words of each stanza, if sung to Tune 16, M.]

Christ the Lord, the Lord most glorious,  
 Now is born; O shout aloud!  
 Man by Him is made victorious:  
 Praise your Saviour, hail your God!

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth  
 Christ, the Sun of righteousness;

He to us in love inclineth,  
 Cheers our souls with pardoning grace.  
 3 Praise the Lord, Whose saving splen-  
 Shines into the darkest night; [dor  
 O what praises shall we render  
 For this never-ceasing light.  
 4 Praise the Lord, God our Salvation,  
 Praise Him Who retrieved our loss;  
 Sing with awe, and love's sensation,  
 "Hallelujah! God with us!"

J. Mueller.

GREGOR'S 20TH METRE.)  
*Jesu, Deiner zu gedenken.*

Before A. D. 1400.

20, A.

277

Tune 20.

Jesus, at Thine invitation  
 Draw we nigh with supplication;  
 Thou Who hast Thy table spread,  
 With Thyself may we be fed.

2 Be Thy Cross our meditation;  
 Be Thy Name our consolation;  
 While Thy death we call to mind,  
 May we here its blessings find.

3 Here in all revive contrition;  
 Here renew to all remission;  
 Here increase our love of Thee,  
 Let us Thy salvation see.

4 Visit us, O Bread of heaven;  
 Life from Thee to us be given,  
 Life divine that never ends,  
 That from Thee alone descends.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-74.

22, A.

278

Tune 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness  
 My beauty is, my glorious dress;  
 Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,  
 When in His presence I appear.

2 The holy, spotless Lamb of God,  
 Who freely gave His life and blood,  
 For all my numerous sins to atone,  
 I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3 In Him I trust for evermore;  
 He hath expunged the dreadful score  
 Of all my guilt; this done away,  
 I need not fear the judgment-day.

4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and  
 death

Are here the substance of my faith;  
 And shall remain, when I'm called  
 My only hope and confidence. [hence,

5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,  
 Serve my kind Lord with zeal and love,  
 And spend my life for Him I serve,  
 Nor e'er from His commandments  
 swerve;

6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,  
 Then shall I have this only plea:  
 "Here is a sinner, who would fain  
 Through the Lamb's ransom entrance  
 gain."

7 Thus Abraham was saved by grace,  
 Believing in Christ's righteousness;  
 And all the ransomed saints in light  
 In this blest song of praise unite:

8 "All glory, power and might pertain  
 Unto the Lamb, for He was slain,  
 And hath redeemed us by His blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to God."

9 While here on earth I still remain,  
 This doctrine firmly I'll maintain;  
 And, both in word and deed, proclaim  
 The power of Jesus' saving Name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to Thee,  
 That Thou didst deign a man to be,

And for each soul which Thou hast made  
 Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord,  
 God's only Son, Eternal Word,  
 Let all the world Thy mercy see,  
 And bless those who believe in Thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds, and death  
 I will confess while I have breath,  
 Till I shall see Thee face to face,  
 Arrayed with Thy righteousness.

St. 1, Paul Eber, 1511-69; St. 2-12, Zinzendorf,  
 1700-60.

279

Tune 22.

The Cross, the Cross, oh, that's my gain,  
 Because on that the Lamb was slain;  
 'T was there my Lord was crucified,  
 'T was there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears  
 When to our view the Cross appears;  
 Christ's dying love, when truly felt,  
 The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile  
 Upon the Friend of sinners vile;  
 Abased I view what I have done  
 To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,  
 God's glory, with unveiled face;  
 And, by beholding, I shall be  
 Made like to Him who loved me.

5 Here is an Ensign on a hill,  
 Come hither, sinners, look your fill;  
 To look aside is pain and loss:  
 I glory only in the Cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim  
 To all the world His saving Name;  
 Repenting souls in Him believe;  
 Ye wounded, look on Him and live.

7 No flaming sword doth guard the  
 place, [grace]  
 The Cross of Christ proclaims free  
 All pilgrims who would heaven win,  
 By Jesus' Cross must enter in.

Clare Taylor, d. 1778.

280

**Tune 22.**  
O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!  
Saviour of all who trust Thy word,  
To them who seek Thee ever near,  
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.

2 In Thy dear Cross a grace is found,  
It flows from every streaming wound,  
Whose power our inbred sin controls,  
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night,  
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light,  
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,  
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When Thou didst hang upon the Tree,  
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee,  
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,

The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,  
Great Conqueror! never more to die,  
Us by Thy mighty power defend,  
And reign through ages without end.

Gregory the Great, 540-604; Ray Palmer, tr., b. 1808.

281

**Tune 22.**  
Attend, O Saviour, to our prayer;  
All things by Thy appointment are;  
We Thee confess the sovereign Lord,  
Thy Name be everywhere adored.

2 Thou Who on earth the sick didst heal,  
And to the poor Thy love reveal,  
Oh comfort, by a look from Thee,  
All who are now in misery.

3 Nearer and nearer draw us still;  
Might all but know Thy holy will;  
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,  
O Lord, by Thy prevailing grace.

4 Preserve by Thy almighty aid  
Those who have Thee their refuge made;  
Grant that, in all things free from blame,  
In meekness they may praise Thy Name.

John Gambold, 1711-71.

282

**Tune 22.**  
When shall Thine hour, dear Jesus,  
come, [home?  
That Israel's sons shall be brought  
When shall they in Thy Name confide,  
Whom once their fathers crucified?

2 When shall that hour of grace appear,  
That rends their veil as Christ draws near?

When shall they feel what Thomas felt,  
When 'fore His wounded side he knelt.

3 Then, Father, all Thy family  
Shall in Thy house assembled be,  
And bless the Lamb Who once was slain,  
Come soon, Lord Jesus, come: Amen.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

283

**Tune 22.**  
There's but a small beginning made,  
The earth is still o'ercast with shade:  
Break forth Thou Sun of righteousness,  
With healing beams the nations bless.

2 When'er we to mankind proclaim  
Thy dying love and precious Name,  
Support Thy servants' weakness, Lord,  
By Thy blest Spirit, grace, and word.

3 Lord of the harvest, laborers send,  
Who willing are their lives to spend  
In scorching heat and chilling cold,  
To bring the heathen to Thy fold.

4 When all our labor here is o'er,  
And when our light shall burn no more,  
When our endeavors have an end,  
Then let our souls to Thee ascend.

Matthew Stach, 1711-87.

284

**Tune 22.**  
Christ is the Vine, we branches are;  
Without Him we no fruit can bear;  
For of ourselves we can not grow,  
He must both power and life bestow.

2 Lord, Thou hast chosen us, that we  
Should bear well-pleasing fruit to Thee:  
Oh, make us fruitful to Thy praise;  
Preserve us from all barrenness.

John Nitschmann, jr., 1712-83.

285

**Tune 22.**  
As long as Jesus Lord remains,  
Each day new rising glory gains;  
It was, it is, and will be so  
With His Church Militant below.

2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,  
In every time and every place;  
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness  
Remains His Church's glorious dress.

3 All self-dependence is but vain,  
Christ doth our Corner-stone remain,  
Our Rock Which will unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

4 He is and shall remain our Lord,  
Our confidence is in His word;  
And, while our Jesus reigns above,  
His Church will more than conqueror  
prove.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

286

**Tune 22.**  
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
The love of God, so highly prized,  
The Holy Ghost's communion be  
With all of us most sensibly.

Johannes de Watteville, 1718-88.

287

**Tune 22.**  
With heart and hand you now we own;  
The Lord, to Whom your heart is  
known,

Cause your whole walk 'mong us to be  
His joy and your felicity.

2 The God of peace you sanctify,  
With us to yield Him praise and joy;  
That spirit, soul, and body may  
Be blameless till His perfect day.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

288

**Tune 22.**  
Round Tabor heavenly glories shone,  
But what on Olivet was done,  
What signalized Mount Calvary,  
Calls forth my praise, 't was done for me.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.



229

Tune 22.

Maker of all things, Lord our God,  
 Now veiled in feeble flesh and blood,  
 To reconcile and set us free  
 From endless woe and misery;  
 2 What heights, what depths of love  
 divine,  
 In Thy blest incarnation shine!  
 Let heaven and earth unite their lays,  
 To magnify Thy boundless grace.

Anon.

290

Tune 22.

A little Child the Saviour came,  
 The mighty God was still His Name,  
 And angels worshiped, as He lay  
 The seeming infant of a day.  
 2 He Who, a little Child, began  
 The life divine to show to man,  
 Proclaims from heaven the message  
 "Let little children come to me." [free,  
 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the  
 sign

Of sprinkled water name them Thine:  
 Their souls with saving grace endow,  
 Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 Oh give Thine angels charge, good  
 Lord,

Them safely in Thy way to guard;  
 Thy blessing on their lives command,  
 And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue  
 Glad tidings to the earth they sung,  
 May these with all the heavenly host  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William Robertson, d., 1743.

291

Tune 22.

Good news from heav'n the angels bring,  
 Glad tidings to the earth they sing:  
 To us this day a Child is given,  
 To crown us with the joy of heaven.

2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,  
 Who in all need shall aid afford;

He will Himself our Saviour be,  
 From all our sins to set us free.

3 To us that blessedness He brings,  
 Which from the Father's bounty  
 springs:

That in the heavenly realm we may  
 With Him enjoy eternal day.

4 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,  
 Whose love did not the sinner scorn:  
 In my distress Thou com'st to me;  
 What thanks shall I return to Thee?

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

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

Martin Luther, 1483-1546; Arthur Tozer  
 Russell, tr., 1896-74.

292

Tune 22.

Rejoice, our nature Christ assumes;  
 Born of a virgin, lo, He comes,  
 As a Messiah fore-ordained:  
 Adore and wonder, every land.

2 He left His bright, His glorious  
 throne, [down];  
 He bowed the heavens, to earth came  
 And thus His wondrous race began,  
 As God with God and Man with man.

3 Behold a great, a heavenly light,  
 From Bethlehem's manger shining  
 bright,

Around those who in darkness dwell,  
 The night of evil to dispel.

4 Incarnate God, exert Thy power;  
 Arise, Thou glorious Conqueror:  
 Subdue sin, death, and every foe,  
 Erect Thy Kingdom here below.

Ambrose of Milan, c.380; Martin Luther, tr.,  
 1483-1546; John Gambold, tr., 1711-71.

293

Tune 22.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise,  
 He justly claims a song from thee,—  
 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 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
 But though I oft have Him forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

Samuel Medley, 1735-99.

294

Tune 22.

The Saviour lives, no more to die;  
 He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;  
 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;  
 He lives eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still His servants' fears;  
 He lives to wipe away their tears;  
 He lives, their mansions to prepare;  
 He lives, to bring them safely there.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
 Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;  
 With cheerful hope your hearts revive,  
 For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 His saints He loves and never leaves;  
 The contrite sinner He receives;  
 Abundant grace will He afford,  
 Till all are present with the Lord.

Samuel Medley, 1733-99.

295

Tune 22.

Great God! we sing that mighty hand,  
 By which supported still we stand;  
 The opening year Thy mercy shows;  
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

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.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
 Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Rest;  
 Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,  
 Adored through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
 Oh, may Thy praise our lips employ  
 In the eternal world of joy.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

296

Tune 22.

To Thee, Lord Christ, all praise be given,  
 For Thy ascending up to heaven;  
 Support us while on earth we stay,  
 And lead us in the narrow way.

2 Though seated on Thy Father's throne,  
 Thou ne'er wilt cease Thy flock to own,  
 But always in their midst appear,  
 When in Thy Name assembled here.

3 For us to heaven Thou didst ascend,  
 To plead our cause, and to attend  
 To all our wants, yea, to prepare  
 A place for us, Thy bliss to share.

4 At parting from Thy little fold,  
 Thy second coming was foretold;  
 Therefore we wait with eagerness,  
 Lord Jesus, to behold Thy face.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

297

Tune 22.

To Thee be glory, honor, praise,  
 Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, King!  
 Inspired with joy at Thine approach,  
 Thy children loud hosannas sing.

2 Hail, Israel's King! hail, David's Son!  
 Hail, Thou That in Jehovah's Name  
 Didst come Thy people to redeem,  
 And comest now Thy crown to claim!

3 Then, in Thy way to Salem's courts,  
 They met Thee with triumphal palms;  
 Now, for Thy glad return we watch  
 With longing prayers, and vows, and  
 psalms.

4 Then, from the shouts of fickle joy  
 Thou passedst to Thy Cross, Thy grave;  
 Now, from the dawn of endless day,  
 We welcome Him That comes to save.  
 Theodulph of Orleans, d. 821.

298

Tune 22.

O Christ, our true and only Light,  
 Illumine those who sit in night;  
 Let those afar now hear Thy voice,  
 And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

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

3 And all who else have strayed from  
 Oh, gently seek! Thy healing be [Thee],  
 To every wounded conscience given,  
 And let them also share Thy heaven.

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

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

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

Johann Herrmann, 1585-1649;  
 Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

299

Tune 22.

God of my life, on Thee I call,  
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
 Where should I lodge my deep com-  
 plaint?

Where but with Thee, Whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
 Doth not the word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;  
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
 Supports me under every load,  
 William Cowper, 1731-1800.

300

Tune 22.

On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call;  
 Before Thy throne of grace we fall;  
 And is there no deliverance there?  
 And must we perish in despair?

2 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;  
 To our forsaken God return;  
 Oh, spare our guilty country, spare  
 The Church which Thou hast planted  
 here.

3 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God;  
 We plead Thy Son's atoning blood;  
 We plead Thy gracious promises;  
 And are they unavailing pleas?

Samuel Davies, 1724-61.

301

Tune 22.

O God of heaven and earth, arise,  
 And hear our loud united cries;  
 Behold us bow before Thy face, [grace,  
 Throughout our land, and seek Thy

2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,  
 Nor in the arms that guard our coasts;  
 Thine is the land, and Thine the main,  
 And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw Thy vengeance  
 On every shore, on every town; [down  
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And lay Thy lifted thunder by.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

22, E.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Herr Gott, Dich loben alle wir.' It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system is labeled '22, E.' The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with block chords and moving lines in both hands.

302

Tune 22.

All people that on earth do dwell,  
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
 Him serve with mirth, His praise forth  
 Come ye before Him and rejoice. [tell,  
 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
 Without our aid He did us make:  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
 And for His sheep He doth us take.  
 3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy His courts unto:  
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
 For it is seemly so to do.  
 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
 His mercy is for ever sure;  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, c. 1562.

303

Tune 22.

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.  
 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 All praises throng to crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.  
 3 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His Name.  
 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,  
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.  
 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our King:  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat a loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

304

Tune 22.

Give to our God immortal praise;  
 Mercy and truth are all His ways;  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat His mercies in your song.  
 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
 The King of kings with glory crown;  
 His mercies ever shall endure. [more.  
 When earth-born powers are known no  
 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
 And fixed the starry lights on high;  
 Wonders of grace to God belong.  
 Repeat His mercies in your song.  
 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
 He bids the moon direct the night;  
 His mercies ever shall endure. [more.  
 When suns and moons shall shine no  
 5 He sent His Son with power to save  
 From guilt, from darkness, and the  
 Wonders of grace to God belong. [grave;  
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides  
 our feet,  
 And leads us to His heavenly seat;  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

305

Tune 22.

Command Thy blessing from above,  
 O God, on all assembled here:  
 Behold us with a Father's love,  
 While we look up with filial fear.  
 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,  
 May we Thy true disciples be,  
 Speak to each heart Thy mighty word:  
 Say to the weakest, Follow Me.  
 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
 Spirit of truth, and fill the place  
 With wounding and with healing power,  
 With quickening and confirming grace.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.



## 306

Tune 22.

- This stone to Thee in faith we lay,  
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;  
Thine eye be open night and day,  
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-  
place,  
And when Thou hearest, oh, forgive.
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,  
Still, by the power of His great Name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their Heavenly King;  
When children's voices raise that song,  
Hosanna, let their angels sing, [long,  
And heaven with earth the strain pro-
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient Guest?  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,  
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart!  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;  
Thy Kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 307

Tune 22.

- Great God of nations, now to Thee,  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;  
That Thou hast made this nation free,  
We offer Thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy Name we bless, Almighty God,  
For all the kindness Thou hast shown  
To this fair land, by pilgrims trod,  
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 We praise Thee, that the gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds,  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us  
spreads. Alfred A. Woodhull, 1810-36.

## 308

Tune 22.

- Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
From Thy all-bounteous hand our food  
May we receive with gratitude.
- 2 We humbly thank Thee, Lord our  
For all Thy gifts on us bestowed; [God,  
And pray Thee, graciously to grant  
The food which day by day we want.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

## 309

Tune 22.

- Praise God, from Whom all blessings  
flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

## 310

Tune 22.

- O Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
Thy grace devoutly we implore,  
Thy Name be praised for evermore.

R. W. Kyle, 1771.

## 311

Tune 22.

- Father of heaven! Whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son—Incarnate Word—  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—  
Mysterious Godhead—Three in One!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

John Cooper, 1810.

## 312

Tune 22.

- 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 Enter His gates with thankful songs,  
And in His courts your voices raise:  
Let earth with her ten thousand  
tongues, [praise.  
Sound forth, Almighty Lord, Thy
- 4 Wide as the earth is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love,  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to  
move. Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

## 313

Tune 22.

- Great God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes mark the rolling year,  
Thy favor still has crowned our days,  
And we would celebrate Thy praise.
- 2 The harvest-song would we repeat,  
Thou givest us the finest wheat;  
The joys of harvest we have known;  
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.
- 3 Our table spread, our garner's stored,  
Oh, give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord!  
Forbid it, Source of light and love,  
That hearts and lives should barren  
prove. Edmund Butcher, 1757-1822.

## 314

Tune 22.

- 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.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is marked '22, F.' and the second system is marked '22, F.' as well. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with block chords and moving lines in both hands.

315

Tune 22.

The word of God which ne'er shall cease,  
Proclaims free pardon, grace and peace,  
Salvation shows in Christ alone,  
The perfect will of God makes known.

2 Since fallen man, weak and impure,  
Can not God's awful voice endure,  
It pleased the Lord, by men to give  
His word to us, that we might live.

3 This holy word exposes sin,  
Convinces us that we're unclean,  
Points out the wretched, ruined state  
Of all mankind, both small and great.

4 It then reveals God's boundless grace,  
Which justifies our sinful race,  
And gives eternal life to all  
Who will accept the gospel call.

5 It gently heals the broken heart,  
And heavenly riches doth impart,  
Unfolds redemption's wondrous plan,  
Through Christ's atoning death for man.

6 It gathers God's elected flock,  
Beneath the shade of Christ, the Rock,  
With living truth each soul supplies,  
Reproves, directs and sanctifies.

7 It keeps our faith in Jesus sound,  
That we in all good works abound,  
And, as joint-heirs with Christ, our Lord,  
We once may share the blest reward.

8 O God, in Whom our trust we place,  
We thank Thee for Thy word of grace;  
Help us its precepts to obey,  
Till we shall live in endless day.  
*Bohemian Brethren; L. F. Kampmann, tr., 1876.*

316

Tune 22.

Thy presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive Thy word;  
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares re-  
move,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above:

With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.  
3 To each Thy sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do Thy will;  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817.*

317

Tune 22.

Father of mercies! bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for Thee,  
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their  
charge!

Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;  
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them aright to sow the seed,  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed,  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains Thy grace adore,  
And feel Thy new-creating power.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95.*

318

Tune 22.

On Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh:  
Come near and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

2 Be purified each Christian breast  
And furnished for so great a guest:  
Yea, let us all our hearts prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,  
Our Refuge and our great Reward;  
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,  
And wither like a flower decayed.

4 Stretch forth Thine hand a balm to  
pour,  
And make us rise to fall no more :  
Upon Thy pardoned people shine,  
And fill the world with grace divine.  
From the Latin.

### 319

Tune 22.

O wondrous type, O vision fair  
Of glory that the Church shall share,  
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,  
Where brighter than the sun He glows !

2 From age to age the tale declare,  
How with the three disciples there,  
Where Moses and Elias meet,  
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The law and prophets there have place,  
The chosen witnesses of grace ;  
The Father's voice from out the cloud  
Proclaims His Only Son aloud.

4 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.

5 O Father, with the Eternal Son,  
And Holy Spirit, ever One,  
Vouchsafe to bring us, by Thy grace,  
To see Thy glory face to face.

Sarum Breviary, 15th Century ; John  
Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

### 320

Tune 22.

We sing to Thee, Immanuel,  
The Prince of life, salvation's Well,  
The Plant of heaven, the Star of morn,  
The Lord of lords, the Virgin-born.

2 All glory, worship, thanks and praise !  
That Thou art come in these our days,  
Thou heavenly Guest, expected long,  
We hail Thee with a joyful song.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-78 ; Catherine  
Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

### 321

Tune 22.

Lord Christ, reveal Thy holy face  
And send the Spirit of Thy grace  
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,  
To learn Thy truth, and do Thy will.

2 Lord, lead us in Thy holy ways,  
And teach our lips to tell Thy praise ;  
Revive our hope, our faith increase,  
To taste the sweetness of Thy grace :

3 Till we with angels join to sing  
Eternal praise to Thee, our King ;  
Till we behold Thy face most bright,  
In joy and everlasting light.

William, Duke of Weimar, 1508-1662.

### 322

Tune 22.

With humble prayer, oh, may I read  
Whate'er shall to my Saviour lead ;  
Lord, send Thy Spirit to impart  
A wise and understanding heart.

2 Be Thou my Teacher, Thou my Guide ;  
May all I read be well applied ;  
My danger and my refuge show,  
And let me Thy salvation know.

Anon.

### 323

Tune 22.

Be present with Thy servants, Lord,  
We look to Thee with one accord ;  
Refresh and strengthen us anew,  
And bless what in Thy Name we do.

2 O teach us all Thy perfect will  
To understand and to fulfill ;  
When human insight fails, give light ;  
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength and  
In our employ from day to day ; [stay,  
Our thoughts and our activity  
Through Jesus' merits hallowed be,  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

### 324

Tune 22.

The royal banners forward go,  
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;  
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There, whilst He hung, His sacred side  
By soldier's spear was opened wide,  
To cleanse us in the precious flood  
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 The truth that David learned to sing,  
Its deep fulfilment here attains :  
" Tell all the earth, the Lord is King !"  
Lo, from the Cross, a King He reigns.

4 Upon its arms, so widely flung,  
The weight of this world's ransom hung :  
The ransom He alone could pay,  
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

Venantius Fortunatus, 4<sup>th</sup> 609 ; Sts. 1, 2 and 4, John  
Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66 ; St. 3 Elizabeth  
Charles, tr.

### 325

Tune 22.

In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,  
That in Thy service we may do,  
With gladness and a willing mind,  
Whatever is for us assigned.

2 Grant we, impellèd by Thy love,  
In smallest things may faithful prove ;  
Till we depart, we wish to be  
Devoted wholly unto Thee.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

### 326

Tune 22.

Lord Jesus, may I constantly,  
Both day and night, be near to Thee,  
Both when I close at night my eyes,  
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my Life and Light,  
I wish to love Thee day and night ;  
Preserve my steps and guide my ways,  
And let me live unto Thy praise.

Johannes de Watteville, 1718-88.

### 327

Tune 22.

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

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good :  
Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood :  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

22, G.  
G.

## 328

Tune 22.

Though but a little child I am,  
Yet I may praise the slaughtered Lamb:  
He loveth children tenderly,  
He also loveth sinful me.

2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe  
Thou wilt a little child receive;  
For Thou didst bless them formerly,  
And say, "Let children come to Me."

3 Lord Jesus, unto me impart  
A humble, meek, and docile heart;  
O cleanse me in Thy precious blood,  
Shed in my heart Thy love abroad.

4 Save me from liking what is ill,  
Teach me to do Thy holy will;  
Each day prepare me thro' Thy grace,  
To meet Thee and behold Thy face.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

## 329

Tune 22.

My song shall bless the Lord of all,  
My praise ascend to His abode:  
Thee, Saviour, by that Name I call,  
The Great Supreme, the Mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense;  
Eternal ages saw Him shine,  
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,  
Almighty Ruler of the sky,  
As when the six days' work He made  
Filled all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
Salvation is His dearest claim; [hears,  
That gracious sound well-pleased He  
And owns Immanuel for His Name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well-placed hopes with joy I see;  
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,  
To worship Him Who died for me.

6 As man He pities my complaint;  
His power and truth are all divine,  
He will not fail, He cannot faint,  
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.  
William Cowper, 1731-1800.

## 330

Tune 22.

Now to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!  
Hosanna to the eternal Name!  
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of His grace;  
God, in the person of His Son,  
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 reach that happy place,  
Where He unveils His lovely face,  
Where all His beauties you behold,  
And sing His Name to harps of gold.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

## 331

Tune 22.

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

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

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

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love, so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

**332**

Tune 22.

What are those soul-reviving strains  
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?  
What anthems loud, and louder still,  
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings  
Hosanna to the King of kings;  
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim  
Salvation sent in Jesus' Name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,  
For we will join this song of praise;  
Still Israel's children forward press,  
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart  
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;  
He bled for us, He bled for you,  
And we will sing Hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;  
See David's Son and Lord appear;  
Glory and praise on earth be given,  
Hosanna in the highest heaven.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

**333**

Tune 22.

And dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"

Lord, I would seize the golden hour;  
I pray to be released from guilt,  
And freed from sin, and Satan's power.

2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,  
More of Thine image let me bear;  
Erect Thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,  
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,  
To have Thy boundless love revealed,  
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to Thy care the rest resign,  
Living or dying, rich or poor,  
All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

**334**

Tune 22.

Come, let us sing the song of songs,  
With hearts and voices swell the strain,  
The homage which to Christ belongs;  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 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!"

3 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!"

4 To Him Who suffered on the Tree,  
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be;  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 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!"

6 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heaven with Him we reign,  
This song, our song of songs shall be;  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

**335**

Tune 22.

I love the Lord Who died for me.  
I love His grace, divine and free;  
I love the Scriptures, there I read,  
Christ lovèd me, and for me bled.

2 I love His tears and sufferings great,  
I love His precious bloody sweat,  
I love His blood; were that not spilt,  
I could not have been freed from guilt.

3 I love to hear that He was slain,  
I love His every grief and pain,  
I love to meditate by faith  
Upon His meritorious death.

4 I love Mount Calvary, where His love  
Stronger than death itself did prove;  
I love to walk His dolorous way,  
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5 I love His people and their ways,  
I love with them to pray and praise;  
I love the Father and the Son,  
I love the Spirit He sent down.

6 I love to think the time will come,  
When I shall be with Him at home,  
And praise Him in eternity:  
Then shall my love completed be.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

**336**

Tune 22.

Come, worship at Immanuel's feet;  
Behold in Him what wonders meet;  
Words are too feeble to express  
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

2 He is the Head; each member lives,  
And owns the vital power He gives;  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

3 He is the Vine; His heavenly Root  
Supplies each branch with life and fruit;  
Oh may a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.

4 He is the Rock; how firm He proves;  
The Rock of ages never moves;  
But the sweet streams, that from Him  
Attend us all the desert through. [flow,

5 He is the Sun of righteousness,  
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;  
What healing in His beams appears,  
To chase our clouds and dry our tears.

6 Yet faintly to us mortals here,  
His glory, grace, and worth appear;  
His beauties we shall clearly trace,  
When we behold Him face to face.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

337

Tune 22.

Lord Jesus, with Thy presence bless,  
By land and sea, Thy witnesses;  
In every danger them defend,  
In every trial prove their Friend.

2 Oh may Thy word in Christendom  
Be blest, and may Thy Kingdom come;  
And may Thy servants joyful bring  
New spoils, each day, to Thee, their  
King.

3 Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfill,  
Incline our hearts to do Thy will;  
Thy gospel make more fully known,  
May all the world Thy goodness own.

Johannes de Watteville, 1718-88.

338

Tune 22.

This ship we now commend to Thee,  
Thou God of providence and grace;  
Here may Thy presence ever dwell,  
To sanctify and bless the place.

2 Lord, speed the vessel in its course;  
Let winds and waves propitious be;  
Let Thy divine protection shield  
All whom we now commend to Thee.

3 Hallowed to Thee be every heart:  
Instructed in Thy righteous will,  
Where'er they go, whate'er they do,  
In all, Thy great designs fulfill.

4 O God of Bethel! hear our prayer,  
And keep Thy servants to the end;  
Then let us meet around Thy throne,  
A blest eternity to spend.

Robert Fergusson, c. 1838.

339

Tune 22.

Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly pray,  
Me with Thy righteousness array:  
In garments of salvation drest,  
I'm sure of endless joy and rest.

2 Amen, Thou Sovereign God of love,  
Oh, grant, that when we hence remove,  
Our souls, redeemed with Thy blood,  
May find in Thee their sure abode.

J. Pappus, 1546-1610.

340

Tune 22.

How beauteous were the marks divine,  
That in Thy meekness used to shine,  
That lit Thy wondrous pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like Thee so calm, so bright,  
So pure, so made to live in light?  
Oh, who like Thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, which sets the pris'ner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;  
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe;  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, b. 1818.

341

Tune 22.

Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,  
Thine unveiled glory to behold;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy Name  
Then only will this sinful heart [adore];  
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none re-  
move;  
Where life, nor death, my soul can part  
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

Charlotte Elliott, 1739-1871.

342

Tune 22.

Faith comes by hearing God's record  
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;  
The happy means, which heaven hath  
To bring us to the gospel-rest. [blest,

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,  
Redemption of a fallen race,  
Through Jesus' righteousness divine,  
Which bright from faith to faith doth  
shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss  
We have in Christ, our Righteousness;  
By death our righteousness He bought;  
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.

4 True faith receives the offered good,  
And promise sealed with Jesus' blood;  
Faith gives no title to the bliss,  
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.

PALMARUM. (L. M.)

J. Fred. Wolle. Copyright, 1888. By permission.



344

Tune 22.

Ride on! ride on in majesty,  
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road  
With palms and scattered garments  
strewed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The winged armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering  
To see the approaching sacrifice. [eyes,

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father, on His sapphire throne,  
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman, 1791-1868.

5 In the Redeemer, as my Head,  
The covenant is established,  
In Him the promises are, Yea,  
In Him, Amen, and not in me.

Ralph Erskine, 1685-1752.

343

Tune 22.

Though I'm in body full of pain,  
My soul doth heavenly comfort gain;  
And death itself I need not dread,  
Since Jesus suffered in my stead.

2 Yet one thing I will ask of Thee:  
Never, O Lord, forsake Thou me,  
But bless me often; keep my mind  
Stayed on Thy help, to Thee resigned:

3 Then I shall be supremely blest,  
Nor ask, though sick, to be released;  
I'll wait Thy time, Thy love I feel,  
I know Thou rulest all things well.

John Cennick, 1713-55.

344

Tune 22.

345

Tune 22.

Take up thy cross! the Saviour said,  
If thou wouldst My disciple be:  
Take up thy cross with willing heart,  
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight  
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart and nerve thine  
arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,  
And let thy foolish pride be still;  
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die  
Upon a Cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His  
strength,  
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;  
'T will guide thee to a better home,  
It points to glory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross,  
May hope to wear the glorious crown!

Charles William Everest, 1814-77.

346

Tune 22.

To God let all the human race  
Bring adoration, thanks, and praise;  
He makes His love and wisdom known  
By angels who surround His throne.

2 The angels whom His breath inspires,  
His ministers, are flaming fires;  
With joy they in His service move,  
To bear His vengeance or His love.

3 With gladness they obey His will,  
And all His purposes fulfill;  
All those who Jesus' children are,  
Are special objects of their care.

4 Our God defends us day by day,  
From many dangers in our way,  
By angels, who forever keep  
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5 O Lord, we'll bless Thee all our days,  
Our souls shall glory in Thy grace;  
Thy praise shall dwell upon our tongues,  
All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray Thee, let the heavenly host  
Be guardians of our land and coast;  
Bid them watch o'er Thy flock of grace,  
That we may lead a life of peace.

Philip Melancthon, 1497-1560.

347

Tune 22.

We sing the praise of Him Who died,  
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see  
In shining letters, "God is Love;"  
He bears our sins upon the Tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup;

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in Heaven above.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

348

Tune 22.

O Christ! with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts be borne;  
And may we ever clearly see  
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in Thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;  
May meekness form our earliest 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.

From the Latin.

349

Tune 22.

Before the heavens were stretched  
abroad,

From everlasting was the Word:  
With God He was, the Word was God,  
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power were all things  
made;

By Him supported all things stand;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at His command.

3 Mortals with joy behold His face,  
The Eternal Father's only Son;  
How full of truth, how full of grace  
Was Christ, in Whom the Godhead  
shone.

4 Archangels left their high abode,  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.



## 350

Tune 22.

"I know that my Redeemer lives:"  
 What joy this sweet assurance gives!  
 He lives, He lives, Who once was dead,  
 He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,  
 He lives to plead for me above,  
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
 He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,  
 He lives to guide me with His eye,  
 He lives to comfort me when faint,  
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,  
 He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,  
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
 He lives all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,  
 He lives and loves me to the end,  
 He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,  
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

6 He lives, and grants me daily breath,  
 He lives, and I shall conquer death,  
 He lives my mansion to prepare,  
 He lives to bring me safely there.

7 He lives, all glory to His Name;  
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same:  
 Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

Samuel Medley, 1738-99.

## 351

Tune 22.

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;  
 Lord, Thine ordain'd servants bless;  
 Graces and gifts to each supply,  
 And clothe them with Thy righteous-  
 ness.

2 Within Thy temple where they stand,  
 To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
 Saviour! like stars in Thy right hand,  
 The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
 Firmness, with meekness from above,  
 To bear Thy people on their heart,  
 And love the souls whom Thou dost  
 love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint,  
 By day and night strict guard to keep,  
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
 Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy  
 sheep.

5 Then, when their work is finished  
 here,  
 In humble hope their charge resign:  
 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear  
 O God! may they and we be Thine.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 352

Tune 22.

Now let us join our hearts and tongues,  
 And emulate the angels' songs;  
 For sinners may address their King  
 In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb Who once was slain,  
 But we can add a higher strain; [slain,

Not only say, He suffered thus:  
 But, that He suffered all for us.

3 Jesus, Who passed the angels by,  
 Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;  
 He Who redeemed us with His blood,  
 As man still fills the throne of God.

4 Immanuel, our Brother now,  
 Is He 'fore Whom the angels bow;  
 They join with us to praise His Name,  
 But we the nearest interest claim.

5 But, ah, how faint our praises rise!  
 Sure, 't is the wonder of the skies,  
 That we who share His richest love,  
 So cold and unconcerned should prove.

6 Oh glorious hour, it comes with speed,  
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
 Shall see our God Who died for man,  
 And praise Him more than angels can.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

## 353

Tune 22.

The one thing needful, that good part  
 Which Mary chose with all her heart,  
 I would pursue with heart and mind,  
 And seek unwearied till I find.

2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,  
 That goodly pearl of so great price;  
 No other way but Christ there is  
 To endless happiness and bliss.

3 But oh, I'm blind and ignorant,  
 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,  
 To guide me in the narrow road  
 That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with Thy light,  
 That I may understand aright  
 The glorious gospel-mystery, [Thee.  
 Which shows the way to heaven and

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,  
 Who hast redeemed me with Thy blood,  
 By faith unite my heart to Thee,  
 That we may never parted be.

Kendall's Collection.

## 354

Tune 22.

Where high the heavenly temple stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great High-priest our nature wears,  
 The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,  
 He bends to earth a Brother's eye;  
 Partaker of the human name,  
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
 A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
 And still remembers, in the skies,  
 His tears, His agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,  
 The Man of sorrows bears a part;  
 He sympathizes with our grief,  
 And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
 Let us make all our sorrow known;  
 And ask the aid of heavenly power,  
 To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1746-67.



**355**

Tune 22.

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

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

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

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

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

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

6 Comenear and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take;  
 Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1792-1866.

**356**

Tune 22.

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

2 Thy former misspent time redeem,  
 Each present day thy last esteem;  
 Thy talents to improve take care,  
 For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere,  
 Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;  
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works and  
 ways.

4 Glory to God, Who safe hath kept,  
 And hath refreshed me while I slept;  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall  
 I may of heavenly bliss partake. [wake,

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,  
 Disperse my sins as morning dew,  
 Guard my first springs of thought and  
 And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,

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

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

**357**

Tune 22.

O timely happy, timely wise,  
 Hearts that with rising morn arise!  
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
 Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love  
 Our wakening and uprising prove,  
 Through sleep and darkness safely  
 brought,

Restored to life, and power, and thought.

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

4 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.

5 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.

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

John Keble, 1792-1866.

358

Tune 22.

Dear Saviour, if these lambs should  
stray,  
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,  
And, lured by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be  
found:

2 Remember still that they are Thine,  
That Thy dear sacred Name they bear;  
Think that the seal of love divine,  
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;  
Remember all the prayers and tears  
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way;  
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

Ann Beadley Hyde, d. 1872.

359

Tune 22.

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,  
Teach me what Thou would'st have me  
Suggest whate'er I think this day, [do;  
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbor pride,  
Lest I in my own strength confide;  
Show me my weakness, let me see  
I have my power, my all, from Thee.

3 Enrich me always with Thy love,  
My kind protector ever prove:  
Lord, put Thy seal upon my breast,  
And let Thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray,  
Incline my nature to obey;  
What Thou abhorrest, let me flee,  
And only love what pleaseth Thee.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

360

Tune 22.

Lord, I have passed another day,  
And come to thank Thee for Thy care:  
Forgive my faults in work and play,  
And listen to my evening prayer.

2 Thy favor gives me daily bread,  
And friends who all my wants supply;  
And safely now I rest my head,  
Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.

3 Look down in pity, and forgive  
Whate'er I've done or said amiss;  
And help me every day I live,  
To serve Thee better than on this.

4 Now while I speak, be pleased to take  
A helpless child beneath Thy care;  
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,  
To listen to my evening prayer.

Ann Gilbert, 1782-1886.

361

Tune 22.

When I by faith my Saviour see  
Expiring on the Cross for me,  
Satan and sin no more can move,  
For I am filled with Jesus' love.

2 The thorns and nails pierce through  
my heart,

In every groan I bear a part:  
I view His wounds with streaming eyes;  
But see, He bows His head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in  
blood;

Behold His side, and venture near,  
The Well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:  
Only the Fountain-head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel;  
Lord, more and more Thy love reveal;  
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
The grace and glory of Thy Name.

6 Thy Name dispels my guilt and fear,  
Revives my heart and charms mine ear,  
Affords a balm for every wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

362

Tune 22.

Bless, O my soul, the living God,  
Call homethy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise;  
Why should the wonders He hath  
Be lost in silence, and forgot? [wrought

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess,  
Let the whole earth adore His grace;  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

363

Tune 22.

Lord Jesus, with Thy children stay  
Till dawn of Thy eternal day;  
And let Thy glorious gospel-light  
Meanwhile dispel the gloom of night.

2 In these degenerate, evil days,  
We pray for constancy and grace,  
That we keep pure, most gracious Lord,  
Thy holy sacraments and word.

3 Thy sacred word our boast abides,  
Boldly in this Thy Church confides;  
We build upon this word alone,  
All other doctrines we disown.

4 Lord, from such teachers us preserve,  
As from the Holy Scriptures swerve,  
And by false doctrines would deceive  
The souls who simply Thee believe.

5 The cause and glory, Lord, are Thine;  
Thy word is pure, and truth divine:  
Assist us to rely on Thee,  
And keep us Thine eternally.

Nicolas Selnecker, 1530-92.



364

Tune 22.

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 loaded hands:  
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a Friend indeed?  
He will,—the very Friend you need;  
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary!

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;  
Turn out His enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn —  
His feet departed, ne'er return;  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg, d. 1768.

365

Tune 22.

O Lord, Who numberest all our days,  
Who guardest us in all our ways,  
In Whom we live, and move, and are,  
Who know'st our wants, and hearest  
prayer;

2 Endow all parents with Thy love,  
And give them wisdom from above  
To educate each child for Thee,  
As Thy redeem'd property.

3 Grant us and all our children grace,  
So here on earth to run our race,  
That we in heaven may meet, and sing  
Eternal praise to Thee, our King.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

366

Tune 22.

Why should we start and fear to die!  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate to endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
And we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in  
haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

367

Tune 22.

Go, labor on; spend, and be spent;  
Thy joy to do the Father's will:  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:  
The Master praises; what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee; if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,

The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

368

Tune 22.

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

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

22, V.

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  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne [love,  
We ask no luster of our own.

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

Oliver Wendell Holmes, b. 1809.

## 369

Tune 22.

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

2 May struggling hearts, that seek re-  
lease,

Here find the rest of God's own peace;  
And strengthened here by hymn and  
prayer,

Lay down the burden and the care.

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

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

Samuel Longfellow, b. 1819.

## 370

Tune 22.

I will a little pilgrim be,  
Resolved alone to follow Thee,  
Thou Lamb of God, Who now art gone  
Up to Thy everlasting throne.

2 I will my heart to Thee resign,  
Thine only be, O be Thou mine:  
The world I leave and foolish play,  
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employed to bless  
The Lord Who is my Righteousness;  
My pleasure, only to pursue  
His steps, and His blest will to do.

4 So long I'll pray below to live,  
Till I my pardon sealed receive;  
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,  
Nay, I shall live eternally.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

## 371

Tune 22.

There is no 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.

Anon.

## 372

Tune 22.

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

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

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

James Hutton, 1715-95.

## 373

Tune 22.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire;  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

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

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

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of Both, to be but One:  
That through the ages all along,  
Thy praise may be our endless song.  
Charlemagne (?) 800; Gregory the Great (?)  
594-604; John Cosin, tr., 1594-1672.

## 374

Tune 22.

O Comforter, God Holy Ghost,  
Thou heavenly gifts on us bestow'st;  
The Pledge of our salvation art,  
And bear'st Thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were lost  
Thou callest, teaching them to trust  
For help, forgiveness, peace, and grace  
In Him, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 The gladdening oil Thou dost impart  
To every poor and contrite heart,  
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows,  
From Whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls Thou dost sustain,  
Anointest all the witness-train,  
Keapest believers in the faith,  
And art their Guide in life and death.

5 Who can Thy operations trace,  
The kindness, patience, truth and grace  
Thou showest to Christ's family,  
Who living temples are to Thee!

Bohemian Brethren.

## 375

Tune 22.

Come, O Creator Spirit blest!  
And in our souls take up Thy rest;  
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,  
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;  
O highest Gift of God most high!  
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!  
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,  
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;  
With patience firm, and virtue high,  
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,  
And grant us Thy true peace instead;  
So shall we not, with Thee for Guide,  
Turn from the path of life aside.

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

## 376

Tune 22.

Creator Spirit, by Whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every waiting mind;  
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind.

2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete,—  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy Thee!

4 Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

John Dryden, tr., 1631-1700.

## 377

Tune 22.

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.

Joseph Grigg, d. 1768.

### 378

Tune 22.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive;  
Let a repenting sinner live;  
Are not Thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

3 My lips, with shame, my sins confess  
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;  
Lord, should Thy judgments grow  
severe,  
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy  
word, [there,  
Would light on some sweet promise  
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

### 379

Tune 22.

My Father, when I come to Thee,  
I would not only bend the knee,  
But with my spirit seek Thy face,  
With my whole heart desire Thy grace.

2 I plead the Name of Thy dear Son;  
All He has said, all He has done:  
Oh, may I feel His love for me,  
Who died from sin to set me free!

3 My Saviour, guide me with Thine eye;  
My sins forgive, my wants supply;  
With favor crown my youthful days,  
And my whole life shall speak Thy  
praise.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;  
Impress Thy likeness on my heart;  
May I obey Thy truth in love,  
Till raised to dwell with Thee above.

Anon.

### 380

Tune 22.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,  
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be [Right;  
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's  
good grace,

Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon Thy Guide  
Lean, and His mercy will provide;  
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its Life, and Christ its Love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,  
He changeth not, and thou art dear:  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is All-in-all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

### 381

Tune 22.

Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent Thine I would be,  
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of Thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to Thee my all;  
Lord, let me live and die to Thee—  
Be Thine through all eternity.

Samuel Davies, 1724-61.

382

Tune 22.

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 slumbers 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 is still waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet!—and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but He does not forsake;  
He calls me still;—my heart, awake!

5 Ah, yield Him all; in Him confide;  
Where but with Him doth peace abide?  
Break loose, let earthly bonds be riven,  
And let the spirit rise to heaven!

6 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.  
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Jane  
Borthwick, tr., 1854.

383

Tune 22.

What sinners value, I resign;  
Lord! 't is enough that Thou art mine;  
I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-  
And in my Saviour's image rise! [prise,  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

384

Tune 22.

God of that glorious gift of grace  
By which Thy people seek Thy face,  
When in Thy Presence we appear,  
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,  
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,  
We lay the treasure Thou hast given  
To be received and reared for Heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we  
Lend *him* forever, Lord, to Thee!  
Assured that, if to Thee *he* live,  
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Large and abundant blessings shed,  
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head!  
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,  
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face!

5 Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own  
Meek follower of the Undeified! [child,  
Possessor here of grace and love;  
Inheritor of heaven above!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

385

Tune 22.

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  
In closer, dearer company. [Thee  
In work that keeps faith sweet and  
strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Washington Gladden, b. 1836.



22, R.

## 386

Tune 22.

Why will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion  
spares,

While in the various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,  
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear  
When death's decisive hour is near.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

## 387

Tune 22.

How shall I follow Him I serve?

How shall I copy Him I love?  
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,  
Which lead me to His seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffer-  
Forbid it I should e'er repine; [ing lie,  
Still let me turn to Calvary, [Thine.  
Nor heed my griefs, remembering

3 Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave  
Untasted every pure delight,  
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
The toilsome day, the homeless night:

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!  
Thou camest not Thyself to please:  
And, dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

5 Yes! I would count them all but loss,  
To gain the notice of Thine eye:  
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,  
But Thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

## 388

Tune 22.

The gold and silver are the Lord's,  
And every blessing earth affords:  
All come from His propitious hand,  
And must return at His command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,  
I must for Christ and souls employ;  
For if I use them as my own,  
My Lord will soon call in His loan.

3 When I to Him in want apply,  
He never does my suit deny;  
And shall I then refuse to give,  
Since I so much from Him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,  
And clothe Himself in humble clay?  
Shall He become despised and poor,  
To make me rich for evermore?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold,  
To give my silver or my gold,  
To aid a cause my soul approves,  
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

Anon.

## 389

Tune 22.

Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
'Tis God invites man's fallen race;  
Salvation without money buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
God's grace in Christ is free for all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,  
See from the Rock a fountain rise,  
For you in healing streams it rolls  
From Jesus, made a Sacrifice.

4 Nothing you in exchange need give,  
Leave all you are and have behind;  
Thankful the gift of God receive;  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife;  
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?  
Christ hath the words of endless life.

6 To you He calls, "My goodness prove,  
My promises for all are free;  
Oh taste My everlasting love,  
And let your souls delight in Me."

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

22, S.

## 390

Tune 22.

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.

[REFRAIN.—

Happy day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away.]

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.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

## 391

Tune 22.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,  
 And seek the presence of our Lord:  
 Blest Saviour, on Thy people smile,  
 And come according to Thy word.

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

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

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

## 392

Tune 22.

Hosanna to the living Lord!  
 Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 "Hosanna, Lord!" Thine angels cry,  
 "Hosanna, Lord!" Thy saints reply;  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,  
 Return to this Thy house of prayer,  
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
 Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,  
 And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple, pure and worthy Thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

## 393

Tune 22.

Praises to Him Whose love has given,  
 In Christ, His Son, the life of heaven;  
 Who for our darkness gives us light,  
 And turns to day our deepest night.

2 Praises to Him, in grace Who came,  
 To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;  
 Who lived to die, Who died to rise,  
 The God-accepted Sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him the chain Who broke,  
 Opened the prison, burst the yoke,  
 Sent forth its captives glad and free,  
 Heirs of an endless liberty.

4 Praises to Him Who sheds abroad  
 Within our hearts the love of God;  
 The Spirit of all truth and peace,  
 Fountain of joy and holiness!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

22, T.

394

Tune 22.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

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

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

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

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

395

Tune 22.

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art  
found,

And every place is hallowed ground.

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

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

4 Here may we prove the power of  
prayer,

To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desire to rise,  
And bring Thy Cross before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

396

Tune 22.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and  
sing,

To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

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

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works and bless His word;  
Thy works of grace how bright they  
shine!

How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

397

Tune 22.

To Thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,  
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,  
Those precious gifts on us bestow,  
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2 Thon heavenly Teacher, Thee we praise  
For Thy instruction, power and grace,  
To love the Father, Who doth own  
Us as His children in the Son.

3 Most gracious Comforter, we pray,  
O lead us farther every day;  
Thy unction to us all impart,  
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

4 Till we in heaven shall take our seat,  
Instruct us often to repeat,  
"Abba, our Father," and to be  
With Christ in union constantly.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

## 398

Tune 22.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel-armor on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;  
Thy Saviour nailed them to the Cross,  
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.  
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

## 399

Tune 22.

The hours' decline and setting sun  
Show that my course this day is run;  
The evening shade and silent night  
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2 I now my soul and frail abode  
Humbly commit to Israel's God,  
To Him Who slumbers not nor sleeps,  
And who His own in safety keeps.

3 Where'er I Thee this day did grieve,  
O Lord, me graciously forgive;  
And with a mind from trouble freed,  
Let me sleep in Thy peace indeed.  
Robert Seagreave, b. 1693, and Nicholas Herman.

## 400

Tune 22.

Another day is at an end,  
And night doth now its shade extend;  
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,  
And Thee for every mercy praise.

2 Yet we are of defects aware;  
Forgivethem, Lord; Thy children spare:  
Our souls be precious in Thy sight,  
Take us into Thy care this night.

3 Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,  
Lord Jesus, in Thy fellowship;  
Thus, under Thy protection blest,  
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

Erdmann Neumeister, 1671-1756.

## 401

Tune 22.

O Spirit of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word:  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion—order, in Thy path;  
Souls without strength, inspire with  
might:

Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumph of the Cross record;  
The Name of Jesus glorify.

Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 402

Tune 22.

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, we go,  
Our daily labor to pursue;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all we think, or speak, or do.

2 Still would we bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
Would still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

3 For Thee alone we would employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
given;

Would tread our course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1708-83.

## 403

Tune 22.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,  
'T is Thou alone canst make me whole;  
I cannot rest till Thou art mine,  
Until in me Thine image shine.

3 At last I own it cannot be,  
That I should fit myself for Thee;  
Here then, to Thee, I all resign:  
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

4 What shall I say, Thy grace to move?  
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art Love;  
I give up every plea beside; [died.  
Lord, I'm condemned, but Thou hast

Charles Wesley, 1708-83.

## 404

Tune 22.

We pray Thee, wounded Lamb of God,  
Cleanse us in Thy atoning blood;  
Grant us, by faith, to view Thy Cross,  
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever closed to all but Thee;  
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe;  
Until we strength from Thee derive,  
And in communion with Thee live.

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders Thou hast  
wrought;

Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren Thou,  
To Thee both earth and heaven must  
Help us to Thee our all to give, [bow;  
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

22, U.

405

Tune 22.

My soul before Thee prostrate lies,  
 To Thee, its Source, my spirit flies;  
 O turn to me Thy cheering face;  
 I'm poor, enrich me with Thy grace.

2 Deeply convinced of sin, I cry,  
 In Thy death, Saviour, let me die;  
 O may the world, may self and pride  
 In me henceforth be crucified.

3 Take full possession of my heart,  
 To me Thy lowly mind impart;  
 Break nature's bonds, and let me see,  
 He whom Thou free'st, indeed is free.

4 My heart in Thee and in Thy ways  
 Delights, yet from Thy presence strays,  
 O keep, I pray, my wavering mind  
 Stayed upon Thee, to Thee resigned.

5 I know that naught in me avails,  
 Here all my strength and wisdom fails;  
 Who bids a sinful heart be clean?  
 Thou only, Saviour of lost men.

6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on Thee,  
 Till in Thy light the light I see;  
 Till Thou in my behalf appear,  
 To banish every doubt and fear.

7 All my own schemes, each fond de-  
 I to Thy better will resign; [sign,  
 Impress this deeply on my breast,  
 That I in Thee am truly blest.

8 Then e'en in storms I Thee shall know,  
 My sure Support and Refuge too;  
 In every trial I shall prove,  
 Assuredly, that God is love.

Chr. F. Richter, 1676-1711; J. Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

406

Tune 22.

Where two or three, with sweet accord,  
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
 Meet to recount His acts of grace,  
 And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," saith the Saviour, "I will  
 Amid this little company; [be,  
 To them I will unveil My face,  
 And shed My glories round the place."

3 We meet at Thy command, O Lord,  
 Relying on Thy faithful word;  
 Now send Thy Spirit from above,  
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.  
 Samuel Stennett, 1663-1713.

407

Tune 22.

What various hindrances we meet  
 In coming to the mercy-seat;  
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud  
 withdraw;  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
 Gives exercise to faith and love;  
 Brings every blessing from above.

3 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.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread  
 wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's side;  
 But when through weariness they failed,  
 That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;  
 Words flow apace when you complain,  
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
 With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly  
 spent,  
 To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."  
 William Cowper, 1731-1800.

408

Tune 22.

From my own works at last I cease,  
For God alone can give me peace;  
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,  
I see my sin, but cannot feel  
True sorrow, till Thy Spirit show  
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3 'Tis Thine alone to change the heart,  
Thou only canst good gifts impart;  
I therefore will my heart resign  
To Thee, oh, cleanse and seal it Thine.

4 With humble faith on Thee I call,  
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;  
I wait, O Lord, to hear Thee say,  
"My blood hath washed thy sins away."

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness  
Make my infected nature pure; [cure,  
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
And give Thyself unto my heart.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

409

Tune 22.

My Saviour, that I without Thee  
Can nothing do, rejoices me:  
For all the grace Thou dost bestow,  
I fain my gratitude would show.

2 Though weak and poor, I am Thine  
All praise is due to Thee alone, [own;  
That Thou, when humbly I appear  
'Fore Thee, in mercy drawest near.

REPOSE. (L. M.)

Contributed by F. J. Van Vleck.

The musical score is for a hymn in common time (C). It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The second system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of two flats. The third system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of two flats. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamics.

411

Tune 22.

Asleep in Jesus! bless'd sleep,  
From which none ever wakes 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 his venom'd sting!

3 When pride would stir within my  
I find no happiness nor rest; [breast,  
But, walking in humility,  
Have perfect peace and joy in Thee.

4 Oh keep me contrite, low and poor;  
Thus shall I praise Thee evermore;  
Myself thrice bless'd I can call,  
When I am naught and Thou my All.  
Anna Nitschman, 1715-60.

410

Tune 22.

Blest Trinity, from mortal sight  
Veiled in Thine own eternal light,  
We Thee confess, in Thee believe,  
To Thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father, Thou most holy one!  
O God of God, Eternal Son!  
O Holy Ghost, Thou Love divine!  
To join Them Both is ever Thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,  
And with the Father He is One:  
In Both the Spirit doth abide,  
And with Them Both is glorified.

4 Such as the Father, such the Son,  
And such the Spirit, Three in One:  
The Three one perfect Verity,  
The Three one perfect Charity.

5 Eternal Father, Thee we praise;  
To Thee, O Son, our hymns we raise;  
O Holy Ghost, we Thee adore:  
One Mighty God for evermore.

Santolius Maglorianus, 1628-84; Henry W. Baker, tr., 1821-77.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

22, X.

412

Tune 22.

O Thou, Who didst the temple fill  
With Thy resplendent, awful train,  
The glory of Thine Israel still,  
Appear in those bright robes again.

2 In us, and round about us shine,  
Here cause us to behold Thy face;  
Oh, make this tabernacle Thine!  
Oh, sanctify this holy place!

3 Now send the promised unction down,  
And all our waiting hearts inspire;  
Lord Jesus, make Thy goings known,  
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm Thy  
word  
To all who worship in this place;  
Oh, pour upon us, holy Lord,  
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall Thy servants' hopes be  
crowned,  
And glory to Thy Name be given;  
While this Bethesda shall be found  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Congregational Collection.

413

Tune 22.

Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,  
He Whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go; for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief, my burden long had been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say, Behold the way to God!

John Cennick, 1718-55.

414

Tune 22.

Come, sinners, to the gospel-feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,  
Not one of you need stay behind;  
His gospel calleth to mankind.

2 Attend, the gospel-trumpet sounds,  
Calls sinners from earth's farthest  
The year of jubilee is come; [bounds;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye wand'ers, who are seeking rest;  
The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind,  
With Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
Oh, let His love your hearts constrain;  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty to compel;  
His conquering love consent to feel;  
Yield to His love's almighty power,  
And strive against your God no more.

6 See Him set forth before your eyes,  
A precious, bleeding sacrifice;  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;  
This is the acceptable day;  
Come in, this moment, at His call,  
And live for Him Who died for all.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

415

Tune 22.

Faith, hope, and charity, these three,  
Yet is the greatest charity :  
Father of lights, these gifts impart  
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail ;  
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail ;  
And charity, whose name above  
Is God's own Name, for "God is Love."

3 The morning-star is lost in light,  
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,  
The rainbow passes with the storm,  
And hope with sorrow's fading form ;

4 But charity, serene, sublime,  
Beyond the range of death and time,  
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,  
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.  
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

416

Tune 22.

Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,  
Oh, shed Thine influence from above ;  
And still, from age to age, convey  
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung ;  
Let all the listening earth be taught  
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside ;  
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.  
R. W. Kyle, 1771.

417

Tune 22.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord !  
I read my duty in Thy word ;  
But in Thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,

Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern ; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

418

Tune 22.

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 spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.  
Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865.

419

Tune 22.

Spirit of peace and holiness !  
This new created union bless ;  
Bind each to each in ties of love,  
And ratify our work above.

2 Saviour, Who carest for Thy sheep !  
The shepherd of Thy people keep ;  
Guide him in every doubtful way,  
Nor let his feet from duty stray.

3 Gird Thon his heart with strength  
divine ;  
Let Christ through all his conduct shine ;  
Faithful in all things may he be,  
Dead to the world, alive to Thee.  
Samuel F. Smith, b. 1803.



420

Tune 22.

Jesus, Whom angel hosts adore,  
Became a man of griefs for me;  
In love, though rich, becoming poor,  
That I through Him enriched might  
be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,  
He went to Olivet for me;  
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,  
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessèd Son of God  
Went up to Calvary for me;  
There paid my debt, there bore my load,  
In His own body on the Tree.

4 Jesus, Whose dwelling is the skies,  
Went down into the grave for me;  
There overcame my enemies,  
There won the glorious victory.

5 'Tis finished all: the veil is rent,  
The welcome sure, the access free:—  
Now then, we leave our banishment,  
O Father, to return to Thee!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

421

Tune 22.

Be still, my heart, these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict His gracious word.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to care?  
How canst thou want if He provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

3 When first before His mercy-seat  
Thou didst thy all to Him commit,  
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,  
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble thee befall,  
And He refuse to hear thy call?

And has He not His promise passed,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He That hath helped me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to His praise.

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads me home apace to God;  
I count my present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

422

Tune 22.

O come and mourn with me awhile;  
O come ye to the Saviour's side;  
O 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.

5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;  
So may the blood from out His side  
Fall gently on us drop by drop:  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied;  
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.



423

Tune 23.

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,  
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,  
Come into the daylight's splendor,  
There with joy thy praises render  
Unto Him Whose grace unbounded  
Hath this wondrous banquet founded,  
High o'er all the heavens He reigneth,  
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,  
And with loving reverence greet Him,  
For with words of life immortal  
Now He knocketh at thy portal;  
Haste to ope the gates before Him,  
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,  
"Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,  
And I never more will leave Thee."

3 Ah, how hungers all my spirit  
For the love I do not merit!  
Oft have I, with fights fast thronging,  
Thought upon this food with longing,  
In the battle well-nigh worsted,  
For this cup of life have thirsted,  
For the Friend, Who here invites us,  
And to God Himself unites us.

4 Now I sink before Thee lowly,  
Filled with joy most deep and holy,  
As with trembling awe and wonder  
On Thy mighty works I ponder,  
How by mystery surrounded,  
Depths no man has ever founted,  
None may dare to pierce unbidden,  
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

5 Sun, Who all my life doth brighten,  
Light, Who doth my soul enlighten,  
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,  
Fount, Whence all my being floweth,  
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,  
Let me be a fit partaker  
Of this blessed food from Heaven,  
For our good, Thy glory, given.

6 Jesus, Bread of life, I pray Thee,  
Let me gladly here obey Thee,  
Never to my hurt invited,  
Be Thy love with love requited;

From this banquet let me measure,  
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;  
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me  
As Thy guest in Heaven receive me.

Johann Frank, 1618-1677; Catherine  
Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

424

Tune 23.

To that Lord Who unconstrained  
Death's dire pangs for us sustain'd,  
May we all in our small measure  
Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2 May our mind and whole behavior  
Bear resemblance to our Saviour,  
And His sanctifying merit  
Hallow body, soul and spirit.

Zinzendorf and Anna Nitschmann.

425

Tune 23.

I am needy, yet forgiven;  
With Thy blood my heart enliven:  
Give me, Jesus, of Thy passion  
An abiding, deep impression.

2 With new grace, dear Lord, array me,  
And from strength to strength convey  
For Thy service make me ready, [me];  
Sanctify both soul and body.

C. R. Zinzendorf and Anna Nitschmann.

426

Tune 23.

Jesus, with Thy death and passion  
Comfort Thou this congregation;  
Take away each worldly feature,  
And subdue our sinful nature:

2 May we, on Thy arm reclining,  
Bear our cross without repining,  
Counting all things transitory  
Naught, to gain the crown of glory.

From the German.

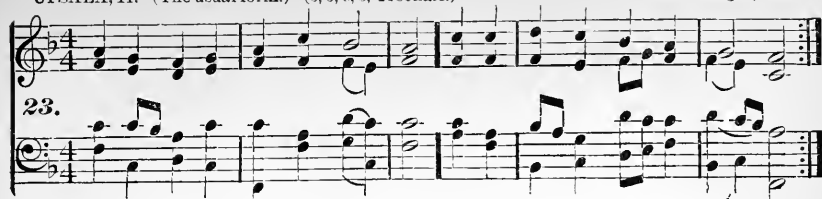
427

Tune 23.

Jesus, heed me, lost and dying,  
Unto Thee for shelter flying;  
All my sin and sorrow feeling,  
I now come for help and healing.

2 Naught have I to plead of merit,  
Naught but curse do I inherit;  
Thus my soul shall praise Thee ever,  
For Thy love which changes never.

Robert M. Offord, (alt.)



**428** Tune 23.  
 Praise the Saviour, we who know Him :  
 Who can tell how much we owe Him ?  
 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever  
 Of His love which changes never.

2 With His blood the Saviour bought us,  
 When we knew Him not, He sought us ;  
 He for conflict fits and arms us—  
 Jesus is the Name that charms us.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1885, (alt.)

**429** Tune 23.  
 Deeply moved and duly heeding  
 My good Shepherd's kindly leading,  
 Bowed with reverence before Him,  
 I would praise Him and adore Him.

2 Grace renewed bestow upon me,  
 With new zeal, my Saviour, crown me,  
 So that I may serve Thee solely ;  
 Thy atonement make me holy.

Anna Nitschmann, 1715-60 ; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1890.

**430** Tune 23.  
 Heart of Christ my King ! I greet Thee :  
 Gladly goes my heart to meet Thee ;  
 To embrace Thee now it burneth,  
 And with eager thirst it yearneth.

2 Oh ! what love divine compelling !  
 With what grief Thy breast was swell-  
 All Thy soul for us o'erflowing, [ing,  
 All Thy life on us bestowing.

3 For that death which Thou hast tasted,  
 For Thy form by sorrow wasted,  
 Heart to my heart ever nearest,  
 Kindle in me love the dearest.

4 Now to my heart come, and quicken  
 Me a sinner, conscience-stricken ;  
 By Thy grace my soul renewing,  
 All its powers to Thee subduing.

5 Naught he fears, whom Thy love  
 No self-sacrifice appalleth ; [alleth,  
 Love divine can have no measure,  
 Even death to him is pleasure.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153 ; Edward  
 Abiel Washburne, 1819-81, (alt. and ad.)

**431** Tune 23.  
 Are thy toils and woes increasing ?  
 Are the foe's attacks unceasing ?

On the Cross, with faith unclouded,  
 Look and gaze with eyes unshrouded.

2 Dost thou fear that strictest trial ?  
 Tremblest thou at Christ's denial ?  
 See the Cross, ne'er rest without it,  
 Clasp thine hands and heart about it.

3 Do hell's cruel legions press thee ?  
 Do foul thoughts of sin distress thee ?

That dear Cross shall chain all terror,  
 It shall right thy every error.

4 Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river ?  
 Should'st thou tremble ? Need'st thou  
 Lord and Master, if we cherish [quiver ?  
 Hope in Thee, we cannot perish !

John Mason Neale, 1818-66, (alt.)

**432** Tune 23.  
 Jesus hath procured salvation  
 For mankind in every station :  
 Every youth that loves our Saviour,  
 Imitates His chaste behavior.

2 If you, when by guilt oppressèd,  
 Look to Christ, your Pattern blessèd,  
 He will graciously direct you,  
 And from every sin protect you.

Moravian.

**433** Tune 23.  
 Lord, to Thee I make confession,  
 I have multiplied transgression ;  
 Forced at last to see my errors,  
 Lord, I tremble at Thy terrors.

2 But from Thee how can I hide me ?  
 Refuge from Thee is denied me,  
 Not death's darkness can enfold me  
 So that Thou should'st not behold me.

3 Yet tho' conscience' voice appall me,  
 Though Thy child I dare not call me,  
 Do not for my sins forsake me,  
 Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.

4 For Thy Son hath suffered for me,  
 He can heal me and restore me ;  
 Yes, alone His Cross can vanquish  
 These dark fears and soothe this an-  
 guish.

5 Now on Him I cast my burden,  
 Let me feel Thy inner pardon ;  
 Let Thy Spirit leave me never,  
 Make me only Thine forever !

Johann Frank, 1618-77 ; Catherine Winkworth,  
 tr., 1829-78, (alt. and ab.)

**434** Tune 23.  
 Hail, Thou King of saints ascending,  
 Hope of sinners lowly bending,  
 On the Cross I see Thee drooping,  
 Like a malefactor stooping.

2 O that love, death's pangs defying,  
 Deathless still in all its dying !  
 O what love, my soul's Defender,  
 For Thy dying shall I render ?

3 To Thy graveside swiftly hurried,  
 Let me there with Thee be buried ;  
 In Thy hiding-place enclose me ;  
 Let me there from strife repose me.

H. Kynaston (alt.), 1869-78.

23, *C.* Hear the roy - al proc - la - ma - tion, The glad tid - ings

of sal - va - tion, Pub - lishing to ev - 'ry creature: To the ru - in'd

REFRAIN.

sons of na - ture: Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns!

Je - sus reigns! He reigns vic - to - rious, O - ver heav'n and

earth most glo - rious, Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns!

435

Tune 32, c.

Hear the royal proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Publishing to every creature,  
To the ruined sons of nature—

## REFRAIN.

Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious,  
Over heaven and earth most glorious,  
Jesus reigns!

2 See the royal banner flying,  
Hear the heralds loudly crying:  
"Rebel sinners, royal favor  
Now is offered by the Saviour.

3 "Turn unto the Lord most holy;  
Shun the paths of vice and folly;  
Turn, or you are lost for ever;  
Oh, now turn to God the Saviour.

4 "Here is wine and milk and honey;  
Come and purchase without money  
Mercy, flowing like a fountain,  
Streaming from the holy mountain!"

5 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,  
To the bounds of the creation—  
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,  
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

Anon.

OLD 583D. (10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.)

Moravian, c. 1750.

436

Tune 32.

I kneel in spirit at my Saviour's Cross,  
Where He in blood expired for His foes;  
With deepest reverence humbly I adore  
My dying Lord, Who all my sorrows  
bore.

2 This blessed truth I firmly will main-  
tain,

That my Creator for my sins was slain:  
May this constrain me gladly to obey  
And love the Lord Who took my sins  
away.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

437

Tune 32.

How good it is, how pleasant to behold  
The favored sheep of our good Shep-  
herd's fold, [grow,  
Obeying Him, in love and knowledge  
Each sharing in the other's weal and woe.

2 Fullness of grace in Him the Head,  
abounds; [redounds;

Hence every blessing to His Church  
He dwells with us, and by His Spirit's  
light

To love each other teaches us aright.

3 His precious word like plenteous dew  
descends,  
And fructifying power its fall attends;

Unto the soul refreshment it supplies,  
And to salvation makes us truly wise.

4 When love unfeigned our actions  
truly show,  
The God of peace His blessing will  
bestow;

O Lord, unite Thy Church for Jesus's sake,  
And less what in Thy Name we un-  
dertake.

M. Czerwenka, 1521-69.

438

Tune 32.

Lord Jesus, in Thy presence we are  
blest, [come Guest;  
And, though unseen, Thou art our wel-  
Without Thee, all our meetings would  
be cold,

And soon become a custom dead and old.

2 Thou canst alone to us true life impart,  
Canst comfort, bless, and cheer each  
needy heart:

We are assembled here before Thy face  
To take out of Thy fullness grace for  
grace.

3 Lord Jesus, be for evermore adored,  
We Thee confess our Master, Head and  
Lord. [prove:

Thy faithfulness and truth we daily  
Grant us to live for Thee, constrained  
by love.

Ludolf Ernst Schlicht, 1714-69.



439

Tune 32.

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

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

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

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our  
 earthly life, [strife;  
 Our Balm in sorrow, and our Stay in  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our  
 conflicts cease,  
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.  
 John Ellerton, b. 1826.

440

Tune 32.

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the  
 crumbs, [table fall,  
 With trembling hand, that from Thy  
 A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes  
 To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy  
 child;  
 Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;  
 Too long a wanderer, and too oft be-  
 guiled,  
 I only ask one reconciling word.

3 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—  
 Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, di-  
 vine?

Me, Lord! the chief of sinners, me for-  
 give, [Thine.  
 And Thine the greater glory, only

4 I hear Thy voice; Thou bidd'st me  
 come and rest; [feet;  
 I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd  
 Thou bidd'st me take my place, a wel-  
 come guest [eat.  
 Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet

5 My praise can only breathe itself in  
 prayer,  
 My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;  
 Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and  
 there, with me.  
 Lord! let me sup with Thee; sup Thou  
 E. H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.

441

Tune 32.

True Bread of life, in pitying mercy  
 given, [to feed;  
 Long famished souls to strengthen and  
 Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread of  
 heaven, [indeed.  
 Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink

2 True Tree of Life! Of Thee I eat and  
 live,  
 Who cateth of Thy fruit shall never die;  
 'T is Thine the everlasting health to give,  
 The youth and bloom of immortality.

3 Feeding on Thee all weakness turns  
 to power, [Spring;  
 The sickly soul revives, like earth in  
 Strength floweth on and in, each buoy-  
 ant hour,  
 This being seems all energy, all wing.

4 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,  
 Thy Church's Life and Lord, Im-  
 manuel! [bread,  
 At Thy dear Cross we find the eternal  
 And in Thy empty tomb the living  
 well.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

442

Tune 32.

Hail, Holy Spirit, bright immortal Dove!  
Great Spring of light, of purity and love;  
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,  
Distinct from Both, and yet with Both  
but One.

2 O Lord, from Thee one kind and  
quickenng ray [day;

Will pierce the gloom and re-enkindle  
Will warm the frozen heart with love  
divine, [shine,

And with its Maker's image make it

3 Oh, shed Thine influence, and Thy  
power exert; [heart;

Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy  
Pour on my drowsy soul celestial day,  
And heavenly life to all its powers convey.

Simon Browne, 1680-1732.

443

Tune 32.

Spirit of God! descend upon my heart;  
Wean it from earth, through all its  
pulses move; [art,

Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou  
And make me love Thee as I ought to  
love.

2 Teach me to feel that Thou art always  
nigh; (bear;

Teach me the struggles of the soul to  
To check the rising doubt, the rebel  
sigh; [prayer.

Teach me the patience of unanswered

3 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels  
love,

One holy passion filling all my frame;  
The baptism of the heaven-descended  
Dove, [flame!

My heart an altar, and Thy love the

George Croly, d. 1860.

444

Tune 32.

I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour Divine,  
For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine,  
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,  
That my Belovèd's mine, and I am His?

2 Thine am I by all ties, but chiefly  
Thine, [art mine:

That through Thy sacrifice Thou, Lord,  
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly  
wound

Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all  
things owe:

All that I have and am, and all I know:  
All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not my own: Lord, I am  
Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold life's  
brightest hour [power?

From Thee: or gathered gold, or any  
Why should I keep one precious thing  
from Thee, [Self for me?

When Thou hast given Thine own dear

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy  
love, [remove

Until death's hallowed sleep shall me  
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow  
o'er, [more.

Thou and Thine own are one for ever-

C. E. Mudie.

445

Tune 32.

O Holy Ghost, on this great day inspire  
Our souls, we pray, with pentecostal fire:

Breathe Thou upon us with Thy heav-  
enly wind,

That it refresh and purify our mind.

2 Kindle within us and preserve that  
fire, [inspire,

Which will with holy love our breast  
And with an active zeal our soul inflame,  
To do Thy will and glorify Thy Name.

3 Endow us richly with Thy gifts and  
grace,

To fit us for the duties of our place;  
So open Thou our lips, our hearts so  
raise,

That both our hearts and lips may give  
Thee praise.

4 As in Thy temple, keep Thou resi-  
dence [thence,

Within our soul and never part from  
Until we're fitted and prepared by Thee  
Life to exchange for immortality.

John Rawlett, c. 1687.

446

Tune 32.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,  
Eternal praise and worship be ad-  
dressed: [adore,

From age to age, ye saints, His Name  
And spread His fame, till time shall be  
no more.

447

Tune 32.

To Thee, the Lord of all, I'll humbly  
sing, [bring;

To Thee, my Maker, glad thankofferings  
But how can language worthily display  
Thy lauds, or to Thy Name due homage  
pay?

2 I've naught to give, for all I have is  
Thine: [mine;

Thine are my soul and body, and not  
My reasoning powers, my health, my  
daily food, [art good.

Are all Thy gifts, and show that Thou

3 Am I a vessel unto honor made.

'Tis all the work of love unmerited,  
Not for my righteousness; but mercy  
free [ery.

Redeemed my soul from sin and mis-

4 Now, while on earth I stay, to Thee  
I'll live,

And to Thy Name alone the glory give,  
Till I, with all Thy saints, my voice  
shall raise

And join in everlasting songs of praise.

Anon., c. 1700.

32. F.

**448** Tune 32.  
 Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid  
 on Thee; [have set us free;  
 Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds  
 And now Thy toil is o'er, Thy grief and  
 pain [twain.  
 Have passed away; the vail is rent in  
 2 E'en now our place is with Thee on  
 the throne,  
 For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;  
 Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch  
 for day;  
 Oh, let Thine angel roll the stone away!  
 3 Oh, by Thy life within us, set us free!  
 Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee!  
 Glory to God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

Edward Wilton Eddis, 1863.

449

Tune 32.

"Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes, re-  
 member me;" [ears;  
 Thus spake the dying lips to dying  
 O faith, which in that darkest hour  
 could see [years;  
 The promised glory of the far-off  
 2 No kingly sign declares that glory  
 now, [hour;  
 No ray of hope lights up that awful  
 A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding  
 brow, [not in power.  
 The hands are stretched in weakness.  
 3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour  
 saith, [day;"  
 "Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-  
 O words of love to answer words of  
 faith! [pray!  
 O words of hope for those who live to  
 4 Lord, when with dying lips my  
 prayer is said, [may see;  
 Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I

And thinking on Thy Cross and bleed-  
 ing head, [member me."  
 May breathe my parting words, "Re-  
 5 Remember me, but not my shame or  
 sin; [them all away;  
 Thy cleansing blood hath washed  
 Thy precious death for me did pardon  
 win; [day.  
 Thy blood redeemed me in that awful  
 6 Remember me; yet how canst thou  
 forget [to Thee,  
 What pain and anguish I have caused  
 The Cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,  
 And all the sorrow Thou didst bear  
 for me?  
 7 Remember me; and ere I pass away,  
 Speak Thou the assuring word that  
 sets us free, ["To-day  
 And make Thy promise to my heart,  
 Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with  
 Me."

W. D. MacLagan, b. 1826.

450

Tune 32.

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,  
 I look at heaven and long to enter in,  
 But there no evil thing may find a home;  
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me  
 "Come."  
 2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear.  
 His are the hands stretched out to draw  
 me near,  
 And His the blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the  
 throne.  
 3 'Twas He who found me on the  
 deathly wild, [Father's child,  
 And made me heir of heaven, the  
 And day by day, whereby my soul may  
 live,  
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will  
 give.

Samuel J. Stone, b. 1829.



32, G.

**451** Tune 32.  
 Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art! [rest;  
 That, that alone can be my soul's true Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart, [breast.  
 And stills the tempest of my tossing  
 2 Thy Name is Love;—I hear it from yon Cross, [tomb;  
 Thy Name is Love;—I read it in Thy All meaner love is perishable dross, But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.  
 3 More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour, [Lord;  
 More of Thy glory, O my God and More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power, [nate Word!  
 More of Thy love and truth, Incar-  
 Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

**452** Tune 32.  
 Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine; Thou art my joy,—myself, mine only grief; [shrine,—  
 Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."  
 2 Unworthy even to approach so near, My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf; [fear,  
 Yet, oh, forgive! I doubt not, though I "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."  
 3 True, I am weak, ah! very weak; but then [relief;  
 I know the Source whence I can draw And, though repulsed, I still can plead again,— [unbelief."  
 "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine  
 4 Oh, draw me nearer; for, too far away, The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief;

While faith, though fainting, still has strength to pray,— [unbelief." "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine  
 John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

**453** Tune 32.  
 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear [prayer,  
 The lowliest garb of penitence and That in the Father's courts my glorious dress [ness.  
 May be the garment of Thy righteous-  
 2 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, right- eous Lord; [ward,  
 Thine all the merits, mine the great re- Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown, [laid down.  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life  
 3 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;  
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow; Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove, Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love,  
 Samuel J. Stone, b. 1829.

**454** Tune 32.  
 O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, [below,  
 Who once appeared in humblest guise Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain, [want and woe!  
 And call Thy brethren forth from  
 2 We look to Thee: Thy Spirit gives the light [on their way,  
 Which guides the nations, groping Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.  
 3 Yes: Thou art still the Life: Thou art the Way [Way of heaven;  
 The holiest know,—Light, Life, and And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray, [Thou hast given.  
 Toil by the light, life, way, which  
 Theodore Parker, 1810-60.

455

Tune 32.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Sa-  
lem, rise! [eyes;  
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide  
display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts  
adorn;  
See future sons and daughters yet un-  
born  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates at-  
tend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple  
bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with  
prostrate kings, [brings.  
While every land its joyful tribute  
Alexander Pope, 1688-1744.

456

Tune 32.

Yes, He is risen Who is the First and  
Last; [dead;  
Who was and is; Who liveth and was  
Beyond the reach of death He now has  
passed, [ous Head.  
Of the one glorious Church the glori-

2 The tomb is empty; so, ere long, shall  
be [pose;  
The tombs of all who in this Christ re-  
They died with Him Who died upon  
the Tree,  
They live and rise with Him Who  
lived and rose.

3 Death has not slain them; they are  
freed, not slain.  
It is the gate of life, and not of death,  
That they have entered; and the grave  
in vain  
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

4 All that was death in them is now  
dissolved; [destroy;  
For death can only what is death's  
And, when this earth's short ages have  
revolved, [with joy.  
The disimprisoned life comes forth

5 They are not tasting death, but taking  
rest [lay,  
On the same holy couch where Jesus  
Soon to awake all glorified and blest,  
When day has broke and shadows  
fled away.

Horatius Bonar. 1808-89.

457

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 32.

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

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

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing  
word, [ples, Lord,  
But as Thou dwelt'st with Thy disci-  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors as the King of  
kings, [Thy wings;  
But kind and good, with healing on  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

5 I need Thy presence every passing  
hour; [er's power?  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-  
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay  
can be? [with me:  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide

6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to  
 bless: [ness.  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave,  
 thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!  
 7 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my clos-  
 ing eyes, [to the skies:  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's  
 vain shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!  
 Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

## 458

Tune 32.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!  
 In full activity of zeal and power;  
 A Christian cannot die before his time;  
 The Lord's appointment is the serv-  
 ant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor  
 cease: [is done:

Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task  
 Come from the heat of battle, and in  
 peace, [is won.  
 Soldier! go home; with thee the fight

3 Go to the grave, for there Thy Saviour  
 lay [high;

In death's embraces, ere He rose on  
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow  
 way,

Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat  
 above! [Lord,

Be thy pure spirit present with the  
 Where thou for faith and hope hast per-  
 fect love.

And open vision for the written word.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 459

Tune 32.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face!  
 Here faith can touch and handle things  
 unseen: [Thy grace,  
 Here would I grasp with firmer hand  
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of  
 God; [of heaven;  
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine  
 Here would I lay aside each earthly  
 load; [given.

Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-  
 3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I  
 need

Another arm save Thine to lean upon;  
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy  
 might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the right-  
 eousness; [ing blood;

Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleans-  
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my  
 peace— [Lord, my God.

Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O  
 Horatius Bonar, 1805-89.

## 460

Tune 32.

Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth  
 Thee; [move;

Thou art my God, in Thee I live and  
 Oh, let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth  
 Into the land of righteousness and  
 love.

2 Thy love the law and impulse of my  
 soul, [plea,

Thy righteousness its fitness and its  
 Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control  
 To make me liker, draw me nearer  
 Thee.

3 My highest hope to be where, Lord,  
 Thou art, [gain,

To lose myself in Thee my richest  
 To do Thy will the habit of my heart,  
 To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace  
 from thence, [destroy?

From self alone what could that peace  
 Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,  
 My sorrow that I am not more Thy  
 joy.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

33, C.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Crusaders' Hymn'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system is labeled '33, C.' and the second system is labeled '32, C.'. The music is written in a style typical of 13th-century manuscripts, with square notes and a mix of single and double stems.

461 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 32.

O Lord, Who by Thy presence hast  
 made light [day,  
 The heat and burden of the toilsome  
 Be with us also in the silent night,  
 Be with us when the daylight fades  
 away.

2 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be  
 our Guest,  
 After the day's confusion, toil and din;  
 Oh, come to bring us peace and joy and  
 rest,  
 To give salvation and to pardon sin!

3 Bind up the wounds, assuage the  
 aching smart, [past,  
 Left in each bosom from the day just  
 And let us on a Father's loving heart  
 Forget our griefs, and find sweet rest  
 at last.

Richard Masse, tr., b. 1800.

462 Tune 32.

Lord, I am come! Thy promise is my  
 plea, [ture night!  
 Without Thy words I durst not ven-  
 But Thou hast called the burdened soul  
 to Thee,  
 A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of  
 sin, [prest,  
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely  
 Beset without, and full of fears within,  
 Trembling and faint I come to Thee  
 for rest.

3 Be Thou my Refuge, Lord, my Hiding-  
 place; [side;  
 I know no force can tear me from Thy  
 Unmoved I then all my accusers face,  
 And answer every charge with—  
 "Jesus died."

John Newton, 1725-1807.

463 Tune 32.

Christ's love produces love; and, kin-  
 dled thus, [loved us,  
 Love fires our hearts, because He first  
 When that all-conquering love is shed  
 abroad,  
 Our souls within us magnify the Lord.

2 Lord, may Thy love with gratitude  
 inspire [sire:  
 Our souls, and to Thy Name be our de-  
 We Thee entreat to form us to Thy  
 praise,  
 And all that's carnal wholly to erase.

3 If we Thy rich forgiveness daily  
 prove, [love:  
 This will unite us, Lord, to Thee in  
 O make us all devoted unto Thee: [be.  
 Let us Thy chaste and faithful followers  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

464 Tune 32.

At last he's blest who by the Saviour's  
 blood [heir of God;  
 Was cleansed while here, and made an  
 E'en now the acceptable year draws  
 nigh, [joy.  
 The day which turns our sorrows into

2 At last God's servants ceaseless joy  
 shall reap, [and weep;  
 Who, bearing precious seed, go forth  
 If they 'midst suffering faithful here  
 abide,  
 They shall with Jesus there be glorified.

3 My soul, though here by various trials  
 proved, [loved:  
 Believe that by Thy Saviour thou art  
 Submit thy will to His; with patience  
 wait; [late.  
 He soon to perfect bliss will thee trans-

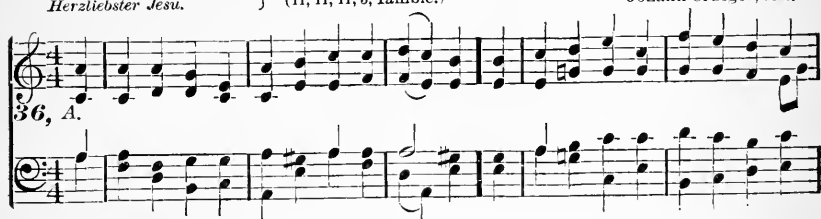
Chr. A. Bernstein, d. 1839.

465 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 33.

Fairest Lord Jesus,  
 Ruler of all nature,  
 O Thou of God and man the Son!  
 Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,  
 Thou, my soul's Glory, Joy and Crown.  
 2 Fair are the meadows,  
 Fairer still the woodlands,  
 Robed in the blooming garb of Spring:  
 Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,  
 Who makes the woeful heart to sing.  
 3 Fair is the sunshine,  
 Fairer still the moonlight,  
 And fair the twinkling, starry host:  
 Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines  
 purer,  
 Than all the angels heaven can boast.

GREGOR'S 36TH METRE. } (11, 11, 11, 5, Iambic.)  
*Herzliebster Jesu.*

Johann Crueger, 1640.



466 Tune 36.

What laws, my blessèd Saviour, hast  
 Thou broken, [spoken?  
 That so severe a sentence should be  
 How hast Thou 'gainst Thy Father's  
 In what offended? [will contended,  
 2 With scourges, blows, and spitting,  
 they reviled Thee:  
 They crowned Thy brow with thorns,  
 while King they styled Thee;  
 When, faint with pains, Thy tortured  
 body suffered,  
 Then gall they offered.  
 3 Say! wherefore thus by woes wast  
 Thou surrounded?  
 Ah! Lord, for my transgressions Thou  
 wast wounded,  
 God took the guilt from me, who should  
 On Thee He laid it. [have paid it;  
 4 O wondrous grace, all earthly love  
 exceeding, [is bleeding;  
 The Shepherd for His wandering sheep  
 The Master pays for servants' misbe-  
 That loving Saviour. [havior,

4 Fair are the flowers,  
 Fairer are earth's children  
 When viewed in youth's unclouded day:  
 Yet they must perish, all will soon  
 Jesus alone abides for aye. [vanish,  
 5 Earth's fairest beauty,  
 Heaven's brightest splendor  
 In Jesus Christ unfolded see:  
 All that here shineth, quickly de-  
 Before His spotless purity. [clineth  
 6 Source of all blessing,  
 He with us abideth,  
 Sorrow and sin He driveth hence:  
 Jesus, we pray Thee, on us have mercy,  
 Ne'er veil Thy smiling countenance.  
 Crusaders' Hymn, 13th Century; Stanzas 1-3,  
 N. S. Willis, tr.; Stanzas, 4-6, F. W. Det-  
 terer, tr., 1890.

5 But oh! the depth of love beyond  
 comparing,  
 That brought Thee down from heaven,  
 our burden bearing!  
 I taste all peace and joy that life can  
 Whilst Thou must suffer. [offer,  
 6 Eternal King! in power and love ex-  
 celling,  
 Fain would my heart and mouth Thy  
 praise be telling;  
 But how can man's weak powers at all  
 come nigh Thee,  
 How magnify Thee?  
 7 Such wondrous love would baffle my  
 endeavor  
 To find its equal, should I strive forever:  
 How should my works, could I in all  
 Ever repay Thee! [obey Thee,  
 8 Yet this shall please Thee, if devoutly  
 trying [denying,  
 To keep Thy laws, mine own wrong will  
 I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare  
 And from Thee tear it. [it

36, E.

9 But since I have not strength to flee temptation

And crucify each sinful inclination,  
Oh, let Thy Spirit grace and strength  
And gently guide me. [provide me,

10 Then shall I see Thy grace and duly prize it; [despise it;

For Thee renounce the world, for Thee  
Then of my life Thy laws shall be the  
Thy will my pleasure. [measure,

Johann Heerman, 1585-1647 (from Augustine.  
354-430), St. 1-3 and 5-10, Frances E. Cox., tr.;  
St. 4, Moravian.

467

Tune 36.

With deeply humbled hearts we make confession, [gression;

Lord, of our sin and manifold trans-  
But Thou art merciful, and grace un-  
In Thee is treasured. [measured

2 Before Thy Cross we bow with self-conviction, [tion:

Bewail our sins, implore Thy benedic-  
O grant forgiveness and a confirmation  
Of our salvation.

R. Simpson, 1771-1843.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 633. (11, 11, 11, 5, Iambic.)

Joseph Barnby.

36, F.

468

Tune 36.

Lord of our life, and God of our salva-  
tion, [nation,  
Star of our night, and Hope of every  
Hear and receive Thy Church's suppli-  
Lord God Almighty. [cation,

2 See round Thine ark the hungry bil-  
lows curling, [furling;

See how Thy foes their banners are un-  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they  
are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly  
armor faileth, [assaileth,

Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin  
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell  
prevaileth:  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts  
assuaging, [are engaging,

Peace in Thy Church, where brothers  
Peace, when the world its busy war is  
Send us, O Saviour. [waging;

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are back-ward driven, [be forgiven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may Grant peace on earth, and after we have Peace in Thy heaven. [striven,  
Philip Pusey, 1799-1855.

469

Tune 36.

Now God be with us, for the night is closing, [posing;  
The light and darkness are of His dis- And 'neath His shadow here to rest we For He will shield us. [yield us,  
2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee be- fore us; [o'er us;  
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! In soul and body Thou from harm de- Thine angels send us. [fend us,

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us; [morning wakes us;  
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when All sick and mourners, we to Thee com- mend them,  
Do Thou befriend them.

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

5 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom given; [heaven,  
Thy will be done, on earth as 't is in Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver Us now and ever.  
Bohemian Brethren; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

GREGOR'S 37TH METRE. }  
Das wahre Christenthum. } (6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, Iambic )

Grimm's Chorale Book, 1755.

37, A.

470

Tune 37.

My portion is the Lord;  
I seek His favor,  
And in His Name and word  
Confide for ever:  
Naught in the world to me  
Can yield such pleasure,  
As to be found in Thee,  
O Christ, my Treasure.  
2 He gives me for my tears,  
His oil of gladness;  
Delivers, heals, and cheers,  
Dispels my sadness;  
In all my sinfulness,  
His great compassion  
Prompts Him to grant me peace,  
And consolation.  
3 Therefore I'll humbly cleave  
To my Creator,  
Who, that my soul might live,  
Assumed my nature,  
Redeemed me by His blood  
And bitter passion;

Thanks to the Lamb of God  
For my salvation.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

471

Tune 37.

My happy lot is here  
The Lamb to follow;  
Be my heart's only care  
Each step to hallow,  
And thus await the time  
When Christ, my Saviour,  
Will call me home, with Him  
To live for ever.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

472

Tune 37.

O Church, thy strength abide  
Joy in thy Saviour;  
Thy Friend Himself draws near,  
Come, taste His favor:  
Await, devout and still,  
The grace He giveth;  
With all who seek His face  
His peace He leaveth.

H. Louise von Hayn, 1724-82.



473

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand;  
Choose out my path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot:  
I would not, if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

Tune 38.

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.

Horalius Bonar, 1808-89.

474

My spirit longs for Thee  
Within my troubled breast,  
Unworthy though I be  
Of so Divine a Guest.  
Of so Divine a Guest  
Unworthy though I be,  
Yet has my heart no rest  
Unless it come from Thee.

Tune 38.

2 Unless it come from Thee,  
In vain I look around;  
In all that I can see  
No rest is to be found.  
No rest is to be found  
But in Thy bless'd love:  
O let my wish be crown'd,  
And send it from above.

John Byrom, 1691-1763.

475

"Cheer up, desponding soul,  
Thy longing pleased I see:  
'T is part of that great whole  
Wherewith I longed for thee;  
Wherewith I longed for thee,  
And left My Father's throne,  
From death to set thee free,  
And claim thee for My own.

Tune 38.

2 "To claim thee for My own,  
I suffered on the Cross:  
O were My love but known,  
All else would be as dross;  
All else would be as dross,  
And souls, through grace divine,  
Would count their gain but loss  
To live for ever Mine."

John Byrom, 1691-1763.

476

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I have been before;  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be,  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea:  
2 Nearer the bound of life  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the cross,  
Nearer to gain the crown.  
But, lying dark between,  
And winding through the night,  
The deep and silent stream,  
Crossed ere we reach the light.

Tune 38.

3 Jesus, confirm my trust;  
Strengthen the hand of faith  
To feel Thee when I stand  
Upon the shore of death.  
Be near me when my feet  
Have almost gained the brink,  
For I am nearer home,  
Perhaps, than now I think.

Phoebe Cary, d. 1871, alt.

477

We love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thy honor dwells;  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.  
We love the word of life,  
The word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

Tune 38.

2 We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given;  
But O! we long to know  
The triumph-song of heaven.  
Lord Jesus, give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more,  
In heaven to see Thy face,  
And with Thy saints adore.  
William Bullock, 1854, and Henry W.  
Baker, 1821-77.





- 478** Tune 38.
- Be tranquil, O my soul!  
 Be quiet, every fear!  
 Thy Father hath control,  
 And He is ever near.  
 Ne'er of thy lot complain,  
 Whatever may befall;  
 Sickness, or care, or pain,  
 'T is well-appointed all.
- 2 A Father's chastening hand  
 Is leading thee along;  
 Nor distant is the land  
 Where swells the immortal song.  
 Oh, then, my soul, be still!  
 Await heaven's high decree;  
 Seek but thy Father's will,  
 It shall be well with thee.  
Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.
- 479** Tune 38.
- Hush! blessèd are the dead  
 In Jesus' arms who rest,  
 And lean their weary head  
 For ever on His breast.  
 O beatific sight!  
 No darkling veil between,  
 They see the Light of Light,  
 Whom here they loved unseen.
- 2 For them the wild is past,  
 With all its toil and care;  
 Its withering midnight blast,  
 Its fiery noonday glare.  
 Them the Good Shepherd leads  
 Where storms are never rife,  
 In tranquil dewy meads  
 Beside the Fount of Life.
- 3 Ours only are the tears,  
 Who weep around their tomb,  
 The light of bygone years  
 And shadowing years to come.  
 Their voice, their touch, their smile,  
 Those love-springs flowing o'er,—  
 Earth for its little while  
 Shall never know them more.
- 4 O tender hearts and true,  
 Our long last vigil kept,  
 We weep and mourn for you,  
 Nor blame us: Jesus wept.  
 But soon at break of day  
 His calm almighty voice,  
 Stronger than death, shall say,  
 "Awake,—arise,—rejoice."  
Edward Henry Bickersteth, b. 1825.
- 480** Tune 38.
- And now this holy day  
 Is drawing to its end,  
 Once more to Thee, O Lord,  
 Our thanks and prayers we send,  
 We thank Thee for this rest  
 From earthly care and strife;  
 We thank Thee for this help  
 To higher, holier life.
- 2 We thank Thee for Thy house;  
 It is Thy palace-gate,  
 Where Thou, upon Thy throne  
 Of mercy, still dost wait.  
 We thank Thee for Thy Word,  
 Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
 Oh, may its holy fruits  
 Within our hearts abound!
- 3 Yet ere we go to rest,  
 Father, to Thee we pray,  
 Forgive the sins that stain  
 E'en this Thy holy day.  
 Through Jesus let the past  
 Be blotted from Thy sight,  
 And let us all now sleep  
 At peace with Thee this night.  
E. Harland.
- 481** Tune 38.
- I did Thee wrong, my God;  
 I wronged Thy truth and love;  
 I fretted at the rod,  
 Against Thy power I strove,  
 Come nearer, nearer still;  
 Let not Thy light depart;  
 Bend, break this stubborn will,  
 Dissolve this iron heart.
- 2 Less wayward let me be,  
 More pliable and mild;  
 In glad simplicity  
 More like a trustful child.  
 Less, less of self each day,  
 And more, my God, of Thee;  
 Oh keep me in the way,  
 However rough it be.
- 3 Less of the flesh each day,  
 Less of the world and sin;  
 More of Thy Son, I pray,  
 More of Thyself within.  
 More molded to Thy will,  
 Lord, let Thy servant be;  
 Higher and higher still,  
 Likier and likier Thee.  
Horatius Bonar, 1803-89.

482

Tune 38.

There is a blessèd home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
 Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crowned,  
 And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;  
 Good angels know it well;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell;  
 Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One,  
 And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb Who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands and feet and side;  
 To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God!  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe;  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love;  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.  
 Henry W. Baker, 1821-77.

483

Tune 38.

Thy Kingdom come, O God,  
 Thy rule, O Christ, begin:  
 Break with Thine iron rod  
 The tyrannies of sin.  
 Where is Thy reign of peace,  
 And purity, and love?  
 When shall all hatred cease,  
 As in the realms above?

2 When comes the promised time  
 That war shall be no more,  
 Oppression, lust and crime  
 Shall flee Thy face before?  
 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
 And come in Thy great might;  
 Revive our longing eyes,  
 Which languish for Thy sight.

3 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,  
 And wolves devour Thy fold;  
 By many deeds of shame  
 We learn that love grows cold.  
 O'er heathen lands afar  
 Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
 Arise, O Morning Star,  
 Arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley.

484

Tune 38.

Flung to the heedless winds,  
 Or on the waters cast,  
 The martyr's ashes, watched,  
 Shall gathered be at last;  
 And from that scattered dust,  
 Around us and abroad,  
 Shall spring a plenteous seed  
 Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received  
 Their latest living breath;  
 And vain is Satan's boast  
 Of victory in their death;  
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
 And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim,  
 To many a wakening land,  
 The one availing Name.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546; W. J. Fox, tr., 1786-1861.

485

Tune 38.

Go to thy rest, fair child!  
 Go to thy dreamless bed,  
 Gentle, and meek, and mild,  
 With blessings on thy head.  
 Fresh roses in thy hand,  
 Buds on thy pillow laid,  
 Haste from this blighting land,  
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart could learn  
 In waywardness to stray ;  
 Before thy feet could turn  
 The dark and downward way ;  
 Ere sin could wound thy breast,  
 Or sorrow wake the tear,  
 Rise to thy home of rest  
 In yon celestial sphere.

3 Because thy smile was fair,  
 Thy lip and eye so bright,  
 Because thy cradle-care  
 Was such a fond delight ;  
 Shall love, with weak embrace,  
 Thy heavenward flight detain ?  
 No, rather seek thy place  
 Amid yon cherub train.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney, 1791-1865.

486

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 Oh, may Thy will be mine ;  
 Into Thy hand of love  
 I would my all resign ;

Tune 38.

Through sorrow, or through joy,  
 Conduct me as Thy own,  
 And help me still to say,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear ;  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
 All shall be well for me ;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee :  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing, in life or death,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done !

Benjamin Schmolck, 1672-1737 ; Jane Borthwick, tr.

487 [For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 39.

I would not live away ; I ask not to  
 stay, [o'er the way ;  
 When storm after storm rises dark  
 The few lucid mornings that dawn on  
 us here, [for its cheer.  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough

2 I would not live away, thus fettered  
 by sin ; [within :  
 Temptation without, and corruption  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled  
 with fears, [tent tears.  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-

3 Who, who would live away, away  
 from his God ? [abode.  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er  
 the bright plains, [reigns :—  
 And the noontide of glory eternally

4 Where the saints of all ages in har-  
 mony meet, [to greet ;  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported  
 While the anthems of rapture unceas-  
 ingly roll, [the soul.  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of  
 William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1796-1877.

*Ich ruckme mich einzig.*

The image shows a musical score for Gregor's 39th Metre, (A.). It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system is labeled '39, A.' and the second system is labeled '488'. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and single notes.

488

Tune 39.

I'll glory in nothing but only in Jesus,  
As wounded and bruised from sin to  
release us; [solely,  
For He is my Refuge, to Him I'll cleave  
Thus can I, like Enoch, in this world  
live holy.

2 What though the world foameth and  
rageth with fury, [glory:  
In naught but my Crucified Jesus I'll  
Beside Him, my Saviour, I'll know  
nothing ever; [shall me sever.  
From Him, neither trials nor death

3 My Jesus is always desirous to meet  
me, [greet me:  
Abounding in love, and in mercy to  
Above all I love Him, for He is my  
Treasure; [with pleasure.  
I humbly adore Him and serve Him

4 My heart's fixed on Jesus Whose love  
is so tender;  
Mylifeand my all unto Him I surrender.  
He is and remaineth my soul's medita-  
tion, [summation,  
My faith's only object, till my con-  
Johann Scheffler, 1621-77.

489

Tune 39.

O Thou, Who on earth didst the child-  
ren receive, [ingly leave,  
And with them Thy blessing so lov-  
Come, gracious Redeemer, this favor  
impart, [ing heart.  
And take this dear infant to Thy yearn-

2 Receive *him*, O Christ, as a lamb Thou  
hadst lost, [hath cost;  
And think what a price *his* redemption  
Thy Name on *his* forehead, Thy seal on  
*his* breast, [impressed.  
Be by Thee, our Shepherd and Bishop,  
John Cennick, 1718-55.

490

Tune 39.

Dear Saviour, we bless Thee that Thou  
wast a child, [ciled:  
And hast us thereby unto God recon-  
We thank Thee for suffering and dying  
in pain.  
For Thy being buried and rising again.

2 We thank Thee, that Thou wilt the  
children permit [feet;  
To offer their praises and songs at Thy  
That Thou, Lord, dost deign their peti-  
tions to hear, [art near.  
And always to help them and save them

3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, Redeemer,  
and Friend, [end:  
Grant we may abide in Thy love to the  
O render us truly obedient to Thee, [be.  
That we Thy dear children forever may  
John Cennick, 1718-55.

491

Tune 39.

To God, our Immanuel, made flesh as  
we are, [most dear,  
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and Brother  
Be honor and glory. Let with one  
accord [the Lord.  
All people say, Amen! Give praise to  
Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

492

Tune 39.

O that we with gladness of spirit for  
ever [Saviour;  
Adorèd and praised our Crucified  
O might each pulsation thanksgiving  
express, [of praise.  
And each breath we draw be an anthem

2 The Lamb, Who by blood our salva-  
tion obtained, [sustained,  
Took on Him our curse and death freely  
Is worthy of praises; let with one accord  
All people say, Amen! O praise ye the  
Lord!

Christian Gregor, 1723 1801.

39, B.

Musical score for Gregor's 39th Metre, (B.). The score is in 3/4 time and G major. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a '39, B.' label. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff, with various rests and phrasing marks.

Musical score for Gregor's 39th Metre, (B.). This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous system, ending with a double bar line.

493  
 What brought us together, what joined  
 our hearts? [priest, imparts:  
 The pardon which Jesus, our High-  
 'Tis this which cements the disciples of  
 Christ,  
 Who are into one by the Spirit baptized.  
 2 Is this our high calling, harmonious  
 to dwell, [praises to tell,  
 And thus in sweet concert Christ's  
 In peace and blest union our moments  
 to spend, [Friend?  
 And live in communion with Jesus our  
 3 O yes, having found in the Lord our  
 delight, [night;  
 He is our chief object by day and by  
 This knits us together, no longer we  
 roam, [our home.  
 We all have one Father, and heaven is  
 L. E. Schlicht, 1714-69.

494  
 Lord, grant us, though deeply abasèd  
 with shame, [Thy Name;  
 With true Christian courage to act in  
 In Thy blessèd work may we always  
 abound, [crowned.  
 And let with success all our labor be  
 2 Give grace, that as brethren we join  
 hands in love,  
 Engaging to Thee ever faithful to prove,  
 Where'er to Thy service appointed we  
 stand, [mand.  
 To sow or to reap, at Thy call and com-  
 L. E. Schlicht and Zinzendorf.

495  
 With hearts and with voices, O praise  
 ye the Lord, [His word;  
 Man's foes He has conquered, fulfilling  
 He lives Who was dead, and now rules  
 in His might,  
 Let all in their loud hallelujahs unite.

2 Hell's host He has conquered, has  
 broken sin's chain; [dom to gain;  
 Led death, too, His captive, man's free-  
 As Prince of earth's peace, He now  
 reigns on His throne; [His own.  
 Once bond-slaves of Satan, He claims us

3 Man's debt has been paid, for man's  
 Surety has died;  
 God's Lamb has been slain, and His  
 blood been applied; [lost race,  
 Redemption's accomplished for Adam's  
 For Jesus has risen, attesting God's  
 grace.

4 Then bless the great Conqueror with  
 heart and with song;  
 He now ever liveth, His praises prolong;  
 In us, living Lord, be Thy home ever  
 found, [sound.  
 Till earth's hallelujahs in heaven re-  
 J. D. Herrnschmidt, 1675-1723.

496  
 More holiness give me, more strivings  
 within; [for sin;  
 More patience in suffering, more sorrow  
 More faith in my Saviour, more sense  
 of His care; [in prayer.  
 More joy in His service, more purpose

2 More gratitude give me, more trust in  
 the Lord; [His word;  
 More pride in His glory, more hope in  
 More tears for His sorrows, more pain  
 at His grief; [relief.  
 More meekness in trial, more praise for

3 More purity give me, more strength  
 to o'ercome; [longings for home;  
 More freedom from earth-stains, more  
 More fit for the Kingdom, more used  
 would I be; [like Thee.  
 More blessèd and holy; more, Saviour,  
 Philip P. Bliss, 1833-76.

497

Tune 39.

Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou  
 with me; [for Thee;  
 Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth  
 Thy smile every shadow shall chase  
 from my heart, [be the smart.  
 And soothe every sorrow, though keen  
 2 Without Thee but weakness, with  
 Thee I am strong; [my Song;  
 By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be  
 Though dangers surround me, I still  
 every fear, [Helper, art near.  
 Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my  
 3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender,  
 so pure! [fast and sure!  
 Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-  
 That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold  
 heart can warm, [the storm.  
 That promise make steady my soul in  
 4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft  
 ruffled, Thy peace: [heart cease;  
 From restless, vain wishes, bid Thou my  
 In Thee all its longings henceforward  
 shall end, [shall ascend.  
 Till, glad, to Thy presence my soul  
 5 Oh, then blessed Jesus, Who once for  
 me died, [from Thy side,  
 Made clean in the Fountain that gushed  
 I shall see Thy full glory, Thy face shall  
 behold, [untold!  
 And praise Thee with raptures for ever  
 Ray Palmer, 1808-87.

498

Tune 39.

O eyes that are weary, and hearts that  
 are sore! [more!  
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no  
 The light of His countenance shineth so  
 bright, [no night.  
 That here, as in heaven, there need be  
 2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can-  
 not fear; [near;  
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus

I know that His presence my safeguard  
 will be, [unto me.  
 For, "Why are you troubled?" He saith  
 3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be  
 found, [me round;  
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass  
 They bear me away in His presence to be;  
 I see Him still nearer, Whom always I  
 see.  
 4 Then, then shall I know the full  
 beauty and grace [to face;  
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face  
 Shall know how His love went before  
 me each day, [away.  
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned  
 John Nelson Darby, d. 1882.

499

Tune 39.

The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall  
 I know; [rest;  
 I feed in green pastures; safe folded I  
 He leaeth my soul where the still  
 waters flow, [when oppress.  
 Restores me when wandering, redeems  
 2 Through the valley and shadow of  
 death though I stray, [fear;  
 Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I  
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be  
 my stay; [near.  
 No harm shall befall with my Comforter  
 3 In the midst of affliction my table is  
 spread; [runneth o'er;  
 With blessings unmeasured my cup  
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest  
 my head; [more?  
 Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence  
 4 Let goodness and mercy, my boun-  
 tiful God! [above;  
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee  
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers  
 trod [Kingdom of love.  
 Through the land of their sojourn, Thy  
 James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

39, D.

500

Tune 39.

O Father of mercy, be ever adored;  
Thy love was displayed in sending our  
Lord, [we praise  
To ransom and bless us: Thy goodness  
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.

2 Most merciful Saviour, Who deignedst  
to die, [to buy,  
Our curse to remove, and our pardon to  
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to  
save,  
Who openest heaven to all that believe.

3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and of  
power, [we adore;  
We prove Thy blest influence, Thy grace  
Whose inward revealing applies our  
Lord's blood,  
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

501

Tune 39.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord, [word!  
Is laid for your faith, in His excellent  
What more can He say, than to you He  
hath said; [Hed?  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh! be not  
dismayed; [aid;  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand, [hand.  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent

3 "When through the deep waters I  
call thee to go, [flow;  
The rivers of woe shall not thee over-  
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to  
bless, [tress.  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-

4 "When through fiery trials thy path-  
way shall lie, [supply;  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy

The flame shall not hurt thee; I only  
design [refine.

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to

5 "E'en down to old age all My people  
shall prove [love;

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable  
And when hoary hairs shall their tem-  
ples adorn, [be borne.

Like lambs they shall still in My bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
for repose

I will not, I will not desert to His foes;  
That soul, though all hell should en-  
deavor to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

George Keith, c. 1787.

502

Tune 39.

Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on  
our way; [our stay;

The Lord is our Leader, His word is  
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial

be near, [we fear?  
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the  
faint; [their complaint;

The weak and opprest—He will hear  
The way may be weary, and thorny the  
road, [God!

But how can we falter?—our help is in

3 And to His green pastures our foot-  
steps He leads; [feeds!

His flock in the desert how kindly He  
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly

bears, [from the snares.  
And brings back the wanderers all safe

4 Though clouds may surround us, our  
God is our Light; [is our Might;

Though storms rage around us, our God  
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we  
come; [our home!

The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is

Anon.

503

Tune 39.

Ye servants of God, your great Master  
proclaim, [Name:  
And publish abroad His most excellent  
The Name, all victorious, of Jesus extol,  
His Kingdom is glorious, He rules over  
all.

2 God ruleth in heaven, almighty to  
save, [have:  
And yet He is with us, His presence we  
The great Congregation His triumphs  
shall sing,

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.  
3 Salvation be brought unto God on the  
throne, [Son;  
Let all sing rejoicing, and honor the  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship  
the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore Him and give Him  
His right, [might,  
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and  
And honor, and blessing, with angels  
above, [love.  
And thanks never ceasing for infinite  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

504

Tune 39.

The voice of free grace cries escape to  
the mountain, [a Fountain,  
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened  
For sin and uncleanness and every  
transgression, [of salvation.  
His blood flows most freely in streams

2 Ye souls that are wounded! O flee to  
the Saviour; [favor;  
He calls you in mercy—'tis infinite  
Tho' your sins be as scarlet—escape to the  
mountain— [from this Fountain.  
That blood can remove them, which flows

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly  
glorious; [than victorious;  
O'er sin, death and hell Thou'rt more

Thy Name is the theme of the great Con-  
gregation, [salvation,  
While angels and men raise the shout of  
4 With joy shall we stand when escaped  
to that shore;  
With our harps in our hands we will  
praise Him the more;  
We'll range the sweet plains on the  
banks of the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.  
Thornby.

505

Tune 39.

O Father Almighty, to Thee be ad-  
dressed, [ever blest,  
With Christ and the Spirit, One God  
All glory and worship, from earth and  
from heaven, [given.  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be

506

Tune 39.

Begone, unbelief; for my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief He will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will  
perform; [storm.  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

2 Though dark be my way, yet since He  
is my Guide, [vide;  
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis His to pro-  
Though cisterns be broken, and crea-  
tures all fail, [prevail.  
The word He hath spoken will surely

3 His love in times past me forbiddeth  
to think,  
He'll leave me at last unreliev'd to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms His good pleasure to help me  
quite through.

4 Why should I complain then of want  
or distress, [less;  
Temptation or pain? for He told me no  
The heirs of salvation, I know from His  
word, [their Lord.  
Through much tribulation must follow



39, F.

5 How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,  
 Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners  
 His way was much rougher and darker  
 than mine.  
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I  
 6 Since all that I meet with shall work  
 for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet and the medicine is  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease  
 before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant the con-

John Newton, 1725-1807.

507

Tune 39.

Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly  
 sing!  
 Come, see in the manger the angels'  
 To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord!  
 Oh, come ye, come hither to worship  
 the Lord!  
 2 True Son of the Father, He comes  
 from the skies;  
 To be born of a virgin, He doth not  
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.  
 3 Hark, hark to the angels! all singing  
 in heaven,  
 "To God in the highest, all glory be  
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.  
 4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of  
 Thy birth,  
 Be glory and honor through heaven and  
 True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent  
 Word!  
 Oh, come let us hasten to worship the  
 From the Latin; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

508

Tune 39.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye; for why will  
 ye die.  
 When God in great mercy is coming so  
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,  
 "Come!"  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you  
 2 How vain the delusion, that while  
 you delay,  
 Your hearts must grow better by  
 Come wretched, come starving, come  
 just as you be,  
 While streams of salvation are flowing  
 3 And now Christ is ready your souls  
 to receive;  
 Oh! how can you question, if you will  
 If sin is your burden, why will you  
 not come?  
 'T is you He bids welcome; He bids  
 4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you  
 obtain,  
 To soothe your affliction, or banish  
 To bear up your spirit when summoned  
 to die,  
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on  
 5 Why will you be starving, and feed-  
 ing on air?  
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to  
 If still you are doubting, make trial and  
 see,  
 And prove that His mercy is boundless

Josiah Hopkins, d. 1862.

45, A.

509

Tune 45.

Thou, sore opprest, the sabbath-rest  
In you still grave art keeping:  
All Thy labor now is done,  
Past is all Thy weeping.

2 The strife is o'er, naught hurts Thee  
The heart at last has slumbered [more:  
That in conflict sore for us  
Bore our sins unnumbered.

3 Thou awful tomb, once filled with  
How blessed and how holy [gloom,  
Art thou now, since in the grave  
Slept the Saviour lowly!

4 How calm and blest the dead now rest  
Who in the Lord departed:  
All their works do follow them,  
Yea, they sleep glad-hearted!

GREGOR'S 46TH METRE. } (5, 5, 8, 5, Trochaic.)

*Jesu, rufe mich.*

Adam Drese, 1698.

46, A.

511

Tune 46.

Jesus, call Thon me, from the world to  
Speed me ever, stay me never: [Thee;  
Jesus call Thon me.

2 Not Jerusalem—lowly Bethlehem  
'Twas that gave us Christ to save us;  
Not Jerusalem.

3 Favored Bethlehem! honored is that  
Thence came Jesus to release us; [name;  
Favored Bethlehem!

5 O lead us Thou to rest e'en now  
With all who, sorely anguished  
'Neath the burden of their sins,  
Long in woe have languished.

Viktor Strauss, 18—; Catharine  
Winkworth, tr., 1829-73.

510

Tune 45.

Weep, Zion, weep, in death's deep sleep  
Your King His head has bowed;  
Closed are those lips, whence late  
Truth and mercy flow'd.

2 In strains of woe our songs shall flow;  
What love is here displayed;  
See God's dear and only Son  
To a tomb convey'd.

3 Yet, O rejoice with heart and voice,  
Soon will He rise most glorious:  
And at the right hand of God  
Seat Himself victorious.

Chr. I. La Trobe and J. Worthington.

4 Wondrous Child Divine! warm this  
heart of mine;  
Keep it burning, for Thee yearning,  
Wondrous Child Divine!

5 Do not me reject; let Thy light reflect  
From me ever, blessed Saviour;  
Do not me reject.

6 O that look of love! may I here, above,  
Give Thee blessing never ceasing,  
For that look of love.

Adam Drese, 1630-1718; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1890.

54, A.

512

Tune 54.

Courage, my sorely tempted heart!  
Break through thy woes, forget their smart;  
Come forth, and on thy Bridegroom gaze,  
The Lamb of God, the Fount of grace;  
Here is Thy peace!

2 His arms are open; thither flee!  
There rest and peace are waiting thee,  
The deathless crown of righteousness,  
The entrance to eternal bliss;  
He gives thee this!

3 Then combat well, of naught afraid,  
For this His follower thou art made:  
Each battle teaches thee to fight,  
Each foe to be a braver knight,  
Armed with His might.

4 Christ's word hath still its glorious  
The noblest chivalry is ours; [powers,  
O Thou for Whom to die is gain,  
I bring Thee here my all; oh deign  
To accept and reign.

Justus Henning Boehmer, 1674-1739;  
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

GREGOR'S 56TH METRE.

*Ich will's wagen.*

} 4,5, 4,5, 7, 7, 4,5, Iambic.)

Moravian.

56, A.

513

Tune 56.

We, O Jesus :: claim Thy special care,  
Lord, preserve us :: from each hurtful  
May our hearts and senses be [snare;  
Fixed, in true simplicity, [bear.  
On the sufferings :: Thou for us didst  
2 Us deliver :: from the world and sin,  
Let Thy Spirit :: rule alone within;

Every vain desire control,  
And in spirit, body, soul,  
Sanctify us :: by Thy grace divine.

3 In temptation :: may we firmly stand,  
Ever watchful, :: as Thou dost command:  
Without Thee we naught can do;  
Strengthen and support us too  
In all trials :: by Thy mighty hand.

4 Fix Thy temple, :; Saviour, in each breast;  
Undisturb'd :; be our peace and rest;  
Let us on Thy merits feed,  
In the path of grace proceed,  
Be, in union :; with Thee, ever blest.

James Allen, 1734-1804.

514

Tune 56.

They who hunger :; after Christ, are fed,  
All the thirsty :; to life's fountain led :  
He the needy doth supply  
With good things abundantly;  
From His fullness :; they are nourish'd.

2 Since He welcomes :; every soul distressed,

And has promised :; to the weary rest,  
At His call we now draw nigh;

He invites each graciously, [My feast. "  
"Come, poor sinner, :; come and share

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

515

Tune 56.

Ye who call'd :; to Christ's service are,  
Join together :; both in work and prayer :

Venture all on Him, our Lord  
Who assures us in His word,  
We are always :; objects of His care.

2 Showers of blessing :; from the Lord proceed, [need;

Strength supplying :; in the time of  
For no servant of our King  
Ever lack'd anything;

He will never :; break the bruise'd reed.

3 Lord, have mercy :; on each land and place, [of grace;

Where Thy servants :; preach the word  
Life and power on them bestow,  
Them with needful strength endow,  
That with boldness :; they may Thee confess.

4 May we faithful :; in our service be,  
Truly careful :; in our ministry;

Keep us to Thy Church fast bound,  
In the faith preserve us sound, [Thee.

Often weeping :; grateful tears 'fore

L. E. Schlicht and J. Gambold.

516

Tune 56.

Bless'd Saviour, :; with love's sacred fire, [spire;

We entreat Thee, :; all our souls in-  
By Thy death O set us free  
From sin's cruel slavery;

Then to serve Thee :; will be our desire.

2 Chains of darkness, :; wherewith men  
are bound,  
Now are broken, :; and a Help is found;

They who gladly would be free,  
May by Christ delivered be;

This to sinners :; is a joyful sound.

3 Naught but blessings :; He for us  
intends,  
And His mercy :; never, never ends;

Let us look unto the Cross,  
Where He died to ransom us,

On that offering :; faith alone depends.

4 As Thy chosen :; blood-bought prop-  
erty, [Lamb, but Thee;

We'll know nothing, :; slaughtered  
Thou shalt be our Lord and God;

Of redemption in Thy blood  
To all nations :; we will testify.

L. E. Schlicht, 1714-69.

517

Tune 56.

Bless'd Jesus, :; all our hearts incline  
Thee to follow :; where Thy footsteps

At all times and everywhere [shine;  
May our words and actions bear

A resemblance, :; gracious Lord, to  
Thine.

C. L. von Pfeil, 1712-84.

518

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 58.

O Thou, Whose goodness words can  
ne'er express,

Daily lift up on us Thy loving face,  
Let Thy gracious presence surround us  
ever, [favor

As though our longing eyes enjoyed the  
Thee to behold.

2 Grant that we all, both young and old,  
may prove

True witnesses of Thy redeeming love;  
Showing forth Thy praises, may we  
adore Thee, [before Thee,

And humbly walk in grace and truth  
Till we go hence.

3 May'st Thou with us Thy gracious  
aim obtain; [victory gain;

Grant that Thy Church may constant  
May we, truly conscious that we are  
needy,

To look to Thee in faith be always ready,  
And trust Thy power.

4 Might every one who knows us,  
clearly trace, [grace;

In all Thy people unction, truth and  
That who'er approaches Thy Congre-  
gation, [suasion,

May feel, and own it from a clear per-  
"The Lord is here."

Chr. Gregor, 1723-1801.

519

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 58.

Redeemer of mankind, God of all grace,  
Pour fire and spirit on Thy witnesses,  
Preaching Thy salvation, by love con-  
strain'd; [be gain'd

Thus thousands more for Thee shall yet  
By Thy blest word.

2 Our elders and all other servants bless,  
To all their undertakings give success;

Gracious Lord, afford them Thy Spirit's  
unction, [function

That they may faithfully fulfill the  
To which they're called.

3 O may Thy ransomed people every-  
where [hear,

Of this great truth at all times witness  
That who'er believeth in Christ's re-  
demption [exemption

May find free grace and a complete  
From serving sin.

S. Meyer and Zinzendorf.

520

Tune 58.

O Lamb of God, Who wast for sinners  
slain, [obtain,  
That they might pardon, life, and bliss  
Give me to experience Thy great salvation,  
And in my heart O fix Thy habitation  
For evermore.

2 Thou know'st my inmost soul; I've  
naught to boast, [lost:  
And without Thee should be forever  
When I am neglectful, Thou dost re-  
prove me, [love me,  
Yet I am well assured that Thou dost  
For Thou forgiv'st.

3 How glad am I that Thou so gracious  
art, [less heart,  
That Thou dost bless my sinful, worth-  
And canst with such patience bear my  
behavior:

O wert Thou not exactly such a Saviour,  
What should I do?

W. Delamotte, d. 1743.

521

Tune 58.

Hold o'er Thy Church, Lord, Thy pro-  
tecting hand,  
And in Thy truth O may she ever stand;  
May Thy ransomed people show forth  
Thy praises, [Jesus,  
And be devoted to Thy Name, Lord  
Till Thou shalt come.

2 Preserve Thy Church, Lord Jesus,  
everywhere, [may bear;  
And grant that she rich fruit for Thee  
Build her outward structure, fill her  
with glory, [adore Thee,  
And let each member praise Thee and  
And serve Thy Name.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

522

Tune 58.

That our Lord's views with us may be  
attained [unfeigned,  
We now commend ourselves, with faith

To the Father's blessing, to the Son's  
favor, [ever:  
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and  
Hear us, O Lord. Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

523 [For Tune, see next page.] Tune 58.

Jesus, my Lord, Thy nearness doth im-  
part [ing heart,  
Sweet peace and gladness to the long-  
Thy gracious smile infuse a joyous  
thrill. [fill,  
And soul and body with sweet pleasure  
And thankfulness.

2 We see not with our eyes Thy friendly  
face, [grace;  
So full of kindness, love and gentle  
But in our hearts we know that Thou  
art here, [ence near,  
For Thou canst make us feel Thy pres-  
Although unseen.

3 Whoever makes it life's chief aim  
and end  
To have his happiness on Thee depend,  
In him a well of joy forever springs,  
And all day long his heart is glad, and  
"Who is like Thee." [sings:]

4 To meet us ever with a friendly face,  
In mercy, patience, and the kindest  
grace,  
Daily Thy rich forgiveness to bestow.  
To comfort, heal, in peace to bid us go,  
Is Thy delight.

5 Lord, for Thy rich salvation, hear our  
prayer,  
And daily give us an abounding share;  
And let our souls in all their poverty,  
From deep-felt love be looking unto  
Till life's last end. [Thee

6 In sorrowing hours may our o'erflowing  
eyes  
For comfort look to Thy dear Sacrifice;  
And, with Thy Cross before us, may we  
find [mind,  
Thy genuine image, stamped upon our  
In constant view!

58, B.

7 Lord, at all times may'st Thou within  
us find  
A loving spirit and a child-like mind;  
And from Thy wounds may we receive  
the power, [every hour,  
Through all life's weal and woe, in  
To cling to Thee.

8 Thus, till the heavens receive us, shall  
we be [Thee;  
Like children, finding all our joys in  
And though the tears of sorrow oft must  
fall,  
Yet if Thou to our hearts art All-in-all,  
Sweet peace will come.

9 Thy wounded hands, dear Saviour, as  
a Friend,  
Thou dost to us in faithfulness extend;  
At the sad sight our tears of grief must  
flow, [we go,  
And conscious shame come o'er us as  
With thankful praise.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801; Edward Reynolds, tr.

524

Tune 58.

The Church of Christ, that He hath bal-  
lowed here [near,  
To be His house, is scattered far and  
In North, and South, and East, and  
West abroad; [Christ, her Lord,  
And yet in earth and heaven, through  
The Church is one.

2 One member knoweth not another  
here, [near;  
And yet their fellowship is true and  
One is their Saviour, and their Father  
one; [none  
One Spirit rules them, and among them  
Lives to himself.

3 They live to Him Who bought them  
with His blood, [good;  
Baptized them with His Spirit, pure and  
And in true faith and ever-burning love,  
Their hearts and hopes ascend, to seek  
The eternal good. [above

58TH METRE, (SECOND PART.) (6, 6, 11, 5, Iambic.)

58, C.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, all life is Thine;  
 Now fill Thy Church with life and  
 power divine, [Thee,  
 That many children may be born to  
 And spread Thy knowledge like the  
 boundless sea,  
 To Christ's great praise.  
 Augustus G. Spangenberg, 1704-92.

525 [For Tune, see foot of preceding page.] Tune 58.

Glory to the Father,  
 Who in Christ Jesus [bless us,  
 Doth as dear children own and richly  
 World without end.

2 Glory unto Jesus,  
 The Man of sorrows, [us,  
 Who suffered, died, arose, and liveth for  
 That we may live.

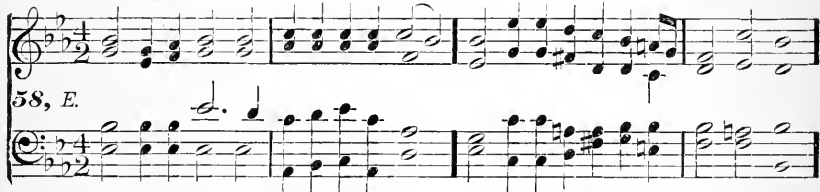
3 Glory and obedience  
 To the Holy Spirit, [merit  
 Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and His  
 To us applies.

4 Lamb of God, once wounded  
 For our salvation, [passion  
 Let all who breathe, proclaim Thy bitter  
 For evermore.

(Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.)

REQUIEM. [MILITANT.] (10, 10, 10, 4, Iambic.)

Joseph Barnby.



527 Tune 58.

For all Thy saints, who from their labors  
 rest, [confessed,  
 Who Thee by faith before the world  
 Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest:  
 Hallelujah! :||

2 Thou wast their Rock, their For-  
 tress, and their Might;  
 Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-  
 fought fight; [of light;  
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light  
 Hallelujah! :||

3 Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true  
 and bold, [old,  
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of  
 And win, with them, the victor's crown  
 Hallelujah! :|| [of gold:

526 [For Tune, see foot of preceding page.] Tune 58.

Sacred Name of Jesus,  
 So great and holy,  
 That all our tongues can never praise  
 Thee truly,  
 'Fore Thee we bow.

2 Saving Name of Jesus,  
 In which salvation  
 Is preached to every kindred, tongue,  
 and nation,  
 Might all Thee know.

3 Blessèd Name of Jesus,  
 How efficacious  
 To save, to sanctify, and to preserve us,  
 Thee we adore.

4 Powerful Name of Jesus,  
 In heaven reverèd,  
 On earth by all believers loved and  
 Glory to Thee. [fearèd,

5 Name for ever sacred,  
 For ever precious;  
 Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus,  
 For evermore.

H. Louise v. Hayn and J. Cennick,

4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship  
 divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine:  
 Hallelujah! :||

5 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glori-  
 ous day: [array:  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright  
 The King of glory passes on His way:  
 Hallelujah! :||

6 From earth's wide bounds, from  
 ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the  
 countless host,  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:  
 Hallelujah! :||

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

58, D. 1. The night is come wherein at last we rest, God or-der this and all things for the best! Be - neath His  
3. Let ho-ly pray'rs and tho'ts our latest be, Let us a-wake with joy, still close to Thee; In all serve

blessing fear-less may we lie, Since He is nigh. 2. Drivee - vil tho'ts and spirits far a - way; Oh,  
Thee; in ev - ery deed and tho't Thy praise besought. 4. Give to the sick, as Thy be-lov - ed, sleep; And

Fa-ther watch o'er us till dawning day; Bod-y and soul a - like from harm de - feud, Thine  
help the cap - tive, com-fort those who weep; Care for the wi-dows' and the or-phans' woe; Keep

an - gels send.  
far our foe. 5. Father Thy Name be praised, Thy kiugdom come, Thy will be wrought as in our

heav'nly home; Keep us in life, for-give our sins, de-liv - er us, Now and ev - er. A - men.

Bohemian Brethren; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

529

Tune 58.

Christ, Thou the Champion of the band  
who own [known!  
Thy Cross, oh, make Thy succor quickly  
The schemes of those who long our  
blood have sought,  
Bring Thou to naught.

2 Do Thou Thyself for us Thy children  
fight, [might  
Withstand the devil, quell his rage and  
Whate'er assails Thy members left  
Do Thou o'erthrow. [below,

3 And give us peace: peace in the  
Church and school, [rule,  
Peace to the powers who o'er our country  
Peace to the conscience, peace within  
Do Thou impart. [the heart,

4 So shall Thy goodness here be still  
adored, [Lord,  
Thou Guardian of Thy little flock, dear  
And heaven and earth through all  
Shall worship Thee. [eternity

Matthias Apelles von Loewenstern, 1594-1648;  
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.



530

Tune 61.

O praise Jehovah! Who reigneth on  
earth and in heaven,  
Praise Him, my soul, for the ransom  
He freely hath given.

Come, let us sing,  
Psalm and harp, wake and ring,—  
Praise Him with timbrel and trumpet.

2 O praise Jehovah! Who kindly and  
richly hath fed thee,  
Granted thee health, and so wisely and  
gently hath led thee:

Dangers arose—  
Quickly He vanquished thy foes,  
Spreading His gracious wings o'er thee.

3 O praise Jehovah! Who oftentimes hath  
signally blessed thee,  
Showers of love sent from heaven when  
evil oppressed thee:

Trust in this hour  
On His omnipotent power;  
Loving He hastens to meet thee.

4 O praise Jehovah! Let all that is in  
me adore Him;  
Children of faith—yea, let all that hath  
breath bow before Him!

He is thy Light,  
My soul; give glory and might,  
Praise Him for evermore: Amen.  
Joachim Neander, 1640-80; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1882.

531

Tune 61.

Lamb, the once Crucified! Lion, by  
triumph surrounded!  
Victim all bloody, and Hero, Who hell  
hast confounded!

Pain-riven heart,  
That from earth's deadliest smart  
O'er all the heavens hast bounded!

2 Heavenly Love, in the language of  
earth past expression!  
Lord of all worlds, unto Whom every  
tongue owes confession!

Didst Thou not go,  
And under sentence of woe,  
Rescue those doomed by transgression?  
3 Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! Who,  
thy pardon assuring,  
Heals thy diseases, and grants thee new  
Joy amid woe. [life ever-during,  
Peace amid strife here below,  
Unto Thee ever securing.  
4 Join, O my voice, the vast chorus,  
with trembling emotion—  
Chorus of saints who, though Sundered  
by land and by ocean,  
With sweet accord  
Praise the same glorious Lord,  
One in their ceaseless devotion.

Meta Heusser-Schweizer, b. 1797;  
Thomas C. Porter, tr.

532

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 68.

Jesus, who with Thee  
Can compared be?  
Source of rest and consolation,  
Life and light, and full salvation:  
Son of God, with Thee  
None compared can be.

2 Life, Thou diedst for me;  
From all misery  
And distress me to deliver,  
And from death to save for ever:  
I am, by Thy blood,  
Reconciled to God.

3 Highest King and Priest,  
Prophet, Lord, and Christ,  
Thy dear scepter is embraced  
By me at Thy feet abased:  
I choose Mary's seat  
At Thy holy feet.

4 Grant me steadiness,  
Lord, to run my race,  
Following Thee with love most tender,  
So that Satan may not hinder  
Me by craft or force:  
Further Thou my course.



5 By Thy Spirit's light,  
 Me instruct aright,  
 That I watch and pray with fervor,  
 Trusting Thee, my soul's Preserver:  
 Love unfeigned, O Lord,  
 Unto me afford.

6 When I hence depart,  
 Strengthen Thou my heart,  
 And into Thy realms convey me,  
 In Thy righteousness array me,  
 That at Thy right hand  
 Joyful I may stand.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670-1739; John  
 Gambold, tr., 1711-71.

533

Tune 68.

Church of Jesus, sing,  
 Praise thy Lord and King;  
 Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,  
 Filled with His Holy Spirit:  
 All may know by this  
 That He owns thee His.

2 He, the Lamb of God,  
 Makes His blest abode  
 In His ransomed Congregation:  
 And true joy and consolation,  
 Grace and truth abound  
 Where the Lord is found.

3 Strength to grow and thrive  
 From Christ's death derive,  
 And proclaim His bitter passion  
 As the cause of man's salvation:  
 Showing forth His praise  
 Till the end of days.

B. F. von Promnitz, d. 1744.

534

Tune 68.

Bliss beyond compare,  
 Which in Christ I share:  
 He's my only joy and treasure:  
 Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,  
 When in Christ I share  
 Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my Joy,  
 Therefore blest am I:

O His mercy is unbounded,  
 All my hope on Him is grounded;  
 Jesus is my Joy,  
 Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,  
 This my spirit cheers;  
 When, His love to me revealing,  
 He, the Sun of grace, with healing  
 In His beams appears,  
 This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drowned:  
 Pure delight is found,  
 Joy and peace in His salvation,  
 Heavenly bliss and consolation:  
 Every grief is drowned  
 Where such bliss is found.

Gottfried Arnold, 1666-1714.

535

Tune 68.

Jesus, day by day  
 Guide us on our way:  
 So shall we, no more delaying  
 Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;  
 Lead us by Thy hand  
 To our fatherland.

2 When we danger meet  
 Steadfast make our feet!  
 Lord, preserve us uncomplaining  
 'Mid the darkness round us reigning!  
 Through adversity  
 Lies our way to Thee.

3 Is it own heart's care  
 Which we have to bear,  
 Or do others' griefs distress us?  
 Lord, with meekness, patience, bless us:  
 Keep before our eyes  
 Heaven's glorious prize.

4 Order all our way  
 Through this mortal day;  
 Should the way be rough and dreary,  
 With Thy strength support the weary;  
 When life's course is o'er,  
 Open, Lord, Thy door.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60; Arthur Tozer  
 Russell, tr., 1806-74.

536

Tune 68.

Lord, our eyes unseal,  
To our minds reveal  
All that glorious hidden treasure,  
Grace and mercy without measure,  
Which in Thy good word  
For our need is stored.

2 Holy Ghost, arise  
On our darkened eyes;  
Now to Christ our Saviour lead us;  
Jesus, in Thy pastures feed us;  
With Thy word may we  
Ever nourished be.

3 Ever on our sight  
Pour Thy holy light;  
Darkness all around us reigneth,  
But Thy hand our steps sustaineth;  
Thou dost guide us still  
To Thy holy hill.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-74.

Tune 68.

537

Holy Trinity,  
We confess with joy  
That our life and whole salvation  
Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,  
And His death for us  
On the shameful Cross.

2 Had we angels' tongues  
With seraphic songs,  
Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,  
Triune God, we would adore Thee,  
In the highest strain,  
For the Lamb once slain.

Lawrence T. Nyberg, 1720-92.

Tune 68.

538

Blessed be Thy Name  
Jesus Christ!—the same  
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,  
What from Thee my soul shall sever,  
While I hear Thy voice,  
And in Thee rejoice?

2 Lord, Thy word is light;  
Led by it aright,  
When a pilgrim, like my fathers,  
Life's last shadow round me gathers,  
May its brightening ray  
Shine to perfect day.

3 With my latest breath,  
Overcoming death,  
From the body disencumbered,  
With Thy saints in glory numbered,  
Jesus, may I be  
Found in peace with Thee.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

Tune 68.

539

O Eternal Word,  
Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
While the hosts of heaven adore Thee,  
We with awe fall down before Thee,  
And with rapture raise  
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed;  
Comfort in all need;

Thou becam'st a Man of sorrows,  
To gain life eternal for us,  
By Thy precious blood,  
Jesus, man and God.

Christian Gregor and A. Drese.

540

Tune 68.

While we take our seat  
At the Master's feet,  
Urged by love, we in our measure  
His commandments keep with pleasure;  
Doth He strength bestow,  
We can all things do.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

541

Tune 68.

Jesus! still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless;  
Guide us by Thy hand  
To our fatherland.

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

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

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

Zinzendorf, 1700-60; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

542

Tune 68.

Jesus, hear our prayer,  
For Thy children care;  
While we sleep, protect and bless us,  
With Thy pardon now refresh us;  
Leave Thy peace divine  
With us, we are Thine.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

543

Tune 68.

Who is there like Thee,  
Jesus, unto me?  
None are like Thee, none above Thee,  
Thou art altogether lovely;  
None on earth have we,  
None in heaven like Thee.

2 Plant Thyself in me;  
I will learn of Thee,  
To be holy, meek, and tender,  
Wrath and pride and self surrender;  
Nothing shouldst Thou see,  
But Thyself in me.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670-1730; James S. Stallybrass, tr., 1859.

544

Tune 69.

How blest and lovely Thy earthly dwellings are, [dear,  
 Wherein assemble Thy Christian people  
 O God, our Lord, Thy praises to record.  
 2 One day is better, if spent Thy courts within,

Than thousand others of pleasurable sin:  
 Thy holy will, oh, help us to fulfill.  
 3 Preserve for ever our sacred liberty,  
 As conscience prompts us, to meet and worship Thee,  
 To thank and praise Thee for Thy word of grace.

Bishop John Augusta, 1500-72.

GREGOR'S 70TH METRE. } (5, 6, 5, 6, 9, 10, Dactylic.) Max Appeles von Loewenstern, 1644.  
*Nun preiset alle.*

545

Tune 70.

The holy angels,  
 When they to Christ draw near,  
 Fall down before Him,  
 Their God, with holy fear,  
 And with profound humiliation  
 Pay Him the deepest adoration.  
 2 Heirs of salvation,  
 Redeemed with Christ's blood!  
 Their ministration  
 Demands our gratitude;  
 They'll guard us till we shall assemble,  
 Where our glad voices shall fill the temple.  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

546

Tune 70.

Christ's love invites us  
 To flee to Him for rest;  
 His zeal incites us  
 To follow His behest.  
 Though trials come or ill o'ertakes us  
 He never leaves us, He ne'er forsakes us.  
 2 A glad heart moves us  
 To follow Christ the Lamb;  
 It well behooves us  
 To bear His cross and shame  
 "Without the camp," since that great fountain  
 Was opened for us on Calvary's moun- [tain.

70, B.

3 To idly tarry  
 No cherished object gains ;  
 To never weary  
 The long-sought end attains ;  
 The faint-heart dreads the task assigned  
 him [him.  
 And, fleeing, leaveth his work behind

4 The faithful warrior  
 For duty ready stands ;  
 Each shock and barrier

But strengtheneth his hands ;  
 Not fame he seeks, nor place in story ;  
 The battle-dust is his wreath of glory.

5 With hearts elated,  
 We now Christ's call obey ;  
 Though separated,  
 In Him united stay ;  
 Let us remember, when we sever,  
 As one in Him, we are joined forever.

St. 1, 2 and 5. Leonhard Dober, 1706-66; St. 3 and 4,  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

DARMSTADT.  
*Auf, Seele, sei geruest't.* } (6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5, Iambic.)

Darmstaedter Gesangbuch, 1698.

71, A.

547 Tune 71.

"'Tis finished!" Jesus cries,  
 He bows His head and dies,  
 Our pardon's sealèd :  
 All hail, in death though pale,  
 Victorious Lamb, all hail,  
 Thou hast prevailed.

2 Thy bitter agony  
 Upon my heart shall be  
 Deeply impressèd ;  
 O may I ne'er forget  
 The price at which my debt  
 Hath been erasèd.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

548 Tune 71.

Lord, Who didst sanctify  
 Thyself, and hast thereby  
 Procured this blessing,  
 That we before Thy face  
 May walk in holiness,  
 To Thee well-pleasing :—

2 In true simplicity,  
 O may we cleave to Thee,  
 Our God and Saviour ;  
 In all things free from blame,  
 To glorify Thy Name  
 Be our endeavor.

71, B.

3 In heart here purified,  
May we in Thee abide  
Without cessation;  
Thy praise be our employ;  
On earth our highest joy  
Thy congregation.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

Thy goodness, Lord, display  
Unto Thy Church this day,  
Now own and bless us.

549

Before Thee we appear,  
Thou wilt receive our prayer,  
For Thou art gracious;

Tune 71.

2 Thy piercèd hands, for us  
Once nailed to the Cross,  
Give benediction;  
Thy blood from sin us cleanse,  
And pardoning grace dispense,  
Without restriction.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

ADVENT. (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Trochaic.)

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72, C.

550

Once He came in blessing,  
All our ills redressing,  
Came in likeness lowly,  
Son of God most holy;  
Bore the Cross to save us,  
Hope and freedom gave us.

Tune 72.

2 Still He comes within us,  
Still His voice would win us,  
From the sins that hurt us;  
Would to truth convert us,  
From our foolish errors.  
Ere He comes in terrors.

3 Thus if thou hast known Him,  
Not ashamed to own Him;  
Nor dost love Him coldly,  
But wilt trust Him boldly;  
He will now receive thee,  
Heal thee, and forgive thee.

4 He, who well endureth,  
Bright reward secureth;  
Come then, O Lord Jesus,  
From our sins release us;  
Let us here confess Thee,  
Till in heaven we bless Thee.

John Horn, 1540; Catherine Winkworth,  
tr., 1829-78.

*Herr Jesu, ewig's Lich'.*

551 Tune 74.

Think on our brethren, Lord,  
Who preach the gospel-word,  
In spirit free and bold,  
In hunger, heat and cold;  
Thou art their Strength and Shield,  
Help them to win the field.

2 Give us an open door,  
And spirit, grace and power,  
To tell what Thou hast done  
For mankind to atone:  
That thus in every place  
We may declare Thy grace.

3 O Lord, before us go;  
To every sinner show  
What need he hath of Thee,

BACA. (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.)

And then most powerfully  
Convince each human heart  
That Thou the Saviour art. Anon.

552 Tune 74.

O Lord, in me fulfill  
Whatever is Thy will;  
To Thee I now resign  
Myself and all that's mine;  
Thine, only Thine I'll be,  
And live alone to Thee.

2 Each day unto my heart  
New life and grace impart;  
For without fresh supply  
I languish, droop, and die;  
Continually I've need  
By faith on Thee to feed.

Martha Claggett, 1692-1773.

W. H. Havergal.

74, C.

553 Tune 74.

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 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?

4 Oh, let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent;  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent;  
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,  
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

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 When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast:  
"May Jesus Christ be praised:"  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant I hear:  
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

5 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
"May Jesus Christ be praised;"  
The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
"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 long:  
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

554

Tune 74.

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

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

GREGOR'S 75TH METRE. } (6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7, Iambic.)  
*Auf meinen lieben Gott.*

Jacob Regnart, 1574.

75, A.

555

Tune 75.

In God, my faithful God,  
I trust when dark my road;  
Though many woes o'ertake me,  
Yet He will not forsake me;  
His love it is doth send them,  
And when 'tis best will end them.

2 My sins assail me sore,  
But I despair no more;  
I trust in Christ Who loves me,  
From this Rock nothing moves me,  
Since I can all surrender  
To Him, my soul's Defender.

S. Weingartner, c. 1610.

556

Tune 75.

Lord, Jesus Christ, in Thee  
I trust eternally;  
I know I shall not perish,  
But in Thy Kingdom flourish;  
Since Thou hast death sustained,  
Life is for me obtained.

2 Lord, strengthen Thou my heart  
To me such grace impart  
That naught which may await me  
From Thee may separate me;  
Let me with Thee, my Saviour,  
United be for ever.

J. Heermann, 1555-1647.





557

Tune 77.

“Who is this, with garments dyed,  
 This That comes from Edom,  
 Traveling thus from Bozrah's side,  
 In the might of freedom?”  
 “I, the Conqueror o'er the grave,  
 I, the Mighty One to save.”

2 “Why is Thine apparel red,  
 Stains of blood bespeaking?  
 Why Thy robe as theirs that tread  
 In the wine-press, reeking  
 With the juice of grape? Say, why  
 Such strange garb of victory?”

3 “I have trodden all alone,  
 This world's wine-press ample,  
 And I wondered of Mine own

None that foe could trample!  
 Rescue then My vengeance brought,  
 Mine own arm salvation wrought.”

4 Yes, I know Thee now!—the Word  
 Writ in sacred story;  
 Angel of the Presence, Lord,  
 Christ, the King of glory!—  
 Know Thy deeds in days of old:  
 Kindness—pity—love untold!

5 Yes! Thy secret, Lord, is known,  
 Whence Thy red-dyed raiment!  
 Not Thy foeman's blood—Thine own,  
 Lavished for the payment  
 Of the debt none else could pay,  
 Guilt none else could wash away.

Edward Arthur Dayman, b. 1807.

558 [For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 79.

Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure, insensible;  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place,  
 Or ever shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert!  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 To tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And to awake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When Thou with clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at Thy bar:  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet from Thee a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,  
 With godly jealousy and fear,  
 Eternal bliss to insure;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill  
 To suffer all Thy righteous will,  
 And steadfast to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale, to live  
 And reign with Thee above;  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope, in full, supreme delight,  
 And everlasting, heavenly love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

559 [For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 79.

O Bread of life, from heaven  
 To saints and angels given,  
 O Manna from above:  
 The souls that hunger, feed Thou,  
 The hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou  
 With Thy most sweet and tender care.

2 O Fount of grace redeeming,  
 O River ever streaming  
 From Jesus' wounded side:  
 Come Thou, Thyself bestowing  
 On thirsty souls, and flowing  
 Till all their wants are satisfied.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,  
 Thy word of truth believing,  
 We Thee unseen adore:  
 Grant when our race is ended,  
 That we, to heaven ascended,  
 May see Thy glory evermore.

Philip Schaff, tr., 1869, 1873.

560 [For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 79.

O'er eras past I've pondered,  
 Through endless ages wandered,  
 In spirit still unblest;  
 Naught gave me satisfaction,  
 My heart felt no attraction,  
 Till I on Golgotha found rest.

2 And now to this spot cleaving,  
 This hallowed ground ne'er leaving,  
 My spirit roams no more;  
 Here will I gaze forever  
 On Christ, my suffering Saviour,  
 Till I in heaven shall Him adore.

C. R. von Zinzendorf, 1727-52; L. F. Kampmann,  
 tr., 1876.



**561** Tune 79.  
 The Lord be with me everywhere,  
 And screen me with paternal care  
 By His almighty arm;  
 No traveler needs to faint or fear,  
 If he believe the Lord is near,  
 Who can protect him from all harm.

2 By sea and land, by night and day,  
 O Lord, in safety me convey,  
 Though winds and thunders roar;  
 Bring me when every peril's past,  
 Safe to the destined place at last,  
 There to extol Thy help and power.  
 William Hammond, 1719-83.

**562** Tune 79.  
 The wise men from the East adored  
 The infant Jesus as their Lord,  
 Brought gifts to Him their King;  
 Jesus, grant us Thy light, that we  
 The way may find, and unto Thee,  
 Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.  
 From the Greek.

**563** Tune 79.  
 May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
 Who to the temple humbly came  
 The legal rights to pay,  
 Subdue our proud and stubborn will,  
 That we His precepts may fulfill,  
 Whate'er rebellious nature say.  
 From the Greek.

**564** Tune 79.  
 Jesus, Thyself to us reveal,  
 Grant that we may not only feel  
 Some drawings of Thy grace,  
 But in communion with Thee live,  
 And daily from Thy death derive  
 The needful strength to run our race.

2 Oh, let us think Thee always near,  
 As is the light that shines so clear,  
 Or as the air we breathe;

In all our thoughts, our words and ways,  
 Thus may our lives show forth Thy  
 praise, [beneath]  
 Our hearts be weaned from things  
 3 Jesus, Thou fain wouldst have us be  
 In all things more conformed to Thee;  
 We're filled with conscious shame,  
 And thank Thee for Thy care and love;  
 Thy patience, which we richly prove,  
 Our heart-felt gratitude doth claim.  
 Johannes de Watteville, 1718-ss.

**565** Tune 79.  
 May Jesus' grace and blessing  
 Attend me without ceasing:  
 Thus I stretch out my hand,  
 And do that work with pleasure,  
 Which, in my call and measure,  
 My God for me to do ordained.  
 Johann Matthesius, 1504-65.

**566** Tune 79.  
 What praise to Thee, my Saviour,  
 Is due for every favor,  
 E'en for my daily food:  
 Each crumb Thou dost allow me,  
 With gratitude shall bow me,  
 Accounting all for me too good.  
 John Gambold, 1711-71.

**567** Tune 79.  
 Jesus, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend,  
 Now Thy protecting wings extend,  
 Thy children save from harm;  
 Would Satan seek us to devour,  
 Against his malice, craft and power,  
 Defend us by Thy outstretched arm.  
 Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

**568** Tune 79.  
 Lord, for Thy coming us prepare  
 May we to meet Thee without fear,  
 At all times ready be:  
 In faith and love preserve us sound;  
 Oh, let us, day and night, be found,  
 Waiting with joy to welcome Thee.  
 Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

79, B.

**569** Tune 79.  
 Dear Lord, my soul desireth,  
 In all Thy word requireth,  
 By works to adorn Thy grace:  
 Oh, may my conversation  
 Display on each occasion,  
 That holy mind which was in Thee.  
 John Gambold, 1711-71.

**570** Tune 79.  
 No farther go to-night, but stay,  
 Dear Saviour, till the break of day;  
 Abide, my Lord, with me:  
 And in the morning when I wake,  
 Me under Thy protection take;  
 Thus day and night I spend with Thee.  
 John Cennick, 1718-55.

**571** Tune 79.  
 Lord, our High-priest and Saviour,  
 Pour fire and spirit's fervor  
 On all our priestly bands;  
 When we are interceding,  
 And for Thy people pleading,  
 Give incense, and hold up our hands.  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**572** Tune 79.  
 When children, blest by Jesus,  
 To Whom their souls are precious,  
 Depart in early years,  
 They are not lost; for heaven  
 To children shall be given;  
 Eternal happiness is theirs.

2 This child is therefore blessèd,  
 Let no one be distressèd,  
 Christ bid it fall asleep:  
 The body dead, the spirit  
 Will endless life inherit  
 With His redeemed and happy sheep.  
 Johann Andreas Rothe, 1688-1758.

**573** Tune 79.  
 Jesus, all hail, Who for our sin  
 Didst die, and by Thy death didst win  
 Eternal life for us:

Send us, good Lord, Thy grace, that we  
 May die unto the world with Thee,  
 And glory only in Thy Cross.

2 Jesus, from out Thine opened side  
 Thou hast the thirsty world supplied  
 With endless streams of love:  
 O ye, who would your sickness quell,  
 Draw freely from that sacred well;  
 Its heavenly, saving virtues prove.

3 Jesus, Thy passion's bitter smart,  
 Pierced like a sword Thy mother's heart,  
 As Simeon prophesied:  
 So fix our hearts fast to Thy Cross,  
 That we may count all gain but loss  
 For Jesus, and Him Crucified.

4 Jesus, in spices wrapped and laid  
 Within the garden's rocky shade,  
 By jealous seals made sure,  
 Embalm us with Thy grace, and hide  
 Thy servants in Thy wounded side,  
 A safe, a heavenly sepulture.

5 Jesus, Who to the spirits went  
 And preached the new enfranchisement  
 Thy recent death had won:  
 Absolve us, Lord, and set us free  
 From self and sin, that we may be  
 Bondsmen to Thee, to Thee alone.  
 F. W. Faber, 1814-63, alt.

**574** Tune 79.  
 A stranger and a pilgrim, I  
 With Thy command, O Lord, comply,  
 I go where Thou dost send:  
 My high commission I obey,  
 The toil and dangers of the way  
 Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2 Attend me, Lord, in all my ways;  
 Open my lips to sing Thy praise,  
 For blessings freely given:  
 In all my journeys here below  
 Let Thy kind presence with me go;  
 And grant me once to rest in heaven.  
 William Hammond, 1719-82.

575

Tune 79.

When Christ, our Saviour, did ascend,  
The Father bade His hosts attend,  
And worship His dear Son ;  
With loud acclamings of joy they gazed,  
And cheerful hallelujahs raised,  
Adoring humbly at His throne.

2 Can we Thy triumphs e'er forget ?  
Shall we not worship at Thy feet,  
For all Thy griefs and pain ?  
Yes, we will join the angelic throng,  
In singing that eternal song,  
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain. "

3 The assembly, which with Thee at rest  
Appears in spotless garments dressed,  
Bows down and humbly sings ;  
We too Thy saving Name will bless,  
And Thee with heart and voice confess  
The Lord of lords and King of kings.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

576

Tune 79.

O world ! behold upon the Tree  
Thy Life is hanging now for thee ;  
Thy Saviour yields His breath ;  
The mighty Prince of glory now  
For thee doth unresisting bow  
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

2 Alas ! my Saviour, who could dare  
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,  
What heart entreat Thee thus ?  
For Thou art good, hast wrong'd none,  
As we and ours too oft have done ; [we.  
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, but

GREGOR'S 82D METRE.

*Weil die Worte Wahrheit sind.*

(7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Grimm's Chorale Book, 1755.

577

Tune 82.

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,  
I'm His sheep, and know His voice ;  
He's a Shepherd, kind and gracious,  
And His pastures are delicious ;  
Constant love to me He shows,  
Yea, my worthless name He knows.

2 Trusting His mild staff always,  
I go in and out in peace ;  
He will feed me with the treasure

3 I and my sins, that number more  
Than yonder sands upon the shore,  
Have brought this agony.  
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe  
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,  
And those sad hearts that watch by  
Thee.

4 'Tis I to whom these pains belong,  
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,  
Bound hand and foot in chains ;  
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er  
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,  
For I have well-deserved such pains.

5 Yet Thou dost even for my sake  
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,  
That weigh me to the ground.  
Yes, Thou art made a curse for me,  
That I might yet be blest through Thee ;  
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

6 From henceforth there is naught of  
mine

But I would seek to make it Thine,  
Since all to Thee I owe.  
Whate'er my utmost power can do,  
To Thee to render service true,  
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

7 Ah ! little have I, Lord, to give,  
So poor, so base the life I live ;  
Till soul and body part,  
This one thing I will do for Thee,  
The woe, the death endured for me,  
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Catherine  
Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

Of His grace in richest measure ;  
When athirst to Him I cry,  
Living water He'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,  
Led by Jesus as His sheep ;  
For when these blest days are over,  
To the arms of my dear Saviour  
I shall be conveyed to rest :  
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

H. Louise von Hayn, 1724-82.

578

Tune 83.

Heavenward still our pathway tends,  
 Here on earth we are but strangers,  
 Till our road in Canaan ends,  
 Safely passed this wild of dangers:  
 Here we but as pilgrims rove,  
 For our home is there above.

2 Heavenward still, my soul, ascend!  
 Thou art one of heaven's creations;  
 Earth can ne'er give aim or end  
 Fit to fill thy aspirations;  
 And a heaven-enlightened mind  
 Ever turns its Source to find.

3 Heavenward still! God calls to me,  
 In His word so loudly speaking!  
 Glimpses in that word I see  
 Of the home I'm ever seeking;  
 While my heart that call attends,  
 Still to heaven my path ascends.

4 Heavenward still, when life shall close,  
 Death to my true home shall guide me;  
 Then, triumphant o'er my woes,  
 Lasting bliss shall God provide me,  
 Christ Himself the way has led;  
 Joyful in His steps I tread.

5 Still then heavenward! Heavenward  
 still!

This shall be my watchward ever;  
 Heaven's delights my heart shall fill,  
 Chasing joys that filled it never.  
 Heavenward still my thoughts shall  
 Till the gate of heaven is won. [run,  
 Benjamin Schmolk, 1672-1737; Frances  
 Elizabeth Cox, tr., 1843.

579

Tune 83.

Jesus will I never leave,  
 He's the God of my salvation;  
 Through His merits I receive  
 Pardon, life and consolation:  
 All the powers of my mind  
 To my Saviour be resigned.

2 Naught on earth can satisfy  
 One desire which God inspireth;  
 Only Jesus can supply

All my needy heart requireth:  
 He all losses can retrieve,  
 Him I'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am His,  
 Joined with Him in close communion:  
 And His bitter passion is  
 The foundation of this union:  
 Full of hopes which never yield,  
 Firm on Him, my Rock, I build.

4 O the happy hours I spend  
 With Him in blest conversation:  
 He's my near and faithful Friend,  
 Full of grace, peace and salvation:  
 From the look at Jesus' wounds  
 Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,  
 He my soul preserves and feedeth;  
 He the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
 Me to living waters leadeth:  
 Bless'd who can say with me,  
 Christ, I'll never part with Thee.

Chr. Keimann and B. Schmolk.

580

Tune 83.

Jesus Christ, Thou Leading-star,  
 Thy great Name we praise and hallow:  
 From believers be it far  
 Any other guide to follow;  
 Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,  
 Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below  
 To enjoy earth's transient treasure:  
 After Christ they're called to go,  
 His reproach they count a pleasure:  
 Under manifold distress,  
 Through the narrow gate they press.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

581

Tune 83.

Now with joyful songs appear,  
 Hail with humble adoration  
 Christ the Lord, for ever near  
 To His ransomed congregation;  
 With the poor He deigns to dwell;  
 God with us, Immanuel.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

582

Tune 83.

None from God so distant are,  
None so sinful, none so wretched  
But they may His mercy share,  
For His arms are still outstretchèd :  
Yet we must, when we apply,  
On His grace alone rely.

2 In this humble, happy frame,  
And from grace to grace proceeding,  
We press forward in His Name,  
And have cause to bless His leading ;  
Gladdened by His look of grace,  
We run our appointed race.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

583

Tune 83.

Truly, that eventful day,  
When the God of our salvation  
Helpless in a manger lay,  
Of our bliss laid the foundation :  
Centuries had never gained  
What He then for man obtained.

2 What sure prophecies foretold,  
And mysterious types depicted,  
Sacred covenants of old,  
Solemn promises predicted,  
All was made Amen and Yea,  
On that great, eventful day.

3 What shall I now give to Thee ?  
Take my heart as a thank-offering :  
What hast Thou not done for me  
By that life of woe and suffering ?

GREGOR'S 83D METRE.

Guter Hirte, willst Du nicht? } (7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen's Chorale Book, 1704.

586

Tune 83.

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping :  
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild  
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping !  
And no sigh of anguish sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
Where it lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see  
That its heavenly food are giving ;

This restores far more than all  
I had lost by Adam's fall.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801 ; Christian  
Ignatius LaTrobe, 1758-1836.

584

Tune 83.

My Redeemer knoweth me,  
Both in joy and in affliction ;  
O my soul, now joyful be,  
Trust thy Shepherd's kind direction :  
His own sheep He knows by name,  
And to bless them is His aim.

2 Unexampled is that love,  
By which we're with Him connected ;  
If we aught distressing prove,  
Jesus is thereby affected :  
We His watchful love and care  
In all trials richly share.

Anon.

Tune 83.

585

More than shepherd's faithfulness  
To His flock our Saviour showeth ;  
From the treasures of His grace  
He the choicest gifts bestoweth :  
As His sheep by Him we're owned ;  
Since His blood for us atoned.

2 They who feel their want and need,  
Thirsting for His great salvation,  
On the richest pastures feed,  
With true joy and delectation ;  
Till they shall, when perfected,  
With celestial joys be fed.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

Then the gain of death we prove,  
Though Thou take what most we love.  
Wilhelm Meinhold, 1797-1851 ; Catherine  
Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

587

Tune 83.

In this world so full of snares,  
Take our children in Thy keeping ;  
Hear the parents' sighs and prayers,  
When for them before Thee weeping ;  
Mercy for our children we,  
Gracious Lord, implore of Thee.  
Benjamin LaTrobe, 1725-86.

83, D.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a trochaic rhythm. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

588

Tune 83.

Christ, my Rock, my sure Defence,  
 Jesus, my Redeemer liveth;  
 O what pleasing hopes from thence  
 My believing heart deriveth;  
 Else death's long and gloomy night  
 Would my trembling soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,  
 "Thou shalt rise too," saith my  
 Of what should I be afraid? [Saviour;  
 I with Him shall live for ever;  
 Can the Head forsake His limb,  
 And not draw me unto Him?

3 Closely by love's sacred bands  
 I am joined to Him already,  
 And my faith's outstretched hands  
 To embrace my Lord are ready;  
 Death itself shall never part  
 Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

4 In my body, when restored  
 From the grave in which it slumbered,  
 I shall see my God, my Lord,  
 With His saints in glory numbered;  
 In my flesh eternally  
 My Redeemer I shall see.

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

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

Louise Henriette, Electress of Branden-  
 burg, 1627-67.

589

Tune 83.

Jesus lives! no longer now  
 Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;  
 Jesus lives! and well I know,  
 From the dead He will recall me;  
 Better life will thence commence—  
 This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given;  
 I shall go where He is gone,  
 Live and reign with Him in heaven:  
 God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!  
 This shall be my confidence!

3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
 Entrance into life immortal;  
 Calmly I can yield my breath,  
 Fearless tread the frowning portal;  
 Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,  
 Thou wilt be my confidence!  
 Christian F. Gellert, 1715-69; Arthur Cleveland  
 Cox, tr., b. 1818.

590

Tune 83.

Jesus, bless us sensibly,  
 Bless us with Thy grace and favor,  
 That we in humility  
 May rejoice in Thee, our Saviour;  
 Do Thou in Thy mercy grant  
 All we weep for, all we want.

2 Let Thy gracious presence now  
 Yield us joy and consolation,  
 In the certain hope that Thou  
 Wilt regard our supplication,  
 Grant our prayers, and much more give  
 Than we're able to conceive.

3 This be our supreme delight,  
 To remain in closest union  
 With Thee, Lord, both day and night,  
 And enjoy Thy sweet communion;  
 This our heaven while here we stay,  
 Thee to love, serve and obey.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

Musical score for 'Arnheim' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked '84, A.' and the second system is marked '84, A.'. The music features a simple, rhythmic melody with chords in the bass line.

591

Tune 84.

Blessèd Jesus, at Thy word,  
 We are gathered all to hear Thee,  
 Let our hearts and souls be stirred  
 Now to seek and love and fear Thee;  
 By Thy teachings sweet and holy,  
 Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.  
 2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight  
 Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,  
 Till Thy Spirit breaks our night  
 With the beams of truth unclouded;  
 Thou alone to God canst win us,  
 Thou must work all good within us.  
 3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart;  
 Light of light from God proceeding,  
 Open Thou our ears and heart,  
 Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading.  
 Hear the cry Thy people raises;  
 Hear and bless our prayers and praises.  
 Tobias Clausnitzer, 1618-84; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

And this child, at Thy command,  
 Now we bring to Thee, in token  
 That to Thee it here is given;  
 For of such shall be Thy heaven.

2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;  
 Take the pledge we bring, O take it!  
 Let us here Thy glory see,  
 And in tender pity make it  
 Now Thy child, and leave it never,  
 Thine on earth and Thine for ever.

3 Make it, Lord, Thy member now;  
 Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;  
 Prince of peace, its peace be Thou;  
 Way of life, to heaven lead it;  
 Vine, this branch may nothing sever,  
 Be it graft in Thee for ever.

4 Now upon Thy heart it lies,  
 What our hearts so dearly treasure:  
 Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,  
 Pour Thy blessing without measure;  
 Write the name we now have given,  
 Write it in the book of heaven.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1622-1737; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

592

Tune 84.

Blessèd Jesus, here we stand  
 Met to do as Thou hast spoken;

Musical score for 'Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 59' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked '56, D.' and the second system is marked '56, D.'. The music features a simple, rhythmic melody with chords in the bass line.



**593** Tune 89.  
 God, omnipotent Creator,  
 Who mad'st all things by Thy might,  
 Ruldest everything in nature,  
 And commaundest day and night,  
 Who the universe so wide  
 By Thy power alone dost guide:  
 2 Let my life and conversation  
 Be directed by Thy word;  
 Lord, Thy constant preservation  
 To Thy erring child afford:  
 Nowhere but alone in Thee  
 From all harm can I be free.  
 3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,  
 Keep in Thine almighty hand;  
 Strengthened by Thy powerful merit,  
 Let me follow Thy command:  
 Thou my Glory and Renown,  
 I would fain be all Thine own.  
 Heinrich Albert, 1604-51.

**595** [*For Tune, see opposite page.*] Tune 86.  
 Come, my soul, thou must be waking,  
 Now is breaking  
 O'er the earth another day:  
 Come, to Him Who made this splendor  
 See thou render  
 All thy feeble strength can pay.  
 2 Gladly hail the sun returning:  
 Ready burning  
 Be the incense of thy powers:  
 For the night is safely ended;  
 God hath tended  
 With His care thy helpless hours.  
 3 Pray that He may prosper ever  
 Each endeavor,  
 When thine aim is good and true;  
 But that He may ever thwart thee,  
 And convert thee,  
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.  
 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;  
 He unfoldeth  
 Every fault that lurks within:

**594** Tune 89.  
 All is o'er: the pain, the sorrow,  
 Human taunts and fiendish spite;  
 Death shall be despoiled to-morrow  
 Of the prey he grasps to-night:  
 Yet once more, to seal his doom,  
 Christ must sleep within the tomb.  
 2 Close and still the cell that holds Him,  
 While in brief repose He lies;  
 Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,  
 Vailed awhile from mortal eyes;  
 Slumber such as needs must be  
 After hard-won victory.  
 3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish  
 Which on yonder Cross He bore!  
 How did soul and body languish  
 Till the toil of death was o'er!  
 But that toil, so fierce and dread,  
 Bruised and crushed the serpent's head!  
 John Moultrie, b. 1804.

He the hidden shame glossed over  
 Can discover,  
 And discern each deed of sin.  
 5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
 Free from sorrow,  
 Pass away in slumber sweet;  
 And, released from death's dark sadness,  
 Rise in gladness,  
 That far brighter Sun to greet.  
 6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
 Light refuse not,  
 But His Spirit's voice obey:  
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
 Light enfolding  
 All things in unclouded day.  
 7 Glory, honor, exaltation,  
 Adoration,  
 Be to the Eternal One:  
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit  
 Laud and merit,  
 While unending ages run.  
 Friedrich Rudolph Louis von Canitz, 1654-99;  
 Thomas Arnold and H. J. Buckoll, trs., 1836.

Jesus wept! those tears are over,  
But His heart is still the same;  
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,  
Is His everlasting Name.  
Saviour, who can love like Thee,  
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.  
Surely, none can feel like Thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,  
He can mark each mourner's tear;  
Living to retrace the story  
Of the hearts He soled here.  
Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany!

John R. Macduff, 1853.

## 597

Tune 89.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruined by the fall;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows to you, to me, to all,  
In a full perpetual tide,  
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness;  
Come, defiled without, within;  
From infection and uncleanness,  
From the leprosy of sin,  
Wash your robes and make them white;  
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent and blind;  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the troubled, peace may find.  
Health this Fountain will restore;  
He that drinks shall thirst no more;

4 He that drinks shall live for ever;  
'Tis a soul-renewing flood.  
God is faithful; God will never  
Break His covenant in blood,  
Signed when our Redeemer died,  
Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery, 1771-1851.

## 598

Tune 89.

Can a mortal flee from sorrow?  
No, it falleth everywhere;  
Heavy are the ills we borrow,  
Those from heaven, God helps us bear:  
What in bitter tears we sow,  
Will a joyful harvest grow.

From the German.

## 599

Tune 89.

He, Who once in righteous vengeance  
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,  
Once again in mercy cleansed it  
With His own most precious blood;  
Coming from His throne on high,  
On the painful Cross to die.

2 Oh, the wisdom of the Eternal!  
Oh, the depth of love divine!  
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy  
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!  
For the guilty, doomed to die,  
Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the Judge we tremble,  
Conscious of His broken laws,  
May the blood of His atonement  
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;  
Bid our guilty terrors cease;  
Be our pardon and our peace.

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

## 600

Tune 89.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love;  
See, He sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine  
Happy objects of Thy grace, [own;—  
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—  
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

## 601

Tune 89.

One there is, above all others,  
Who deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end:  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all your friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God;  
This was boundless love indeed;  
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased,  
"Friend of sinners" was His Name;  
Now, to heavenly glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same;  
Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.



4 Could we bear from one another,  
 What He daily bears from us?  
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
 Loves us, though we treat Him thus;  
 Though for good we render ill,  
 He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften;  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
 We, alas, forget too often,  
 What a Friend we have above:  
 But when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love Thee as we ought.  
 John Newton, 1725-1870.

602 Tune 89.

Yes, since God Himself hath said it,  
 On His promise I rely;  
 His good word demands my credit,  
 What can unbelief reply?  
 He is strong, and can fulfill,  
 He is truth, and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession  
 Humbly still I will confide;  
 Lord, accept my free confession,  
 I have sinned, but Thou hast died:  
 This is all I have to plead,  
 This is all the plea I need.  
 John Newton, 1725-1870.

603 Tune 89.

Through the day Thy love hath spared  
 Now we lay us down to rest; [us,  
 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 Thy peace may we repose;  
 And when life's brief day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.  
 Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

604 Tune 89.

"Who is this that comes from Edom?"  
 All His raiment stained with blood,  
 To the slave proclaiming freedom,  
 Bringing and bestowing good;  
 Glorious in the garb He wears,  
 Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
 Traveling onward in His might;  
 'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious  
 To His people is the sight;  
 Jesus now is strong to save,  
 Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,  
 Wear the crown so dearly won;  
 Never shall Thy people, never,  
 Cease to sing what Thou hast done;  
 Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;  
 Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.  
 Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

605 Tune 89.

Love, Who in the first beginning  
 Man in Thine own likeness made;  
 Love, Who when we fell by sinning  
 Raised us up no more afraid;  
 Henceforth I myself resign,  
 Love, to be for ever Thine.

2 Love, Who once, Thy grace bestowing,  
 Chose me ere life's breath I drew;  
 Love, Who once, Thy mercy flowing,  
 Took my form and nature too;  
 Henceforth, etc.

3 Love, Who here on earth endured  
 Human sorrow, toil, and pain:  
 Love, Who by Thy death procur'd  
 Joy to me and endless gain;  
 Henceforth, etc.

4 Love, Who by Thy word and spirit  
 Life and light to me revealed;  
 Love, Who 'gainst the wrath I merit  
 Art my soul's protecting Shield;  
 Henceforth, etc.

5 Love, to Whom my will submitted  
 When I took Thine easy yoke;  
 Love, to Whom my heart was knitted  
 When Thy love its love awoke;  
 Henceforth, etc.

6 Love, Who wilt to heaven's bright  
 story  
 Raise me from my sleep profound;  
 Love, Who with the crown of glory  
 Wilt at length my head surround;  
 Henceforth I myself resign,  
 Love, to be for ever Thine.  
 John Scheffler, 1624-77; Frances E. Cox, tr., 1841.

606 Tune 89.

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

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,  
 Come Thou also down to me;  
 Where we find Thee and adore Thee,  
 There a heaven on earth must be.

To my heart, oh, enter Thou,  
Let it be Thy temple now.

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

Benjamin Schmolck, 1672-1737;  
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

607

Tune 89.

Who are these like stars appearing,  
There, before God's throne who stand?  
Each a golden crown is wearing;  
Who are all this glorious band?  
Alleluia! hark they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng:  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

3 These are they whose hearts were  
riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried.  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified:

GRABESRUHE.

*Ruhig ist des Todes Schummer.* } (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Robert Rau, 1864.

Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

Francis E. Cox, 1841.

608

Tune 89.

Come, O come, Thou quickening Spirit,  
Thou for ever art divine:  
Let Thy power never fail me,  
Always fill this heart of mine;  
Thus shall grace, and truth, and light  
Dissipate the gloom of night.

2 Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,  
Thou Who makest all things new,  
Make Thy work within me perfect;  
Help me by Thy Word so true;  
Arm me with that sword of Thine,  
And the victory shall be mine.

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

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

Joachim Neander, 1610-80;  
Charles William Schaeffer, tr., 1866.

89, C.

pp

609 [For Tune, see foot of page 112.] **Tune 89.**

Master, speak ! Thy servant heareth,  
 Longing for Thy gracious word,  
 Longing for Thy voice that cheereth ;  
 Master, let it now be heard.  
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;  
 What hast Thou to say to me ?

2 Often through my heart is pealing  
 Many another voice than Thine ;  
 Many an unwilling echo stealing  
 From the walls of this Thy shrine.  
 Let Thy longed-for accents fall ;  
 Master, speak ! and silence all.

3 Speak to me by name, O Master,  
 Let me know it is to me ;  
 Speak, that I may follow faster,  
 With a step more firm and free,  
 Where the Shepherd leads the flock,  
 In the shadow of the Rock !  
 Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

610 [For Tune, see foot of page 112.] **Tune 89.**

“Jesus only !” in the shadow  
 Of the cloud so chill and dim,  
 We are clinging, loving, trusting,  
 He with us and we with Him :  
 All unseen, though ever nigh,  
 “Jesus only !”—all our cry.

IRBY. (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

H. J. Gauntlett.



612 **Tune 89.**

Once in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her baby,  
 In a manger for His bed ;  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall ;  
 With the lowly, poor, and mean,  
 Lived on earth our Saviour then.

3 And, through all His wondrous child-  
 We would honor and obey, [hood,

2 “Jesus only !” in the glory,  
 When the shadows all are flown,  
 Seeing Him in all His beauty,  
 Satisfied with Him alone ;  
 May we join His ransomed throng,  
 “Jesus only !”—all our song !  
 Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

611 [For Tune, see foot of page 112.] **Tune 89.**

Yes, He knows the way is dreary,  
 Knows the weakness of our frame,  
 Knows that hand and heart are weary,  
 He in all points felt the same.  
 He is near to help and bless ;  
 Be not weary, onward press.

2 Look to Him, who once was willing  
 All His glory to resign,  
 That, for thee the law fulfilling,  
 All His merit might be thine.  
 Strive to follow, day by day,  
 Where His footsteps mark the way.

3 Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,  
 Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,  
 Peace once more thy heart shall lighten ;  
 Rise, He calleth thee, return !  
 Be not weary on thy way ;  
 Jesus is thy Strength and Stay.  
 Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
 In whose gentle arm He lay ;  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that child so dear and gentle  
 Is our God in heaven above ;  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
 With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see Him ; but in heaven,  
 Set on God's right hand on high ;  
 When like stars His children crowned  
 All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

89, E.

**613** Tune 89.

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

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

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

Sarah Doudney, 1881.

**614** Tune 89.

Precious Bible; what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford;  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and medicine, shield and sword;  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Though it fills, it never cloy:  
 On a dying Christ I feed,  
 He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,  
 Healing medicines here I find;  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation  
 Satan cannot make me yield;  
 For this word of consolation  
 Is to me both sword and shield:  
 While the Scripture truths are sure,  
 From his malice I'm secure.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

**615** Tune 89.

Jesus comes, His conflict over,—  
 Comes to claim His great reward;  
 Angels round the Victor hover,  
 Crowding to behold their Lord;  
 Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
 Crown Him everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for Him erected,  
 Now becomes the Victor's seat;  
 Lo, the Man on earth rejected!  
 Angels worship at His feet:  
 Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
 Crown Him everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before Him,—  
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"  
 All the powers of heaven adore Him.  
 All obey His sovereign word;  
 Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
 Crown Him everlasting King.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

**616** Tune 89.

Let us love and sing and wonder,  
 Let us praise the Saviour's Name!  
 He has hushed the law's loud thunder,  
 He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame;  
 He has washed us in His blood,  
 He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord Who bought us,  
 Pity'd us when enemies;  
 Called us by His grace, and taught us;  
 Healed the blindness of our eyes:  
 He has washed us in His blood,  
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation  
 Threaten hard to bear us down!  
 For the Lord, our strong Salvation,  
 Holds in view the conqueror's crown;  
 He, Who washed us in His blood,  
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus  
 Of the saints enthroned on high;  
 Here they trusted Him before us,  
 Now their praises fill the sky:  
 "Thou hast washed us in Thy blood,  
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

John Newton, 1725-1807.

617  
 "My yoke," saith Christ, "upon you  
 Serve Me amidst oppression; [take,  
 The world and all its joys forsake,  
 And shun no tribulation:  
 Come, follow Me, and humbly bear  
 My Cross and in My suffering share."

Tune 90.

2 Then let us follow Christ our Lord,  
 Both soul and body offering,  
 Be cheerfully, with one accord,  
 Partakers of His suffering;  
 For they who show true faithfulness  
 Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 91. [SHIELD.] (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Joseph Barnby.

618  
 Shout, O earth! from silence waking,  
 Tune with joy thy varied tongue;  
 Shout! as when from chaos breaking  
 Sweetly flowed thy natal song;  
 Shout! for thy Creator's love  
 Sends redemption from above.

Tune 89.

3 Blessèd Lord, and Lord of blessing!  
 Pour Thy quickening gifts abroad;  
 Raptured tongues, Thy love confessing,  
 Shall extol the living God.  
 Blessèd, blessèd, blessèd Lord!  
 Heaven shall chant no other word.

William H. Havergal, 1793-1870.

2 Call Him blessèd! on thy mountains,  
 In thy wild and citted plains;  
 Call Him blessèd! when thy fountains  
 Speak in softly murmuring strains.  
 Let thy captives, let thy kings  
 Join the lyre of thousand strings.

619  
 Holy Father! we address Thee—  
 Loved in Thy beloved Son;  
 Holy Son of God, we bless Thee,  
 Boundless grace hath made us one;  
 Holy Spirit, aid our songs,  
 This glad work to Thee belongs.

Tune 89.

Mary Bowley Peters, b. 1806.

620 [For Tune, see preceding page.]

Tune 89.

Christ, in highest heaven enthroned,  
Equal of the Father's might,  
By pure spirits, trembling, ownèd,  
God of God, and Light of Light,  
Thee 'mid angel hosts we sing,  
Thee their Maker and their King!  
2 All who circling round adore Thee,  
All who bow before Thy Throne,  
Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,

Thy behests to carry down;  
To and fro, 'twixt earth and heaven,  
Speed they each on errands given.

3 They to aid the sick and dying  
Called from heaven do swiftly fly,  
Grace divine and strength supplying  
In their mortal agony;  
Souls released from bondage here  
They to Paradise do bear.

W. Palmer, tr.

DUSSELDORF.

*Unser Herrscher, unser König.* } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.)

Joachim Neander, 1610-80.



621

Tune 91.

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee;  
Yet possessing every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.  
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us;

Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy;  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

CRUEGER.

*Herr, ich habe miszgehandelt.* } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.)

Johann Crueger, 1649.



622

Tune 91.

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,  
Little ones are dear to Thee;  
Gathered with Thy 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 to sin a prey.  
3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly  
In the stream Thy love supplied,  
Mingled stream of blood and water,  
Flowing from Thy wounded side:

And to heavenly pastures lead us  
Where Thine own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy holy word instruct us,  
Fill our minds with heavenly light;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve what'er is right,  
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
Feel Thy every burden light.

Edward H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.

623

Tune 91.

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,  
Sing in sweet and mournful strain  
Of the grief and wounds-and sorrow  
And the agonizing pain,  
Which Christ Jesus, sinless Victim,  
Freely bore, for sinners slain.  
2 See, the spear His side is piercing,  
Though His foes have seen Him die;



91, E.

Blood and water thence are flowing  
 In a stream of mystery;  
 Water from our guilt to cleanse us,  
 Blood to buy us crowns on high.

3 Draughts of life, O blest Redeemer,  
 From those springs to us afford,  
 Thirst refreshing, health bestowing,  
 And hereafter our reward;  
 That with ceaseless rapture glowing,  
 Ransomed worlds may hail Thee Lord.

John Chandler, tr., 1806-76.

**624** Tune 91.  
 Christ is made the sure Foundation,  
 Christ the Head and Corner-stone,  
 Chosen of the Lord and precious,  
 Binding all the Church in one,  
 Holy Zion's Help for ever,  
 And her Confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,  
 Dearly loved of God on high,  
 In exultant jubilation  
 Pours perpetual melody,  
 God the One in Three adoring  
 In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple where we call Thee,  
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;  
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness  
 Hear Thy servants as they pray,  
 And Thy fullest benediction  
 Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
 What they ask of Thee to gain,  
 What they gain of Thee for ever  
 With the blessed to retain,  
 And hereafter in Thy glory  
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

John M. Neale, tr., 1818-66.

**625** Tune 91.  
 Who the multitudes can number  
 In the mansions of the blest,  
 He can weigh the joys eternal  
 By those ransomed ones possessed;  
 Exiled now on earth no longer,  
 They have gained the home of rest.

2 Happily at last delivered  
 From the mournful vale of tears  
 Sweet is now their recollection  
 Of the sad and troubled years;  
 While fulfilled in all perfection  
 God's eternal plan appears.

3 Now in shadow and in figure,  
 Mirrored in imperfect light;  
 Then as we are known, our knowledge  
 Shall be clear, unveiled and bright;  
 For on God's unclouded glory  
 We shall gaze with cleansed sight.

4 Courage, man, be strong, be faithful,  
 Whatso'er thy burden be,  
 For unbounded are the glories  
 Which thy sorrows work for thee;  
 Soon the Light of Light for ever  
 Shall thine eyes with rapture see.

Thomas Benson Pollock, b. 1836.

**626** Tune 91.  
 Blessed city, heavenly Salem,  
 Peaceful vision dim descried;  
 Built of living stones elected,  
 Built for ever to abide;  
 Angel-circled, as the virgins  
 For the Bridegroom deck the bride.

2 Newly bright from heaven descend-  
 Robed in bridal raiment meet, [ing,  
 Ready for the heavenly marriage,  
 Forth she comes her Lord to greet;  
 Glorious shine her golden bulwarks;  
 Shines the golden-paved street.

3 All her halls a royal priesthood  
 Fills with music gloriously,  
 Praise of God from saintly voices  
 Ringing out melodiously,  
 Heralding with endless joyance  
 God the One in Persons Three.

4 Visit, Lord, this earthly temple  
 Where Thy presence we implore,  
 Here receive the rising incense  
 From the hearts that Thee adore,  
 Sprinkle here Thy benedictions,  
 Dew of healing evermore.

Edward White Benson, tr., b. 1829.

**627** Tune 91.  
 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,  
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;  
 Sing to Him Who found the ransom,  
 Ancient of eternal days,  
 God of God, the Word Incarnate,  
 Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.  
 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,  
 Formed the seas, or built the sky,  
 Love eternal, free, and boundless,  
 Moved the Lord of life to die,  
 Fore-ordained the Prince of princes  
 For the throne of Calvary.  
 3 There for us and our redemption,  
 See Him all His life-blood pour!  
 There He wins our full salvation,  
 Dies that we may die no more:  
 Then, arising, lives for ever,  
 Reigning where He was before.  
Job Hupton and John Mason Neale.

**628** Tune 91.  
 To the Name of our Salvation,  
 Laud and honor let us pay,  
 Which for many a generation  
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,  
 But with holy exultation  
 We may sing aloud to-day.  
 2 Jesus is the Name we treasure;  
 Name beyond what words can tell;  
 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
 Ear and heart delighteth well:  
 Name of sweetness, passing measure,  
 Saving us from sin and hell.  
 3 'Tis the Name for adoration,  
 Name for songs of victory,  
 Name for holy meditation  
 In this vale of misery,  
 Name for joyful veneration  
 By the citizens on high.  
 4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
 Speaks like music to the ear:  
 Who in prayer this Name beseecheth

Sweetest comfort findeth near;  
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
 Heavenly joy possesseth here.  
 5 Jesus is the Name exalted  
 Over every other name;  
 In this Name whene'er assaulted,  
 We can put our foes to shame:  
 Strength to them who else had halted,  
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.  
 6 Therefore we in love adoring  
 This most blessed Name revere;  
 Holy Jesus, Thee imploring  
 So to write it in us here,  
 That hereafter heavenward soaring  
 We may sing with angels there.  
John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

**629** Tune 91.  
 Light's abode, celestial Salem,  
 Vision whence true peace doth spring,  
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,  
 Mansion of the Highest King;  
 O how glorious are the praises  
 Which of thee the prophets sing!  
 2 There no cloud or passing vapor  
 Dims the brightness of the air;  
 Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
 From the Sun of suns is there;  
 There no night brings rest from labor,  
 There unknown are toil and care.  
 3 O how glorious and resplendent,  
 Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
 When endowed with so much beauty,  
 Full of health and strong and free,  
 Full of vigor, full of pleasure,  
 Thou shalt last eternally!  
 4 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 brightness be arrayed.  
From the Hymnal Noted.

92, C.

92, C.

## 630

## Tune 92.

And is it true as I am told,  
That there are lambs within the fold  
Of God's beloved Son?  
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,  
Will in His arms most gently bear  
The helpless little one?

2 Yes I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,

Though goodness I have none;  
May now be folded on His breast,  
As birds within the parent nest,  
And be His little one.

3 And He can do all this for me,  
Because, in sorrow, on the Tree,  
He once for sinners hung;  
And having put their sin away,  
He now rejoices, day by day,  
To cleanse the little one.

4 Others there are who love me too;  
But who, with all their love, can do  
What Jesus Christ has done?  
Then if He teaches me to pray,  
I'll surely go to Him and say,  
"Lord, keep Thy little one."

Amelia Matilda Hull, c. 1860.

## 631

## Tune 92.

Oft when the waves of passion rise,  
And storms of life conceal the skies,  
And o'er the ocean sweep,  
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,  
We feel no ray of heavenly light  
To cheer the lonely deep.

2 But lo, in our extremity,  
The Saviour walking on the sea!  
E'en now He passes by!  
He silences our clamorous fear,  
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,  
Be not afraid, 't is I."

3 Ah, Lord, if it be Thou indeed,  
So near us in our time of need,  
So good, so strong to save;

Speak the kind word of power to me,  
Bid me believe and come to Thee,  
Swift walking on the wave.

4 He bids me come! His voice I know,  
And boldly on the waters go,  
And brave the tempest's shock:  
O'er rude temptations now I bound,  
The billows yield a solid ground,  
The wave is firm as rock.

5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of peace,  
And all the storms of sin shall cease,  
And fall, no more to rise;  
Oh, if Thy Spirit still remain,  
Our rest on distant shores we gain,  
Our haven in the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 632

## Tune 92.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,  
And hear angelic watchers say,  
"He lives, Who once was slain:  
Why seek the living midst the dead?  
Remember how the Saviour said,  
That He would rise again."

2 Oh, joyful sound! oh, glorious hour,  
When by His own almighty power  
He rose, and left the grave!  
Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
Who burst the bands of death and hell,  
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,  
For us He rose, our glorious Head,  
Immortal life to bring: [die?  
What, though the saints like Him shall  
They share their Leader's victory,  
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,  
For Jesus will their spirits save,  
And raise their slumbering dust:  
O risen Lord! in Thee we live,  
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,  
To Thee our bodies trust.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.



633

Tune 92.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
 And from the realms of light and love  
 Thine own bright rays impart.  
 Come, Father of the fatherless,  
 Come, Giver of all happiness,  
 Come, Lamp of every heart.  
 2 O Thou, of comforters the best,  
 O Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest,  
 O Thou, our sweet Repose,  
 Our Resting-place from life's long care,  
 Our Shadow from the world's fierce  
 Our Solace in all woes! [glare,  
 3 Wash out each dark and sordid stain,  
 Water each dry and arid plain,  
 Raise up the bruised reed.  
 Enkindle what is cold and chill,  
 Relax the stiff and stubborn will,  
 Guide those that goodness need.  
 Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, tr., 1815-51.

634

Tune 92.

"Father, Thy will, not Mine, be done!"  
 So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son,  
 So in His Name I pray:  
 The spirit fails, the flesh is weak;  
 Thy help in agony I seek;  
 Oh, take the cup away.  
 2 If such be not Thy sovereign will,  
 Thy wiser purpose then fulfill;  
 My wishes I resign;  
 Into Thy hands my soul commend,  
 On Thee for life or death depend;  
 Thy will be done, not mine.  
 James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

635

Tune 92.

O Holy Ghost, Thou Fount of light,  
 Thy blessed radiance puts to flight  
 The darkness of the mind;  
 The pure are only pure through Thee;  
 And Thou the prisoner dost set free,  
 And cheer with light the blind.  
 2 Thy grace eternal truth instills,  
 The ignorant with knowledge fills,  
 Awakens those who sleep,

Inspires the tongue, informs the eye,  
 Expands the heart with charity,  
 And comforts all who weep.

3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,  
 And for its glory to despise  
 The world and all below;  
 Cleanse us from sin, direct us right,  
 Illume us with Thy heavenly light,  
 Thy peace on us bestow.

4 Lord of all sanctity and might,  
 Eternal Thou and infinite,  
 The Life of earth and heaven;  
 To Thee the High and Holy One,  
 To Thee, with Father, and with Son,  
 Be praise and glory given.

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

636

Tune 92.

Fear not, O little Flock, the foe  
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;  
 Dread not his rage and power; [faints,  
 What though your courage sometimes  
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
 Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs  
 To Him who can avenge your wrongs;  
 Leave it to Him, our Lord!  
 Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,  
 Salvation shall for you arise,  
 He girdeth on His sword.

3 As true as God's own word is true,  
 Not earth nor hell with all their crew  
 Against us shall prevail;  
 A jest and by-word are they grown;  
 God is with us, we are His own,  
 Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!  
 Great Captain, now Thine arm make  
 Fight for us once again! [bare,  
 So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise  
 A mighty chorus to Thy praise,  
 World without end: Amen!

Gustavus Adolphus, 1594-1632, (in prose); Jakob  
 Fabricius, 1593-1654, (in verse); Catherine Wink-  
 worth, tr., 1829-78.

637

Tune 92.

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by Thee?

My thirsting spirit faints to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death and hell,  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They can not reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;  
O 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 For ever would I take my seat  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice:  
My only care, delight and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

638

Tune 92.

Come join, ye saints, with heart and  
Alone in Jesus to rejoice, [voice,

And worship at His feet;  
Come, take His praises on your tongues,  
And raise to Him your thankful songs,  
"In Him ye are complete!"

2 In Him, Who all our praise excels,  
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,  
And all perfections meet:  
The Head of all celestial powers,  
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—  
"In Him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,  
Dependent on Him day by day,  
His presence still entreat;

His precious Name for ever bless,  
Your Glory, Strength, and Righteous-  
"In Him ye are complete!" [ness,—  
Samuel Medley, 1738-99.

639

Tune 92.

Jesus, Who died a world to save,  
Revives and rises from the grave,

By His almighty power:  
From sin, and death, and hell set free,  
He captive leads captivity,  
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God! look up and see  
Your Saviour clothed in majesty,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb:  
Come, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,  
In heaven your mansions He prepares,  
And soon will take you home.

3 His Church is still His joy and crown;  
He looks with love and pity down  
On her He did redeem:  
The members of that Church He knows,  
He shares their joys and feels their woes,  
And they shall reign with Him.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

640

Tune 92.

Children of light, arise and shine!  
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,  
Your home is in the skies.

Oh! then, for heavenly glory born,  
Look down on all with holy scorn  
That earthly spirits prize.

2 With Christ, with glory full in view,  
Oh! what is all the world to you?  
What is it all but loss?

Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,  
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,  
Ye pilgrims of the Cross.

3 O blessed Lord, we yet shall reign.  
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,  
And walk with Thee in white.

We suffer now; but oh! at last  
We'll bless the Lord for all the past,  
And own our cross was light

Edward Denny, b. 1796.

641 Tune 95.  
 Father, in high heaven dwelling,  
 May our evening song be telling,

Of Thy mercy large and free;  
 Through the day, Thy love hath fed us,  
 Through the day, Thy care hath led us,  
 With divinest charity.

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

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,  
 Holy Ghost, each heart be filling  
 With Thine own serenity;

Softly let our eyes be closing,  
 Loving souls on Thee reposing,  
 Ever-blessèd Trinity.

George Rawson, b. 1867.

642 Tune 95.  
 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures  
 Sing of those who spread the treasures  
 In the holy Gospels shrined;  
 Blessed tidings of salvation,  
 Peace on earth their proclamation,  
 Love from God to lost mankind.

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

R. Campbell, tr., d. 1868.

Old German.

STABAT MATER. }  
*Kommt, ihr Seelen, nehmt zu Herzen.* } (8, 8, 7, Trochaic.)

643 Tune 95.  
 At the Cross her station keeping,  
 Stood the mournful mother, weeping,  
 Where He hung, her son and Lord;  
 For her soul, of joy bereavèd,  
 Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,  
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 Oh how sad and sore distressèd  
 Now was she, that mother blessèd,  
 Of the Sole-Begotten One.  
 Deep the woe of her affliction,  
 When she saw the crucifixion  
 Of her ever-glorious son.

3 Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,  
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
 Born of woman, would not weep?  
 Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,  
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
 Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sin chastisèd  
 She beheld her son despisèd,  
 Scourged and crowned with thorns  
 entwined,  
 Saw Him then, from judgment taken,  
 And in death by all forsaken,  
 Till His spirit He resigned.

95, D.

5 Jesus, may such deep devotion  
Stir in me the same emotion,  
Fount of love, Redeemer kind!  
That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,  
And a purer love attaining,  
May with Thee acceptance find.  
Jacobus de Benedictis, (Jacopone da Todì.)  
d. 1306.

644 Tune 95.

Ponder thou the Cross all holy,  
Who will tread the pathway lowly  
To the perfect joy above;  
Thus the holy Cross aye ponder,  
And, with an uneloying wonder,  
Drink its mysteries of love.

2 When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,  
When thou smilest, when thou weepest;  
Sad or glad some if thou art;  
In thy coming, in thy going,  
Whether pain or solace knowing,  
Keep the Cross within thy heart.

3 Blessèd Lord, sustain Thy servant;  
Make my soul with anguish fervent,  
Feel Thy passion day by day;  
Lovingly I yearn to cherish [perish,  
That sweet Cross where Thou didst  
In Thine arms to pass away.

Edward Abiel Washburne, 1819-51.

645 Tune 95.

From the Cross the blood is falling,  
And to us a Voice is calling,  
Like a trumpet silver-clear.  
'Tis the Voice announcing pardon,  
"It is finished," is its burden,  
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,  
All our wounds for ever healing,  
And removing every load;  
Words of peace that Voice has spoken,  
Peace that shall no more be broken,  
Peace between the soul and God.

3 Love its fullness there unfolding,  
Stand we here in joy beholding,  
To the exiled sons of men;  
Love, the gladness past all naming,

Of an open heaven proclaiming,  
Love that bids us enter in.

4 God is Love:—we read the writing  
Traced so deeply in the smiting  
Of the glorious Surety there,  
God is Light:—we see it beaming,  
Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming,  
So divinely sweet and fair.

5 Cross of shame, yet Tree of glory,  
Round thee winds the one great story  
Of this ever-changing earth;  
Center of the true and holy,  
Grave of human sin and folly,  
Womb of Nature's second birth.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

646

Tune 95.

Christ has come for our salvation:  
Hallowed be our celebration  
Of the day when He was born!  
He for us hath left His heaven,  
And to dwell with man is given,—  
Israel's Hope, the Gentile's Morn.

2 We our parents' sin inherit,  
Tears and pain, and sorrow merit,  
Ever ending in the grave;  
But this day the Virgin Mother  
Gave the world our Elder Brother:  
Jesus comes, the world to save!

Edward Arthur Dayman, b. 1807.

647

Tune 95.

In Thy glorious resurrection,  
Lord, we see a world's erection:  
Man in Thee is glorified;  
Bliss for which the patriarchs panted,  
Joys by ancient sages chanted,  
Now in Thee are verified.

2 Oracles of former ages,  
Vailed in dim prophetic pages,  
Now lie open to the sight; [fling  
Now the types, which glimmered dark-  
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling  
In the blaze of noonday light.

3 Thus Thy resurrection's glory  
Sheds a light on ancient story;

And it casts a forward ray,—  
Beacon-light of solemn warning,  
To the dawn of that great morning  
Ushering in the Judgment-Day.

4 Ever since Thy death and rising  
Thou the nations art baptizing  
In Thy death's similitude;  
Dead to sin and ever dying,  
And our members mortifying,  
May we walk with life renewed.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

**648**

Tune 95.

By the Cross of Jesus standing,  
Love our straitened souls expanding,  
Taste we now the peace and grace!  
Health from yonder Tree is flowing,  
Heavenly light is on it glowing,  
From the blessed Sufferer's face.

2 Here is pardon's pledge and token,  
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,  
Righteous peace securely made.  
Brightens now the brow, once shaded,  
Freshens now the face, once faded,  
Peace with God now makes us glad.

3 All the love of God is yonder,  
Love above all thought and wonder,  
Perfect love that casts out fear!  
Strength, like dew, is here distilling,  
Glorious life our souls is tilling;—  
Life eternal, only here!

4 Here the living water welletth,  
Here the rock now smitten, telleth  
Of salvation freely given.  
This the fount of love and pity,  
This the pathway to the City,  
This the very gate of heaven.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

**649**

Tune 95.

Sion, to thy Saviour singing,  
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing  
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,  
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure  
Of His worth, by all the treasure  
Of thy most ecstatic lays!

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee,  
And with adoration fill thee,  
What than this can greater be,  
That Himself to thee He giveth?—  
He in faith that eateth, liveth,—  
For the Bread of life is He.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing  
With sweet praise, His mercy showing,  
Who this heavenly table spread:  
On this day so glad and holy,  
To each hungering spirit lowly  
Giveth He the living bread.

4 Here the King hath spread His table,  
Whereon eyes of faith are able  
Christ the Passover to trace.  
Shadows of the law are going,  
Light and life and truth inflowing,  
Night to day is giving place.

5 O good Shepherd! Bread life-giving,  
Us, Thy grace and life receiving,  
Feed and shelter evermore!  
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,  
We in heaven with Thee abiding,  
With all saints will Thee adore.

Alexander R. Thompson, tr. b. 1822.

**650**

Tune 95.

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

2 Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted:  
Lord of lords, and King of kings!  
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him.  
Son of God, they own, they own Him,  
With His Name the palace rings.

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

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.





**651** Tune 96.  
 Our Father, Thou in heaven above,  
 Who biddest us to dwell in love,  
 As brethren of one family,  
 And cry for all we need to Thee;  
 Teach us to mean the words we say,  
 And from the inmost heart to pray.  
 2 All hallowed be Thy Name, O Lord!  
 O let us firmly keep Thy word,  
 And lead, according to Thy Name,  
 A holy life, untouched by blame;  
 Let no false teachings do us hurt;  
 All poor deluded souls convert.  
 3 Thy Kingdom come! Thine let it be  
 In time and through eternity!  
 O let Thy Holy Spirit dwell  
 With us, to rule and guide us well;  
 From Satan's mighty power and rage  
 Preserve Thy Church from age to age.  
 4 Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,  
 As where in heaven Thou art adored!  
 Patience in time of grief bestow,  
 Obedience true through weal and woe;  
 Strength, tempting wishes to control  
 That thwart Thy will within the soul.  
 5 Give us to-day our daily bread,  
 Let us be duly clothed and fed,  
 And keep Thou from our homes afar  
 Famine and pestilence and war,  
 That we may live in godly peace,  
 Unvexed by cares or avarice.  
 6 Forgive our sins, that they no more  
 May grieve and haunt us as before,  
 As we forgive their trespasses  
 Who unto us have done amiss;  
 Thus let us dwell in charity,  
 And serve each other willingly.  
 7 Into temptations lead us not,  
 And when the foe doth war and plot  
 Against our souls on every hand,  
 Then, armed with faith, oh may we stand  
 Against him as a valiant host  
 Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.  
 8 Deliver us from evil, Lord,  
 The days are dark and foes abroad;  
 Redeem us from the second death,  
 And when we yield our dying breath,

Console us, grant us calm release,  
 And take our souls to Thee in peace.  
 9 Amen! that is, so let it be!  
 Strengthen our faith and trust in Thee,  
 That we may doubt not, but believe  
 That what we ask we shall receive;  
 Thus in Thy Name and at Thy word  
 We say Amen; now hear us, Lord!  
 Martin Luther, 1483-1546; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

**652** Tune 96.  
 The doctrine of our dying Lord,  
 The faith He on Mount Calvary sealed,  
 We sign, asserting every word  
 Which in His gospel is revealed  
 As truth divine; and cursed are they  
 Who add thereto or take away.  
 2 We steadfastly this truth maintain,  
 That none is righteous, no not one;  
 That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
 We're justified by faith alone;  
 And all who in His Name believe,  
 Christ and His righteousness receive.  
 3 Our works and merits we disclaim,  
 Opposing all self-righteousness,  
 E'en our best actions we condemn  
 As ineffectual, and confess,  
 Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,  
 And not on Jesus, will be lost.  
 4 Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,  
 The fullness of the Three in One;  
 His life, death, righteousness, and blood,  
 Our faith's foundation are alone;  
 His Godhead and His death shall be  
 Our theme to all eternity.  
 5 On Him we'll venture all we have,  
 Our lives, our all, to Him we owe;  
 None else is able us to save,  
 Naught but the Saviour will we know;  
 This we subscribe with heart and hand,  
 Resolved through grace thereby to stand.  
 6 This now with heaven's resplendent  
 host  
 We echo through the Church of God;  
 Among the heathen make our boast  
 Of Jesus' saving death and blood;  
 We loud, like many waters, join,  
 In showing forth His love divine.  
 John Cennick, 1718-55.

653

Tune 96.

In that sad, memorable night,  
 When Jesus was for us betrayed,  
 He left His death-recording rite:  
 He took, and blessed, and brake the  
 bread;  
 And gave His own their last bequest;  
 And thus His love's intent expressed:  
 2 "Take, eat, this is My body, given  
 To purchase life and peace for you,  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven:  
 Do this, My dying love to show:  
 Accept your precious legacy,  
 And thus, my friends, remember Me."  
 3 He took into His hands the cup,  
 To crown the sacramental feast,  
 And, full of kind concern, looked up,  
 And gave to them what He had  
 blessed;  
 And, "Drink ye all of this," He said,  
 "In solemn memory of the dead."  
 4 "This is My blood, which seals the  
 Eternal covenant of My grace; [new,  
 My blood, so freely shed for you,  
 For you and all the sinful race;  
 My blood, that speaks your sins for-  
 given,  
 And justifies your claim to heaven."  
 Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

654

Tune 96.

Through midnight gloom from Mace-  
 don the cry of myriads as of one, [don,  
 The woeful silence of despair  
 Is eloquent in awful prayer,  
 The soul's exceeding bitter cry,  
 "Come o'er and help us, or we die!"  
 2 By other sounds the world is won  
 Than that which wails from Macedon;  
 The roar of gain is round it rolled,  
 Or men unto themselves are sold;  
 And cannot list the alien cry:  
 "O hear and help us, lest we die!"  
 3 Yet with that cry from Macedon  
 The very ear of Christ rolls on:  
 "I come:—who would abide My day,  
 In yonder wilds prepare My way;  
 My Voice is crying in their cry,  
 Help ye the dying, lest ye die."  
 4 Jesus, for men of Man the Son,  
 Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;  
 O by the Kingdom and the power  
 And glory of Thine Advent-hour,  
 Wake heart and will to hear their cry,  
 Help us to help them, lest we die,  
 Samuel John Stone, b. 1829.

655

Tune 96.

O quickly come, dread Judge of all;  
 For, awful though Thine advent be,  
 All shadows from the truth will fall,  
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee;  
 O quickly come: for doubt and fear  
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.  
 2 O quickly come, great King of all;  
 Reign all around us, and within:  
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,

Let pain and sorrow die with sin:  
 O quickly come: for Thou alone  
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.  
 3 O quickly come, true Life of all;  
 For death is mighty all around;  
 On every home His shadows fall,  
 On every heart His mark is found;  
 O quickly come: for grief and pain  
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.  
 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,  
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
 And weakly souls begin to fall  
 With weary watching for the day:  
 O quickly come: for round Thy throne  
 No eye is blind, no night is known.  
 Laurence Tuttle, b. 1825.

656

Tune 96.

When gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark, and friends are few,  
 On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,  
 Experienced every human pain:  
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.  
 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
 To flee the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the sin I would not do;  
 Still He Who felt temptation's power,  
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.  
 3 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I  
 bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend,  
 And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while;  
 My Saviour marks the tears I shed,  
 For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.  
 4 And oh, when I have safely passed  
 Through every conflict but the last,  
 Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside  
 My dying bed, for Thou hast died;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away.  
 Robert Grant, 1785-1838.

657

Tune 96.

When adverse winds and waves arise,  
 And in my heart despondence sighs:  
 When life her throng of cures reveals,  
 And weakness o'er my spirit steals,  
 Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
 That "as my day, my strength shall be."  
 2 One trial more must yet be past,  
 One pang—the keenest and the last;  
 And when, with brow convulsed and  
 pale,  
 My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,  
 Redeemer! grant my soul to see  
 That "as my day, my strength shall be."  
 Lydia Huntley Sigourney, 1792-1865.

658

Tune 96.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven,  
 As was through ages heretofore,  
 Is now and shall be evermore.

96, E.

The image shows a musical score for a choral piece. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a steady rhythm. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

659

Now I have found the ground <sup>Tune 96.</sup> wherein

Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin

Before the world's foundation slain ;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far ;  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,  
Thine arms of love still open are,  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless Abyss,  
My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;  
Covered is my unrighteousness,  
No spot of guilt remains on me ;  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and  
skies,

Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 Jesus, I know, hath died for me ;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,

I look into my Saviour's breast :  
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,  
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my  
head, [friends be gone ;

Though strength and health, and  
Though joys be withered all and dead,

Though every comfort be withdrawn ;  
On this my steadfast soul relies,  
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail and strength  
decay ;

This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away :  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

Johann Andreas Rothe, 1688-1758.

660

Lord of the harvest ! once again  
We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;

Tune 96.

For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year ;  
For all sweet, holy thoughts supplied  
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare dead grain, in Autumn sown,  
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;  
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnished by the King of kings ;  
So Lord, to those who sleep in Thee  
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

3 Not vainly of Thy Word we ask  
A lesson from the reaper's task ;  
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;  
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
Playthings of sun and storm no more,  
Be gathered to their Father's store.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;  
But not alone our bodies feed ;  
Supply our fainting spirits' need !  
O Bread of life ! from day to day  
Be Thou our Comfort, Food, and Stay !

Joseph Anstice, 1808-36.

661

Tune 96.

O Light, Whose beams illumine all  
From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
Shine Thou before the shadows fall

That lead our wandering feet astray ;  
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,  
That youth may love and age adore.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw  
To yon eternal Home of peace, [near  
Where perfect love shall cast out fear  
And earth's vain toil and wandering  
cease ;

In strength or weakness may we see  
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through  
Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless pearl of all who seek,  
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,

Thy love will bless the pure and meek,  
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

96, *F.*

4 O Life, the Well That ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?  
The joy supreme, what words can  
paint?

In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, b. 1821.

662

Tune 96.

O Love Divine, what hast Thou done?  
The Incarnate God hath died for me;  
The Father's coeternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the Tree:  
The Incarnate God for me hath died;  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold Him, all, as ye pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!  
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die;  
And say, was ever grief like His?  
Come, feel with me His blood applied;  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified;—

3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us, rebels, back to God;  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:  
Pardon for all flows from His side;  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath His Cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for Him account but dross,  
And give up all our hearts to Him:  
Of nothing think or speak beside;—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley, 1708-83.

663

Tune 96.

"At evening time let there be light;"  
Life's little day draws near its close;  
Around me fall the shades of night,  
The night of death, the grave's repose;  
To crown my joys, to end my woes,  
At evening time let there be light.

2 "At evening time let there be light;"  
Stormy and dark hath been my day—  
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;  
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered  
the way;—

Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!  
At evening time let there be light.

3 "At evening time there shall be light.  
For God hath spoken; it must be;  
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their  
flight;

His glory now is risen on me;  
Mine eyes shall His salvation see;  
'T is evening time, and there is light;

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

664

Tune 96.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine;  
My Help and Refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, for Thou art mine:  
Thou art my Fortress, Strength, and  
Tower,  
My Trust and Portion evermore.

2 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art,  
My Rest in toil, my Ease in pain,  
The Balm to heal my broken heart,  
In storms my Peace, in loss my Gain;  
My Joy beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my Glory and my Crown;

3 In want my plentiful Supply,  
In weakness my Almighty Power;  
In bonds my perfect Liberty,  
My Refuge in temptation's hour;  
My Comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,  
My Life in death, my All-in-all.

Charles Wesley, 1708-83.

665

Tune 96.

Oh, that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest,  
But fix in me His constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast;  
Yea, make my soul His blest abode,  
The temple of the indwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,  
Attest that I am born again;  
Come and baptize me, now, with fire,  
Nor let Thy former gifts be vain;  
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiven,  
A pledge that I'm an heir of heaven.

3 Grant me the indubitable seal,  
That ascertains the kingdom mine,  
That powerful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine;  
Oh, shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God.  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

### 666

Tune 96.

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue de-  
clare;

Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there:  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;  
Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:  
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,—  
My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown:  
Strange flames far from my heart re-  
move;

My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love! how cheering is Thy ray!  
All pain before Thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away.

Where'er Thy healing beams arise:  
O Jesus! nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek but Thee!

4 Unwearied, may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;  
And day and night be all my care  
To guard this sacred treasure there!

5 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 Lord, thy All!"  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

6 In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
In weakness be Thy love my power;  
And when the storm of life shall cease,  
Jesus in that important hour.  
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,  
And save me Who for me hast died.  
Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; John Wesley, tr., 1708-91.

### 667

Tune 96.

Eternal Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep:  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! Whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage did sleep:  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,  
And gavest light and life and peace:  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
And ever let there rise to Thee [sea.  
Glad hymns of praise from land and  
William Whiting, 1825-73.

### 668

Tune 96.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all!  
Blest Saviour, hear me when I call;  
Oh, hear, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore—  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore—  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesus! of Thee shall be my song;  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine!  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore—  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!  
Henry Collins, 1852.

### 669

Tune 96.

As oft with worn and weary feet,  
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,  
The thought, how comforting and sweet,  
"Christ trod this very path before!"  
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,  
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,  
Or sorrow in our path appear?  
The recollection will remain,  
More deeply did He suffer here;  
His life how truly sad and brief,  
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,  
And whisper evil things within,  
So did He in the desert way  
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:  
When worn and in a feeble hour,  
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,  
With every such human ill but sin;  
And, though indeed the very God,  
As I am now, so He has been;  
My God, my Saviour, look on me  
With pity, love, and sympathy.  
James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

### 670

Tune 96.

Before the Father's awful throne,  
Our High-priest lifts His piercèd  
And, interceding for His own, [hands,  
His purchased property demands;  
His people's everlasting Friend,  
Who, loving, loves them to the end.

2 By faith we claim Him as our own,  
Our Kinsman, near allied in blood,  
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,  
The Son of man, the Son of God;  
We to His mercy-seat draw nigh;  
He never can Himself deny.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

96, H.

671

Tune 96.

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  
My morning sacrifice I bring, [King  
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.

William Shrubsole, Jr., 1759-1829.

2 Ah, why did I so late Thee know,  
Thou fairest of the sons of men?  
Ah, why did I no sooner go  
To Thee Who canst relieve my pain?  
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,  
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;  
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;  
For wide my wandering thoughts were  
spread,  
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;  
And now if more at length I see,  
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from  
Thee.

672

Tune 96.

Thee will I love, my Strength and Tower,  
My soul with love to Thee inspire;  
Thee will I love with all my power;  
Thou art alone my soul's Desire:  
Thee will I love, my King and God;  
Shed in my heart Thy love abroad.

4 Give to my eyes repenting tears,  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;  
Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77; John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

YOAKLEY. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.)

William Yoakley, before 1821.

96, K.



673

Tune 96.

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

REF.—Through life's long day, and  
death's dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

REF.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace.—REF.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy  
That only long to belike Thee.—REF.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:  
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.

674

Tune 96.

Jesus, what offering shall I give  
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?  
My soul and body now receive,  
A holy, living sacrifice;

Small as it is, 't is all my store, [more.  
More shouldst Thou have, if I had  
Joachim Lange, 1670-1744; John Wesley,  
tr., 1703-91.

675

Tune 96.

As every day Thy mercy spares,  
Will bring its trials or its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my Counselor and Friend;  
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,  
And be Thy great example mine.

2 When each day's scenes or 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!

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

William Shrubsole, Jr., 1739-1823.

676

Tune 96.

Faith of our fathers! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death.

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Werestill in heart and conscience free;  
How sweet would be their children's  
fate,

If they, like them, could die for Thee!  
Faith of our fathers! etc.

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

By kindly words and virtuous life:  
Faith of our fathers! etc.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

677

Tune 96.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lowly exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.

REF.—Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning  
And bring us comfort from afar; [Star,  
And banish far from us the gloom  
Of sinful night and endless doom.—REF.

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,  
The heavenly gates unfold to Thee;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.—REF.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of  
might,  
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,  
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.—REF.  
From the Latin; John M. Neale, tr., 1815-66.



678

Tune 97.

Reach out Thy scepter, King of love,  
 Let us Thy royal favor prove,  
 Who, conscious of our indigence,  
 Approach Thy throne with confidence;  
 O teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow,

Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow.

2 O ground us deeper still in Thee,  
 And let us Thy true followers be;  
 And when of Thee we testify,  
 Fill Thou our souls with heavenly joy:  
 May Thy blest Spirit all our souls inspire. [fire.]

And set each cold and lifeless heart on

3 Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare,  
 That we rich fruit for Thee may bear;  
 Grant we may live unto Thy praise,  
 And serve Thy cause with faithfulness: [wish and aim,

Since grace and truth are our heart's O glorify us in Thy saving Name.

Countess Zinzendorf, 1700-56.

679

Tune 97.

The Lord Himself gave forth the word;  
 We preach most gladly Christ the Lord:

May thousands, Lord, Thy voice obey,  
 And turn to Thee without delay;

To those who hear us grant an open ear,  
 And, when we point Thee out, do Thou appear.

2 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,  
 That in the earth's remotest parts  
 The love of God to all mankind

Be preached to heathen base and blind;  
 For Jesus saves from sin all who believe, [receive.]

And pardon offered through His blood  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

680

Tune 97.

Whate'er I am, whate'er I do,  
 Grace only I ascribe it to;

Grace can alone my heart preserve;  
 For I'm so liable to swerve,

That e'en the grace that Thou to-day bestow'st, [lost.]

If not renewed, to-morrow might be  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

681

Tune 97.

O glorious Head, Thou livest now!

Let us, Thy members, share Thy life;  
 Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow  
 To raise Thy children from the strife  
 With self and sin, with death and dark distress,

That they may live to Thee in holiness?

2 Break through my bonds, whate'er it cost;

What is not Thine within me, slay;  
 Give me the lot I covet most,  
 To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.

Naught can I do, a slave to death I pine;  
 Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine!

3 Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide [heart]

My thoughts and wishes, that my  
 Waver no more nor turn aside,

But fix for ever where Thou art.  
 Thou art not far from us: who love  
 Thee well [may dwell.]

While yet on earth, in heaven with Thee  
 Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

682

Tune 97.

May we to Thee, our Shepherd,  
 Thy Holy Spirit never grieve, [cleave,  
 And love each other heartily;

Thereby the scornful world will see,  
 That we are children of the living God,  
 A chosen people, bought with Jesus' blood.

William Horne, b. 1716.

683

Tune 97.

How sweet Thy dwellings, Lord, how fair:

What peace, what bliss inhabit there;  
 With ardent hope, with strong desire,  
 My heart, my flesh, to Thee aspire;

How oft I long Thy heavenly courts  
 and Thee, [see.]

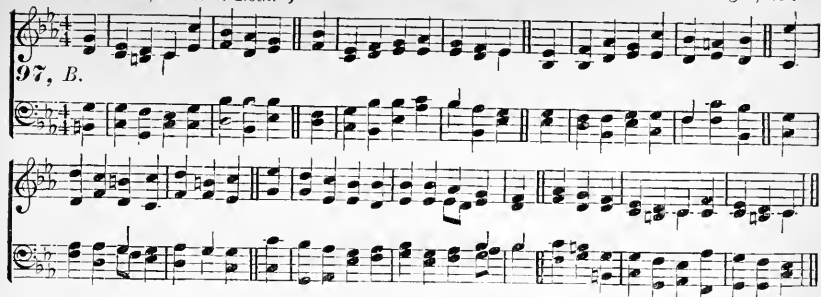
My Lord and God, the living God, to

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,  
 My heart hath formed and still doth

One gift I ask, that to my end [form];  
 Thine hallowed house I may attend;

There may I joyful find a safe abode,  
 There may I view the beauty of my God.  
 James Merrick, 1720-69.





**684** Tune 97.  
 Thanks to the Man of sorrows be,  
 To Jesus Christ, Who set us free  
 From sin and death, when on the Cross  
 He suffered to retrieve our loss:  
 Had He not shed His blood our debt to  
 pay. [prey.]  
 We still had been of sin the wretched

2 Rise, brethren, we to all the earth  
 Our Lord's atonement will set forth,  
 Will love our Master unto death,  
 And humbly cleave to Him by faith:  
 Lord Jesus, be Thou praised eternally;  
 If there no Jesus were, what should  
 we be?

Johannes von Watteville, 1718-88.

**685** Tune 97.  
 Here in Thy presence we appear,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy word to hear;  
 Our wandering thoughts and hearts  
 incline, [divine]  
 With thirst to imbibe Thy word  
 That all our minds drawn from this  
 earth to Thee, [faithfully].  
 May love Thee more, and serve Thee

2 Give us Thy Spirit, Lord, that we,  
 With gladness and humility,  
 The holy scriptures may believe,  
 And with a grateful heart receive  
 As Thy own word, to make us truly wise,  
 And not as man's invention or device.

3 God Holy Spirit, now impart  
 Thy unction to each longing heart;  
 Us with Thy heavenly light and fire,  
 To sing, to pray, and preach, inspire;  
 Thus blest in spirit and in truth, shall  
 we [Thee.]

Give praise unto the Father, Son, and  
 Tobias Clausnitzer, 1619-84; and David  
 Denicke, 1603-80.

**686** Tune 97.  
 My All-in-all, my faithful Friend,  
 Upon Whose mercy I depend; [dear;  
 Than aught in earth or heaven more  
 My Paschal Lamb from year to year;  
 My Shield, my Rock, my Polar-star,  
 my Guide,  
 Thou art my God, and ever shalt abide.

2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy  
 Beset my soul on every hand; [band,

When fails my strength, and reason's  
 light  
 Appears immersed in darkest night,  
 Thee, the great Counselor, I still can  
 trace. [grace.]  
 Unsearchable in wisdom, power, and  
 3 Since Thou to me didst being give,  
 And bid me for Thy service live,  
 Mete Thou my few remaining hours,  
 Thy staff support my failing powers:  
 Inspire each thought and word, and let  
 my race  
 Be run in righteousness before Thy face.

4 And should I longer journey here,  
 O grant me oft, the way to cheer,  
 To view from Calvary's sacred brow  
 Fair Salem's towers, whose builder  
 Thou: [and Light:  
 That city, where Thou dwell'st as Lamb  
 Thus shall no danger my weak soul  
 affright.

5 When all my labors o'er, in faith  
 Upon the merits of Thy death,  
 I humbly claim the free reward,  
 Purchased by Thee, my gracious  
 Lord: [my Crown  
 E'en then, Thou know'st, my glory and  
 Thou, Jesus, shalt abide, and Thou alone.  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**687** Tune 97.  
 Jesus, Thou Source of life, impart  
 Thy blood unto my thirsting heart;  
 Panting I seek that Fountain-head,  
 Whence waters so divine proceed:  
 Still near this living stream may I abide,  
 By which my needy soul is satisfied.  
 Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

**688** [For Tune, see next page.] Tune 99.  
 I smite upon my guilty breast,  
 And stand myself the cause confest  
 Of all my Saviour hath sustainèd:  
 On Olivet and Golgotha  
 Deeply abased I gaze with awe;

There, there He bliss for me obtainèd.  
 2 Look up, my soul, by faith and see,  
 His heart was pierced, was pierced for  
 thee:  
 Thence blood and water freely stream-  
 Blood, to atone for heinous sin; [èd;  
 Water, to wash the sinner clean:  
 Our debt is paid; we are redeemèd.



99, B.  
3 Heart-piercing sight; He bleeds, He dies,  
For guilty man a Sacrifice;  
The earth the sacred trust receiveth:  
Soon shall He rise triumphantly,  
And then with shonts ascend on high,  
Where He to God for ever liveth.

689 Tune 99.  
O what an act of majesty!  
O what a love beyond degree!  
O what an hallowed hour of blessing!

Here soul and body are supplied,  
And we show forth that Jesus died,  
When in this feast our Lord confessing.

690 Tune 99.  
Oh, there's a sight that rends my heart,  
Nor can it from my mind depart,  
How Thou on Olivet didst languish;  
O Lord, for Thy soul's agony,  
When wrestling there with death for me,  
Make me a trophy of Thine anguish.



101, A.  
691 Tune 101.  
Thanksgiving, honor, praise and might,  
Unto the Lamb of God be rendered  
Who brought us to His Kingdom's light  
From every nation, tongue and kindred:  
Before the world was formed we were  
By Him to happiness, and life which  
hath no end. Gottf. Arnold, 1666-1714.

692 Tune 101.  
Bow down ye followers of the Lamb,  
These are your hours of consolation;  
With awe adore His saving Name;  
His Cross and wounds are of salvation  
The lasting source for sinners who believe;  
Come then, and grace for grace freely

2 O let Thy love our hearts constrain,  
That, in one covenant united,  
The bond of peace we may maintain,  
And be to mutual love incited;  
To God and to the Lamb be glory given  
By sinners here below, and by the  
saints in heaven.

693 Tune 101.  
Now to the Lamb upon the throne,  
Who by His precious blood hath  
bought us,  
That He might claim us as His own,  
And to His fold in mercy brought us,  
All praise and honor evermore pertain;  
Let all who love His Name, reply  
thereto, Amen.

102, A.

694 Tune 102.  
 Christ Crucified, my soul, by faith,  
 With Thee desires to be united;  
 For, as the purchase of Thy death,  
 To Thy communion I'm invited:  
 O hear my petition, and let me with  
 Thee  
 Be crucified, Jesus, with all that's in me.  
 2 O that I might still more enjoy [sion:  
 The blessed fruits of all Thy pas-

Thy merits to my soul apply,  
 And let me share Thy great salva-  
 tion:  
 O hear my petition, etc.  
 3 Let me in all things conqueror prove,  
 Deliver me from sin's infection;  
 Preserve me in Thy sacred love  
 As well in joy as in affliction:  
 O hear my petition, etc.  
 Johann Eusebius Schmidt, 1669-1745.

106, A.

695 Tune 106.  
 He that confides in his Creator,  
 Depending on Him all his days,  
 Shall be preserved in fire and water,  
 And saved in many dangerous ways:  
 He that makes God his Staff and Stay,  
 Builds not on sand that glides away.  
 2 What gainest thou by anxious caring?  
 What causes thee to pine away?  
 Thy rest and health thou art impairing

By sighs and groans from day to day:  
 Thou art but adding grief to grief,  
 Instead of getting sure relief.  
 3 O could we be resigned and quiet,  
 And rest in God's good providence,  
 Who oft prescribes us wholesome diet,  
 In forms that please not flesh and  
 sense:  
 To Him Who chose us for His own,  
 Our wants and cares are fully known.



O Lord! of goodness so amazing  
Not one is worthy, no, not one;  
We stand in shame and wonder gazing  
At the great things which Thou hast done:

Thy crowning grace and precious blood  
Have reconciled us with our God.

2 We feel quite certain of obtaining  
Nothing but goodness from Thy hand,  
And wend our way, without complain-  
ing,

Through dreary mist and barren  
With heaven in view, where we shall be  
Joined through eternity to Thee.

3 The lines are fallen in pleasant places,  
A goodly heritage is ours;  
And gladly would we share the graces  
Which God's great goodness richly  
We offer them alike to all [showers:  
Who will obey the gracious call.

4 It grieves us sore when men refuse  
them,

And treat our offers with disdain,  
Or by neglect for ever lose them,  
And make the grace of God in vain:  
All ye who thirst, come here and buy;  
And Christ will all your wants supply.

K. J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; R. Massie, tr., b. 1800.

GREGOR'S 107TH METRE. (C.)

*Mein Jesu, Der Du vor dem Scheiden.*

(9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 9, Iambic.)

Christian Gregor, 1784.

107, C.

Lord Jesus, Who before Thy passion,  
Distressed and sorrowful to death,  
To us the fruits of Thy oblation  
In Thy last supper didst bequeath;  
Accept our praise, Thou bounteous  
Giver

Of life to every true believer.

2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,  
Each sacred token doth declare [ing;  
Thy dying love, all thoughts surpass-  
And while we Thee in memory bear  
At each returning celebration,  
We show Thy death for our salvation.

Our lot is fallen in pleasant places,  
A goodly heritage is ours:  
To Him, Whence come all gifts and  
graces,

Let us give praise with all our powers;  
He chooses us of His free grace,  
And makes us His peculiar race.

2 He undertook our soul's salvation,  
Our sad condition moved Him so;  
And came to us from pure compassion,  
To raise us from our depths of woe:  
O wonderful, surpassing love,  
Which brought Him to us from above!

3 He saw in us no real beauty,  
No virtue, nor intrinsic worth:  
Not one there was that did his duty,  
For all were sinners from their birth;  
Nor was there one, in such distress,  
Who could our misery redress.

4 Then moved at heart with deep com-  
passion, [save;  
The Lord stretched out His arm to  
And His own life for our salvation,  
And therewith all things, freely gave:  
Adoption, sonship, and with this  
A whole eternity of bliss.

K. J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; R. Massie, tr., b. 1800.

3 Assurance of our pardon seal'd  
Is in this sacrament renewed;  
The soul with peace and joy is fill'd,  
With Thy atoning blood bedew'd;  
That stream from all defilement  
cleanses,

And life abundantly dispenses.

4 That bond of love, that mystic union,  
By which to Thee, our Head, we're  
joined,

Is closer drawn at each communion;  
By love inspired we know Thy mind,  
And feeding on Thy death and merit,  
Are render'd one with Thee in spirit.

Johann Jakob Rambach, 1693-1735.



701

Tune 109.

Behold He comes, thy King most holy,  
 In triumph riding, meek and lowly;  
 Jerusalem, behold thy King! [ing,  
 O meet your Lord, palm-branches bear-  
 His way with boughs of trees preparing;  
 Ye faithful, loud hosannas sing.

2 With glad hosannas, Lord, we greet  
 Thee;

With palms of victory we meet Thee,  
 And welcome Thee this Advent-tide.  
 For Thy last coming, Lord, prepare us;  
 In that dread day of judgment spare us;  
 And evermore with us abide.

3 O Lord, in all our tribulation,  
 In pity hear our supplication;  
 From sin's hard yoke grant us release;  
 When earthly sufferings oppress us,  
 When sinful memories distress us,  
 Shed over us Thy blessed peace.

4 O Sun of righteousness, most glorious,  
 O'er sin and error rise victorious,  
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night:  
 Shine forth with healing for the nations;  
 Hear, Lord of lords, our supplications,  
 Be Thou our everlasting Light.

Benjamin Webb.

CRASSELLI'S.

*Dir, Dir, Jehova, will ich singen.* }

(10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.)

{ Hamburger Musikalisches  
 Handbuch, 1590.



110, A.

702

Tune 110.

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

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

3 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,

May we arise, awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

703

Tune 110.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,

Far did I rove, and found no certain  
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,

Who spreads His arms and bids the weary come.

With Him I found a home, a rest divine;  
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2 The good I have is from His store supplied;

The ill is only what He deems the  
With Him my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside,

And poor without Him, though of all possessed.

Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,  
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

3 He stays me falling: lifts me up when down;

Reclaims me wandering; guards from every foe;

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,

Which in return before His feet I  
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,

Who deigns to own me His, as He is

4 While here, alas! I know but half His love,

But half discern Him, and but half  
But when I meet Him in the realms above,

I hope to love Him better, praise Him  
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

GREGOR'S 112TH METRE. (B.)

*Er wird esthau, der fromme, treue Gott.* } (10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 4, Iambic.)

Christian Gregor, 1734.

112, B.

704

Tune 112.

Our God is truth, most faithful is His word,

Beyond thy strength He'll suffer no  
In all thy need He'll aid to thee afford,  
A Father's love may be thy consolation;

O hear His voice in such kind accents  
Why shouldst thou fear?

2 Then hope in God, on Him cast all thy care,

Thy Father ne'er will leave His child in  
He knows thy case, O why shouldst thou despair?

To all thy grief thy Saviour is no stranger;  
He hears thy sigh, to Him tell thy com-  
Why shouldst thou faint?

3 'Tis thus we follow Christ: who Him receive

Through tribulation must God's king-  
Art thou His child, and dost thou now believe—

Thou, too, must bear thy cross, on trials  
Christ's sufferings shares the true-born  
On life's rough road.

4 Thy Saviour's feet have trod the thorny way,

The Cross lay o'er His path to heavenly  
'Twas sorrow first, then joy; 'twas night, then day;

Remember Him, thy Lord, amid thy  
Endure thy cross, with patience run thy  
Thy strength, His grace.

5 His heart o'er thee, poor tempted soul,  
doth break, [guide thee;  
He sends His light to lead, His truth to  
"My helpless child," He saith, "fresh  
courage take,  
I'll be thy strength, for thou hast none  
beside Me;  
My help is nigh, My comfort draweth  
Let this thee cheer." [near;  
J. D. Herrnschmidt, 1674-1823.

**705** [For Tune, see preceding page.] **Tune 112.**  
"Give Me, My child," the Father saith,  
"thy heart, [favor;"  
And I will fill it with My love and  
Why shouldst thou hesitate with self  
to part?  
'Tis self alone that keeps thee from  
thy Saviour;  
Resign thy will and crucify thy pride,  
For thee Christ died.

2 When night o'ershadows thee, and  
dark thy way,  
O cling to Him in faith, Who ne'er  
will leave thee;  
No harm His child need fear; till dawn  
of day  
No tempest need appall, no terror  
grieve thee;  
Though trackless be thy path, each step  
On Jesus lean. [unseen,

3 Arise, arise, my soul, why linger here?  
Now give thyself, thy all, to God, thy  
Saviour; [share;  
He gives thee rest, invites His grace to  
His Father's love, and peace, and joy  
for ever;  
Each care, each grief to Him, thy Lord,  
make known.  
Trust Him alone.

Chr. Fr. Richter, 1676-1711.

**GREGOR'S 114TH METRE.**  
*Mein Salomo, Dein freundliches Regieren.* } (11, 10, 10, 11, 10, 10, Iambic.)

{ Dr. Chr. Fried.  
{ Richter, 1714.

114. A.

**706** **Tune 114.**  
Jesus, my King, Thy kind and gracious  
scepter [me:  
Assuages every grief that burdens  
When I with all my heart apply to  
Thee, [Preceptor;  
Then Thy peace-giving Spirit's my  
Thy comforts so refresh and cheer my  
heart, [depart.  
That fear and restlessness must soon

2 O may I look to Thee without cessa-  
tion:  
Come, visit me, Thou Day-sprin-  
g from on high,  
That in Thy light the Light I may  
esp, [tion:  
On grace depending as my sole founda-  
Confirm my faith, grant that no fault  
in me [from Thee.  
May intercept the light that beams  
Chr. Fr. Richter, 1676-1711.



707

Tune 114.

What human mind can trace the con-  
descension

Of our Almighty Maker's love to man?  
No angel can the hidden mystery scan;  
Redeeming love is past our comprehen-  
sion:

Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can  
From Jesus' agony, that God is love.

2 By all Thy grief, Thy tears, and sup-  
plication,

Thy bloody sweat, Thy bitter agony,  
O grant that I may love Thee ardently;  
Be Thou, dear Lord, my Life and Con-  
solation:

GREGOR'S 115TH METRE. (B.)

*Wie herrlich ist's ein Schaflein Christi werden.*

When'er temptation would my soul  
beset,  
I'll pray to Thee, and think of Olivet.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

708

Tune 114.

God, Who art love, the same both now  
and ever,

Lift up, we pray, on us Thy counte-  
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace divine  
dispense,

And give us richly to enjoy Thy favor;  
On us Thy sanctifying grace bestow,  
That in Thy love and knowledge we  
may grow.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

(11, 10, 11, 10, 8, 12, Iambic.)

{Grimm's Choral  
Buch, 1755.

115, B.

709

Tune 115.

How great the bliss to be a sheep of  
Jesus,

And to be guided by His shepherd-staff!  
Earth's greatest honors, howsoe'er they  
please us,

Compared to this are vain and empty  
Yea, what this world can never give,  
May, through the Shepherd's grace,  
each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture, rich and never  
failing,

Here living waters in abundance flow;  
None can conceive the grace with them  
prevailing,

Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and  
He banishes all fear and strife, [ing life.  
And leads them gently on to everlast-

3 Whoe'er would spend his days in  
lasting pleasure, [with speed;  
Must come to Christ, and join His flock  
Here is a feast prepared, rich beyond  
measure,

The world meanwhile on empty husks  
Those souls may share in every good  
Whose Shepherd doth possess the treas-  
ures of God.

Johann Jakob Rambach, 1693-1745.

710

Tune 115.

O happy days, days marked with per-  
fect blessing, [Friend below;

In converse spent with our best  
Then streams of heavenly comfort, rich,  
unceasing,

To us from Jesus' wounds and merits  
Thus we for His appearance wait:  
When we shall rest with Him, our joy  
will be complete.

2 Meanwhile our lot is fallen in pleas-  
ant places,

A goodly heritage we have indeed:  
The Lamb to follow and show forth His  
praises,

And in His footsteps with His flock to  
May we, by nothing drawn aside,  
Maintain our part with Him and with  
His chosen Bride.

3 How precious are Thy thoughts, be-  
lovéd Saviour, [how great!

Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the sum  
Already here we in Thy sight find favor,  
In Thy sweet nearness heaven antic-  
And O, what bliss awaits us there, [pate:  
Where we with the redeemed shall in  
Thy glory share!

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

118, A.

711

Tune 118.

Deliver me, my God, from all that's  
 now enchaining [against the soul:  
 My heart to carnal thoughts which war  
 Secret or open sin—if there be one remain-  
 ing, [whole.  
 It is enough to spoil and vitiate the  
 If I must needs be bound, then bind me  
 fast to Thee; [would I be!  
 O God, my faithful God, Thy prisoner

2 I know that I love Thee—hear what  
 my soul confesses—  
 Not nearly with such love as Thine  
 from me deserves.  
 Or e'en as I would love: for sin my  
 heart oppresses. [spirit swerves  
 I cannot name the sin; but when my  
 From Thee, the cause is sin. Lord Jesus,  
 free Thou me, [hindrance free.  
 And make me Thine alone, from every  
 Lambert Gedleke, 1683-1735.

712 [For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 119.

Thanks and praise, : :  
 Jesus, unto Thee are due;  
 O accept our adoration  
 For the blessings which accrue  
 From Thy human life and passion:  
 May our hearts and lips with one  
 Praise Thee, Lord, : : [accord  
 2 For Thy death : :  
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,  
 That our lives and whole demeanor  
 Praise Thee, yea, each drop of blood  
 Be devoted to Thy honor,  
 And our souls uninterruptedly  
 Cleave to Thee, : :  
 3 O how great : :  
 Are the blessings we derive  
 From the fullness of our Saviour;  
 They who Him by faith receive,

And desire to taste His favor,  
 From this source may freely take  
 Grace for grace, : : [always

4 Ah, remain, : :  
 Ah, remain our highest good :  
 In our hearts, dear suffering Saviour,  
 Shed Thy dying love abroad;  
 This will rule our whole behavior,  
 And our love inflame, till we shall be,  
 Lord, with Thee, : :  
 Moravian.

713 [For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 119.

Holy Lord, : :  
 Thanks and praise be ever Thine,  
 That Thy word to us is given,  
 Teaching us with power divine;  
 That the Lord of earth and heaven,  
 Everlasting life for us to gain,  
 Once was slain. : :



2 Lord, our God, :||  
 May Thy precious saving word,  
 Till our race is here completed,  
 Light unto our path afford ;  
 And when in Thy presence seated,  
 We to Thee will render for Thy grace  
 Ceaseless praise. :||

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

**714** Praise the Lord :||  
 Bounteously He deals with thee,  
 Highly favored Church of Jesus:  
 'Thee He chose through mercy free,  
 To show forth His matchless praises,  
 And rich fruit, meet for the Master's  
 To produce. :|| [use,

Tune 119.

2 Gracious Lord, :||  
 Blessèd is our lot indeed,  
 In Thy ransomed Congregation:  
 Here we on Thy merits feed,  
 And the well-springs of salvation,  
 All the needy to revive and cheer,  
 Stream forth here. :||

3 We entreat :||  
 Lord, lift up Thy countenance  
 On Thy ransomed Congregation ;  
 Grace to every soul dispense :  
 May we all, each in his station,  
 Daily in Thy great salvation share :  
 Hear our prayer. :||

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

**715** Holy Lord, :||  
 By Thy body given to death,  
 Mortify my sinful nature,  
 Till I yield my dying breath :  
 Ah, protect Thy feeble creature ;  
 Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside,  
 Thine abide. :||

Tune 119.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

**716** O what joy, :||  
 O what joy awaiteth me ;  
 I rejoice in expectation,  
 That I in my flesh shall see  
 Him, the God of my salvation,  
 And behold the Lord in endless bliss,  
 As He is. :||

Tune 119.

2 Yea, Amen :||  
 Pardon'd sinners here rejoice  
 In this hope and consolation,  
 Till we shall with sweeter voice  
 Sing in the great Congregation :  
 "Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh  
 By Thy blood." [to God,

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

**717** At Thy feet, :||  
 At Thy piercèd feet I lie ;  
 Saviour, mark my heart's contrition,  
 Listen to each broken sigh ;  
 Ah, refuse not the petition  
 Of a sinner, conscious he's unclean,  
 Full of sin. :||

Tune 119.

2 Bid me live, :||  
 Bid a dying sinner live :  
 Raise, O raise my drooping spirit :  
 I to Thee myself would give,  
 And, until I heaven inherit,  
 Every moment in Thy service spend,  
 Faithful Friend. :||

John B. Holmes, 1767-1843.

**718** Jesus' Name, :||  
 Source of life and happiness ;  
 In this Name true consolation  
 Mourning sinners may possess ;  
 Here is found complete salvation :  
 Blessed Jesus, we Thy Name will praise  
 All our days. :||

Tune 119.

2 God with us, :||  
 God appears in human frame :  
 In His Name rejoice with gladness,  
 Since to save lost man He came :  
 None need sink in hopeless sadness,  
 For Immanuel is now with us,  
 God with us. :||

Benjamin La Trobe, 1725-86.

**719** Bread of life, :||  
 Christ by Whom alone we live :  
 Bread, That came to us from heaven,  
 My poor soul can never thrive,  
 Unless Thou appease its craving :  
 Lord, I hunger only after Thee,  
 Feed Thou me. :|| Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

Tune 119.

720 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 119.

Had we naught, :  
Naught beyond this life to hope,  
Here receiving our full measure,  
Did no further prospect ope,  
Laid we up no heavenly treasure,  
Wretched were our state in life and  
Vain our faith. : : [death,

2 Here on earth, :  
Here on earth in tears we sow;  
He who here goes forth and weepeth,  
Bearing precious seed below, [reapeth  
Brings his sheaves with him and  
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows o'er,  
Evermore. : : Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

721 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 119.

Praise the Lord! : :  
From the deeds of martyrs bold,  
God His gracious blessing sending,  
Fruit hath sprung an hundred fold,  
Far and wide o'er earth extending;  
In our Zion may their faith and love  
Fruitful prove! : :  
2 Jesus come! : :  
Strengthen Thou our trust in Thee;  
When fierce dangers would affright us,  
Do not let our courage flee:  
May the martyr's faith incite us  
To press forward, though on fiery road,  
On to God! : :

From the German.

IN DULCI JUBILO. (6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 5, Irregular.)

Circa 1450.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is labeled '121, A.' and includes a key signature change to G major. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble, often beamed together, and block chords in the bass. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

722 Tune 121.

Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice;  
Give ye heed to what we say:  
Jesus Christ is born to-day!  
Ox and ass before Him bow,  
And He is in the manger now,  
Christ is born to-day! : :  
2 Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Now ye hear of endless bliss;  
Jesus Christ was born for this!

He hath oped the heav'nly door,  
And man is bless'd evermore.  
Christ was born for this! : :

3 Good Christian men, rejoice  
With heart and soul and voice;  
Now ye need not fear the grave,  
Jesus Christ was born to save!  
Calls you one and calls you all,  
To gain His everlasting hall,  
Christ was born to save! : :  
Bohemian Brethren; John Mason Neale,  
tr., 1818-68.

121, C.

723

Tune 121.

O my Immanuel,  
My wounded spirit heal;  
I humbly seek Thy face;  
Yea, pungent sorrow feel,  
That I've abused Thy grace  
Jesus, pardon me;  
May I henceforth be  
Faithful unto Thee.  
2 O Lord, Thy grace impart,  
Refresh and cheer my heart,  
Thy pardoning love display,  
For Thou my Saviour art:

To me, poor sinner, say,  
"Thy reproach is Mine,  
All My merit's thine,  
Take My peace divine."

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

724

Tune 121.

Lord Jesus, by Thy death,  
Whereon we trust by faith,  
Thy wounds, Thy pierc'd side,  
Thy agonizing pain,  
Preserve the Church, Thy bride,  
Till Thou com'st again,  
Prince of life once slain. : :

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

GREGOR'S 124TH METRE. (7, 4, 7, 4, 7, 4, 6, or 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, Trochaic) Johann Flittner, 1661.

124, A.

725

Tune 124.

May the stream from Thee, the Rock,  
Gracious Jesus,  
Richly bless Thy thirsting flock,  
And refresh us;  
'Tis the source of power, of life,  
And salvation,  
To Thy Congregation.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

726

Tune 124.

Jesus, 'till my latest breath  
May I ponder  
On Thy agony and death,  
As Thou yonder  
Barest my sin's heavy load.  
Suffering Saviour,  
Me regard with favor.

Moravian.

727 [For Tune, see preceding page, and omit the slurs.] Tune 124.

Every morning the red sun  
Rises warm and bright,  
But the evening cometh on  
And the dark, cold night;  
There's a bright land far away,  
With unfailing light,  
Where is never-ending day.  
2 Every Spring the sweet young flowers  
Open bright and gay,  
Till the chilly Autumn hours  
Wither them away;  
There's a land we have not seen,  
Untouched by decay,  
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise  
All the Summer long,  
But in colder, shorter days  
They forget their song.  
There's a place where angels sing—  
O the joyful throng!—  
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near  
Those who follow Him!  
Though we cannot see Him here,  
For our eyes are dim;  
But in that most happy place,  
With bright cherubim  
We shall ever see His face.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823, alt. and ab.

DEDICATION. (7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 5. Trochaic.)

Arranged from 124 A.

124, B.

124, A.

728

Tune 124.

Father, here we dedicate  
This new year to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have us be;  
Not from sorrow, pain or care,  
Freedom dare we claim,  
This alone shall be our prayer,  
"Glorify Thy Name."

2 Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys we yet partake;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may break;  
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,  
Shall in all proclaim,  
And whate'er the year shall bring,  
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all our gaid to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home;

Teach us, Lord, how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
In our woe we'll still pray on,  
"Glorify Thy Name."

Laurence Tuttielt, b. 1825.

729

Tune 124.

Hark, the heaven's sweet melody  
Echoes now on earth,  
And the bands of those on high  
Sing the Saviour's birth.  
Shepherds watch their flocks by night;  
Angel notes they hear;  
Songs of glory in the height,  
Peace and love brought near.

2 Those high gifts to none belong  
But the good and true,  
Falling not on sinful throng,  
But the faithful few.  
Earthly things with heaven are blent,  
Twofold is the praise;  
Yet each word divinely sent  
Hidden depths displays.

3 Of Christ's birth the bright stars tell,  
Pouring floods of light;  
Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,  
All those stars in sight;  
There, within the manger laid,  
They their Lord descry:  
Now, with homage duly paid,  
We to Him draw nigh.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, b. 1821, (alt.)

730

Tune 126.

The Lord of life is risen!  
Sing, Easter heralds, sing:  
He burst His rocky prison,  
Wide let the triumph ring,  
Tell how the graves are quaking,  
The saints their fetters breaking;  
Sing heralds: Jesus lives!

2 In death no longer lying,  
He rose, the Prince, to-day:  
Life of the dead and dying,  
He triumphed o'er decay.  
The Lord of life is risen,  
In ruins lies death's prison,  
Its keeper bound in chains.

3 We hear, in Thy blest greeting,  
Salvation's work is done!  
We worship Thee, repeating,  
Life for the dead is won!  
O Head of all believing!  
O Joy of all the grieving!  
Unite us, Lord, to Thee.

4 O publish this salvation,  
Ye heralds, through the earth!  
To every buried nation  
Proclaim the day of birth!  
Till, rising from their slumbers,  
The countless heathen numbers  
Shall hail the risen Light.

Johann Peter Lange, 1802-84; Henry Harbaugh,  
tr., 1817-67.

STETERBURG. } (7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7, 11, Iambic.)

? Nicolas Decius, † 1541.

731

Tune 127.

O Lamb of God, unspotted,  
Our crucified Saviour,  
Who hast to shame submitted  
With patient meek behavior,  
Thy bearing our transgression

Freed us from condemnation;  
Have mercy on us, O Jesus, O Jesus!

2 O Lamb of God, etc.

Own us to be Thine, O Jesus, O Jesus!

3 O Lamb of God, etc. [Jesus!]

Leave Thy peace with us, O Jesus, O  
Nicolas Decius, 1519-41.

129, D.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

732

Tune 129.

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me;  
The changes that will surely come  
I do not fear to see:  
I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know:  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

Anna L. Waring, b. 1820.

733

Tune 129.

Go not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey;  
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away;  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

2 No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,  
How blest soe'er it be;  
Yet may the chastened child be glad  
His Father's face to see;  
And O, it is not hard to bear  
What must be borne in Thee.

3 Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,  
Almighty to restore;  
Borne onward, sin and death behind,  
And love and life before,  
O let my soul abound in hope,  
And praise Thee more and more!

4 Deep unto deep may call, but I  
With peaceful heart will say,  
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
No waves can take away;"  
And let the storm that speeds me home,  
Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring, b. 1820.

734

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 132.

The Lord is King:—upon His throne  
He sits in garments glorious;  
Or girds for war His armor on,  
In every field victorious;  
The world came forth at His command;  
Built on His word its pillars stand;  
They never can be shaken.

2 The Lord was King ere time began,  
His reign is everlasting:  
When high the floods in tumult ran,  
Their foam to heaven up-casting,  
He made the raging waves His path:  
The sea is mighty in its wrath,  
But God on high is mightier.

3 Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure;  
Thy realm fears no commotion;

Firm as the earth, whose shores endure  
The eternal toil of ocean:  
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless  
Thy faithful flock;—for holiness  
Becomes Thine house for ever.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

735

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 132.

All glory be to God on high,  
Who hath our race befriended!  
To us no harm shall now come nigh,  
The feud at last is ended.  
God sheweth His good-will toward men,  
And peace shall dwell on earth again;  
O thank Him for His goodness.

2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,  
And give Thee thanks for ever,  
O Father, that Thy rule is just



132, A.

Musical score for '132, A.' consisting of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system also has a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is primarily chordal and rhythmic.

And wise, and changes never; [reigns,  
 Thy boundless power o'er all things  
 Done is whate'er Thy Will ordains;  
 Well for us that Thou rulest.

3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,  
 Son of Thy Heavenly Father,  
 O Thou Who hast our peace restored  
 And the lost sheep dost gather, [Lord,  
 Thou Lamb once slain, our God and  
 To needy prayers Thine ear afford,  
 And on us all have mercy.

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,  
 Thou Comforter unfailing,  
 O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,

And let Thy power availing  
 Avert our woes and calm our dread,  
 For us the Saviour's blood was shed,  
 We trust in Thee to save us!

Nicolas Decius, d. 1541; Catherine Winkworth,  
 tr., 1829-78; sl. alt.

736

Tune 132.

Come, sing, thou happy Church of God,  
 His favored congregation,  
 Redeemed with Jesus precious blood  
 From every tribe and nation:  
 Most holy, blessed Trinity,  
 For the Lamb slain all praise to Thee,  
 Both now and ever. Amen.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

132, B.

Musical score for '132, B.' consisting of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb).

737

Tune 132.

Sing praises unto God on high,  
 To Him Who us created;  
 Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh  
 To sinful man related:  
 Rejoicing, Hallelujah sing,  
 Jehovah Jesus is our King,  
 And gracious Mediator.

2 He calls us brethren, not ashamed  
 To bear our human nature;  
 Yea, heirs of life we now are named,  
 Joint-heirs with our Creator:  
 He ever lives our cause to plead,  
 Grants help in every time of need;  
 Praise to His Name for ever.

Chr. I. LaTrobe and J. Miller.

738

Tune 132.

All glory to the Sovereign Good,  
 And Father of compassion,  
 To God, our Help and Sure Abode,  
 Whose gracious visitation  
 Renews His blessings every day,  
 And takes our griefs and fears away:  
 Give to our God the glory.

2 What is created by our God  
 Enjoys His preservation;  
 And He extends o'er all abroad  
 His fatherly compassion;  
 Throughout the Kingdom of His grace  
 Prevail His truth and righteousness:  
 Give to our God the glory.

3 In my distress I raised with faith  
 To God my supplication;  
 My Saviour rescued me from death  
 And gave me consolation:  
 This makes me with both heart and  
 Before the God of grace rejoice: [voice  
 Give to our God the glory.

4 The Lord hath ever to His flock  
 Kept without separation;  
 He is our Refuge, Shield and Rock,  
 Our Peace, and our Salvation;  
 He leads us with a mother's care,  
 Protects from danger, guards from fear;  
 Give to our God the glory.

5 As long as I have breath in me  
 I will sound forth His praises:  
 His precious saving Name shall be  
 Exalted in all places:  
 My heart, with all thy strength adore  
 The God of grace, the God of power,  
 And give Him all the glory.

6 Ye who profess His sacred Name,  
 Give to our God the glory:  
 Ye who His power know and proclaim,  
 Give to our God the glory:

Rejoice, from all vain idols freed,  
 The Lord is God, is God indeed:  
 Give to our God the glory.

7 Now then before His face appear,  
 With praises and thanksgiving;  
 With awe His holy Name revere,  
 And join with all the living  
 To extol the wonders He hath wrought,  
 His mighty deeds, surpassing thought:  
 Give to our God the glory.  
 J. J. Schuetz, 1640-90; J. Chr. Jacobi, tr., 1700.

739

Tune 132.

Father! reveal Thy Son in me,  
 To my soul's eye, unclouded;  
 The fullness of the Deity,  
 In mortal semblance shrouded,  
 When, for a Name o'er every name,  
 He bore the Cross, despised the shame,  
 And rose—the world's Redeemer.

2 Him then as mine may I confess,  
 With all my powers adore Him,  
 And, as the Lord my Righteousness,  
 Most humbly walk before Him,  
 Hail Him, mine Advocate, on high,  
 Extol His Priesthood, and rely  
 Upon His sole atonement.

3 All things for Him may I forsake;  
 In poverty and weakness  
 His gentle burden on me take  
 And wear His yoke with meekness;  
 So shall I find in labor, rest,  
 In suffering, peace—of Christ possessed,  
 In me the hope of glory.  
 James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

740

Tune 132.

Jesus, Thou Source of every good,  
 And Fountain of salvation,  
 Behold me bowed beneath the load  
 Of guilt and condemnation:  
 My sins indeed are numberless;  
 O Lord, regard my deep distress,  
 And join not my petition.

132, E.

2 Lord I approach Thy mercy-seat,  
And pray Thee to forgive me:  
With contrite heart, I Thee entreat,  
Show pity and receive me;  
Cast all my sins and trespasses  
Into the ocean of Thy grace,  
And them no more remember.

3 O, for Thy Name's sake let me prove  
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour:  
The yoke which galls me, soon remove,  
Restore me to Thy favor:  
Thy love shed in my heart abroad,  
That I may live to Thee, my God,  
And yield Thee true obedience.

B. Ringwald, 1531-98.

## 741

Tune 132.

O sinner, lift the eye of faith,  
To true repentance turning;  
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,  
Its awful guilt discerning;  
Upon the Crucified One look  
And thou shalt read, as in a book,  
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on His head, that bleeding head,  
With crown of thorns surrounded;  
Look on His sacred hands and feet,  
Which piercing nails have wounded;  
See every limb with scourges rent:  
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,  
What malice hath abounded!

3 'Tis not alone those limbs are racked,  
But friends too are forsaking;  
And more than all, for thankless man  
That tender heart is aching;  
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn  
By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne,  
Their peace for sinners making.

4 None ever knew such pain before,  
Such infinite affliction;  
None ever felt a grief like His  
In that dread crucifixion:  
For us He bare those bitter throes,  
For us those agonizing woes  
In oft-renewed infliction.

5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well  
Sin's awful condemnation:  
Think what a sacrifice it cost  
To purchase Thy salvation;  
Had Jesus never bled and died,  
Then what could thee and all betide  
But uttermost damnation.

6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,  
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,  
And from those everlasting flames  
For evil ones preparing.  
Jesus, we thank Thee, and entreat  
To rest for ever at Thy feet,  
Thy heavenly glory sharing.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

## 742

Tune 132.

Out of the deep I cry to Thee,  
My God, with heart's contrition:  
Bow down Thine ear in grace to me,  
And hear Thou my petition:  
For if in judgment Thou wilt try  
Man's sin and great iniquity,  
Ah, who can stand before Thee?

2 To gain remission of our sin,  
No work of ours availeth;  
God's favor we may strive to win,  
But all our labor faileth:  
We're 'midst our fairest actions lost,  
And none 'fore Him of aught can boast:  
We live alone through mercy.

3 Therefore my hope is in His grace,  
And not in my own merit;  
On Him my confidence I place,  
Instructed by His Spirit:  
His precious word hath promised me  
He will my Joy and Comfort be:  
Thereon is my reliance.

4 Though sin with us doth much abound,  
Yet grace still more aboundeth;  
Sufficient help in Christ is found,  
Where sin most deeply woundeth:  
He the good Shepherd is indeed,  
Who His lost sheep doth seek and lead  
With tender love and pity.

Martin Luther, 1483 1546.

132, F.

743

Tune 132.

Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's Rest  
 Through all their generations;  
 Their Refuge when by troubles pressed,  
 Their Hope in tribulations;  
 Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth  
 Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,  
 Art God from everlasting.

2 Our life is like the transient breath,  
 That tells a mournful story;  
 Early or late, stopt short by death;—  
 And where is all our glory?  
 Our days are three-score years and ten,  
 And if the span be lengthened then,  
 Their strength is toil and sorrow.

3 Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes  
 All our misdeeds and errors;  
 Our secret sins from darkness rise  
 At Thine awakening terrors;  
 Who shall abide the trying hour?  
 Who knows the thunder of Thy power?  
 We flee unto Thy mercy.

4 Lord, teach us so to mark our days,  
 That we may prize them duly:  
 So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,  
 That we may love Thee truly:  
 Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,  
 And with Thy goodness, as of old,  
 O satisfy us early.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

744

Tune 132.

The Lord my Shepherd is and Guide,  
 Who kindly doth direct me;  
 For all my wants He will provide,  
 From dangers will protect me:  
 He leads me to a pasture-ground,  
 Where for my soul rich food is found,  
 The word of His salvation.

2 For me He opens living springs,  
 Amidst the desert dreary;  
 And to the great Rock's shadow brings  
 My soul when faint and weary;

He leads me in the blessed way  
 Of His commands, and when I stray,  
 He brings me back rejoicing.

3 For me a table He prepares,  
 My soul enjoys His favor;  
 And, thus secured, no enemy dares  
 My God and me to sever:  
 My heart His Holy Spirit cheers,  
 And changeth all my grief and fears  
 To joys unutterable.

4 His goodness and His mercies all  
 Will follow me for ever;  
 And I'll pursue my heavenly call  
 To cleave to my dear Saviour,  
 And to the Church His body here;  
 And when called home, I shall live there  
 With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.  
 Wolfgang Meusslin, 1497-1562.

745

Tune 132.

O if the Lamb had not been slain,  
 To save us from perdition,  
 And everlasting life to gain,  
 What had been our condition?  
 But since in Him poor sinners find  
 A Friend so faithful, true, and kind,  
 We cannot but be happy.

2 With all our errors and mistakes  
 He bears, and loves us dearly;  
 The contrite soul He ne'er forsakes,  
 That follows Him sincerely:  
 When the whole heart to Him is given,  
 We have a foretaste here of heaven,  
 In fellowship with Jesus.

3 When we have failed and deeply  
 That we the Spirit grievèd, [mourn.  
 And to our Lord for comfort turn,  
 We quickly are relieved:  
 Whene'er we say, with humble shame:  
 "Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,"  
 He saith: "Thou art forgiven."

4 As pardoned sinners we rejoice  
 With Jesus' congregation;  
 Above all other things we prize

132, K.

Musical score for hymn 132, K. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the number '132, K.' written below the bass staff.

His bitter death and passion;  
His wounds and tears, and bloody sweat  
We bear in mind, nor can forget  
His unexampled mercy.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

746

Tune 132.

Mine hour appointed is at hand,  
Lord Jesus Christ, attend me;  
Beside my bed, my Saviour, stand,  
To comfort, help, defend me.  
Into Thy hands I will commend  
My trembling soul at my last end,  
How safe in Thy sweet keeping!

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,  
My sins are thronging round me;  
But though they grieve and wound me  
They never shall confound me. [sore,

My sins are numberless, I know,  
But o'er them all Thy blood doth flow;  
Thy wounds and death uphold me.

3 Lord, Thou hast joined my soul to  
In bonds no power can sever; [Thine  
Grafted in Thee, the living Vine,  
I shall be Thine for ever.

Lord, when I die, I die to Thee,  
Thy precious death hath won for me  
A life that never endeth.

4 Since Thou hast risen from the grave,  
The grave cannot detain me; [save,  
"Christ died; Christ rose again," to  
These words shall still sustain me.

For where Thou art, there I shall be,  
That I may ever live with Thee;  
This is my joy in dying.

Nicolaus Herman, d. 1561; R. Massie, tr., b. 1800.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Iambic.)

Johann Klug, 1535.

132, L.

Musical score for hymn 132, L. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the number '132, L.' written below the bass staff.

747

Tune 132.

'Tis sure that awful time will come  
When Christ, the Lord of glory,  
Shall from His throne give men their  
And change things transitory: [doom,  
This will strike dumb each impious jeer,  
When all things are consumed by fire,  
And heaven and earth dissolvéd.

2 When all with awe the throne sur-  
round

To hear their doom allotted,  
Oh, may my worthless name be found  
In the Lamb's book unblotted:  
Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,  
That Thou, my Saviour, by Thy death  
Hast purchased my salvation.

3 Before Thou shalt as Judge appear,  
Plead as my Intercessor,  
And on that awful day declare  
That I am Thy confessor;  
Then bring me to that blessed place,  
Where I shall see with open face  
The glory of Thy Kingdom.

4 O Jesus, shorten the delay,  
And hasten Thy salvation,  
That we may see that glorious day  
Produce a new creation;  
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King,  
Come, change our mournful notes, to  
Thy praise for ever: Amen. [sing  
Bartholomæus Ringwald, 1531-98.

**748** [For Tune, see preceding page.] **Tune 132.**

Great God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated:  
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding—  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated:  
Beneath His Cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

William Bengo Collyer, 1782-1854.

**749** [For Tune, see preceding page.] **Tune 132.**

The Lord of might from Sinai's brow  
Gave forth His voice of thunder;  
And Israel lay on earth below,  
Outstretched in fear and wonder;  
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
And at His left hand and His right  
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering Stranger,  
Upraised to heaven His languid eye  
In nature's hour of danger:  
For us He bore the weight of woe,  
For us He gave His blood to flow,  
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,  
The King of all created,  
Shall back return to claim His right,  
On clouds of glory seated;  
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,  
And hallelujahs loud and long,  
O'er death and hell defeated.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

GREGOR'S 133RD METRE (B.) } (8, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, Trochaic.)

*Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen.*

Werner Fabricius, 1659.

The image shows a musical score for Gregor's 133rd Metre (B.). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests, with the label '133, B.' appearing below the first system. The music is written in a style typical of 17th-century hymn tunes.

**750**

**Tune 133.**

Far be sorrow, tears and sighing!  
Waves are calming, storms are dying.  
Moses hath o'erpassed the sea,  
Israel's captive hosts are free;  
Life by death slew death and saved us,  
In His blood the Lamb hath laved us,  
Clothing us with victory.

2 Jesus Christ from death hath risen,  
Lo! His Godhead bursts the prison,  
While His Manhood passes free,

Vanquishing our misery.  
Rise we, free from condemnation;  
Through our God's humiliation,  
Ours is now the victory.

3 Vain the foe's despair and madness!  
See the Day-spring of our gladness!  
Slaves no more of Satan we;  
Children by the Son set free;  
Rise, for Life with death hath striven,  
All the snares of hell are riven,  
Rise and claim the victory.

From the Latin.

140, D.

Rall. > 2d ending.

751 Tune 140.

Fierce was the wild billow,  
 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 the western wind,  
 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;  
 Then, when the storm of death  
 Roars, sweeping by,  
 Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth:  
 "Peace! it is I!"

Anatolius of Constantinople, d. 458; John  
 Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

752 Tune 141.

[For Tune, see next page.]  
 Since we, though unworthy,  
 Through electing grace,  
 'Midst Thy ransomed people  
 Have obtained a place;  
 Lord, may we be faithful  
 To our covenant found,  
 To Thee, as our Shepherd,  
 And Thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled,  
 Own we're oft to blame,  
 This abides our comfort,  
 Thou art still the same:  
 In Thee all the needy  
 Have a Friend most dear,  
 Whose love and forbearance  
 Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition  
 We present to Thee,  
 Whose unbounded mercy  
 Is our only plea:  
 All, that is displeasing  
 Unto Thee, forgiving;  
 More to Thy Name's glory  
 May we henceforth live.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

Like Elisha's servant,  
 He in faith espies  
 Hosts with fiery horses,  
 Flaming chariots rise.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

754 Tune 141.

[For Tune, see next page.]  
 Jesus' love unbounded  
 None can e'er explain;  
 Yet, alas, how often  
 Do we cause Him pain:  
 Even those still grieve Him,  
 Who enjoy His grace,  
 And, to Him devoted,  
 Should show forth His praise.

While we Thy past dealings  
 Gratefully review,  
 We're assured, Thy mercies  
 Are each morning new;  
 And that Thou wilt freely  
 Give Thy promised grace,  
 And amidst our weakness  
 Form us to Thy praise.

3 All our days, O Jesus,  
 Hallow unto Thee;  
 May our conversation  
 To Thy honor be:  
 Let us all experience,  
 To the end of days,  
 Thy reviving presence  
 'Midst Thy chosen race.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

753 Tune 141.

[For Tune, see next page.]  
 While the pilgrim travels  
 On this earthly ground,  
 Watchful guardian angels  
 Compass him around;

141, A.

755

Tune 141.

Lamb of God beloved,  
 Once for sinners slain,  
 Thankful we remember  
 What 'Thou didst sustain;  
 Nothing Thee incited  
 But unbounded grace,  
 To bear condemnation  
 In the sinner's place.

2 I with sacred sorrow  
 View Mount Calvary;  
 But my soul rejoices  
 O'er Thy death for me:  
 Since Thou by Thy passion  
 Didst for me atone,  
 Take me as an offering;  
 Thine I'll be alone.

3 In Thy wounds, O Jesus,  
 I have found true peace;  
 Thou in all distresses  
 Art my Hiding-place:  
 Unto Thee I'll ever  
 Look with humble faith,  
 And rejoice, and glory  
 In Thy wounds and death.

J. Cook, 1736-61.

756

Tune 141.

Glory be to Jesus,  
 Who, in bitter pains,  
 Poured for me the life-blood  
 From His sacred veins.  
 Grace and life eternal  
 In that blood I find,  
 Blest be His compassion  
 Infinitely kind.

2 Blest through endless ages  
 Be the precious stream,  
 Which from endless torments  
 Did the world redeem!  
 Abel's blood for vengeance  
 Pleaded to the skies,  
 But the blood of Jesus  
 For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting  
 Watts its praise on high,  
 Angel-hosts rejoicing  
 Make their glad reply.  
 Lift ye then your voices;  
 Swell the mighty flood;  
 Louder and still louder  
 Praise the precious blood!  
 From the Italian; Edward Caswall, tr., 1853.

757

Tune 141.

On our way rejoicing,  
 Homeward as we move,  
 Harken to our praises,  
 O Thou God of love!  
 Is there grief or sadness,  
 Firm our trust shall be;  
 Is our sky beclouded,  
 Light shall come from Thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted  
 Love for God and man,  
 Day by day Thou find us  
 Doing what we can,  
 Thou, Who givest seed-time,  
 Wilt give large increase,  
 Crown our heads with blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with peace.

3 Jesus Christ has triumphed,  
 Vanquished is our foe;  
 On our way rejoicing  
 Gladly let us go!  
 Christ without—our Safety;  
 Christ within—our Joy;  
 Who, if we be faithful,  
 Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father  
 Joyful songs we sing;  
 Unto God the Saviour  
 Thankful hearts we bring;  
 Unto God the Spirit  
 Bow we and adore  
 On our way rejoicing,  
 Now and evermore!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.



758

Tune 141.

Own Thy congregation,  
 O Thou slaughtered Lamb;  
 We are here assembled  
 In Thy holy Name;  
 Look upon Thy people  
 Whom Thou by Thy blood  
 Hast in love redeemed  
 And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us  
 For these many years;  
 Ah, accept our praises  
 And our grateful tears:  
 Grant us all the favor  
 To obey Thy voice;  
 Yea, Thy will and pleasure  
 Be our only choice.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

759

Tune 141.

Whence those sounds symphonious,  
 Solemn, sweet and rare,  
 Music most harmonious  
 Filling all the air?  
 Hark! 'tis angels singing,  
 Singing here on earth,  
 Joyful tidings bringing  
 Of the Saviour's birth.

2 In that region yonder  
 Where the angels sing,  
 Bursts of joy and wonder  
 Make the air to ring.  
 Praise and adoration,  
 Be to God above,  
 And to man salvation,  
 Object of His love!

3 Now, ye heavens, sing ye;  
 Earth, break forth and cry;  
 O ye mountains, ring ye  
 With the sound of joy.  
 Hark! 'tis angels singing,  
 Singing here on earth,  
 Joyful tidings bringing  
 Of the Saviour's birth.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

760

Tune 141.

Yea, I will extol Thee,  
 Lord of life and light,  
 For Thine arm upheld me,  
 Turned my foes to flight:  
 I implored Thy succor,  
 Thou wert swift to save,  
 Heal my wounded spirit,  
 Bring me from the grave.

2 Sing ye saints, sing praises!  
 Call His love to mind,  
 For a moment angry,  
 But for ever kind;  
 Grief may, like a stranger,  
 Through the night sojourn,  
 Yet shall joy, to-morrow,  
 With the sun return.

3 Thou hast turned my mourning  
 Into minstrelsy,  
 Girded me with gladness,  
 Set from thralldom free;

Thee my ransomed powers  
 Henceforth shall adore,  
 Thee, my great Deliverer,  
 Laud for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

761

Tune 141.

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

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

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

762

Tune 141.

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.

2 "I the Lord am with thee,  
 Be thou not afraid!  
 I will help and strengthen,  
 Be thou not dismayed!  
 Yes, I will uphold thee,  
 With My own right hand;  
 Thou art called and chosen,  
 In My sight to stand."

3 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!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

763

Tune 141.

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.

141, E.

2 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

764

Tune 141.

In the hour of trial,  
Jesus, plead for me;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee;  
When Thou see'st me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favor  
Suffer me to fall.

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

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

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

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

765

Tune 141.

O let him, whose sorrow  
No relief can find,  
Trust in God, and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.  
Where the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping  
Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.  
Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail.

3 When in grief we languish  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succor near.  
Jesus, Holy Saviour,  
In the realms above  
Crown us with Thy favor,  
Fill us with Thy love.

Frances E. Cox, tr., 1851.

766

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 141.

Christian, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the powers of evil  
Rage thy steps around?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the holy Cross.

141, F.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring;  
Goading on to sin?  
Christian, never tremble:  
Never yield to fear:  
Smite them by the virtue  
Of unceasing prayer.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"  
Christian, answer boldly:  
"While I breathe, I pray :"  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

ABEND.  
*Abend ist es wieder.* } (6, 5, 6, 5, Trochaic.)

{ Melody by Chr. Rink :  
{ Harmonized by Heinrich Lonas.

141, C.

767

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

Tune 141.

2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

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

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

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

Sabine Baring-Gould, b. 1834.

768

Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God Most High,  
Pitving, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

Tune 141.

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.

George R. Prynne, 1856.

769

Tune 141.

Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hast Thou died for me?  
Make me very thankful  
In my heart to Thee.

2 When the sad, sad story  
Of Thy grief I read,  
Make me very sorry  
For my sins, indeed.

3 Now I know Thou lovest  
And dost plead for me,  
Make me very thankful  
In my prayers to Thee.

4 Soon I hope in glory  
At Thy side to stand:  
Make me fit to meet Thee  
In that happy land.

Anon.

141, G.

## REFRAIN.

770

Tune 141.

Welcome, happy morning!  
 Age to age shall say;  
 Hell to-day is vanquished,  
 Heaven is won to-day!  
 Lo! the dead is living,  
 Lord for evermore!  
 Him, their true Creator,  
 All His works adore!

REF.—Welcome, happy morning!  
 Age to age shall say;  
 Hell to-day is vanquished,  
 Heaven is won to-day!

2 Earth with joy confesses,  
 Clothing her for Spring,  
 All good gifts returned with  
 Her returning King;  
 Bloom in every meadow,  
 Leaves on every bough,  
 Speak His sorrow ended,  
 Hail His triumph now.—REF.

3 Months in due succession,  
 Days of lengthening light,  
 Hours and passing moments,  
 Praise Thee in their flight;  
 Brightness of the morning,  
 Sky and fields and sea,  
 Vanquisher of darkness,  
 Bring their praise to Thee.—REF.

4 Maker and Redeemer,  
 Life and Health of all,  
 Thou from heaven beholding  
 Human nature's fall,  
 Of the Father's Godhead  
 True and only Son,  
 Manhood to deliver,  
 Manhood didst put on.—REF.

5 Thou, of life the Author,  
 Death didst undergo,  
 Tread the path of darkness,  
 Saving strength to show;  
 Come, then, True and Faithful!  
 Now fulfill Thy word;  
 'Tis Thine own third morning:  
 Rise, my buried Lord!—REF.

6 Loose the hearts long prisoned,  
 Bound with Satan's chain;  
 All that now is fallen  
 Raise to life again;  
 Show Thy face in brightness,  
 Bid the nations see;  
 Bring again our daylight;  
 Day returns with Thee.

John Ellerton, tr., b. 1826.

771

Tune 141.

Golden harps are sounding,  
 Angel voices ring,  
 Pearly gates are opened,  
 Opened for the King.

141, H.

REFRAIN.

Christ, the King of Glory,  
 Jesus, King of love,  
 Is gone up in triumph  
 To His throne above.

REF.—All His work is ended,  
 Joyfully we sing;  
 Jesus hath ascended!  
 Glory to our King!

2 He Who came to save us,  
 He Who bled and died,  
 Now is crowned with gladness  
 At His Father's side.  
 Never more to suffer,  
 Never more to die,  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Is gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for His children,  
 In that blessèd place,  
 Calling them to glory,  
 Sending them His grace;  
 His bright home preparing,  
 Little ones, for you;  
 Jesus ever liveth,  
 Ever loveth too.—REF.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

772

Tune 141.

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.—Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army,  
 Moves the Church of God;  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.—REF.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus,  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.—REF.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng;  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph-song;  
 Glory, laud, and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King;  
 This through countless ages,  
 Men and angels sing.—REF.

Sabine Baring-Gould, b. 1834.

773

Tune 141.

Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their homes on high.  
 Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
 And with hearts united,  
 Take our heavenward way.

REF.—Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See Thy children meet;  
 Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray;  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.—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 lour;  
 Pardon Thou 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 comes rest and peace,  
 Jesus in His beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.—REF.  
 Thomas Joseph Potter, d. 1873, alt.

774

Tune 141.

Earth below is teeming,  
 Heaven is bright above;  
 Every brow is beaming  
 In the light of love:  
 Every eye rejoices,  
 Every thought is praise;  
 Happy hearts and voices  
 Gladden nights and days:  
 REF.—O Almighty Giver,  
 Bountiful and free!  
 As the joy in harvest,  
 Joy we before Thee.

2 For the sun and showers,  
 For the rain and dew,  
 For the happy hours  
 Spring and Summer knew:  
 For the golden Autumn  
 And its precious stores,  
 For the love that brought them  
 Teeming to our doors.—REF.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens  
 In a brighter Sun  
 Than the orb that lightens  
 All we tread upon:  
 Send out laborers, Father!  
 Where fields ripening wave;  
 And the nations gather,  
 Gather in and save.—REF.  
 John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

141, K.

775

Tune 141.

Forward! be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind;  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head:  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led?  
Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight:  
Jordan flows before us,  
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind:  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steps of grace:  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our Father's face.  
Forward, all the life-time,  
Climb from height to height:  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,  
Salt of all the earth;  
Till each yearning purpose  
Spring to glorious birth:  
Sick, they ask for healing,  
Blind, they grope for day;  
Pour upon the nations  
Wisdom's loving ray.

Forward, out of error,  
Leave behind the night;  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light!

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

Henry Alford, 1810-71.

776

Tune 141.

Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth;  
That fair home is ours:  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold;  
Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold:  
Thither, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might:  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into light!

2 Into God's high temple  
Onward as we press,  
Beauty spreads around us,  
Born of holiness;

Arch, and vault, and carving,  
 Lights of varied tone;  
 Softened words and holy,  
 Prayer and praise alone:  
 Every thought upraising  
 To our city bright,  
 Where the tribes assemble  
 Round the throne of light.

3 Naught that city needeth  
 Of these aisles of stone:  
 Where the Godhead dwelleth,  
 Temple there is none:  
 All the saints that ever  
 In these courts have stood,  
 Are but babes, and feeding  
 On the children's food.

On through sign and token,  
 Stars amidst the night;  
 Forward through the darkness,  
 Forward into light.

4 To the eternal Father,  
 Loudest anthems raise:  
 To the Son and Spirit  
 Echo songs of praise:  
 To the Lord of Glory  
 Blessed Three in One,  
 Be by men and angels  
 Endless honor done,  
 Weak are earthly praises,  
 Dull the songs of night:  
 Forward into triumph,  
 Forward into light.

Henry Alford, 1810-71.

ZERBIG.

*O Ursprung des Lebens.* } (6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 11, 11, Anapaestic.)

Thomas Selle, 1655.

777

Tune 142.

O Fountain eternal of life and of light,  
 Where all find refreshment, who seek  
 Pure spring of salvation, [it aright,  
 And true consolation, [stream rolls,  
 From God's holy temple thy living  
 Whose waters flow ample for all thirsty  
 souls.

2 Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst  
 after Thee, [plea;  
 In mercy receive me, for mercy's my  
 The word Thou hast spoken  
 Can never be broken;  
 Thou knowest I'm needy and greatly  
 distressed, [rest.

3 Thou River of life dost refresh heart  
 and mind, [good find:  
 Those whom Thou enrichest eternal  
 Amidst tribulation  
 The cup of salvation  
 I take; thus with gladness inspired by  
 Thee, [flee.

All sorrow and sadness far distant must

4 O Lord, my Redeemer, grant that I  
 may rest, [oppressed;  
 Where saints are no longer by suffering  
 Where joys beyond measure,  
 And fullness of pleasure,

In glory transcendent the conquerors  
 share, [faithful shall wear.  
 And where crowns resplendent the  
 Chr. J. Koitsch, 1671-1735.

778

Tune 142.

O Saviour, the truest, the best of all  
 friends, [ends;  
 Thy love is unbonded, Thy love never  
 A fountain e'er flowing,  
 Rich blessings bestowing,  
 Thy Kingdom eternal Thou spreadest  
 around, [abound.  
 Its joys are increasing, its pleasures

2 O draw me, my Jesus, O draw me to  
 Thee, [in me:  
 And now let the spring of Thy love rise  
 O'erstream heart and senses,  
 Thus true love commences; [to see,  
 O lead me to Calvary, the blood-stream  
 Then Thine, O my Saviour, Thine only  
 I'll be.

3 O take me, my Saviour, and all that is  
 mine, [I resign;  
 Thy love hath me conquered, my will  
 In labor, in sadness,  
 In trials, in gladness. - [I will be,  
 With zeal I will serve Thee, God's child  
 In Thee I will live, Lord; O live Thou  
 in me.

Chr. J. Koitsch, 1671-1735.



**779** [For Tune, see preceding page.] **Tune 142.**  
 Our Lord Christ hath risen! the tempter  
 is foiled; [is spoiled.  
 His legions are scattered, his stronghold  
 :||: O sing Hallelujah! :||:  
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,  
 Our great foe is baffled—Christ Jesus is  
 King!

2 O death, we defy thee! A stronger  
 than thou [not now!  
 Hath entered thy palace; we fear thee  
 :||: O sing Hallelujah! :||:  
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,  
 The grave cannot scare us—Christ Jesus  
 is King!

3 O sin, thou art vanquished, thy long  
 reign is o'er; [thee no more.  
 Though still thou dost vex us, we dread  
 : : O sing Hallelujah! : :  
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,  
 Who now can condemn us?—Christ  
 Jesus is King!

4 Our Lord Christ hath risen! Day  
 breaketh at last; [nigh past.  
 The long night of weeping is now well-  
 : : O sing Hallelujah! : :  
 O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,  
 Our foes are all conquered—Christ Jesus  
 is King!

W. C. Plunket, b. 1828.

NICÆA. (6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, Trochaic.)

J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



**780** **Tune 144.**  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
 Early in the morning our song shall  
 rise to Thee;  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!  
 2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore  
 Thee, [around the glassy sea;  
 Casting down their golden crowns  
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
 before Thee, [shalt be.  
 Which wert and art and evermore

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the dark-  
 ness hide Thee, [glory may not see;  
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy  
 Only Thou art holy; there is none be-  
 side Thee,  
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name,  
 in earth and sky and sea;  
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;  
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!  
 Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

**781** [For Tune, see next page.] **Tune 146.**  
 Eternal thanks be Thine,  
 Author of our salvation:  
 Thou didst our hearts incline  
 To accept Thy invitation:  
 We are Thy property,  
 O may we Thine abide;  
 This is our only plea,  
 That Thou for us hast died.

2 Might with an iron pen  
 This truth divine be graven,  
 For sinners Christ was slain,  
 To purchase life and heaven:  
 Unwearied we prolong  
 And joyfully repeat  
 The blessed gospel-song;  
 'Tis ever new and sweet.

Von Gersdorf and Zinzendorf.

**782** [For Tune, see next page.] **Tune 146.**  
 Most gracious God and Lord,  
 Mankind's almighty Saviour,  
 Worthy to be adored

By all, both now and ever:  
 Those souls are blest indeed  
 Who Thee behold by faith,  
 As Thou for us wast laid  
 Low in the dust of death.

2 In Thee I trust by faith,  
 Jesus my God and Saviour;  
 On Thy atoning death  
 My soul shall feed for ever:  
 Thy sufferings shall remain  
 Deep on my heart impressed,  
 Thou Son of God and man,  
 Till I with Thee shall rest.

Moravian.

783

Tune 146.

Now let us praise the Lord  
 With body, soul and spirit,  
 Who doth such wondrous things  
 Beyond our sense and merit;  
 Who, from our mother's arms  
 And earliest infancy,  
 Hath done great things for us;  
 Praise Him eternally.

2 O gracious God, bestow  
 On us while here remaining,  
 An ever-cheerful mind;  
 Thy peace be ever reigning;  
 Preserve us in true faith,  
 And Christian holiness:  
 That when we go from hence,  
 We may behold Thy face.

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 heaven and earth adore:  
 For thus it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649.

784

Tune 146.

To Thee, O God, we raise  
 Our voice in choral singing;  
 We come with prayer and praise,  
 Our hearts' oblations bringing;  
 Thou art our fathers' God,  
 And ever shalt be ours;  
 Our lips and lives shall laud  
 Thy Name, with all our powers.

2 We bless Thy Son, Who bore  
 The Cross, for sinners dying;  
 Thy Spirit we adore,  
 The precious blood applying.  
 Let work and worship send  
 Their incense unto Thee;  
 Till song and service blend,  
 Beside the crystal sea.

Arthur T. Pierson, b. 1837.

785

Tune 146.

Lord God, we worship Thee,  
 Whose goodness reigneth o'er us:  
 We praise Thy love and power  
 In loud and happy chorus.  
 To heaven our song shall soar;  
 For ever shall it be  
 Resounding o'er and o'er:  
 Lord God, we worship Thee.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee:  
 For Thou our land defendest;  
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,  
 And strife and war Thou endest.  
 Since golden peace, O Lord,  
 Thou grantest us to see,  
 Our land with one accord,  
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee:  
 Thou didst indeed chastise us;  
 Yet still Thy goodness spares,  
 And still Thy mercy tries us.  
 Once more our Father's hand  
 Has bid our sorrows flee,  
 And peace rejoice our land:  
 Lord God, we worship Thee.

4 Lord God, we worship Thee,  
 And pray Thee, Who hast blessed us,  
 That we may live in peace,  
 And none henceforth molest us,  
 O crown us with Thy love;  
 And our Defender be;  
 Thou Who hast heard our prayer,  
 Lord God, we worship Thee.

Catherine Winkworth, 1829-78.

786

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 146.

Lord, grant Thy servants grace,  
 All needful gifts bestowing,  
 That, all due faithfulness  
 They in their service showing,  
 Their duties as they ought  
 May punctually be done;  
 Then with success, when wrought,  
 Their work vouchsafe to crown.

146, C.

2 We pray Thee, bless them all,  
And prosper their endeavor,  
In their important call  
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour;

Thou listen'st to our prayers,  
And surely wilt uphold  
The faithful ministers  
Of Thy redeem'd fold.

Heermann and Zinzendorf.

NASSAU.

*Mache dich, du in Geist, bereit.* } 7, 6, 7, 6, 3, 3, 6, 6, Trochaic.)

Johann Rosenmueller, 1655.

149, A.

787

Tune 148.

Not in anger, Mighty God,  
Not in anger smite us;  
We must perish if Thy rod  
Justly should requite us.  
We are naught, sin hath brought,  
Lord, Thy wrath upon us,  
Yet have mercy on us.

2 Show me, now, a Father's love  
And His tender patience;  
Heal my wounded soul, remove  
These too sore temptations;  
I am weak. Father, speak  
Thou of peace and gladness,  
Comfort Thou my sadness.

3 Weary am I of my pain,  
Weary with my sorrow,  
Sighing still for help in vain,  
Longing for the morrow!

Why wilt Thou tarry now?

Wilt Thou friendless leave me,  
And of hope bereave me?

4 Hence, ye foes! He comes in grace,  
God hath deigned to hear me;  
I may come before His face,  
He is inly near me;  
He o'erthrows all my foes,  
Death and hell are vanquished  
In whose bonds I languished.

5 Father, hymns to Thee we raise,  
Here and once in Heaven;  
And the Son and Spirit praise,  
Who our bonds have riven;  
Ever more we adore  
Thee, Whose grace has stirred us,  
And Whose pity heard us.

Johann Georg Albinus, 1624-79; Catherine  
Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

788 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 149.

O how excellent and fair,  
Goodly beyond measure,  
Is the lot which we shall share,  
And how rich the treasure,  
When we see, bodily,  
Our belovèd Saviour,  
As He is, for ever.

2 May this ever blessed hope  
Fill our hearts with gladness,  
And 'midst weakness bear us up,  
Till from sin and sadness  
We shall be wholly free,  
And above for ever  
Praise our gracious Saviour.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

789 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 149.

O what happiness divine,  
O the lot most precious,  
Confidently to recline  
On the breast of Jesus,  
Great the bliss I possess,  
And yet long for ever  
For more grace and favor.

2 Jesus cometh to fulfill  
All thy heart desireth,  
Doth Himself to thee reveal,  
Thee with love inspireth :  
His blood spilt all thy guilt  
Will erase for ever,  
And thy sins will cover.

H. L. von Hayn (st. 2 J. W. Petersen.)

790 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 149.

Lamb of God, all praise to Thee,  
Thou hast victory gainèd,  
And upon the Cross for me  
Endless bliss obtainèd :  
Thou art mine, I am Thine ;  
May my whole demeanor  
To Thy Name give honor.

L. A. Gotter, 1661-1735.

791 Tune 151.

O sacred head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown ;  
O sacred head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was Thine !  
Yet though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain ;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain ;  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !  
'Tis I deserve Thy place :  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide :  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,

Beside Thy Cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

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

5 And when I am departing,  
Oh, part Thou not from me !  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free !  
And when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throes,

Release me from mine anguish,  
By Thine own pain and woe !

6 Be near me when I'm dying ;  
Oh, show Thy Cross to me !  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free !  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move ;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; Paul  
Gerhardt, 1606-76; James Waddell  
Alexander, tr., 1804-59.

792 Tune 151.

I see my Saviour languish  
In sad Gethsemane,  
Till through His pores, in anguish,  
Great blood-drops force their way ;  
The load which Him oppresses,  
I, I deserve to feel ;  
The bloody sweat of Jesus  
Doth soul and body heal.

2 My Saviour was betrayèd,  
Reproach and pain to meet ;  
My sins the Lord conveyèd  
'Fore Pilate's judgment-seat ;  
These, these did Him deliver  
Into the foe's dire hand ;  
I should have felt forever  
The pangs my Lord sustained.

3 Behold the Man ! He beareth  
God's wrath and curse for us ;  
A crown of thorns He weareth,  
For us endures the Cross ;  
There, to complete His passion,  
His sorrows, pain, and woe,  
His blood for our salvation  
In copious streams doth flow.

4 Thou for Thy foes entrest ;  
Lord Jesus, who was I ?  
Thy friends Thou not forgettest ;  
Turn, Lord, to me Thine eye :  
Thy mouth now grace declareth  
To the repenting thief ;  
My guilty soul this cheereth ;  
Of sinners I am chief.

5 In anguish Thou complainest,  
" My God forsaketh Me ;"  
" I thirst," Thou then exclaimest,  
Yet none refresheth Thee ;

At length the conflict ending,  
Thou criest,—“’T is finishèd,”  
And then, Thy soul commending  
To God, didst bow Thy head.

6 Thon God of my salvation,  
In Whom I trust by faith,  
Who hast for my transgression  
Lain in the dust of death;  
I place upon Thy merit  
While here my confidence;  
And will commend my spirit  
To Thee, when I go hence.

7 Lord, grant me Thy salvation  
And peace divine, I pray,  
While under tribulation  
On earth below I stay;  
Till I shall stand before Thee,  
And for redeeming grace,  
With all the saints in glory,  
My hallelujahs raise.  
E. W. von Wobeser, and H. von Bruiningk.

**793** Tune 151.

In time of tribulation  
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries,  
With humble supplication  
To Thee my spirit flies:  
My heart with grief is breaking,  
Scarce can my voice complain;  
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,  
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,  
Bring vanished bliss to view:  
The days of lost fruition  
Their joys in pangs renew;  
Remembered songs of gladness,  
Through night's long silence brought,  
Strike notes of deeper sadness,  
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?  
Can time His truth impair?  
His tender mercy, never  
Shall I presume to share?

Hath He His loving-kindness  
Shut up in endless wrath?  
No:—this is my own blindness,  
That cannot see His path.

4 I call to recollection  
The years of His right hand,  
And, strong in His protection,  
Again through faith I stand:  
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,  
Holy are all Thy ways,  
The secret place of thunder  
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

**794** Tune 151.

O Jesus Christ, most holy,  
Head of the Church, Thy bride,  
Each day in us more fully  
Thy Name be magnified:  
O may in each believer  
Thy love its power display,  
And none among us ever  
From Thee, our Shepherd, stray.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**795** Tune 151.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,  
Love made Thee shed for me;  
Oh, may I now, dear Jesus,  
Love Thee most fervently;  
May the divine impression  
Of Thy atoning death,  
And all Thy bitter passion,  
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

J. Praetorius, 1738-82.

**796** Tune 151.

The passion theme pursuing,  
I bow at Joseph's tomb,  
My Saviour's body viewing,  
Embalmed in sweet perfume;  
There I behold Him sleeping,  
At rest from death's hard strife,  
Absolved from pain and weeping;  
On Him hangs all my life.

C. R. von Zinzendorf, 1727-49; L. F. Kampmann, tr., 1876.

797

Tune 151.

Farewell, henceforth for ever,  
 All empty, worldly joys;  
 Farewell, for Christ my Saviour  
 Alone my thoughts employs,  
 In heaven's my conversation,  
 Where the redeemed possess  
 In Him complete salvation,  
 The gift of God's free grace.

2 Counsel me, dearest Jesus,  
 According to Thy heart;  
 Heal Thou all my diseases,  
 And every harm avert;  
 Be Thou my Consolation  
 While here on earth I live,  
 And at my expiration  
 Me to Thyself receive.

Valerius Herberger, 1562-1627.

798

Tune 151.

Is God my strong Salvation,  
 No enemy I fear:  
 He hears my supplication,  
 Dispelling all my care:  
 If He, my Head and Master,  
 Defend me from above,  
 What pain or what disaster  
 Can part me from His love?

2 The ground of my profession  
 Is Jesus and His blood;  
 He gives me the possession  
 Of everlasting good;  
 Myself and whatsoever  
 Is mine, I cannot trust;  
 The gifts of Christ my Saviour  
 Remain my only boast.

3 His Spirit cheers my spirit  
 With many a precious word,  
 That I shall joy inherit,  
 By trusting in the Lord:  
 Since, after tribulation,  
 All those who Jesus love,  
 Have that blest expectation  
 To live with Him above.

4 Should earth lose its foundation,  
 He stands my lasting Rock;  
 No temporal desolation  
 Shall give my love a shock:  
 I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,  
 No object, small or great,  
 Nor height nor depth, shall ever  
 Me from Him separate.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

799

Tune 151.

Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus,  
 And we will hasten on;  
 For strong desire doth seize us  
 To go where Thou art gone.  
 Draw us to Thee; enlighten  
 These hearts to find Thy way,  
 That else the tempests frighten,  
 Or pleasures lure astray.

2 Draw us to Thee; and teach us  
 E'en now that rest to find,  
 Where turmoils cannot reach us,  
 Nor cares weigh down the mind.  
 Draw us to Thee; nor leave us  
 Till all our path is trod,  
 Then in Thine arms receive us,  
 And bear us home to God.

Countess Elizabeth of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, d. 1672; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

800

Tune 151.

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

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,  
 And branches fresh and fair;  
 My heart, its powers renewing,  
 An anthem shall prepare;

My soul puts off her sadness,  
Thy glories to proclaim;  
With all her strength and gladness,  
She fain would serve Thy Name.

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

4 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,  
Who sit in deepest gloom,  
Who mourn o'er joys departed,  
And tremble at your doom;  
He Who alone can cheer you,  
Is standing at the door;  
He brings His pity near you,  
And bids you weep no more.  
Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Arthur Tozer  
Russel, tr., 1896-74.

## 801

Tune 151.

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

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

3 By such shall He be fearèd,  
While sun and moon endure,  
Beloved, obeyed, reverèd;  
For He shall judge the poor,  
Through changing generations,  
With justice, mercy, truth,  
While stars maintain their stations,  
Or moons renew their youth.

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

5 Arabia's desert-ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see:  
With offerings of devotion,  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring:

All nations shall adore Him;  
His praise all people sing;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

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

8 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever;  
That Name to us is—Love.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 802

Tune 151.

From all Thy saints in warfare,  
For all Thy saints at rest,  
To Thee, O blessèd Jesus,  
All praises be addressed.  
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle  
That they might conquerors be,  
Their crowns of living glory  
Are lit with rays from Thee.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
And all the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment,  
Who raise the ceaseless song;  
For these, passed on before us,  
Saviour, we Thee adore,  
And, walking in their footsteps,  
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,  
And praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit,  
Eternal Three in One;  
Till all the ransomed number  
Fall down before the throne,  
And honor, power, and glory  
Ascribe to God alone.

Horatio Nelson, b. 1823.

## 803

Tune 151.

Oh, that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
To heal His ancient nation,  
To lead His outcasts home!  
How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane?  
Return, O Lord, in pity,  
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,  
Thy saving grace impart;  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fettered heart;  
Let Israel, home returning,  
Their lost Messiah see;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

804

Tune 151.

O Word of God Incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky!  
We praise Thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.  
2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ the living Word.  
3 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old;  
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

805

Tune 151.

O One with God the Father  
In majesty and might,  
The brightness of His glory,  
Eternal Light of Light;  
O'er this our home of darkness  
Thy rays are streaming now;  
The shadows flee before Thee,  
The world's true Light art Thou,  
2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—  
O heavenly Light, arise,  
Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
And hide Thee from our eyes!  
We long to track the footprints  
That Thou Thyself hast trod;  
We long to see the pathway  
That leads to Thee, our God.  
3 O Jesus, shine around us,  
With radiance of Thy grace;

O Jesus, turn upon us  
The brightness of Thy face.  
We know no star to guide us,  
As on our way we press,  
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
O Sun of righteousness!  
William Walsham How, b. 1823.

806

Tune 151.

Tell me the old, old story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love;  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.  
[REFRAIN.—Tell me the old, old story,  
Tell me the old, old story,  
Tell me the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love.]

2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in,  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin;  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon,  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.  
3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember, I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me the story always,  
If you would really be  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.  
4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear,  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear;  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is dawning on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story:  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."  
Kate Hankey.



151, II.

807

Tune 151.

Commit thou every grievance  
 Into His faithful hands,  
 To His sure care and guidance,  
 Who heaven and earth commands;  
 For He, the clouds' Director,  
 Whom winds and seas obey,  
 Will be thy kind Protector,  
 And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God thy Saviour,  
 So shalt thou safe go on;  
 Build on His grace and favor,  
 So shall thy work be done:  
 Thou canst make no advances  
 By self-consuming care;  
 But He His help dispenses,  
 When called upon by prayer.

3 My soul, then, with assurance  
 Hope still, be not dismayed;  
 He will from each encumbrance  
 Again lift up thy head:  
 Beyond thy wish extended  
 His goodness will appear,  
 When He hath fully ended  
 What caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

808

Tune 151.

I could not do without Thee,  
 O Saviour of the lost,  
 Whose precious blood redeemed me  
 At such tremendous cost;  
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
 Thy precious blood must be  
 My only Hope and Comfort,  
 My Glory and my Plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,  
 I cannot stand alone,  
 I have no strength or goodness,  
 No wisdom of my own;  
 But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
 Art all in all to me;  
 And perfect strength in weakness  
 Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee;  
 No other friend can read  
 The spirit's strange deep longings,  
 Interpreting its need;  
 No human heart could enter  
 Each dim recess of mine,  
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
 O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

4 I could not do without Thee,  
 For years are fleeting fast,  
 And soon in solemn loneliness  
 The river must be passed;  
 But Thou wilt never leave me,  
 And though the waves roll high,  
 I know Thou wilt be near me,  
 And whisper: "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

809

Tune 151.

In heavenly love abiding,  
 No change my heart shall fear,  
 And safe is such confiding,  
 For nothing changes here:  
 The storm may roar without me,  
 My heart may low be laid,  
 But God is round about me,  
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,  
 No want shall turn me back;  
 My Shepherd is beside me,  
 And nothing can I lack:  
 His wisdom ever waketh,  
 His sight is never dim;  
 He knows the way He taketh,  
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,  
 Which yet I have not seen;  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
 Where darkest clouds have been:  
 My hope I cannot measure:  
 My path to life is free;  
 My Saviour has my treasure,  
 And He will walk with me.

Anna Letitia Waring, b. 1820.

810

Tune 151.

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 The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridgroom near;  
Go meet Him as He cometh  
With hallelujahs clear;  
The marriage feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

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,  
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1630-1722; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

811

Tune 151.

Come, faithful Shepherd, bind me  
With cords of love to Thee,  
And evermore remind me  
That Thou hast died for me;  
Oh may the Holy Spirit  
Set this before mine eyes,  
That I Thy death and merit  
Above all else may prize.

2 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,  
Though I am oft to blame;  
As Thy reward, oh, take me  
Anew, just as I am:  
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,  
While in this vale of tears,  
To look to Thee, and never  
Give way to anxious fears.

James Hutton, 1715-95.

812

Tune 151.

The world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late,  
Be sober, and keep vigil;  
The Judge is at the gate:  
The Judge that comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To stop the course of evil,  
To recompense the right.

2 Arise, arise, ye Christians  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead;—  
To light that has no evening,  
That knows no moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The Light that is but One.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that hide no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;  
'Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall gladden all around.

4 O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
True cure of the distrest!  
O strive to win that glory;  
O toil to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

813

Tune 151.

How lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole;  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure the sin-sick soul:  
Nigh unto death He found me,  
And snatched me from the grave;  
To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous power to save.

151, L.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,  
 Seen by the eye of faith,  
 At once from anguish frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death;  
 Come then to this Physician,  
 His help He'll freely give,  
 He makes no hard condition;  
 'Tis only—look and live.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

## 814

Tune 151.

The Church's one Foundation  
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
 She is His new creation  
 By water and the word;  
 From heaven He came and sought her,  
 To be His holy bride;  
 With His own blood He bought her,  
 And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 One holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won;  
 Oh happy ones and holy!  
 Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone, b. 1829.

## 815

Tune 151.

O God, the Rock of ages,  
 Who evermore hast been,  
 Whene'er the tempest rages,  
 Our Dwelling-place serene:

Before Thy first creations,  
 O Lord, the same as now,  
 To endless generations,  
 The Everlasting Thou!

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

3 O Thou Who canst not slumber,  
 Whose light grows never pale,  
 Teach us aright to number  
 Our years before they fail!  
 On us Thy mercy lighten,  
 On us Thy goodness rest,  
 And let Thy Spirit brighten  
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed!

Edward H. Blekersteth, b. 1825.

## 816

Tune 151

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;  
 In grateful exultation  
 Their notes let all things blend,  
 For Christ the Lord is risen,  
 Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus, d. 700; John Mason  
 Neale, tr., 1818-66.

151, M.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second system is similar but includes a key signature change to F major (two flats) in the bass line.

## 817

## Tune 151.

How long, O Lord, our Saviour,  
Wilt Thou remain away?  
Our hearts are growing weary  
At Thy so long delay;  
O when shall come the moment,  
When, brighter far than morn,  
The sunshine of Thy glory  
Shall on Thy people dawn?

2 How long, O gracious Master,  
Wilt Thou Thy household leave?  
So long hast Thou now tarried,  
Few Thy return believe:  
Immersed in sloth and folly,  
Thy servants, Lord, we see;  
And few of us stand ready  
With joy to welcome Thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,  
How long wilt Thou delay?  
And yet how few are grieving,  
That Thou dost absent stay!  
The very Bride her portion  
And calling hath forgot,  
And seeks for ease and glory  
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake Thy slumbering virgins;  
Send forth the solemn cry,  
Let all Thy saints repeat it—  
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"  
May all our lamps be burning;  
Our loins well girded be,  
Each longing heart preparing  
With joy Thy face to see.

James George Deck, b. 1802.

## 818

## Tune 151.

And is the time approaching,  
By prophets long foretold,  
When all shall dwell together,  
One Shepherd and one fold?  
Shall every idol perish,  
To moles and bats be thrown,  
And every prayer be offered  
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting  
From many a distant shore,  
Around one altar kneeling,  
One common Lord adore?

Shall all that now divides us  
Remove and pass away,  
Like shadows of the morning  
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union,  
In a blest land of love?  
Shall war be learned no longer,  
Shall strife and tumult cease,  
All earth His blessed Kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

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

Jane Borthwick, 1863.

## 819

## Tune 151.

O Christ, Thou hast ascended  
Triumphantly on high,  
By cherub guards attended  
And armies of the sky:  
There, there Thou standest pleading  
The virtue of Thy blood,  
For sinners interceding,  
Our Advocate with God.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above Thee:  
But canst Thou, Lord, forget  
The little band who love Thee  
And gaze from Olivet?  
Nay, on Thy breast engraven  
Thou bearest every name,  
Our Priest in earth and heaven  
Eternally the same.

3 Oh, for the priceless merit  
Of Thy redeeming Cross,  
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold Spirit,  
And turn to gain our loss;  
Till we by strong endeavor  
In heart and mind ascend,  
And dwell with Thee for ever  
In raptures without end.

Edward H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.



820

Tune 151.

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.

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

4 To-day on weary nations  
 The heavenly manna falls;  
 To holy convocations  
 The silver trumpet calls,  
 Where gospel light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams,  
 And living water flowing  
 With soul-refreshing streams.

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

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

821

Tune 151.

Oh, land relieved from sorrow!  
 Oh, land secure from tears!  
 Oh, respite on the morrow  
 From all the toil of years!

To thee we hasten ever,  
 To thee our steps ascend,  
 Where darkness cometh never,  
 And joy shall never end.

2 Oh, home where God the Father  
 Takes all His children in:  
 Where Christ the Son shall gather  
 The sinners saved from sin:  
 No night nor fear shall sever  
 A friend from any friend,  
 For darkness cometh never,  
 And joy shall never end.

3 Rise, then, O brightest morning!  
 Come, then, triumphant day!  
 When into new adorning  
 We change and pass away:  
 For so with firm endeavor  
 Our spirits gladly tend  
 Where darkness cometh never,  
 And joy shall never end.

Samuel Willoughby Duffield, 1848-57.

822

Tune 151.

Brief life is here our portion;  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there:  
 Oh, happy retribution!  
 Short toil, eternal rest;  
 For mortals, and for sinners,  
 A mansion with the blest!

2 There grief is turned to pleasure,  
 Such pleasure, as below  
 No human voice can utter,  
 No human heart can know.  
 The Saviour Whom we trust in  
 Shall then be seen and known,  
 And they that know and see Him  
 Shall have Him for their own.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,  
 There Jesus be embraced,—  
 The spirit's food and sunshine;  
 Whence earthly love is chased:  
 Yes! Christ my King and Portion,  
 In fullness of His grace,  
 We then shall see for ever,  
 And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

823

Tune 151.

For thee, O dear, dear country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast.  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!  
 O Paradise of joy!  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy.  
 The Lamb is all thy splendor,  
 The Crucified, thy praise;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise.

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.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason  
 Neale, tr., 1818-66.

824

Tune 151.

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.

2 And when I fain would sing them,  
 My spirit falls and faints,  
 And vainly would it image  
 The assembly of the saints:  
 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 Conjubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.

3 There is the throne of David;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The song of them that triumph,  
 The shout of them that feast:  
 And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason  
 Neale, tr., 1818-66.

825

Tune 151.

Jerusalem, the glorious!  
 The glory of the elect,—  
 O dear and future vision  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 E'en now by faith I see thee,  
 E'en here thy walls discern;  
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.

2 Jerusalem, the only,  
 That look'st from heaven below,  
 In thee is all my glory;  
 In me is all my woe;

And though my body may not,  
 My spirit seeks thee fain  
 Till flesh and earth return me  
 To earth and flesh again.

3 O land that seest no sorrow!  
 O state that fear'st no strife!  
 O princely land of glory!  
 O realm and home of life!  
 Exult, O dust and ashes!

The Lord shall be thy part;  
 His only, His for ever,  
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

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.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason  
 Neale, tr., 1818-66.

826

Tune 151.

When, His salvation bringing,  
 To Zion Jesus came,  
 The children all stood singing,  
 Hosanna to His Name;  
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
 But, as He rode along,  
 He let them still attend Him,  
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love for children still,  
 Though now as King He reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill,  
 We'll flock around His banner,  
 Who sits upon the throne,  
 And raise a loud "Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones our silence shaming,  
 Would their hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words?  
 No: while our hearts are tender,  
 They, too, should be the Lord's.

John King, 1830.

827

Tune 151.

O love, divine and tender,  
 That through our homes doth move,  
 Veiled in the softened splendor  
 Of holy household love:  
 A throne, without Thy blessing,  
 Were labor without rest,  
 And cottages, possessing  
 Thy blessedness, are blest.

2 God bless these hands united,  
 God bless these hearts made one;  
 Unsevered and unblighted  
 May they through life go on:  
 Here, in earth's home, preparing  
 For the bright home above,  
 And there, for ever sharing  
 Its joy, where "God is Love,"

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1814-84.

828

Tune 151.

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 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.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1733-1826.

829

Tune 151.

To Thee be praise for ever,  
 Thou glorious King of kings;  
 Thy wondrous love and favor  
 Each ransomed spirit sings:  
 We'll celebrate Thy glory,  
 With all Thy saints above,  
 And shout the joyful story  
 Of Thy redeeming love.

830

Tune 151.

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,  
 Receives the great salvation,  
 And joins 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.

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

831

Tune 151.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean;  
 And, as thy billows flow,  
 Bear messengers of mercy  
 To every land below.  
 Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
 Safe to the destined shore;  
 That man may sit in darkness  
 And death's black shade no more.

2 O Thou eternal Ruler,  
 Who holdest in Thine arm  
 The tempests of the ocean,  
 Protect them from all harm!  
 Thy presence, Lord, be with them,  
 Wherever they may be;  
 Though far from us who love them,  
 Still let them be with Thee.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

832

Tune 151.

Our country's voice is pleading,  
 Ye men of God, arise!  
 His providence is leading,  
 The land before you lies;  
 Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,  
 And promise clothes the soil;  
 Wide fields, for harvest whitening,  
 Invite the reaper's toil.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,  
 Speed on from East to West,  
 Till all, His Cross beholding,  
 In Him are fully blest.  
 Great Author of salvation,  
 Haste, haste the glorious day,  
 When we, a ransomed nation,  
 Thy scepter shall obey.

Maria Frances Anderson, 1848.

151, P.

833

Tune 151.

I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God,  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
All fullness dwells in Him,  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine,  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.

I love the Name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild,  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's Holy Child;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

834

Tune 151.

O Saviour, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love,  
O Name of might and favor,  
All other names above!  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing;  
We praise Thee and confess Thee  
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the Revelation  
Of love beyond our thought;  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing;  
We praise Thee and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine,  
The glory that excellet,  
O Son of God, is Thine;  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing;  
We praise Thee and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation  
Of this our song above  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love;  
Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.



835

Tune 151.

O Jesus, we adore Thee,  
 Upon the Cross, our King;  
 We bow our hearts before Thee;  
 Thy gracious Name we sing:  
 That Name hath brought salvation,  
 That Name, in life our Stay;  
 Our Peace, our Consolation  
 When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,  
 Still pressing by Thy Cross:  
 Lord, may our hearts retain Thee;  
 All else we count but loss.  
 The grief Thy soul endurèd,  
 Who can that grief declare?  
 Thy pains have thus assurèd  
 That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,  
 And nailed Thee to the Tree:  
 Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;—  
 Yet deign our hope to be.  
 O glorious King, we bless Thee,  
 No longer pass Thee by;  
 O Jesus, we confess Thee  
 Our Lord enthroned on high.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-74.

836

Tune 151.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!  
 For I am full of sin;  
 My soul is dark and guilty,  
 My heart is dead within;  
 I need the cleansing fountain,  
 Where I can always flee,  
 The blood of Christ most precious,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!  
 For I am very poor;  
 A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store;  
 I need the love of Jesus  
 To cheer me on my way.  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!  
 And hope to see Thee soon,  
 Encircled with the rainbow,  
 And seated on Thy throne:  
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
 My joy shall ever be  
 To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,  
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Frederick Whitfield, b. 1829.

837

Tune 151.

O Jesus, Thou art standing  
 Outside the fast-closed door,  
 In lowly patience waiting  
 To pass the threshold o'er:  
 We bear the name of Christians,  
 His Name and sign we bear:  
 Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!  
 To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:  
 And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy face have marred:

Oh, love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait!  
 Oh, sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,—  
 "I died for you, My children,  
 And will ye treat Me so?"  
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
 We open now the door:  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us nevermore!

William Walsham How, b. 1825.

838

Tune 151.

O Lamb of God! still keep me  
 Near to Thy wounded side;  
 'Tis only there in safety  
 And peace I can abide!  
 What foes and snares surround me,  
 What doubts and fears within!  
 The grace that sought and found me,  
 Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee biding  
 I know my life secure;  
 Only in Thee abiding,  
 The conflict can endure:  
 Thine arm the victory gaineth  
 O'er every hateful foe;  
 Thy love my heart sustaineth  
 In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,  
 With rapture, face to face;  
 One half hath not been told me  
 Of all Thy power and grace:  
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
 The wonders of Thy love,  
 Shall be the endless story  
 Of all the saints above.

John George Deck, b. 1802.

839

Tune 151.

O Thou before Whose presence  
 Naught evil may come in,  
 Yet Who dost look in mercy  
 Down on this world of sin;  
 O give us noble purpose  
 To set the sin-bound free,  
 And Christ-like, tender pity  
 To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:  
 The forces at his hand,  
 With woes that none can number,  
 Despoil the pleasant land;  
 All they who war against them,  
 In strife so keen and long,  
 Must in their Saviour's armor  
 Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us  
 The great things that we see!  
 For things that are we thank Thee,  
 And for the things to be:  
 For bright hope is uplifting  
 Faint hands and feeble knees,  
 To strive beneath Thy blessing  
 For greater things than these.

Samuel John Stone, b. 1829.

151, Q.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a hymn style with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment. The first system is labeled '151, Q.'.

840

Tune 151.

'Tis not that I did choose Thee,  
 For, Lord! that could not be;  
 This heart would still refuse Thee;  
 But Thou hast chosen me:—  
 Hast, from the sin that stained me,  
 Washed me and set me free,  
 And to this end ordained me,  
 That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,  
 And taught my opening mind;  
 The world had else enthralled me,  
 To heavenly glories blind.  
 My heart owns none above Thee;  
 For Thy rich grace I thirst:  
 This knowing,—if I love Thee,  
 Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

841

Tune 151.

O Jesus, I have promised  
 To serve Thee to the end;  
 Be Thou for ever near me,  
 My Master and my Friend.  
 I shall not fear the battle  
 If Thou art by my side,  
 Nor wander from the pathway  
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,  
 The world is ever near;  
 I see the sights that dazzle,  
 The tempting sounds I hear:  
 My foes are ever near me,  
 Around me and within;  
 But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
 And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
 To all who follow Thee,  
 That where Thou art in glory  
 There shall Thy servant be:  
 And, Jesus, I have promised  
 To serve Thee to the end:  
 O give me grace to follow  
 My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy footmarks,  
 And in them plant mine own:  
 My hope to follow duly  
 Is in Thy strength alone,  
 O guide me, call me, draw me,  
 Uphold me to the end:  
 And then in heaven receive me,  
 My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. Bode, 1816-74.

842

Tune 151.

O be not thou dismayed,  
 Believing little band;  
 God, in His might arrayed,  
 To help thee is at hand.  
 Upon His palms engraven  
 Thy name is ever found;  
 He knows, Who dwells in heaven,  
 The ills that thee surround,

2 His purpose stands unshaken—  
 What He hath said He'll do:  
 And, when by all forsaken  
 His Church He will renew.  
 With pity He beholds her,  
 E'en in her time of woe,  
 Still by His word upholds her,  
 And makes her thrive and grow.

3 To Him belong our praises  
 Who still abides our Lord ;  
 Bestowing gifts and graces,  
 According to His word.  
 Nor will He e'er forsake us,  
 But will our Guardian be,  
 And ever stable make us,  
 In love and unity.

Bohemian Brethren.

843

Tune 151.

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

2 In holy contemplation  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new ;  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 Let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.

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

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

John Newton, 1725-1870.

844

Tune 151.

" Come unto Me, ye weary,  
 And I will give you rest."  
 Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to hearts oppress ;  
 It tells of benediction,  
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
 Of joy that hath no ending.  
 Of love which cannot cease.

2 " Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
 And I will give you light."  
 Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to cheer the night :  
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
 And we had lost our way,  
 But He has brought us gladness,  
 And songs at break of day.

3 " Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
 And I will give you life."  
 Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to aid our strife :

The foe is stern and eager,  
 The fight is fierce and long ;  
 But Thou hast made us mighty,  
 And stronger than the strong.

4 " And whosoever cometh  
 I will not cast him out."  
 Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,  
 Which drives away our doubt :  
 Which calls us, very sinners,  
 Unworthy though we be  
 Of love so free and boundless,—  
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William Chatterton Dix, b. 1837.

845

Tune 151.

The call to arms is sounding,  
 The foemen muster strong,  
 While saints below the altar  
 Are crying " Lord, how long ?"  
 The living and the loving  
 Christ's royal standard raise,  
 And marching on to conflict  
 Shout forth their Captain's praise.

2 No time for self-indulgence,  
 For resting by the way ;  
 Repose will come at even,  
 But toil is for the day :  
 Work, like our blessèd Saviour,  
 Who from His earliest youth  
 Would do His Father's business  
 And witness for the truth.

3 For the one Faith, the true Faith,  
 The Faith which cannot fail,  
 For the one Church, the true Church,  
 'Gainst which no foes prevail ;  
 Made one with God Incarnate  
 We in His might must win  
 The glory of self-conquest,  
 Of victory over sin.

4 O Jesus, Who art waiting  
 Thy faithful ones to crown,  
 Vouchsafe to bless our conflict,  
 Our loving service own ;  
 Come, in each heart forever  
 As King adored to reign,  
 Till we with saints triumphant  
 Uplift the victor strain.

Claudia Hernaman.

846

Tune 151.

Go thou, in life's fair morning,  
 Go, in thy bloom of youth,  
 And seek for thine adorning  
 The precious pearl of truth ;  
 Secure the heavenly treasure,  
 And bind it on thy heart,  
 And let no earthly pleasure  
 E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow  
 Steals o'er thy bloom of youth ;  
 Defer not till to-morrow,  
 Go now and buy the truth :  
 Go, seek thy great Creator,  
 Learn early to be wise ;  
 Go, place upon the altar  
 A morning sacrifice.

ANON.

151, R.

## 847

Tune 151.

Come, praise your Lord and Saviour

In strains of holy mirth ;

Give thanks to Him, O children,

Who lived a child on earth.

He loved the little children,

And called them to His side,

His loving arm embraced them,

And for their sake He died.

2 (*Boys*) O Jesus, we would praise Thee,

With songs of holy joy,

For Thou on earth didst sojourn,

A pure and spotless boy.

Make us, like Thee, obedient,

Like Thee, from sin-stains free,

Like Thee, in God's own temple,

In lowly home like Thee.

3 (*Girls*) O Jesus, we too praise Thee,

The lowly maiden's Son:

In Thee all gentlest graces

Are gathered into one ;

O give that best adornment

That Christian maid can wear,

The meek and quiet spirit

Which shone in Thee so fair.

4 (*All*) O Lord, with voices blended

We sing our songs of praise:

Be Thou the Light and Pattern

Of all our childhood's days:

And lead us ever onward,

That, while we stay below,

We may, like Thee, O Jesus,

In grace and wisdom grow.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

## 848

Tune 151.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,

In sparkling raiment bright,

The armies of the ransomed saints

Throng up the steeps of light :

'T is finished, all is finished,

Their fight with death and sin :

Fling open wide the golden gates,

And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs

Fills all the earth and sky !

What ringing of a thousand harps

Bespeaks the triumph nigh !

Oh, day, for which creation

And all its tribes were made !

Oh, joy, for all its former woes,

A thousand fold repaid !

3 Bring near Thy great salvation,

Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;

Fill up the roll of Thine elect,

Then take Thy power and reign ;

Appear, Desire of nations—

Thine exiles long for home—

Show in the heaven Thy promised sign,

Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

Henry Alford, 1810-71.

## 849

Tune 151.

All glory, laud, and honor

To Thee, Redeemer, King !

To Whom the lips of children

Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,

Thou David's royal Son,

Who in the Lord's Name comest,

The King and Blessèd One.

2 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went,  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy passion  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.  
Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
Theodulph of Orleans, c. 850; John  
Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

850

Tune 151.

We plow the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in Winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed:  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.

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

Matthias Claudius, 1740-1815; Jane Mont-  
gomery Campbell, tr., 1861.

851

Tune 151.

Sing to the Lord of harvest!  
Sing songs of love and praise!  
With joyful hearts and voices  
Your hallelujahs raise.  
By Him the rolling seasons  
In fruitful order move;  
Sing to the Lord of harvest  
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,  
The deserts bloom and spring,  
The hills leap up in gladness,  
The valleys laugh and sing:  
He filleth with His fullness  
All things with large increase,  
He crowns the year with goodness,  
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar  
The gifts His goodness gave,  
The golden sheaves of harvest,  
The souls He died to save:

Your hearts lay down before Him  
When at His feet ye fall,  
And with your lives adore Him  
Who gave His life for all.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

852

Tune 151.

O happy band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread,  
With Jesus as your Fellow,  
To Jesus as your Head,  
O happy, if ye labor  
As Jesus did for men:  
O happy, if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then.

2 The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all trouble  
To Him alone will turn:—  
What are they but forerunners  
To lead you to His sight?  
What are they save the effluence  
Of Uncreated Light?

3 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure:  
What are they but His jewels,  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder,  
Set up to heaven on earth?

4 The Cross that Jesus carried,  
He carried as your due;  
The crown that Jesus weareth,  
He weareth it for you.  
O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies;  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium, c. 830; John Mason  
Neale, tr., 1818-66, 21t.

853

Tune 151.

Work, for the night is coming;  
Work, through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid the springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When work of man is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest surely comes and soon.  
Give every flying minute

Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man can work no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for the daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fadeeth,  
Fadeeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When all man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker, 1863, (alt.)

854

Tune 151.

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 He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day.  
“Ye that are men, now serve Him,”  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the Gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there!

George Duffield, 1818-88.

855

Tune 151.

Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Beneath His banner true;  
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,  
Shall all thy foes subdue.  
His love foretells thy trials,  
He knows thine hourly need;  
He can, with bread of heaven,  
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,

Fear not the secret foe;  
Far more are o'er thee watching  
Than human eyes can know.  
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,  
Cease not to watch and pray;  
Heed not the treacherous voices,  
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished  
And heaven is all possess;  
Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armor by,  
And wear, in endless glory,  
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,

Fear not the gathering night;  
The Lord has been thy Shelter,  
The Lord will be thy Light;  
When morn His face revealeth,  
Thy dangers all are past;  
Oh, pray that faith and virtue  
May keep thee to the last.

Laurence Tuttietti, b. 1825.

856

Tune 151.

The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears!  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending

Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!

Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim—“The Lord is come!”

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

We bring no glittering treasures,  
No gems from earth's deep mine;  
We come, with simple measures,  
To chant Thy love divine,  
Children, Thy favors sharing,  
Their voice of thanks would raise;  
Father, accept our offering,  
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,  
Love's hidden word of Truth,  
To us is early given,  
To guide our steps in youth:  
We hear the wondrous story,  
The tale of Calvary;  
We read of homes in glory,  
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing:  
Oh, teach us how to pray,  
That each, Thy fear possessing,  
May tread life's onward way;  
There, where the pure are dwelling,  
We hope to meet again,  
And, sweeter numbers swelling,  
For ever praise Thy Name.

Harriet Phillips, b. 1808.

SOFTLY THE NIGHT IS SLEEPING.

Anon.  
M. M. Warner.

151, H.

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God! it rings a - gain, Peace on the earth, Good will to men!

Softly the night is sleeping  
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;  
Silent the shepherds watching,  
The gentle flocks are still.  
But hark! the wondrous music  
Falls from the opening sky;  
Valley and cliff re-echo  
"Glory to God on high!"

REFRAIN.—

Glory to God! it rings again;  
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!

To Thee, O blessèd Saviour,  
Our grateful songs we raise;  
Oh, tune our hearts and voices,  
Thy holy Name to praise:  
'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy  
We're here allowed to meet;  
To join with friends and teachers,  
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,  
Who labor for our good;  
And may the Holy Scriptures  
By us be understood;  
Oh, may our hearts be given  
To Thee, our glorious King;  
That we may meet in heaven,  
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel  
Be published all abroad,  
Till the benighted heathen  
Shall know and serve the Lord;  
Till o'er the wide creation  
The rays of truth shall shine,  
And nations, now in darkness,  
Arise to light divine.

2 Day in the East is breaking;  
Day o'er the crimsoned earth;  
Now the glad world is waking,  
Glad in the Saviour's birth!  
See where the clear star bendeth  
Over the manger blest:  
See, where the infant Jesus  
Smiles upon Mary's breast!  
REF.—Glory to God!—we hear again;  
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!

3 Come with the glad some shepherds,  
Quick hastening from the fold;

Come with the wise men, pouring  
Incense and myrrh and gold.  
Come to Him, poor and lowly,  
Around the cradle throng;  
Come with your hearts of sunshine,  
And sing the angels' song.

REF.—Glory to God!—tell out again;  
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!  
4 Weave ye the wreaths unfading,  
The fir tree and the pine;

GREGOR'S 152ND METRE (B.) } (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Trochaic.)

Melchior Vulpius, 1609.



860

Tune 152.

Jesus, Thou Who once wast dead,  
But now ever livest;  
Who in every time of need  
Kindly me relievest,  
And dost help to me afford;  
Faithful Lord and Saviour,  
Give me what Thy death procured,  
And I'm rich for ever.

2 Grant, O Christ, my God and Lord,  
Through Thy bitter passion,  
That I may, as Thy reward,  
Joy in Thy salvation:  
May I ever weigh the cause  
Of Thy death and suffering,  
And a poor, but contrite, heart  
Bring as a thank-offering.

Paul Stockman, 1602-36.

861

Tune 152.

Ah, this heart is void and chill,  
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;  
For the Father's mansion still  
Earnestly is longing.  
O, to be at home, and gain  
All for which we're sighing;  
From all earthly want and pain  
To be swiftly flying!

2 With this load of sin and care  
Then no longer bending,  
But with waiting angels there  
On our Lord attending!  
Ah, how blessèd, blessèd they  
Who have rightly striven,  
And rejoice eternally  
With their Lord in heaven.

Karl Johann Spitta, 1801-59; Jane Borthwick,  
tr., 1853.

Green from the snows of Winter,  
To deck the holy shrine;  
Bring ye the happy children!  
For this is Christmas morn;  
Jesus, the Sinless Infant,  
Jesus, the Lord, is born.

REF.—Glory to God!—to God again!  
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!  
Edward Abiel Washburne, 1819-51.

862

Tune 152.

Peter, faithless, thrice denies  
That his Lord he knoweth;  
When he meets those earnest eyes,  
Weeping, forth he goeth.  
Jesus, when we will not turn,  
Look on us in kindness;  
Make our hearts within us burn,  
Rouse us from our blindness.

From the German.

863

Tune 152

Once again, O blessèd time,  
Thankful hearts embrace thee,  
If we lost thy festal chime,  
What could e'er replace thee?  
Change will darken many a day,  
Many a bond dis sever;  
Many a joy shall pass away  
But the "Great Joy" never.

2 Once again the Holy Night  
Breathes its blessing tender;  
Once again the manger light  
Sheds its gentle splendor;  
O could tongues by angels taught  
Speak our exultation  
In the Virgin's Child, That brought  
All mankind's salvation!

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,  
Fount of endless pleasure;  
Gates of hell may do their worst,  
While we clasp our Treasure;  
Welcome, though an age like this  
Puts Thy Name on trial,  
And the Truth that makes our bliss  
Pleads against denial!





4 Yea, if others stand apart,  
We will press the nearer;  
Yea, O best Fraternal Heart,  
We will hold Thee dearer;  
Faithful lips shall answer thus  
To all faithless scorning:  
"Jesus Christ is God with us,  
Born on Christmas morning."  
5 So we yield Thee all we can,  
Worship, thanks and blessing;  
Thee True God, and Thee True Man,  
On our knees confessing:  
While Thy birthday-morn we greet  
With our best devotion,  
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!  
In Thy mercy's ocean.

William Bright, b. 1824.

864

Tune 152.

Christians, come, new anthems raise;  
Wake the song of gladness;  
God Himself to joy and praise  
Turns the martyrs' sadness:  
Bright the day that won their crown,  
Opened heaven's bright portal,  
As they laid the mortal down  
To put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,  
From the torture never;  
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,  
Satan's best endeavor:  
For by faith they saw the land  
Decked in all its glory,  
Where triumphant now they stand  
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!  
Press through toil and sorrow;  
Spurn the night of fear, and then,  
Oh, the glorious morrow!  
Who will venture on the strife?  
Blest who first begin it;  
Who will grasp the land of life?  
Warriors, up and win it.

Joseph of the Studium, d. 883; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

865

Tune 152.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought His Israel  
Into joy from sadness:

Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:  
Christ hath burst His prison;  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a Sun hath risen:  
All the Winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His Light, to Whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render,  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
Jesus' resurrection.

John of Damascus, 787; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

866

Tune 152.

Jesus, Solace of the soul,  
Gentle Mediator,  
King of kings from pole to pole,  
Heaven and earth's Creator,  
Who can praise Thee as he ought,  
Thee, the world-wide Wonder;  
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,  
Rending Thee asunder?

2 Ours the while the joys of life,  
Thine its tribulation;  
Ours the glory of the strife,  
Thine the consternation:  
Ours the banquet's sweetness all,  
Thine the self-devotion,  
Thine the vinegar and gall  
For Thy bitter potion.

3 Oh, the depth, the breadth, the height  
Of Thy love's extension,  
Jesus, oh, the wondrous might  
Of Thy condescension!  
Who can praise Thee as he ought,  
Thee, the world-wide Wonder?  
Jesus, let not sin our hearts  
Rend from Thee asunder.

Herbert Kynaston, 1809-78.

867

Tune 155.

Thou, our Light, our Guiding-star,  
 Who hast kindly us directed,  
 And protected;  
 When Thy mercies, daily new,  
 We review,  
 In the dust we fall before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, we adore Thee;  
 None can give Thee praises due.

J. Tribbechovius, 1678-1712.

2 Amen, Jesus' words are true,  
 Surely He His gracious promise  
 Will accomplish;  
 Ye His servants, ready stand  
 In each land,  
 Yea, in the most distant places,  
 Till He comes, to sound His praises,  
 And make known His saving Name.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

868

Tune 155.

O what praise in highest strain  
 By the ransomed host in heaven  
 Will be given  
 To Him, Who brought us to God  
 By His blood,  
 When of every tongue and nation  
 There will be with exultation  
 But one flock and Shepherd known.

869

Tune 155.

Lord, for grace we Thee entreat,  
 Grace, the anchor, firm and stable,  
 Of the feeble;  
 Grace, whereon we must depend  
 To the end:  
 Grace, the sinner's consolation,  
 Sure support in each temptation,  
 Confidence in life and death.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

870

Tune 156.

Jesus is my Light most fair;  
 He, the Father's well-belovèd,  
 Left His throne our griefs to share,  
 By eternal mercy movèd:

He alone is my Delight,  
 He my soul hath captivated,  
 With His love I'm penetratèd:  
 He hath overcome me quite.

156, D.

2 But Himself I must behold,  
To Him I will make confession;  
My defects are manifold,  
But I trust to His compassion:  
For I cannot, will not rest,  
Till I've found my dearest Saviour,  
Till He looks on me in favor,  
Till He grants me my request.

3 Thou in grace hast looked on me,  
And with precious gifts hast blessèd;  
Yet content I cannot be,  
Till I am of Thee possessèd:  
Jesus, now upon me shine,  
Jesus, be my Sun resplendent,  
Jesus, be my Joy transcendent,  
Jesus, be Thou ever mine.

Chr. Fr. Richter, 1676-1711.

871

Tune 156.

Holy offerings, rich and rare,  
Offerings of praise and prayer,  
Purer life and purpose high,  
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,  
Lowly acts of adoration  
To the God of our salvation—  
On His altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

2 Promises in sorrow made,  
Left, alas! too long unpaid;  
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,  
Never into action wrought—  
Long withheld, we now restore them,  
On Thy holy altar pour them:  
There in trembling faith to leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,  
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,  
Dreams of what we yet might be  
Could we cling more close to Thee,  
Which, despite of faults and failings,  
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

4 Sinful thoughts and willful ways,  
Love of self and human praise,  
Pride of life and lust of eye,  
Worldly pomp and vanity—  
Faults that let and will not leave us,  
Though their staying sorely grieve us,  
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:  
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

5 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,  
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,  
Lowlier penitence for sin,  
More of Christ our souls within;  
Love which, when its life was newer,  
Burnt within us deeper, truer—  
Lost too long, while we deplore them:  
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

6 To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Offerings of imperfect praise,  
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

**872**

Tune 157.

Jesus, let Thy sufferings ease us;  
Saviour, Lord, speak the word,  
By Thy death release us.  
At Thy Cross behold us lying  
Make each soul thoroughly whole,  
Thy pure blood applying.  
2 Hear us, Lord, our sins confessing;  
O relieve; Saviour, give,  
Give us now Thy blessing.  
Still our cruel sins oppress us,  
Tired and bound, till the sound  
Of Thy voice release us.  
3 Call us out of condemnation;  
From sin's grave come and save,  
Save us by Thy passion,  
Save us now, and still deliver;  
Cast out sin, enter in,  
Keep Thine house for ever.

John Wesley, 1703-91.

**873**

Tune 157.

Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker;  
Angels praise; join thy lays,  
With them be partaker:  
Father, Lord of every spirit,  
In Thy might, lead me right,  
Through my Saviour's merit.  
2 O my Jesus, God Almighty,  
Pray for me till I see  
Thee in Salem's city.  
Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,  
Be my Guide, lest my pride  
Shut me out of heaven.  
3 Thon this night wast my Protector;  
With me stay, all the day,  
Ever my Director.  
Holy, holy, holy Giver  
Of all good, life and food,  
Reign adored for ever.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

**874**

Tune 157.

Unto Him Whose Name is holy,  
To our King, let us bring

Contrite hearts and lowly;  
Lord of life, we bow before Thee;  
Bend Thine ear, draw Thou near,  
While our hearts adore Thee.  
2 Source of all our consolation,  
Christ our Guide, at Thy side  
Find we our salvation.  
Who is weary? Who is lonely?  
Here is grace, here is peace,  
Found in Jesus only.  
3 Son of God! with adoration  
We receive, and believe  
This Thy great salvation.  
We to Thee our hearts surrender,  
And adore, evermore,  
Thee, our strong Defender.

Charlotte Elliott, 1780-1871.

**875**

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 157.

All my heart this night rejoices,  
As I hear, far and near,  
Sweetest angel voices;  
"Christ is born," their choirs are sing-  
Till the air, everywhere, [ing]:  
Now with joy is ringing.  
2 Hark, a Voice from yonder manger,  
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,  
"Flee from woe and danger:  
Brethren, come, from all that grieves  
You are freed; all you need [you  
I will surely give you."  
3 Come then, let us hasten yonder;  
Here let all, great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder;  
Love Him Who with love is yearning;  
Hail the star, that from far,  
Bright with hope is burning.  
4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,  
Weep no more, for the door  
Now is found, of gladness;  
Cling to Him, for He will guide you:  
Where no cross, pain or loss,  
Can again betide you.

5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;  
 Keep Thou me close to Thee,  
 Cast me not behind Thee;  
 Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,  
 Calm I rest on Thy breast,  
 All this void Thou fillest.

6 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,  
 Live to Thee, and, with Thee  
 Dying, shall not perish;  
 But shall dwell with Thee forever,  
 Far on high, in the joy  
 That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

## 876

Tune 157.

Jesus, Thou art my Salvation,  
 Bow Thine ear, hear my prayer,  
 Grant my supplication;  
 Through my journey safely lead me;  
 Guide my way, lest I stray  
 From the hand that made me.

2 Lo! Thou seest me here a stranger,  
 Let Thy love faithful prove,  
 Saving me from danger;  
 In distress be Thou my Saviour,  
 See my tears, quell my fears,  
 Show Thy servant favor.

3 Save me from the things forbidden,  
 God of light, lead me right,  
 Till I enter heaven;  
 Clad in bliss and Thy salvation,  
 May I rest at Thy feast,  
 In Thy habitation.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

## 877

Tune 157.

Ere I sleep, for every favor  
 Which my God hath bestowed,  
 I will bless my Saviour;  
 O my Lord, what shall I render  
 Unto Thee? Thou shalt be  
 This night my Defender.

2 Thou, my Rock, my Strength and  
 While I sleep, deign to keep i Tower,  
 Watch from hour to hour;

Visit me with Thy salvation;  
 Be Thou near, that Thy care  
 Guard my habitation.

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;  
 Let Thy peace be my bliss,  
 Till Thou hence remove me:  
 Then aroused from peaceful slumber,  
 Let me rise with the wise,  
 Counted in their number.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

## 878 [For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 159.

All hail, our Church's Elder dear,  
 Jesus, her glorious Head,  
 To Thy disciples now appear,  
 As risen from the dead;  
 Let our rejoicing souls in Thee  
 The tokens of Thy passion see,  
 And hear Thy gentle voice anew  
 Say, "Peace be unto you."

2 Remembering what our fathers told  
 Thou didst in their young day,  
 This solemn jubilee we hold,  
 That we, as then did they,  
 Ourselves in covenant may bind, [mind,  
 With soul and strength, with heart and  
 Through life, in death, on land, o'er sea,  
 Meekly to follow Thee.

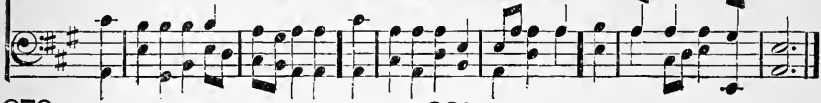
3 Revive Thy work amidst the years;  
 Our brethren still employ,  
 On heathen soils to sow in tears,  
 With hope to reap in joy; [few,  
 Though wide the fields, the laborers  
 If Thou our failing faith renew,  
 The weakest of Thy servants, we  
 Can all things do through Thee.

4 O Thou, in Whom we all are one,  
 If faithful found, and true,  
 Thy will on earth by each be done,  
 As each in heaven would do:  
 To Thee ourselves we first would give,  
 Live to Thy glory while we live;  
 From step to step on Thee rely,  
 Then in Thy service die.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.



159, A.



879

Tune 159.

'Tis the most blest and needful part  
To have in Christ a share,  
And to commit our way and heart  
Unto His faithful care:

This done, our steps are safe and sure,  
Our hearts' desires are rendered pure,  
And naught can pluck us from His  
Which leads us to the end. [hand,

2 Naught in this world affords true rest  
But Christ's atoning blood;  
This purifies the guilty breast,  
And reconciles to God:

Hence flows unfeign'd love to Him  
Who came lost sinners to redeem,  
And Christ our Saviour doth appear  
Daily to us more dear.

3 My only joy and comfort here  
Is Jesus' death and blood;

I with this passport can appear  
Before the throne of God:  
Admitted to the realms of bliss,  
I then shall see Him as He is,  
Where countless pardoned sinners meet,  
Adoring at His feet.

C. R. von Zinzendorf and Gregor.

880

Tune 159.

Like Mary at her Saviour's feet,  
We hear His word with joy,  
Nor would we change our humble seat  
For Martha's hard employ;  
Now too, like Mary, when she shed  
The precious ointment on His head,  
Sweet fall our tears from grateful eyes,  
While prayers like incense rise.

2 Still may we hear that healing voice  
Speak to our inmost heart;  
The one thing needful be our choice,  
And ours be that good part;  
Then of our works of faith and love  
Be this memorial writ above,  
While others boast their fancied good,  
"She hath done what she could."

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

881

Tune 159.

We in one covenant are joined,  
And one in Jesus are;  
With voices and with hearts combined,  
His praise we will declare:  
In doctrine and in practice one,  
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;  
With one accord sound forth His praise,  
Till we shall see His face.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

882

Tune 159.

We now return, each to his tent,  
Joyful and glad of heart,  
And from our solemn covenant  
Through grace will ne'er depart;  
Once more we pledge both heart and  
hand,  
As in God's presence here we stand,  
To live to Him, and Him alone,  
Till we surround His throne.

John Hartley, 1762-1811.

883

Tune 159.

How needful, strictly to inquire  
And ask our hearts each day,  
"Does Jesus' love me still inspire,  
My thoughts and actions sway?  
Am I a branch in Christ, the Vine?  
Am I His own, and is He mine?  
Do I by faith unto Him cleave,  
And to His honor live?"

2 The Spirit's witness, full and clear,  
Will state the real case,  
And either draw a contrite tear,  
Or thanks unfeign'd raise:  
Hence will the consequence ensue,  
That the full purpose we renew  
To run in faith the appointed race,  
Supported by His grace.

Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

884

Tune 159.

My case to Thee is fully known,  
On Thee I cast my care;  
Dear Saviour, that Thy will be done  
In me, is all my prayer:

O may I harbor in my breast  
No thought that cannot bear the test,  
When Thou discover'st by Thy light  
To me what is not right.

2 Reality and solid ground,  
Firm root in Thee to gain ;  
To feel Thy precious blood hath drowned  
Whatever gives Thee pain :  
'T is this I want, nor can I be  
Content, till I am one with Thee,  
Until my life is hid in Thine,  
Till Thou art wholly mine.

Elizabeth Dorothy Rose, c. 1801.

885

Tune 159.

How heart-affecting Christ to see,  
Some days before He bled,  
Go to Jerusalem willingly  
To suffer in our stead :  
When He approached, the multitude  
Their garments spread and branches  
Crying hosanna to His praise, [strewed,  
With joy and thankfulness.

2 'T was then the children joined the  
And hailed Him with a song ; [rest,  
With one accord His Name confessed  
Amidst the joyful throng :  
With them we may unite our lays,  
And, though in feeble accents, raise  
Our hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
Who died us to redeem.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

RAVENSHAW. (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.)

Johann Herman Schein, 1627.



889

Tune 159.

Look up, my soul, to Christ thy Joy,  
With a believing mind ;  
With all the ills which thee annoy,  
The way to Jesus find :  
Here in this world thou hast no home,  
Nor lasting joy ; to Jesus come,  
He is the Pearl of greatest price,  
Who all thy wants supplies.

2 Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,  
His faithfulness review,  
And every burden with Him leave,  
Whose love is daily new ;  
His ways with thee are just and right,  
He puts thy enemies to flight :  
However threatening they appear,  
Take courage, He is near.

886

Tune 159.

We covenant with hand and heart,  
To follow Christ, our Lord ;  
With world, and sin, and self to part,  
And to obey His word :  
To love each other heartily,  
In truth and in sincerity,  
And under cross, reproach and shame,  
To glorify His Name.

Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

887

Tune 159.

This day is holy to the Lord,  
This day the Lord hath made ;  
We will rejoice with one accord,  
And in His Name be glad :  
Come, let us worship and bow down,  
With thanks appear before His throne.  
He to our songs of praise and prayer  
Will lend a gracious ear.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

888

Tune 159.

To Thee our vows with sweet accord,  
Head of Thy Church, we pay ;  
We and our house will serve Thee, Lord,  
Thy word we will obey :  
Grant us and all our children grace,  
In word and deed Thy Name to praise,  
Yea, in each family, Thy will  
And purpose to fulfill.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

3 Thy closet enter, pray, and sigh,  
To Jesus tell thy grief :  
His ear is open to thy cry,  
His hand to give relief : [grieve,  
Though men forsake thee, hate and  
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,  
His word is passed, He'll aid afford ;  
Rely upon the Lord.

4 Arise, and seek the things above ;  
Let heaven be all thy aim,  
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love,  
And earth and sin disclaim :  
The world, and all its empty joy,  
His potent breath will once destroy ;  
Abiding rest and peace of mind,  
In Christ alone we find.

J. C. Schade, 1666-98.



## 890

Tune 159.

Wisdom and power to Christ belong,  
Who left His glorious throne;  
The new, the blessèd gospel-song  
Is due to Him alone;  
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,  
Join with the highest seraphs' lays:  
To us, to us God's Son is given,  
The Lord of earth and heaven.

(?) Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

We shall, with all the saints in light,  
In cheerful songs of praise unite,  
And with His chosen evermore  
His saving Name adore.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

## 892

Tune 159.

## 891

Tune 159.

Mount Zion—where the Lamb of God,  
Who for our sins atoned  
And bought us with His precious blood,  
For ever is enthroned,  
Where His redeemed and chosen bride  
Through endless ages shall reside—  
Is here, through faith in Jesus' Name,  
Our joy and final aim.

2 Jerusalem, the Church above,  
Now triumphs over death:  
And when we, perfected in love,  
Shall once resign our breath,

BECHLER. (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.)

Now, Lord, Who in this vale of tears  
Dost lift Thy gracious face  
Upon Thy Church, which Thee reveres,  
And givest us such peace,  
That sweetly we anticipate  
The heavenly bliss for which we wait,  
In Thee rejoicing here below,  
E'en while in tears we sow:—

2 O form us all, while we remain  
On earth, unto Thy praise;  
That each one fully may attain  
Thy blessèd aim through grace:  
Till we in heaven Thy face shall see,  
May spirit, soul and body be  
Preserved by Thee against that day  
Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

John C. Bechler.



## 893

Tune 159.

Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord,  
Sing with a cheerful voice;  
Exalt our God with one accord,  
And in His Name rejoice:  
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Until in realms of endless light  
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity  
Shall join the angelic lays,  
And sing in perfect harmony  
To God our Saviour's praise;  
He hath redeemed us by His blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God;  
For us, for us the Lamb was slain:  
Praise ye the Lord: Amen.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.



160, A.

894

Tune 160.

See Jesus seated 'midst His own,  
 With pensive mind oppress'd,  
 Foreboding pangs and griefs unknown,  
 Amazèd and distress'd ;  
 Strong fears beset, but stronger yet  
 Love's power His soul then movèd,  
 And love the conqueror provèd.

2 With great desire He longed, before  
 His final, bitter suffering,  
 To eat the Passover once more,  
 Type of His body's offering,  
 And in a last, farewell repast  
 To give a sacred token  
 Of His love's bond unbroken.

3 Lord Christ, I thank Thee for Thy  
 grace,  
 Since by Thy invitation  
 I at Thy table take my place,  
 And taste of Thy oblation ;  
 Now seal me Thine, and be Thou mine ;  
 That naught on earth me ever  
 From Thy communion sever.

4 And when at last of heavenly bliss  
 And perfect love possessèd,  
 I see my Saviour as He is,  
 The Lamb for ever blessèd,  
 Still shall each breath show forth His  
 death ;  
 My voice shall swell the chorus  
 To sing that song most glorious.

Christian I. La Trobe, 1758-1836.

895\*

Tune 160.

O risen Lord ! O conquering King !  
 O Life of all that live !  
 To-day that peace of Easter bring  
 Which only Thon canst give !  
 Once death, our foe, had laid Thee low :

Now hast Thou rent his bonds in  
 twain,  
 Now art Thou risen Who once wast  
 slain.

2 The power of Thy great majesty  
 Bursts rocks and tombs away,  
 Thy victory raises us with Thee  
 Into the glorious day ;  
 Now Satan's might, and death's dark  
 night  
 Have lost their power this blessèd  
 morn,  
 And we to higher life are born.

3 O that our hearts might inly know  
 Thy victory over death,  
 And, gazing on Thy conflict, glow  
 With eager, dauntless faith !  
 Thy quenchless light, Thy glorious  
 might  
 Still comfortless and lonely leave  
 The soul that cannot yet believe.

4 Then break through our hard hearts  
 Thy way,  
 O Jesus, conquering King !  
 Kindle the lamp of faith to-day ;  
 Teach our faint hearts to sing  
 For joy at length, that in Thy strength  
 We too may rise whom sin had slain,  
 And Thine eternal rest attain.

5 And when our tears for sin o'erflow,  
 Do Thou in love draw near,  
 Thy precious gift of peace bestow,  
 Shine on us bright and clear ;  
 That so may we, O Christ ! from Thee  
 Drink in the life that cannot die,  
 And keep true Easter feasts on high.

Justus Henning Boehmer, 1674-1749 ;  
 Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

\* The Tune must be adapted by the Organist to  
 fit Hymn 895.

**896** Tune 161.  
 Urged by love, to every nation  
 Of the fallen human race  
 We will publish Christ's salvation,  
 And declare His blood-bought grace;  
 To display Him and portray Him  
 In His suffering form and beauty,  
 Be our aim and pleasing duty.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**897** Tune 161.  
 In yon bless'd seats of heaven  
 See that glorious witness train;  
 Who, through persecution driven,  
 Entrance to those realms did gain:  
 Crowns of glory they are wearing  
 Who, nor pain nor torture fearing,  
 Pressed into the heavenly city.

From the German.

**898\*** Tune 161.  
 He is here, Whom seers in old time  
 Chanted of, while ages ran;  
 Whom the writings of the prophets  
 Promised since the world began:  
 Then foretold, now manifested,  
 To receive the praise of man,  
 Evermore and evermore!

2 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!  
 Praise Him, angels in the height!  
 Every power and every virtue,  
 Sing the praise of God aright:  
 Let no tongue of man be silent,  
 Let each heart and voice unite,  
 Evermore and evermore!

3 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,  
 Thee let choirs of infants sing;  
 Thee the matrons and the virgins,  
 And the children answering:  
 Let their modest song re-echo,  
 And their hearts their praises bring,  
 Evermore and evermore!

4 Laud and honor to the Father,  
 Laud and honor to the Son,

Laud and honor to the Spirit,  
 Ever Three and ever One:  
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,  
 While unending ages run,  
 Evermore and evermore!  
 Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, 318-405; John  
 Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

**899\*** Tune 161.  
 Of the Father's love begotten,  
 Ere the worlds began to be,  
 He, the Alpha and Omega,  
 He the Source, the Ending He,  
 Of the things that are, that have been,  
 And that future years shall see,  
 Evermore and evermore!

2 At His word the worlds were fram'd;  
 He commanded; it was done:  
 Heaven and earth and depths of ocean,  
 In their threefold order one;  
 All that glows beneath the shining  
 Of the moon and burning sun,  
 Evermore and evermore!

3 He is found in human fashion,  
 Death and sorrow here to know,  
 That the race of Adam's children,  
 Doomed by law to endless woe,  
 May not henceforth die and perish  
 In the dreadful gulf below,  
 Evermore and evermore!

4 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,  
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiv-  
 And unwearied praises be, [ing,  
 Honor, glory, and dominion,  
 And eternal victory,  
 Evermore and evermore!  
 Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, 318-405; John  
 Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

**900** Tune 161.  
 Highly favored congregation,  
 Founded firm on Christ the Rock,  
 Own with thanks and adoration,  
 He's thy Shepherd, we His flock;

\* For Hymns 898 and 899 the last two chords of the last two lines must be combined.

He's our Saviour, Whose great favor  
 We've 'midst many trials provèd;  
 We're unworthy, yet belovèd.

2 Think, my soul, how great the favor  
 In Jehovah's courts to dwell;  
 Here poor sinners meet their Saviour,  
 Here the sin-sick soul grows well:  
 Was not Jesus always gracious,  
 When we, longing to be healèd,  
 To His loving heart appealèd.

3 In Thy family, O Jesus,  
 Love should more and more abound;

Thus by everyone who sees us,  
 Shall the Christian mark be found:  
 May we, learning and discerning  
 Both Thy doctrine and example,  
 Be in truth Thy holy temple.

4 Grant that with Thy chosen people  
 Each may serve Thee evermore,  
 Following Thee as Thy disciple,  
 And in spirit Thee adore:  
 Gracious Saviour, with heart's fervor,  
 May we walk as Thine anointed,  
 In the path Thou hast appointed.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

GREGOR'S 163RD METRE.

*Wachet, wachet, lieben Kinder.* } (S, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Gregor's Choral Buch, 1784.

163, A.

901

Tune 163.

Conquering Prince and Lord of glory,  
 Majesty enthroned in light!  
 All the heavens are bowed before Thee,  
 Far beyond them spreads Thy might.  
 Shall I fall not at Thy feet,  
 And my heart with rapture beat,  
 Now Thy glory is displayed,  
 Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

2 As I watch Thee far ascending  
 To the right hand of the throne,  
 See the host before Thee bending,  
 Praising Thee in sweetest tone;  
 Shall I not, too, at Thy feet  
 Hear the angels' strain repeat,  
 And rejoice that heaven doth ring  
 With the triumph of my King?

3 Lo, Thy presence now is filling  
 All Thy Church in every place!  
 Fill my heart, too; make me willing  
 In this season of Thy grace.  
 Come, Thou King of glory, come;  
 Deign to make my heart Thy home:  
 There abide and rule alone,  
 As upon Thy heavenly throne.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

902

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 164.

O days of perfect happiness,  
 O foretaste sweet of heaven,

When, in the accepted time of grace,  
 We know our sins forgiven:  
 Cleansed in the precious flood  
 Of Christ's atoning blood,  
 Enjoying in our hearts by faith  
 The blessings purchased by His death.

2 When'er we contemplate the grace,  
 The love and condescension  
 Of Christ to our apostate race,  
 Which pass all comprehension,  
 Low at His feet we bend;  
 Own Him the sinner's Friend,  
 Determined to know naught beside  
 Christ Jesus, and Him Crucified.

3 How pleasant is our lot, how good  
 And blest beyond expression;  
 For, having cleansed us by His blood,  
 He bears us with compassion,  
 Applies His healing power  
 To us each day and hour;  
 Yea, we in Him redemption have  
 In death itself and in the grave.

4 And this our joyful theme shall be,  
 When, called to see our Saviour,  
 We join the glorious company  
 Around His throne for ever;  
 Then we in highest strain  
 Shall praise the Lamb once slain,  
 Who hath redeemed us by His blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to God.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

903

Tune 164.

From land to land the Christian goes,  
Through pain and self-denial;  
And finds a haven of repose  
From all his earthly trial.  
God's fatherly embrace  
Closes the pilgrim's race:  
The precious seed, in weakness sown,  
Shall rise in glory not its own.

2 Thy race is run, thy struggle o'er,  
As conqueror we hail thee;  
Blest spirit, free for evermore,  
No sorrows now assail thee,  
Soaring on wings of love  
To join the ranks above;  
While e'en thy tenement of clay  
Looks forward to a brighter day.

3 God shall descend with glory crowned,  
His majesty disclosing;  
Rest, pilgrim, in thy hallowed ground,  
In joyful hope reposing;  
Spirit for ever blest,  
Safe on thy Saviour's breast!  
O guide us all, Thou God of light,  
From depths of woe to Salem's height.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

904

Tune 164.

In peace will I lie down to sleep;  
O faithful Lord and Saviour,  
Me under Thy protection keep;  
Let me enjoy Thy favor;  
E'en death I need not fear,  
If Thou to me art near;  
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,  
He also shall with Jesus rise.

2 As oft this night as my pulse beats,  
My spirit would embrace Thee;  
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,  
May I adore and praise Thee:  
Thus I can go to rest,  
In Thy communion blest,  
United unto Thee by faith;  
Thou art my joy in life and death.

Christian Scriber, 1629-93.

905

Tune 164.

How great at last my joy will be,  
If I have faithful proved  
To Christ, and 'midst adversity  
Till my last breath Him lov'd;  
They who reproach here bear,  
In heaven a crown shall wear;  
Who follow Christ are truly blest,  
For they with Him shall ever rest.

Ulrich Bogislav von Bonin, 1682-1752.

906

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 165.

Thousand times by me be greeted,  
Jesus, Who hast lov'd me,  
And Thyself to death submitted  
For my treason against Thee:  
Ah, how happy do I feel,  
When 'fore Thee I humbly kneel,  
See Thee on the Cross expiring,  
And true life for me acquiring.

2 Jesus, Thee I view in spirit,  
Covered o'er with blood and wounds:  
Now salvation through Thy merit  
For my sin-sick soul abounds:  
O who can, Thou Prince of peace,  
Who didst thirst for our release,  
Fully fathom all that's treasured  
In Thy love's design unmeasured?

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,  
Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad;  
All the woes of my condition  
By Thy balm be now allayed:  
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,  
Or which on myself I've brought;  
If Thy blood me only cover,  
My distress will soon be over.

4 With the deepest adoration  
Humbly at Thy feet I lie,  
And with fervent supplication  
Unto Thee for succor cry;  
My petition kindly hear;  
Say in answer to my prayer,  
"I will change thy grief and sadness  
Into comfort, joy, and gladness."

Bernard of Clairvaux and Paul Gerhardt.

165, A.

The image shows a musical score for '165, A.' in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in a trochaic rhythm, as indicated by the header.

907 Tune 165.

Author of the whole creation,  
 Light of Light, Eternal Word,  
 Soul and body's preservation  
 I commit to Thee, O Lord:  
 My Redeemer, dwell in me,  
 Let me sleep and wake with Thee,  
 And receive Thy benediction  
 Both in joy and in affliction.

2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,  
 While to rest I lay me down,  
 Let my grateful heart remember  
 All the mercies Thou hast shown;  
 Fill my soul with sacred love,  
 Let me dream of things above;  
 And bestow on me the favor  
 Of Thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,  
 Whether open or unknown,  
 Thus removing that oppression  
 Under which I else should groan;  
 I confess the guilt of sin,  
 But Thy blood can make me clean;  
 Hear, O Lord, my supplication,  
 Grant me joy and consolation.  
Johann Rist, 1607-67.

908 Tune 165.

In the lonely house of mourning,  
 Through Thy weeping family,  
 Comfort, medicine, meat and clothing,  
 May I minister to Thee:  
 May I calm the orphan's fears,  
 Change for songs the widow's tears,  
 And the captive's gloom and sadness  
 Turn to light and joy and gladness.  
Thomas Bird.

909 Tune 165.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;  
 Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,  
 Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light;

Loving Spirit, God of peace,  
 Great Distributor of grace,  
 Rest upon this congregation,  
 Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no  
 measure,  
 As a gracious shower descend,  
 Bringing down the richest treasure  
 Men can wish or God can send:  
 O Thou Glory, shining down  
 From the Father and the Son;  
 Grant us Thine illumination,  
 Rest upon this congregation.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; John Christian  
 Jacobi, tr.; varied by Augustus Mont-  
 ague Toplady, 1740-78.

910 Tune 165.

All my hope and consolation,  
 Christ, is in Thy bitter death;  
 At the hour of expiration,  
 Lord, receive my dying breath;  
 When, departing, I go hence,  
 Let this be my confidence,  
 That Thy deep humiliation  
 Hath procured my salvation.

2 Jesus, at my dissolution,  
 Take my longing soul to Thee;  
 Let Thy wounds, at the conclusion  
 Of this life, my refuge be:  
 When in death I close mine eyes,  
 Let me wake in paradise,  
 And in endless bliss and glory  
 With the saints in heaven adore Thee.  
J. Heermann (after Augustine) and S. Graf.

911 Tune 165.

Comfort, comfort ye my people;  
 Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
 Comfort those who sit in darkness,  
 Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load;  
 Speak ye to Jerusalem  
 Of the peace that waits for them;  
 Tell her that her sins I cover,  
 And her warfare now is over.

165, C.

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

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

Johann Olearius, 1611-84; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

DORIAN MODE.

Christ lag in Todesbanden.

(8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 4, Mixed.)

Erfurter Enchiridion, 1524.

154, A.

912

Tune 164.

Christ Jesus, once to death abased  
 To cancel our transgression,  
 Has gained for us, by being raised,  
 Eternal life's possession;  
 This should prompt us to rejoice,  
 Praising Him with heart and voice;  
 Now sing aloud with one accord:  
 Hallelujah.

2 How great and wondrous was the  
 Life was by death assailed; [strife,  
 But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,  
 O'er sin and death prevailed;  
 Triumphant o'er them in death,  
 We are conquerors too by faith  
 In Jesus Christ our Head and Lord:  
 Hallelujah.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546; after a German hymn of the 12th Century.

## 913

## Tune 166.

Welcome among Thy flock of grace  
 With joyful acclamation,  
 Thou, Whom our Shepherd we confess:  
 Come, feed Thy congregation:  
 We own the doctrine of Thy Cross  
 To be our sole foundation;  
 Accept from every one of us  
 The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal  
 Thy grace and love unceasing;  
 Thy hand, once pierc'd with the nail,  
 Bestow on us a blessing;  
 That hand which to Thy family,  
 With tender love's affection,  
 Ere Thou ascendest up on high,  
 Imparted benediction.

3 O Thon, the Church's Head and Lord,  
 Who as a Shepherd leadest  
 Thy flock, and richly with Thy word  
 And sacrament us feedest:  
 What shall we say? lost in amaze,  
 Our hearts bow down before Thee;  
 For none sufficiently can praise,  
 Love, honor, or adore Thee.

4 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,  
 Accept our adoration:  
 Thou ever didst attend the Son,  
 And aid His ministration;  
 Thou teachest us the way to bliss:  
 Keep under Thy protection  
 That Church of which He Ruler is;  
 We'll follow Thy direction.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

## 914

## Tune 166.

High on His everlasting throne,  
 The King of saints His work surveys,  
 Marks the dear souls He calls His own,  
 And smiles on His peculiar race:  
 He rests well pleased their toil to see,  
 Beneath His easy yoke they move,  
 With all their heart and strength agree  
 In the sweet labor of His love.

2 See where the servants of their God,  
 A busy multitude, appear;  
 For Jesus day and night employed,  
 His husbandry they toil to clear:  
 The love of Christ their hearts con-  
 strains, [hands;  
 And strengthens their unwearied  
 They spend their blood, and sweat, and  
 To cultivate Immanuel's lands. [pains,

3 What can we offer Thee, O Lord,  
 For all the wonders of Thy grace!  
 Fain would we Thy great Name record,  
 And worthily set forth Thy praise:  
 Dear Object of our faith and love,  
 To Whom our more than all we owe,  
 Open the fountain from above,  
 And let it on our spirits flow.

4 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,  
 Thy grace for every sinner free.  
 Till all mankind shall know Thy Name,  
 Shall all stretch out their hands to  
 Open a door which earth and hell [Thee;  
 May strive to shut, but strive in vain;  
 Grant that Thy word may richly dwell,  
 Among us, and our fruit remain!

5 Oh multiply Thy sowers' seed,  
 And fruit we every hour shall bear,  
 Throughout the world Thy gospel  
 Thy everlasting grace declare: [spread,  
 We all, in perfect love renewed,  
 Shall know the greatness of Thy  
 Stand in the temple of our God [power,  
 As pillars, and go out no more.

Augustus G. Spangenberg, 1704-92;  
John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

## 915

## Tune 166.

The Lord will grace and glory give  
 To those who humbly seek His face;  
 We live for glory while we live,  
 And seek it in the paths of grace.  
 For grace is glory here begun,  
 And, till the heavenly prize is won,  
 The Christian finds through all his race,  
 That grace is glory, glory grace.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

**916** Tune 166.  
Lord Jesus, 'mid Thy flock appear,  
Thy ransomed Congregation bless;  
We meet to close another year,  
Accept the thanks our hearts express:  
We are not able to record  
The boundless favors we have proved;  
They show that we, most gracious Lord,  
'Mid our defects, by Thee are loved.  
John Swertner, 1746-1813.

**917** Tune 166.  
Lord Jesus, for our call of grace,  
To praise Thy name in fellowship,  
We humbly meet before Thy face,  
And in Thy presence love-feast keep:  
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad,  
Thy Spirit's unction now impart:  
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,  
In Thee be truly one in heart.  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**918** Tune 166.  
Our children, gracious Lord and God,  
With fervor we to Thee commend;  
Thou hast redeemed them by Thy blood;  
Thy blessing on them all descend:  
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb  
Into Thy faithful arms of love;  
Cause them to know Thy saving Name,  
And Thy redeeming grace to prove.  
2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,  
That we, with care and faithfulness,  
May lead them Thee, our Lord, to know,  
To obey Thy word and seek Thy face:  
Teach us the duties of our state,  
To love each other heartily,  
Our children so to educate  
That they may love and follow Thee.  
John Swertner, 1746-1813.

**919** Tune 166.  
What offering shall I bring to Thee,  
Immanuel, my King and God?  
Who didst vouchsafe a man to be,  
To save me by Thy precious blood;  
Thou, at whose birth the angels sing,  
"Peace upon earth, good-will to men,"  
To Whom the sages humbly bring  
Their gifts, though Thou appear so  
mean.  
2 This will I do, Thou Child Divine,  
I'll give Thee that for which Thou  
can'st;  
My soul and body, Lord are Thine,  
And them in love to me Thou claim'st;  
My humble sacrifice receive,  
Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,  
That I by faith in Thee might live,  
And with Thee live eternally.  
John Teeltschig, 1703-64.

**920** Tune 166.  
Eternal Father, throned above,  
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!  
Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne  
For man's rebellion to atone;  
Eternal Spirit, Who dost give  
That grace whereby our spirits live:  
Thou God of our salvation, be  
Eternal praises paid to Thee!

**921** Tune 166.  
Destroy, O Lord, the carnal mind,  
Consume what is not right in me;  
Whether the world in chains me bind  
Or silken cords, I cannot be  
Partaker of the joys of heaven;  
For Thou requirest that my heart  
Without reserve to Thee be given,  
Resolved for Thee with all to part.  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**922** Tune 166.  
Into Thy gracious hands I fall,  
And with the arms of faith embrace;  
O King of glory, hear my call;  
O raise me, heal me by Thy grace.  
Now righteous through Thy grace I am;  
No condemnation now I dread;  
I taste salvation in Thy Name,  
Alive in Thee, my living Head.

2 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,  
Nor take Thy flight from me away:  
Still with me let Thy grace abide,  
That I from Thee may never stray:  
Let Thy word richly in me dwell,  
Thy peace and love my portion be;  
My joy to endure and do Thy will,  
Till perfect I am found in Thee.  
3 Arm me with Thy whole armor, Lord,  
Support my weakness with Thy  
might; [sword]  
Gird on my thigh Thy conquering  
And shield me in the threatening  
fight;  
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,  
So in Thy strength shall I go on,  
Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,  
And glory end what grace begun.  
Wolfgang C. Dessler, 1660-1722; John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

**923** Tune 166.  
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.  
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of  
May I thy consolation share. [prayer,  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height  
I view my home and take my flight;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,  
To seize the everlasting prize:  
And shout while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.  
William W. Walford, 1849.





166, F.

929

Tune 166.

Jesus!—the very thought is sweet;  
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;  
But sweeter than sweet honey far  
The glimpses of His presence are.  
No word is sung more sweet than this:  
No name is heard more full of bliss;  
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,  
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

2 Jesus, the Hope of souls forlorn,  
How good to them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!  
But what art Thou to them that find?  
Jesus, Thou Sweetness, pure and blest,  
Truth's Fountain, Light of souls distressed,

Surpassing all that heart requires,  
Exceeding all that soul desires!

3 No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write, its blessedness:  
Alone who hath Thee in his heart  
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.  
We follow Jesus now and raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,  
That He at last may make us meet  
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; John M.  
Neale, tr., 1818-66.

930

Tune 166.

Arm these Thy servants, 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-blessèd Spirit, come,  
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy  
May each a living temple be [home];  
Hallowed forever, 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.

3 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God and Persons Three;  
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we  
To Thee we praise and glory give; [live,  
O grant us so to use Thy grace,  
That we may see Thy glorious face,  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

931

Tune 166.

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  
The 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  
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, O hear ye Him."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1815-84.

### 932

Tune 166.

O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light, [night!  
Whose beams disperse the shades of  
Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

2 May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And bring us to a prosperous end,  
May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control,  
May guile depart and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

3 O hallowed be the approaching day!  
Let meekness be our morning ray;  
And faithful love our noonday light;  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!  
O Christ! with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts is borne:  
O, may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose of Milan, 340-397; John Chandler,  
tr., 1806-76.

### 933

Tune 166.

Lord God of morning and of night,  
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light:  
As in the dawn the shadows fly,  
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.  
Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,  
Fresh force to do our daily part,  
May grateful sleep our strength restore  
A thousandfold to serve Thee more!

2 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,  
Oft what we would we cannot do;  
The sun may stand in zenith skies,  
But on the soul thick midnight lies.  
O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone [own;  
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine  
Though this new day with joy we see,  
Great dawn of God! we cry for Thee!

Francis Turner Palgrave, b. 1824.

### 934

Tune 166.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.  
There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:  
He claims these mansions as His right;  
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is this King of glory—who?

The Lord Who all our foes o'ercame;  
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:—  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"  
Who is this King of glory—who?

The Lord of boundless power pos-  
sessed;

The King of saints and angels, too,  
God over all, for ever blessed.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

### 935

Tune 166.

Eternal Source of every joy,  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
While in Thy temple we appear,  
To hail Thee, Sovereign of the year!  
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,  
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery Spring at Thy command,  
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;  
The Summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.  
Thy hand, in Autumn, richly pours,  
Through all our coasts redundant stores:  
And Winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and  
days,

Demand successive songs of praise;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.  
Here in Thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.  
Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

### 936

Tune 166.

We are not left to walk alone,  
The Spirit of our God hath come,  
For ever with us to abide,  
Our Teacher, Comforter and Guide;  
Thus, with His gracious presence blest,  
We press on toward our heavenly rest;  
Hasting the dreary desert through,  
With our eternal home in view.

2 Jesus, the Father's only Son,  
Jesus, His own Beloved One,  
Jesus, now seated at His side,  
Hath claimed us for His own, His Bride.  
Of Him and His the Spirit tells,  
Upon His love He sweetly dwells;  
And, while we listen to His voice,  
We wonder, worship and rejoice.

3 He teaches us the Father's grace,  
Reveals to us the Saviour's face,  
And doth to all our hearts declare  
The glory it is ours to share.  
Our every sorrow be forgot,  
The joys of earth be heeded not;  
The Comforter is come, and we  
Shall soon with our Beloved be.

Mary J. Walker, 1847.

167, A.

937 Tune 167.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God;  
 He Whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for His own abode:  
 On the Rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
 Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God:  
 'Tis His love His people raises  
 In His courts to reign as kings,  
 And as priests His solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in Thy Name;  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show;  
 Solid joy and lasting treasure  
 None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

938 Tune 167.

Peace be to this congregation,  
 Peace to every soul therein; [tion,  
 Peace which flows from Christ's salva-  
 Peace, the seal of canceled sin;  
 Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,  
 Peace, to earthly minds unknown;  
 Peace divine that lasts forever,  
 Here erect its glorious throne.

Countess of Huntingdon's Collection.

939 Tune 167.

Praise for every scene distressing,  
 Praise for all Thou didst endure,  
 Praise for every gift and blessing,  
 Which Thy griefs for us procure;  
 In Thy ransomed Congregation  
 Shall Thy death our theme remain,

Till Thou com'st with full salvation,  
 Lord of glory, Lamb once slain.  
 2 Thou, to purchase our salvation,  
 Didst assume humanity;  
 Jesus, for Thy bitter passion  
 May we ever thankful be;  
 Filled with awe and humbly bowing,  
 At Thy feet we prostrate fall,  
 Gratefully this truth avowing,  
 That Thou art our All-in-all.

Lewis R. West, 1753-1826.

940 Tune 167.

Lord of life! now sweetly slumber,  
 With the dead awhile a guest,  
 After torments without number,  
 Glorious is Thy hard-earned rest,  
 Lo! the dreadful conflict's ended;  
 By Thy suffering Thou hast won;  
 Now o'er all Thy power's extended,  
 E'en my heart O claim Thy own.

2 O what love is here displayed!  
 See the Father's only Son  
 To the silent tomb conveyed;  
 Ah, my soul, what hast thou done!  
 Yet, while I, my sins bewailing,  
 Own that they His blood have spilt,  
 May that blood, for me prevailing,  
 Wash away my sin and guilt.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758-1836.

941 Tune 167.

Call Jehovah thy Salvation,  
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
 In His secret habitation  
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;  
 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
 In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting  
 From the noisome pestilence  
 In the depth of midnight blasting,  
 God shall be thy sure Defence;



Fear not thou the deadly quiver,  
 When a thousand feel the blow:  
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since with pure and warm affection,  
 Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 With the wings of His protection  
 He will shield thee from above;  
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
 He will hearken, He will save;  
 Here, for grief, reward thee double,  
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

**942** Tune 167.

Christian hearts, in love united,  
 Seek alone in Jesus rest;  
 Has He not your love excited?  
 Then let love inspire each breast;  
 Members—on our Head depending,  
 Lights—reflecting Him, our Sun,  
 Brethren—His commands attending,  
 We in Him, our Lord, are one.

2 Come then, come, O flock of Jesus,  
 Covenant with Him anew;  
 Unto Him, Who conquered for us,  
 Pledge we love and service true;  
 And should our love's union holy  
 Firmly linked no more remain,  
 Wait ye at His footstool lowly,  
 Till He draw it close again.

3 O what boundless love did Jesus  
 To His enemies display;  
 May His holy pattern teach us,  
 How love ought to bear the sway.  
 O that we, His steps to follow,  
 'Midst affliction, scorn and spite,  
 And His sacred Name to hallow,  
 Did each other more excite;

4 Then the souls He joined together  
 Will, according to His prayer,  
 Be accepted of His Father,  
 And His kind protection share:  
 As Thou art with Him united,  
 Lord, may we be one in Thee,

And, by genuine love excited,  
 Serve each other willingly.

5 Grant, Lord, that with Thy direction,  
 "Love each other," we comply,  
 Aiming with unfeigned affection  
 Thy love to exemplify:  
 Let our mutual love be glowing;  
 Thus will all men plainly see,  
 That we, as on one stem growing,  
 Living branches are in Thee.

6 O that such may be our union,  
 As Thine with the Father is,  
 And not one of our communion  
 E'er forsake the path of bliss:  
 May our light fore men with brightness,  
 From Thy light reflected, shine:  
 Thus the world will bear us witness,  
 That we, Lord, are truly Thine.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**943** Tune 167.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death!  
 Rise on us, Thy love revealing,  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:  
 Thou of heaven and earth Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,—  
 Scattering all the night of nature,  
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;  
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor benighted heart:  
 Come and manifest Thy favor  
 To the ransomed, helpless race;  
 Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour!  
 Come and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,  
 O Thou mild, pacific Prince!  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins;  
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit  
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

167, D.

**944** Tune 167.  
 Great High-Priest, we view Thee stoop-  
 With our names upon Thy breast, [ing  
 In the garden, groaning, drooping,  
 To the ground with horrors pressed:  
 Angels saw, struck with amazement,  
 Their Creator suffer thus;  
 We are filled with deep abasement,  
 Since we know 'twas done for us.

2 Jesus, to the garden lead us,  
 To behold Thy bloody sweat;  
 Though Thou from the curse hast freed  
 May we ne'er the cost forget; [us,  
 Be Thy groans and cries rehearsed  
 By Thy Spirit in our ears,  
 Till we, viewing Whom we piercèd,  
 Melt in penitential tears.  
Joseph Hari, 1712-68.

**945** Tune 167.  
 In Thy service will I ever,  
 Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;  
 Nothing me from Thee shall sever,  
 Gladly would I go Thy way.  
 Life in me Thy Life produces,  
 And gives vigor to my heart,  
 As the vine doth living juices  
 To the purple grape impart.

2 Where shall I find such a Master,  
 Who hath done my soul such good,  
 And relieved the great disaster  
 Sin first caused, by His own blood?  
 Is not He my rightful owner,  
 Who for me His own life gave?  
 Were it not a foul dishonor  
 Not to love Him to the grave?  
K. J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; Richard Massie,  
 fr., b. 1800.

**946** Tune 167.  
 Yes, for me, for me He careth  
 With a brother's tender care;  
 Yes, with me, with me He shareth  
 Every burden, every fear.  
 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,  
 At the mercy-seat above;  
 Ever for me interceding,  
 Constant in untiring love.

2 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,  
 I in Him, and He in me!  
 And my empty soul He filleth,  
 Here and through eternity.  
 Thus I wait for His returning,  
 Singing all the way to heaven;  
 Such the joyous songs of morning,  
 Such the banquet song of even.  
Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

**947** Tune 167.  
 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,  
 Through this lonely vale of tears;  
 Through the changes Thou'st decreed  
 Till our last great change appears. [us,  
 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 in Thine arms to rest,  
 Till, by angel bands attended,  
 We awake among the blest.  
Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

**948** Tune 167.  
 Love Divine, all loves excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
 Fix in us Thine humble dwelling;  
 All Thy faithful mercies crown;  
 Jesus! Thou art all compassion,  
 Pure unbounded love Thou art;  
 Visit us with Thy salvation;  
 Enter every trembling heart.

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

167, E.

3 Finish then Thy new creation;  
 Pure and sinless let us be;  
 Let us see Thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in Thee;  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.  
 Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

949 Tune 167.  
 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:

“O My people, faint and few,  
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
 Fair abodes I build for you;  
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation  
 Shall no more perplex your ways;  
 You shall name your walls ‘Salvation,’  
 And your gates shall all be ‘Praise.’”

2 “There, like streams that feed the  
 garden,  
 Pleasures without end shall flow;  
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
 All His bounty shall bestow.  
 Still in undisturbed possession  
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;  
 Never shall you feel oppression,  
 Hear the voice of war again.”

3 “Ye, no more your suns descending,  
 Waning moon no more shall see,  
 But, your griefs for ever ending,  
 Find eternal noon in Me.  
 God shall rise, and shining o’er you,  
 Change to day the gloom of night;  
 He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,  
 God, your everlasting Light.”  
 William Cowper, 1731-1800.

950 Tune 167.  
 Something every heart is loving;  
 If not Jesus, none can rest;  
 Lord, my heart to Thee is given,  
 Take it, for it loves Thee best.

Thus I cast the world behind me;  
 Jesus most beloved shall be;  
 Beauteous more than all things beaute-  
 He alone is joy to me. [ous,

2 Bright with all eternal radiance  
 Is the glory of Thy face;  
 Thou art loving, sweet and tender,  
 Full of pity, full of grace.  
 Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,  
 That my earthly life may be  
 But a shadow to that glory  
 Of my hidden life in Thee.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769.

951 Tune 167.

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.  
 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.

2 I would love Thee; may Thy bright-  
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes; [ness  
 I would love Thee; may Thy goodness  
 Watch from heaven o’er all I prize.  
 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.

Jeanne M. B. de la M. Guyon, 1648-1717.

952 Tune 167.

O could we but love that Saviour,  
 Who loves us so ardently,  
 As we ought, our souls would ever  
 Full of joy and comfort be;  
 If we, by His love excited,  
 Could ourselves and all forget,  
 Then, with Jesus Christ united,  
 We should heaven anticipate.

167, G.

2 Did but Jesus' love and merit  
 Fill our hearts both night and day,  
 All theunction of His Spirit  
 All our thoughts and actions sway :  
 Might we all be ever ready  
 Cheerfully to testify,  
 How our spirit, soul, and body  
 Do in God, our Saviour, joy.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

953

Tune 167.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above:  
 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord:  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth can not afford.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

954

Tune 167.

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying:  
 "Who will go and work to-day?  
 Fields are white, and harvests 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 give your thousands,  
 You can give the widow's mite;  
 And the least you give for Jesus  
 Will be precious in His sight.

3 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."  
 If you cannot rouse the wicked  
 With the judgment's dread alarms,  
 You can lead the little children  
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the sons of men are dying,  
 And your Master calls for you,  
 Take the task He gives you gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be,  
 Answer quickly, when He calleth:  
 "Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March, b. 1816.

955

Tune 167.

Hail, Thou once despis'd Jesus!  
 Hail, Thou Galilean King!  
 Thou didst suffer to release us;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring.  
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame!  
 By Thy merits we find favor;  
 Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid;  
 By Almighty Love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made:  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood:  
 Opened is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

John Bakewell, 1721-1819.

956

Tune 167.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee;  
 Naked, poor, despis'd, 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;  
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate and friends disown me,  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.



3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:  
In Thy service pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!  
I have stayed my heart on Thee!  
Storms may howl, and clouds may  
gather,

All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me;  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!  
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
Oh, 't were not in joy to charn me;  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.  
5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear;  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
What a Father's smile is thine;  
What a Saviour died to win thee:  
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?  
6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there;  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days:  
Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

## 957

Tune 167.

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit;  
Oh, what needless pain we bear;  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.  
2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 958

Tune 167.

Wherefore weep we over Jesus,  
O'er His death and bitter smart?  
Weep we rather that He sees us  
Unconvinced and hard of heart;

For His soul was never tainted  
With the smallest spot or stain,  
'T was for us He was acquainted  
With such depths of grief and pain.

2 Oh, what profits it with groaning,  
Underneath His Cross to stand;  
Oh, what profits our bemoaning  
His pale brow and bleeding hand;  
Wherefore gaze on Him expiring,  
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,  
Whilst we think not of inquiring,  
Wherefore and for whom He died?

3 If no sin could be discovered  
In the pure and spotless Lord,  
If the cruel death He suffered  
Is sin's just and meet reward;  
Then it must have been for others,  
That the Lord on Calvary bled,  
And the guilt have been a brother's,  
Which was laid upon His head.

4 And for whom hath He contended  
In a strife so strange and new?  
And for whom to hell descended?  
Brothers, 't was for me and you!  
Now you see that He was reaping  
Punishment for us alone;  
And we have great cause for weeping,  
Not for His guilt, but our own.

5 If we then make full confession,  
Joined with penitence and prayer;  
If we see our own transgression  
In the punishment He bore;  
If we mourn with true repentance,  
We shall hear the Saviour say.  
"Fear not, I have borne your sentence;  
Wipe your bitter tears away."  
K. J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; Catherine Wink-  
worth, tr., 1829-78.

## 959

Tune 167.

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 no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.  
2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in His blood.  
For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.  
3 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.  
'T is not all we owe to Jesus!  
It is something more than all—  
Greater good because of evil,  
Larger mercy through the fall.  
4 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;  
And, oh, come not doubting thus,

167, H.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a trochaic rhythm, indicated by the '8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7' pattern in the header. The first system is labeled '167, H.' and the second system continues the piece. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His great tenderness for us.  
If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.

960

Tune 167.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!

Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
He, Who on the Cross a Victim  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,  
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield.  
When the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,  
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen; we are risen;  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face,  
That we, with our hearts in heaven,  
Here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Hallelujah! to the Saviour,  
Who has gained the victory;  
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity;  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
To the Triune Majesty.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

961

Tune 167.

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some celestial measure,  
Sung by ransomed hosts above;  
O the vast, the boundless treasure  
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thine help I'm come;  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Take my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above!

Robert Robinson, 1735-90.

962

Tune 167.

Come, Thou universal Blessing,  
Thou, the woman's Promised Seed;  
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,  
Deign throughout the earth to spread:  
By Thy holy incarnation,  
Life, and death, our guilt remove;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Bless us with Thy heavenly love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

963

Tune 167.

He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He came before,  
Wailing infant, born in weakness  
On a lowly stable floor:  
But upon His cloud of glory,  
In the crimson-tinted sky,  
Where we see the golden sunrise  
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, He is coming,  
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,  
With the thorn-crown on His forehead,  
And the blood-drops trickling slow;  
But with diadem upon Him  
And the scepter in His hand,  
And the dead all ranged before Him,  
Raised from death, and sea, and land.

3 He is coming, He is coming ;  
 Let His lowly first estate,  
 And His tender love so teach us  
 That in faith and hope we wait,  
 Till, in glory eastward burning,  
 Our redemption draweth near ;  
 And we see the sign in heaven  
 Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

## 964

Tune 167.

Church of God, beloved and chosen,  
 Church of Christ, for whom He died,  
 Claim thy gifts, and praise the Giver,  
 "Ye are washed and sanctified"—  
 Sanctified by God the Father,  
 And by Jesus Christ His Son,  
 And by God, the Holy Spirit,  
 Holy, holy, Three in One.

2 By His will He sanctifieth,  
 By the Spirit's power within ;  
 By the loving hand that chasteneth  
 Fruits of righteousness to win ;  
 By His truth and by His promise ;  
 By the word, His gift unpriced ;  
 By His own blood, and by union  
 With the risen life of Christ.

3 Holiness by faith in Jesus,  
 Not by effort of thine own,—  
 Sin's dominion crushed and broken,  
 By the power of grace alone ;  
 God's own holiness within Thee,  
 His own beauty on Thy brow ;  
 This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,  
 This thy blessed portion now.

4 He will sanctify thee wholly ;  
 Body, spirit, soul shall be  
 Blameless till thy Saviour's coming,  
 In His glorious majesty.  
 He hath perfected for ever  
 Those whom He hath sanctified ;  
 Spotless, glorious, and holy,  
 Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

## 965

Tune 167.

All the way my Saviour leads me ;  
 What have I to ask beside ?  
 Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
 Who through life has been my guide ?

Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
 Here by faith in Him to dwell !  
 For I know whate'er befall me,  
 Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me,  
 Cheers each winding path I tread,  
 Gives me grace for every trial,  
 Feeds me with the living bread.  
 Though my weary steps may falter  
 And my soul athirst may be,  
 Gushing from the Rock before me,  
 Lo, a spring of joy I see !

3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;  
 O the fullness of His love !  
 Perfect rest to me is promised  
 In my Father's house above :  
 When my spirit, clothed immortal,  
 Wings its flight to realms of day,  
 This my song through endless ages—  
 "Jesus, led me all the way !"

F. J. Crosby, b. 1823.

## 966

Tune 167.

He that goeth forth with weeping,  
 Bearing precious seed in love,  
 Never tiring, never sleeping,  
 Findeth mercy from above :  
 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
 Bright the rays celestial shine ;  
 Precious fruits will thus be given,  
 Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
 Let no fears thy soul annoy ;  
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy ;  
 Lo ! the scene of verdure brightening,  
 See the rising grain appear !  
 Look again ; the fields are whitening,  
 For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

## 967

Tune 167.

Take me, O my Father, take me !  
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son ;  
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make  
 Let Thy will in me be done, [me,  
 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,  
 Thorny, proved the way I trod ;  
 Weary come I now, and praying—  
 Take me to Thy love, my God !

167, L.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;  
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To Thy household take me in.  
Freely now to Thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely life and soul I offer—  
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,  
Bare our sins upon the Tree;  
On that Sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to Thee;  
Father, take me! all forgiving,  
Fold me to Thy loving breast;  
In Thy love for ever living,  
I must be for ever blest!

Ray Palmer, 1808-87.

968

Tune 167.

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,  
See the King in royal state,  
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,  
To His heavenly palace gate!  
Hark! the choirs of angel voices  
Joyful hallelujahs sing,  
And the portals high are lifted  
To receive their Heavenly King.

2 Who is This That comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He has gained the victory;  
He, Who on the Cross did suffer,  
He, Who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He lifts His hands in blessing,  
He is parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends; [Him,  
He Who walked with God and pleased  
Preaching truth and doom to come,  
He, our Enoch, is translated  
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters  
With His blood, within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
And the kings before Him quail;  
Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
In their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elijah offers  
Double portion of His grace.

5 He has raised our human nature,  
On the clouds to God's right hand;  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Him 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.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

969

Tune 167.

Holy Ghost, Illuminator,  
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,  
Help us to look up with Stephen,  
And to see beyond the skies,  
Where the Son of Man in glory  
Standing is at God's right hand,  
Beckoning on His martyr army,  
Succoring His faithful band;

2 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.

3 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.

4 So at last, when He appeareth,  
We from out our graves may spring,  
With our youth renewed like eagles,  
Flocking round our Heavenly King,  
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,  
And may meet Him in the air,  
Rise to realms where He is reigning,  
And may reign for ever there.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

970

Tune 167.

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

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

John Bakewell, 1721-1819.

971

Tune 167.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim-band,  
Singing songs of expectation  
Marching to the Promised Land.  
Clear before us, through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding Light:  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night!

2 One the Light of God's own Presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:  
One the object of our journey,  
One the faith that never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun.  
One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward, with the Cross our aid!  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade!  
Soon shall come the great awakening,  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom!

Bernhardt S. Ingemann, c. 1825; Sabine Baring-Gould, tr., 1867.

972

Tune 167.

Saviour! sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;  
By Thy pains 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  
For Thy Spirit, new creating, [sight,  
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.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, b. 1818.

973

Tune 167.

Praise the God of all creation,  
Praise the Father's boundless love:  
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;  
Praise the Spirit from above:  
Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
Him by Whom our spirits live;  
Undivided adoration  
To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

974

Tune 167.

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee  
For the bliss Thy love bestows;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows:  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;  
This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God That sought  
Wretched wanderer, far astray; [thee,  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought  
From the paths of death away; [thee  
Praise, with love's devotest feeling,  
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1779-1843.

975

Tune 167.

Glory be to God the Father;  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Dying, risen, ascending for us,  
Who the heavenly realm has won:  
Glory to the Holy Spirit;  
To One God in Persons Three  
Glory both in earth and heaven.  
Glory, endless glory be.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

976

Tune 168.

Jesus, Source of my salvation,  
 Conqueror both of death and hell,  
 Thou Who didst, as my Oblation,  
 Feel what I deserved to feel,  
 Through Thy sufferings, death, and  
 Eternal life inherit; [merit,  
 Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,  
 Dearest Lord, for ever be.

2 Lord, Thy deep humiliation  
 Has atoned for all my pride,  
 I need fear no condemnation,  
 Since for sinners Thou hast died:  
 Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,  
 To restore me to God's favor;  
 Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,  
 Dearest Lord, for ever be.

3 Lord, I'll praise Thee now and ever,  
 Who for me wast crucified;  
 For Thy agony, dear Saviour,  
 For Thy wounds and piercèd side,  
 For Thy love, so tried, unending,  
 For Thy death, all deaths transcending,  
 For Thy death and love divine,  
 Lord, I'll be for ever Thine.

E. C. Homburg, 1605-81.

977

Tune 168.

Make my calling and election,  
 Jesus, every day more sure;  
 Keep me under Thy direction,  
 Till I, through almighty power,  
 Unto endless glory raisèd,  
 In Thy mansions shall be placèd:  
 When in Thee I end my race,  
 Weeping shall for ever cease.

2 Amen, yea, my lasting praises,  
 Jesus, unto Thee are given,  
 That a place by Thee preparèd  
 Is for me securèd in heaven;  
 Blest my case, ah! truly blessèd,  
 When to heavenly glory raisèd,  
 I from pain and sorrow free,  
 Live for evermore with Thee.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801, and G. H.  
 Loskiel, 1740-1813.

978

Tune 168.

Sing with awe in strains harmonious,  
 Sing with awe: "Behold the Man!"  
 Yea, repeat in tones symphonious,  
 "Ah, behold, behold the Man!"  
 On Thy dying look, dear Saviour,  
 I will fix my eyes for ever:  
 I am never tired to gaze  
 At Thy lovely, bleeding face.

2 Oh, this makes me think with sighing,  
 I'm the cause: "Behold the Man!"  
 But His love, which I'm enjoying,  
 Comforts me: "Behold the Man!"  
 Ah, that cruelly abusèd  
 Countenance, so marred and bruised,  
 Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,  
 Till to Him I've leave to go.

3 Wounded head, back ploughed with  
 furrows,  
 Visage marred: "Behold the Man!"  
 Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,  
 Sunk with grief: "Behold the Man!"  
 Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,  
 Melted, pourèd out like water;  
 Should not love my heart inflame,  
 Viewing Thee, Thou slaughtered  
 Lamb!

Christian I. La Trobe, tr., 1758-1836.

979

Tune 168.

'Mid the trials we experience,  
 May we not give way to fears,  
 But possess our souls in patience,  
 Passing through this vale of tears:  
 Weaned thereby from things terrestrial,  
 Let us look for joys celestial,  
 Waiting for that time, when we  
 From all sorrow shall be free.

2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit  
 Is our pledge of joys to come,  
 Of the bliss we shall inherit  
 When above with Christ at home:  
 O this blessèd meditation  
 Yields us hope and consolation,  
 That we shall, when time is o'er,  
 With the Lord be evermore.

Mrs. D. Foster.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Jesu, Der Du meine Seele'. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with a treble clef. The second system is a piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef. The third system is a second vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with a treble clef. The music is in a trochaic meter (8, 7, 8, 7, 8 8 7, 7). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece is numbered 168, B.

168, B.

980 Tune 168.

Thou hast canceled my transgression,  
 Jesus, by Thy precious blood;  
 May I find therein salvation,  
 Happiness and peace with God;  
 And since Thou, for sinners suffering,  
 On the Cross wast made an Offering,  
 From all sin deliver me,  
 That I wholly Thine may be.

2 All the pain Thou hast endured;  
 All Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,  
 Hands and feet with nails through bored;  
 The reproach which Thou hast borne;  
 Thy back, ploughed with deep furrows,  
 Cross and grave, and all Thy sorrows;  
 Thy blood-sweat and agony,  
 O Lord Jesus, comfort me.

Johann Rist, 1697-67.

981 Tune 168.

Unto Thee, most faithful Saviour,  
 We ourselves anew commend;  
 O look down on us with favor,  
 To our prayers and wants attend;  
 Grant us all a tender feeling  
 Of Thy love and gracious dealing,  
 That our hearts may truly be  
 Filled with fervent love to Thee.

2 This alone can keep us steady  
 In the simple path of grace;  
 And when anything seems ready  
 To disturb our happiness,  
 Lord, in mercy us deliver:  
 Yea, protect and keep us ever  
 From the world and sin secure,  
 And in soul and body pure.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801; G. Tranecker,  
 tr., 1717-1802.

982 Tune 168.

Peace that passeth understanding,  
 Peace to calm the bosom's strife,  
 Peace the winds and waves command-  
 On this stormy sea of life; [ing,  
 Peace the wounded spirit healing,  
 Peace the love of Christ revealing;

Peace, O God, Thy peace impart;  
 Thou of peace the Author art.

2 Peace to keep our minds for ever  
 In Thy faith, Thy fear, Thy way;  
 Peace to keep our hearts, that never  
 Thought, desire nor feeling stray!  
 Peace to soothe in every trial,  
 Peace to soften self-denial,  
 Peace our daily cross to take  
 Grant us, for our Saviour's sake.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

983 Tune 168.

Oh, at last I've found my Saviour,  
 Who laid down His life for me;  
 He (O undeserv'd favor!)  
 Owned me as His property:  
 Conscious of my imperfection,  
 I'll rely on His direction;  
 I will nothing know beside  
 Jesus and Him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction  
 In this poor world's vanity:  
 Meanwhile shall my heart's affection  
 On my Saviour fix'd be,  
 On His meritorious suffering,  
 And sin-expiating offering:  
 World, for ever be thou gone,  
 Leave but Christ and me alone.

3 Jesus cured my soul's infection,  
 By His soul's dire agony:  
 From His death and resurrection  
 Life and power redound to me:  
 By the virtue of His merit  
 I shall heavenly joys inherit,  
 And e'en here a foretaste have  
 Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation;  
 When I'm weak He strengthens me,  
 Sweetens all my tribulation,  
 And supports me constantly;  
 His atoning death and passion  
 Are the cause of my salvation;  
 Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart  
 From my sight and from my heart.

168, C.

Musical score for '168, C.' in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar staves.

Musical score for '984' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar staves.

5 Oh, I'm lost in deepest wonder,  
To think He shall soon appear  
To receive me gladly yonder,  
And wipe off my every tear;  
Then my grateful songs and praises  
Shall resound in heavenly places;  
Here by faith to Him I'll cleave,  
Jesus will I never leave.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

984

Tune 168.

Oh, how blessèd is the station  
Of all those who love the Lord;  
Who partake of His salvation,  
Trusting in His sacred word:  
Blest who, in love's bond united,  
To His altars are invited;  
In His courts on earth they dwell,  
There His matchless praise to tell.

Benjamin La Trobe 1725-86.

169, A.

Musical score for '169, A.' in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar staves.

Musical score for '985' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar staves.

985

Tune 169.

Arise, my spirit, bless the day  
Whereon the great Creator  
A child became: thy homage pay;  
Adore the Mediator.  
This is the night in which He came,  
Was born, and put on human frame,  
Us sinners to deliver  
From sin and death for ever.

2 Welcome, Thou Source of every good,  
O Jesus, King of glory;  
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of God,  
To this world transitory:  
In grateful hymns Thy Name I'll  
praise,  
With heart and voice throughout my  
For Thy blest incarnation [days;  
Procured my salvation.



3 O lovely Infant, Thou art full  
Of grace above all measure;  
Thou art more precious to my soul  
Than earth with all its treasure:  
Come, Jesus, come, abide with me,  
And let my heart Thy dwelling be;  
Then I, without cessation,  
Shall joy in Thy salvation.

Johann Rist, 1607-67.

986

Tune 169.

The world in condemnation lay,  
And death, from Adam reigning,  
O'er man maintained remorseless sway,  
While sin, his soul enchaining,

GREGOR'S 172ND METRE.

*Ach Gott! was hat vor Herrlichkeit.* } (S. 7, 8, 7, 11, 9, 11, 8. Mixed.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.

987

Tune 172.

Thy majesty, how vast it is,  
And how immense the glory,  
Which Thou, O Jesus, dost possess;  
Both heaven and earth adore Thee;  
The legions of angels exalt Thy great  
Name.

Thy glory and might are transcendent;  
And thousands of thousands Thy praises  
proclaim,  
Upon Thee gladly dependent.

2 The Father's equal, God the Son,  
With Him Thou ever reignest;  
Thou art partaker of His throne,  
And all things Thou sustainest;  
Both angels and men view their Maker  
as man,

With joy that is past all expression;  
Oh happy, unspeakably happy, who can  
Find in Him life and salvation.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

Foredoomed the second death to all  
That shared the ruins of the fall:  
But Christ's triumphant mission  
Redeemed us from perdition.

2 Then round His manger let us throng,  
Attend Him in temptation,  
Carry our cross with joy along  
His path of tribulation,  
With Him to Olivet retire,  
On Calvary at His feet expire;  
Then on Mount Zion seated,  
Our bliss shall be completed.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

988

Tune 172.

The Church on earth, in humble strain,  
Exalteth Christ our Saviour;  
She sings, "The Lamb for us was slain,  
Our foe is cast for ever;  
For Christ hath redeemed us with His  
precious blood

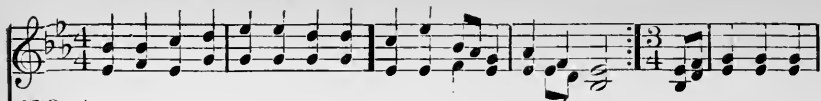
Out of every nation and kindred,  
And made us thereby kings and priests  
unto God,

To Him thanksgiving be rendered."

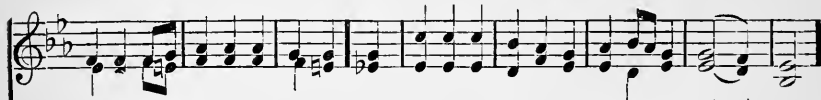
2 When Christ in majesty shall come,  
With all His bright attendance,  
On every man pronounce a doom,  
An awful, final sentence;  
Then shall all His enemies quaking with  
dread, [cover;

Wish mountains and rocks them to  
The ransomed with gladness will lift  
up their head,  
And live with Jesus for ever.

J. Cook, c. 1746.



173, A.



989

Tune 173.

One thing's needful; then, Lord Jesus,  
 Keep this one thing in my mind;  
 All beside though first it please us,  
 Soon a grievous yoke we find.  
 Beneath it the heart is still fretting and  
 striving; [ing:  
 No true, lasting happiness ever deriv-  
 The gain of this one thing all loss can  
 requite, [delight.  
 And teach me in all things to find some

2 Soul, wilt thou this one thing find  
 Seek it in no earthly end; [thee?  
 Leave all Nature far behind thee,  
 High above the world ascend;  
 For, where God and man both in one  
 are united,  
 With God's perfect fullness, the heart is  
 delighted;  
 There, there is the worthiest lot and the  
 best, [my Rest.  
 My One and my All, and my Joy and

GREGOR'S 183RD METRE.

*Mein Jesu, Dem die Seraphinen.* } (8, S, S, S, S, S, S, S, Iambic.) { W. C. Dessler, 1660-1722;  
 or Benedict Schultheiss, c. 1692.



183, A.





184, A.

3 Christ Himself, my Shepherd, feeds  
 Peace and joy my spirit fill; [me;  
 In a pasture green. He leads me  
 Forth beside the waters still.  
 Oh! naught to my soul is so sweet and  
 reviving  
 As thus unto Jesus alone to be living:  
 True happiness this, and this only sup-  
 plies, [mine eyes.  
 Through faith on my Saviour to fasten

Johann Heinrich Schroeder, 1666-99; Frances  
 Elizabeth Cox, tr., 1853.

990

Tune 184.

O Rock of ages, one Foundation,  
 On Which the living Church doth rest,  
 The Church, whose walls are strong  
 salvation, [be blest!

Whose gates are praise,—Thy Name  
 Son of the living God! oh, call us  
 Once and again to follow Thee;  
 And give us strength, whate'er befall us,  
 Thy true disciples still to be.

2 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,  
 In inmost thought, in deed, or word,  
 Let not our hardness still defy Thee,  
 But with a look subdue us, Lord.

Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavor  
 Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,  
 To give ourselves to Thee for ever,  
 And find Thee with us to the end.

Henry Arthur Martin, c. 1881.

992 [For Tune, see preceding page.] Tune 183.

My Jesus, if the seraphim, [stand,  
 The burning host that near Thee  
 Before Thy majesty are dim,

And veil their face at Thy command;  
 How shall these mortal eyes of mine,  
 Now dark with evil's hateful night,  
 Endure to gaze upon the light [Thine?  
 That aye surrounds that throne of

2 Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord!  
 To pierce within the Holy Place;  
 For I am saved and Thou adored,  
 If I am quickened by Thy grace.

991

Tune 184.

Christians, sing out with exultation,  
 And praise your Benefactor's Name!  
 To-day the Author of salvation  
 The Father's well-beloved came.  
 Of undefiled Virgin Mother  
 An Infant, all Divine, was born,  
 And God Himself became your Brother  
 Upon this happy Christmas morn.

2 In Him eternal might and power  
 To human weakness hath inclined,  
 And this poor Child brings richest dower  
 Of gifts and graces to mankind.  
 While here, His majesty disguising,  
 A servant's form the Master wears,  
 Behold the beams of glory rising  
 E'en from His poverty and tears.

3 A stable serves Him for a dwelling,  
 And for a bed a manger mean;  
 Yet o'er His Head, His Advent telling,  
 A new and wondrous star is seen.  
 Angels rehearse to men the story,  
 The joyful story of His birth:  
 To Him they raise the anthem—"Glory  
 To God on high, and peace on earth!"

4 For through this holy Incarnation  
 The primal curse is done away;  
 And blessed peace o'er all creation  
 Hath shed its pure and gentle ray.

Behold, O King! before Thy throne  
 My soul in lowly love doth bend,  
 O show Thyself her gracious Friend!  
 And say, "I choose thee for mine own."

3 Here in Thy gracious hands I fall,  
 To Thee I cling with faith's embrace:  
 O righteous Sovereign, hear my call!  
 And turn, O turn, to me in grace!  
 For through Thy sorrows I am just,  
 And guilt no more in me is found:  
 Thus reconciled, my soul is bound  
 To Thee in endless love and trust.

Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, 1660-1722;  
 Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-79.

Then, in that heavenly concert joining,  
O Christian men, with one accord,  
Your voices tunefully combining,  
Salute the birthday of our Lord!  
From the French; Henry Lascelles Jenner, tr.

993

Tune 184.

O Christ my Light, my gracious Saviour,  
Thy heart is filled with love to me;  
How great, how boundless is the favor,  
That I should share such mercy free!  
I long to love Thee, blessed Jesus,  
O fill my heart with love divine;  
Since Thou didst shed Thy blood so  
precious,  
No more my own I'll be, but Thine.

2 O may Thy love be ever dwelling  
Within my heart, alone enthroned,  
All other love but Thine expelling,  
That love which for my sins atoned;  
Thou only, Jesus, be my Treasure,  
My Joy, my Crown while life shall  
last; [pleasure,  
None else on earth shall yield me  
None else in heaven, when earth is  
past.

3 Thy love in sorrow be my gladness,  
In weakness be Thy love my strength,  
And when from every earthly sadness  
My soul obtains release at length,  
Ah then, O Jesus, my Salvation,  
Forsake me not in death's dark hour;  
Thy love be then my consolation,  
My only hope, Thy saving power.  
Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

994

Tune 184.

To Thee I send my cry, Lord Jesus,  
Bow down Thine ear to my complaint;  
Thou art our Help when troubles seize  
us, [faint;  
When faith is weak, when hearts are  
Thy word be now my consolation,  
My sure support to strengthen faith;  
Thou art alone my hope's Foundation,  
To Thee I'll cleave in life and death.

2 Let neither lust nor fear affect me,  
May nothing draw me from Thy side;

O let Thy grace, good Lord, protect me,  
Thy grace alone my strength abide;  
Naught can I do whereby to merit  
Such grace as Thou dost freely give;  
Naught good have I, but through Thy  
I every gift, e'en life, receive. [Spirit  
Mary, Queen of Hungary, 1305-58.

995

Tune 184.

One view, Lord Jesus, of Thy passion  
Will make the fainting spirit glad;  
This yields us lasting consolation.  
When Thy dear blood, so freely shed,  
Pervades and heals both soul and body;  
When Thou dost give to us Thy peace;  
Ah, then our arms of faith are ready  
Thy Cross, O Jesus, to embrace.

2 No drop of blood Thou deem'dst too  
precious,  
To shed for sinners vile like me;  
O that Thy fire of love, dear Jesus,  
Inflamed my heart with love to Thee;  
May Thy atoning death and passion,  
Thy agony and bitter pain,  
Until my final consummation,  
Deep in my heart engraved remain.

3 O might I live in the enjoyment  
Of all my Lord for me hath gained;  
Might this be daily my employment,  
To muse on what His soul sustained;  
O may His hands, whereon engraven  
My poor and worthless name doth  
Support me, till I in the haven [stand,  
Of endless joy shall safely land.  
Moravian.

996

Tune 184.

For our transgressions Thou wast  
wounded,  
Our sins, O Lord, on Thee were laid;  
Thy sufferings, (oh, what love un-  
bounded!)  
For guilty man the debt have paid;  
With humble thanks we now adore Thee;  
Thy Cross our glory shall remain;  
Yet oft ashamed we weep before Thee,  
That we by sin the Lord have slain.  
Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1753-1836.

184, C.

997

Tune 184.

At God's right hand in countless numbers

The just, made perfect, joyful stand ;  
And myriads more from earth's dark slumbers [land :

Shall gain with songs the heavenly  
Our souls with sweet anticipation,

By faith these glorious realms desery -  
And from each kindred, tongue and nation,

We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2 O when shall I have that great favor,  
To see the approach of those blest days,  
When I shall welcome my dear Saviour  
With solemn strains, with joyful lays?

How blest will then be my condition,

When in my flesh I Christ shall see:

Though happy in His love's fruition  
E'en here, with Him I long to be.

3 What heavenly joy and consolation

This hope affords unto my heart.

That Christ, the God of my salvation,

Will me receive when I depart:

Then in His presence I for ever [praise:

With the redeemed shall sing His

O make me ready, blessèd Saviour,

To leave this world and see Thy face.

St. 1, Ignatius Montgomery ; st. 2, 3, Chr. Gregor.

998

Tune 184.

See from the rock the waters bursting  
In copious streams at God's command,  
His people to refresh, when thirsting,

With drought parched in a barren  
land : [mountain  
Thus plenteous flowed on Calvary's

The blood from Jesus' healing wounds:  
Here is for sin an open fountain,

Here everlasting life abounds.

Henriette Louise von Hayn, 1724-82.

999

Tune 184.

Thou art our Comfort, blessèd Jesus,

To Thee by faith O may we cleave ;

For all Thy mercies give Thee praises,

In happy union with Thee live:

Whene'er we call, Thou, Lord, wilt hear

And blessings on us all bestow ; [us,

Yea, for that solemn time prepare us,

When we in peace to Thee shall go.

2 The needy share Thy consolation,

The poor are objects of Thy love ;

Thou on the weakly hast compassion,

Thy sure support the aged prove:

Thou helpest us in our distresses,

Supplying kindly all our wants ;

We'll cast each burden that oppresses

On Thee, Who hearest our complaints.

G. Tranecker, 1717-1802.

184, F.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymn tunes, with block chords and simple melodic lines. The first system is labeled '184, F.' and the second system is unlabeled but continues the same piece.

1000

Tune 184.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
By Whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in Whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us a token,  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.  
Reginald Heber, 1788-1826.

1001

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 185.

Jesus, great High-Priest of our profes-  
We in confidence draw near; [sion,  
Condescend, in mercy, the confession  
Of our grateful hearts to hear:  
Thee we gladly own in every nation,  
Head and Master of Thy Congregation,  
Conscious that in every place  
Thou dispensest life and grace.

2 Thy blest people, trusting in Thy  
On the earth's extended face [merit,  
From each other far, but one in spirit,  
Sound with one accord Thy praise:  
May we never cease to make confession,  
That Thy death's the cause of our salva-  
We to Thee, our Head and King, [tion:  
Joyful hallelujahs sing.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1002

Tune 185.

Grace and peace from God our blessed  
Saviour  
Be with all who love His Name:  
Church of Christ, His service deem a  
Joyfully His death proclaim: [favor,  
Be prepared for rest or for employment,  
From activity derive enjoyment;  
Serve with zeal and faithfulness,  
Filled with love His Name confess.

2 Gracious Father, bless this congrega-  
As the purchase of Thy Son; [tion  
For His sake behold us with compas-  
And us all Thy children own; [sion,  
Jesus, grant to us Thy peace and favor;  
Holy Ghost, abide with us forever,  
And to us Christ's love explain:  
Hear us, Lord, our God: Amen.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1003

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 185.

With new life endowed by Christ our  
Saviour,  
May we to the world be dead;  
That great prize to gain be our endeavor,  
Purchased when for us He bled;  
By His love constrained may we adore  
Him, [Him,  
Thinking, speaking, acting, as before  
Being to His gracious mind  
Ever willingly resigned.

2 May we all be ever so disposèd  
In our hearts by day and night.  
As when, this life's period being closèd,  
We to Him shall take our flight;  
Or as when released from condemnation,  
We received the seal of our salvation,  
And obtainèd through His blood,  
Happiness and peace with God.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1004

Tune 185.

In Thy love and knowledge, gracious  
Saviour,  
May we more and more abound;  
Thy complete atonement shall for ever  
Of our doctrine be the ground; [ing,  
Grant that all may, in Thy word believ-  
And to Thee, the Vine, as branches  
cleaving,  
Through Thy Father's nursing care  
Fruit unto Thy honor bear.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1005

Tune 185.

More than all, one thing my heart is  
As its food by night or day; [craving,  
With it blessed and all trials braving,  
Through this wilderness we stray:



Ever on the Man to gaze adoring,  
 Who, in tears and bloody sweat, im-  
 On His face submissive sank [ploring,  
 And the Father's chalice drank.

2 Ever shall mine eyes, His form retain-  
 View the Lamb once slain for me, [ing,  
 When He yonder, pale and uncomplain-  
 Hangs upon the bitter Tree; [ing,  
 As He thirsting, wrestled in His anguish  
 That in hell my soul might never lan-  
 guish,—

Of me thinking, when His cry,  
 "It is finished!" rose on high.

3 O my Saviour! never shall Thy kind-  
 Nor my guilt forgotten be; [ness  
 While I sat a stranger in my blindness,  
 Thou didst still remember me; [ceded  
 For Thy sheep Thou long hadst inter-  
 Ere the Shepherd's gentle voice was  
 heeded,

And—a costly ransom-price!—  
 Bought me with Thy Sacrifice.

4 I am Thine! Say Thou: "Amen, for  
 Blessèd Jesus, mine Thou art; [ever!"  
 Let Thy precious Name escape me  
 never;

Stamp it burning on my heart.  
 With Thee all things bearing and  
 achieving;

In Thee, both to live and die, believing:  
 This our solemn covenant be,  
 Till my spirit rest in Thee!  
 Albert Knapp, 1798-1864; Thomas C. Porter, tr.

**1006** Tune 185.  
 To Thy brethren ever be propitious,  
 In our hearts Thy love reveal;

Grant that we may follow Thee, Lord  
 Fill our souls with ardent zeal, [Jesus,  
 To proclaim to many a heathen nation  
 Thy atoning death for our salvation:  
 May we constantly increase  
 Both in number and in grace.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

**1007** Tune 185.  
 Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and  
 Saviour!

Thou hast burst the bonds of death;  
 Grant us, as to Mary, that great favor,  
 To embrace Thy feet in faith.

Thou hast in our stead the curse en-  
 And for us eternal life procurèd; [durèd,  
 Joyful, we with one accord  
 Hail Thee as our risen Lord.

2 O Thou matchless Source of consol-  
 ation,

Scarce Thy resting moments end,  
 When a heart-enlivening salutation,  
 To Thy followers Thou dost send:  
 We would share Thy dear disciples'  
 feeling [ing;

When before their risen Master kneel-  
 Thus shall we, with all our heart,  
 Witness what a Friend Thou art.

Henriette Louise von Hayn, 1724-82.

**1008** Tune 185.

Bethany, O peaceful habitation,  
 Blessèd mansion, loved abode; [tion,  
 There my Lord had oft His resting sta-  
 Converse held in friendly mood:  
 With that bliss which Mary highly sa-  
 vored;

I could wish this day still to be favored;  
 But Thy presence makes to me  
 Every place a Bethany.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

**1009** Tune 185.

The unbounded love of my Creator  
 Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;  
 Why did Christ appear in human na-  
 'T was for me He man became: [ture?  
 While the whole world's Saviour I con-  
 fess Him,  
 As my own Redeemer I embrace Him,  
 And His merits I apply  
 To myself especially.

2 When with Him, my Lord, in closest  
 I can all things else forget; [union,  
 In His fellowship and blest communion,  
 I heaven's bliss anticipate;  
 By His presence He dispels all sadness,  
 Filling my poor soul with joy and glad-  
 Though I often am to blame, [ness:  
 Yet His love is still the same.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**1010** Tune 185.

Gracious Lord, our Shepherd and Sal-  
 In Thy presence we appear; [vation,  
 Own us as Thy flock and congregation,  
 Let us feel that Thou art near:

May we all enjoy Thy love and favor,  
And obey Thee as our Head and Saviour,  
Who by Thy most precious blood,  
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2 Lord, receive the thanks and adora-  
Which to Thee we humbly pay, [tion,  
For our calling and predestination,  
Blessèd Saviour, on this day;

Give us grace to walk as Thine  
anointed,

In the path Thou hast for us appointed;  
We devote most heartily  
Soul and body unto Thee.

3 Chosen flock, Thy faithful Shepherd  
follow,

Who laid down His life for thee;  
All thy days unto His service hallow,  
Each His true disciple be:

Evermore rejoice to do His pleasure,  
Be the fullness of His grace thy trea-  
sure;

Should success thy labor crown,  
Give the praise to Him alone.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1011

Tune 185.

We who here together are assembled,  
Joining hearts and hands in one,  
Bind ourselves with love that's undis-  
sembled,

Christ to love and serve alone;  
Oh, may our imperfect songs and praises  
Be well-pleasing unto Thee, Lord Jesus:

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"  
Amen, amen, be it so.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

1012

Tune 185.

When I visit Jesus' grave in spirit,  
It is never done in vain; [merit  
Since 'tis only from His death and  
I can life and strength obtain; [sion,  
Jesus' Cross, His last hours in His pas-  
Jesus' stripes, His wounds, and expi-  
Jesus' body and His blood, [ration,  
Shall remain my highest good.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

1013

Tune 185.

With Thy presence, Lord, our Head and  
Saviour,  
Bless us all, we humbly pray;  
Our dear Heavenly Father's love and  
favor

Be our comfort every day;  
May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding  
Favor us with His most gracious lead-  
Thus shall we be truly blest, [ing:  
Both in labor and in rest.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

1014

Tune 185.

Cheer Thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus,  
Who Thy dying love proclaim;  
That with joy they may to distant places  
Bear Thy great and glorious Name:

By Thy arm O may they be defended,  
Till their pilgrimage on earth is ended,  
And they are with Thee at rest:

Lord, we pray, hear our request.

Christopher Batty, 1715-97.

1015

Tune 185.

Bless, O Lord, we pray, Thy congrega-  
Bless each home and family; [tion,  
Bless the youth, the rising generation,  
Bless the children dear to Thee:  
Bless Thy servants, grant them help  
and favor,

Thee to glorify be their endeavor:

Lord on Thee we humbly call,  
Let Thy blessing rest on all.

Samuel T. Benade, 17646-1830.

1016

Tune 185.

Unto Jesus' Cross I'm now retiring,  
There my Saviour's pierced feet,  
Dying love a grateful sense inspiring,  
Bathed in tears I humbly greet;

Might I never lose this blest sensation,  
But in spirit fix my happy station  
On those heights so dear to me,  
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2 Might Thy dying love, dear suffering  
Saviour,

Which subdued my stubborn heart,  
Me constrain, and rule my whole beha-  
Till I from this world depart; [vior,  
Thus my mortal body I shall nourish,  
And as Thine with holy reverence cher-  
Earnestly intent to bear [ish,  
More of Thy blest image here.

3 With a mind from earthly cares di-  
vested,

Let me dwell by day and night,  
Where the body of my Saviour rested,  
Here I find supreme delight; [Mary,  
Here 'tis good for me, with pardoned  
At His sepulcher in faith to tarry;  
Thus in blessed fellowship  
With my Lord, I wake and sleep.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

1017

Tune 195.

To the soul that seeks Him Christ is  
gracious;

They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,  
But experience Him a God propitious;  
He the feeble doth sustain; [eth,  
Hungry souls He on rich pastures feed-  
Those who thirst, to living waters lead-  
Hears the needy sinner's cry, [eth,  
And to help and save is nigh.

2 Hath He joined us with the Church,  
sojourning

Here on earth, may we abide  
With loins girt, feet shod, and lamps  
bright-burning.

As He comes to call His bride:  
Watching, praying, wrestling with  
temptation.

Waiting, hoping, looking for salvation,  
May we to the end endure,  
Making our election sure.

Frederick William Foster, 1760-1835.

1018

Tune 185.

O delightful theme, past ail expression,  
"Thy Redeemer died for thee."  
Ah, this prompts my deepest adoration,  
When I hear, "He died for me."



Might my thoughts, my words and  
 whole behavior  
 Prove that I believe in Christ my Sa-  
 viour,  
 Yea, my love to Jesus show  
 His to me in all I do.

2 Lamb of God, Thou shalt remain for  
 Of our songs the only theme: ever  
 For Thy boundless love, Thy grace and  
 favor,

We will praise Thy saving Name.  
 That for our transgressions Thou wast  
 wounded, [sounded,  
 Shall by us in nobler strains be  
 When we, perfected in love,  
 Once shall join the Church above.  
 Christian Renuus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

1019

Tune 185.

Should our minds, to earthly objects  
 cleaving,

Of the mark forgetful prove?  
 God forbid, all earthly trifles leaving,  
 Let us fix our thoughts above,  
 Have with Christ in heaven our con-  
 versation,

Keep in view our blessèd destination,  
 As redeemed from this world's thrall,  
 To pursue our heavenly call.

2 Let us watch and pray and never  
 slumber,

Lest the foe approach unseen;  
 Cast away whate'er would us encumber;  
 Fear to touch the thing unclean;  
 Lest, escapèd from the world's pollution,  
 We again give way to sin's delusion:  
 Ah, 't would cause us pungent pain,  
 Christ to crucify again.

3 God be praised, though in ourselves  
 defiled,

Though sin cleaveth to us still,

1023.

GREGOR'S 189TH METRE. (B.)

Schenker Immanuel, Herzog der Frommen.

By the tempter we need not be foilèd,  
 If to Jesus we appeal; [eth :  
 Yet our Lord a faithful heart demand-  
 Happy, who with listening ear attendeth  
 To the Spirit's warning voice,  
 Nor His chastening doth despise.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

1020

Tune 185.

The Lord bless and keep thee in His  
 As His chosen property; [favor,  
 The Lord make His face shine on thee  
 And be gracious unto thee; [ever,  
 The Lord lift His countenance most  
 gracious

Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,  
 And His peace on thee bestow;  
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

1021

Tune 185.

Faithful Lord, my only joy and pleasure  
 Shall remain, while here I stay,  
 Thee, my matchless Friend and highest  
 To adore, serve and obey: [Treasure,  
 Though I in myself am weak and feeble,  
 Yet I trust Thy grace will me enable  
 By obedience to Thy will  
 All Thy purpose to fulfill.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1022

Tune 185.

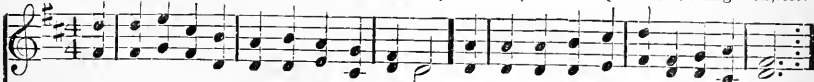
What affords the Christian warrior  
 vigor,

Who climbs rocks or sinks in sands,  
 Braving now of northern storms the  
 rigor,

Fainting then in southern lands?  
 Here no care avails, no circumspection,  
 But depending on his Lord's protection,  
 In His heavenly armor clad,  
 He moves on serene and glad.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

(11, 10, 11 10, 5, 5, 4, (? J. R. Ahle; Darm-  
 Mixed.) {stedter Gesangbuch, 1697.



189, B. (Who over-com-eth shall a-bide for-ev-er A pil-lar in God's temple, thro' His grace, )  
 (A-dorned with the name of God our Sa-viour, And of Je-ru-sa-lem His cho-sen place: )



Lord, make the fee-ble watch-ful and a-ble, That they be stead-fast and vic-to-ry gain.



189, E. Hark, hark, my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pil - grims of night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pil - grims of night.

1024

Tune 189.

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home—  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the  
 weary, [will come at last.  
 And heaven, the heart's true home,  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of  
 night.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches  
 keeping, [above;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs

Till morning's joy shall end the night  
 of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in  
 cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of  
 night.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.

GREGORY'S 192ND METRE. }  
*So fuerst Du doch recht setig.* } (10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) Darmstædter Gesangbuch, 1698.

192, A.

1025

Tune 192.

Still on Thy loving heart let me repose.  
 Jesus, sweet Author of my joy and  
 rest;

O let me pour my sorrows, cares and  
 woes,

Into Thy true and sympathizing  
 breast!

Thy love grows never cold, but its pure  
 flame

Seems every day more strong and  
 bright to glow:

Thy truth remains eternally the same,  
 Pure and unsullied as the mountain  
 snow.

2 O what is other love compared with  
 Thine,

Of such high value, such eternal  
 worth!

What is man's love compared with love  
 divine,

Which never changes in this chang-  
 ing earth,—

Love, which in this cold world grows  
 never cold;

Love, which decays not with the  
 world's decay;

Love, which is young when all things  
 else grow old,

Which lives when heaven and earth  
 shall pass away.

3 How little love unchangeable and fixed  
 In this dark valley doth to man  
 remain!

With what unworthy motive is it mixed!  
 How full of grief, uncertainty and  
 pain! [eyes:]

Love is the object which attracts all  
 We win it, and already fear to part:

A thousand rivals watch to seize the  
 prize, [heart.]

And tear the precious jewel from our

4 But Thou, in spite of our offences past,  
 And those, alas! which still in us are  
 found, [vast,  
 Hast loved us, Jesus, with a love so  
 No span can reach it, and no plum-  
 met sound.  
 Though the poor love we give Thee in  
 return [ever true:  
 Should be extinguished, Thine is  
 Its holy fire eternally doth burn,  
 Though everlasting, always fresh and  
 new.

5 Thou, Who art ever ready to embrace  
 All those who truly after Thee inquire;  
 Thou, Who hast promised in Thy heart  
 a place  
 To all who love Thee and a place de-  
 sire,—  
 O Lord, when I am anxious and deprest,  
 And, dim with tears, mine eyes can  
 hardly see,  
 O let me lean upon Thy faithful breast,  
 Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by Thee.  
 Karl J. P. Spitta, 1891-59; R. Massie, jr., 1860.

GRENINGEN.

*Gott ist grennwertig.*

(6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6, 6, Trochaic.)

Joachim Neander, 1679.

195, A.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a trochaic meter, with notes and rests corresponding to the 6-6-8-6-6-8-3-3-6-6 pattern.

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and common time. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

1026

Tune 195.

God reveals His presence;  
 Let us now adore Him,  
 And with awe appear before Him:  
 God is in His temple;  
 All in us keep silence,  
 Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.  
 Him alone, God we own,  
 Him our Lord and Saviour:  
 Praise His Name for ever.

2 God reveals His presence;  
 Hear the harps resounding, [ing:  
 See the crowds the throne surround—  
 "Holy, holy, holy,"  
 Hear the hymn ascending—  
 Angels, saints, their voices blending—  
 Bow Thine ear to us here;  
 Harken, O Lord Jesus,  
 To our songs and praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,  
 Purify our spirit,  
 Trusting only in Thy merit:  
 Like the holy angels  
 Who behold Thy glory,  
 May we ceaselessly adore Thee:  
 Let Thy will ever still  
 Rule Thy Church terrestrial  
 As the hosts celestial.

4 Grant us resignation,  
 Hearts before Thee bowèd,

With Thy peace divine endowèd:  
 As a tender flower  
 Opens and inclineth  
 To the cheering sun which shineth;  
 So may we be from Thee  
 Rays of grace deriving,  
 And thereby be thriving.

5 Jesus, condescending  
 To the meek and lowly  
 From Thy heaven high and holy,  
 Make us now Thy temple;  
 Waft us then to regions  
 Filled with bright seraphic legions;  
 May this hope bear us up,  
 Till these eyes for ever  
 Gaze on Thee, our Saviour.

Gerhardt Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Frederick  
 William Foster, 1760-1835, and William  
 Mercer, 1811-73, trs.

1027

Tune 195.

Lord God, our Salvation,  
 Let Thy grace and favor  
 Rest upon Thy Church forever;  
 Jesus, Thee to follow  
 Be our joy each hour;  
 Grant us all Thy Spirit's power,  
 To declare everywhere  
 The complete salvation,  
 Purchased by Thy passion.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.



1028

Tune 199.

A safe Stronghold our God is still,  
 A trusty Shield and Weapon;  
 He'll help us clear from all the ill  
 That hath us now o'ertaken.  
 The ancient prince of hell  
 Hath risen with purpose fell;  
 Strong mail of craft and power  
 He weareth in this hour,  
 On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,  
 Full soon were we down-ridden;  
 But for us fights the proper Man,  
 Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
 Ask ye, who is this same?  
 Christ Jesus is His Name,  
 The Lord Sabaoth's Son,  
 He and no other one  
 Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,  
 And watching to devour us,  
 We lay it not to heart so sore,  
 Not they can overpower us.  
 And let the prince of ill  
 Look grim as e'er he will,  
 He harms us not a whit:  
 For why? his doom is writ,  
 One little word shall slay him.

4 That word, for all their craft and force,  
 One moment will not linger,  
 But, spite of hell, shall have its course,  
 'T is written by His finger.  
 And though they take our life,  
 Goods, honor, children, wife,  
 Yet is their profit small;  
 These things shall vanish all,  
 The kingdom ours remaineth.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546; Thomas  
 Carlyle, tr., 1795-1881.

1029

Tune 199.

Send out Thy light and truth, O God,  
 With sound of trumpet from above;  
 Break not the nations with Thy rod,  
 But draw them as with cords of love;  
 Justice and mercy meet,  
 The work is well begun;  
 Through every clime, their feet,  
 Who bring salvation, run;  
 In earth as heaven, Thy will be done.

2 Before Thee every idol fall,  
 Rend the false prophet's veil of lies;  
 The fullness of the Gentiles call;  
 Be Israel saved, let Jacob rise;  
 Thy Kingdom come indeed,  
 Thy Church with union bless,  
 All Scripture be her creed,  
 And every tongue confess [ness.  
 One Lord,—the Lord our Righteous-

3 Now, for the travail of His soul,  
 Messiah's peaceful reign advance;  
 From sun to sun, from pole to pole,  
 He claims His pledged inheritance;  
 O Thou Most Mighty, gird  
 Thy sword upon Thy thigh,  
 That two-edged sword, Thy word,  
 By which Thy foes shall die.—[eye.  
 Then spring, new-born, beneath Thine

4 So perish all Thine enemies!  
 Their enmity alone be slain;  
 Them in the arms of mercy seize, [again:  
 Breathe and their souls shall come  
 So may Thy friends at length,  
 Oft smitten, oft laid low,  
 Forth, like the sun in strength,  
 Conquering, to conquer go.—  
 Till to Thy throne all nations flow.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1030

Tune 199.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out with exultation;  
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
 His works of love proclaim  
 The greatness of His Name;  
 For He is God alone  
 Who hath His mercy shewn;  
 Let all His saints adore Him.

2 When in distress to Him we cried,  
 He heard our sad complaining;  
 O trust in Him, whate'er betide,  
 His love is all-sustaining;  
 Triumphant songs of praise  
 To Him our hearts shall raise;  
 Now every voice shall say,  
 "O praise our God away;"  
 Let all His saints adore Him.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1031. GREGOR'S 201ST METRE. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, or { Popular Melody; Walther's  
*Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam.* } 8,8,8,8,8,8,8,8, Iambic.) } Chorgesangbuechlein, 1524.

201, A. { The eye can naught but wa-ter see, As by the hand of man'tis poured; }  
 { By faith a-lone the mys-ter-y Of Je-sus' blood may be ex-plored: } To

faith it is a crim-son flood, The pledge of Christ's re-deem-ing grace, Dyed with the Sav-iour's

precious blood, Which cleanses Ad-am's fall-en race And heal-eth ev-'ry wounded soul.

GREGOR'S 202ND METRE. } (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 4, 8, Iambic.) } { Johann Schneeesing, c 1536;  
*Allein zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ.* } Babel, 1545.

202, A.

1032 TUNE 202.

Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee alone  
 My hope on earth I place;  
 For other comforter is none,  
 Nor help save in Thy grace.  
 There is no man or creature here,  
 No angel in the heavenly sphere,  
 Who at my need can succor me:  
 I cry to Thee,  
 For Thou canst end my misery.  
 2 My sin is very sore and great,  
 I mourn its load beneath:

O free me from this heavy weight  
 Through Thy most precious death!  
 And with Thy Father for me plead,  
 That Thou hast suffered in my stead,  
 The burden then from me is rolled:  
 Lord, I lay hold  
 On Thy dear promises of old.  
 3 And of Thy grace on me bestow  
 True Christian faith, O Lord!  
 That all the sweetness I may know  
 That in Thy Cross is stored,—

Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,  
 And love my neighbor as myself;  
 And when at last is come my end,  
 Be Thou my Friend,  
 From all assaults my soul defend.

4 Glory to God in highest heaven  
 The Father of all love!

To His dear Son, for sinners given,  
 Whose grace we daily prove!  
 To God the Holy Ghost we cry,  
 That we may find His comfort nigh,  
 And learn how, free from sin and fear,  
 To please Him here,  
 And serve Him in the sinless sphere.

Johann Schneessing, d. 1567; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

PARACLETE.

*Komm Heil'ger Geist, Herre Gott!*

(8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 4, 4,  
 Iambic.)

f Ancient Church Melody, improved  
 by Martin Luther. c. 1524.

1033

Tune 203.

Come, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God,  
 And shed Thy heavenly gifts abroad  
 On us, and unto every heart  
 True faith and fervent love impart:  
 O Lord, Who by Thy heavenly light  
 Hast called Thy Church from sinful  
 night  
 Out of all nations, tribes, and places;  
 To Thee we render thanks and praises:  
 Hallelujah. :||

2 Thou Light Divine, most gracious  
 Revive us by Thy holy word, [Lord,  
 And teach Thy flock in truth to call  
 On God, the Father of us all:

From all strange doctrines us preserve:  
 No other master may we serve  
 But Christ, Who is our only Saviour;  
 In Him we will confide for ever:  
 Hallelujah. :||

3 O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,  
 Help us with watchfulness and prayer,  
 'Midst various trials Thee to obey,  
 And never from the truth to stray:  
 O Lord, by Thy almighty grace,  
 Prepare us so to run our race,  
 That we, by Thy illumination,  
 May gain heaven's glorious habitation:  
 Hallelujah. :||

Herrmannus Contractus of Reichenau, b. 1013;  
 ? Robert of France, 972-1031.

205, A.

1034

Tune 205.

Rise, exalt our Head and King;  
 Praise the Lord Who ever lives:  
 Glad we are His praise to sing;  
 He His people's praise receives:  
 On His powerful day they rise,  
 Offering free-will sacrifice;  
 His victorious triumph this,  
 Since hell's host defeated is.

2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,  
 Service yield to Him with joy;  
 Praise with every breath His Name,  
 Grace to extol be your employ:  
 Grace supports us every day,  
 Leads us in the narrow way;  
 'T is through grace alone that we  
 Can obtain the victory.

3 Gracious Lord, may we believe:  
 Venture all on Thy free grace;  
 Boldly things not seen achieve,  
 Trusting in Thy promises:  
 Faith Thy people's strong-hold is:  
 Their employment daily this,  
 To proceed on paths unknown,  
 Leaning on Thy arm alone.

4 Christ, Thy all-atoning death  
 Is our life while here below;  
 Strengthen Thou our feeble faith,  
 Constantly Thy aid bestow:  
 In Thy mercy we confide,  
 Safely to the end us guide;  
 Zion, if Thy Head depart,  
 Void of life and strength thou art.

5 Lord, Thy body ne'er forsake,  
 Ne'er Thy Congregation leave:  
 We to Thee our refuge take,  
 Of Thy fullness we receive:  
 Every other help be gone,  
 Thou art our Support alone:  
 For on Thy supreme commands  
 All the universe depends.

St. Land 2. Matthew Hehl, 1704-87; St. 3, 4 and 5,  
 Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1035

Tune 205.

Oh, exalt and praise the Lord,  
 Laud His Name for evermore,  
 Gratefully with one accord,  
 With the angels, Him adore;  
 Thank Him for His faithfulness  
 Where with He His witnesses,  
 Who in heaven are perfected,  
 Through great tribulation led.

2 May we always have in view  
 The example of our Lord,  
 Faithfully His steps pursue,  
 Giving heed unto His word;  
 In our bodies, while we've breath,  
 May we hear about His death,  
 That His life may even here  
 In our mortal flesh appear.

3 Let us call to mind with joy,  
 Those who have before us gone,  
 Who obtained the victory  
 Through the blood of Christ alone;  
 That we all may zealously  
 Imitate their constancy,  
 That we too the prize receive,  
 And with them in glory live.

P. Herbertus, d. 1571.

1036

Tune 205.

Happy race of witnesses,  
 Whom God's Spirit doth ordain  
 To make known what God hath done,  
 Ye can only victory gain  
 By that sacred covenant-blood,  
 Which the fathers, bold in God,  
 Wrote in faith on every door,  
 That the slayer might pass o'er.

2 Israel's seed, from slavery freed,  
 Ate with joy their paschal lamb;  
 But the Bride of Christ Who died,  
 Her from bondage to redeem,  
 Hath another passover:  
 There the shadow, substance here;  
 She enjoys the flesh and blood  
 Of the slaughtered Lamb of God.



3 Ere we taste the rich repast,  
Which He offers graciously,  
On our food, His flesh and blood,  
Feasting in the sanctuary;  
Ere the sacrament to enjoy,  
We with awe to Him draw nigh:  
We in love and fellowship  
This communion love-feast keep.

4 Eat and rest at this great feast,  
Then to serve Him freely go,  
As it is for pilgrims fit,  
As disciples ought to do:  
We, when Jesus we shall see  
Coming in His majesty,  
Shall the marriage-supper share,  
If we His true followers are.

5 Then will be of ransomed souls  
An innumerable throng;  
"Lamb once slain, to Thee pertain  
Thanks and praise," will be their  
"Hallelujah," will they cry, [song];  
Singing in sweet harmony:  
"Mid all trials we o'ercame  
Only by Thy blood, O Lamb."  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**1037** Tune 205.

Hark! a Voice divides the sky,  
"Happy are the faithful dead!  
In the Lord who sweetly die,  
They from all their toils are freed.  
Them the Spirit hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest:  
Jesus is their great Reward,  
Jesus is their endless Rest.

2 "Followed by their works they go  
Where their Head hath gone before;  
Reconciled by grace below,  
Grace hath opened mercy's door;  
Justified through faith alone,  
Here they knew their sins forgiven;  
Here they laid their burden down,  
Hallowed, and made meet for  
Heaven."

3 Yes! the Christian's course is run!  
Ended is the glorious strife;  
Fought the fight, the work is done;  
Death is swallowed up in life!  
Lo, the prisoner is released,  
Lightened of his weary load;  
Where the weary are at rest,  
He is gathered unto God!

4 Who can now lament the lot  
Of a saint in Christ deceased?  
Let the world, who know us not,  
Call us hopeless and unblest:  
When from flesh the spirit freed,  
Hastens homeward to return,  
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"  
Angels sing, "A child is born!"  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

**1038** Tune 205.

Oh, how great, how rich, how free,  
Is the grace which Christ bestows!

Only cast your misery  
At the foot of Jesus' Cross;  
Weeping at the throne of grace  
Lie, and never quit the place,  
Never, till your snit's obtained,  
Never, till the blessing's gained.  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**1039** Tune 205.

Lord, while I with Thee remain,  
Thou wilt near Thy child abide,  
Till, Thy perfect aim to attain,  
I am wholly sanctified:  
All my wants, all my distress,  
I'll to Thee, my Lord, confess;  
Soon will come the happy day,  
When all tears are wiped away.  
George Henry Loskiel, 1740-1813.

**1040** Tune 205.

Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,  
Own Thy people, seal us Thine:  
Thee to obey from day to day  
By Thy Spirit us incline:  
Us forever bless and keep,  
Mark us as Thy chosen sheep,  
From Thy fullness to us grant  
Every grace and gift we want.  
Frederick William Foster, 1760-1835.

**1041** Tune 205.

Let Thy presence go with me,  
Saviour, else I dare not move;  
With Thy aid and led by Thee,  
I will go, constrained by love;  
Serve Thy cause with all my might,  
Deeming every burden light:  
And if favored with success,  
To Thee render all the praise.  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

**1042** Tune 205.

Warrior, at thy station stand,  
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,  
With the shield of faith in hand,  
Fearless, let what may befall:  
Nothing fill thee with dismay,  
Hunger, toil, or length of way:  
In the strength of Jesus boast;  
Never, never quit thy post.  
Zinzendorf 1700-60.

**1043** Tune 205.

Sinners, come, the Saviour see,  
Hands, feet, side and temples view;  
See Him bleeding on the Tree;  
See, His heart is pierced for you:  
View awhile, then haste away,  
Find a thousand more and say,  
"Come, ye sinners, come with me,  
View Him bleeding on the Tree."

2 Who would still such mercy grieve?  
Sinners, hear instruction mild:  
Doubt no more, but now believe,  
Each become a little child;  
Artful doubts and reasonings be  
Nailed with Jesus to the Tree;  
Mourning souls who simple are,  
Surely shall the blessing share.  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1044

Tune 205.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide:  
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, O leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring:  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!  
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care!

MARTYN. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

FINE. D.C.

205, K.

RAMOTH. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

J. Baptiste Calkin..

205, E.

1045

Tune 205.

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

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

Reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
 While I of Thy strength receive,  
 Hoping against hope I stand,  
 Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 All in all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Just and holy is Thy Name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

Charles Wesley, 1703-88.

S. B. Marsh, 1834.

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 see Thy face at length,  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:  
 Guide me through a world of sin;  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;  
 Give me at Thy side a place:  
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art,  
 Guide and guard my erring heart:  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,  
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847.

205, G.

1046

Tune 205.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you—Why?  
 God, Who did your being give,  
 Made you with Himself to live;  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of His own hands,—  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?  
 He Who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died Himself that ye might live.  
 Will ye let Him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why,  
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?  
 He, Who all your lives hath strove,  
 Urged you to embrace His love:  
 Will ye not His grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,  
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1047

Tune 205.

All the bliss which we possess,  
 Is derived from Jesus' Cross;  
 He to God hath by His blood  
 Reconciled and savèd us;  
 Now His righteousness is found  
 Our salvation's only ground;  
 Hence all our felicity  
 Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen, yea, hallelujah;  
 Lord, our Comfort, Joy and Peace,  
 By Thy Cross Thou gain'dst for us  
 Everlasting happiness:  
 Since the effects we richly prove  
 Of this wondrous act of love,  
 With what gratitude should we  
 Raise our hearts and eyes to Thee!

St. 1, Zinzendorf, 1700-60; St. 2, Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

1048

Tune 205.

Object of my first desire,  
 Jesus, crucified for me;

All to happiness aspire,  
 Only to be found in Thee.  
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,  
 This be all our bliss below,  
 Thee to see and Thee to love,  
 This shall be our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
 If Thy presence Thou deny;  
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
 'Tis no longer death to die.  
 Source and Giver of repose,  
 Only from Thy smile it flows;  
 Peace and happiness are Thine,—  
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,  
 Every object teems with joy;  
 May I ever walk with Thee,  
 For 't is bliss without alloy.  
 Let me but Thyself possess,  
 Total sum of happiness:  
 Perfect peace I then shall prove,  
 Heaven below and heaven above.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1740-78.

1049

Tune 205.

Lamb of God, Thy precious blood,  
 Healing wounds and bitter death,  
 Be our trust, our only boast,  
 Blessèd object of our faith;  
 Thy once marrèd countenance  
 Comfort to our hearts dispense;  
 By Thy anguish, stripes and pain  
 May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore Thee evermore,  
 Jesus, for Thy boundless grace;  
 For Thy Cross, whereby for us  
 Thou hast gained true happiness;  
 For Thy death, which sets us free  
 From sin's cruel slavery;  
 For Thy all-atoning blood,  
 Which hath brought us nigh to God.

3 Through Thy grace, may we always  
 Put our trust in Thee by faith,  
 And rely eternally,  
 On Thy meritorious death;  
 Fill our hearts with constant peace,  
 Till in Thee we end our race,  
 And shall Thee for evermore  
 'Midst the ransomed hosts adore.

St. 1 and 2, Countess Zinzendorf, 1700-66; St. 3, Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

## 1050

Tune 205.

Come, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!  
 All is safely gathered in,  
 Ere the winter storms begin:  
 God our Maker doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied:  
 Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest Home!

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

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

4 Even so, Lord! quickly come  
 To Thy final Harvest Home;  
 Gather Thou Thy people in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
 There for ever purified  
 In Thy presence to abide:  
 Come with all Thine angels, come,  
 Raise the glorious Harvest Home.

Henry Alford, 1810-71.

## 1051

Tune 205.

Hark! the song of jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,  
 Or the fullness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore!  
 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign!  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.  
 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,  
 From the depths unto the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies!

See Jehovah's banner furled!  
 Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'tis  
 And the kingdoms of this world [done]  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign, when like a scroll  
 Yonder heavens have passed away.  
 Then the end: beneath His rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall:  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 1052

Tune 205.

Swell the anthem, raise the song;  
 Praises to our God belong;  
 Saints and angels join to sing  
 Praises to the Heavenly King.  
 Blessings from His liberal hand  
 Flow around this happy land:  
 Kept by Him, no foes annoy:  
 Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway  
 May we cheerfully obey;  
 Never feel oppression's rod,  
 Ever own and worship God.  
 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
 Praises to the King of kings;  
 Let us join the choral song,  
 And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong, 1748-1816.

## 1053

Tune 205.

Let us sing, with one accord,  
 Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord,  
 He hath made us by His power,  
 He hath kept us to this hour,  
 He redeems us from the grave,  
 He Who died now lives to save;  
 Hearts and voices let us raise,  
 He is worthy Whom we praise.

2 Angels praise Him, so will we,  
 Sinful children though we be;  
 Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,  
 Jesus helps the weak and poor.  
 Dear to Him is childhood's prayer,  
 Children's hearts to Him are dear;  
 Hearts and voices let us raise,  
 He is worthy Whom we praise.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1779-1847, alt

## 1054

Tune 205.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,  
Angels waiting on His word,  
Saints that walk with Him in white,  
Pilgrims walking in His light :  
Glory to the Eternal One,  
Glory to His only Son,  
Glory to the Spirit be  
Now, and through eternity.

## 1055

Tune 205.

Hasten, Lord! the glorious time  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel's call obey.  
Mightiest kings His power shall own,  
Heathen tribes His Name adore;  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness and joy and peace  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.  
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;  
Ever praise His glorious Name;  
All His mighty acts record;  
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

## 1056

Tune 205.

Come, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine;  
Give we all, with one accord,  
Glory to our common Lord;  
Hearts and hands and voices raise;  
Sing as in the ancient days;  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God;  
We like them may live and love;  
Called we their joys to prove,  
Saved with them from future wrath,  
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' Name,  
Now as yesterday the same:  
One in every time and place,  
Full for all of truth and grace:  
We for Christ, our Master, stand,  
Lights in a benighted land;  
We our dying Lord confess;  
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1057

Tune 205.

He has come! the Christ of God  
Left for us His glad abode;  
Stooping from His throne of bliss,  
To this darksome wilderness.  
He has come! the Prince of peace;  
Come to bid our sorrows cease;  
Come to scatter with His light  
All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!  
Making this poor earth His home;  
Come to bear our sin's sad load;  
Son of David, Son of God!

He has come, Whose Name of grace  
Speaks deliverance to our race;  
Left for us His glad abode;  
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a Child is born!  
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,  
Among all the morns of time,  
Half so glorious in its prime.  
Unto us a Son is given!  
He has come from God's own heaven,  
Bringing with Him from above  
Holy peace and holy love.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1058

Tune 205.

Happiness, delightful name,  
Where may it be found, oh, where?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All confess, it is not here:  
Jesus crucified to know,  
This is happiness below;  
Him to see, adore, and love,  
This is happiness above.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

## 1059

Tune 205.

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 afflictions 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 amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 1060

Tune 205.

Christ, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the saints below,  
Hear us, who Thy Nature share,  
Who Thy mystic Body are,  
Join us, in one spirit join,  
Let us still receive of Thine:  
Still for more on Thee we call,  
Thou Who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide,  
Divers gifts to each divide:  
Placed according to Thy will,  
Let us all our work fulfill:  
Never from our office move;  
Needful to each other prove;  
Let us daily growth receive,  
More and more in Jesus live.

205, H.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,  
 Touched with softest sympathy;  
 Kindly for each other care;  
 Every member feel its share.  
 Many are we now and one,  
 We who Jesus have put on;  
 Names, and sects, and parties fall:  
 Thou, O Christ, art All-in-all.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1061

Tune 205.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing  
 Praise to our victorious King,  
 Who hath washed us in the tide  
 Flowing from His pierced side;  
 Praise we Him, Whose love divine  
 Gives His sacred blood for wine,  
 Gives His body for the feast,  
 Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.  
 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,  
 Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,  
 Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;  
 With sincerity and love  
 Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,  
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;  
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
 Thou hast brought us life and light;  
 Now no more can death appall,  
 Now no more the grave enthral;  
 Thou hast opened paradise,  
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
 Sin alone can this destroy:  
 From sin's power do Thou set free  
 Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
 Hymns of glory and of praise,  
 Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;  
 Holy Father, praise to Thee  
 With the Spirit ever be.

Robert Campbell, tr., d. 1868.

1062

Tune 205.

Are you formed a creature new,  
 Cleansed by Jesus' precious blood?  
 Can you Christ in spirit view,  
 Reconciled by Him to God?

Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,  
 Mingle with the virgin-row;  
 Have you oil, you need not fear,  
 Though this moment He appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,  
 Slumber not 'mid worldly care;  
 Let your lamps be all on flame,  
 For His coming now prepare:  
 Then when'er you hear the cry,  
 "Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,"  
 You will not confounded be,  
 But can meet Him cheefully.

3 Let us walk the narrow way,  
 Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,  
 Trim our lamps from day to day,  
 Adding, still, recruits of oil:  
 Doubly doth the Spirit rest  
 On his happy, peaceful breast,  
 Who himself to praying gives,  
 Who a life of watching lives.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1063

Tune 205.

Resting in the silent grave,  
 Spent with torments, pangs and cries,  
 See the Lord God, strong to save;  
 Him Whose thunders shake the skies;  
 'T was for me He groaned, He bled,  
 And was numbered with the dead;  
 Sacred body, with amaze  
 Thankfully on Thee I gaze.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758-1836.

1064

Tune 205.

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 eyes beheld them good,  
 While they sung with sweet accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore:  
 Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by Thee redeemed,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

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

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1065

Tune 205.

Brethren, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear;  
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
One that loves us to the end:  
Forward, then, with courage go;  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares  
Lie, to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part:  
But, from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within;  
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,  
Christ shall also conquer these;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

Joseph Swaine, 1761-96.

1066

Tune 205.

Lord, for ever at Thy side  
May my place and portion be;  
Strip me of the robe of pride,  
Clothe me with humility.  
Meekly may my soul receive  
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;  
Thou hast spoken: I believe,  
Though the prophecy were sealed.  
2 Quiet as a wean'd child,  
Wean'd from the mother's breast,  
By no subtlety beguiled,  
On Thy faithfulness I rest.  
Saints rejoicing evermore,  
In the Lord Jehovah trust;  
Him in all His ways adore,  
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1067

Tune 205.

Him on yonder Cross I love:  
Naught on earth I else count dear!  
May He mine for ever prove,  
Who is now so inly near!  
Here I stand: what'er may come,  
Days of sunshine or of gloom,  
From this word I will not move:  
Him upon the Cross I love!  
2 'T is not hidden from my heart  
What true love must often bring;  
Want and grief have sorest smart,  
Care and scorn can sharply sting;

Nay, but if Thy will were such,  
Bitterest death were not too much!  
Dark though here my course may  
Him upon the Cross I love! [prove,  
3 Know ye Whence my strength is  
drawn,  
Fearless thus the fight to wage?  
Why my heart can laugh to scorn  
Fleshly weakness, Satan's rage?  
'T is, I know, the love of Christ:  
Mighty is that love unpriced!  
What can grieve me, what can move?  
Him upon the Cross I love!

4 Once the eyes that now are dim,  
Shall discern the changeless love  
That hath led us home to Him,  
That hath crowned us far above:  
Would to God that all below,  
What that love is, now might know!  
And their hearts this word approve:  
Him upon the Cross I love!

J. E. Greding, 1723; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1068

Tune 205.

Holy Father, hear my cry,  
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;  
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh:  
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!  
Father, save me from my sin;  
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave:  
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:  
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!  
2 Father, let me taste Thy love;  
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;  
Spirit, come my heart to move:  
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!  
Father, Son, and Spirit—Thou  
One Jehovah, shed abroad  
All Thy grace within me now;  
Be my Father and my God!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1069

Tune 205.

When along life's thorny road  
Faints the soul beneath the load,  
By its cares and sins oppressed,  
Finds on earth no peace or rest;  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubt and fear:  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
Jesus, we will look to Thee.  
2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne  
List'nest to Thy people's moan:  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang Thy members bear;  
Full of tenderness Thou art,  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart:  
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell.  
3 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of heaven;  
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,  
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;  
Jesus, then we all shall be  
Ever—ever—Lord, with Thee.

James George Deck, b. 1802.

205, I.

FINE. D. S.

## 1070

Tune 205.

Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee  
 Low we bend the adoring knee;  
 When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
 Oh, by all Thy pains and woe  
 Suffered once for man below,  
 Bending from Thy throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
 By Thy life of want and tears,  
 By Thy days of sore distress  
 In the savage wilderness;  
 By the dread mysterious hour  
 Of the insulting tempter's power,—  
 Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye:  
 Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept  
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
 By the boding tears that flowed  
 Over Salem's loved abode;  
 By the anguished sigh that told  
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
 From Thy seat above the sky,  
 Hear our solemn litany!

4 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!

5 By the 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!

Robert Grant, 1785-1833.

## 1071

Tune 205.

Take my life, and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
 Take my hands, and let them move  
 At the impulse of Thy love,  
 Take my feet, and let them be  
 Swift and beautiful for Thee,  
 Take my voice and let me sing  
 Always, only, for my King.

2 Take my lips, and let them be  
 Filled with messages from Thee,  
 Take my silver and my gold,  
 Not a mite would I withhold;  
 Take my moments and my days,  
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise,  
 Take my intellect, and use  
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own!  
 It shall be Thy royal throne.  
 Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
 At Thy feet its treasure-store;  
 Take myself, and I will be,  
 Ever, only, all, for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

## 1072

Tune 205.

Little travelers Zionward,  
 Each one entering into rest,  
 In the kingdom of your Lord,  
 In the mansions of the blest:  
 There, to welcome, Jesus waits,  
 Gives the crowns His followers win.  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
 Let the little travelers in.

2 Who are they whose little feet,  
 Pacing life's dark journey through,  
 Now have reached that heavenly seat  
 They have ever kept in view?  
 "I from Greenland's frozen land;"  
 "I from India's sultry plain;"  
 "I from Africa's barren sand;"  
 "I from islands of the main."



3 All their earthly journey past,  
 Every tear and pain gone by,  
 Here together met at last  
 At the portal of the sky :

Each the welcome, "Come," awaits,  
 Conquerors over death and sin ;  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
 Let the little travelers in.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.  
 E. J. Hopkins.

CULFORD. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

BENEVENTO. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

S. Webbe.

1073

Tune 205.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hastened through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Nevermore to meet us here :  
 Fixed in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait, —  
 But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts and leaves no trace behind,  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
 All below is but a dream.

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

Bless Thy word to young and old;  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
 And, when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with Thee above!

John Newton, 1725-1807.  
 { Felix Mendelssohn-  
 Bartholdy, 1840.

CHRISTMAS. [HERALD ANGELS.] } (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) {

Vaterland, in deinen Gauen.

205, R.

Hark! the herald angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King.

Ped.

1074

Tune 205.

Hark! the herald angels sing:  
 "Glory to the new-born King!  
 Glory in the highest heaven,  
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven."  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;  
 Join the triumph of the skies:  
 With th' angelic host proclaim:  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
 REF.—Hark! the herald angels sing:  
 "Glory to the new-born King!"

2 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
 Hail the Incarnate Deity!  
 Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
 Jesus, our Immanuel.  
 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.—REF.

3 Lo, 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.  
 Sing we, then, with angels sing:  
 "Glory to the new-born King!  
 Glory in the highest heaven,  
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven."

REF.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1075

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 208.

In Thine arm I rest me,  
 Foes, who would molest me,  
 Cannot reach me here;  
 Though the earth be shaking,  
 Every heart be quaking,  
 Jesus calms my fear;  
 Sin and hell in conflict fell  
 With their heaviest storms assail me,  
 Jesus will not fail me.

2 Satan, I defy thee;  
 Death, I need not fly thee;  
 Fear, I bid thee cease!  
 Rage, O world; thy noises  
 Cannot drown our voices,  
 Singing still of peace;  
 For God's power guards every hour,  
 Earth and all the depths adore Him,  
 Silent bow before Him.

3 Wealth, I will not heed thee,  
 Wherefore should I need thee,  
 Jesus is my Joy!  
 Honors, ye may glisten,  
 But I will not listen,  
 Ye the soul destroy!  
 Want, or loss, or shame, or cross,  
 Ne'er to leave my Lord shall move me,  
 Since He deigns to love me.

4 Hence, all thoughts of sadness,  
For the Lord of gladness,  
Jesus, enters in!  
Those who love the Father,  
Though the storms may gather,  
Still have peace within:  
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,  
Still in Thee lies purest pleasure,  
Jesus, priceless Treasure.

Johann Frank, 1618-77.

1076

Tune 208.

Lamb of God, my Saviour,  
Thou shalt be for ever  
My most favorite theme:  
And for Thy atonement  
Might I every moment  
Praise Thy saving Name;  
Constantly Thy passion be.  
Till my final consummation,  
My heart's meditation.

John Cenmck, 1718-55.

1077

Tune 208.

None but Christ, my Saviour,  
Loves with matchless fervor;  
This is surely true;  
Souls in Him believing,  
Of His grace receiving,  
Find it daily new:  
Yea, His mercy far exceeds  
All to think or say we're able;  
'T is incomparable.

2 Yea, His own He guideth,  
Faithful He abideth,  
Till His thoughts of peace  
Fully are accomplished,  
And, our race here finished,  
We shall see His face:  
O rejoice with heart and voice,  
Church of God, and praise for ever  
His unbounded favor.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.



2 May I gladly haste to meet Thee  
 When Thou com'st to summon me,  
 Yes, to take me home to Thee,  
 Where I may behold Thee ever,  
 Gaze upon Thee, precious Saviour,  
 Clothed with Thy own righteousness:  
 Only thus I'm freed from fear.  
 Lord, my God,  
 Let me dwell with Thee for ever  
 And enjoy Thy loving favor  
 With all souls that bear Thy Name.  
 Blest, truly blest are they who now the  
 Gospel-call obey,  
 For they shall dwell with Thee in  
 heaven, that realm of endless day.

Johann Wilhelm Petersen, 1649-1727.

1080

Tune 211.

Hail, thou martyr host of heaven!  
 Now no more your bodies languish  
 Under sword, fire, pain and anguish;  
 Victor palms to you are given,  
 Who in Jesus' service fell,  
 Nobly in His service fell,  
 Battling 'gainst the powers of hell.  
 Sing! Sing! Sing!  
 Sing in triumph, sing with rapture!  
 For your bitter trials here  
 Now a golden crown you wear;  
 Shout and rejoice, for a glorious reward  
 in heaven you share! :|:

From the German.



1081

Tune 212.

Head of the Church Triumphant,  
 We joyfully adore Thee;  
 Till Thou appear, Thy members here  
 Shall sing like those in glory.  
 We lift our hands and voices  
 With blest anticipation,  
 And cry aloud, and give to God  
 The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,  
 And passing through the fire,  
 Thy love we praise in grateful lays,  
 That ever brings us nigher.  
 We lift our hands exulting  
 In Thine almighty favor;  
 The love divine that made us Thine,  
 Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people  
 Through torrents of temptation;  
 Nor will we fear while Thou art near,  
 The fire of tribulation.  
 The world, with sin and Satan,  
 In vain our march opposes;  
 By Thee we shall break through them  
 And sing the song of Moses. [all,

4 By faith we see the glory  
 To which Thou shalt restore us;  
 The cross despise for that high prize  
 Which Thou hast set before us:  
 And if Thou count us worthy,  
 We each, as dying Stephen,  
 Shall see Thee stand at God's right  
 To take us up to heaven. [hand,

Charles Wesley, 1795-98.

1082

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 214.

I will sing to my Creator,  
 Unto God I'll render praise,  
 Who by every thing in nature  
 Magnifies His tender grace:  
 Naught but loving condescension  
 Still inclines His faithful heart  
 To support and take their part,  
 Who pursue His blest intention.  
 All things to their period tend,  
 But His mercy has no end.

2 His good Spirit's blest direction  
 He vouchsafes me in His word,  
 And His wings their kind protection  
 In my pilgrimage afford:  
 When my natural strength is shrinking,  
 In the time of utmost need,  
 He, my God, draws nigh with speed,  
 And recovers me from sinking.  
 All things to their period tend,  
 But His mercy has no end.

3 As a bird is wont to gather  
 Her young brood beneath her wings,  
 So has He, my Heavenly Father,  
 Kept me safe from hurtful things;

Had my God withdrawn His favor,  
 Had not His protecting grace  
 Saved me in each trying case,  
 I should have been help'd never.  
 All things to their period tend,  
 But His mercy has no end.

4 This I know with full conviction,  
 As a maxim ever sure,  
 Christian crosses and affliction  
 Do but for a time endure:  
 After Winter's frost and snowing  
 Smiling Summer then appears;  
 After sadness, pains and fears,  
 Joyful comforts will be flowing.  
 All things to their period tend,  
 But His mercy has no end.

5 Since nor end, nor bounds, nor mea-  
 In God's mercies can be found, [sure  
 Heart and hands I lift with pleasure,  
 As a child in duty bound;  
 Humbly still, this grace imploring,  
 Thee to love with all my might;  
 Thee to serve both day and night,  
 Till to higher regions soaring,  
 Fuller bliss I taste above,  
 Endless praise, and perfect love.

Paul Gerhardt, 1697-76.

214, A.

1083

Tune 214.

Glory, praise, to Thee be given,  
 God of grace, with sweetest tone,  
 Let all tribes on earth, in heaven,  
 Bowing low before Thy throne,  
 Without ceasing give Thee praises  
 For angelic hosts and powers,  
 To defend both us and ours;  
 This shall tune our grateful phrases:  
 Worthy hymns how shall we raise,  
 Lord of angels, Thee to praise!

Johann Rist, 1607-67.

May His presence still attend thee;  
 Mayst thou sit by day and night  
 In His shadow with delight:  
 His all-powerful arm defend thee,  
 Prize, O prize, thy lot of grace,  
 Live unto thy Saviour's praise.

1084

Tune 214.

Praise the Lord with hearts and voices,  
 Christian people o'er the earth;  
 Fitting that His Church rejoices  
 Fore her Lord with holy mirth.  
 He is free from death's dark prison,  
 Christ Who came with heavenly grace;  
 Lion He of Judah's race;  
 Christ our Saviour now is risen,  
 Now is ended all the strife;  
 Church, rejoice in Christ thy Life.

Johann Rist, 1607-67.

2 Grant, we fervently implore Thee,  
 That, while pilgrims here below,  
 We may walk in truth before Thee,  
 Lord, and in Thy knowledge grow,  
 Showing forth Thy matchless praises;  
 Thou Who out of sin's dark night  
 Hast to Thine own marvelous light  
 Called Thy people, O Lord Jesus;  
 Keep and seal us ever Thine,  
 Leave with us Thy peace divine.

Ch. Aug. Pohlman, 1777-1843.

1085

Tune 214.

Peace be to thy every dwelling,  
 City by Jehovah blest:  
 Who, His grace to thee revealing,  
 Thee preserves in peace and rest.

1086

Tune 214.

Though by nature I'm defiled,  
 Jesus' blood hath made me clean;  
 He my sin-sick soul hath healèd;  
 Yea, though traces still remain  
 Of my former sad condition,  
 When to Him for help I cry,  
 He to soothe my grief is nigh:  
 Lord, remain my kind Physician,  
 I, Thy patient, then am sure  
 Thou wilt work a perfect cure.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

215, A.

1087

Tune 215.

Dost Thou in a manger lie,  
Who hast all created,  
Stretching infant hands on high,  
Saviour, long awaited?  
If a monarch, where Thy state?  
Where Thy court on Thee to wait?  
Royal purple, where?  
Here no regal pomp we see;  
Naught but need and penury:  
Why thus cradled here?  
2 " Pitying love for fallen man  
Brought Me down thus low;  
For a race deep lost in sin,  
Come I unto woe.  
By this lowly birth of Mine,

Sinner, riches shall be thine,  
Matchless gifts and free:  
Willingly this yoke I take,  
And this sacrifice I make.  
"Heaping joys for thee."  
3 Fervent praise would I to Thee  
Evermore be raising;  
For Thy wondrous love to me  
Thee be ever praising.  
Glory, glory, be for ever,  
Unto that most bounteous Giver,  
And that loving Lord!  
Better witness to Thy worth,  
Purer praise than ours on earth,  
Angels' songs afford.

John Mauburn, 1460-1500; Elizabeth  
Rundle Charles, tr., b. 1828.

GREGOR'S 218TH METRE. } (9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 9, 8, 9, 8, Iambic.) { ? E. F. Richter, 1700;  
Wie wohl ist mir, O Freund der Seelen. } Freylinghausen, 1704.

218, A.





1088

Tune 218.

How blest am I, most gracious Saviour,  
 Reposing on Thy sacred love; [favor,  
 With grief o'erwhelmed, I seek Thy  
 And Thy reviving bounty prove:  
 The dismal clouds of night must vanish,  
 When joys divine my heart replenish,  
 While I recline upon Thy breast:  
 Ah, then I find on earth my heaven:  
 Such comforts to all those are given,  
 Who seek in Thee their peace and rest.

2 If my sin's burden would oppress me  
 Or legal thunders me affright,  
 Or fear of death and hell distress me,  
 By faith to Thee I take my flight:  
 In Thee I always find protection  
 From Satan's darts and sin's infection,  
 Thou art my Shield and Hiding-place;  
 Though foes assail in combination,  
 Who shall condemn? Lord, my Salvation,  
 My confidence is in Thy grace.

W. C. Dessler, 1660-1722.

GREGOR'S 217TH METRE. (B.)

*Mein Heiland nimmt die Sünder an.* } (S, 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 9, 9, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.)

J. G. Hille, 1738.



1089

Tune 217.

Come, all that heavy-laden are;  
 Come, weary, void of self-assistance;  
 Though doubting, ready to despair,  
 To Jesus come without resistance.  
 Behold His heart with love replete,

Full of desire the worst to meet;  
 Long hath He sought for you, though  
 wretched,  
 You to embrace with arms outstretchèd.  
 O come to Him, believe and live;  
 My Saviour sinners doth receive. :||

2 Think not, "'Tis time enough;" nor  
 say,  
 "God, Who is gracious beyond mea-  
 sure,  
 Shuts not the door of grace to-day;  
 I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure."

No, God forbid; if you are wise,  
 Grace offered now, do not despise:  
 Who slights to-day the invitation  
 May ever fail to find salvation;  
 Come now to Jesus, come and live;  
 To-day He sinners doth receive. :||

L. F. F. Lehr, 1709-44.

GREGOR'S 221ST METRE.

*Du ewiger Abgrund der setigen Liebe.*

(12, 8, 12, 8, 10, 10, 12, 12,  
 Mixed.)

(Freylinghausen, 1704;

? J. Eusebius Schmidt.

1090

Tune 221.

The springs of salvation from Christ  
 the Rock bursting,

And flowing through the wilderness,  
 Refresh and enliven His heritage  
 thirsting,

Abundant are the showers of grace;  
 As rain oversteaming the parched  
 ground, [verdure round,  
 With plenty now teeming, spreads  
 The promised blessing its influence  
 diffuses, [produces,  
 And fruit, to the husbandman grateful,

2 "I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set  
 for a blessing,"

Thus saith the Lord, "to all around:"  
 Oh, may we, in grace and in number  
 increasing,

In faith which works by love abound:  
 Upon Thy grace founded immovably,  
 And rooted and grounded in love to  
 Thee;

Thus shall we in doctrine, in word and  
 behavior,

To others of life unto life prove a savor.

Frederick William Foster, 1760-1835.

1091

Tune 221.

What is it that makes us stand fast in  
 one spirit,

Lord Jesus, Author of our faith?  
 What is it cements us?—'T is only Thy  
 merit,

Thy wounds and all-atoning death:  
 Ye heralds of mercy, with courage good,  
 Redemption proclaim now in Jesus'  
 blood; [thunder.  
 No heart e'er was broken by Sinai's  
 But rocks at the message of peace cleave  
 asunder.

2 Art thou not refreshed with divine  
 consolation,

Thou ransomed, highly favored flock,  
 When drinking with joy of the wells  
 of salvation, [Rock?

Which freely flow from Christ the  
 Who now would be fearful? For us He  
 bled; [finished!]

Who would not be cheerful? "'T is  
 This doctrine we'll hold and declare  
 without ceasing:

His Cross brings us peace, 't is the  
 source of all blessing.

L. E. Schlicht, 1714-69.

Ye bottomless depths of God's infinite  
 In Jesus Christ to us revealed: [love,  
 Its motions how burning, how flaming  
 they prove, [concealed:  
 Though from man's wisdom quite  
 Whom dost Thou love? Sinners, the  
 vilest race; [scorned Thy grace;  
 Whom dost Thou bless? Children, who  
 O Being most gracious, Whom angels  
 adore, [and poor.  
 Thou takest delight in things worthless  
 2 Our thirsting can never, O merciful  
 God,  
 Equal Thy love and boundless grace;  
 On us Thou more blessings and love  
 hast bestowed,  
 Than stripes deserved our trespasses;

GREGOR'S 223RD METRE.

*Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohl gebaut.* } (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, 4, 4, 7, Iambic.)

Seth Calvisius, 1598.

## 1093\*

Tune 223.

Who puts his trust in God most just  
 : : Hath built his house securely ; : :  
 He who relies on Jesus Christ,  
 : : Heaven shall be his most surely ; : :  
 Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,  
 Whose truth can never alter ;  
 While mine Thou art, nor death's worst  
 smart  
 : : Shall make my courage falter. : :  
 2 Though fiercest foes my course oppose  
 : : A dauntless front I'll show them ; : :  
 My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art  
 now,

: : Who soon shall overthrow them! : :  
 And if but Thee I have in me,  
 : : With Thy good gifts and Spirit, : :  
 Nor death nor hell, I know full well,  
 : : Shall hurt me, through Thy merit. : :

3 I rest me here without a fear ;  
 : : By Thee shall all be given : :  
 That I can need, O Friend indeed,  
 : : For this life or for heaven. : :  
 O make me true, my heart renew,  
 My soul and flesh deliver!  
 Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care  
 : : Keep me in peace for ever. : :

Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

\* This hymn may be sung according to the 15th Metre, by dividing each stanza into two and omitting the repeat.

225, A Church rejoice, Raise thy voice, Sing Je-ho-vah's worthy praise; Ex-tol His Name for - ev - er;

Laud Him, our God and Saviour; Proclaim to ev - 'ry na - tion The tidings of sal - va - tion;

Bear ye witness To His greatness; Spread the story Of His glo - ry, To the earth's remotest bounds.

FRANKFORT. [NICOLAI] } (8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 2, 2, 4, 4, 4, 8, } Popular Melody: Nikolai's  
*Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.* } Mixed.) } Freudenspiegel, 1599.

228, A.

1095 Tune 228.

O Holy Spirit, enter in,  
 Among these hearts Thy work begin,  
 Thy temple deign to make us;  
 Sun of the soul, Thou Light Divine,  
 Around and in us brightly shine,  
 To strength and gladness wake us.  
 Where Thou shinest,  
 Life from heaven there is given.  
 We before Thee  
 For that precious gift implore Thee.  
 2 Left to ourselves we shall but stray;  
 O lead us on the narrow way,  
 With wisest counsel guide us,  
 And give us steadfastness, that we  
 May henceforth truly follow Thee,

Whatever woes betide us,  
 Heal Thou gently  
 Hearts now broken; give some token  
 Thou art near us,  
 Whom we trust to light and cheer us.  
 3 Grant that our days, while life shall  
 In purest holiness be passed: [last,  
 Our minds so rule and strengthen  
 That they may rise o'er things of earth,  
 The hopes and joys that here have birth;  
 And if our course Thou lengthen,  
 Keep Thou pure, Lord,  
 From offences, heart and senses;  
 Blessèd Spirit,  
 Bid us thus true life inherit.  
 Michael Schirmer, 1696-73; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1096

Tune 228.

Be this henceforth my constant care  
 O Saviour, dear beyond compare,  
 With all my heart to love Thee;  
 Thy Word shall be my daily guide,  
 I ne'er would wander from Thy side,  
 From love I'd seek to please Thee;  
 Till grace me place [ever;  
 Where Thou, Saviour, dwell'st for-  
 Then all sadness  
 Shall be changed to joy and gladness.  
 J. Heermann, 1585-1647.

1097

Tune 228.

How lovely shines the Morning-star!  
 The nations see and hail afar  
 The Light in Judah shining;  
 Thou, David's Son of Jacob's race,  
 My Bridegroom and my King of grace,  
 For Thee my heart is pining!  
 Lowly, holy,  
 Great and glorious, Thou victorious  
 Prince of graces,  
 Filling all the heavenly places.

2 Wake, wake your harps to sweetest  
 songs!

In praise of Him to Whom belongs  
 All praise, join hearts and voices.  
 For evermore, O Christ! in Thee,  
 Thee all in all of love to me,  
 My grateful heart rejoices.  
 With joy, employ  
 Hymns victorious, glad and glorious;  
 E'er be given  
 Honor to the King of heaven.

3 O joy! to know that Thou, my Friend,  
 Art Lord, Beginning without end,  
 The First and Last, Eternal!  
 And Thou at length, O glorious grace!  
 Wilt take me to that holy place,  
 The home of joys superlial.  
 Amen! Amen!

1101

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 230.

Jesus, Lord, most great and glorious,  
 Reward and Crown of the victorious,  
 Restorer of lost paradise;  
 We appear with supplication  
 Before Thee, God of our salvation,  
 And send to Thee our fervent cries:  
 O Lord our Righteousness,  
 'Tis Thy delight to bless;  
 We desire it,  
 Come then, for we belong to Thee,  
 And bless us inexpressibly.

2 Gracious Lord, Who by Thy passion  
 And death, has gained our salvation,  
 Oh may we all Thy Name confess;  
 May we be by faith united  
 To Thee, Who hast us all invited  
 To share eternal happiness:  
 Constrain us by Thy love,  
 In all we do to prove  
 Faithful followers, [we  
 Dear Lord, of Thee; and grant that  
 May ever love Thee ardently.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

Come and meet me, quickly greet me;  
 Draw me ever  
 Nearer to Thyself forever!

Philipp Nikolai, 1556-1608; Henry  
 Harbaugh, tr., 1817-67.

1098

Tune 228.

Sing hallelujah, honor, praise;  
 Your grateful hymns to Jesus raise,  
 O favored congregation:  
 For He became a Sacrifice,  
 And paid in blood our ransom-price,  
 And procuring our salvation;  
 Holy, happy  
 Is our union and communion  
 With our Saviour;  
 Blessed be His Name for ever.

B. Crasselius, 1677-1724.

1099

Tune 228.

O Jesus, were we, through Thy grace,  
 In all respects formed to Thy praise,  
 Like Thee in thought and action:  
 Did we but wake and sleep to Thee,  
 Bear pain and sickness patiently,  
 Trusting in Thy direction:  
 Where'er we are,  
 Might, dear Saviour, our behavior,  
 Through Thy blessing,  
 Always be to Thee well-pleasing.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1100

Tune 228.

Be this our happy destiny,  
 Lord Jesus, to be one with Thee;  
 Grant, through Thy Spirit's leading,  
 That we may gain yet firmer root  
 In Thee, and bear abundant fruit,  
 From grace to grace proceeding:  
 From Thee daily  
 Strength receiving, to Thee cleaving,  
 Blessed Jesus:

Thus we shall show forth Thy praises.  
 F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

1102

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 230.

O Thou God of our salvation,  
 Behold Thy blood-bought congregation,  
 Assembled here before Thy face;  
 Pondering on Thy gracious dealing,  
 We would express our grateful feeling,  
 And joyful hallelujahs raise:  
 But, when we in Thy light  
 Discern how we requite  
 Thee, O Jesus, [blame,  
 We blush for shame; ours is the  
 But praise is due unto Thy Name.

2 Deeply conscious of transgression,  
 To Thee we turn, hear our confession,  
 Assure us of Thy pardoning love:  
 O root out what hath impeded  
 Thy work, or brought in harm unheeded,  
 And every stumbling-block remove:  
 Reclaim, we humbly pray,  
 Those who have gone astray,  
 Faithful Shepherd: [abide:  
 With Thee, our Guide, may we  
 Preserve us, lest we turn aside.  
 C. G. Clemens, and F. W. Foster.

230, A.

1103

Tune 230.

Wake, awake, for night is flying,  
 The watchmen on the heights are cry-  
 Awake, Jerusalem, at last! [ing;  
 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 [Thee,  
 Where Thou hast bid us sup with

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,  
 And men and angels sing before Thee,  
 With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;  
 Of one pearl each shining portal,  
 Where we are with the choir immortal  
 Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;  
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear  
 Hath yet attained to hear,

What there is ours:  
 But we rejoice, and sing to Thee  
 Our hymns of joy eternally.

Philipp Nikolai, 1556-1608; Catherine  
 Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1104

Tune 230.

O Lord our God, in reverence lowly,  
 The host of heaven call Thee "Holy;"  
 From chernubin and seraphim,  
 From angel-phalanx, far extending,  
 In fuller tones is still ascending  
 The "Holy, Holy, Holy," hymn.

The Fount of joy Thou art,  
 E'er filling every heart,  
 Ever! Ever!

We too are Thine, and with them sing,  
 "Thou, Lord, and only Thou art  
 King."

2 Lord, there are bending now before  
 Thee,  
 The Elders, with their crownèd glory,  
 The first-born of the blessèd band;  
 There, too, their weary conflicts over,  
 Those who have gained the heavenly  
 shore

In glad, unnumbered myriads stand.  
 Loud are the songs of praise,  
 Their mingled voices raise,  
 Ever! Ever!

We too are Thine, and with them sing,  
 "Thou, Lord, and only Thou art  
 King."

3 They sing, in sweet and sinless numbers,

The wondrous love that never slumbers,  
And of the wisdom, power and might,  
The truth and faithfulness abiding,  
And over all Thy works presiding;

But they can scarcely praise aright;  
For all is never sung,  
Even by seraph's tongue,  
Never! Never!

We too are Thine, and with them sing,  
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King."

4 Come, Lord! reveal Thyself more fully, [truly;

That we may learn to praise more  
Make every heart a temple true,  
Filled with Thy glory overflowing,  
More of Thy love each morning showing,  
And waking praises loud and new.

Here let Thy peace divine  
Upon Thy children shine,  
Ever! Ever!

And glad or sad, we ever sing,  
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King!"

Gerhardt Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1858.

## 1105

Tune 230.

Praises, thanks, and adoration  
Be given to God without cessation,  
To Jesus Christ our gracious Lord;  
For His mercy, love, and favor  
To us, His flock endure for ever;  
Bless, bless His Name with one accord,  
To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
Hallelujah:  
In highest strain praise the Lamb slain:

Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

## 1106

Tune 230.

Jesus, God of our salvation,  
Behold Thy Church with supplication  
Humbly appears before Thy face;  
By Thy powerful love constrained,  
Since from Thy death we life obtain'd,  
We give Thee glory, thanks and praise:  
Oh listen to our prayer,  
To meet Thee us prepare  
With due reverence:  
No tongue can tell, what joy we feel,  
When Thou, Lord, dost Thyself reveal.

2 Thus our bliss will last for ever;  
While we enjoy Thy love and favor,  
And safe beneath Thy shadow rest,  
We with joyful acclamation  
Adore Thee as Thy congregation,  
Thou art our Head and Lord confessed:  
To Thee, Ancient of days,  
Be honor, power, and praise  
Now and ever:  
Lord, grant that we eternally  
May put our trust alone in Thee.

Countess Zinzendorf, 1700-56,

## 1107

Tune 230.

Praise the Lord; through every nation,  
His holy arm hath wrought salvation,  
Exalt Him on His Father's throne:  
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,  
Who now prepares in heavenly regions  
Unfailing mansions for His own;  
With voice and minstrelsy  
Extol His Majesty:

Hallelujah!

His praise shall sound, all nature round,

Where'er the race of man is found.

2 God with God dominion sharing,  
And Man with man our image bearing,  
Gentiles and Jews to Him are given:  
Praise your Saviour, ransomed sinners,  
Of life, through Him, immortal winners,  
Nor longer heirs of earth, but heaven.

O beatific sight,

To view His face in light:

Hallelujah!

And, while we see, transformed to be  
From bliss to bliss eternally.

3 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,  
O'er sin and death and hell victorious,  
Wisdom and might to Thee belong:  
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee:

We bow the knee, we fall before Thee:  
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.

The cross meanwhile we bear,

The crown ere long to wear.

Hallelujah!

Thy reign extend, world without end;

Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

R. Feith, 1752-1824; James Montgomery, tr., 1771-1854.

## 1108

Tune 230.

From Thy holy habitation,  
O God of grace and consolation,  
Behold us, met before Thy throne;  
Saviour, to believers precious,  
With sanctified delights refresh us,  
And us, as Thine, in mercy own:  
We humbly cry to Thee,  
Send now prosperity;  
Let Thy beauty  
On us appear, establish here  
Our work, the work of praise and prayer.

Robert Simpson, 1771-1843.

## 1109

Tune 230.

Be our Comfort which ne'er faileth,  
When any trial us assaileth,  
Or when we're needlessly distressed;  
Jesus, show, on each occasion, [tion,  
That Thou our Strength art and Salva-  
Our Shield, our Hiding-place, and  
Rest:

Oh may we constantly

Look up by faith to Thee,

Who redeem'dst us:

And daily prove that Thou art Love,  
Till we shall be with Thee above.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

232, A.

1110

Tune 232.

Lord, let Thy blest angelic hands  
 Convey my soul into Thy hands,  
 When soul and body sever;  
 My body, though reduced to dust,  
 Thou wilt, O Lord, I firmly trust,  
 Raise up to live for ever:  
 Then shall I see Thee face to face  
 In everlasting joy and peace,  
 And sing with all the saints above  
 The wonders of redeeming love;  
 O Christ, my Lord, :|:  
 I'll Thee adore  
 Here and above for evermore.

Martin Schalling, 1532-1608.

1111

Tune 232.

Jesus, I love Thee fervently,  
 Since Thou upon the accursed Tree  
 Wast slain for my transgression;  
 I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew  
 My cheeks, when I in spirit view  
 Thy death and bitter passion;  
 This gives the impulse, Lord, that I  
 In truth can love Thee heartily:  
 My love to Thee Thou knowest best,  
 But yet defective 'tis confessed;  
 Thou highest Good,  
 Thy precious blood,  
 That cleansing flood,  
 Claims that my love more ardent glow'd.

F. W. Seebass, d. 1758.

1112

Tune 235.

I.  
 Lord God, Thy praise we sing,  
 To Thee our thanks we bring:

II.  
 Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,  
 Thou Father of eternity:  
 To Thee all angels loudly cry,  
 The heavens and all the powers on high:  
 Cherubs and seraphs Thee proclaim,  
 And cry thrice holy to Thy Name:

III.  
 Holy is our Lord God,  
 Holy is our Lord God,  
 Holy is our Lord God,  
 The Lord of Sabaoth.

IV.  
 With splendor of Thy glory spread,  
 Are heaven and earth replenish'd:  
 The apostles' glorious company,  
 The prophets' fellowship praise Thee:  
 The noble and victorious host  
 Of martyrs makes of Thee their boast:  
 The holy Church in every place  
 Throughout the earth, exalts Thy praise.

Thee, Father, God on heaven's throne,  
 Thy only and beloved Son,  
 The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
 The Church doth worship and revere.

O Christ, Thou glorious King, we own  
 Thee to be God's eternal Son:  
 Thou, undertaking in our room,  
 Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb:  
 The pains of death o'ercome by Thee,  
 Made heaven to all believers free:  
 At God's right hand Thou hast Thy seat,  
 And in Thy Father's glory great;  
 And we believe the day's decreed,  
 When Thou shalt judge the quick and  
 dead.

Promote, we pray, Thy servants' good,  
 Redeemed with Thy most precious  
 blood;  
 Among Thy saints make us ascend  
 To glory that shall never end:  
 Thy people with salvation crown,  
 Bless those, O Lord, that are Thine own:  
 Govern Thy Church, and, Lord, ad-  
 For ever Thine inheritance. [vance



I.

235, A.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

A - - men.

From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor Thee:  
Thy Name we worship and adore  
World without end for evermore:  
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,  
To keep us safe from sin this day:  
O Lord have mercy on us all;  
Have mercy on us when we call:  
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,  
According to our confidence:

V.  
Lord, we have put our trust in Thee,  
Confounded let us never be: Amen.  
Ambrose of Milan, 340-397.

1113

Tune 235.

I.  
Praise, honor, majesty,  
For Thy great victory!

II.  
Thou, Who a guilty world to save,  
Hast overcome death, hell, and grave—  
Thou, Who on Calvary wast slain,  
Dost lead the noble martyr-train.

III.  
To Christ, the Son, the Word,  
The Church's God and Lord,  
Who died that we might live,  
Our reverence first we give.

IV.  
For Thee Thy servants gave their all,  
E'en life they sacrificed for Thee,  
And singing now around Thy throne  
Are clad in robes of victory:

V.  
Praise unto Thee for Whom they strove,  
Supported by Thy dying love: Amen.  
From the German.

**1114**  
 Go, follow the Saviour,  
 Consider His travail;  
 Adore Him for ever,  
 Ye sinners, and marvel;  
 :||: It was for you He suffered so. :||:  
 2 Accept for Thy passion,  
 Most merciful Saviour,  
 Our deep adoration:  
 Remain Thou for ever  
 :||: Our highest Good, O Lamb of God. :||:  
 John Cennick, 1718-55.

Tune 243.

Who died to release us,  
 We'll worship for ever, [Name. :||:  
 :||: God's holy Lamb, the Lord's His  
 2 Come then, let us follow  
 Our Master with praises;  
 His Name let us hallow  
 Whose blood us releases;  
 :||: O Christ, to Thee all glory be. :||:  
 3 Hosanna, Hosanna,  
 Thou Son of King David:  
 Hosanna, Hosanna,  
 For Thou hast us savèd;  
 :||: For ever reign, Thou Lamb once  
 slain. :||:  
 John Cennick, 1718-55.

**1115**  
 The holy Child Jesus,  
 Our God and our Saviour,

Tune 243.

**1116**  
 Prepare your lamps, stand ready,  
 Your vessels fill with oil;  
 Be clean in soul and body;  
 Let naught your garments soil:

Tune 244.

Hark, 'tis the midnight cry,  
 "The Bridegroom draweth nigh;"  
 Arise, go forth to meet Him  
 With songs of praise and joy.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1660-1722.

1117

Tune 244.

In spirit I am waiting,  
 Lord Jesus, near to Thee,  
 Thy sufferings contemplating;  
 I know they were for me:  
 I Thee behold by faith  
 Bow down Thy head in death,  
 I hear Thee cry, "'Tis finished,"  
 And watch Thy latest breath.

2 O hasten Thine appearance;  
 Yet as it pleaseth Thee:  
 Meanwhile to me Thy presence  
 Vouchsafe continually:

GREGOR'S 249TH METRE. } (6, 6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 4, 6, Mixed.)  
*Die Gottes Seraphin.*

Karl Otto Eberhard, † 1757.

Fix Thou my heart and eyes  
 Upon Thy sacrifice,  
 Until my race is finished,  
 And I obtain the prize.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1118

Tune 244.

None e'er shall be ashamed,  
 Who wait upon the Lord;  
 Their Shield and Rock He's namèd,  
 Who build upon His word:  
 He stands their constant Friend,  
 On Whom they can depend  
 With confidence unshaken,  
 To keep them to the end.

F. W. Foster, tr., 1760-1835.

249, A.

1119

Tune 249.

The seraphim of God  
 Exalt their voices loud;  
 With joy 'fore Him they shout;  
 Their holy choirs in heavenly blaze  
 Sing constantly with covered face,  
 Holy, holy is God,  
 Holy is God,  
 The Lord of Sabaoth.

2 Thereto the Church of Christ,  
 His flesh and bone confessed,  
 Sings, "Amen, God be praised;"  
 Above and here, one voice doth sound,  
 "Praise Him Who hath for us atoned;  
 To God In highest strain,  
 To the Lamb slain,  
 All glory be: Amen."

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

From angels and from men,  
 To the Lamb slain  
 All honor doth pertain.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835; and John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1121

Tune 249.

With awe, and deeply bowed,  
 We praise the Incarnate God,  
 Who took our flesh and blood;  
 Unto the Child at Bethlehem,  
 Whose birth the angelic choirs proclaim,  
 We our thank-offerings bring,  
 And grateful sing  
 Praise to our Heavenly King.

Moravian.

1122

Tune 249.

We bow before Thy throne,  
 Jesus, and Thee alone  
 Our God and Saviour own:  
 While pilgrims here on earth we are,  
 We to Thy courts will oft repair,  
 To offer prayer and praise:  
 O God of grace,  
 Thy saving Name we bless.

2 Again we raise the strain,  
 Worthy the Lamb once slain,  
 For evermore to reign:  
 Thee, Christ, God blessed for evermore,  
 Our lips confess, our hearts adore:  
 Honor and majesty  
 Be given to Thee  
 Now and eternally.

Robert Simpson, 1771-1843.

1120

Tune 249.

In humble, grateful lays,  
 The Lord of hosts we praise,  
 His saving Name confess:  
 Yea, filled with holy awe, revere  
 The Father, Son and Comforter:  
 Amen, Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah,  
 Amen, Hallelujah.

2 Praise to the slaughtered Lamb:  
 His love we will proclaim,  
 Who died us to redeem:  
 O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,  
 And every breath His praise repeat:

1123

Tune 249.

To God we render praise,  
 Who grants us new (displays  
 Of mercy all our days:  
 When Christ, the Son of Man, again  
 Shall come, the angels in His train,  
 May all of us who here  
 'Fore Him appear,  
 Then meet Him without fear.

2 How great our joy shall be  
 In heaven, O Lord, where we  
 Thy glorious face shall see!  
 We then shall Thee for evermore,

As the Lamb slain for us, adore;  
 In realms of glory bright,  
 With saints in light  
 In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,  
 Worthy the Lamb once slain!  
 Let all reply, Amen;  
 Blessing and power and majesty  
 Through endless ages be to Thee,  
 Who us by blood hast bought,  
 In mercy sought,  
 And to the fold us brought.  
 St. 1 and 2, Robert Simpson, 1771-1843; St. 3,  
 F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

GRIMM'S 253RD METRE.

Heil'ger Geist, Du Tröster mein. } (7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.

253, A.

1124

Tune 253.

Holy Spirit, come and shine  
 Sweetly, in this heart of mine,  
 With Thy heavenly love and light.

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor;  
 Come, Thou Giver, great and sure;  
 Come, and make my spirit bright!

3 Best of all my helpers, Thou!  
 Dearest Guest that I can know,  
 Freshest Draught that I can find.

4 In my labor Thou art Peace,  
 Thou dost bid my fever cease,  
 To my sorrows Thou art kind.

5 O Thou blessèd Light of Light,  
 Fill Thou every secret height  
 In Thy servant's waiting soul!

6 Save for this, Thy heavenly aid,  
 Man would be for nothing made;  
 Not a sin could he control.

7 Cleanse Thou every sordid place,  
 Soften harshness by Thy grace,  
 Heal the wounds I feel within.

8 Bend the stubborn will to Thine,  
 Cheer the thoughts that droop and pine,  
 Rule whatever turns to sin!

9 Give to them that faithful be  
 Everlasting trust in Thee,  
 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow.

10 Give to virtue her reward,  
 Give us safety in our Lord,  
 Give what joy immortals know!  
 Hermannus Contractus of Reichenau, b. 1013;  
 Samuel Willoughby Duffield, 1842-87.

1125

Tune 253.

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,  
 From the clear, celestial height  
 Thy pure beaming radiance give.

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor,  
 Come, with treasures which endure;  
 Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3 Thou, of all consolors best,  
 Thou, the soul's delightful Guest,  
 Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Thou in toil art Comfort sweet,  
 Pleasant Coolness in the heat,  
 Solace in the midst of woe.

5 Light immortal, Light Divine,  
 Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
 And our inmost being fill.

6 If Thou take Thy grace away,  
 Nothing pure in man will stay,  
 All his good is turned to ill.

7 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;  
 On our dryness pour Thy dew:  
 Wash the stains of guilt away.

8 Bend the stubborn heart and will,  
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill:  
 Guide the steps that go astray.

9 Thou, on those who evermore  
 Thee confess and Thee adore,  
 In Thy sevenfold gifts descend.

10 Give them comfort when they die;  
 Give them life with Thee on high;  
 Give them joys that never end.  
 Hermannus Contractus of Reichenau, b. 1013;  
 Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

Blessèd night, when first that plain  
Echoed with the joyful strain:  
"Peace has come to earth again."

2 Blessèd hills that heard the song  
Of the glorious angel-throng,  
Swelling all your slopes along.

3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear  
Fell the tidings glad and dear:  
"God to man is drawing near."

4 This, the woman's promised Seed,  
Abram's mighty Son, indeed;  
Succorer of earth's great need.

5 Babe of promise, born at last,  
After weary ages past,  
When our hopes were overcast.

6 We adore Thee as our King,  
And to Thee our song we sing,  
Our best offering to Thee bring.

7 "Lamb of God"—Thy lowly Name—  
King of kings we Thee proclaim,  
Heaven and earth shall hear its fame.  
Horatius Bonar, 1808-59.

ST. PHILIP. (7,7,7, Trochaic.)

## 1128

Tune 253.

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere from us it pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,—

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
Grant us, when we see Thy face,  
With Thy ransomed ones a place.  
Isaac Williams, 1802-65.

## 1129

Tune 253.

Jesus, with Thy Church abide,  
Be her Saviour, Lord and Guide,  
While on earth her faith is tried.

Mighty King of righteousness,  
King of glory, King of peace,  
Never shall Thy Kingdom cease!

2 Thee earth's Heir and Lord we own;  
Raise again its fallen throne;  
Take its everlasting crown.

3 Scatter darkness with Thy light;  
End the sorrows of our night:  
Speak the word, and all is bright.

4 Spoil the spoiler of the earth,  
Bring creation's second birth,  
Promised day of song and mirth.

5 'Tis Thine Israel's voice that calls:  
"Build again Thy Salem's walls;  
Dwell within her holy halls;"

6 'Tis Thy Church's voice that cries:  
"Rend these long unrended skies;"  
Bridegroom of the Church, arise!

7 Sun of Peace, no longer stay,  
Let the shadows flee away,  
And the long night end in day.  
Horatius Bonar, 1808-59.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-59.

W. H. Monk.

2 Arms of love around her throw,  
Shield her safe from every foe,  
Calm her in the time of woe.

3 Keep her life and doctrine pure,  
Help her, patient to endure,  
Trusting in Thy promise sure.

4 May she one in doctrine be,  
One in truth and charity,  
Winning all to faith in Thee.

5 Save her love from growing cold,  
Make her watchmen strong and bold,  
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold.

6 May her pastors duly feed,  
Shepherds of the flock indeed,  
Ready, at Thy call to lead.

7 May they live the truths they know,  
And a holy pattern show,  
As before Thy flock they go.

8 May the grace of Him Who died  
And the Father's love abide,  
And the Spirit ever guide.

9 Fit her all Thy joy to share,  
In the home Thou dost prepare,  
And be ever blessèd there.  
T. B. Pollock, b. 1836.

1130

Tune 253.

Jesus, to Thy table led,  
Now let every heart be fed  
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy sweet presence let us feel,  
All Thy wondrous love reveal!

3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise!

4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine!

5 From the bonds of sin release,  
Cold and wavering faith increase,  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

Robert Hall Baynes, b. 1831.

1131

Tune 253.

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;  
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;  
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;  
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,  
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;  
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;  
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
Thou for all my sin atone.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

GRIMM'S 25TH METRE. }  
*Erohtock', liebe Christenheit.* } (7, 7, 4, Trochaic.)

Grimm's Choral Buch, 1735.

1132

Tune 265.

Hark, what music fills the sky!  
"Glory be to God on high,"  
Angels sing, and hosts reply:  
Hallelujah!

2 To the sons of men is given  
God's dear Son, best gift of heaven,  
Pledge of grace and sin forgiven.  
Hallelujah!

3 Would ye see the wondrous sign?  
In a manger, Child Divine,  
Lies the Heir of David's line.  
Hallelujah!

4 Thee we own as Lord and King,  
And as tribute meet we bring  
Songs which angels cannot sing.  
Hallelujah!

5 Him we praise, Himself Who gave  
To the manger and the grave,  
All to ransom and to save.  
Hallelujah!

Anon.

1133

Tune 265.

Holy Ghost, the Infinite!  
Shine upon our nature's night  
With Thy blessèd inward light,  
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;  
We are faint: Thy strength afford;  
Lost,—until by Thee restored,  
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings, plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—  
Earnest of our bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,—  
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson, b. 1807.

1134

Tune 265.

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

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



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

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

Gilbert Rorison, 1821-69.

### 1135

Tune 265.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,  
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,  
Tongues of earth or heaven above,  
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,  
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;  
Love, than death itself more strong:  
Give us heavenly love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day:  
Love will ever with us stay:  
Give us heavenly love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright:  
Give us heavenly love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see,  
Joining hand in hand, agree;  
But the greatest of the three  
And the best, is love.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

### 1136

Tune 265.

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

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

3 Foes without and fears within,  
With no plea Thy grace to win,  
But that Thou canst save from sin,  
To Thy Cross I fly.

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

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

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

James Drummond Burns, 1823-64.

### 1137

Tune 265.

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

### 1138

Tune 265.

Lord of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the Life and Light,  
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;  
Jesus, hear and save!

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

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

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

Reginald Heber 1783-1826.

269, C.

1139

Tune 269.

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  
Must prevail. [me

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

ST. HELEN. (8, 5, 8, 3, Trochaic.)

R. P. Stewart, 1874.

269, D.

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. (8, 5, 8, 3, Trochaic.)

"Hymns of the Eastern Church."

269, E.

1140

Tune 269.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distress?  
"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-  
And His side." [prints,

3 Hath He diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What has He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay!  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-  
Is He sure to bless? [gluing,  
"Prophets, saints, apostles, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes."

Stephen the Sabaite, 725-794;  
J. M. Neale, tr., 1818-1866.

ART THOU WEARY? (8, 5, 8, 3, Trochaic.)

M. M. Warner, 1860.

269, F.



270, C.

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep  
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;  
The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
And storm-winds drift us from the  
Say, lest we sink to rise no more, [shore,  
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

1141

Tune 270.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,  
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,  
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless  
Calm and still. [sleep,

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their  
"O save us in our agony!" [cry:  
Thy word above the storm rose high,  
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

ST. CUTHBERT. (8, 6, 8, 4, Iambic.)

J. B. Dykes, † 1876.

272, A.

3 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Is His alone.

4 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-  
And meet for Thee! [place,

Harriet Auber, 1775-1862.

1142

Tune 272.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,  
With us to dwell.

2 He came, sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

Harriet Auber, 1775-1862.

WRETFORD. (8, 6, 8, 4, Iambic.)

E. S. Carter.

272, B.

3 Thy love sustains us on our way  
While pilgrims here below;  
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,  
Thy grace bestow.

4 But oh! the more we learn of Thee  
And Thy rich mercy prove,  
The more we long Thy face to see,  
And know Thy love.

Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, 1813-75.

1143

Tune 272.

The gloomy night will soon be past,  
The morning will appear,  
The rays of blessèd light at last  
Each eye will cheer.

2 Thou bright and morning Star, Thy  
Will to our joy be seen; [light  
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,  
No cloud between.

Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, 1813-75.

**1144** Tune 277.  
 Just as I am—without one plea,  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
 2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To Thee Whose blood can cleanse each  
 O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,  
 3 Just as I am—though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings and fears within, without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
 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.  
 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
 7 Just as I am—of that free love  
 The breadth, length, depth, and height to  
 Here for a season, then above, [prove,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.  
 Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

"JUST AS I AM." [FOR MEN'S VOICES.]

Abraham R. Beck, 1861.

277, B. 1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou  
 2. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down; Now to be

bidd'st me come to Thee, } O Lamb of God!  
 Thine, yea, Thine a-lone } I come, O Lamb of God! I come!

1145

Tune 277.

“Just as thou art, without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or meetness for thy heavenly place,  
O guilty sinner, come!

2 “Thy sins I bore on Calvary’s Tree,  
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,  
That peace and pardon might be free;  
O wretched sinner, come!

3 “Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou  
be blest?

Trust not the world; it gives no rest;  
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;  
O weary sinner, come!

4 “Come, leave thy burden at the Cross;  
Count all thy gains but empty dross:  
My grace repays all earthly loss:  
O needy sinner, come!

5 “Come, hither bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:  
’Tis mercy’s voice salutes thine ears;  
O trembling sinner, come!”

6 “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;”  
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come:  
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may  
Thy Saviour bids thee come! [come;  
Russell Sturges Cook, 1814-64.

1146

Tune 277.

O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen,  
Since on Thine arm thou bidd’st me  
lean, [scene,  
Help me, throughout life’s changing  
By faith to cling to Thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss;  
My joy, my recompense be this,  
Each hour to cling to Thee!

3 What tho’ the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and hopes remove;  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone  
Life’s dreary waste, with thorns o’er-  
grown,

Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Still whispers, “Cling to Me!”

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied.

The soul that clings to Thee!  
Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

1147

Tune 277.

O Thou, the contrite sinner’s Friend,  
Who loving, lov’st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting place,  
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,  
Afar from Thine and wisdom’s way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me.  
Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

1148

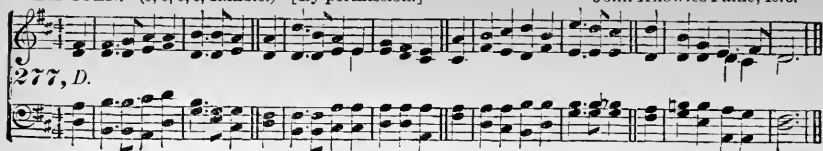
Tune 277.

The wanderer no more will roam,  
The lost one to the fold hath come,  
The prodigal is welcomed home,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

2 Though clothed with shame, by sin  
defiled,

The Father hath embraced His child,  
And I am pardoned, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

3 It is the Father’s joy to bless;  
His love provides for me a dress,  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.



4 Now shall my famished soul be fed,  
A feast of love for me is spread,  
I feed upon the children's bread,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

5 Yea, in the fullness of His grace,  
He puts me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon His face,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

6 I can not half His love express;  
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,  
This blessed portion I possess,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Mary Jane Walker, 1847, ab.

1149

Tune 277.

From foes that would the land devour;  
From guilty pride, and lust of power;

From wild sedition's lawless hour;  
From yoke of slavery.

2 From blinded zeal, by faction led;  
From giddy change, by fancy bred;  
From poisoned error's serpent head,  
Good Lord, preserve us free.

3 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,  
The laws and rulers of our land,  
And grant Thy churches grace to stand  
In faith and unity.

4 Thy Spirit's help of Thee we crave,  
That Thy Messiah, sent to save,  
Returning to the world, might have  
A people serving Thee.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826, alt.

GREGOR'S 298TH METRE. }  
*Jesus, Du Hoffnung.*

(11, 10, 11, 10, Dactylic.)

Georg Josephi, 1668.



1150

Tune 298.

Brightest and best of the sons of the  
morning! [thine aid;  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are  
shining; [the stall:  
Low lies His head with the beasts of  
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, [the mine?  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would His favor  
secure;

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

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

1151

Tune 298.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad  
morning! [lain!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have  
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, [told;

Long by the prophets of Israel fore-  
Hail to the millions from bondage re-  
turning; [hold;

Gentile and Jew the blest vision be-

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are  
 springing, [along;  
 Streams ever copious are gliding  
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes  
 are ringing, [song.  
 Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in  
 4 See from all lands—from the isles of  
 the ocean,  
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
 Fall'n are the engines of war and com-  
 motion, [sky.  
 Shouts of salvation are rending the  
 Thomas Hastings, 1794-1872.

1152

Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye  
 languish, [knee!;  
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently

Tune 298.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here  
 tell your anguish; [cannot heal.  
 Earth hath no sorrows that heaven  
 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-  
 ing, [pure!  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and  
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's  
 Name, saying, [cannot cure.  
 Earth has no sorrows that heaven  
 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters  
 flowing [less in love:  
 Come from the throne of God, bound-  
 Come to the feast prepared; come, ever  
 knowing, [can remove.  
 Earth hath no sorrows, but heaven  
 Thomas Moore, 1779-1852.

OLD 193RD.

*Jesu, Jehovah! ich such' und verlange.*

(11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, Dactylic.)

{ Grimm's Choral  
 Buch, 1755.

298, B.

1153

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holi-  
 ness; [proclaim;  
 Bow down before Him, His glory  
 With gold of obedience, and incense of  
 lowliness, [His Name!  
 Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is  
 Low at His feet lay thy burden of care-  
 fulness, [thee;  
 High on His heart will He bear it for  
 Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy  
 prayerfulness, [thee be.  
 Guiding thy steps as may best for

Tune 298.

2 Fear not to enter His courts in the  
 slenderness [reckon as thine;  
 Of the poor wealth thou wouldst  
 Truth in its beauty, and love in its ten-  
 derness, [shrine.  
 These are the offerings to lay on His  
 These, though we bring them in tremb-  
 ling and fearfulness, [dear;  
 He will accept for the Name that is  
 Mornings of joy give for evenings of  
 tearfulness, [our fear.  
 Trust for our trembling, and hope for  
 John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

1154

Tune 298.

Holy and infinite! viewless! eternal!  
 Vailed in the glory that none can sustain,  
 None comprehendeth Thy Being superior  
 Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

Holy and infinite! limitless, boundless,  
 All Thy perfections, and powers, and praise!  
 Ocean of mystery! awful and sound-  
 All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways.

2 King of eternity! what revelation  
 Could the created and finite sustain,  
 But for Thy marvelous manifestation,  
 Godhead Incarnate in weakness and pain!  
 Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,  
 Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire;  
 Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,  
 Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

BARBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 101. (11, 10, 11, 10, or 10, 10, 10, 10, Dactylic.)

J. Barnby.

298, C.

1155

Tune 298.

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and  
 power, [more,  
 Wisdom, and riches, and strength ever-  
 Give ye to Him Who our battle hath  
 won, [the throne,  
 Whose are the kingdom, the crown and

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

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,  
 Ever descendeth the love from on high,

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and  
 praise, [raise.  
 This is the theme of the hymns that we  
 4 Life of all life, and true Light of all  
 light, [bright,  
 Star of the dawning, unchangingly  
 Sun of the Salem whose Lamp is  
 Lamb, [psalm!  
 Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad

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

Horatius Bonar, 1868-89.

GREGOR'S 310TH METRE. } (7, 7, 3, 3, 7, Trochaic.)

Freylinghausen, 1704.

310, A.

## 1156

Tune 310.

Morning Star, O cheering sight!  
Ere Thou cam'st how dark earth's night!

Jesus mine, in me shine;  
Fill my heart with light divine.

2 Morning Star, Thy glory bright  
Far excels the sun's clear light:

Jesus be, constantly,  
More than thousand suns to me.

3 Thy glad beams, Thou Morning Star,  
Cheer the nations near and far;

Thee we own, Lord alone,  
Man's great Saviour, God's dear Son.

4 Morning Star, my soul's true Light,  
Tarry not, dispel my night;

Jesus mine, in me shine,  
Fill my heart with light divine.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

## THE MORNING STAR. [By permission.]

F. F. Hagen.

1st TIME SOLO; REPEAT AS CHORUS.

SOLO.

310, B. Morn-ing Star, O cheer-ing sight! Ere Thou cam'st how dark earth's night! Je - sus

mine, In me shine; In me shine, Je - sus mine; Fill my heart with light di - vine.

GRIMM'S 315TH METRE. } (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.

315, A.

## 1157

Tune 315.

Ask ye what great thing I know  
That delights and stirs me so?

What the high reward I win?  
Whose the Name I glory in?

Jesus Christ, the Crucified!

2 What is faith's foundation strong?  
What awakes my lips to song?

He Who bore my sinful load,  
Purchased for me peace with God,  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?  
Who consoles my saddest woes?

Who revives my fainting heart,  
Healing all its hidden smart?

Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?  
Who the death of death will be?

Who will place me on His right  
With the countless hosts of light?

Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;  
This delights and stirs me so;  
Faith in Him Who died to save,  
Him Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Johann Christoph Schwedler, 1672-1730; John  
Samuel Bewley Monsell, tr., 1811-75.

1158

Tune 315.

Do you ask what most I prize?  
Where my highest knowledge lies?  
Would you see my portion blest?  
Know my joy? 'Tis here confessed:  
Jesus, crucified for me.

2 Who is faith's Foundation strong?  
Who my Righteousness and Song?  
Who restored me, sinner vile,  
To the Father's pardoning smile?  
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Who is my soul's Life, my All?  
Who redeemed me from the fall?  
Justified and cleansed me?  
God to serve, Who set me free?  
Jesus, crucified for me.

4 Who consoles my troubled breast?  
From my foes, Who gives me rest?  
Who in weariness and grief  
Promises and sends relief?  
Jesus, crucified for me.

5 Who despoils death of its sting?  
Makes the dying saint to sing?  
Bids me enter His abode,  
Join the angel saints of God?  
Jesus, crucified for me.

Johann Christoph Schwedler, 1672-1730;  
Benjamin Hall Kennedy, tr., b. 1804.

1159

Tune 315.

Christ the Lord is risen again,  
Christ hath broken every chain:  
Hark! angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

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

3 He Who bore all pain and loss,  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry:  
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we, too, may enter heaven!  
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!  
Bohemian Brethren; Catherine Wink-  
worth, tr., 1829-78.

1160

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 341.

Thou, Jesus, art our King;  
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:  
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,  
Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,  
While we vital breath enjoy,  
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,  
God's Kingdom fixed below:  
Conqueror of all adverse power,  
Thou heaven's gates hast opened wide;  
Thou Thine own dost lead secure,  
And to life eternal guide.

3 Above the starry sky  
Thou reign'st, enthroned on high;  
Prostrate at Thy feet we fall:  
Power supreme to Thee is given,  
As the righteous Judge of all  
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

4 Arise, exert Thy power,  
Thou glorious Conqueror;  
Help us to obtain the prize,  
Help us well to close our race;  
That with Thee above the skies  
Endless joys we may possess.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.



341, A.

1161 Tune 341

Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,  
That every knee should bow,  
Every tongue to Thee confess;  
Universal nature join,  
Strong and mighty, Thee to bless;  
Gracious, merciful, benign.

2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,  
Dominions, thrones, and powers:  
Source of power, He rules alone;  
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,  
Cast your crowns before His throne,  
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.

3 Justice and truth maintain  
Thy everlasting reign;  
One in majesty divine  
With Thy Father on His throne,  
King of kings, let all combine,  
Gratefully Thy sway to own.

4 Jesus, Thou art my King,  
To me Thy succor bring;  
Christ, the Mighty One, art Thou,  
Help for all on Thee is laid;  
This Thy promise claim I now,  
Send me down the promised aid.

5 Triumph and reign in me,  
And spread Thy victory;  
Sin, and death, and hell control,  
Pride and self, and every foe;  
All subdue, through all my soul  
Conquering and to conquer go.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1162 Tune 341.

Fountain of life and light,  
Sole Well-spring of delight,  
Jesus, let Thy blessings flow  
Upon every married pair;  
May we in Thy knowledge grow,  
Fruit unto Thy honor bear.

2 Constrained by Jesus' love,  
O may we clearly prove,  
That we are His flock indeed,  
Living branches in the Vine,  
Heavenly plants, a holy seed,  
Lights, who in Christ's image shine.

Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

1163 Tune 341.

Lord, in Thy Name we meet  
Before Thy mercy-seat;  
Sacred may each moment be,  
Spent in solemn worship here:  
May our incense rise to Thee,  
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

2 Here are we richly fed,  
Refreshed and comforted;  
Nourished with celestial food,  
Blest with streams from Thee, the  
We with humble gratitude [Rock,  
Praise Thee, Shepherd of Thy flock.

3 O grant us new displays  
Of glory and of grace;  
Touch our lips with hallowed flame,  
While, to sinners far and near,  
Of salvation in Thy Name  
Joyfully we witness bear.

4 Thou Lamb of God once slain,  
Thy people's Strength remain;  
O preserve us in Thy love,  
Us in Thy pavilion hide; [Ps. 27: 5.]  
Ne'er Thy hand from us remove,  
Be in life and death our Guide.

Countess Zinzendorf, 1700-56.

1164 Tune 341.

Our souls with inmost shame  
Address Thy holy Name:  
Jesus, in our midst appear  
Present to each waiting soul,  
Every contrite sinner cheer,  
Breathe Thy Spirit through the whole.

2 We sinners humbly crave  
Thy presence here to have,  
In this place to find Thee true  
To Thy promises of grace,  
Still to own the gathered few,  
Giving them Thy life and peace.

3 From Thy majestic throne  
In mercy, Lord, look down;  
View the souls athirst for Thee,  
Turn to them Thy cheering face;  
Each adores with bended knee  
Thee, O Jesus, for Thy grace.

James Allen, 1734-1804.

1165

Tune 341.

Join, earth and heaven, to bless  
The Lord our Righteousness;  
Sinned we all and died in one,  
Just in One we all are made:  
Christ the law fulfilled alone,  
Died for all, for all obeyed.  
2 In Him complete I shine,  
His death, His life is mine;  
Fully am I justified:  
Free from sin and more than free;  
Guiltless, since for me He died,  
Righteous, since He rose for me.  
3 To love Thee, Lord,—ah, this  
E'en here is heavenly bliss;  
With Thy love my heart inspire,  
There by faith for ever dwell;  
This I always will desire,  
Nothing but Thy love to feel.  
4 Jesus, to Thee I bow,  
Approach Thee humbly now:

O the depths of love divine;  
Who Thy wisdom's stores can tell?  
Knowledge infinite is Thine,  
All Thy ways unsearchable.  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1166

Tune 341.

To Christ we homage pay;  
We covenant this day,  
Him to serve with all our strength;  
Him to love with all our heart;  
Him to follow, till at length  
We obtain in heaven our part.  
Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

1167

Tune 341.

O give us that good part,  
A pure and holy heart;  
Every needful gift bestow,  
Faith, and hope, and charity;  
That while dwelling here below,  
We may pleasure yield to Thee.  
L. von Schrautenbach, 1724-83.

1168

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 342.

Lord of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are:  
To Thine abode | With warm desires  
My heart aspires | To see my God.  
2 The sparrow, for her young  
With pleasure seeks a nest;  
And wandering swallows long  
To find their wonted rest:  
My spirit faints | To rise and dwell  
With equal zeal, | Among Thy saints.  
3 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear:  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there:  
They praise Thee | That love the way  
still, | To Zion's hill.  
And happy they  
4 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length—  
Till each in heaven appears:  
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring  
When God our King | Our willing feet.  
5 To spend one sacred day,  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts | To keep the door  
I love it more, | Than shine in  
courts.  
6 God is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Light and our Defence;  
With gifts His hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence:  
He shall bestow | Peculiar grace  
On Jacob's race | And glory too.  
7 The Lord His people loves;  
He can no good withhold  
From those His heart approves,  
Who dwell within His fold:  
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts  
O God of hosts, | Alone in Thee.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

342, B.

## 1169

Tune 342.

On what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;  
The power is Thine alone  
To make it spring and grow:  
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,  
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

2 To Thee our wants are known,  
From Thee are all our powers;  
Accept what is Thine own,  
And pardon what is ours:  
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,  
And to Thy word a blessing give.

3 O grant that each of us,  
Now met before Thee here,  
May meet together thus,  
When Thou and Thine appear,  
And follow Thee to heaven, our home;  
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

## 1170

Tune 342.

Upon this happy morn  
The Lord of life arose;  
He burst the bands of death,  
And vanquished all our foes;  
And now He pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

2 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.

Anon.

## 1171

Tune 342.

The Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise;  
Who reigns enthroned on high,  
Ancient of endless days;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,  
We cumbered long the ground;  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found;  
Yet mercy stayed our doom severe,  
"O spare them yet another year."

3 Jesus, Thy speaking blood  
From God obtained the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestowed  
On us a longer space:  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another year.

4 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To Thy great praise abound:  
O let us all Thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1172

Tune 342.

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

2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill His throne of grace!  
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,  
While saints address Thy face;  
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, Celestial Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours;  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

(?) J. Hayward, 1806.

342, D.

1173

Tune 342.

Christ is our Corner-stone,  
On Him alone we build;  
With His true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are filled;  
On His great love | Of present grace  
Our hopes we place | And joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise,  
The Three in One to sing;  
And thus proclaim Both loud and long,  
In joyful song, That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious shower | Each holy day  
On all who pray | Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore;  
Until that day, | To endless rest  
When all the blest | Are called away.  
Anon, 8th Century; John Chandler, tr., 1806-76.

1174

Tune 342.

Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God!  
My tongue would bless Thy Name:  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news of sin forgiven,  
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

3 Be Thou my Counselor,  
My Pattern and my Guide,

And through this desert land  
Still keep me near Thy side;  
O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

4 Jesus, my great High-Priest,  
Offered His blood and died:  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside;  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 My dear Almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy scepter, and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing;  
Thine is the power; behold, I sit  
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

6 Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown;  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1175

Tune 342.

Lo! God, our God, has come;  
To us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
Bless, bless the blessed morn!  
Oh! happy, lowly, lofty birth!  
Now God, our God, has come to earth.

2 Rejoice! our God has come,  
In love and lowliness;  
The Son of God has come,  
The sons of men to bless;  
God with us now descends to dwell,  
God in our flesh, Immanuel.

3 Praise ye the Word made flesh;  
True God, true Man is He;  
Praise ye the Christ of God,  
To Whom all glory be!  
Praise ye the Lamb That once was slain,  
Praise ye the King That comes to reign.  
Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1176

Tune 342.

The happy morn is come;  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Omnipotent to save:  
Captivity is captive led;  
For Jesus liveth, That was dead.

2 Who now accuses them,  
For whom their Surety died?  
Who now shall those condemn  
Whom God hath justified?  
Captivity is captive led; etc.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;  
The glorious work is done;  
On Him our help is laid,  
By Him our victory won:  
Captivity is captive led; etc.

4 Hail the triumphant Lord!  
The Resurrection Thou!  
We bless Thy sacred word,  
Before Thy throne we bow:  
Captivity is captive led; etc.

Thomas Haweis, (a), 1732-1820.

1177

Tune 342.

Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
No other help is found,  
None other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have:  
But Jesus came the world to save.

2 Jesus, harmonious Name!  
It charms the hosts above:  
They evermore proclaim  
And wonder at His love:  
'T is all their happiness to gaze,  
O Jesus Christ, on Thy blest face.

3 Thy Name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'T is music in his ears,  
'T is life and victory:  
Glad songs of praise his lips employ;  
His heart is filled with holy joy.

4 Jesus, for all mankind  
The Lamb of God once slain;

Who hast Thy life resigned .  
For every soul of man:  
O sovereign Son, to Thee we cry!  
Let Thy blood cleanse us; else we die.

5 O Jesus, full of grace,  
In praise we fly to Thee;  
Our sinful souls upraise,  
And from guilt set us free:  
Support our weakness with Thy might,  
And shield us in the threatening fight.

6 Grant us to do Thy will,  
And in Thy strength go on  
From grace to grace, until  
We stand before Thy throne:  
O Jesus, Jesus, hear our call:  
For Thou hast died to ransom all.

John Wesley, 1703-91.

1178

Tune 342.

Sing to the Lord most high;  
Let every land adore:  
With grateful voice make known  
His goodness and His power.  
Let cheerful songs | And let His praise  
Declare His ways, 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 | O'er every sea,  
He spreads His sway | 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 | And let His praise  
Declare His ways. 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 | O'er every sea,  
He spreads His sway | And every land.

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817.

342, F.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is labeled '342, F.' and includes a fermata over the final measure of the bass staff. The second system continues the piece.

## 1179

Tune 342.

Done is the work that saves,  
 Once and for ever done;  
 Finished the righteousness  
 That clothes the unrighteous one:  
 The love that blesses us below  
 Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er,  
 The vail is rent in twain,  
 The mercy-seat is red  
 With blood of victim slain:  
 Why stand we then without, in fear?  
 The blood divine invites us near.

3 The gate is open wide,  
 The new and living way  
 Is clear, and free, and bright,  
 With love, and peace, and day:  
 Into the holiest now we come,  
 Our present and our endless home.

4 Upon the mercy-seat  
 The High-Priest sits within;  
 The blood is in His hand  
 Which makes and keeps us clean:  
 With boldness let us now draw near;  
 That blood has banished every fear.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1180

Tune 342.

To Thee our God we fly  
 For mercy and for grace;  
 O hear our lowly cry,  
 And hide not Thou Thy face.  
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
 And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,  
 Be jealous for Thy Name,  
 And drive from out our coasts  
 The sins that put to shame.  
 O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

3 Thy best gifts from on high  
 In rich abundance pour,

That we may magnify  
 And praise Thee more and more.  
 O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

4 The powers ordained by Thee  
 With heavenly wisdom bless;  
 May they Thy servants be,  
 And rule in righteousness.  
 O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son  
 In flame with love's pure fire,  
 Bind her once more in one,  
 And life and truth inspire.  
 O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

6 The pastors of Thy fold  
 With grace and power endue,  
 That faithful, pure and bold,  
 They may be pastors true.  
 O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

7 O let us love Thy house,  
 And sanctify Thy day,  
 Bring unto Thee our vows  
 And loyal homage pay.  
 O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

8 Give peace, Lord, in our time;  
 O let no foe draw nigh,  
 Nor lawless deed of crime  
 Insult Thy Majesty.  
 O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

## 1181

Tune 342.

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

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

342, G.

3 To God the Spirit's Name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live;  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to Thee  
Be endless honors done,  
The undivided Three,  
The great and glorious One;  
Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

## 1182

Tune 342.

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; etc.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come; etc.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face;  
The year of jubilee is come; etc.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

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, etc.

3 His Kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are unto Jesus given;  
Lift up your heart, etc.

4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet.  
Lift up your heart, etc.

5 He all His foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy;  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy.  
Lift up your heart, etc.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus our Lord shall come,  
And take His brethren up  
To their eternal home: [voice:]  
We soon shall hear the archangel's  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1184

Tune 342.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever blest,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address;  
As heretofore it was, is now  
And shall be so for evermore.

## 1185

Tune 342.

To God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise;  
Glory to God the Son;  
To God, the Spirit, praise;  
With all our powers, Thy Name we sing,  
Eternal King, While faith adores.

## 1183

Tune 342.

Rejoice, the Lord is King,  
Your God and King adore!  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice again, ye saints, rejoice.

1186

Tune 342.

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,  
 Speak gladness to this heart;  
 They tell me all is done;  
 They bid my fear depart:  
 To Whom save Thee, Who canst alone  
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,  
 Have wept my guilt away,  
 And turned this night of mine  
 Into a blessed day:  
 To Whom save Thee, etc.

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,  
 Can heal my bruised soul;  
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain  
 The balm that makes me whole:  
 To Whom save Thee, etc.

4 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, etc.

5 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, etc.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1187

Tune 342.

One sole baptismal sign,  
 One Lord below, above,  
 Zion, one faith is thine,  
 One only watchword, love:  
 From different temples though it rise,  
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;  
 One Priest before the throne,  
 The slain, the risen Son,  
 Redeemer, Lord alone: [dead,  
 Thou Who didst raise Him from the  
 Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,  
 His tenderest and His last,

His constant, latest care  
 Ere to His throne He passed,  
 No longer unfulfilled remain—  
 The world's offence, His people's stain.

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,  
 The catholic, the true,  
 On all her members breathe,  
 Her broken frame renew:  
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
 When Christians love and live as one.

Anon., 1842.

1188

Tune 342.

The atoning work is done,  
 The Victim's blood is shed,  
 And Jesus now is gone  
 His people's cause to plead: [Priest,  
 He stands in heaven their great High-  
 And bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood  
 The mercy-seat above;  
 For justice had withstood  
 The purposes of love:  
 But justice now objects no more,  
 And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands  
 His place of service is;  
 In heaven itself He stands,  
 A heavenly priesthood His:  
 In Him the shadows of the law  
 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be  
 Hid from the eyes of men,  
 His people look to see  
 Their great High-Priest again:  
 In brightest glory He will come,  
 And take His waiting people home.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

1189

Tune 342.

Jerusalem on high  
 My song and city is,  
 My home where'er I die,  
 The center of my bliss;  
 O happy place, when shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face.



342, I.

2 There dwells my Lord, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live;  
There angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give:  
O happy place, etc.

3 The patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease;  
The prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of peace:  
O happy place, etc.

4 The Lamb's apostles there  
I might with joy behold,  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold:  
O happy place, etc.

5 The bleeding martyrs—they  
Within those courts are found,  
Clothèd in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crowned:  
O happy place, etc.

6 Ah me, ah me! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay:  
No place like that on high;  
Lord, thither guide my way:  
O happy place, etc.

Samuel Crossman, 1628-63.

And cry of night-alarm,  
And need of ready lamp.  
And yet how nearly he had failed—  
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penned;  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end;  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!  
O days and nights of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins, and doubts and fears—  
What matter now (when men so say)—  
The King has wiped all tears away!

Joseph of the Studium, c. 830;  
John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

### 1191

Tune 342.

Above the clear blue sky,  
In heaven's bright abode,  
The angel-host on high  
Sing praises to their God.

Hallelujah, | To God their King;  
They love to sing | Hallelujah.

2 But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise;  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise.

Hallelujah, | To God our King;  
We too will sing | Hallelujah.

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth  
To us Thy babes impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.

Hallelujah, | To God our King;  
Then shall we sing | Hallelujah.

4 O may Thy holy word  
Spread all the world around;  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound.

Hallelujah, | To God their King;  
All then shall sing | Hallelujah.

John Chandler, 1806-76.

### 1190

Tune 342.

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 athlete nearly fell,  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well.  
But he may smile at troubles gone,  
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm;  
No more the leaguer'd camp,

## PART I.

The God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love;  
Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confessed;  
I bow and bless the sacred Name  
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At Whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand:  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And Him my only Portion make,  
My Shield and Tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all my ways.  
He calls a worm His friend,  
He calls Himself my God;  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn;  
I on His oath depend;  
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

## PART II.

5 Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
At His command:  
The watery deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view;  
And through the howling wilderness  
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest,  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest:  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life forever grow,  
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness:  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of peace,  
On Zion's sacred height,  
His Kingdom still maintains,  
And glorious, with His saints in light,  
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps His own secure,  
He guards them by His side,  
Arrays in garments white and pure,  
His spotless Bride;

With streams of sacred bliss,  
With groves of living joys,  
With all the fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.

## PART III.

9 Before the great Three-One  
The saints exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders He hath done  
Through all their land;  
The listening spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame,  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The Wondrous Name.

10 The God Who reigns on high,  
The great archangels sing:  
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
"Almighty King!  
Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be;  
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,  
We worship Thee."

11 Before the Saviour's face  
The ransomed nations bow,  
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,  
For ever new:  
He shows His prints of love;  
They kindle to a flame,  
And sound, thro' all the worlds above,  
The slaughtered Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high:  
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"  
They ever cry:  
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,  
I join the heavenly lays.  
All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1725-99.

1193 [For Tune, see next page.] Tune 345.

A messenger of peace  
No higher pleasure knows,  
Than to direct the human race  
To Jesus' Cross;  
He points to Jesus' wounds  
And precious cleansing blood;  
The source, whence life to us redounds,  
The fount of good.

2 Servant of God, be filled  
With Jesus' love alone,  
On Christ, the sure Foundation, build,  
The Corner-stone:  
By faith in Him abide,  
Rejoicing with His saints;  
To Him with confidence, when tried,  
Tell thy complaints.

3 A cheerful life enjoy,  
A life of faith in God,  
An interest, nothing can destroy,  
In Jesus' blood;  
Then, though the heathen rage,  
And devils envious roar,  
Extol His grace in every age  
For evermore.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

## 1194

Tune 345.

With gladsome feet we press  
To Zion's holy mount,  
Where gushes from its deep recess  
The cooling fount.  
Oh! happy, happy hill,  
The joy of every saint!  
With clear Siloam's crystal rill,  
That cheers the faint.

2 Great city, blest of God!  
Jerusalem the free!  
With ceaseless steps the path be trod,  
That leads to Thee!  
The sinner there can plead  
In ever listening ears;  
In hope on Christ can sweetly feed,  
And dry his tears.

3 Lord, while Thy courts we tread,  
Arrayed in robes of white,  
May evil never lift its head  
To shame the light!  
But all be pure below;  
Each heart from taint be free,  
Unsullied, bright as spotless snow,  
Meet shrines for Thee.

4 So this our festal day  
Celestial joy shall raise,  
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay  
To hymn Thy praise.  
The very stones shall ring,  
Resound each holy wall,  
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,  
Our Heaven, our All!

Robert Corbett Singleton, 1867, ab.

## 1195

Tune 345.

My Shepherd's mighty aid,  
His dear redeeming love,  
His all-protecting power displayed,  
I joy to prove:  
Led onward by my Guide,  
I view the verdant scene,  
Where limpid waters gently glide  
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul  
Shall wander now no more;  
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,  
The lost restore;

My willing steps shall lead  
In paths of righteousness;  
His power defend; His bounty feed;  
His mercy bless.

3 Affliction's deepest gloom  
Shall but His love display;  
He will the vale of death illumine  
With living ray:  
My failing flesh His rod  
Shall thankfully adore:  
My heart shall vindicate my God  
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,  
His mercy ever free,  
Shall when I live, shall when I die,  
Still follow me;  
Forever shall my soul  
His boundless blessings prove;  
And, while eternal ages roll,  
Adore and love.

Thomas Roberts, 1804.

## 1196

Tune 345.

O Thou Who didst prepare  
The ocean's caverned cell,  
And teach the gathering waters there  
To meet and dwell:  
Tossed in our fragile bark  
Upon the treacherous sea,  
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,  
And sing to Thee.

2 Borne on the darkening wave,  
Safe in Thy strength we go,  
Nor dread the unfathomable grave  
That yawns below:  
For He is nigh Who trod  
Amid the foaming spray,  
Whose billows owned the Saviour-God,  
And died away.

3 How terrible art Thou,  
In all Thy wonders shown;  
Though veiled is Thine eternal brow,  
Thy steps unknown!  
Invisible to sight—  
But oh! to faith how near—  
Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night  
Thou shinest here.

4 Snatched from a darker deep  
And waves of wilder foam,  
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,  
And waft them home:  
Home, where no storm can sound,  
Nor angry waters roar,  
Nor troublous billows heave around  
That peaceful shore.  
"Charlotte Elizabeth" Tonna, 1790-1846.

1197 Tune 345.

With the sweet word of peace  
We bid our brethren go;  
Peace as a river to increase,  
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer  
We earnestly commend  
Our brethren to thy watchful care,  
Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love  
We give our brief farewell;  
Our love below, and Thine above,  
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee;  
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death  
Their Help shalt be.

5 Then the bright word of hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earthborn dream,

6 Farewell; in hope and love,  
In faith and peace and prayer;  
Till He, Whose home is ours above,  
Unite us there.

George Watson, b. 1818.

1198 Tune 345.

O Thou Who hearest prayer,  
The God of power and might;  
To seek Thy face be all our care,  
Our whole delight.

2 O God of grace and love,  
Regard us from Thy throne;  
Send down to us the Heavenly Dove,  
Seal us Thine own.

3 We have no other trust,  
But Thy dear Sacrifice;  
Our hope, Thou Holy One and Just,  
Do not despise:

4 Sinful, we plead Thy blood,  
Weak, we implore Thy power;  
Saviour, remember us for good  
In danger's hour.

5 Come with Thy saving strength,  
With healing virtue come,  
And let Thy guiding hand at length  
Conduct us home;

6 Till, saved from all annoy  
Of earthly fear and strife,  
We enter into endless joy  
And heavenly life.

William Edwards, 1798-1879.

1199 Tune 345.

Lord of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry;  
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer;  
Our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in Thy view;  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;  
The laborers few.

3 Convert and send forth more  
Into the world abroad;  
O let them speak Thy word with power,  
And work with God.

4 O let them spread Thy Name;  
Their mission fully prove;  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thy world-wide love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.



1200

Tune 349.

Jesus, Sun of righteousness,  
Brightest beam of love divine,  
With the early morning rays  
Do Thou on our darkness shine,  
And dispel with purest light  
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower  
Falls the soft refreshing dew,  
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power  
All our weary souls renew;  
Showers of blessing over all  
Softly fall.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray  
May Thy love with tender glow  
All our coldness melt away.

Warm and cheer us forth to go,  
Gladly serve Thee and obey  
All the day.

4 O our only Hope and Guide,  
Never leave us nor forsake;  
Keep us ever at Thy side  
Till the eternal morning break,  
Moving on to Zion's hill,  
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years  
In Thy strait and narrow way;  
Lead us through the vale of tears  
To the land of perfect day,  
Where Thy people, fully blest,  
Safely rest.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, 1636-89;  
Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 590. (11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.)

J. Barnby.



383, B.

*A little slower.*

1201

Tune 383.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and  
sorrow [for rest:  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-  
morrow,

Blessings implored, and sins to be  
confessed;  
We come before Thee at Thy gracious  
word,  
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-  
est, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long  
and blindly [derer strayed;  
On the dark mountains the lost wan-  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and  
how kindly [laid;  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and  
soothed the pain, [strength again.  
And brought back life, and hope, and  
3 Thou knowest all the present: each  
temptation, [fear;  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding  
All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
Or to belovèd ones, than self more  
dear;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices  
gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams  
of gladness [cast;  
By stormy clouds too quickly over-  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting  
sadness, [last.  
And the dark river to be crossed at

Oh! what could hope and confidence  
afford  
To tread that path; but this, "Thou  
knowest, Lord!"

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, All-  
knowing, [hast proved:  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'er-  
flowing, [hast loved;  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may  
come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call  
obeying, [feet;  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy  
On Everlasting Strength our weakness  
staying, [complete:  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness  
Then, rising and refreshed, we leave  
Thy throne,  
And follow on to know as we are  
known.

H. L. L., 1853.

ANASTASIUS. } (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 6, 6, Iambic.)

Freylinghausen, 1704.

459, A.

1202

Tune 459.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,  
Behold the King of glory waits;  
The King of kings is drawing near,  
The Saviour of the world is here,  
Life and salvation doth He bring,  
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing:  
We praise Thee, Father, now,  
Creator, wise art Thou!

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

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

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

So shall your Sovereign enter in,  
 And new and nobler life begin:  
 To Thee, O God, be praise,  
 For word, and deed, and grace!

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

G. Weissel, 1590-1635; Catherine Winkworth,  
 tr., 1829-75.

GRIMM'S 480TH METRE.

*Wachet auf, ihr mueden Geister.*

(8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Grimm's Choral Buch, 1756.

480, A.

1203

Tune 480.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour!

Thou art coming, O my King!

In Thy beauty all-resplendent,

In Thy glory all-transcendent;

Well may we rejoice and sing!

Coming! In the opening East

Herald brightness slowly swells;

Coming! O my glorious Priest,

Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming!

We shall meet Thee on Thy way,

We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,

We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee

All our hearts could never say!

What an anthem that will be,

Ring out our love to Thee,

Pouring out our rapture sweet

At Thine own all-glorious feet!

(21)

3 Thou art coming! At Thy table

We are witnesses for this,

While remembering hearts Thou meet-

In communion clearest, sweetest, [est,

Earnest of our coming bliss:

Showing not Thy death alone,

And Thy love exceeding great,

But Thy coming and Thy throne,

All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming! We are waiting

With a hope that cannot fail;

Asking not the day or hour,

Resting on Thy word of power,

Anchored safe within the vail.

Time appointed may be long,

But the vision must be sure:

Certainty shall make us strong,

Joyful patience shall endure!

321

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Thee, our own belovèd Lord!  
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,  
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,  
Brought to Thee with glad accord!

Thee, our Master and our Friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned!  
Unto earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

SOUTHWICK. (8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

C. J. Vincent.

480, B.

1204 GREGOR'S 483RD METRE. } (P. M.)  
*Schlaf, liebes Kind.*

Philip Henry Molther, c. 1750.

483, A. Now rest in peace, Now rest in peace, Our pray'rs, when dy-ing, thee at-tend-ed;

Thou hast end-ed Thy mor-tal life, and now thro' grace Be-hold-est Je-sus face to face:



The ho - ly an - gels did con - vey Thy soul to realms of end - less day;

There bless Thee, God,—the Fa - ther, and the Son, And Ho - ly Ghost,—Je -

ho - vah, Three in One: With saints a - dore the Lamb That sitteth on the throne.

EISLEBEN. *Heiliger Herre Gott.* } (6. 6, 9, 5, 6, 7, 5, Mixed.) German Church Melody, 15th Century.

519, A.

1205  
 Most Holy Lord and God,  
 Holy, Almighty God,  
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,  
 Thou Eternal God;  
 Grant that we may never  
 Lose the comforts from Thy death:  
 Have mercy, O Lord.

2 Most Holy Lord and God,  
 Holy, Almighty God,  
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,

Tune 519.

Thou Eternal God;  
 Bless Thy Congregation  
 Thro' Thy suff'rings, death and blood:  
 Have mercy, O Lord.

3 Most Holy Lord and God,  
 Holy, Almighty God,  
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,  
 Thou Eternal God;  
 Lamb of God unspotted,  
 To our prayers, oh lend an ear:  
 Have mercy, O Lord.

Notker Balbulus, d. 912.

1206

Tune 520.

Praise God for ever:  
 Boundless is His favor  
 To His Church and chosen flock,  
 Founded on Christ, the Rock,  
 Jesus, God's own Son,  
 On His fair Mount Zion,  
 By His Spirit, grace and word:  
 Blest city of the Lord,  
 Thou in spite of every powerful foe  
 Shalt unshaken stand, and prospering  
 grow,

'Midst disgrace, to God's praise,  
 Both in love and unity:  
 Praise God eternally.

2 It plain appeareth,  
 As God's word declareth,  
 That the Lord His flock defends,  
 Through mercy which ne'er ends;  
 Our fathers have told  
 How He dealt with His fold;  
 We His power and faithfulness  
 Still in the Church may trace;  
 For our God His city still protects,  
 And He there His righteous throne  
 Praises be given to Thee, [erects.  
 Mighty God, Immanuel,  
 That Thou with us will dwell.

3 O wondrous favor!  
 Praise to Him for ever,  
 That the Lord, the mighty God,  
 With men makes His abode;  
 Thy Name be praised,  
 Loudest songs be raised,  
 Till to earth's remotest bounds  
 Extend the joyous sounds.

By Thy great salvation now made  
 known, [shown;  
 Thou Thy righteousness and peace hast  
 And Thy care, everywhere,  
 For Thy people in distress,  
 Proclaims Thy faithfulness.

4 How great the blessing,  
 All our thought surpassing,  
 In His word and sacrament,  
 In His wise government;—  
 Our homes surrounded  
 With His love unbounded;  
 And the teachers of His word,  
 Gifts from the risen Lord;—  
 'Midst His flock He dwells Himself,  
 our God,  
 Jacob's Lord, the Lord of Sabaoth;  
 O what grace He displays;  
 Praise, thanksgiving, majesty,  
 Be His eternally!

(Bohemian) John Augusta, 1500-72.

1207

Tune 520.

Let them that love Him  
 Rise with joy to serve Him,  
 As the sun goes forth in might,  
 Spreads o'er the earth his light;  
 With your lamps lighted  
 To nations benighted  
 In the Name of Christ go forth  
 Toward East, West, South and North;  
 He Himself leads on to victory,  
 In His strength, His Church shall con-  
 queror be;  
 Why delay, sons of day?  
 Take your armor, put on light,  
 Vanquish the powers of night!

Anon.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

MINISTER OR CHOIR.

539, A. Lord, have mercy up-on us. Christ, have mer-cy up - on us. Lord, have mercy up on us.

ALL.

II. ALL.

Christ, hear us. Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost:

As it was in the be- gin - ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men.

III. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

IV. ALL.

Lord, God our Fa-ther, Who art in Heaven: For Thine is the King-dom, and the power, and the

V. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men. Lord God, Sou, Thou Saviour of the world,

ALL.

VI. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.



Be gracious un-to us. Lord God, Ho-ly Ghost, A-bide with us for-ev-er.

VII. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

VIII. MINISTER OR CHOIR.



O praise the Lord, all ye nations: Praise Him, all ye people. O Christ, Almighty God,

ALL.

IX. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

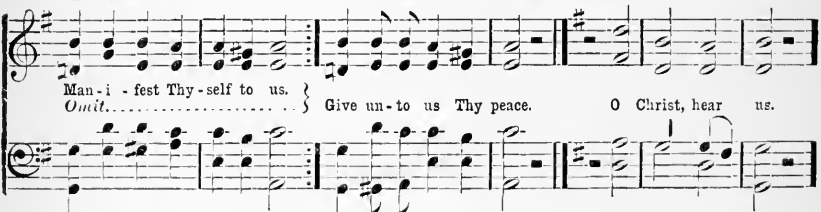


Have mercy up-on us. { O Thou Lamb of God, Which takest a-way the sin of the world, O Thou Lamb, etc.

ALL. 1st time.

ALL. 2d time.

Fine. X. MINISTER OR CHOIR.



Man-i-fest Thy-self to us. }  
Omit..... } Give un-to us Thy peace. O Christ, hear us.

ALL.

MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.



Lord, have mercy up-on us. Christ, have mercy up-on us. Lord, have mercy up-on us. A-men.

539, B. Un-to the Lamb That was slain, and hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;

Un - to the Lord Who purchased our souls for Him - self; Un - to that Friend Who loved us, and washed

us from our sins in His own blood; Who died for us once, That we might die un - to sin;

Who rose for us, That we al - so might rise; Who as - cend - ed for us in - to heav'n,

To pre - pare a place for us; And to Whom are sub - ject - ed the angels, and pow'rs, and do -

mi - nions; To him be glo - ry at all times, In the Church that waiteth for Him,

and in that which is a - round Him, From e - ver - last - ing to e - ver - last - ing: A - men.

MINISTER OR CHOIR.

Lit - tle children, a - bide in Him, that when He shall ap - pear we may have con - fi - dence, and

not be a - shamed be - fore Him at His com - ing. In the Name of Je - sus, A - men.

1210 CHANTS FOR EASTER MORNING.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

539. C. The Lord is ris - en! The Lord is risen in - deed!

II. ALL.

III. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

This I ver - i - ly be - lieve. We thank Thee, O Fa-ther, Lord of heav'n and earth, be-

cause Thou hast hid these things from the wise and pru - dent, and hast re - vealed them

un - to babes. Ev - en so, Fa - ther; for so it seem - ed good in Thy sight.

IV. ALL.

V. ALL.

This I most cer-tain - ly be - lieve. This I as - sur - ed - ly be - lieve.

1211 CHANTS FOR THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

539, D.  
Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which tak - est a - way the sin of the world, Leave Thy peace with us.

II. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

A - men. By Thy ho - ly sa - cra - ments, Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

1212 CHANTS FOR THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR

II. ALL.

539, E.  
Lord, God our Fa - ther, Who art in Heaven: For Thine is the King - dom, and the power, and the

III. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men. Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

ALL.

IV. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

Be gracious un - to us. Lord God, Ho - ly Ghost, A - bide with us for - cv - er.

V. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

By Thy di - vine . . . Pres - ence, } Bless us, gra - cious Lord and God.  
By Thy ho - ly sa - cra - ments. }



1213 CHANTS FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. MINISTER.

By Thy di - vine Presence, By Thy ho - ly sa - cra - ments, By all the mer - its of Thy

539, F.

ALL.

Life, sufferings, death and res - ur - rec - tion, Bless us, bless us, gracious Lord and God.

II. MINISTER.

As oft - en as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, Ye do shew the

ALL.

Lord's death un - til He come. Un - til He come, un - til He come.

1214 CHANTS FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

I. ALL.

II. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

III. ALL.

539, *G.* Amen! A - men! A - men! Lord, God our Fa-ther, Who art in Heaven: For Thine is the

IV. MIN-

King-dom, and the power, and the glo - ry, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men. Lord God,

ISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

V. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

Son, Thou Sav - iour of the world, Be gra-cious un - to us. Lord God, Ho - ly Ghost,

ALL.

VI. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

A - bide with us for - ev - er. Faith - ful is He That hath call - ed you, Who

VII. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

al - so will do it. O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which tak - est a - way the

ALL.

MINISTER OR CHOIR.

sin of the world. Have mer-cy up - on us. O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which tak-est a -

ALL.

MINISTER OR CHOIR.

way the sin of the world. Re - veal Thy-self un - to our hearts. O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which

ALL.

VIII. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

tak-est a - way the sin of the world. Give un - to us Thy peace. Worthy is the Lamb That was

slain to re - ceive pow'r, and rich-es, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glo-ry, and

IX. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

blessing, for ev - er and ev - er: Hal - le - lu - jah! O Spir - it of grace! di -

rect our hearts in - to the love of God, and in - to the pa - tient wait - ing for Christ.

X. ALL.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it was

in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

1215 THE BENEDICTION.

Christian Gregor, 1783.

540, E The grace of our Lord Je - sus Christ, And the love of God, And the com -

mu - nion of the Ho - ly Ghost Be with us all, Be with us all, A - - men.

552, A

The image shows a musical score for a choral piece. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The second system also has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century choral music, with block chords and simple melodic lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece is marked '552, A'.

## 1216

Tune 552.

We would see Jesus: for the shadows  
lengthen

Across the 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: for life's hand  
hath rested, [and brow;

With its dark touch, upon both heart  
And though our souls have many a  
billow breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

3 We would see Jesus: the great Rock-  
foundation, [eign grace;

Whereon our feet were set by sover-  
Nor life, nor death, with all their agita-  
tion, [face.

Can thence remove us if we see His

4 We would see Jesus: though the spirit  
lingers [long,

Round the dear objects it has loved so  
And earth from earth can scarce unclose  
its fingers, [less strong.

Our love to Thee makes not this love

5 We would see Jesus: this is all we're  
needing, [with the sight;

Strength, joy and willingness come  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen,  
pleading— [tal night.

Then welcome day, and farewell mor-  
Anon.

## 1217

Tune 552.

My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet ador-  
ing, [of woe;

I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load  
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood  
pouring: [tears will flow.

For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews hath  
sold Thee, [he came;

With friendship's kiss and loyal word

How oft of faithful love my lips have  
told Thee, [and my shame!

While Thou hast seen my falsehood

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what  
seems Thy weakness, [to pain;

With blows and outrage adding pain  
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy  
meekness; [complain!

When I am wronged how quickly I

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see  
Thee wearing [of thorn,

Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown  
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from  
bearing [scorn?

What'er my lot may be of pain or

Thomas Benson Pollock, tr., b. 1836.

## 1218

Tune 552.

O Strength and Stay, upholding all crea-  
tion,

Whoever dost Thyself unmoved abide,  
Yet day by day the light in due grada-  
tion [changes guide;

From hour to hour through all its

2 Grant to life's day a calm, unclouded  
ending, [decay,

An eye untouched by shadows of  
The brightness of a holy death-bed  
blending [day.

With dawning glories of the eternal

John Ellerton, tr., b. 1826.

## 1219

Tune 552.

And now, beloved Lord, Thy soul re-  
signing [scious will,

Into Thy Father's arms with con-  
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head  
inclining, [breast grow still.

The throbbing brow and laboring

2 Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly  
bending [load.

E'en to the last beneath our sorrows'

Yet strong in death, in perfect peace  
commending [God.

Thy Spirit to Thy Father and Thy

552, B.

3 Dear Saviour, in mine hour of mortal  
anguish, [falls the night,  
When earth grows dim, and round me  
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit  
languish; [light.  
At that dread eventide let there be

4 To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes  
in dying; [breast;  
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy  
Those outstretched arms receive my  
latest sighing; [rest!  
And then, oh, then, Thine everlasting  
Eliza Sibbald Dykes Alderson, 1868.

1220

Tune 552

Now, when the dusky shades of night  
retreating [flee;  
Before the sun's red banner swiftly  
Now, when the terrors of the dark are  
fleeting, [Thee.  
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to

2 Look from the height of heaven, and  
send to cheer us [ward still;  
Thy light and truth, and guide us on—  
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, [flee,  
And shades of evil from its splendors  
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale  
forsaking, [dwell with Thee.  
Through all the long bright day to

4 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy,  
granted,  
O Father, Son and Spirit ever blest;  
Whose glory by the heaven and earth  
is chanted, [confest.  
Whose Name by men and angels is  
Anon., 1853.

1221

Tune 562.

Father, Whose hand hath led me so  
securely, [prayer,  
Father, Whose ear hath listened to my

Father, Whose eye hath watched o'er me  
so surely, [so rare;—  
Whose heart hath loved me with a love

2 Vouchsafe, O Heavenly Father, to in-  
struct me [to go,  
In the straight way wherein I ought  
To life eternal and to heaven conduct  
me, [through weal and woe.  
Through health and sickness, and

3 O my Redeemer! Who hast my re-  
demption [cious blood;  
Purchased and paid for by Thy pre-  
Thereby procuring an entire exemption  
From the dread wrath and punish-  
ment of God!

4 Thou Who hast saved my soul from  
condemnation,  
Redeem it also from the power of sin,  
Be Thou the Captain still of my salva-  
tion, [tory win.  
Through Whom alone I can the vic-

5 O Holy Ghost! Who from the Father  
flowest— [to pray!  
And from the Son, oh teach me how  
Thou, Who the love and peace of God  
bestowest, [my way;—  
With faith and hope inspire and cheer

6 Direct, control, and sanctify each mo-  
tion [be  
Within my soul, and make it thus to  
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep  
devotion, [Thee!  
A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of  
Karl J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; Richard  
Massie, tr., b. 1800.

1222

Tune 552.

We are the Lord's; His all-sufficient  
merit, [accords;  
Sealed on the Cross, to us this grace  
We are the Lord's, and all things shall  
inherit; [Lord's.  
Whether we live or die, we are the

2 We are the Lord's; then let us gladly  
tender [words;  
Our souls to Him, in deeds, not empty  
Let heart and tongue, and life combine  
to render [Lord's.  
No doubtful witness that we are the

3 We are the Lord's; no darkness  
brooding o'er us [affords  
Can make us tremble, while this star  
A steady light along the path before us—  
Faith's full assurance that we are the  
Lord's.

4 We are the Lord's; no evil can befall  
us [ing cords;  
In the dread hour of life's fast loosen—  
No pangs of death shall even then appall  
us; [the Lord's.  
Death we shall vanquish, for we are  
Charles Tamberlane Astley, tr., b. 1825.

1223

Tune 552.

Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord  
most holy, [strength the weak;  
Who cheers the contrite, girds with

Praise Him Who will with glory crown  
the lowly,  
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye Jehovah! for His loving-  
kindness [shown;  
And all the tender mercy He hath  
Praise Him Who pardons all our sin  
and blindness,  
And calls us sons, and takes us for  
His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! Source of all our  
blessings; [wax dim;  
Before His gifts earth's richest boons  
Resting in Him, His peace and joy posses-  
singing, [in Him.  
All things are ours, for we have all

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord,  
Who gave us, [Son;  
With full and perfect love, His only  
Praise ye the Son! Who died Himself  
to save us; [in One!  
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three  
Margaret Cockburn-Campbell, d. 1859.

HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

*Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.*

(10. 6. 10. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6, Iambic.)

Melchior Frank, † 1639.



1224

Tune 576.

Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,  
Would God I were in thee!  
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would  
It will not stay with me; [fly!  
Far over vale and mountain,  
Far over field and plain  
It hastes to seek its Fountain  
And quit this world of pain.

2 O happy day, and yet far happier  
When wilt thou come at last? [hour,  
When, fearless, to my Father's love and  
power,  
Whose promise standeth fast,  
My soul I gladly render,  
For surely will His hand  
Lead her with guidance tender  
To heaven, her fatherland.

3 O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold  
The gates of grace to me!  
How many a time I longed for thee of  
Ere yet I was set free [old,  
From yon dark life of sadness,  
Yon world of shadowy naught,  
And God had given the gladness,  
The heritage I sought.

4 O what the tribe, or what the glorious  
Comes sweeping swiftly down? [host,  
The chosen ones on earth who wrought  
the most,  
The Church's brightest crown,  
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,  
As in the far off years  
Their words oft came to greet me  
In yonder land of tears.

Johann Matthaeus Meyfarth, 1590-1642;  
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1225

Tune 577.

Friend after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts,  
 That finds not here an end;  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath;  
 Nor life's affection's transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown;  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night;  
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1226

Tune 577.

I need no other plea  
 With which to approach my God,  
 Than His own mercy, boundless, free,  
 Through Christ on man bestowed;  
 A Father's love, a Father's care  
 Receives and answers every prayer.

2 I need no other priest  
 Than one High-Priest above;  
 His intercession ne'er has ceased  
 Since first I knew His love:  
 Through that my faith shall never fail,  
 E'en when I pass through death's dark vale.

3 I need no human ear  
 In which to pour my prayer;  
 My great High-Priest is ever near,  
 On Him I cast my care:

To Him, Him only, I confess,  
 Who can alone absolve and bless.

4 I need no works by me  
 Wrought with laborious care,  
 To form a meritorious plea  
 'The bliss of heaven to share:  
 Christ's finished work, through bound-  
 less grace,  
 Has there secured my dwelling-place.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

1227

Tune 577.

If only I have Thee,  
 If only mine Thou art,  
 And to the grave Thy power to save  
 Upholds my faithful heart;  
 Then nothing can my soul annoy,  
 I'm lost in worship, love and joy.

2 If only I have Thee,  
 I gladly all forsake;  
 To follow on where Thou hast gone,  
 My pilgrim staff I take;  
 E'en if all other men will stay  
 In the bright, broad and crowded way.

3 If only I have Thee,  
 If only Thou art near,  
 In sweet repose my eyes shall close,  
 Nor death's dark shadow fear;  
 And Thy heart's flood throughout my  
 breast  
 Shall gently charm my soul to rest.

4 If only I have Thee,  
 Then all the world is mine;  
 Like those who gaze upon the rays  
 That from Thy glory shine;  
 When rapt in holy thought of Thee,  
 There is no gloom, no gloom for me.

Friedrich von Hardenberg (Novalis) 1772-1801;  
George W. Bethune, tr., 1847, all.

1228

[For Tune, see next page.]

Tune 578.

'Tis finished now,  
 Redemption's finished now;  
 Ye ransomed sinners bow,  
 Adore and wonder,  
 That earth and heaven's Founder  
 Now sinks in death. :::



2 Look up and see,  
By faith look up and see,  
His heart was pierced for thee;  
The Rock of ages,  
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,  
Was rent for thee. :|

3 The precious flood  
Of water and of blood,  
Of sin-atonng blood,  
Now freely floweth  
On him, who Jesus knoweth  
As Lord and God. :|

4 We are redeemed,  
Redeemed to endless bliss,  
Our souls rejoice at this;  
With hearts enlargèd  
We see our debt dischargèd,  
Our ransom paid. :|

5 O sing again,  
Sing still in higher strain  
Unto the Lamb once slain;  
Bring for salvation  
Praise, thanks, and adoration:  
Hallelujah! :|

Christian I. La Trobe, from Christian Gregor.

1229

Tune 578.

What happiness,  
What joy and happiness,  
Lord, shall we then possess,  
When we adore Thee,  
With angels fall before Thee,  
And see Thy face,—what happiness!

2 Amen, Amen,  
Then will, in highest strain,  
Unto the Lamb once slain,  
Eternal praises  
Resound in heavenly places;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

C. I. La Trobe, c. 1755.

LA TROBE'S 578TH METRE. (4, 6, 6, 5, 7, 4, 4, Iambic.)

579, A.

1230

Tune 579.

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

2 My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

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

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us, by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

1231

Tune 579.

Auspicious morning, hail!  
Voices, from hill and vale,  
Thy welcome sing:  
Joy on thy dawning breaks;  
Each heart that joy partakes,  
While cheerful music wakes,  
Its praise to bring.

2 Peace on this day abide,  
From morn till eventide;  
Wake tuneful song:

Melodious accents raise;  
Let every heart, with praise,  
Bring high and grateful lays,  
Rich, full, and strong.

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

1232

Tune 579.

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds 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!

John Sullivan Dwight, b. 1812.

1233

Tune 579.

The God of harvest praise;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart and voice;  
The valleys laugh and sing;  
Forests and mountains ring;  
The plains their tribute bring;  
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His holy Name,  
And joyous thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is comely: but be not  
God's benefits forgot  
Amid your mirth!

3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts and voices raise  
With sweet accord:  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1234

Tune 579.

Come, Thou Almighty King!  
 Help us Thy Name to sing,  
 Help us to praise:  
 Father! all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
 Ancient of days!

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

3 Come, Holy Comforter!  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour:  
 Thou, Who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.

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

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1235

Tune 579.

Thou, Whose almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight;  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And where the gospel's day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 Let there be light!

2 Thou, Who didst come to bring,  
 On Thy protecting wing,  
 Healing and sight;  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
 Health to the sick in mind:  
 O, now to all mankind  
 Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, Holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight!  
 Move o'er the water's face,  
 By Thine almighty grace;  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and holy Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,—  
 Wisdom, love, might,—  
 Boundless as ocean's tide,  
 Rolling in fullest pride;  
 O'er the world, far and wide,  
 Let there be light!

John Marriott, 1780-1825.

1236

Tune 579.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise  
 Into Thy native skies;  
 Assume Thy right;  
 And where in many a fold  
 The clouds are backward rolled,  
 Pass through those gates of gold,  
 And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell,  
 Cherubic legions swell  
 The radiant train:  
 Praises all heaven inspire;  
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
 And claps his wings of fire,  
 Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, Incarnate God!  
 No feet but Thine have trod  
 The serpent down:  
 Blow the full trumpets, blow,  
 Wider your portals throw,  
 Saviour triumphant, go,  
 And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!  
 And let Thy Name prevail  
 From age to age:  
 Lord of the rolling years,  
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,  
 For Thou hast bought with tears  
 Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges, 1800-52.

## 1237

Tune 579.

Glory to God on high!  
 Let heaven and earth reply,  
 "Praise ye His Name!"  
 His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore;  
 And sing for evermore,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising His Name:

We, who have felt His blood  
 Sealing our peace with God,  
 Sound His dear Name abroad,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

3 To Him our hearts we raise!  
 None else shall have our praise,  
 "Praise ye His Name!"  
 Him, our exalted Lord,  
 By us below adored,  
 We praise with one accord,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Join all the human race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless;  
 "Praise ye His Name!"  
 In Him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 And say with heart and voice,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

5 What though we change our place,  
 Yet we shall never cease  
 Praising His Name:  
 To Him our songs we bring,  
 Hail Him our gracious King,  
 And without ceasing sing:  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen, 1734-1804.

## 1238

Tune 579.

Shepherd of tender youth,  
 Guiding in love and truth  
 Through devious ways;  
 Christ, our triumphant King,  
 We come Thy Name to sing,  
 And here our children bring,  
 To tell Thy 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 Thou art the great High-Priest,  
 Thou hast prepared the feast  
 Of heavenly love;  
 While in our mortal pain  
 None calls on Thee in vain;  
 Help Thou dost not disdain,  
 Help from above.

4 Be ever near our side,  
 Our Shepherd and our Guide,  
 Our Staff and Song;  
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,

By Thy perennial word,  
 Lead us where Thou hast trod;  
 Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,  
 Sound we Thy praises high,  
 And joyful sing,  
 Children and the glad throng,  
 Who to Thy Church belong,  
 Unite and swell the song  
 To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria, 220; Henry Martyn Dexter, tr., 1821-90.

## 1239

Tune 579.

Let us awake our joys,  
 Strike up with cheerful voice,  
 Each creature, sing—  
 Angels, begin the song,  
 Mortals, the strain prolong,  
 In accents sweet and strong,  
 "Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad His Name,  
 Tell of His matchless fame;  
 What wonders done:  
 Shout through hell's dark profound;  
 Let all the earth resound,  
 'Till the high heavens rebound,  
 "The victory's won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,  
 And the last foe will quell;  
 Mourners, rejoice!  
 His dying love adore,  
 Praise Him, now raised in power,  
 And triumph evermore  
 With a glad voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,  
 When through the heavenly way,  
 Lo, He shall come!  
 While they who pierced Him wail,  
 His promise shall not fail;  
 Saints, see your King prevail:  
 Great Saviour, come.

William Kingsbury, 1744-1818.

## 1240

Tune 579.

Come, all ye saints of God,  
 Wide through the earth abroad  
 Spread Jesus' fame;  
 Tell what His love has 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,  
 Join our glad theme;  
 Beauty for ashes bring,  
 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!"

James Boden, 1737-1841.

579, D.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. The first system is labeled '579, D.' and consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The second system continues the same piece. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

1241

Tune 579.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone:  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Beth-el I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 And when, 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!

Sarah Flower Adams, 1805-48.

1242

Tune 579.

Nearer, O God, to Thee!  
Hear Thou our prayer;

E'en though a heavy cross  
Fainting we bear,  
Still all our prayer shall be,  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

2 If, where they led the Lord,  
We too are borne,  
Planting our steps in His,  
Weary and worn;  
There even let us be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 If Thou the cup of pain  
Givest to drink,  
Let not the trembling lip  
From the draught shrink;  
So by our woes to be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Though the great battle rage  
Hotly around,  
Still where our Captain fights,  
Let us be found;  
Through toils and strife to be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 When, our course finished, we  
Breathe our last breath,  
Entering the shadowy  
Valley of death;  
There even shall we be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

6 And when Thou, Lord, once more  
Glorious shalt come,  
Oh! for a dwelling-place  
In Thy bright home!  
Through all eternity  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

579, E.

1243

1243

Tune 579.

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

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

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

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

Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865.

1244

Tune 579.

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 ;  
 O bear me safe above,  
 A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, b. 1808.

1245

Tune 579.

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, blessèd 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 !

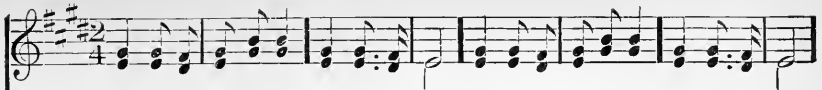
3 When unto Thee I flee,  
 Thou wilt my Refuge be,  
 Jesus, my Lord !  
 What need I now to fear ?  
 What earthly grief or care ?  
 Since Thou art ever near,  
 Jesus, my Lord !

James George Deck, b. 1807.

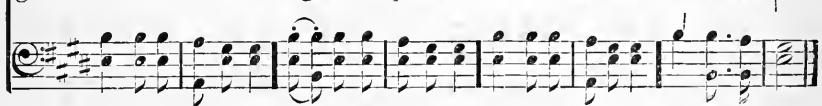
1246

Tune 579.

To God—the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit—Three in One,  
 All praise be given !  
 Crown Him in every song ;  
 To Him your hearts belong ;  
 Let all His praise prolong—  
 On earth, in heaven.



580, A.



1247

Tune 580.

There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,—  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day;  
Oh, how they sweetly sing,—  
“Worthy is our Saviour King;  
Loud let His praises ring;  
Praise, praise for aye.”  
2 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand!  
Why still delay!

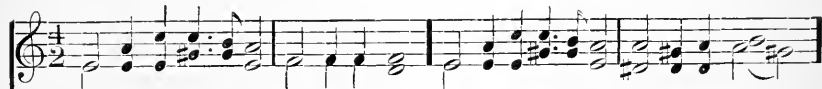
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love can not die.  
Oh, then to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright, above the sun,  
We reign for aye.

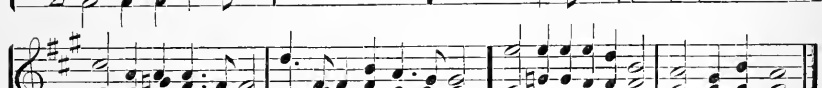
Andrew Young, b. 1807.

VIGIL. (6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4, Mixed.)

Arthur Patton, 1878.



580, B.



1248

Tune 580.

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry,  
Wake, brethren, wake:  
Jesus our Lord is nigh;  
Wake, brethren, wake.  
Sleep is for sons of night;  
Ye are children of the light;  
Yours is the glory bright;  
Wake, brethren, wake.

2 Call to each waking band,  
Watch, brethren, watch:  
Clear is our Lord's command,  
Watch, brethren, watch.  
Be ye as men that wait  
Always at the Bridegroom's gate,  
E'en though He tarry late;  
Watch, brethren, watch.

3 Heed we the Master's call,  
 Work, brethren, work:  
 There's room enough for all:  
 Work, brethren, work.  
 This vineyard of the Lord  
 Constant labor will afford;  
 He will your work reward;  
 Work, brethren, work.

4 Hear we the Saviour's voice,  
 Pray, brethren, pray:  
 Would ye His heart rejoice,  
 Pray, brethren, pray.

Sin calls for constant fear,  
 Weakness needs the Strong One near,  
 Long as ye struggle here,  
 Pray, brethren, pray.  
 5 Sound now the final chord,  
 Praise, brethren, praise:  
 Thrice holy is our Lord,  
 Praise, brethren, praise.  
 What more befits the tongues.  
 Soon to join the angels' songs?  
 While heaven the note prolongs,  
 Praise, brethren, praise.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

CROYLAND. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

C. I. La Trobe, c. 1795.



1249

Tune 581.

Met around the sacred tomb,  
 Friends of Jesus, why those tears?  
 Mid this sad sepulchral gloom  
 Shall your faith give way to fears?  
 He will soon, even as He said,  
 Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hither, sinners, all repair,  
 And with Jesus Christ be dead;  
 All are safe from Satan's snare,  
 Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;  
 Here the weary and oppressed  
 Find a never ending rest.

3 In Thy death is all my trust,  
 I have Thee my Refuge made;  
 And when once, consigned to dust,  
 In the tomb my body's laid,  
 Then with saved souls above  
 I will praise Thy dying love.

4 But while here I'm left behind,  
 Burdened with infirmity,  
 May I help and comfort find,  
 Visiting Gethsemane,  
 Calvary and Joseph's tomb,  
 Till my Sabbath's also come.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758-1836.

1250

Tune 581.

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,  
 O the wormwood and the gall!  
 O 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 is solitude and gloom,  
 Who hath taken Him away?  
 Christ is risen—He meets our eyes;  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1251

Tune 581.

Saviour of Thy chosen race,  
 View me from Thy heavenly throne;  
 Give the sweet relenting grace,  
 Soften Thou this heart of stone:  
 Stone to flesh, O God, convert,  
 Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By Thy Spirit me reprove,  
 All my inmost sins reveal;  
 Sins against Thy light and love  
 Let me see, and let me feel;  
 Sins, that crucified my God,  
 Sins, for which He shed His blood.

3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,  
 Make me restless to return:  
 Bid me on Thee look and weep,  
 Bitterly as Peter mourn:  
 Till I can, by grace restored,  
 Say, "Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord."

4 Might I in Thy sight appear  
 As the publican distressed;  
 Stand, not daring to draw near,  
 Smite on my unworthy breast,  
 Utter the poor sinner's plea,  
 "God, be merciful to me."

5 Ah, remember me for good,  
 Passing through this mortal vale;  
 Show me Thy atoning blood,  
 When my strength and courage fail:  
 Let me oft in spirit see  
 Jesus, crucified for me.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758-1836.



581, C.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Gottes Sohn ist kommen'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a trochaic rhythm (7, 7, 7, 7, 7). The first system is labeled '581, C.' and the second system is a continuation of the same piece.

1252

Tune 581.

"Till He come:" oh, let the words  
 Linger on the trembling chords;  
 Let the little while between  
 In their golden light be seen,  
 Let us think how heaven and home  
 Lie beyond that—"Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love  
 Enter on their rest above,  
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
 All our life-joy overcast;  
 Hush, be every murmur dumb;  
 It is only—"Till He come."

Edward Henry Bickersteth, b. 1825.

1253

Tune 581.

If thou wouldest life attain,  
 If with Christ thou wouldest reign,  
 Reaping wisdom from the past,  
 Know, that long as life may last,  
 Toil and conflict thee await  
 In thy present earthly state.

2 Labor, while it yet is day;  
 Labor, while you labor may;  
 Labor, for the night is long;  
 Labor, for the foe is strong;  
 Labor, for the prize is great;  
 Labor, for the hour is late.

3 Soon the struggle will be past;  
 Calm and peace will come at last;  
 Soon, through death's transporting door,  
 All thy pains and labors o'er,  
 Thou shalt go to join the blest  
 In the realms of endless rest,

4 Rest, from toil and anxious care;  
 Rest, from earthly wear and tear;  
 Rest, from ever present sin;  
 Rest without, and rest within;  
 Rest, which no abatement knows;  
 Rest, and infinite repose.

5 Jesus. Who for me didst die  
 On the Cross of Calvary,  
 Not in aught that is my own,  
 But in Thy true blood alone,  
 Do I put my trembling trust:  
 Spare, O spare, a worm of dust.

Edward Caswall 1814-73.

1254

Tune 581.

Resting from His work to-day,  
 In the tomb the Saviour lay;  
 Still He slept, from head to feet  
 Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
 Lying in the rock alone,  
 Hidden by the sealed stone.

2 Late at even there was seen  
 Watching long the Magdalene;  
 Early, ere the break of day,  
 Sorrowful she took her way  
 To the holy garden glade,  
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,  
 I would solemn vigil spend;  
 Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
 In this rocky heart of mine,  
 Where in pure embalm'd cell,  
 None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
 True affection's offering;  
 Close the door from sight and sound  
 Of the busy world around;  
 And in patient watch remain,  
 Till my Lord appear again.

Thomas Whytehead, 1815-43.

1255

Tune 581.

Praise the Name of God most high,  
 Praise Him, all below the sky,  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
 As through countless ages past,  
 Evermore His praise shall last.



1256

Tune 581.

Now with angels round the throne,  
 Cherubim and seraphim,  
 And the Church which still is one,  
 Let us swell the solemn hymn:  
 Glory to the great I AM!  
 Glory to the slaughtered Lamb!

2 Blessing, honor, glory, might,  
 And dominion infinite,  
 To the Father of our Lord,  
 To the Spirit and the Word;  
 As it was all worlds before,  
 Is, and shall be evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

1257

Tune 581.

For the beauty of the earth,  
 For the glory of the skies,  
 For the love which from our birth  
 Over and around us lies:  
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour  
 Of the day and of the night;  
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
 Sun and moon, and stars of light;  
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,  
 Brother, sister, parent, child;  
 Friends on earth, and friends above,  
 Pleasures pure and undefiled;  
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore  
 Lifts her holy hands above,  
 Offering up on every shore  
 Her pure sacrifice of love;  
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
 This our grateful psalm of praise.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, b. 1835.

1258

Tune 581.

Holy, holy, holy Lord  
 God of hosts, eternal King!  
 By the heavens and earth adored!—  
 Angels and archangels sing,  
 Chanting everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,  
 And in Thee do all things live,  
 Be to Thee all honor paid:  
 Praise to Thee let all things give,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,  
 Spirits blest, before the throne,

Speeding thence at Thy command;  
 And, when Thy commands are done,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim  
 Veil their faces with their wings;  
 Eyes of angels are too dim  
 To behold the King of kings,  
 While they sing eternally  
 To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,  
 Thee, the noble martyr band  
 Praise with solemn jubilee;  
 Thee, the Church in every land,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord! to Thee,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Godhead One, and Persons Three!  
 Join with us the heavenly host,  
 Singing everlastingly  
 To the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

1259

Tune 581.

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

2 As with joyous steps they sped  
 To that lowly manger-bed,  
 There to bend the knee before  
 Him Whom heaven and earth adore;  
 So may we with willing feet  
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
 At that manger rude and bare;  
 So may we with holy joy,  
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
 All our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ! to Thee our Heavenly King.

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

5 In the heavenly country bright  
 Need they no created light;  
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
 Thou its Sun Which goes not down;  
 There for ever may we sing  
 Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix, b. 1837.



1260

Tune 581.

To avert from men God's wrath  
 Jesus suffered in our stead;  
 By an ignominious death  
 He a full atonement made;  
 And by His most precious blood  
 Brought us, sinners, nigh to God.

2 Hither each afflicted soul  
 May repair, though filled with grief;  
 To the sick, not to the whole,  
 The Physician brings relief:  
 Fear not, therefore, but draw nigh,  
 Christ will all your wants supply.

3 He who in self-righteousness  
 Fixes any hope or stay,  
 Has not on the wedding-dress,  
 And in shame is sent away:  
 To the hungry, weary heart,  
 He will food and rest impart.

4 But examine first your case,  
 Whether you be in the faith;  
 Do you mourn for pardoning grace?  
 Is your only hope His death?  
 Then, how'er your soul's oppress,  
 Come, you are a worthy guest.

5 He who Jesus' merey knows,  
 Is from wrath and envy freed;  
 Love unto our neighbor shows  
 That we are His flock indeed:  
 Thus we may in all our ways  
 Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

John Hus, 1369-1415.

1261

Tune 581.

Many woes had Christ endured,  
 Many sore temptations met,  
 Patient, and to pains inured;  
 But the sorest trial yet  
 Was to be sustained in thee,  
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 Came at length the dreadful night;  
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,  
 Stood, and with collected might  
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;  
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see  
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3 There my God bore all my guilt:  
 This, through grace, can be believed,  
 But the horrors which He felt  
 Are too vast to be conceived:  
 None can penetrate through thee,  
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

4 Sins against a holy God,  
 Sins against His righteous laws,  
 Sins against His love, His blood,  
 Sins against His Name and cause,

Sins immense as is the sea,  
 Hide me, O Gethsemane!

5 Here's my claim, and here alone:  
 None a Saviour more can need;  
 Deeds of righteousness I've none;  
 No, not one good work to plead:  
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
 Only in Gethsemane.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

1262

Tune 581.

Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne,  
 Weeping soul, no longer mourn;  
 View Him bleeding on the Tree,  
 Pouring out His life for thee;  
 There thy every sin He bore;  
 Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
 On the atoning Sacrifice;  
 There the Incarnate Deity  
 Numbered with transgressors see;  
 There His Father's absence mourns,  
 Nailed, and bruised and crowned with  
 thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,  
 Find Him mighty to redeem:  
 At His feet thy burden lay,  
 Look thy doubts and cares away;  
 Now by faith the Son embrace,  
 Plead His promise, trust His grace.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

1263

Tune 581.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 Make me as a weaned child;  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
 Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own,  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone:  
 Let me thus with Thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
 May I live upon Thy smiles,  
 Till the promised hour appears,  
 When the sons of God shall prove  
 All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton, 1725-1807.



1264

Tune 591.

When this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When we stand with Christ in light,  
All our finished life in sight:  
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much we owe.

2 When we stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not our own;  
When we see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart;  
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much we owe.

3 When the praise of heaven we hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;  
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much we owe.

4 E'en on earth, as through a glass,  
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;  
E'en on earth, Lord, make us know  
Something of how much we owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne, 1813-43, ab. and sl. alt.

1265

Tune 581.

Chosen, not for good in me,  
Waked from coming wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified—  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show  
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:  
But when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light;  
Blessèd Jesus! bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—  
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain:  
But a night Thine anger burns—  
Morning comes, and joy returns:  
God of comforts! bid me show  
To Thy poor, how much I owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne, 1813-43, ab. and sl. alt.

1266

Tune 581.

Chief of sinners though I be,  
Jesus shed His blood for me;  
Died that I might live on high,  
Died that I might never die;  
As the branch is to the vine,  
I am His and He is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!  
Higher than the heavens above,  
Deeper than the depths of sea,

Lasting as eternity;  
Love that found me—wondrous thought!  
Found me when I sought Him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,  
Christ is All-in-all to me;  
All my wants to Him are known,  
All my sorrows are His own,  
Safe with Him from earthly strife,  
He sustains my hidden life.

William McComb, b. 1793.

1267

Tune 581.

What our Father does is well;  
Blessèd truth His children tell!  
Though He send, for plenty want,  
Though the harvest store be scant,  
Yet we rest upon His love,  
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;  
Shall the wilful heart rebel?  
If a blessing He withhold  
In the field, or in the fold,  
Is it not Himself to be  
All our Store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well:  
Though He sadden hill and dell,  
Upward yet our praises rise  
For the strength His word supplies.  
He has called us sons of God;  
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 What our Father does is well;  
May the thought within us dwell;  
Though nor milk nor honey flow  
In our barren Canaan now,  
God can save us in our need,  
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise  
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Honor, might, and glory be,  
Now, and through eternity!

Benjamin Schmolck, 1672-1737;  
Henry Williams Baker, tr., 1821-77.

1268

Tune 581.

Deign this union to approve,  
And confirm it, God of love.  
Bless Thy servants; on their head  
Now the oil of gladness shed;  
In this nuptial bond, to Thee  
Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near  
To preserve them in Thy fear;  
In affliction, let Thy smile  
All the woes of life beguile;  
And, when every change is past,  
Take them to Thyself at last.

William Bengo Collyer, 1782-1854.

581, G.

1269

Tune 581.

Son of God! to Thee I cry:  
 By the holy mystery  
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
 By Thy pure and holy birth,  
 Lord! Thy presence let me see,  
 Manifest Thyself to me!  
 2 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.

Richard Mant, 1776-1848.

1270

Tune 581.

Jesus, Master, Whose I am,  
 Purchased Thine alone to be,  
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,  
 Shed so willingly for me;  
 Let my heart be all Thine own,  
 Let me live to Thee alone.  
 2 Other lords have long held sway:  
 Now Thy Name alone to bear,  
 Thy dear voice alone obey,  
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.  
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
 Nothing else my joy can be.  
 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;  
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;  
 Let Thy presence in me shine  
 All my homeward way to cheer.

Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,  
 Oh, be Thou my All-in-all!

Francis Ridley Havergal, 1836-79.

1271

Tune 581.

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,  
 Unaccompanied by Thee;  
 Joyless is the day's return,  
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
 Till they inward light impart,  
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.  
 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief:  
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine!  
 Scatter all my unbelief;  
 More and more Thyself display  
 Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1272

Tune 581.

Though I speak with angel tongues,  
 Bravest words of strength and fire,  
 They are but as idle songs,  
 If no love my heart inspire;  
 All the eloquence shall pass  
 As the noise of sounding brass.  
 2 Though I lavish all I have  
 On the poor in charity,  
 Though I shrink not from the grave,  
 Or unmoved the stake can see,—  
 Till by love the work be crowned,  
 All shall profitless be found.  
 3 Come, Thou Spirit of pure love,  
 Who didst forth from God proceed,  
 Never from my heart remove;  
 Let me all Thy impulse heed;  
 Let my heart henceforward be  
 Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

Ernest Lange, 1650-1727; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.



1273

Tune 581.

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

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

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

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

1274

Tune 581.

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

2 Shed within our hearts, oh, shed  
Thine own Spirit's living flame—  
Love for all whom Thou hast made,  
Love for all who love Thy Name:  
Young and old together bless,  
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

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

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

1275

Tune 581.

God Who madest earth and heaven,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Who the day and night hast given,  
Sun and moon and starry host,  
All things wake at Thy command,  
Held in being by Thy hand.

2 God, I thank Thee from my heart,  
That, through all the livelong night,  
Thou has kept me safe apart  
From all danger, pain, affright,  
And the cunning of my foe  
Hath not wrought my overthrow.

3 Let the night of sin depart,  
As this earthly night hath fled;  
Jesus, take me to Thy heart;  
In the blood that Thou hast shed  
Is my help and hope alone  
For the evil I have done.

4 Help me, as each morn shall break,  
In the Spirit to arise;  
Let my soul from sin awake,  
That when o'er the aged skies  
Thy great judgment-day appear  
I may see it free from fear.

5 Ever lead me, ever guide  
All my wanderings by Thy word:  
As Thou hast been, still abide,  
My Defence, my Refuge, Lord:  
Never safe except with Thee,  
Ever Thou my Guardian be.

6 Mighty God, I now commend  
Soul and body unto Thee;  
All the power that Thou dost lend  
By Thy hand directed be;  
Thou my Boast, my Strength Divine,  
Keep me with Thee, I am Thine.

7 Let Thine angel guard my soul  
From the evil one's dark power,  
And his thousand wiles control,  
Warning, guiding me each hour,  
Till my final rest be come,  
And Thine angel bear me home.  
Heinrich Albert, 1604-51; Catherine  
Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1276

Tune 581.

On Thy Church, O Power Divine,  
Cause Thy glorious face to shine,  
Till the nations from afar  
Hail her as their guiding star;  
Till her sons from zone to zone,  
Make Thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God with lavish hand  
Scatter blessings o'er the land;  
Earth shall yield her rich increase,  
Every breeze shall whisper peace,  
And the world's remotest bound  
With the voice of praise resound.  
Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

1277

Tune 581.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let Thy will on earth be done:  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Take my soul and body's powers,  
 Take my memory, mind and will,  
 All my goods, and all my hours,  
 All I know and all I feel,  
 All I think, or speak, or do;  
 Take my heart, but make it new.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1278

Tune 581.

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

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

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
 That these gifts may never fail;  
 And, as we confess the sin  
 And the tempter's power within,

GRACEHAM. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

S. C. Chitty.



1280

Tune 581.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;

TOPLADY. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Thomas Hastings, 1830.



Feed us with the bread of life;  
 Fit us for our daily strife.

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

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1279

Tune 581.

Oh, give thanks to Him Who made  
 Morning light and evening shade;  
 Source and Giver of all good,  
 Nightly sleep and daily food;  
 Quickener of our wearied powers;  
 Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 Oh, give thanks to nature's King,  
 Who made every breathing thing:  
 His, our warm and sentient frame,  
 His, the mind's immortal flame.  
 Oh, how close the ties that bind  
 Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-73.

1281

Tune 581.

'Tis a pleasant thing to see  
 Brethren in the Lord agree,  
 Children of a God of love  
 Live as they shall live above,  
 Acting each a Christian part,  
 One in lip, and one in heart.

2 Gently as the dews distill  
 Down on Zion's holy hill,  
 Dropping gladness where they fall,  
 Brightening and refreshing all;  
 Such is Christian union, shed  
 Through the members from the Head.

3 Where divine affection lives,  
 There the Lord His blessing gives,  
 There His will on earth is done;  
 There His heaven is half begun.  
 Lord, our great Example prove,  
 Teach us all like Thee to love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

Musical score for Spanish Hymn, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with a 7/8 time signature. The melody is marked "FINE." and "D.C." (Da Capo). The tempo is "581, M."

## 1282

Tune 581.

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

2 Once again beside the Cross,  
All my gain I count but loss;  
Earthly pleasures fade away,  
Clouds they are that hide my day;  
Hence, vain shadows! let me see  
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour! Thine am I,  
Thine to live, and Thine to die;  
Height, or depth, or creature power,  
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;  
Ever shall my glory be,  
Only, only, only Thee.

George Duffield, Jr., 1818-88.

## 1283

Tune 581.

Lord, Thy children guide and keep,  
As with feeble steps they press  
On the pathway rough and steep  
Through this weary wilderness:  
Holy Jesus! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die;  
Grant us grace to persevere:  
Holy Jesus! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades,  
Decked with golden-fruited trees—  
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:  
Holy Jesus! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to scener heights,  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest—  
Holy Jesus! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

## 1284

Tune 581.

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

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

4 Here we're come, Thy Name to praise;  
Let us feel Thy presence near:  
May Thy glory meet our eyes.  
While we in Thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints:  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

## 1285

Tune 581.

Children of Jerusalem  
Sang the praise of Jesus' Name;  
Children, too, of later days,  
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.  
Hark! while infant voices sing  
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We have often heard and read  
What the royal psalmist said:  
Babes' and sucklings' artless lays  
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.  
Hark! while infant voices sing  
Loud hosannas to our King.

3 We are taught to love the Lord,  
We are taught to read His word,  
We are taught the way to heaven:  
Praise to God for all be given.  
Hark! while infant voices sing  
Loud hosannas to our King.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,  
All unite to swell the song;  
Higher and yet higher rise,  
Till hosannas reach the skies.  
Hark! while infant voices sing  
Loud hosannas to our King.

John Henley.





1286

Tune 582.

Not one of Adam's race,  
If in the balance tried,  
Can by his works of righteousness  
'Fore God be justified.

2 The works which we have done  
Are all, alas, unclean;  
But we are saved by faith alone,  
And cleansed thereby from sin.

3 Ye sinners, who with grief  
Your condemnation feel,  
Look up to Jesus for relief,  
And to His blood appeal.

4 God gave His only Son,  
That sinners who believe,  
Might not be lost, but be His own,  
And in His Kingdom live.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

1287

Tune 582.

Only one prayer to-day,  
One earnest tearful plea;  
A litany from out the heart,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

2 Because of Jesus' Cross,  
And that unfathomed sea, [world,  
The crimson tide which heaves the  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

3 No other name than His,  
My Hope, my Help may be;  
Oh! by that one all-saving Name,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

William Chatterton Dix, b. 1837.

1288

Tune 582.

Ah, whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,  
Ah, why should I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from Him I stray.

3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part?  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
Which I have feared to see;  
Yea, let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display:  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1289

Tune 582.

And will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before His face,  
Astonished, shrink away.

3 But ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek His grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,  
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

1290

Tune 582.

Make use of me, my God,  
Let me not be forgot,  
A broken vessel, cast aside,  
One whom Thou needest not.

2 Thou usest all Thy works,  
The weakest things that be,  
Each has a service of its own,  
For all things wait on Thee.

3 All things do serve Thee here—  
All creatures, great and small;  
Make use of me—of me, my God,  
The weakest of them all.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1291

Tune 582.

Out of the depths of woe,  
To Thee, O Lord! I cry;  
Darkness surrounds me, but I know  
That Thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hope on Thee;  
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;  
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,  
Who in Thy sight could live?

3 Humbly on Thee I wait,  
Confessing all my sin:  
Lord, I am knocking at Thy gate;  
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above!  
The waters soon will cease;  
For, lo! the swift-returning dove  
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms His face obscure,  
And dangers threaten loud,  
Jehovah's covenant is sure,  
His bow is in the cloud.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.



## 1292

Tune 582.

Go forth in spirit, go  
To Calvary's holy mount; [thieves,  
See there thy Friend between two  
Suffering on Thy account.

2 Fall at His Cross's foot,  
And say, "My God and Lord,  
Here let me dwell, and view those  
wounds,

Which life for me procured."

3 Fix on that face thine eye;  
Why dost thou backward shrink?  
What a base rebel thou hast been  
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not; for this is He,  
Who always loves us first,  
And with white robes of righteousness  
Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss  
What thou to Him shalt say?  
Be but sincere, and all thy case,  
Just as it is, display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,  
Thy plaintive cry He'll hear,  
Look with an eye of pity down,  
And grant thee all thy prayer.

John Gambold, 1711-71; and John Hartley.

## 1293

Tune 582.

Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

2 Christ, the true Paschal Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A Sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay the hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 Lord, I look back to see  
The burden Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the shameful Tree;  
And know my guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice,  
Our curse He did remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

## 1294

Tune 582.

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,  
There is no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95.

## 1295

Tune 582.

Ah, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God?  
If He contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath His rod.

2 If He our ways should mark,  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we, for one of thousand faults,  
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!  
Who can with Thee contend?  
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains in Thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake;  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God?  
None, none can meet Him and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

## 1296

Tune 582.

Mourn for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong;  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,  
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem;  
For reason's light divine,  
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,  
Where God hath bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul;  
Eternal life and light  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost: but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
And to the Refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show His saving love.

Seth Collins Brace, b. 1811.



1297

Tune 582.

To God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,  
His counsel and His care,  
Preserve us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of His face,  
With joys divinely great.

4 The Saviour's ransomed race  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Extol Him for His saving grace,  
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God  
Wisdom and power belong;  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And heaven's eternal song.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1298

Tune 582.

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

2 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For us whose sins He bore.

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

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
"Ye blessèd children, come;"  
Soon will He call us hence away  
To our eternal home.

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

William Hammond, 1719-53.

1299

Tune 582.

It is not death, to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And mid the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death, to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death, to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death, to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong, exulting wing  
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

Cesar Henri Abraham Malan, 1787-1864;  
George W. Bethune, tr., 1805-62.

1300

Tune 582.

Rest from thy labor, rest.  
Soul of the just, set free!  
Blest be thy memory, and blest  
Thy bright example be!

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,  
Go, take with saints thy place;  
But go, as each hath gone before,  
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Jesus! to Thy hands  
Our pastor we resign;  
And now we wait Thine own commands:  
We were not his, but Thine.

4 Thou art Thy Church's Head;  
And when the members die,  
Thou raisest others in their stead:  
To Thee we lift our eye.

5 On Thee our hopes depend;  
We gather round our Rock;  
Send whom Thou wilt; but condescend  
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1301

Tune 582.

My Saviour's piercèd side  
Poured forth a double flood;  
By water we are purified,  
And pardoned by His blood:

2 Look up, my soul, to Him,  
Whose death was thy desert,  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from His wounded heart.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1302

Tune 582.

Behold the throne of grace,  
The promise calls me near,  
There Jesus shows His cheering face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

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

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold;  
Since His own blood for thee was spilt,  
What else can He withhold?

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

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

6 My soul, believe and pray,  
Without a doubt believe:  
Whate'er we ask in God's own way,  
We surely shall receive.

7 Here stands the promise fair,  
For God cannot repent,  
To fervent, persevering prayer,  
He'll every blessing grant.  
John Newton, 1725-1807.

### 1303 Tune 582.

"For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land of love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

5 I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then, I feel that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

7 All that I am, have been,  
All that I yet may be,  
He sees at once as He hath seen,  
And shall forever see.

8 How can I meet His eyes?  
Mine on the Cross I cast,  
And own my life a Saviour's prize,  
Mercy from first to last.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854, ab.

### 1304 Tune 582.

"For ever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 't is Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en now to me fulfill.

2 Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then I can never fail;

Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;  
Fight, and I must prevail.

3 So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend this veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

4 Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before Thy throne:  
"For ever with the Lord!"  
James Montgomery 1771-1854, ab.

### 1305 Tune 582.

A parting hymn we sing,  
Around Thy table, Lord,  
Again our grateful tribute bring,  
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here we have seen Thy face,  
And felt Thy presence here;  
So may the savor of Thy grace,  
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,  
By sin no longer led,  
The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love,  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the Church above,  
And know as we are known.  
Sarah Flower Adams, 1805-48.

### 1306 Tune 582.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice!  
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy Name,  
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,  
And His salvation ours:  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,  
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
The Lord, your God, adore,  
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

### 1307 Tune 582.

To God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honors raise;  
Glory to God, the eternal Son:  
To God, the Spirit, praise.

### 1308 Tune 582.

Ye angels round the throne,  
And men that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.



## 1309

Tune 582.

- Jesus, the Christ of God!  
The Father's blessed Son!  
The Father's bosom Thine abode,  
The Father's love Thine own:
- 2 Jesus, the Lamb of God!  
Who, us from hell to raise,  
Hast shed Thy reconciling blood;  
We give Thee endless praise.
- 3 God, and yet man, Thou art;  
True God, true Man art Thou;  
Of man, and of man's earth, a part,  
One with us Thou art now.
- 4 Great Sacrifice for sin!  
Giver of life for life,  
Restorer of the peace within,  
True Ender of the strife.
- 5 To Thee, the Christ of God,  
Thy saints exulting sing;  
The Bearer of our heavy load,  
Our own anointed King.
- 6 Rest of the weary, Thou!  
To Thee, our Rest, we come;  
In Thee to find our dwelling now,  
Our everlasting home.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1310

Tune 582.

- Our heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near;  
With Both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs;  
He pardons, every day;  
Almighty to protect my soul,  
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 How large His bounties are!  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with His blood!
- 4 Jesus, my living Head,  
I bless Thy faithful care;  
Mine Advocate before the throne,  
And my Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!  
Here wait, my warmest love!  
Till the communion be complete,  
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

## 1311

Tune 582.

- In weariness and pain,  
By sins and fears opprest,  
I turn me to my Rest again,  
My soul's Eternal Rest.

2 The Lamb That died for me,  
And still my load doth bear;  
To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee,  
And find my quiet there.

3 Jesus, was ever grief,  
Was ever love like Thine?  
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,  
Thy life hath ransomed mine.

4 Oh may I rise with Thee,  
And soar to things above,  
And spend a blest eternity  
In praise of dying love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1312

Tune 582.

- A sinful man am I,  
Therefore I come to Thee—  
To Thee, the Holy and the Just,  
That Thou mayst pity me.
- 2 Wert Thou not holy, Lord,  
Why should I come to Thee?  
It is Thy holiness that makes  
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.
- 3 Wert Thou not gracious, Lord,  
I must in dread depart  
It is the riches of Thy grace  
That win and draw my heart.
- 4 Wert Thou not righteous, Lord,  
I dare not come to Thee:  
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,  
Alone that suiteth me.
- 5 Our God is Love,—we come;  
Our God is Light,—we stay;  
Abiding ever in His word,  
And walking in His way.
- 6 Mercy and truth are His,  
Unchanging faithfulness:  
The Cross is all our boast and trust;  
And Jesus is our Peace.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1313

Tune 582.

- Our baptism first declares  
That we must cleansed be,  
Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs  
Dispenses purity.
- 2 Water the body laves;  
And, if 't is done by faith.  
The blood of Jesus surely saves  
The sinful soul from death.
- 3 Baptized into His death,  
We rise to life divine;  
The Holy Spirit works the faith,  
And water is the sign.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.



1314

Tune 582.

- Ye servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.  
*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.*

1315

Tune 582.

- The day, O Lord, is spent;  
Abide with us, and rest;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making Thee our Guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
Whose Sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
Shine on us evermore!
- 4 The grace of Christ our Lord,  
The Father's boundless love,  
The Spirit's blest communion, too,  
Be with us from above.  
*John Mason Neale, 1818-66.*

1316

Tune 582.

- Let not your heart be faint,  
My peace I give to you:  
Such peace, as reason never planned,  
As worldlings never knew.
- 2 It speaks a ransomed world,  
A Father reconciled,  
A sinner to a saint transformed,  
A rebel to a child.
- 3 It tells of joys to come,  
It soothes the troubled breast,  
It shines, a star amid the storm,  
The harbinger of rest.

- 4 Then murmur not, nor mourn,  
My people faint and few,  
Though earth to its foundation shake,  
My peace I leave with you.  
*Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758-1836.*

1317

Tune 582.

- Here I can firmly rest;  
I dare to boast of this,  
That God, the highest and the best,  
My Friend and Father is.
- 2 Naught have I of my own,  
Naught in the life I lead;  
What Christ hath given, that alone  
I dare in faith to plead.
- 3 I rest upon the ground  
Of Jesus and His blood:  
It is through Him that I have found  
My soul's eternal good.
- 4 At cost of all I have,  
At cost of life and limb,  
I cling to God Who yet shall save;  
I will not turn from Him.
- 5 His Spirit in me dwells,  
O'er all my mind He reigns,  
My care and sadness He dispels,  
And soothes away my pains.
- 6 He prospers day by day  
His work within my heart,  
Till I have strength and faith to say,  
"Thou, God, my Father art!"  
*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.*

1318

Tune 582.

- Since Jesus is my Friend,  
And I to Him belong,  
It matters not what foes intend,  
However fierce and strong.
- 2 He whispers in my breast  
Sweet words of holy cheer,  
How they who seek in God their rest  
Shall ever find Him near;—
- 3 How God hath built above  
A city fair and new,  
Where eye and heart shall see and prove  
What faith has counted true.
- 4 My heart for gladness springs;  
It cannot more be sad;  
For very joy it smiles and sings,—  
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 5 The Sun that lights mine eyes  
Is Christ, the Lord I love;  
I sing for joy of that which lies  
Stored up for me above.  
*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.*



1319

Tune 582.

Our heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now;  
Thy Name be hallowed far and near,  
To Thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfill  
Thy perfect law above.

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

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

5 Thine, then for ever be  
Glory and power divine;  
The scepter, throne and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray,  
By Thy beloved Son,  
Through Him we come to Thee, and say,  
All for His sake be done.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1320

Tune 582.

The ancient law departs,  
And all its terrors cease;  
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts  
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light Divine,  
True Brightness undefiled,  
He hears for us the shame of sin,  
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,  
At which we bend the knee;  
They call Thee Jesus, Child Divine!  
Our Jesus deign to be.

4 All praise, Eternal Son,  
For Thy redeeming love,  
With Father, Spirit, ever One  
In glorious might above.

From the Latin.

1321

Tune 582.

Pray, without ceasing, pray!  
Your Captain gives the word:  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
And call upon the Lord.

2 To God your every want  
In instant prayer display;

Pray always; pray, and never faint:  
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

3 His mercy now implore,  
And now show forth His praise;  
In shouts, or silent awe, adore  
His miracles of grace.

4 From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

5 Still let the Spirit cry,  
In all His soldiers—"Come,"  
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1322

Tune 582.

O Lord! Thy work revive  
In Zion's gloomy hour,  
And let her dying graces live  
By Thy restoring power.

2 Awake Thy chosen few  
To fervent, earnest prayer;  
Their covenant again renew,  
To walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak  
Through lips of feeble clay,  
And hearts of adamant shall break,  
And rebels shall obey.

4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear,  
Oh, listen to our cry;  
Oh come, and bring salvation near:  
Our hopes on Thee rely.

Phebe Hinsdale Brown, 1783-1861.

1323

Tune 582.

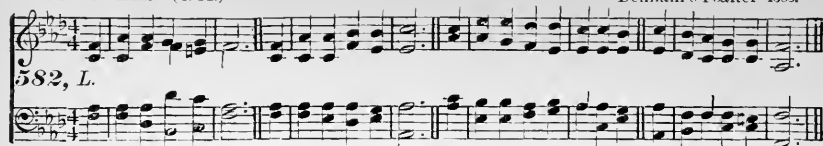
Jesus, we look to Thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in Thy Name.

2 We meet the grace to take,  
Which Thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know Thou art,  
But, oh, Thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
Thy mighty comfort feel.

4 Oh, may Thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,  
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.



## 1324

Tune 582.

Not what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears  
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy grace alone, O God,  
To me can pardon speak,  
Thy power alone, O Son of God,  
Can this sore bondage break.

4 No other work save Thine,  
No meaner blood will do:  
No strength, save that which is divine,  
Can bear me safely through.

5 I bless the Christ of God;  
I rest on love divine;  
And with unfaltering lip and heart  
I call this Saviour mine.

6 His Cross dispels each doubt;  
I bury in His tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.

7 I praise the God of grace,  
I trust His truth and might;  
He calls me His, I call Him mine,  
My God, my Joy, my Light.

8 'Tis He Who saveth me,  
And freely pardon gives,  
I love because He loveth me,  
I live, because He lives.

9 My life with Him is hid,  
My death has passed away.  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1325

Tune 582.

Our life is hid with Christ,  
With Christ in God above;  
Upward our heart would go to Him,  
Whom seeing not, we love.

2 When He Who is our Life  
Appears, to take the throne,  
We too shall be revealed, and shine  
In glory like His own.

3 He liveth, and we live!  
His life for us prevails:  
His fullness fills our mighty void,  
His strength for us avails.

4 Life worketh in us now,  
Life is for us in store;

So death is swallowed up of life;  
We live for evermore.

5 Like Him we then shall be,  
Transformed and glorified;  
For we shall see Him as He is,  
And in His light abide.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1326

Tune 582.

Jesus, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word,  
And in Thine own appointed way  
We come to meet Thee, Lord!

2 Thus we remember Thee,  
And take this bread and wine  
As Thine own dying legacy,  
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;  
Now let our spirits feel  
The glory not to be expressed,  
The joy unspeakable.

4 With high and heavenly bliss  
Thou dost our spirits cheer;  
Thy house of banqueting is this,  
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us Thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1327

Tune 582.

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.

John Henry Harbaugh, 1817-67.

## 1328

Tune 582.

The Father and the Son  
And Spirit we adore;  
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee,  
Both now and evermore!





1329

Tune 582.

Come, Holy Spirit! come,  
Let Thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.

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

3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wandering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

4 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and  
The Father, Son, and Thee. [love  
Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

1330

Tune 582.

The Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"  
The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-  
claims  
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.

4 Lo! Jesus, Who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come!"  
Lord! even so; I wait Thine hour;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come!  
Henry Ustick Onderdonk, 1789-1858.

1331

Tune 582.

Once more, before we part,  
Oh bless the Saviour's Name;  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.

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

3 Still on Thy Holy word  
Help us to feed, and grow,

Still to go on to know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,  
Help us to bless Thy Name:  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.  
Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

1332

Tune 582.

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 we may sit, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1333

Tune 582.

Lord! at this closing hour,  
Establish every heart  
Upon Thy word of truth and power,  
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;  
Fill all our hearts with love;  
In faith and patience may we live,  
And seek our rest above.  
Eleazer Thompson Fitch, 1791-1871.

1334

Tune 582.

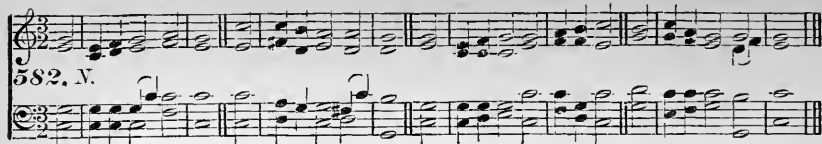
Come, Lord, and tarry not!  
Bring the long-looked-for day;  
Oh, why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;  
Dually ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"  
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of Thy stay,  
Worn out with these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.

4 Come and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded paradise,—  
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of Righteousness!  
Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.



## 1335

Tune 582.

- Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again,
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817.

## 1336

Tune 582.

- Come, lowly souls that mourn,  
Depressed with grief and shame,  
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing blood,  
And call upon His Name.
- 2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts;  
The blood which Jesus spilt,  
While we with water you baptize,  
Will wash away your guilt.
- 3 While with repenting tears  
Your sins you now deplore,  
Christ with His blood will blot them out,  
Remember them no more.
- 4 Ye who in Christ believe,  
And to His scepter bow,  
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell  
What He hath done for you.
- 5 Ye with your Lord are risen,  
Aspire to things above;  
Mansions for you He now prepares,  
In realms of light and love.

Joseph Stennett, 1663-1713.

## 1337

Tune 582.

- Along my earthly way,  
How many clouds are spread!  
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,  
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, Thou art Love;  
Oh, hide not from my view!  
But when I look, in prayer, above,  
Appear in mercy through.

3 My pathway is not hid;  
Thou knowest all my need;  
And I would do as Israel did,—  
Follow where Thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet  
Shall never, never stray;  
But safely I shall reach the seat  
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh, from that bright throne  
I shall look back, and see,—  
The path I went, and that alone,  
Was the right path for me.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

## 1338

Tune 582.

Oh praise our God to-day,  
His constant mercy bless,  
Whose love hath helped us on our way,  
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts  
Our daily toil to bear;  
His grace alone inspires our hearts,  
Each other's load to share.

3 Oh, happiest work below,  
Earnest of joy above,  
To sweeten many a cup of woe,  
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord! may it be our choice  
This blessed rule to keep,  
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear;  
Our work of mercy bless;  
God of the fatherless, be near,  
And grant us good success.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

## 1339

Tune 582.

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The pains of death are past;  
Labor and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
Thy soul is found in peace.

3 Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 1340

Tune 582.

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,  
 The strict account to give.  
 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1341

Tune 582.

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 lay thine armor down;  
 The work of faith will not be done,  
 Till thou obtain the crown.  
 4 Then persevere till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 To His divine abode.

George Heath, 1781.

## 1342

Tune 582.

Teach me, my God and King,  
 In all things Thee to view;  
 And what I do in anything,  
 For Thee alone to do.  
 2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
 While still to Thee I tend;  
 In all I do be Thou the Way,  
 In all be Thou the End.  
 3 All may of Thee partake;  
 Nothing so small can be,  
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,  
 Greatness and worth from Thee.  
 4 If done to obey Thy laws,  
 E'en servile labors shine;  
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;  
 The meanest work divine.

George Herbert, 1593-1633.

## 1343

Tune 582.

Oh, where shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul?  
 'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole.  
 2 The world can never give  
 The rest, for which we sigh;  
 'T is not the *whole* of life to live,  
 Nor *all* of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
 Around "the second death"!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
 Teach us that death to shun,  
 Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
 And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:  
 Alone are found in Thee,  
 The life of perfect love, the rest  
 Of immortality.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 1344

Tune 582.

Rest for the toiling hand,  
 Rest for the anxious brow,  
 Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,  
 Rest from all labor now.  
 2 Rest for the fevered brain,  
 Rest for the throbbing eye; [more  
 Through those parched lips of thine no  
 Shall pass the moan or sigh.  
 3 Soon shall the trump of God  
 Give out the welcome sound  
 That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,  
 And breaks the turf-sealed ground.  
 4 Ye dwellers in the dust,  
 Awake! come forth and sing!  
 Sharp has your frost of Winter been,  
 But bright shall be your Spring.  
 5 'Twas sown in weakness here,  
 'T will then be raised in power;  
 That which was sown an earthly seed,  
 Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1345

Tune 582.

Let us keep steadfast guard  
 With lighted hearts all night.  
 That when Christ comes we stand pre-  
 pared,  
 And meet Him with delight.  
 2 At midnight's season chill  
 Lay Paul and Silas bound, —  
 Bound, and in prison sang they still,  
 And singing, freedom found.  
 3 Our prison is this earth,  
 And yet we sing to Thee;  
 Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,  
 Set us, believing, free!  
 4 Meet for Thy realm in heaven,  
 Make us, O Holy King!  
 That through the ages it be given  
 To us Thy praise to sing.

From the Latin.

## 1346

Tune 582.

Work while it is to-day,  
 This was our Master's rule;  
 With docile minds let us obey,  
 As learners in His school.

582, 0.

2 To work the work of God,  
Was His divine employ;  
And we must tread the path He trod,  
Or enter not His joy.

3 For Thee our all to spend,  
Still may we watch and pray;  
And, persevering to the end,  
Work while it is to-day.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

### 1347

Tune 582.

Let hearts and tongues unite,  
And loud thanksgivings raise;  
'Tis duty mingled with delight,  
The Saviour's Name to praise.

2 E'er since His Name we knew,  
How gracious has He been;  
What dangers hath He led us through,  
What mercies have we seen.

3 Now, through another year  
Supported by His care,  
We raise our Ebenezer here,  
The Lord hath helped thus far.

4 Our lot in future years  
We cannot, Lord, foresee,  
But kindly, to prevent our fears,  
Thou say'st, "Leave all to me."

5 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast  
Our cares upon Thy breast;  
Help us to praise Thee for the past,  
And trust Thee for the rest.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

### 1348

Tune 582.

Spirit of truth, come down,  
Reveal the things of God,  
Make Thon to us Christ's Godhead  
Apply His precious blood. [known,

2 His merits glorify,  
That each may clearly see,

Jesus, Who did for sinners die,  
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say  
That Jesus is the Lord,  
Unless Thou take the veil away,  
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel  
Our interest in His blood,  
And cry with joy unspeakable,  
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

5 Oh, that the world might know  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Spirit of faith, descend and show  
The virtue of His Name.

6 The grace which all may find,  
The saving power impart;  
Oh, testify to all mankind,  
And speak in every heart.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

### 1349

Tune 582.

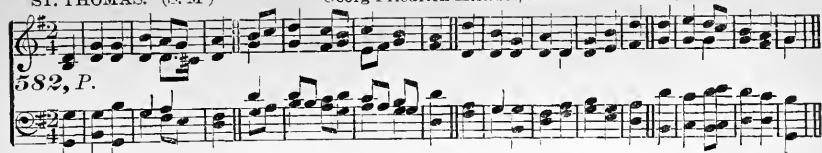
What cheering words are these;  
Their sweetness who can tell?  
In time, and to eternal days,  
" 'Tis with the righteous well!"

2 Well, when they see His face,  
Or sink amidst the flood;  
Well, in affliction's thorny maze,  
Or on the mount with God.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,  
'Tis well when sorrows flow,  
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
And strong temptations grow.

4 'Tis well when Jesus calls,—  
"From earth and sin arise,  
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,  
Made to salvation wise!"

John Kent, 1766-1843.



1350

Tune 582.

Jesus Who died, is now  
Seated upon His throne;  
The angels, who before Him bow,  
His just dominion own.

2 The unworthiest of His friends  
Upon His heart He bears;  
He ever to their cause attends,  
For them a place prepares.

3 Blest Saviour, condescend  
My Advocate to be;  
I could not have a better Friend  
To plead with God for me.  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1351

Tune 582.

Grace! 't is a charming sound,  
Melodious to mine ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my 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.  
Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

1352

Tune 582.

I love Thy Kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.  
Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817

1353

Tune 582.

Jesus, my Lord, my God,  
The God supreme Thou art;  
The Lord of hosts, Whose precious blood  
Is sprinkled on my heart.

2 Jehovah is Thy Name;  
And, through Thy blood applied,  
Convinced and certified I am,  
There is no God beside.

3 Soon as the Spirit shows  
That precious blood of Thine,  
The happy, pardoned sinner knows  
It is the blood divine.

4 Yea, only he, who feels  
"My Saviour for me died,"  
Is certain that the Godhead dwells  
In Jesus crucified.  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1354

Tune 582.

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

2 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God;  
But servants 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.

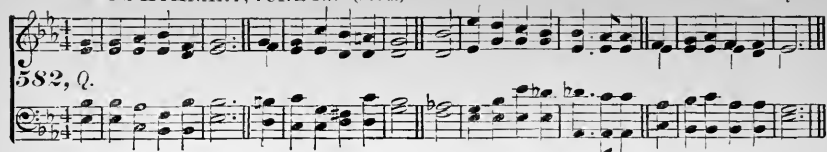
5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.]

1355

Tune 582.

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

2 This is the day of rest:  
Our failing strength renew:  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.



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

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

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

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

**1356**

Tune 582.

My spirit on Thy care,  
 Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
 For Thou art Love Divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,  
 On Thee I calmly rest ;  
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
 And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,  
 Thy will they all perform ;  
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
 Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,  
 It must be good for me ;  
 Secure of having Thee in all,  
 Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

**1357**

Tune 582.

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

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

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

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

John Newton, 1725-1807.

**1358**

Tune 582.

O God, Thy Name is love ;  
 A Father's hand is Thine ;  
 With tearful eyes I look above,  
 And cry, Thy will be mine !

2 I know Thy will is right,  
 Though it may seem severe ;

Thy path is still unsullied light,  
 Though dark it may appear.

3 Jesus for me hath died ;  
 Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;  
 His pierced hands, His bleeding side,  
 Thy love for me declare.

4 Here my poor heart can rest ;  
 My God, it cleaves to Thee ;  
 Thy will is love, Thine end is best ;  
 All work for good to me.

James George Deck, b. 1807.

**1359**

Tune 582.

Our day of praise is done,  
 The evening shadows fall ;  
 Yet 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 oh, the strains, how full and clear,  
 Of that eternal choir !

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
 If Thon attune the heart,  
 We in Thine angels' music still  
 May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
 Each wayward thought reclaim,  
 And make our daily life a psalm  
 Of glory to Thy Name.

6 A little while, and then  
 Shall come the glorious end ;  
 And songs of angels and of men  
 In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

**1360**

Tune 582.

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
 At eve hold not thy hand ;  
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;  
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
 Cold, heat, the moist and dry,  
 Shall foster and mature the grain  
 For garner in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God shall come,  
 The angel-reapers shall descend,  
 And Heaven sing " Harvest home ! "

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

582, R.

## 1361

Tune 582.

We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be:  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blesset us,  
To Thee our first fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold;  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd  
Are straying from the fold! [bled,

4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,  
The lost to God to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er we do for Thine, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

## 1362

Tune 582.

O Saviour of our race,  
Welcome indeed Thou art,  
Blessèd Redeemer, Fount of grace,  
To this my longing heart!

2 Light of the world, abide  
Through faith within my heart;  
Leave me to seek no other guide,  
Nor e'er from Thee depart.

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

4 Star of the East, arise!  
Drive all my clouds away;  
Guide me, till earth's dim twilight dies  
Into the perfect day.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1660-1722; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

## 1263

Tune 582.

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

2 "My times are in Thy hand!"  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

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

4 "My times are in Thy hand!"  
Jesus, the Crucified!  
The hand my many sins have pierced,  
Is now my Guard and Guide.

5 "My times are in Thy hand!"  
Jesus, my Advocate;  
Nor shall Thine hand be raised in vain,  
For me to supplicate.

6 "My times are in Thy hand!"  
I'll always trust in Thee;  
Till I have left this weary land,  
And all Thy glory see.

William Freeman Lloyd, 1791-1853.

## 1364

Tune 582.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in Thee to live,  
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Thee their great Reward,  
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,  
With Thee, their Lord, in view,  
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in Thee.

Richard Mant, 1776-1848.

## 1365

Tune 582.

Great is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great;  
He makes His Churches His abode,  
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,—  
A Refuge in distress;  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold,  
Where His own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress,  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.



1366

Tune 582.

Oh, perfect life of love!  
 All, all is finished now,—  
 All that He left His throne above  
 To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone  
 Of all the Father willed:  
 His toil, His sorrows, one by one,  
 The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share  
 But He has felt its smart;  
 All forms of human grief and care  
 Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,  
 And on His sinless soul,  
 Our sins in all their guilt were laid,  
 That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies;  
 For me He dies, for me;  
 O all-atoning Sacrifice,  
 I cling by faith to Thee.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1367

Tune 582.

The Holy Ghost is here,  
 Where saints in prayer agree;  
 As Jesus' parting gift.—is near  
 Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is He,  
 To be by prayer brought nigh,  
 But here in present majesty  
 As in His courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,  
 An ever welcome Guest;  
 He reigns with absolute control,  
 As Monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are His shrine,  
 And He the indwelling Lord;  
 All hail, Thou Comforter Divine,  
 Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to Thy will,  
 We wait to feel Thy power,  
 O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,  
 And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, b. 1834.

1368

Tune 582.

Lord, let me know mine end;  
 My days, how brief their date;  
 That I may timely comprehend  
 How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,  
 Mine age is naught with Thee;  
 What is the highest boast of man  
 But dust and vanity?

3 Dumb at Thy feet I lie,  
 For Thou hast brought me low;  
 Remove Thy judgments lest I die;  
 I faint beneath Thy blow.

4 At Thy rebuke, the bloom  
 Of man's vain beauty flies;  
 And grief shall, like a moth, consume  
 All that delights our eyes.

5 Have pity on my fears;  
 Harken to my request;  
 Turn not in silence from my tears,  
 But give the mourner rest.

6 Oh spare me yet, I pray;  
 Awhile my strength restore,  
 Ere I am summoned hence away,  
 And seen on earth no more.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1369

Tune 582.

Lord Jesus, God and Man,  
 On this our festal day,  
 To Thee for precious gifts of grace  
 Thy ransomed people pray.

2 We pray for childlike hearts,  
 For gentle, holy love,  
 For strength to do Thy will below,  
 As angels do above.

3 We pray for simple faith,  
 For hope that never faints,  
 For true communion evermore  
 With all Thy blessèd saints.

4 On friends around us here,  
 O let Thy blessing fall!  
 We pray for grace to love them well,  
 But Thee beyond them all.

5 O joy, to live for Thee!  
 O joy, in Thee to die!  
 O very joy of joys, to see  
 Thy face eternally!

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1370

Tune 582.

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 He to the lowly soul  
 Doth still Himself impart,  
 And for His dwelling and His throne  
 Chooseth the poor in heart.

3 Lord! we Thy presence seek;  
 May ours this blessing be;  
 Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,  
 A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble, 1792-1866.





1371

Tune 582.

How welcome was the call,  
And sweet the festal lay,  
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall  
To bless the marriage-day.

2 And happy was the bride,  
And glad the bridegroom's heart;  
For He Who tarried at their side  
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 Ó Lord of life and love,  
Come Thou again to-day;  
And bring a blessing from above  
That ne'er shall pass away.

4 Oh bless, as erst of old,  
The bridegroom and the bride;  
Bless with the holier stream that flowed  
Forth from Thy pierced side.

5 Before Thine altar-throne  
This mercy we implore;  
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,  
So bless them evermore.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1372

Tune 582.

To-day the Saviour calls;  
Ye wretched wanderers, come;  
O ye benighted, dying souls,  
Why will you longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;  
Oh, hearken to Him now;  
Within these consecrated walls,  
To Jesus come and bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;  
To Him for refuge fly;  
For soon the storm of justice falls,  
And death is ever nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;  
Yield to His saving power;  
Oh, do not grieve Him now away,  
'T is mercy's tender hour.

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808; Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872, rev.

1373

Tune 582.

Let party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love be found;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy, child of hell!  
Be banished far away;

Those should in strictest friendship  
Who the same Lord obey. [dwell,

4 Thus will the Church below  
Resemble that above;  
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,  
And every heart is love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95.

1374

Tune 582.

We know Thee Who Thou art,  
Lord Jesus, Mary's Son;  
We know the yearnings of Thy heart  
To end Thy work begun.

2 That sacred Fount of grace,  
'Mid all the bliss of heaven,  
Has joy whene'er we seek Thy face,  
And kneel to be forgiven.

3 Brought home from ways perverse,  
At peace Thine arms within,  
We pray Thee shield us from the curse  
Of falling back to sin.

4 We dare not ask to live  
Henceforth from trials free;  
But oh, when next they tempt us, give  
More strength to cling to Thee.

5 We know Thee Who Thou art,  
Our own redeeming Lord;  
Be Thou by will, and mind, and heart,  
Accepted, loved, adored.

William Bright, b. 1824.

1375

Tune 582.

Come, Kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of light and love!  
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
That never pains again.

3 Come, Kingdom of our God!  
And make the broad earth thine;  
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree;  
And in its shade like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

John Johns, 1801-47.

1376

Tune 582.

Give God the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son;  
To God, the Spirit of all grace,  
Be equal honors done.



1377

Tune 585.

Day of judgment! day of wonders!  
 Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round:  
 How the summons : :  
 Will the sinner's heart confound!  
 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine;  
 Ye who love the Lord's appearing,  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine :"  
 Gracious Saviour, : :  
 Own me on that day as Thine.  
 3 At His call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea;  
 All the powers of nature shaken,  
 At His call prepare to flee :  
 Careless sinner, : :  
 What will then become of thee?  
 4 Then to all who have confessèd,  
 Loved and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,  
 See the kingdom I bestow :  
 You for ever : :  
 Shall my love and glory know."  
 5 Under sorrows and reproaches  
 May this thought our courage raise,  
 Swiftly God's great day approaches :  
 Sighs will then be changed to praise:  
 We shall triumph : :  
 When the world is in a blaze.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

1378

Tune 585.

Lo, He cometh! countless trumpets  
 Christ's appearance usher in :  
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels  
 See our Judge and Saviour shine :  
 Hallelujah! : :  
 Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain!  
 2 Now the song of all the savèd,  
 "Worthy is the Lamb," resounds :  
 Now resplendent shine His nail-prints,  
 Every eye shall see His wounds :  
 Great His glory ; : :  
 Every knee to Him shall bow.  
 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Earth and heaven flee away ;  
 All His enemies confounded  
 Hear the trump proclaim His day :  
 Come to judgment, : :  
 Stand before the Son of Man.  
 4 All who love Him view His glory  
 In His bright, once marrèd face :  
 Jesus cometh ; all His people  
 Now their heads with gladness raise :  
 Happy mourners, : :  
 Lo, on clouds He comes, He comes!

5 See redemption, long expected,  
 On that awful day appear ;  
 All His people, once despised,  
 Joyful meet Him in the air :  
 Hallelujah, : :  
 Saviour, now Thy Kingdom comes!  
 John Cennick, 1718-55.

1379

Tune 585.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory.  
 Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear,  
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear!  
 By Thy mercy, : :  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!  
 2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,  
 Boldly we draw nigh to God,  
 Only in Thy spotless merit,  
 Only through Thy precious blood :  
 By Thy mercy, : :  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!  
 3 From the depth of nature's blindness,  
 From the hardening power of sin,  
 From all malice and unkindness,  
 From the pride that lurks within,  
 By Thy mercy, : :  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!  
 4 When temptation sorely presses,  
 In the day of Satan's power,  
 In our times of deep distresses,  
 In each dark and trying hour,  
 By Thy mercy, : :  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!  
 5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
 In the times of grief and pain,  
 When we feel our mortal weakness,  
 When the creature's help is vain,  
 By Thy mercy, : :  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!  
 6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
 In the awful judgment day,  
 May our souls, on Thee relying,  
 Find Thee still our Rock and Stay :  
 By Thy mercy, : :  
 Oh deliver us, good Lord.

James John Cummins, d. 1867.

1380

Tune 585.

God is in His holy temple ;  
 All the earth keep silence here ;  
 Worship Him in truth and spirit ;  
 Reverence Him with godly fear!  
 : : Holy, holy, : :  
 Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.  
 2 God in Christ reveals His presence,  
 Throned upon the mercy-seat ;  
 Saints, rejoice ; and, sinners, tremble ;  
 Each prepare his God to meet :  
 : : Lowly, lowly, : :  
 Bow, adoring at His feet.

585, C.

3 Hail Him here with songs of praises ;  
Him with prayers of faith surround ;  
Hearken to His glorious gospel,  
While the preacher's lips expound :  
: : Blessèd, Blessèd, : :  
They who know the joyful sound !

4 Though the heaven and heaven of  
heavens,  
O Thou Great Unsearchable !  
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,  
Thou with man art pleased to dwell ;  
: : Welcome, welcome, : :  
God with us, Immanuel.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1381

Tune 585.

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 now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters 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.

William Williams, 1717-91.

1382

Tune 585.

Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed  
them,  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;  
They are bound, but Thou hast freed  
Now they go to free the slaves ; [them ;  
Be Thou with them : :  
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 When They reach the land of strangers,  
And the prospect dark appears,

Nothing seen but toil and dangers,  
Nothing felt but doubts and fears ;  
Be Thou with them : :  
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

3 When they think of home, now dearer  
Than it ever seemed before.

Bring the promised glory nearer ;  
Let them see that peaceful shore,  
Where Thy people : :  
Rest from toil, and weep no more :

4 There to reap, in joy for ever,  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,  
There to be with Him Who never  
Ceases to preserve His own,  
And with gladness : :  
Give the praise to Him alone.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

1383

Tune 585.

While successive years are wasting,  
Still our God abides the same ;  
All His words are everlasting,  
All His works His love proclaim :  
Men and angels. : :  
Sing thrice holy to His Name.

William Okely, 1762-1824.

1384

Tune 585.

O my soul, what means this sadness,  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,  
Bid thy restless fears begone ;  
Look to Jesus. : :  
And rejoice in His great Name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee  
From without and from within,  
Jesus saith, He'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin ;  
He is faithful : :  
To perform His gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee,  
Soon He'll bring thee home to God ;  
Therefore praise Him. : :  
Praise the dear Redeemer's Name.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817.

585, D.

## 1385

Tune 585.

- Glory be to God, the Father!  
 Glory be to God, the Son!  
 Glory be to God, the Spirit!—  
 Great Jehovah, Three in One!  
 ::: Glory, glory, :::  
 While eternal ages run!
- 2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,  
 Washed us from each spot and stain!  
 Glory be to Him Who bought us,  
 Made us kings with Him to reign!  
 ::: Glory, glory, :::  
 To the Lamb That once was slain!
- 3 Glory to the King of angels!  
 Glory to the Church's King!  
 Glory to the King of nations!  
 Heaven and earth! your praises bring;  
 ::: Glory, glory, :::  
 To the King of glory bring!
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
 Thus the choir of angels sings;  
 Honor, riches, power, dominion!  
 Thus its praise creation brings:  
 ::: Glory, glory, :::  
 Glory to the King of kings!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1386

Tune 585.

- Angels, from the realms of glory  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
 Ye who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
 Come and worship, :::  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the Infant-light:  
 Come and worship, :::  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions beam afar;  
 Seek the great Desire of nations;  
 Ye have seen His natal star:

- Come and worship, :::  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord descending,  
 In His temple shall appear:  
 Come and worship, :::  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now revokes the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains;  
 Come and worship, :::  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 1387

Tune 585.

- Our Redeemer rose victorious,  
 Oh, what joy doth this afford!  
 Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,  
 Raised to glory, like our Lord:  
 Blessèd Saviour, :::  
 Ever be by us adored.
- 2 Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended  
 To prepare for us a place,  
 Pleading Thine own blood and merit,  
 Here our faith rests on Thy grace;  
 There in glory :::  
 We shall see Thee face to face.
- 3 Jesus, at Thy blest appearing,  
 Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,  
 And restored to Thy likeness,  
 May we join Thy happy train:  
 Make us ready, :::  
 Lord, Thy glory to obtain.
- Christian Gregor, 1723-1801; C. G. Clemens tr.
- 1388
- Tune 585.
- Christ is coming! let creation  
 Bid her groans and travail cease;  
 Let the glorious proclamation  
 Hope restore, and faith increase:  
 Christ is coming! :::  
 Come, Thou blessèd Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story  
Of Thy bitter Cross and pain;  
She shall yet behold Thy glory  
When Thou comest back to reign;  
Christ is coming! : :  
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thy exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest, and home and Thee;  
But, in heavenly vesture shining,  
Soon they shall Thy glory see;  
Christ is coming! : :  
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung;  
Let the mighty advent-chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;  
Christ is coming! : :  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!  
John Ross Macduff, 1853.

1389 Tune 585.

Praise to Thee, O Lord, we render,  
For Thy love in Jesus shown;  
May that love, so strong and tender,  
Bind us fast to Him alone;  
Now and ever, : :  
Gather us among Thine own.

2 By Thy Spirit's power renewing,  
May our hearts be purified;  
And, our wills to Thine subduing,  
May His grace control and guide;  
Now and ever : :  
In our hearts may He abide.

3 Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Guard us by Thy power divine,  
Make our house Thy habitation,  
Make each heart Thy peaceful shrine;  
Now and ever : :  
Make us, Lord, and keep us Thine.  
Anon.

1390 Tune 585.

God Almighty and All-seeing!  
Holy One, in Whom we all  
Live, and move, and have our being,  
Hear us when on Thee we call;  
Father, hear us, : :  
As before Thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art Thou the Giver;  
Weak and wandering ones are we;  
Then for ever, yea, for ever,  
In Thy presence would we be;  
Oh, be near us, : :  
That we wander not from Thee.  
Folliott Sandford Pierpont, b. 1835.

1391 Tune 585.

Zion stands with hills surrounded,  
Zion, kept by power divine;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine:  
Happy Zion, : :  
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;

Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
Heaven and earth at last remove;  
But no changes : :  
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more  
bright,

But can never cease to love thee;  
Thou art precious in His sight;  
God is with thee, : :  
God, thine Everlasting Light.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

1392 Tune 585.

Join to render thanks and praises  
To your faithful covenant-God,  
For the undeserv'd mercies  
Freely upon you bestowed:  
Salem's daughters, : :  
In your happy lot rejoice.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,  
From their seats puts down the proud,  
While He lifts on high the lowly,  
Fills the hungry soul with good.  
He regardeth : :  
His handmaiden's low estate.

3 He His mercy doth remember,  
This all they who fear Him prove:  
Are we not of that blest number  
Who are objects of His love?  
Hallelujah! : :  
He for us great things hath done.  
Frederick William Foster, 1760-1835.

1393 Tune 585.

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,  
Token of our coming Lord;  
O'er the earth the field is whitening;  
Louder rings the Master's word,—  
"Pray for reapers : :  
In the harvest of the Lord."

2 Now, O Lord! fulfill Thy pleasure,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And, with pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—  
Faithful reapers, : :  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Eager millions hither roam;  
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;  
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!  
By Thy Spirit, : :  
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come,—  
Heaven and earth together keeping  
God's eternal Harvest Home:  
Saints and angels! : : [Home.  
Shout the world's great Harvest  
Mary Robertson Maxwell, 1875.

1394 Tune 585.

Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory  
On the same eternal throne;  
Endless praises : :  
To Jehovah, Three in One.

585, E.

The image shows a musical score for '585, E.' consisting of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with block chords and simple melodic lines.

1395

Tune 585.

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.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817.

1396

Tune 585.

Peace on earth, Heaven is proclaiming;  
 Peace, descending from above,  
 Peace, good-will, lost man reclaiming,  
 Peace from God, God Who is Love;  
 Peace in Jesus, ::  
 Peace that never shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,  
 Glory in the highest strain;  
 Glory to the Mediator,  
 Both from angels and from men;  
 To Immanuel ::  
 All the glory doth pertain.

T. and M. Lamb.

1397

Tune 585.

Souls in heathen darkness lying,  
 Where no light has broken through,  
 Souls that Jesus bought by dying,  
 Whom His soul in travail knew:  
 Thousand voices ::  
 Call us o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! none has taught  
 Of His love so deep and dear; [them  
 Of the precious price that bought them;  
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;  
 Ye who know Him, :: [drear.  
 Guide them from their darkness

3 Haste, O haste! and spread the tidings  
 Wide to earth's remotest strand;

Let no brother's bitter chidings  
 Rise against us when we stand  
 In the judgment, ::  
 From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,  
 All along each distant shore;  
 Seaward far the islands brighten;  
 Light of nations, lead us o'er;  
 When we seek them, ::  
 Let Thy Spirit go before.

Ceecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

1398

Tune 585.

O'er the distant mountains breaking,  
 Comes the reddening dawn of day;  
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
 Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;  
 'T is thy Saviour, ::  
 On His bright, returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary  
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee;  
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary  
 Where Thy light I do not see;  
 O my Saviour, ::  
 When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,  
 Far away from Thee I pine;  
 When, O when, shall I the gladness  
 Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?  
 O my Saviour, ::  
 When shall I be wholly Thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
 Spent the night, the day at hand;  
 Keep me in my lowly station.  
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
 O my Saviour, ::  
 In Thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimmed and  
 burning,  
 Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
 Watching for Thy glad returning,  
 To restore me to my home;  
 Come, my Saviour, ::  
 O my Saviour, quickly come!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

585, F.

1399

Tune 585.

Hark, the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth and vaults the sky;  
 "It is finished!" :||  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford;  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;  
 "It is finished!" :||  
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's Name;  
 Hallelujah! :||  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans, 1749-1809.

1400

Tune 585.

Hallelujah! best and sweetest  
 Of the hymns of praise above:  
 Hallelujah! thou repeatest,  
 Angel host, these notes of love;  
 This ye utter, :||  
 While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,  
 Join the concert of the sky;  
 Hallelujah! bright and glorious,  
 Lift ye saints, this strain on high;  
 We, poor exiles, :||  
 Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,  
 Suit not souls with anguish torn;  
 Hallelujah! sounds of sadness  
 Best become the heart forlorn;  
 Our offences :||  
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,  
 Holy God, we raise to Thee;

Visit us with Thy salvation,  
 Make us all Thy joys to see.

Hallelujah! :||

Ours at length this strain shall be.

13th Century, John Chandler, tr., 1806-76.

1401

Tune 585.

Hail, Thou wondrous Infant Stranger,  
 Born lost Eden to regain;

Welcome in Thy humble manger,  
 Welcome to Thy creature, man;

Hail Immanuel, :||

Thou Who wast ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,  
 What thus brought your Maker down?

Say, why did He leave your regions,  
 Why forsake His heavenly throne?

Notes melodious :||

Tell the cause: Good-will to man.

3 We this offered Saviour needed,  
 Hence we join your theme with joy.

We by none will be exceeded,  
 While we laud this mystery.

And with wonder :||

God Incarnate glorify.

T. Lamb.

1402

Tune 585.

God of every land and nation,  
 On this glorious jubilee,  
 Let the incense of oblation  
 From each heart arise to Thee.

Save our country; :||

Long preserve her liberty.

2 Let Thy richest blessings ever  
 Rest upon our happy land;

May no fierce contention sever  
 The confederated band:

In sweet union :||

May we still unshaken stand.

3 May we all be safely guided,  
 Saviour, by Thy gracious will;

When life's storms shall have subsided,  
 And our tongues in death are still,

May we praise Thee, :||

Where immortal glories thrill.

Anon.

585, G.

## 1403

Tune 585.

Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious:  
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now!  
 From the fight returned victorious,  
 Every knee to Him shall bow:  
 :! Crown Him! crown Him! :!  
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings: [Him!  
 In the seat of power enthroned Him,  
 While the heavenly concave rings:  
 :! Crown Him! crown Him! :!  
 Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
 Own His title, praise His Name:  
 :! Crown Him! crown Him! :!  
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!  
 Jesus takes the highest station;  
 Oh! what joy the sight affords!  
 :! Crown Him! crown Him! :!  
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

## 1404

Tune 585.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Cheered by no celestial ray,  
 Sun of righteousness! arising,  
 Bring the bright, the glorious day;  
 Send the gospel :!  
 To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:  
 And, from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night;  
 And redemption, :!  
 Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!  
 Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions  
 Multiply and still increase;  
 Sway the scepter, :!  
 Saviour! all the world around.

William Williams, 1717-91.

## 1405

Tune 585.

O'er the realms of pagan darkness  
 Let the eye of pity gaze;  
 See the thronging, wandering nations,  
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze:  
 Darkness brooding :!  
 On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,  
 Rise and shine! Thy blessings bring;  
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles,  
 Rise with healing in Thy wing:  
 To Thy brightness :!  
 Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring  
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
 Come, and worshiping before Him,  
 Serve the living God alone:  
 Let Thy glory :!  
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to Whom all power is given,  
 Speak the word: at Thy command  
 Let the heralds of Thy mercy  
 Spread Thy Name from land to land:  
 Lord, be with them :!  
 Always, to the end of time.

Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823.

## 1406

Tune 585.

Saviour, send a blessing to us,  
 Send a blessing from above:  
 All Thy truth and mercy show us,  
 Be Thou here in power and love;  
 Grant Thy presence, :!  
 Be it ours Thy grace to prove.

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

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

## 1407

Tune 585.

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



585, H.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is a hymn tune with a trochaic rhythm.

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

Jonathan Evans, 1749-1809.

1408

Tune 585.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love and power:  
 He is able, ::  
 He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh,  
 Without money, ::  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 Is to feel your need of Him;  
 This He gives you, ::  
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 Not the righteous, ::  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;  
 On the bloody Tree behold Him;  
 Hear Him cry, before He dies:  
 "It is finished!" ::  
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the 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.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with His Name:  
 Hallelujah! ::  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

1409

Tune 585.

Bless'd Jesus, we implore Thee,  
 Let us, cleansed and purified,  
 Walk in grace and truth before Thee,  
 And in Thee by faith abide;  
 Sanctified ::  
 Both in body and in mind.

2 Unto us Thy Name's sweet savor  
 Be as ointment pour'd forth;  
 In Thine eyes may we find favor,  
 Though depraved and void of worth;  
 While Thy banner ::  
 Over us, is Love Divine.

3 Now the conflict is decided,  
 We count all things else but loss;  
 What with Thee our hearts divided  
 Now is nailed to Thy Cross:  
 We will glory ::  
 In the Cross of Christ alone.

4 We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,  
 Where the flocks of Zion feed;  
 Oft resort unto the fountain,  
 Opened when the Lord did bleed;  
 Thence deriving ::  
 Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There with trimm'd lamps we'll tarry,  
 Till the Lord comes from on high,  
 Watch in prayer and ne'er be weary,  
 But await the midnight cry:  
 Haste to meet Him, ::  
 Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation  
 May we sinners mercy find,  
 Sav'd with complete salvation,  
 May not one be left behind;  
 As wise virgins, ::  
 May we then before Thee stand.

John Hartley and T. Lamb.

## 1410

Tune 585.

Jesus came, the heavens adoring,  
 Came with peace from realms on high;  
 Jesus came for man's redemption,  
 Lowly came on earth to die;  
 Hallelujah! : :  
 Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
 When our hearts are bowed with care;

Jesus comes again in answer  
 To an earnest heartfelt prayer;  
 Hallelujah! : :  
 Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
 Bringing news of sins forgiven;  
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven;  
 Hallelujah! : :  
 Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;  
 Jesus comes what'er befalls us,  
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;  
 Hallelujah! : :  
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
 When the heavens shall pass away;  
 Jesus comes again in glory;  
 Let us then our homage pay,  
 Hallelujah! ever singing,  
 Till the dawn of endless day.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

## 1411

Tune 585.

Holy Saviour! we adore Thee,  
 Seated on the throne of God;  
 While the heavenly hosts before Thee  
 Gladly sing Thy praise aloud:  
 "Thou art worthy! : :  
 We are ransomed by Thy blood."

2 Saviour! tho' the world despised Thee,  
 Though Thou here wast crucified,  
 Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,  
 Lord of all creation wide;

"Thou art worthy! : :  
 We shall live, for Thou hast died."

3 Haste the day of Thy returning  
 With Thy ransomed Church to reign;  
 Then shall end our days of mourning,  
 We shall sing with rapture then,  
 "Thou art worthy! : :  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen."

James George Deck, b. 1807.

## 1412

Tune 585.

In the vineyard of our Father  
 Daily work we find to do;  
 Scattered gleanings we may gather,  
 Though we are but young and few;  
 Little clusters : :  
 Help to fill the garner too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,  
 Catching moments through the day,  
 Nothing small or lowly scorned,  
 While we work, and watch, and pray;  
 Gathering gladly : :  
 Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Up and ever at our calling,  
 Till in death our lips are dumb,  
 Or till, sin's dominion falling,  
 Christ shall in His Kingdom come,  
 And His children : :  
 Reach their everlasting home.

4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,  
 Heavenly Father, may we be;  
 And for ever, and for ever,  
 We will give the praise to Thee;  
 Hallelujah! : :  
 Singing, all eternity.

Thomas MacKellar, b. 1812.

## 1413

Tune 585.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;  
 Much we need Thy tender care;  
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use Thy folds prepare,  
 Bless'd Jesus! : :  
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,  
 Be the Guardian of our way;  
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray.  
 - Blessèd Jesus! :||:  
 Hear Thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessèd Jesus! :||:  
 Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
 Early let us do Thy will;  
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour,  
 With Thy grace our bosoms fill.  
 Blessèd Jesus! :||:  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1779-1847.

LA TROBES 586TH METRE. (9, 8, 2, 8, 9, 9, 6, 6, 4, Iambic.)

Old English.

586, A.

1414 Tune 586.  
 I will rejoice in God my Saviour,  
 And magnify this act of love;  
 I'm lost in wonder at His favor,  
 Which made Him leave His throne  
 above,  
 To take upon Him human nature,  
 To suffer for His wretched creature;  
 Dire anguish, keenest pain,  
 And death-pangs to sustain,  
 My soul to gain.

Benjamin La Trobe, 1725-86.

1415 Tune 586.  
 Most holy Lord, mankind's Creator,  
 Who, to redeem us by Thy death,  
 Assumedst feeble human nature,  
 We call on Thee in humble faith:  
 O hear our fervent supplication,  
 Let all our children Thy salvation,  
 Thy tender love and care,  
 In largest measure share;  
 For Thine they are.

2 O make each family a temple,  
 A consecrated house to Thee;  
 May we by word and by example  
 To all around us patterns be:  
 To every husband grant the blessing  
 To lift up holy hands unceasing:  
 And to the wives give grace,  
 Arrayed in lowliness,  
 Thy Name to praise.

John Swertner and F. W. Foster.

1416 Tune 586.  
 When Christ, our Lord and Saviour,  
 dwelleth  
 In us, O what a height of bliss!  
 This from our heart all gloom dispelleth,  
 Our life of heaven a foretaste is:  
 Lord Jesus, hear our supplication;  
 Let all of us in every station  
 Be truly joined to Thee,  
 Until eternally  
 Thy face we see.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

587, A.

1417

Tune 587.

The child sweetly rests,  
Whom nothing molests,  
Received in mercy among the Lamb's  
guests.

2 He ne'er shall weep more,  
His sighing is o'er,  
His travels and dangers; he's now safe  
on shore.

3 His body is dead,  
The grave is his bed,  
But soon he shall wake, and with joy  
lift his head.

4 The spirit is flown  
In peace to God's throne,  
To praise God our Saviour, and know as  
he's known.

5 He sings now above,  
Made perfect in love, [remove.  
And never, O never, he thence shall

6 He rests now in peace,  
Beholds the Lord's face,  
Thrice happy, so early to finish his race.

7 For that blessed day  
We earnestly pray; [delay.  
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make no  
John Cennick, 1718-55.

GAMBOLD. (5, 5, 11, Anapaestic.)

Anonymous.

587, C.

1418

Tune 587.

O tell me no more  
Of this world's vain store, [o'er.  
The time for such trifles with me now is

2 A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound:  
To dwell I'm determined on that happy  
ground.

3 The souls that believe,  
In paradise live: [receive.  
And me in that number will Jesus

4 My soul, don't delay,  
He calls thee away. [glad day.  
Rise, follow Thy Saviour, and bless the

5 No mortal doth know  
What He can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort; go,  
follow Him, go.

6 Perhaps with the aim  
To honor His Name, [I am.  
I may do some service, poor dust though

7 Yet this is confessed,  
I count it most blessed,  
As at the beginning, in Him to find rest.

8 And when I'm to die,  
Receive me, I'll cry, [why.  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell

9 But this I do find,  
We two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me be-  
hind.

10 Lo, this is the race  
I'm running through grace  
Henceforth, till admitted to see my  
Lord's face.  
John Gambold, 1711-71.

1419

Tune 587.

All ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh; [die?  
To you is it nothing your Saviour should

2 Your Ransom and Peace,  
Your Surety He is; [His.  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like

3 For what you have done,  
His blood must atone;  
The Father hath given for you His dear  
Son.

4 The Lord, in the day  
Of mercy, did lay [them away.  
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore

5 He answered for all;  
O come at His call, [fall.  
And low at His feet with astonishment

6 For you and for me  
He prayed on the Tree ;  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

7 My pardon I claim ;  
sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus' great Name.  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

**1420** Tune 587.  
My God, I am Thine ;  
What comfort divine, [mine !  
What blessing to know that my Jesus is  
2 In the heavenly Lamb,  
Thrice happy I am ; [His Name.  
My heart doth rejoice at the sound of  
3 True pleasures abound  
In the rapturous sound ; [found.  
Whoever hath found it, hath Paradise  
4 Christ Jesus to know,  
To feel His blood flow,  
Is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.  
5 Yet onward I haste  
To the heavenly feast ;  
For that is the fullness, this only a taste.  
6 And this I shall prove,  
Till joyful I move [viour's love.  
To the heaven of heavens in my Sa-  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

**1421** Tune 587.  
How happy are they  
Who Jesus obey [above !  
And lay up their treasures in heaven  
2 Tongue ne'er can express  
The comfort and peace  
Enjoyed by a soul in its earliest love.  
3 What comfort was mine  
When favor divine [the Lamb.  
I freely received through the blood of

**1424** [For Tune, see next page.] Tune 590.  
Christ, the Good Shepherd, God's own  
From all eternity, [Son  
Urged by His love, exchanged His  
For human misery ; [throne  
His wandering sheep gone far astray  
He sought with pungent pain,  
And did for all a ransom pay,  
To bring them home again.  
2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost,  
Art thou, my sinful soul ;  
His life it hath the Shepherd cost,  
To save and make thee whole ;  
Now hear His voice with gratitude,  
Call on His saving Name ;  
For thee He shed His precious blood,  
And now His own doth claim.  
Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

**1425** [For Tune, see next page.] Tune 590.  
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,  
Thy blessing on us pour ;  
Lift up Thy gracious countenance  
Upon us evermore :  
O may we fully know Thy mind,  
Thy saving word proclaim,  
That many heathen-tribes may find  
Salvation in Thy Name.

4 When first I believed  
What joy I received, [Name !  
What heavenly pleasures in Jesus' dear

5 'T was heaven below  
My Saviour to know,  
And gratefully fall at His feet and adore.  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

**1422** Tune 587.  
All praise to the Lamb !  
Accepted I am, [Name.  
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable  
2 In Him I confide,  
His blood is applied ; [hath died.  
For me He hath suffered, for me He  
3 No cloud shall arise,  
To darken my eyes,  
Or hide for a moment my Lord from  
mine eyes.  
4 In Him I am blest,  
I lean on His breast, [rest.  
And lo ! in His wounds I continue to  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

**1423** Tune 587.  
O what shall I do  
My Saviour to praise, [in grace.  
So faithful and true, and so plenteous  
2 Lord, Thou art my Boast,  
My Glory, my Power, [wilt do.  
Since I have found favor, Thou all things  
3 Soon, soon I shall see  
The bliss of Thine own ; [known.  
Thy secret to me shall now soon be made  
4 For sorrow and woe  
I joy shall receive, [believe.  
And share in the gladness of all that  
Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

2 Let tongues and kindreds praise the  
Let every nation praise, [Lord,  
Let all the earth with one accord  
A glad thanksgiving raise,  
That sin no more its sway maintains,  
For Christ the Lord is King,  
His word defends, His law sustains :  
Shout all ye lands and sing !  
3 Then shall the earth her increase  
Her fruits be multiplied ; [bring,  
Then shall Thy scepter rule, O King,  
Thy word be glorified :  
And God, our God, with blessings crown  
His faithful Church again,  
And earth's remotest bounds shall own  
Him, Lord and God ! Amen !  
Martin Luther, 1483-1546.

**1426** [For Tune, see next page.] Tune 590.  
In these our days exalt Thy grace,  
Thy precious gospel spread ;  
That for the travail of Thy soul  
Thou mayst behold Thy seed :  
Oh may Thy knowledge fill the earth ;  
Increase the number still  
Of those who in Thy word believe,  
And do Thy holy will.

2 Lord, by Thy Spirit us prepare  
To follow Thy command,  
To execute Thy utmost aim,  
And in Thy presence stand,  
As servants willing to be used,  
Who in Thy work delight,  
And offer freely praise and prayer  
As incense day and night.

3 Hereto we gladly say, Amen;  
We have this truth avowed,  
That we in spirit, body, soul,  
Are bound to serve our God,  
Who touched, and drew, and wooed our  
And conquered us by love; [hearts,  
To Him we have engaged ourselves,  
Oh may we faithful prove.  
Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1427 Tune 590.

The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar;  
Who follows in His train?  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save;  
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
And mocked the cross and flame:  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

1428

Tune 590.

Thou, Who didst call Thy saints of old  
Thy chosen flock to teach,  
Who mad'st the fearful-hearted bold,  
And quick the slow of speech:  
Still Thou dost ask whom Thou shalt  
And who will go for Thee, [send  
To feed Thy lambs, Thy sheep to tend;  
' Lord, here am I; send me.'

2 O send us—e'en as Thou, O Lord,  
Wast by the Father sent—  
To speak Thine own absolving word  
To sinners penitent;  
To wash Thy chosen in the flood  
Whereby new birth is given;  
To minister the sacred food,  
The bread of life from heaven.

3 And Thou, Who didst by prophets  
To speak the Will Divine, [deign  
That we may never speak in vain,  
May all our words be Thine;  
Oh, teach us, Holy Ghost, that we  
Thine heritage may teach;  
And bid us prophesy for Thee,  
And in Thy power to preach.

4 So may we, though unworthy still,  
Most Holy Trinity,  
Thy prophets, pastors, priests, fulfill  
Our sacred ministry:  
That when beside the crystal sea  
We lay our office down,  
The souls that we have trained for Thee  
May be our joy and crown.

E. A. Welch.

590, B.

1429

Tune 590.

Present your bodies to the Lord,  
 A living sacrifice,  
 A holy offering unto Him,  
 And pleasing to His eyes:  
 This is a service which ye owe,  
 And reasonably due;  
 For ye are not your own, ye know,  
 But Christ hath purchased you.

W. Barton, 1803-57.

1430

Tune 590.

The worst of evils we can name  
 Is an unfaithful heart;  
 May none amongst us from our Lord  
 Be tempted to depart.  
 Our human frailty need not lead  
 Our souls from Him astray;  
 For He the needful strength imparts  
 To walk the narrow way.

Ann Worgan, c. 1801.

1431

Tune 590.

Believing souls, rejoice and sing,  
 Your risen Saviour see,  
 And say, "O death, where is Thy sting!  
 O grave, Thy victory!"  
 He died your guilty souls to save,  
 And, dying, conquered death;  
 Was buried in the gloomy grave,  
 But re-assumed His breath.

2 Rejoice, your conquering Saviour  
 He lives to die no more; [lives,  
 And life eternal freely gives,  
 Since He our sorrows bore,  
 To all who their lost state bewail;  
 For Jesus' precious blood

(25)

Doth for each contrite soul prevail,  
 Before the throne of God.

3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;  
 Life, immortality,  
 And lasting bliss are now restored  
 For all, for you and me;  
 Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,  
 Adore His saving Name;  
 Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole  
 His love and power proclaim.

4 The Prince of glory bowed His head,  
 Expiring on the Cross;  
 But now the Lord is risen indeed,  
 Is risen and lives for us;  
 Rejoice, and in the dust adore  
 The Lamb for sinners slain;  
 He liveth now and evermore,  
 For evermore to reign.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1432

Tune 590.

Grace, grace, oh, that's a joyful sound,  
 A welcome sound to all,  
 Who clearly see, and deeply feel,  
 The misery of the fall;  
 Who rightly know the wretched state  
 Of sinners void of grace,  
 Ere Christ elects them to enjoy  
 In heavenly realms a place.

2 Grace, how exceeding great to those  
 Who, ready to despair,  
 Ashamed confess, and truly know,  
 How vile and weak they are;  
 Yet grace, free grace, most sweetly calls:  
 "Directly come, who will,  
 Just as you are; for Christ receives  
 Poor helpless sinners still."

3 We thirst, O Lord; give us this day  
To taste more of Thy grace, [rock  
More of that stream, which from the  
Flowed through the wilderness:  
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us inly poor:  
And oh, that nothing but Thy grace  
May rule us evermore.

Esther Gruenbeck, 1717-96.

### 1433

Tune 590.

Sing hallelujah, Christ doth live,  
And peace on earth restore:  
Come, ransomed souls, and glory give,  
Sing, worship and adore:  
With grateful hearts to Him we pay  
Our thanks in humble wise;  
Who aught unto our charge can lay?  
'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn, since Christ was  
And ever lives to God? [dead,  
Now our whole debt is fully paid,  
He saves us by His blood:  
The ransomed hosts in earth and heaven  
Through countless choirs proclaim,  
"He hath redeemed us; praise be given  
To God and to the Lamb."

3 In all we do, constrained by love,  
We'll joy to Him afford,  
And to God's will obedient prove  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord:  
Sing hallelujah, and adore  
On earth the Lamb once slain,  
Till we in heaven shall evermore  
Exalt His Name. Amen!

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

### 1434

Tune 590.

Jesus is God! The glorious bands  
Of holy angels sing  
Songs of adoring praise to Him,  
Their Maker and their King.  
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,  
On Calvary's Cross true God,  
He Who in heaven eternal reigned,  
In time on earth abode.

2 Jesus is God! There never was  
A time when He was not;  
Boundless, eternal, merciful,  
The Word the Sire begot. [stretch,  
Backward our thoughts through ages  
Onward through endless bliss;  
For there are two eternities,  
And both alike are His.

3 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,  
And pain, and every ill;  
All are worth while, for all are means  
His glory to fulfill;  
Worth while a thousand years of life,  
'To speak one little word,  
If only by our faith we own  
The Godhead of our Lord!

4 Jesus is God! Oh, could I now  
But compass land and sea,  
To teach and tell this single truth,  
How happy should I be!  
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,  
I would proclaim so loud,—

Jesus, the Good, the Beautiful,  
Is everlasting God!

5 Jesus is God! If on the earth  
This blessed faith decays,  
More tender must our love become,  
More plentiful our praise.  
We are not angels, but we may  
Down in earth's corners kneel,  
And multiply sweet acts of love,  
And murmur what we feel.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

### 1435

Tune 590.

I see a Man at God's right hand,  
Upon the throne of God,  
And there in sevenfold light I see  
The sevenfold sprinkled blood.  
I look upon that glorious Man,  
On that blood-sprinkled throne;  
I know that He sits there for me,  
That glory is my own.

2 The heart of God flows forth in love,  
A deep eternal stream;  
Through that beloved Son it flows  
To me as unto Him.  
And, looking on His face, I know—  
Weak, worthless, though I be—  
How deep, how measureless, how sweet,  
That love of God to me.

3 The Lord Who sits upon the throne  
With them His joy will share,  
And there the sprinkled blood appears,  
That He may set them there.  
From drear, dark places of the earth,  
From depths of sin and shame,  
He takes the vessels for His grace,  
A people for His Name.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

### 1436

Tune 590.

The Saviour! oh, what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.  
The Almighty Former of the skies  
Stooped to our vile abode; [eyes  
While angels viewed with wondering  
And hailed the Incarnate God.

2 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;  
I cannot wish for more.  
On Thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath Thy Cross I fall;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele, 1716-78.

### 1437

Tune 590.

The God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by His redeeming word  
And new-creating breath;  
To praise the Father and the Son  
And Spirit All-divine.—  
The One in Three, and Three in One—  
Let saints and angels join.



590, C.

1438

Tune 590.

The mercies of my God and King  
My tongue shall still pursue:  
Oh, happy they, who, while they sing  
Those mercies, share them too!  
As bright and lasting as the sun,  
As lofty as the sky,  
From age to age Thy word shall run,  
And chance and change defy.

2 The covenant of the King of kings  
Shall stand for ever sure;  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings  
Thy saints repose secure.  
In earth below, in heaven above,  
Who, who is Lord like Thee?  
Oh, spread the gospel of Thy love,  
Till all Thy glories see!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

1439

Tune 590.

O Thou, Who givest all their food,  
Causing Thy sun to shine  
Upon the evil and the good,  
Earth's teeming stores are Thine.  
Thy covenant to man secures  
The harvest of his toil;  
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,  
With plenty clothes the soil.

2 The wintry frost, the flowery prime,  
Alike Thy laws obey;  
Each herb and blossom knows its time,  
And feels the quickening ray.  
Revolving seasons still proclaim  
Thy all-sustaining word:  
Seed-time and harvest speak Thy Name,  
The promise-keeping Lord.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

1440

Tune 590.

Since we can't doubt God's equal love,  
Immeasurably kind,  
To His unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.  
Good, when He gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when He denies;  
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.

2 Whate'er I ask, I surely know  
And steadfastly believe,  
He will the thing desired bestow,  
Or else a better give.  
To Thee I therefore, Lord, submit  
My every fond request,  
And own, adoring at Thy feet,  
Thy will is always best.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

1441

[FOR HOSPITAL SUNDAY.]

Tune 590.

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old  
Was strong to heal and save;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave;  
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied, and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and  
health,  
Gave speech and strength and sight;  
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;  
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal  
By touch, or word, or look;  
Though they that do Thy work must  
Thy laws in nature's book: [read  
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,  
Come, cleanse the lep'rous taint;  
Give joy and peace where all is strife,  
And strength where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
Thou Lord of life and death;  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,  
With Thine almighty breath:  
To hands that work and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
That whole and sick, and weak and  
May praise Thee evermore. [strong;  
Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1821-91.

1442

Tune 590.

Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord!

In Thee I put my trust;  
Encouraged by Thy holy word,

A feeble child of dust:

I have no argument beside,

I urge no other plea;

And 't is enough my Saviour died,

My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,

My refuge is the mercy-seat,

From strife of tongues, and bitter words,

My spirit flies to Thee;

Joy to my heart the thought affords,

"My Saviour died for me!"

3 And when Thine awful voice commands

This body to decay,

And life, in its last lingering sands,

Is ebbing fast away;—

Then, though it be in accents weak,

My voice shall call on Thee,

And ask for strength in death to speak,

"My Saviour died for me."

Thomas Raffles, 1788-1863.

1443

Tune 590.

Lord! it belongs not to my care

Whether I die or live;

To love and serve Thee is my share,

And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad

That I may long obey;

If short, yet why should I be sad

To soar to endless day?

2 Christ leads me through no darker  
rooms

Than He went through before;

He that into God's Kingdom comes

Must enter by this door. [meet

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me

Thy blessèd face to see;

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,

What will Thy glory be?

3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,

And weary, sinful days,

And join with the triumphant saints

To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;

The eye of faith is dim;

But 't is enough that Christ knows all,

And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1615-91.

1444

Tune 590.

Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,

Thou glorious Star of day!

Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,

With all our tears, away.

No resting-place we seek on earth,

No loveliness we see;

Our eye is on the royal crown,

Prepared for us—and Thee!

2 But, dearest Lord, however bright,

That crown of joy above,

What is it to the brighter hope

Of dwelling in Thy love?

What to the joy, the deeper joy,

Unmingled, pure, and free.

Of union with our living Head,

Of fellowship with Thee?

Edward Denny, b. 1796.

1445

Tune 590.

The morning kindles all the sky,

The air with praises rings,

Defeated hell stands sullen by,

The world exulting sings:

While He, the King, all strong to save,

Rends the dark doors away,

And through the breaches of the grave

Strides forth into the day.

2 Death's Captive, in his gloomy prison

Fast fettered He has lain;

But He has mastered death, is risen,

And death now wears the chain.

The shining angels cry, "Away

With grief; no spices bring;

Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,

Should greet the rising King!"

3 That Thou our Paschal Lamb may'st

And endless joy begin. [be,

Jesus, Deliverer, set us free

From the dread death of sin.

Glory to God! our glad lips cry;

All praise and worship be

On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,

For Christ's great victory!

Ambrose of Milan, c. 380; Alexander  
Ramsay-Thompson, tr. b. 1822.

1446

Tune 590.

Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?

O height! O depth of love!

With Thee we died upon the Tree,

In Thee we live above.

Such was Thy grace, that for our sake

Thou didst from heaven come down,

Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,

In all our sorrows one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,

Confessed and borne by Thee;

The gall, the curse, the wrath, were

To set Thy members free. [Thine,

Ascended now, in glory bright,

Still one with us Thou art;

Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,

Thy saints and Thee can part.

3 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own

This wondrous mystery,

That Thou with us art truly one,

And we are one with Thee!

Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,

When, seated on Thy throne,

Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,

That Thou with us art one.

James George Deck, b. 1807.

1447

Tune 590.

We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone

Because Thy bounteous hand

Showers down its rich and ceaseless

On ocean and on land; gifts

'Tis not alone because Thy names

Of wisdom, power and love,

Are written on the earth beneath,

The glorious skies above;

2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we

Had erred and gone astray.

Thou didst recall our wandering souls

Into the heavenward way;

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost

In sin and sorrow's night,

A guiding ray was granted us

From Thy pure fount of light;

3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us

With everlasting love;

Because Thy Son came down to die,

That we might live above;

Because, when we were heirs of wrath,

Thou gavest hopes of heaven;

Yes; much we love, who much have

sinned,

And much have been forgiven.

Julia Anne Elliott, d. 1841.

1448

Tune 590.

By cool Siloam's shady rill

How fair the lily grows!

How sweet the breath beneath the hill

Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet

The paths of peace have trod;

Whose secret heart, with influence

Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill

The lily must decay;

The rose that blooms beneath the hill

Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour

Of man's maturer age

May shake the soul with sorrow's power

And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou, whose infant feet were found

Within Thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with changeless virtue

Were all alike divine! [crowned,

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,

We seek Thy grace alone

In childhood, manhood, age and death,

To keep us still Thine own.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

1449

Tune 590.

There is a green hill far away,

Without a city wall,

Where the dear Lord was crucified,

Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell

What pains He had to bear;

But we believe it was for us

He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,

He died to make us good,

That we might go at last to heaven,

Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough

To pay the price of sin;

He only could unlock the gate

Of heaven, and let us in.

590, F.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.  
For there's a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

## 1450

Tune 590.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!

We love to hear of Thee;  
No music like Thy charming Name,  
Nor half so sweet can be:  
O may we ever hear Thy voice!  
In mercy to us speak;  
And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
Thou great Melchizedek!

2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay;  
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely Name,  
When all things else decay:  
When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all His favored throng, [loud,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more  
And Christ shall be our Song.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

## 1451

Tune 590.

If human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie:  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh;  
Oh, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him, Who died our fears to quell—  
Who bore our guilt, and woe?

2 While yet in anguish He surveyed  
Those pangs He would not flee.  
What love His latest words displayed,—  
"Meet and remember me!"  
Remember Thee—Thy death, Thy  
Our sinful hearts to share!— [shame,  
O memory! leave no other name  
But His recorded there.

Gerard Thomas Noel, 1782-1851.

## 1452

Tune 590.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled;

Thy love the power of thought bestowed  
To Thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by Thee.  
In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored  
hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.  
My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Willmaus, 1762-1827.

## 1453

Tune 590.

O God, Thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.  
I see Thee in the eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round Thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.

2 I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,  
I see Thee all through time;  
Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.  
I see Thee when the doom is o'er,  
And outworn time is done,  
Still, still incomprehensible,  
O God, yet not alone.

3 Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of Thee have drunk their fill;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.  
O little heart of mine! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own?

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

590, G.

## 1454

Tune 590.

Oh, see how Jesus trusts Himself  
Unto our childish love!  
As though by His free ways with us  
Our earnestness to prove.  
His sacred Name a common word  
On earth He loves to hear;  
There is no majesty in Him  
Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round His feet,  
His paths are never dim;  
And He comes nigh to us when we  
Dare not come nigh to Him.  
Let us be simple with Him then,  
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,  
As though our Bethlehem could be  
What Sinai was of old.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

## 1455

Tune 590.

Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend,  
As such I look to Thee;  
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,  
O Lord, remember me.  
Remember Thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary.  
Remember all Thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,  
I yield myself to Thee;  
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.  
I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet Thy salvation's free;  
Then, in Thy all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,  
Howe'er oppressed I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do Thou remember me.  
And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature-helps all flee,  
Then, O my great Redeemer-God,  
Jesus, remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1749-1810.

## 1456

Tune 590.

O Jesus Christ, if aught there be  
That, more than all beside,  
In ever-painful memory  
Must in my heart abide,  
It is that deep ingratitude  
Which I to Thee have shown,  
Who didst for me in tears and blood  
Upon the Cross atone.

2 Alas, how with my actions all  
Has this defect entwined;  
How has it poisoned with its gall  
My spirit, heart, and mind!  
Alas, through this, how many a gem  
I've rudely cast away,  
That might have formed my diadem  
In everlasting day!

3 Yet though the time be past and gone,  
Though little more remains,  
Though naught is all that can be done  
E'en with my utmost pains;  
Still will I strive, O Saviour mine,  
To do what in me lies;  
For never did Thy glance divine  
A contrite heart despise.

Edward Caswall, 1814-78.

1457

Tune 590.

Father of Love, our Guide and Friend,  
 O lead us gently on,  
 Until life's trial-time shall end,  
 And heavenly peace be won.  
 We know not what the path may be,  
 As yet by us untrod;  
 But we can trust our all to Thee,  
 Our Father and our God.

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to  
 The hill of sacrifice, [climb  
 Some angel may be there in time;  
 Deliverance shall arise:  
 Or, if some darker lot be good,  
 O teach us to endure  
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
 That makes the spirit pure.

3 Christ by no flowery pathway came;  
 And we, His followers here,  
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,  
 In hope, and love, and fear:  
 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,  
 And faultless anthems raise,  
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
 Accept our feeble praise.

William Josiah Irons, 1812-83.

1458

Tune 590.

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

2 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!  
 Upon our souls descend,

From midnight fears, and perils, Thou  
 Our trembling hearts defend;  
 Give us a respite from our toil,  
 Calm and subdue our woes;  
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord,  
 Oh, give us now repose!

Adelaide Ann Procter, 1825-64.

1459

Tune 590.

Another day is past and gone,  
 O God, we bow to Thee;  
 Again, as nightly shades come on,  
 To Thy defence we flee.  
 Forgive us all the evil done,  
 The good undone, to-day;  
 And keep us from the wicked one,  
 Now, Father, and for aye.

2 When shall that day of gladness come,  
 Ne'er sinking in the West;  
 That country and that blessed home,  
 Where none shall break our rest;  
 Where we, O God, preserved beneath  
 The shelter of Thy wing,  
 For evermore Thy praise shall breathe,  
 And of Thy mercy sing?

Isaac Williams, tr., 1802-65.

1460

Tune 590.

My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,  
 And trample on the tombs;  
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
 My God, my Saviour comes:  
 Ere long I know He shall appear  
 In power and glory great;  
 And death, the last of all His foes,  
 Lie vanquished at His feet.

2 Then His own hand shall wipe the  
 From every weeping eye; [tears  
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and  
 Shall cease eternally: [fears,

How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Oh, hasten Thy appearance, Lord,  
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

### 1461

Tune 590.

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  
With peaceful wings unfurled; [come,  
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  
Which now the angels sing! [song  
Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-76.

### 1462

Tune 590.

While shepherds watched their flocks  
All seated on the ground, [by 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, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:—  
"All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to  
Begin, and never cease!" [men  
Nahum Tate, 1652-1715.

### 1463

Tune 590.

Calm on the listening ear of night,  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.  
Celestial choirs, from courts above,  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine  
 Send back the glad reply,  
 And greet from all their holy heights  
 The 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.

VOX DILECTI. (C. M. D.)

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

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-76.  
 J. B. Dykes, † 1876.

590, K.

1464

Tune 59C.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto Me and rest!  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon My breast."  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.

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

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

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1465

Tune 59D.

The roseate hues of early dawn,  
 The brightness of the day,  
 The crimson of the sunset sky,  
 How fast they fade away!  
 O for the pearly gates of heaven!  
 O for the golden floor!  
 O for the Sun of righteousness  
 That setteth never more!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
 How fast they tire and faint!  
 How many a spot defiles the robe  
 That wraps an earthly saint!  
 O for a heart that never sins!  
 O for a soul washed white!  
 O for a voice to praise our King,  
 Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
 And grace to lead us higher:  
 But there are perfectness and peace  
 Beyond our best desire.  
 O by Thy love and anguish, Lord!  
 O by Thy life laid down!  
 O that we fall not from Thy grace,  
 Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.



591, A.

1466

Tune 591.

Let the world their virtue boast,  
 Their works of righteousness;  
 I, a wretch undone and lost,  
 Am freely saved by grace;  
 Other title I disclaim,  
 This alone is all my plea:  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
 But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound  
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,  
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,  
 And give the praise to Him;  
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,  
 His steps from afar I see:  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
 But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,  
 And Thou in me wilt live;  
 I shall feel Thy death applied;  
 I shall Thy life receive:  
 Yet, when melted in love's flame,  
 This shall be my only plea:  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
 But Jesus died for me.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1467

Tune 591.

Sinner, hear the Saviour's call,  
 He now is passing by;  
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
 And heard thy inournful cry:  
 He has pardon to impart,  
 Grace to save thee from thy fears;  
 See the love that fills His heart,  
 And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,  
 And tell Him all thy case?  
 He will not pronounce thy doom,  
 Nor frown thee from His face;  
 Wilt thou fear Immanuel?  
 Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,  
 Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
 Has shed His precious blood?

3 Think how on the Cross He hung,  
 Pierced with a thousand wounds;

Hark, from each, as with a tongue,  
 The voice of pardon sounds;  
 See, from all His opened veins  
 Blood of wondrous virtue flow,  
 Shed, to wash away thy stains,  
 And ransom thee from woe.

4 Though His majesty be great,  
 His mercy is no less;  
 Though He thy transgressions hate,  
 He feels for thy distress;  
 By Himself the Lord has sworn,  
 He delights not in thy death;  
 But invites thee to return,  
 That thou mayst live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see  
 What throngs His throne surround;  
 These, though sinners once like thee,  
 Have full salvation found:  
 Yield not then to unbelief,  
 While He says: "There yet is room;"  
 Though of sinners thou art chief,  
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

1468

Tune 591.

Lamb of God, Whose bleeding love  
 We now recall to mind,  
 Send the answer from above,  
 And let us mercy find.  
 Think on us who think on Thee,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray,  
 By Thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away;  
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
 From iniquity release;  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood by faith applied,  
 The sinner's pardon seal;  
 Speak us freely justified,  
 And all our sickness heal;

591, C.

The image shows a musical score for a chorale. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with block chords and moving lines. The first system is labeled '591, C.' and the second system continues the piece.

By Thy passion on the Tree,  
Let our griefs and sorrows cease;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1469

Tune 591.

God of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe;  
Simply do I now draw near;  
Thy blessing to receive;  
Full of sin, alas! I am,  
To Thy wounds for refuge, flee;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,  
To Thee I lift mine eye;  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy grace is always nigh:  
Now, as yesterday, the same  
Thou art, and wilt ever be:  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can Thy grace procure,  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, 'Thou know'st, am poor:  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
All is sin and misery;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,  
Bring I to gain Thy grace;  
Pardon I accept unbought,  
Thy proffer I embrace;  
Coming, as at first I came,  
Take, and not bestow on Thee;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1470

Tune 591.

God of Israel's faithful three,  
Who braved a tyrant's ire,  
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,  
And walked, unhurt, in fire;  
Breathe their faith into my breast,  
Arm me in this fiery hour;

Stand, O Son of Man, confessed  
In all Thy saving power.

2 For while Thou, my Lord, art nigh,  
My soul disdains to fear;  
Sin and Satan I defy,  
Still impotently near;  
Earth and hell their wars may wage;  
Calm, I mark their vain design,  
Smile to see them idly rage  
Against a child of Thine.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1471

Tune 591.

Lord, and is Thine anger gone,  
And art Thou pacified?  
After all that I have done,  
Dost Thou no longer chide?  
Let Thy love my heart constrain,  
All my restless passions sway:  
Keep me, lest I turn again  
Out of the narrow way.

2 See my utter helplessness,  
And leave me not alone;  
O preserve in perfect peace,  
And seal me for Thine own:  
More and more Thyself reveal;  
Thee, O may I always find;  
Comfort, and confirm, and heal  
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

3 As the apple of Thine eye,  
Thy weakest servant keep;  
Help me at Thy feet to lie,  
And there for ever weep:  
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,  
That I now have hope of heaven;  
Much of love I ought to show,  
For much has been forgiven.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1472

Tune 591.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God Whom we adore,  
Join we with the heavenly host  
To praise Thee evermore:  
Live, by heaven and earth adored,  
Three in One and One in Three,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
All glory be to Thee.

591, D.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century hymnals, with block chords and simple melodic lines. The first system is labeled '591, D.' and the second system continues the piece.

## 1473

Tune 591.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
Toward heaven, thy native place:  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
So, a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view His glorious face;  
Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and we know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1693-1759.

## 1474

Tune 591.

To the hills I lift mine eyes,  
To the everlasting hills;  
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,  
My soul the Spirit feels;  
Will He not His help afford?  
Help, while yet I ask, is given;  
God comes down, the God and Lord  
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray, always pray,  
And still in God confide;  
He thy feeble steps shall stay,  
Nor suffer thee to slide:  
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;  
He thy quiet spirit keeps;  
Rest in Him, securely rest;  
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,  
Thy Keeper can surprise;  
Careless slumbers cannot steal  
On His all-seeing eyes:  
He is Israel's sure Defence;  
Israel all His care shall prove;  
Kept by watchful Providence  
And ever-waking Love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand  
Omnipotently near:  
Lo! He holds thee by the hand,  
And banishes thy fear;  
Shadows with His wings thy head,  
Guards from all impending harms;  
Round thee and beneath are spread  
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,  
Shall bless thy coming in;  
Kindly compass thee about,  
Till thou art saved from sin:  
Like thy spotless Master, thou,  
Filled with wisdom, love, and power;  
Holy, pure, and perfect now,  
Henceforth, and evermore.

Charles Wesley, 1705-88.

## 1475

Tune 591.

Sinners, hear the joyful news,  
Your Maker is your Friend;  
Think not, that His wrath pursues,  
His curses you attend:  
"As I live," Jehovah saith,  
"I do not desire your death,  
Rather, rather would I see  
Each sinner turn to me."

2 Oh, then, turn to Him and live,  
Oh, turn with all your woe;  
He is ready to forgive,  
And blessings to bestow:  
Outstretched see His arms of love,  
Haste His tender heart to prove;  
Haste ye sinners, you will find  
He casteth none behind.

Thomas Dutton, c. 1789.

Christ to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in His grace to grow,  
Ever in His faith abide:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus Crucified.

2 Him in all my works I seek,  
Who hung upon the Tree;  
Only of His love I speak,  
Who freely died for me;  
While I sojourn here below,  
Nothing will I seek beside;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus Crucified.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

Tune 591.

## 1477

Lord, I feel a carnal mind  
Doth hang about me still,  
Vainly though I strive to bind  
My proud, rebellious will;  
Does not haughtiness of heart  
Separate my God and me?  
Meek Redeemer, now impart  
Thine own humility.

2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,  
Be all my Saviour taught,  
Do as Jesus bids me do,  
Would think as Jesus thought;  
But 't is Thou must change my heart,  
This good gift must come from Thee;  
Meek Redeemer, etc.

3 Lord, I can not, must not rest,  
Till I Thy mind obtain,  
Chase presumption from my breast,  
And heavenly mildness gain:  
Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart;  
Lowliness my portion be;  
Meek Redeemer, etc.

4 Let Thy Cross my will control,  
Conform me to my Guide;  
In Thy image mold my soul,  
And crucify my pride;  
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,  
Ever looking up to Thee;  
Meek Redeemer, etc.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

## 1478

Tune 591.

If to Jesus for relief  
My soul hath fled by prayer,  
Why should I give way to grief,  
Or heart-consuming care?  
Are not all things in His hand,  
Has He not the promise passed?  
Will He then regardless stand,  
And let me sink at last?

2 While, I know, His providence  
Disposeth each event;  
Shall I judge by feeble sense,  
Or yield to discontent?  
If He worms and sparrows feed,  
Clothe the grass in rich array;  
Can He see a child in need,  
And turn His eye away?

3 When His Name was quite unknown,  
And sin my life employed;  
Then He watched me as His own,  
Or I had been destroyed:  
Now His mercy-seat I know,  
Now by grace I'm reconciled;  
Would He spare me while a foe,  
To leave me when a child?

4 If He all my wants supplied,  
When I disdained to pray;  
Now His Spirit is my Guide,  
How can He answer nay?  
If He would not give me up,  
When my soul against Him fought;  
Will He disappoint the hope,  
Which He in me hath wrought?

5 If He shed His precious blood,  
To bring me to His fold;  
Can I think, that meaner good  
He ever will withhold?  
Vain is Satan's each device,  
Here my hope rests well assured;  
In that great redemption-price  
I see the whole secured.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

## 1479

Tune 591.

Meet and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our Heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace:  
Join we then with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join:  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
Eternal praise be Thine.

2 Vying with the heavenly choir,  
Who chant Thy praise above,  
We on eagles' wings aspire,  
The wings of faith and love:  
Thee, they sing, with glory crowned;  
We extol the slaughtered Lamb:  
Lower if our voices sound,  
Our subject is the same.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1480

Tune 591.

Father, God, Thy love we praise,  
Which gave Thy Son to die;  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify:  
Spirit, Comforter Divine,  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is changed for heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1481

Tune 591.

Lo! I come with joy to do  
The Master's bless'd will;  
Him in outward works pursue,  
And serve His pleasure still.  
Faithful to my Lord's commands,  
I would choose the better part,  
Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful, without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil,  
Kept in peace by Jesus' Name,  
Supported by His smile:

591, E.

Joyful thus my faith to show ;  
 Serving Him, find my reward ;  
 Every work I do below,  
 I do it to the Lord.

3 O that all the art might know  
 Of living thus to Thee,  
 Find their heaven begun below,  
 And here Thy glory see!  
 Walk in all the works prepared  
 By Thee to show forth their grace,  
 Till they gain their full reward,  
 And see Thy glorious face!

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1482

Tune 591.

Thou Who hast in Zion laid  
 The true Foundation-Stone,  
 And with those a covenant made  
 Who build on That alone :  
 Hear us, Architect Divine !  
 Builder of Thy Church below !  
 Now upon Thy servants shine,  
 Who seek Thy praise to show.

2 Earth is Thine; her thousand hills  
 Thy mighty hand sustains ;  
 Heaven Thy awful presence fills ;  
 O'er all Thy glory reigns :  
 Yet the place of all prepared  
 By king David's favored son,  
 Thy peculiar blessing shared,  
 And stood Thy chosen throne.

3 We like Solomon would raise  
 A temple to the Lord ;

Sound throughout its courts His praise,  
 His saving Name record ;  
 Dedicate a house to Him  
 Who, in mortal weakness shrined,  
 Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem  
 And rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son and Spirit, send  
 The consecrating flame !  
 Now in majesty descend,  
 Inscribe the Living Name ;  
 That great Name, by which we live,  
 Write on this accepted stone ;  
 Us into Thy hands receive ;  
 Our temple make Thy throne.

Agnes Bulmer, 1831, alt.

1483

Tune 591.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 In solemn power come down !  
 Present with Thy heavenly host  
 Thine ordinance to crown :  
 See a sinful worm of earth :  
 Bless to *him* the cleansing flood !  
 Plunge *him* by a second birth  
 Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promised inward grace  
 Accompany the sign ;  
 On *his* new-born soul impress  
 The character divine,  
 Father, all Thy Name reveal !  
 Jesus, all Thy Name impart !  
 Holy Ghost, renew and dwell  
 For ever in *his* heart.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

## 1484

Tune 595.

Lord God, the Holy Ghost,  
 In this accepted hour,  
 As on the day of Pentecost,  
 Descend in all Thy power.  
 We meet with one accord  
 In our appointed place,  
 And wait the promise of our Lord,  
 The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind  
 Upon the waves beneath,  
 Move with one impulse every mind,  
 One soul, one feeling breathe.  
 The young, the old inspire  
 With wisdom from above;  
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
 To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore  
 And chase our gloom away,  
 With luster shining more and more  
 Unto the perfect day!  
 Spirit of truth, be Thou  
 In life and death our Guide!  
 O, Spirit of adoption, *now*  
 May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## 1485

Tune 595.

The Church has waited long  
 Her absent Lord to see;  
 And still in loneliness she waits,  
 A friendless stranger she.  
 How long, O Lord our God,  
 Holy and true and good,  
 Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering  
 Church,  
 Her sighs and tears and blood?

2 Saint after saint on earth,  
 Has lived and loved and died;  
 And as they left us, one by one,  
 We laid them side by side.  
 We laid them down to sleep,  
 But not in hope forlorn;  
 We laid them but to ripen there,  
 Till the last glorious morn.

3 We long to hear Thy voice,  
 To see Thee face to face,  
 To share Thy crown and glory then,  
 As now we share Thy grace.

Come, Lord, and wipe away  
 The curse, the sin, the stain.  
 And make this blighted world of ours  
 Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

## 1486

Tune 595.

The spirits of the just,  
 Confined in bodies, groan,  
 Till death consigns the corpse to dust,  
 And then the conflict's done:  
 Jesus, Who came to save,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,  
 And made e'en death our gain.

2 Why should we fear to trust  
 The place where Jesus lay?  
 He'll raise our bodies from the dust,  
 And unto life convey:  
 Sin's pardoned, we're secure;  
 Death has no sting beside;  
 The law gives sin condemning power,  
 But Jesus for us died.

3 Confiding in Thy Name,  
 Jesus, the Church's Head,  
 We give to earth the breathless frame,  
 Remembering Thou wast dead:  
 A bitter death indeed  
 Was Thine, O Lamb of God;  
 But from the curse Thou hast us freed,  
 By Thy atoning blood.

4 O death, where is thy sting?  
 O grave, thy victory?  
 He that believes in Christ can sing:  
 "He hath redeemed me!"  
 Trusting in Him by faith,  
 We now the victory gain;  
 In Him we triumph over death,  
 Who for us rose again.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

## 1487

Tune 595.

I hear the words of love,  
 I gaze upon the blood,  
 I see the mighty sacrifice,  
 And I have peace with God.  
 'Tis everlasting peace,  
 Sure as Jehovah's Name;  
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,  
 For evermore the same.

595, B.

2 The clouds may go and come,  
 And storms may sweep my sky:  
 This blood-sealed friendship changes  
 The Cross is ever nigh. [not,  
 The Cross still stands unchanged,  
 Though heaven is now His home;  
 The mighty stone is rolled away,  
 But yonder is His tomb.

3 And yonder is my peace,  
 The grave of all my woes;  
 I know the Son of God has come,  
 I know He died and rose.  
 I know He liveth now  
 At God's right hand above,  
 I know the throne on which He sits,  
 I know His truth and love.  
 Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1488 Tune 595.  
 Was ever grief like Thine,  
 Jesus, Thou Man of woe?  
 The visage and the form divine,  
 Why was it marrèd so?  
 That man, by Thee restored,  
 God's image might regain,  
 And, by the sorrows of His Lord,  
 In joys eternal reign.  
 Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1489 Tune 595.  
 I was a wandering 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.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
 The Father sought His child;  
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
 O'er desert 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.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd is,  
 'T was He That loved my soul,  
 'T was He That washed me in His blood,  
 'T was He That made me whole;  
 'T was He That sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep,

'T was He That brought me to the fold,  
 'T is He That still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,  
 I love to be controlled,  
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
 I love the peaceful fold;  
 No more a wayward child,  
 I seek no more to roam,  
 I love my Heavenly Father's voice,  
 I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1490 Tune 595.

A few more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those that rest  
 Asleep within the tomb:

REF.—Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that great day;  
 Oh, wash me in Thy precious  
 And take my sins away. [blood,

2 A few more suns shall set  
 O'er these dark hills of time,  
 And we shall be where suns are not,  
 A far serener clime:—REF.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
 On this wild rocky shore,  
 And we shall be where tempests cease,  
 And surges swell no more:—REF.

4 A few more struggles here,  
 A few more parting's o'er,  
 A few more toils, a few more tears,  
 And we shall weep no more:—REF.

5 'Tis but a little while  
 And He shall come again,  
 Who died that we might live, Who lives  
 That we with Him may reign:—REF.  
 Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1491 Tune 595.  
 Thou fairest Child Divine  
 In yonder manger laid,  
 In Whom is God Himself well pleased,  
 By Whom were all things made,  
 On me Thou art bestowed;  
 How can such wonders be!  
 The dearest thing the Father hath  
 He gives me here in Thee!

2 I was a foe to God,  
 I fought in Satan's host,  
 I trifled all His grace away,  
 Alas! my soul was lost.

Yet God forgets my sin ;  
His heart, with pity moved,  
He gives me, Heavenly Child, in Thee :  
Lo ! thus our God hath loved !

3 God with His life of love  
To me was far and strange,  
My heart clung only to the world  
Of sight and sense and change ;  
In Thee, Immanuel,  
Are God and man made one ;  
In Thee my heart hath peace with God,  
And union in the Son.

4 Oh ponder this, my soul :  
Our God hath loved us thus  
That e'en His only dearest Son  
He freely giveth us.  
Thou precious Gift of God,  
The Pledge and Bond of love !  
With thankful heart I kneel to take  
This Treasure from above,  
Gerhardt Fersteegen, 1697-1769 ; Catherine  
Winkworth, tr., 1827-78.

**1492**

*Tune 595.*

Crown Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne ;  
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own :  
Awake, my soul and sing  
Of Him Who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,  
The God Incarnate born,  
Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now His brow adorn :  
Fruit of the mystic rose,  
As of that rose the Stem ;

The Root Whence mercy ever flows,  
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love :  
Behold His hands and side,  
Rich wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified :  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his burning eye  
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace :  
Whose power a scepter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise :  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round His pierc'd feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime.

All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
For Thou hast died for me ;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1800-52.

**1493**

*Tune 595.*

O Thou Whom we adore !  
To bless our earth again,  
Assume Thine own almighty power,  
And o'er the nations reign.  
The world's Desire and Hope,  
All power to Thee is given ;  
Now set the last great empire up,  
Eternal Lord of heaven !



2 A gracious Saviour, Thou  
Wilt all Thy creatures bless ;  
And every knee to Thee shall bow,  
-And every tongue confess.  
According to Thy word,  
Now be Thy grace revealed ;  
And with the knowledge of the Lord,  
Let all the earth be filled.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1494

Tune 595.

Christians, dismiss your fear ;  
Let hope and joy succeed ;  
The joyful news with gladness hear,  
"The Lord is risen indeed :"  
The promise is fulfilled  
In Christ our only Head ;  
Justice with mercy's reconciled,  
He lives Who once was dead.

2 The Lord is risen again,  
Who on the Cross did bleed ;  
He lives to die no more. Amen,  
The Lord is risen indeed :  
He truly tasted death  
For wretched fallen man,  
In bitter pangs resigned His breath,  
But now is risen again.

3 He hath Himself the keys  
Of death, the grave, and hell ;  
His is the victory and praise,  
And He rules all things well ;  
Death now no more I dread,  
But cheerful close mine eyes ;  
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed ;  
With Jesus I shall rise.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

1495

Tune 595.

Give to the winds thy fears,  
Hope and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy  
God shall lift up thy head ; [tears,  
Through waves, and clouds, and storms  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time, so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He everywhere hath way,  
And all things serve His might,  
His every act pure blessing is,  
His path unsullied light ;  
When He makes bare His arm,  
What shall His work withstand ?  
When He His people's cause defends,  
Who, who shall stay His hand !

3 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command,  
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own  
How wise, how strong His hand ;  
Thou comprehend'st Him not,  
Yet earth and heaven tell,  
God sits as Sovereign on the throne,  
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee,  
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand ;  
Confirm the feeble knee ;

Let us, in life and death,  
Boldly Thy truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
Thy love and guardian care.  
Pauli Gerhardt, 1607-76 ; John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

1496

Tune 595.

My Shepherd is the Lamb,  
The living Lord, Who died ;  
With all that's truly good I am  
Most plenteously supplied.  
He richly feeds my soul  
With manna from above,  
And leads me where the rivers roll  
Of everlasting love.

2 My table He doth spread  
With choicest fare, and I  
Behold the Lamb, the living Bread,  
And eat most joyfully.  
He makes my cup run o'er,  
Anointeth me with oil ;  
I shall enjoy for evermore  
The merits of His toil.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,  
And love prevail alone.  
I then shall see Him face to face  
And know as I am known.  
Then I my Shepherd's care  
Shall praise, and Him adore,  
And in His Father's house shall share  
True bliss for evermore.

John Beaumont, bef. 1750.

1497

Tune 595.

Thou art gone up on high,  
To realms beyond the skies ;  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise ;  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppressed ;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto Thy crown ;  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be ;  
But only let this path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
Lord, by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Leslie Toke, 1812-78.

1498

Tune 595.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God sup-  
Through His Eternal Son. [plies  
Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in His great might,  
 With all His strength endued,  
 And take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God;  
 That, having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
 And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,  
 No weakness of the soul;  
 Take every virtue, every grace,  
 And fortify the whole.  
 To keep your armor bright,  
 Attend with constant care,  
 Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
 And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley, 1703-83.

Arthur Patton, 1873.

ST KEVIN. (11, 8, 11, 8, Anapestic.)

1499

Tune 596.

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, [then.  
 I should like to have been with them

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."

CHRISTMAS HYMN. [YORKSHIRE.] (10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) John Wainwright, †1768.

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I  
 may go,  
 And ask for a share in His love;  
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
 In that beautiful place He has gone to  
 prepare  
 For all who are washed and forgiven;  
 And many dear children are gathering  
 there,  
 "For of such is the Kingdom of  
 heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands who  
 wander and fall,  
 Never heard of that heavenly home;  
 I should like them to know there is  
 room for them all,  
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
 The fairest, and brightest, and best,  
 When the dear little children of every  
 clime  
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke, b. 1813.

EDEN. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6, 6, Iambic.)

Christian Gregor, 1763.

1500

Tune 597.

In this sepulchral Eden  
 The tree of life I've found,  
 Here is my treasure hidden,  
 I tread on hallowed ground;  
 Ye sick, ye faint and weary,  
 Howe'er your ailments vary,  
 Come hither, and make sure  
 Of a most perfect cure.

2 Here lies, in death's embraces,  
 My Bridegroom, Lord and God;  
 With awe my soul retraces  
 The dark and dolorous road,  
 That leads to this last station;  
 Here in sweet meditation  
 I'll dwell by day and night,  
 Till faith is changed to sight.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801; Chr. Ignatius  
 LaTrobe, tr., 1755-1836.

1501 [For Tune, see opposite page.] Tune 600.

Christians, awake, salute the happy  
 morn, [born;  
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was  
 Rise to adore the mystery of love  
 Which hosts of angels chanted from  
 above:  
 With them the joyful tidings first begun,  
 Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.  
 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was  
 told, ["Behold,  
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice:  
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
 To you and all the nations upon earth;  
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised  
 word, [Lord.  
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the  
 3 "In David's city, shepherds, ye shall  
 find [kind;  
 The long-foretold Redeemer of man-  
 Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the  
 Babe Divine  
 Lies in a manger; this shall be the  
 sign."

He spake, and straightway the celestial  
 choir, [spire, con-  
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, con-

4 The praises of redeeming love they  
 sang,  
 And heaven's whole orb with Hallelu-  
 jahs rang:

God's highest glory was their anthem  
 still, [will.

Peace upon earth, and unto men good-  
 To Bethlehem straight, the enlightened  
 shepherds ran

To see the wonder God had wrought  
 for man.

5 O may we hope, the angelic throngs  
 among,

To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphant  
 song:

He, That was born upon this joyful day,  
 Around us all His glory shall display;  
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall  
 sing

Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

John Byrom, 1692-1763.

601, A.

1502

Tune 601.

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling  
 Lead Thou me on; [gloom,  
 The night is dark, and I am far from  
 Lead Thou me on; [home,  
 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  
 Shouldst lead me on; [Thou  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but  
 Lead Thou me on; [now

I loved the garish day, and spite of fear,  
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not  
 past years.

3 So long Thy power has blessed me,  
 Will lead me on [sure it still  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-  
 The night is gone; [rent, till  
 And with the morn those angel faces  
 smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost  
 awhile!

John Henry Newman, 1891-90.

REQUIESCAT. (4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6. Mixed.)

J. Barnby.

602, A.

1503

Tune 602.

Sleep thy last sleep,  
 Free from care and sorrow;  
 Rest, where none weep,  
 Till the 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 thy 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.

Edward Arthur Dayman, b. 1807.

603, A.

1504

Tune 673.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

Who doth not crave for rest!

Who would not seek the happy land

Where they that loved are blest!

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true

Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,

The world is growing old;

Who would not be at rest and free

Where love is never cold! REF.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,

'T is weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is,  
'To feel, to see Him near; REF.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,

I want to sin no more,

I want to be as pure on earth

As on Thy spotless shore; REF.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,

I greatly long to see

The special place my dearest Lord

In love prepares for me; REF.

6 Lord, Jesus, King of Paradise,

O keep me in Thy love,

And guide me to that happy land

Of perfect rest above; REF.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863.

PARADISE, NO. 2. (8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.)

J. Barnby.

603, B.

REF.—Where loyal hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true      All rapture thro' and thro',  
Stand ev - er in the light,      In God's most ho - ly sight.

604, A.

REFRAIN. *Slow: double the time.*

[The music of the Refrain is taken from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."]

1505

Tune 604.

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

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

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

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

Horatius Bonar, 1898-89.

TEMPLE. (8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4, Mixed.)

E. J. Hopkins.

605, A.



1506

Tune 605.

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

2 And when morn again shall call us  
To run life's way,  
May we still, whate'er befall us,  
Thy will obey:  
From the power of evil hide us,  
In the narrow pathway guide us,  
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,  
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie:  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou our God forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.

4 Holy Father, throned in heaven,  
All Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, freely given,  
Blest Three in One!  
Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
And in worthier strains adore Thee,  
While ages run.

St. 1, Reginald Heber, 1783-1826; St. 3, Richard Whateley, 1787-1863; St. 2 and 4, William Mercer, 1811-73.

AMADEUS. (8, 8, 8, 8, Anapaestic.)

M. M. Warner.



606, A.



1507

Tune 606.

We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confessed;  
But what must it be to be there!  
2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels most  
Its wonders and pleasures untold: [rare;  
But what must it be to be there!  
3 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care;  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!  
4 We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear;  
The Church of the first-born above;  
But what must it be to be there!

Elizabeth Mills, 1805-29.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

3 His Name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music His voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My Summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While blest with a sense of His love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

John Newton, 1725-1907.

1508

Tune 606.

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see! [flowers  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet  
Have all lost their sweetness with me.

[For Tune 606, A, repeat the last line of each stanza.]

606, B.

1509

Tune 606.

Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The Joy and Desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where Thou art:  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only, I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast:

'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held in Thy heart.

Charles Wesley, 1738-58.

1510

Tune 606.

My Saviour, Whom absent I love,  
Whom, not having seen, I adore,  
Whose Name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power,—  
Dissolve Thou these bands that detain  
My soul from her portion in Thee;  
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.

606, C.





2 When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline,  
Oh, then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me Thy brightness be  
poured!

I shall meet Him, Whom absent I loved,  
I shall see, Whom unseen I adored!

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose;  
To Jesus, the Crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;

Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to His throne!

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

1511

Tune 606.

Ye angels, who stand round the throne,  
And view my Immanuel's face,  
In rapturous songs make Him known,  
Tune, tune your soft harps to His  
praise:

He formed you the spirits you are,  
So happy, so noble, so good;  
When others sunk down in despair,  
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at His  
His grace and His glory display, [feet,  
And all His rich mercy repeat:  
He snatched you from hell and the  
grave.

He ransomed from death and despair;  
For you He was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear.  
When I shall unite in your song?  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
And I to your Saviour belong:

I'm fettered, and chained up in clay;  
I struggle, and pant to be free;  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,  
Washed white in the blood of the  
Lamb;

I want to be one of your choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to His Name;  
I want, oh, I want to be there,  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder and worship with you.

Maria De Fleury, 1791.

1512

Tune 606.

Inspirer and Healer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of  
My all to Thy covenant care [Thine,  
I, sleeping and waking, resign.  
If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
The night is no darkness to me;  
And fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend  
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;  
By day and by night they attend,  
The heirs of salvation to keep.  
Bright seraphs, dispatched from the  
throne,

Fly swift to their stations assigned;  
And angels elect are sent down,  
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows;  
Their fervor is still on the wing;  
And, while they protect my repose,  
They chant to the praise of my King.  
I, too, at the season ordained,  
Their chorus for ever shall join,  
And love and adore, without end,  
Their gracious Creator and mine.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

## I.

608, A.

## 1513

## Tune 608.

Day of wrath, that day of mourning!  
 See fulfilled the prophet's warning,  
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning!  
 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
 When from heaven the Judge descend-  
 eth,  
 On Whose sentence all dependeth!  
 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet fling-  
 eth,  
 Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,  
 All before the throne it bringeth.  
 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;

All creation is awaking,  
 To its Judge an answer making.  
 5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,  
 Wherein all hath been recorded;  
 Thence shall judgment be awarded.  
 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.  
 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
 Who for me be interceding,  
 When the just are mercy needing?  
 8 King of majesty tremendous,  
 Who dost free salvation send us,  
 Fount of pity, then befriend us!

## II.

9 Think, kind Jesus! my salvation  
 Caused Thy wondrous incarnation,  
 Leave me not to reprobation!  
 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought  
 me,  
 On the Cross of suffering bought me;  
 Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

11 Righteous Judge of retribution,  
 Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
 Ere that day's dread execution.  
 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
 All my shame with anguish owning!  
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning!

13 Thou the woman gav'st remission,  
 Heard'st the dying thief's petition:  
 Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sigh-  
 ing.

Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
 Rescue me from fires undying!

15 With Thy favored sheep, oh, place  
 me!

Nor amid the goats abase me:  
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,  
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
 Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Bows my heart in meek submission,  
 Strewn with ashes of contrition;  
 Succor Thou my lost condition!

18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!  
 From the dust of earth returning,  
 Man for judgment must prepare him.

Thomas of Celano, c. 1250; William  
 Josiah Irons, tr., 1812-83.

FRANCONIA. (5, 5, 5, 5, 10, 11, 11, 10, Dactylic.

Johann Georg Ebeiling.

1514

Tune 607.

Evening and morning,  
 Sunset and dawning,  
 Wealth, peace and gladness,  
 Comfort in sadness,  
 These are Thy works; all the glory be  
 Thine.

Times without number,  
 Awake or in slumber,  
 Thine eye observes us,  
 From danger preserves us;  
 Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine.

2 Father, O hear me;  
 Pardon and spare me;  
 Calm all my terrors;  
 Blot out my errors,  
 That by Thine eye they may no more  
 be scanned.

Order my goings;  
 Direct all my doings;  
 As it may please Thee,  
 Retain or release me;  
 All I commit to Thy Fatherly hand.

3 Griefs of God's sending  
 Soon have an ending;  
 Clouds may be pouring,  
 Wind and wave roaring,  
 Sunshine will come when the tempest  
 has passed.

Joys still increasing  
 And peace never ceasing,  
 Fountains that dry not,  
 And roses that die not,  
 Blooming in Eden, await me at last.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Richard  
 Massie, tr., b. 1800.

1515\* VACATION HYMN.  
(For the close of School in Summer.)

We sing a song and then we part!  
How swiftly time is winging!  
But sweet are farewells of the heart,  
When they are said in singing!  
The roses climb the garden-wall,  
And all their buds are blowing;  
The Summer's breezy voices call,  
And we must now be going!

2 The oriole trembles on her nest,  
Which every wind is swaying;  
And every robin shows his breast,  
While we are here delaying;  
The bees have set their pipes in tune  
On every head of clover;  
And we must haste to hear them soon,  
Or Summer will be over.

3 O God of every lowly heart  
And every lofty feeling,  
Be Thou adored for what Thou art  
In Nature's own revealing!  
Wherever Summer's grass is green  
Or Winter's snow is hoary,  
The hidings of Thy face are seen—  
We know Thee by Thy glory!

4 If we who sing a parting song  
Have mortal meeting never,  
There is a journey short or long  
Where Summer lasts forever!  
All hail, O fairest land of lands,  
Whose blossoms never wither!  
Though now we sever here our hands,  
Our feet shall travel thither!

Theodore Tilton, b. 1835.

\* This hymn may be sung according to Tune 15, G., p. 52, by dividing each stanza into two, or according to Tune 223, B, p. 285, by repeating the second, fourth and eighth lines of each stanza.

SILENT NIGHT.

Franz Gruber, 1818.

*p* *pp* *mf* *p*

Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Slum - ber reigns! Naught in sight!

Save that pair who lone vig - il keep O'er the Child Who, in soft - est sleep,

*mf* *p* *pp*

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.

1516  
Silent night! Holy night!  
Slumber reigns! Naught in sight,  
Save that pair who lone vigil keep  
O'er the Child Who, in softest sleep,  
Rests in heavenly peace. : :

2 Silent night! Holy night!  
Darkness flies! All is light!

Shepherds listen while angels sing  
Praise to God and good tidings bring,  
"Jesus, the Saviour, is here!" : :

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

Josef Mohr, d. 1848.

*p* *Moderato.*

Our Fa - ther Who art in Heaven, Hal - low - ed be Thy Name, Thy

*cres.*

King - dom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven;

*p* *cres.*

Give us this day our dai - ly bread, and for - give us our tres - passes,

*dim.* *rit.* *p*

as we for - give them that tres - pass a - gainst us, And lead us not

*cres.* *f acc.*

in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil. For

*cres.* *rit.*

Thine is the Kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glory, for ev - er, and ev - er. A - men.

BOYS.

Ho - san-na! Blessed is He That comes! Ho - sanna!

GIRLS.

Ho - san-na! Blessed is He That comes!

*Andante.*

ORGAN.

Ho - san-na! Bless-ed is He That comes, He That

Ho - san-na! Ho - san-na! Bless-ed is He That

comes in the Name of the Lord! Ho - san - na!

comes, He That comes in the Name of the Lord!

HOSANNA. (CONCLUDED.)

Bless-ed is He That comes! Ho-san-na!

Ho-san - na! Bless-ed is He That comes! Ho -

Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff continues the vocal line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho - san-na!

san-na! Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na in the high - - est!

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff continues the vocal line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps and the time signature is 4/4.

Ho - san-na! Ho - san-na in the high - est!

Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-sanna in the high - est!

Detailed description: This system contains the final four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff continues the vocal line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps and the time signature is 4/4.

*f*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and

be ye lift up ye ev - er - last - ing doors, and the King of glo - ry, of

*p*

glo - ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry? Who is this King of

*f*

glo - ry? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord strong and mighty, the

Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates,



LIFT UP YOUR HEADS. (CONCLUDED.)

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, ev-en lift them up, ye ev-er-last-ing

doors, and the King of glo-ry, of glo-ry shall come in.

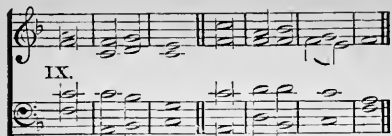
Who is this King of glo-ry? Who is this King of glo-ry? The

Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts; He is the King of glo-ry,

He is the King of glo-ry; the King, the King of glo- - - ry!

1520

Anonymous

*A Grace before Meals.*

Come, Lord J́esus, our | Guest to | be,  
And bĺess these | gifts be | stowed  
by | Thee.

1521

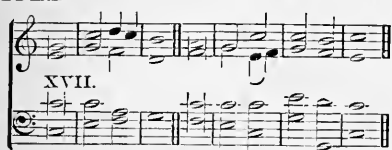
Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.

*Gloria Patri.*

- 1 Glory be to the F́ather, | and · to the |  
Son,  
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- 2 As it was in the beginning, is nów,  
and | ever | shall be,  
Wórd | = · = | without | end.

1522

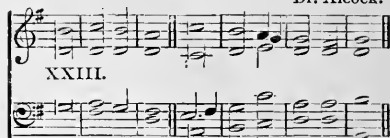
John Jones, c. 1790.

*Te Deum Laudamus.*

- 1 We práise | Thee, O | God :  
We acknówledge | Thee to | be the |  
Lord.
- 2 All the éarth doth | worship | Thee,  
Thé | F́ather | ever | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all ángels | cry a | loud,  
The héavens and | all the | powers  
there | in.
- 4 To Thee chérubim and | sera | phim  
Cón | tinual | ly do | cry.
- 5 Hóly, | holy, | holy,  
Lórd | God of | Saba | oth ;
- 6 Heaven and earth are f́ull of the |  
majés | ty  
O'f | Thy · = | glo · = | ry.
- 7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A |  
postles  
Práise | = · = | = · = | Thee.
- 8 The goodly féllowship | of the |  
prophets  
Práise | = · = | = · = | Thee.
- 9 The nóble | army · of | martyrs  
Práise | = · = | = · = | Thee.
- 10 The holy Ch́urch throughout | all  
the | world  
Dóth | = · ac | knowledge | Thee.

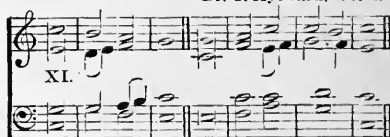
- 11 Thé | Fa · = | ther,  
O'f an | in · finite | majés | ty ;
- 12 Th́ne ad | ora · ble, | true  
A'nd | on · = | = · ly | Son ;
- 13 A'lsó the | Holy | Ghost,  
Thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.
- 14 Thou árt the | King of | glory,  
O | = · = | = · = | Christ,
- 15 Thou árt the ever | lasting | Son  
O'f | = · the | Fa · = | ther.

Dr. Alcock.

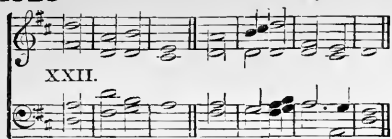


- 16 When Thou tookest upon Thée to  
de | liver | man,  
Thou didst humble Thyself to be |  
born · = | of a | virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst overcóm the |  
sharpness · of | death,  
Thou didst open the Ḱingdom  
of | heaven to | all be | lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the ŕight | hand of |  
God,  
I'n the | glory | of the | F́ather.
- 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come  
Tó be · = | our · = | Judge.
- 20 We therefore práy Thee, | help Thy |  
servants,  
Whom Thou hast redćemed | with  
Thy | precious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be númeroed | with  
Thy | saints,  
In' | glory | ever | lasting.
- 22 O Lórd, | save Thy | people,  
A'nd | bless Thine | herit | age
- 23 Góv | = · ern | them,  
A'nd | lift them | up for | ever.

Dr. T. Aylward, c. 1784.



- 24 Day | by · = | day  
Wé | magni | fy · = | Thee ;
- 25 And we wórsnip | Thy Name | ever,  
World' | with · = | out · = | end.
- 26 Vouch' | safe, O | Lord,  
To ḱeep us this | day with | out · = |  
sin.
- 27 O Lórd, have | mercy · up | on us,  
Have' | mercy · up | on · = | us.
- 28 O Lord, let Thy mércy | lighten ·  
up | on us,  
A's our trust · = | is in | Thee.
- 29 O Lord, in Thée | have I | trusted ;  
Lét me | never | be con | founded.

*Gloria in Excelsis.*

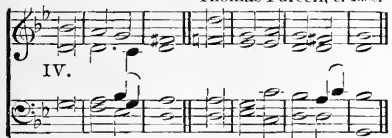
1 Glory bé to | God on | high,  
And on éarth | peace, good | will  
toward | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we |  
worship | Thee,

We glorify Thee, we give thánks  
to | Thee for | Thy great | glory,

3 O Lord Gód, | Heavenly | King,  
Gód the | Father | Al · = | mighty.

Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.



## IV.

4 O Lord, the Only Begotten Són | Jesus |  
Christ;

O Lord God, Lámb of | God, Son |  
of the | Father,

5 That takest away the | sins · of the |  
world,

Have | mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou That takest away the | sins · of  
the | world,

Re | ceive · = | our · = | prayer.

7 Thou That sittest at the right hánd  
of | God the | Father,

Have | mercy | upon | us.

[Return to first Chant.]

8 For Thóu only | art · = | holy ;  
Thou | only | art the | Lord ;

9 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy |  
Ghost,  
Art Most Hígh in the | glory · of |  
God the | Father.

*Trisagion.*

1 Therefore with ángels | and arch-  
ángels,  
And with áll the | compa | ny of |  
heaven,

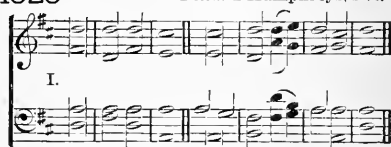
2 We laud and mágnify Thy | glorious |  
Name,

Evermóre | praising | Thee, and |  
saying:

3 Hóly, | holy, | holy,  
Lórd | = · = | God of | hosts,

4 Heaven and éarth are fúll | of Thy  
glory.

Glóry be to | Thee, O | Lord, Most |  
High.



## I.

*Luke 1 : 46-55.*

1 My soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord,  
And my spírit hath re | joiced in |  
God my | Saviour.

2 For He hath looked upon the low es-  
táte of | His hand | maíden.

For behold, from henceforth all  
géner | ations · shall | call me |  
blesséd.

3 For He That is mighty hath dóne | to  
me great things ;

A'nd | holy | is His | Name.

4 And His mercy is unto generátions  
and | gener | ations

O'n | them · = | that · = | fear Him.

5 He hath shewed stréngth | with His |  
arm ;

He hath scattered the proud in  
the imágin | ation | of their | heart.

6 He hath put down prínces | from  
their | thrones,

And hath exálted | them of | low  
de | gree.

7 The húngry hath He | filled with |  
good things ;

And the rích He hath | sent · = |  
empty · a | way.

8 He hath holpen I'sra | el, His | servant,  
That Hé might | re · = | member |  
mercy.

9 (As He spáke | unto · our | fathers)  
Toward A'braham | and his | seed  
for | ever.

## 1526

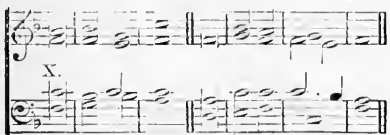
Anonymous.

*Luke 1: 68-79.*

- 1 Blessèd be the Lord, the Gód of Isra | el;  
For He hath visited and wróught re | demption | for His | people,
- 2 And hath raised up a hór | n of sal | vation | for us  
In the hóuse | of His | servant | David
- 3 As He spake by the mouth of His holy próphets which have been since the world be | gan,  
Salvation from our enemies, and from the hánd of | all that | hate = | us ;
- 4 To shew mérey | towards our | fathers,  
And to remember His holy cové | nant; the oath which He swáre unto | Abra | ham our | father,
- 5 To grant unto us that we, being deliver | ed out of the hánd of our | ene | mies,  
Should serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness be | fore Him | all our | days.
- 6 Yea, and thou, child, shalt be called the próphét of the | Most = | High: For thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd to make | ready His ways;
- 7 To give knowledge of salvátion un | to His | people  
In the ré | mission of their | sins,
- 8 Because of the tender mérey | of our Gód,  
Whereby the Dáy-spring from on | high shall | visit | us,
- 9 To shine upon them that sit in dárk | ness and the | shadow of | death;  
To guide our féet | into the | way of | peace.

## 1527

W. Russell.

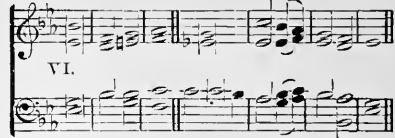
*Luke 2: 29-32.*

- 1 Now lettést Thou Thy sérvant de | part, O | Lord,  
Accórding to Thy | word, in | peace;
- 2 For mine éyes | have = | seen  
Thy' | = sal | va' = | tion,

- 3 Which Thóu | hast pre | pared  
Before the | face of | all = | peoples;
- 4 A light for revelátion | to the | Gen | tiles,  
And the glóry of Thy | people | Isra | el.

## 1528

Anonymous.

*Psaln 1: 1-7.*

- 1 Blessèd is the man that walketh not in the cónsél | of the | wícked,  
Nor standeth in the way of sin | ners, nor sitteth in the | seat = | of the | scornful.
- 2 Bút his delight is in the lów | of Je | hovah;  
And in His law doth he méditate | day = | and = | night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree plánted by the | streams of | water,  
That bringeth fórth its | fruit = | in its | season,
- 4 Whose leaf álso | doth not | wither;  
And whatsoever he dóeth | shall = | = | prosper.
- 5 The wícked | are not | so;  
Bút are like the chaff which the wínd dri = | = | veth a | way.
- 6 Therefore the wícked shall not stá | nd | in the | judgment,  
Nor sinners in the cóngré | gation | of the | righteous,
- 7 For Jehovah knoweth the wáy | of the | righteous:  
Bút the way of the wícked | shall = | = | perish.

## 1529

Anonymous.

*Psaln 8: 1-9.*

- 1 O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is Thy Náme in | all the | earth!  
Who hast sét Thy | glory up on the | heavens,
- 2 Out of the mouth of babes and suck | lings hast Thóu e | stablished strength,  
Because of Thine advérsaries, that Thou mightest stíll the ene | my | and = | the a | venger.
- 3 When I consider Thy heavens, the wórk | of Thy | fingers,  
The moon and the stárs, which | Thou = | hast or | dained:

- 4 What is man, that Thóu art | mindful |  
of him?  
And the son of mán, | that Thou |  
visit · est | him?
- 5 For Thou hast made him but líttle |  
lower · than | God,  
And crownest hím with | glo·=|ry  
and | honor.
- 6 Thou madest him to have dominion  
over the wórks | of Thy | hands;  
Thou hast put áll things | under |  
His · = | feet.
- 7 A'll | sheep and | oxen,  
Yéa, and the | beasts · = | of the |  
field;
- 8 The fowl of the afr, and the | fish · of  
the | sea,  
Whatsoever pásseth through the  
paths · = | of the | seas.
- 9 O Jehóvah, | our · = | Lord,  
How excellent is Thy Náme |  
in · = | all the | earth!

1530

V. Novello.

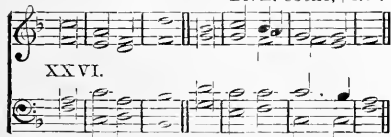


XXIX.

Psalm 19 : 1-14.

- 1 The heavens decláre the | glory · of |  
God;  
And the firmament shéweth |  
His · = | handy | work.
- 2 Day unto dáy | utter · eth | speech,  
And night unto | night · = | shew-  
eth | knowledge.
- 3 There is nò | speech nor | language;  
Théir | voice can | not be | heard.
- 4 Their line is gone out through all the  
earth, and their wórd to the | end ·  
of the | world.  
In them hath He set a táber-  
nacle | for the | sun.
- 5 Which is as a bridegroom coming óut |  
of his | chamber,  
And rejoiceth as a | strong man ·  
to | run his | course.
- 6 His going forth is from the end of the  
heaven, and his éircuit unto the | ends  
of | it:  
And there is nothing híd from  
the | heat · = | = · there | of.

Dr. B. Cooke, † 1733.



XXVI.

- 7 The law of Jehovah is pèrfect, re-  
storing · the | soul:  
The testimony of Jehovah is síure, |  
making | wise the | simple.

- 8 The precepts of Jehovah are ríght,  
re|joicing · the | heart:  
The commandment of Jehovah is  
püre, en | lighten ing the | eyes.
- 9 The fear of Jehovah is cléan, en | dur-  
ing · for | ever:  
The judgments of Jehovah are  
true, and | righteous | alto|gether.
- 10 More to be desired are they than  
góld, yea, than | much fine | gold:  
Sweeter also than hóney | and the |  
honey | comb.
- 11 Moreover by thém is Thy | servant |  
warned:  
In keeping of thém | there is | great  
re | ward.
- 12 Whó can dis | cern his | errors?  
Clear Thóu | me from | hidden |  
faults.

- 13 Keep back Thy servant also from  
presumptuous síns; let them not have  
dominion over me: théu shall | I be |  
perfect,

And I shall bé | clear from | great  
trans · gression.

- 14 Let the words of my mouth and the  
meditation of my heart be accéptable,  
in Thy | sight,  
O Jehóvah, my | Rock, and | my  
Re | deemer.

1531

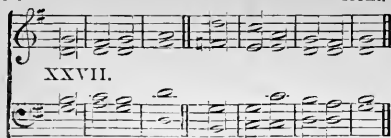
Anonymous.



III.

Psalm 23 : 1-6.

- 1 Jehóvah is my | Shepherd;  
I | shall · = | not · = | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie dówn | in green |  
pastures:  
He leadeth mé be | side the | still · = |  
waters.
- 3 Hé re | storeth · my | soul:  
He guideth me in the paths of  
righteousness | for His | Name's · = |  
sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the val-  
ley of the shadow of death, I will fear  
no evil; for Thóu | art with | me:  
Thy rod and Thy stáff, | they · = |  
comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in  
the présence | of mine | enemies:  
Thou hast anointed my head with  
oil; my' cup · = | runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall fol-  
low me all the dáy | of my | life:  
And I will dwell in the | house of ·  
Je | hovah · for | ever.



XXVII.

*Psalm 24: 1-10.*

- 1 The earth is Jehóvah's, and the full-  
ness there of;  
The wórd, and they that dwell  
there in.
- 2 For He hath fóunded it up on the  
seas,  
And established it up on the  
floods.
- 3 Who shall ascénd into the hill of  
Je|hovah?  
And who shall stánd in His  
holy place?
- 4 He that hath clean hánds, and a  
pure heart;  
Who hath not lifted up his soul  
unto vanity, and hath nót sworn  
de|ceitful ly.
- 5 He shall receive a bléssing from  
Je|hovah,  
And righteousness from the God  
of his sal vation.
- 6 This is the generation of thém that  
seek after Him,  
That seek Thy fáce, O God  
of Jacob.
- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and  
be ye lift up, ye éver lasting doors:  
And the King of glory shall  
come in.
- 8 Whó is the King of glory?  
Jehovah strong and mighty, Jé-  
hovah | mighty in battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea,  
lift them up, ye éver lasting doors:  
And the King of glory shall  
come in.
- 10 Whó is this King of glory?  
Jehovah of hóst, He is the  
King of glory.

1533

T. Vanderman.



XIII.

*Psalm 46: 1-11.*

- 1 Gód is our Refuge and Strength,  
A very présent Help in  
trouble.
- 2 Therefore will we not féar, though  
the earth do change,  
And though the móuntains be  
moved in the heart of the seas;

3 Though the wáters thereof | roar and  
be | troubled,

Though the móuntains | shake  
with the | swelling there of.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof  
make glád the | city of God,

The holy place of the tábernaclés  
of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall  
not be | moved:

God shall hélp her, and that  
right early.

6 The nations ráged, the kingdoms  
were | moved:

He uttered His vóice, the  
earth = = = melted.

7 Jehovah of hóst | is with us;

The God of Jácob | is our  
Refuge.

8 Come, behóld the works of Je|ho-  
vah,

What desolátions | He hath made  
in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to céase unto the  
end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth  
the spear in sunder; He búrneth  
the chariots in the fire.

10 Be still, and knów that | I am God:

I will be exalted among the ná-  
tions, I will be exalted in the  
earth.

11 Jehovah of hóst is | with us;

The God of Jácob | is our  
Refuge.

1534

W. L. Viner, c. 1824.



XII.

*Psalm 63: 1-11.*

1 O God, Thou art my God; éarrestly  
will I seek Thee:

My soul thirsteth for Thee, my  
flesh longeth for Thee, in a dry  
and weary lánd where no water  
is.

2 So have I looked upon Thée in the  
sanctuary,

To sée Thy power and Thy  
glory.

3 For Thy loving-kindness is better  
than life;

My lips shall praise Thee.

4 So will I bléss Thee while I live:

I will lift up my hánds in Thy  
Name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;

And my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips;

6 When I remember Thee upon my bed,

And meditate on Thee in the night = watches.

7 For Thou hast been my Help, And in the shadow of Thy wings will = I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after Thee: Thy right hand up = holdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul to destroy it, Shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall be given over to the power of the sword: They shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God: Every one that sweareth by him shall glory; for the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

## 1535

R. Bacon.



Psalm 67: 1-7.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless = us,

And cause His face to shine upon us.

2 That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; Let all the peoples praise = Thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: For Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; Let all the peoples praise = Thee.

6 The earth hath yielded her increase: God, even our own God, shall = bless = us.

7 God shall bless = us; And all the ends of the earth = shall = fear Him.

## 1536

Dr. M. Greene.



Psalm 84: 1-12.

1 How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O = Jehovah of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of Jehovah.

My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,

And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

4 Even Thine altars, O Jehovah of hosts,

My King = and my God.

5 Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house:

They will be still praising Thee.

6 Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee;

In whose heart are the high-ways to Zion.

7 Passing through the valley of Weeping, they make it a place of springs; Yea, the early rain cover eth it with blessings.

8 They go from strength to strength, Every one of them appeareth before = God in Zion.

H. Purcell, † 1695.



9 O Jehovah, God of hosts, | hear my prayer:

Give ear, | O = God of Jacob.

10 Behold, O God, our Shield, And look upon the face of Thine appointed.

11 For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

12 For Jehovah, God, is a Sun and Shield:

Jehovah will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk = uprightly.

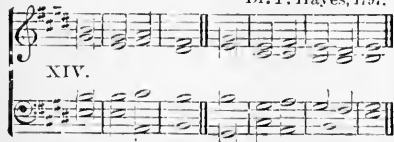
13 O Jehovah of hosts, Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.



Psalm 90: 1-17.

- XVIII.
- 1 Lord, Thóu hast | been our | Dwelling-  
place,  
I'n all · = | gener | ations.
  - 2 Before the mountains were brought  
forth, or ever Thou hadst fórméd the |  
earth · and the | world,  
Even from everlásting to ever-  
lasting | Thou art | God.
  - 3 Thou túrnest | man · to de|struction;  
And sáyest, Re|turn, ye | children ·  
of | men.
  - 4 For a thousand years in Thy sight  
are but as yésterday | when · it is |  
past,  
A'nd as a | watch · = | in the night.
  - 5 Thou carriest them away as with a  
flood; they áre | as a | sleep:  
In the mórníng they are like |  
grass which | groweth | up.
  - 6 In the morning it flóurisheth, and |  
groweth | up:  
In the éveníng it is | cut · = | down  
and | withereth.
  - 7 For wé are con|sumed · in Thine |  
anger,  
And in Thy wráth | are · = | wé · = |  
troubled.
  - 8 Thou hast sét our in |iquities · be|fore  
Thee,  
Our seeret sins in the líght | of  
Thy | coante | nance.
  - 9 For all our days are passed awáy | in  
Thy | wráth;  
We bring our yéars to an | end · = |  
as a | sigh.
  - 10 The days of our years are threé-  
score | years and | ten,  
Or even by reason of strength |  
four · = | = · score | years;  
Yet is their pride but | labor · and | sor-  
row;  
For it is soon góne, | and we | fly  
a | way.

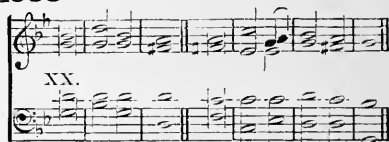
Dr. P. Hayes, 1797.



XIV.

- 11 Who knoweth the pówer | of Thine |  
anger,  
And Thy wrath according to the  
féar | that is | due · unto | Thee?

- 12 So teach ús to | number · our | days,  
That we may gé t us an | heart  
· = | = · of | wisdom.
- 13 Return, O Jehóvah; | how · = | long?  
And let it repént | Thee con | cern-  
ing · Thy | servants.
- 14 O satisfy us in the mórníng | with  
Thy | mercy;  
That we may rejoyce and be |  
glad · = | all our | days.
- 15 Make us glad according to the days  
wherein Thóu hast af|licted | us,  
And the yéars where | in we | have  
seen | evil.
- 16 Let Thy work appéar | unto · Thy |  
servants,  
And Thy glóry up | on their |  
chil · = | dren.
- 17 And let the favor of Jehovah our  
God be upon us; and establish Thou  
the wórk of our | hands · upon | us:  
Yea, the work of our hánds e-  
stablish | Thou · = | it.



Psalm 91: 1-16.

- XX.
- 1 He that dwelleth in the secret place  
of the | Most · = | High  
Shall abide under the shádw |  
of the | Al · = | mighty.
  - 2 I will say of Jehovah. He is my Réf-  
uge | and my | Fortress;  
My' | God, in | Whom I | trust.
  - 3 For He shall deliver thee from the |  
snare · of the | fowler,  
And from the | noisome | pesti-  
lence.
  - 4 He shall cover thee with His pinions,  
and under His wings shalt | thou  
take | refuge:  
His truth | is a | shield · and a |  
buckler.
  - 5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the | ter-  
ror · by | night,  
Nor for the árwow that | fli · = | eth  
by | day;
  - 6 For the péstíllence that | walketh · in |  
darkness,  
Nor for the destrúction that |  
wast · = eth at | noonday.
  - 7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and  
ten thousand at | thy right | hand;  
But it shall nó t | come · = | nigh · = |  
thee.
  - 8 Only with thine éyes shalt | thou be-  
hold,  
And see the re | ward · = | of the |  
wicked.



9 Because thou hast said, Jehóvah | is my | Refuge!

Thou hast made the Most High | thy · = | habi | tation ;

10 There shall no évil be | fall · = | thee, Neither shall any | plague come | nigh thy | tent.

11 For He shall give His ángels | charge · over | thee,

Tó | keep · thee in | all thy | ways.

12 They shall bear thee úp | in their | hands,

Lest thou dásh thy | foot a | gainst a | stone.

13 Thou shalt tréad upon the | lion · and | adder :

The young lion and the serpent shált thou | trample | under | feet.

14 Because He hath set His love upon Me, therefore will I de | liver | him : I will set him on high, because he hath | known · = | = · My | Name.

15 He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him ; I will be with | him in | trouble :

I will delíver | him, and | honor | him.

16 With long life will I' | satis · fy | him. And' | shew him | my sal · vation.

1539

T. Tallis, 1585.



Psalm 92 : 1-5, 12-15.

1 It is a good thing to give thánks | unto · Je | hovah,

And to sing práises unto | Thy Name, | O Most | High :

2 To shew forth Thy loving · kindness | in the | morning,

A'nd Thy | faithful · ness | every | night,

3 With an instrument of ten stríngs, and | with the | psaltery,

With a solemn sóund | = · up | on the | harp.

4 For Thou, Jehovah, hast made me glád | through Thy | work :

I will triumph in the | works · = | of Thy | hands.

5 How great are Thy wórks, | O Je · hovah !

Thy' | thoughts are | very | deep.

12 The righteous shall flóurish | like the | palm · tree :

He shall grow like a cedar | in · = | Leban | on.

13 They are planted in the hóuse | of Je | hovah ;

They shall flóurish in the | courts · = | of our | God.

14 They shall still bring forth frúit | in old | age :

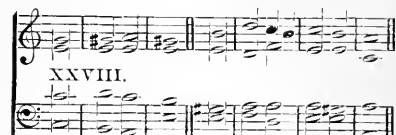
They shall bé | full of | sap and | green :

15 To show that Jehóvah | is · = | up · right ;

He is my Rock, and there is nó un | righteous | ness in | Him.

1540

H. Purcell, † 1695.



Psalm 93 : 1-5.

1 Jé | hovah | reigneth ;

Hé is | clothed with | majes | ty ;

2 Jehóvah is | clothed with | strength ;

He hath gúrded | Him · = | self there | with.

3 The wórld also | is · = | stablished, That it | can · = | not be | moved.

4 Thy thróne is e | stablished · of | old : Thóu | art from | ever | lasting.

5 The floods have lífted up, O Jehovah, the floods have lífted | up their | voice ;

The flóods | líft · = | up their | waves.

6 Above the voices of many waters, the mighty bréakers | of the | sea,

Jehóvah on | high · = | = | is | mighty.

7 Thy téstimónies are | very | sure : Holiness becometh Thine house,

O' Je | hovah · for | ever | more.

1541

Thomas A. Walmisley, 1814-56.



Psalm 95 : 1-8.

1 O come, let us síng | unto · Je | hovah : Let us make a joyfúl nóise to the | Rock of | our sal · vation,

2 Let us come before His présence with | thanks · = | giving,

Let us make a joyfúl nóise unto | Him · = | = · with | psalms.

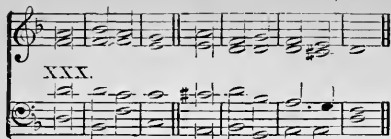
3 For Jehovah is a | great · = | God, And a great Kíng a | bove · = | = · all | gods.

4 In His hand are the déep places | of the | earth ;

The héights of the | mountains · are | His · = | also.

5 The sea is Hís, | and He | made it ;

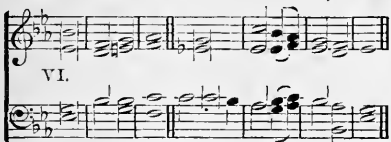
And His hánds | formed the | dry · = | land.



- 6 O come, let us wórsnip and | bow · = |  
down;  
Let us knéel be | fore Je | hovah ·  
our | Maker.
- 7 For Hé | is our | God,  
And we are the people of His  
pasture, and the | sheep of | His · = |  
hand.
- 8 To-day, Oh that yé would | hear His |  
voice!  
Hárden | not · = | = · your | heart.

## 1542

Anonymous.



Psalm 96 : 1-13.

- 1 O sing unto Jehóvah a | new · = | song:  
Sing unto Jehóvah, | all · = | = ·  
the | earth.
- 2 Sing unto Jehóvah, | bless His | Name;  
Shew forth His sal | vation · from |  
day to | day.
- 3 Declare His glóry a|mong the|nations,  
His marvelous wórk among |  
all · = | = · the | peoples.
- 4 For great is Jehovah, and highly | to  
be | praised:  
He is to be feared | = · a | bove all |  
gods.
- 5 For all the góds of the | peoples · are |  
idols:  
But Jehóvah | made · = | = · the |  
heavens.
- 6 Honor and májesty | are be | fore Him:  
Stréngth and | beauty · are | in His |  
sanctuary.
- 7 Give unto Jehóvah, ye kíndreds | of  
the | peoples,  
Give unto Jehóvah | glo · = | ry  
and | strength.
- 8 Give unto Jehovah, the glóry due |  
unto · His | Name:  
Bring an óffering, and | come in- |  
to His | courts.
- 9 O worship Jehóvah in the | beauty ·  
of | holiness:  
Trémble be | fore Him, | all the |  
earth.
- 10 Say among the nations, Jehovah  
reigneth: the world also is established  
that it | can not · be | moved:  
He shall júdge the | peoples |  
with · = | equity.

- 11 Let the heavens be glád, and let the |  
earth re | joice;

Let the sea róar, | and the | full-  
ness · there | of;

- 12 Let the field exúlt, and all that | is  
there | in;

Then shall all the trees of the  
wóod | sing · | = · for | joy;

- 13 Before Jehóvah, | for He | cometh;

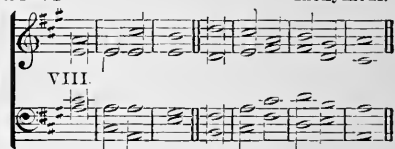
For Hé | cometh · to | judge the |  
earth:

- He shall júdge the | world with | right-  
ousness,

A'nd the | peoples | with His | truth.

## 1543

Anonymous.



Psalm 98 : 1-9.

- 1 O sing unto Jehovah a new song: for  
He hath dóne | marvel · lous | things:  
His right hand, and His holy  
árm. hath | wrought sal | vation |  
for Him.
- 2 Jehovah hath made knówn | His sal |  
vation:  
His righteousness hath He openly  
shéwed in the | sight · = | of the |  
naticas.
- 3 He hath remembered His mercy and  
His faithfulness toward the hóuse of |  
Isra | el:  
All the ends of the earth have  
séen the sal | vation | of our | God.
- 4 Make a joyful noise unto Jehóvah, |  
all the | earth:  
Break forth and síng for | joy, · |  
yea, síng | praises.
- 5 Sing praises unto Jehóvah | with the |  
harp:  
With the hárp | and the | voice of |  
melody.
- 6 With trúmpets and | sound of | cornet  
Make a joyful nóise be | fore the |  
King, Je | hovah.
- 7 Let the sea róar, and the | fullness ·  
there | of;  
The wórd, and | they that | dwell  
there | in;
- 8 Let the flóods | clap their | hands;  
Let the hills | síng for | joy to |  
gether;
- 9 Before Jehovah, for He cómeth to |  
júdge the | earth:  
He shall júdge the world with  
righteousness, and the | peoples ·  
with | equi | ty.



Psalm 100 : 1-5.

1 Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, |  
all ye | lands.

Serve Jehovah with gladness :  
come before His | presence | with = |  
singing.

3 Know ye that Jehovah | He is | God :

It is He That hath made us, and  
we are His ; we are His people,  
and the | sheep of | His = | pasture.

4 Enter into His gates with thankgiving,  
and into His | courts with | praise :

Give thanks unto | Him, and | bless  
His | Name.

5 For Jehovah is good ; His mércy en-  
dureth · for | ever ;

And His faithfulness unto | all = |  
gener | ations.



Psalm 103 : 1-22.

1 Bless Jehovah, | O my | soul ;

And all that is withín me, | bless  
His | Holy | Name.

2 Bless Jehovah, | O my | soul ;

And forget nót | all His | bene | fits :

3 Who forgiveth all | thine in | iquities ;

Who héaleth | all = | thy dis | eases ;

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de-  
struction ;

Who crowneth thee with lóving |  
kindness · and | tender | mercies :

5 Who satisfieth thy | mouth with |  
good things ;

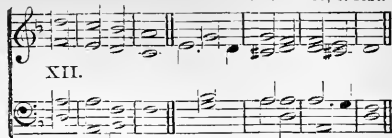
So that thy yóuth is re | newed = |  
like the | eagle.

6 Jehovah éxecuteth | righteous | acts,

And júdgments for | all that | are  
op | pressed.

7 He made known His wáys | unto |  
Moses,

His dóings unto the | children · of |  
Isra | el.



8 Jehovah is full of compásson | and = |  
gracious,

Slów to | anger, · and | plenteous ·  
in | mercy.

9 He will nót | always | chide,

Neither will He kée | p | His · = |  
anger · for | ever.

10 He hath not dealt with ús | after · our |  
sins,

Nor rewarded ús | after | our in-  
iquities.

11 For as the heaven is hgh a |bove  
the | earth,

So great is His mércy toward |  
them that | fear · = | Him.

12 As far as the E'ast is | from the | West,  
So far hath He remóved | our  
trans | gressions | from us.

13 Like as a fáther | pitieth · his | chil-  
dren,

So Jehovah pítieth | them that |  
fear · = | Him.

14 Fór He knoweth · our | frame ;

He remembereth that | we · = |  
are · = | dust.

15 As for mán, his | days · are as | grass ;  
As a flower of the ffield, | so he |  
flourish | eth.

16 For the wind passeth óver it, and | it  
is | gone ;

And the place thereof shall | know  
it | no · = | more.

17 But the mercy of Jehovah is from  
everlasting to everlasting upon | them  
that | fear Him,

And His ríghteousness | unto |  
children's | children :

18 To sùch as | keep His | covenant,

And to those that remember His |  
precepts · to | do · = | them.

19 Jehovah hath éstablished His | throne-  
in the | heavens ;

And His Kíngdom | ruleth | over |  
all.

[Return to first Chant.]

20 Bless Jehovah, ye | angels · of | His :  
Ye mighty in strength, that fulfill  
His word, héarkeuing unto the |  
voice of | His · = | word.

21 Bless Jehovah, all | ye His | hosts ;  
Ye mínisters of | His, that | do  
His | pleasure.

22 Bless Jehovah, all ye His works, in  
all pláces of | His do | minion :  
Bléss Je | hovah, | O my | soul.



Psalm 121 : 1-8.

- 1 I will lift up mine eyes | unto · the | mountains:  
From whence | shall my | help · = | come?
- 2 My help cometh | from Je | hovah,  
Which | made · = | heaven and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved:  
Hé That | keepeth · thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, He That kéepeeth | Isra | el  
Sháll | neither | slumber · nor | sleep.
- 5 Jehóvah | is Thy | Keeper:  
Jehovah is thy Sháde up | on thy | right · = | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smíte | thee by | day,  
Nór the | moon · = | by · = | night.
- 7 Jehovah shall kéepe thee | from all | evil:  
Hé | = · shall | keep thy | soul.
- 8 Jehovah shall keep thy going out and  
thy | coming | in,  
From this time | forth · and for | ever | more.

## 1547

Dr. Alcock.



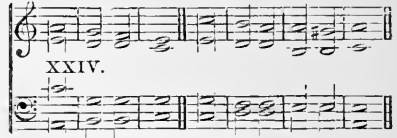
Psalm 122 : 1-9.

- 1 I was glád when they | said · unto | me,  
Let us go unto the | house · = | of  
Je | hovah.
- 2 O'ur | feet are | standing  
Within thy gátes, | O Je | rusa | lem;
- 3 Jerúsalem, | that art | builded  
As a city that | is com | pact to-  
gether:
- 4 Whither the tribes go up, even the  
tribes of Jehovah, for an órdinance  
unto | Isra | el,  
To give thanks unto the | Name · = |  
of Je | hovah,
- 5 For there are sèt | thrones for | judg-  
ment,  
The thrónes of the | house · = | = ·  
of | David.
- 6 Pray for the péace of Je | rusa | lem:  
Théy shall | prosper · that | love · = |  
thee.

- 7 Péace be with | in thy | walls,  
And prospéty with | in · = | thy · = |  
palaces.
- 8 For my bréthren and com | panions' |  
sakes,  
I will now sáy, | Peace · = | be  
with | in Thee.
- 9 For the sake of the hóuse of Je | ho-  
vah · our | God  
I will | seek · = | thy · = | good.

## 1548

Dr. W. Croft, 1700.

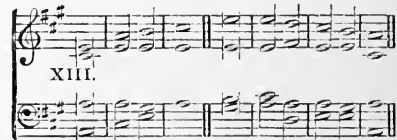


Psalm 130 : 1-8.

- 1 Out of the depths have I cried unto  
Thée, | O Je | hovah.  
Lórd, | hear · = | = · my | voice:
- 2 Let Thine éars | be at | tentive  
Tó the | voice of | my · suppli | ca-  
tions.
- 3 If Thou, Jehovah, shouldest márk in-  
iqui | ties,  
O' | Lord · = | who shall | stand?
- 4 But there is forgiveness · with | Thee,  
Thát | Thou · = | mayest · be | feared.
- 5 I wait for Jehóvah, my | soul doth |  
wait,  
And in His | word · = | do I | hope.
- 6 My soul looketh for the Lord, more  
than wátechmen | look · for the | morn-  
ing:  
Yea, móre than | watchmen | for  
the | morning.
- 7 O I'srael, | hope · in Je | hovah;  
For with Jehovah there is mérey,  
and with | Him is | plenteous · re |  
demption.
- 8 And He shall redcém | Isra | el  
From áll | his in | iqui | ties.

## 1549

T. Vandernan.



Psalm 145 : 1-21.

- 1 I will extol Thée, my | God, O | King;  
And I will bless Thy | Name for |  
ever · and | ever.
- 2 Every day will I' | bless · = | Thee;  
And I will práise Thy | Name for |  
ever · and | ever.

- 3 Great is Jehovah, and highly | to be |  
praised ;  
And His | greatness | is un|search-  
able.
- 4 One generation shall laud Thy|works ·  
to an | other  
And shall declare | Thy · = |  
mighty | acts.
- 5 Of the glorious majesty | of Thine |  
honor,  
And of Thy wondrous works |  
will I | medi|tate.
- 6 And men shall speak of the might of  
Thy | terri · ble | acts ;  
And I will declare | Thy · = | = · = |  
greatness.
- 7 They shall utter the memory of | Thy  
great | goodness,  
And shall sing of | Thy · = | right-  
eous|ness.

Dr. M. Greene.



- 8 Jehovah is gracious, and | full · of  
com|passion ;  
Slow to anger, and | of · = | great · = |  
mercy.
- 9 Jehovah is | good to | all ;  
And His tender mercies are |  
over | all His | works.
- 10 All Thy works shall give thanks unto  
Thee, | O Je|hovah ;  
And Thy saints | = · shall |  
bless · = | Thee.
- 11 They shall speak of the glory | of  
Thy | Kingdom,  
And | talk · = | of Thy | power ;
- 12 To make known unto the sons of  
men His | mighty | acts,  
And the glory of the | majes · ty | of  
His | Kingdom.
- 13 Thy Kingdom is an ever|lasting |  
Kingdom,  
And Thy dominion endureth  
through | out all | gener|ations.
- 14 Jehovah upholdeth | all that | fall,  
And raiseth up all | those that | be  
bowed | down.
- 15 The eyes of all | wait up · on | Thee ;  
And Thou givest them their |  
meat · = | in due | season.
- 16 Thou openest | Thine · = | hand,  
And satisfiest the desire of | every|  
living | thing.

[Return to first Chant.]

- 17 Jehovah is righteous in | all His |  
ways,  
And gracious | in · = | all His |  
works.

- 18 Jehovah is nigh unto all them that |  
call up · on | Him,  
To all that call upon | Him · = |  
in · = | truth.
- 19 He will fulfill the desire of | them  
that | fear Him ;  
He also will hear their cry', | and  
will | save · = | them.
- 20 Jehovah preserveth all | them that |  
love Him,  
But all the wicked | will · = | He  
de|stroy.
- 21 My mouth shall speak the praise | of  
Je|hovah ;  
And let all flesh bless His Holy  
Name | for · = | ever · and | ever.

1550

V. Novello.



Psalm 116 : 1-10.

- 1 Praise | ye Je|hovah.  
Praise Je|hovah, | O my | soul.
- 2 While I live will I | praise Je|hovah ;  
I will sing praises unto my Gód |  
while I | have · any | being.
- 3 Put not your | trust in | princes,  
Nor in the son of man, in | whom  
there | is no | help.
- 4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth |  
to his | earth ;  
In that very day | his · = | thoughts  
· = | perish.
- 5 Happy is he that hath the God of Já-  
cob | for his | help,  
Whose hope is | in Je|hovah · his |  
God.
- 6 Which made heaven and earth, the  
sea, and all that | in them | is ;  
Which keepeth | truth · = | = · for |  
ever.
- 7 Which executeth judgment for the  
oppressed ; Which giveth | food · to  
the | hungry :  
Jehovah | looseth · the | prison-  
ers ;
- 8 Jehovah openeth the eyes of the blind ;  
Jehovah raiseth up them that | are  
bowed | down ;  
Jé|hovah | loveth · the | righteous.
- 9 Jehovah preserveth the strangers ; He  
upholdeth the fatherless | and · = |  
widow ;  
But the way of the wicked He |  
turneth | upside | down.
- 10 Jehovah shall reign forever, thy God,  
O Zion, unto all | gener|ations.  
Praise | = = | ye Je|hovah.



Psalm 118 : 1-13.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah. Praise ye Jehovah | from the | heavens:  
Praise = Him | in the | heights.
- 2 Praise ye Hím, | all His | angels:  
Praise ye | Him =, | all His | host.
- 3 Praise ye Hím, | sun and | moon:  
Praise Hím, | all ye | stars of | light.
- 4 Praise Hím, ye | heavens of | heavens,  
And ye wáters that | be a |bove  
the | heavens.
- 5 Let them praise the Náme | of Je |  
hovah:  
For He commáded, | and they |  
were cre | ated.
- 6 He hath also established thém for |  
ever · and | ever:  
He hath made a decreé which |  
shall not | pass a | way.
- 7 Praise Jehovah | from the | earth,  
Ye drágons, | and = | all = |  
deeps:
- 8 Fire and háil, | snow and | vapor;  
Stormy wind | = · ful | filling ·  
His | word:
- 9 Móuntains | and all | hills;  
Frúitful | trees and | all = | cedars:
- 10 Béasts | and all | cattle;  
Creeping things | and = | flying |  
fowl:
- 11 Kings of the éarth | and all | peoples;  
Princes and all júdges | of = | = ·  
the | éarth:
- 12 Both young mén | and = | maidens;  
Old mén | = · = · and | child-  
ren:
- 13 Let them praise the Name of Jeho-  
vah; for His Náme a | lone · is ex-  
alted:  
His glóry is a |bove the | éarth  
and | heaven.

## 1552

Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.



Psalm 149 : 1-5.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah. Sing unto Jeho-  
vah a | new = | song,  
And His praise in the as | sembly |  
of the | saints.

- 2 Let Israel rejoice in | Him That | made  
him:

Let the children of Zion be | joy-  
ful | in their | King.

- 3 Let them praise His | Name · in the |  
dance:

Let them sing praises unto Hím  
with the | timbrel | and = | harp.

- 4 For Jehovah taketh pleasure | in His |  
people:

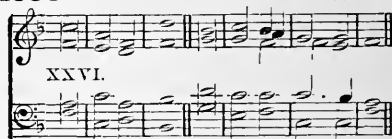
He will béautify the | meek · = |  
with sal | vation.

- 5 Let the sáints ex | ult in | glory:

Let them sing for jóy up | on = |  
their = | beds.

## 1553

Dr. B. Cooke, † 1793.



Psalm 150 : 1-6.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah. Praise Gód | in  
His | sanctuary:

Praise Hím in the | firma · ment |  
of His | power.

- 2 Praise Hím for His | mighty | acts:

Praise Him accórding | to His |  
excel · lent | greatness.

- 3 Praise Him with the sóund | of the |  
trumpet:

Praise Hím with the | psalter | y  
and | harp.

- 4 Praise Hím with the | timbrel · and |  
dance:

Praise Hím with stringed | in-  
stru · ments | and the | pipe.

- 5 Praise Hím upon the | loud = | cym-  
bals.

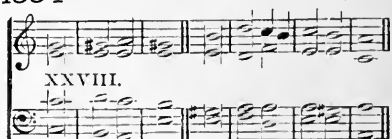
Praise Hím up | on the | high ·  
sounding | cymbals.

- 6 Let everything that hath bréath |  
praise Je | hovah.

Praise | = · = | ye Je | hovah.

## 1554

H. Purcell, † 1695.



Habakkuk 2 : 20.

- The Lórd is in His | holy | temple:

Let all the éarth | keep = | si-  
lence · be | fore Him.

1555

Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.

*Proverbs 19 : 17.*

He that hath pity on the poor, lëndeth  
un | to the | Lord,  
And his good deed will Hé |  
pay \* = | him a | gain.

1556

T. Tallis, 1585.

*An Exhortation.*

Líft | up your | hearts.  
We lift them úp | = ' un | to the |  
Lord.

1557

Anonymous.

*An Exhortation.*

Práise | ye the | Lord.  
Thé | Lord's ' = | Name be | praise.l.

1558

Pelham Humphreys, 1674.

*A Prayer.*

O Lord, ópen | Thou our | lips.  
And our mouth | shall show | forth  
Thy | praise.

1559

*An Ascription of Praise.*

Praise! praise! praise! praise be to Thee, to Thee, O Christ!

1560

*Glory be to Thee, O Lord.*

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord!

## APPENDIX.

**I PASSION CHORALE,**  
*O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden.* } (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) { Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612;  
 Harmonized by Karl Heinrich Graun, 1701-59.

151, A.

O sacred Head, now wounded,  
 With grief and shame weighed down,  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, Thine only crown;  
 O sacred Head, what glory,  
 What bliss, till now was Thine!  
 Yet though despised and gory,  
 :: I joy to call Thee mine. ::

2 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 Oh, make me Thine forever;  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 :: Outlive my love to Thee ! ::

**II OLD 466TH. (Alt.)**  
*Du bist ja, Jesu, meine Freude.* } (10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 7, Trochaic.) } Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.

155, B.

In Thy love and knowledge, gracious Sa-  
 May we more and more abound; [viour.  
 Thy complete atonement shall for ever  
 Of our doctrine be the ground;

Grant that all may, in Thy word believing,  
 And to Thee, the Vine, as branches cleav-  
 Through thy Father's nursing care [ing,  
 Fruit unto Thy honor bear.



III TRUTH. *Weil die Worte Wahrheit sind.* } (7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Freylinghausen, 1704.

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,  
I'm His sheep and know His voice;  
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,  
And His pastures are delicious;  
Constant love to me He shows,  
Yea, my worthless name He knows.

2 Trusting His mild staff always,  
I go in and out in peace;  
He will feed me with the treasure  
Of His grace in richest measure;  
When athirst to Him I cry,  
Living water He'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,  
Led by Jesus as His sheep?  
For when these blest days are over,  
To the arms of my dear Saviour,  
I shall be conveyed to rest;  
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

IV MARTHA. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

John Beck Hammer, 1876.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
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His own power were all things . . . . .	349	our Corner-stone . . . . .	1173
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other sounds the world is won . . . . .	654	from the dead . . . . .	588
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a mortal flee from sorrow . . . . .	598	hearken! none has taught . . . . .	1397
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Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn . . . . .	1473	Clearer still and clearer . . . . .	761
Chains of darkness :; wherewith men . . . . .	516	Close and still the coil that holds Him . . . . .	594
Cheer Thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus . . . . .	1014	Closely by love's sacred bands . . . . .	588
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Cherubin and seraphim Veil their . . . . .	1258	Cold and wintry though they prove . . . . .	45
Chief of sinners though I be . . . . .	1246	mountains and the midnight air . . . . .	417
ten thousand, now appear . . . . .	391	on His cradle the dew-drops are . . . . .	1150
Children of God, look up and see . . . . .	639	Come, all that heavy-laden are . . . . .	1089
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light, arise and shine . . . . .	640	ye souls, by sin oppress . . . . .	414
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Choose Thou for me my friends . . . . .	473	deck the grave with . . . . .	241
Chosen flock, Thy faithful Shepherd . . . . .	1010	let us sweetly join . . . . .	1056
not for good in me . . . . .	1265	make all things new . . . . .	1334
Christ by no flowery pathway came . . . . .	1457	worship at His feet . . . . .	61
crucified, my soul, by faith . . . . .	694	as the dove; and spread Thy . . . . .	212
from Whom all blessings flow . . . . .	1060	fire; and purge our hearts . . . . .	212
Himself, my Shepherd, feeds me . . . . .	989	light; to us reveal . . . . .	212
has the ransom paid . . . . .	1176	wind; with rushing sound . . . . .	212
		ever-bless'd Spirit, come . . . . .	930

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hither, ye faithful . . . . .	507	worship at Immanuel's feet . . .	336
Holy Comforter! Thy sacred . . . .	1234	ye disconsolate! where'er ye . .	1152
Ghost, come, Lord our . . . . .	1033	faithful, raise the anthem . . .	627
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our souls inspire, And . . . . .	373	sinners, poor and wretched . . .	1408
our souls inspire, Let . . . . .	148	thankful people, come . . . . .	1050
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Spirit! come . . . . .	1329	Comfort, comfort ye my people . .	911
from above And . . . . .	632	those in pain or sorrow . . . . .	613
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sorrow and contrition . . . . .	597	Complete Thy work and crown Thy .	214
thou blessed of the Lord . . . . .	133	Concerned for more grace . . . . .	19
Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou . . . .	497	Conduct me safe, conduct me far . .	9:8
join, ye saints, with heart and . . .	638	Confiding in Thy Name, Jesus . . . .	1486
Kingdom of our God . . . . .	1375	truth alone . . . . .	384
let us anew . . . . .	22	Conquering kings their titles take .	69
leave thy burden at the Cross . . . .	1145	Lord, to heaven ascended . . .	1387
let us join our cheerful songs . . . .	146	Prince and Lord of . . . . .	901
friends above . . . . .	143	Constrained by Jesus' love . . . . .	1162
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stand beneath the Cross . . . . .	422	Convert and send forth more Into the .	1199
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come Wisdom, Love and . . . . .	110	Could we bear from one another . . .	601
Jesus, and dispel . . . . .	48	but climb where Moses stood . .	176
our Guest to be . . . . .	1520	Counsel me, dearest Jesus . . . . .	797
reveal Thyself more fully . . . .	1104	Countless as sands upon the shore . .	746
lowly souls that mourn . . . . .	1336	Courage, man, be strong, be faithful . .	625
my Joy, my Love, my Heart . . . . .	86	my sorely tempted heart! . . . .	512
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soul, thou must be waking . . . . .	595	Cross of shame, yet Tree of glory . . .	645
thy suit prepare . . . . .	72	Crown Him the Lord of love . . . . .	1492
Way, my Truth, my Life . . . . .	86	peace . . . . .	1492
near and bless us when we wake . . .	355	years . . . . .	1492
not in terrors as the King of . . . .	457	Virgin's Son . . . . .	1492
O come, Thou quickening . . . . .	608	with many crowns . . . . .	1492
O Creator Spirit, blest . . . . .	375	ye martyrs of our God . . . . .	162
praise your Lord and Saviour . . . .	847	ye morning stars of light . . . .	162
pure hearts, in sweetest measure . .	642	the Saviour! angels crown Him . .	1403
see the place where Jesus lay . . . .	632	Crowns and thrones may perish . . . .	772
sing, thou happy Church of . . . . .	736	Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said . . .	660
sinners, to the gospel-feast . . . . .	414	Dark and cheerless is the morn . . . .	1271
view the Lamb of God . . . . .	361	Day and night they cry before Him . .	615
then, and take this heart of . . . . .	218	by day the manna fell . . . . .	44
come, O flock of Jesus . . . . .	942	promise reads . . . . .	44
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hasten yonder . . . . .	875	in the East is breaking . . . . .	859
O Lord, and deign to be our . . . .	461	of judgment! day of wonders . . .	1377
Thou Almighty King . . . . .	1234	of wrath, that day of mourning . .	1513
Father of the poor . . . . .	1124	Days and moments quickly flying . . .	270
Come with! 125		Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood .	92
Fount of every blessing . . . . .	961	Lord, and shall we ever live . . . .	142
Incarnate Word! Gird on . . . . .	1234	my soul desireth . . . . .	569
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Spirit of pure love, Who . . . . .	1272	Saviour, if these lambs should . . .	358
universal Blessing . . . . .	962	in mine hour of mortal . . . . .	1219
to Calvary's holy mountain . . . . .	597	we bless Thee that Thou . . . . .	490
that happy land, Come . . . . .	1217	Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few . . .	395
to the living waters, come! . . . .	389	people, hear . . . . .	149
unto Me, ye fainting . . . . .	844	Dearest Jesus, come to me . . . . .	37
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Death has not slain them; they are . . .	456	Easter triumph, Easter joy, . . . . .	1061
is struck and nature quaking . . .	1513	Eat and rest at this great feast . . . . .	1036
Death's Captive, in his gloomy prison . . .	1445	E'en down to old age all my people shall . . .	501
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness . . .	423	now by faith we join our hands . . .	143
Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade . . .	5	our place is with Thee on the . . .	448
in unfathomable mines . . . . .	89	on earth, as through a glass . . . . .	1264
unto deep may call, but I . . . . .	733	so I love Thee, and will love . . . . .	152
Deeply conscious of transgression . . . . .	1102	E'er since by faith I saw the stream . . . . .	92
convinced of sin, I cry . . . . .	405	since His Name we knew . . . . .	1347
moved and duly heeding . . . . .	429	Elect from every nation . . . . .	814
Defend, O God, with guardian hand . . . . .	1149	Endow all parents with Thy love . . . . .	365
Deign this union to approve, And . . . . .	1268	him with a heavenly mind . . . . .	204
Deliver me, my God, from all that's . . . . .	711	us richly with Thy gifts and . . . . .	445
us from evil, Lord . . . . .	651	Engrave this deeply on my heart . . . . .	136
Descend, Celestial Dove . . . . .	1172	Enrich me always with Thy love . . . . .	359
Destroy, O Lord, the carnal mind . . . . .	921	Enter His courts with joy . . . . .	1178
Did but Jesus' love and merit . . . . .	952	His gates with thankful songs . . . . .	312
Christ o'er sinners weep . . . . .	1294	Incarnate God! No feet but . . . . .	1236
ever mourner plead with Thee . . . . .	299	with all Thy glorious train . . . . .	132
trouble thee befall . . . . .	421	Ere He raised the lofty mountains . . . . .	627
the Lord a man become . . . . .	81	I close my eyes in slumber . . . . .	907
Direct, control, and sanctify each . . . . .	1221	I sleep, for every favor . . . . .	877
suggest this day . . . . .	356	we taste the rich repast . . . . .	1033
Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord . . . . .	327	Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord . . . . .	314
Distracting thoughts and cares remove . . . . .	316	Father! strong to save . . . . .	667
Divine Instructor, gracious Lord! . . . . .	182	Thee we praise . . . . .	410
Do hell's cruel legions press thee . . . . .	431	throned above . . . . .	920
more than pardon; give us joy . . . . .	673	gates their leaves unfold . . . . .	156
not me reject; let Thy love reflect . . . . .	511	King! in power and love . . . . .	466
Thou Thyself for us Thy children . . . . .	529	Source of every joy . . . . .	935
thou with faith discharge thy . . . . .	335	Spirit! by Whose breath . . . . .	311
you ask what most I prize . . . . .	1158	Sun of Righteousness . . . . .	98
Does sadness fill my mind . . . . .	554	thanks be Thine . . . . .	781
sickness, feebleness, or pain . . . . .	669	Even so, Lord! quickly come . . . . .	1050
Done is the work that saves . . . . .	1179	Evening and morning, Sunset and . . . . .	1514
Dost thou fear that strictest trial . . . . .	431	Ever ascendeth the song and the joy . . . . .	1155
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lift my heart to Thee, Saviour . . . . .	444	unharm'd I pass . . . . .	138
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Mount Calvary, where His love . . . .	335	I find Him, if I follow . . . . .	1140
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to hear that He was slain . . . . .	335	no sin could be discovered . . . . .	958
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now my soul and frail abode . . . . .	399	such be not Thy sovereign will . . . .	634
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praise the God of grace . . . . .	1324	Thouallest to the cross . . . . .	728
pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy . .	444	take Thy grace away . . . . .	1125
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my soul on Jesus . . . . .	833	wilt have me longer stay . . . . .	218
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say to all men, far and near . . . . .	95	to Jesus for relief My soul hath fled .	1478
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the crowd in Pilate's hall . . . . .	106	we then make full confession . . . . .	953
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should, were He always thus nigh . . .	1598	where they led the Lord, We too . . .	1242
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glad when they said unto me . . . . .	1547	Ill that He blesses is our good . . . .	209
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thus fettered . . . . .	487	each event of life how clear . . . . .	1452
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heart here purified . . . . .	548	world so full of snares . . . . .	587
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Him complete I shine . . . . .	1165	dear Cross a grace is found . . . . .	280
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spend one sacred day . . . . .	1168	sown in weakness here . . . . .	1344
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this temple where we call Thee . . . . .	624	Urged by love, to every nation . . . . .	896
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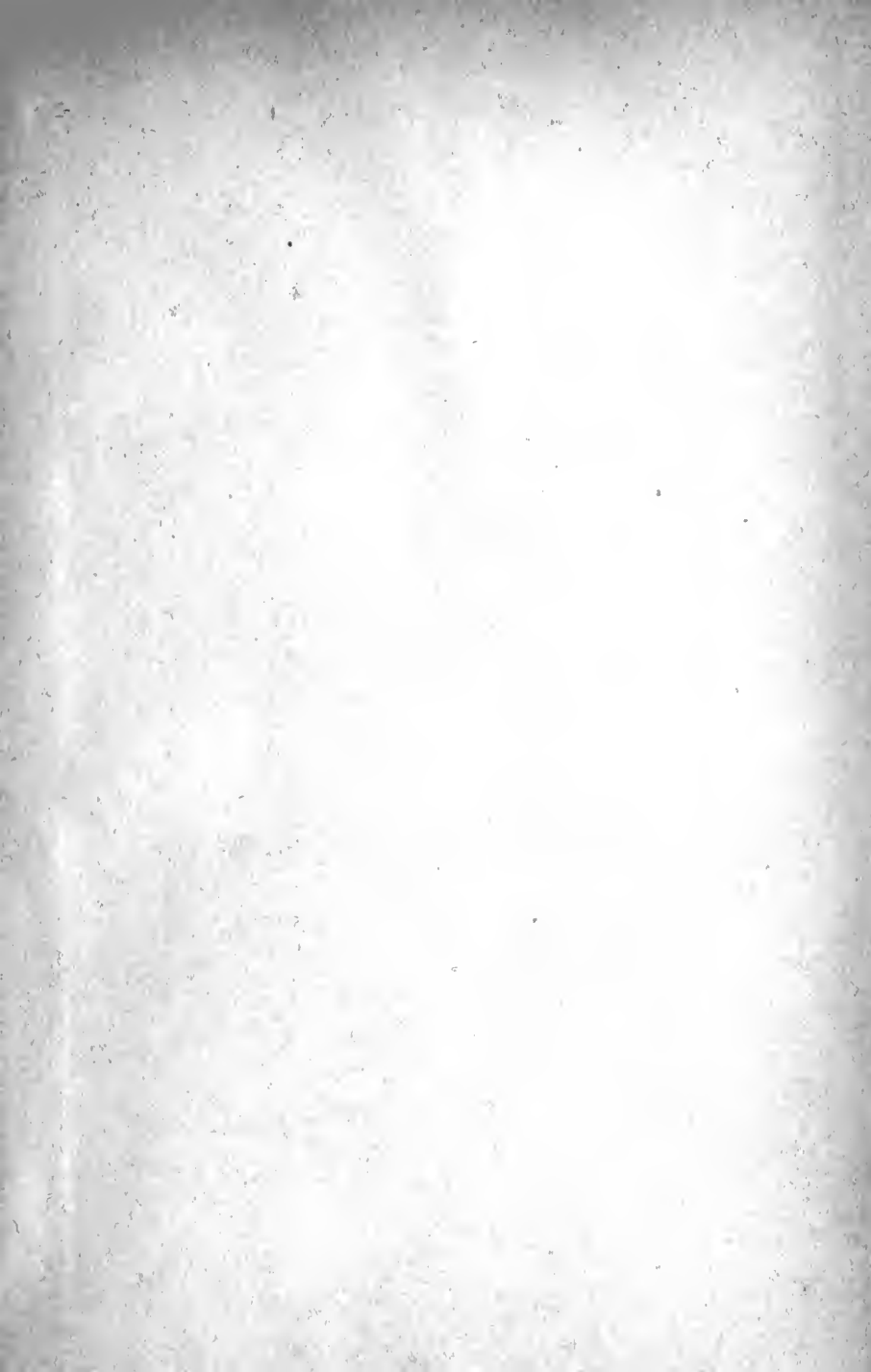
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Mr Warner Jones

435

859

1140

1507

1509

1570







Arvensis see id

Halpinum ✓

Muddebat ✓

Celtic ✓

Chensis ✓

X<sup>pr</sup>

Egypticum ✓

Fructu ✓

• Roman ✓

Hebrew + Jewish

Luca see Andreas

Japanese

Marschianum see id

Muskm

Samuelian + Karakt

Vedic ✓

