Songs for the Chapel

11.24.09.

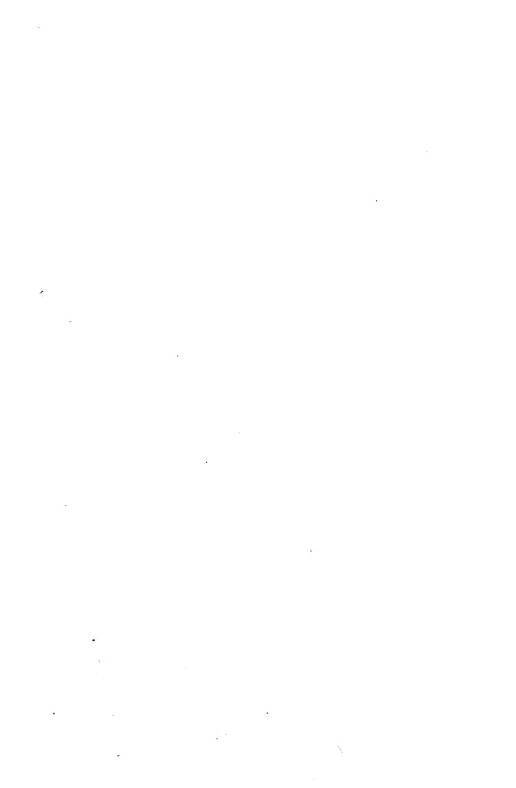
Mithrary of the Theological Seminary

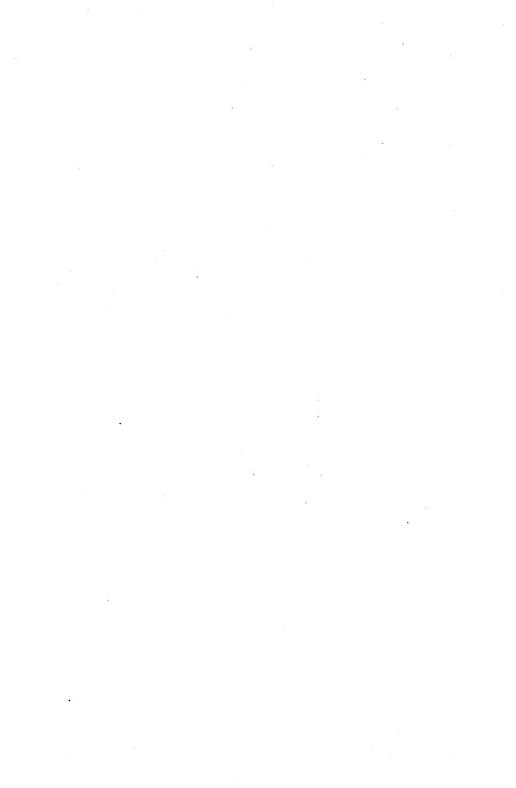
Division

Section

PRINCETON, N. J.

BV 525 . S663 1907









SONGS FOR THE CHAPEL



SONGS



FOR THE CHAPEL

ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES

FOR USE IN COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, SCHOOLS
AND SOCIETIES

EDITED BY

CHARLES H. MORSE, Mus. Bac.

Director of Music in Dartmouth College

AND

AMBROSE WHITE VERNON, D.D.

Pastor of The Harvard Church, Brookline

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER, D.D,

President of Dartmouth College

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



INTRODUCTION

By President Tucker, of Dartmouth College

HE editors of a new Hymn Book owe no apology to the public. The discovery of real hymns, old and new, and the constant advance in musical composition require the frequent revision of existing hymnals. The number of abiding hymns, hymns which are a constant in every collection, is much smaller than is usually supposed. And what is true of hymns, in this regard, is equally true of tunes. The elimination of hymns and tunes is a legitimate part of the process of religious education. Changes in religious sentiment, as well as changes in literary and musical expression, ought to be recognized. Especially is it desirable that account should be taken of these changes and advances whenever a hymnal is prepared for schools and colleges. As the editors of the present hymnal very justly say, "While the classic hymns of spiritual exaltation are retained, the emphasis in the minds of the editors has been rather laid on that type of hymn which expresses normal and constant Christian experience."

In writing the word of introduction to "Songs for the Chapel" I take pleasure in referring to the discriminating taste of both Dr. Vernon and Professor Morse, as I have had occasion to observe it

in other ways than in connection with the production of the hymnal. I am confident that their present service in the selection and arrangement of hymns, in the adaptation of tunes, and especially in the adjustment of the music to meet the requirements of male voices, will be appreciated by those who have charge of daily worship in school and college.

W. J. Tucker.

Hanover, N. H., March 5, 1909.

EDITORS' PREFACE

In selecting the hymns for this book the editors have had before them the necessities of schools and colleges, and have attempted to choose such hymns as would be adapted to week-day use. The book is, they believe, particularly rich in hymns which can be sung sincerely in the morning chapel services of schools and colleges. While the classic hymns of spiritual exaltation are retained, the emphasis in the minds of the editors has been rather laid on that type of hymn which expresses normal and constant Christian experience.

The scheme of the Hymnal reveals the emphasis which was in the minds of the editors.

The tunes, also, have been chosen with the same idea, such as are adapted for congregational singing, musically beautiful, inherently religious, strong and dignified. All arrangements of secular melodies and all commonplace, trivial and sing-song tunes have been carefully excluded.

Realizing that in sacred song we express ourselves most sincerely in worship, they have striven to make the music, everywhere, intensify the words, and have not hesitated to make new settings for that purpose.

All tunes, except those written for this book, have been ar-

ranged for male voices. Many have been transposed, so that the *melody* is never higher than E.

The air and all parts beneath it are always printed in large notes. Parts above the melody are in small notes.

Although the air is given to various voices, as seems most effective, its original and familiar form is *always* retained.

The numerous transpositions and rearrangements of the vocal parts have necessitated the use of a special organ part, based upon the original form of the tunes, which will serve to enrich the harmony and add variety, color. and force to what might, otherwise, often become monotonous and ill-balanced through the use of male voices only.

The editors feel that such a hymnal as this is greatly needed and they trust that it may be found most practical and helpful.

Dartmouth College, March 1, 1909.

CONTENTS

HYMNS AND CHANTS

	PAGE
THE DAY AND ITS WORK	1
At the Beginning of the Year	1
At the Beginning of the Day	5
Prayer for Guidance	21
Prayer for Light	35
Prayer for Earnestness in Work	41
Prayer of Trust and Joy	73
At the Close of the Day	89
The Day of Worship	110
THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN	114
The Struggle	115
The Failure	123
Penitence	127

CONTENTS

			PAGE
THE FAITH OF THE DAY			138
God Our Father			139
Jesus Christ Our Lord			191
The Holy Spirit			287
The Larger Work			297
Our Country			297
The Kingdom of God			305
The Church			345
The End of the Days			363
CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES			400
INDEXES			
Index of First Lines			429
Alphabetical Index of Tunes			435
Metrical Index of Tunes			440
INDEX OF CHANTS, CANTICLES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES			444
Index of Authors, Translators and Sources		•	445
INDEX OF COMPOSEDS			448

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE Editors desire to express their sincere gratitude to Prof. Felix Adler, Rev. Ferdinand Q. Blanchard, Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D., Prof. Charles F. Richardson and Pres't M. W. Stryker for their cordial permission to use their hymns; to Mrs. John Hay for the use of Hymn 221 by her honored husband, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. for the use of Bishop Brooks's "O Little Town of Bethlehem," to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the use of hymns by Miss Lucy Larcom, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Bayard Taylor and John G. Whittier; to Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. for the use of a hymn by Rev. John W. Chadwick, and to Bishop Vincent for the use of hymns by Miss Mary A. Lathbury.

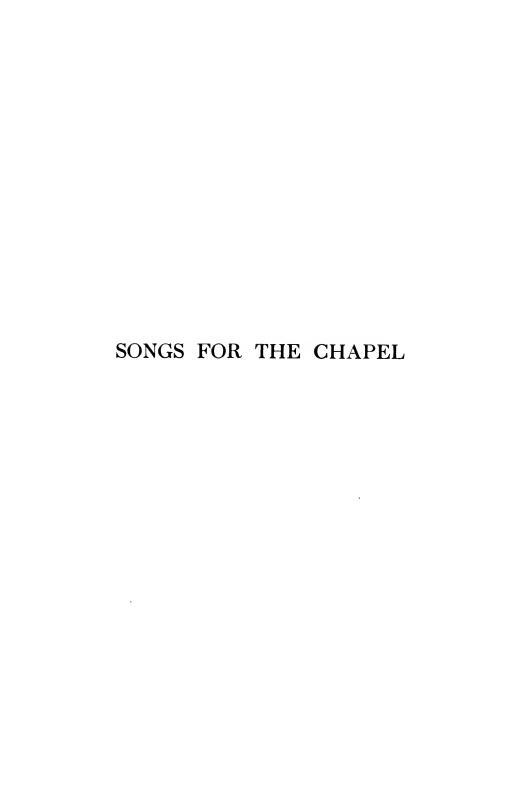
We are also indebted to Messrs. Clement R. Gale, Rev. John S. B. Hodges, Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D., Wm. H. Doane, Mus. Doc., Bishop John H. Vincent, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., and Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., for free use of copyright tunes.

By special arrangement, we are permitted to use the tunes "Cuyler" (John H. Brewer), "Golden" and "Meditation" (John S. Gower, Mus. Doc.), "Presbyter" and "Woodman" (Presbyterian Board of Publication), "Materna" (Mrs. S. A.

Ward), "Vincent" (Mrs. H. R. Palmer), and, by purchase, the tunes of Charles Whitney Coombs ("Passion," "Redemption"), Arthur Foote, A.M. ("Mattapan"), Walter Henry Hall ("Dartmouth"), Will C. Macfarlane ("New Year's Hymn"), and R. Huntington Woodman ("Franklin"), all of which were written for this collection.

The Musical Editor has composed for this book the tunes "Frances," "Hanover," "Kipling," "Runnymede" and "Tennyson."

If copyrighted works have been used herein without acknowledgment, it has been due to accident. The Editors have endeavored to take every precaution to avoid such liberties.





SONGS FOR THE CHAPEL

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR



^{*} As this hymn is irregular, sing the words to the notes above them, using the slurs and ties as necessary.



- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,Still we are guided by our God;By His incessant bounty fed,By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;

The future all to us unknown, We to Thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed, Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,

And seal in silence mortal tongues, Our Helper, God, in whom we trust, In better worlds, our souls shall boast. Philip Doddridge, 1702-51

2



- 2 With courage drest, Strong-hearted, blest, Fulfil thy work abroad; Fearless and true, Thy way pursue, A happy child of God.
- 3 In liberty
 Of holy glee,
 Accept thy childhood's part;
 And thou shalt find,
 By faith enshrined,
 The Father in thy heart.
- 4 O blessèd rest!
 With such a Guest
 Life's duty grows divine;
 Dross becomes gold,
 And, as of old,
 The water turns to wine.
- 5 Eternal praise
 To Thee we raise,
 Who deign'st with men to dwell,
 Great Word of God,
 Jehovah! Lord!
 Adored Immanuel!

JANE E. LIVOCK 1840-



2 In conversation be sincere; Keep conscience as the noontide clear;

Think how all-seeing God thy ways And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

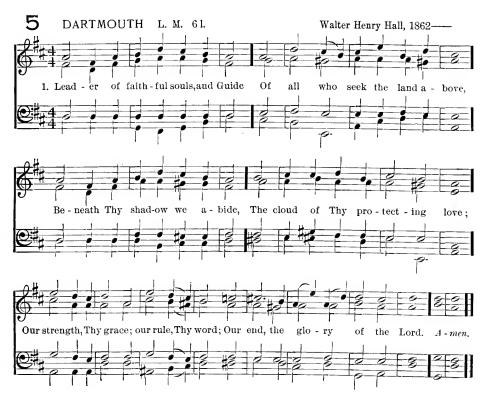
- 3 By influence of the light divine Let thy own light to others shine; Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays, In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who all night long unwearied sing High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me whilst I slept! Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,

I may of endless light partake!

- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
 Disperse my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first springs of thought and
 And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,
- 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day, All I design, or do, or say, That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711



2 By Thine unerring Spirit led, We shall not in the desert stray, We shall not full direction need, Nor miss our providential way,— As far from danger as from fear When Love, almighty Love, is near.



- 2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers;
 For the night is safely ended;
 God hath tended
 With His care thy helpless hours.
- 3 Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavor,
 When the aim is good and true;
 But that He may ever thwart thee,
 And convert thee,
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth; He unfoldeth Every fault that lurks within:



He the hidden shame glossed over Can discover, And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,

Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,

That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded Day.

FRIEDRICH R. L. VON CANITZ, 1654-99



- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that idly rove, But simple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow, O Christ, securely fence Our gates, beleaguered by the foe, The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord, Our daily toil may tend; That we begin it at Thy Word, And in Thy favor end.

PARIS BREVIARY, 1736



- 2 Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet calm in us instil;— A guileless mind, a heart sincere, Simplicity of word and will.
- 3 And ever, as the day glides by,
 May we the busy senses rein;
 Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
 Nor let the conscience suffer stain.
- 4 Grant us, O God! in love to Thee, Clear eyes to measure things below, Faith the invisible to see, And wisdom Thee in all to know.



- 2 Oh, hallowed thus be every day; Let meekness be our morning ray, And faithful love our noonday light, And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 3 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul, Subdue our flesh, our minds control: May guilt depart, and discord cease, And all within be joy and peace.
- 4 May He our actions deign to bless, And loose the bands of wickedness; From sudden falls our feet defend, And guide us safely to the end.



- 2 May this desire my spirit rule; And as the moments fly, Something of good be born in me, Something of evil die.
- 3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win,
 With shining victory meet,
 Some sin that strives for mastery,
 Find overthrow complete.
- 4 That so throughout the coming day
 The hours shall carry me
 A little farther from the world,
 A little nearer Thee.





- 2 He who, no anger on his tongue,
 Nor any idle boast,
 Bears steadfast witness 'gainst the wrong,
 He joins the sacred host:
 He who, with calm, undaunted will,
 Ne'er counts the battle lost,
 But, though defeated, battles still,
 He joins the faithful host.
- 3 He who is ready for the cross,
 The cause despised loves most,
 And shuns not pain or shame or loss,
 He joins the martyr host.
 God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world;
 Now each man to his post;
 The red-cross banner is unfurled;
 We join the glorious host.



- 2 Thou art our Morning and our Sun, Our work is glad, in Thee begun; Our footworn path is fresh with dew, For Thou createst all things new.
- 3 O God, within us and above, Close to us in the Christ we love, Through Him, our only guide and way, May heavenly life be ours to-day!

LUCY LARCOM, 1826-93



- 2 And, from the strife of tongues 4 O Jesus, be our morning Light away,

 That we may go forth to the figure away.
 - Ere toil begins, to meet and pray For blessings on the coming day:—
- 3 And night by night for evermore Again with blended voice to pour Deep thanks for mercies gone before.
- 4 O Jesus, be our morning Light
 That we may go forth to the fight
 With strength renewed and armor
 bright.
- 5 And when our daily work is o'er,And sins and weakness we deplore,O be Thou then our Light once more.
- 6 Light of the world! with us abide, And to Thyself our footsteps guide At morn, and noon, and eventide.



2 Ere daily strifes begin

The war without, within,

The God of love, in spirit and in power,

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DAY



Now on each bended head

His deepest blessings shed,

And keep us all through every troubled hour.

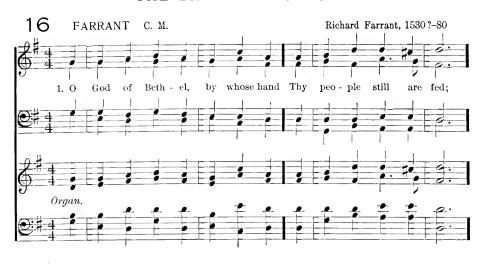


- 2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,—
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear, Steps unto Heaven; All that Thou sendest me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,—
 Still all my song shall be:
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1805-48

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DAY







- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 - Before Thy Throne of grace; God of our Fathers! be the God Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.

Our humble prayers implore; And Thou shalt be our chosen God, And Portion evermore.

5 O spread Thy cov'ring Wings around Till all our wanderings cease, And at our Father's loved abode

Our souls arrive in peace!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-51 Altered, possibly by Michael Bruce, 1746-67



- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned O let me cheerfully fulfil; In all my works Thy presence find, And prove Thy good and perfect 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke, will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare, And hide my simple heart above; Above the thorns of choking care, The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,

- And labor on at Thy command, And offer all my works to Thee.
- And every moment watch and pray; And still to things eternal look, And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,

And run my course with even joy, And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-88



- 2 When we danger meet, Steadfast make our feet! Lord, preserve us uncomplaining 'Mid the darkness round us reigning! Through adversity Lies our way to Thee.
- 3 Order all our way
 Through this mortal day;
 In our toil with aid be near us;
 In our need with succor cheer us;
 When life's course is o'er,
 Open Thou the Door!

NICOLAUS LUDWIG, Count von Zinzendorf, 1700-60 Tr. Abthur T. Russell, 1806-74



- 2 "Save, Lord, we perish!" was their cry;
 - "O, save us in our agony!"
 Thy Word above the storm rose high,
 "Peace, be still."
- 3 So when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the
 shore,
 - Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."

 GODFREY THRING, 1823-99





- want no

Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield!

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside:
 - Death of deaths and hell's destruction! Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Songs of praises I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717-91





2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-90



- 2 If I am right, Thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
 To find that better way!
- 3 What conscience dictates to be done, Or warns me not to do, This teach me more than hell to shun, That more than heaven pursue.
- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent
 At aught Thy wisdom hath denied,
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854



- 2 And now with hymn and prayer we stand, To give our strength to Thee, great God! We would redeem Thy holy land, That land which sin so long has trod.
- 3 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
 Through rugged toil and wearying fight:
 Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
 And faith in Thee our truest might.
- 4 Send down Thy constant aid we pray; Be Thy pure angels with us still; Thy truth, be that our firmest stay; Our only rest, to do Thy will.



- 2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near To you eternal Home of peace, Where perfect love shall cast out fear And earth's vain toil and wandering cease; In strength or weakness may we see Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.
- 3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow, Thou priceless pearl for all who seek, To Thee our earliest strength we vow,



Thy love will bless the pure and meek; When dreams or mists beguile our sight, Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the Well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.



- 2 The life of earth and seed is Thine; Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine; Thou art in all; not even the powers By which we toil for bread are ours.
- 3 What large provision Thou hast made! As large as is Thy children's need; How wide Thy bounteous love is spread! Wide as the want of daily bread.
- 4 Since every day by Thee we live, May grateful hearts Thy gifts receive; And may the hands be pure from stain With which our daily bread we gain.



- 2 Our wishes, our desires control, Mould every purpose of the soul; O'er all may we victorious be That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Twice blest will all our blessings be When we can look through them to Thee, When each glad heart its tribute pays Of love and gratitude and praise.
- 4 And while we to Thy glory live, May we to Thee all glory give, Until the joyful summons come That calls Thy willing servants home.

JANE COTTERILL, 1790-1825



- 2 Oh, grant us light, that we may see 4 Oh, grant us light, in grief and pain, To lift our burdened hearts above, Where error lurks in human lore, And count the very cross a gain, And turn our doubting minds to Thee, And love Thy simple word the more. And bless our Father's hidden love.
- How dead is life from Thee apart, How sure is joy for all who turn To Thee an undivided heart.
- 3 Oh, grant us light, that we may learn 5 Oh, grant us light, when, soon or late, All earthly scenes shall pass away, In Thee to find the open gate To deathless home and endless day. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1825-97

PRAYER FOR LIGHT



Who claim a heavenly birth, May march with Thee to smite the lies

That vex Thy groaning earth.

Thou who wilt hear our prayer, Do Thine own battle in our hearts, And slay the falsehood there.

2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we, 4 Still smite! still burn! till nought is left But God's own truth and love;

Then, Lord, as morning dew come down.

Rest on us from above.

3 Then, God of truth, for whom we long, 5 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire, From every lie set free, Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us, And we shall live in Thee.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1823-96



- 2 Should our faith be palsied
 By the touch of doubt,
 Should our hearts grow empty,
 Faithless, undevout,
 Lord, in mercy lead us
 To our springs in Thee,
 Where are healing waters
 Plentiful and free.
- 3 Should Thy face be clouded
 To our spirits' sight,Speak through human kindness,Shine through Nature's light.

PRAYER FOR LIGHT



In the face of loved ones, In the ties of home— Only, gracious Father, To Thy children come.

4 Save us, Lord, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals;
May our lifelong passion
Be the love of souls;
Let us live and labor,
Father, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might.



- 2 For unseen messengers she hath
 To work her will and ways,
 And even human scorn and wrath
 God turneth to her praise.
- 3 And more than thou canst do for Truth
 Can she on thee confer,
 If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
 And manhood unto her.
- 4 For she can make thee inly bright,
 Thy self-love purge away,
 And lead thee in the path whose light
 Shines to the perfect day.

PRAYER FOR LIGHT



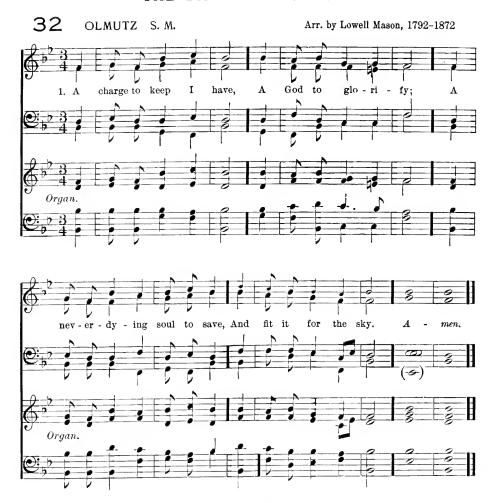
- 2 The call is Thine: be Thou the Way, And Thine the hearts that guide; Let wisdom broaden with the day, Let human faith abide.
- 4 Waken the purpose high which strives And, falling, stands again; Confirm the will of eager lives To quit themselves like men:
- Who follows, wins the goal; With reverence crown the earnest mind.

And speak within the soul.

3 Who learns of Thee the truth shall find, 5 Thy life the bond of fellowship, Thy love the law that rules, Thy Name, proclaimed by every lip,

The Master of our schools.

Louis F. Benson, 1855-



- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-88

PRAYER FOR EARNESTNESS IN WORK



2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for nought; Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;

The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on: enough while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign

Thy willing heart to mark and cheer; No toil for Him shall be in vain.

- 4 Men die in darkness at Thy side,
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
 Take up the torch and wave it wide,—
 The torch that lights time's thickest
 gloom.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice, For toil comes rest, for exile home; Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,

The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-89



- 2 He riseth to his task Soon as the word is given, Nor waits, nor doth a question ask, When orders come from heaven.
- 3 Nothing he calls his own;
 Nothing he hath to say;
 His feet are shod for God alone,
 And God alone obey.
- 4 Give us, O God, this mind,
 Which waits for Thy command,
 And doth its highest pleasure find
 In Thy great work to stand.

PRAYER FOR EARNESTNESS IN WORK



- 2 Whose passions not his masters are, Whose soul is still prepared for death, Not tied unto the world by care Of public fame or private breath.
- 3 Who hath his life from rumors freed, Whose conscience is his strong 5 This man is freed from servile bands retreat.

Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make oppressors great.

4 Who God doth late and early pray More of His grace than goods to lend, And walks with man, from day to day,

As with a brother and a friend!

Of hope to rise or fear to fall,

Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all.

HENRY WOTTON, 1568-1639



- 2 Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; Life with its way before thee lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide His boundless mercy will provide; Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near, He changeth not, and thou art dear; Only believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1811-75

PRAYER FOR EARNESTNESS IN WORK



- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
 And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame;So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800



- We are of Thee, the children of Thy love, The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son; Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove Into our hearts, that we may be as one,— As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend; As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.
- 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong, One in cur love of all things sweet and fair; One with the joy that breaketh into song,

PRAYER FOR EARNESTNESS IN WORK



One with the grief that trembles into prayer; One in the power that makes Thy children free To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 Oh, clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

JOHN W. CHADWICK, 1840-1904



- 2 For lowly hearts shall understand The peace, the calm delight Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land, A pleasure in Thy sight.
- 3 Give us humility, that soThy reign may come within,And when Thy children homeward go,We too may enter in.
- 4 Hear us, our Saviour: ours Thou art,
 Though we are not like Thee;
 Give us Thy Spirit in a heart
 Large, lowly, trusting, free.

PRAYER FOR EARNESTNESS IN WORK



- 2 To scorn the senses' sway, While still to Thee I tend; In all I do, be Thou the way, In all, be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake;
 Nothing so mean can be,
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,E'en servile labors shine;Hallowed all toil, if this the cause:The meanest work, divine.

GEO. HERBERT, 1593-1633, and JOHN WESLEY, 1703-91



- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously, As though there were no God; He is least seen when all the powers Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Ah, God is other than we think; His ways are far above, Far beyond reason's height, and reached Only by childlike love.
- 4 Workman of God, oh, lose not heart, 7 God's glory is a wondrous thing, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 5 Thrice blest is he to whom is given The instinct that can tell That God is on the field when He Is most invisible.
- 6 Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God; For Jesus won the world through shame, And beckons thee His road.
- Most strange in all its ways, And of all things on earth, least like What men agree to praise.
 - 8 For right is right, since God is God; And right the day must win: To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin.

PRAYER FOR EARNESTNESS IN WORK



- 2 Where is thy God, my soul? Only in stars and sun, Or have the holy words of truth His light in every one?
- 3 Where is thy God, my soul?
 Confined to Scripture's page,
 Or does His Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age?
- 4 O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule Thou within my heart;
 O great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart.
- 5 Giver of holy words,

 Bestow Thy holy power,

 And aid me, whether work or thought

 Engage the varying hour.
- 6 In Thee have I my help, As all my fathers had; I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful, And serve Thee when I'm glad.



2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page,
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?
O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world,
The light of life impart.



3 Giver of holy words,
 Bestow Thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
 Engage the varying hour.
In Thee have I my help,
 As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
 And serve Thee when I'm glad.

THOMAS T. LYNCH, 1818-71.





3 And if to-day this life of mine Should ebb away,

Give me Thy sacrament divine, Father, to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;

Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Through each to-day.



2 His eyes would pierce my outward show,
His thought my inmost thoughts would know;
And if I said, "I love Thee, Lord,"
He would not heed my spoken word,
Because my daily life would tell
If verily I loved Him well.



3 If on the day, or in the place
Wherein He met me face to face,
My life could show some kindness done,
Some purpose formed, some work begun
For His dear sake, then it were meet
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.



- 2 Daily our lives would show Weakness made strong, Toilsome and gloomy ways Brightened with song; Some deeds of kindness done, Some souls by patience won, Dear Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Some word of hope for hearts
 Burdened with fears,
 Some balm of peace for eyes
 Blinded with tears;



Some dews of mercy shed, Some wayward footsteps led, Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide!
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

EDWIN P. PARKER, 1836-



- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love; Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In closer, dearer company, In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
 Far down the future's broadening way;
 In peace that only Thou canst give,
 With Thee, O Master, let me live.



- 2 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it, 4 Ever let Thy grace surround it; In obedience to Thy will; And, as ripening years unfold it, Keep it meek and childlike still.
- 3 Father, make it pure and lowly, Fond of peace, and far from strife, Turning from the paths unholy Of this vain and sinful life.
- Strengthen it with power divine, Till Thy cords of love have bound it; Make it to be wholly Thine.
- 5 May the blood of Jesus heal it, And its sins be all forgiven; Holy Spirit, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heaven.

Anon., 1849----



- We turn from seeking Thee afar, And in unwonted ways,To build from out our daily lives The temples of Thy praise.
- 3 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
 To hearts of old were dear,
 What joy shall dwell within the faith
 That feels Thee ever near!
- 4 And nobler yet shall duty grow,
 And more shall worship be,
 When Thou art found in all our life,
 And all our life in Thee.



- 2 'Mid changing scenes of joy and pain,There comes again and yet again,A vision of the changeless rest,Where God's own face shall make us blest.
- 3 And through the web of earthly life, Its grief and gladness, work and strife, There runs a thread divine to tie Our time-life to the life on high.
- 4 Oh, help us, Lord, with thankful heart To grasp each day's eternal part, And build our home on that calm height Where saints do walk with Thee in light.

ELLA S. ARMITAGE, 1841-



2 I dare not choose my lot,—
 I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God!
 So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to Thee may seem,
 Choose Thou my good and ill.



3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth;
Not mine, not mine, the choice
In things or great or small:
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-89



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air, Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare:

When harvests ripen Thou art there, Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,

For all the blessings earth displays, We owe Thee thankfulness and praise, Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven, For means of grace and hopes of heaven, What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,

Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;

We have as treasure without end Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend, Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,Repaid a thousandfold will be;Then gladly will we give to Thee,

Who givest all.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-85



- 2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,That fallen man might live thereby,Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cryIn hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught, To feel for those Thy blood hath bought; That every word and deed and thought May work a work for Thee.
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide, Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;

- Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide, To love them all in Thee.
- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want or care, Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share; May we, when help is needed, there Give help as unto Thee.
- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
 All those who live, to live in love,
 Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
 All those who live in Thee.

GODFREY THRING, 1823-99



2 As laborers in Thy vineyard, Forth send us, Christ, to be Content to bear the burden Of weary days for Thee,



Content to ask no wages,

When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail

Which makes Thy kingdom come.



- 2 We hear the call, in dreams no more In selfish ease we lie, But girded for our Father's work, Go forth beneath His sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, And prayers of saints were sown, We, to their labors entering in, Would reap where they have strewn.
- 4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
 To do Thy will we come;
 Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
 And bear our harvest home.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819-92



- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of Thy grace impart, And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My path of life attend;Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And bless its happy end.



- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the glad with joyful smiles, To wipe the weeping eyes; A heart at leisure from itself To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am, In whatsoe'er estate, I have a fellowship with hearts



To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.
- 6 In service which Thy will appoints
 There are no bonds for me;
 My inmost heart is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children free;
 A life of self-renouncing love
 Is one of liberty.



- 2 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths, Thy goodness we'll adore;We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.
- 3 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life, Thy sacrifice shall be; And death, when death shall be our lot, Shall join our souls to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719



- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed: To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round: On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away: In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown: Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours: Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.



- Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious calling of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word, Rise up and follow Thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee! O calm of hills above! Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee

The silence of eternity, Interpreted by love!

- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard, 4 With that deep hush subduing all Our words and works that drown The tender whisper of Thy call, As noiseless let Thy blessing fall As fell Thy manna down.
 - 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress.

And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace.

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

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-92



- 2 Who points the clouds their course, Whom winds and seas obey; He shall direct thy wandering feet, He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care;
 To Him commend thy cause, His
 ear

Attends the softest prayer.

knows
What best for each will prove.

6 And whatso'er Thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose

Father, Thy ceaseless love Sees all Thy children's wants, and

5 The everlasting truth,

7 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Thy power to being brings.

8 When Thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand?
Whate'er Thy children want, Thou giv'st,
And who shall stay Thy hand?

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607-76. Tr. by John Wesley, 1703-91





- 2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man
 Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
 Thou who gav'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
 On our way rejoicing, etc.
- 3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go; Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe! Christ without, our safety, Christ within, our joy; Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy? On our way rejoicing, etc.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, alt., 1811-75



- 2 Light of the world, Thy beauty Steals into every heart, And glorifies with duty Life's poorest, humblest part; Thou robest in Thy splendor The simple ways of men, And helpest them to render Light back to Thee again.
- 3 Light of the world, before Thee
 Our spirits prostrate fall;
 We worship, we adore Thee,
 Thou Light, the life of all;



With Thee is no forgetting
Of all Thine hand hath made,
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from love and Thee.



- 2 Light of the world, Thy beauty Steals into every heart, And glorifies with duty Life's poorest, humblest part; Thou robest in Thy splendor The simple ways of men, And helpest them to render Light back to Thee again.
- 3 Light of the world, before Thee Our spirits prostrate fall; We worship, we adore Thee, Thou Light, the Life of all;



With Thee is no forgetting
Of all Thine hand hath made,
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from love and Thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1811-75



- 2 That life I consecrate to Thee;
 And ever, as the day is born,
 On wings of love my soul would flee,
 And thank Thee for another morn,—
- 3 Another day in which to cast
 Some silent deed of love abroad,
 That, greatening as it journeys past,
 May do some earnest work for God,—
- 4 Another day to do, to dare,
 To tax anew my growing strength,
 To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
 And so reach heaven and Thee at length.



- 2 But high she shoots through air and light, Above all low delay,Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every care And stain of passion free, Aloft through virtue's purer air To hold my course to Thee.
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings.





- 2 For life and love, for rest and food, For daily help and nightly care, Sing to the Lord, for He is good, And praise His name, for it is fair For He is, etc.
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait
 His truth to prove, His will to do,
 Praise ye our God, for He is great;
 Trust in His name, for it is true.
 For He is, etc.
- 4 For life below, with all its bliss,
 And for that life, more pure and high,
 That inner life which over this
 Shall ever shine, and never die,—
 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom be praise for evermore.

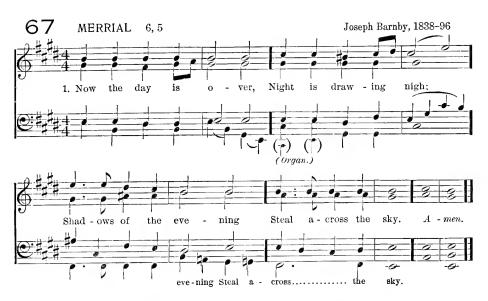


2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou despise, But let the incense of our prayers

Before Thy mercy rise.

- The brightness of the coming night Upon the darkness rolls; With hopes of future glory, chase The shadows from our souls.
- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
 So fade within the heart
 The hopes in earthly love and joy
 That one by one depart.
 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine;
 Give us O Lord fresh hopes in heave
 - Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things divine!
- 4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,—
 Upon our souls descend;
 From midnight fears and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend.
 Give us a respite from our toil,
 Calm and subdue our woes;
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
 Oh, give us now repose!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1825-64



- 2 Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With Thy tenderest blessing
 May our eyelids close!
- 3 Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil,
 From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches May Thine angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed!
- 6 When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes.





- 2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
 Of the universe, Thy home,
 Gather us, who seek Thy face,
 To the fold of Thy embrace,
 For Thou art nigh.
 Holy, Holy, Holy, etc.
- 3 While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of Love, enfolding all, Through the glory and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.

 Holy, Holy, Holy, etc.
- 4 When forever from our sight
 Pass the stars, the day, the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morning rise,
 And shadows end!
 Holy, Holy, Holy, etc.



- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye Nought escapes, without, within, Pardon each infirmity, Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me, the light of day Shall forever pass away;



Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's infirmity; Then, from Thine eternal throne, Jesus, look with pitying eye.



- 2 Our life is but an autumn day, Its glorious noon how quickly past! Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way, Safe home at last.
- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky,—



- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white, And evening shadows never fall, Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light, Art Lord of all.



- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see: O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word, But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,— Familiar, condescending, patient, free; Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings, But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,— Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea; Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!



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



2 And when morn again shall call us To run life's way, May we still, whate'er befall us, Thy will obey. From the power of evil hide us, In the narrow pathway guide us, Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us, The livelong day.



3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping, And when we die, May we in Thy mighty keeping

All peaceful lie!

When the last dread call shall wake us,

Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,

But to reign in glory take us

With Thee on high.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826, RICHARD WHATELY, 1787-1863, and WILLIAM MERCER, 1811-73



- 2 The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And call on Thee, that sinless
 The hours of night may be:
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask, that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.



- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I;
 And he, my wakeful Tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry:
 "He could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night."
- 5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 Lover of men! oh, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.



- 2 The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And call on Thee, that sinless
 The hours of night may be:
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask, that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.



- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I;
 And he, my wakeful Tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry:
 "He could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night."
- 5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 Lover of men! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.



- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;



From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

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



2 Sun, where hast thou retreated?
Thy foe hath thee defeated,
The night hath thee foredone.
Without is night victorious.
But in my soul shines glorious
My Jesus, my unconquered Sun.



3 Now all around is darkling,
But golden stars are sparkling
From out the deep blue sky.
So shall I rise in gladness
From out this vale of sadness,
And shine before my God on high.

Paul Gerhardt, 1606 or 7-76, E. J. Palmer, tr. 1892



- 2 Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrow past us fly, Angel-guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watcheth where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.



Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Oppressed with various ills, draw near:

What if Thy form we cannot see,— We know and feel that Thou art here.

- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel: For some are sick, and some are sad. And some have never loved Thee well. And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the world they break not

And some have friends who give them

Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin; And they who fain would serve Thee

Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried:

Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide!

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power; No word from Thee can fruitless fall: Hear in this solemn evening hour, And in Thy mercy heal us all. HENRY TWELLS, 1823-1900



2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear so calm and plain
 His own "All hail," and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.



3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.



2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee!

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

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

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807



- 2 Around Thy throne on high, Where night can never be, The white-robed harpers of the sky Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;
 Too soon of praise we tire;
 But oh, the strains how full and clear
 Of that eternal Choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord! to Thy dear will
 If Thou attune the heart,
 We in Thine angels' music still
 May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our daily life a psalm
 Of glory to Thy name.
 - 6 Shine Thou within us, then, A day that knows no end, Till songs of angels and of men In perfect praise shall blend.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-93

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 Christian, dost thou feel them, How they work within, Striving, tempting, luring, Goading into sin? Christian, never tremble, Never be downcast; Gird thee for the battle; Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Always fast and vigil, Always watch and prayer?"

THE STRUGGLE



Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray;"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.

St. Andrew of Crete, 7th and 8th centuries.

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 With forbidden pleasures Should this vain world charm, Or its tempting treasures Spread, to work me harm,— Bring to my remembrance Sad Gethsemane, Or, in dark resemblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe, Or should pain attend me On my path below,—

THE STRUGGLE



Grant that I may never Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ever Cast my care on Thee.

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

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 O, watch and fight and pray!
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won, Nor once at ease sit down;

THE STRUGGLE



Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, Up to His blest abode.

GEORGE HEATH, --- 1822

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 Principalities and powers, Mustering their unseen array, Wait for thy unguarded hours; Watch and pray.
- 3 Gird Thy heavenly armor on, Wear it ever night and day; Near thee lurks the Evil One; Watch and pray.
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame; Still they watch each warrior's way; All with one deep voice exclaim, "Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey;
 Hide within thy heart His word,
 Watch and pray.
- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day;
 Pray that help may be sent down;
 Watch and pray.

THE STRUGGLE



- 2 If clearer vision Thou impart, Grateful and glad my soul shall be; But yet to have a purer heart Is more to me.
- 3 Yea, only as the heart is clean,
 May larger vision yet be mine;
 For mirrored in its depths are seen
 The things divine.
- 4 So wash Thou me without, within,
 Or purge with fire, if that must be;
 No matter how, if only sin
 Die out of me.

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, Opened wide the gate to God: Peace I ask; but peace must be, Lord, in being one with Thee.
- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one; Chase these doubtings from my heart; Now Thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my life, my God, my all! Let Thy happy servant be One for evermore with Thee!

THE FAILURE



- 2 Because I held upon my selfish road, And left my brother wounded by the way, And called ambition duty, and pressed on,— O Lord, I do repent!
- 3 Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me In struggle which Thou never didst ordain, And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,— O Lord, I do repent!
- 4 Because I was impatient, would not wait, But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads, And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,— O Lord, I do repent!
- 5 Because Thou hast borne with me all this while, Hast smitten me with love until I weep, Hast called me as a mother calls her child,— O Lord, I do repent!

SARAH WILLIAMS

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



2 We have not feared Thee as we ought, 4 We have not served Thee as we Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye, Nor guarded deed and word thought,

Remembering that God was nigh.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought, 5 When shall we know Thee as we ought. Nor cared that we are loved by Thee; Thy presence we have coldly sought, And feebly longed Thy face to see.

ought;

Alas! the duties left undone, The work with little fervor wrought, The battles lost, or scarcely won!

And fear and love and serve aright? When shall we, out of trial brought, Be perfect in the land of light?

6 Lord, give us light Thy truth to see, Lord, give us faith to know Thee near, And make us wise in knowing Thee, And grant the grace of holy fear.

THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1836-96

THE FAILURE



- 2 Not mine, the purity of heart, That shall at last see God; Not mine, the following in the steps The Saviour trod;
- 3 Not mine, the life I thought to live
 When first I took His name:
 Mine, but the right to weep and grieve
 Over my shame.
- 4 Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight Thou hast vouchsafed to me; And, humbled to the dust, I shrink
- 5 And if Thy love will not disown So frail a heart as mine, Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt, But keep it Thine!

Closer to Thee.

Anon.

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 Those arms were round our childhood's ways, A guard through helpless years to be; Oh, leave not our maturer days, We still are helpless without Thee.
- 3 We trusted hope and pride and strength:
 Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,

PENITENCE



Our dreams have faded all at length,— We come to Thee, O Lord, again.

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of Thine eternal power!
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life still smile, like childhood's hour.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, 1823-

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 I thought that Thou with jealous eyes Wast watching me alway,
 - My deeds to mark, my steps to spy, Whene'er I went astray;
 - I hoped that when, by days and years Of service and of prayer,
 - I had besought Thy grace with tears, Thy mercy I might share.

PENITENCE



3 Forgive, O Father, this my sin,
This jealous, doubting heart;
For when men seek Thy love to win,
And choose the better part,
I know that, swifter than the light
Leaps earthward from the sun,
Thy pardoning love, Thy rescuing might,
Speed down to every one.

Washington Gladden, 1836-

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care, And all Thy work from day to day declare! Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned? Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love, Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;

PENITENCE



But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come, Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 Oh, by that Name in which all fulness dwells, Oh, by that Love which every love excels, Oh, by that Blood so freely shed for sin, Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,True penitence impart;Then let a kindling glance from TheeBeam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign,
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 That is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies,
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE, 1759-1804

PENITENCE



- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
- With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, 7 Just as I am, of that free love blind,— Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

- 6 Just as I am,— Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!
- The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,

Here for a season, then above, O Lamb of God, I come! CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789-1871

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



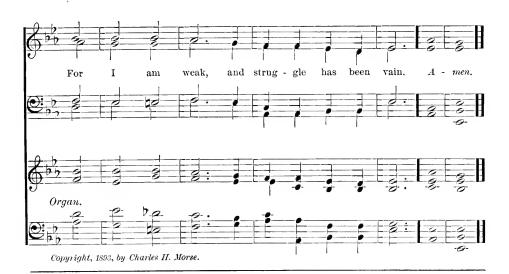
2 The days are gone when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abo

Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode; Toiling for man and Thee, Almighty God.

Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot,
 I gladly bear;
 Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
 Nor yet Thy care;

PENITENCE





Freedom from storms and wild desires within, Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

4 So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;—
Wounded, yet healed; sin-laden, yet forgiven;
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

THE DAY'S STRUGGLE WITH SIN



- The vain things loved before, The wanton deed and word and tho't, Lord, we renounce once more.
- 3 Once more we vow the holy faith To keep unstained and true: Once more we promise unto death Thy holy will to do.
- 2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought, 4 Again we gird us to the fight, Again we face the foe, Resolved beneath Thy banner bright, Where Thou shalt lead to go.
 - 5 O Father, pardon all the past; Give back Thy wasted grace; And strengthen us, while life shall last, To run the heavenward race.

Anon.

PENITENCE



- 2 With my burden I begin; Lord, remove this load of sin; Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast,
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain
 And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here, Let Thy love my spirit cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do, Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of faith, Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1725-1807



2 Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,



Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee, Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!



- 2 Thy Throne eternal ages stood, Ere seas or stars were made: Thou art the ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view;
 To Thee there's nothing old appears—

Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,

And vexed with trifling cares; While Thine eternal thought moves on Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

ISAAC WATTS (abridged), 1674-1748



2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust And give Thee thanks forever,

O Father, that Thy rule is just And wise, and changes never.

Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,

Done is whate'er Thy will ordains; Well for us that Thou rulest!

3 O Jesu Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy heavenly Father,

O Thou who hast our peace restored And the lost sheep dost gather, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high From out our depths we sinners cry.

Have mercy on us, Jesus!

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift, Thou Comforter unfailing,

O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift, And let Thy power availing

Avert our woes and calm our dread, For us the Saviour's blood was shed.

st gather, We trust in Thee to save us.
NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1490?-1541 Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-78



- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food, And formed the creatures with His word, And clouds arise, and tempests blow. And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed Where'er I turn mine eye; If I survey the ground I tread,

Or gaze upon the sky.

- 5 There's not a plant or flower below But makes Thy glories known; By order from Thy throne.
- 6 Creatures that borrow life from Thee Are subject to Thy care; There's not a place where we can flee, But God is present there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748



- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope, Thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn; 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free, Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn; Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is

Before Thy ever-blazing throne We ask no lustre of our own.

And kindly hearts that burn for Thee, Till all Thy living altars claim One holy light, one heavenly flame. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-94



- 2 Lo! God is here, whom day and night
 United choirs of angels praise;To Him, enthroned above all height,The host of heaven their anthems raise.
- 3 Almighty Father, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heaven adore,
 From men, and from the angel host,
 Be praise and glory evermore.

 Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769. Tr. by John Wesley (1739). Alt. and arr.



Peter Ritter, 1760-1846 (Arr. by Wm. H. Monk, 1823-89)



2 And yet, O strange and wondrous 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside, thought!

Thou art a God who hearest prayer, And every heart with sorrow fraught To seek Thy present aid may dare.

- 3 And though most weak our efforts 5 So though we faint on life's dark seem
 - Into one creed these thoughts to bind.

And vain the intellectual dream, To see and know th'Eternal Mind:

- Who cannot solve Thy life divine, But would give up all reason's pride To know their hearts approved by Thine.
- hill,

And thought grow weak and knowledge flee,

Yet faith shall teach our courage still, And love shall guide us on to Thee. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, 1823-



- 2 Not mine to look where cherubim And seraphs may not see; But nothing can be good in Him Which evil is in me.
- 3 The wrong that pains my soul below, 6 No offering of my own I have, I dare not throne above; I know not of His hate,-I know His goodness and His love.
- 4 I know not what the future hath Of marvel or surprise, Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies.

- 5 And if my heart and flesh are weak To bear an untried pain, The bruised reed He will not break. But strengthen and sustain.
- Nor works my faith to prove; I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.
- 7 I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-92



- Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain: God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.



- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow, And Thou hast made each step an onward one; And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,— Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
- 3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,



Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly, Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Copyright, 1893, by Charles H. Morse.

4 Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling, Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love; Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

FAITH OF THE DAY THE



- Are to my God distinctly known; He knows the words I mean to speak Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand; On every side I find Thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own, 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great! What large extent, what lofty height! My soul, with all the powers I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost.
 - 5 Oh, may these tho'ts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest, Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin, for God is there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

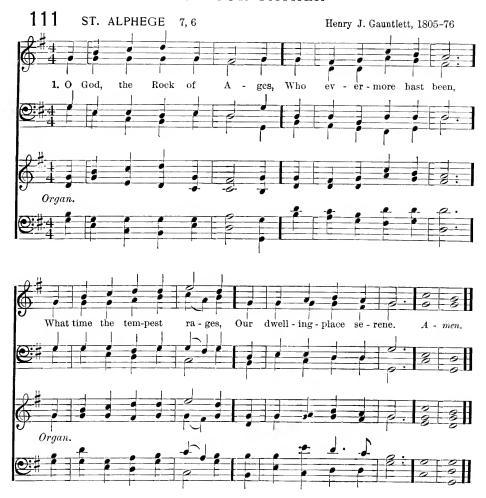


- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud; To Thee the powers on high, Both cherubim and seraphim, Continually do cry:
- 3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The world is with the glory filled
 Of Thy majestic sway!
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
 And prophets crowned with light,
 With all the martyrs' noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The Holy Church throughout the world, O Lord, confesses Thee, That Thou Eternal Father art, Of boundless majesty.

NAHUM TATE, 1652-1715, and NICOLAS BRADY, 1659-1756



- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our eternal home.



- 2 Before Thy first creations, O Lord, the same as now; To endless generations The everlasting Thou!
- 3 Our years are like the shadows On sunny hills that lie, Or grasses in the meadows That blossom but to die,—
- 4 A sleep, a dream, a story
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.
- 5 O Thou who canst not slumber, Whose light grows never pale,

- Teach us aright to number Our years before they fail.
- 6 On us Thy mercy lighten, On us Thy goodness rest, And let Thy Spirit brighten The hearts Thyself hast blessed.
- 7 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor With beauty and with grace, Till, clothed in light forever, We see Thee face to face,—
- 8 A joy no language measures, A fountain brimming o'er, An endless flow of pleasures, An ocean without shore.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1825-1906



154



- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball; What though no real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found,— In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing as they shine: "The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719



- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven,— Those hues, that make the sun's decline So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—



That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.





2 He only is the Maker Of all things near and far; He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star; The winds and waves obey Him, By Him the birds are fed: Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread. All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father, For all things bright and good, The seed-time and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food; Accept the gifts we offer For all thy love imparts, And, what Thou most desirest. Our humble, thankful hearts. All good gifts, etc.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1743-1815



- 2 Give to the Lord of Lords renown; The King of Kings with glory crown: His mercies ever shall endure, When lords and kings are known no more.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light; He bids the moon direct the night: His mercies ever shall endure, When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- sky, And fixed the starry lights on high: Wonders of grace to God belong; Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the 5 He sent His Son with power to save From guilt, and darkness, and the grave: Wonders of grace to God belong; Repeat His mercies in your song.
 - 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet, And leads us to His heavenly seat; His mercies ever shall endure, When this vain world shall be no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748



2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how made soon

Joy to abound;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds Circling us round;

That in the darkest spot of earth Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all my joy
Is touched with pain;

That shadows fall on brightest hours, That thorns remain;

So that earth's bliss may be my guide,

And not my chain.

Diviner things.
5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept

Our weak heart clings,

Hast given us joys tender and true, Yet all with wings,

So that we see, gleaming on high,

The best in store;

I have enough, yet not too much

To long for more:

A yearning for a deeper peace Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.



- 2 Praise to the Lord! He is reigning o'er all in His splendor, Yet, as on eagle-wing, beareth thee upward so tender!

 He hath decreed bountifully to thy need:

 Deeply thy gratitude render.
- 3 Praise to the Lord! who in wonderful beauty hath made thee; Healed thee, and guided thee,—never neglected to aid thee; In bitter pain, over and over again,
- God 'neath His covert hath stayed thee.

 4 Praise to the Lord! To that Name Alleluia forever!

Sing, all ye people, the Holy One strong to deliver!

He is your Light! Never forget ye His right.

Amen! forever and ever.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1650-80. Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882



- 2 He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all His own, And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne, Come, bow before the Lord; We are His work and not our own; He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
 Nor dare provoke His rod;
 Come, like the people of His choice,
 And own your gracious God.



2 Let all the world in every corner sing, "My God and King!"The Church with psalms must shout, No door can shut them out;



But, above all, the heart

Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,

"My God and King!"

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1633



- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven,
 The one eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

MARTIN RINKART, 1586-1649



- 2 For voice and silence both impart
 The filial homage of my heart;
 And both alike are understood
 By Thee, Thou Parent of all good,—
- Whose grace is all unsearchable,
 Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
 Who loves my loudest praise to hear,
 And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.
 Greek Hymn.



GOD THE FATHER

- 2 Only be still, and wait His leisure
 In cheerful hope, with heart content
 To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
 And all-deserving love hath sent;
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are
 known
 - To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;

So do thine own part faithfully, And trust His word; tho' undeserving, Thou yet shalt find it true for thee: God never yet forsook at need The soul that trusted Him indeed.



- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness, And sound His power abroad; Sing the sweet promise of His grace, And the performing God
 - And the performing God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
- The voice that rolls the stars along Speaks all the promises.
- 4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue But whisper, "Thou art mine!" Those gentle words should raise my song

To notes almost divine.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748



2 The Lord is King! Who then shall 4 He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your

Resist His will, distrust His care, Or murmur at His wise decrees, Or doubt His royal promises?

Your God is King, your Father reigns; And He is at the Father's side.— The Man of Love, the Crucified!

- 3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust, 5 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake, The Judge of all the earth is just; Holy and true are all His ways; Let every creature speak His praise.
- His might decay, His love forsake,— Then may His children cease to sing, The Lord Omnipotent is King!
 - 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures; He reigns, and life and death are yours: Through earth and heaven one song shall ring, The Lord Omnipotent is King!



- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived From whence those comforts flowed.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou With health renewed my face;

With health renewed my face; And when in sins and sorrows sunk, Revived my soul with grace. 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts

My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise; For oh, eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise.



- 2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold, Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old, Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree, And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

ROBERT GRANT, 1779-1838





- 2 The Lord Jehovah is my God, My Rock, my Strength, my Wealth; My strong Deliverer, and my Trust, My spirit's only Health.
- 3 In my distress I sought my God, I sought Jehovah's face: My cry before Him came; He heard Out of His holy place.
- 4 The Lord descended from above
 And bowed the heavens most high,
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 5 On cherub and on cherubim Full royally He rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.
- 6 The voice of God did thunder high, The lightnings answered keen; The channels of the deep were bared, The world's foundations seen.
- 7 And so delivered He my soul:Who is a rock but He?He liveth—blessed be my Rock;My God exalted be.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, ---?-1549. Recast by George Rawson, 1807-89



- 2 Where streams of living water flow, My ransomed soul He leadeth, And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight, Thy unction grace bestoweth; And oh, what transport of delight From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house forever!



- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the dark waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;



The flame shall not hurt thee,—I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

- 5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs, they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to His foes: That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH, 18th century



2 Let Thy mercy's wings be spread O'er me, keep me close to Thee; In the peace Thy love doth shed Let me dwell eternally.



Be mine all! In all I do

Let me only seek Thy will;

When my heart to Thee is true,

All is peaceful, calm, and still.

August Hermann Francke, 1663-1727. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1829-78



GOD THE FATHER



Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry

In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,

In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-89

3 When the man of toil and care



- 2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
 But is mightier than it seems;
 'Tis our Father: and His fondness
 Goes far out beyond our dreams.
 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind,
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.



But we make His love too narrow By false limits of our own; And we magnify His strictness With a zeal He will not own.

4 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-63



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure.

GOD THE FATHER



3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing
Earth has no sorrows but Heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE, 1779-1852 Third stanza by Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872



- 2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold There mercy prints its trace; In nature we Thy steps behold, The gospel shows Thy face.
- 3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend

Our feeble range of sight, They wind, through darkness, to their end

In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find:
His love lights up the vast abyss

His love lights up the vast abyss Of the eternal Mind.

5 Thy chastisements are love; more

They stamp the seal Divine, And by a sweet compulsion keep Our spirits nearer Thine.

6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love O blessed Lord, that we

May there, when time's deep shades remove,

Be gathered home to Thee:

Shall in Thy love be one.

7 There with Thy resting saints to fall Adoring round Thy throne; Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all

JAMES D. BURNS, 1823-64



- 2 But oftener on the wings of peace,And girt about with tenderness,Thou comest, and all troubles cease:Thy will is done.
- 3 In youthful days, when joys increase, In light, in hope, in happiness, In quiet times of trustful peace, Thy will is done.
- 4 And when the burdened heart can bring Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling Till hope surpasses sorrowing, Thy will is done.
 - 5 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just, And we, frail creatures of the dust, Through good or ill, can only trust Thy will is done.

FREDERIC SMITH, 1849 ----



- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
 Absorbs not all the heart
 That gives Thee glory, love, and praise
 For being what Thou art.
- 3 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
 O'er thanks exalted far,
 Thy very greatness is a rest
 To weaklings as we are.
- 4 All glory to the Father be, All glory to the Son, All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee, While endless ages run.



men; And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,

He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people; we His care; Our souls, and all our mortal frame:

What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues.

Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as eternity Thy love;

Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

THE DOXOLOGY L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!

Praise Him, all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.



- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
 Let men their songs employ;While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;

JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD



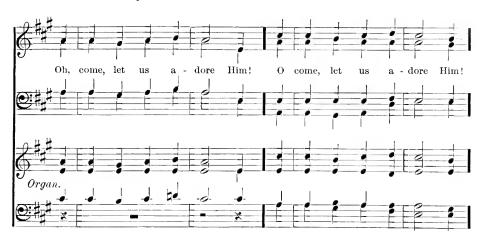
He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748



JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD





2 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation;
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured.
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Yea, Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;
Jesus, forever be Thy name adored!
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing!
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Latin: 17th century



- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled, And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world; Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on heavenly wing, And ever o'er its Babel-sounds The blessed angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And men, at war with men, hear not
 The love-song which they bring;
 Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!

JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD



- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow,—
 Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing:
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold,—
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1810-76



- 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
 - A Virgin's arms contain Thee now; While angels, who in Thee rejoice, Now listen for Thine infant voice.
- 3 A little Child, Thou art our guest, That weary ones in Thee may rest; Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth, That we may rise to heaven from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night
 To make us children of the light,
 To make us, in the realms divine,
 Like Thine own angels round Thee
 shine.
- 5 All this for us Thy love hath done; By this to Thee our love is won. For this we tune our cheerful lays, And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546



- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!In lowly pomp ride on to die:O Christ, Thy triumphs now beginO'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering
 eyes
 - To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The Father on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, Thy power, and
 reign.

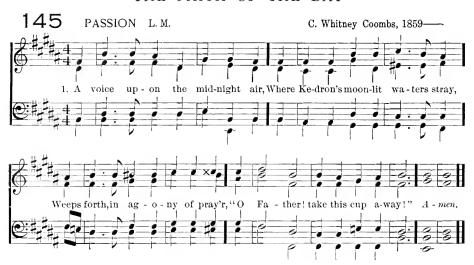
HENRY H. MILMAN, 1791-1868



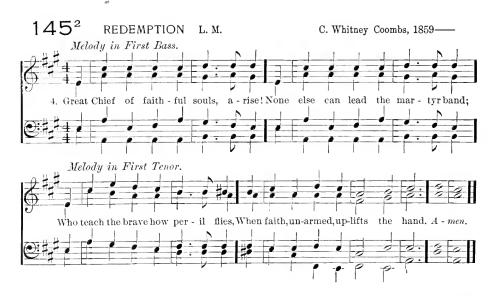


Copyright, 1893, by Charles H. Morse.

- 2 O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming;
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 Where children pure and happy
 Pray to the blessed Child;
 Where misery cries out to Thee,
 Son of the Mother mild;
 Where Charity stands watching,
 And Faith holds wide the door,—
 The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
 And Christmas comes once more.
 - 5 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Descend to us, we pray!
 Cast out our sin, and enter in;
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!



2 Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death, 3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth, for all her children, saith,
"O God! take not this cup away!"
Thy peace revive the faint and low.



5 O King of earth! the Cross ascend; O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne; Where'er Thy fading eye may bend, The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

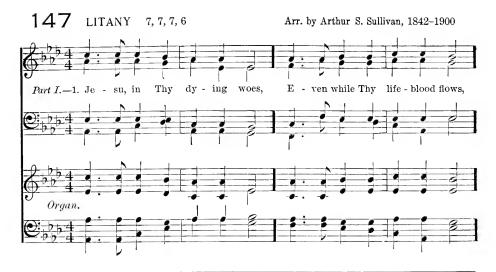
6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

James Martineau, 1805-1900



- 2 Through sorrow or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine own,And help me still to say:"My Lord, Thy will be done."
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.
- 4 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 5 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
- 6 Thus to my home above I travel calmly on, And sing, in life or death: "My Lord, Thy will be done."



- 2 Saviour, for our pardon sue, When our sins Thy pangs renew, For we know not what we do: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 3 O may we, who mercy need, Be like Thee in heart and deed, When with wrong our spirits bleed: Hear us, holy Jesu.

Part II

"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

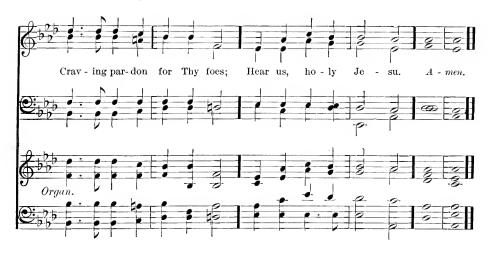
- 1 Jesu, pitying the sighs
 Of the thief who near Thee dies,
 Promising him Paradise:
 Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 2 May we, in our guilt and shame, Still Thy love and mercy claim, Calling humbly on Thy name: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 3 O remember us who pine, Looking from our cross to Thine; Cheer our souls with hope divine: Hear us, holy Jesu.

PART III

- "Woman, behold thy Son." "Behold Thy mother."
- 1 Jesu, loving to the end Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend, And Thy dearest human friend: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 2 May we in Thy sorrows share, And for Thee all peril dare, And enjoy Thy tender care: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 3 May we all Thy loved ones be, All one holy family, Loving for the love of Thee: Hear us, holy Jesu.

Part IV

- "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"
- 1 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown, With our evil left alone, While no light from heaven is shown: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 2 When we vainly seem to pray, And our hope seems far away, In the darkness be our stay: Hear us, holy Jesu.



3 Though no Father seem to hear, Though no light our spirits cheer, Tell our faith that God is near: Hear us, holy Jesu.

PART V "I thirst."

- 1 Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain, [drain, While Thy wounds Thy life-blood Thirsting more our love to gain: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 2 Thirst for us in mercy still; All Thy holy work fulfill; Satisfy Thy loving will: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 3 May we thirst Thy love to know; Lead us in our sin and woe Where the healing waters flow: Hear us, holy Jesu.

PART VI "It is finished."

1 Jesu, all our ransom paid,All Thy Father's will obeyed,By Thy sufferings perfect made:Hear us, holy Jesu.

- 2 Save us in our soul's distress, Be our help to cheer and bless, While we grow in holiness: Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 3 Brighten all our heavenward way
 With an ever holier ray,
 Till we pass to perfect day:
 Hear us, holy Jesu.

Part VII

- "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit."
- 1 Jesu, all Thy labor vast,
 All Thy woe and conflict past,
 Yielding up Thy soul at last:
 Hear us, holy Jesu.
- When the death shades round us lower,
 Guard us from the Tempter's power,
 Keep us in that trial hour:
 Hear us, holy Jesu.
- 3 May Thy life and death supply Grace to live, and grace to die, Grace to reach the home on high:

 Hear us, holy Jesu.

 THOMAS B. POLLOCK, 1836-96



- 2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee; With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came: How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee, While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.
- 3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
 With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
 Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
 When I am wronged how quickly I complain.



- 4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorns, Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?
- O victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
 O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
 O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
 I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.
 Jacques Bridaine, 1701-67. Tr. by Thomas B. Pollock, 1836-96



- 2 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love, And all three hours His silence cried For mercy on the souls of men,— Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
 By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
 And guilty found of too much love,—
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Found guilty of excess of love, It was Thine own sweet will that tied Thee tighter far than helpless nails,— Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 O love of God! O sin of man!
 In this dread act your strength is tried,
 And victory remains with love,
 For Thou, our Lord, art crucified.



- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds, And the rough way that Thou hast trod, Make us to hate the load of sin That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
 With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
 Embracing in Thy wondrous love
 The sinful world that lies below,
- 4 Give us an everliving faith

 To gaze beyond the things we see;

 And in the mystery of Thy death

 Draw us and all men unto Thee.



2 O noblest brow, and dearest!
In other days, the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

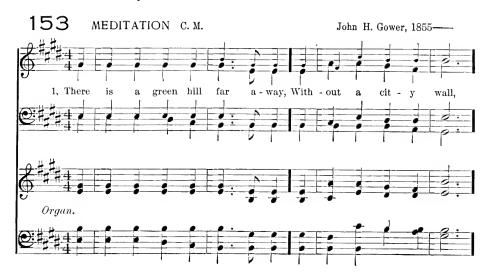
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.



- 4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 Oh, make me Thine forever!
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee!
- 5 Be near when I am dying,
 Oh, show Thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free!
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move,
 For He who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.



- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small,
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.





- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

 CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1823-95



- 2 Long years were spent for me In weariness and woe, That through eternity Thy glory I might know. Long years were spent for me, Have I spent one for Thee?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
 Thy rainbow-circled throne,
 Were left for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 Yea, all was left for me,
 Have I left aught for Thee?
- 4 And Thou hast brought to me,
 Down from Thy home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love.
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me,
 What have I brought to Thee?
- 5 O let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent;
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent.
 Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
 I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79



- 2 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,And with the treasures of His grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And heaven's eternal arches ring With Thy beloved name.



- 2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me,— Thou art not, like man, untrue; And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
 I have stayed my heart on Thee:
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.





Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me; Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1793-1847



- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
 I have stayed my heart on Thee.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.



- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress;



Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to Thy fountain fly: Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

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



- 2 Not the labors of my hands Can fulfil the law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone: Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress;



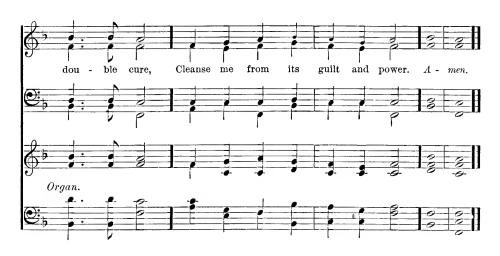
Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to Thy fountain fly: Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

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



- 2 Not the labors of my hands Can fulfil the law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone: Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress;





Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to Thy fountain fly: Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

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



- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, Thou our mortal griefs hast borne, Thou hast shed the human tear: Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls For our own departed souls; When our final doom is near, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head; Thou the blood of life hast shed; Thou hast filled a mortal bier: Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 5 When the heart is sad within With the thought of all its sin; When the spirit shrinks with fear, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known, Though the sins were not Thine own; Thou hast deigned their load to bear: Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

HENRY H. MILMAN, 1791-1868



- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,By the cross are sanctified;Peace is there that knows no measure,Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory:
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
 John Bowring, 1792-1872



- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia! Fought the fight, the battle won: Alleluia! Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Alleluia! Lo! He sets in blood no more. Alleluia!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Alleluia! Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Alleluia!



Death in vain forbids His rise; Alleluia! Christ hath opened Paradise! Alleluia!

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-88



3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Death in vain forbids His rise; Christ hath opened Paradise!



4 Lives again our glorious King: Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Once He died, our souls to save: Where thy victory, O Grave?

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-88



- 2 The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed; Let shouts of holy joy outburst.

 Alleluia!
- 3 The three sad days have quickly sped: He rises glorious from the dead; All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!



- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
 Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
 Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live and sing to Thee,
 Alleluia!



- 2 What is faith's foundation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my sinful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 3 Who defeats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my fainting heart, Healing all its hidden smart? Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 4 Who is Life in life to me?
 Who the Death of death will be?
 Who will place me on His right
 With the countless hosts of light?
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 5 This is that great thing I know;
 This delights and stirs me so:
 Faith in Him who died to save,
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

BENJAMIN H. KENNEDY, 1804-89



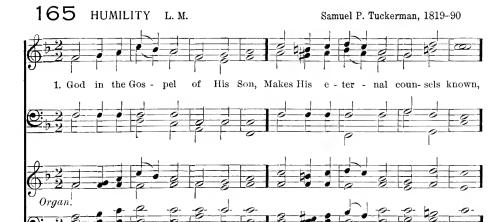
- 2 And what I say, let each this morn Go tell it to his friend. That soon in every place shall dawn His kingdom without end.
- 3 Now first to souls who thus awake Seems earth a fatherland:
 - A new and endless life they take With rapture from His hand.
- 4 The fears of death and of the grave Are whelmed beneath the sea, And every heart, now light and brave, May face the things to be.
- 5 The way of darkness that He trod To heaven at last shall come; And he who hearkens to His word, Shall reach His Father's home. Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1772-1801. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829-78

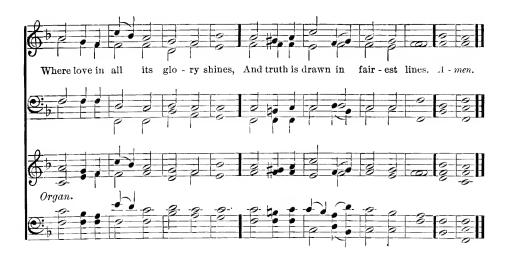


- Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of Israel's might. And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God Who from His altar call: Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod. And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ransomed of the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!

- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall,
 - Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
 - 6 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 - 7 O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall, Join in the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all!

EDWARD PERRONET (vs. 1-5), 1726-92. John Rippon (vs. 6, 7), 1751-1836





- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame May taste His grace and learn His name: May read, in characters of Blood, The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains; 5 Oh! grant us grace, Almighty Lord! The weary rest from all his pains; The captive feel his bondage cease; The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals, to mortal eyes, A brighter world beyond the skies: Here shines the light which guides our way

From earth to realms of endless day.

To read and mark Thy Holy Word, Its truths with meekness to receive, And by its holy precepts live.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1717-95. Alt. by Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823



- 2 Pardon our offences, Loose our captive chains, Break down every idol Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,

 Fill our hearts with love;

 Draw us, holy Jesus,

 To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.
- 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

 George R. Prynne, 1818---





- 2 O Jesus, youth of Nazareth, Preparing for the bitter strife, Wilt Thou impart to every heart Thy perfect purity of life?
- 3 O Christ, who taught amid the fields
 And by the waves of Galilee,
 Grant us to find, with reverent mind,
 The truth Thou saidst should make
 us free.
- 4 O suffering Lord on Calvary,
 Who drank life's deepest cup of pain,
 We know the cross is not a loss
 If we Thy love shall truly gain.
- 5 O Master of abundant life
 From natal morn to victory's hour,
 We look to Thee, heed Thou our
 plea,
 Teach us to share Thy access power.

Teach us to share Thy ageless power. FERDINAND Q. BLANCHARD, 1876—



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.



3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-88



2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still the light Which guides the nations, groping on their way, Stumbling and falling in disastrous night, Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.



3 Yes! Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven! And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray, Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER, 1810-60



2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still the light Which guides the nations, groping on their way, Stumbling and falling in disastrous night, Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.



3 Yes! Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.



- 2 Our outward lips confess the Name All other names above;
 - Love only knoweth whence it came, And comprehendeth love.
- 3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
- 4 Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape
 The lineaments restore
 Of Him we know in outward shape
 And in the flesh no more.
- 5 For warm, sweet, tender, even yet A present help is He; And faith has still its Olivet, And love its Galilee.

- 6 The healing of His seamless dress Is by our beds of pain; We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
- 7 Through Him the first fond prayers are said

Our lips of childhood frame; The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with His name.

- 8 O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy
 call.
 - We test our lives by Thine.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-92



- 2 Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
- 3 Our little systems have their day; 5
 They have their day and cease to be:
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, are more than they.
- 4 Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before,
 - 5 But vaster. We are fools and slight; We mock Thee when we do not fear: But help Thy foolish ones to bear; Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

 Alfred Tennyson, 1809-92



2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
 O heavenly Light, arise,
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,
 And hide Thee from our eyes!
 We long to track the footprints
 That Thou Thyself hast trod;
 We long to see the pathway
 That leads to Thee, our God.



3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness.



- 2 Unreal to my weary mind Thy very truths and sacraments, Unless in these Thyself I find, And find in Thee their inner sense.
- 3 O Son of God and Son of man,Thou knowest what I cannot say!I hold Thee fast as best I can,Thrust not my feeble faith away.
- 4 Forgive me that I cannot speak
 What once I thought so well I knew!
 I only know my flesh is weak,—
 I only know that Thou art true.
- 5 Come nearer, Lord! beside me stand, Help me to praise where late I grieved.

Bring me to Thine unshadowed land,
With them who saw not, yet believed!
M. Woolsey Stryker, 1851— Abridged



- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried; Mercy is ever at His side; His kingly crown is holiness, His sceptre, pity in distress.
- 3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest, Where Christ, the ruler is confessed! Oh, happy hearts and happy homes To whom this King of triumph comes!
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart, Make it a temple set apart

From earthly use for heaven's employ, Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

- 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
 My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
 Let me Thy inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in; Let new and nobler life begin: Thy Holy Spirit guide us on, Until the glorious crown be won.



2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.



3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

German, about 1677



- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of His grace; God, in the person of His Son, Has all His mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood, Proclaim the wise, the powerful God; And Thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in His looks a glory stands, The noblest labor of Thine hands; The pleasing lustre of His eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name! Ye angels, dwell upon the sound; Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 Oh, may I reach that happy place Where He unveils His lovely face, Where all His beauties you behold, And sing His name to harps of gold!

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748



- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart, Then truth begins to shine, Then earthly vanities depart, Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, light of all below,
 Thou fount of life and fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire,—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.
- Thee may our tongues forever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.
 Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153



Thou savest those that on Thee call; To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,

To them that find Thee, All in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread, 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay! And long to feast upon Thee still! We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast; Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, — Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

> Make all our moments calm and bright!

Chase the dark night of sin away, Shed o'er the world Thy holy Light! BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,— Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

 JOHN NEWTON, ab. and alt., 1725-1807



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



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

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-88



- 2 May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be,— A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide;



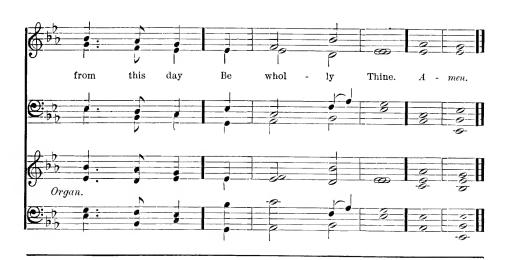
Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!



- 2 May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be,— A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide;





Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!



- 2 Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek: Give what is best. This all my prayer shall be: More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,





Copyright, 1870, by W. Howard Doane. By permission.

When they can sing with me: More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

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



- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
 On Thee my hope relies,
 O Thou whose love provideth
 For all beneath the skies;
 O Thou whose mercy found me,
 From bondage set me free,
 And then forever bound me
 With threefold cords to Thee.
- 3 My grief is in the dullness
 With which this sluggish heart
 Doth open to the fullness
 Of all Thou wouldst impart;
 My joy is in Thy beauty
 Of holiness divine,
 My comfort in the duty
 That binds my life to Thine.



- 4 Alas, that I should ever
 Have failed in love to Thee,
 The only one who never
 Forgot or slighted me!
 Oh, for a heart to love Thee
 More truly as I ought,
 And nothing place above Thee
 In deed, or word, or thought.
- 5 Oh, for that choicest blessing,
 Of living in Thy love,
 And thus on earth possessing
 The peace of heaven above:
 Oh, for the bliss that by it
 The soul securely knows;
 The holy calm and quiet
 Of faith's serene repose.

 John S. B. Monsell, 1811-75



- 2 When sleep her balm denies, My silent spirit sighs, May Jesus Christ be praised! When evil thoughts molest, With this I shield my breast, May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
 A solace here I find,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Or fades my earthly bliss?
 My comfort still is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 4 The night becomes as day When from the heart we say, May Jesus Christ be praised!



The powers of darkness fear, When this sweet chant they hear, May Jesus Christ be praised!

- 5 In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Let earth and sea and sky
 From depth to height reply,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 6 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Be this the eternal song,
 Through all the ages on,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

German (19th century). Tr. EDWARD CASWALL.



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



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





- 2 "Come unto me, ye wanderers, And I will give you light." O loving voice of Jesus, Which comes to cheer the night! Our hearts were filled with sadness, And we had lost our way; But He has brought us gladness, And songs at break of day.
- 3 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
 And I will give you life."
 O cheering voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to aid our strife!

- The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long;
 But He has made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong.
- 4 "And whosoever cometh,
 I will not east him out."
 O welcome voice of Jesus,
 Which drives away our doubt,
 Which calls us very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee!
 WILLIAM C. DIX, 1837-98



2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold; I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea,— 'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold, As Thou, dear Lord, on me.



3 I find, I walk, I love, but, oh, the whole Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee: For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul, Always Thou lovedst me.



- 2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me,—
 The world is ever near;
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear.
 My foes are ever near me,
 Around me, and within;
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised, To all who follow Thee, That where Thou art in glory, There shall Thy servant be;



And, Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end; Oh, give me grace to follow My Master and my Friend!

4 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own:
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.



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



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



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!



3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low:
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!



3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low:
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!



2 In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil, and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."



Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!



- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
 - "In His feet and hands are woundprints,

And His side."

- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch, That His brow adorns?
 - "Yea, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow, What His guerdon here?
 - "Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?
 - "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?
 - "Not till earth and not till heaven Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless?

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

JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-66



- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, He stands, With melting heart and open hands: Oh, matchless kindness!—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out His enemy and thine; Turn out the soul-enslaving sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 4 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of peace, Oh, may Thy gentle reign increase! Throw wide the door, each willing mind, And be His empire all mankind!



- 2 O Source of uncreated Light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high, Rich in Thy sevenfold energy! Thou Strength of His almighty hand, Whose power does heaven and earth command, Proceeding Spirit, our Defence, Who dost the gift of tongues dispense.
- 4 Refine and purge our earthly parts, But oh, inflame and fire our hearts! Our frailties help, our vice control. Submit the senses to the soul,

THE HOLY SPIRIT



And when rebellious they are grown, Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

- 5 Chase from our minds the infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way. Make us eternal truths receive And practice all that we believe.
- 6 Immortal honor, endless fame, Attend the Almighty Father's name: The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died: And equal adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

The original is variously attributed to Charlemagne, a d. 800, and to Gregory the Great, 540-604. Paraphrased by John Dryden, 1631-1700



- 2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry; O highest gift of God most high, O Fount of life, O Fire of love, And sweet anointing from above!
- 3 Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us Thy true peace instead;
 So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.

Latin hymn, 8th century. Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-78

THE HOLY SPIRIT



- 2 He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious, willing Guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms
 each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see;
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
 And worthier Thee.

HARRIET AUBER, 1773-1862



- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies, No sudden rending of the veil of clay, No angel visitant, no opening skies; But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh: Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,

THE HOLY SPIRIT



To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;

Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The kindling of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

GEORGE CROLY, 1780-1860



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

THE HOLY SPIRIT



- 2 Pride scorns Thee for Thy lowly mien:
 But who like Thee can rise
 Above this toilsome, sordid scene
 - Above this toilsome, sordid scene, Beyond the holy skies?
- 3 Meek is Thine eye, and soft Thy voice,
 But wondrous is Thy might
 To make the wretched soul rejoice,
 To give the simple light.
- 4 And still to all who seek Thy way
 This mystic power is given,

- E'en while their footsteps press the clay, Their souls ascend to heaven.
- 5 Through pain and death I can rejoice,
 If but Thy strength be mine;
 Earth hath no music like Thy voice,
 Life owns no joy like Thine.
 - 6 Spirit of Faith! I'll go with Thee; Thou, if I hold Thee fast, Wilt guide, defend, and strengthen me, And bear me home at last.

Ann Bronté, 1820-49



- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise, Scatter our enemies, And make them fall. Let Thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on Thee be stayed: Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou Incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of holiness, On us descend.

THE HOLY SPIRIT



- 4 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour;
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.
- 5 To the great One in Three
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore.
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

Anon. (about 1757)



- 2 Not only olden ages felt The presence of the Lord; Not only with the fathers dwelt Thy Spirit and Thy Word:
- 3 Doth not the Spirit still descend And bring the heavenly fire? Doth not He still the church extend, And waiting souls inspire?
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise:
 Be this Thy mighty hour;
 And make Thy willing people wise
 To know Thy day of power.
- 5 Pour down Thy fire in us to glow, Thy might in us to dwell: Again Thy works of wonder show, Thy blessed secrets tell.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1819-

OUR COUNTRY



- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer; Thy blessing came, and still its power Shall onward through all ages bear The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves; And where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
 Their children's children shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And spring adorns the earth no more.

THE LARGER WORK



- 2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills:
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:

OUR COUNTRY



Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

THE LARGER WORK



- 2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
 Be jealous for Thy name,
 And drive from out our coasts
 The sins that put to shame.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our fatherland.
- 3 The powers ordained by Thee
 With heavenly wisdom bless;
 May they Thy servants be,
 And rule in righteousness.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our fatherland.

OUR COUNTRY



- 4 The Church of Thy dear Son
 Inflame with love's pure fire,
 Bind her once more in one,
 And life and truth inspire.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our fatherland.
- 5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
 Oh, let no foe draw nigh,
 Nor lawless deed of crime
 Insult Thy majesty.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mights

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our fatherland.

THE LARGER WORK



2 For her our prayers shall rise To God above the skies: On Him we wait. Thou who art ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee aloud we cry, God save the State!

OUR COUNTRY



3 Lo! our hearts' prayers arise
Into the upper skies,
Regions of light!
He who hath heard each sigh
Watches each weeping eye:
He is forever nigh,

Venger of right.

THE LARGER WORK



Copyright, 1909, by Charles II. Morse.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,

Such boastings as the Gentiles use, Or lesser breeds without the law,— Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4 For heathen heart that puts her trust

In reeking tube and iron shard, All valiant dust that builds on dust, And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,

For frantic boast and foolish word,—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1865—



2 One holy Church, one army strong, One steadfast high intent,

One working band, one harvest song, One King Omnipotent!

 3 How purely hath thy speech come down

down
From man's primeval youth!

How grandly hath thine empire grown,

Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

4 How gleam thy watch-fires thro' the night

With never-fainting ray!

How rise thy towers, serene and bright,

To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock, In vain the drifting sands; Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock, The Eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1822-82



- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
 Full soon were we down-ridden;
 But for us fights the proper Man,
 Whom God Himself hath bidden.
 Ask ye, who is this same?
 Christ Jesus is His name,
 The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
 He, and no other one,
 Shall conquer in the battle.
- 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore;
 Not they can overpower us.



And let the prince of ill Look grim as e'er he will, He harms us not a whit; For why? his doom is writ; A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And, though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546



- 2 Where'er the gentle heart Finds courage from above; Where'er the heart forsook Warms with the breath of love; Where faith bids fear depart, City of God! Thou art.
- 3 Thou art where'er the proud In humbleness melts down: Where self itself yields up; Where martyrs win their crown; Where faithful souls possess Themselves in perfect peace.
- 4 Where in life's common ways With cheerful feet we go; Where in His steps we tread Who trod the way of woe; Where He is in the heart, City of God! Thou art.
- 5 Not through above the skies, Nor golden-walled afar, But where Christ's two or three In His name gathered are; Be in the midst of them, God's own Jerusalem! Francis T. Palgrave, 1824-97



- 2 Only righteous men and women Dwell within its gleaming walls; Wrong is banished from its borders, Justice reigns through all its halls.
- 3 We are builders of that city, All our joys and all our groans Help to rear its shining ramparts; All our lives are building-stones.
- 4 For that city we must labor, For its sake bear pain and grief;

- In it find the end of living, And the anchor of belief.
- 5 And the work that we have builded, Oft with bleeding hands and tears, Oft in error, oft in anguish, Will not perish with our years.
- 6 It will last, and shine transfigured
 In the final reign of Right;
 It will pass into the splendors
 Of the city of the Light.

FELIX ADLER, 1851-



- 2 Fair truth, and smiling love,
 And injured righteousness,
 Under Thy banners move,
 And seek from Thee redress:
 Thou in their cause shalt prosperous ride,
 And far and wide dispense Thy laws.
 - Before Thine awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of Thy grace,—
 The grace that conquers all:



The world shall know, great King of kings, What wondrous things Thine arm can do.

4 Here to my waiting soul
Bend Thy triumphant way;
Here every fear control,
And all Thy power display:
My heart, Thy throne, blest Jesus, see,
Bows low to Thee,— to Thee alone.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-51



- 2 Fair truth, and smiling love,
 And injured righteousness,
 Under Thy banners move,
 And seek from Thee redress:
 Thou in their cause shalt prosperous ride,
 And far and wide dispense Thy laws.
 - 3 Before Thine awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of Thy grace,—
 The grace that conquers all:



The world shall know, great King of kings, What wondrous things Thine arm can do.

4 Here to my waiting soul
Bend Thy triumphant way;
Here every fear control,
And all Thy power display:
My heart, Thy throne, blest Jesus, see,
Bows low to Thee,—to Thee alone.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-51



- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold! Hail to the millions from bondage returning! Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding along;



Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



- And praises throng to crown His head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made, 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose His chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 - 5 Let every creature rise, and bring Peculiar honors to their King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the long amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748



- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to Thee! And over land and stream and main Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!
- 3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell, Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns!

Mrs. Voke (?) --- 1825 (?)



- 2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend In anxious silence o'er the sign, And vainly seek to comprehend The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 - And nations, gathering at the call, Their spirits kindle in its light.
- 4 Uplift the banner! Let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide:
 - Our glory only in the cross, Our only hope the Crucified.
- 5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours; We conquer only in that sign. George Washington Doans, 1799-1859



- 2 By other sounds the world is won Than that which wails from Macedon; The roar of gain is round it rolled, Or men unto themselves are sold, And cannot list the alien cry, "Oh, hear and help us, lest we die!"
- 3 Yet with that cry from Macedon
 The very car of Christ rolls on;
 "I come who would abide My day
 In yonder wilds prepare My Way;

My voice is crying in their cry; Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

4 Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
Oh, by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their
cry,

Help us to help them, lest we die. Samuel J. Stone, 1839-1901. Abridged



- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry,
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply,
 Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
 And answer when Thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, Thou!
 We, children of Thy grace!
 Oh, let Thy Spirit now
 Descend, and fill the place;



That all may feel the heavenly flame, And all unite to praise Thy name.

Organ.

4 And send Thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord;
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word;
Till heathen lands shall own Thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

JOHN BURTON, 1692-1763



2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light! And, from eastern coast to western, May the morning chase the night; And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day.



3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.



- 2 Christ for the world we sing:
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed, at countless cost,
 From dark despair.
- 3 Christ for the world we sing: The world to Christ we bring, With one accord;



With us the work to share, With us reproach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.

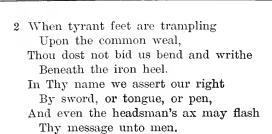
4 Christ for the world we sing:
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.





- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free; And blest would be their children's fate, Though they, like them, should die for thee. Faith of our fathers, holy faith, We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our fathers, God's great power
 Shall soon all nations win for thee;
 And through the truth that comes from God,
 Mankind shall then be truly free.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.





Organ.

dim.



3 Thy will! it bids the weak be strong; It bids the strong be just: No lip to fawn, no hand to beg, No brow to seek the dust. Wherever man oppresses man Beneath the liberal sun, O Lord, be there, Thine arm made bare,

Thy righteous will be done!



- 2 A holy war those servants wage; Mysteriously at strife, The powers of heaven and hell engage For more than death or life. Ye armies of the living God, His sacramental host, Where hallowed footsteps never trod Take your appointed post.
- 3 Though few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Captain's strength Go to the conquest of all lands; All must be His at length.



Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment day.

4 Oh, fear not, faint not, halt not now;
In Jesus' name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass:
The cross hath won the field."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854



- 2 A holy war those servants wage;
 Mysteriously at strife,
 The powers of heaven and hell engage
 For more than death or life.
 Ye armies of the living God,
 His sacramental host,
 Where hallowed footsteps never trod
 Take your appointed post.
- 3 Though few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Captain's strength Go to the conquest of all lands; All must be His at length.



Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment day.

4 Oh, fear not, faint not, halt not now;
In Jesus' name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass:
The cross hath won the field."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854



2 Lead on, O King Eternal!
 Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
 And Holiness shall whisper
 The sweet amen of peace;
 For not with swords' loud clashing,
 Nor roll of stirring drums,
 But deeds of love and mercy,
 The heavenly kingdom comes.





3 Lead on, O King Eternal!
We follow not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us—
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest—
Lead on, O God of might!



2 Lead on, O King Eternal!
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet amen of peace;
For not with swords' loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.



3 Lead on, O King Eternal!
We follow not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us—
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest—
Lead on, O God of might!



- 2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, etc.
- 3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod.
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,—
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.



- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain.
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King,—
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, etc.
 Saeine Baring-Gould, 1834—



- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in his train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD



They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!



2 Not for weight of glory,
Nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth,
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD



- 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.
- 5 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, callèd, faithful,
 For our Captain's band,—
 In the service royal,
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.
 Frances R. Hayergal, 1836-79



- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead;
 And homes are bare and cold;
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd
 bled
 Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,

- To tend the lone and fatherless, Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and
 peace—
 It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word, Though dim our faith may be; Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it unto Thee.

WILLIAM W. How, 1823-97

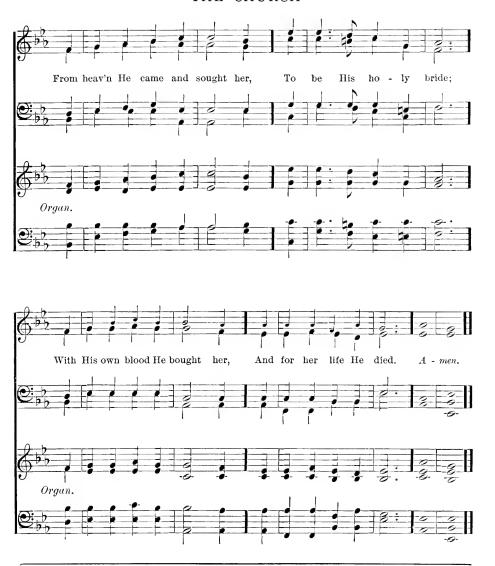


- 2 I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,For her my prayers ascend;To her my cares and toils be givenTill toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways,

- Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,Our Saviour and our King,Thy hand from every snare and foeShall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.
 THOUTHY DWIGHT, 1752-1817



- 2 Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her charter of salvation One Lord, one faith, one birth; One holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food, And to one hope she presses, With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppressed,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.



- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won;
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace, that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

 Samuel J. Stone, 1839-1901



- 2 The Church from her dear Master Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the Living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world.



It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

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



- 2 The Church from her dear Master Received the gift divine, And still that light she lifteth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the golden casket Where gems of truth are stored; It is the heaven-drawn picture Of Christ, the Living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world.



It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

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



- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win with them the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!



- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle: they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
 WILLIAM W. HOW, 1823-97



- 2 Never flinched they from the flame, From the torture, never; Vain the foeman's sharpest aim, Satan's best endeavor: For by faith they saw the land Decked in all its glory, Where triumphant now they stand With the victor's story.
- 3 Faith they had that knew not shame, Love that could not languish; And eternal hope o'ercame Momentary anguish.



He who trod the self-same road
Death and hell defeated;
Wherefore these their passions showed
Calvary repeated.

4 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will seize the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!



- We mark her holy battlements, And her foundations strong;We hear within, the solemn voice Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
 Thy Holy Church, O God,
- Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
 - And tempests are abroad;
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Immovable she stands,—
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A house not made with hands.

 ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1818-96



- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free, And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.



2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,—As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;



Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, my All-in-All!



- 2 While in penitence we kneel, Thy sweet presence let us feel, All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze, Mourning o'er our sinful ways, Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side, Whence there flowed the healing tide,— There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release, Cold and wavering faith increase. Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!
- 6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand Till around Thy throne we stand In the bright and better land.



2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,

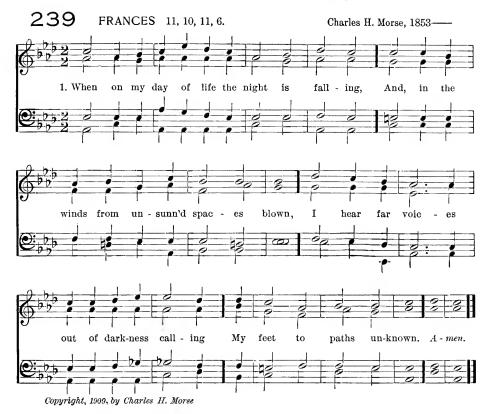
Look on the tears by sinners shed;

And be Thy feast to us the token

That by Thy grace our souls are fed.



- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be; Thy testamental cup I take, And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me,—
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.
- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Then, Lord, remember me!



- 2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant, Leave not its tenant when its walls decay; O Love Divine, O Helper ever present, Be Thou my strength and stay!
- 3 I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit Be with me then to comfort and uphold; No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit, Nor street of shining gold.
- 4 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place,—
- 5 Some humble door among Thy many mansions, Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease, And flows forever through heaven's green expansions The river of Thy peace.
- 6 There, from the music round about me stealing, I fain would learn the new and holy song, And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing, The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-92



- 2 A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where suns are not, A far serener clime: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest day; Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat On this wild rocky shore,
- And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more: Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that calm day; Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears,
- And we shall weep no more:



Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest day; Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

5 A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day; Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

6 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-89



- 2 Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, ascending, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source: So my soul, derived from God, Pants to view His glorious face, Forward tends to His abode, To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Fly me, riches! fly me, cares!
 Whilst I that coast explore;
 Flattering world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more!



Pilgrims fix not here their home; Strangers tarry but a night: When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joyful light.

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



3 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.



4 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.





- 2 Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us, And, like benighted men, we miss our mark; God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.—Angels, etc.
- 3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.—Angels, etc.
- 4 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—Angels, etc.
- 5 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—Angels, etc.

 Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63



- 2 Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us, And, like benighted men, we miss our mark; God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us Ere death finds out his victims in the dark. Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.



- 4 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,.
 And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 5 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.



- 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Wherefore doth death delay,
 Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
 Of our eternal day?
 Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 4 O Paradise O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;



I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spotless shore, Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 O Paradise! O Paradise!

¶ I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.



- 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!

 The world is growing old;

 Who would not be at rest and free

 Where love is never cold?

 Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Wherefore doth death delay,
 Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
 Of our eternal day?
 Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 4 O Paradise! O Paradise! I want to sin no more;



- I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spotless shore, Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me,
 Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 6 O Paradise! O Paradise! I feel 'twill not be long; Patience! I almost think I hear Faint fragments of thy song; Where loyal hearts, etc.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-63



- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessèd
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David, And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast;



And they who with their Leader Have conquered in the fight, Forever and forever Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.



- 2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But every soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light. O my sweet home, Jerusalem, Thy joys when shall I see? The King that sitteth on thy throne In His felicity?
- 3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.



Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit,
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.
Jesusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee;
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

DAVID DICKSON, 1583-1663



- 2 There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- Stand dressed in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch away.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes;
 - 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.



- 2 There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes;
 - 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.



- 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne? What are the peace and the joy that they own? Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share, All that they feel could as fully declare.
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore, Vision of peace that brings joy evermore; Wish and fulfillment can severed be ne'er, Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring, We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing, While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise Thy blessed people eternally raise.



- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er, Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore; One and unending is that triumph-song Which to the angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high, We for that country must yearn and must sigh; Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land, Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Now low before Him with praises we fall, Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all: Of Whom, the Father, and in Whom, the Son; Through Whom, the Spirit, with them ever One.

"O Quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata." Old Latin hymn of 13th century.
Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818-66. Slightly alt. and ab'd.



- What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky;
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 - O joy, for all its former woes A thousandfold repaid!
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore; What knitting severed friendships up, Where partings are no more.



Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign!
Appear, Desire of Nations,
Thine exiles long for home!
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

HENRY ALFORD, 1810-71



2 Zion hears the watchmen singing, And all her heart with joy is springing: She wakes, she rises from her gloom; For her Lord comes down all-glorious, The strong in grace, in truth victorious; Her Star is risen, her Light is come! Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord, O Jesus, Son of God, Hallelujah! We follow till the halls we see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.



3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone:
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal,
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne:
No eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

D. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1556-1608



- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife, With Thee is hidden still their life; Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers, All Thine, and yet most truly ours; For well we know, where'er they be, Our dead are living unto Thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground, Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound, Not wandering in unknown despair Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care; Not left to lie like fallen tree; Not dead, but living unto Thee.



- 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just:
 To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust,
 And bless Thee for the love which gave
 Thy Son to fill a human grave,
 That none might fear that world to see,
 Where all are living unto Thee.
- 5 O Breather into man of breath!
 O Holder of the keys of death!
 O Giver of the life within!
 Save us from death, the death of sin;
 That body, soul, and spirit be
 Forever living unto Thee.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-93



- 2 There the tears of earth are dried; There its hidden things are clear; There the work of life is tried By a juster Judge than here. Father! in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the sinful souls that turn
 To the cross their dying eyes,
 All the love of Christ shall learn
 At His feet in Paradise.
 Father! in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.



- 4 There no more the powers of hell
 Can prevail to mar their peace;
 Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
 He who died for their release.
 Father! in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servaut sleeping.
- 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust":
 Calmly now the words we say,
 Leaving him to sleep in trust
 Till the resurrection-day.
 Father! in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-93.







- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll, The flaming heavens together roll; When louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

THOMAS OF CELANO, 13th century



- 2 What if thine eye refuse to see,
 Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
 And thou a willing captive be,
 Thyself thy own dark jail?
- 3 Oh, doom beyond the saddest guess, As the long years of God unroll, To make thy dreary selfishness The prison of a soul!
- 4 To doubt the Love that fain would break
 The fetters from thy self-bound limb,
 And dream that God can thee forsake
 As thou forsakest Him.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1807-92



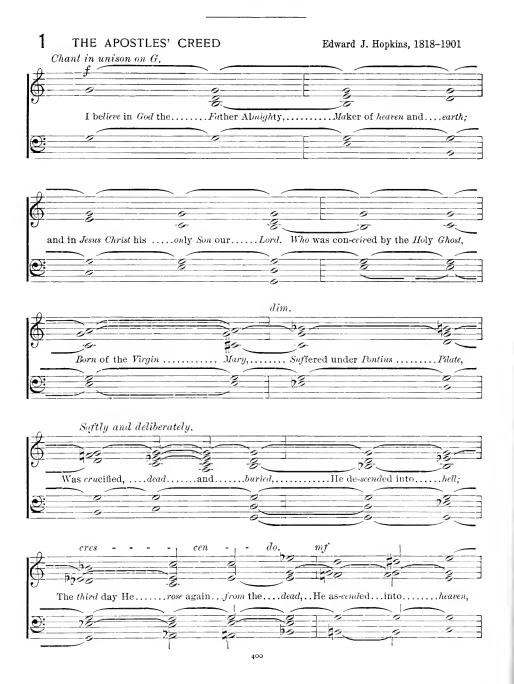
- 2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all; Reign all around us, and within; Let sin no more our souls enthral; Let pain and sorrow die with sin: Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone Canst make Thy scattered people one.
- 3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all; For death is mighty all around: On every home his shadows fall, On every heart his mark is found:



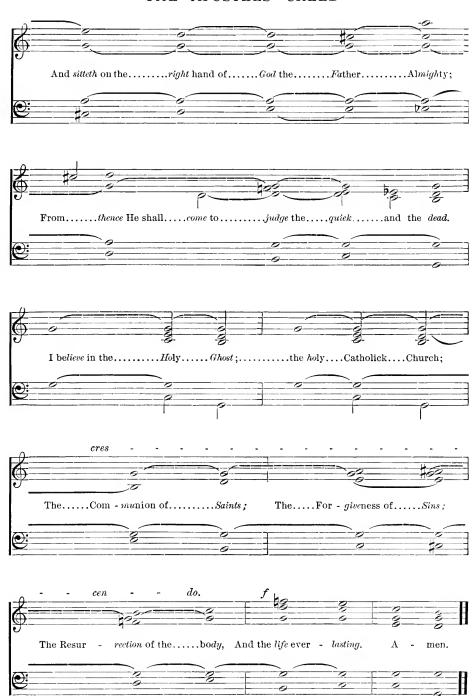
Oh, quickly come: for grief and pain Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day;
Oh, quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Chants and Occasional Pieces



THE APOSTLES' CREED



CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES



VENITE EXULTEMUS



Psalm xcv.

- 1. O come, let us $sing \mid$ unto the | Lord: || let us heartly rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
- 2. Let us come before His *presence* | with thanks- | giving: || and *show* ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.
- 3. For the Lord is a | great | God: | and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4. In His hands are all the *corners* | of the | earth: || and the *strength* of the | hills is | His | also.
- 5. The sea is His, | and He | made it: || and His hands pre- | pared the | dry | land.
- 6. O come, let us *wor*ship and | fall | down: | and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7. For He is the | Lord our | God: || and we are the people of His pastures and the | sheep of | His | hand.
- 8. O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty of | holiness: || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.
- 9. For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth: || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.

Glory be to the Father, | and \cdot to the | Son: || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be; | | world without | end. -- | A- -- | men.

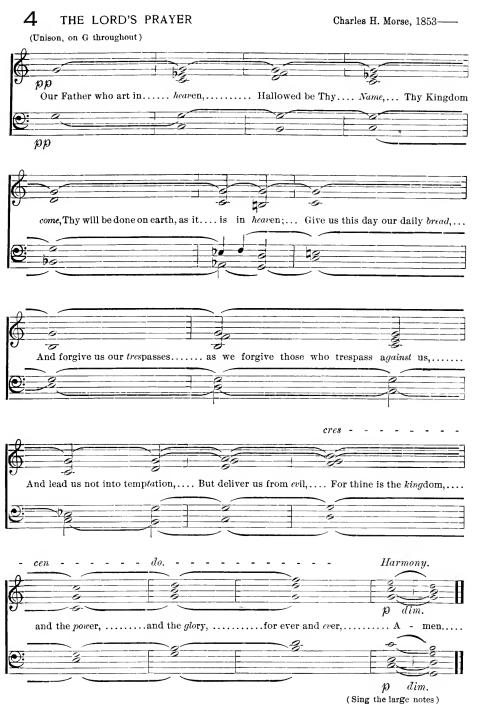
CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES







THE LORD'S PRAYER



CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES



- 1. We praise | Thee, O | God: | we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2. All the earth doth | worship | Thee: | the Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3. To Thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: || the Heavens, and | all the | Powers there- | in;
- 4. To Thee Cherubim and | Sera- | phim: || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
- 5. Holy, | Holy, | Holy: | Lord | God of | Saba- | oth;
- 6. Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes- | ty || of | Thy | glo- | ry.
- 7. The glorious $company \mid of \cdot the A- \mid postles: \mid praise \mid --- \mid --- \mid Thee.$
- 8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets: || praise | — | — | Thee.
- 9. The *no*ble | army \cdot of | Martyrs: || praise | — | — | Thee.
- 10. The holy Church throughout | all the | world: $\parallel doth$ ac- | knowl- | edge | Thee;
- 11. The | Fa- | ther: | of an | infinite | Majes- | ty;
- 12. Thine a- | dorable, | true: || and | on- | | ly | Son;
- 13. Also the | Holy | Ghost: || the | Com- | fort- | er.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Richard Woodward, 1744-77





- 14. Thou art the King of Glory: |O| - |C| Christ.
- 15. Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son | of | the | Fa | ther.
- 16. When Thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man: | Thou didst humble Thyself to be born | of a | Virgin.
- 17. When Thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness of | death: || Thou didst open the *king*dom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
- 18. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: || in the | glory | of the | Father.
- 19. We believe that | Thou shalt | come | to | be | our | Judge.
- 20. We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants: | whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
- 21. Make them to be num bered | with Thy | Saints: ||in|| glory | ever- | last ing.
- 22. O Lord, | save Thy | people: | and | bless Thine | herit- | age.
- 23. Gov | ern | them: | and | lift them | up for | ever.
- 24 $Day \mid by \mid day : \parallel we \mid magni- \mid fy \mid Thee;$
- 25. And we | worship Thy | Name; $\parallel ever$, | world with- | out | end.

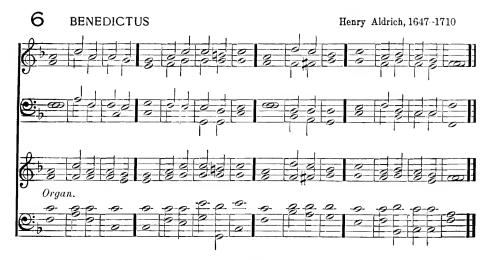
CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES

Henry Smart, 1813-79





- 26. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord: | to keep | us this | day without | sin.
- 27. O Lord, have | mercy ' up- | on us: | have | mer- | cy up- | on us.
- 28. O Lord, let Thy $mercy \mid$ be up- \mid on us: $\parallel as$ our \mid trust \mid is in \mid Thee.
- 29. O Lord, in $\mathit{Thee} \mid \mathsf{have} \ \mathsf{I} \mid \mathsf{trusted} \colon \| \mathit{let} \ \mathsf{me} \mid \mathsf{never} \mid \mathsf{be} \ \mathsf{con-} \mid \mathsf{founded}.$



From St. Luke I.

- Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel: || for He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people;
- 2. And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | vation | for us: || in the *house* | of His | servant | David;
- 3. As he spake by the *mouth* of His | holy | Prophets: || which have been | since the | world be- | gan;
- 4. That we should be $saved \mid$ from our \mid enemies: \mid and from the \mid hands of \mid all that \mid hate us.
- 5. To perform the mercy $promised \mid$ to our \mid forefathers: \mid and to re- \mid member His \mid holy \mid Covenant;
- 6. To perform the oath which He sware to our | forefather | Abraham: | $that \mid$ He would | give | us;
- 7. That we being delivered out of the hand | of our | enemies: | might serve | Him with- | out | fear;
- 8. In holiness and righteous- | ness be- | fore Him: || all the | days | of our | life.
- 9. And thou, Child, shalt be called the $Prophet \mid$ of the \mid Highest: \parallel for thou shalt go before the face of the $Lord \mid$ to pre- \mid pare His \mid ways:
- 10. To give knowledge of salvation | unto \cdot his | people: || for the re- | mission | of their | sins,
- 11. Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God: || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath | visited | us;
- 12. To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the $|shadow \cdot of|$ death: || and to guide our feet || in the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son; || and | to the | Holy | Ghost; || As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be; || world without | end. — | A- — | men.

CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES



Psalm c.

- 1. O be joyful in the *Lord*, | all ye | lands: | serve the Lord with gladness; and come before His | presence | with a | song.
- 2. Be ye sure of the *Lord* | He is | God; | it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are His people, and the | sheep of | His | pasture.
- 3. O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise: || be thankful unto Him, and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4. For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is | ever- | lasting: || and His truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son; || and | to the | Holy | Ghost: || As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be; || world without | end. | A- | men.



- St. Luke I. 46.
- My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord: || and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God, my | Saviour.
- 2. For He | hath re- | garded: \parallel the lowliness | of His | hand | maiden.
- 3. For be- | hold, from | henceforth: || all gener- | ations shall | call me | blessed.
- 4. For He that is *mighty* hath | magni fied | me : | and | holy | is His | Name.
- 5. And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him : || throughout | all | generations.
- 6. He hath showed $strength \mid$ with His \mid arm: \parallel He hath scattered the proud in the imagin- \mid ation \mid of their \mid hearts.
- 7. He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat: || and *hath* ex- | alted the | humble and | meek.
- 8. He hath filled the hungry with | good | things: || and the rich He hath | sent | empty · a | way.
- 9. He, remembering His mercy, hath *hol*pen His | servant | Israel : || as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed, for- | ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and \cdot to the | Son; | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be; | world without | end. <math>- | A-- | men.

CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES

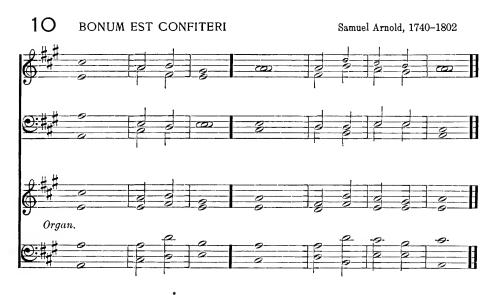


Psalm xcviii.

- O sing unto the Lord a | new | song: || for He hath | done | marvellous | things.
- 2. With His own right hand, and with His | holy | arm : | hath He | gotten Him- | self the | victory.
- 3. The Lord declared | His sal- | vation : | His righteousness hath He openly showed in the | sight | of the | heathen.
- 4. He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel: | and all the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands: | sing, re- | joice, and | give | thanks.
- 6. Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp: | sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks- | giving.
- 7. With trumpets | also and | shawms : || O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
- 8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is: | the round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

BONUM EST CONFITERI

- 9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord: || for He | cometh to | judge the | earth.
- 10. With righteousness shall He | judge the | world : \parallel and the | people | with | equity.
- Glory be to the Father, | and \cdot to the | Son : | and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
- As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be: | world without | end. | A- | men.

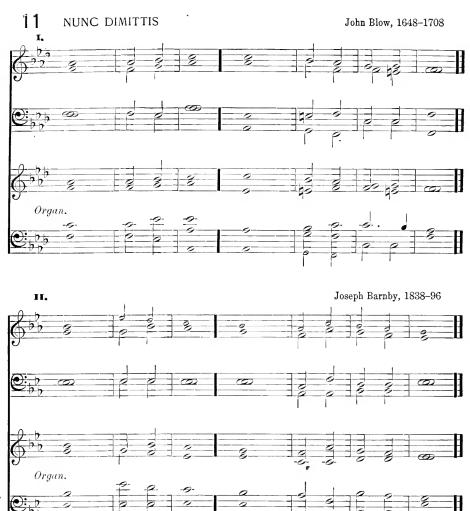


From Psalm xcii.

- It is a good thing to give thanks | unto * the | Lord : || and to sing praises · unto Thy | Name, -- | O Most | Highest;
- 2. To tell of Thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning : | and of Thy truth | in the | night | season;
- 3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute: | upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.
- 4. For Thou, Lord, hast made me $glad \mid \text{through Thy} \mid \text{works} : \parallel \text{ and I will rejoice in giving praise, for the } oper- \mid \text{ations} \mid \text{of Thy} \mid \text{hands.}$

Glory be to the Father, | and \cdot to the | Son: || and | to the | Holy | Ghost: ||

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be: || world | without | end. - || A - || men.



St. Luke ii, 29.

- 1. Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace: | ac- | cording | to Thy | word.
- 2. For mine | eyes have | seen | Thy | sal- | va- | tion,
- 3. Which Thou | hast pre- | pared: | before the | face of | all | people:
- 4. To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles: || and to be the glory | of Thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Father, | and \cdot to the | Son: | and | to the | Holy | Ghost: |

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be: | world without | end.— | A- — | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR



Psalm lxvii.

- 1. God be merciful *un*to | us, and | bless us: || and show us the light of His countenance, *and* be | merci-ful | unto | us;
- 2. That Thy way may be known up- | on | earth: | Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3. Let the people $praise \mid$ Thee, O \mid God : $\mid yea$, let \mid all the \mid people \mid praise Thee.
- 4. O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad: || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
- 5. Let the people $praise \mid$ Thee, O \mid God : \parallel yea, let \mid all the \mid people \mid praise Thee.
- 6. Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase : | and God, even our own God, shall | give | us His | blessing.
- 7. $God \mid \text{shall} \mid \text{bless us} : \parallel \text{ and all the } ends \text{ of the } \mid \text{world shall} \mid \text{fear} \mid \text{Him.}$ Glory be to the Father, $\mid \text{and} \cdot \text{to the} \mid \text{Son} : \parallel and \mid \text{to the} \mid \text{Holy} \mid \text{Ghost:} \parallel$ As it was in the beginning, is now and $\mid \text{ever} \mid \text{shall be} : \parallel world \text{ without } \mid \text{end.} \mid \text{A-} \mid \text{men.}$



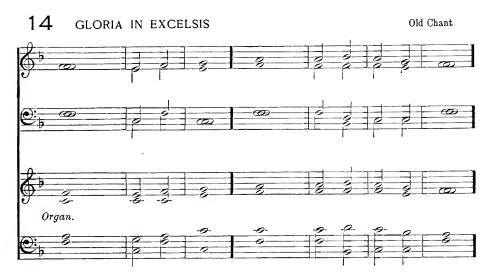
Psalm ciii.

- Praise the Lord, | O my | soul: || and all that is within me | praise His | holy | Name.
- 2. Praise the Lord, \mid O my \mid soul: \parallel and for- \mid get not \mid all His \mid benefits:
- 3. Who for $giveth \mid all thy \mid sin: \parallel and healeth \mid all \parallel thine in- \parallel firmities:$
- 4. Who saveth thy $life \mid$ from de- \mid struction: \parallel and crowneth thee with \mid mercy \cdot and \mid loving \mid kindness.
- 5. O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength: || ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice | of His | word.
- 6. O praise the *Lord*, all | ye His | hosts: || ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
- 7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His dominion: | praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Father, | and \cdot to the | Son: || and | to the | Holy | Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be: | world without | end. - | A- - | men.

416



- Glory be to | God on | high, | and on earth | peace, good | will · towards | men.
- 2. We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*, we | worship | Thee, | we glorify Thee, we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory;



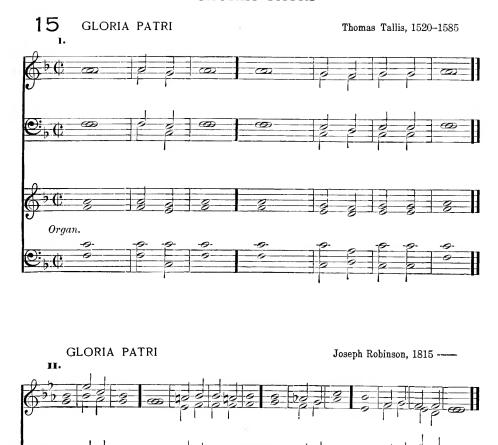
- 3. O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- | mighty.
- 4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father;



- 5. That takest away the | sins · of the | world, | have mercy | upon | us.
- 6. Thou that takest away the $|\sin \cdot \text{ of the }| \text{ world}$, || have mercy | upon | us.
- 7. Thou that takest away the $|\sin \cdot \text{ of the }| \text{ world}$, || re-| ceive our | prayer.
- 8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father; | have mercy | upon | us.



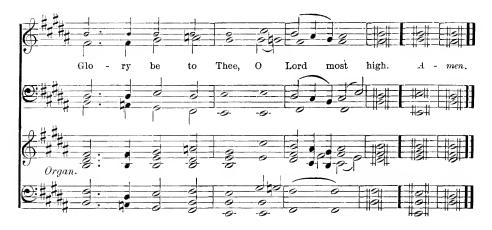
- 9. For $Thou \mid only \cdot art \mid holy: || Thou \mid only \mid art the \mid Lord:$
- 10. Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most *high* in the | glory of | God the | Father. || A-men.



Glory be to the Father, | and • to the | Son: | and | to the | Holy | Ghost; | As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be; | world without | end.— | A-— | men.









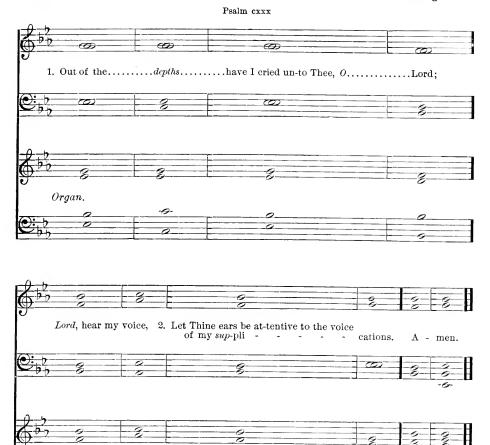
Psalm xxiii.

- 1. The Lord | is my | shepherd: ||I| | shall— | not— | want.
- 2. He maketh me to lie down in | green | pastures; || He leadeth me be- | side the | still | waters.
- 3. He re- | storeth · my | soul: || He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | name's | sake.
- 4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of *death*, I will | fear no | evil; || for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.
- 5. Thou preparest a table before me in the *presence* | of mine | enemies: || Thou anointest my head with *oil*; my | cup | runneth | over.
- 6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the $days \mid$ of my \mid life : and I will dwell in the $house \mid$ of the \mid Lord for- \mid ever. \mid A- \mid men.

19 DE PROFUNDIS

0

Old English



3. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, | O Lord, who shall | stand?

0

- 4. But there is for giveness with Thee, | that Thou mayest be | feared.
- 5. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, | and in His word do I | hope.
- 6. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: | I say, more than they that watch for the | morning.
- 7. Let Israel hope in the | Lord: | for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous re- | demption.
- 8. And He shall $redeem \mid Israel \mid from all his in- \mid iquities. <math>\parallel A- \mid men.$



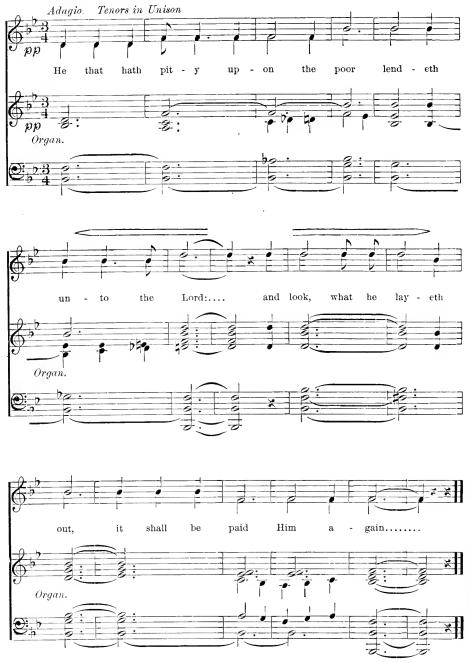
OFFERTORY SENTENCES

21 OFFERTORY SENTENCES

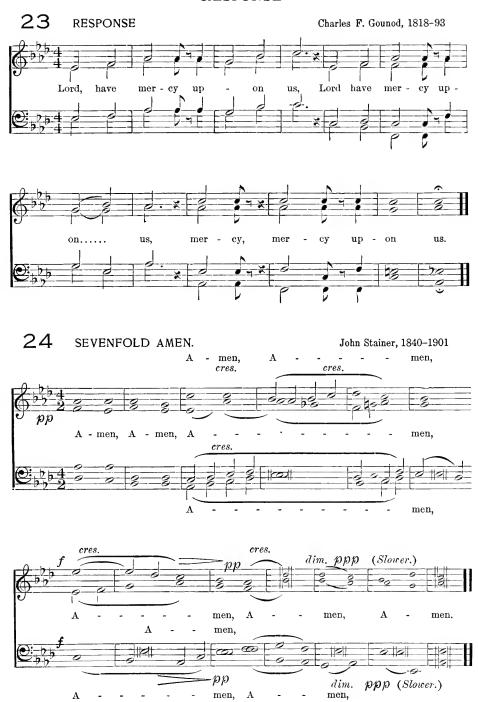


425

22 OFFERTORY SENTENCES



RESPONSE



427



Ablue with the, last rails the eventure	(Eventide 10s)	
According to Thy gracious word	(St. Agnes C. M.)	238
A charge to keep I have	(Olmutz S. M.)	
A few more years shall roll	(Chalvey S. M. D.)	
Alleluia! Alleluia! The strife is o'er	(Palestrina 8,8,8,4, with Alleluia 121.).	
All glory be to God on high	(Laudamus P. M.)	
All hail the power of Jesus' name	(Miles Lane C. M.)	
All praise to Thee, Eternal Lord		
	(Wareham L. M.)	
And now the wants are told that brought	(Beatitudo C. M.)	
Art thou weary, art thou languid	(Stephanos 8, 5, 8, 3)	
A safe stronghold our God is still	(Ein feste Burg P. M.)	
Ask ye what great thing I know	(Hanover 7s, 51.)	
At even, ere the sun was set	(Angelus L. M.)	77
A voice upon the midnight air	(Passion L. M.)	145
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	(Uxbridge L. M.)	4
Because I knew not when my life was good	(Artavia 10, 10, 10, 6)	87
Before Jehovah's awful throne	(Old Hundredth L. M.)	
Before Thy holy presence, Lord	(Tallis' Ordinal C. M.)	96
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	(Dedham C. M.)	
Behold a stranger at the door	(Federal Street L. M.)	
Beneath all form and rite and creed	(Melcombe L. M.)	
Blest be the tie that binds		
Bread of the world in mercy broken	(Boylston S. M.)	
Break Thou the bread of life	(Eucharistic Hymn 9, 8)	
break fliou the bread of the	(Dalkeith 10s)	250
Christ for the world we sing	(St. Ambrose 6, 4)	
	(Easter Hymn 7s)	
	(St. George's, Windsor 7s. D.)	
Christian, dost thou see them	(St. Andrew of Crete 6, 5. D.)	81
Christian, seek not yet repose	(Vigilate 7, 7, 7, 3)	84
City of God, how broad and far	(Mirfield C. M.)	207
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	(Ward L. M.)	198
Come, let us anew our journey pursue	(New Year's Hymn P. M.)	1
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	(Stainer 8, 4, 7. D.)	6
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	(Innocents 7s)	97
Come, O Creator Spirit blest	(Keble L. M.)	
Come, sound His praise abroad	(Silver Street S. M.)	
Come, take thy stand beneath the cross	(St. Cross L. M.)	
Come, Thou Almighty King	(Italian Hymn 6, 4)	
Come, ye disconsolate	(Come unto Me 7, 6. D.)	
	(Consolation 11, 10)	
Commit thou all thy griefs	(Benedictus S. M.)	
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	(Wismar L. M. 6 l.)	194
Day is dying in the west	(Evening Praise P. M.)	68
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	(Whittier 8, 6, 8, 8, 6)	59
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	(Conway 10s, 6 l.)	38

Fairest Lord Jesus	(Crusader's Hymn P. M.)	175
Faith of our fathers, living still	(Mattapan L. M. 6l.)	
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet	(Langran 10s)	
Father, I know that all my life	(St. Bede C. M. 6 l.)	
Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling	(Store 11 10)	102
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss		107
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	(Naomi C. M.)	
Fight the good fight with all thy might	(St. Aelred 8, 8, 8, 3)	
For all the good light who from their labora next	(Duke Street L. M.)	36
For all the saints who from their labors rest		
Forever round the mercy seat	(Trust 8, 8, 8, 6)	
Forgive, O Lord, the doubts that break	(Blenden C. M. D.)	
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	(Grostete L. M.).	17
Cind on The consuming amond	(The Old 148th. H. M.)	211
Gird on Thy conquering sword	(Darwell H. M.)	2112
Give to our God immortal praise	(Hebron L. M.)	
God bless our native land	(Dort 6, 4)	
God in the gospel of His Son	(Humility L. M.)	
God moves in a mysterious way	(St. Anne C. M.)	
God of our fathers, known of old	(Kipling P. M.)	
God of the living, in whose eyes	(St. Chrysostom L. M. 61.)	
God that madest earth and heaven	(Temple P. M.)	
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world	(Golden C. M. D.)	
Go, labor on; spend, and be spent	(Maryton L. M.)	
Great chief of faithful souls, arise	(Redemption L. M.)	
Great God, how infinite art Thou	(Dundee C. M.)	99
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	(Melancthon L. M.)	
	(Regent Square 8, 7, 6 l.)	
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning	(Heber 8, 7—4, 7)	202
Happy the man who knows	(St. Thomas S. M.)	34
Hark! hark, my soul	(Vox Angelica P. M.)	
	(Pilgrims P. M.)	
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	(St. Saviour C. M.)	
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty	(Nicæa P. M.)	98
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord	(Dundee C. M.)	57
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	(Portuguese Hymn 11s)	130
How happy is he born and taught	(Alstone L. M.)	
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	(Ilfracombe C. M.)	179
TC Alamba Alamata	(0. 0)	
If suddenly, upon the street	(St. Chrysostom L. M. 6 l.)	44
If thou but suffer God to guide thee	(Neumark P. M.)	
I heard the voice of Jesus say	(Vox Dilecti C. M. D.)	
Hove Thy kingdom, Lord	(State Street S. M.)	
Immortal Love, forever full	(St. Margaret C. M.)	-
	(Munger P. M.).	95
In heavenly love abiding	(Bentley 7, 6. D.)	
	(Rathbun 8, 7)	
	(St. Mary Magdalene 6, 5. D.)	82
I say to all men, far and near	(St. Stephen C. M.)	163
_	(Hummel C. M.)	
	(Peace 10, 10, 10, 6)	
It came upon the midnight clear	(Willis C. M. D.)	141
*		0
	(Ewing 7, 6. D)	
	(Bethany (English) 8, 7. D.)	
Jesus, guide our way	(St. Hubert 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5)	18

Town Town among horse talzen) (Abbotsford 8, 7. D.)	. 15
Jesus, I my cross have taken	(Salvator 8, 7. D.)	156
Jesu (or Jesus), in Thy dying woes	(Litany 7, 7, 7, 6)	147
Jesus, Lover of my soul	(Charles Wesley 7s. D.)	180
Jesus, meek and gentle	(Bemerton 6, 5)	160
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	(Missionary Chant L. M.)	213
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	(Canonbury L. M.)	178
Jesus, to Thy table led	(Lacrymæ 7s, 3 l.)	
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	(Antioch C. M.)	
Just as I am, without one plea	(Repentance 8, 8, 8, 6 or L. M.)	
·		
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide	(Dartmouth L. M. 61.)	
Lead, kindly Light	(Lux Benigna P. M.)	
Lead on, O King Eternal	(Ellacombe 7, 6. D.)	
	(Webb 7, 6. D.)	
Let all the world, in every corner, sing	(Undique Gloria P. M.)	
Let our choir new anthems raise	(St. Joseph of the Studium 7, 6. D.).	
Light of the world, we hail Thee	{ (Greenland 7, 6, D.)	
	(Pearsall 7, 6. D.)	62
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	(Presbyter C. M. D.)	
	(Deliverance C. M. D.)	
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	(Tunbridge L. M.)	174
Lo! God is here: let us adore	(Hamburg L. M.)	10:
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs	(Vincent 8, 4, D.)	4:
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar	(Staincliffe L. M.)	150
Lord of all being, throned afar	(Grostete L. M.)	102
Lord of the living harvest	(Lancashire 7, 6. D.)	53
Lord, Thou art my rock of strength	(Hollingside 7s. D.)	13
Lord, Thou hast searched, and seen me three		
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	(Windsor C. M.)	9:
Love divine, all love excelling	(Beecher 8, 7. D.)	
Magtar no offering		
Master, no offering	(Love's Offering P. M.)	
More love to Thee, O Christ	(Prentiss P. M.)	
My country, 'tis of thee	(America 6, 4)	
My faith looks up to Thee	(Bethel 6, 4)	
•	(Olivet 6, 4)	
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made	(Wentworth 8, 4, 6 l.)	
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	(Sussex 6s)	
My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring	(Seccomb 11, 10)	
My soul, awake	(Bracondale 4, 4, 6. D. or C. M.)	
My soul, be on thy guard	(Laban S. M.)	
	(Cleighton S. M.)	
My soul, there is a country	(St. George's, Bolton 7, 6. D.)	
Nearer, my God, to Thee	(Kedron 6, 4)	
	(Bethany (American) 6, 4)	
No human eyes Thy face may see	(Hursley L. M.)	_
Not in dumb resignation	(Runnymede P. M.)	
Not so in haste, my heart	(Thatcher S. M.)	
Now thank we all our God	(Crüger P. M.)	
Now that the sun is gleaming bright	(Dalehurst C. M.)	7
Now the day is over	(Merrial 6, 5)	67
Now the laborer's task is o'er	(Requiescat 7s, 8, 8)	
Now to the Lord a noble song	(Ware L. M.)	_
Now with creation's morning song	(Church Triumphant L. M.)	8
Now woods are all reposing	(Fairlea P. M.)	75
O blessed God, to Thee I raise	(Rockingham (English) L. M.)	121
O Child of lowly manage high	(Whithurn I. M.)	167

O Christ, with each returning morn O Christ, who did our tasks fulfil	(Hamburg L. M.) (Tallis Ordinal C. M.)	$\frac{9}{31}$
O Father, hear my morning prayer	(St. Etheldreda C. M.)	10
O God, beneath Thy guiding hand	(Duke St. L. M.)	
O God, I thank Thee for each sight	(Truro L. M.)	63
O God, my strength and fortitude	(Hermann C. M.)	
O God, not only in distress	(Almsgiving 8, 8, 8, 4)	
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	(Farrant C. M.)	16
O God of mercy, God of might	(Elmhurst 8, 8, 8, 6)	52
O God of truth, whose living word	(Laud C. M.)	28
O God, the Rock of Ages	(St. Alphege 7, 6)	
O God. Thou Giver of all good	(Rockingham (American) L. M.)	$\frac{111}{25}$
O God, Thou Giver of all good O God, Thy world is sweet with prayer		$\frac{z_0}{12}$
	(Canonbury L. M.) (St. Anne C. M.)	
O God, we praise Thee and confess		
O grant us light, that we may know	(Saxby L. M.)	27
O it is hard to work for God	(St. Peter C. M.)	41
O Jesus, I have promised	(Day of Rest 7, 6. D.)	
O Jesus, King most wonderful	(St. Peter C. M.)	
O Jesus, Thou art standing	{ (St. Hilda 7, 6. D.)	
0 T : 14 1 1 1 11 11	((Lux Mundi 7, 6. D.)	-
O Light, whose beams illumine all	(Melita L. M. 61.)	24
O little town of Bethlehem	(Phillips Brooks P. M.)	
O Lord, it is a blessed thing	(Wearmouth 8, 8, 8)	13
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	(Almsgiving 8, 8, 8, 4)	51
O Master, let me walk with Thee		
O Mother dear, Jerusalem	(Materna C. M. D)	
O One with God the Father	(St. Christopher 7, 6. D.)	
O Paradise	(Paradise P. M.)	244
	(Golden P. M.)	
O Sacred Head, now wounded	(Passion Choral 7, 6. D.)	151
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men	(The Old 124th 10s)	169
	((Sacramentum 10s)	169°
O Thou not made with nands	(St. Olave 6s, 6 l.)	209
O Thou that hearest prayer	(St. John H. M.)	217
O Thou who hast at Thy command	(Whitburn L. M.)	26
O Word of God incarnate	§ (Munich 7, 6. D.)	
	(Chenies 7, 6. D.)	230°
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	(Zion 8, 7 — 4, 7)	218
Oh, come, all ye faithful	(Adeste Fideles P. M.)	
Oh, for a closer walk with God	(Beatitudo C. M.)	37
Oh, quickly come, dread Judge of all	(Credo L. M. 6 l.)	256
Oh, still in accents sweet and strong	(St. Mark C. M.)	54
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be	(O Quanta Qualia 10s)	248
Oh, where are kings and empires now	(York C. M.)	233
Oh, worship the King, all glorious above	(Lyons 10, 10, 11, 11)	120
One thing I of the Lord desire	(Riseholme 8, 8, 8, 4)	85
On our way rejoicing	(St. Boniface 11s, 6 l.)	61
Onward, Christian soldiers	(St. Gertrude 6, 5, 12 l.)	224
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	(St. Cuthbert 8, 6, 8, 4)	196
Our Father, hear our longing prayer	(St. Bernard C. M.)	39
Our God, our God, Thou shinest here	(St. James C. M.)	
Our God, our help in ages past	(York C. M.)	
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sir	10s, 2l.)	58
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	(Old Hundredth L. M.)	
Praise to the Lord, the omnipotent King	(Neander P. M.)	
Prince of Peace, control my will	(Nuremberg 7s)	

Ride on, ride on in majesty	(St. Drosdane L. M.)
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wing	(Amsterdam P. M.)
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	((Cuyler 7s, 6 l.)
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	(Toplady 7s, 6l.)
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	(Cothorno 7a 61)
C. C. L. Alman all an other seconds	(Gethsemane 7s, 6l.)
Safely through another week	(Dix 7s, 61.)
Saviour, again to Thy dear name	(Ellers 10s)
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	(Lowton 8, 7) 76
Show me Thyself, O holy Lord	(St. Cuthbert 8, 6, 8, 4) 89
	(200
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	(======================================
Sing we of the golden city	(St. Oswald 8, 7)
Coftler more the light of days	((Woodman 7s) 69
Softly now the light of day	(Holley 7s) 69 ²
Soon may the last glad song arise	(Mendon L. M.)
Souls of men, why will ye scatter	(Ilsley 8, 7. D.)
Quinit of faith ha Than man anida	, •
Spirit of faith, be Thou my guide	(Nox Praecessit C. M.)
Spirit of God, descend upon my heart	(Pax Dei 10s)
Strong Son of God, Immortal Love	(Grestete L. M.)
Sunset and evening star	(Ternyson P. M.) 253
S8 9	(,
Take my heart, O Father, take it	(St. Sylvester 8, 7)
Teach me, my God and King	(St. Michael S. M.) 40
Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom	(Bavaria 6, 5. D.)
Ten thousand times ten thousand	(Alford 7, 6, 8, 6. D.)
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	(Judex L. M.)
The bird let loose in eastern skies	(Spohr C. M.)
The Church's one Foundation	(Aurelia 7, 6. D.)
	(St. Anatolius, No I. P. M.)
The day is past and over	(St. Anatolius, No. II. P. M.) 73 ²
The day of praise is done	(Ignatius S. M.)
The day of resurrection	(Rotterdam 7, 6. D.)
The King of love my Shepherd is	
The Lord is King, lift up thy voice	(Duke St. L. M.)
The peace which God bestows	(Elvey P. M.)
m 1: 1 - 1 - 1 1 1	((In Memoriam 8, 8, 8, 4)
The radiant morn has passed away	(Memoria 8, 8, 8, 4) 70 ²
The shadows of the evening hours	(St. Leonard C. M. D.)
The Son of God goes forth to war	(Vindex C. M. D.)
	(Creation L. M. D.)
The spacious firmament on high	
The strife is o'er, the battle's won	(Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4)
There is a green hill far away	(Meditation C. M.)
There is a land of pure delight	(Springtime C. M.)
There is a land of pure delight	(Southwell C. M.)
Thou art, O God, the life and light	(St. Matthias L. M. 6l.)
Thou, Lord, art Love, and everywhere	(Nativity C. M.)
Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand	(Morning Hymn L. M.)
	(Sefton L. M.)
Though home be dear and life be sweet	(
Through midnight gloom from Macedon	(Franklin L. M. 6 l.)
Thy life was given for me	(St. Olave 6s, 6l.)
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	(Sealy 6s. D.)
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	(Savoy Chapel 7, 6. D.)
To Thee, our God, we fly	(Waverton H. M.)
To Thee, whose temple is all space	0.000
To thine eternal arms, O God	(2000)
, .	(Tallis L. M.)
Uplift the banner, let it float	(Waltham L. M.)
C Prize vice comment, red to receive	•

Wake, awake, for night is flying	(St. Paul P. M.)	25 0
We give Thee but Thine own	(Schumann S. M.)	227
We have not known Thee as we ought	(Sweden L. M.)	88
We plough the fields and scatter	(Harvest P. M.)	114
We pray no more, made lowly wise	(Bradfield C. M.)	48
When all Thy mercies, O my God	(Holy Trinity C. M.)	125
When courage fails and faith burns low	(Faith C. M.)	30
When I survey the wondrous cross	(Whitburn L. M.)	152
When morning gilds the skies	(Laudes Domini 6s, 6 l.)	184
When on my day of life the night is falling	(Frances 11, 10, 11, 6)	2 39
When our heads are bowed with woe	(Capernaum 7s)	158
When the weary, seeking rest	(Intercession 7, 5, D, 8, 8)	132
Where is thy God, my soul	(St. George (Gauntlett) S. M.)	42
where is my dod, my som	(Diademata S. M. D)	42^{2}
Who fathoms the eternal thought	(Dresden C. M.)	105
Who is on the Lord's side	(Armageddon 6, 5, 12 l.)	

Name of Tune, Number, Metre, Composer

	Tresset
Adeste Fideles [Portuguese Hymn] P. M. Aelred 8, 8, 8, 3	. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 19 . Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 249 . Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 51, 136 . Christopher E. Willing (1830–1904) 35 . Henry Carey (1685–1743) 203 . James Nares, Mus. Doc. (1715–83) 241 . Georg Josephi (17th century) 77 . Arr. from George F. Händel (1685–1759) 139 . Arr. by Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc. (1800–80) 226 . Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818–1901) 87 . Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810–76) 229
Beatitudo C. M. Beecher 8, 7. D. Bemerton 6, 5. Benedictus S. M. Bentley 7, 6. D. Bethany [American] 6, 4. Bethany [English] 8, 7. D. Bethel [Faith] 6, 4. Blenden C. M. D. Boylston S. M. Bracondale 4, 4, 6. D., or C. M. Bradfield C. M.	John Hullah, LL.D. (1812–84) 189 Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872) 15² Henry Smart (1813–79) 191 John H. Cornell (1828–94) 181 Charles E. Kettle (1833–95) 91 Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872) 234 Josiah Booth (1852 —) 3 J. Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905) 48
Capernaum 7s. Chalvey S. M. D. Charles Wesley 7s. D. Chenies 7, 6. D. Church Triumphant L. M. Come unto Me 7, 6. D. Consolation 11, 10 Conway 10s, 6 l. Creation L. M. D. Credo L. M. 6 l. Cruger [Marenzo] P. M. Crusaders' Hymn [Ascalon] P. M. Cuyler 7s, 6 l.	. Rev. Leighton G. Hayne, D.D. (1836–83), 240 . John Zundel (1815–82). 180 . Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826 ——). 230² . James W. Elliott (1833 ——). 8 . Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 186 . Samuel Webbe (1740–1816) 134 . Henry Lawes (1595–1662) 38 . Franz Josef Haydn, Mus. Doc. (1732–1899) 112 . Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc. (1840–1901) 256 . Rev. Johann Crüger (1598–1662) 120 . Anon., Old Melody, arr. by R. S. Willis 175 . John Hyatt Brewer (1856 ——) 157
Day of Rest 7, 6. D	.Thomas Hewlett (1845–74)

METHINDETIONE I	Trans.
Dresden [Nun sich der Tag] C. M Duke Street [Windle] L. M Dundee [French] C. M	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 205 . Adam Ph. Krieger (1634-66) 105 John Hatton (————————————————————————————————————
Easter Hymn 7s and refrain Easton [Mozart] L. M. Ein feste Burg P. M. Ellacombe 7, 6. D. Ellers [Irene] 10s. Elmhurst [Holy Cross] 8, 8, 8, 6 Elvey P. M. Eucharistic Hymn 9, 8 Evening Praise P. M. Eventide 10s. Ewing [Argyll] 7, 6. D. Fairlea [Nun ruhen] P. M. Fairla C. M.	. Old German
Federal Street L. M	Henry K. Oliver, Mus. Doc. (1800-85)
Gethsemane [Ajalon] 7s. 6 l	John H. Gower, Mus. Doc., arr. (1855——)
Hanover 7s, 5 l Harvest P. M Heber 8, 7, —, 4, 7 Hebron L. M Hermann C. M Holley 7s Hollingside 7s. D Holy Trinity C. M Humility L. M Hummel C. M.	. Arthur Cottman (1842?-79)
Hursley [Stillorgan] L. M	Monk
Ignatius S. M	Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. (1805-76) 80 Samuel Webbe ? (1740-1816)
Italian Hymn 6, 4	Felice de Giardini (1716-96)
Judex [Dies Iræ] L. M	
Kedron 6, 4 Kipling P. M	. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 195 . Miss A. B. Spratt

Laban S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 83 Lacrymer 7s, 3 . Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-1909) 53 Langran [St. Agnes] 10s. James Langran Ms. Doc. (1823-76) 28 Langran [St. Agnes] 10s. James Langran Ms. Doc. (1823-76) 28 Laudar C. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 28 Laudamus [Allein Gott] P. M. Nicolaus Becius (14907-1541) 100 Laudes Domini 6s, 61 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 184 Leighton S. M. Henry W. Greatorex (1811-58) 83² Leighton S. M. Henry W. Greatorex (1811-58) 83² Leighton S. M. Henry W. Greatorex (1811-58) 83² Leighton S. T. Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D. (1836 —) 45 Lowton S. 7 Abert Lowe 7, 7, 7, 6 Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1812-1900) 100 Lyons 10, 10, 11, 11 J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806) 126 Maryton L. M. Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825-98) 33, 46 Materna C. M. D. Samuel A. Ward (1847-1903) 246 Mattapan L. M. 6 Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Meditation C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Meditation C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Melication C. M. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1823-76) 24 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 27 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 27 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Ba		Нуми
Langran (St. Agnes) 10s. James Langran, Mus. Doc. (1835 —) 92 Laud C. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 28 Laudamus [Allein Gott] P. M. Nicolaus Decius (1490?-1541) 100 Laudes Domini 68, 61 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 184 Leighton S. M. Henry W. Greatorex (1811-58) 83* Litany 7, 7, 6 Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1824-1900) 147 Love's Offering P. M. Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D. (1836 —) 45 Love's Offering P. M. Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D. (1836 —) 45 Love's Offering P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-1900) 190* Lyons 10, 10, 11, 11 J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806) 126 Materna C. M. D. Samuel A. Ward (1847-1903) 246 Mattapan L. M. 61 Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Mattapan L. M. 61 Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Meditation C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 —) 153 Melancthon [St. Gregory] L. M. German Samuel A. Ward (1847-1816), arr. by Wm. H. Monk. Melotandon L. M. Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria 8, 8, 8, 4 Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria 8, 8, 8, 4 Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria 6, 5 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1839-6) 67 Miristonary Chant L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1839-76) 27 Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1839-76) 27 Merriad 6, 5 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1839-6) 67 Miristonary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1872) 214 Morning Hynn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808) 23 Morning Hynn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808) 23 Munger P. M. Millam Shrubsole (1758-1857) 213 Morning Hynn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808) 23 Munger P. M. Millam Shrubsole (1769-1872) 15 Mewer Yerres Hymn P. M. Millam Croft	Lacrymæ 7s, 31 Lancashire 7, 6, D	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-1900) 236 Henry Smart (1813-79)
Laud C. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 28 Laudamus [Allein Gott] P. M. Nicolaus Decis (1490?-1514] 100 Laudes Domini 6s, 61 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-86) 184 Leighton S. M. Henry W. Greatorex (1811-158) 83° Litany 7, 7, 7, 6 Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-1900) 147 Love's Offering P. M. Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D. (1836 —) 45 Lowton S. 7 Albert Lowe Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Maryton L. M. Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825-98) 33, 46 Materna C. M. D. Samuel A. Ward (1847-1903) 246 Matrapan L. M. 6 Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Meditation C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 —) 153 Melanethon [St. Gregory] L. M. German 2 Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), arr. by Wm. H. Monk. Monk. Monk. Monk. Monk. Monk. Monk. Monk. Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria 8, 8, 8 Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria 8, 8, 8 Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria 6, 5 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 27 Merrial 6, 5 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 27 Merrial 6, 5 Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 27 Memoring Hymn L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857) 213 Morning Hymn L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857) 213 Morning Hymn L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857) 214 Morning Hymn L. M. François H. Barthelemon (1741-1808) 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 95 Munder P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 95 Munder P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 95 Munder P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 135 Meander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 3	Langran [St. Agnes] 10s	.James Langran, Mus. Doc. (1835 ——) 92
Laudes Domini 68, 61. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 184 Leighton S. M. Henry W. Greatorex (1811-158) 83° Litany 7, 7, 7, 6 Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-1900) 147 Love's Offering P. M. Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D. (1836 —) 45 Lowton S. 7 Albert Lowe Albert Lowe Albert Lowe Lowton S. 7 Albert Lowe Albert Lowe Albert Lowe Lux Benigna P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6 D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Maryton L. M. Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825-98) 33, 46 Materna C. M. D. Samuel A. Ward (1847-1903) 246 Mattapan L. M. 6 l. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Meditation C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 —) 153 Melancthon [St. Gregory] L. M. German 220 Meditation C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 —) 173 Melita L. M. 6 l. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria S. 8, 8, 4 Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), arr. by Wm. H. Monk. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1810-76) 70° Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1810-76) 70° Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 67 Mirfield C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806) 164 Mirfield C. M. Arthur Cottan (1842-779) 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857) 213 Morning Hymn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808) 23 Morning Hymn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808) 23 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 50 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1879-1872) 50 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1879-1872) 50 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Neural P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1870 —	Laud C. M	. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 28
Leighton S. M. Henry W. Greatorex (1811–58) 421	Laudamus [Allein Gott] P. M	Nicolaus Decius (1490?–1541)
Litany 7, 7, 7, 6. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus.Doc.(1842-1900) 147	Leighton S M	Hanry W. Grastorey (181158) 922
Love's Offering P. M. Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D. (1836 —) 45	Litany 7, 7, 7, 6,	Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus.Doc.(1842-1900) 147
Lux Benigna P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 21 Lux Mundi 7, 6. D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-1900) 190² Lyons 10, 11, 11 J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806) 126 Maryton L. M. Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825-98) 33, 46 Materna C. M. D. Samuel A. Ward (1847-1903) 246 Mattapan L. M. 61 Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —) 220 Meditation C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 —) 123 Melcombe [Nazareth] L. M. German. 2 Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), arr. by Wm. H. Melicanchon [St. Gregory] L. M. German. 2 Melcombe [Nazareth] L. M. H. Monk. 173 Melicanchon [St. Gregory] L. M. H. Monk. 173 Melcombe [Nazareth] L. M. H. Monk. L. Willam Ms. Doc. (1823-76) 24 Memoria 6, S. S. 4. Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 26 Miles Lane C. M. Willam Shrubsole (1758-1806)	Love's Offering P. M	. Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D. (1836) 45
Lux Mundi 7, 6, D. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842–1900) 190°	Lowton 8, 7	. Albert Lowe
Lyons 10, 10, 11, 11	Lux Benigna P. M	Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 21
Maryton L. M. Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825–98)	Lyons 10 10 11 11	J. Michael Haydn (1737–1806) 196
Materna C. M. D. Samuel A. Ward (1847–1903). 246 Mattapan L. M. 6 l. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —). 220 Meditation C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1885 —). 153 Melancthon [St. Gregory] L. M. German. 2 Melcombe [Nazareth] L. M. Samuel Webbe (1740–1816), arr. by Wm. H. 173 Melta L. M. 6 l. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 24 Memoria S. 8, S. 4. Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 24 Memoria G. 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758–1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. Arthur Cottman (1842–79). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795–1857). 213 Morning Hynin L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741–1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 93 Munich 7, 6. D. Anthur G. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Labee (1826 —). 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neuwark [Bremen		
Mattapan L M. 61. Arthur Foote, A.M. (1853 —). 220 Meditation C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 —). 153 Melancthon [St. Gregory] L. M. German. 2 Melcombe [Nazareth] L. M. {Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), arr. by Wm. H. 173 Melita L. M. 61. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1810-76). 70° Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1810-76). 70° Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. Arthur Cottman (1842?-79). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Morning Hymn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. {Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, 5 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 New Year's Hymn P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt. 117 Neinearder [Lobe den Herren] P. M. <td< td=""><td>Maryton L. M</td><td>Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825–98)</td></td<>	Maryton L. M	Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825–98)
Mediatotion C. M. John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 —) 153 Melancthon [St. Gregory] L. M. German. 2 Melcombe [Nazareth] L. M. Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), arr. by Wm. H. 173 Melita L. M. 61. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76). 24 Memoria 8, 8, 8, 4. Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76). 70° Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 214 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1865). 164 Mirfield C. M. Arthur Cottman (1842?-79). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Morning Hymn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, harmonized by Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621	Mattanan I. M. 61	Arthur Foote A M (1852 —) 290
Melancthon [St. Gregory] L. M. German 2	Meditation C. M	John H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (1855 ——). 153
Memoria 8, 8, 8, 4. Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76). 70² Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 214 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Morning Hynin L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, languar Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 Neader [Aughana] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Au	Melancthon [St. Gregory] L. M	.German 2
Memoria 8, 8, 8, 4. Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76). 70² Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 214 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Morning Hynin L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, languar Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 Neader [Aughana] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Au	Melcomba [Nazarath] I. M	Samuel Webbe (1740-1816), arr. by Wm. H.
Memoria 8, 8, 8, 4. Samuel S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76). 70² Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 214 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Morning Hynin L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, languar Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 Neader [Aughana] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Au	Malita I M el	Monk
Mendon L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 214 Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758–1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. Arthur Cottman (1842?–79). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795–1857). 213 Morning Hynn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741–1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, harmonized by Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt. 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621–81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Will C. Macfarlane (1870 —). 1 Nicæa P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625–73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 13	Memoria 8 8 8 4	Samuel S. Wegler, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 24
Merrial 6, 5. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 67 Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806). 164 Mirfield C. M. Arthur Cottman (1842?-79). 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Morning Hymn L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, barmonized by Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826). 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76). 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707). 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (Mendon L. M	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872) 21.1
Miles Lane C. M. William Shrubsole (1758-1806) 164 Mirfield C. M. Arthur Cottman (1842?-79) 207 Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857) 213 Morning Hymn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808) 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, harmonized by Mendelssohn) 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81) 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81) 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707) 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707) 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-17	Merrial 6, 5	Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 67
Missionary Chant L. M. Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795-1857). 213 Morning Hynn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741-1808). 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —). 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, harmonized by Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har, by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76). 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707). 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625-73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 138 Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727). 211 Old 124th. 10s. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792	Miles Lane C. M	William Shrubsole (1758-1806)
Morning Hymn L. M. François H. Barthélémon (1741–1808) 23 Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, harmonized by Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621–81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Will C. Macfarlane (1870 —) 1 Nicæa P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670–1707). 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625–73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 138 Old 148th H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677–1727). 211 Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500). 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524–94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 244 Passion Chorale 7, 6, D. Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729). 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck. 58	Mirfield C. M	Arthur Cottman (1842?-79)
Munger P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 95 Munich 7, 6. D. Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, harmonized by Mendelssohn) 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81) 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Will C. Macfarlane (1870 —) 1 Nicæa P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707) 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905) 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625-73) 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542) 138 Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727) 211 Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500) 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée 248	Morning Hymn I. M	Heinrich C. Zeuner (1795–1857)
Munich 7, 6. D. { Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century, harmonized by Mendelssohn). 230 Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —). 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Will C. Macfarlane (1870 —) 1 Nicæa P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76). 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707). 22 Nox Praccessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625-73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 138 Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727). 211 Old 124th. 10s. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727). 181² Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée 248 </td <td>Munger P. M.</td> <td>.Charles H. Morse (1853 ——)</td>	Munger P. M.	.Charles H. Morse (1853 ——)
Naomi C. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 55 Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —) 135 Neander [Lobe den Herren] P. M. German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117 Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Will C. Macfarlane (1870 —) 1 Nicæa P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707). 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625-73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 138 Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727). 211 Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500). 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94) 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 244 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 151 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck 58 C. T. Caldbeck 58		Johann G. Störl's Choralbuch (18th century,
Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —)	Mullen 7, 0. D	harmonized by Mendelssohn) 230
Nativity C. M. Henry Lahee (1826 —)	Naomi C. M	.Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 55
Neumark [Bremen, Augsberg] P. M. Rev. George Neumark (1621-81). 122 New Year's Hymn P. M. Will C. Macfarlane (1870 —). 1 Nicæa P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76). 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707). 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625-73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 138 Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727). 211 Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500). 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale <td>Nativity C. M.</td> <td>. Henry Lahee (1826 ——)</td>	Nativity C. M.	. Henry Lahee (1826 ——)
New Year's Hymn P. M.	Neumant [Proposition Angelors] P. M	German (1668), har. by August Haupt 117
Nicæa P. M. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76). 98 Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707). 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625-73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 138 Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727). 211 Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500). 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 244 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. {Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729). 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John S. Bach (1729). 157 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck. 58	New Year's Hymn P M	Will C. Macfarlano (1870)
Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M. Jeremiah Clark (1670–1707). 22 Nox Præcessit C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905). 199 Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625–73). 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542). 138 Old 148th H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677–1727). 211 Old 124th 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500). 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524–94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729) 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 19 <td>Nicæa P. M.</td> <td>Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76)</td>	Nicæa P. M.	Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76)
Nuremberg 7s. Johann R. Ahle (1625-73) 86 Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542) 138 Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727) 211 Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500) 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872) 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94) 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. { Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729) 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck 58	Nottingham [St. Magnus] C. M	Jeremiah Clark (1670–1707)
Old Hundredth L. M. Genevan Psalter (1542)		
Old 148th. H. M. William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727). 211 Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500). 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 1812 Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. {Hans Lee Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729) 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76) 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21 G. T. Caldbeck 58		
Old 124th. 10s. Louis Bourgeois (about 1500). 169 Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524–94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. {Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729). 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck. 58	Old Hundredth L. M.	. Genevan Psalter (1542)
Olivet 6, 4. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 181² Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729). 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John S. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76). 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck 58	Old 194th 10g	William Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677–1727) 211
Olmutz S. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 32 O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524–94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. { Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729) 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John S. Bykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21 G. T. Caldbeck 58	Olivet 6.4	Lowell Mason Mus Doc (1792-1872) 1812
O Quanta Qualia 10s. Melody from La Feillée. 248 Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94). 161 Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729) 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John S. Bach (1729) 157 Pax Tecum 10s. G. T. Caldbeck 58	Olmutz S. M	Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872) 32
Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —). 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. { Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729). 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John S. Bykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck. 58	O Quanta Qualia 10s	
Paradise P. M. Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96). 244 Passion L. M. C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —). 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. { Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729). 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John S. Bykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76). 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck. 58	Palestrina 8, 8, 8, 4	Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-94). 161
Passion L. M C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —) 145 Passion Chorale 7, 6. D. { Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized by John S. Bach (1729) 151 Pax Dei 10s. Rev. John S. Bach (1729) 197 Pax Tecum 10s. 21. G. T. Caldbeck 58	Paradise P. M	Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 244
Pax Dei 10s	Passion L. M	.C. Whitney Coombs (1859 ——) 145
Pax Dei 10s	Passion Chorale 7, 6. D	Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612), harmonized
Pax Tecum 10s. 21	Pax Dei 10s	(by John S. Bach (1729)
Peace 10, 10, 10, 6 George W. Chadwick (1854 —) 187	Pax Tecum 10s. 21	.G. T. Caldbeck
	Peace 10, 10, 10, 6	George W. Chadwick (1854 ——)

HEI HII DE HOUE I	TO TONES
Pearsall 7, 6, D Phillips Brooks P. M Pilgrims P. M Portuguese Hymn [Adeste Fideles] 11s Prentiss P. M Presbyter C. M. D	.Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 144 .Henry Smart (1813-79) 243² .Marcantoine Simao (1763-1830) 130 .William H. Doane, Mus. Doc. (1831 —) 182 .Walter O. Wilkinson (1852-1908) 222
Rathbun 8, 7 Redemption L. M Regent Square 8, 7, 6 l Repentance [Pascal] 8, 8, 8, 6 Requiescat 7s, 8, 8 Riseholme 8, 8, 8, 4 Rockingham [American] L. M Rockingham [English] L. M Runnymede P. M Rotterdam 7, 6. D	.C. Whitney Coombs (1859 —)
Sacramentum 10s. Salvator 8, 7. D. Sarum 10, 10, 10, 8. Savoy Chapel 7, 6. D. Saxby L. M. Schumann S. M. Sealy 6s. D. Seccomb 11, 10 Sefton L. M. Silver Street S. M. Southwell C. M. Spohr C. M. Springtime C. M. Staincliffe L. M. Stainer 8, 4, 7. D.	.Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc. (1800–80) 156² .Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838–96) 231 .J. Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905) 183 .Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826 —) 27 Dr. Robert Schumann (1810–56) 227 Frank L. Sealy (1858 —) 50 .Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 148 .J. Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905) 49 Isaac Smith (1735?–1800?) 118 .Herhert S. Irons (1824 —) 247° .Louis Spohr (1784–1859) 64 .William H. Monk, Mus. Doc. (1823–89) 247 .Robert W. Dixon 150
State Street S. M. Stephanos 8, 5, 8, 3 Stowe 11, 10 Sussex 6s. Sweden L. M. St. Aelred 8, 8, 8, 3	. Jonathan C. Woodman (1813-94)
St. Agnes C. M St. Alphege 7, 6 St. Anibrose 6, 4 St. Anatolius, No. I. P. M St. Anatolius, No. III. P. M St. Andrew of Crete 6, 5. D St. Anne C. M	. Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. (1805–76)
St. Cuthbert 8, 6, 8, 4	Joseph Richardson (1814-62) 39 Henry Smart (1813-79) 61 Fred C. Maker (1844 —) 172
St. Etheldreda C. M	.Rt. Rev. Thomas Turton, D.D. (1780–1864). 10 .Henry J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. (1805–76). 42 .Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc. (1816–93). 160 ²

Пүмх
St. Gertrude 6, 5, 12 l
St. Gertrude 6, 5, 12 1
St. James C. M. Raphael Courteville, Jr. (1670?-1735?) 201 St. John H. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905) 217
St. Joseph of the Studium 7, 6, D Sir Joseph Barnby, Mus. Doc. (1838-96) 232
St. Leonard C. M. D. Henry Hiles, Mus. Doc. (1826–1904). 66 St. Margaret [Westminster] C. M. James Turle (1802–82) 170
St. Margaret [Westminster] C. M
St. Mary Magdalene 6, 5. D
St. Matthias L. M. 6 l. William H. Monk, Mus. Doc. (1823-89). 113 St. Michael S. M. Daye's Psalter (1562). 40
St. Olave 6s, 61
St. Oswald [Sychar] 8, 7
St. Paul [Wachet auf] P. M. Old German (1599), har. by Mendelssohn 250 St. Peter C. M. Alexander R. Reinagle (1799–1877) 41, 177
St. Saviour C. M
St. Stephen [Nayland] C. M. Rev. William Jones (1726–1800) 163 St. Sylvester S, 7 Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 47
St. Sylvester 8, 7 Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823–76) 47 St. Thomas S. M. Aaron Williams (1734–76) 34
Tallis [Evening Hymn] L. M
Tallis' Ordinal C. M
Temple P. M
Tennyson P. M. Charles H. Morse (1853 —) 253 Thatcher S. M. George F. Händel (1685–1759) 127
Toplady 7s, 6l
Truro L. M.
Tunbridge L. M
Undique Gloria P. MSir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc. (1816-93) 119
Uxbridge L. M
Vigilate 7, 7, 7, 3
Vincent 8, 4. D. Horatio R. Palmer, Mus. Doc. (1834–1907). 43 Vindex [All Saints] C. M. D. Henry S. Cutler, Mus. Doc. (1824–1902). 225
Vox Angelica P. M
Vox Dilecti C. M. D
Waltham L. M. J. Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905). 215 Ward L. M. Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872). 198
Ware L. M
Wareham [All Saints] L. M. William Knapp (1698-1768) 142 Waverton H. M. 6s, 8, 8 Robert Jackson (1840) 204
Wearmouth 8, 8, 8
Webb 7, 6. D
Wentworth 8, 4, 6 l
Whittier 8, 6, 8, 8, 6
Willis C. M. D. Richard Storrs Willis (1819–1900). 141 Windsor C. M. George Kirbye (1565?–1634). 93
Winter Street 11, 10 Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792–1872) 212
Wismar [Mach's mit mir] L. M. 6 l. Johann H. Schein (1586–1630) 194 Woodman 7s R. Huntington Woodman (1861 —) 69
York [The Stilt] C. M
Zion 8, 7, —, 4, 7
-, , , -,

Alternative names of tunes in brackets; composers and sources in parentheses

HYMN	HYMN
Long Metre	St. Matthias (Monk)
_	Wismar (Schein)
Alstone (Willing)	(()
Angelus (Josephi)	Long Metre, Double
Canonbury (Schumann)	
Church Triumphant (Elliott) 8	Creation (Haydn)
Duke Street [Windle] (Hatton)36, 124, 202	Koenig (Barnby)
Easton [Mozart] (Mozart)	Common Metre [also 4, 4, 6, D.]
Federal Street (Oliver)	
Grace Church (Pleyel)	Antioch (Händel)
	Beatitudo (Dykes)
Grostete (Greatorex)	Bracondale (Booth)
Hamburg (Mason)9, 103	Bradfield (Calkin)
Hebron (Mason)	Dalehurst (Cottman)
Humility (Tuckerman)	Dedham (Gardiner-Mason)
Hursley [Stillorgan] (Ritter-Monk) 104	Dresden [Nun sich der Tag] (Krieger) 105
Judex [Dies Iræ] (Barnby)	Dundee (French) (Scotch)57, 99
Keble (Dykes)	Faith (Dykes)
Maryton (Smith)	
Melancthon [St. Gregory] (German) 2	Farrant (Farrant)
Meleombe [Nazareth] (Webbe-Monk) 173	
Mendon (Mason)	Holy Trinity (Barnby)
Missionary Chant (Zeuner)	Hummel (Zeuner)
	Ilfracombe (Webbe?) 179
	Laud (Dykes)
Old Hundredth (Genevan Psalter) 138	Meditation (Gower)
Passion (Coombs)	Miles Lane (Shrubsole) 164
Redemption (Coombs)1452	Mirfield (Cottman)
Repentance [Elvey, Pascal] (Elvey) 94	Naomi (Mason)
Rockingham (American, Mason) 25	Nativity (Lahee)
Rockingham (English, Miller) 121	Nottingham [St. Magnus] (Clark) 22
Saxby (Matthews)	Nox Præcessit (Calkin)
St. Cross (Dykes)	Ct. 1 (T) 1
St. Drosdane (Dykes)	St. Agnes (Dykes)
Sefton (Calkin)	St. Anne (Croft)
Staincliffe (Dixon)	St. Bernard (Richardson)
Sweden (Hiles)	St. Etheldreda (Turton)
	St. James (Courteville) 201
Tallis [Evening Hymn] (Tallis) 90 ²	St. Margaret [Westminster] (Turle) 170
Truro (Burney)	St. Mark (Gauntlett) 54
Tunbridge (Redhead)	St. Peter (Reinagle)
Uxbridge (Mason)	St. Saviour (Baker) 155
Waltham (Calkin)	St. Stephen [Nayland] (Jones) 163
Ward (Mason)	Southwell (Irons)
Ware (Kingsley)	Spohr (Spohr)
Wareham [All Saints] (Knapp) 142	Springtime (Monk)
Whitburn [Hesperus, Quebec] (Baker),	Tallis' Ordinal (Tallis)31, 96
26, 152, 167	Windsor (Kirbye) 93
,,	Vont [The Cit] Amon \
Long Metre, 6 lines	York [The Stilt] (Anon.)110, 233
	Common Metre, 6 lines
Credo (Stainer)	
Dartmouth (Hall)	St. Bede (Dykes) 56
Franklin (Woodman)	Common Motro Double
Mattapan (Foote)	Common Metre, Double
Melita (Dykes) 24	Blenden (Kettle)
St. Chrysostom (Barnby)44, 251	Deliverance (Barnby)2222

Hymn	Hymn
Golden (Gower)	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (6, 4)
Materna (Ward)	
Presbyter (Wilkinson)	America (Carey)
St. Leonard (Hiles)	Bethany (American, Mason)
Vindex [All Saints] (Cutler)	Dort (Mason)
Vox Dilecti (Dykes)	Italian Hymn (Giardini)
Willis (Willis) 141	Kedron (Spratt)
Short Metre	Olivet (Mason)
Benedictus (Morse)	St. Ambrose (Monk)
Boylston (Mason). 234	Hallelujah Metre (6s, 8, 8, or 4s)
Ignatius (Gauntlett)	
Laban (Mason)	Darwell (Darwell) 211² Old_148th (Croft) 211
Leighton (Greatorex) 83 ²	St. John (Calkin)
Olmutz (Mason) 32 St. George (Gauntlett) 42	Waverton (Jackson)
St. Michael (Daye's Psalter)	
St. Thomas (Williams)	7, 7, 7
Schumann (Schumann)	Lacrymæ (Sullivan)
Silver Street (Smith)	
State Street (Woodman)	7s
Thatcher (Händel) 127	Capernaum (Redhead)
Short Metre, Double	Easter Hymn (Lyra Davidica) 160
	Holley (Hews)
Chalvey (Hayne)	Innocents [Durham] (arr. Monk) 97 Nuremburg (Ahle) 85
Diademata (Elvey)	Woodman (Woodman)
4, 4, 6, D. (or C. M.)	
Bracondale (Booth)	7s, 5 lines
Diacondale (Dootii)	Hanover (Morse)
5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5	
St. Hubert (Darwall)	7s, 6 lines
` '	Cuyler (Brewer)
$\mathbf{6s}$	Dix (Kocher)
Sussex (Barnby)	Gethsemane [Ajalon] (Redhead)
	Toplady (Hastings)
6s, 6 lines	7s, Double
Laudes Domini (Barnby)	Charles Wesley (Zundel) 180
St. Olave (Barnby)	Hollingside (Dykes)
6s, Double	St. George, Windsor (Elvey)1602
,	7 7 7 9
Sealy (Sealy)	7, 7, 7, 3
6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 (or P. M.)	Vigilate (Monk) 84
Love's Offering (Parker) 45	7, 7, 7, 6
Prentiss (Doane)	Litany (Sullivan)
	Enany (Sumvan)
6, 5	7, 6
Bemerton (Filitz) 166	St. Alphege (Gauntlett) 111
Merrial (Barnby)	bt. Aipnege (Gauntiett) 111
6, 5, Double	7, 6, D ouble
	Aurelia (Wesley)
Bavaria (Gale)	Bentley (Hullah)
St. Andrew of Crete (Dykes)	Chenies (Matthews)
	Come unto Me (Dykes)
6, 5, 12 lines	Day of Rest (Elliott)
Armageddon (Goss)	Ellacombe (German)
St. Gertrude (Sullivan)	Ewing [Argyll] (Ewing)

Hymn	Hymn
Lancashire (Smart) 53	8, 7, Double
Lux Mundi (Sullivan)	Abbotsford (Barnby)
Munich (Störl's Choralbuch)	Beecher (Zundel) 168
Pearsall (St. Gall Katholische Gesang-	Bethany (English, Smart)
buch) 62^2	Ilsley (Ilsley) 133 Salvator (Goss) 1563
Rotterdam (Tours)	·
St. Christopher (Maker)	8, 8, 8
St. Georges, Bolton (Walch)	Wearmouth (Steggall)
band)	8, 8, 8, 3
Savoy Chapel (Calkin)	St. Aelred (Dykes)
Webb (Webb)	8, 8, 8, 4
7, 6, 8, 6, Double	Almsgiving (Dykes)
Alford [Resurrectus] (Dykes) 249	In memoriam (Maker)
Roosevelt (Morse)	Memoria (Wesley)
7s, 8, 8	Palestrina (Palestrina)
Requiescat (Dykes)	
	8, 8, 8, 6
7, 6, -, 8, 8 (or P. M.)	Elmhurst (Drewett)
St. Anatolius, No. I. (Barnby)	Repentance [Elvey; Pascal] (Elvey) 94 Trust (Torrance)
,	9, 8
8, 4, 6 lines	•
Wentworth (Maker)	Eucharistic Hymn (Hodges)
8, 4, Double	10s, 2 lines
Vincent (Palmer)	Pax Tecum (Caldbeck) 58
8, 4, 7, Double	10s
Stainer (Stainer) 6	Dalkeith (Hewlett)
~	Ellers [Irene] (Hopkins)
8, 5, 8, 3	Langran [St. Agnes] (Langran) 92
Stephanos (Baker)	Old 124th (Bourgeois)
8, 6, 8, 4	O Quanta Qualia (La Feillée)
St. Cuthbert (Dykes)	Pax Dei (Dykes)
	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
8, 6, –, 6s (or P. M.)	10s, 6 lines Conway (Lawes)
Golden (Gower)	
Paradise (Barnby)	10, 10, 10, 6
8, 6, 8, 8, 6	Artavia (Hopkins)
Whittier (Maker)	Peace (Chadwick)
8, 7	10, 10, 10, 8
Dominus Regit me (Dykes)	Sarum (Barnby)
Lowton (Lowe)	10, 4, -, 10, 10 (or P. M.)
St. Oswald [Sychar; Dykes] (Dykes) 210	Lux Benigna (Dykes)
	35 (35
St. Sylvester (Dykes)	Munger (Morse) 96
8, 7, 6 lines	10, 10, 11, 11
8, 7, 6 lines	10, 10, 11, 11
8, 7, 6 lines Regent Square (Smart)	10, 10, 11, 11
8, 7, 6 lines	10, 10, 11, 11 Lyons (Haydn)

Пчмп	Hymn
11s, 6 lines	Crusaders' Hymn [Ascalon] (Anon.) 175
St. Boniface [Alma Lux] (Smart) 61	Ein' feste Burg (German)
11, 10, 11, 6	Evening Praise (Sherwin) 68
Frances (Morse)	Fairlea [Nun ruhen alle Wälder] (Isaac) 75 Harvest (Cottman)
11, 10	Intercession (Callcott-Mendelssohn) 132
Consolation (Webbe) 134 Seccomb (Morse) 148 Stowe (Morse) 107	Kipling (Morse) 206 Laudamus [Allein Gott in der Höh'] (Decius) 100 100
Winter Street (Mason)	Neander [Lobe den Herren] (German, 1668)
11, 10, -, 9, 11 (or P. M.)	Neumark [Bremen; Augsberg] (Neu-
Pilgrims (Smart) 243° Vox Angelica (Dykes) 243	mark) 125 New Years Hymn (Macfarlane) 1 Nicæa (Dykes) 96
Peculiar Metre (Irregular)	Phillips Brooks (Morse)
Adeste Fideles [Portuguese Hymn] 140 Amsterdam (Nares). 241 Crüger [Marengo] [Nun danket] (Crüger) 120	St. Paul [Wachet auf!] (German, 1599) 256 Temple (Hopkins) 73 Tennyson (Morse) 256 Undique Gloria (Elvey) 116

INDEX OF CHANTS, CANTICLES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES

Blessed be the Lord God (BENEDICTUS)	6	Henry Aldrich
Glory be to God (GLORIA IN EXCELSIS)	14	$\dots \dots Old\ Chant$
Glory he to the Eather (GLORIA PATRI)	15 {	Thos. Tallis
Glory be to the Father (GLORIA PATRI)		Jos. Robinson
God be merciful (DEUS MISEREATUR)		Thos. Purcell
·		L. van Beethoven
He that hath pity (Offertory)		Joseph Barnby
Holy, Holy (Sanctus)		Joseph Barnby
Holy, Holy (Sanctus)		J. B. Dykes
I believe in God (Apostles' Creed)		E. J. Hopkins
It is a good thing (Bonum est)		Sam'l Arnold
Let your light so shine (Offertory)		Joseph Barnby
Lord, have mercy (Kyrie)		Joseph Barnby
Lord, have mercy (Response and Kyrie)		C. F. Gounod
Lord, now lettest Thou (Nunc Dimittis)	11 {	John Blow Joseph Barnby
Hord, now respect thed (resto Diministry)		
My soul doth magnify (MAGNIFICAT)	8 {	Geo. J. ElveyHenry Lawes
11 boar door 1118-11-1 (-1118-11-1)		
O be joyful in the Lord (JUBILATE DEO)	7 {	Geo. J. Elvey John S. Smith
O come, let us sing (Venite)	2	Wm. Boyce
O sing unto the Lord (CANTATE)	9	E. G. Monk
		y Sirear v
Our Father who art in heaven (LORD'S PRAYER)		
Out of the depths (De Profundis)		Old English
Praise the Lord (BENEDIC ANIMA)	13 {	W. H. Monk
2 411.4		R. Farrant
Sevenfold Amen		John Stainer
The Lord is my Shepherd (PSALM XXIII)		
777 1 MI O.G. I (M. D. 1992)		Richard Langdon
We praise Thee, O God (TE DEUM)		Richard Woodward
	(Henry Smart
Whose hath this world's good (Offertory)	21	$\dots Joseph Barnby$

INDEX OF AUTHORS, TRANSLATORS, AND SOURCES

(The figures refer to the numbers of the hymns.)

93), 144.

Brooks, Rt. Rev. Phillips, D.D. (1835–

Browne, Rev. Simon (1680–1732), 198.

Elliott, Miss Charlotte (1789–1871), 84,

Adams, Mrs. Sarah Flower (1805-48), 15.

Addison, Joseph (1672–1719), 57, 112, 125.

Brontë, Miss Anne (1820–49), 199. Brooke, Rev. Stopford A. (1832 ——),95.

Brooks, Rev. Charles T. (1813–83), 205.

Adler, Prof. Felix, Ph.D. (1851 —). 210. Burns, Rev. James D., M.A. (1823–64), Alexander, Mrs. Cecil F. (1823–95), 153, 191.Burton, John (1692–1763), 217. Alford, Rev. Henry, D.D. (1810-71), 249. Ambrose, St. (of Milan) (340?–97), 9. Canitz, Baron Friedrich R. L. von (1654– Anatolius, St. (7th century), 73. 99), 6. Andrew of Crete, St. (7th and 8th cen-Carlyle, Rev. Joseph D., M.A. (1759turies), 81. 1804), 93. Anonymous, 7, 47, 89, 96, 140, 161, 184, Caswall, Rev. Edward, M. A. (1814–78), 187, 195, 200, 248. 8, tr. 184, tr. 195 ab. and alt. Armitage, Miss Ella S. (1841 ——), 49. Chadwick, Rev. John W. (1840–1904). Auber, Miss Harriet (1773–1862), 196. Chandler, Rev. John A., M.A. (1806–76), Bacon, Rev. Leonard, D.D. (1802–81), 202. Charlemagne the Great (?) (800), 194. Baker, Rev. Sir Henry W. (1821–77), 129. Claudius, Matthias (1743–1815), 114. Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine, M.A. (1834– Conder, Josiah (1789–1855), 124. ----), 67, 224. Cotterill, Mrs. Jane (1790–1825), 26. Baynes, Rev. Robert H., M.A. (1831–95), Cotterill, Rev. Thomas (1779–1823), alt. Beddome, Rev. Benjamin (1717–95), 165. Cowper, William (1731–1800), 37, 106. Benson, Rev. Louis F. (1855 ——), 31. Coxe, Rt. Rev. Arthur C., D.D., LL.D. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), 177, (1818-96), 233. 178. Croly, Rev. George, M.A., LL.D. (1780– Bernard of Cluny, or Morlaix (12th cen-1860), 197. tury), 245. Bickersteth, Rt. Rev. Edward H., D.D. Decius, Nicolaus (1490?–1541), 100. (1825-1906), 58, 111. Dickson, Rev. David (1583–1663), 246. Blanchard, Rev. Ferdinand Q. (1876-Dix, William C. (1837–98), 186. —), 167. Doane, Rt. Rev. George W., D.D. (1799-Bode, Rev. John E., M.A. (1816-74), 1859), 69, 215. Doddridge, Rev. Philip, D.D. (1702-51), Bonar, Rev. Horatius, D.D. (1808–89), 2, 16, 155, 211. 33, 50, 132, 185, 240. Dryden, John, M.A. (1631–1700), para-Bowring, Sir John, LL.D. (1792–1872), phrased 194. Dwight, Rev. John S. (1813–93), 205. Brady, Rev. Nicholas, D.D. (1659–1726), Dwight, Rev. (Pres't) Timothy, D.D., LL.D. (1752–1817), 228. Bridaine, Jacques (1701–67), 148. Edmeston, James (1791–1867), 76. Bright, Rev. Wm., D.D. (1824–1901), Ellerton, Rev. John, M.A. (1826–93), 74, 80, 251, 252.

INDEX OF AUTHORS, TRANSLATORS, AND SOURCES

Faber, Rev. Frederick W., D.D. (1814–63), 41, 133, 149, 220, 243, 244.

Fawcett, Rev. John, D.D. (1740–1817), 234.

Gerhardt, Rev. Paul (1606 or 7–76), 60, 75, 151.

German, 175, 184.

Gill, Thomas H. (1819 ——), 201.

Gladden, Rev. Washington, D.D. (1836– —), 46, 91.

Grant, Hon. Sir Robert (1779-1838),126.

Greek, 121. Gregory the Great, Pope (540–604),194. Grigg, Rev. Joseph (1720–68), 193.

Hardenberg, Friedrich von (1772–1801), 163.

Hastings, Thomas, Mus. Doc. (1784–1872), 134, v. 3, 212.

Havergal, Miss Frances R. (1836–79), 154, 226.

Hay, Hon. John (1838–1905), 221.

Heath, Rev. George (——1822), 83.

Heber, Rt. Rev. Reginald, D.D. (1783–1826), 72, 98, 225, 237.

Hemans, Felicia D. (1793–1835), 14. Herbert, Rev. George (1593–1633), 40,

Higginson, Rev. and Col. Thomas Wentworth (1823 ——), 90, 104.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L. (1809–94), 102.

Hosmer, Rev. Frederick L. (1840 ——) 30, 48.

How, Rt. Rev. William W., D.D. (1823–97), 13, 150, 172, 190, 204, 227, 230,

Hughes, Thomas (1823–96), 28.

John, St., of Damascus (8th century), 78.

Johnson, Rev. Samuel (1822–82), 107, 207.

Keith, George (18th century), 130. Ken, Rt. Rev. Thomas, D.D. (1637–1711), 4, 138, Doxology.

Kennedy, Benjamin H., D.D. (1804–89), 162.

Kipling, Rudyard, LL.D. (1865 ——), 206.

Larcom, Miss Lucy (1826–93), 12. Lathbury, Miss Mary A. (1841 ——), 68, 235.

Latin, 7, 8, 140, 161, 195, 248.

Livock, Miss Jane E. (1840 —), 3. Longfellow, Rev. Samuel, M.A. (1819–92), alt. 8, 11, 25, 54.

Ludwig, Nicolaus (1700-60), 18.

Luther, Rev. Martin, D.D. (1483–1546), 142, 208.

Lynch, Rev. Thomas T. (1818–71), 42. Lyte, Rev. Henry F., M.A. (1793–1847), 71, 156.

Macdonald, Rev. George, LL.D. (1824–1905), 39.

Martineau, Rev. James, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L. (1805–1900), 145.

Mason, Miss Caroline A. (1823–90), 63. Mercer, Rev. William (1811–73), 72,

vs. 2 and 3.

Milman, Rev. Henry H., D.D. (1791–1868), 143, 158. Monsell, Rev. John S. B., LL.D. (1811–

Monsell, Rev. John S. B., LL.D. (1811–75), 36, 53, 61, 62, 65, 183.

Montgomery, James (1771–1854), 22, 82, 222, 238.

Moore, Thomas (1779–1852), 64, 113, 134, vs. 1 and 2.

Neale, Rev. John M., D.D. (1818–66), 192, tr. 248.

Neander, Joachim (1650-80), 117.

Neumark, Rev. George (1621–81), 122.

Newman, Cardinal John H. (1801–90), tr. 7, 21.

Newton, Rev. John (1725–1807), 79, 97, 179.

Nicolai, Rev. D. Philip, D.D. (1556–1608), 250.

Oakeley, Rev. E. S. (----), 29.

Palgrave, Francis T., M.A. (1824–97), 209.

Palmer, E. J., 75.

Palmer, Rev. Ray, D.D. (1808–87), 181. Paris Breviary (1736), 7.

Parker, Rev. Edwin P., D.D. (1836——) 45.

Parker, Rev. Theodore (1810–60), 169. Percy, Miss Frances A. (1843 ——), 10. Perronet, Rev. Edward (1726–92), 164, vs. 1–5.

Plumptree, Rev. Edward H. (1821-91), 24.

Pollock, Rev. Thos. B. (1836-96), 88, 147, tr. 148.

INDEX OF AUTHORS, TRANSLATORS, AND SOURCES

Pott, Rev. Francis, M.A. (1832 ——), tr. 161.

Prentiss, Mrs. Elizabeth (1818–78), 182. Procter, Miss Adelaide A. (1825–64), 66, 116.

Prynne, Rev. George R., M.A. (1818– —), 166.

Rawson, George (1807–89), 128 arr. Richardson, Prof. Charles F., A.M.,

Ph.D. (1851 ——), 44. Rinkart, Rev. Martin (1586–1649), 120.

Rippon, Rev. John, D.D. (1751–1836), 164, vs. 6–7.

Russell, Rev. Arthur T., M.A. (1806–74), tr. 18.

Schmolck, Rev. Benjamin (1672–1737), 146.

Seagrave, Robert (1693–1759?), 241. Sears, Rev. Edmund H., D.D. (1810–76), 141.

Shindler, Mrs. Mary S. B. (1810–83?), 86. Shurtleff, Ernest W. (1862——), 223. Smith, Frederic (1849——), 136.

Smith, Rev. Samuel F., D.D. (1808–95), 203.

Smith, Rev. Walter C., D.D. (1824——), 85.

Steele, Miss Anne (1716-78), 55.

Sternhold, Thomas (?-1549), 128.

Stone, Rev. Samuel J., M.A. (1839–1901), 216, 229.

Stryker, Prest. and Rev. M. Woolsey, D.D. (1851 ——), tr. 117, 173 abr.

Tate, Nahum (1652–1715), 109.

Taylor, Hon. Bayard (1825–78), 127. Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809–92), 171, 253.

Tersteegen, Gerhard (1697–1769), 103. Thomas of Celano (13th century), 254.

Thring, Rev. Godfrey (1823–99), 19, 52, 70.

Toplady, Rev. Augustus M., M.A. (1740–78), 157.

Tuttiett, Rev. Lawrence (1825–97), 27, 256.

Twells, Rev. Henry (1823-1900), 77.

Upham, T. C. (1799–1872), 34.

Waring, Miss Anna L. (1820 ——), 56, 189.

Watts, Rev. Isaac, D.D. (1674–1748), 99, 101, 108, 110, 115, 118, 123, 138, 139, 152, 176, 213, 247.

Weissel, Rev. George (1590–1635), 174. Wesley, Rev. Charles, M.A. (1707–88),

1, 5, 17, 32, 160, 168, 180. Wesley, Rev. John, M.A. (1703–91), 40,

tr. 60, tr. 103. Whateley, Most Rev. Richard, D.D. (1787-1863), 72, v. 3.

Whitmore, Lady Lucy E. G. (1792–1840), 92.

Whittier, John G. (1807-92), 59, 105, 170, 239, 255.

Wilberforce, Rev. Ernest R. (1840 ——),

Williams, William (1717–91), 20, 218. Williams, Miss Sarah (——), 87.

Williams, Miss Sarah (----), 87. Winkworth, Miss Catherine (1829-78), tr. 100, tr. 131, tr. 163.

Wolcott, Rev. Samuel, D.D. (1813–86), 219.

Wordsworth, Rt. Rev. Christopher, D.D. (1807–85), 51.

Wotton, Sir Henry (1568–1639), 35.

Zinzendorf, Count von. See Ludwig, N.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF COMPOSERS

Darwall, Rev. Leicester (1813 ——), 18. Ahle, Johann Rudolf (1625–73), 86. Darwell, Rev. John (1731–89), 211². Aldrich, Henry (1647-1710), Chant 6, Daye's Psalter (1562), 40. Benedictus. Decius, Nicolaus (1490?–1541), 100. Anon., 2, 40, 57, 62, 62², 95, 99, 110, 117, Dixon, Robert W. (——), 150. Doane, Dr. William H. (1831— 138, 160, 208, 223, 230, 233, 250. Arnold, Dr. Samuel (1740–1802), Chant Drewett, Edward (1850 —), 52. 10, Bonum est confiteri. Dykes, Rev. John B., Mus. Doc. (1823-76), 19, 21, 24, 28, 30, 37, 47, 51, 56, 81, Bach, Johann Sebastien (1685–1750), 151. 82, 89, 98, 100, 129, 131, 136, 137, 143, 149, Baker, Frederick G. (1840–72), 155. 185, 186, 195, 196, 197, 210, 238, 243, Baker, Rev. Sir Henry W. (1821-77), 26, 249, 252; Chant 17, Sanctus. 152, 167, 192. Barnby, Sir Joseph (1838–96), 44, 65, 67, Elliott, James W. (1833 ----), 8, 188. $73, 125, 146, 154, 156, 169^2, 184, 209,$ 222², 231, 232, 244, 249, 251, 254; Chant 3, Kyrie; Chant 11, Nunc Dimittis; Elvey, Sir George J., Mus. Doc. (1816-93), 14, 42², 94, 119, 160²; Chant 7, Chant 16, Sanctus. Offertory Sen-Jubilate Deo; Chant 8, Magnificat. tences, 20, 21, 22. Ewing, Lt.-Col. Alexander (1830-95), Barthelémon, François H. (1741–1808), 23. 245.Beethoven, Ludwig von (1770-1827), Chant 12², Deus Misereatur. Farrant, Richard (1530?–80), 16; Chant Blow, Dr. John (1648-1708), Chant 11, 13², Benedic Anima. Nunc Dimittis. Filitz, Friedrich, Ph.D. (1804–60?), 166. Booth, Josiah (1852 -----), 3. Foote, Arthur (1853 ----), 220. Bourgeois, Louis (Ab. 1500), 169. Boyce, Dr. William (1710-79), Chant 2, Gale, Clement R. (1862 ——), 29. Venite exultemus. Gardiner, William (1770–1853), 123. Brewer, John Hyatt (1856 —), 157. Brown, Arthur H. (1830 —), 73². Gauntlett, Dr. Henry J. (1805-76), 42, 54, 80, 85, 111. Burney, Dr. Charles (1726-1814), 63. Genevan Psalter (1542), 138. German, 2, 117, 208, 223, 248. Caldbeck, G. T. (----), 58. Giardini, Felice de (1716-96), 200. Calkin, J. Baptiste (1827-1905), 48, 49, Goss, Sir John, Mus. Doc. (1800–80), 183, 199, 215, 217. 156², 226. Callcott, William H. (1807–82), 132. Gounod, Charles F. (1818–93), Response, Carey, Henry (1685–1743), 203. Chant 23. Chadwick, George W. (1854 ——),187. Gower, Dr. John H. (1855 ----), 11, Clark, Jeremiah (1670-1707), 22. 153, 244². Conkey, Ithamar (1815-67), 159. Greatorex, Henry W. (1811-58), 17, 832, Coombs, Charles Whitney (1859 -102, 171. $145,\ 145^{2}.$ Cornell, John H. (1828-94), 181. Hall, Walter Henry (1862 ——), 5. Cottman, Arthur (1842?-79), 7, 114, 207. Handel, George F. (1685–1759), 127, 139. Courteville, Raphael, Jr. (1670?–1735?), Hart's Psalter (1611), 110, 233. Hassler, Hans Leo (1564-1612), 151. Croft, Dr. William (1677-1727), 106, 109, Hastings, Dr. Thomas (1784–1872), 157²,

218.

Crüger, Rev. Johann (1598–1662), 120.

Cutler, Dr. Henry S. (1824–1902), 225.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF COMPOSERS

Haupt, August (1810–91), 105, 117. Morse, Charles H., Mus. Bac. (1853 — Haydn, Franz Josef (1732–1809), 112. 60, 95, 107, 144, 148, 162, 206, 221, Haydn, J. Michael (1737–1806), 126. 239, 253, The Lord's Prayer. Mozart, Wolfgang A. (1756-91), 90. Hayne, Rev. Leighton G. (1836–83), 240. Hermann, Nicolaus (—— 1561), 128. Nares, Dr. James (1715–83), 241. Hewlett, Thomas (1845–74), 235. Neumark, Rev. George (1621–81), 122. Hews, George (1806–73), 692. Hiles, Dr. Henry (1826–1904), 66, 88. Old Chants, Chant 14, Gloria in Excelsis. Hodges, Rev. John S. B. (1830 —), Old English, Chant 19, Psalm exxx. 237. Old Melody, arr., 175, 250. Hopkins, Dr. Edward J. (1818–1901), Oliver, Henry K. (1800–85), 193. 20², 72, 74, 76, 87, Apostles' Creed. Oxford Chant, 22, Venite Exultemus. Hullah, John, LL.D. (1812–84), 189. Husband, Rev. Edward (1843 —), Palestrina, Giovanni Pierluigi da (1524-190. 94), 161. Palmer, Dr. Horatio R. (1834–1907), 43. Ilsley, Frank G. (1831–87), 133. Parker, Rev. Dr. Edwin P. (1836 ——), Irons, Henry S. (1834 ——), 247². Isaac, Heinrich (1450?–1517?), 75. Pleyel, Ignace J. (1757–1831), 108. Jackson, Robert (1840 ——), 204. Purcell, Thomas (1623?–82), Chant 12, Jones, Rev. William (1726-1800), 163. Deus Misereatur. Josephi, Georg (17th century), 77. Redhead, Richard (1820–1901), 1573, 158, Kettle, Charles E. (1833-95), 91. 174.Kingsley, George (1811–84), 176. Reinagle, Alexander R. (1799–1877), 41, Kirbye, George (1565?–1634), 93. Knapp, William (1698-1768), 142. Richardson, Joseph (1814-62), 39. Knecht, Justin H. (1752–1817), 190. Ritter, Peter (1760–1846), 104. Kocher, Conrad, Ph.D. (1786–1872), 79. Robinson, Joseph (1815 —), Chant 15², Krieger, Adam Ph. (1634–66), 105. Gloria Patri. La Feillée (——), 248. Schein, Johann H. (1586–1630), 194. Lahee, Henry (1826 ——), 135. Schumann, Robert, Ph.D. (1810–56), 12, Langdon, Richard (1729–1803), Chant 5, 178, 227. Te Deum Laudamus. Scotch Psalter (1564), 57, 99. Langran, Dr. James (1835 ——), 92. Sealy, Frank L. (1858 ——), 50. Lausanne Psalter (1565), 62. Sherwin, William F. (1826–87), 68. Lawes, Henry (1595-1662), 38; Chant Shrubsole, William (1758-1806), 164. 8², Magnificat. Simao, Marcantoine (1763–1830), 130, Lowe, Albert (——), 76. **14**0. Lyra Davidica (1708), 160. Smart, Henry (1813–79), 20, 53, 61, 191, 2432; Chant 53, Te Deum Laudamus; Macfarlane, Will C. (1870 ——), 1. Maker, Fred C. (1844 ——), 59, 70, 116, Chant 9², Cantate Domino. Smith, Rev. H. Percy (1825–98), 33, 46. 172.Smith, Isaac (1735?-1800?), 118. Mason, Dr. Lowell (1792–1872), 4, 9, 15², Smith, John S. (1750-1836), Chant 72, 25, 32, 55, 83, 103, 115, 181², 198, 205, Jubilate Deo. 212, 214, 234. Spohr, Louis (1784–1859), 64. Matthews, Rev. Timothy R. (1826 ——), Spratt, Miss A. B. (----), 15. $27, 230^{2}$. Stainer, Prof. Sir John, Mus. Doc. (1840-Mendelssohn (-Bartholdy), Felix, Ph.D. 1901), 6, 256, Sevenfold Amen. (1809-47), 100, 132, 230, 250. Statham, Rev. Henry H. (——), Chant Miller, Dr. Edward (1731–1807), 121. Monk, Dr. Edwin G. (1819-1900), Chant 18, Psalm xxiii. Steggall. Dr. Charles (1826–1905), 13. 9, Cantate Domino. Monk, Dr. William H. (1823–89), 71, 84, Störl, Johann G. C. (1676–1743), Choral-97, 104, 113, 173, 219, 247; Chant 13, buch (1716), 230.

Benedic Anima.

St. Gall Katholische Gesangbuch, 62².

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF COMPOSERS

Sullivan, Sir Arthur S., Mus. Doc. (1842- Webbe, Samuel (1740-1816), 134, 173, 179. 1900), 147, 190², 224, 236.

Tallis, Thomas (1520?–85), 31, 902, 96; Chant 15, Gloria Patri.

Torrance, Rev. George W. (1835 ——),

Tours, Berthold (1838-97), 78.

Tuckerman, Dr. Samuel P. (1819-90),

Turle, James (1802–82), 170.

Turton, Rt. Rev. Thomas, D.D. (1780-1864), 10.

Walch, James (1837 ——), 242. Ward, Samuel A. (1847–1903), 246. Webb, George J. (1803–87), 223². Wesley, Dr. Samuel S. (1810-76), 702, 229.

Wilkinson, Walter O. (1852–1908), 222. Williams, Aaron (1734-76), 34.

Willing, Christopher E. (1830-1904), 35. Willis, Richard Storrs (1819-1900), 141, 175.

Woodman, Jonathan C. (1813-94), 228. Woodman, R. Huntington (1861 ----),

69, 216.

Woodward, Dr. Richard (1744-77), Chant 5², Te Deum Laudamus.

Zeuner, Heinrich C. (1795–1857), 101,

Zundel, John (1815–82), 168, 180.

a 18		
	()	
-#		
	0 ÷	

