

F-46.103

W6936

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
5567







✓
SACRED HYMNS;



CHIEFLY FROM ANCIENT SOURCES.

ARRANGED

ACCORDING TO THE SEASONS OF THE CHURCH.

BY

FREDERICK WILSON, M. A.,

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF S. JAMES THE LESS,
PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA:
BURNS AND SIEG.

1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
BURNS AND SIEG,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

COLLINS, PRINTER.

TO
THOMAS MUSSEN, Esq.,
(OF MONTREAL,)

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF MANY KINDNESSES EXPERIENCED AT HIS HANDS,

THIS VOLUME
IS
MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/saschief00wils>

PREFACE.

THE following collection of Hymns was undertaken by the Editor to supply a want much felt by him, while Incumbent of a large parish in a manufacturing town in the north of England. The heavy pressure of parochial work, in a district of almost seven thousand souls, left, however, but little time for the completion of the work. A few of the Hymns for special Festivals were all that passed through the press, and were sung by the congregation as those Festivals came round.

As stated on the title page, the compilation is chiefly from ancient sources (and hence claiming a kindred derivation with our Book of Common Prayer), but several modern Hymns have been added, which, in the deep devotional feeling they

express, appear to the Editor to breathe the very spirit of the Ancient Hymnology of the Church. It is also but fair to state that the basis of the compilation is a similar work published about ten years ago in England, but which has never become extensively known, and is used only by one or two congregations in the country.

Of course, the Editor does not presume to expect that his labors will be available to the members of the Church in these United States beyond the family circle or the school-room; but there they may be useful, as speaking home to our hearts of all that is beautiful and holy in our faith, without any of the indistinctness or ambiguity (to employ a mild term), which characterizes so generally the run of modern Hymn Books.

It is needless to add that as the Hymns here collected are professedly CHURCH HYMNS, and from the ancient Service Books of the Church, they will hardly be considered as satisfactory, in a doctrinal point of view, by any but those who are in

some measure, at least, imbued with the teaching they put forth. A very distinct enunciation of doctrine runs in a rich vein throughout the whole of them; and that doctrine is, in the Editor's belief, identical with "the faith once delivered unto the Saints," and now inculcated by the Reformed Catholic Communion, at the Altar of which it is his blessed privilege to minister.

RECTORY OF S. JAMES THE LESS,
Christmas, 1858.

ADVENT.

HYMN 1.

HARK! an awful voice is sounding;
“CHRIST is nigh!” it seems to say,
“Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!”

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
CHRIST, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

So when next He comes in glory,
Girding earth with fear and woe:
May He with His mercy shield us
From our guilt and ghostly foe.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit
To the FATHER, and the SON,
With the Everlasting SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run.

HYMN 2.

O THOU, Who Thine Own FATHER'S Breast
Forsaking, WORD Sublime,
Didst come to aid a world distrest
In Thy appointed time:

Our hearts enlighten with Thy ray,
And kindle with Thy love,
That, dead to earthly things, we may
Live but to things above.

So when before Thy judgment-throne
Our trial-day shall come,
When hidden deeds and thoughts, made
known,
Shall meet a righteous doom,

Safe from the black and fiery flood
That sweeps the dread abyss,
May we behold the Face of GOD
In everlasting bliss.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 3.

BEHOLD! the Advent of our GOD
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.

Behold! the Everlasting SON
Incarnate now shall be;
He will a servant's form put on
To make His people free.

Gentle and meek He comes; arise,
Sion, behold thy KING,
And haste to meet Him, nor despise
The peace He deigns to bring.

He shall return the JUDGE e'en now
On clouds with lightning riven,
And His Own Body, left below,
In triumph bear to heaven.

Let crimes, the brood of night, depart
From the approaching morn;
And the old Adam of the heart
Before the newly born.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 4.

COME, O SAVIOUR, long expected,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.

Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Blest Desire of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a KING;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine Own Eternal SPIRIT,
In our hearts rule Thou alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

HYMN 5.

MAKER of heaven, Eternal Light
Of all who do believe,
SAVIOUR from sorrows infinite,
JESU, these prayers receive.

Who, sooner than our foe malign
Should triumph, from above
Didst come, to be the Medicine
Of a sick world, in love;

And, the deep wounds to cleanse and cure
Of a whole race, didst go,
Pure VICTIM, from a Virgin pure,
The bitter cross unto.

Who hast a Name and hast a Power
The height and depth to sway,
And angels bow, and devils cower,
In rev'rence, or dismay.

Thou, too, shalt be our JUDGE at length;
LORD, in Thy grace bestow
The weapons of celestial strength,
And snatch us from the foe.

Honor and glory, power and praise
To FATHER, and to SON,
And HOLY GHOST be paid always,
The Eternal THREE in ONE.

HYMN 6.

DAY of wrath!—that awful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
When His coming shall be nigh
Who shall all things judge and try!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone
Summons all before the throne,
Shall creation, at the blast,
Rise, to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread
Which shall judge the quick and dead!
Then the JUDGE shall sit! oh! then
All that's hid shall be made plain.

What shall wretched I then plead?
Who for me shall intercede?
King of dreadful Majesty,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Bear me, LORD, in heart, I pray,
Lest Thou lose me on that day;
Weary seeking me wast Thou,
Be Thy toils availing now!

Grant me pardon, LORD, I pray,
Ere that awful reckoning-day:
O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
Spare Thy suppliant, HOLY ONE.

Full of tears that day shall prove
When, from ashes rising, move
To the judgment guilty men:
Spare, Thou God of Mercy, then!

Naught of Thee my prayers can claim,
Save in Thy free mercy's name;
With Thy sheep my place assign,
Set me on Thy right with Thine.

When the lost to flames are given,
Call me with the blest to heaven!
LORD all-pitying,—JESU Blest!
Grant me Thine eternal rest.

HYMN 7.

AND now, with shades of night opprest,
Our weary limbs are laid at rest,
The faithful soul shall wake and weep,
And unto Thee her vigils keep.

Health of the world, the FATHER'S WORD,
By Whom our untold prayers are heard,
Desire of nations, hear our sighs,
And raise us from our miseries.

Why do Thy wheels so long delay?
Come Thou, and cast our chains away,
And ope the heavenly doors again
Which Adam's crime hath closed amain.

Praise to the SON, Who cometh down
To make lost man again His Own;
Praise be, throughout the days of heaven,
To FATHER, and to SPIRIT given.

HYMN 8.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the LORD is nigh:
Come, then, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the KING of kings.

E'en now the air, the sea, the land
Feel that their MAKER is at hand;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

Then cleans'd be every Christian breast,
And furnish'd for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For CHRIST to come and enter there.

For Thou art our Salvation, LORD,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decay'd.

Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more;
Upon Thy pardon'd people shine,
And fill the world with grace divine.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

HYMN 9.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born KING!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem!

CHRIST, by highest heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!

Veil'd in flesh the GODHEAD see;
Hail, INCARNATE DEITY!
Pleas'd as Man with man to dwell,
JESUS, our IMMANUEL.

Hail, the heav'n-born PRINCE OF PEACE!
Hail, the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n 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!

Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to Thee;
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Prais'd by men, and heav'nly host.

HYMN 10.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
 night,
 All seated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down,
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,)
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
 Is born, of David’s line,
The SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD,
 And this shall be the sign:

“The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view display’d,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
 And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appear’d a shining throng
Of angels, praising GOD, and thus
 Address’d their joyful song:

“All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav’n to men
Begin, and never cease.”

CHRISTMAS DAY.

HYMN 11.

YE faithful, approach ye,
Rejoicing, triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten with glad accord:
O come, and behold Him,
Born the KING of angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

He, True GOD of True GOD,
LIGHT of LIGHT ETERNAL,
The womb of a Virgin hath not abhorr’d:
The SON, of the FATHER
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore Him, &c. &c.

Sing, ye choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Through heaven's wide courts be your praises
pour'd;
To God in the highest
Be glory, be glory;
O come, let us adore Him, &c. &c.

Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
JESU, for ages be Thy Name ador'd:
The WORD of the FATHER
Late in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him, &c. &c.

HYMN 12.

JESU, REDEEMER of the world,
Who, e'er the earliest dawn of light,
Wast from eternal ages born,
Immense in glory as in might:

Immortal Hope of all mankind,
In Whom the FATHER'S Face we see,
Hear Thou the pray'rs Thy people pour
This day throughout the world to Thee.

Remember, O CREATOR LORD,
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

This ever blest recurring day
Its witness bears that all alone
From Thine Own FATHER'S Bosom Thou,
To save a sinful world, cam'st down.

To this great day the seas, and sky,
Earth, heav'n itself, glad welcome sing—
The day which heal'd our misery,
And brought to earth Salvation's KING.

We too, dear LORD, who have been cleans'd
In Thine Own Fount of Blood Divine,
Offer the tribute of sweet song
On this Blest Natal Day of Thine.

O JESU, Source of life and light,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the FATHER Infinite,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally.

HYMN 13.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known
T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For, lo! th' Incarnate SAVIOUR comes
With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace, in sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
"To us a CHILD is born."

Glory to GOD in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where CHRIST exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

HYMN 14.

RIGHTFUL prince of martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow;
Fairer far than fading wreath
Weave we this, thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life-blood, shone;
Nor could stars more brightly shine,
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens as an angel's glance.

Thou the first-slain victim free
To Him, the VICTIM slain for thee:
Thou the first thy LORD to own,
Sharer of His thorny crown;

First to tread the pointed road
Through the deep Red Sea of blood:
Prince of martyrs, thee behind
What a countless army wind!

Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to Thee;
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Prais'd by men and heav'nly host.

HYMN 15.

HOLY love towards her foes
In mysterious channels flows;
Bow'd to soothe, or steel'd to blame,
Holy love is still the same.

Pleader for himself he stood:
Now he falls, and yet his blood
From the ground for mercy cries,
Pleading for his enemies.

GOD from heav'n His martyr heard—
Heard, and bless'd his dying word:
Saul, the murd'rer, standing by,
Saul was granted to that cry.

Thus he bow'd his drooping head,
Thus his joyous spirit fled:
"JESU, LORD," his off'ring free,
"Take the life I owe to Thee."

Death, kind angel, watching nigh,
Sweetly clos'd his tranquil eye;
Whilst the spirit wing'd her flight
To the realms of endless light.

Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to Thee;
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Prais'd by men and heav'nly host.

S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

HYMN 16.

BELOV'D disciple of thy LORD,
Wast thou to exile driven?

O never, sure, thy spirit soar'd
With fleeter wings to heaven.

He Who was dead and is alive
Then cheer'd thine eyes again;
The LION, strong with death to strive,
The LAMB, for sinners slain.

Oh, then the myst'ries were unfurl'd
Of His triumphant reign,
How martyr blood through all the world
His kingdom should maintain.

Then grant us, LORD, with Thee to die,
With Thee again to rise;
With Thee from this vain world to fly,
To meet Thee in the skies.

And now to Him Who vanquish'd death,
And shows the way to heaven,
To CHRIST from ev'ry human breath
Be endless praises given.

HYMN 17.

O GOD, Who gav'st Thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distress,
To look on Thine Incarnate Face,
And lean on Thy protecting Breast;
To see the light that dimly shone,
Eclips'd for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of th' Eternal ONE!
Through shadows of Thy mortal veil;
Be ours, O KING of Mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word, and in Thy will,
To hear Thy voice, and know Thy love;
And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.
To JESUS, Source of life and light,
All honor, praise, and glory be;
To GOD the FATHER Infinite,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

HYMN 18.

LITTLE flowers of martyrdom,
Whom the ruthless sword hath torn,
On the threshold of the morn,
Rosebuds by the whirlwind shorn!

All regardless of their doom,
'Neath the altar where they lay,
JESU'S tenderest victims, they
With their palm and chaplets play.

Tyrant! what avails their tomb?
Infant born of Mother-Maid,
He shall 'scape the bloody blade
Which hath many childless made.

Thus the type of Him to come,
Saviour of lost Israel,
Moses 'scap'd, the tyrant fell,
Guarded by th' INVISIBLE.

JESU, born of Virgin's womb,
FATHER, SPIRIT, ONE and THREE,
Sing we glory unto Thee,
Sing we everlastingly.

HYMN 19.

AS the wolf in fierceness sore
Falls on lambs o'er fold and fence,
Thus the tyrant, lost to sense,
Falls on helpless innocence.

And the cradles flow with gore:
GOD of gods! shall he withstand?
ONE he seeks in that young band,
ONE escapes his murd'rous hand.

Mourning mothers, weep no more!
Weep no more your pledges torn;
Surely now in endless morn
They attend the VIRGIN-BORN.

VIRGIN-BORN whom we adore,
FATHER, SPIRIT, ONE and THREE,
Sing we glory unto Thee,
Sing we everlastingly.

EVE OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

HYMN 20.

'TIS for conq'ring kings to gain
Glory o'er their myriads slain :
JESU, Thy more glorious strife
Hath restor'd a world to life.

So no other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which CHRIST so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?

Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Dost Thou, JESU, condescend
To be called the sinners' Friend?
To our prayer propitious be
While we make our boast of Thee.

Glory to the Heavenly KING;
Glory, all ye angels, sing;
Glory to the FATHER, SON,
And Blest SPIRIT, THREE in ONE.

HYMN 21.

O HAPPY day, when first was pour'd
The Blood of our REDEEMING LORD!
O happy day, when first began
His sufferings for sinful man!

Just entered on this world of woe,
His Blood already learned to flow:
His future death was thus expressed,
And thus His early love confessed.

From heaven descending, to fulfil
The mandates of His FATHER'S will,
E'en now behold the VICTIM lie,
The LAMB of GOD, prepared to die:

Beneath the knife behold the CHILD,
The INNOCENT, the UNDEFILED;
For captives He the ransom pays,
For lawless man the law obeys.

LORD, circumcise our hearts, we pray;
Our fleshly natures purge away;
Thy Name, Thy Likeness may they bear:
Yea, stamp Thy holy Image there!

The FATHER'S Name we loudly raise,
The SON, the VIRGIN-BORN we praise;
The HOLY GHOST we all adore,
ONE GOD, both now and evermore.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

HYMN 22.

THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard thy tender years
Few of youth's joys can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart?
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part?

Look here and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good
E'en from the womb takes no release
From suff'ring, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

EPIPHANY.

EVE OF THE EPIPHANY.

HYMN 23.

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shames the sun's less radiant
light?

'Tis sent to announce a new-born KING,
Glad tidings of our GOD to bring.

'Tis now fulfilled what GOD decreed—
"From Jacob shall a star proceed:"
And lo! the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the LORD'S command.

While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the LORD conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay—
Through toils and dangers lies their way;
And yet their home, their friends, their all
They leave at once, at GOD'S high call.

Oh, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, LORD, to seek Thy Face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well.

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 24.

PRAISE GOD, Who sent His guiding star
To shed its hopeful beams afar,
As once His fiery pillar's light
Led Israel in their toilsome flight.

Where all in Gentile darkness lay,
The Eastern sages track'd its ray,
And while in faith they journey'd on,
O'er Bethlehem's lowly walls it shone.

First-fruits of all the Gentile race,
They sought the SAVIOUR'S resting-place,
And worshipp'd with their costly store
Their new-born LORD, unknown before.

O may we too, with off'rings meet,
Be found at our REDEEMER'S Feet,
With richer gifts than theirs of old,
Of incense, myrrh, and shining gold.

We, by the chosen people's sin,
On the True VINE are grafted in;
Our heart's best homage let us give
To Him Whose Mercy bade us live.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN 25.

FAIR as a beauteous, tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So, slighted by a rebel race,
The heavenly SAVIOUR rose.

Rejected and despised of men!
Behold a Man of woe!
Grief was His close companion still
Through all His life below.

Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
Ours were the woes He bore;
Pangs, not His Own, His Spotless Soul
With bitter anguish tore.

His Sacred Blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluted stain;
His Stripes have healed us, and His Death
Reviv'd our souls again.

We all like sheep had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road;
On Him were our transgressions laid,
He bore the mighty load.

He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven:
He lives to bless them, and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 26.

IN duty and in suffering too,
LORD, we Thy steps would trace;
As Thou hast done, so would we do,
Depending on Thy grace.

With earnest zeal 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy FATHER'S will:
O may that zeal our souls excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil!

As one with Thee, may holy love
Through all our conduct shine!
And thus our lives shall ever prove
That we, O LORD, are Thine.

Supported by Almighty grace,
We'll tread the heavenly road,
And still Thy Sacred Footsteps trace,
And rise to Thine abode.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 27.

NOW JESUS lifts His prayer on high,
Emerging from the stream;
And, lo! descending from the sky,
The SPIRIT'S radiant beam.

Swift moving, like a beauteous dove,
It rests on Him alone:
"This," saith the voice of GOD above,
"Is MY Beloved SON."

So those on whom is duly pour'd
The blest baptismal wave,
They too are children of the LORD,
They too may ask and have.

Theirs is the holy purity
And meekness of the dove:
To them the HOLY GHOST is nigh,
To fill their souls with love.

If Thou, LORD, hast removed our stain
In that most holy flood,
May no fresh sin destroy again
The cleansing of Thy Blood!

Praise to the SON, through Whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost:
Like praise be to the FATHER done,
And to the HOLY GHOST.

HYMN 28.

ALLELUIA! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love,
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia! Church Victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee:
Visit us with Thy Salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see!
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

HYMN 29.

IN stature grows the Heavenly CHILD,
With death before His Eyes;
A LAMB unblemish'd, Meek and Mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

The SON of GOD His Glory hides,
With parents mean and poor,
And He Who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those Mighty Hands that stay the sky,
No earthly toil refuse;
And He Who set the stars on high,
An humble trade pursues.

He before Whom the angels stand,
At Whose behest they fly,
Now yields Himself to man's command,
And lays His Glory by.

The FATHER'S Name we loudly raise,
The SON we all adore;
The HOLY GHOST, ONE GOD, we praise,
Both now and evermore.

HYMN 30.

JESUS, the only thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

No sound, no harmony so gay
Can art or music frame;
No thoughts can reach, no words can say
The sweets of Thy Blest Name.

JESUS! our Hope when we repent,
Sweet Source of all our grace;
Sole Comfort in our banishment;
Oh! what, when Face to face!

JESUS! that Name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light:
More than I ask in Thee I find,
And lavish in delight.

No art or eloquence of man
Can tell the joys of love;
Only the saints can understand
What they in JESUS prove.

Thee, JESUS, then, I'll ever sing,
In Thee alone rejoice;
To Thee my grateful tribute bring,
And own Thee all my choice.

HYMN 31.

THEE, LORD, I'll seek, retired apart,
From world and business free;
When these shall knock I'll shut my heart,
And keep it all for Thee.

Before the morning light I'll come,
With Magdalen, to find,
In sighs and tears, my JESU'S tomb,
And there refresh my mind.

My tears upon His grave shall flow,
My sighs the garden fill;
Then at His Feet myself I'll throw,
And there I'll seek His will.

JESUS, in Thy Bless'd Steps I'll tread,
And walk in all Thy ways;
I'll never cease to weep and plead
Till I'm restored to grace.

Thee, JESUS, then, I'll ever sing,
In Thee alone rejoice;
To Thee my grateful tribute bring,
And own Thee all my choice.

HYMN 32.

O KING of Love! Thy blessed fire
Doth such sweet flames excite,
That first it raises the desire,
Then fills us with delight.

Thy lovely Presence shines so clear
Thro' every sense and way,
That souls, which once have seen Thee near,
See all things else decay.

Come, then, Dear LORD, possess my heart,
Chase hence the shades of night;
Come, pierce it with Thy flaming dart,
And ever shining light.

Thee, JESUS! then, I'll ever sing,
In Thee alone rejoice;
To Thee my grateful tribute bring,
And own Thee all my choice.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

HYMN 33.

THOU, Great CREATOR, art possess'd,
And Thou alone, of endless rest;
To angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again,
With ceaseless woe and endless pain;
How then can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here?

Oh, Thou, Who wilt forgiving be,
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the hapless cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws!

Then to such salutary grief
Let Faith and Hope bring due relief,
And we, too, shall be soon possess'd
Of ceaseless songs, of endless rest.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, be glory done;
Let equal praise to EACH be given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

SEXAGESIMA.

HYMN 34.

OUR God in His Celestial Seat,
 In glory and in power complete,
 To make that power and glory known,
 Lays the round world's foundation-stone.

The elements before unmade,
 Are now in beauteous order laid;
 And wondrous harmony they raise,
 To celebrate their MAKER'S praise.

But e'en while thus the world comes forth,
 In all the beauty of its birth,
 His MIND hath in Itself unfurl'd
 Another and a nobler world.

Its Builder is His Only SON,
 In grace and love it is begun;
 'Tis carried on through every age
 By His Own Word, the Gospel page.

In heaven at length, when time is o'er,
 'Twill stand complete, to move no more;
 Made meet for such a bless'd abode,
 Meet for the dwelling-place of GOD.

Oh, GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE ;
Preserve, direct, maintain in love,
The world below, and world above !

QUINQUAGESIMA.

HYMN 35.

OH, ye, who followed CHRIST in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above ;
First children of Almighty grace,
First fathers of the faithful race !

Oh how can words of equal worth,
The wonders of your faith set forth !
Or tell of all your panting sighs,
Which hope uplifted to the skies !

In dreary exile here below,
Ye found the world an empty show ;
On real delights ye fixed your love,
Not here below, but there above.

The heart, O GOD, that loves Thee well,
Still longs with Thee in peace to dwell;
Forbid, O LORD, our souls to roam,
And fix them on our future home.

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE;
Eternal praise to EACH be given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

LENT.

HYMN 36.

THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep:
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

Oh! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay th' uplifted rod.

O Righteous JUDGE, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

Blest THREE in ONE, with grief sincere
To Thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear
To bless this fasting-day.

HYMN 37.

DEAR LORD! and dost Thou bid me come,
And share with Thee Thy lone abode—
Stay with Thee in Thy desert home,
And tread with Thee Lent's rocky road?

Then lead me to the still retreat
That closed around Thy forty days;
Alone and prostrate at Thy Feet,
Teach me what song my heart should raise.

Alone with Thee, no grief is pain;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe;
My greatest loss I count a gain
If where Thou goest I may go.

Oh! let me through this sacred tide
In each denial look at Thee,
Feel Thou art walking by my side,
And death will be no death to me.

HYMN 38.

LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope on ev'ry heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign,
And not a wish our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

In meek submission to Thy will
Let ev'ry prayer arise;
And teach us, LORD, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

To praise the FATHER, and the SON,
And SPIRIT, ALL DIVINE,
The ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 39.

THOU Gracious Author of our days,
Oh! may Thine Ears be bent
Unto the mournful prayer we raise
In this, our fast of Lent.

Thou, the heart-searching God, must know
How vile and weak we be;
But, LORD, do Thou Thy mercy show,
And draw us back to Thee.

Great is our sin, and great our shame,
But, oh! do Thou forgive:
Help, for the glory of Thy Name,
And let poor sinners live.

Oh! may our outward abstinence
Have such effect within,
That we may rescue every sense
From every stain of sin.

Blest THREE in ONE, with grief sincere
To Thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear
To bless this fasting-day.

HYMN 40.

O LORD, turn not Thy Face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh! shut them not against us, LORD,
But let us enter in.

Oh! call us not to strict account
How we have sojourn'd here;
For then our guilty conscience knows
How vile we must appear.

We need not to confess our fault
To Thee, Who best can tell
What we have been; and what we are
Thou knowest, LORD, full well.

Mercy, O LORD, mercy we seek;
This is our only prayer;
In mercy, LORD, is all our hope;
Oh! let Thy mercy spare.

HYMN 41.

CHRIST leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to His kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, LORD, and daily make us meet,
Thy Blessed Face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy Glory be!

Then shall we end our sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints
Who sing the SAVIOUR'S praise.

Our knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim:
Enough for us that He knows all,
And we shall be with Him.

To CHRIST, Who came to save the lost,
And lead us back to Heaven,
With FATHER and the HOLY GHOST,
Be praise for ever given.

HYMN 42.

IN the LORD's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and Cross, and Nails, and Lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar, and Gall, and Reed,
And the pang His Soul that freed:

May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.

CRUCIFIED! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore,
Us with saintly bands unite
In the realms of heav'nly light.

CHRIST! by coward hands betrayed,
CHRIST! for us a captive made,
CHRIST! upon the bitter tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee!

HYMN 43.

MY Blessed SAVIOUR, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?

Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to Thee.

I love Thee for the glorious worth
In Thy great Self I see:

I love Thee for that shameful Cross
Thou hast endured for me.

Though in the Very FORM of GOD,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

Thou wouldst like wretched man be made,
In everything but sin;
That we as like Thee might become
As we unlike have been:

Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace,
From glory thus to glory changed
As we behold Thy Face.

O LORD, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of Thy love;
And Thy dear Name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.

HYMN 44.

MY GOD, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because those who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my JESU, Thou didst me
Upon Thy Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony—
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was Thine enemy.

Then why, O Blessed JESU CHRIST,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving LORD,

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my GOD,
And my Eternal KING.

HYMN 45.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood
From Thy riv'n Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

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.

HYMN 46.

DID CHRIST o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

The SON of GOD in tears
 The angels wondering see:
 Hast thou no wonder, O my soul?
 He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep,
Might weep our sin and shame;
He wept to show His love for us,
And bid us love the same.

Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes in sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him.

To GOD the SON, Who came
Lost sinners to restore,
The FATHER, and the HOLY GHOST,
Be glory evermore.

HYMN 47.

LORD of Might! Thou God of nations!
Thron'd in power above the skies,
Let Thy people's supplications
To Thy Mercy-seat arise.

Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy Feet we bend;
See us fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, pardon, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Loudly for Thy vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
JESU'S Blood can cleanse from all.

Pardon, LORD, our past transgression;
O'er us stretch Thy Saving Hand;
Save Thy people from oppression;
Guard Thy Church, and bless our land.

PALM SUNDAY.

HYMN 48.

RIDE on! ride on in Majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
O SAVIOUR Meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on! ride on in Majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death, and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in Majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in Majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The FATHER on His Sapphire-Throne
Expects His Own Anointed SON.

Ride on! ride on in Majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy Meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O GOD, Thy Power, and reign.

Reign on! reign on in Majesty!
Reign on in triumph, LORD Most High!
We hymn Thee on Thy Throne of love,
ALMIGHTY KING, in realms above.

HYMN 49.

FORTH goes the Standard of the KING,
The Sign of signs, the radiant Cross,
On which He died, our souls to bring
From hell, and from eternal loss.

Pierced by the spear, He yielded forth
Water and Blood, a mingled tide,
That so a well of priceless worth
Might spring for sinners from His Side.

Then were the wonders plainly shown
Which saints of old rejoiced to sing,
How of the tree He made a Throne
Whereon He reigned a Gracious King.

O JESU, SAVIOUR, MASTER, hail!
Thy grace so fill this Passion-time,
That saints be strengthened not to fail,
And sinners be absolved from crime.

O GOD, the Blessed THREE in ONE,
From every soul all glory be!
Do Thou reward those who have won,
Through Thee, the Cross's victory.

HYMN 50.

JESUS, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and tears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By Thy victory in that hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
JESU! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of anguish drear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy Wounds, Thy Crown of Thorns;

By Thy Cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect Sacrifice,
JESU! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty GOD, ascended LORD,
To Thy Throne in heaven restored,
PRINCE and SAVIOUR, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 51.

SEE the destin'd day arise;
See a willing Sacrifice;
JESUS, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross.

JESUS! who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy Life of woe?

Who but Thou had dar'd to drain,
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

Thence the cleansing water flow'd,
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finish'd Sacrifice.

Holy JESUS, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promis'd good.

HYMN 52.

NOW, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing aloud, in mournful strain,
Of the sorrows most amazing,
And the agonizing pain,
Which our SAVIOUR
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

He the ruthless scourge enduring,
Ransom for our sins to pay,
Sinners by His Own Stripes curing,
Raising those who wounded lay,
Bore our sorrows,
And removed our pains away.

He to liberty restored us
By the very bonds He bare,
And His nail-pierced Limbs afford us
Each a Stream of Mercy rare;
Us they fasten
To the Cross, and keep us there.

When His painful Life was ended
Then the spear transfix'd His Side;
Blood and Water thence descended,
Pouring forth a double tide:
This to cleanse us,
That to heal us, is applied.

JESU, may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we, now Thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise Thee,
As our ever-glorious LORD.

EASTER.

EASTER EVE.

HYMN 53.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts, and Satan's spite;
Death shall be despoiled, to-morrow,
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
CHRIST must sleep within the tomb.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of Death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruis'd and crush'd the Serpent's head.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be,
After hard-won victory.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harp shall flow;
Death and Hell at length are slain,
CHRIST hath triumphed, CHRIST doth reign.

E A S T E R D A Y .

HYMN 54.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant Holyday, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise, then, let us sing, Alleluia!
 Unto CHRIST, our Heavenly KING, Alleluia!
 Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
 Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured, Alleluia!
 Our salvation hath procured, Alleluia!
 Now above the sky He's KING, Alleluia!
 Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

HYMN 55.

FROM the dark sepulchral gloom
 See the KING of Glory come:
 See Him now to daylight lead
 All His saints, from bondage freed.

Hence with mourning, hence with tears,
 Hence with anxious griefs and fears;
 Death's SUBDUER is not here,
 Cries His angel-minister.

That these thoughts of paschal joy
Ever may our minds employ,
Dead to sin, Thy servants give,
LORD, in holiness to live.

Now be GOD the FATHER prais'd,
With the SON, in triumph rais'd
From the grave, His Glory's HEIR,
And the Blessed COMFORTER.

HYMN 56.

○ THOU, the Heaven's Eternal KING,
LORD of the starry spheres!
Who with the FATHER equal art
From everlasting years:

All praise to Thy most Holy Name,
Who, when the world began,
Yoking the soul with clay, didst form
In Thine Own Image, man.

And praise to Thee, Who, when the foe
Had marr'd Thy work sublime,
Clothing Thyself in flesh, didst mould
Our race a second time.

Who from the tomb new-born, as from
A Virgin born before,
Didst then reverse our fallen state,
And life to man restore :

Eternal SHEPHERD, Who Thy flock
In Thy pure Font dost lave,
Where souls are cleansed, and all their guilt
Buried, as in a grave :

JESU, Who to the Cross wast nailed,
Our countless debt to pay ;
JESU, Who lavishly didst pour
Thy Blood for us away :

Oh! from the wretched death of sin
Keep us, so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all new-born to Thee.

HYMN 57.

COME once more with songs descending,
Angels, come, our joy to share;
Lo! what pow'r the tomb is rending!
Free among Death's captives there
CHRIST is rising;
Lo! He leaves the sepulchre!

Vain the soldiers watching round Him,
Thro' the hours of darkness lone;
Vain the jealous care that bound Him
Deep within the sealed stone;
Vain their madness!
All their toil is now undone.

If He will, with seals unbroken
He can leave the silent tomb;
Not more wondrous was the token
At His Birth first seen to come,
When He issued
From the Blessed Virgin's womb.

Him upon the Cross deriding
Did the frantic crowd upbraid,
Death's worst pangs for them abiding;
Where is now His GOD? they said;
We will own Him
If His GOD but send Him aid.

But, to Thee, Thy GOD and FATHER,
SAVIOUR, was more truly known;
Thou the LAMB, Who, slain, didst gather
All Thy FATHER'S flock in one;
PRIEST and VICTIM,
Who didst for the world atone.

Not the Cross of anguish leaving,
Where Thy Love Thy Soul outpoured,
But a mightier token giving
In that Life to light restored;
Now believing,
Turn, and own Him CHRIST the LORD.

LORD, with Thee in daily dying,
May we die, and with Thee rise;

And our earthly love denying,
May we lift to Thee our eyes,
Thee adoring,
With our hearts above the skies.

HYMN 58.

OH! from the world's vile slavery,
ALMIGHTY SAVIOUR! set me free;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

But oft, alas! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below;
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

Oh! what that frozen heart can move,
That melts not at the SAVIOUR'S Love!
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
That will not sing the SAVIOUR'S praise!

LORD, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to Thee they rise.

HYMN 59.

PROTECTED by th' ALMIGHTY HAND,
We traversed safe the sever'd main:
No more we see th' Egyptian land,
No more we feel the tyrant's chain.

Oh! then, to GOD, with one accord,
Be joyful thanks and homage paid;
And let us come before the LORD,
In robes of innocence arrayed.

Yea, let us at His Table meet,
And banquet at His Feast of Love:
So shall our soul with transport beat,
And GOD'S OWN Presence sweetly prove.

CHRIST is our Paschal-Lamb to-day,
To Him the Christian looks for Food:
Nor will the avenging angel slay
Those who are sprinkled with His Blood.

O VICTIM, worthy of the sky,
Beneath Whose pow'r death vanquish'd fell,
Who saved mankind from misery,
And burst the dungeon-gates of hell!

Oh, praise the FATHER, and the SON
Who bids us welcome to the skies,
And HOLY GHOST, by Whom alone
We share the SAVIOUR'S Victories.

HYMN 60.

FATHER of Peace and God of Love,
We own Thy power to save;
That power by which our SAVIOUR rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His Sacred Blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore
Th' eternal covenant stood.

Oh! may Thy SPIRIT seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still.

That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine Eyes.

Praise be to FATHER, praise to SON,
BLEST SPIRIT, praise to Thee;
Glory to GOD, the THREE in ONE,
To GOD, the ONE in THREE.

HYMN 61.

A FAIRER Sun is risen on earth,
To kindle high our Paschal mirth;
A purer far than earthly beam
Th' Apostles see from JESUS stream.

They in His Flesh the Wounds Divine
Behold like stars serenely shine;
And, faithful witnesses, declare
The wondrous sight they gaze on there.

Great KING of Love, our hearts possess,
And with Thy fostering Presence bless;
So may our tongues, in ceaseless praise,
To Thy Great Name meet anthems raise.

FATHER, to Thee,—to Thee, O SON,
Who hast o'er death the victory won,
With HOLY GHOST, ONE GOD confest,
Be everlasting praise address.

HYMN 62.

BROUGHT to the Font with holy care,
And wash'd from nature's shame,
New-born in CHRIST, we thenceforth bear
The Christian's sacred name.

Blest privilege: but all in vain
Our new and heavenly birth,
If we the Truth of GOD profane,
And cleave to things of earth.

LORD, we would keep that blest estate,
Our threefold vow fulfil;
Submissive at Thine Altar wait,
And cleanse our souls from ill.

Then daily, LORD, Thy grace impart
To aid the grace first given,
That love, abiding in the heart,
May lift our souls to heaven.

Praise be to FATHER, praise to SON,
BLEST SPIRIT, praise to Thee:
Glory to GOD, the THREE in ONE,
To GOD, the ONE in THREE.

HYMN 63.

WHEN gathering clouds around we view,
When days are dark, and friends are few,
May'st Thou be near, Who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every mortal pain,
To share our griefs, allay our fears,
And count, and treasure up our tears.

If aught should tempt our souls to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good we should pursue,
Or do the ill we should not do;
O Thou, Who know'st temptation's power,
Protect us in that dangerous hour.

And oh! when we have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, LORD, Unchanging, watch beside
Our bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 64.

O JESU, LORD of heavenly grace,
REDEEMER of our guilty race,
To Thee our longing eyes we bend,
The saint's Delight, the sinner's Friend!

What wondrous love prevailed on Thee
The Bearer of our sins to be:
Thyself in sacrifice to give,
That sinners might not die, but live!

Now crush'd is Satan's doleful reign,
And shiver'd is the tyrant's chain;
And Thou art in Thy meet Abode,
A Conqueror on the Throne of GOD.

Oh! let Thy Mercy, then, prevail,
To heal the losses we bewail:
Oh! cheer us with Thy Beaming Face,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace.

Be Thou our Passage to the skies,
Be Thou the Goal before our eyes;
Our present Joy, to dry our tears,
Our future Prize, for endless years.

EVE OF THE ASCENSION.

HYMN 65.

O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod
 The wine-press of the wrath of GOD,
 Ascend, and claim again on high
 Thy Glory left for us to die.

The radiant clouds are now Thy Seat;
 The earth lies stretched beneath Thy Feet;
 Ten thousand thousand angels sing,
 To welcome their returning KING.

The gates of Heaven obey the call,
 And open to the LORD of all;
 His Throne receives th' Eternal SON,
 Both GOD and MAN, for ever ONE.

Our great HIGH PRIEST and SHEPHERD, Thou
 Within the Veil art entered now,
 To offer there Thy Death and Pain,
 O LAMB, from earth's foundation slain.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
 With choicest gifts of heav'n supplied,
 Through all her members draws from Thee
 Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Thou, our LORD, of Thy dear care
 Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
 Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
 With Thee for evermore to reign.

ASCENSION-DAY.

HYMN 66.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
 To His Throne above the skies!
 CHRIST, awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends the highest heaven:
 There the mighty triumph waits;
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates;
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the KING of GLORY in."

Circled round with angel-powers,
 Their Triumphant LORD and ours,
 VANQUISHER of death and sin,
 Take the KING of GLORY in;

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returned to His Throne,
Still He calls mankind His Own.

See! He lifts His Hands above;
See! He shows the Prints of Love;
Hark! His gracious Lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below;
Still for us He intercedes,
Still His Death prevailing pleads,
Next Himself prepares our place,
HARBINGER of human race.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

HYMN 67.

THE SAVIOUR stood on Olivet;
His earthly task was o'er:
And wherefore should He linger yet
On this world's dreary shore?

He raised on high His Hands Divine,
And blessed His faithful train:
Oh, when shall Adam's guilty line
Such blessing hear again!

Then slowly towards th' expecting sky,
The sky's CREATOR rose:
Angelic watchers, rang'd on high,
Bade Heaven's bright gates unclose.
He enter'd in, the LORD of Might,
Eternal and Supreme,
Whose Presence e'en the Realms of Light
Illum'd with brighter beam.

O Thou Who thus exalted art,
On Whom our souls rely,
Grant to us now in mind and heart
To dwell with Thee on high.
And when, at length, redeem'd by Thee,
The just from sleep shall rise,
With theirs our happy portion be,
A home beyond the skies.

HYMN 68.

WHEN earthly joys glide swift away,
When hopes and comforts flee,
When foes beset, and friends betray,
I turn, my GOD, to Thee.

Thy Nature, LORD, no change can know;
Thy promise still is sure;
And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow
But Thou canst find a cure.

High as Thou art, Thou still art near
When suppliants succor crave;
And as Thine Ear is swift to hear,
Thine Arm is strong to save.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

WHITSUN - EVE.

HYMN 69.

COME, HOLY GHOST, Who ever ONE
 Art with the FATHER, and the SON:
 Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess
 With Thy full flood of Holiness.

Let mouth, and heart, and flesh combine
 To herald forth our Creed Divine;
 And love so wrap our mortal frame,
 Others may catch the living flame.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

HYMN 70.

THOU Who camest from above,
 Bringing Light and shedding Love,
 Teaching Thy all-perfect Way,
 Giving Gifts to man to-day:

Thou Who once didst change our state,
Making us regenerate,
Help us evermore to be
Faithful subjects unto Thee.

Often have we griev'd Thee sore;
Never may we grieve Thee more:
Thou the feeble canst protect,
Thou the wandering direct.

We are dark—be Thou our Light;
We are blind—be Thou our Sight;
Be our Comfort in distress,
Guide us through the wilderness.

Praise the Blessed THREE in ONE;
Praise the FATHER, and the SON;
To the HOLY GHOST arise
Praise from all below the skies.

HYMN 71.

CREATOR, SPIRIT, LORD of Grace,
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And, with Thy Might Celestial, aid
The souls of men, whom Thou hast made.

Come from Thy Throne of Light above,
Thou COMFORTER, Thou HOLY DOVE;
Come, OIL OF GLADNESS, CLEANSING FIRE,
And LIVING SPRING of pure desire!

O FINGER of the Hand Divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine;
And, touched by Thee, the lips proclaim
All praise to God's most Holy Name.

Thou to our souls Thy Light impart,
And give Thy Love to every heart;
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou, the Source of Life and Light!

Protect us from th' assailing foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow;
Upheld by Thee, our Strength and Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

SPIRIT of Faith! on us bestow,
The FATHER, and the SON to know;
That with THEM we may worship THEE,
Eternal ONE, Eternal THREE.

HYMN 72.

○ GOD of Holiness and Grace,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who love Thy Sacred Steps to trace,
And strive Thy precepts to obey.

Thy law is written in their hearts,
Thy service is their best employ;
The HOLY GHOST their strength imparts,
And fills their souls with peace and joy.

FATHER! we plead that gracious Name,
For we are Thine, with all our powers;
Thy children's place we humbly claim;
Oh! let their blessedness be ours.

By all Thy love, that wondrous love,
Which gave Thy SON for us to die,
Help us to live for things above,
Lead us, through Him, to joys on high.

Now to the FATHER, and the SON,
And HOLY GHOST, all glory be:
All glory to the THREE in ONE,
Now, and throughout eternity.

TRINITY.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

HYMN 73.

THRISE Holy God, of wondrous Might,
O TRINITY of Love Divine,
To Thee belongs unclouded Light,
And everlasting joys are Thine.

About Thy Throne dark clouds abound,
About Thee shine such dazzling rays,
That angels, as they stand around,
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

Thy new-born people, gracious LORD,
Confess Thee in Thine Own Great Name;
By hope they taste the rich reward,
Which faith already dares to claim.

FATHER, may we Thy law fulfil;
Blest SON, may we Thy precepts learn;
And Thou, Blest SPIRIT, guide our will,
Our feet unto Thy pathway turn.

Yea, FATHER, may Thy will be done,
And may we thus Thy Name adore,
Together with Thy Blessed SON,
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore.

HYMN 74.

FATHER of all, to Thee we raise
The tribute of our grateful praise,
Who for our double life hast giv'n
Bread from the earth, and Bread from
Heav'n.

Thou too, O JESUS, be adored,
The only SON, th' Almighty LORD;
Who, our Salvation to become,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

Who, on the Cross a VICTIM made,
The Ransom of the world hast paid;
Through Whom alone, on guilty men,
The hope of life has dawn'd again.

And THOU, by Whose Almighty aid,
The pure and highly favor'd Maid
Brought forth INCARNATE DEITY,
Eternal SPIRIT, praise to Thee.

THREE PERSONS, but ONE GOD, Whose grace
Both forms and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips, to Thee
We hymn this mighty mystery.

To GOD the FATHER, with the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Laud, Honour, Glory, Majesty,
Both now, and evermore shall be.

HYMN 75.

FATHER of Heaven, Whose Love profound
A Ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

ALMIGHTY SON, Incarnate WORD,
Our PROPHET, PRIEST, REDEEMER, LORD,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

ETERNAL SPIRIT, by Whose Breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Mysterious GODHEAD! THREE in ONE!
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HYMN 76.

HAIL! Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!
Whom ONE in THREE we know,
By all Thy Heavenly Host adored,
By all Thy Church below.

One Undivided TRINITY
We joyfully proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious Name.

Thee, Holy FATHER, we confess;
Thee, Holy SON, adore;
Thee, SPIRIT of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

THREE PERSONS equally DIVINE
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing Thy praise above.

Hail! Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!
(Our heavenly song shall be),
Supreme, Essential ONE, adored
In co-eternal THREE.

HYMN 77.

YE servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His Heavenly Word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
Steady the wavering flame;
Gird up your loins as in His Sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch! 'tis your LORD'S command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His Hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such attention found!
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

CHRIST shall the Banquet spread
With His Own Royal Hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Among His angel-band.

HYMN 78.

LEAD us! Heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our GOD our FATHER be.

SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

SPIRIT of our GOD descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending
Pleasures that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

HYMN 79.

OH, help us, LORD! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, LORD, the more.

Oh, help us through the power of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Oh, help us, JESUS! from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
Oh, help us so to live and die,
As Thine in Heaven to be.

HYMN 80.

O CHRIST! Who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy Throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good! Thou, Gracious LORD,
Art our exceeding great Reward:
How fleeting is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
Oh, may we see Thee as Thou art:
May love to Thee for ever glow,
May praise to Thee for ever flow.

Thy never failing grace to prove,
A pledge of Thine eternal Love,
Send down Thy HOLY GHOST, to be
The LIFTER of our souls to Thee.

HYMN 81.

O HOLY GHOST! Thou GOD of Peace,
Pity Thy Church, now rent in twain;
Bid our sad strife and schism cease,
And let us all be one again.

One with our brethren here in love,
And one with Saints that are at rest,
And one with angel-hosts above,
And one with GOD for ever BLEST.

Oh! make on earth all Churches one,
All one with Churches gone before;
All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

For love is life, and life is love,
And Thou Thyself art Love and Life,
And we in Thee shall live and move
If Thou wilt keep us free from strife.

HYMN 82.

O FATHER, Who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy
will,

Bless us, we pray, for JESU'S sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O SON, Who didst redeem mankind,
And set us captive sinners free ;
Keep us, we pray, with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

O HOLY GHOST, Who by Thy power
Thy Church Elect dost sanctify,
Save us, we pray, and hour by hour,
Our hearts and members purify.

HYMN 83.

O THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good LORD, remember me.

When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy Pardon speak, Thy Peace impart;
In love, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day,
For good, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Give patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.

If on my face, for Thy loved Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
SAVIOUR, with my last parting breath
I'll pray, remember me.

HYMN 84.

LORD, ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy Bleeding Side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the SAVIOUR died.

My dying SAVIOUR and my GOD,
FOUNTAIN for guilt and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus THINE OWN,
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

HYMN 85.

O THOU, to Whose All-searching Sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, and pure, and free from sin.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
While Thou, my LORD and GOD, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
JESUS, Thy gracious aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

SAVIOUR, where'er Thy Steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow Thee!
Oh, let Thy Hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day:
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is rest, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 86.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the troubled waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the Haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh! 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.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every 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.

HYMN 87.

O JESU, LORD of Heavenly Grace,
 Thou Brightness of the FATHER'S Face,
Thou FOUNTAIN of Eternal Light,
Whose Beams disperse the shades of night!

Come, Holy Sun of Heavenly Love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
Thy HOLY SPIRIT'S cloudless ray.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

HYMN 88.

IN mercy, LORD, do Thou our hearts
To Thine obedience turn;
Behold our tears, receive our prayers,
Nor let Thine anger burn.

Thy gracious Favour, LORD, display,
Which we have long implor'd;
And, for Thy wondrous Mercy's sake,
Thy promis'd aid afford.

Since Mercy now with Truth is join'd,
And Righteousness with Peace,
Salvation shall Thy saints surround,
And cause their fears to cease.

GREAT **A**UTHOR of all Righteousness,
Who peace on earth restor'd,
Grant us Thy grace, that we no more
Transgress Thy Holy Word.

HYMN 89.

O THOU, Whose Throne is hid from men
By more than earthly rays,
Before Whose Face e'en Seraphs shrink,
And tremble as they gaze:

Here we, Thy people, sit forlorn,
In darkness doom'd to dwell,
But soon Thy bright Eternal Day
That darkness shall dispel.

But ah! too long Thou lingerest
That long expected Day:
For why, this body's toilsome load
Must first be cast away.

But when my soul hath ta'en her flight,
From earthly bonds set free,
To see Thee, love Thee, praise Thy Name,
Her endless task shall be.

Oh, may we so, BLEST THREE in ONE,
Thy present Light improve,
That we hereafter may enjoy
Thy glorious Beams above.

HYMN 90.

SOURCE of Light and Life Divine,
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth
O'er Thy new-created earth.

Shade of night and morning ray
Took from Thee the name of day;
Now again the shades are nigh;
Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt deprest,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Praise and glory be to Thee,
Now, and for eternity.

HYMN 91.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
To Thee in faith I call:
Thou know'st my frailty and my fear;
Uphold me, lest I fall.

In thought, and deed, and word,
From evil keep me free,
And visit with Salvation, LORD,
The soul that trusts in Thee.

Here let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove:
Shine on my soul, my footsteps guide,
And bless me with Thy Love.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

HYMN 92.

O LORD, Thy suppliant people see,
And own our humble claim,
Who bring our ev'ry want to Thee,
And plead the SAVIOUR'S Name.

But since a vain, rebellious will
May turn our hearts astray,
In mercy, LORD, refuse the ill
For which we blindly pray.

Teach us to know and choose the good,
All else to fear and flee;
Help us to trust the SAVIOUR'S Blood,
And cast our care on Thee.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 93.

HOLY JESUS! SAVIOUR BLEST!

When by passion strong possest,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the WAY.

HOLY JESUS! when like night
Error dims our clouded sight,
Through the mists of sin to shine,
Thou dost rise, the TRUTH DIVINE!

HOLY JESUS! when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the LIFE.

Who would reach his Heavenly Home,
Who would to the FATHER come,
And His glorious Presence see,
JESUS! he must come by Thee.

Channel of the FATHER'S Grace!
Image of the FATHER'S Face!
SAVIOUR BLEST! Incarnate SON!
With the FATHER Thou art ONE.

HYMN 94.

JESU! when'er Thy gracious Eye
Is turned to look on me,
The morning star breaks out on high,
And all the shadows flee.

The mists which gather round my mind,
And veil my sight of Thee,
The aching doubt, the thought unkind,
Before Thy Presence flee.

JESU! when'er I would repine
Upon Thy narrow Way,
Before one tender Look of Thine
The shadows flee away.

And when sometimes my fragile love
Would be ashamed of Thee,
Then, from Thy radiant Throne above,
My SAVIOUR, look on me.

Oh! ever keep Thy Sacred Eye
Upon my fitful day;
Until, in yonder Home on high,
All shadows flee away.

HYMN 95.

JESU! Refuge of the weary,
Object of our spirit's love,
FOUNTAIN in life's desert dreary,
SAVIOUR from the world above:

Oh! how oft Thine Eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall;
Yet Thou, on the Cross extended,
Bore the penalty of all.

Still we pass that Cross in scorn,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Though from 'neath the circling thorn
Dropped the Blood-Sweat of Thy Brow.

Yet Thy sinless Death hath bought us
Life eternal, Peace, and Rest;
What Thy grace alone hath taught us
Calms our weary, stormy breast.

JESU! would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for Thee;
Would our eyes were ever turning
To Thy Cross of agony.

So, in pain and rapture blending,
Might our fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose, ascending
To the circling Cherubim.

Then in glory, parted never
From the Blessed SAVIOUR'S Side,
Graven on our hearts for ever,
Be the Cross and CRUCIFIED.

HYMN 96.

OH! what if we are CHRIST'S
Is earthly shame or loss!
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
CHRIST'S Suff'rings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the Bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

LORD! may that grace be ours,
Ever like them to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here:

Enough if Thou at last
The Word of Blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy Feet,
Where saints and angels live.

HYMN 97.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, Love Divine,
Let Thy Light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove;
Fill us with Thy Peace and Love.

Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the LAMB of GOD;
Wash us in His Precious Blood.

Earnest Thou of Heavenly Rest,
Comfort every troubled breast!
Life and joy to all impart,
Sanctifying, LORD, each heart.

Guardian SPIRIT! lest we stray,
Keep us in the narrow Way;
Bring us to Thy Courts above,
Realm of Light and endless Love.

HYMN 98.

LORD of Mercy and of Might!
Of mankind the Life and Light!
Maker, Teacher Infinite!
JESUS! hear and save.

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave Creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
JESUS! hear and save.

Great CREATOR, SAVIOUR Mild!
Humbled to a Mortal CHILD!
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
JESUS! hear and save.

Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings,
JESUS! hear and save.

Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in Might and Majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry!
JESUS! hear and save.

HYMN 99.

WHEN storms and tempests o'er us roll,
Our hope is in the skies;
To Thee, O GOD, our anxious soul
And earnest prayers arise.

Thou, FATHER, dost Thine Aid afford
Before the prayer is made;
In all our weakness, gracious LORD,
Thy Strength is still display'd.

The suff'rings that our souls oppress
Thy Mightier Hand shall cure,
And Thine avenging Arm redress
The wrongs we now endure.

Oh, then what full success shall smile
On all our labors past!
Who would not gladly weep awhile,
To reap such joys at last!

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE Mighty GOD of Heav'n,
All glory by the angel-host,
And saints on earth be giv'n.

HYMN 100.

O LORD! how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee:
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy Grace supplies.

How sweet within Thy Holy Place
With one accord to sing Thy Grace,
Besieging Thine attentive Ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

Oh, may we love the House of God,
Of peace and joy the blest Abode!
Oh, may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

The world without may rage, but we
Will cling but closer still to Thee;
With hearts to Thee more wholly giv'n,
More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on heav'n.

LORD, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love:
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, Angelic Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN 101.

O GOD! the hateful pride of man
Shall not usurp Thy Praise:
Yet arrogance too oft presumes
Her shameless front to raise.

Too oft, through man's ingratitude,
Thy blessings cease to flow;
And thus upon the wither'd heart
No fruits of love can grow.

But we, like faithful servants, bent
To know their MASTER'S will,
Will never turn our eyes away
From Thy Celestial Hill.

And oh! if Thou delay to send
The long expected aid,
Yet hope remains, an anchor strong,
On which our souls are stay'd.

The FATHER and th' Eternal SON
Our praises shall employ;
Who sends the HOLY GHOST to be
A Pledge of future joy.

HYMN 102.

FATHER, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Our wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hear'st the ravens cry:

Thy Love in all Thy Works we see;
Thy Promise, LORD, we plead;
And humbly cast our care on Thee,
Who knowest all our need.

Let not the world engage our love,
Nor cares our bosom fill;
But fix our heart on things above,
That we may do Thy will:

The comfort of Thy Light bestow;
Our faith and hope increase;
And let us in Thy Presence know
Contentment, joy, and peace.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 103.

ANGELS, lament; behold, your God
Man's sinful likeness wears;
Behold, upon the accursed tree,
Man's sins the SAVIOUR bears.

Oh, CHRIST, with wondering minds we see
What mighty Love was Thine!
Did GOD consent to suffer thus,
And oh! shall man repine?

No, SAVIOUR, no! the power of death
Thy Cross hath overcome;
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from th' eternal doom.

The flesh may shrink, but we submit,
Whate'er our cross may be;
So Thou by Grace enable us
To bear it after Thee.

Thy Stripes have healed us, and Thy Blood
Our guilty stains effaced;
Then may Thy Name by sins of ours
Be never more disgraced.

Praise GOD, Who gave His only SON
To be for sinners slain,
And HOLY SPIRIT, by Whose Breath
Our souls are raised again.

HYMN 104.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When JEHOVAH'S Work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the PRINCE OF PEACE was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led Captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! The Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst Eternal Joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Praise the Name of GOD MOST HIGH,
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

WEEK-DAYS.

MONDAY.

HYMN 105.

COME, let us praise the Name of God,
Who spread the lofty skies;
And to the firmament above
Uplift our wond'ring eyes.

Slow floating in the blue expanse
The watery clouds we view;
Whence fruitful showers, at GOD'S command,
The thirsty soil bedew.

How fair a type of GOD'S free Grace,
Which to our souls is given;
It drops into the inner man,
Like gentle dews from heaven.

And as the faithful heart receives
The Sanctifying Shower,
In rapture sweet 'tis raised aloft
By GOD'S Almighty Power.

Oh, happy saints, on whom are pour'd
Such blessings from above:
Oh, may they show a thankful heart,
And render love for Love.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

T U E S D A Y.

HYMN 106.

HE speaks the word: the floods obey,
And sink into their bed;
Emerging from her liquid veil,
Earth shows her new-born head.

This to His children, for their home,
The FATHER hath assigned;
One common earth contains them all,
One common love should bind.

We've no abiding city here,
But there's a Home above
For those who live as sons of GOD
In peace and holy love.

O LORD, our hearts with holy peace,
And love, and concord, join;
These are the fruits that certify
That we are truly Thine.

Eternal glory be ascribed
To GOD, Who reigns above,
By Whom is sent into our souls
The grace of holy love.

WEDNESDAY.

HYMN 107.

THE wonders of th' Almighty Hand
Devoutly we admire,
Inscribed upon the vault above
In characters of fire.

The sun is ruler of the day,
The moon controls the night;
The starry hosts adorn the sky
With varied streams of light.

The ruler of the day must set,
And hide his dazzling rays;
The moon and starry hosts observe
Their own appointed days.

Thus still revolves each orb of light,
Now hidden, now display'd:
But Thou, LORD, ever art the same;
Thy Mercy knows no shade.

Oh! fear not, doubt not, that our GOD
Hath all a Father's care;
Lift up with joy your hearts to Heaven,
For endless joys are there.

All glory to the THREE in ONE,
The GOD of Joy and Peace,
Who comforts those who trust in Him,
And bids their sorrows cease.

THURSDAY.

HYMN 108.

THE deep a twofold offspring bore,
Men's bodies to maintain;
The birds, that skim the liquid air,
The fish, that cleave the main.

But GOD provides far other Food
Th' immortal soul to feed:
It lives by Faith, on all the Words
That from His Mouth proceed.

Faith, resting on the Blood of CHRIST,
Still holds its conq'ring way,
Till sinners, through the vanquish'd world,
Its mighty power obey.

By Faith the saints of old were taught
The lion's wrath to tame;
A tyrant's threat'nings to despise,
And quench the raging flame.

And, oh! may we by Faith discern
The way that leads to GOD,
And pluck the holy fruits of love
That meet us on our road.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

FRIDAY.

HYMN 109.

AND now, O GOD, Thy Mind resolves
A holier work to frame;
A ruler for Thy new-made world,
A herald of Thy Name.

And man is made; to favored dust
The breath of life is giv'n;
The likeness of a HOLY GOD,
The lineaments of heav'n.

The wide expanse of earth must own
His delegated sway;
To GOD alone, his rightful LORD,
Due homage he must pay.

Alas for man! corrupt, deprav'd,
The yoke he will not wear:
Vile dust presumes with GOD above
A rival front to rear.

And, oh! from hence what wretchedness
The world hath overspread;
If JESUS had not succored us,
E'en hope itself were dead.

Oh! praise the FATHER, and the SON,
Who saved us by His Death,
And HOLY GHOST, Who quickens us
By His Celestial Breath.

SATURDAY.

HYMN 110.

AND now Thy Labors, LORD, are done,
And on the sixth returning sun
Thou to Thy Work hast set the bound,
The heav'ns take up the gladsome sound.

But while the Sabbath now is blest,
And consecrate to endless rest,
Another labor doth demand
The Great CREATOR'S Mighty Hand.

For all things now have found a tongue,
Together raise one rival song,
Together, earth, and sea, and stars:—
Man only the glad concert mars.

Our heart of stone, LORD, from us take,
And fleshly hearts within us make,
That so abounding fruits of love
A welcome hymn to Thee may prove.

Such are the hymns which Thee delight,
The deeds that with the voice unite;
LORD, to our prayers Thine Ears incline,
And fill our souls with Love Divine.

Glory to GOD, both ONE and THREE,
To GOD TRIUNE all glory be,
Whose Word to being all things brought,
Whose Word sustains all He hath wrought.

MORNING HYMN.

HYMN 111.

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

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talents with due care,
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how All-Seeing GOD thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High glory to the ETERNAL KING.

I wake, I wake; ye Heavenly Choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my GOD attend.

May I like you in GOD delight,
Have all day long my GOD in sight;
Perform, like you, my MAKER'S will:
Oh, may I never more do ill!

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

EVENING HYMN.

HYMN 112.

GLORY to Thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, KING of kings,
Beneath Thine Own Almighty Wings!

Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

Oh, let my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my GOD, when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Oh, may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse:
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my GOD a grateful song.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HOLY BAPTISM.

HYMN 113.

O HOLY LORD, content to dwell
 In a poor home, a lowly CHILD,
 With meek obedience noting well
 Each mandate of Thy Mother mild:

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
 To walk in Thy pure, upright Way;
 To shun the paths of sin and shame,
 And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

Let not this world's unhallow'd glow
 The fresh Baptismal Dew efface,
 Nor blast of sin too roughly blow,
 And quench the trembling Flame of Grace.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine Arm,
And gently in Thy Bosom bear;
Protect them still from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

HYMN 114.

WITH CHRIST we share a mystic grave;
With CHRIST we buried lie;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.

The pure and bright Baptismal Flood
Entombs our nature's stain;
New creatures from the Cleansing Wave
With CHRIST we rise again.

Happy, if through this world of strife,
And sin, and selfish care,
This new-born Robe of Righteousness
We undefiled wear.

Happy, if through the gate of death,
Glorious at last and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O Risen LORD, with Thee.

And now to Thy thrice Holy Name,
The GOD Whom we adore,
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be glory evermore.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 115.

COME, Gracious SPIRIT, Heav'nly LORD,
Thy Light and Grace to us afford;
Be Thou our GUARDIAN and our GUIDE,
O'er every thought and wish preside.

The Light of Truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy Way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with GOD;
Lead us to CHRIST, the LIVING WAY,
Nor let us from His Precepts stray.

Lead us to GOD, our final Rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to Heav'n, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

HYMN 116.

SING, my tongue, the Body broken,
 Giv'n to be the spirit's Food;
 And the Word Almighty spoken,
 Which, to *Faith*, makes wine be Blood;
 Of the KING the awful token,
 And celestial brotherhood.

Born for us, and for us given,
 Of a Virgin undefil'd,
 Scattering wide the seeds of Heaven,
 Sojourn'd He in this world's wild;
 And on that remember'd even,
 His appointed course fulfill'd.

Meekly to the law complying,
 He had finish'd its commands,
 And to them at supper lying,
 Gave Himself, with His Own Hands,
 A Memorial of His Dying,
 Hence to be unto all lands.

'Tis His Word, to our receiving,
Makes the Bread His Flesh to be,
And the Wine, our sins relieving,
Blood, that flow'd upon the Tree;
Though not seeing, yet believing,
Take we this GREAT MYSTERY.

To our smitten ROCK thus fleeing,
Drink we the New Covenant;
Which to ancient types agreeing,
To the latest time is sent:
Still believing, though not seeing,
Take we this dread SACRAMENT.

Now all might and adoration
To the BLESSED TRINITY;
Honour, worship, and salvation,
And immortal glory be:
CO-ETERNAL THREE in Station,
And in Power CO-EQUAL THREE.

FESTIVALS.

THE CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

HYMN 117.

'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing,
Saul, what madness drives thee on?
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the SINLESS ONE:
Oh, how shortly
Shall He make His Vengeance known!

See! the LORD, from Heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low;
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly to the blow:
See him rising
Friend to CHRIST, no longer foe.

Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
Oh! how fierce his anger burned:
Now that he has lost his daring,
And the Gospel truth has learned,
The destroyer,
Lo! into a lamb is turned.

CHRIST, Thy Power is man's Salvation,
And Thy Love is here made known:
He who wrought such desolation
That Thy Cause might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Makes that Sacred Cause his own.

Praise the FATHER, GOD of Heaven,
Him Who reigns Supreme on high;
Praise the SON, for sinners given
Both to suffer and to die;
Praise the SPIRIT,
Who prepares us for the sky.

HYMN 118.

THE SHEPHERD smitten is, and, lo!
His Flock the wolf is scattering wide;
For Saul as yet doth little know
He wounds in them a SAVIOUR'S Side.

Saul, Saul, whence art thou? whither driven,
To persecute CHRIST'S little band?
This is to wage a war with Heaven,
An Arm Almighty to withstand.

Lo, forth he spreads beseeching hands,
Prepared beneath CHRIST'S yoke to go,
And, trembling, asks for His commands—
What wouldst Thou have Thy servant do?

The spoiler fierce is lying low,
The vanquisher lies vanquished,
And he who wore a threat'ning brow
Is now himself in triumph led.

Good SHEPHERD, keep us as of old,
If Thou shouldst hurtful aught discern;
And if we wander from Thy Fold,
Again to Thee our bosoms turn.

Glory to GOD, both ONE and THREE,
Who saw us laid in dead of night;
Glory and praise be unto Thee,
Who call'st us thence to glorious light.

S. PETER'S-DAY.

HYMN 119.

CREATOR of the rolling flood,
On Whom Thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by Water and by Blood,
For man's offences to atone:

Who from the labors of the deep
Didst set Thy servant, Peter, free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And help to build a Church to Thee:

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy Sacred Rock to stand:

And when, our earthly toil to crown,
 Thy call shall set the spirit free,
 'To cast with joy our burden down,
 And rise, O LORD, and follow Thee.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom earth and Heav'n adore,
 Be glory; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED
 VIRGIN MARY.

HYMN 120.

SION, ope thy hallowed dome:
 To His Temple CHRIST is come:
 Lifeless shadows, haste away,
 Grace and Truth beam out to-day.

Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,
 Staunch'd the flood of reeking gore;
 Lo! He comes from Heav'n above,
 VICTIM to His FATHER'S Love.

Lo! the Virgin's downcast eye
Owns His hidden GODHEAD nigh;
Heavenly musings, all unheard,
Meekly hail the silent WORD:

While to heaven her pious love
Duly vows the sacred dove,
And upon her bosom lies
More than Dove-Like Sacrifice.

Sire and sister, age and youth
Kindle at the mighty truth,
And the blissful Presence own
Panting Faith so long hath known.

Glory be to FATHER, SON,
And BLEST SPIRIT, THREE in ONE;
GOD TRIUNE, to Thee we raise
Faithful hearts in ceaseless praise.

HYMN 121.

O THOU, Sole Fountain of all good,
How hast Thou from Thy Bright Abode
Open'd Thine Hand, Thine Israel own'd,
Thy Handmaid with Thy bounty crown'd!

As on a rugged thorn the rose,
Though briars armed around her close,
Yet o'er a thousand hostile spears
Her gentleness in beauty rears:

Thus meekly mid our ruin'd race
Hath Grace found out a dwelling-place,
And, through that Maiden-Mother giv'n,
Appear'd the Loveliness of Heav'n.

All glory to the ETERNAL THREE,
Who, pitying man's poor destiny,
Have sent the Pledge of Mercy down
To herald Him, the HOLY ONE.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN.

HYMN 122.

THIS is the day, the solemn day,
Which GOD appointed to convey
Such news as made our sorrows cease,
Glad news of Mercy and of Peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,
To certain death consign'd us all:
From certain death mankind to save,
His only SON JEHOVAH gave.

Yea! He Who was the ETERNAL'S SON,
Ere time had yet its course begun,
Our life of pain and weakness bore,
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on Him our mortal state,
That He might bear the sinner's fate,
That so His Blood, in Ransom given,
Might take away the wrath of Heaven.

Yea! He, the GREAT ETERNAL GOD,
In human flesh awhile abode;
That we might high in glory dwell,
He came as our IMMANUEL.

REDEEMER of the world, to Thee
All praise and glory render'd be;
And to the FATHER, KING of Heav'n,
And HOLY GHOST, all praise be giv'n.

HYMN 123.

REGARD us now with gracious Eye,
O JESUS, Crown of purity;
SON of that chosen Woman, who
Was Virgin chaste, and Mother too.

Midst lilies Thou dost love to be;
Pure virgins round Thy Throne we see,
O Glorious BRIDEGROOM, Who dost bless
Thy Brides with endless happiness.

Which way so'er Thy Course doth bend,
 Chaste virgins on Thy Steps attend;
 Who, following the LAMB, do raise
 Their notes in sweetest hymns of praise.

Hear us, O GOD of Charity!
 From worldly passions set us free;
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 And bend our senses to the soul.

To JESUS, from a Virgin sprung,
 Be glory given and praises sung;
 The same to GOD the FATHER be,
 And HOLY GHOST, eternally.

THE NATIVITY OF S. JOHN THE BAP-
 TIST.

HYMN 124.

LO, from the desert homes,
 Where he hath hid so long,
 The new Elias comes,
 In sternest wisdom strong.

The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

Your GOD e'en now doth stand
Within Heav'n's opening door,
His fan is in His Hand,
And He will purge His floor:
The wheat He claims,
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky aspiring heads;
Ye valleys hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads:
Make His way plain
Your KING before;
For evermore
He comes to reign.

Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,

On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

O God, with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint and arm
CHRIST'S soldier for the fight
With Grace that shields from harm,
Thrice Blessed THREE,
Heav'n's blissful days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally.

HYMN 125.

BE not afraid, ye little Flock,
Though poor and profitless your lives,
Let not distrust your sorrows mock,
A FATHER'S Love the Kingdom gives.

Lo, now there reigns among the blest,
Who once was like yourselves below,
By self-abasement and unrest
CHRIST'S wisdom taught in school of woe.

In penitence, his soul to save,
He fix'd his eyes on Him before,
Where, through life's dim and shadowy cave,
His LORD the Bleeding Burden bore.

Upon his lips did love preside,
Or silence sit with charity;
In lap of want he loved to hide
What he would to himself deny.

His Food, it was the Heavenly Word,
He search'd the Book of Truth and Love,
Till watchful prayer would wings afford,
And he would be with them above.

This is the narrow way to Heaven;
O HOLY GODHEAD, HOLY THREE;
Blest THREE in ONE, to us be given,
Thus by this Way to come to Thee.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

HYMN 126.

WHERE th' angelic host adore Thee,
Thou o'er earth and Heav'n dost reign;
At Thy Word they rose before Thee,
And Thy Breath doth them sustain.

From high angels Thee attending,
Thou dost faithful guardians send;
In mysterious ways descending,
May they keep us to the end.

Keep us, else, with wiles deceiving,
The Persuader of all ill,
Round his deadly meshes weaving,
The lost soul will rend and kill.

Now all might and adoration
To th' ALL-HOLY TRINITY;
Honour, worship, and salvation,
And eternal glory be.

HYMN 127.

O GOD Most HIGH! the soul that knows
Thine All-Sustaining Power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

Angels, unseen, attend Thy saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

And Thou, ALMIGHTY GOD, art nigh
To them that love Thy Name;
Thy Power shall save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and trials are their lot
Through all their sojourn here;
But, SAVIOUR, since Thou changest not,
Thy saints should never fear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ALL SAINTS'-DAY.

HYMN 128.

SPOUSE of CHRIST, in arms contending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Mix with prayers, for help ascending,
Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church to-day rejoices
All her saints in one to join,
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in melody divine.

Angel bands, in due gradation
Of their heav'nly ministry,
Hymn the FATHER of Creation,
MAKER of the stars on high.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs, purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

All are blest together, praising
GOD'S ETERNAL MAJESTY;
Thrice repeated anthems raising
To th' ALL-HOLY TRINITY.

So may we with hearts devoted
 Serve our GOD in holiness;
So may we, by GOD promoted,
 Share that Heaven which they possess.

HYMN 129.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from suff'rings great
 Who came to Realms of Light;
And in the Blood of CHRIST have wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the Throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His Presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the Sacred Courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering Beams
Diffuse Eternal Day.

The LAMB Who sits upon the Throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with Nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

Midst pastures green He'll lead His Flock
Where Living Streams appear;
And GOD the LORD from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

FESTIVAL OF AN APOSTLE.

HYMN 130.

YE captains of a heavenly host,
Ye princes of a heavenly hall,
Stars of the world, in darkness lost,
And judges at its funeral:

Captains,—but not of spear and shield;
No rebel hosts with steel to tame;
No arms of eloquence to wield;
Naught but the lowly Cross of shame:

The chain is shivered, and the rod,
The world's long stern captivity,
And we are free to serve our God,
Whose yoke alone is liberty.

To distant lands His heralds fleet,
By GOD'S mysterious Presence led:
How beauteous are their passing feet,
Like morn upon the mountains spread!

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
All glory be, as was of old,
Who calleth us, in darkness lost,
His saving glory to behold.

HYMN 131.

CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He pass'd
From earth in Heaven to reign,
He formed one Holy Church, to last
Till He should come again.

His twelve apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her LORD is gone.

Let those find pardon, LORD, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
ONE SHEPHERD and One Fold.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
Be glory to the THREE in ONE
From man and angel-host.

HYMN 132.

DISPOSER SUPREME,
And JUDGE of the earth,
Who chooseth for Thine
The weak and the poor:
To frail earthen vessels,
And things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches,
Which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light;
They at Thy decree
Are broken and gone:
Then brightly appeareth
The Arm of Thy Might,
As through the clouds breaking
Thy lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go,

All full of Thy GODHEAD,
While earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

They thunder—their sound,
It is CHRIST the LORD!
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall,
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy Word,
And on the ground lieth
The Canaanites' wall.

Oh, loud be Thy trump,
And stirring the sound,
To rouse us, O LORD,
From sin's deadly sleep;
May lights which Thou kindlest
In darkness around,
The dull soul awaken
Her vigils to keep!

GREAT FATHER, SON, SPIRIT,
THE ANCIENT OF DAYS,
May we Thee inherit,
And sing of Thy praise.

FESTIVAL OF AN EVANGELIST.

HYMN 133.

CHRIST'S everlasting messengers,
Who from the opening skies
Traverse the earth in showers of light,
And sow with mysteries:

The things discern'd by seers of old
Behind the shadowy screen,
In the full day have ye beheld,
With not a veil between.

The things which GOD as Man hath borne,
Which Man as GOD hath done,
Ye write, as GOD dictates, to all
Who see the circling sun.

Though far in space and time apart,
One SPIRIT sways you all,
And we in those blest characters
Hear now that living call.

Glory to GOD, the THREE in ONE;
All glory be to Thee,
Who from our darkness callest us
Thy glorious Light to see.

FESTIVAL OF A MARTYR.

HYMN 134.

HOW happy the mortal,
Through pains and dismay,
Who hath burst the portal
To regions of day:

Where death hath benighted,
Ere life's sun went down,
The Faith that he plighted,
With death he doth crown.

Our weak spirits languish
When hearing death's feet,
But thou the stern anguish
Dost go forth to meet:

Yet nothing confounded
With rack and with chains,
Where death hath abounded
With tortures and pains.

Lo! from highest Heaven,
His champion to own,
Between the clouds riven,
Is CHRIST looking down:

His hand hath He holden
Where weak nature fails;
His Love doth embolden,
And in Him prevails.

Shall we, then, soft hearted,
Seek ease and repose,
And sing the departed
In death and stern woes?

Let such themes of wonder
Arouse us from sleep,
Lest, woke by death's thunder,
We wake but to weep.

GREAT FATHER, SON, SPIRIT,
THE ANCIENT OF DAYS,
May we Thee inherit,
And sing of Thy praise.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONSECRATION
OF A CHURCH.

HYMN 135.

O WORD of GOD above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this House with Thy sure Love,
And bless our Festival.

Grace in this Font is stored
To cleanse each guilty child;
And here the SPIRIT'S Unction poured
Brightens the once defiled.

Here CHRIST of His Own Blood
Himself the Chalice gives,
And feeds His Own with Angels' Food,
On which the spirit lives.

For guilty souls that pine
Sure mercies here abound ;
And Healing Grace, with oil and wine,
For ev'ry secret wound.

GOD from His Throne afar
Comes in this House to dwell ;
And prayer, beyond the evening star,
Builds here her citadel.

No wintry storm or shower
Shall harm this Holy Home ;
Nor, worse than they, the evil power
Which dwells within the gloom.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

HYMN 136.

CITY of Peace, Jerusalem!

Sweet name of joyful sound!
With living stones built up on high,
With Angel armies crown'd:

Decked as a Bride to meet her LORD,
She comes from Heav'n's blest gate;
Her streets and walls are purest gold,
She comes in nuptial state.

Her gates are shining bright with pearls,
Her courts are opened wide
To all who here have suffered grief
For CHRIST the CRUCIFIED.

These are the polished stones which He,
The MASTER BUILDER, lays,
Each in its own appointed place,
Where each for ever stays.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EMBER-DAYS.

HYMN 137.

LORD, pour Thy SPIRIT from on high,
 And Thine ordained servants bless;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
 SAVIOUR, like stars in Thy Right Hand
 Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness and meekness, from above,
 To bear Thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

And, when their work is finish'd here,
 May they in hope their charge resign;
 And, when their MASTER shall appear,
 May they with crowns of glory shine.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom earth and Heav'n adore,
 Be glory; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

MISSIONS.

HYMN 138.

O LORD, Thy Church with longing eyes
 For Thine expected Coming waits:
 When will the promis'd Light arise,
 And Glory beam from Sion's Gates?

Extend Thy Reign o'er ev'ry land;
 Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd;
 All nations bow to Thy command;
 And Grace revive a dying world.

Do Thou, O LORD, our hearts renew,
 Our souls with Heav'nly Wisdom bless;
 Man's rooted enmity subdue,
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.

Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
 To wait for Thine appointed hour;
 And fit us by Thy Grace to share
 The triumphs of Thy conqu'ring power.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom earth and Heav'n adore,
 Be glory; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

HYMN 139.

O GRACIOUS Hand, that freely gives
The fruits of earth, our toil to bless!

O Love, by which the sinner lives!

Oh, let our tongues that Love confess.

Our GOD for all our need provides ;

His sun o'er all alike doth shine ;

From none His glorious beams He hides ;

So wills the FATHER'S Love Divine.

Again His Love our garners fills ;

This Love again let all adore :

The cry of want His bounty stills,

Who biddeth all His Name implore.

Oh, may our lives, through grace, abound

In fruits of holiness and love ;

Let all His courts with praise resound,

To echo angels' praise above.

LORD! when Thou shalt descend from Heav'n,

Thy ransomed harvest here to reap,

Oh, in that day Thy joy be given

To us who now go forth to weep.

May none those hours of sadness scorn;
 May none disdain in tears to sow:
Soon shall rejoicing crown the morn
 To hearts that sorrow here below.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom earth and Heav'n adore,
Be glory; as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

NOTICE.

A Book of Tunes suitable for the Hymns in this Collection is in preparation, and will be published shortly.



