

*Praise Songs*

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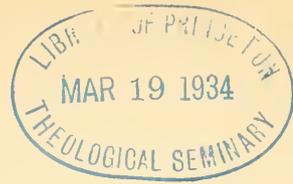




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PRAISE SONGS

*A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES*

WITH INTRODUCTION BY  
REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

COMPILED BY ✓  
ARTHUR H. DADMUN

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## P R E F A C E

THE object of "Praise Songs" has been admirably set forth in the Introduction by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. The compiler is greatly indebted to Dr. Hall and also to Mr. R. R. McBurney and Mr. George A. Warburton for their advice and help.

It has been our aim to select hymns of literary merit, warmth, and devotion, setting them as far as possible to tunes of acknowledged excellence and of distinctively religious character. If in some instances we seem to have failed, it is because we believe the time is not ripe for the ideal book.

"Praise Songs" is adapted for the use of Young Men's Christian Associations, Young Women's Christian Associations, Schools, Colleges; Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, and other Young People's Societies; Prayer Meetings, Sunday Schools, and small Churches.

To the many authors, composers, and publishers who have granted us the use of copyrighted hymns and tunes, we extend our hearty thanks. Special mention should be made of Messrs. P. A. Schneckler, Arpád Laszlo, Sigfrid Stenhammar, Samuel S. Gaines, and William S. Chester for the new tunes they have written. We would also thank Mr. George A. Warburton for the hymns now published for the first time.

ARTHUR H. DADMUN



# INTRODUCTION

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The following collection of hymns and tunes is the result of a serious and thoughtful effort to supply a want increasingly felt in the Young Men's Christian Association. While conscious of the great good accomplished by the popular Gospel Hymns, and while unwilling to lay aside some of those hymns, so closely associated with modern evangelistic movements, many persons engaged in Association work believe that the time has come for a new hymnal, drawing its material from a broader region of supply.

The last ten or fifteen years have been marked by great advancement of knowledge and great education of taste in matters relating to Public Worship. Many admirable hymnals have appeared in this country conveying into common use numerous hymns and tunes of the Modern English School. American composers have also been doing excellent work. A remarkable elevation of public opinion regarding church music has resulted from these conditions.

It is now thought to be desirable that provision be made for a corresponding advance in the religious music of the Christian Association. Its great success has issued, under God, from its forward policy. In its schemes for physical training, its educational work facilities, in its social earnestness, and in its spiritual undertakings it has continually chosen and used the best approved modern methods. Thus, keeping abreast of contemporary opinion, it has charmed young men and has met their needs.

PRaise SONGS has been carefully examined by me with a view to ascertaining its fitness to occupy a place in Association work. I can, without hesitation, commend it for that important service. It is particularly rich in modern hymns that express an evangelical homage toward Christ as God manifest in the flesh, a profound faith in His Atoning Sacrifice, a lofty and manful self-consecration to God through the Spirit. It is compiled by one who knows and loves young men, and who believes in their willingness to respond to whatever makes for strength and beauty in Christian Worship. I wish to forestall a possible objection that the music is too difficult by saying that experience in England, in Canada and in this country shows the contrary fact, wherever reasonable care is taken to group a few voices as a volunteer chorus. Splendidly satisfactory results can be secured in this way.

In our colleges and universities, where Christian Association work has become a great power, this book will, I believe, fulfill a noble mission. It preserves a fair proportion of the "Gospel Hymns," for those who care for them, while it opens fresh and most attractive opportunity for enriching and ennobling the devotional services connected with Association work.

In my opinion this admirable book will be used in other circles beside those of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work. It will meet the wants of the Young Peoples' Societies in all our churches. It may be made use of most advantageously in the Prayer Meeting. And it commends itself to me as an ideal book for churches not able to bear the expense of a larger hymnal, while desiring to use in God's Worship excellent and pure hymns and tunes.

CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL

*New York, August 1, 1897*



# PRAISE SONGS

## Opening

### I Almsgiving 8, 8, 8, 4

John B. Dykes, 1875

1 My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even-ing star,

As that which calls me to Thy feet— The hour of prayer? A - men.

- 2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed; 4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven; My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude And e'en the penitential tear  
With hopes of heaven. Is wiped away.
- 3 No words can tell what sweet relief 5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
Here for my every want I find; No privilege so dear shall be  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief, As thus my inmost soul to pour  
What peace of mind! In prayer to Thee.

Opening

2 Spohr C. M.

Louis Spohr, 1835

1 Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

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

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died!

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the Cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

John Newton, 1779

3 St. Agnes C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866

1 Be - hold us, Lord, a lit - tle space From dai - ly tasks set free,  
2 A - round us rolls the cease - less tide Of busi - ness, toil, and care,

And met with - in Thy ho - ly place To rest a - while with Thee. A - men.  
And scarcely can we turn a - side For one brief hour of pray'r.

Opening

3 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls  
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea;  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know;  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As thou wouldst have it done;  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton, 1870

4 Noontide 10, 10, 10, 10

P. A. Schaecker, 1895

1 O rest a - while, but on - ly for a - while; Life's business press - es,  
2 Rest for a - while, if on - ly for a - while; The strong birds tire, and

and the time is short: Ease may the wea - ry of re - ward be - guile;  
glad - ly seek their nest: With qui - et heart en - joy heav'n's qui - et smile;

Let not the work - man lose what he hath wrought. A - men.  
What strength has he who nev - er takes a rest?

3 Rest for awhile, though 'tis but for awhile;  
Home flies the bee, then soon re-quit the hive:  
Rest on thy staff, walk then another mile;  
Soon will the long, the final rest arrive.

4 O rest awhile, for rest is self-return;  
Leave the loud world, and visit thine own breast;  
The meaning of thy labors thou wilt learn,  
When thus at peace, with Jesus as thy guest.

Opening

5 Hendon 7, 7, 7, 7

H. A. Caesar Malan, 1827

1 Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; O do not our  
 2 Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend, In com-pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with

suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? *A-men.*  
 Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

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

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

William Hammond, 1745

Closing

6 Dennis S. M.

Arr. fr. Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:  
 2 Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. *A - men.*  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

Closing

7 Greenville 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

J. J. Rousseau



1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,  
 2 Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound:  
 3 So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv-en, Us from earth to call a - way,



Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;  
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;  
 Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en, Glad the sum - mons to o - bey,



O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness. A - men.  
 May Thy presence, May Thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.  
 May we, read - y, May we, read - y, Rise and reign in end - less day.



John Fawcett, 1774

8 Dennis S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands!  
 How kind His precepts are!  
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
 And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye  
 His saints securely dwell;  
 That hand which bears creation up  
 Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
 Press down your weary mind?  
 Hasten to your heavenly Father's throne,  
 And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
 Unchanged from day to day:  
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
 And bear a song away.

Closing

9 Ellers 10, 10, 10, 10

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 stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;



Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.



- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Closing

10 God be with You Irregular

W. G. Tomer

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,  
 2 God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Refrain

Till we meet, . . . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. *A-men.*

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

3 God be with you till we meet again,  
 When life's perils thick confound you  
 Put His arms unfailing round you,  
 God be with you till we meet again.  
*Ref.—Till we meet, etc.*

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.  
*Ref.—Till we meet, etc.*

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Closing

II Peace, Peace, Farewell Irregular

W. Moreton Owen, 1896

1 Peace, peace, fare - well, May the grace of God at - tend thee,

By His guar - dian pow'r de - fend thee, Peace, peace, fare - well.

Chorus

Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, Till a - gain we meet to sing;  
Fare - well,

Glo - ry to our Lord and King, *rit.* Peace, peace, fare - well. A - men.

2 Peace, peace, farewell,  
Let Thy Saviour often still thee,  
And with hope and gladness fill thee,  
Peace, peace, farewell.—CHO.

3 Peace, peace, farewell,  
May the love of God enfold thee,

By His Holy Spirit mould thee,  
Peace, peace, farewell.—CHO.

4 Peace, peace, farewell.  
When death's angel comes to call thee,  
May no earth-tie then enthral thee,  
Peace, peace, farewell.—CHO.

Morning

I2 Laus Matutina II, 10, 11, 10

John Stainer, 1872

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

fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee: A - men.

2 Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us  
 Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;  
 Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,  
 And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

3 In vain to labor, unless Thou be with him,  
 Man goeth forth through all the weary day;  
 In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,  
 Unless Thy staff bring comfort on his way.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,  
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,  
 Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,  
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

Morning

13 Laudes Domini 6, 6, 6, 6, 6

Joseph Barnby, 1868

1 When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries  
 2 When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs

May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,

To Je - sus I re - pair, May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - men.  
 With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised.

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

4 In heaven's eternal bliss  
 The loveliest strain is this,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 The powers of darkness fear,  
 When this sweet chant they hear,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Let earth's wide circle round  
 In joyful notes resound,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 Let air and sea and sky,  
 From depth to height, reply,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,  
 My canticle Divine,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 Be this the eternal song,  
 Through all the ages on,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Evening

I4 Eventide 10, 10, 10, 10

William H. Monk, 1861

1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven tide; The dark - ness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 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.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes:  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

**I5** Hursley L. M.

*Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792*

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
2 When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. *A - men.*  
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
For without Thee I cannot live; Let him no more lie down in sin.  
Abide with me when night is nigh, 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
For without Thee I dare not die. Ere through the world our way we take,  
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine Till in the ocean of Thy love  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1820

**I6** Manaton 8, 7, 8, 7

*Walter B. Gilbert*

1 Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! For the day is pass - ing by;  
2 Deep - er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,

See! the shades of eve - ning gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh. *A - men.*  
Swift the night of death ad - vanc - es, Shall it be the night of rest?

## Evening

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

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

4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me!  
Morning of Eternal rest.

Caroline L. Smith, 1852

## I7 Evening Shadows 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

A. E. Tozer

1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; Shad-ows of the

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and

sweet re - pose; With Thy tend' rest bless - ing May our eye-lids close. A - men.

2 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep, blue sea.  
Comfort every sufferer,  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

3 Through the long night-watches,  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above us,  
Watching round each bed.  
When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

Evening

I8 Tallis's Hymn L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560

1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;  
2 For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine own Al-might-y wings. *A-men.*  
That with the world, myself, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread<br/>The grave as little as my bed;<br/>Teach me to die that so I may<br/>Rise glorious at the awful day.</p> <p>4 O may my soul on Thee repose,<br/>And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;<br/>Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make<br/>To serve my God when I awake.</p> | <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,<br/>My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;<br/>Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,<br/>No powers of darkness me molest.</p> <p>6 O when shall I, in endless day,<br/>For ever chase dark sleep away,<br/>And hymns divine with angels sing,<br/>All praise to Thee, eternal King?</p> |
|---|--|

Thomas Ken, 1709

I9 Angelus L. M.

Alt. from Georg Josephi, 1657

1 At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;  
2 Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we, Oppressed with va-rious ills, draw near:

O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a - way! *A - men.*  
What if Thy form we can - not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.

## Evening

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:<br/>         For some are sick, and some are sad,<br/>         And some have never loved Thee well,<br/>         And some have lost the love they had;</p> <p>4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,<br/>         For none are wholly free from sin;<br/>         And they who fain would serve Thee best<br/>         Are conscious most of wrong within.</p> | <p>5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,<br/>         Thon hast been troubled, tempted, tried;<br/>         Thy kind but searching glance can scan<br/>         The very wounds that shame would hide.</p> <p>6 Thy touch has still its ancient power:<br/>         No word from Thee can fruitless fall:<br/>         Hear, in this solemn evening hour,<br/>         And in Thy mercy heal us all.</p> |
|--|--|

Henry Twells, 1868

## 20 Lux Prima 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

*Charles F. Gounod*

1 Sav-iour, now the day is end-ing, And the shades of eve-ning fall;  
 2 Bless the gos-pel mes-sage spok-en, In Thyne own ap-point-ed way;

Let the Ho-ly Ghost, de-scend-ing, Bring Thy mer-cy to us all.  
 Give each long-ing soul a tok-en Of Thy ten-der love to-day.

Set Thy seal on ev-'ry heart, Je-sus! bless us ere we part. A-men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,<br/>         Watch each sleeping child of Thine;<br/>         Let us all arise to-morrow<br/>         Strengthened by Thy grace divine.<br/>         Set Thy seal, etc.</p> | <p>4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy.<br/>         Lord, forgive each sinful thought;<br/>         Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,<br/>         By Thy great example taught:<br/>         Set Thy seal, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

Evening

21 Evening Blessing 8, 7, 8, 7

A. E. Toser

1 Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir-its seal;  
2 Tho' de - struc-tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - men.  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in Heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

22 Charity 7, 7, 7, 5

John Stainer, 1868

1 Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:  
2 Ho - ly Sav - iour, calm our fears When earth's brightness dis - ap - pears:

Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning - time. A - men.  
Grant us in our la - ter years Light at eve - ning - time.

- 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie;  
Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening-time.
- 4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark to Thee:  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening-time.

23 St. Matthias 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

William H. Monk, 1861

1 Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our minds in - stil;  
2 The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will;  
The sean - ty tri-umphs grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je - sus, be our Light. *A-men.*

- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;  
Thro' night and darkness near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Evening

24 Bentley 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

John Hullah, 1867

1 The hours of day are o - ver, The eve - ning calls us home;

Once more to Thee, O Fa - ther, With thank - ful hearts we come;

For all Thy count - less bless - ings We praise Thy ho - ly name,

And own Thy love un - chang - ing, Thro' days and years the same. A - men.

2 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,  
 For this, we thank Thee most,  
 The cleansing of the sinful,  
 The saving of the lost;  
 The Teacher ever present,  
 The Friend forever nigh,  
 The home prepared by Jesus  
 For us above the sky.

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

The Lord's Day

25 Sabbath 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

Lowell Mason, 1824



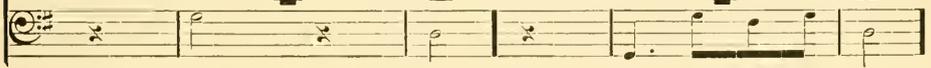
1 Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;  
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem-er's Name,



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:  
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;  
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest. A - men.  
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.



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

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
May the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints:  
||: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove  
Till we join the Church above.:||

The Lord's Day

26 Missionary Hymn 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

Lowell Mason, 1823

(First Tune)

1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,  
2 On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth:

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;  
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;

On thee, the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,  
On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n;

Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly To the great God Tri - une. A - men.  
And thus on thee, most glo - rious A tri - ple light was giv'n.

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.

The Lord's Day

27 Swabia S. M.

German

1 This is the day of Light: Let there be light to - day;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. A - men.

2 This is the day of Rest:  
Our failing strength renew;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace:  
Thy peace our spirits fill;  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:  
Let earth to heaven draw near:  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;  
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton, 1868

(Second Tune for No. 26)

Mendebras 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

German Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

Praise to God

28 St. Anne C. M.

William Croft, 1709

1 O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
 2 Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home: A - men.  
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.

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

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

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

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,  
 And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719

29 St. Thomas S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1770

1 O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro - claim!  
 2 O bless the Lord, my soul! His mer - cies bear in mind!

And all that is with - in me join To bless His ho - ly Name! A - men.  
 For - get not all His ben - e - fits! The Lord to Thee is kind.

## Praise to God

3 He will not always chide ;  
 He will with patience wait ;  
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
 And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins ;  
 Prolongs thy feeble breath ;  
 He healeth thine infirmities,  
 And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love ;  
 Upholds thee with His truth ;  
 And like the eagle He renews  
 The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,  
 Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days !  
 O bless the Lord, my soul !

James Montgomery, 1819

### 30 Fortress 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Samuel R. Gaines, 1890

1 God is my strong sal - va - tion, What foe have I to fear?  
 2 Place on the Lord re - li - ance; My soul, with cour - age wait;

In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help is near;  
 His truth be thine af - fi - ance When faint and des - o - late;

Tho' hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand,  
 His might thy heart shall strength - en, His love thy joy in - crease;

What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand? A - men.  
 Mer - cy thy days shall length - en; The Lord will give thee peace.

Praise to God

31 Leoni 6, 6, 8, 4. D.

*Jewish Melody*

1 The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove;  
2 The God of Abraham praise, At whose su - preme com - mand

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand:

Je - ho - vah! Great I AM! By earth and heav'n con - fess'd;  
I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and pow'r;

I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er blest. A - men.  
And Him my on - ly por - tion make, My Shield and Tow'r.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend;  
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace:  
On Zion's sacred height  
His kingdom still maintains,  
And, glorious with His saints in light,  
For ever reigns.

## Praise to God

5 The God who reigns on high  
 The great archangels sing;  
 And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
 "Almighty King!  
 Who was, and is, the same,  
 And evermore shall be;  
 Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!  
 We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high;  
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"  
 They ever cry:  
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine!  
 I join the heavenly lays;  
 All might and majesty are Thine,  
 And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, c. 1770

### 32 Lyons 10, 10, 11, 11

*F. J. Haydn, 1770*

1 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 - ion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A - men.

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!

Praise to God

33 Ein' Feste Burg Irregular

Martin Luther, 1529

1 A might-y Fortress 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 pow'r are great,

And armed with eru - el hate, On earth is not his e - - qual. A - men.

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 His Name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us;  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us:  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also;  
 The body they may kill:  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is for ever.

Jesus Christ: His Birth

34 St. Hilda 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

William S. Chester, 1895

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;  
2 For Christ is born of Ma - - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.  
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Used by permission

Jesus Christ :

35 Dawn 11, 10, 11, 10

Francis John

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our  
2 Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His

darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -  
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re -

dorn - ing, Guide where our In - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.  
clin - ing, Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

This Birth

36 Carol C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis, 1849

1 It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2 Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - fur'd;

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:  
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all - gra - cious King;"  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ring wing,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - men.  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow!  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

## Jesus Christ:

**37** Dix 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

*Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838*

1 { As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold; }  
 As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright; }  
 2 { As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger-bed, }  
 There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom heav'n and earth a-dore; }

So, most gra-cious God, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. *A-men.*  
 So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek Thy mer-cy-seat.

**3** As they offered gifts most rare  
 At that manger rude and bare;  
 So may we with holy joy,  
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
 All our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

**4** Holy Jesus, every day  
 Keep us in the narrow way;  
 And, when earthly things are past,  
 Bring our ransomed souls at last  
 Where they need no star to guide,  
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

*William C. Dix, 1860*

**38** Christmas C. M.

*Arr. from Händel, 1728*

1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel

of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round. *A-men.*

## His Birth

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 "Fear not," said he,— for mighty dread<br/>Had seized their troubled mind,—<br/>"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,<br/>To you and all mankind.</p> <p>3 "To you, in David's town this day,<br/>Is born of David's line,<br/>A Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,<br/>And this shall be the sign:</p> <p>4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find<br/>To human view displayed,</p> | <p>All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,<br/>And in a manger laid."</p> <p>5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith<br/>Appeared a shining throng<br/>Of angels, praising God, who thus<br/>Addressed their joyful song:—</p> <p>6 "All glory be to God on high,<br/>And to the earth be peace;<br/>Good-will henceforth from heaven to men<br/>Begin, and never cease!"</p> |
|---|---|

Nahum Tate, 1703

### 39 Antioch C. M.

*Arr. fr. Händel, 1742*

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

The first system of musical notation for 'Antioch' consists of a treble and bass staff in G major and 2/4 time. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, and a quarter note C. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Let ev - ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
And heav'n and na - ture

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a more active melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing. A - men.  
sing,.....  
And heav'n and na - ture sing,

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a final cadence. The bass staff provides a solid harmonic foundation throughout.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:<br/>Let men their songs employ;<br/>While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and<br/>plains<br/>Repeat the sounding joy.</p> | <p>3 He rules the world with truth and<br/>grace,<br/>And makes the nations prove<br/>The glories of His righteousness,<br/>And wonders of His love.</p> |
|---|--|

## Jesus Christ:

40 Mendelssohn 7, 7, 7, 7. D. With Refrain

*Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840*

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

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in

Refrain

Beth - le - hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King." *A - men.*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord!  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb:  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
 Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,  
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.—*Ref.*

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.—*Ref.*

# His Birth

**4I** New St. Andrews 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

*John Gill*

1 He has come, the Christ of God: Left for us His glad a - bode:

Stoop-ing from His throne of bliss, To this dark-some wil - der - ness!

He has come, the Prince of Peace: Come to bid our sor - rows cease:

Come to scat-ter with His light, All the shadows of our night. A - men.

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  
 Out of 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.

Jesus Christ:

42 Margaret Irregular

Timothy R. Matthews

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king-ly crown When Thou camest to earth for me,  
2 Heav-en's arch-es rang When the an-gelssang, Pro-claim-ing Thy roy-al de-gree;

But in Beth-lehem's home Was there found no room For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty:  
But of low-ly birth Didst Thou come to earth, And in great hu-mil-i-ty:

O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. *A-men.*  
O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.

NOTE.—The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require

3 The foxes found rest,  
And the birds their nest,  
In the shade of the forest tree;  
But Thy couch was the sod,  
O Thou Son of God,  
In the deserts of Galilee:  
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord,  
With the living word  
That should set Thy people free;  
But with mocking scorn,

And with crown of thorn,  
They bore Thee to Calvary:  
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring,  
And her choirs shall sing,  
At Thy coming to victory,  
Let Thy voice call me home,  
Saying, "Yet there is room,  
There is room at My side for thee."  
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

# His Birth

## 43 Adeste Fideles Irregular

*M. Portogallo*

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, O  
 2 Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - - le - hem;  
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n... a - bove:  
 Je - sus, to Thee be glo - - - ry giv'n;

Come and be - hold Him Born, the King of An - gels;  
 Glo - ry to God In the high - est;  
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

**Refrain.**

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O

come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. *A - men.*

Jesus Christ:

44 Song of Angels 8, 7, 8, 7, 8. D.

A. R. Gaul

1 Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?

Lo! the an - gel - ic host rejoices, Heav'n - ly Al - le - lu - ias rise.

Al - - - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - - ia!...

2 List - en 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!"

## His Birth

Al - - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - ia.... A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,"<br/>Reaching far as man is found;<br/>Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,<br/>Loud our golden harps shall sound.<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed!<br/>Heaven and earth His glory sing!<br/>O receive whom God appointed<br/>For your Prophet, Priest, and King.<br/>Alleluia!</p> | <p>5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,<br/>Learn His name and taste His joy,<br/>Till in heaven ye sing before Him,<br/>"Glory be to God most high!"<br/>Alleluia!</p> <p>6 Let us learn the wondrous story<br/>Of our great Redeemer's birth,<br/>Spread the brightness of His glory<br/>Till it cover all the earth.<br/>Alleluia!</p> |
|---|---|

John Cawood, 1819

## Jesus Christ: His Life

**45** Brookfield L. M.

*Thomas B. Southgate, 1868*

1 O who like Thee so calm, so bright, Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of light!

O who like Thee did ev - er go So patient thro' a world of woe! A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 O who like Thee so humbly bore<br/>The scorn, the scoffs of men before;<br/>So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,<br/>So glorious in humility!</p> <p>3 And all Thy life's unchanging years,<br/>A man of sorrows and of tears,<br/>The cross, where all our sins were laid,<br/>Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;</p> | <p>4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,<br/>Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;<br/>Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,<br/>And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.</p> <p>5 O in Thy light be mine to go,<br/>Illuming all this way of woe;<br/>And give me ever on the road<br/>To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.</p> |
|--|--|

Jesus Christ:

46 Ortonville C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837

1 Ma - jestic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A - men.

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 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.

4 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, 1787

47 Maryton L. M.

H. Percy Smith

1 O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;  
2 Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love;

Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care; A - men.  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.

This Life

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

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

Washington Gladden, 1879

48 Ariel Irregular

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

I O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,

Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel

while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

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.

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would to everlasting days  
 Make all His glories known.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
 And all the forms of love He wears,  
 Exalted on His throne:

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.

## Jesus Christ:

49 St. Leonard (Hiles) C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867

(First Tune)

1 There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear,

But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there. A-mem.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven and let us in.

6 For there's a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified  
Who died to save us all.

## His Suffering and Death

### 50 Martyrdom C. M.

*Hugh Wilson, c. 1825*

1 A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die!

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I! A - men.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree!  
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When He, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707 Alt.

### Green Hill C. M.

(Second Tune)

*Albert L. Peace, 1885*

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall  
2 We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all. A - men  
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.

Jesus Christ:

51 Passion Chorale 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Hans L. Hassler, 1601

1 O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down;

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!

Yet, though de - spised and go - ry I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?

- O make me Thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to Thee.
- 4 Be near when I am dying,  
O show Thy cross to me;  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free:  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux Tr. Paul Gerhardt,  
1656 Tr. James W. Alexander, 1830.

# His Suffering and Death

52 Chase 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6

Arthur H. Dadmun, 1897

1 "I gave My life for thee; My pre-cious blood I shed,  
 2 "I spent long years for thee, In wea-ri-ness and woe,

That thou might'st ran-som'd be, And quick-en'd from the dead.  
 That an e-ter-ni-ty Of joy thou might-est know.

I gave My life for thee: What hast thou giv'n for Me?" A - men.  
 I spent long years for thee: Hast thou spent one for Me?"

3 "My Father's home of light,  
 My rainbow-circled throne,  
 I left, for earthly night,  
 For wanderings sad and lone.  
 I left it all for thee:  
 Hast thou left aught for Me?"

5 "And I have brought to thee,  
 Down from My home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and my love.  
 Great gifts I brought to thee:  
 What hast thou brought to Me?"

4 "I suffered much for thee—  
 More than thy tongue can tell  
 Of bitterest agony,  
 To rescue thee from hell.  
 I suffered much for thee:  
 What canst thou bear for Me?"

6 Oh, let thy life be given,  
 Thy years for Him be spent;  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent.  
 Bring thou thy worthless all:  
 Follow thy Saviour's call.

Copyright, 1897, by Arthur H. Dadmun

Jesus Christ:

53 Rockingham, Old L. M.

Edward Miller, 1790

1 When I . . sur-vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
2 Fer - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my God:

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all . . . my pride. *A-men.*  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to . . . His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet      4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!      That were a tribute far too small;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?      Love so amazing, so divine,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?      Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707

54 Rathbun 8, 7, 8, 7

Ithamar Conkey, 1851

1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-ning o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub lime. *A-men.*

## His Suffering and Death

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,<br/>         Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,<br/>         Never shall the cross forsake me:<br/>         Lo! it glows with peace and joy.</p> | <p>4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,<br/>         By the cross are sanctified;<br/>         Peace is there that knows no measure,<br/>         Joys that through all time abide.</p> |
| <p>3 When the sun of bliss is beaming<br/>         Light and love upon my way,<br/>         From the cross the radiance streaming<br/>         Adds more lustre to the day.</p>       | <p>5 In the cross of Christ I glory,<br/>         Towering o'er the wrecks of time;<br/>         All the light of sacred story<br/>         Gathers round its head sublime.</p>            |

John Bowring, 1825

### 55 Aber S. M.

*William H. Monk, 1875*

1 O per - fect life of love! All, all is fin - ished now;  
 2 No work is left un - done Of all the Fa - ther willed;  
 3 No pain that we can share But He has felt its smart;

All that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low. *A - men.*  
 His toil, His sor - rows, one by one, The scrip-ture have ful - filled.  
 All forms of hu - man grief and care Have pierc'd that ten - der heart.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4 And on His thorn-crowned head,<br/>         And on His sinless soul,<br/>         Our sins in all their guilt were laid,<br/>         That He might make us whole.</p> | <p>6 In every time of need,<br/>         Before the judgment-throne,<br/>         Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,<br/>         Thy merits, not my own.</p>    |
| <p>5 In perfect love He dies;<br/>         For me He dies, for me:<br/>         O all-atoning Sacrifice,<br/>         I cling by faith to Thee.</p>                         | <p>7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,<br/>         As Thou for me hast wrought;<br/>         And let my love the answer be<br/>         To grace Thy love has brought.</p> |

Jesus Christ:

56

Midian 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

*Hymns of the Eastern Church*

1 Glo - ry be to Je - - sus, Who in bit - ter pains,

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!

Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find,

Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind! A - men.

2 Blest through endless ages  
 Be the precious stream,  
 Which from endless torments  
 Doth the world redeem!  
 Oft as it is sprinkled  
 On our guilty hearts,  
 Satan in confusion  
 Terror-struck departs;

3 Oft as earth exulting  
 Wafts its praise on high,  
 Angel hosts rejoicing  
 Make their glad reply.  
 Lift ye, then, your voices;  
 Swell the mighty flood;  
 Louder still and louder,  
 Praise the precious blood.

## The Suffering and Death

57 St. Mark 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

James W. Elliott

1 And can it be, that I should gain An in - t'rest in the Sav - iour's blood?

Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pur - sued?

*In Unison*

A - maz - ing love! how can it be That Thou, my God, should'st die for me? A - men.

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!  
 Who can explore His strange design?  
 In vain the first-born seraph tries  
 To sound the depths of love divine!  
 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,  
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

3 He left His Father's throne above,  
 (So free, so infinite His grace!)  
 Emptied Himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out me!

5 No condemnation now I dread,  
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;  
 Alive in Him, my living Head,  
 And clothed in righteousness divine,  
 Behold I approach the eternal throne,  
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.

Charles Wesley, 1738

Jesus Christ:

58 Easter Hymn 7, 7, 7, 7 With Alleluias

*Lyra Davidica, 1708*

1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!  
 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell: Al - - - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - - - - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - - - le - lu - ia! A - men.  
 Christ has o - pen'd Par - a - dise. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

3 Lives again our glorious King:  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Once He died, our souls to save:  
 Where thy victory, O grave?  
 Alleluia!

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head:  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
 Alleluia!

## His Resurrection

59 Easter 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

*Traditional Melody*

1 Day of won - der, day of glad - ness, Hail thy ev - er - glorious light!

Gone is sor - row, gone is sad - ness, End - ed is... the gloom-y night!

List - en to the an - gel's sto - ry, Cast a - way all dark and dread:

Give to God the Fa - ther glo - ry! "Christ is ris - en from the dead!" *A - men.*

2 In the triumph of this hour,  
 Jubilant shall swell the song,  
 Unto Jesus, honor, power,  
 Blessing, victory belong.  
 Scattered are the clouds of error,  
 Sin and hell are captive led:  
 E'en the grave is free from terror,  
 "Christ is risen from the dead."

3 Every people, every nation,  
 Soon shall hear the gladsome sound:  
 Joyous tidings of salvation,  
 Born to earth's remotest bound.  
 Then shall rise, in tones excelling,  
 Praise for grace so freely shed:  
 And the Easter hymn be swelling,  
 "Christ is risen from the dead."

Anon.

## His Resurrection

60 St. Albinus 7, 8, 7, 8 With Alleluia

*Henry J. Gauntlett*

1 Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger,

Death, ap - pal us; Je - sus lives! by this we know

Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thral us. Al - le - lu - ia! 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.  
Alleluia!

4 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.  
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given:  
May we go where He has gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757 Tr. F. E. Cox, 1841

## Jesus Christ: His Reign

61 Diademata S. M. D.

*George J. Elvey*

1 Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;

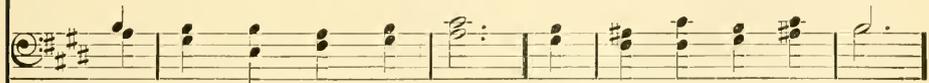
## His Reign



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,



And hail Him as Thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Crown Him the Son of God<br/>         Before the worlds began,<br/>         And ye, who tread where He hath trod,<br/>         Crown Him the Son of Man;<br/>         Who every grief hath known<br/>         That wrings the human breast,<br/>         And takes and bears them for His own,<br/>         That all in Him may rest.</p> | <p>4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,<br/>         Who over all doth reign,<br/>         Who once on earth, the Inearnate Word,<br/>         For ransomed sinners slain,<br/>         Now lives in realms of light,<br/>         Where saints with angels sing<br/>         Their songs before Him day and night,<br/>         Their God, Redeemer, King.</p> |
| <p>3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,<br/>         Who triumphed o'er the grave,<br/>         And rose victorious in the strife<br/>         For those He came to save;<br/>         His glories now we sing<br/>         Who died, and rose on high,<br/>         Who died, eternal life to bring,<br/>         And lives that death may die.</p>  | <p>5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,<br/>         Enthroned in worlds above;<br/>         Crown Him the King, to Whom is given<br/>         The wondrous name of Love.<br/>         Crown Him with many crowns,<br/>         As thrones before Him fall,<br/>         Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,<br/>         For He is King of all.</p>        |

Jesus Christ :

62 Miles Lane C. M.

(First Tune)

William Shrubsole, 1779



1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal



di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all. A-men.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,<br/>Who fixed this floating ball;<br/>Now hail the strength of Israel's might,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget<br/>The wormwood and the gall,<br/>Go, spread your trophies at His feet,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |
| <p>3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God<br/>Who from His altar call;<br/>Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p>                    | <p>6 Let every kindred, every tribe,<br/>On this terrestrial ball,<br/>To Him all majesty aseribe,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p>                 |
| <p>4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,<br/>Ye ransomed of the fall;<br/>Hail Him who saves you by His grace,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p>               | <p>7 O that with yonder saered throng<br/>We at His feet may fall;<br/>We'll join the everlasting song,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p>            |

Edward Perronet, 1780

(Second Tune)

Coronation C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793



This Reign

Musical score for 'This Reign' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple eighth-note patterns. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

63 Burnham 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

William Croft, 1700

Musical score for 'Burnham' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple eighth-note patterns. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1 Join all the glo - rious names Of wis - dom, love, and pow'r,

Musical score for 'Burnham' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple eighth-note patterns. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

That ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels ev - er bore: All

Musical score for 'Burnham' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple eighth-note patterns. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set my Sav - iour forth. A - men.

- 2 Great Prophet of my God,  
 My tongue would bless Thy Name;  
 By Thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came:  
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
 Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
 Offered His blood and died;  
 My guilty conscience seeks

- No sacrifice beside:  
 His powerful blood did once atone,  
 And now it pleads before the throne,
- 4 My dear Almighty Lord,  
 My Conqueror and my King,  
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace I sing:  
 Thine is the power; behold, I sit,  
 In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Jesus Christ:

64 Lyons 10, 10, 11, 11

F. J. Haydn, 1770

1 Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His

won-der-ful Name; The Name, all-vic-torious, of Je-sus ex-tol;

His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o-ver all. A-men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still He is nigh—His presence we have:  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!  
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1744 Alt.

This Reign

65 Edlingham 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Edward J. Hopkins

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sor - rows now;

From the fight re - turn'd vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow;

Crown Him, crown Him! Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. A - men.

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;  
 O what joy the sight affords:  
 Crown Him! Crown Him!  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Jesus Christ:

66 Greenland 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Lausanne Psalter

1 Re - jice, re - jice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;  
2 See that your lamps are burn - ing; Re - plen - ish them with oil;

The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.  
Look now for your sal - va - tion, The end of sin and toil.

The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;  
The watch - ers on the mount - ain Pro - claim the Bride-groom near,

Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry. A - men.  
Go meet Him as He com - eth, With al - le - lu - ias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Until in songs of triumph  
Ye meet the angel choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear;  
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with Thee!

## His Second Coming

67 Birtchnell 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Frank Birtchnell

1 He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not as once He came be - fore;  
2 He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not in pain, and shame, and woe,

Wail - ing in - fant, born in weak-ness On a low - ly sta - ble floor:  
With the thorn-crown on His fore-head, And the blood-drops trick - ling slow;

But up - on His cloud of glo - ry, In the crim - son - tint - ed sky,  
But with di - a - dem up - on Him, And the scep - tre in His hand,

Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ros - y dis - tance lie. A - men.  
And the dead all ranged be-fore Him, Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

3 He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He wandered through  
All the hostile land of Judah,  
With His followers poor and few:  
But with all the holy angels  
Waiting round His judgment-seat,  
And the chosen twelve apostles  
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

4 He is coming, He is coming;  
Let His lowly first estate,  
And His tender love, so teach us  
That in faith and hope we wait,  
Till in glory eastward burning,  
Our redemption draweth near;  
And we see the sign in heaven  
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Jesus Christ:

68 Swabia S. M.

German

1 Come, Lord, and tar - ry not! Bring the long looked-for day;

O why these years of wait-ing here, These a - ges of de - lay? A - men.

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;  
Daily ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!  
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

4 Come, and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded paradise,—  
Creation's second birth.

3 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of Thy stay,  
Worn out with these long years of ill  
These ages of delay.

5 Come and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of righteousness!

Horatius Bonar, 1857

69 Regent Square 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

Henry Smart, 1867

1 Je - sus came—the heav'ns a - dor - ing— Came with peace from realms on high;

## The Second Coming

Je - sus came for man's re - demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

## 70

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
 When our hearts are bowed with care.  
 Jesus comes again in answer  
 To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Comes to save us from despair.

1 Lo, He comes with clouds descending.  
 Once for our salvation slain;  
 Thousand angel hosts attending  
 Swell the triumph of His train:  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
 Bringing news of sins forgiven;  
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Now the gate of death is riven.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
 Robed in dreadful majesty;  
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
 Pierced, and nailed Him to a tree,  
 Deeply wailing, Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;  
 Jesus comes, what'er befalls us,  
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

3 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear:  
 All His saints, by men rejected,  
 Now shall meet Him in the air:  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 See the day of God appear.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
 When the heavens shall pass away;  
 Jesus comes again in glory;—  
 Let us then our homage pay,  
 Alleluia! ever singing,  
 Till the dawn of endless day.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thine eternal throne;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory;  
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone

This Second Coming

71 Greenwood 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

E. Prout

1 Come, Lord, to earth a - gain; Come quick-ly, come and reign: Lord Je - sus

come! En - throne the struggling right, Make clear the cloud - ed light,

In vic - t'ry close the fight: Lord, quick - ly come! A - men.

2 Bid war and faction cease,  
Bring in the reign of peace:  
Lord Jesus, come!  
Set every captive free;  
Let all men brothers be;  
Heal earth's long malady:  
Lord, quickly come!

3 Assert Thy right Divine;  
O'er all the nations shine:  
Lord Jesus, come!  
Then earth like heaven shall sing,  
With hallelujahs ring,  
And hail her rightful King:  
Lord, quickly come!

Newman Hall

The Holy Spirit

72 Olivet (Mason) 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost! in love, Shed on us, from a - bove,

## The Holy Spirit

Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred

gifts im - part, To glad - den each sad heart; O come to - day! A - men.

2 Exalt our low desires;  
 Extinguish passion's fires;  
 Heal every wound;  
 Our stubborn spirits bend;  
 Our icy coldness end;  
 Our devious steps attend,  
 While heavenward bound.

3 Come, all the faithful bless;  
 Let all, who Christ confess,  
 His praise employ:  
 Give virtue's rich reward;  
 Victorious death accord,  
 And, with our glorious Lord,  
 Eternal joy!

Ray Palmer Tr. 1858

## 73 Grace Church L. M.

*Arr. fr. Ignace Pleyel, 1815*

1 Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest!  
 2 Great Com - fort - er, to Thee we cry; O high - est gift of God most high!

Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A - men.  
 O Fount of life, O Fire of love, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove!

3 Kindle our senses from above,  
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;  
 With patience firm, and virtue high,  
 The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,  
 And grant us Thy true peace instead;  
 So shall we not, with Thee for Guide,  
 Turn from the path of life aside.

The Holy Spirit

74

Christ Church 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Charles Steggall, 1865

1 To God we lift our hearts, And grate-ful prais-es give;

Je-sus Him-self im-parts; He comes in man to live. The Ho-ly

Ghost to man is giv'n; Re-joice in God sent down from heav'n. A-men.

75

- 2 Jesus is glorified,  
And gives the Comforter,  
His Spirit, to reside  
In all His members here:  
The Holy Ghost to man is given;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 3 He brings His kingdom in,  
Peace, righteousness and joy,  
To make an end of sin,  
And Satan's works destroy.  
The Holy Ghost to man is given;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.
- 3 Sent down to make us meet  
To see His glorious face,  
And grant us each a seat  
In that thrice happy place,  
The Holy Ghost to man is given;  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

- 1 O Thou that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry;  
And let Thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high:  
We plead the promise of Thy Word;  
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry;  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their children's wants supply;  
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,  
And answer when Thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father Thou;  
We, children of Thy grace:  
O Let Thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place,  
That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise Thy Name.

Charles Wesley, 1746

John Burton, 1840

## The Holy Spirit

76 Leominster S. M. D.

*Har. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874*

1 Spir - it of faith, come down, Re - veal the things of God:  
2 No man can tru - ly say, That Je - sus is the Lord,

And make to us the God-head known, And wit-ness with the blood:  
Un - less Thou take the veil a - way, And breathe the liv - ing word;

'Tis Thine the blood to ap - ply, And give us eyes to see,  
Then, on - ly then, we.... feel Our in - t'rest in His blood,

Who did for ev - 'ry sin - ner die, Hath sure - ly died for me. *A - men.*  
And cry with joy un - speak - a - ble, "Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know  
The all-atoning Lamb!  
Spirit of faith, descend, and show  
The virtue of His name:  
The grace which all may find,  
The saving power impart;  
And testify to all mankind,  
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,  
Which whoso'er receives,  
The witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes;  
The faith that conquers all,  
And doth the mountain move,  
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in love.

The Holy Spirit

77 St. Cuthbert 8, 6, 8, 4

John B. Dykes, 1861

1 Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breath'd His ten - der, last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeath'd With us to dwell. A - men.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms  
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829

78 Charity 7, 7, 7, 5

John Stainer, 1868

*mf*  
1 Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most  
2 Faith, that mountains could re - move, Tongues of earth or heav'n a - bove,

*cres.* *p rit. Voices in unison*  
Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'nly love. A - men.  
Knowledge, all things, emp - ty prove, Without heav'nly love.

## The Holy Spirit

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
Therefore, give us love.

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

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

### 79 Comforter L. M. D.

Samuel R. Gaines, 1890

1 Come, gra-cious Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;  
2 Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing Way, Nor let us from His pre - cepts stray;

Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre - side.  
Lead us to ho - li - ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God.

To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose Thy way;  
Lead us to heav'n, that we may share Ful - ness of joy for ev - er there;

Plant ho-ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part. *A-men.*  
Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with Him for ev - er blest.

The Holy Spirit

80

Leoni 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

*Jewish Melody*

1 O might - y Breath of God, Spir - it of love and light,  
2 Ar - rest the wan - der - er, Light up the gloom - y soul,

Thy - self the might - y God, Re - veal Thine arm this night,  
Lift up the bow - ed down, And make the wound - ed whole.

The hu - man heart is strong, But stron - ger still Thou art:  
Quick - en the dead in sin With Thy life - giv - ing breath;

Sub - due each reb - el will; Take cap - tive ev - 'ry heart. A - men.  
Bring from sin's deep - est grave The pris - on - ers of death.

3 Speak to a heedless world,  
Speak the convincing word;  
Lift up Thy voice on high;  
Unsheathe Thy two-edged sword.  
Unveil the saving cross  
To the lost sons of men;  
Reveal the covenant blood,  
That cleanseth every stain.

4 O mighty Spirit, come,  
Come from the throne above,  
Come in the fulness of Thy power,  
And visit us in love!  
Spirit of holiness,  
Thy purity impart;  
Give holy power, give holy peace,  
To every troubled heart!

The Trinity

81 Ancient of Days 11, 10, 11, 10

J. A. Jeffery

*f* *In unison*

*Maestoso.*

1 An - cient of days, Who sit - test, thron'd in glo - ry;  
2 O Ho - ly Fa - ther, Who hast led Thy chil - dren

To Thee all knees are bent, all voice - es pray; Thy love has bless'd the  
In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud, Thro' seas dry-shod; thro'

*ff rit.*.....

wide world's wondrous sto-ry, With light and life since Eden's dawning day. *A - men.*  
wea - ry wastes be - wil-d'ring; To Thee, in rev'rent love, our hearts are bow'd.

- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,  
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,  
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,  
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,  
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase:  
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,  
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
- 5 O Trinne God, with heart and voice adoring,  
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;  
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring  
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

The Trinity

82 Trinity 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Felice de Giardini, 1769

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  
Eternal praises be  
Hence evermore.  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757

Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the Gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light!

2 Thou Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly-blind,  
O now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight!  
Move on the waters' face  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might;  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
"Let there be light!"

John Marriott, 1816

83

1 Thou, Whose Almighty word,  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight;

1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!  
2 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!  
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.  
Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall 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!

The Trinity

B. Luard Selby

(First Tune)

*Quickly*

1 We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus Who  
 2 All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our  
 3 Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

died, and is now gone a - bove. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of  
 sins and has cleans'd ev'ry stain. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all  
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove. And Thine be the glo - ry, for - ev - er A -

light, Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - ter'd our night. A - men,  
 grace, Who has bought us and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
 men, And Thine be the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

William P. Mackay Alt.

(Second Tune)

\* Revive Us Again Irregular

John J. Husband

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus Who  
 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our

\* Two line verses and Chorus

## The Trinity

### Chorus

died, and is now gone a - bove. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -  
Sav - iour, and seat - ter'd our night. }

lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain. A - men.

## The Bible

86

St. Peter C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826

1 How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!

Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A - men.

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 a clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

## 87 Adeste Fideles 11, 11, 11, 11

M. Portogallo

1 How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith, . . in His  
2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd; For I am thy God, . . and will

ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, — You who un - to  
still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My

Je - sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled? *A-men.*  
righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up - held by My righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.

- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, — I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake."

George Keith, 1787

88 Munich 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

*Har. by Mendelssohn*

1 O.. Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O.. Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2 It floateth like a banner  
 Before God's host unfurled;  
 It shineth like a beacon  
 Above the darkling world.  
 It is the chart and compass  
 That o'er life's surging sea,  
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

3 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of purest gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light, as of old.  
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see Thee face to face.

William W. How, 1867

The Bible

89 **Dijon** 7, 7, 7, 7

*German*

1 Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treasure, thou art mine;  
2 Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Saviour's love;

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am. A - men.  
Mine art Thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, condemn, ac - quit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
Light and life beyond the tomb;  
Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton, 1805 Alt.

The Invitation

90 **St. Andrew** S. M.

*Joseph Barnby, 1866*

1 Re - turn, and come to God; Cast all your sins a - way;  
2 Say not ye can - not come; For Je - sus bled and died,

Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood; Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey! A - men.  
That none who ask in hum - ble faith Should ev - er be de - nied.

3 Say not ye will not come;  
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;  
And fearful will their end be found,  
On whom His wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;  
Come, while 'tis called to-day;  
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;  
Repent, believe, obey!

George W. Doane, 1824

The Invitation

91 Dijon 7, 7, 7, 7

1 Jesus waiting at the door,  
 Waits but to be welcomed in,  
 He has often knocked before,  
 Rise and break the bars of sin.

2 Sin alone will bar His way,  
 To the hearts for which He died;  
 Turn from sin without delay,  
 Open to the Crucified.

3 Still He tarries, waiting yet;  
 Now His Spirit's help implore;  
 See! His cheeks with tears are wet;  
 Rise and open wide the door.

4 Waiting still; O Saviour, give  
 Those who need Thee grace to say,  
 "For my Saviour I will live,  
 Enter Lord, my heart to-day."

George A. Warburton, 1895

92 Greenville 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

J. J. Rousseau

1 Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 2 Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y joined with pow'r.  
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him:

He is a - ble, He is a - ble; He is will - ing: doubt no more. A - men.  
 This He gives you, this He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden.  
 Bruised and broken by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Lo, th'incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of His blood:  
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

The Invitation

93

St. Edith 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799, & Edward Husband, 1871

1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - clos'd door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:

Shame on us, Christian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

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.

The Invitation

94 Only Trust Him C. M. With Chorus

J. H. Stockton

1 Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,  
2 For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.  
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.

Chorus

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. *A-men.*

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,  
That leads you into rest:  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.—*Cho.*

4 Come then, and join this holy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land,  
Where joys immortal flow.—*Cho.*

J. H. Stockton

## The Invitation

95 Woolwich S. M.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876

1 Room for the wan - d'r'er, room! The gates stand o - pen wide;  
2 Room in the crim - son tide Of Christ's most pre - cious blood;

Hast - en ere falls the mid - night gloom. To Je - sus Cru - ci - fied. A - men.  
Safe shel - ter in His wounded side, Whence flow'd the healing flood!

3 Room in that city bright,  
That city up above,  
Where saints, in robes of purest white  
Forever sing His love!

4 God's message rings sublime,  
Its voice let all obey:  
Lo, this is the accepted time;  
Lo, this is Mercy's day!

Sarah Doudney, 1880

96 St. Regulus Irregular

A. Croil Falconer, 1886

1 "Yet there is room!" the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,  
2 Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shad - ows lengthen,  
3 The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast; Pass in, pass in, and

Refrain — *Slower*

beckons thee a - long;  
light makes haste to go. } Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now! A - men.  
be the Bridegroom's guest. }

## The Invitation

- 4 "Yet there is room!" Still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.—*Ref.*
- 5 Pass in, pass in! The banquet is for thee;  
That cup of everlasting love is free.—*Ref.*
- 6 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;  
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall!—*Ref.*
- 7 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;  
Then the last, low, long cry;—"No room, no room!"  
*Ref.*—No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

Horatius Bonar, 1873

97 Stanley L. M. D.

Arthur H. Mann

1 While life pro-longs its pre-cious light, Mer-cy is found and peace is giv'n,  
2 Soon borne on time's most rap-id wing, Shall death command you to the grave,

But soon, ah, soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev-'ry hope of heav'n.  
Be-fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.

### Refrain

While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gos-pel's charming sound!

Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a-way, While yet a pard'ning God is found. A-men.

The Invitation

98 Pastoral 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

P. A. Schaecker, 1895

1 Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?

Fool - ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?

Was there ev - er kind - er shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,

As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er 'round His feet? A - men.

2 It is God! His love looks mighty,  
 But 'tis mightier than it seems:  
 'Tis our Father and His fondness  
 Goes out far beyond our dreams.  
 There's a wideness in God's mercy  
 Like the wideness of the sea;  
 There's a kindness in His justice,  
 Which is more than liberty.

3 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 welcome for the sinner  
 And more graces for the good;  
 There is mercy with the Saviour;  
 There is healing in His blood!

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## The Invitation

4 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.  
 But we make His love too narrow  
 By false limits of our own;  
 And we magnify His strictness  
 With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is plentiful redemption  
 In the blood that has been shed;  
 There is joy for all the members  
 In the sorrows of the Head.  
 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, 1854

### 99 Glastonbury 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

*John B. Dykes, 1876*

1 "Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive." Say this word of grace to all  
 2 Shep - herds seek their wand'ring sheep O'er the mountains bleak and cold;

Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall:  
 Je - sus such a watch doth keep O'er the lost ones of His fold,

This can bring them back a - gain, "Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men." *A - men.*  
 Seek - ing them o'er moor and fen, "Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men."

3 Sick and sorrowful and blind,  
 I, with all my sins, draw nigh;  
 O my Saviour, Thou canst find  
 Help for sinners such as I;  
 Speak that word of love again,  
 "Christ receiveth sinful men."

4 Yea, my soul is comforted;  
 For Thy blood hath washed away  
 All my sins, though crimson-red,  
 And I stand in white array,  
 Purged from every spot and stain:  
 "Christ receiveth sinful men."

## The Invitation

**100 Call Them In** 8, 7, 8, 7. D. With Refrain

*Ethelbert W. Bullinger*



1 Call them in! the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stain'd wand'ers from the fold;  
 2 Call them in! the brok-en-heart-ed, Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;



Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
 Speak love's mes-sage low and ten-der! 'Twas for sin-ners Je-sus came.



Call them in! the Jew, the Gen-tile; Bid the stran-ger to the feast,  
 See the shad-ows length-en 'round us, Soon the day-dawn will be-gin;



Call them in! the rich, the no-ble, From the high-est to the least.  
 Call them in! the lost and lone-ly: Christ is com-ing: call them in!



## The Invitation

### Refrain

Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

Bid them come and rest in Je - sus, He is wait - ing! call them in! A - men.

Anna Shipton, 1862

### 101 Stephanos 8, 5, 8, 3

*Henry W. Baker, 1868*

1 Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?

Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, "Yes."

# The Invitation

**I02** Tarring 6, 4, 6, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4

Edward J. Hopkins, 1886

1 Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may,  
 2 Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die?

Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day:  
 Come while thou canst bor - row, Help from on high:

Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room.  
 Grieve not that love Which from a - bove,

Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey. A - men.  
 Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Thy moments glide,  
 Like the flitting arrow,  
 Or the rushing tide;  
 Ere time is o'er,  
 Heaven's grace implore;  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 In Christ confide.

4 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Where wilt thou be  
 Through that long to-morrow,  
 Eternity?  
 Exiled from home,  
 Darkly to roam,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Where wilt thou flee?

The Invitation

103 Come Unto Me 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

*mf*  
ORG.

1 "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."  
2 "Come un - to Me, ye wan-d'ers, And I will give you light."

*p*

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!  
O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!

*mf* A little faster

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,  
Our hearts were fill'd with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,

*f*

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A - men.  
But He has brought us glad - ness, 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, O Lord, to Thee.

The Invitation

I04 Martyrdom C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1825

1 There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins:

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

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.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

William Cowper, 1772

I05 Green Hill C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

1 O come to Christ! a sin - gle glance Would melt your doubts a - way,  
2 O come to Christ! He waits for you, Long has He wait - ing stood,

One glance would flood you with His light And an e - ter - nal day. A - men.  
Stoop - ing to ask you for your heart, Yearn - ing to do you good.

## The Invitation

<p>3 O come to Christ! The world has proved To be a broken reed; Thou canst not trust what always fails In time of sorest need.</p>	<p>4 O come to Christ! for peace, for rest, For all thy heart can crave, For triumph over pain and loss, The death-bed and the grave.</p>
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Elizabeth Prentiss

### I06 Maidstone 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

*Walter B. Gilbert, 1862*

1 Wel - come, wel - come! sin - ner hear; Hang not back thro' shame or fear;  
2 Wel - come, weep - ing pen - i - tent, Grace has made thy heart re - lent;

Doubt not, nor dis - trust the call; Mer - cy is pro - claimed to all.  
Wel - come, long - es - trang - ed child; God in Christ is rec - on - ciled.

Wel - come to the of - fered peace; Wel - come, pris - 'ner, to re - lease:  
All ye wea - ry and dis - tressed, Wel - come to re - lief and rest.

Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free; Rise and come; He call - eth thee. A - men.  
All is read - y; hear the call, There is am - ple room for all.

Used by permission

## The Invitation

**I07** Winterton 12, 11, 12, 11

*Frederick C. Maker*

1 O come to the mer - ci - ful Saviour who calls you, O come to the

Lord Who for-gives and for - gets; Tho' dark be the for - tune on earth that be -

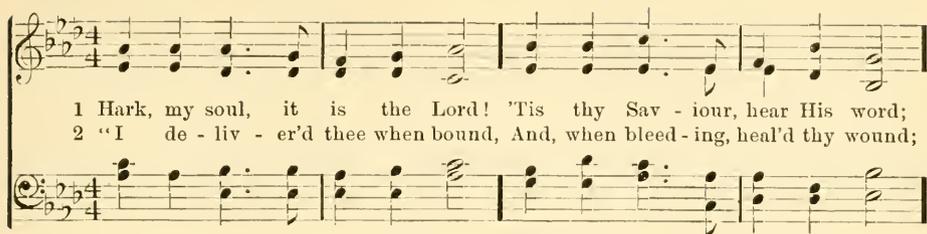
falls you, There's a bright Home a-bove where the sun nev - er sets. A - men.

- 2 O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended  
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;  
O come! for your exile will shortly be ended,  
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.
- 3 Yes! come to the Saviour, Whose mercy grows brighter  
The longer you look at the depth of His love;  
And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares grow lighter  
As you think of the Home and the Glory above.
- 4 O come then to Jesus! and say how you love Him,  
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;  
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,  
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.
- 5 Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story  
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;  
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His Glory,  
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

The Invitation

I08 St. Bees 7, 7, 7, 7

John B. Dykes, 1862



1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;  
2 "I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, And, when bleed - ing, heal'd thy wound;



Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me? A - men.  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

Squandered life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now  
In thine heart and in thy soul?  
Discontent upon thy brow?  
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitt'rst wound.  
He thy gentlest prayer can hear.  
Seek Him; for He may be found.  
Call upon Him; He is near.

James Freeman Clarke, 1844

I10

1 "Come," said Jesus' sacred voice,  
"Come, and make My paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home,  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 "Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

I09

1 Brother, hast thou wandered far  
From thy Father's happy home,  
With thyself and God at war?  
Turn thee, brother. Homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noble uses gave?

## The Invitation

**III Invitation** 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

*Frederick C. Maker, 1881*

1 Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee;

In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee;

He wait - eth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace, and love,

True joy on earth be - low, A home in heav'n a - bove. A - men.

2 Come to the Saviour now,  
 Ye who have wandered far,  
 Renew your solemn vow,  
 For His by right you are;  
 Come, like poor wandering sheep  
 Returning to His fold;  
 His arm will safely keep,  
 His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,  
 Whate'er your burdens be;  
 Hear now His loving call,  
 "Cast all your care on Me."  
 Come, and for every grief  
 In Jesus you will find  
 A sure and safe relief,  
 A loving Friend and kind.

The Invitation

II2 Rockingham, Old L. M.

Edward Miller, 1790

1 God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
 2 God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - bers lie? *A - men.*  
 And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I . . . . de - lay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,  
 And I my heart the closer lock?  
 He still is waiting to receive,  
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
 My heart I yield without delay;  
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735 Tr. Sarah B. Findlater. 1855

II3 Federal Street L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1852

1 Be - hold a stran - ger at the door; He gen - tly knocks; has knocked before;  
 2 O love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands:

Has waited long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill. *A - men.*  
 O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
 He will, the very friend you need—  
 The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He,  
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;  
 Turn out His enemy and thine,  
 That soul - destroying monster, sin,  
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

## Repentance

**II4** St. Crispin L. M. (First Tune)

George J. Elvey, 1862

1 Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2 Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

*rit.*

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. *A-men.*  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

**Woodworth** L. M.

(Second Tune)

William B. Bradbury, 1849

1 Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2 Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. *A-men.*  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Repentance

II5 Vox Dilecti C. M. D.

John B. Dykes, 1868

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water: thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink, and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1846

Repentance

II6 Stettin Irregular

Nicolaus Decius

1 From the depths of woe I raise to Thee The voice of lam - en -  
 2 To wash a - way the crim - son stain, Grace, grace a - lone a -

ta - tion; Lord, turn a gra - cious ear to me, And hear my sup - pli -  
 vail - eth; Our works, a - las! are all in vain, In much the best life

ca - tion: If Thou shouldst be ex - treme to mark Each se - cret sin and  
 fail - eth: No man can glo - ry in Thy sight, All must a - like con -

mis - deed dark, O who could stand be - fore Thee. A - men.  
 fess Thy might, And live a - lone by mer - cy.

3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,  
 And not in mine own merit;  
 On Him my soul shall rest, His word  
 Upholds my fainting spirit.  
 His promised mercy is my fort,  
 My comfort and my sweet support—  
 I wait for it with patience.

4 Although our sin is great indeed,  
 God's mercies far exceed it:  
 His hand can give the help we need,  
 However much we need it:  
 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Who Israel dotli gnard and keep,  
 And shall from sin redeem him.

Repentance

II7 Crucifer 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
2 Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest:

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me While Thy love is left to me;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own. *A - men.*  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 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?

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

Henry F. Lyte, 1824

Repentance

118 I Hear the Saviour Say Irregular

John T. Grape, 1865

1 I hear the Sav-our say, Thy strength in-deed is small;

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.

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Chorus

Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow. A-men.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and that alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to elaim—  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

Elvina M. Hall, 1865

## Repentance

### IIQ Spanish Chant 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

1 Sav - iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee,  
2 By Thy help - less in - fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,

When re - pent - ant to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,  
By Thy days of sore dis - tress In the sav - age wil - der - ness,

O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low;  
By the dread per - mit - ted hour Of the might - y tempter's pow'r:

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.  
Turn, O turn a fa - v'ring eye, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!

3 By the burthen Thou didst bear,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
O from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

# Repentance

I20 Rock of Ages 7, 7, 7, 7

Thomas Hastings, 1830

(First Tune)

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a final measure marked 'FINE'.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 d.c.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Bass line musical notation for the first system, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. It provides a harmonic accompaniment to the melody.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody from the first system. It includes a 'd.c.' (da capo) marking above the final measure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A - men.

Bass line musical notation for the second system, continuing the accompaniment from the first system.

2 Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyelids close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776 Thomas Cotterill, 1815 Alt.

Ajalon 7, 7, 7, 7

(Second Tune)

Richard Redhead, 1853

Musical notation for the first system of 'Ajalon', featuring a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes.

Musical notation for the second system of 'Ajalon', continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

## Repentance

**I2I** Langran 10, 10, 10, 10

*James Langran, 1862*

1 Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and

long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:

And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come." A - men.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
 In the pure glory of that holy land?  
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
 Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way  
 Evil is ever with me day by day;  
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
 "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear;  
 His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,  
 And His the Blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

Samuel J. Stone, 1865

Repentance

I22 Aurelia 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus! For I am full of sin;

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;

I need the cleansing fount - ain, Where I can al - ways flee,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. A - men.

2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!  
 For I am very poor;  
 A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store;  
 I need the love of Jesus  
 To cheer me on my way,  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!  
 And hope to see Thee soon,  
 Encircled with the rainbow,  
 And seated on Thy throne:  
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
 My joy shall ever be  
 To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,  
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Frederick Whitfield, 1855

## Repentance

**I23** Rutherford 7, 6, 7, 6. D. *Arr. fr. Chrétien D'Urhan, by E. F. Rimbault*

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load;

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains

White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains. A - men.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
 All fullness dwells in Him;  
 He healeth my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem:  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child.  
 I long to be with Jesus,  
 Amid the heavenly throng;  
 To sing with saints His praises,  
 And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1843

Repentance

I24 Penitence L. M.

Cornelius Elven, 1852

1 With brok-en heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry:

Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I smite upon my troubled breast,<br/>With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;<br/>Christ and His Cross my only plea:<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p> | <p>4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,<br/>Can for a single sin atone;<br/>To Calvary alone I flee:<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p>                      |
| <p>3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,<br/>Nor dare uplift them to the skies;<br/>But Thou dost all my anguish see:<br/>O God, be merciful to me.</p>      | <p>5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,<br/>With all the ransomed through I dwell,<br/>My raptured song shall ever be,<br/>God has been merciful to me.</p> |

Cornelius Elven, 1852

I25 Agnus Dei 8, 8, 8, 6

William Blow

1 Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blessed With healing gifts for souls dis-tressed,

To find in Thee my Life, my Rest, Christ Cru - ci - fed, I come. A - men.

## Repentance

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Stained with the sins which I have wrought<br/>In word and deed and secret thought,<br/>For pardon which Thy Blood hath bought,<br/>Christ Crucified, I come.</p> | <p>4 Wash me, and take away each stain,<br/>Let nothing of my sin remain;<br/>For cleansing, though it be through pain,<br/>Christ Crucified, I come.</p> |
| <p>3 Weary of selfishness and pride,<br/>False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,<br/>Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide,<br/>Christ Crucified, I come.</p>           | <p>5 To be what Thon wouldst have me be,<br/>Accepted, sanctified in Thee,<br/>Through what Thy grace shall work in me<br/>Christ Crucified, I come.</p>  |

Genevieve S. Irons, 1880

### I26 Monod Irregular

*Charles J. Vincent, 1877*

1 O the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could  
2 Yet He found me: I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th' ac-

ev - er be When I let the Sav - iour's pit - y Plead in vain, and  
curs - ed tree; Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Fa - ther;" And my wist - ful

proud - ly an - swered, "All of self, and none of Thee." A - men.  
heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of Thee."

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Day by day His tender mercy,<br/>Healing, helping, full and free,<br/>Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,<br/>Brought me lower, while I whispered,<br/>"Less of self, and more of Thee."</p> | <p>4 Higher than the highest heavens,<br/>Deeper than the deepest sea,<br/>Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;<br/>Grant me now my soul's desire,<br/>"None of self, and all of Thee."</p> |
|---|--|

Theodore Monod, 1874

## Repentance

**127** St. Christopher 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

*Frederick C. Maker, 1881*

1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus  
 Mine eye at times can see  
 The very dying form of One  
 Who suffered there for me:  
 And from my smitten heart with tears  
 Two wonders I confess,—  
 The wonders of His glorious love  
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow  
 For my abiding-place:  
 I ask no other sunshine than  
 The sunshine of His face;  
 Content to let the world go by,  
 To know no gain nor loss,  
 My sinful self my only shame,  
 My glory all the cross.

*Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872*

Consecration

I28 Consecration 7, 5, 7, 5. D.

Sigfrid Stenhammar, 1895

*In Unison*

1 Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All my days to Thee,

In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be:

Not from sor - row, pain or care, Free - dom dare I claim;

This a - lone shall be my pray'r, "Glo - ri - fy Thy Name." A - men.

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- 2 Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest ought that may  
Glorify Thy Name.
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine;

- Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, what'er the future brings,  
Glorify Thy Name.
- 4 If Thou callest to the cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home;  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on,  
"Glorify Thy Name."

Consecration

I29

St. Bees 7, 7, 7, 7

(First Tune)

John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee,

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love. A-men.

- 2 Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee,  
Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.
- 3 Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee;  
Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;

- 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, 1874

Hendon 7, 7, 7, 7

(Second Tune)

H. A. Casar Malan, 1827

1 Take my life and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and

let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the impulse of Thy love. A-men

Consecration

I 30 I'll Live for Thee 8, 8, 8, 6 With Chorus

C. R. Dunbar, 1882

1 My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, Who died for me;

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!

Chorus

I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee, And O how glad my soul should be,

That Thou didst give Thy - self for me, My Sav-iour and my God! A - men.

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!—*Cho.*

3 O Thou Who died on Calvary,  
To save my soul and make me free:  
I consecrate my life to Thee,  
My Saviour and my God!—*Cho.*

R. E. Hudson, 1882

Consecration

131 Oxford 8, 7, 8, 7

John Stainer

1 All for Je - sus— All for Je - sus, This our song shall ev - er be;  
2 All for Je - sus— Thou wilt give us Strength to serve Thee hour by hour;

For we have no hope, nor Sav-iour, If we have not hope in Thee. *A - men.*  
None can move us from Thy pres-ence, While we trust Thy love and pow'r.

3 All for Jesus—Thou hast loved us;  
All for Jesus—Thou hast died;  
All for Jesus—Thou art with us;  
All for Jesus Crucified.

4 All for Jesus—all for Jesus,  
This the Church's song must be;  
Till, at last, her sons are gathered  
One in love and one in Thee.

James S. Simpson

132 Mesa 8, 7, 8, 7

F. B. King, 1884

1 Ho - ly Fa-ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone;

Year by year Thy hand hath brought me On through dan-gers oft un-known, *A - men.*

## Consecration

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When I wandered, Thou hast found me:<br/>         When I doubted, sent me light,<br/>         Still Thine arm has been around me,<br/>         All my paths were in Thy sight.</p> | <p>Follow wholly Thy direction,<br/>         Thou, mine only guard from harm!</p>  |
| <p>3 I would trust in Thy protection,<br/>         Wholly rest upon Thine arm,</p>  | <p>4 Keep me from mine own undoing,<br/>         Help me turn to Thee when tried,<br/>         Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,<br/>         Keep me ever at Thy side!</p> |

John M. Neale, 1842

### I33 Oak 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

*Lowell Mason, 1854*

1 More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the

pray'r I make On bended knee; This is my earn-est plea, More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

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!

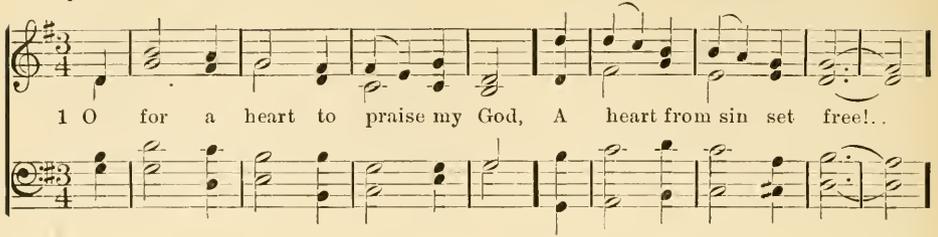
3 Then shall my latest breath  
 Whisper Thy praise;  
 This be the parting cry  
 My heart shall raise,  
 This still its prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869

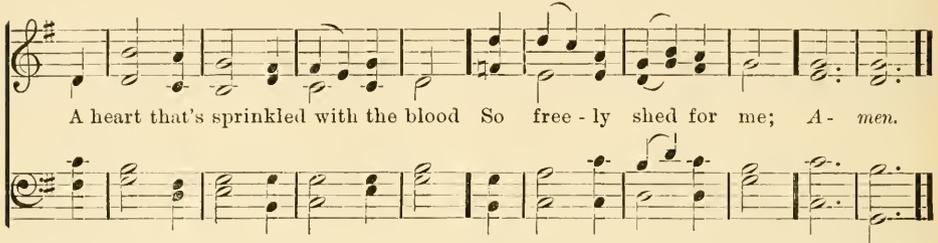
Consecration

I34 Belmont C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812



1 O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!..



A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me; A- men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1742

I35 Beatitudo C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



1 Wit-ness, ye men and an-gels, now, Be-fore the Lord we speak;



To Him we make our sol-emn vow, A vow we dare not break—A- men.

## Consecration

- 2 That long as life itself shall last  
 Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
 Nor from His cause will we depart,  
 Nor ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
 But on His grace rely;

- That, with returning wants the Lord,  
 Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,  
 And keep us in Thy ways;  
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,  
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787

### I36 Winterton 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

*Joseph Barnby, 1892*



- 1 Sav-iour, Thy dy-ing love Thon gav-est me, Nor should I  
 2 O'er the blest mer-cy-seat Plead-ing for me, Up-ward in



ought with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-  
 faith I look, Je-sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous



fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee. *A - men.*  
 love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.



- 3 Give me a faithful heart,  
 Likeness to Thee,  
 That each departing day  
 Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some wanderer sought and won,  
 Something for Thee.

- 4 All that I am and have—  
 Thy gifts so free—  
 Ever in joy or grief,  
 My Lord, for Thee;  
 And when Thy face I see,  
 My ransomed soul shall be,  
 Through all eternity,  
 Something for Thee.

Consecration

I37 Day of Rest 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

James W. Elliott, 1875

1 O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end:  
2 O let me feel Thee near me! The world is ev - er near;

Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!  
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt-ing sounds I hear;

I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,  
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;

*Unison* Nor wan - der from the path - way, *Harmony* If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.  
But Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will!  
O speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control!  
O speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend!

Consecration

I38 Pastoral 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

P. A. Schaecker, 1895

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1 Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son;

That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing; Thorn-y prov'd the way I trod;

Wea - ry come I now, and pray-ing—Take me to Thy love, my God! A - men.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;  
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To Thy household take me in.  
Freely now to Thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely life and soul I offer—  
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,  
Bare our sins upon the tree;  
On that sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to Thee;  
Father, take me! all forgiving,  
Fold me to Thy loving breast;  
In Thy love for ever living,  
I must be for ever blest!

Trial and Trust

I39 Penitence 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

Spencer Lane, 1879

By permission of Rev. Chas. L. Hutchins

1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;  
2 With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;

Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee.  
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;

When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,.....  
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,.....

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. *A-men.*  
Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross-crown'd Cal - va - ry.

3 Should Thy merey send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below:  
Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834, William P. Hutton,  
and Godfrey Thring

Trial and Trust

I40 Erie 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

C. C. Converse



1 What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r! A - men.

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 ev'ry weakness  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, 1855

## Trial and Trust

**I4I Jewett** 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

*Arr. from Weber, by Joseph H. Holbrook, 1862*

1 My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;  
 2 My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.  
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure.

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own;  
 The man - na of Thy word Let my soul feed up - on;

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. *A-men.*  
 And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 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.

4 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.

## Trial and Trust

**I42** Invitation 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

*Frederick C. Maker, 1881*

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out my path for me.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might;

Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right. *A - men.*

2 The kingdom that I seek  
 Is Thine: so let the way  
 That leads to it be Thine,  
 Else I must surely stray.  
 Take Thou my eup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill,  
 As best to Thee may seem;  
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness or my health;  
 Choose Thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.  
 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
 In things or great or small;  
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
 My Wisdom and my All.

## Trial and Trust

**I43** Bethany 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Lowell Mason, 1859

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1 Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my

God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. *A - men.*

2 Though like a 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 my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

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

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

## Trial and Trust

**I44** Neumark 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

Georg Neumark, 1657



1 If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in Him thro' all thy ways,



He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil days:



Who trusts in God's unchanging love Builds on the rock that naught can move. *A - men.*



2 What can these anxious cares avail thee, 4 All are alike before the Highest;  
 These never-ceasing moans and sighs? 'Tis easy to our God, we know,  
 What can it help, if thou bewail thee To raise thee up though low thou liest,  
 O'er each dark moment as it flies? To make the rich man poor and low;  
 Our cross and trials do but press True wonders still by Him are wrought  
 The heavier for our bitterness. Who setteth up and brings to naught.

3 Only be still, and wait His leisure 5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,  
 In cheerful hope, with heart content So do thine own part faithfully [sing,  
 To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure And trust His word,—though undeserv-  
 And all-deserving love hath sent; -ing  
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known Though yet shalt find it true for thee;  
 To Him who chose us for His own. God never yet forsook at need  
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Georg Neumark, 1641 Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855, 1863

Trial and Trust

I45 He Leadeth Me L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1864

1 He lead - eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'n-ly comfort fraught!  
 2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bowers bloom,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
 By wa - ters calm, o'er trou-bled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.

Refrain

He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me:

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. *A-men.*

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
 Content, whatever lot I see,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.  
*Ref.*—He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.  
*Ref.*—He leadeth me, etc.

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

## Trial and Trust

**146** Thalberg 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

*Arr. from Thalberg*

1 In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed? A - men.

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.

## Trial and Trust

### I47 Retreat L. M.

*Thomas Hastings, 1842*

1 From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,  
2 There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be neath the mer-cy - seat. *A-men.*  
A place than all be-side more sweet; It is the blood stain'd mer-cy-seat.

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

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more;  
And heaven comes down, our souls to  
greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

*Hugh Stowell, 1827, 1831*

### I48 Oxford 8, 7, 8, 7

*John Stainer*

1 God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;  
2 Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens; God is Wis-dom, God is Love. *A-men.*  
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er: God is Wis-dom, God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the mist His brightness streameth:  
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

4 He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth:  
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Trial and Trust

I49 Lux Benigna 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

John B. Dykes, 1868

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on:

*p* The night is dark, and I am far from home, *p* Lead Thou me on!

*cres.* Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see.....

*dim.* The dis - tant scene; *p* one step e - nough for me. *A - men.*

- 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 hath 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.

## Trial and Trust

**150 Laszlo** 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8 (First Tune)

*Arpád Laszlo, 1896*

1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness;

I dare not trust the sweet - est 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. *A-men.*

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

He then is all my hope and stay.  
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
O, may I then in Him be found;  
Drest in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!  
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,

*Edward Mote, 1834*

**Solid Rock** 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

(Second Tune)

*William B. Bradbury*

1 { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; }  
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name. }

## Trial and Trust

### Chorus

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A - men.

## 151 Even Me Irregular

William B. Bradbury, 1862

1 } Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless- ing; Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }  
 Show'rs the thirst-y land re- fresh - ing; Let some por - tion fall on me! }

### Refrain

E - ven me! E - ven me! Let some por - tion fall on me. A - men.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
 Sinful though my heart may be;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let Thy mercy light on me.—*Ref.*

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me.—*Ref.*

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
 Let me love and cling to Thee;  
 I am longing for Thy favor;  
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.—*Ref.*

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify it all in me.—*Ref.*

Elizabeth Codner, 1860 Alt.

Trial and Trust

I52 Princethorpe 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

William Pitts

1 Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fond - ly speaks to all:

He it is Who frees us From sin's bit - ter thrall;

He it is Whose na - ture, Hu - man as our own,

Pleads for ev - 'ry crea - ture By the Fa - ther's throne. A - men.

2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,  
 Heard within the breast,  
 Tells us He will ease us,  
 Howsoe'er distrest;  
 Tells us that our sorrow  
 For the night may last,  
 But a glad to-morrow  
 Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus  
 Bids us still endure:  
 Seek not what will please us,  
 But things just and pure;  
 Strive through self-denial  
 Upwards to the light,  
 Where faith's years of trial  
 Shall be lost in sight.

Albert E. Evans, 1871

Trial and Trust

I53 Leaning on Thee 8, 8, 8, 4 With Chorus

T. C. O'Kane

1 Leaning on Thee, my Guide, and Friend, My gra - cious Sav - iour, I am blest;  
 2 Leaning on Thee with child - like faith, To Thee the fu - ture I con - fide;

Though wea - ry, Thou dost con - de - scend To be..... my rest.  
 Each step of life's un - trod - den path Thy love..... shall guide.

To be my rest.  
 Thy love shall guide.

Chorus

Lean - ing on Thee, lean - ing on Thee, Je - sus, on Thee a - lone; Still I'm

lean - ing on Thee, Lean - ing on Thee, on Thee..... a - lone. A - men.

on Thee, on Thee a - lone.

3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak, 4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms,  
 Too weak another voice to hear, Although I stand on death's dark brink:  
 Thy heavenly accents comfort speak, I feel the everlasting arms;  
 "Be of good cheer."—*Cho.* I shall not sink.—*Cho.*

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

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Trial and Trust

154 Gilberts 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Walter B. Gilbert

(First Tune)

In unison

Used by permission

1 { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; }  
 { I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; }

In harmony

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev - er-more. A-men.

2 Open now 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, 1745

Dismissal 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

(Second Tune)

William L. Viner

1 Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;  
 I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;

## Trial and Trust

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev - er - more. A - men.

### I55 Douglas 11, 10, 11, 10

Arthur H. Dackmun, 1896

*mp* Voices in harmony

1 Un - der the shad - ow of the cross of Je - sus, My soul, un -

*cres.* *Voices in unison*

wor - thy, Feign would find its rest; His blood is shed, and in that fountain

*dim.*

pre - cious, I wash my soul, and trust-ing I am blest. A - men.

2 My sins are many, but His mercy covers,  
 By His shed blood, the darkest of them all  
 And in His cross my heart with joy discovers;  
 A source of power to keep me lest I fall.

3 Oh, then, I travel with that cross before me,  
 Straight toward the place where Jesus ever waits;  
 And in my journey Jesus walks beside me,  
 To guide my steps at last to heaven's gates.

Trial and Trust

156 Evening Shadows 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

A. E. Tozer

1 O let him whose sor - row No re - lief can find,

Trust in God, and bor - row Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourn - er, weep - ing, Sheds the se - cret tear,

God His watch is keep - ing, Though none else be near. A - men.

2 God will never leave thee;  
 All thy wants He knows;  
 Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
 Sees thy cares and woes:  
 If in grief thou languish,  
 He will dry the tear,  
 Who His children's anguish  
 Soothes with succor near.

3 All thy woe and sadness,  
 In this world below,  
 Balance not the gladness  
 Thou in heaven shall know,  
 When thy gracious Saviour,  
 In the realms above,  
 Crowns thee with His favor,  
 Fills thee with His love.

H. S. Oswald Tr. Francis E. Cox, 1841

## Trial and Trust

I57 Tozer II, II, II, II

A. E. Tozer

1 Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;  
2 Je - sus, I may trust Thee, Name of match - less worth

Guilt - y, lost, and help - less, Thou canst make me whole.  
Spok - en by the an - - gel at Thy won - drous birth;

There is none in heav - en or on earth like Thee:  
Writ - ten, and for - ev - - er, on Thy cross of shame,

*rit.*

Thou hast died for sin - ners—there-fore Lord, for me. A - men.  
Sin - ners read and wor - ship, trust - ing in that Name.

- 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:  
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—  
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.
- 4 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:  
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out."  
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—  
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God!

Trial and Trust

I58 Hollingside 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1861

(First Tune)

1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

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 cover 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.

Trial and Trust

159 Naomi C. M.

Arr. fr. Hans G. Nægeli, by Lowell Mason, 1836

1 Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - men.

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760 Alt. A. M. Toplady, 1776

(Second Tune to No. 158)

Martyn 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Simcon B. Marsh, 1834

1 } Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high: }  
d.c.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

FINE.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past: A - men.

D. C.

Trial and Trust

I60 Olivet (Mason) 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2 My Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my  
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my

guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.  
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away;  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830

I61 Savoy Chapel 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin

1 To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My Spir - it turns for rest,

## Love to Christ

My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My ref - uge is Thy breast;

Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - men.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,  
 On Thee my hope relies,  
 O Thou whose love provideth  
 For all beneath the skies:  
 O Thou whose mercy found me,  
 From bondage set me free,  
 And then forever bound me,  
 With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness  
 With which this sluggish heart  
 Doth open to the fulness  
 Of all Thon wouldst impart:  
 My joy is in Thy beauty  
 Of holiness divine,  
 My comfort in the duty  
 That binds my life to Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever  
 Have failed in love to Thee,  
 The only one who never  
 Forgot or slighted me!  
 O for a heart to love Thee  
 More truly as I ought,  
 And nothing place above Thee  
 In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing  
 Of living in Thy love,  
 And thus on earth possessing  
 The peace of heaven above:  
 O for the bliss that by it  
 The soul securely knows;  
 The holy calm and quiet  
 Of faith's serene repose.

Love to Christ

I62 The Great Physician 8, 7, 8, 7 With Chorus

J. H. Stockton

1 The Great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;  
2 Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n; O hear the voice of Je - sus!

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer: O hear the voice of Je - sus.  
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.

Chorus

Sweet-est note in se - raph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet-est ear - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus! bless - ed Je - sus. A - men.

3 All glory to the risen Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus:  
I love the blessèd Saviour's Name  
I love the Name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

4 His Name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other Name but Jesus!  
O how my soul delights to hear  
The precious Name of Jesus!—*Cho.*

William Hunter, 1844 Chorus by R. Kempenfelt

Love to Christ

163 Sankey 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

R. B. Sankey

I O Je - sus, ev - er pres - ent, O Shep-herd, ev - er kind,

Thy Name is sweet - est mu - sic To ear, and heart, and mind.

It woke our ten - der child - hood To muse on things a - bove;

It draws our hard - er man - hood With cords of might - y love. A - men.

2 How oft to sure destruction  
 Our feet had gone astray,  
 Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,  
 The guardian of our way!  
 How oft in darkness fallen,  
 And wounded sore by sin,  
 Thy gentle hand upraised us,  
 And healing balm poured in.

3 O Shepherd good, we follow  
 And trust in Thee for all,  
 To guide us and to feed us,  
 And raise us when we fall.  
 Thy voice, in life so mighty,  
 In death shall make me bold:  
 O bring my ransomed spirit  
 To Thine eternal fold.

Lawrence Tuttielt, 1864

Love to Christ

I64 Dominus Regit Me 8, 7, 8, 7

John B. Dykes, 1868

1 The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;  
2 Where streams of liv-ing wa-ters flow My ran-som'd soul He lead-eth,

I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er. A-men.  
And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And O what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.

6 And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker, 1868

I65 St. Bees 7, 7, 7, 7

John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Je-sus! Name of wondrous love! Name all oth-er names a-love!

Un-to which must ev-'ry knee Bow in deep hu-mil-i-ty. A-men.

## Love to Christ

2 Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave,  
"Jesus shall His people save."

3 Jesus! only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,

Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

4 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
Human Name of God above;  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

William W. How, 1854

### I66 Lux Prima 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

*Charles F. Gounod*

1 One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend:  
2 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed His blood?

His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.  
But our Je - sus died to have us Rec - on - ciled in Him to God;

They who once His kindness prove, Find it ev - er - last-ing love. A - men,  
That was bound-less love in - deed; Je - sus is a Friend in need.

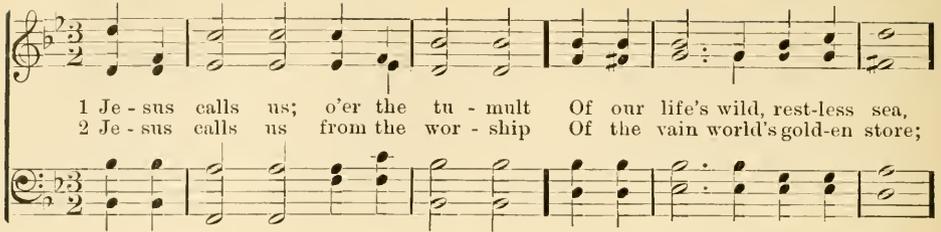
3 Could we bear from one another  
What He daily bears from us?  
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
Loves us, though we treat Him thus.  
Though for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord! at length to love:  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above:  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

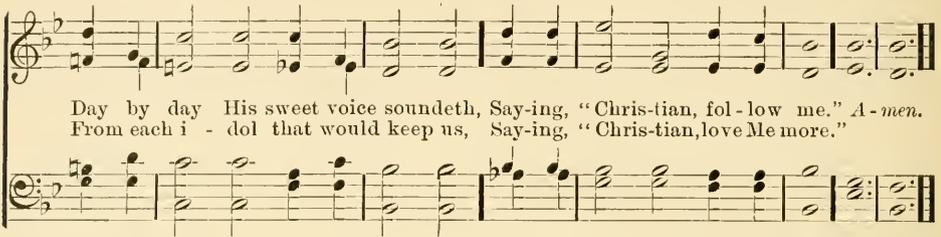
Love to Christ

I67 Galilee 8, 7, 8, 7

W. H. Jude



1 Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,  
2 Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;



Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low me." A-men.  
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more." A-men.

Can also be sung to tune "Wills," No. 168

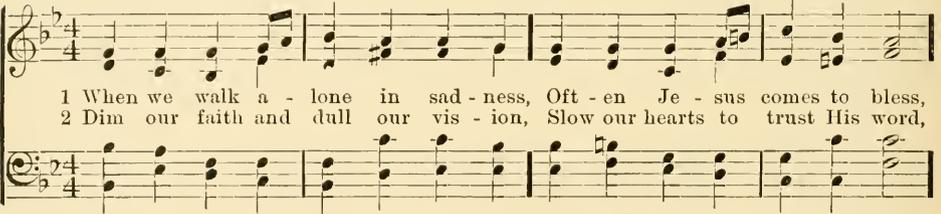
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Day of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

I68 Wills 8, 7, 8, 7

William S. Chester, 1895



1 When we walk a - lone in sad - ness, Oft - en Je - sus comes to bless,  
2 Dim our faith and dull our vis - ion, Slow our hearts to trust His word,



Turn-ing all our woe to glad-ness, Chid-ing our for - get - ful-ness. A - men.  
Je - sus, cru - ci - fied and ris - en, Walks be-side us un - ob-served.

3 Quickened faith attests His nearness;  
Burning hearts proclaim Him nigh;  
Yet we fail to see with clearness  
All the sacred mystery.

4 When at last our eyes are open,  
Love, exulting, sees the Lord;  
Hope revives, since He has spoken,  
Faith, rejoicing, trusts His word.

Love to Christ

169 Jesu Domine 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

Joseph Barnby, 1872



1 Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;



O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri - val there!



Thine wholly, Thine a - lone, I am: Be Thou a - lone my con-stant flame. A - men.



2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;  
 O may Thy love possess me whole,  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown:  
 Strange fires far from my soul remove;  
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;  
 How wondrous things Thy love hath  
 Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!  
 Direct my work, inspire my thought;  
 And if I fall, soon may I hear  
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
 All pain before thy presence flies:  
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
 Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
 In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,  
 And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653 Tr. John Wesley, 1739 Alt.

Love to Christ

I70 Pax Tecum 10, 10

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877

1 Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A - men.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

I71 Canonbury L. M.

Robert Schumann

1 Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,  
From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn un-fill'd to Thee a-gain. A - men.

## Love to Christ

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;<br/>Thou savest those that on Thee call;<br/>To them that seek Thee Thou art good,<br/>To them that find Thee all in all.</p> <p>3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,<br/>And long to feast upon Thee still;<br/>We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,<br/>And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.</p> | <p>4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,<br/>Where'er our changeful lot is cast;<br/>Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,<br/>Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.</p> <p>5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,<br/>Make all our moments calm and bright;<br/>Chase the dark night of sin away,<br/>Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.</p> <p style="text-align: right; font-size: small;">Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1153 Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858</p> |
|--|---|

### I72 Pilot 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

*John E. Gould, 1871*

I Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;  
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, ... Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me. A - men.

2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou sayest 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  
'Twi'x me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

*Edward Hopper, 1871*

Love to Christ

I73 Bethany (Smart) 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

(First Tune)

1 Love Di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart. *A-men.*

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast!  
 Let us all in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find the promised rest.  
 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy life receive!  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more Thy temples leave!

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

Charles Wesley, 1747 Alt.

## Love to Christ

Love Divine 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

John Zundel

(Second Tune)

1 Love Di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A - men.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast!  
 Let us all in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find the promised rest.  
 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy life receive!  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more Thy temples leave!

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

Charles Wesley, 1747 Alt.

Love to Christ

I74 St. Agnes C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest. A - men.  
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest Name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!

- 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 O Jesus, Light of all below!  
Thou Fount of life and fire!  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire!
- 6 Jesus, my only joy be Thou,  
As Thou my prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thy my glory now,  
And through Eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux Tr. E. Caswall, 1849

I75 St. Peter C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826

1 How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.

## Love to Christ

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary Rest.

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

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding-place,  
My never-failing Treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace;

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton, 1779

**I 76**    **Schnecker**    6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4, 4

*P. A. Schnecker, 1895*

1 O strong to save and bless, My Rock and Right - eous - ness,

Draw near to me! Bless - ing, and joy, and might, Wis - dom and

love, and light, — Are all with Thee! Are all with Thee! A - men.

2 Descend, Thou mighty love!  
Descend from heaven above!  
Fill Thou this soul!  
Heal every bruised part,  
Bind up this broken heart,  
And make me whole!

3 'Tis knowing Thee that heals;  
'Tis seeing Thee that seals  
Comfort and peace.  
Show me Thy cross and blood,  
My Saviour and my God;  
Then troubles cease.

Horatius Bonar, 1864

Love to Christ

I77 Rothsay 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. C. Macey

1 O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,  
2 O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove:  
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought:

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;  
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King! A - men.  
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our gra - cious Lord and King!

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
And grace and power Divine;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine:  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee,  
Our gracious Lord and King!

4 O grant the consummation  
Of this our song above,  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love:  
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King!

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

Love to Christ

I78

Edina 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1868

1 Sav-iour, blessed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing; Hearts and voices rais - ing  
2 Near-er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o - ra - tion

Prais-es to our King; All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,  
Bend-ing low the knee: Thou for our re - demp-tion Cam'st on earth to die;

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A - men.  
Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.

- 3 Great and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here;  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,  
Where no pain nor sorrow,  
Toil nor care is known,  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round Thy throne.
- 4 Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven;  
Life has lost its shadows;  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

- 5 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.
- 6 Higher, then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King.

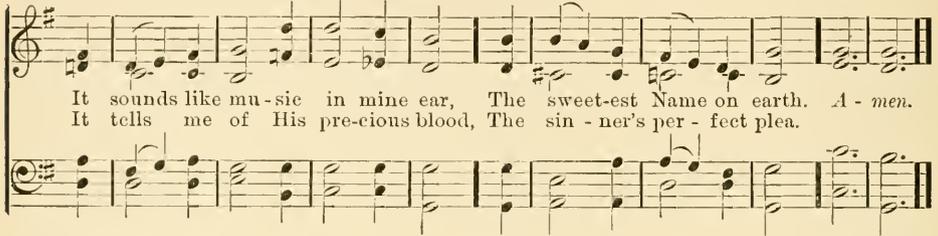
Love to Christ

I79 Jazer C. M.

A. E. Tozer



1 There is a Name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;  
2 It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free;



It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est Name on earth. A - men.  
It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon His child;  
It cheers me through this little while,  
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 And there with all the blood-bought  
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,  
I'll sing the new eternal song,  
Of Jesus' love to me!

Frederick Whitfield, 1855

I80 Just as I Am 8, 8, 8, 6

Joseph Barnby, 1893



1 O Ho - ly Saviour! Friend unseen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,  
2 Without a mur-mur I dis-miss My for-mer dreams of earth-ly bliss;



*slower.*  
Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee! A - men.  
My joy, my rec - om-pense 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.

Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Still whispers, "Cling to Me!"

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone  
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,

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!

Confession of Christ

181 I Love to Tell the Story 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain Wm. G. Fischer, 1869

I I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true;

Refrain

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As nothing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.

2 I love to tell the story;  
 'Tis pleasant to repeat  
 What seems, each time I tell it,  
 More wonderfully sweet.  
 I love to tell the story,  
 For some have never heard  
 The message of salvation  
 From God's own holy word.—*Ref.*

3 I love to tell the story;  
 For those who know it best  
 Seem hungering and thirsting  
 To hear it, like the rest,  
 And when, in scenes of glory,  
 I sing the new, new song,  
 'Twill be the old, old story  
 That I have loved so long.—*Ref.*

Katherine Hankey, 1870

Confession of Christ

I82 Brookfield L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate, 1868

1 Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?  
2 A-shamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star;

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days, A - men.  
He sheds the beams of light Di-vine O'er this be-nighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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. Benjamin Francis, 1787

I83 Rome C. M.

Joy and Assurance

Anon.

1 I've found the Pearl of great - est price, My heart doth sing for joy;  
2 Christ is a Proph-et, Priest, and King, A Proph-et full of light,

And sing I must, a Christ I have, O what a Christ have I! A - men.  
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man, A King that rules with might.

3 My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,  
He is the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

4 My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens,  
My Christ, what shall I call?  
My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,  
My Christ is All in all!

Joy and Assurance

184

Pastor Bonus S. M. D.

Alfred J. Caldicott

1 I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;  
2 The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd.  
They fol-low'd me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild:

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;  
They found me nigh to death, Fam-ish'd and faint and lone;

I did not love my Father's voice, I lov'd a-far to roam. A - - men.  
They bound me with the bands of love, They sav'd the wand'ring one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole;  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

Joy and Assurance

185 Chenies 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Timothy R. Matthews

1 On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed!  
2 My guilt is great, but great - er The mer - cy Thou dost give;

What else, Al - might - y Sav - iour, Can a poor sin - ner need?  
Thy - self a spot - less Of - f'ring Hast died that I should live.

Thy light is all my wis - dom, Thy love is all my stay;  
With Thee my soul un - fet - tered, Has ris - en from the dust;

Our Fa - ther's home in glo - ry Draws near - er ev - ery day. A - men.  
Thy blood is all my treas - ure, Thy word is all my trust.

3 Through me, Thou gentle Master  
Thy purposes fulfil!  
I yield myself for ever  
To Thy most holy will.  
What though I be but weakness?  
My strength is not in me;  
The poorest of Thy people  
Has all things, having Thee.

4 'Tis Thou hast made me happy,  
'Tis Thou hast set me free,  
To whom shall I give glory  
For ever but to Thee?  
Of earthly love and blessing,  
Should every stream run dry,  
Thy grace shall still be with me,  
Thy grace, to live and die!

Joy and Assurance

I86 Hermas 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

1 On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,  
2 If with hon-est-heart-ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us

O Thou God of love; Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!  
Do-ing what we can, Thou Who giv'st the seed-time Wilt give large in-crease,

Refrain

Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee. On our way re-joic-ing,  
Crown the head with blessings, Fill the heart with peace. On our way, etc.

As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! *A-men.*

3 On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go;  
Victor is our leader,  
Vanquished is the foe:  
Christ without, our safety;  
Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy?—*Ref.*

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore;  
On our way rejoicing  
Ever, evermore.—*Ref*

Joy and Assurance

I87 Sheppard 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. Hallett Sheppard

1 O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread,  
2 The cross that Je - sus car - ried, He car - ried as your due:

With Je - sus as your Fel - low, To Je - sus as your Head!  
The crown that Je - sus wear - eth, He wear - eth it for you.

O hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!....  
The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn, . .

O hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hun - gered then. A - men.  
The love that thro' all trou - bles To Him a - lone will turn;

3 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure;  
What are they but His jewels,  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

4 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize!  
To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be loftiest praises given,  
Now and for evermore.

Joy and Assurance

I88

O Happy Day L. M. With Chorus

Arr. from E. F. Rimbault

1 O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour, and my God; Well may this

Chorus

glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. Hap-py day! hap-py

day! When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-

joic - ing ev-ery day! Happy day! happy day! When Jesus wash'd my sins away! A-men.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love;  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Cho.*
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done:  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.—*Cho.*
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When called on angels' bread to feast?—*Cho.*

Joy and Assurance

I 89 Constance 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;  
2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;  
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.

And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,  
Naught that I have mine own I'll call, I'll hold it for the Giv - er;

For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ev - er.

3 I've found a Friend! O such a Friend!  
All power to Him is given,  
To guard me on my onward course,  
And bring me safe to heaven:  
Eternal glory gleams afar,  
To nerve my faint endeavor:  
So now to watch, to work, to war;  
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend! O such a Friend!  
So kind and true and tender!  
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender!  
From Him who loves me now so well  
What power my soul shall sever?  
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?  
No: I am His for ever.

Joy and Assurance

I90 God Loved the World C. M. With Chorus William G. Fischer, 1865

1 God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall;  
2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleans - ing thro' the blood.

Chorus

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won - drous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry. A - men.

3 Believing souls, rejoicing go;  
There shall to you be given  
A glorious foretaste, here below,  
Of endless life in heaven.—*Cho.*

4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power  
Let all the ransomed sing,  
And triumph in the dying hour  
Thro' Christ the Lord our King.—*Cho.*

Martha M. Stockton

# Joy and Assurance

191 St. Just C. M. D. With Chorus

*Edward J. Hopkins*

1 When I had wandered from His fold His love the wan - d'rer sought;

When slave-like in - to bond - age sold, His blood my free - dom bought:

There - fore that life by Him re - deemed, Is His thro' all its days,

And as with bless - ings it hath teemed, So let it teem with praise.

**Chorus**

For I am His, and He is mine, The God Whom I a - dore!

## Joy and Assurance

My Fa-ther, Saviour, Com-fort-er, Now and for ev-er-more! A-men.

2 When I forgot His tender love,  
 And my affections set  
 Not upon holy things above,  
 He did not me forget,  
 But gently chastening, gently tried  
 To draw me back to bliss,  
 And hide me in His wounded side;  
 Therefore I'm tenfold His.—*Cho.*

3 When, sunk in sorrow, I despaired  
 And echanged my hopes for fears,  
 He bore my griefs, my burden shared,  
 And wiped away my tears;  
 Therefore the joy by Him restored  
 To Him by right belongs,  
 And to my gracious, loving Lord  
 I'll sing through life my songs.—*Cho.*

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

## I92 Nettleton 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

*Asahel Nettleton, 1825*

FINE.

1 { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }  
 Praise the mount! I'm fix'd up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love!

D.C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove: A-men.

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 rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart; O take and seal it,  
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

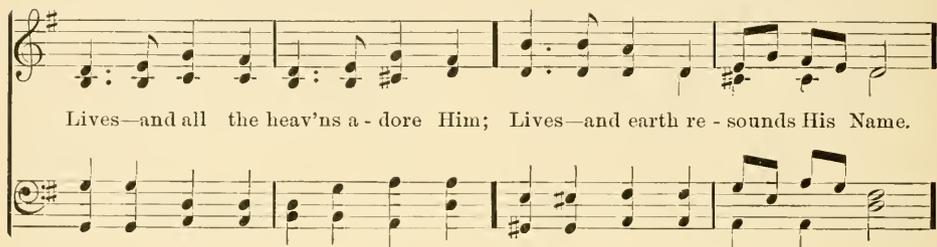
Joy and Assurance

I93 Birtchnell 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Frank Birtchnell



1 Now I know the great Re-deem - er, Know He lives and spreads His fame;

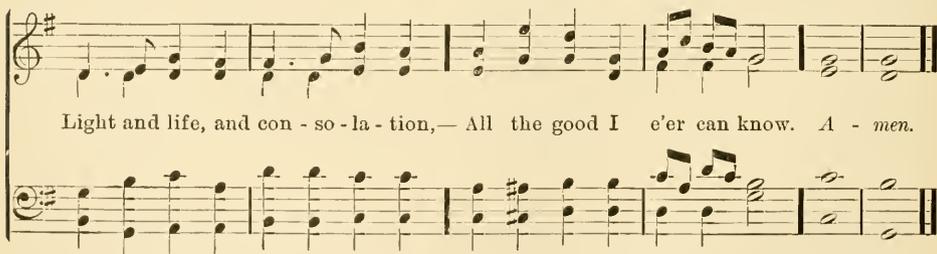


Lives—and all the heav'ns a - dore Him; Lives—and earth re - sounds His Name.

Refrain



Par - don, peace, and full sal - va - tion From my liv - ing Sav - iour flow;



Light and life, and con - so - la - tion,— All the good I e'er can know. A - men.

2 My Redeemer lives within me,  
Lives—and heavenly life conveys;  
Lives—and glory now surrounds me;  
Lives and I His Name shall praise.—*Ref.*

3 Soon shall I behold my Saviour;  
He who lives and reigns above,  
Lives—and I shall live forever,  
Live and sing redeeming love!—*Ref.*

Richard Burnham, 1794

Joy and Assurance

194 Rejoice and be Glad 11, 11. With Chorus

A. R. Gaul

*With spirit.*



1 Re - joice and be glad! the Re - deem - er has come!



Go look on His cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb.

Chorus



Sound His prais - es, tell the sto - ry of Him who was slain; Sound His



prais - es, tell with glad - ness He liv - eth a - gain. A - - men.

- 2 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!  
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.—*Cho.*
- 3 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain  
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.—*Cho.*
- 4 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,  
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.—*Cho.*
- 5 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again:  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.—*Cho.*

Joy and Assurance

I95 Loving-Kindness L. M.

American Melody, 1830

1 A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
2 He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet lov'd me, not - with-stand-ing all;

He just-ly claims a song from me: His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how free!  
He sav'd me from my lost es - tate: His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how free. Amen.  
Lov-ing-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how great!

- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He safely leads my soul along: He near my soul has always stood:  
His loving-kindness, O how strong! His loving-kindness, O how good!

Samuel Medley, 1787

Christian Warfare

I96 St. Asaph 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

- 1 Christians, up! the day is breaking,  
Gird your ready armor on;  
Slumbering hosts around are waking,  
Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong!  
While ye sleep or idly linger,  
Thousands sink, with none to save;  
Hasten! time's unerring finger  
Points to many an open grave.
- 2 Hark! unnumbered voices crying,  
"Save us, or we droop and die!"  
Succor bear the faint and dying,  
On the wings of mercy fly:  
Lead them to the crystal fountain  
Gushing with the streams of life;  
Guide them to the sheltering mountain,  
For the gale with death is rife.

Christian Warfare

197 St. Asaph 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

William S. Bambridge, 1872

1 Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,  
2 One the light of God's own pres - ence O'er His ran - som'd peo - ple shed,

Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - is'd land:  
Chas - ing far the gloom and ter - ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread;

Clear be - fore us thro' the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;  
One the ob - ject of our jour - ney, One the faith which nev - er tires,

Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step - ping fear - less thro' the night. *A - men.*  
One the earn - est look - ing for - ward, One the hope our God in - spires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one,  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun;  
One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward, with the cross our aid;  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade;  
Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rendering of the tomb;  
Then the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom.

Christian Warfare

Ig8 Racine 7, 7, 7, 7

P. C. Edwards, Jr., 1893

*In unison*

1 Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians,  
2 Let your droop - ing hearts be glad: March in heav'n - ly

PIANO.

on - ward go, Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the  
ar - mor clad: Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Soon shall vic - t'ry

*After each verse*

Bread of Life, Oft in dan - ger, on - ward go. A - men.  
tune your song,

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry K. White, 1812

Christian Warfare

199 Diademata S. M. D.

George J. Elvey

1 Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;

Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y pow'r;

Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than conquer - or. A - men.

2 Stand then in His great might,  
 With all His strength endued;  
 And take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God.  
 From strength to strength go on,  
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray:  
 Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,  
 And win the well-fought day.

3 That having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 Ye may o'ereome, thro' Christ alone,  
 And stand complete at last.  
 To God, the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, ever blest,  
 The One in Three, the Three in One,  
 Be endless praise addressed.

Christian Warfare

200 St. Gertrude 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

1 Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;

*ff* Refrain  
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.

2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!—*Ref.*

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one Body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.—*Ref.*

## Christian Warfare

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

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng!  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song!  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.—*Ref.*

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

### 201 Laban S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



1 My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise;  
2 O watch, and fight, and pray! The battle ne'er give o'er;



The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw Thee from the skies. *A - men.*  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down:  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God!  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath  
Up to His blest abode.

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

George Heath, 1781

### 202

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

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

Charles Wesley, 1762

Christian Warfare

203 Sankey 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

R. B. Sankey

1 Go for - ward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true:  
2 Go for - ward, Christian sol - dier! Fear not the se - cret foe;

The Lord Him - self, thy lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.  
Far more o'er thee are watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know;

His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need;  
Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;

He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed. A - men.  
Heed not the treacherous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished  
And heaven is all possessed;  
Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armor by,  
And wear in endless glory  
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!  
Fear not the gathering night;  
The Lord has been thy shelter,  
The Lord will be thy light.  
When morn His face revealeth,  
Thy dangers are all past:  
O pray that faith and virtue  
May keep thee to the last!

Christian Warfare

204 All Saints New C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1871

1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?  
Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,  
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. *A-men.*  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
And mocked the cross and flame:  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane; [feel:  
They bowed their necks the death to  
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.

Christian Warfare

205 St. Theresa 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan

Voices in unison

1 Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's

sol-diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the desert, Gladly thus we pray,

Refrain

Still with hearts u-nit-ed, Singing on our way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,

Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-men.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here, with hearts rejoicing,  
See Thy children meet.  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go;  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe:  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower;  
Pardon Thou and save us  
In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

Christian Warfare

206 St. Andrew of Crete 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

John B. Dykes, 1868

*mp*

1 Chris - tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,  
2 Chris - tian! dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,....

*cres.* *dim.*

How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?  
Striv - ing, tempt - ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?

*ff*

Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;  
Chris - tian! nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be down - cast;

In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - ly Cross. A - men.  
Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"  
Christian! answer boldly:  
"While I breathe I pray!"  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too;  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete (ab. 720)  
Tr. John M. Neale, 1862

Christian Warfare

207 Armageddon 6, 5, 6, 5. 121.

Arr. by John Goss, 1871

1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine. *A - men.*

2 Not for weight of glory,  
 Not for crown and palm,  
 Enter we the army,  
 Raise the warrior psalm;  
 But for love that claimeth  
 Lives for whom He died:  
 He whom Jesus nameth  
 Must be on His side.  
 By Thy love constraining,  
 By Thy grace Divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
 Not with gold or gem,  
 But with Thine own life-blood,  
 For Thy diadem:  
 With Thy blessing filling  
 Each who comes to Thee,  
 Thou hast made us willing,  
 Thou hast made us free.  
 By Thy grand redemption,  
 By Thy grace Divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

## Christian Warfare

4 Fierce may be the conflict,  
 Strong may be the foe,  
 But the King's own army  
 None can overthrow:  
 Round His standard ranging,  
 Victory is secure;  
 For His truth unchanging  
 Makes the triumph sure.  
 Joyfully enlisting  
 By Thy grace Divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers  
 In an alien land,  
 Chosen, called, and faithful,  
 For our Captain's band;  
 In the service royal  
 Let us not grow cold;  
 Let us be right loyal,  
 Noble, true, and bold.  
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
 By Thy grace Divine,  
 Always on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, always Thine.

Frances R. Havergal, 1877

208 **Munus** 7, 7, 7, 7

*J. Baptiste Calkin*



1 Faint not, Christian, though the road, Lead - ing to Thy blest a - bode,



Dark-some be, and dangerous too, Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'. *A - men.*



2 Faint not, Christian, though in rage  
 Satan would thy soul engage;  
 Gird on faith's anointed shield,  
 Bear it to the battle-field.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within  
 There's a heart so prone to sin;  
 Christ, the Lord, is over all;  
 He'll not suffer Thee to fall.

3 Faint not, Christian! though the world  
 Has its hostile flag unfurled;  
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast,  
 Thou shalt overcome at last.

5 Faint not, Christian! Christ is near;  
 Soon in glory He'll appear;  
 And His love will then bestow  
 Power to conquer every foe.

Christian Warfare

209 Courage, Brother 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan



1 Cour-age, broth-er! do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;  
2 Per-ish pol-i-cy and eun-ning, Per-ish all that fears the light,



There's a star to guide the hum-ble! "Trust in God, and do the right."  
Wheth-er los-ing, wheth-er win-ning, "Trust in God, and do the right."



Let the road be long and drear-y, And its end-ing out of sight;  
Trust no friends of guilt-y pas-sion, Fiends can look like an-gels bright:



Foot it brave-ly—strong or wea-ry; "Trust in God,  
Trust no cus-tom, school, or fash-ion, "Trust in God,



Christian Warfare

trust in God, Trust in God, and . . . do the right." *A - men.*

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,  
Inward peace and inward light,  
Star upon our path abiding,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Norman Macleod

210 Christmas C. M.

*Arr. from Händel, 1728*

1 A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'nly

race demands Thy zeal, And an im - mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. *A-men.*

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarehs'  
Shall blend in common dust. [gems

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

## Christian Warfare

2II St. Theodulph 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

*Melchior Teschner, ab. 1613*

(First Tune)

1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!  
 2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:  
 Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,  
 Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;

Till ev - ery foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.  
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own:  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 Each piece put on with prayer;  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

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.

## Christian Warfare

Webb 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

(Second Tune)

George J. Webb, 1837

I Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

### 212 St. Theodulph, or Webb 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 Now be the gospel banner  
 In every land unfurled;  
 And be the shout "Hosanna!"  
 Re-echoed through the world:  
 Till every isle and nation,  
 Till every tribe and tongue,  
 Receive the great salvation  
 And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions  
 Of earth and hell combine?  
 His power, throughout their regions,  
 Shall soon resplendent shine:

Ride on, O Lord, victorious,  
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace;  
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,  
 Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,  
 O Jesus, King of kings  
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,  
 Each ransomed captive sings.  
 The isles for Thee are waiting.  
 The deserts learn Thy praise,  
 The hills and valleys greeting,  
 The song responsive raise.

# Christian Warfare

213 Warfare Irregular

Francis John

*Spirited*

1 Hark! the sound of the fight hath gone forth, And we must not tar - ry at home;

For our Lord, from the south and the north, Has com-mand-ed His sol - diers to come.

We must on with our ban-ner un - furled; We must on: it is Je - sus Who leads;

We must hast-en to con-quer the world With the sign of the Lamb Who bleeds. *A-men.*

<p>2 We must stand to our colors like men ; Our Lord is a Leader to love ; For the wounded He heals, and the slain He crowns in His city above. We must march to the battle with speed, Upon earth our one duty is strife ; O blest are the soldiers that bleed For the Saviour Who died to give life !</p>	<p>3 There is Jesus in heaven above, There is Jesus on earth below, And His the one standard we love, And His the one watchword we know. Let us sing the new song of the Lamb ; Let us sing round our banner so brave ; Let us sing of that wonderful blood That was shed to redeem and to save.</p>	
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Frederick W. Faber

Work

214 Wincobank 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain

A. W. Hamilton-Gell

1 While the sun is shin - ing Brightly in the sky, Ere his rays de - clin - ing  
2 Say not that the morn - ing Is for work too soon, We have many a warn - ing,

Tell that night is nigh; Ere the shadows fall - ing Lengthen on thy way,  
Night may come ere noon; There are va - cant plac - es In our ranks, which say—

Refrain

Hark! a voice is call - ing, "Work while it is day." } Watch against temp - ta - tion,  
"Where the missing fac - es?" Work while it is day. }

Watch and fight and pray: Each in his own sta - tion Work while it is day. A - men.

3 Work, but not in sadness,  
For our Lord above;  
He will make it gladness  
With His smile of love:  
When that Lord returning  
Knocketh at the gate,  
Let your lights be burning,  
Be like men who wait.—*Ref.*

4 Happy then the meeting,  
When we see His Face;  
Welcome then the greeting  
From the throne of grace:  
"Good and faithful servants  
Of my Father blest,  
Now your work is ended,  
Enter into rest."—*Ref.*

Thomas A. Stowell

215 Adlington Irregular

R. Jackson

1 Come, la - bor on. Who dares stand i - dle on the har - vest plain,  
2 Come, la - bor on. Claim the high call - ing an - gels can - not share—

While all a - round him waves the gold - en grain? And to each  
To young and old the gos - pel - glad - ness bear: Re - deem the

serv - ant does the Mas - ter say, "Go work to - day." A - men.  
time; its hours too swift - ly fly. The night draws night.

3 Come, labor on.

The laborers are few, the field is wide,  
New stations must be filled and blanks supplied;  
From voices distant far, or near at home,  
The call is, "Come."

4 Come, labor on.

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!  
No arm so weak but may do service here:  
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
His righteous will.

5 Come, labor on.

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—  
"Servants, well done."

6 Come, labor on.

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
O Lord, with Thee!

216 Blenden C. M. D.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876

1 How bless - ed from the bonds of sin And earth - ly fet - ters free,  
2 With will - ing heart and long - ing eyes, To watch be - fore Thy gate,

In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy ser - vant, Lord, to be!  
Read - y to run the wea - ry race, To bear the heav - y weight;

The hard - est toil to un - der - take With joy at Thy com - mand,  
No voice of thunder to ex - pect, But fol - low calm and still,

The mean - est of - fice to re - ceive With meekness at Thy hand. A - men.  
For love can eas - i - ly di - vine The One Be - lov - ed's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!  
Thus ever Thine alone,  
My soul and body given to Thee,  
The purchase Thou hast won.  
Through evil or through good report  
Still keeping by Thy side,  
By life or death, in this poor flesh,  
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days  
In this dear service fly,  
How rapidly the closing hour,  
The time of rest draws nigh!  
When all the faithful gather home,  
A joyful company,  
And ever where the Master is,  
Still His best servants be.

217 Waltham L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1 Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;  
2 Go, la - bor on! 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;

It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still? *A - men.*  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not, The Master praises: what are men?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,<br/>If He shall praise thee, if He deign<br/>The willing heart to mark and cheer:<br/>No toil for Him shall be in vain.</p>         | <p>5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!<br/>Be wise the erring soul to win!<br/>Go forth, into the world's highway!<br/>Compel the wanderer to come in!</p>   |
| <p>4 Go, labor on, while it is day!<br/>The world's dark night is hast'ning<br/>on:<br/>Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!<br/>It is not thus that souls are won.</p> | <p>6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!<br/>For toil comes rest, for exile home;<br/>Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's<br/>voice,<br/>The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"<br/><i>Horatius Bonar, 1843</i></p> |

218 Missionary Chant L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1839

1 Go, her-alds of sal - vation, forth; Go in your heav'n-ly Mas - ter's Name,

From east to west, from south to north, The glorious gospel wide proclaim. *A - men.*

Work

- 2 Go forth to sow the living seed ;  
 Seek not earth's praise, nor dread it's  
 Nor labors fear, nor trials heed ; [frown ; 4  
 Win jewels for Immanuel's crown !
- 3 Lo ! I am with you, saith the Lord ;  
 My grace your spirit shall sustain ;
- Strong is My arm, and sure My word ;  
 My servants shall not toil in vain.
- 4 Go forth in hope ; My burden take,  
 Till God's great reaping-day shall come,  
 Then, they who sowed in tears shall wake,  
 And hail the joyful harvest home !

Samuel F. Smith

219 Birtchnell 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Frank Birtchnell

1 Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing— Who will go and work to - day?  
 2 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing,— Who will bear the sheaves a - way?  
 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do!"

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;  
 Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleas - ure be;

Who will answer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A - men.  
 An - swer quickly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

220 Canonbury L. M.

Robert Schumann

1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone. *A - men.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead<br>The wandering and the wavering feet;<br>O feed me, Lord, that I may feed<br>Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.        | 4 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,<br>Until my very heart o'erflow<br>In kindling thought and glowing word,<br>Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. |
| 3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach<br>The precious things Thou dost impart;<br>And wing my words, that they may reach<br>The hidden depths of many a heart. | 5 O use me, Lord, use even me,<br>Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;<br>Until Thy blessèd face I see,<br>Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.     |

Fraunces R. Havergal, 1830

221 Rockingham, New L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 My gra - cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - ery serv - ice I can pay,

And call it my su - preme de - light To hear Thy dic - tates, and o - bey. *A - men.*

## Work

2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at His side

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His dying love, His saving power.

Philip Doddridge, 1740

## 222 Wadham 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Arthur H. Dadmum, 1896

*Unison.*

*Harmony.*

1 Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring,  
2 Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring

With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and  
With fer - vent pray'r; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less

o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal. *A - men.*  
passions toss'd, Redeemed at count - less cost From dark de - spair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

Work

223 Swabia S. M.

German

1 Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo-ple hear. A - men.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smoldering embers now  
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the Bread of life,  
O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious Name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1860

Missions

224 Duke Street L. M.

John Hatton, 1793

1 Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

## Missions

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719

### 225 St. Enoch 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Walter B. Gilbert

1 Souls in hea-then dark-ness ly - ing, Where no light has brok - en thro',

Souls that Je - sus bought by dy - ing, Whom His soul in trav - ail knew:

Thousand voic - es, Thousand voic-es, Call us o'er the wa - ters blue. *A - men.*

2 Christians, hearken! None has taught  
Of His love so deep and dear; [them  
Of the precious price that bought them;  
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;  
Ye who know Him,  
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings  
Wide to earth's remotest strand;  
Let no brother's bitter chidings

Rise against us, when we stand  
In the Judgment,  
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,  
All along each distant shore;  
Seaward far the islands brighten;  
Light of nations! lead us o'er:  
When we seek them,  
Let Thy Spirit go before.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1862

226 Missionary Hymn 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1823

1 From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
2 What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains, Roll down their gold - en sand;  
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:

From ma - nyan an - cient riv - er, From ma - nya palm - y plain,  
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.  
The heathen in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high;  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt 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.

## 227 Waltham L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float, Sky-ward and sea - ward, high and wide;  
2 Fling out the ban-ner! an - gels bend In anx-i-ous si - lence o'er the sign,

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. *A-men.*  
And vain - ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di - vine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide.  
Our glory, only in the cross;  
Our only hope, the Crucified!

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane, 1848

## 228 Missionary Hymn 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
That name to us is—Love.

229 Watchman 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are:

Trav - ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star;

Watch man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?

Trav-ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
 Higher yet that star ascends:  
 Traveler, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveler, ages are its own,  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn:  
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home:  
 Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

John Bowring, 1825

230 Webb 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

1 The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings ti - dings from a - far.

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Si - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners now confessing,  
 The Gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!  
 Pursue thy onward way;  
 Flow thou to every nation;  
 Nor in thy richness stay:  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home;  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

## 231 Tidings Irregular

James Walsh, 1889

1 O Christian, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the

world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing

## Refrain

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad ti - dings;

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Redemtion and re - lease. A - men.

- 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying  
 Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,  
 With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,  
 Or of the life He died for them to win.—*Ref.*
- 3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition  
 The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;  
 Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,  
 Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.—*Ref.*

## Missions

4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation  
That God, in Whom they live and move is Love:  
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,  
And died on earth that man might live above.—*Ref.*

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;  
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;  
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;  
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.—*Ref.*

6 He comes again—O Christian, ere thou meet Him,  
Make known to every heart His saving grace;  
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,  
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.—*Ref.*

M. A. Thomson, 1870 Alt.

### 232 Christ Church 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Charles Steggall, 1865

1 A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy sav - ing might,  
2 Put forth Thy glo - rious pow'r: The na - tions then shall see,

And pros-per each de - sign To spread Thy glo - rious light: Let heal-ing  
And earth present her store, In con - verts born to Thee: God, our own

streams of mer - cy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know. *A-men.*  
God, His Church shall bless, And earth be filled with right - eous - ness.

1 The Mas - ter comes! He calls for thee— Go forth at His Al -

might - y word, O - be - dient to His last com - mand,

And tell to those who nev - er heard, Who sit in deep - est

shades of night, That Christ has come to give them light! A - men.

2 The Master calls! Arise and go;  
 How blest His messenger to be!  
 He Who hath given thee liberty,  
 Now bids thee set the captives free!  
 Proclaim His mighty power to save,  
 Who for the world His life-blood gave.

3 The Master calls! Shall not thy heart  
 In warm responsive love reply,  
 "Lord, here am I, send me, send me—  
 Thy willing slave—to live or die.  
 An instrument unfit indeed,  
 Yet Thou will give me what I need!"

4 And if thou canst not go, yet bring  
 An offering of a willing heart;  
 Then, though thou tarriest at home,  
 Thy God shall give thee too thy part.  
 The messengers of peace upbear  
 In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

5 Short is the time for service true,  
 For soon shall dawn that glorious day  
 When, all the harvest gathered in,  
 Each faithful heart shall hear Him say,  
 "My child, well done! your toil is o'er—  
 Enter, My joy for evermore!"

Heaven

234 All Saints (Tozer) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

A. E. Tozer

*In Unison*

1 Who can paint that love - ly cit - y, Cit - y of true  
 2 There no sun his cir - cuit wheel - eth; There no moon or

*In Harmony*

peace di - vine, Whose pure gates for - ev - er o - pen,  
 stars ap - pear; Thith - er night and dark - ness come not;

Each in pearl - y lus - tre shine; Whose a - bodes of  
 Death hath no do - min - ion there; But the Lamb's pure

*rit*

glo - ry clear, Naught de - fil - ing com - eth near. A - men.  
 beaming ray Scat - ters round e - ter - nal day.

3 There the saints of God resplendent  
 As the sun in all its might,  
 Ever more rejoice together,  
 Crowned with diadems of light,  
 And from peril safe at last  
 Reckon up their triumphs past.

4 Happy he, who with them seated  
 Doth in all their glory share:  
 O that I, my days completed,  
 Might be but admitted there!  
 There with them the praise to sing  
 Of my gracious God and King.

1 O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?  
2 Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
Where grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs, As no - where else are seen.

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!  
Right thro' thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,

In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil. A - men.  
And on the banks, on ei - ther side, The trees of life do grow.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun;  
For God Himself gives light.  
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Thy joys when shall I see?  
The King that sitteth on thy throne  
In His felicity?

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring:  
There evermore the angels are,  
And evermore do sing.  
Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

Heaven

236

Alford 7, 6, 8, 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

1 Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,  
2 What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!

The ar - mies of the ran - sored saints Throng up the steep - s of light;  
What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;  
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. *A - men.*  
O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thousand - fold re - paid!

3 O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore!  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign!  
Appear, Desire of nations!  
Thine exiles long for home:  
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign!  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford, 1867

Heaven

237 Austria 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Francis J. Haydn, 1797

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;  
2 See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,

He, Whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;  
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
Who can faint, when such a riv - er Ev - er will their thirst as - suage?

With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. *A - men.*  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er 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.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.  
'Tis His love His people raises  
Over self to reign as kings:  
And as priests, His solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Heaven

238

Ewing 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;  
2 They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr - throng.

I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there!  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A - men.  
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

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

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest!  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. Tr. John M. Neale, 1851

Heaven

239 Pilgrims 11, 10, 11, 10 With Refrain

Henry Smart, 1868

1 Hark! hark, my soul, An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - men.

- 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.*

## Heaven

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

Frederick W. Faber, 1854 Alt.

### 240 St. Alphege 7, 6, 7, 6

*Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848*

1 Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there. *A - men.*

2 O happy retribution!  
 Short toil, eternal rest;  
 For mortals and for sinners  
 A mansion with the blest!

5 But He, whom now we trust in,  
 Shall then be seen and known;  
 And they that know and see Him  
 Shall have Him for their own.

3 There grief is turned to pleasure;  
 Such pleasure as below  
 No human voice can utter,  
 No human heart can know;

6 The morning shall awaken,  
 And shadows shall decay,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day.

4 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown;

7 Yes, God, my King and Portion,  
 In fulness of His grace,  
 We then shall see for ever  
 And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145 Tr. John M. Neale, 1851 Alt.

Heaven

241 Blessed Home 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

John Stainer, 1875

1 There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe,  
2 There is a Land of peace: Good an-gels know it well;

Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;  
Glad songs that nev-er cease With-in its por-tals swell;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crown'd,  
A-round its glo-ri-ous throne Ten thou-sand saints a-dore

And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round. A-men.  
Christ, with the Fa-ther One, And Spir-it, ev-er-more.

3 O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb Who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side!  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done!

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

Heaven

242 Paradise 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6

Henry Smart, 1868

*mf*

1 O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

*dim.*

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

*f*

Where loy - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

*p*

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We long to sin no more;  
We long to be as pure on earth  
As on Thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We shall not wait for long;  
E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of Thy song;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
O keep us in Thy love,  
And guide us to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Frederick W. Faber, 1862

Heaven

243 Rutherford 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 5 *Arr. fr. Chrétien D'Urhan, by E. F. Rimbault*

1 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.

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night; But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land A - men.

2 Oh, Christ! He is the Fountain,  
The deep, sweet Well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted by His love;  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

Heaven

244

Amsterdam 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6

The Foundery Collection, 1742

1 Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So my soul, derived from God,  
 Pants to view His glorious face,  
 Forward 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.

Rober Seagrave, 1742

# The Old Year

245 Chalvey S. M. With Refrain

Leighton G. Hayne, 1868

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;

## Refrain

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;

O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime.—*Ref.*

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.—*Ref.*

4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.—*Ref.*

5 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, Who lives  
That we with Him may reign.—*Ref.*

The Old Year

246

Blumenthal 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Arr. from Jaques Blumenthal, 1847

1 Thou Who roll'st the year a - round, Crown'd with mercies large and free;

Rich Thy gifts to us a - bound, Warm our thanks shall rise to Thee;

Kind - ly to our wor - ship bow, While our grate - ful prais - es swell,

That, sustained by Thee, we now Bid the part - ing year fare-well. A - men.

2 All its numbered days are sped,  
 All its busy scenes are o'er,  
 All its joys forever fled,  
 All its sorrows felt no more;  
 Mingled with th'eternal past,  
 Its remembrance shall decay;  
 Yet to be revived at last  
 At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive;  
 Cleanse each heart and make us Thine;  
 Let Thy grace within us live,  
 As our future suns decline;  
 Then, when life's last eve shall come,  
 Happy spirits, let us fly  
 To our everlasting home,  
 To our Father's house on high.

Ray Palmer, 1832

## The New Year

247 Ellacombe C. M. D.

Conrad Kocher, in "Zionsharfe," 1854

1 The year is gone, be - yond re - call, With all its hopes and fears,

With all its bright and glad-ning smiles, With all its mourners' tears;

Thy thank-ful peo - ple praise Thee, Lord, For count-less gifts re - ceived;

And pray for grace to keep the faith Which saints of old be-lieved. A - men.

2 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,  
 The newborn year to bless;  
 Defend our land from pestilence;  
 Give peace and plentiousness;  
 Forgive this nation's many sins;  
 The growth of vice restrain;  
 And help us all with sin to strive,  
 And crowns of life to gain.

3 From evil deeds that stain the past  
 We now desire to flee;  
 And pray that future years may all  
 Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.  
 O Father, let Thy watchful eye  
 Still look on us in love,  
 That we may praise Thee, year by year,  
 With angel-host above.

From the Latin Tr. F. Pott, 1861

The New Year

248 St. Peter C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826

1 Now, gra-cious Lord, Thine arm re-veal, And make Thy glo-ry known;  
2 Help us to ven-ture near Thy throne, And plead a Sav-iour's Name;

Now let us all Thy presence feel, And soft-en hearts of stone! A-men.  
For all that we can call our own Is van-i-ty and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free;  
And let the year we now begin,  
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love Thee more;  
And sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never loved before.

John Newton, 1779

249 St. Thomas S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1770

1 I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,  
2 For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as-cend;

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood. A-men.  
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Sion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1785

# The Church

250 Aurelia 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
2 E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:  
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;  
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food.

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.  
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

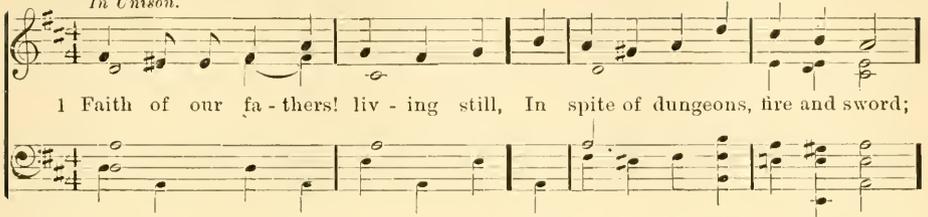
4 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

The Church

251 Faith of Our Fathers L. M. With Refrain

A. E. Tozer

*In Unison.*



1 Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dungeons, fire and sword;



O how our hearts beat high with joy, When e'er we hear that glo - rious word;

**Refrain**



Faith of our Fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.



Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. *A - men.*

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark  
 Were still in heart and conscience free;  
 How sweet would be their children's fate,  
 If they like them could die for Thee!—*Ref.*

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love  
 Both friend and foe in all our strife.  
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
 By kindly words and virtuous life.—*Ref.*

Frederick W Faer, 1849

General

252 Sarum 10, 10, 10, 4

Joseph Barnby, 1869

1 For all the saints who from their labors rest, .. Who Thee by

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,

be for ev - er blest. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! *f* Al - le - lu - ia! *A - men.*

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.  
Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Alleluia!

## General

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way.  
Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Alleluia!

William W. How, 1864

## Baptism

### 253 Brocklesbury 8, 7, 8, 7

1 Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kind - est care,  
2 Now these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with the lower staff providing harmonic support through chords and single notes.

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bos - om share; A - men.  
There we know, Thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly there se - cure from harm.

The second system of music continues the piece. It features the same two-staff format as the first system. The melody concludes with a double bar line in the upper staff, and the lower staff also ends with a double bar line.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way,

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg, 1826

General

254 Boylston S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 Stand, sol-dier of the cross, Thy high al-le-giance claim,  
2 A-rise, and be bap-tized, And wash thy sins a-way;

And vow to hold the world but loss For Thy Re-deem-er's Name. A-men.  
Thy league with God be sol-emn-ized, Thy faith a-vouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enrolled.

4 O bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870

255 Eucharistic Hymn 9, 8, 9, 8

John S. B. Hodges, 1869

1 Bread of the world in mer-cy brok-en, Wine of the soul in mer-cy shed,  
2 Look on the heart by sor-row brok-en, Look on the tears by sin-ners shed;

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead. A-men.  
And be Thy feast to us the tok-en That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

General

256 Dundee C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553

1 Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,  
2 Thy bod - y, brok - en for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - member Thee. *A - men.*  
Thy tes - ta - ment - al cup I take, And thus re - member Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not 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.

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee;

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memcry flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825

257 Boylston S. M.

1 We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be;  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

3 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christlike thing.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blesses us,  
To Thee our first fruits give.

4 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be:  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

William W. How, 1858

General

258 Duke Street L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1793



1 Thou God of pow'r, ac - cept our praise And hear our pray'r as now we meet,



To thank Thee for the fin - ished days, And worship at . . the mer - cy - seat. A - men.



259

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Through all the hours, too swiftly sped,<br/>Since last we met in scenes like this,<br/>Thou hast in boundless mercy led<br/>Our feet in paths of perfect peace.</p> <p>3 We thank Thee that our souls have shared<br/>In all the gifts of Jesus' grace,<br/>And that, in mercy, thou hast spared<br/>Each friend to see the other's face.</p> <p>4 Forgive, us, Lord if we have failed<br/>To live and labor as we should;<br/>And make the scattered seed to yield<br/>A fruitage of eternal good.</p> <p>5 May all our coming years be full<br/>Of richer service, deeper love.<br/>Increasing day by day, until<br/>Thou callest us to rest above.</p> | <p>1 Thy name we now unite to bless,<br/>Inspire our song, accept our prayer;<br/>We own the constant faithfulness<br/>Which Thou hast shown Thy servants here.</p> <p>2 The years, like fleeting clouds, are gone,<br/>But through them all Thy hand has led;<br/>Here Thou hast blest us, and hast shown<br/>Thyself the friend of those in need.</p> <p>3 Accept our praise, the work is Thine,<br/>Inspired, directed, blest by Thee;<br/>Continue in Thy love to shine<br/>On all our efforts graciously.</p> <p>4 May men be lifted more and more<br/>To life unselfish, pure and true:<br/>Great God, direct and go before<br/>Thy servants all their journey through.</p> |
|---|---|

George A. Warburton, 1895

Georgs A. Warburton, 1896

General

260 Anniversary Hymn 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

Arthur H. Dadmum, 1897



1 For all that Thou, O Lord, hast wrought, In lift-ing up the life of men;



For ev - 'ry wan-d'r'er love has brought Back to the Shepherd's fold a - gain;—



Our hearts would render praise to Thee, Our Saviour, Man of Gal - i - lee. *A-men.*



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 For those who here have found a rest<br/>From weariness, or ease from pain;<br/>For every effort Thou hast blest,<br/>For burdened hearts which sing again;<br/>We all would render praise to Thee,<br/>Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.</p> | <p>3 That here the stranger finds a home,<br/>Where friends in social converse meet;<br/>And those who seek for knowledge come,<br/>Perchance to find it at Thy feet;—<br/>We join in giving praise to Thee,<br/>Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.</p> |
|---|---|

- 4 For guidance in the future years,  
And blessings richer, deeper still;  
For love to share each other's tears,  
And quick discernment of Thy will;—  
Our hearts look up, O Lord to Thee,  
Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.

Copyright, 1897, by Arthur H. Dadmum

## 261 Ruth 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

Samuel Smith

1 Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;  
2 God's free mer - cy stream - eth . O - ver all the world,

Hap - py, light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free.  
And His ban - ner gleam - eth, Ev - 'ry-where un - furled.

Ev - 'ry-thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;  
Broad, and deep, and glo - rious, As the Heav'n a - bove,

All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.  
Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For Thy loving-kindness  
Makes us love Thee more.  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the vail uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou vail Thy light;  
Life is dark without Thee,  
Death with Thee is bright.  
Light of light, shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day.

General

262 Old Hundredth L. M.

*Genevan Psalter, 1551*

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

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host: Praise Fa- ther, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost. A- men.

Thomas Ken, 1709

Patriotic Hymns and Songs

263 St. Anne C. M.

*William Croft, 1708*

1 Lord! while for all man- kind we pray, Of ev- 'ry clime and coast,

O hear us for our na- tive land, The land we love the most. A- men.

2 O guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless,  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,  
Smile on our Sabbath hours;  
And piety and virtue bless  
The home of us and ours.

3 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

Patriotism

264 America 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Arr. by H. Carey

1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

pil-grim's pride, From ev - ery mountain side Let free-dom ring. A - men.  
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

265

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

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

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

1 God bless our native land;  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night:  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On Him we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State.

Charles T. Brooks, 1834 Alt. John S. Dwight, 1844

Patriotism

266

Waltham L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1 Great God of na - tions, now to Thee Our hymn of gra - ti - tude we raise;

With humble heart and bending knee, We of - fer Thee our song of praise. A - men.

2 Thy Name we bless, Almighty God,  
For all the kindness Thou hast shown  
To this fair land the Pilgrims trod,—  
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Great God, preserve us in Thy fear;  
In danger still our guardian be;  
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts here;  
Let all the people worship Thee.

A. A. Woodhull

267

Truro L. M.

Williams's *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1789

1 God of our fa - thers, Who didst guide, O'er path - less seas and o - ceans wide,  
2 In per - ils of the land and sea, Our fa - thers were up - held by Thee,

To these fair shores, Thy servants' way, To Thee our debt of praise we pay. A - men.  
And ev - ery pass - ing year has brought Its tok - ens of Thy lov - ing thought.

3 Thou knowest how with faith sublime,  
They fought for freedom in their time;  
Their courage fed by heavenly flame,  
Their talisman Thy holy name.

4 Great God, our fathers' God, defend  
Our land from all her foes, and send  
On us, Thy servants, streams of grace,  
And guide our feet in paths of peace.

Patriotism

268 The Star-Spangled Banner

Samuel Arnold

*In Unison*

1 O say can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we

hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous

fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallant-ly streaming; And the rocket's red

glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!

*f* Chorus

1 O say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave,  
 2 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner, O long may it wave,  
 3, 4, 5 And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave,

## Patriotism

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Patriotism'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with line numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4, 5 indicating the start of each line of music.

1, 2, 3 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
4, 5 While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

- 2 On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, etc.
- 3 And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner, etc.
- 4 O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued land,  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"  
And the star-spangled banner, etc.
- 5 When our land is illumed with liberty's smile,  
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,  
Down, down with the traitor, that dares to defile  
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!  
By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,  
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained!  
And the star-spangled-banner, etc.

Patriotism

269 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 threatened the

brave and the free,        The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,        A  
land to de - form,        The ark then of free - dom's founda - tion,        Co -

world of - fers hom - age to thee;                      Thy mandates make he - roes as -  
lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm;                      With gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -

sem - ble,                      When lib - er - ty's form stands in view,  
round her,                      When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,

## Patriotism

Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble,                      When borne by the  
 With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her,                      The boast of the

### Chorus

red, white and blue.                      When borne by the red, white and blue,  
 red, white and blue                      The boast of the red, white and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue,                      Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny  
 The boast of the red, white and blue,                      With her flag proudly float - ing be -

trem - ble,                      When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 fore her,                      The boast of the red, white and blue.

For Chorus

270 \* Praise, my Soul 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

John Goss, 1867

FIRST VERSE—Unison



1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; To His feet thy trib-ute bring;



Organ



Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?



Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last-ing King!



\* Suitable for chorus or special occasion

## For Chorus

### SECOND VERSE—Harmony

Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;

The first system of the second verse harmony consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:

The second system continues the harmonic accompaniment for the second verse, maintaining the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system.

*ff*  
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him! Glorious in His faith - ful - ness.

The third system of the second verse harmony features a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The treble staff has a more active melody with some sixteenth notes, while the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

### THIRD VERSE—Trebles only

*Slower.*

Fa - ther-like, He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;

The third verse, trebles only, begins with a slower tempo. The treble staff contains a simple, melodic line, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

## For Chorus



In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;



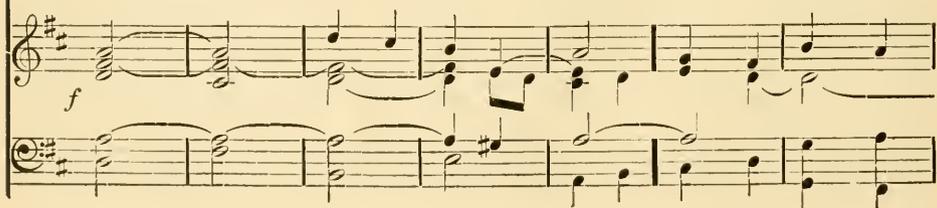
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him! Wide-ly as His mer - cy flows.



### FOURTH VERSE—Unison



An - gels, help us, to a - dore Him: Ye be - hold Him



For Chorus

face to face; Sun and moon bow down be - fore Him,

Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise Him, praise Him,

praise Him, praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

A - men.

Solos

271 There were Ninety and Nine

Josiah Booth

*mf* SOLO

1 There were

*Andante con moto*

*mf* *p*

nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold; But

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine, Are they not enough for Thee?" But the

*Tenderly*

one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold, Far

Shepherd made an - swer "This of Mine has wandered a - way from Me, Has

Solos

off from the gates of gold; A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A -  
 wan-dered a - way from Me; And al - though the road be rough and steep, I

*f* *sf*

*piu lento* *p*

way from the ten - - der Shep - herd's care.  
 go to the des - ert to find My sheep."

*p* *colla voce* *plaintively*

8 8 8

) After 1st v. | After 2nd v. (

3 But

Solos

none of the ran-somed ev - - er knew How deep were the wa - ters

*cres.*

*cres.*

crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He

*cres.*

*cres.* *ff*

found His sheep that was lost, Ere He found His sheep that was

*cres.* *ff*

Solos

*mf* *dim.*

lost; Out in the des - ert He heard the ery,

*dim.* *dim.*

Detailed description: This system contains three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a quarter note melody: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The third staff is a bass clef line with a few notes.

*Slowly* *With earnestness*

Sick, and help - less, and read - y to die. 4 " Lord

*Slowly*

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a 3/4 time signature. It starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note melody: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The third staff is a bass clef line with a few notes.

*Tenderly*

whence are these blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?" "They are

*pp*

Detailed description: This system contains three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a 3/4 time signature. It starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note melody: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The third staff is a bass clef line with a few notes.

Solos

*mf*

shed for one who had gone astray "Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "shed for one who had gone astray 'Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.' 'Lord,"

*passionately sf sf Tenderly*

whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *passionately*, *sf* (sforzando), and *Tenderly*. The piano accompaniment features *sf* markings. The lyrics are: "whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are

*p*

pierc - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn."

*Slowly p cres.*

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment features a *Slowly* section marked *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The lyrics are: "pierc - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn."

Solos

*f* Chorus *With animation*

5 But all through the mount - ains,

*rit.* *f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

thun - der-riv'n, And up from the rock - y steep, There

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

rose a cry to the gate of Heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Solos

sheep! Re - joice! I have found My sheep!" And the

*ff ten.* *dim. mf*

*ff colla voce* *dim.*

*Ped.* \*

an - gels ech - oed a - round the Throne, "Re-joice, for the Lord brings

*cres.*

*mf* *cres.*

back His own, Re - - joice,..... for the

*ff*

*ff*

## Chorus

*rit.*

Lord brings back His own!"

*rit.*      *cres.*      *ff*    *ff*    *ff*

*Ped.*

E. C. Clephane, 1874

## 272 Allelulia (Lowe) 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

Albert Lowe

*In Unison*

1 Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther! Glo - ry be to God the Son!  
2 Glo - ry be to Him Who loved us! Washed us from each spot and stain!  
3 Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal! Thus the choir of an - gels sings;

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it! Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One.  
Glo - ry be to Him Who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign!  
Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion! Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings;

*Harmony*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A - men.  
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, To the Lamb that once was slain!  
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the King of kings!

Solos

273 The Homeland

Myles B. Foster

*Rather slow and sustained*

The piano introduction consists of three staves in 4/4 time, marked 'Rather slow and sustained'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff is a treble clef with a whole rest. The second staff is a treble clef with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The third staff is a bass clef with a harmonic accompaniment of chords and moving lines.

Solo

The vocal solo consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the first system.

1 The Home - land! The Home - land! The land of souls free - born!  
 2 My Lord is in the Home - land, With an - gels bright and fair;  
 3 For loved ones in the Home - land Are wait - ing me to come,

The second system of the vocal solo continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the first staff of this system.

No gloom - y night is known there, But aye the fade - less morn:  
 No sin - ful thing nor e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there;  
 Where nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vade their ho - ly home:

## Solos

I'm sighing for that coun - try, My heart is ach - ing here;  
 The music of the ran - somed Is ring - ing in my ears,  
 O dear, dear na - tive coun - try, O rest and peace a - bove!

There's no... pain in the Home - land To which I'm draw - ing near;  
 And when I think of the Home - land, My eyes are filled with tears;  
 Christ bring us all to the Home - land Of His e - ter - nal love;

### Chorus

There's no... pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near. *A - men.*  
 And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are fill'd with tears.  
 Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love.

Solos

274 Days are Dying 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Sigfrid Stenhammar, 1895

Solo, or in Unison

1 Days are dy - ing; suns are set - ting; The long day will soon be here;  
2 Life, oh, whith - er art thou drift - ing— In - to gloom, or in - to light?

And these years, so swift - ly fly - ing, Bring the ev - er - last - ing year.  
Up - ward mov - est thou, or downward— In - to noon, or in - to night?

\* Day of days—thou day e - ter - nal! Year of years—thou end - less year!

• 1st and 2nd verses

What shall be thy great to - mor - row—Endless peace, or end - less fear?

Interlude and last line of 3rd verse

Take the ev - er - last - ing bliss.

3 See the cross of Christ still standing!  
See the blood yet flowing down!  
See the love that waits to bless thee  
In the ages yet unknown!  
Hear the words of life undying,  
In a dying world like this;  
Hear and live; become immortal,  
Take the everlasting bliss.

\* With 1st and 2nd verses

Chant

275 Venite, Exultemus Domino

William Boyce, 1740

- 1 O come, let us *sing* | unto \* the | Lord || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength  
of | our sal- | vation.
  - 2 Let us come before His *presence* with | thanks- \* = | giving || and show ourselves |  
glad in | Him with | psalms.
  - 3 For the *Lord* is a | great \* = | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
  - 4 In His hand are all the *corners* | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is |  
His \* = | also.
  - 5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared \* the | dry \* = |  
land.
  - 6 O come let us *worship* and | fall \* = | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our |  
Maker.
  - 7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His pasture \* and the |  
sheep of | His \* = | hand.
  - 8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty \* of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in |  
awe of | Him.
  - 9 For He cometh \* for He cometh to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness  
to judge the *world* \* and the | people | with His | truth.
- 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.

† Begin at middle of Chant



# Alphabetical Index of Tunes

	HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
Aber	55	Gallee	167	Pilgrims	239
Adeste Fideles	43, 87	Gilberts	151	Pilot	172
Adlington	215	Glastonbury	99	Praise, My Soul	270
Agnus Dei	125	God Be With You	10	Princethorpe	152
Ajalon	120	God Loved the World	190		
Alford	236	Grace Church	73	Racine	198
Alléluia	272	Green Hill	49, 105	Rathbun	54
All Saints (New)	204	Greenland	66	Regent Square	69
All Saints (Tozer)	234	Greenville	7, 92	Rejoice and be Glad	147
Almsgiving	1	Greenwood	71	Retreat	194
America	264			Revive Us Again	85
Amsterdam	244	He Leadeth Me	145	Rockingham New	224
Ancient of Days	81	Hendon	5, 129	Rockingham Old	53, 112
Angelus	19	Hermas	186	Rock of Ages	120
Anniversary Hymn	260	Hollingside	158	Rome	183
Antioch	39	Hursley	15	Rothesay	177
Ariel	48			Ruth	261
Armageddon	207	I Hear the Saviour Say	118	Rutherford	123, 243
Aurelia	132, 250	I Love to Tell the Story	181		
Austria	237	I'll Live for Thee	130	St. Agnes	3, 174
		Invitation	111, 142	St. Albanus	60
Beatitudo	135	Jazer	179	St. Alphege	240
Belmont	134	Jesu, Domine	169	St. Andrew	90
Bentley	24	Jewett	141	St. Andrew of Crete	206
Bethany (Mason)	143	Just as I am	180	St. Anne	28, 263
Bethany (Smart)	173			St. Asaph	297
Birchmell	67, 193, 219	Laban	201	St. Bees	108, 129, 165
Blenden	216	Laszlo	121	St. Christopher	127
Blessed Home	241	Laudes Domini	13	St. Crispin	114
Blumenthal	246	Laus Matutina	12	St. Cuthbert	77
Boylston	254	Leaning on Thee	153	St. Edith	93
Broeklesbury	253	Leominster	76	St. Fnoch	235
Brookfield	45, 182	Leon	31, 80	St. Gertrude	200
Burnham	63	Love	223	St. Hilda	34
		Loving-kindness	195	St. Just	191
Call Them In	100	Lux Benigna	149	St. Leonard	49
Canonbury	171, 220	Lux Prima	20, 166	St. Mark	57
Carol	36	Lyons	32, 61	St. Matthias	23
Chalvey	245			St. Peter	86, 175, 248
Charity	22, 78	Maldstone	106	St. Regulus	211
Chase	52	Margaret	42	St. Theodolph	211
Chenies	185	Martyn	158	St. Theresa	205
Christ Church	71, 232	Martyrdom	50, 104	St. Thomas	29, 249
Christmas	38, 210	Maryton	47	Sabbath	25
Come Unto Me	103	Materna	235	Sankey	163, 203
Comforter	128	Mendelssohn	26	Sarum	252
Consecration	128	Mesa	40	Savoy Chapel	161
Constance	189	Midian	56	Scheecker	17
Coronation	62	Miles Lane	62	Schuy	85
Courage, Brother	209	Missionary Chant	218	Sheppard	187
Crucifer	117	Missionary Hymn	26, 226	Solid Rock	150
		Monod	126	Song of Angels	44
Day of Rest	137	Munich	88	Spanish Chant	119
Days are Dying	274	Munus	208	Spohr	2
Dawn	35	Naomi	159	Stanley	97
Dennis	6	Nettleton	192	Stephens	101
Diademata	61, 199	Neumark	144	Stettin	116
Dijon	89	New St. Andrews	41	Swabia	37, 68, 223
Dismissal	154	Nicaea	84		
Dix	37	Noontide	4	Tallis's Hymn	18
Dominitus Regit Me	164	Oak	133	Tarring	102
Douglas	258	O Columbia! the Gem of the Ocean	269	Thalberg	146
Duke Street	224, 258	O Happy Day	188	The Great Physician	162
Dundee	256	Old Hundredth	262	The Homeland	273
		Olivet	72, 160	The Star Spangled Banner	268
Easter	59	Only True Hymn	94	There were Ninery and Nine	271
Easter Hymn	58	Ortonville	46	Tidings	251
Edina	178	Oxford	131, 148	Tozer	157
Edlingham	65	Paradise	242	Trinity	82
Ein Feste Burg	33	Passion Chorale	51	Truro	267
Ellacombe	24	Pastoral	98, 138	Venite, Exultemus Domino	275
Ellers	9	Pastor Bonus	181	Vox Dilecti	115
Erie	140	Pax Tecum	170		
Eucharistic Hymn	255	Peace, Peace, Farewell	11	Wadham	292
Evening Blessing	21	Penitence (Elven)	124	Waltham	217, 227, 266
Evening Shadows	17, 156	Penitence (Lane)	139	Warfare	213
Even Me	151			Watelman	229
Eventide	238			Webb	211, 230
Ewing	238			Wills	198
				Wincobank	214
Faith of Our Fathers	251			Winterton (Barby)	136
Federal Street	113			Winterton (Maker)	107
Fortress	30			Woodworth	114
				Woolwich	95

# Metrical Index of Tunes

S. M.	HYMN	6, 5, 6, 5. D.	HYMN	7, 7, 7, 7.	HYMN
Aber .....	55	Edina .....	178	Dijon .....	89
Boylston .....	254	Evening shadows .....	17, 156	Hendon .....	5, 129
Dennis .....	6	Midian .....	56	Mmus .....	208
Laban .....	201	Penitence (Lane) .....	139	St. Bees .....	108, 129, 165
St. Andrew .....	90	Princethorpe .....	152		
St. Thomas .....	29, 249	Ruth .....	261	7, 7, 7, 7. With Refrain.	
Swabia .....	27, 68, 225	St. Andrew of Crete .....	206	Racine .....	198
Woolwich .....	55			7, 7, 7, 7. With Alleluias.	
		6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.		Easter Hymn .....	58
S. M. D.		Hermas .....	186	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.	
Chalvey .....	245	St. Gertrude .....	200	Ajalon .....	120
Dhademata .....	61, 199	St. Theresa .....	205	Dix .....	37
Leominster .....	76	Wincobank .....	214	Glastonbury .....	99
Pastor Bonus .....	184			Pilot .....	172
		6, 5, 6, 5. 12 lines.		Rock of Ages .....	120
C. M.		Armageddon .....	207		
Antioch .....	39	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4, 4.		7, 7, 7, 7. D.	
Beatitude .....	35	Schnecker .....	176	Blumenthal .....	246
Belmont .....	184	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.		Hollingside .....	158
Christmas .....	38, 210	America .....	264	Maidstone .....	158
Coronation .....	62	Greenwood .....	71	Martyn .....	108
Dundee .....	256	Olivet (Mason) .....	72, 160	New St. Andrews .....	41
Green Hill .....	49, 105	Trinity .....	82	Sabbath .....	25
Jazer .....	179	Wadham .....	222	Spanish Chant .....	119
Martyrdom .....	50, 104			Watchman .....	229
Miles Lane .....	62	6, 6, 6, 6. D.		7, 7, 7, 7. D. With Refrain.	
Naomi .....	159	Blessed Home .....	241	Mendelssohn .....	40
Ortonville .....	46	Invitation .....	III, 142	7, 8, 7, 8. With Alleluias.	
Rome .....	183	Jewell .....	141	St. Albanus .....	60
St. Agnes .....	3, 174	Leoni .....	80		
St. Anne .....	28, 263	6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.		8, 5, 8, 3.	
St. Peter .....	86, 175, 248	Chase .....	52	Stephanos .....	101
Spohr .....	2	Laudes Domini .....	13		
		C. M. With Chorus.		8, 6, 8, 4.	
God Loved the World .....	190	Leoni .....	31	St. Cuthbert .....	77
Only Trust Him .....	94	6, 6, 8, 4. D.			
		Burnham .....	63	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.	
C. M. D.		Christ Church .....	74, 232	Paradise (Smart) .....	242
All Saints New .....	204	7, 5, 7, 5. D.		8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.	
Blenden .....	216	Consecration .....	128	St. Hilda .....	34
Carol .....	36	7, 6, 7, 6.			
Ellacombe .....	247	St. Alphege .....	240	8, 7, 8, 7.	
Materna .....	235	7, 6, 7, 6. D.		Brocklesbury .....	253
St. Leonard .....	49	Aurelia .....	122, 250	Dominus Regit Me .....	164
Vox Dilecti .....	115	Bentley .....	24	Evening Blessing .....	21
		Chenies .....	185	Gallec .....	167
C. M. 12 lines.		Come Unto Me .....	103	Manaton .....	16
St. Just .....	491	Day of Rest .....	137	Mesa .....	132
		Ewing .....	238	Oxford .....	131, 148
L. M.		Fortress .....	201	Rathburn .....	54
Angelus .....	19	Greenland .....	66	Wills .....	163
Brookfield .....	45, 182	Mendebras .....	26		
Canonbury .....	171, 230	Missionary Hymn .....	226, 226	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.	
Duke Street .....	224, 253	Munich .....	88	Dismissal .....	154
Federal Street .....	113	Passion Chorale .....	51	Edlingham .....	65
Grace Church .....	73	Rothsay .....	177	Gilberts .....	154
Hursley .....	15	Rutherford .....	128	Greenville .....	7, 92
Loving-kindness .....	195	Sankey .....	163, 203	Praise, My Soul .....	270
Maryton .....	47	Savoy Chapel .....	161	St. Enoch .....	225
Missionary Chant .....	218	Sheppard .....	187		
Old Hundred .....	262	St. Edith .....	93	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.	
Penitence (Elven) .....	124	St. Theodolph .....	211	All Saints (Tozer) .....	234
Retreat .....	147	Thalberg .....	146	Lux Prima .....	20, 166
Rockingham New .....	221	Webb .....	311, 230		
Rockingham Old .....	53, 112			8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.	
St. Crispin .....	114	7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain.		Alleluia .....	272
Tails's Hymn .....	18	I Love to Tell the Story .....	181	Regent Square .....	69
Truro .....	267	7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 5.			
Waltham .....	217, 227	Rutherford .....	243	8, 7, 8, 7. D.	
Woodworth .....	114	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.		Austria .....	237
		Amsterdam .....	241	Bethany (Smart) .....	173
L. M. With Chorus.		St. Christopher .....	127	Birchmeil .....	67, 193, 219
O Happy Day .....	188	7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.		Constance .....	189
		St. Alford .....	236	Courage, Brother .....	209
L. M. D.		7, 7, 7, 5.		Crucifer .....	117
Comforter .....	79	Charity .....	22, 78	Days are Dying .....	274
Faith of Our Fathers .....	251			Easter .....	59
He Leadeth Me .....	145			Eric .....	140
Stanley .....	97			Love Divine .....	173
6, 4, 6, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4.				Nettleton .....	192
Tarring .....	102			Pastoral .....	98, 138
6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.				St. Asaph .....	197
Bethany (Mason) .....	143				
Oak .....	133			8, 7, 8, 7. With Chorus.	
6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.				Call Them In .....	100
Winterton (Barnby) .....	136			The Great Physician .....	162

8, 7, 8, 7, 8. D. . . . .	HYMN	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10. . . . .	HYMN	11, 11, 11, 11. . . . .	HYMN
Song of Angels. . . . .	44	Lux Benigna. . . . .	149	Adeste Fideles. . . . .	87
8, 8, 8, 4. . . . .		10, 10. . . . .		Selby. . . . .	85
Almsgiving. . . . .	1	Pax Tecum. . . . .	170	Tozer. . . . .	157
8, 8, 8, 4. With Chorus. . . . .		10, 10, 10, 4. . . . .		11, 12, 12, 10. . . . .	
Leaning on Thee. . . . .	153	Sarum. . . . .	252	Nicaea. . . . .	84
8, 8, 8, 6. . . . .		10, 10, 10, 10. . . . .		12, 11, 12, 11. . . . .	
Agnus Dei. . . . .	125	Ellers. . . . .	9	Winterton (Maker). . . . .	107
Just as I am. . . . .	180	Eventide. . . . .	14	Irregular. . . . .	
8, 8, 8, 6. With Chorus. . . . .		Langran. . . . .	121	Adeste Fideles. . . . .	43
I'll Live for Thee. . . . .	130	Noontide. . . . .	4	Adington. . . . .	215
8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. . . . .		10, 11, 11, 11. . . . .		Ariel. . . . .	48
Anniversary Hymn. . . . .	260	Lyons. . . . .	32, 64	Even Me. . . . .	151
Jesu, Domine. . . . .	143	10, 11, 10, 11. . . . .		Eln' Feste Burg. . . . .	73
Lazio. . . . .	150	Dawn. . . . .	35	God be with You. . . . .	10
Love. . . . .	233	11, 10, 11, 10. . . . .		I Hear the Saviour Say. . . . .	118
St. Mark. . . . .	57	Ancient of Days. . . . .	81	Margaret. . . . .	42
St. Matthias. . . . .	23	Douglas. . . . .	-5	Monod. . . . .	126
Solid Rock. . . . .	150	Laus Maritima. . . . .	12	O Columbia! the Gem of the Ocean. . . . .	269
9, 8, 9, 8. . . . .		Pilgrims. . . . .	239	Peace, Peace, Farewell. . . . .	11
Eucharistic Hymn. . . . .	255	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11. . . . .		Revive Us Again. . . . .	86
9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8. . . . .		11, 11. With Chorus. . . . .		St. Regulus. . . . .	95
Neumark. . . . .	144	Rejoice and be Glad. . . . .	194	Stettin. . . . .	116
				The Homeland. . . . .	273
				The Star Spangled Banner. . . . .	268
				There were Ninety and Nine. . . . .	271
				Tidings. . . . .	231
				Warfare. . . . .	213

## Index of Subjects and Occasions

<b>Opening</b>		<b>HYMN</b>		<b>HYMN</b>	
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat. . . . .	2	Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven. . . . .	270	Hail to the Lord's Anointed. . . . .	228
Behold us, Lord, a little space. . . . .	3	The God of Abraham praise. . . . .	31	He is coming, He is coming. . . . .	67
Come, Thou Almighty King. . . . .	83	Jesus Christ, the Son, His Birth. . . . .	3	Lo, He comes—the heavens adoring. . . . .	69
How gentle God's commands. . . . .	249	As with gladness men of old. . . . .	37	Lo, He comes, with clouds descending. . . . .	70
I love Thy kingdom, Lord. . . . .	8	Brightest and best of the sons. . . . .	35	—ing. . . . .	69
Lord, we come before Thee now. . . . .	5	Hark! the herald angels sing. . . . .	40	Rejoice, rejoice, believers. . . . .	66
My God, is any hour so sweet. . . . .	1	Hark! what mean those holy voices. . . . .	44		
O come, let us sing. . . . .	275	He has come, the Christ of God. . . . .	41	<b>The Holy Spirit</b>	
O resta-while. . . . .	4	It came upon the midnight clear. . . . .	36	Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly. . . . .	
O worship the King. . . . .	4	Joy to the world. . . . .	39	Dove. . . . .	79
When morning glids the skies. . . . .	13	O come, all ye faithful. . . . .	43	Come, Holy Ghost, in love. . . . .	72
<b>Closing (Farewell meetings*)</b>		O little town of Bethlehem. . . . .	34	Come, O Creator Spirit, blest. . . . .	73
*Blest be the tie that binds. . . . .	6	While shepherds watched their. . . . .	40	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost. . . . .	78
*God be with you. . . . .	10	flocks. . . . .	38	O mighty Breath of God. . . . .	80
*Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing. . . . .	7	His Life and Character. . . . .		O Thou that hearest prayer. . . . .	75
*On our way rejoicing. . . . .	186	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned. . . . .	46	Our blest Redeemer. . . . .	77
Peace, peace, farewell. . . . .	11	O could I speak. . . . .	48	Spirit of faith, come down. . . . .	76
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name. . . . .	9	O Master, let me walk with Thee. . . . .	47	To God we lift our hearts. . . . .	74
we raise. . . . .	9	O perfect life of love. . . . .	55	<b>The Trinity</b>	
Sweet saviour, bless us ere we go. . . . .	23	O who like Thee. . . . .	45	Ancient of days. . . . .	81
<b>Morning</b>		One there is above all others. . . . .	166	Come, Thou Almighty King. . . . .	82
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al- . . . . .	84	His Sufferings and Death. . . . .		Glory be to God the Father. . . . .	272
mighty. . . . .		Alas! and did my Saviour bleed. . . . .	50	Holy Father, cheer our way. . . . .	22
Now, when the dusky shades of . . . . .	8	And can it be that I should gain. . . . .	57	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al- . . . . .	84
night. . . . .	12	Glorify to Jesus. . . . .	56	mighty. . . . .	84
When morning glids the skies. . . . .	13	I gave My life for thee. . . . .	52	Thou, Whose almighty word. . . . .	83
<b>Evening</b>		In the cross of Christ I glory. . . . .	54	We praise Thee, O God. . . . .	85
Abide with me: fast falls the even- . . . . .	14	O perfect life of love. . . . .	55	<b>The Bible</b>	
ing. . . . .		O Sacred Head! now wondrous. . . . .	51	Faith of our fathers. . . . .	251
Adieu, praise to Thee, my God, this . . . . .	18	There is a green hill far away. . . . .	53	Holy Bible, book divine. . . . .	89
night. . . . .	18	When I survey the wondrous cross. . . . .	53	How firm a foundation. . . . .	87
At even, ere the sun was set. . . . .	19	His Resurrection. . . . .		How precious is the book divine. . . . .	86
Holy Father, cheer our way. . . . .	22	Christ the Lord is risen to-day. . . . .	58	O Word of God Incarnate. . . . .	88
Now the day is over. . . . .	17	Day of wonder! day of gladness. . . . .	59	<b>SALVATION</b>	
Saviour, breathe an evening bless- . . . . .	21	Look, ye saints, the sight is glori- . . . . .	60	<b>The Gospel's Invitation</b>	
ing. . . . .	21	ous. . . . .		Art thou weary, art thou languid. . . . .	101
Saviour, now the day is ending. . . . .	30	His Reign. . . . .		Behold, a Stranger at the door. . . . .	113
God is my strong salvation. . . . .	30	All hail the power of Jesus' Name. . . . .	62	Brother, hast thou wandered far. . . . .	109
Sun of my soul. . . . .	15	Christ for the world we sing. . . . .	222	Call them in! the poor, the wretched. . . . .	109
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go. . . . .	23	Crown Him with many crowns. . . . .	61	Child of sin and sorrow. . . . .	102
Tarry with me, O my Saviour. . . . .	16	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun. . . . .	224	Come, every soul by sin oppressed. . . . .	103
The hours of day are over. . . . .	24	Join all the glorious names. . . . .	63	"Come," said Jesus' sacred voice. . . . .	110
<b>The Lord's Day</b>		Look, ye saints, the sight is glori- . . . . .	65	Come to the Saviour now. . . . .	111
O day of rest and gladness. . . . .	26	ous. . . . .		Come unto Me, ye weary. . . . .	103
Safely through another week. . . . .	25	Ye servants of God, your Master . . . . .	64	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretch- . . . . .	92
This is the day of light. . . . .	27	proclaim. . . . .		ed. . . . .	92
<b>Praise to God, the Father</b>		His Second Coming. . . . .		God calling yet. . . . .	112
A mighty Fortress is our God. . . . .	33	Come, Lord, and tarry not. . . . .	68	Hark, my soul, it is the Lord. . . . .	108
God is love: His mercy brightens. . . . .	118	Come, Lord, to earth again. . . . .	71	Jesus, waiting at the door. . . . .	91
God is my strong salvation. . . . .	30			O come to Christ. . . . .	105
O bless the Lord, my soul. . . . .	29			O come to the merciful Saviour. . . . .	107
O God, our help in ages past. . . . .	28			O Jesus, Thou art standing. . . . .	93
O worship the King. . . . .	32				

Return and come to God.....	HYMN	30	For all that Thou, O Lord, hast wrought.....	260	O happy band of pilgrims.....	HYMN	187
Room for the wanderer, room.....	95	Hark! hark, my soul.....	239	O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	47		
Sinners Jesus will receive.....	99	Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.....	108	Revive Thy work, O Lord.....	223		
Souls of men, why will ye scatter.....	98	How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.....	175	Stand up, stand up, for Jesus.....	211		
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	104	I've found a Friend.....	189	While the sun is shining.....	214		
Welcome, welcome! sinner hear.....	106	Price.....	183	Who is on the Lord's side.....	207		
While life prolongs its precious light.....	97	Jesus calls us 'o'er the tumult.....	167				
Yet there is room.....	96	Jesus, Name of wondrous love.....	165				
		Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	172				
Repentance and Forgiveness		Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	174				
Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	127	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.....	171				
Drawn to the cross of the cross.....	125	Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.....	169				
From the depths of woe.....	116	Join all the glorious names.....	173				
I hear the Saviour say.....	118	Love divine, all love excelling.....	63				
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	115	More love to Thee, O Christ.....	133				
I lay my sins on Jesus.....	123	O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen.....	180				
I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	132	O Jesus, ever present.....	163				
I see a wandering sheep.....	184	O Saviour, precious Saviour.....	177				
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	117	O strong to save and bless.....	176				
Just as I am, without one plea.....	114	One there is above all others.....	166				
My faith looks up to Thee.....	160	Peace, perfect peace.....	170				
O the bitter shame and sorrow.....	126	Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	178				
Rock of Ages.....	120	Saviour, Thy dying love.....	136				
Saviour, when in dust to Thee.....	119	The Great Physician now is near.....	162				
Take me, O my Father, take me.....	138	The King of love my Shepherd is.....	164				
Under the shadow of the cross.....	155	There is a Name I love to hear.....	179				
Wearry of earth and laden with my sin.....	121	To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour.....	161				
With broken heart and contrite sigh.....	124	When we walk alone in sadness.....	168				
Witness, ye men and angels now.....	135						
		Confession of Christ					
		I love to tell the story.....	181				
		Jesus! and shall it ever be.....	182				
		O Christian, haste.....	231				
		Stand up! stand up, for Jesus.....	211				
		The Master comes! He calls for thee.....	233				
		Joy and Assurance					
		Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.....	195				
		Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.....	192				
		Glorious be to God the Father.....	272				
		God loved the world of sinners lost.....	156				
		I am a wandering sheep.....	184				
		I've found a Friend.....	189				
		I've found the pearl of greatest price.....	183				
		Now I know the great Redeemer.....	193				
		O happy band of pilgrims.....	187				
		O happy day that fixed my choice.....	188				
		O heart of Christian.....	186				
		On Thee my heart is fixed.....	185				
		Rejoice and be glad.....	194				
		Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	178				
		When I had wandered from His fold.....	191				
		Warfare (also Temptation*)					
		A charge to keep I have.....	202				
		Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....	210				
		Brightly gleams our banner.....	205				
		*Christian! dost thou see them.....	206				
		*Christians, up! the day is breaking.....	196				
		*Courage, brother, do not stumble.....	209				
		*Fight not, Christian.....	208				
		*Fling out the banner.....	227				
		*Go forward, Christian soldier.....	203				
		*God is my strong salvation.....	30				
		*Hark! the sound of the fight.....	213				
		*In the hour of trial.....	139				
		*My soul, be on thy guard.....	201				
		*Now be the gospel banner.....	212				
		*Off in danger, off in woe.....	198				
		Onward, Christian soldiers.....	200				
		Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	199				
		Stand up, stand up, for Jesus.....	211				
		The Son of God goes forth to war.....	204				
		Through the night of doubt and sorrow.....	197				
		Who is on the Lord's side.....	207				
		Work					
		Christ for the world we sing.....	222				
		Come, labor on.....	215				
		Go, heralds of salvation, forth.....	213				
		Go, labor on.....	217				
		*Hark! the sound of the fight.....	213				
		*Hark! the voice of Jesus calling.....	219				
		How blessed from the bonds of sin.....	216				
		I gave My life for thee.....	52				
		Lord, speak to me that I may speak.....	230				
		My gracious Lord.....	221				
		O Christian, haste.....	231				
		Missions (see also Work)					
		Arise, O Lord, and shine.....	232				
		Fling out the banner.....	227				
		From Greenland's icy mountains.....	226				
		Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	228				
		Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	224				
		Now be the gospel banner.....	212				
		O Christian, haste.....	231				
		Souls in heathen darkness lying.....	225				
		The Master comes! He calls for Thee.....	230				
		The morning light is breaking.....	233				
		Thou, Whose almighty word.....	83				
		Watchman, tell us of the night.....	229				
		Heaven and Eternal Life					
		Brief life is here our portion.....	240				
		Glorious things of Thee are spoken.....	237				
		Hark! hark, my soul.....	239				
		Jerusalem, the golden.....	238				
		O Mother dear, Jerusalem.....	235				
		O Paradise, O Paradise.....	242				
		Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	244				
		Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	236				
		The Homeland! the Homeland.....	273				
		The sands of time are sinking.....	243				
		There is a blessed home.....	241				
		Who can paint that lovely city.....	234				
		The Old Year					
		A few more years shall roll.....	245				
		Days are dying.....	274				
		Thou who roll'st the year around.....	246				
		The New Year					
		Father, let me dedicate.....	128				
		Holy Father, Thou hast taught me.....	132				
		Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal.....	247				
		The year is gone beyond recall.....	248				
		The Church					
		Faith of our fathers.....	251				
		For all the saints.....	252				
		I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	249				
		The Church's one foundation.....	250				
		Baptism					
		Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding.....	253				
		Stand, soldier of the cross.....	254				
		The Lord's Supper					
		According to Thy gracious word.....	256				
		Bread of the world.....	255				
		Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.....	171				
		Giving					
		We give Thee but Thine Own.....	257				
		Anniversaries and Conventions					
		Blest be the tie that binds.....	6				
		For all that Thou, O Lord, hast wrought.....	260				
		Thou God of power.....	258				
		Thy Name we now unite to bless.....	259				
		Summer					
		Summer suns are glowing.....	261				
		Temperance					
		Brother, hast thou wandered far.....	109				
		Courage, brother, do not stumble.....	209				
		In the hour of trial.....	139				
		Noon-day Services					
		Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	3				
		My God, is any hour so sweet.....	1				
		O rest a-while.....	4				
		Funeral Services					
		A few more years shall roll.....	245				
		Abide with me: fast falls the even-tide.....	14				
		For all the saints.....	352				
		Hark! hark, my soul.....	239				
		Lead, kindly Light.....	149				
		O Paradise, O Paradise.....	242				
		Love to Christ					
		Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.....	192				

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
120	Rock of Ages.....	269	O Columbia! the gem of the ocean.....	191
273	The Homeland! the Homeland.....	268	O say can you see.....	96
	National Hymns and Patriotic Songs		May be used as solos	
81	Ancient of days.....	57	And can it be that I should gain.....	
265	God bless our native land.....	102	Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	81
	God of our fathers, Who didst	111	Child of sin and sorrow.....	271
	guide.....	274	Come to the Saviour now.....	251
266	Great God of nations.....	128	Days are dying.....	281
263	Lord, while for all mankind we	115	Father, let me dedicate.....	272
263	pray.....	93	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	213
264	My country, 'tis of thee.....	273	O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	198
		271	The Homeland! the Homeland.....	270
		42	There were ninety and nine.....	31
			Thou didst leave Thy throne.....	
			Suitable for Chorus	
			Ancient of days.....	81
			Days are dying.....	271
			Faith of our fathers.....	251
			Father, let me dedicate.....	281
			Glory be to God the Father.....	272
			HARK! the sound of the fight.....	213
			Of in danger, of in woe.....	198
			Praise, my soul, the King of	
			Heaven.....	270
			The God of Abraham praise.....	31

## Index of First Lines of Hymns

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN
202	A charge to keep I have.....	237	Glorious things of Thee are spoken.....	238
245	A few more years shall roll.....	272	Glory be to God the Father.....	272
33	A mighty Fortress is our God.....	56	Glory be to Jesus.....	56
14	Abide with me : fast falls the eventide.....	203	Go forward, Christian soldier.....	203
256	According to Thy gracious word.....	218	Go, heralds of salvation, forth.....	218
50	Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed.....	217	Go, labor on.....	217
131	All for Jesus—all for Jesus.....	10	God be with you.....	10
18	All praise to Thee, my God, this night.....	265	God bless our native land.....	265
62	All hail the power of Jesus' Name.....	112	God calling yet.....	112
81	Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory.....	148	God is love : His mercy brightens.....	148
57	And can it be that I should gain.....	80	God is my strong salvation.....	80
2	Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.....	190	God loved the world of sinners lost.....	190
232	Arise, O Lord, and shine.....	267	God of our fathers, Who didst guide.....	267
101	Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	78	Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.....	78
37	As with gladness men of old.....	266	Great God of nations.....	266
19	At even, ere the sun was set.....	154	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	154
210	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....			
195	Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.....	228	Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	228
		239	Hark ! hark, my soul.....	239
113	Behold, a stranger at the door.....	108	Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.....	108
3	Behold us, Lord, a little space.....	40	Hark ! the herald angels sing.....	40
127	Beneath the cross of Jesus.....	213	Hark ! the sound of the fight.....	213
6	Blest be the tie that binds.....	219	Hark ! the voice of Jesus calling.....	219
255	Bread of the world.....	44	Hark ! what mean those holy voices.....	44
240	Brief life is here our portion.....	41	He has come, the Christ of God.....	41
35	Brightest and best of the sons.....	145	He leadeth me : O blessed thought.....	145
205	Brightly gleams our banner.....	67	He is coming, He is coming.....	67
109	Brother, hast thou wandered far.....	89	Holy Bible, book divine.....	89
		32	Holy Father, cheer our way.....	32
100	Call them in ! the poor, the wretched.....	132	Holy Father, Thou hast taught me.....	132
102	Child of sin and sorrow.....	84	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.....	84
222	Christ for the world we sing.....	216	How blessed from the bonds of sin.....	216
58	Christ the Lord is risen to-day.....	87	How firm a foundation.....	87
206	Christian ! dost thou see them.....	8	How gentle God's commands.....	8
196	Christians, up ! the day is breaking.....	86	How precious is the book divine.....	86
94	Come, every soul by sin oppressed.....	175	How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.....	175
79	Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove.....			
215	Come, labor on.....	52	I gave My life for thee.....	52
72	Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	118	I hear the Saviour say.....	118
68	Come, Lord, and tarry not.....	115	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	115
71	Come, Lord, to earth again.....	123	I lay my sins on Jesus.....	123
73	Come, O Creator Spirit blest.....	249	I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	249
110	"Come," said Jesus' sacred voice.....	181	I love to tell the story.....	181
82	Come, Thou Almighty King.....	122	I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	122
192	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.....	184	I was a wandering sheep.....	184
111	Come to the Saviour now.....	144	If thou but suffer God to guide thee.....	144
103	Come unto Me, ye weary.....	146	In heavenly love abiding.....	146
92	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched.....	54	In the cross of Christ I glory.....	54
209	Courage, brother, do not stumble.....	139	In the hour of trial.....	139
61	Crown Him with many crowns.....	26	It came upon the midnight clear.....	26
		189	I've found a Friend.....	189
59	Day of wonder, day of gladness.....	183	I've found the pearl of greatest price.....	183
274	Days are dying.....			
125	Drawn to the cross.....	238	Jerusalem, the golden.....	238
		182	Jesus ! and shall it ever be.....	182
208	Faint not, Christian.....	167	Jesus calls us : o'er the tumult.....	167
251	Faith of our fathers.....	69	Jesus came—the heavens adoring.....	69
128	Father, let me dedicate.....	117	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	117
159	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	157	Jesus, I will trust Thee.....	157
227	Fling out the banner.....	60	Jesus lives ! thy terrors now.....	60
260	For all that Thou, O Lord, hast wrought.....	158	Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	158
252	For all the saints.....	165	Jesus, Name of wondrous love.....	165
147	From every stormy wind that blows.....	172	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	172
226	From Greenland's icy mountains.....	224	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	224
116	From the depths of woe.....	174	Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	174

	HYMN		HYMN
Jesus, Thon joy of loving hearts .....	171	Rejoice and be glad .....	194
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me .....	169	Rejoice, rejoice, believers .....	66
Jesus, waiting at the door .....	91	Return and come to God .....	50
Join all the glorious names .....	63	Revive Thy work, O Lord .....	223
Joy to the world .....	39	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings .....	244
Just as I am, without one plea .....	114	Rock of Ages .....	120
Lead, kindly Light .....	149	Room for the wanderer, room .....	95
Leaning on Thee, my Guide and Friend .....	153	Safely through another week .....	25
Lo, He comes, with clouds descending .....	70	Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise .....	9
Lo! the voice of Jesus .....	152	Saviour, blessed Saviour .....	178
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious .....	65	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing .....	21
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing .....	7	Saviour, now the day is ending .....	20
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing .....	151	Saviour, Thy dying love .....	136
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak .....	230	Saviour, when in dust to Thee .....	119
Lord, we come before Thee now .....	5	Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding .....	253
Lord, while for all mankind we pray .....	263	Sinners Jesus will receive .....	99
Love divine, all love excelling .....	173	Soldiers of Christ, arise .....	199
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned .....	46	Souls in heathen darkness lying .....	225
More love to Thee, O Christ .....	133	Souls of men, why will ye scatter; or, There's a wide- ness in God's mercy .....	98
My country, 'tis of thee .....	264	Spirit of faith, come down .....	76
My faith looks up to Thee .....	160	Stand, soldier of the cross .....	254
My God, is any hour so sweet .....	1	Stand up, stand up, for Jesus .....	211
My gracious Lord .....	221	Summer suns are glowing .....	261
My hope is built on nothing less .....	150	Sun of my soul .....	15
My Jesus, as Thou wilt .....	141	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go .....	23
My life, my love, I give to Thee .....	130	Take me, O my Father, take me .....	138
My soul, be on thy guard .....	201	Take my life, and let it be .....	129
Nearer, my God, to Thee .....	143	Tarry with me, O my Saviour .....	16
Now be the gospel banner .....	212	Ten thousand times ten thousand .....	236
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal .....	248	The Church's one foundation .....	250
Now I know the great Redeemer .....	193	The God of Abraham praise .....	31
Now the day is over .....	17	The Great Physician now is near .....	162
Now, when the dusky shades of night .....	12	The Homeland! the Homeland .....	273
O bless the Lord, my soul .....	29	The hours of day are over .....	24
O Christian, haste .....	231	The King of love my Shepherd is .....	164
O Columbia! the gem of the ocean .....	269	The Master comes! He calls for thee .....	233
O come, all ye faithful .....	43	The morning light is breaking .....	230
O come, let us sing .....	275	The sands of time are sinking .....	243
O come to Christ .....	105	The Son of God goes forth to war .....	204
O come to the merciful Saviour .....	107	The year is gone, beyond recall .....	247
O could I speak .....	48	There is a blessed home .....	241
O day of rest and gladness .....	26	There is a fountain filled with blood .....	104
O for a heart to praise my God .....	134	There is a green hill far away .....	49
O God, our help in ages past .....	28	There is a Name I love to hear .....	179
O happy band of pilgrims .....	187	There's a wideness in God's mercy. See "Souls of men" .....	98
O happy day that fixed my choice .....	188	There were ninety and nine .....	271
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen .....	180	This is the day of light .....	27
O Jesus, ever present .....	163	Thou didst leave Thy throne .....	42
O Jesus, I have promised .....	137	Thou God of power .....	258
O Jesus, Thou art standing .....	93	Thou Who roll'st the year around .....	246
O let him whose sorrow .....	156	Thou, Whose almighty word .....	83
O little town of Bethlehem .....	34	Through the night of doubt and sorrow .....	197
O Master, let me walk with Thee .....	80	Thy Name we now unite to bless .....	259
O mighty Breath of God .....	80	Thy way, not mine .....	142
O Mother dear, Jerusalem .....	235	To God we lift our hearts .....	74
O Paradise, O Paradise .....	242	To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour .....	161
O perfect life of love .....	55	Under the shadow of the cross .....	155
O rest a-while .....	4	Watchman, tell us of the night .....	229
O Sacred Head .....	51	We give Thee but Thine Own .....	257
O say can you see .....	268	We praise Thee, O God .....	85
O Saviour, precious Saviour .....	177	Wearied of earth, and laden with my sin .....	121
O strong to save and bless .....	176	Welcome, welcome! sinner hear .....	106
O the bitter shame and sorrow .....	126	What a friend we have in Jesus .....	140
O Thou that hearest prayer .....	75	When I had wandered from His fold .....	191
O who like Thee .....	45	When I survey the wondrous cross .....	53
O Word of God Incarnate .....	88	When morning gilds the skies .....	13
O worship the King .....	32	When we walk alone in sadness .....	168
Oft in danger, oft in woe .....	198	While life prolongs its precious light .....	97
On our way rejoicing .....	186	While shepherds watched their flocks .....	38
On Thee my heart is resting .....	185	While the sun is shining .....	214
One there is above all others .....	166	Who can paint that lovely city .....	234
Onward, Christian soldiers .....	200	Who is on the Lord's side .....	217
Our blest Redeemer .....	77	With broken heart and contrite sigh .....	124
Peace, peace, farewell .....	11	Witness, ye men and angels now .....	135
Peace, perfect peace .....	170	Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim .....	64
Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow .....	262	Yet there is room .....	96
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven .....	270		











