

THE PRAISE HYMNARY



Division

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1898



THE
PRAISE HYMNARY

A Collection of Sacred Song



COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS J. MORGAN, D.D., LL.D.

WILLIAM A. MAY, AND PHOEBE M. HAYNES



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

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PREFACE.

THE Praise Hymnary is a book of worship. It aims to furnish a medium for the expression of some of the profoundest and most ennobling sentiments of the human heart. Its chief note is that of praise, addressed to the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, ascribing to Him power, dominion, majesty, glory, recognizing Him as the giver of every good and perfect gift, gratefully acknowledging His boundless mercies, and pleading for a continuation of His loving Providence.

It is believed that both the words and the music winnowed from many sources will be found to be happily suited for their purpose. An effort has been made to take from the body of the old and the tried Hymns those that have proved most truly expressive of the adoration, hopes, and longings of the human heart. It has been the endeavor to select from the list of the new those that will make substantial addition to the old. Among the old tunes will be found many favorites without which no Hymnbook would be complete. Among the new, it is believed that the tunes composed especially for this book by Wm. A. May will be found a valuable feature. Throughout the book the constant aim has been to blend the classic and the popular by selecting the best of each, and that without sacrificing too much to either.

In determining the number of selections and the size of the book the compilers have sought to produce a work that shall not only be particularly well adapted for use in schools, colleges, Young Men's Christian Associations, and gatherings of young people, but shall also be adapted to meet the peculiar needs of those churches which desire an inexpensive, comprehensive, and choice collection of sacred songs.

This book has its own individuality, it is unlike any other; it is new; it is thoroughly usable; it is educative; its contents are varied, comprehensive, and excellent. Its use will contribute not only to the fitting expression of religious emotion but also to the enrichment of the spiritual life.

THOMAS J. MORGAN.

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Scriptures for the Opening of Worship.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace. (Num. vi. 24-26.)

Surely the Lord is in this place. This is none other than the house of God; and this is the gate of heaven. (Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.)

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer. (Ps. xix. 14.)

The Lord is nigh to all that call upon Him; to all that call upon Him in truth. (Ps. cxlv. 18.)

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. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise. for the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth unto all generations. (Ps. c. 3-5.)

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

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. (Ps. lxxxiv. 1, 2.)

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. (Ps. xcii. 1, 2.)

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised. I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. (Ps. cxliii. 3; cxvi. 1, 2; cxxxvi. 1.)

Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. 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. (Matt. xi. 28-30.)

A Scriptural Confession.

Leader : Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. (John i. 29.)

Response : All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. (Isa. liii. 6.)

Leader : Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. (Isa. lv. 7.)

Unison : O God, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. (Ps. li. 2, 3, 10, 11.)

Leader : God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. (2 Cor. v. 19.)

Response : There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. (Rom. viii. 1.)

Unison : Our father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil:
for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever.
Amen. (Matt. vi. 9-13.)

From "People's Worship and Psalter."

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

I PRAISE THE LORD. 7s, 4s.

WELSH.

I Praise the Lord; His glories show, Alleluia, Saints with in His

courts below, Alleluia, Angels round His throne above,

Alleluia, Praise Him all who share His love, Alleluia.

2 Earth, to Heaven exalt the strain,
 Alleluia,
 Send it, Heaven, to earth again;
 Alleluia,
 Age to age, and shore to shore,
 Alleluia,
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore,
 Alleluia.

3 Praise the Lord; His goodness trace,
 Alleluia,
 All the wonders of His grace,
 Alleluia,

All that He hath borne and done,
 Alleluia,
 All He sends us through His Son,
 Alleluia.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
 Alleluia,
 In the concert bear your parts;
 Alleluia,
 All that breathe, your Lord adore,
 Alleluia,
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore,
 Alleluia.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

2 LUTHER. P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

A might-y for-tress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail - ing: Our Help-er He, a-mid the flood

Of mor-tal ills pre -vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe;

His craft and power are great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - - qual.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing,
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth is His name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The Prince of Darkness grim, —

We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure, —
 One little word shall fell him!

- 4 That word above all earthly powers —
 No thanks to them — abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is forever.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1521. Tr. F. H. HEDGE, 1853.

3 P. M.

- 1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation;
 Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;
 His works of love proclaim
 The greatness of His name;
 For He is God alone,
 Who hath His mercy shown;
 Let all His saints adore Him.

- 2 When in distress to Him we cried,
 He heard our sad complaining;
 O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
 His love is all sustaining;
 Triumphant songs of praise
 To Him our hearts shall raise;
 Now every voice shall say,
 "O praise our God alway;"
 Let all His saints adore Him.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

GENERAL PRAISE.

4 FABEN. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN II. WILLCOX.

1 "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the Heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"

Heaven is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,

"Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!" sing - ing, "Lord of Hosts, Thou Lord most High!"

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts His greatness raises,
And our love His gifts excite.
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most High!

RICHARD MANT, *abt.* 1837.

5 8s, 7s. D.

1 CROSS, reproach, and tribulation!
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.
The reproach of Christ is glorious!
Those who here His burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

2 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

J. W. PETERSON, 1697.
Tr. from L. A. GOTTER.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

6 ECCLESIA. 8s, 7s. D.

I Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! He, whose word can-not be

bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode: On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can

shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage? —
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

7 VESPER. 8s, 7s, 4s.

D. BORTNIANSKY.

1 { Glo-ry be to God the Father, Glo-ry be to God the Son, } Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, While e-ter-nal a - ges run.
{ Glo-ry be to God the Spirit, Great Je-ho-vah, Three in One, }

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;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

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

HORATIUS BONAR, 1868.

GENERAL PRAISE.

8 BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

JACOB BLUMENTHAL, 1847.

1 Pleasant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love; Pleas-ant are Thy

courts be - low In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spir - it longs and faints

For the con - verse of Thy saints, For the bright-ness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace.

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

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

9 7s. D.

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to Thee,
Low we bend th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear Thy people while they cry.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;

By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power; —
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear Thy people while they cry.

3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By Thy purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross. Thy pangs and cries;
By Thy perfect sacrifice; —
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear Thy people while they cry.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1815. Alt.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

IO ADORATION. 128, 118.

W. M. A. MAY.

1 The winds that career o'er the bo-som of o-ccean, The shadows that curtain the face of the sky;

The stars in their beauty, the worlds in their motion Proclaim their Cre-a-tor, — our Fa-ther on high.

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- 2 The mountains are Thine in their mystical splendor;
The dawn of the morning springs fresh from Thy hand;
The night follows on, ever eager to render
Devotion and praise, at Thy holy command.
- 3 The lance of the storm, at Thine order is broken;
The lightnings are chained to their home in the clouds;
The phantoms of air, with the ills they betoken,
Return, at Thy word, to the mist of their shrouds.
- 4 The evening's soft beam, and the midnight's deep beauty,
Awaken the soul from its slumber of death;
All doubts disappear; I remember but duty;
Conviction sweeps on like the hurricane's breath.
- 5 O let me adore Thee, thou God of creation!
I turn to Thy love like a star to the sea.
O let me proclaim my eternal salvation,
My ceaseless devotion, allegiance to Thee!

E. P. ARCHBOLD, 1888.

II 128, 118.

- 1 A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled their fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for Thee.
- 2 Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.
- 3 The pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like a star in the blue vault of heaven,
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.
- 4 In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer, —
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill;
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

GENERAL PRAISE.

12 SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Italian.

1 { One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend; } Hal - le - lu - jah !
 { His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end; }

Hal - le - lu - jah ! Cost-ly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God ;
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Reconciled in Him to God.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Abbr. and alt.

13 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 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, 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, and let gladness
 Fill Thy people's hearts to-day.

THOMAS KELLY, 1840.

14 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 GOD is love : that anthem olden
 Sing the glorious orbs of light,
 In their language glad and golden,
 Telling to us day and night
 Their great story, blessed story,
 God is love, and God is might !

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

3 Through these anthems of creation,
 Struggling up with gentle strife,
 Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
 To the world with blessings rife,
 Tell their story, precious story,
 God is love, and God is life !

4 Up to Him let each affection
 Daily rise, and round Him move ;
 Our whole lives one resurrection
 To the life of life above :
 Our glad story, wondrous story,
 God is life, and God is love !

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862

15 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 GLORY, glory everlasting
 Be to Him who bore the cross ;
 Who redeemed our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserved by us ;
 Sound His glory, sound His glory
 While our heart with transport glows.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, " Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb !"
 Saints and angels, saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to His name.

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end ;
 Human thought is here confounded ;
 'T is too vast to comprehend ;
 Praise the Saviour, praise the Saviour ;
 Magnify the sinner's Friend.

THOMAS KELLY. Abt. 1809.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

16 C. M.

- 1 ARISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the almighty Lord!
- 2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
The ascending Lord proclaim;
Let the angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.
- 3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts His conquering Son
To His right hand of power.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829. Abbr.

17 C. M.

- 1 How rich Thy favors, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

18 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1 Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with ra - diant
glo - ries crowned His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1782. Abbr.

19 C. M.

- 1 O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate Thy fame.
- 2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing Thy praise
That round about us dwell;
- 3 Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name!

TATE AND BRADY.

GENERAL PRAISE.

20 7s.

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land ;
Kept by Him, no foes annoy ;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey ;
Never feel oppression's rod ;
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 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, 1799.

21 7s.

- 1 GOD eternal, Lord of all,
Lowly at Thy feet we fall :
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amidst the throng would be.
- 2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God most High :
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring :
Seated on Thy judgment-throne,
Number us among Thine own.

JAMES E. MILLARD, 1848. Abbr. and alt.

22 DOXOLOGY. 7s.

- SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

23 NUREMBERG. 7s.

JOHANN R. AHLE, 1664.

- 1 Praise on Thee, in Zion's gates, Daily, O Jehovah, waits ; Unto Thee, O God, belong Grateful words and holy song.

24 7s.

- 1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name
For His mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Praise Him, ye who know His love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath ;
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.
- 3 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

JOSIAH CONDER.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

25 WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.
Spirited.

ROBERT LOWRY.

I Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join

in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the

CHORUS.

throne We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We're
throne, We're marching on to Zi - on,

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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

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

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

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ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

GENERAL PRAISE.

26 JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M. D.

KARL WILHELM, arr.

1 Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run ; His kingdom spread from shore to
2 To Him shall endless prayer be made And endless praises crown His head ; His name like sweet perfume shall

shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their hom-age
rise With ev - ery morn-ing sac - ri - fice. Peo-ple and realms of ev-ery tongue Dwell on His love with

at His feet ; While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
sweetest song, And in-fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His name.
ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

27 L. M. D.

1 THROUGH the new heaven what voices ring
In praise triumphant to our King ?
Like many waters, hark, they pour
Their tide along the golden shore !
" All blessing, honor, power divine,
All might and majesty be Thine !
Holy and true are all Thy words,
Thou King of kings and Lord of lords ! "

2 These from the martyr's bed of flame,
These from the gloomy dungeon came,
These, on the dreadful battlefield,
Stood firm till death and would not yield.
" All voices in that faithful throng,
Swell clear and true the glorious song ;
" Holy and just are all Thy words,
Thou King of kings and Lord of lords. "

3 These bore Thy banner o'er the sea,
Exiled and poor for love of Thee,
And found in danger and distress,
Thy presence in the wilderness.
No storm could shake, no ill could harm
So strong was Thy protecting arm,
" Holy and true are all Thy words,
Thou King of kings and Lord of lords ! "

ELSIE THALHEIMER.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

28 L. M.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honors of Thy throne;
'T is fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at Thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of Thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide Thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all Thine enemies obey;
Wide let Thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

29 L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth! and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring —
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 2 The Lord is King! who, then, shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care?
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 3 The Lord is King! let all bow down,
Nor dare provoke His awful frown;
Ere justice blaze, His scepter kiss,
And sate thy soul with heav'nly bliss.

JOSIAH CONDOR, 1824. Abbr. and alt.

30 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.

I Thee we a-dore, e-ter-nal Lord! We praise Thy name with one ac-cord;

Thy saints, who here Thy good-ness see, Through all the world do wor-ship Thee.

31 L. M.

- 2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.
- 4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing:
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819.

- 1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to His love.
- 2 Thy throne, O Lord, forever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in Thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy Thy delight.
- 3 Let endless honors crown Thy head;
Let every age Thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know Thy word,
And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Abbr.

GENERAL PRAISE.

32 S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspires our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

WM. HAMMOND, 1745.

33 S. M.

- 1 Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 See — flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 3 See — Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 4 All honor to His name,
Who marks the shining way, —
To Him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

34 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

ANNANIAS DAVISSON, 1817.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'Golden Hill'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

1 To praise our Shepherd's care, His wisdom, love, and might, Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare, And bid the world unite.

35 S. M.

- 2 Supremely good and great,
He tends His blood-bought fold;
He stoops, though throned in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.
- 3 He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if His meaneſt lamb ſhould faint,
His boſom bears it home.
- 4 Kind Shepherd of the ſheep!
A weary flock are we;
And ſnares and foes are nigh; but keep
The lambs who look to Thee.
- 5 And if through death's dark vale
Our feet ſhould early tread.
Oh, may we reach thy fold, and hail
The love which us hath led!
- 1 LET every heart and tongue
Proclaim the Saviour's praise;
He is the source of all my joy,
His mercy crowns my days.
- 2 He knows my feeble frame,
Remembers I am dust;
And though He should my life destroy,
In Him I'll put my trust.
- 3 Each day He is my strength,
My hope, my life, my all;
And, while upon His arm I lean,
I surely cannot fall.
- 4 Then, to my blessed Lord
Let grateful songs arise,
While angels bear the notes above,
And sound them through the skies.

WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1840.

W. T. MOORE.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

36 HOSANNA! C. M.

MITCHISON'S HARMONY, Glasgow.

1 Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn To David's Son and Lord; With cherubim and seraphim, Exalt the incarnate Word.

37 C. M.

- 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest!
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.
- 3 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 4 O Saviour! if redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1833.

- 1 Not only for some task sublime
Thy help do I implore;
Not only at some solemn time
Thy holy spirit pour!
- 2 But for each daily task of mine
I need Thy quickening power;
I need Thy presence everywhere,
I need Thee every hour.
- 3 Each action finds in Thee its spring,
Each joy Thy love makes bright,
Each footstep is Thine ordering,
Each grief shines in Thy light.

THOMAS H. GILL.

38 ELATION. S. M.

AIR. fr. ROSSINI.

1 Mine eyes and my de-sire Are ev-er to the Lord; I love to plead His promises, And rest upon His word.

39 S. M.

- 2 Lord, turn to Thee my soul;
Bring Thy salvation near:
When will Thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my holy trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 5 With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

- 1 REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the living day,
And peace shuts in the night.
- 2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ His brethren calls,
Who hear and know His guiding voice,
When on their heart it falls?

JOHN MOULTRIE.

GENERAL PRAISE.

40 STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. D.

Scotch Air.

1 Now, in a song of grate - ful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;

With all His saints I'll join to tell That Je - sus hath done all things well.
D.S. And force the won - dering world to tell That He a - lone do'th all things well.

Wis - dom, and power, and love di - vine, In all His works, un - ri - valled, shine,
D.S.

41 L. M. D.

2 Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
 Or dark and sorrowful my days;
 And though my spirit oft rebel,
 I know He still doth all things well.
 And when I stand before His throne,
 And all His ways are fully known,
 This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
 That Jesus hath done all things well.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1 To God, the great, the ever-blest,
 Let songs of honor be addressed!
 His mercy firm forever stands;
 Give Him the thanks His love demands!
 Who knows the wonder of His ways?
 Who can make known His boundless praise?
 Blest are the souls that fear Him still,
 And learn submission to His will.

ISAAC WATTS.

42 L. M. D.

1 MY soul complete in Jesus stands!
 It fears no more the law's demands;
 The smile of God is sweet within,
 Where all before was guilt and sin.
 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
 Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
 Receives the grace His death secured,
 And pleads the anguish He endured.

2 My soul its every foe defies,
 And cries — 'T is God that justifies!
 Who charges God's elect with sin?
 Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?
 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
 To our eternal, glorious King!
 Shall worship humbly at His feet,
 In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. GRACE W. HINSDALE

43 L. M. D.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway, —
 In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
 Let all the powers of earth obey,
 And low before His footstool fall.

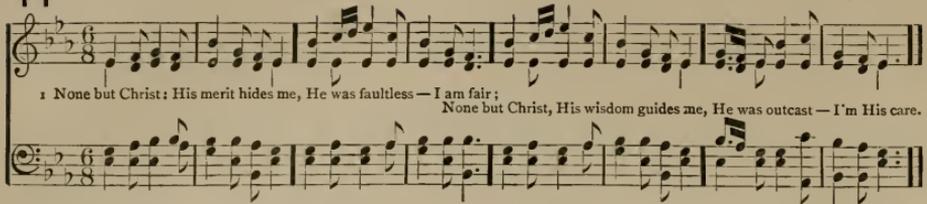
Higher — still higher swell the strain;
 Creation's voice the note prolong!
 Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
 Let hallelujahs crown the song.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

44 BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS.



1 None but Christ: His merit hides me, He was faultless — I am fair;
None but Christ, His wisdom guides me, He was outcast — I'm His care.

2 None but Christ: His Spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom with control:
None but Christ, His bruising heals me,
And His sorrow soothes my soul.

3 None but Christ: His life sustains me,
Strength and song to me He is;
None but Christ, His love constrains me,
He is mine and I am His.

Mrs. ANNE R. COUSIN.

45 8s, 7s.

1 HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee!

2 Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,

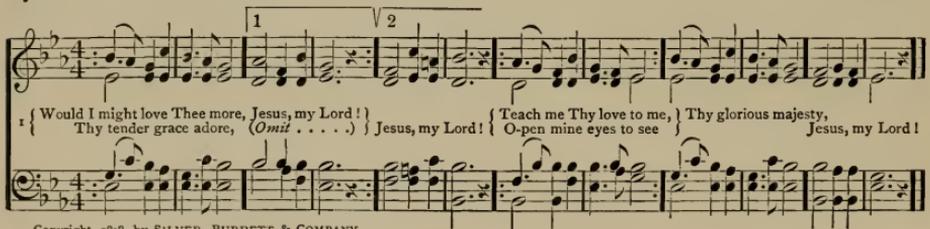
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

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.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

46 JESUS, MY LORD. 6s, 4s.

WM. A. MAY.



1 { Would I might love Thee more, Jesus, my Lord! } { Teach me Thy love to me, } Thy glorious majesty,
Thy tender grace adore, (Omit) Jesus, my Lord! { O-pen mine eyes to see } Jesus, my Lord!

2 Only in Thee I live,
Jesus, my Lord!
Thou only power can give,
Jesus, my Lord!
Thy precious truth instil,
Teach me to know Thy will,
All Thy commands fulfil,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Oh, let me love Thee more,
Jesus, my Lord!
Thy tender grace adore,
Jesus, my Lord!
Lovely indeed Thou art;
Thyself to me impart,
Come, dwell in my poor heart,
Jesus, my Lord!

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

47 6s, 4s.

1 SAVIOUR! Thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to Thee,
Let us Thy fulness see,
Let us Thy fulness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly Thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

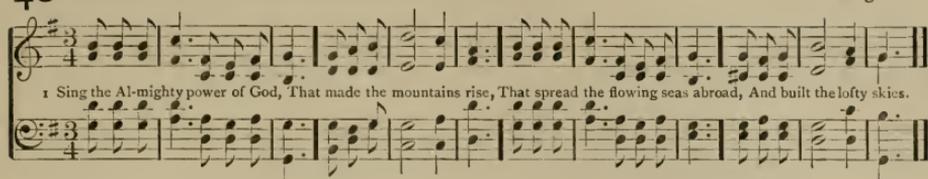
3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On Thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By Thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless Thee, Lord,
Our souls shall bless Thee, Lord,
In joyful strains!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

GENERAL PRAISE.

48 SING THE ALMIGHTY POWER OF GOD. C. M.

English.



- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 Lord ! how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye !

- If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 4 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

ISAAC WATTS, 1715

49 C. M.

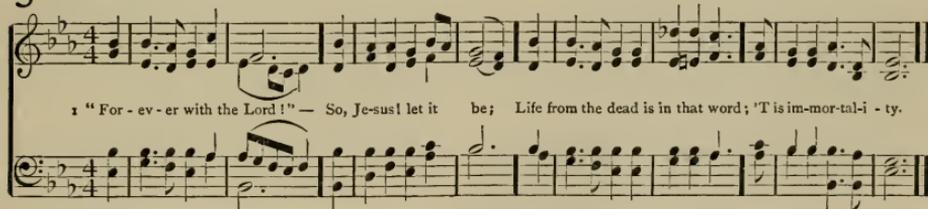
- 1 To Thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I 'll raise ;
Oh let the humblest of Thy flock
Attempt to speak Thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To Thine amazing love ;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

- 3 To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed ;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 4 Lead on, dear Shepherd ! — led by Thee,
No evil shall I fear ;
Soon shall I reach Thy fold above,
And praise Thee better there.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHOM, 1812.

50 LICHNER. S. M.

Arr.



- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord !"
Saviour, if 't is Thy will
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne —
"Forever with the Lord !"

51 S. M.

- 1 My soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by His grace ;
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.
- 2 Make thy salvation sure ;
All sloth and slumber shun ;
Nor dare a moment's rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.
- 3 Thy crown of life hold fast ;
Thy heart with courage stay ;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.
- 4 Thy path ascends the skies,
With conquering footsteps bright ;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize
In everlasting light.

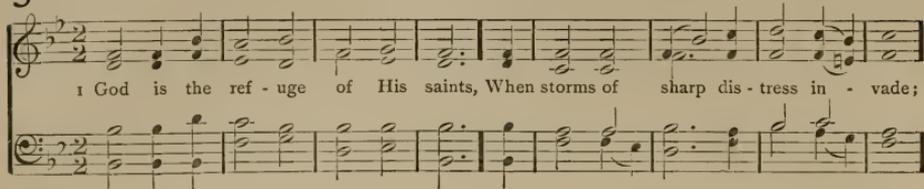
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

LEONARD SWAIN, 1858.

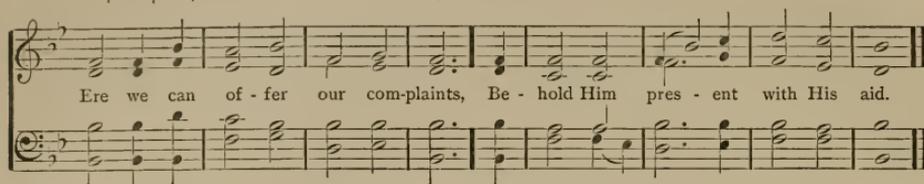
THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

52 WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1 God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;



Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.

53 L. M.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar —
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Abbr.

1 AWAKE, my tongue, Thy tribute bring
To Him who gave Thee power to sing;
Praise Him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast His knowledge! how profound!
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars He numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

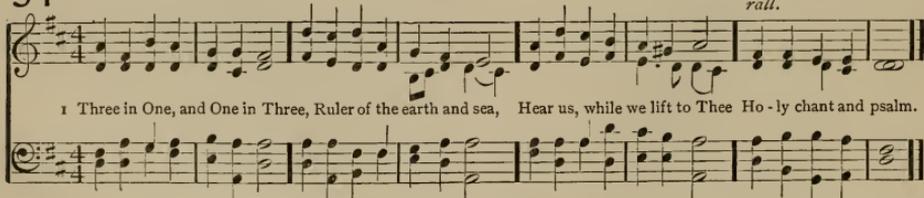
3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak His wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, Oh, what grace!
Its wonders, Oh, what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

JOHN NEEDHAM, 1768.

54 CAPETOWN. 7s, 5s.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.
rall.



1 Three in One, and One in Three, Ruler of the earth and sea, Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly 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 holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee:
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear a palm.

GILBERT RORISON, 1859. Alt.

GENERAL PRAISE.

55 8s, 7s. D.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise to Thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise Him for His love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1767.

56 HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.

2 King of glory! reign forever —
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own; —
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away; —
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, —
"Glory, glory to our King!"

THOMAS KELLY, 1804. Abbr.

57 8s, 7s. D.

1 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 thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

FRANCIS S. KEY, 1857.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

58 CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.

1 All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels 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.

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

3 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.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1780.

59 PRAISE. P. M.

German Melody.

1 Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him: Who can tell how much we owe Him? Gladly let us render to Him All we are and have!

2 With His blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew Him not, He sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Jesus is the name that charms us;
He for conflicts fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.

4 Trust in Him, ye saints, forever;
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

60 P. M.

1 Sing of Jesus, sing forever,
Of the love that changes never.
Who or what from Him can sever
Those He makes His own?

2 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And through all the way He speeds them
To their home above.

3 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from Heaven, and sought them,
Him who by His Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

GENERAL PRAISE.

61 HOLLAND. C. M. D.

National Air of Holland.

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glory now; A roy-al di-a-dem a-dorns
 2 The joy of all who dwell a-bove, The joy of all be-low, To whom He man-i-fests His love,

The might-y Vic-tor's brow. The highest place that heaven affords Is His, is His by right,
 And grants His name to know. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to Him,

The King of kings and Lord of lords, And heaven's e-ter-nal light, And heaven's e-ter-nal light.
 His peo-ple's hope, His peo-ple's wealth, Their ev-er-last-ing theme, Their ev-er-last-ing theme.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

62 C. M. D.

- 1 I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice
 That mortal ever heard;
 Oh! how it made my heart rejoice,
 And every feeling stirred!
 'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild;
 He called me to His side,
 And said, although with heart defiled,
 I might in Him confide,
 I might in Him confide.
- 2 I saw His face, the fairest face
 That mortal ever saw;
 I longed the Saviour to embrace,
 From Him new life to draw.

"Come unto me," He kindly said,
 "And I will give Thee rest;
 The ransom-price I fully paid —
 Repent! believe! be blest!
 Repent! believe! be blest!"

- 3 I felt His love, the strongest love
 That mortal ever felt;
 Oh! how it drew my soul above,
 And made my hard heart melt!
 My burden at His feet I laid,
 And knew the joy of heaven,
 As in my willing ear He said
 The blessèd word, "Forgiven!"
 The blessèd word, "Forgiven!"

P. STRYKER.

63 C. M. D.

- 1 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,
 And chance and change defy.

- 2 The covenant of the King of kings
 Shall stand forever 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!
 Till all Thy glories see!

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

64 COME, LET US ADORE HIM. 11S.

English.

1 Come, let us a-dore Him, come bow at His feet; Oh give Him the glo-ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-

ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

- 2 Oh! join ye the anthems of triumph that rise
From throne of the blest, from the hosts of the
skies;
They sing alleluia in rapturous strains,
Hosanna! the Lord God omnipotent reigns!
Hosanna! the Lord God omnipotent reigns!
- 3 Rejoice! ye that love Him; His power cannot
fail!
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail;
The triumph of evil will shortly be passed,
The Lord of all glory shall conquer at last,
The Lord of all glory shall conquer at last.

ANON.

65 11S.

- 1 COME, Jesus, Redeemer! abide Thou with me,
Come gladden my spirit, that waiteth for Thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the
smart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the
smart.

- 2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am
strong;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my helper, art near,
Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my helper, art near.

- 3 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy
peace,
From restless vain wishes bid Thou my heart
cease;
In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to Thy presence my soul shall ascend,
Till glad to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.

RAY PALMER, 1865.

66 11S.

- 1 FOR what shall I praise Thee, my God and my
King,
For blessings, the tribute of gratitude bring?
Or praise Thee for pleasure, for health, or for
ease,
For sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?
For sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

- 2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I'd leave half untold the donation of bliss!
I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, and
care,
For thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear,
For thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear; —

- 3 For nights of anxiety, for watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my Lord and my
God,
For blessing and trial Thy hand hath bestowed,
For blessing and trial Thy hand hath bestowed!

Mrs. CAROLINE (FRY) WILSON.

GENERAL PRAISE.

67 THE GRATEFUL SONG. L. M.

Old Melody.

2 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To Thee at last in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

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

68 L. M.

1 OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing !

3 Jesus, Thy name our souls adore ;
We own the bond that makes us Thine ;
And carnal joys that charmed before,
For Thy dear sake we now resign.

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays ;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept Thine offered grace to-day ;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In Thee we trust, — on Thee rely ;
Though we are feeble, Thou art strong ;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng !

RAY PALMER, 1842.

69 L. M.

1 COME, Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Soon, brethren, we may meet again.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

70 7s. 6l.

- 1 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 !

- 3 Oh ! give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care :
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?
- 4 Oh ! give thanks to Him that came
In a mortal, suffering frame —
Temple of the Deity —
Came, for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

JOSIAH CONDER.

71 SABBATH. 7s. 6l.

LOWELL MASON, 1824.

1 Cen-ter of our hopes Thou art, End of our enlarged de-sires: Stamp Thine image on our heart; Fill us now with heavenly fires:

Joined to Thee by love di-vine, Seal our souls for-ev-er Thine, Joined to Thee by love divine, Seal our souls for-ev-er Thine.

- 2 All our works in Thee be wrought,
Levelled at one common aim :
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame ;
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise, —
To Thy glorious life restored ;
Here regain our Paradise, —
Here prepare to meet our Lord :
Here enjoy the earnest given :
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

72 DOXOLOGY. 7s. 6l.

- 1 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.

ANON, 1827.

73 7s. 6l.

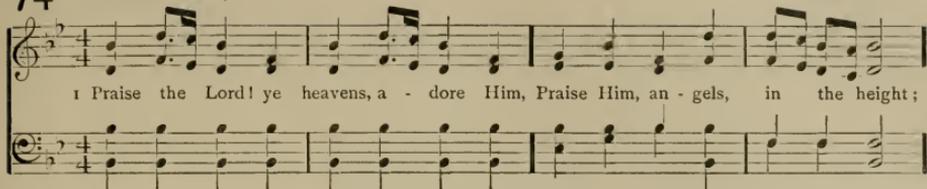
- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day, and Lord of Night,
Listen to our solemn call :
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.
- 2 Shed within our hearts, oh, shed
Thine own Spirit's living flame —
Love for all whom Thou hast made,
Love for 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, 1827.

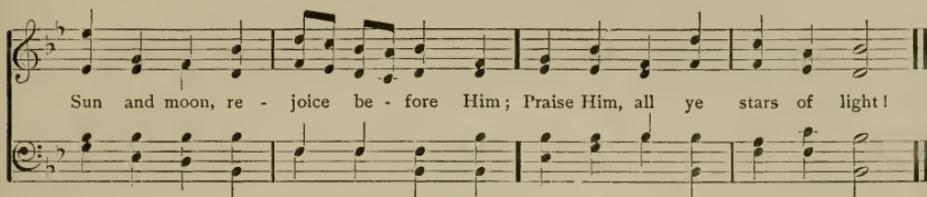
GENERAL PRAISE.

74 WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

75 8s, 7s.

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

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

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

JOHN KEMPTHORN, 1796.

1 THINE forever, Thine forever!
May Thy face upon us shine;
Help, oh, help our weak endeavor,
Lord, forever to be Thine.

2 Thine forever, Thine forever!
Armed with faith, and strong in Thee,
Ever fighting, fainting never,
May we march to victory!

3 Daily in the grace increasing
Of thy Spirit, more and more,
Watching, praying without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1860.

76 8s, 7s.

1 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 us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
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.

6 Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinner's Friend!

NEWMAN HALL, 1859.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

77 HENDON. 7s.

C. H. A. MALAN, 1828.

I Now be - gin the heaven - ly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name; Ye who Je - sus'

kind - ness prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.

78 7s.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

JOHN LANGFORD, 1761. Abbr.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored!
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

4 Then with angel-harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, 1778. Abbr.

79 7s.

1 PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:

2 Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, 1869.

80 7s.

1 THEE to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join,
We with them our voices raise,
Echo Thine eternal praise:

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Full of Thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God on high.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1780.

GENERAL PRAISE.

81 ST. ALKMUND. L. M.

Arr. fr. Ancient Melody.

My God, my King, Thy various praise Shall fill the rem-nant of my days;

Thy grace em-ploy my hum-ble tongue, Till death and glo-ry raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Abbr.

83 L. M.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
As strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1762.

82 L. M.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower.
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of Thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Unite to hymn their Maker's praise;
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee a general pæan raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God! alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No; let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise Thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine:
Thou bad'st her being sounded be;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st eternal life to me.

Mrs. A. OPIE.

84 DOXOLOGY. L. M.

1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore!

TATE AND BRADY, 1696. Alt.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

85

6s, 4s.

- 1 BREAK forth, ye heavens, in song !
Shout, bright angelic throng,
 Jehovah's praise !
Saints, clad in robes of white,
On Zion's glittering height,
Laud ye the God of might,
 Ancient of Days !
- 2 Let star respond to star
Through firmaments afar,
 Glory to God !

Earth, fling the joyful sound
Through ether's blue profound
To vocal spheres around,
 Glory to God !

- 3 Father, in light concealed,
Christ, Light of light revealed,
 Spirit Divine,
In glory streaming down
From Father and from Son,
Blest Three, forever one,
 All praise be Thine !

Z. EDDY.

86

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1765.

1 Glo - ry to God on high, Let prais - es fill the sky! Praise ye His name. An - gels His
name a - dore, Who all our sor - rows bore, And saints cry ev - er - more, "Worth - y the Lamb!"

87

6s, 4s.

- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His name.
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad :
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 3 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
 Praise ye His name !
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
 Praising His name ;
To Him we 'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,
Through all the earth abroad,
 Spread Jesus' fame :
Tell what His love hath done ;
Trust in His name alone ;
Shout to His lofty throne,
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
Dry up your mournful tears ;
 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 ALLEN, 1761.

JAMES BODEN, 1801.

GENERAL PRAISE.

88 6s, 4s.

- 1 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 !
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
" Victory is won ! "
- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell :
Mourners, rejoice !
His dying love adore ;
Praise Him, now raised in power :
Praise Him forevermore,
With joyful 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, 1806.

89 6s, 4s.

- 1 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, 1757. Abbr.

90 6s, 4s.

- 1 LET the still air rejoice —
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one ;
While we renew our strain
To Him, with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain,
And morning sun.
- 2 His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill ;
Springs ! which our footsteps meet —
Fountains ! our lips to greet —
Waters ! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.
- 3 Each summer bird that sings,
Drinks from dear Nature's springs,
Her early dew ;
And the refreshing shower
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.

JOHN PIERPONT. Abbr.

91 6s, 4s.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
" Let there be light."
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
" Let there be light."
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
" Let there be light."

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

92 LYONS. 108, 118.

F. J. HAYDN, 1770.

I O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.

- 2 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 4 Our Father and God, how faithful Thy love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1839.

93 108, 118.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name:
The name, all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,—
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744.

GENERAL PRAISE.

94 C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on Thy head!
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

ISAAC WATTS, 1692.

95 C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour! Oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms
And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich profusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

96 DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1 Come, let us join our songs of praise To our ascended Priest; He entered heaven with all our names Engraven on His breast.

- 2 Below, He washed our guilt away,
By His atoning blood;
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.
- 3 Clothed with our nature still, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which He himself o'ercame.
- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of His love;
For us He died in kindness here,
For us He lives above.
- 5 Oh! may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to bear His name;
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith—
Our lips His praise proclaim.

ALEXANDER PIRIE, 1782.

97 C. M.

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
- 2 For, ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

98 L. M.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the Living God !
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace !
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 '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, 1719. Abbr.

99 L. M.

- 1 SERVANTS of God ! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Who is like God ? so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky ;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
- 3 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust ;
In Him the poor may safely trust.
- 4 Oh then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise.
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

100 GRATITUDE. L. M.

P. A. D. BOST, 1837. Arr.



I God of my life! through all my days My grate-ful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with open-ing light, And war-ble to the si-lent night.

101 L. M.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.
- 1 OH, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast — but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

TATE AND BRADY.

GENERAL PRAISE.

102 C. M.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

103 C. M.

- 1 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 shows them unto men ;
The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
- 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, 1819. Abbr.

104 WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.

I Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne ;

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

105 C. M.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine :
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
- 1 AGAIN the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 3 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

Mrs. ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1773. Abbr. and alt.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

106 PELTON. S. M.

W. M. A. MAY.

1 Oh, sing a - mid the storm, When high life's bil-lows roll ! For thou art one, art one with God, My deathless, dauntless soul !

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107 S. M.

2 Oh, sing amid the storm,
Spirit divine of birth!
For thou art, thou art mightier
Than anything of earth.

3 Be nevermore dismayed,
Nor yield to any fate.
Thou'rt kin to God, to God Himself:
Then claim thy high estate.

4 Oh, sing amid the storm,
In faith's triumphant tone!
For time nor space, nor life nor death,
Can part Him from His own.

ELIZA M. HICKOK. Alt.

1 To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by His word,
Be glory now and evermore.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless His name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

108 LISCHER. H. M.

From the German by LOWELL MASON, 1841.

1 { O, Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; }
{ Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast sal - va - tion nigh. } Cheer-ful in God, a - rise and shine,

While rays di - vine stream all a - broad, While rays di - vine stream all a - broad.

While rays divine

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

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Abbr.

GENERAL PRAISE.

109 AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s. D.

F. J. HAYDN, 1797.

1 { Fa - ther, Thine e - lect who lov - est With an ev - er - last - ing love; }
 { Sa - viour, who the bar re - mov - est From the ho - ly home a - bove; }

Spir - it, dai - ly meet - ness bring - ing For the glo - ry there up - stored;

List to Thy glad peo - ple sing - ing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

110 8s, 7s. D.

2 Lord, with sin-bound souls Thou bearest,
 Struggling towards this strain divine;
 Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest
 That thrice awful name of Thine.
 But Thou listenest, O how sweetly!
 When from holy lips outpoured,
 Rings through heaven this strain full meetly,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 Shall we, Lord, meet voices never
 Bring to that eternal hymn?
 Hallow us to help the endeavor
 Of Thy pure-lipped Seraphim:
 Hark! their own high strain we bring Thee,
 Listen to the full accord!
 Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

THOMAS H. GILL, 1860.

1 BLEST be Thou, O God of Israel!
 Thou, our Father and our Lord!
 Majesty is Thine forever;
 Ever be Thy name adored.
 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness;
 Glory, victory, are Thine own;
 All is Thine in earth and heaven,
 Over all Thy boundless throne.

2 Riches come of Thee, and honor;
 Power and might to Thee belong;
 Thine it is to make us prosper,
 Only Thine to make us strong.
 Lord, our God, for these, Thy bounties,
 Hymns of gratitude we raise;
 To Thy name, forever glorious,
 Ever we address our praise.

HENRY U. ONDERDONK, 1826

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

III PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA, 1768.

1 Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise: But Oh, what

tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme? What verse can reach the lof-ty theme?

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He, glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 1754.

II2 L. M.

- 1 BE Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to His name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim!
- 3 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

ISAAC WATTS.

III3 L. M.

- 1 ZION, awake! thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
All shall admire and love thee, too.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

III5 L. M.

- 1 THERE 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of the Deity.
- 2 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.
- 3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

III4 DOXOLOGY. L. M.

- 1 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Abb.

GENERAL PRAISE.

II6 C. M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love immortal flame!
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
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 Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

II7 C. M.

- 1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

II8 BOARDMAN. C. M.

From L. DEVEREAUX, arr. by KINGSLEY, 1853.

I Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days?

Great Com - fort - er! de - scend and bring Some to - kens of Thy grace.

- 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, 1709.

II9 C. M.

- 1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son, our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

120 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

M. A. PORTAGALLO, 1790. Arr.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He

say, than to you He hath said, — To you, who, for refuge, to Je-sus have fled, To you, who, for refuge, to Je-sus have fled?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.</p> <p>3 "When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.</p> <p>4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;</p> | <p>The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.</p> <p>5 "Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.</p> <p>6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not — I will not desert to his foes;
That soul — though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"</p> |
|--|---|

GEORGE KEITH, 1787.

121 KIMMEL. 11s.

W. T. MOORE.
D.C.

Fine.

1 O Jesus! the giver of all we enjoy! Our lives to Thine honor we wish to employ; With praises unceasing we'll sing of Thy name,
D.C. Thy goodness increasing, Thy love we'll proclaim.

- 2 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation His goodness we prove;
His name is Salvation — His nature is love.
- 3 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give Him the glory, the honor, and praise.

ANON.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I22 HOMEWARD. 7s. 6l.
SOLO.

FRANZ ABT, arr.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

From Thy wounded side that flowed Be of sin the double cure — Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever 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 mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776. Sl. alt.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6l.

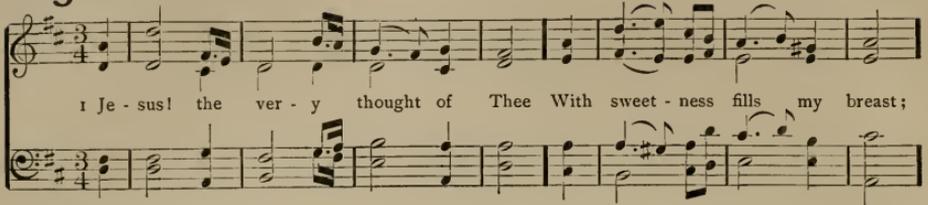
THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830. D.C.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed,
D.C. Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

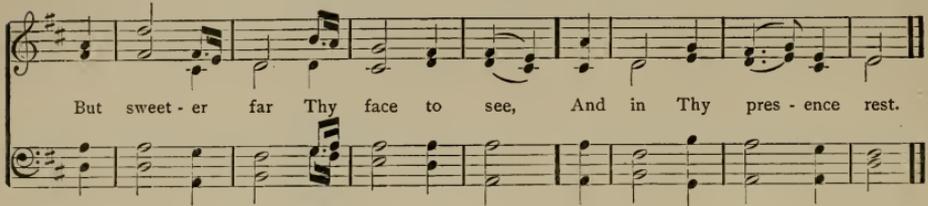
THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

123 BRADFORD. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1741.



I Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast;



But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou!
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity!
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1153; tr. by E. CASWALL, 1849.

124 C. M.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

GENERAL PRAISE.

125 SNELLING. L. M. D.

WM. A. MAY.

1 My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness. I dare not trust the

REFRAIN.
sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the Sol-id Rock, I stand, All

oth-er ground is sink-ing sand! On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

Copyright, 1892, by SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

EDWARD MOTE, 1836.

126 L. M. D.

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be
gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

JOHANN A. ROTHE.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1740.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

127 EWING. 7s, 6s. D.

ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy con - tem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I know not, oh, I know not

What so - cial joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare!

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast:
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1130. J. M. NEALE, tr. 1851. Abbr.

129 DOXOLOGY. 7s, 6s. D.

- 1 To Thee be praise forever,
 Thou glorious King of kings;
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings:
 We'll celebrate Thy glory,
 With all the saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of Thy redeeming love.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792, alt.

128 7s, 6s. D.

- 1 THE heavens declare His glory,
 Their Maker's skill the skies;
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard
 The record of creation,
 The page of nature's word.

- 2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
 Is truth's diviner ray;
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day:
 The wanderer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise;
 And, evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.

- 3 Thy Word is richer treasure
 Than lurks within the mine;
 And daintiest fare less pleasure
 Yields than this food divine.
 How wise each kind monition!
 Led by Thy counsels, Lord,
 How safe the saints' condition,
 How great is their reward!

JOSIAH CONDER.

GENERAL PRAISE.

130 ONSET. C. M.

WM. A. MAY.

1 With joyful praise, and homage sweet, Make all your wishes known; And, pleading at the mercy-seat, God's loving-kindness own.

Copyright, 1898, by SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

131 C. M.

- 2 In just accordance with His will,
Your heart's petition frame,
Desiring that the glory still
Be rendered to His name.
- 3 He who hath taught us how to pray,
Can all our wants relieve.
He bids us come without delay,
And of His grace receive.
- 4 With simple, steadfast faith, O Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Pleading the promise of Thy word —
Till time shall be no more!

LOUISA E. LITZINGER.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise!
To Thee we bring our grateful vows,
To Thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by Thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At Thy right hand, O God!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

132 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1728.

1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb? And

shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? 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.

ISAAC WATTS, 1720. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

133 L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace :
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Abbr.

134 L. M.

- 1 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 2 Lead us to holiness — the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.
- 3 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share —
Fulness of joy forever there !

S. BROWNE, 1720.

135 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, 1790. Abt.

1 Now to the Lord a no - ble song ! A - wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue,

Ho - san - na to the e - ter - nal name, And all His bound - less love pro - claim.

136 L. M.

- 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 ! 't is a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 4 O may I reach the happy place,
Where He unveils His lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.
- 1 As when in silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Abbr.

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1784.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I37 BALERMA. C. M.

Adapted from the Spanish by R. SIMPSON.

1 Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

I39 C. M.

- 1 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, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 4 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 W. FABER, 1849.

I38 DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

I40 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Old German.

- 1 { Praise ye the Lord, who is King of all pow-er and glo- - ry;
O my soul, praise Him, for joy-ful it is to sing prais- - es. Lift up the
- 2 { Praise ye the Lord, and be- hold with thine eyes all His mer- - cies;
Out of the heav-ens His love rain-eth like un-to riv- - ers. Think, O thou

voice, Wake the sweet psal-ter and harp, Set ho-ly mu-sic re-sound-ing.
man, What is the might of His hand Who dai-ly meets thee with bless-ings.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

141 PEACE. C. M.

J. G. F.

I Great peace have they who love Thy law, Whose mind is stayed on Thee,

My peace I give, My peace I leave, Sweet peace ye have in me.

CHORUS.

Oh, Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace, Yes, Thou wilt keep him in

per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on Thee, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

This Hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 'T was peace on earth the angels sang,
To weary ones there 's rest,
Sweet peace was made through Jesus' blood,
Which cannot be expressed.</p> | <p>4 "Fear not, little flock," our Saviour said,
It is your Father's will,
A glorious kingdom to bestow;
His word He will fulfil.</p> |
| <p>3 No peace have they in wicked ways,
They 're like the troubled sea,
Peace, peace they say, when they have none;
From sin they do not flee.</p> | <p>5 If fiery trials fill our way,
Like Jesus tempted sore,
Oh! "It is I, be not afraid;"
Said Jesus o'er and o'er.</p> |

JOHN.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I42 BEECHER. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.

1 Love Di-vine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heaven to earth come down; Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling,
D.S. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,

FINE. D.S.
All Thy faithful mercies crown; Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded love Thou art;
En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.

I43 8s, 7s. D.

2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away our love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

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

4 Finish then Thy new creation.
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747.

1 HALLELUJAH! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, His the throne;
Hallelujah! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

2 Hallelujah! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Hallelujah! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er;
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

3 Hallelujah! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay!
Hallelujah! hear the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1868.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

I44 THE LOVE OF GOD TO ME.

WM. A. MAY.

Dolce.

1 As flows the riv-er, calm and deep, In si-lence to the sea, So floweth ev-er, flow-eth ev-er,

And ceaseth nev-er, ceaseth nev-er The love of God to me! The love of God to me!

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- 2 He kindly keepeth those He loves
Secure from every fear.
From eye that weepeth, eye that weepeth,
While yet one sleepeth, yet one sleepeth
He gently dries the tear;
He gently dries the tear!
- 3 What peace He bringeth to my heart —
A deep unfathomed sea!
How sweetly singeth, sweetly singeth,

- The soul that clingeth, soul that clingeth
My loving Lord, to Thee,
My loving Lord, to Thee!
- 4 As calmly sinketh daylight clear,
Within the golden west
All tempests o'er, tempests o'er,
On heavenly shore, on heavenly shore
I'll find my longed-for rest,
I'll find my longed-for rest.

Arr. W. A. M.

I45 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

1 Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where-'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816, vs. 1, 2. Alt.
THOMAS HASTINGS, v. 3.

GENERAL PRAISE.

146 WE PRAISE THEE AGAIN. 108, 118.

J. J. HUSBAND, 1798.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -

lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, We praise Thee a - gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again: fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

WM. P. MACKAY, 1866. Alt.

147 108, 118.

- 1 REJOICE and be glad: the Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross and His tomb.

CHORUS. — Sound His praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain,
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

- 2 Rejoice and be glad: for the blood has been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price has been paid.
- 3 Rejoice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
- 4 Rejoice and be glad: for our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
- 5 Rejoice and be glad: for He cometh again —
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1874.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

I48 LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Western Melody, 1830.

I A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise;

He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!

REFRAIN.

Lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!

I49 L. M.

- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, oh, how good!
- 5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And all my mortal powers must fail,
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1787.

- 1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, He'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 't is given!
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole.
- 3 'T is Thee I love, for Thee alone,
I shed my tears, and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, tr. by A. W. BOEHM, 1712.

GENERAL PRAISE.

150 HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.

American Spiritual.

1 There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mu - sic

REFRAIN.

in mine ear— The sweet - est name on earth. Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1859.

151 C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

152 AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

Spanish Melody from MARECHO.

1 Hail, Thou once despised Je-sus, Crowned in mockery a King! Thou did'st suffer to release us; *D.S.* By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor;

FINE. Thou didst free salvation bring. Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sa-viour, Bear-er of our sin and shame! Life is given through Thy name. *D.S.*

2 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 we appear.

3 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, 1760.

153 8s, 7s. D.

1 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?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope will change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1825.

154 8s, 7s. D.

1 HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.
Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

JOHN BICKERSTETH, 1819.

155 8s, 7s. D.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

ROBERT HAWKER, 1794.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I56 JEWETT. 6s. D.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1820.

1 My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

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 SCHMOLKE, 1716, tr. by Miss JANE BORTHWICK, 1853.

I57 6s. D.

1 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.

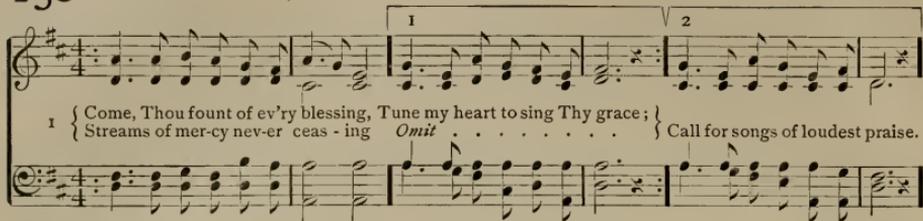
3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

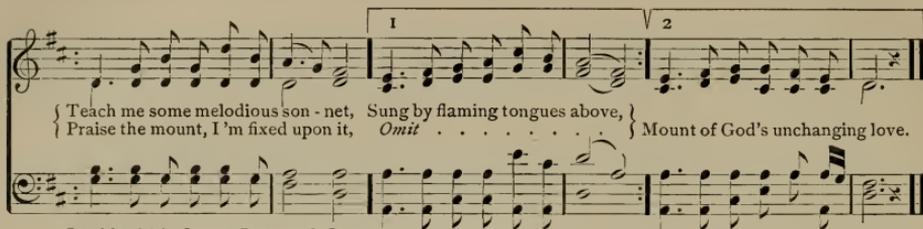
THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

I58 HALLADALE. 8s, 7s. D.

WM. A. MAY.



1 { Come, Thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing *Omit* } Call for songs of loudest praise.



{ Teach me some melodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above, }
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, *Omit* } Mount of God's unchanging love.

Copyright, 1898, by SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul 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.
Prono to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prono to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1757.

I59 NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1825.



1 { Crown His head with endless blessing Who, in God, the Father's name, }
With compassion nev-er ceas-ing, Comes salvation to pro-claim. } Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee,— Thee, our Saviour,—
Thee, our God; D.C. From Thy throne Thy beams of glory Shine through all the world abroad.

I60 DOXOLOGY. 8s, 7s. D.

2 Jesus! Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

PRaise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love.
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah, give.

WILLIAM GOODE, 1811.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I61 SWEETLY SING.

Arr.

1 Sweet-ly sing, sweet-ly sing, Prais-es to our heavenly King; Let us raise, let us raise
D.S. Raise your songs, raise your songs,

High our notes of praise: Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns a - bove;
Now with thankful tongues.

2 Angels bright, angels bright,
Robed in garments pure and white,
Chant His praise, chant His praise,
In melodious lays:
But from that bright, happy throng,
Ne'er can come this sweetest song—
Redeeming love, redeeming love,
Brought us here above.

He redeemed us by His grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

3 Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be His name!

4 Now we know—now we know
We to heaven must shortly go,
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Saviour! when our time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home,
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Through unending days.

Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

I62 ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE, 1744.

1 Father of mercies! God of love! My Father and my God! I'll sing the honors of Thy name, And spread Thy praise abroad.

I63 C. M.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

1 GLORY to God! Who deigns to bless
His people every day,
Unfolds His wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

3 In all Thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.

2 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heartfelt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

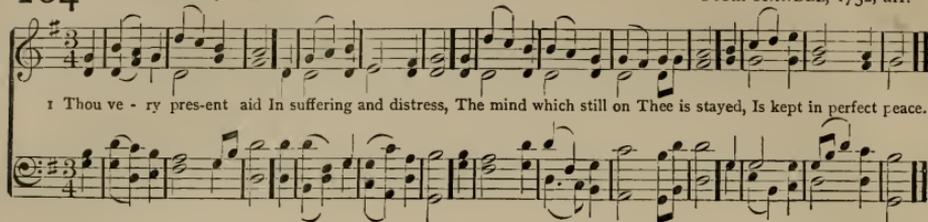
OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHOM, 1794.

ANON.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

I64 THATCHER. S. M.

From HANDEL, 1732, arr.



1 Thou - ry pres-ent aid In suffering and distress, The mind which still on Thee is stayed, Is kept in perfect peace.

I65 S. M.

- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.
- 5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
" 'T is with the righteous well ! "
- 2 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.
- 3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.
- 4 'T is well when Jesus calls, —
" From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise ! "

JOHN KENT, 1803.

I66 KENTUCKY. S. M.

AARON CHAPIN, 1823.



1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love, The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 2 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 3 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.
- 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.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

GENERAL PRAISE.

167 C. M. D.

- 1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

168 VARINA. C. M. D.

From C. H. RINCK. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT, 1846.

1 { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }
In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain; } There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides,

And nev - er - wither - ing flowers : Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between,
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

169 C. M. D.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all the day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

170 LAND OF BEULAH. 8s, 7s. D.

J. W. DADMUN, arr.

I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous

beau-ty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams; Where the air is pure e-the-real, La-den
 CHO. Is not this the land of Beau-lah, Bless-ed,

D.S. for Chorus.
 with the breath of flowers, They are bloom-ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthine bowers.
 bless-ed land of light? Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

- 2 I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide;
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied;
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
 Nor adorning, rich and gay,
 For I've found a richer treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.
- 3 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;

- And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the cross.
- 4 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the cross, thou needst not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

REV. WM. HUNTER. Abbr.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I71 LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, 1847.

I Lord of all be-ing; throned a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;
Cen-ter and soul of ev-ery sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!

I72 L. M.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>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!</p> <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.</p> <p>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!</p> | <p>1 How sweet the praise, how high the theme,
To sing of Him who rules supreme;
Who dwells at God's right hand on high,
Yet looks on us with tender eye!</p> <p>2 The angelic host, in countless throngs,
Recount His glories in their songs,
And golden harps salute His ear;
Yet our weak praise He deigns to hear.</p> <p>3 The planets roll their orbits round;
Unnumbered worlds, in space profound,
Are ruled by Him, by Him controlled;
Yet He's the Shepherd of our fold.</p> <p>4 Exalted high upon His throne,
The universe is all His own;
Untold the honors He doth wear;
Yet we are objects of His care.</p> |
|---|--|

OLIVER W. HOLMES, 1848.

BENJAMIN SKENE.

I73 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON, 1782.

FINE. *D.C.*

1 } My gracious Redeemer I love! His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
} And join, with the armies above, To shout His adorable name. }
D.C. And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless, ineffable joy. } To gaze on His glories divine Shall be my eternal employ,

- 2 You palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

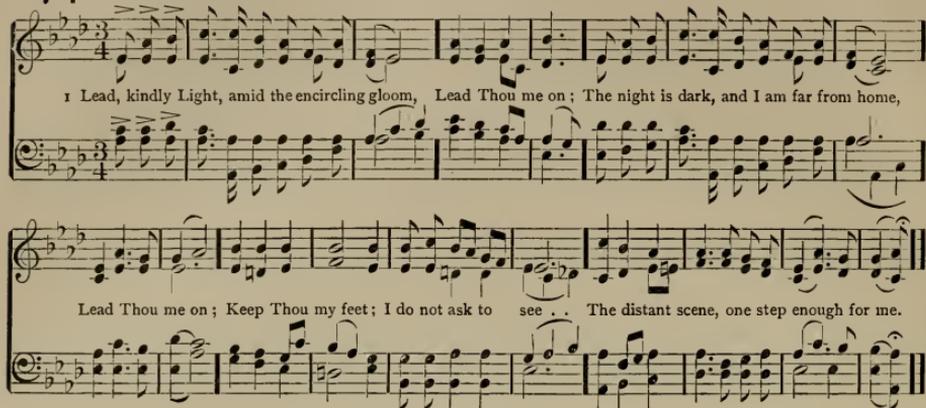
The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows —
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS, 1787. Abbt.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

I74 LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s, 10s.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



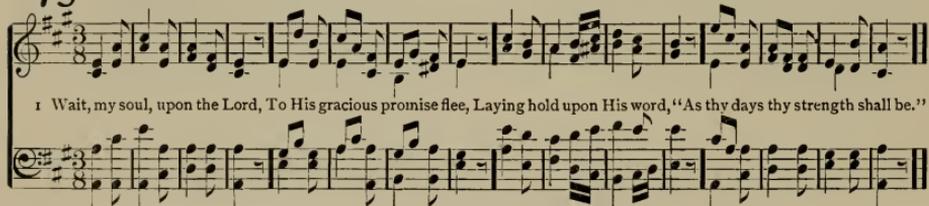
1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . . The distant scene, one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
- 3 So long Thy Power hast blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

JOHN H. NEWMAN, 1833.

I75 HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER S. VON WARTENSEE, 1786.



1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord, To His gracious promise flee, Laying hold upon His word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace —
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
- This is still thy sweet relief —
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure —
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1835.

I76 7s.

- 1 PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask — but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.
- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my Lord, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One forevermore with Thee!

MARY A. S. BARBER, 1838.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I77 ELLESDIE. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART, arr.

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

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
D.S. Pre - cious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here I'll sit, for - ev - er view - ing Mer - cy's streams in streams of blood.

2 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

3 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.
Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

JAMES ALLEN, 1757. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1774. Alt.

I78 8s, 7s. D.

1 GLORY to the almighty Father
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, His wandering sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.
To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sin and sorrows bore.

2 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each pure emotion;
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.
Thus, while our glad hearts, ascending,
Glorify Jehovah's name,
Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
There the theme is still the same.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831. Abbr.

I79 8s, 7s. D.

1 ALWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer, and words of love,
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.
With us when the storm is sweeping,
O'er our pathway dark and drear,
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

2 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
Like the ancient prophet's dream.
Always with us, always with us,
Pilot on the surging main,
Guiding to the distant haven,
Where we shall be home again.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, 1858. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

180 ARMSTRONG. 8s, 7s. D.

Arr. by EMMELAR.

1 There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea: There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, D.S. There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour;

Which is more than lib-er-ty. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is heal-ing in His blood.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849. Abbr.

181 8s, 7s. D.

1 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, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

2 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

3 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 joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

182 8s, 7s. D.

1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our griefs and sins 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.

4 Blessed Jesus, Thou hast promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear,
May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory, bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for prayer;
Rapture, praise, and endless worship,
Shall be our sweet portion there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1855. Abbr

GENERAL PRAISE.

183 REFUGE. 7s. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1 Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly While the bil - lows near me

roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sa - viour! hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

Used by per.

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found, --
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

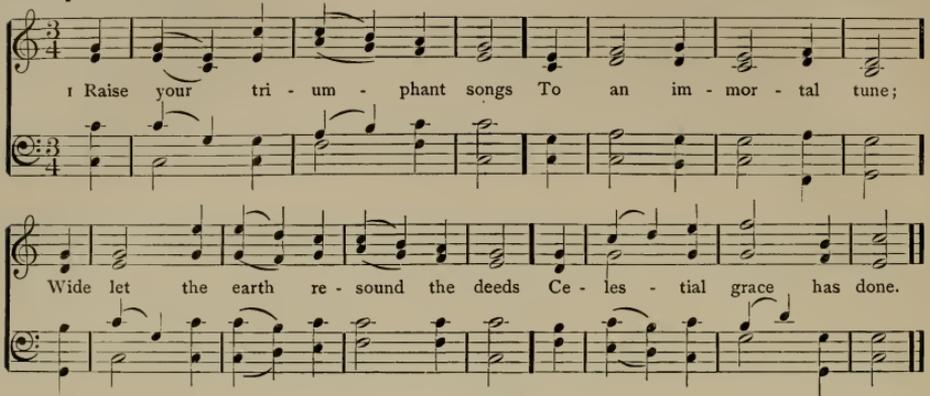
SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.
D.C.

1 { Jesus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly } { Hide me, O my Sa - viour! hide, }
{ While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D.C. Safe in - to the haven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

184 FERGUSON. S. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.



1 Raise your tri - um - phant songs To an im - mor - tal tune;
Wide let the earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of His love,
And take the offered peace.
- 4 Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

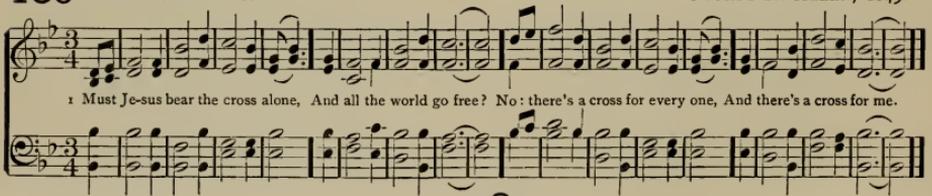
185 S. M.

- 1 GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To Him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.
- 2 The comforts He affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.
- 3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to His glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

ANON.

186 MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN, 1849.



1 Must Je - sus 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 sorrowing 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.
- 4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

THOMAS SHEPHERD, 1692.
GEORGE N. ALLEN, alt. 1852.

187 C. M.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.
- 3 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all Thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

JOHN CENNICK, 1745.

GENERAL PRAISE.

I88 STILL WATER. 11s, 10s.

Spiritual Songs, 1833.

1 The Lord is my Shep - herd, He makes me re - pose Where the
2 He strength-ens my spir - it, He shows me the path, Where the

pas - tures in beau - ty are grow - ing, He leads me a - far from the
arms of His love shall en - fold me, And when I walk through the dark

world and its woes, Where in peace the still wa - ters are flow - ing.
val - ley of death, His rod and His staff will up - hold me!

WILLIAM KNOX.

I89 11s, 10s.

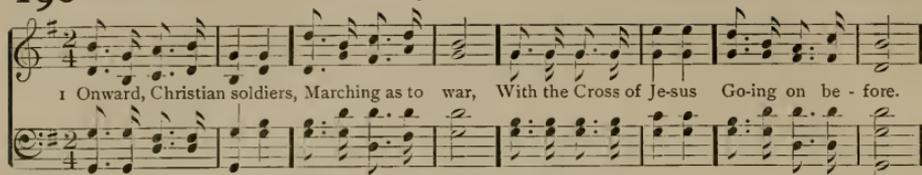
- 3 Oh! why should I stray with the flocks of Thy
foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and
woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving?
- 2 Oh! tell me the place where Thy flock are at 4 Oh! when shall my foes and my wandering
rest, cease?
Where the noontide will find them reposing. And the follies that fill me with weeping!
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed, Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
And the pathway of peace I am losing. Thou dost give to the flock Thou art keeping.
- 5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where His footprints are lying:
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
O lone one, now homeward be flying!

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1833. Abbr

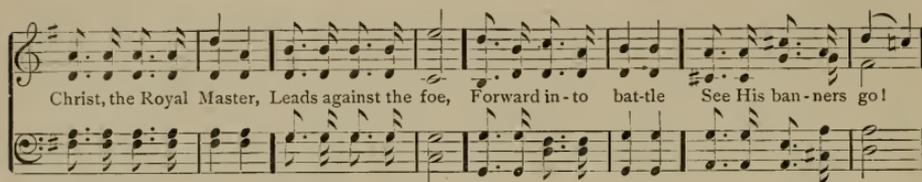
THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

190 MARCHING AS TO WAR. 6s, 5s. D.

WM. A. MAY.

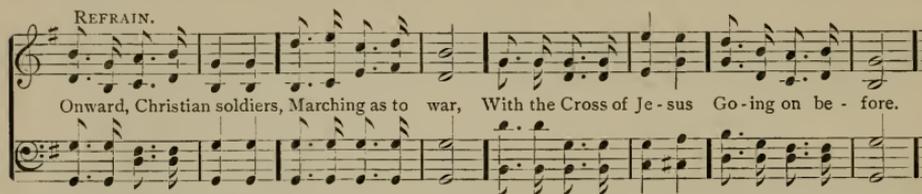


1 Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.



Christ, the Royal Master, Leads against the foe, Forward in-to bat-tle See His ban-ners go!

REFRAIN.



Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

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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.

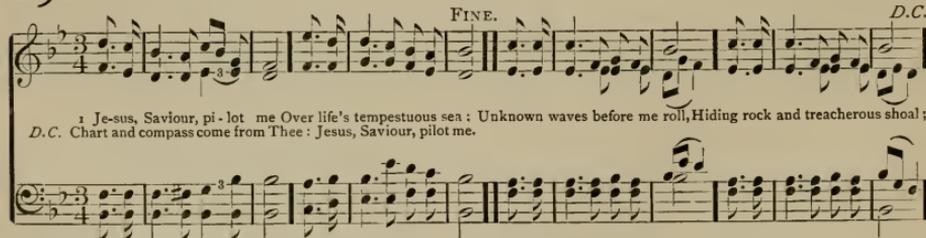
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail!

4 Onward then, ye people,
 Join the happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices,
 In triumphant song!
 Glory, laud and honor,
 Unto Christ the King,
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing!

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865. Abbr.

191 PILOT. 7s. 6l.

J. E. GOULD.



1 Je-sus, Saviour, pi-lot me Over life's tempestuous sea: Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
 D.C. Chart and compass come from Thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
 May I hear Thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot Thee!"

EDWARD HOPFER, 1871-

GENERAL PRAISE.

I92 PRAISES TO OUR KING. 6s, 5s. D.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1 Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voices rais - ing Praises to our King.

All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voices rais - ing Praises to our King.
Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voices rais - ing

2 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, 1862. Abbr.

I93 BOWRING. 8s, 7s.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, arr.

1. Worship, honor, glory, blessing, Lord! we offer to Thy name; Young and old, Thy praise expressing, Join their Saviour to proclaim.

2 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

EDWARD OSLER, 1836.

I95 8s, 7s.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

I94 DOXOLOGY. 8s, 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

ANON, 1827.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

196 AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

Old Melody.

1 { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me, }
 I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, }
 D. S. Was blind, but now I see,
 To meet to part no more

Was blind, but now I see, I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 On Canaan's hap-py shore, Then we shall meet at Je-sus' feet, Shall meet to part no more.

Coda (to be sung or omitted at pleasure). D. S.
 Oh, that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful, Oh, that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more.

197 C. M.

- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved:
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

- 1 LET saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone:
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family — we dwell in Him —
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream —
 The narrow stream of death;
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Even now, by faith, we join our hands
 With those that went before,
 And greet the ransomed blessèd bands
 Upon the eternal shore.
- 5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide;
 And, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759. Abbr.

GENERAL PRAISE.

198 DENNIS. S. M.

HANS. G. NAGELI, arr., 1849.



1 How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.

199 C. M.

- 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
O drop your burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

- 1 My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength
To see my Father, God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Abbr.

200 EVAN. C. M.

WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.



1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so ful-ful His word!

201 C. M.

- 2 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.
- 3 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, 1792. Abbr.

- 1 My soul shall praise Thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

OTTIWELL HEGNBOTHOM, 1799. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

202 THE PEACE OF GOD. P. M.

WM. A. MAY.

Moderato.

1 How blest the heart that knows Thy peace, The peace that flow-eth as a riv - er;

So calm, so clear, it ne'er shall cease, But broad and deep, flows on for - ev - - er.

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- 2 Thou carest for me, Thou say'st, my Lord;
And Thou art God! there's none above Thee!
All things according to Thy word,
Shall work for good to them that love Thee.
- 3 Then let me cast on Thee my care;
Dwell in Thy smile when days are dreary,

- Trust Thee through all, howe'er it fare:
Rest in Thine arms when faint and weary.
- 4 But, more than all, grant me the grace,
To do Thy will, O gracious giver;
Then may I hope to know Thy peace —
The peace that floweth as a river.

ELSIE DUNDEE. Arr.

203 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, arr.

1 { O, hap - py day, that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sa - viour and my God! }
{ Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

S. CHORUS. *FINE.* *D.S.*
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re-joic - ing ev - ery day; }

- 2 'Tis done, — the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;

- Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 4 High heaven that hears 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, 1755.

GENERAL PRAISE.

204 COMFORT. 6s, 9s.

R. D. HUMPHREYS, 1826.

1 Oh, how hap-py are they Who their Sa-viour o - bey, And have laid up their treas-ure a-bove;

Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

2 That sweet comfort is mine,
When the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb.
When I truly believe
What great joy I receive!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'T is a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song:
Oh, that all His salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cry,
"He did suffer and die
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I am perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. Sl. alt.

205 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

DEODATUS DUTTON, JR., 1829.

1 I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

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

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

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

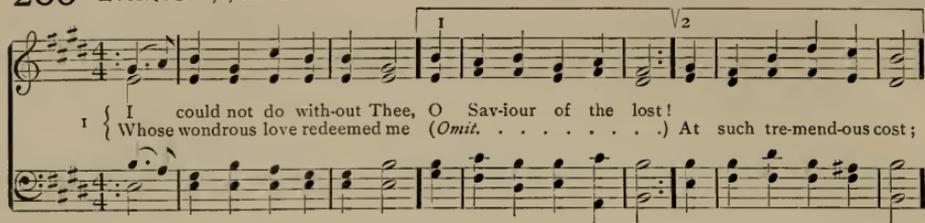
5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. PHOEBE H. BROWN, 1818.

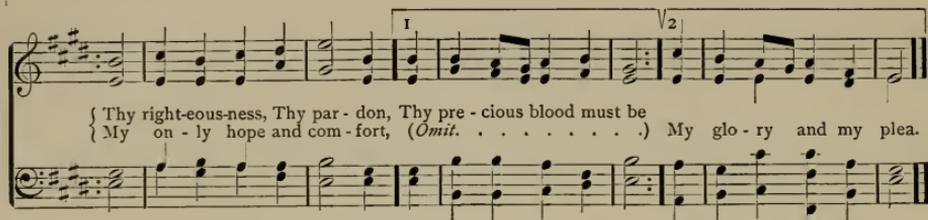
THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

206 EVARTS. 7s, 6s. D.

ANON.



1 I could not do without Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost!
 Whose wondrous love redeemed me (Omit.) At such tre-mend-ous cost;



{ Thy right-ous-ness, Thy par-don, Thy pre-cious blood must be
 My on-ly hope and com-fort, (Omit.) My glo-ry and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
 I cannot stand alone,
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own;
 But Thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And perfect strength in weakness
 Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
 For, oh, the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.
 How could I do without Thee?
 I do not know the way;
 Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee!
 For life is fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be past.
 But Thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be with me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL, 1873.

2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack:
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim:
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been:
 My hope I cannot measure;
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850

208

7s, 6s. D.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along?
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And Him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly;
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply:
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the hymn around,
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound!

JAMES EDMESTON, 1822. Alt.

207 7s, 6s. D.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

GENERAL PRAISE.

209 C. M.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free:
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

JOHN NEEDHAM, 1768.

210 C. M.

- 1 GOD's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
- 2 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 3 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world thro' shame,
And beckons thee His road.
- 4 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1848. Abbt.

211 MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN, arr., 1851.

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav - enly theme, And speak some bound - less thing;
The might - y works or might - ier name Of our e - ter - nal King.

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the sky;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Proclaims it from on high.
- 4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

212 DOXOLOGY. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord!

ANON.

213 C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
While Christ, the atoning Lamb, appears
To show that God is love.
- 3 Behold, His loving kindness waits
For those who from Him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.
- 4 O may we all, while here below,
This blest of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

GEORGE BURDER, 1784.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

214 PRAISE SONG. S. M. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

I I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love di - vine, And with un-falt-ering

lip and heart, I call the Sa-voir mine. His cross dis-pels each doubt; I bur - y in His

tomb Each thought of un - be - lief and fear, Each lin - gering shade of gloom.

215 S. M. D.

2 I praise the God of peace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
In Him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.

3 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me;
I live because He lives.
My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

2 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.
To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own our gracious God.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1863. Abbr.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

GENERAL PRAISE.

216 MORGAN. 108.

WM. A. MAY.

I Wilt Thou me guide, as o'er life's rugged way, Footsore and weak I wander, day by day?

And when to me there cometh sin's un-rest, Wilt Thou me guide in - to Thy ref-uge blest?

Copyright, 1898, by SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

- 2 Wilt Thou me guide, when joy fills all my soul,
And I in strength press forward toward my goal?
Lest I should fail, and tempted, turn aside,
Wilt Thou me guide, O, wilt Thou, wilt Thou guide?
- 3 Wilt Thou me guide, when grief on me has flung
A bitter woe, and sorrow's song is sung?
When hope hath fled and faith is almost gone,
Wilt Thou me guide, wilt Thou me guide alone?
- 4 Wilt Thou me guide, when, at life's twilight hour
The shadows fall on me with chilling power?
When evening comes, may I in Thee confide,
That, in the darkness, Thou may'st be my guide?

WM. A. MAY.

217 WOODLAND. C. M. 51.

NATHANIEL D. GOULD, 1832.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distress, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found above, in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1818. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

218 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE J. PLEYEL, 1800.

1 Children of the Heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light,
Zion's city is in sight;

There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

219 AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s. D.

JAMES NARES, 1778.

1 { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
{ Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Toward heaven, thy native place; } Sun and moon and stars de-ay;

Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season,—and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1748. Abbr

GENERAL PRAISE.

220 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 GOD of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.
- 2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

221 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by Thee;
We are Thine; oh, leave us never,
Till Thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise Thee
Through a bright eternity.
- 2 Precious is Thy word of promise,
Precious to Thy people here;
Never take Thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May Thy name our spirits cheer.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

222 GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

JEAN J. ROUSSEAU, 1750.

1 Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing,

Triumph in re-deem-ing grace; Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us, Traveling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1774. Abbr.

223 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 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 forever, yea, forever,
In Thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from Thee.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

224 BLESSED THOUGHT! L. M. D.

WM. A. MAY.

1 O Love Divine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear, On thee we cast each earth-born care,
 2 Though long the wea-ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year, No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear, The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,

REFRAIN.

We smile at pain while thou art near.
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near. While Thou art, Thou art near, While Thou art, Thou art near, We smile at pain while
 Shall soft-ly tell us Thou art near.

Thou art near, Thou art near,

Thou art near. . . . On Thee we cast each burdening care, O Love Di-vine! for-ev - er dear.

Smile at pain while Thou art near.

O. W. HOLMES, 1848.

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225 L. M. D.

- 1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be
 Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me!

REFRAIN.

He leadeth, leadeth me!
 He leadeth, leadeth me!
 By His own love, constraineth me,
 His faithful servant I would be,
 For by His love He leadeth me!

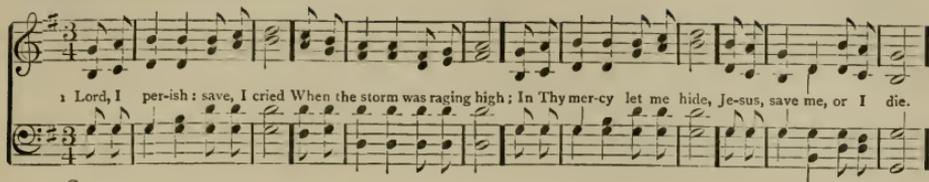
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea, —
 Still 't is His hand that leadeth me!
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine;
 Content whatever lot I see,
 Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When by Thy grace the victory 's won,
 Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE, 1859. Sl. alt.

GENERAL PRAISE.

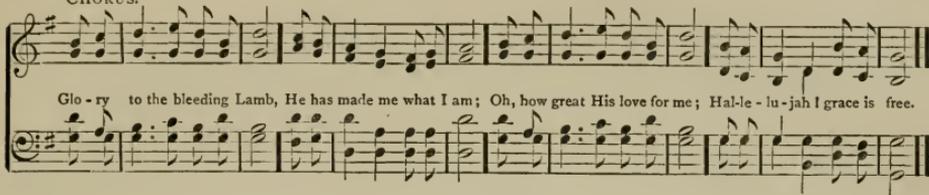
226 GRACE IS FREE. 7s.

ANON.



1 Lord, I per-ish : save, I cried When the storm was raging high ; In Thy mer-cy let me hide, Je-sus, save me, or I die.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb, He has made me what I am ; Oh, how great His love for me ; Hal-le - lu - jah I grace is free.

227 7s.

- 2 Helpless at the cross I lay,
All my hope had wellnigh fled,
Jesus took my sins away,
Jesus raised my drooping head.
- 3 Then I heard a voice divine
Gently bid me look and live ;
Oh, what rapture now is mine !
Joy the world can never give.
- 4 Saviour, with my latest breath
Pardoning grace my theme shall be,
Till I cross the waves of death,
Till I anchor safe with Thee.

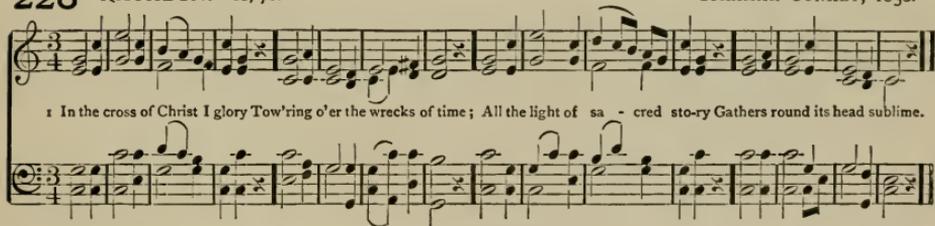
- 1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 3 Love in loving finds employ —
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

ANON.

MISS JANE E. LEESON, 1842. ABBR.

228 RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1850.



1 In the cross of Christ I glory Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time ; All the light of sa - cred sto-ry 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 lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

229 8s, 7s.

- 1 LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne :
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn !
- 2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, my rest shall be !
- 3 O may I, no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way !

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

HORATIUS BONAR

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

230 FORWARD! THE WATCHWORD. 6s, 5s.

From FRANCIS J. HAYDN, 1797.

I Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind:

Burns the fiery pil - lar, At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led?

REFRAIN.

Forward! in the con - flict, Through the toil and flight Foes must fall before us, God will speed the right.

2 Forward! out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light!
 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him,
 One day to be shared!

3 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours!
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might,
 Lovers of your country,
 Forward into light!

HENRY ALFORD, 1865. Abbr.

231 6s, 5s.

1 SONS of freemen! ever
 Strive for liberty.
 In the Spirit's freedom,
 Be then, truly free!
 Daily, in the conflict
 Between right and wrong,
 Drive all evil from you,
 Dwell with God alone!

REFRAIN.

Upward, onward, heav'nward,
 Eager press along;

Only 'neath God's banner
 Sing the victor's song!
 2 Patiently possessing
 Love and godliness,
 Peace and joy within you,
 Bring to you success.
 Then, whate'er your lot is —
 Storm, or sunshine bright —
 Hope will lead you forward
 Into heavenly light.

WM. A. MAY, 1893.

GENERAL PRAISE.

232 THE LORD IS WITH THEE. 7s, 6s.

WM. A. MAY.

1 Take courage, O ye ser - vants Who labor for the Lord, Your work of love shall bring you A sure and sweet reward.

REFRAIN.

For "I, the Lord, am with thee;" O be thou not dismayed! I will not fail nor leave thee; Cheer up, be not a-fraid!

Copyright, 1888, by WM. A. MAY.

2 Cheer up, ye heavy laden,
Your Lord will help to bear
The weighty cross that grieves you,
And will your burden share.

3 Stand firm, ye tried and tempted,
Take courage and be strong;
Your sorrow and your weeping
Shall end in victory's song.

LOUISA E. LITZINGER, 1888.

233 NORWOOD. S. M.

Arr. from Swiss Melody.

1 Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undismayed; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though Thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell

Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

234 DOXOLOGY. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity.

JOHN WESLEY, 1741.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

235 NUN DANKET. P. M.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1649.

1 { Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voi - ces ;
Who won - drous things hath done, In whom the world re - joic - es ;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way,

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With them, in highest heaven !
The one Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MARTIN RINKART, 1644.
II. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

GENERAL PRAISE.

236 TAPPAN. C. M. 5l.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.

I Go, tune thy voice to sa-cred song, Ex-ert thy no - blest powers; Go, min - gle

with the cho - ral throng, The Saviour's prais - es to pro - long, A - mid life's fleet - ing hours.

2 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near the eternal throne,
Oh, sing the praise of God!

3 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how He broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

237 C. M. 5l.

1 O GOD! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the eternal Father art,
That Thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Tr. by NAHUM TATE, 1703.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

238 CEPHAS. C. M.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend His cause; Main-tain the hon-or of His word, The glory of His cross.

239 C. M.

2 Jesus, my God! — I know His name —
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

1 In every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirit up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To Thy Redeemer's name!
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

JOHN KILLINGHALL, 1741.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1849.

240 WOODWORTH. L. M.

I Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be — A mor - tal man as - hamed of Thee?

As - hamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?

241 L. M.

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 tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears 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, 1765. Alt. by BENJ. FRANCIS, 1787.

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God!
My trust is in Thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad —
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise I justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

TATE AND BRADY, 1796.

GENERAL PRAISE.

242 RUSSIA. 10 S.

ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF, 1833.

1 We praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray; We praise Thee with the glowing light of day:

All things that live and move, by sea and land, For ev-er read-y at Thy ser-vice stand.

- 2 Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
 "Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,
 By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are!"
 Grant us to echo on the song afar.
- 3 Thy name supreme, Thy kingdom, in us dwell,
 Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well:
 Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour;
 For Thine the glory, Lord, and Thine the power!

JOHANN FRANCK, Abbr.

243 HOLY CROSS. C. M.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1 O Je-sus, King most wonderful, Thou Conqueror renowned, Thou sweetness most in-ef-fa-ble, In whom all joys are found!

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
 Thou Fount of living fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire.
- 4 Jesus, may all confess Thy name,
 Thy wondrous love adore;
 And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1153.

Tr. by E. CASWALL, 1849.

244 C. M.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
 To God, the sovereign King!
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
 His heavenly guards around
 Attend Him rising through the sky,
 With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth His honor sing;
 O'er all the earth He reigns.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Abbr.

245 DOXOLOGY. C. M.

- 1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore!

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

246 LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON, 1781.

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

Your joy ful hom-age pay: Come bless the day that God hath blest, Come

Come bless the day that God hath blest, Come bless the day that

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

God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.

- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

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

ELIZABETH SCOTT, 1756.
THOMAS COTTERILL, 1810. Abbr.

247 DOXOLOGY. H. M.

O GOD, for ever blest,
To Thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870.

248 H. M.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return; —
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

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

HAYWARD, 1806.

THE LORD'S DAY.

249 DAY OF REST. 7s. 6s. D.

Rev. T. S. WYNKOOP, 1893.

1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and

sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On Thee, the high and low - - ly, Bend -

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

Used by per.

- 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 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.

- 4 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, 1862.

250 7s, 6s. D.

- 1 THY holy day's returning
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to Thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn Thy holy law.
- 2 We join to sing Thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with Thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

RAY PALMER, 1834

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

251 ERNAN. 10s.

LOWELL MASON, 1850.

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

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

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

3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

WILLIAM MASON, 1796.

252 MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. MORNINGTON.

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

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

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

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

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, 1832. Abbr.

253 S. M.

1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy ward,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when the night wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829. Abbr.

THE LORD'S DAY.

254 BLEST DAY. C. M.

J. LEMPRIERE HAMMOND, 1898.

Moderato.

1 Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days, The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise.

Courtesy of the "Church Standard."

255 C. M.

- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

JOHN MASON, 1683.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread His praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1773.

256 DESIRE. L. M.

ANON.

1 { Blest hour! when mortal man re-tires To hold com-mu-nion with his God, } And lis-ten to the sa-cred word.
{ To send to heaven his warm de-sires, Omit. }

257 C. M.

- 2 Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour! when God Himself draws nigh,
Well pleased His people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts —
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven!

THOMAS RAFFLES, 1828.

- 1 AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day He rose, who bore our sins,
For so His word records.
- 2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great, victorious King,
And welcome Him on high.
- 3 Hail! mighty Saviour! Thee we hail,
Who fillest the throne above!
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing Thy matchless love.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

258 MORNING PRAISE. 11S. 10S.

Arr. from LICHNER.

1 Now when the dusk-y shades of night re-treat - ing, Be-fore the sun's red ban-ner swift-ly flee ; . . .

Now, when the ter-rors of the dark are flee-ing, O, Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee. . .

- 2 To Thee, whose word the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.
- 3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still ;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy Holy Hill.
- 4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.
- 5 Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest ;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose Name by men and angels is confest.

ENGLISH HYMNARY, 1853.

259 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, A- | men.

MORNING AND EVENING.

260 NICÆA. P. M.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

1 Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty-y! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;

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

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER, 1827. Abbr.

261 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1 Now with creation's morning song Let us, as children of the day, With wakened heart and purpose strong, The works of darkness cast away.

- 2 Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill!
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.
- 3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
- 4 Grant us, O God, in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below;
Faith, the invisible to see;
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

Roman Breviary. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

262 DUDLEY. L. M.

WM. A. MAY.

I O Lord, go with me through this day, Keep me in all I think or say;

Oh, may my eyes no e - vil see, My list - 'ning ears hear on - ly Thee.

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263 L. M.

- 2 May my slow feet be quick to move,
In paths of righteousness and love ;
Thy peace my heart's sole comfort be,
Because Thy servant trusts in Thee.
- 3 If Thou shalt call me, Lord, to share
Thy cross, its agony and fear,
With grace upborne, and cloth'd with light,
I shall not falter in the fight.
- 4 At even-time, my day's work done,
Its battles fought, its vict'ry won,
May I look up Thy face to see,
And catch Thy beaming smile on me.

JAMES H. DUDLEY, 1896.

- 1 My God! how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

264 NAVARRE. 7s.

Attributed to THIBAUT, King of Navarre.

As the sun doth dai-ly rise, Bright-ening all the morning skies, So to Thee with one ac-cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord !

- 2 Thou, by whom all things are fed,
Give us for the day our bread ;
Strength unto our souls afford
From the Bread of heaven, O Lord !
- 3 Be our guard in sin and strife ;
Be the leader of our life ;

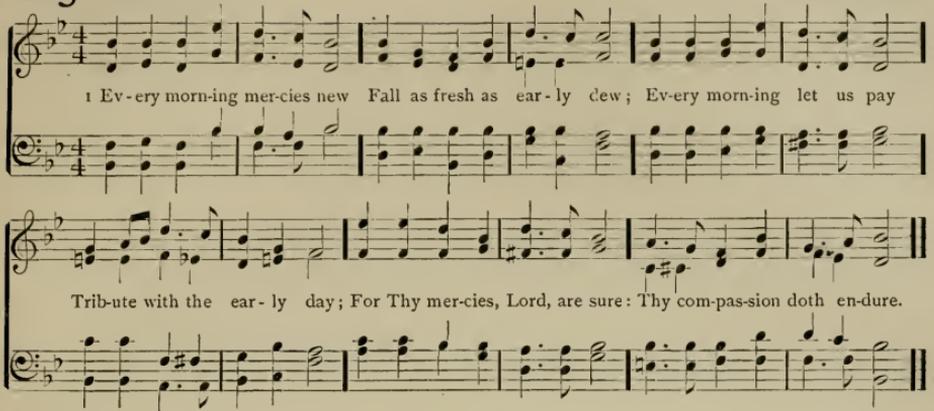
- While we daily search Thy Word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord !
- 4 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strengthening grace out-poured
Save the tempted ones, O Lord !

KING ALFRED, (tr. EARL NELSON, 1864

MORNING AND EVENING.

265 KELSO. 7s. 6l.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1872.



1 Ev-ery morn-ing mer-cies new Fall as fresh as ear-ly dew; Ev-ery morn-ing let us pay
Trib-ute with the ear-ly day; For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure: Thy com-pas-sion doth en-dure.

266 7s. 6l.

- 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.
- 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail:
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the bread of life;
Fit us for our daily strife.
- 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailling prayer and praise.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1868.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

267 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

ANON.

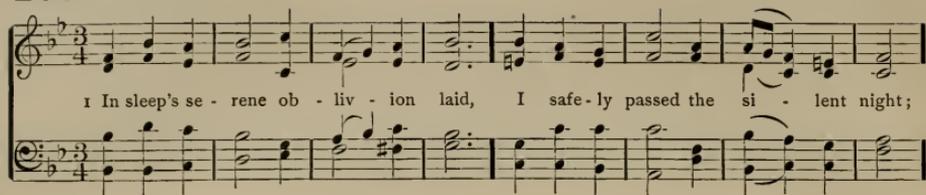


- 1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that | trespass · a- | gainst — | us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

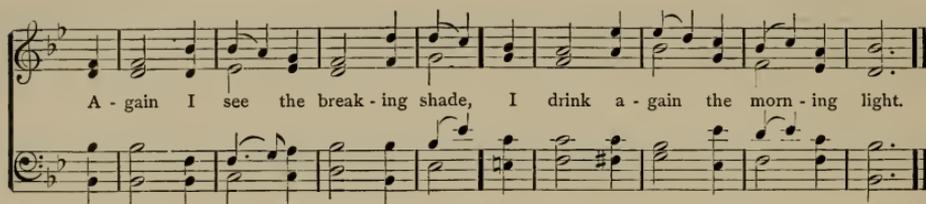
THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

268 GERMANY. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



I In sleep's se - rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly passed the si - lent night;



A - gain I see the break - ing shade, I drink a - gain the morn - ing light.

269 L. M.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze ;
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, 1773.

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

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

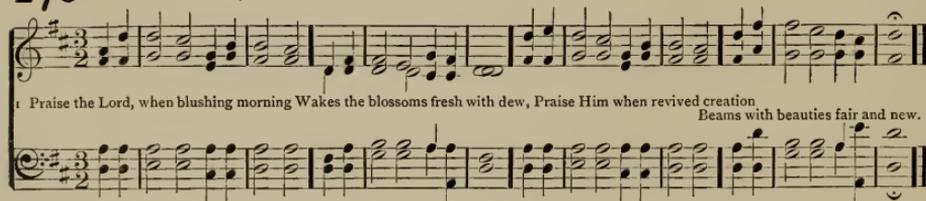
3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me when I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 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, 1697. Abbr.

270 SEELYE. 8s. 7s.

ANON.



1 Praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew, Praise Him when revived creation Beams with beauties fair and new.

2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers ;
Praise, thou willow, by the brook-side,
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers.

3 Praise the Lord, and may His blessing
Guide us in the way of truth ;
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

JOHANN S. PATZKE, 1780.
Tr. ANON., 1844.

MORNING AND EVENING.

271 EVENTIDE. 10 s.

Arr. fr. German, WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.

1 A - bid e with me ; fast falls the e - ven - tide ; The darkness deep - ens ; Lord, with me a - bid e !

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

- 2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
- 4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847. Abbr.

272 HURSLEY. L. M.

Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.

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

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake
Ere through the world my way I take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.
- 273 L. M.
- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 3 Faith in His Name forbids my fear ;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart ;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. Abbr.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

274 EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1560.

1 Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light : Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings !
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

275 L. M.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 Oh, let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. Abbr.

- 1 GREAT God ! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.
- 3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus ; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God !
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

276 STOCKWELL. 8s. 7s.

DARIUS E. JONES, 1847.

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

- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?
- 3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon Thy breast ;
Till the morning ; then awake me —
Morning of eternal rest !

Mrs. CAROLINE S. SMITH, 1856. Abbr.

277 8s, 7s.

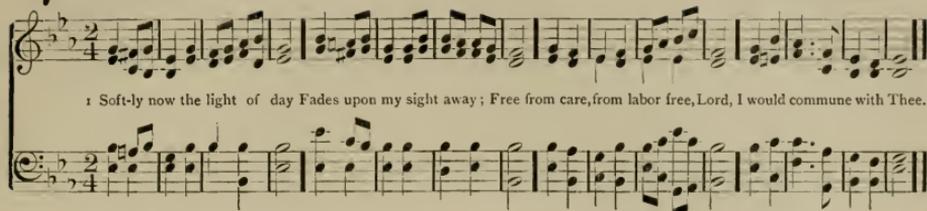
- 1 SAVIOUR ! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.
- 3 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820. Abbr.

MORNING AND EVENING.

278 HOLLEY. 7s.

GEORGE HEWS, 1835.



1 Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away ; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.

279 7s.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away :
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

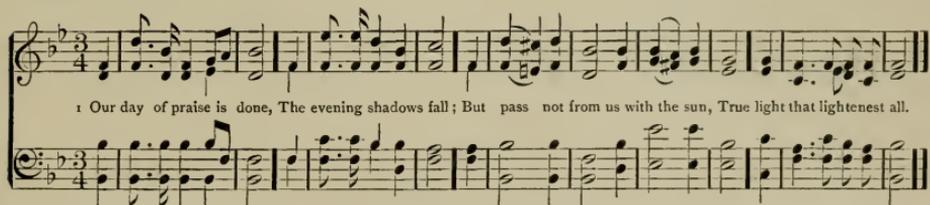
GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

- 1 STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek Thy face ;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray ;
Grant us Thy reviving grace.
- 2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light ;
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.
- 2 Sun of righteousness, dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears ;
May Thy light within us dwell
Till eternal day appears.

RAY PALMER, 1834.

280 BRADEN. S. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.



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

281 S. M.

- 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 Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867. Abbr.

- 1 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 !

JOHN M. NEALE, 1844

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

282 BETHLEHEM! P. M.

GEORGE A. BURDETT.

Brightly.

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

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- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

- No ear may know His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

283 7s. D.

- 1 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, 1857.

284 HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1846.

1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" { Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise, } With the angelic host proclaim,
{ Join the triumph of the skies; }

"Christ is born in Beth-lehem!" With the an - gel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth-le - hem!"

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb;
Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

- 3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

285 CAROL. C. M. D.

RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1849.

1 It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From Heaven's all - gra - cious King;"

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing!

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing!
- 3 And ye beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow, —

- Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
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 ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing!

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

286 ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. from HANDEL, by LOWELL MASON, 1836.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Repeat the sounding joy.
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
- He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

287 C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join And chant the solemn lay; Joy, love, and gratitude combine To hail the auspicious day.
2 In heaven the rapturous song began, And sweet seraphic fire Through all the shining legions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 With joy the chorus we'll repeat, — "Glory to God on high! Good-will and peace are now complete; Jesus was born to die!"
4 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail! Redeemer, Brother, Friend! Though earth, and time, and life shall fail, Thy praise shall never end!

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1782. Abbr.

288 DIX. 7s. 6l.

CONRAD KOCHER, arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK, 1868.

1 { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star be-hold: } So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to Thee.
As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;

- 2 As with joyful 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.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1859.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

289 HOLY VOICES. 8s. 7s. D.

HENRY SMART, 1860.

1 Hark! what mean those ho-ly voic-es, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies? Lo! the an-gel-ic

host re-joic-es, Heavenly al-le-lu-ias rise. Lis-ten to the wondrous sto-ry Which they chant in

hymns of joy:—"Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God Most High!"

2 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God Most High!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

JOHN CAWOOD, 1819.

290 GLORY BE TO GOD.

GREGORIAN.

Glory be to God on high, And on earth peace, good-will to men. A - MEN.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, ||
We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory. AMEN.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

291 GLORY TO GOD. P. M.

Arr. from LOHENGRIN.

1 "Glo-ry to God! peace on the earth! Good-will to men!" sang the an-gels a-bove;

Glo-ry to God! peace on the earth! Good-will to men! — sound the chorus of love!

D. S. Come let us sing — sing of His grace, Grateful thanksgiving shall (Omit.)

ut - ter His praise.

Bright dawns the morning, when heav'n is so near; Sweet be our an-them, for Je-sus is here,

2 Praise ye the Lord! lift to His name
 High hallelujahs from each happy voice;
 Strike the loud chord! praise ye the Lord!
 Let every soul in His glory rejoice!
 Oh, for a strain such as angels repeat,
 When the redeem'd cast their crowns at His
 feet;
 "Worthy the Lamb! once He was slain,
 Now on His throne He is reigning again!"

3 O Christ of God! risen and crowned!
 Come with Thy presence, Thy Spirit impart!
 Come with Thy love! come with Thy power!
 Breathe on our souls, and enrich every heart!
 Sad were Thy sufferings, shameful Thy cross,
 Sharing our punishment, bearing our loss;
 Now, Lord of all, Thee we adore!
 Bring we our souls to be Thine evermore!

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

292 P. M.

1 O STARRY night, thy silver light
 Doth o'er the world its rare radiance shed;
 Just as of old, when, we are told,
 Men to the babe in a manger were led.
 As through the ages cometh thy sweet song,
 First given to earth by celestial throng;
 So, for all men, still shines thy bright star,
 And to all men speeds thy story afar.

2 Peace among men! sing it again!
 Hark to the chorus now girdling the earth!
 Good will to all! It is God's call,
 Telling the nations of Christ's glorious birth.
 Peace and good will to all men, let us sing,
 Glory to God! let the chiming bells ring!
 Heaven and earth with joy now resound —
 Hope, Love and Grace for all men, now abound.

WM. A. MAY, 1898.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

293 CRUCIFIX. 7s. 6s.

Greek Melody. Arr. by HASLAM.

1 { O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, } O sacred Head, what glo - ry,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns Thine only crown;

What bliss, till now was Thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

- O make me Thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee!
- 4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
And for some 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, 1153,
Tr. by J. W. ALEXANDER, 1849.

294 LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M.

JOSEPH BARNEV, 1862.

1 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar, And gaze upon Thy holy cross, In love of Thee and scorn of self, O, may we count the world as loss.

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O Holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,

- Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below, —
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

295 WONDROUS CROSS.

W. L. MASON.

1 When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I

CHORUS.

count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering
cross of Christ I glo - ry,

o'er . . . the wrecks of time ; All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub - lime.
Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

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- 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, 1707. Abbr.

DONCASTER. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER, 1787.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

296 AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1 A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He de- vote that

CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I? At the cross, at the cross, where I

first saw the light And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way,
rolled a - way,

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON. Used by per.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

297 WAVERTREE. L. M. 61.

WILLIAM SHORE, 1840.

1 { Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows; } My heart is pained, nor can it be,
I see from far Thy beauteous light, I tuly I sigh for Thy repose; } At rest till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,

Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GERARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

298 FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Western Melody. Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1 There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins; And sin - ners, plunged be -

FINE. D. S.

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou 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 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

299 ESSEX. 7s. 5l.

THOMAS CLARK.

1 Christ the Lord is risen a - gain, Christ hath brok - en ev - ery chain; Hark! an - gel - ic

voice - es cry, Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Bohemian Easter Hymn, 1831. C. WINKWORTH, tr. 1858.

300 ST. ALBINUS. 7s, 8s.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.

1 Jesus lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, Death, appall us: Jesus lives! and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us, Alleluia! A - MEN.

2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;

Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.

4 Jesus lives: to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT, 1757.
FRANCES E. COX. tr. 1841. Abbr

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

301 CONQUEROR. P. M.

Arr. fr. PALESTRINA.

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done, The vic-to-ry of life is won; Oh, let the song of praise be sung! Al-le-lu-ia!

302 P. M.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst:

Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,

Alleluia!

Tr. FRANCIS POTT, 1860.

1 THE rosy morn has robed the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry:

Alleluia.

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:

Alleluia.

3 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:

Alleluia.

WILLIAM COOK. Abbr.

303 FERRIER. 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

1 Hail the day that sees Him rise, To His throne above the skies; Christ, the Lamb for sinners given, Enters now the highest heaven.

2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
He hath conquered death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;

Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. Abbr.

304 7s.

1 CHRIST to heaven is gone before
In the body here He wore;
He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.

2 All the angels wondering own,
'T is our nature on the throne;
"How He lovèd them, behold!"
Trembles on the harps of gold.

3 Fear not, ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death;
And no longer now we die,
We but follow Christ on high.

4 As our Shepherd He is there,
With the comfort of His care;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to heaven is gone before.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1857. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

305 DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1868.

I Crown Him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark! how the heav-enly

an - tem drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing

Of Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

- 2 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 wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

- 3 Crown Him, the Lord of life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave;
Who rose victorious to the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

- 4 Crown Him, the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne!
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified.

306 S. M. D.

- 1 THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!

- 2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown.
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

- 3 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

MATHEW BRIDGES, 1843.

Mrs. E. L. TORR, 1851.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF CHRIST.

307 TAMWORTH. Ss, 7s, 4s.

Scotch. Arr. by CHARLES LOCKHART, 1790.

1 { Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the Man of sorrows now } Crown Him! crown Him! Crown Him! crown Him!
 { From the fight returned victorious! Every knee to Him shall bow: } Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings;
 || Crown Him! crown Him! ||
 Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels, crowd around Him!
 Own His title, praise His name!
 || Crown Him! crown Him! ||
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 || Crown Him! crown Him! ||
 King of kings and Lord of lords!

THOMAS KELLY, 1866.

308 C. M.

1 YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
 Your sweetest notes employ,
 The Paschal victory to hymn
 In strains of holy joy:
 2 How Judah's Lion burst His chains,
 And bruised the serpent's head;
 And cried aloud, through death's domains,
 To wake the imprisoned dead.
 3 From hell's devouring jaws the prey
 Alone our Leader bore;
 His ransomed hosts pursue the way
 Where He hath gone before.
 4 Right gloriously He triumphs now;
 To Him all power is given;
 To Him in one communion bow
 All saints in earth and heaven.

FULBERT, tr. by ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1850. Abbr.

309 ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.

1 O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved, Our trials and our tears; Life's thankless toil, and scant repose, Death's agonies and fears.

2 O Son of God, in glory raised,
 Thou sittest on Thy throne:
 There by Thy pleadings and Thy grace
 Still succoring Thine own.

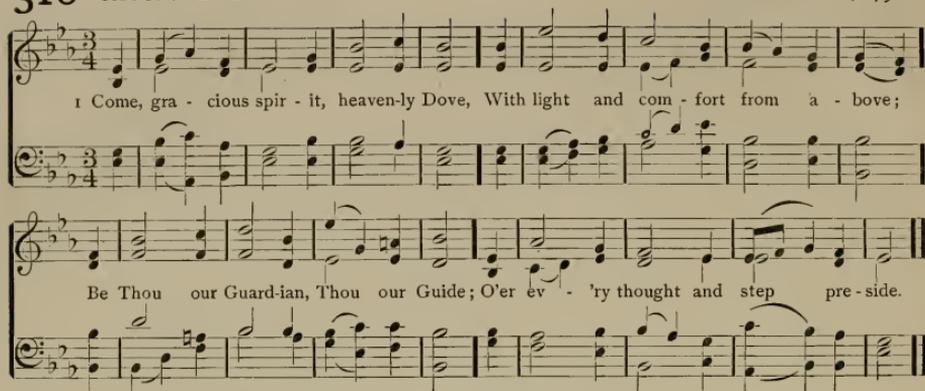
3 In all things like Thy brethren Thou
 Wast made, yet free from sin;
 Yet how unlike to us, O Lord;
 Replies the voice within.

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1835. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

310 CATON. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER, 1790.



I Come, gra - cious spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
Be Thou our Guard-ian, Thou our Guide; O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side.

- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest;
Lead us to Heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy forever there.

SIMON BROWNE, 1720.

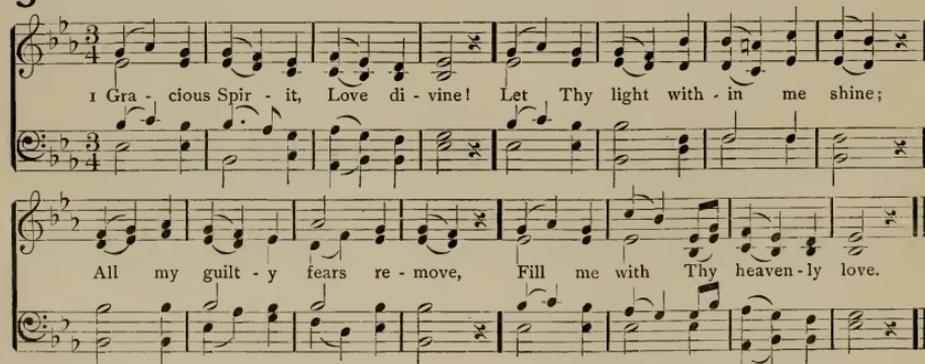
311 L. M.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let Thy sovereign power be known.
- 2 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around Thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. Abbr.

312 ELYRIA. 7s.

MARIA LUIGI CHERUBINI.



I Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine! Let Thy light with - in me shine;
All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with Thy heaven - ly love.

- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;

- Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

313 ECHO HYMN. 6s. 4s.

BRAUN, 1675.

1 Come, Ho-ly One, in love, Descending, like the dove, Shed on us from a-bove Thine own bright ray!

Di-vine-ly good Thou art; Thy sacred gifts im-part, To gladden each sad heart; Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
Enter each longing breast
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noon-tide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Brightening our every ill,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast.
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls now shine,
And make us blest!

From the Latin of KING ROBERT of France, 1031. Abbr.

314 GOULD. C. M.

JOHN E. GOULD, 1846.

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

2 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix His rest.

3 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Is His and His alone.

4 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier Thee!

315 C. M.

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

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

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

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

316 CECILIA. Ss. 7s.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.



1 The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never; I nothing lack, if I am His, And He is mine for-ev - er.

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

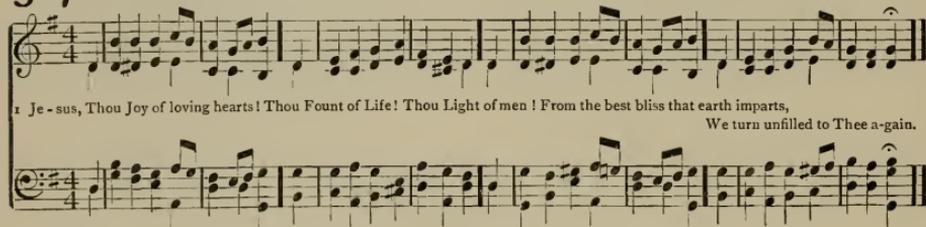
3 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

4 And so, through all the coming days,
Thy love shall fail me never,
And be the theme of all my praise
Within Thy house forever.

Sir HENRY W. BAKER, 1868. Abbr.

317 CANONBURY. L. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1839.



1 Je - sus, Thou Joy of loving hearts! Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men! From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee a-gain.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, —
To them that find Thee, All in all!

3 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, —
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy Light!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
Tr. RAY PALMER, 1858. Abbr.

2 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.

3 Jesus, Thou sweetness, pure, and blest,
Truth's fountain, Light of souls distress'd,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

4 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.

318 L. M.

1 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.

5 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.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1842.

TRUST IN CHRIST.

319 6s. 4s.

- 1 Now I have found a Friend ;
 Jesus is mine ; —
 His love shall never end ;
 Jesus is mine ;
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though earthly friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace :
 Jesus is mine.
- 2 When earth shall pass away, —
 Jesus is mine, —
 In the great judgment day, —
 Jesus is mine, —

Oh ! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

- 3 Father ! Thy name I bless ;
 Jesus is mine ;
 Thine was the sovereign grace ;
 Praise shall be Thine ;
 Spirit of holiness !
 Sealing the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus, as mine.

HENRY J. MCK. HOPE, 1852. Abbr.

320 OLIVET. 6s. 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1831.

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine ! Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine !

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart ;
 My zeal inspire ;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire !
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul !

321 6s. 4s.

- 1 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 !

RAY PALMER, 1830.

JAMES G. DECK, 1851. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

322 C. P. M.

- 1 My God! Thy boundless love I praise;
 How bright on high its glories blaze!
 How sweetly bloom below!
 It streams from Thine eternal throne,
 Through heaven its joys forever run.
 And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'T is in Thy Word I see love shine
 With grace and glory all divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiven;
 There, faith, bright cherub, points the way
 To realms of everlasting day,
 And opens all her heaven.
- 3 Then let the love that makes me blest
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
 And ardent gratitude;
 And all my thoughts and passions tend
 To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
 My soul's eternal good!

HENRY MOORE, 1810. Abbr.

323 ARIEL. C. P. M.

Arr. fr. MOZART, by LOWELL MASON, 1836.

Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine!

{ I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 { And vie with Ga-briel while he sings } In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine!
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne:
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well — the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face:
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

TRUST IN CHRIST.

324 FLEMMING. 8s. 6s.

FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING, 1810.

1 O Ho-ly Sav-our! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm thou bid'st me
lean, Help me, throughout life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee!

- 2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.
- 4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"
- 5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

325 8s. 6s.

- 1 DRAWN to the cross, which Thou hast blest
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
To find in Thee my life, my rest,
Christ crucified, I come.
- 2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years,
Yet now to Thee, with contrite tears,
Christ crucified, I come.
- 3 Wash me and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ crucified, I come.
- 4 And then for work to do for Thee
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels might well envy me,
Christ crucified, I come.

Miss G. M. IRONS, 1880.

326 CONSOLATION. 5s. 9s.

Arr.

1 { Midst sorrow and care, There 's One who is near And ev - er de-lights to re - lieve us. } bless - ing.
{ 'T is Je - sus our Friend, On whom we de - pend, For life and for all its rich (Omit. . . .) }

- 2 When trouble assails,
His love never fails,
He meets us with sweet consolation.
His bounties are free,
He hears every plea,
And welcomes the cry of the needy.

- 3 Blest mansions above,
Prepared by His love,
Are waiting, at last to receive us.
Oh, Saviour and Friend,
On whom we depend,
Our hearts shall forever adore Thee!

ANON

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

327 L. M.

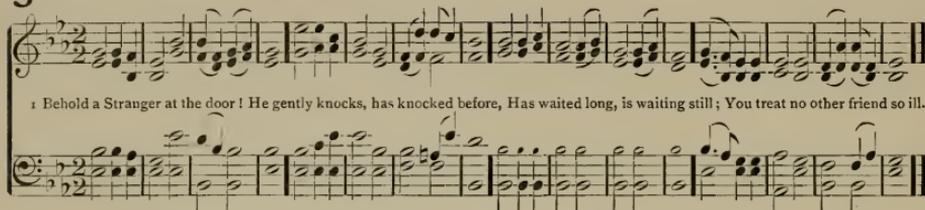
- 1 GOD calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie ?
- 2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay ?
He calls me still ; can I delay ?

- 3 God calling yet ! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait, but He does not forsake ;
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !
- 4 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
My heart I yield without delay ;
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1735.
Tr. SARAH B. FINDLATER, 1855.

328 BERA. L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD, 1849.



1 Behold a Stranger at the door ! He gently knocks, has knocked before, Has waited long, is waiting still ; You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands ;
Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

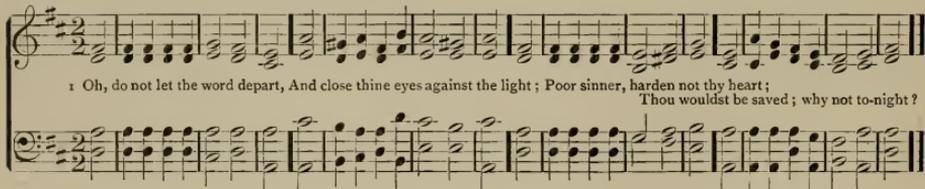
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will, the very friend you need —
The Friend of sinners ; yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

329 ASHWELL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1842.



1 Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light ; Poor sinner, harden not thy heart ;
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight ;
This is the time ; oh, then be wise !
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

- 3 Our God in pity lingers still ;
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will ;
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

- 4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite ;
Then be the work of grace begun :
Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

Mrs. ELIZABETH REED, 1825.

INVITATION.

330 OFFERED MERCY. P. M.

WM. A. MAY.

1 Oh will ye now receive Him, The bless - ed Son? He waiteth, kind, forgiving, The Ho - ly One

There is no oth - er name, There is no other way : But here is free salvation Through Jesus Christ to-day.

Copyright, 1891. Used by per.

2 The crimson tide is flowing
Down from Calvary ;
A precious fountain opened,
Sinner, for thee !
There is no other name,
There is no other way :
Accept the proffered mercy
While it is called to-day.

3 Unto " His own " He cometh,
Sinner, receive
The gift of grace and pardon :
Only believe !
There is no other name,
There is no other way :
With loving voice entreating,
The Saviour calls to-day.

Mrs. ELLEN WOOLFOLK, 1888.

331 COME UNTO ME.

ANON.

1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heav - y laden, and I will give you rest. A - MEN.

- 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and | lowly . . in | heart : || and ye shall find | rest . . un | to your | souls.
- 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden . . is | light, || for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden . . is | light.
- 4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth . . say, | Come. || And let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will, let him take the | waters . . of | life free | ly. | A - | MEN.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

332 COME UNTO ME. 7s. 6s. D.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1874.

mf UNISON. *With expression.* *mp* HARMONY.

1 "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." O bless - ed voice of
Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest! It tells of ben - e - dic - tion,
Of par - don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.

333 7s. 6s. D.

- 2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But Thou hast brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.
- 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O 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."
O 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!

- 1 O JESUS, our salvation,
Low at Thy cross we lie;
Lord, in Thy great compassion,
Hear our bewailing cry.
We come to Thee with mourning,
We come to Thee in woe;
With contrite hearts returning,
And tears that overflow.
- 2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before Thee,
We tell them one by one;
Oh, for Thy name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.
- 3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering,
Endured by Thee alone;
O Priest, O spotless offering,
Plead for us, and atone!

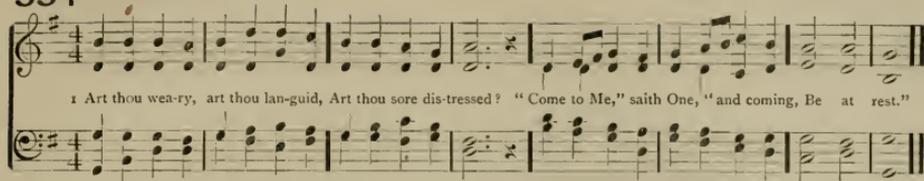
WILLIAM C. DIX, 1864.

JAMES HAMILTON, 1865. Abbr.

INVITATION.

334 STEPHANOS. P. M.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.



1 Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tressed? "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His future here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

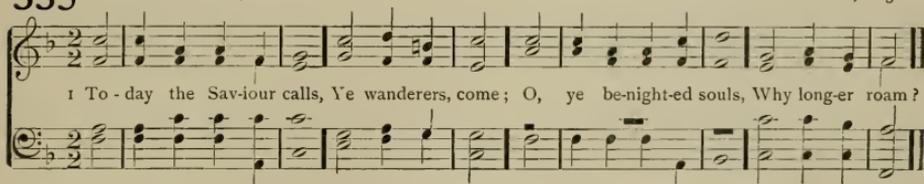
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, 8th Cent.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851.

335 TO-DAY. 6s. 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1831.



1 To-day the Sav-iour calls, Ye wanderers, come; O, ye be-night-ed souls, Why long-er roam?

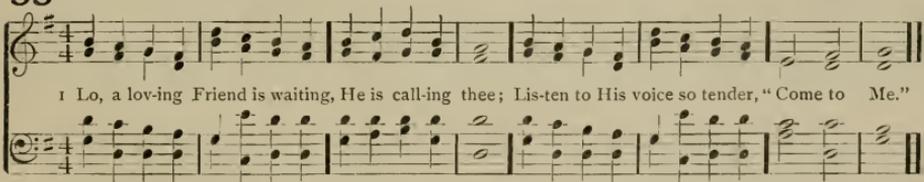
2 To-day the Saviour calls,
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power:
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1831. Abbr.

336 INVITATION. P. M.

J. COURTNEY.



1 Lo, a lov-ing Friend is waiting, He is call-ing thee; Lis-ten to His voice so tender, "Come to Me."

2 "On the cross for thee I suffered,
Death I bore for thee;
Canst thou still refuse My mercy?
Trust in Me."

3 "Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
I will set thee free;
Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,
Follow Me."

4 Many times hath Jesus spoken,
Now He speaks again:
Shall thy Saviour's invitation
Be in vain?

5 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Wilt thou still delay?
Wait no longer, sin grows stronger,
Yield to-day.

JOHN M. WIGNER, 1882.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

337 PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE.

i Pass me not, O gen - tle Sa - viour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Sa - viour, Sa - viour, Hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

Used by permission of W. H. Doane, owner of copyright.

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

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

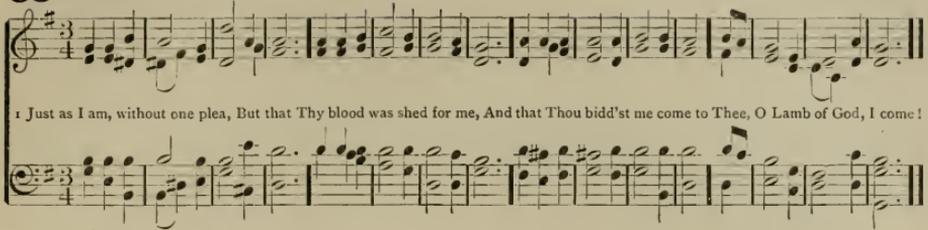
4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

REPENTANCE.

338 FREEMAN. 8s. 6s.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, 1895.



Used by per.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. Abbr.

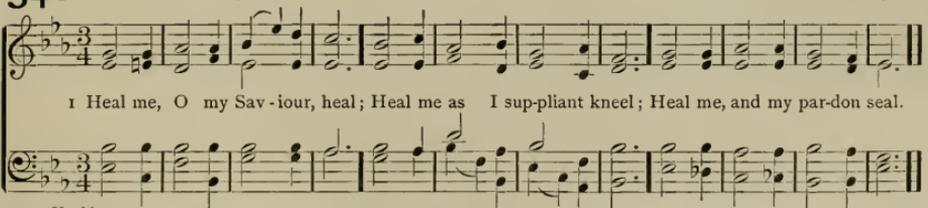
339 8s. 6s.

- 1 JUST as Thou art; to me, a child
Self banished and unreconciled,
To win through patient mercy mild,
Come, Father, unto me.
- 2 Just as Thou art; without delay,
Although to rescue me Thy way
Grows dark with Calvary's bloody day,
Come, Jesus, unto me.
- 3 Just as Thou art; my guilty soul,
Beyond my struggling will's control,
To cleanse from sin and make me whole,
Come, Spirit, unto me.
- 4 Just as Thou art; blest Three in One,
Accepting, as it were my own,
The praise of what is Thine alone;
Come, Father, Spirit, Son.

ADDISON BALLARD, sl. alt. Circ. 1895.

340 HAYNES. 7s. 3l.

HORACE L. BAKER, 1898.



Used by per.

- 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, 1866. Abbr.

341 7s. 3l.

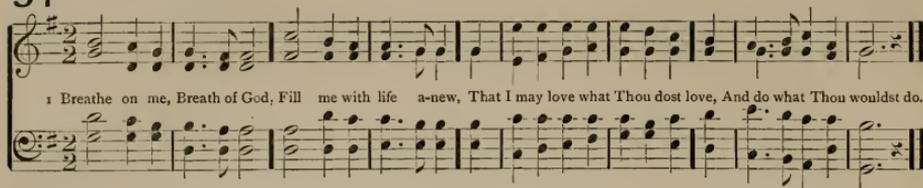
- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1844.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

342 BENEDICTUS. S. M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



1 Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a-new, That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

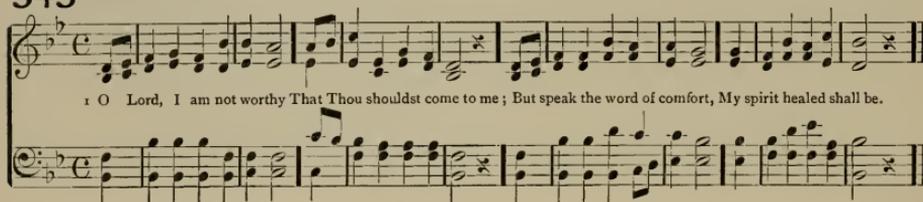
3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH.

343 AULÉ. 7s, 6s.

Arr. from Old Melody.



1 O Lord, I am not worthy That Thou shouldst come to me; But speak the word of comfort, My spirit healed shall be.

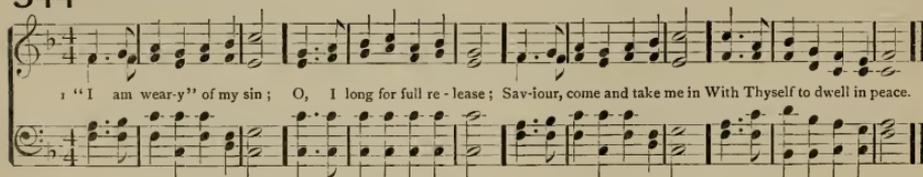
2 O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst dwell with me;
But, Saviour, I now open
My contrite heart to Thee.

3 And humbly I'll receive Thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve Thee,
Or fly Thy sweet control.

ANON.

344 WEARINESS. 7s.

ANON.



1 "I am weary" of my sin; O, I long for full re-lease; Sav-iour, come and take me in With Thyself to dwell in peace.

2 "I am weary" of my pains;
Bring me, Lord, with Thee to rest;
Change my groans to joyful strains
'Mid the concert of the blest.

3 "I am weary" of the earth,
Where the wicked spurn Thy love;
With Thy sons of heavenly birth
Let me worship Thee above.

ANON.

REPENTANCE.

345 OLD, OLD STORY. 7s. 6s. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

REFRAIN.
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

Used by per.

- 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 that 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.
O yes, and when its glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CATHERINE HANKEY, 1865.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

346 IRENE. P. M.

Arr. fr. SCHOLEFIELD.

1 Je-sus, heed me, lost and dying, Un-to Thee for shelter flying, Hear, oh, hear my heart's sore crying: Heed me, or I die!

- 2 All my sin and sorrow feeling,
Come I, as the leper, kneeling;
Come to Thee for help and healing,
Heal me, or I die!
- 3 Not my tears of deep contrition
Can secure one sin's remission,
Helpless, hopeless my condition:
Help me, or I die!

- 4 Far away my dead works flinging,
Nothing owning, nothing bringing,
Only to Thy mercy clinging:
Bless me, or I die!
- 5 By the cross, where hope is beaming,
By its crimson fountain streaming,
Flowing for the world's redeeming:
Cleanse me, or I die!

ROBERT M. OFFORD, 1883.

347 ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1859.

1 A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac-ri-fice I bring. The God of grace will ne'er despise, A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 2 Now will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

- 3 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Abbr.

348 MONSELL. S. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.

1 Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord! Be-fore Thy mer-cy - seat My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mercy sweet.

- 2 Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

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

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. Abbr.

REPENTANCE.

349 AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY, Circ. 1868.

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crimson stains White, in His blood most precious, Till not a spot re - mains.

350 7s. 6s.

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 with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

1 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, precious 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, precious 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 praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1845.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1855.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

351 MORE LIKE JESUS. 7s. D.

W. H. DOANE.

Slow, with feeling.

1 More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav-iour dwell with me, Fill my soul with peace and love,

Make me gen - tle as a dove; More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this

world be - low; Poor in Spir - it would I be— Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.

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2 If He hears the raven's cry;
If His ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call,
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus, when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide;
Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be,—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

352 VAUGHAN. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.

1 I do not ask that life may be, O Lord, a pleasant road; Nor that Thou wouldest take from me, Aught of its weary load.

2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,
Dear Lord, lead me aright:
Though strength should fail, and heart should
bleed,
Lead me through peace to light.

3 I do not ask to understand
My cross, my way to see;

Let me in darkness feel Thy hand,
And simply follow Thee.

4 Joy is like day, but peace divine
May rule the quiet night:
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,
O Lord, through peace to light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1862.

CONSECRATION.

353 ATTITUDE. 7s. 6s. D.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1799, and EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871.

1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian breth - ren, His name and sign who bear;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking ;
 And lo, that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred.
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait !
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low :
 " I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat me so ?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
 We open now the door :
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1867.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

354 LEAVE IT WITH GOD.

R. DEWITT MALLARY.

1 Leave it with God, yes, make full sur - ren - der, He is thy Fa - ther,

watch-ful and ten - der, Help He will bring, to - day or to - mor - row ;

Leave it with God, to Him tell thy sor - row ; Leave it with God,

Leave it with God, Leave it with God, to Him tell thy sor - row.

Copyright, 1894, by RANKIN and MALLARY. Used by per.

2 Leave it with God, who feedeth the sparrow,
 Chooseth for thee, the path that is narrow ;
 Hearerh the prayer, unuttered, unspoken ;
 Healeth with balm the heart that is broken ;
 Leave it with God, leave it with God,
 Leave it with God, to Him tell thy sorrow.

3 Leave it with God, for He is still near thee,
 Tell Him thy grief, He's waiting to hear thee,
 Taker of gifts, as well as the giver ;
 Leave it with God, sure He will deliver,
 Leave it with God, leave it with God,
 Leave it with God, to Him tell thy sorrow.

4 Leave it with God : thy losses, thou'lt gain them ;
 Things that perplex thee, He will explain them,
 He is a Father, watchful and tender ;
 He is a Father ; make full surrender.
 Leave it with God, leave it with God,
 Leave it with God, to Him tell thy sorrow.

J. E. RANKIN.

CONSECRATION.

355 ABERHONDDU. 7s. 6s. D.

OLD WELSH HYMNAL.

1 { O Je-sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end ; } I shall not fear the bat - tle

{ Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Master and my Friend ; }

If Thou art by my side, Nor wander from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me ;
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

JOHN E. BODE, 1869. Abbr.

356 7s. 6s. D.

1 WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah ! whither
Can turn my straining eye ?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where Thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make ;
Though sorely Thou mayst chasten,
Thou never canst forsake ;
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned Thy head !
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

357 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR, 1882.
D. C.

1 My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me : Oh, may I ever faithful be, My Saviour and my God !

CHO. — *I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be ! I'll live for Him who died for me, My Saviour and my God !*
Copyright, R. E. HUDSON. By per.

2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live :
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God !

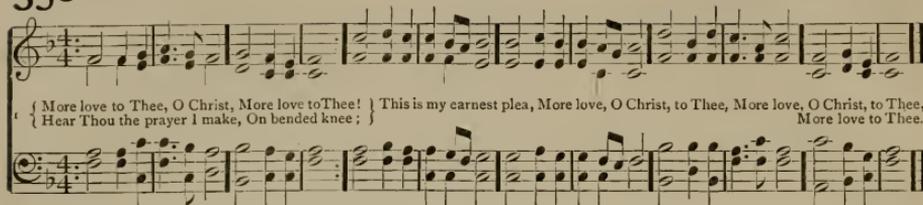
3 Oh, Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make it free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God !

R. E. HUDSON, 1882.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

358 OAK. 6s. 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1854.



2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Mrs. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, 1850.

359 6s. 4s.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840. Abbr.

360 8s. 7s. D. Sing to "Ellesdie," No. 177.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1827.

CONSECRATION.

361 ALL FOR CHRIST. 7s.

From MOZART.



1 Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crated, Lord, to Thee; Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 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.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

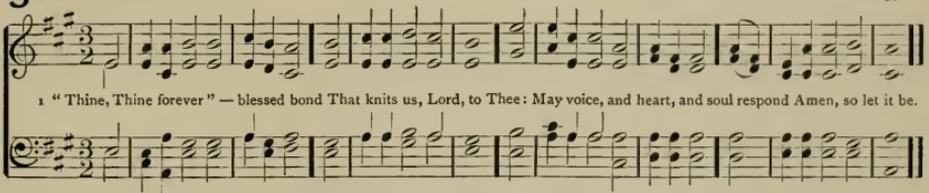
5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 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, 1858.

362 AZMON. C. M.

CARL G. GLÄSER. Alt. 1839.



1 "Thine, Thine forever" — blessed bond That knits us, Lord, to Thee: May voice, and heart, and soul respond Amen, so let it be.

2 When this world strikes its dulcet harp,
And earth our heaven appears,
Be "Thine forever," clear and sharp,
God's trumpet in our ears.

3 When sin in pleasure's soft disguise
Would work us deadliest harm,
May "Thine forever" from the skies
Steal down and break the charm.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts
Against our weary shield,
May "Thine forever" in our hearts
Forbid us faint or yield.

5 Thine all along the flowery spring,
Along the summer prime,
Till autumn fades in welcoming
The silver frost of time.

6 "Thine, Thine forever," — body, soul,
Henceforth devote to Thee,
While everlasting ages roll:
Amen, so let it be.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1877.

363 C. M.

1 O JESUS Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light;
Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name.

5 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move;
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

JOHANN C. LAVATER, 1780.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

364 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1 An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where He leads me in this

world be - low. An - y - where with - out Him, dear - est joys would fade,

CHORUS.

An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid. An - y - where! an - y - where!

Fear I can - not know, An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own.
Though His hand may lead me over drearest
ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.</p> | <p>3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkling shadows round about me
creep;
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.</p> |
|---|---|

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FAITH AND TRUST.

W. H. DOANE.

365 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

I Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

FINE.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.

D. C. CHORUS.

Used by per.

- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears.

- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er:
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

366 LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1855.

1 I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D.S. I did not love my Fa-ther's voice,

FINE. D.S.
I would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a - far to roam.

- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They 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, 1845.

367 GEER. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.

1 There is a fold whence none can stray, And pastures ev-er green, Where sul-try sun or storm-y day, Or night is nev-er seen.

- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

JOHN EAST, 1836. Abbr.

368 C. M.

- 1 THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
- 2 So grant me, Lord, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee.
- 3 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816. Abbr.

FAITH AND TRUST.

369 ZION. 8s. 7s. 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

1 { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; } Bread of
I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty; Hold me with Thy pow - erful hand; }

heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
 || Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield. ||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 || Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. ||

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.

370 8s. 7s. 4s.

1 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;
Ever guide me with Thine eye. ||

2 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 love forget!
 || I would love Thee;
Ever guide me with Thine eye. ||

Fr. Mme. JEANNE B. DE LA M. GUYON, 1710.

371 NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1836.

1 Father, what'er of earth - ly bliss, Thy sovereign hand denies, Accepted at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise :

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

372 WHERE HE LEADS I'D FOLLOW.

W. A. OGDEN.

1 Sweet are the promis - es, kind is the word, Dear-er far than any message man ev - er heard ;

Pure was the mind of Christ, sin - less I see ; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.

CHORUS.

Where He leads I'd fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'd fol - low, Where He leads I'd fol - low,

Fol - - - low all the way, Fol-low Je - sus ev - ery day.
Fol-low all the way, yes, fol-low all the way.

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Sweet is the tender love Jesus hath shown,
Sweeter far than any love that mortals have
known ;
Kind to the erring one, faithful is He ;
He the great example is, and pattern for me.</p> | <p>3 List to His loving words, "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden, there is sweet rest for
thee ;"
Trust in His promises, faithful and sure ;
Lean upon the Saviour, and thy soul is secure.</p> |
|---|---|

W. A. OGDEN.

FAITH AND TRUST.

373 RUTHERFORD. P. M. . CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN, 1834. Har. by E. F. RIMBAULT, 1845.

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

O, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.

- 2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep, sweet well of love!
 The streams of earth I've tasted;
 More deep I'll drink above.
 There to an ocean fullness
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love:

I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.

- 4 Oh! I am my Belovèd's
 And my Belovèd's mine,
 He brings a poor, vile sinner,
 Into His house divine.
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 My soul redeemed shall stand,
 Where glory, glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

374 LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.
Slowly.

English. Har. by Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

I One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, - Near - er my home, to -

day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where

ma - ny man-sions be; Near - er to - day the great, white throne, Near - er the crys-tal sea.

2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 Even now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home, -
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

PHOEBE CARY, 1852. Abbr.

375 Sing to "Shining Shore." 8s. 7s.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home
Forever, oh, forever!
For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

DAVID NELSON, 1835. Abbr.

HEAVEN.

376 PILGRIMS. P. M.

HENRY SMART, 1861.

Hark, hark, my soul: an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

REFRAIN.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of glad - ness,

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—REF.
- 4 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

377 PARADISE. P. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.

I O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true,

Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free,
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
We long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above:

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854

HEAVEN.

378 ALFORD. P. M.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.

I Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, and let the vic - tors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 Oh, day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 Oh, joy for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore!
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

HENRY ALFORD, 1866.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

379 CASKET. C. M.

CHARLES F. ROPER.

1 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine, And jewels rich and rare,

Are hid - den in its might - y depths, For ev - ery search - er there.

- 2 Thy Word is like a starry host,
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveler,
And make his pathway bright.
- 3 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring,
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.
- 4 Thy Word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.

E. HODDER, 1868.

380 C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782. Abbr.

381 CLYDE. 8s. 4s.

Att. by EMMELAR.

1 Book of grace, and book of glo-ry! Gift of God to age and youth, Wondrous is thy sacred sto-ry, Bright, bright with truth.

- 2 Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee.
- 3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in Thee,

As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to Me!"

- 4 Book of life, when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

THE SCRIPTURES.

382 DUNDEE. C. M.

Arr. fr. CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.

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

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

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

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

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

383 C. M.

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

2 'T is here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 'T is here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. Abbr.

384 PETROX. 6s.

W. BOYD.

1 Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth ; Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.

2 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

3 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living ;

Word of life supplying
Comfort to the dying !

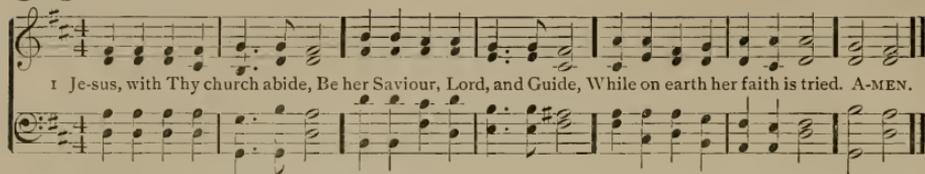
4 Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee !

Sir HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

385 ST. BASIL. 7s. 3l.

German Chorale.



1 Je-sus, with Thy church abide, Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide, While on earth her faith is tried. A-MEN.

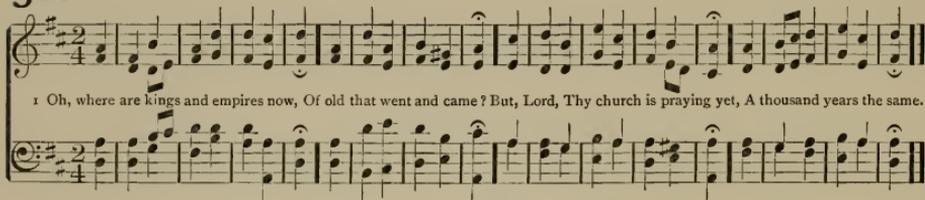
- 2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure :
- 3 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind :

- 4 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round — Thy peaceful fold.
- 5 Help her in her time of fast,
Till her toil and woe are past,
And the Bridegroom come at last.

WILLIAM POLLOCK, 1870. Abbr.

386 ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



1 Oh, where are kings and empires now, Of old that went and came ? But, Lord, Thy church is praying yet, A thousand years the same.

- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong ;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God !
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad ; —
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

ARTHUR C. COXE, 1839.

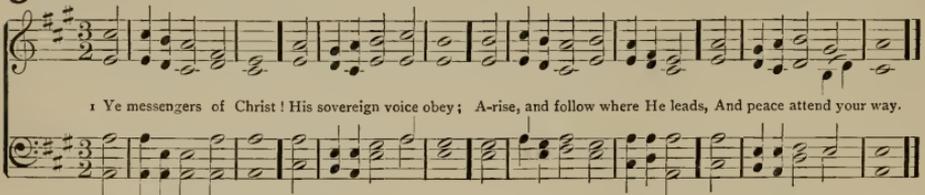
387 C. M.

- 1 How goodly is Thy church, O Lord,
How bright her portals shine ;
Her stately battlements declare
Her workmanship divine.
- 2 Against her storms have fiercely raged
And tempests hurled her might ;
But still unhurt she firmly stands ;
How glorious is the sight !
- 3 Nor shall the power of all her foes
Against Thy church prevail ;
For Thou shalt smite them with Thy sword,
And cause their schemes to fail.

J. B. THOMPSON, 1897.

388 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN, 1844.



1 Ye messengers of Christ ! His sovereign voice obey ; A-rise, and follow where He leads, And peace attend your way.

- 2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on His promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all His foes.

Mrs. VOKES, 1797.

THE CHURCH.

389 WALMER ROAD. C. M. D.

W. L. MASON.

1 { How love-ly are Thy dwellings fair! O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tab-er-na-cles are, (Omit.) Where Thou dost dwell so near! } My soul doth long and

al-most die Thy courts, O Lord, to see; My heart and flesh a-loud do cry, O liv-ing God, for Thee.

Copyright, 1891, by THE GOODENOUGH & WOGLOM CO. Used by per.

- 2 There even the sparrow, freed from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest;
Even by Thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And home they fly, from round the coasts
Toward Thee, my King, my God.
- 3 Happy, who in Thy house reside,
Where Thee they ever praise!
Happy, whose strength in Thee doth bide,
And in their hearts Thy ways!
For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

JOHN MILTON.

390 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1768.

1 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, 1800

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

391 NATIVITY. C. M.

HENRY LAHEE, 1855.

1 Thou ever-living Corner Stone, E-ter-nal Son of Man, Look down from heaven in love, and own The work our builders plan.

- 2 Not unto us — to Thy great name
Be wall and headstone raised.
Here may the Lord Jehovah's fame
By all our tribes be praised.
- 3 O Thou who saidst, Let there be light !
And light from chaos sprung,
Shine hence to men in darkest night,
Of distant clime and tongue.
- 4 Nor less for this fair land we pray,
Whose banner here shall wave ;
Forth from Thy throne send, day by day,
The streams that heal and save.
- 5 Thy parting prayer, O Lord, fulfill !
And make Thy people one ;
Yea, whosoever doth His will —
Our brother, as God's son.

W. H. COBB, 1897.

392 C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side !
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, 1835.

393 SEYMOUR. 7s.

From VON WEBER, 1825, arr. by HENRY W. GREATORIX, 1849.

1 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, 1825

DEDICATION.

394 MORGAN PARK. C. M. D.

WM. A. MAY.

Moderate and firm.

Copyright, 1898, by SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

2 Here let Thy messengers unfold
The truths from Book Divine,
To cheer the heart, illumine the soul,
And cause the face to shine.
From souls devout and flushed with joy,
Let worship here arise;
May faith and hope, and love and peace,
Dwell here as in the skies.

3 Let age find here a haven sweet,
And youth, a refuge strong;
The widow and the fatherless
Pour out their hearts in song.
Here let the burdened saint find rest,
The sinner be forgiven;
And every sad, or bitter heart,
Be soothed by thoughts of heaven.

4 Accept our gift, bestow Thine own,
And fill this house with grace,
Where thronging multitudes shall come
To meet Thee face to face.
Here let Thy name be glorified
While decades onward run;
Here every cause of man be helped
And all Thy will be done.

THOMAS J. MORGAN, 1892.

395 C. M. D.

1 O THOU to whom a thousand years
Are as the passing day,
Who guidest us, through joy and tears,
Along our homeward way:
This sacred shrine, O God, to Thee
We and our fathers raised,
And here with prayer and melody
Thy name we oft have praised.

2 Here saints of God, bowed down with years
The young to Thee have led,
And here, still smiling through our tears,
We've laid away our dead.
Memory recalls the faces dear,
The voices and the words,
Of those who prayed, and witnessed here
For Thee, our blessed Lord.

3 Our songs, our prayers, with one accord,
To Thee on high we raise
The matchless grace of Christ the Lord
Eternally to praise.
And when no more this earthly house
Our mortal eyes shall see,
Grant us, O Lord, a dwelling-place,
Eternally with Thee.

NATHANIEL BUTLER, 1897.

396 6s. 4s. Sing to "Italian Hymn."

1 GREAT God, our Sovereign King,
To Thee this house we bring;
Accept, we pray,
Make this Thy dwelling-place,
Here show Thy smiling face,
Display Thy saving grace,
Now and always.

2 Thou, Christ, our model art
For body, mind, and heart:
Help us to be

Strong, heavy loads to bear,
Finding truth everywhere,
Tender, men's woes to share.
Saviour, like Thee.

3 Here may our sons grow strong,
Battling with every wrong,
Girded with might.
Here strangers find a home,
Here rich and poor oft come,
Here lips that lie be dumb,
Here speed the right.

ALEXANDER BLACKBURN, 1897. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

397 ADRIAN. S. M.

JOHN E. GOULD, 1846.



I With will - ing hearts we tread The path the Sav - iour trod;
We love th' ex - am - ple of our Head, The glo - rious Lamb of God.

- 2 On Thee, on Thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O Thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.
- 3 We trust Thy sacrifice;
To Thy dear cross we flee:
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1843.

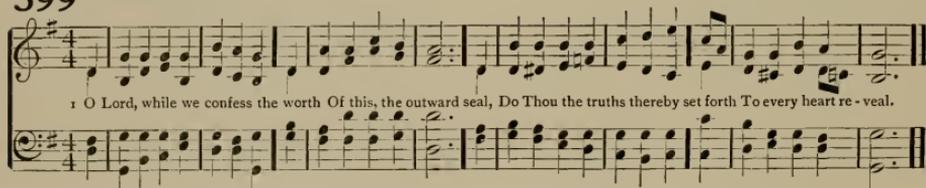
398 S. M.

- 1 HERE, Saviour, we do come,
In Thine appointed way;
Obedient to Thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.
- 2 Oh, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to Thee!
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1817. Alt. and Abbr.

399 EMMANUEL. C. M.

Art. from BEETHOVEN.



1 O Lord, while we confess the worth Of this, the outward seal, Do Thou the truths thereby set forth To every heart re - veal.

- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.
- 3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for Thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.
- 4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God;
Baptized in Thine, we own Thy claim
As ransomed by Thy blood.
- 5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep His temple pure,
And make Thy grace our only boast
And by Thy strength endure.

MARY BOWLY, 1846.

400 C. M.

- 1 O FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in persons Three!
We come in faith to count the cost
And give ourselves to Thee.
- 2 We seek to serve no other King,
Follow no other Guide,
Nor earth nor any earthly thing
Shall keep us from Thy side.
- 3 We seek to know no other love,
Save what we love in Thee;
And Thee we choose, all else above,
Our chiefest love to be.
- 4 Thy blood our only treasure is,
Thy cross our chosen part;
Thy service is our highest bliss,
Our home, within Thy heart.

ANON., 1867. Abbr.

BAPTISM.

401 VALENTIA. C. M.

EBERWEIN. Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1853.

1 Asham'd of Christ ! our souls disdain The mean, ungen'rous thought ; Shall we disown that Friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth He came ;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.
- 3 To His command let us submit
Ourselves without delay ;
Our lives — yea, thousand lives of ours —
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 To bear His name — His cross to bear —
Our highest honor this !
Who nobly suffers for Him now,
Shall reign with Him in bliss.

JOHN NEEDHAM, 1768. Sl. alt.

402 C. M.

- 1 'T IS God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign ;
'T is He whose voice, on Jordan's shore,
Proclaimed the Son divine.
- 2 The Father owned Him ; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of His death
We own our heavenly Friend.
- 3 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

MARIA G. SAFFERY, 1818. Abbr.

403 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

JOHN RANDALL, 1790.

1 Lord, I am Thine, and in Thy aid I place my firmest trust : How large the price Thy love has paid
For vile, po - lut - ed dust ! For vile, po - lut - ed dust ! For vile, po - lut - ed dust !

- 2 In Thine assembly now I stand ;
My vows to Thee I bring,
Obedient to Thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.
- 3 I stand before the open fount ;
Thy gracious words invite :
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make Thee in this rite !
- 4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless ;
Support me all my days ;
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all Thy ways.

404 C. M.

- 1 WELCOME, O Saviour ! to my heart ;
Possess Thine humble throne ;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for Thine own.
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake —
To Thee, I all resign ;
My longing heart, O Jesus ! take,
And fill with love divine.
- 3 Oh ! may I never turn aside,
Nor from Thy bosom flee ;
Let nothing here my heart divide —
I give it all to Thee.

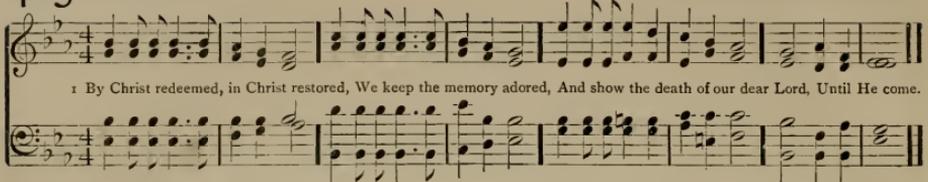
ANON.

HUGH BOURNE, 1825.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

405 HANFORD. P. M.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored, And show the death of our dear Lord, Until He come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

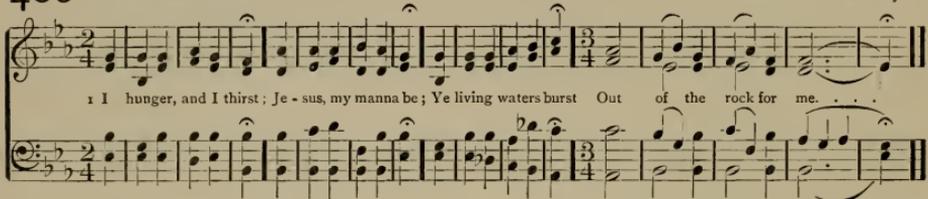
4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite —
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

5 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

GEORGE RAWSON, 1857. Abbr.

406 DOLOMITE. 6s.

Austrian Melody.



1 I hunger, and I thirst; Je - sus, my manna be; Ye living waters burst Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me or I die.

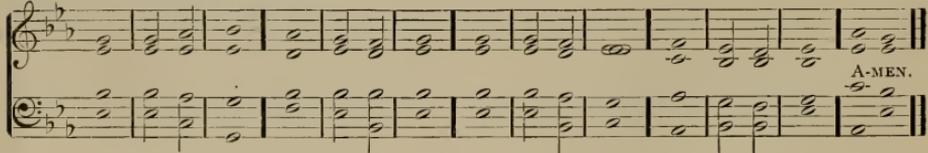
3 Thou true Life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod
Since first their course began:
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before,
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1860.

407 BENEDICTION CHANT.



A-MEN.

1 AND now we rise: the symbols | disap- | pear! ||
The feast, though not the love, is | past and | gone, ||
The bread and wine remove; but | Thou art | here, ||
Nearer than ever; still our | shield and | sun. ||

2 Feast after feast thus comes and | passes | by, ||
And passing points to the glad | feast a- | bove, ||
Giving sweet foretaste of the | festal | joy, ||
The Lamb's great bridal feast of | bliss and | love. || — A-MEN. ||

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

408 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. from Gregorian by LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1 A parting hymn we sing, Around Thy ta - ble, Lord, A-gain our grate-ful tribute bring, Our solemn vows re - cord.

- 2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here,
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of Thy blood, —
By sin no longer led, —
The path our dear Redeemer trod,
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetful love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above
And know as we are known.

AARON R. WOLFE, 1821.

409 S. M.

- 1 BLESSED feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.
- 2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved by Thee.
- 3 O, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

410 DEDHAM. C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER, 1822.

1 According to Thy gracious word, In meek hu-mil-i - ty, This will I do, my dy-ing Lord, I will re - mem-ber 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.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. Abbr.

411 C. M.

- 1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view Thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on Thee, whom we have pierced —
To look on Thee and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And as Thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

THOMAS COTTERILL, 1820.

412 C. M.

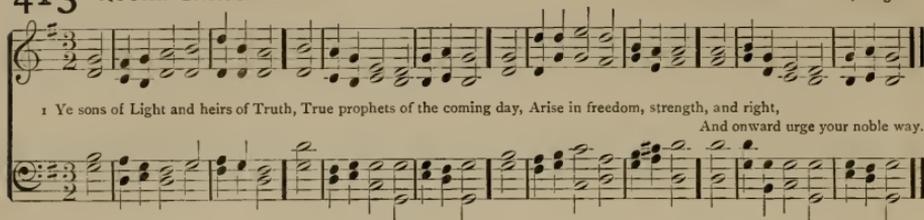
- 1 TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let Thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast:
Oh, let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon His breast.

JOHN CENNICK, 1741. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

413 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1 Ye sons of Light and heirs of Truth, True prophets of the coming day, Arise in freedom, strength, and right,
And onward urge your noble way.

- 2 The God of ages, Life of all,
Within your souls enthroned be,
Revealing through your life and work
His children's sacred liberty.
- 3 Go forth in love to conquer sin,
In truth to triumph over wrong,
Till all earth's voices blend with yours
In hope's immortal, conquering song.
- 4 On every trusting, seeking soul
Glow down forever from on high
The love and beauty of our Lord,
All lives to bless and sanctify.

C. E. ORDWAY, 1897. Abbr.

414 L. M.

- 1 LORD, we would come before Thee here
Presenting youths and maidens dear,
And we would ask Thy spirit's power
To help us in this sacred hour.
- 2 May knowledge her rich stores unroll,
May wisdom sanctify each soul;
And science lay, with reverence meet,
Her trophies at the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Whatever work we have to do,
Whatever purpose we pursue,
Whatever part in life we play,
Lord, guide and guard us in the way.

J. P. HUTCHINSON, 1895. Abbr.

415 8s. 7s. Sing to "Autumn," No. 58.

- 1 FATHER, now we hear Thee calling
Us to spend our lives for Thee,
As our Master did before us,
In Thy service glad and free.
In a world of toil and sorrow,
In a world of sin and shame,
Thou hast bidden us to labor,
And Thy saving grace proclaim.
- 2 Breathe on us Thy Holy Spirit,
As to service forth we go;
May He, ever in us dwelling,
Cause us all Thy will to know.

With a coal from off Thine altar,
Touch our lips with power divine;
Fill our souls with heavenly brightness,
That Thy light through us may shine.

- 3 As we go Thy truth proclaiming,
Trusting in Thy might alone,
Send Thy blessing on our labors,
All Thy saving power make known.
May our words and deeds reveal Thee
As we strive men's souls to win;
May they free from sorrow's bondage,
And restrain from paths of sin.

J. F. JENNESS, 1897. Abbr.

416 H. M. Sing to "Lenox," No. 246.

- 1 YE saints! your music bring,
And swell the rapturous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.
- 2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne

The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

- 3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies.
The triumphs of the cross we sing:
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

ANDREW REED, 1817.

OCCASIONAL.

417 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER, 1832.

1 Eternal God! we come to Thee, Thy grace and glory to adore, Thy love unfathomed as the sea, Thy mercy promised evermore.

2 How blest the feet of those who bring,
Glad tidings from Thy glorious throne;
And from the mountain-tops that fling
The banner of Thy Son alone.

3 Give to Thy servant power and love,
To speak the wonders of Thy grace,
And send Thy Spirit from above,
To rest within this holy place.

4 Let the rich gift of souls redeemed,
Of wanderers won to Christ, our King,
Be like the glories that have streamed
From Thy blest throne where angels sing.

5 Bless our loved Zion with Thy light!
Dwell in this temple, Gracious Lord!
Come Thou with power, and grace, and might,
That here Thy name may be adored.

WM. OLAND BOURNE, circ. 1896.

418 L. M.

1 BLESS, Lord, this household and its head,
With food from heaven may each be fed;
Bless Thou the tie we weave to-night,
In tender love all hearts unite!

2 Eager for toil Thy servant stands,
With girded loins and ready hands;
Oh, grant, whate'er his work may be,
His labor may be blest by Thee!

3 No lot of ease for him we ask,
But strength to meet his daily task;
Wisdom from Thee aright to see
And use each opportunity.

4 O heavenly Source of Light and Love,
Our hearts to reverent worship move,
And in Thy Spirit's unity
Bind each to each and all to Thee!

ALICE W. BROTHERTON, 1896.

419 KINGSLEY. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, circ. 1838?

1 Adown the mountain's glowing side The streams of living water glide, As on their way they wind and flow, To cheer and bless the vale below.

2 A mountain vale in Palestine
Once saw the stream of life divine,
As from the lips of Jesus fell
The words of life by Jacob's well.

3 The living waters bright and clear
Still flow the hearts of men to cheer;
While words of life divine shall come
To truly bless the church and home.

4 In strength and beauty we would grow,
As here we tread the paths below,
And seek the holy peace and love
Of friends who live in homes above.

GEORGE OSGOOD, 1897.

420 L. M.

1 ONE life to live, just one below,
Is given once to mortal man,
For work and rest, for weal or woe,
And all is measured by a span.

2 How and for whom is he to live
That he may gain the blest reward?
Surrendered life — let all be given
In faith and love to Christ the Lord.

3 "To live is Christ," was said by Paul;
I'll gain by dying in the strife;
I consecrate to Him my all,
My body, mind, heart, soul, and life.

J. L. LOWER, 1897.

421 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1823.

1 From Greenland's i-ly mountains, From In-dia's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand:

From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

422 7s, 6s. D.

1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise !
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies ;
Daygleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil ;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore ;
On Allegheny's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 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 sceptre shall obey.

MRS. MARIA F. ANDERSON, 1848.

423 L. M. Sing to "Missionary Chant," No. 417.

1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

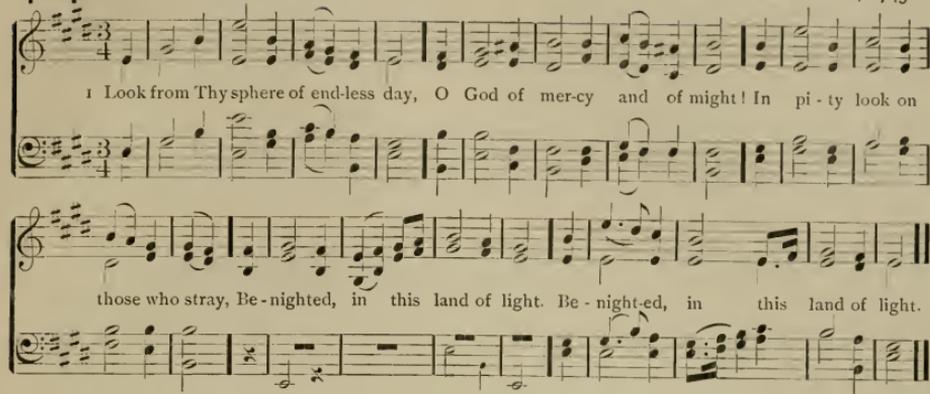
3 And when your labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more ;
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all !

BOURNÉ H. DRAPER, 1803.

MISSIONS.

424 ROTHWELL. L. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1743.



1 Look from Thy sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might! In pi-ty look on
those who stray, Be-nighted, in this land of light. Be-night-ed, in this land of light.

- 2 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord! to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 3 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, 1840. Abbr.

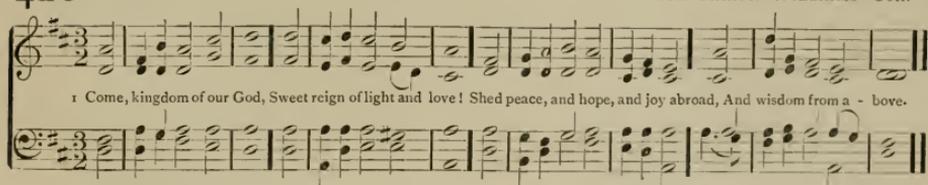
425 L. M.

- 1 UPLIFT the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.
- 3 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824. Abbr.

426 DOVER. S. M.

From AARON WILLIAMS' Coll.



1 Come, kingdom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love! Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad, And wisdom from a - bove.

- 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.

JOHN JOHNS, 1837. Abbr.

427 S. M.

- 1 O LORD our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease,

Far spread the conquest of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803. Abbr.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

428 ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1854.

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far:— Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain;

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low,— He fol - lows 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;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.

- They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:—
 Who follows in their train?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

OCCASIONAL.

429 WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB, 1830.

I Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S. Till ev - ery foe is vanquished,

FINE. D.S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - tory un - to vic - tory, His ar - my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

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,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!— stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

430 7s. 6s. D.

1 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 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 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.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1858.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1843.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

431 RETROSPECT. 7s. 6s. D.

ANON.

Cheerful.

1. { The corn is ripe for reap - ing, Fields glow with rud - dy grain, } Our har - vest feast a - gain;
 { And we must now be keep - ing (Omit.) }

{ With voice of joy and sing - ing } Who, whilst the seed was springing, Rained blessings from the skies.
 { Our praise to God shall (Omit.) rise, }

- 2 Thine, Father, is the river
 That maketh rich the earth;
 Through Thee, O Gracious Giver,
 The buried seed had birth:
 Thou on the furrows raining,
 Didst make them soft with showers,
 The thirsty crops maintaining
 Through silent summer hours.
- 3 The year, by Thee anointed,
 Is now with goodness crowned;
 Robed in the robes appointed,
 With gladness girded round.

- We thank Thee for the blessing
 Which meets us on our way,
 And come, Thy love confessing,
 With happy hearts to-day.
- 4 But whilst our lips are praising,
 Our lives to Thee belong;
 With them we would be raising
 A nobler, sweeter song;
 One that may sound forever,
 Whilst earth's great Harvest speeds, —
 A song of high endeavor,
 Rung out in earnest deeds.

ANON.

432 NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1700.

1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break! Melodious voices move! On, rolling Time! Thou canst not make The Father cease to love.

- 2 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
 But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
 Our sins are swelling evermore;
 But pardoning grace still streams.
- 3 Lord, from this year more service win,
 More glory, more delight!
 O make its hours less sad with sin,
 Its days with Thee more bright!

- 4 Then we may bless its precious things,
 If earthly cheer should come:
 Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
 If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 5 O golden then the hours must be!
 The year must needs be sweet:
 Yes, Lord, with happy melody
 Thine opening grace we meet.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1855.

THE NEW YEAR.

433 OPENING YEAR. 6s. 5s. 12l.

French Air.

1 Stand-ing at the por-tal of the op-ening year, Words of com-fort meet us,

hush-ing ev-ery fear; Spok-en through the silence by our Fa-ther's voice, Tender, strong, and

ff CHORUS.

faith-ful, mak-ing us re-joice. Onward then and fear not, chil-dren of the day! For His word shall

nev-er, nev-er pass a-way! For His word shall nev-er, nev-er pass a-way!

2 I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid, 3 For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies!
 I will help and strengthen, be thou not dismayed! For the poor and needy living streams shall rise;
 Yea, I will uphold thee with My own right hand, For the sad and sinful shall His grace abound;
 Thou art called and chosen in My sight to stand. For the faint and feeble perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us, He will not forsake;
 His eternal covenant He will never break.
 Resting on His promise, what have we to fear?
 God is all sufficient for the coming year.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

434 ELLERS. 10s.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1867.

1 Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our part-ing hymn of praise;

We rise to bless Thee ere our worship cease, And now, de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.

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

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

JOHN ELLERTON, 1866.

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

435 DOXOLOGY. 10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,
Eternal praise and glory be addressed ;
From age to age, ye saints, His name adore,
And spread His fame, till time shall be no more.

SIMON BROWNE, 1720.

436 INVOCATION. 7s.

MICHAEL COSTA, 1855.

1 Now may He, who from the dead Bro't 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 ;
Make us perfect in His will,
And preserve us day and night !

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

437 8s. 7s. 4s. Sing to " Sicilian Hymn," No. 12.

1 Now in parting, Father, bless us ;
Saviour, still Thy peace bestow ;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from Thy presence go :
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit now.

2 Bless us here, while still as strangers,
Onward to our home we move ;
Bless us with eternal blessings,
In our Father's house above :
Ever, ever,
Dwelling in the light of love.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808.

PARTING HYMNS.

438 GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER.

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

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2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailling round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. RANKIN.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

439 6s. 4s.

- 1 FROM everlasting, God,
To everlasting, God,
 Bend from Thy throne!
Take Thou our homage free;
Never to man knelt we,
Only great King to Thee:
 Shield Thou Thine own.
- 2 Keep in our hearts, we pray,
Thoughts of the elder day
 Fresh evermore:
Works of the fathers dead,
Words of the fathers said,
Blood by the fathers shed,
 Birthrights of yore.
- 3 Forward our banners move;
Broad lies the land we love;
 Glad songs we sing.
Proud echoes thrill the air,
Quick beat the hearts we bear,
Wreathed on our brows we wear
 Roses of spring.
- 4 Held by Thy righteous hand,
Firm our foundations stand,
 Rock-built, fast.
While stars shall shine may we
Wise, just, victorious be,
Peaceful from sea to sea,
 One till the last.

WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, 1861.

440 AMERICA. 6s. 4s.

Adapted by HENRY CAREY, 1740, abt.

1 My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

441 6s. 4s.

- 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.
- 1 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,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To Thee aloud we cry, —
 God save the state!

CHARLES T. BROOKS, 1835.
JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844.

- 4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

442 DOXOLOGY. 6s. 4s.

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.

EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1843.

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

443 GOD OF OUR FATHERS. P. M.

Rev. C. O. ARNOLD, 1897.

Spirited.

1 God of our fa - thers, Bless this our land; O - cean to o - cean
2 Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Might - y in war, Bound - less and num - ber - less

Own - eth Thy hand. Home of all na - tions From far and near,
Thine ar - mies are. Thy right hand con - quer - eth All that op - pose;

Give to u - nite us, Thy faith and fear. God of our fa - thers,
Launch forth Thy thun - der - bolts, Smite down our foes; Lord God of Sa - ba - oth,

Ben marcato.

Fail - ing us nev - er, God of our fa - thers, Be ours for ev - er.
Fail - ing us nev - er, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Fight for us ev - er.

Used by per.

3 Lord God our Saviour,
Thy love o'erflows,
Making our wilderness
Bloom as the rose.
Thou with true liberty
Makest us free,
Knowing no master,
No king, but Thee;
Lord God our Saviour,
Failing us never,
Lord God our Saviour,
Reign Thou forever.

4 Spirit of unity,
Crown of all kings,
Find us a resting place
Under Thy wings;
By Thine own presence
Thy will be done,
Millions of free men
Banded as one.
Lord God almighty,
Failing us never,
Thine be the glory,
Now and forever.

JOHN H. HOPKINS.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

444 MENDON. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1832.

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

- 2 Thou heardest, well pleased, the song, the prayer,—
Thy blessing came : and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 What change ! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams :
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.
- 4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 5 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

LEONARD BACON, 1838.

445 L. M.

- 1 OUR Fathers' God ! from ancient days
To everlasting years the same ;
The fragrant incense of our praise
We offer to Thy gracious Name.
- 2 They crossed the trackless, watery sea ;
A troubled civic sea we sail ;
And as they prayed, we pray to Thee
That chart and compass may not fail.
- 3 If, kindled by irreverent hand,
Strange fire shall on Thine altars glow,
Oh ! then in mercy spare our land,
And turn from us the threatened blow.
- 4 May all the thrones of civic power
Be loyal unto Truth and Thee ;
Thy present aid their constant dowry ;
Thy word of praise their guerdon be !

GEORGE M. HERRICK, 1898.

446 BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.

O God, who rulest all our days, In whom we live and move,
We of - fer up our hum - ble praise For tokens of Thy love.

- 2 The watchman waketh but in vain,
Who doth the city keep ;
'T is Thou who dost our life sustain
Whene'er we wake or sleep.
- 3 Through changes of the rolling years,
Through times of joy and pain,
Thy Light has shined, despite our fears,
Through all our loss or gain.
- 4 Our Fathers' God, our hope and might,
Whose works Thy goodness tell,
May virtue, righteousness, and right
Within our city dwell.
- 5 For happy homes and prosp'rous days,
For life and health and peace,
With grateful hearts we give Thee praise ;
Let not Thy favor cease.

FRANKLIN W. BARTLETT, 1897.

447 C. M.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
- 2 O 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. WREFFORD, 1837. Abbr.

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

448 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

T. BRIGHAM BISHOP, 1858.

Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord: He is

trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of His

CHORUS.
ter-ri-ble swift sword: His truth is march-ing on. Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.

- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His truth is marching on.
- 3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
- 4 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free:
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE. 1862.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

449 VALETE. L. M. 61.

Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874

I God of our fath - ers, known of old; Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line,

Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine;

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get - lest we for - get!

- 2 Far-called our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!
- 3 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law;
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!
- 4 For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard;
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897. Abbr.

450 COMMONWEALTH. P. M.

JOSIAH BOOTH.

mf

When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?

f *dim.* *p*

Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!

mf

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,

cres. *ff*

Their her - i - tage, a sun - less day. God save the peo - ple! A - MEN.

2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?
 No, say Thy mountains; No, Thy skies;
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend, instead of sighs.
 God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair.
 From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

45I THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

1. O! . . . say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mists of the deep,
 3. And . . . where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,
 4. O! . . . thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand

What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing,
 Where the foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
 That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,
 Be - - tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per - i - lous fight,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
 A . . . home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
 Blest with vic - tory and peace, may the heaven - res - cued land

O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
 As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
 Their . . . blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.
 Praise the power that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion!

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.— *Concluded.*

And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,
 No . . . ref - uge could save the . . . hire - ling and slave,
 Then . . . con - quer we must, for our cause it is just,

Gave . . . proof through the night that our flag was still there.
 In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream;
 From the ter - ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
 And . . . this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS. *ff*

Oh, . . . say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave . . .
 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh, long may it wave . . .
 And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave . . .
 And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave . . .

O'er the land . . . of the free, and the home of the brave?
 O'er the land . . . of the free, and the home of the brave!
 O'er the land . . . of the free, and the home of the brave!
 O'er the land . . . of the free, and the home of the brave!

FRANCIS S. KEY, 1814.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

452 HAIL! COLUMBIA.

PHYLA, 1789.

Maestoso.

1. Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heaven-born band,
 2. Im - mortal Pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore;
 3. Sound, O, sound the trump of fame! Let our Wash - ing - ton's great name

Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in
 Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with
 Ring through the world with loud ap - plause, Ring through the world with

free - dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En -
 im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of
 loud ap - plause! Let ev - ery clime to free - dom dear, Then

joyed the peace your val - or won; Let In - de - pen - dence
 toil and blood the well - earned prize; While of - fering peace sin -
 list - en. with a joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

HAIL! COLUMBIA.— *Concluded.*

be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,
 cere and just, In heaven we place a man - ly trust, That
 God - like power, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
 truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - ery scheme of bond - age fail!
 hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.

CHORUS.

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty;
 Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty;
 Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty;

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.
 As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.
 As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1798.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

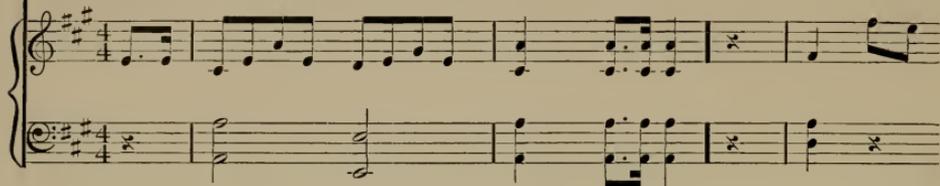
English Song, "The Red, White, and Blue."

453 COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN. Words and Music arr. by DAVID T. SHAW.

Maestoso.



1 O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
 2 When . war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat - ened the
 3 The . . Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev - er, Our glo - ri - ous



brave and the free, . . The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,
 land to de - form, . . The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion,
 na - tion's sweet hymn, . . May the wreaths it has won nev - er with - er,



A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy mandates make he - roes as -
 Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar - lands of vic - tory a -
 Nor the stars of its glo - ry grow dim, May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er



NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN. — *Concluded.*

semble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view, Thy banners make ty-ran-ny
round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly float-ing be-
sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true! The Ar-m-y and Na-vy for-

trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

FULL CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,

Thy ban-ners make ty-ran-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

454 PRECIOUS LIVES.

L. B. MARSHALL.

Tenderly.

i Breathe balm - y airs, ye fra - grant flowers, O'er ev - ery si - lent

sleep - er's head; Ye crys - tal dews and sum - mer showers,

Dress in fresh green each low - ly bed, Ye crys - tal dews and

sum - mer showers, Dress in fresh green each low - ly bed.

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2 Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
 Their country's joy, their country's pride;
 || For us their precious lives they gave;
 For Freedom's sacred cause they died.||

3 Each cherished name its place shall hold,
 Like stars that gem the azure sky;
 || Their deeds, on history's page unrolled,
 Are sealed for immortality.||

4 Long, where on glory's field they fell,
 May Freedom's spotless banner wave;
 || And fragrant tributes, grateful, tell,
 Where live the free, — where sleep the brave.||

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

455 TROYTE'S CHANT.

W. HAVES. Arr. by A. H. D. TROYTE, 1857.

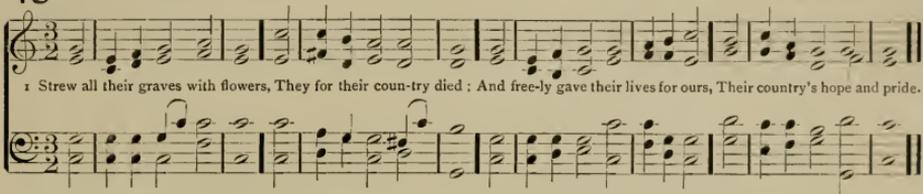


- 1 WITH silence only as their | bene- | diction, || God's | angels | come || Where, in the shadow
of a great | afflic- | tion, || The | soul sits | dumb. ||
- 2 Yet would we say, what every | heart ap- | proveth, — || Our | Father's | will, || Calling to
Him the dear ones | whom He | loveth, || Is | mercy | still. ||
- 3 Not upon us or ours the | solemn | angel || Hath | evil | wrought; || The funeral anthem is
a | glad e- | vangel; || The | good die | not! ||
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we | lose not | wholly || What | He has | given; || They live
on earth in thought and | deed, as | truly || As | in His | heaven. ||

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

456 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



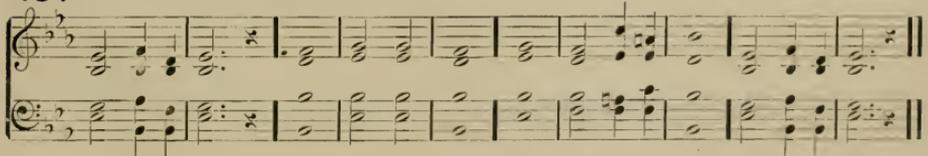
- 1 Strew all their graves with flowers, They for their country died; And freely gave their lives for ours, Their country's hope and pride.

- 2 Bring flowers to deck each sod
Where rests their sacred dust;
Though gone from earth, they live to God,
Their everlasting trust!
- 3 Fearless, in freedom's cause
They suffered, toiled and bled;
And died obedient to her laws,
By truth and conscience led.
- 4 Oft as the year returns,
We o'er their graves shall weep,
And wreath with flowers their funeral urns,
Their memory dear to keep.
- 5 Bring flowers of early spring
To deck each soldier's grave;
And summer's fragrant roses bring —
They died our land to save.

JONES VERY.

457 THY WILL BE DONE. — CHANT.

LOWELL MASON, 1845.



- 1 "Thy will be | done!" || In devious way The hurrying stream of | life may run; || Yet still
our grateful hearts shall say, | "Thy will be | done."
- 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, || This
prayer will make it more divine — | "Thy will be | done!"
- 3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er Our path with | gloom, || one comfort — one ||
Is ours: — to breathe, while we adore, | "Thy will be | done."

JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

THE PRAISE HYMNARY.

458 CHRISTUS. 8s. 7s. 6 l.

ARTHUR L. BROWN, 1898.

1. Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness! Wake your noblest, sweetest strain! With the praises of your Saviour

Let His house resound a - gain! Him let all your mus-ic hon-or, And your songs ex-alt His reign!

Used by per.

2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominion
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all" at last.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

459 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

THOMAS KEN, 1709.

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