
SÖNDAGS-
SKOLBOK

INNEHÅLLAND

LITURGI SAMT SVENSKA
OCH ENGELSKA SÅNGER
FÖR SÖNDAGSSKOLAN

OMARBETAD 1871 GA

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.
AUGUSTANA BOOK CONCERN.

Sunday


Ed

to
Chas. ...

at ...

Hi ...

...



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Calvin College

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOK

CONTAINING

LITURGY AND HYMNS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION



ROCK ISLAND, ILL.
THE LUTHERAN AUGUSTANA BOOK CONCERN.

COPYRIGHTED 1903.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.
THE LUTHERAN AUGUSTANA BOOK CONCERN, PRINTERS.

CONTENTS.

Order of service for the Sunday School...	pp 5—8
	Hymns.
I. PRAISE AND ADORATION.....	1—12
II. THE CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.....	13—57
1. Advent and Christmas.....	13—27
a) Advent.....	13—17
b) Christmas.....	18—27
2. New Year.....	28—30
3. Epiphany.....	31—33
4. Lent.....	34—42
5. Easter.....	43—50
6. Ascension.....	51—53
7. Pentecost.....	54—56
8. Trinity.....	57
III. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.....	58—88
1. The Word.....	58—61
2. The Worship.....	62—70
a) Opening Hymns.....	62—68
b) Closing Hymns.....	69—70
3. Baptism and Confirmation....	71—75
a) Baptism.....	71—72
b) Confirmation.....	73—75
4. Reformation and Mission.....	76—88
a) Reformation.....	76—79
b) Mission.....	80—88
IV. THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.....	89—165
A. Faith.....	89—108
1. Repentance.....	89—93
2. Justification.....	94—101
3. Peace.....	102—108

B. Love.....	109—114
1. Prayer.....	109—114
2. Sanctification.....	115—121
3. The Home.....	122—131
4. The School.....	132—135
5. Our Country.....	136—137
6. Outings.....	138—141
C. Hope.....	142—165
1. The Cross.....	142—148
2. Longing for Heaven.....	149—158
3. Heavenly Glory.....	159—165

ORDER OF SERVICE FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

I. Order for Opening.

After singing an appropriate Hymn, the School standing the Superintendent shall say:

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker, for He is our God.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Then the Superintendent and the School together shall say:

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness; according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit.

The School shall sing:

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

Then the Superintendent shall say the following Collect, or some other Collect appropriate to the day.

Grant us, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, Heavenly Father, a steadfast faith in Jesus Christ, a cheerful hope in Thy mercy, and a sincere love to Thee and to all our fellowmen, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The School shall sing:

Amen.

Then the Superintendent and the School responsively shall read the Bible Lesson.

After the reading of the Lesson, the Superintendent and the School together shall say the Apostles' Creed.

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

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

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Christian Church, the Communion of Saints; the Forgive-

ness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

Then, the School sitting, a Hymn shall be sung, after which the Class Instruction shall begin.

II. Order for Closing.

The Class Instruction ended and the School having been called to order, a Lesson Review or Questions on the Catechism may follow, after which all necessary Announcements shall be made.

A Hymn having been sung, the Superintendent, the School standing, shall say the following General Prayer (Instead of this Prayer a free Prayer may be used):

O Lord our God, most loving and merciful Saviour, who didst call little children to come unto Thee, and didst lay Thy hands upon them, look upon us, we humbly beseech Thee, and bless us, Thy children, dedicated to Thy service in holy Baptism. Bestow upon us Thy saving grace, and make us to remember our Creator in the days of our youth. Teach us the fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom.

Bless, o Lord, the instruction we have received this hour, and grant that Thy precious Word be so grafted into our hearts as to bring forth the fruits of righteousness to the honor and glory of Thy Name.

Teach us truly to believe in Thee, love Thee with all our heart, to worship Thee and give Thee thanks, to obey Thy commandments, to reverence Thy holy Name and Word, and to serve Thee faithfully all the days of our lives.

Be gracious unto all of us here before Thee. Preserve us from all danger and deliver us from

the power of the evil one and from the wickedness that is in the world. Defend us by day and by night. Unite us in the bonds of Christian love, and receive us at last unto Thyself in Thy heavenly kingdom. These and all things else necessary for us, and for the whole Church, we humbly beg in the Name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Then the Superintendent and the School together shall say the Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in Heaven; Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The Superintendent shall say:

Let us thank and praise the Lord.

The School shall sing:

Glory be to Thee, O Lord!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The Superintendent shall say:

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

The School shall sing:

Amen, Amen, Amen.

1. PRAISE AND ADORATION.

1. All glory be to God on high.

- 1 All glory be to God on high
Who hath our race befriended!
To us no harm shall now come nigh,
The strife at last is ended;
God showeth His good will to men,
And peace shall reign on earth again;
Oh, thank Him for His goodness.
- 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,
Thou dost whate'er Thy will ordains;
Well for us that Thou rulest!
- 3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of Thy heavenly Father,
O Thou who hast our peace restored
And the lost sheep dost gather,
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;
We trust in Thee to save us. Hymnal 121.

2. Before Jehovah's awful throne.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 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?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
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 must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Hymnal 120. Ssb. 3.

3. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

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

Hymnal 128. Ssb. 4.

4. Oh, what praises shall we render.

1 Oh, what praises shall we render
To the Lord who reigns above,
For His mercies constant, tender,

For His condescending love!
Though we often have offended,
And transgressed His holy will,
Still has he our souls befriended;
We may call Him Father still.

2 Heavenly Father, Thou hast taught us
Thus to seek Thee in our youth;
Hitherto Thy grace hath brought us,
Lead us onward in Thy truth.
We are weak, do Thou uphold us,
And from every snare defend;
Let Thy mighty arms enfold us,
Save us, keep us, to the end.

3 Oh, our Father, great and glorious!
Draw our youthful hearts to Thee;
Let Thy grace be there victorious,
Let Thy love our portion be.
May we know Thy great salvation,
Serve and love Thee all our days;
Then in heaven, Thy habitation,
Join to sing Thine endless praise.

Hymnal 129

5. Now thank we all our God.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His earth rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours to-day.

- 2 Oh! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And 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.

Hymnal 133. Ssb. 6.

6. Glory to the Father give.

- 1 Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire.
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that God is love.

Hymnal 115.

7. Up above the bright blue sky.

- 1 Up above the bright blue sky,
Where the stars are peeping,
Farther still than I can see,
Heavenly watchers over me
Nightly care are keeping.
- 2 All day long and all night, too,
While I'm safely sleeping,
Busy on their task of love
They are sent from heaven above,
Faithful vigil keeping.
- 3 And whilst us, from evil things,
Angels are defending,
Little children, robed in white,
Sing before the throne of light,
Daylight never ending.
- 4 Jesus took them for His own,
Made them pure and holy,
And on earth His gentle love
Trained them for their home above,
Safe from sin and folly.
- 5 Blessed Jesus, take me, too,
Though I'm weak and lowly,

Let Thy gentle grace within
Make my garments white and clean,
And my spirit holy.

8. Come, sound His praise abroad.

- 1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 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.

Hymnal 126.

9. Singing for Jesus.

- 1 Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord, whom we love;
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as they praise Him above.

- 2 Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.
- 3 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that he gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.
- 4 Singing for Jesus,—yes, singing for joy;
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus, for ever above.

10. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him.

- 1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;

Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

Hymnal 127.

11. From all that dwell below the skies.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy Word.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

12. Praise the Lord, each tribe and nation.

- 1 Praise the Lord, each tribe and nation,
Praise Him with a joyous heart;
Ye who know His full salvation,
Gather now from every part;
Let your voices glorify,
In His temple, God on high.
- 2 He's our God and our Creator,
We, His flock and chosen seed:
He, our Lord and Liberator,
Us from sin and peril freed:
And at last His flock shall rest
In the mansions of the blest.
- 3 Give him thanks in all His portals;
In the courts His deeds proclaim;

Hither come, ye ransomed mortals;
 Glorify our Saviour's Name.
 Ever kind and loving, He
 Keeps His faith eternally. Hymnal 132.

II. THE CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

1. Advent and Christmas.

a) Advent.

13. Prepare the way, O Zion!

- 1 Prepare the way, O Zion!
 Ye awful deeps, rise high,
 Sink low, ye towering mountains,
 The Lord is drawing nigh:
 The righteous King of glory,
 Foretold in sacred story.
 Oh, blest is He that came
 In God the Father's Name!
- 2 O Zion, He approacheth,
 Thy Lord and King for aye!
 Palm-branches strew with gladness
 Spread garments in His way.
 God's promise faileth never,
 Hosanna sound forever!
 Oh, blest is He that came
 In God the Father's Name!
- 3 ¹⁰ ₁₀ g wide thy portals, Zion,
 And hail Thy glorious King;

His tidings of salvation
To every people bring,
Who, waiting yet in sadness
Would sing His praise with gladness.
Oh, blest is He that came
In God the Father's Name!

4 He cometh not with warriors,
And not with pomp and show;
Yet smiteth He with terror
Sin, death, and every foe.
The Spirit's sword He wieldeth,
Not e'en to death He yieldeth,
Oh, blest is He that came
In God the Father's Name.

5 Give heed, thou sinful people,
Thy King and Saviour own:
The kingdom which He foundeth
Is not an earthly one;
No power can overthrow it,
Nor earthly wisdom know it.
Oh, blest is He that came
In God the Father's Name!

6 The throne which He ascendeth
Is fixed in heaven above:
His sanctified dominion
Is light alone and love.
With grace and peace abounding
His praise be ever sounding.
Oh, blest is He that came
In God the Father's Name!

7 Jerusalem is fallen,
 And closed its temple-door;
 Its sacrifices ended;
 Its scepter is no more.
 Christ's kingdom never ceaseth,
 Its glory still increaseth.
 Oh, blest is He that came
 In God the Father's Name! Hymnal 2.

14. Rejoice, all ye believers.

- 1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear!
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon He draweth nigh.
 Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,—
 At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide-open stand:
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
 The Bridegroom is at hand!
- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign for ever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory

The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted;
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

Hymnal 12

15. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing;
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever;
That Name to us is Love.

Hymnal 8. Seb. 20.

16. Oh! how shall I receive Thee?

1 Oh! how shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see Thee,
My hope, my heart's Delight!
Oh! kindle, Lord, most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit, lowly,
All that will please Thee best.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.

My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy Name.

3 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou com'st to set me free:
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou com'st to honor me.
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail nor leave me
As earthly riches fly.

4 Love caused Thine incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
Oh, love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

5 Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He, who alone can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

17. O'er the distant mountains breaking.

- 1 O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis Thy Saviour, 'Tis Thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.
- 2 O Thou long-expected! Weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour, O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?
- 3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour, O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land.
- 4 With my lamp, well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour, Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised; quickly come.

b) Christmas.

18. All hail to thee, O blessed morn!

- 1 All hail to thee, O blessed morn!
To tidings, long by prophets borne,

Hast Thou fulfillment given.
O sacred and immortal day,
When unto earth, in glorious ray,
Descends the grace of heaven!
Singing, Ringing,
Sounds are blending,
Praises sending
Unto heaven
For the Lord to mankind given.

2 'Tis God's own Image and, withal,
The Son of Man, that mortals all
May find in Him a brother.
He comes with peace and love to bide
On earth, the erring race to guide,
And help, as could no other;
Rather Gather
Closer, fonder,
Sheep that wander,
Feed and fold them,
Than let evil powers hold them.

3 He tears, like other men, will shed,
Our sorrows share, and be our aid,
Through His eternal power;
The Lord's good will unto us show,
And mingle in our cup of woe
The drops of mercy's shower;
Dying, Buying,
Through His passion
Our salvation,
And to mortals .
Opening the heavenly portals.

4 He comes, for our redemption sent,
And by His glory heaven is rent
To close upon us never:
Our blesséd Shepherd He would be,
Whom we may follow faithfully
And be with Him forever;
Higher, Nigher,
Glory winging,
Praises singing
To the Father
And His Son, our Lord and Brother.

Hymnal 13.

19. The happy Christmas comes once more.

1 The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blesséd words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings: Peace, Good will.

2 To David's city let us fly,
Where angels sing beneath the sky,
Through plain and village pressing near,
And news from God with shepherds hear.

3 Oh, let us go with quiet mind,
The gentle Babe with shepherds find,
To gaze on Him who gladdens them,
The loveliest flower of Jesse's stem.

4 The lowly Saviour meekly lies,
Laid off the splendor of the skies;
No crown bedecks His forehead fair,
No pearl, nor gem, nor silk is there.

- 5 No human glory, might and gold,
The lovely Infant's form enfold;
The manger and the swaddlings poor
Are His, whom angels' songs adore.
- 6 Oh, wake our hearts, in gladness sing,
And keep our Christmas with our King,
Till living song, from loving souls,
Like sound of mighty waters rolls.
- 7 O holy Child, Thy manger streams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
Till midnight noon's bright light has won,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.
- 8 Thou Patriarchs' joy, Thou Prophets' song,
Thou heavenly Day-Spring, looked for long,
Thou Son of man, Incarnate Word,
Great David's Son, great David's Lord!
- 9 Come, Jesus, glorious heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast,
Then David's harp-strings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song. Hymnal 18.

20. Come, Thou Saviour of our race!

- 1 Come, Thou Saviour of our race,
Choicest Gift of heavenly grace!
O Thou blesséd Virgin's Son,
Be Thy race on earth begun.
- 2 Not of mortal blood or birth,
He descends from heaven to earth:

By the Holy Ghost conceived,
Truly man to be believed.

3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child!
Of the Virgin, undefiled!
Though by all the world disowned,
Still to be in heaven enthroned.

4 From the Father forth He came
And returneth to the same;
Captive leading death and hell,—
High the song of triumph swell!

5 Equal to the Father now,
Though to dust Thou once didst bow,
Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;
When shall we its glories see?

6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine!
Glorious in its light divine:
Let not sin o'ercloud this light,
Ever be our faith thus bright.

Hymnal 10. Seb. 21.

21. Hark, a burst of heavenly music!

1 Hark, a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending
In the calm and silent night!
And the shepherds of Judea,
Watching in the earliest dawn,
Hear the glad and joyful tidings,
"Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!"

Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus,
“Glory be to God on high!”

2 Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the mighty Lord of all;
And before the holy stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long-expected,
Full of wisdom, love, and grace,
To redeem His ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.
So let angels wake the chorus!
So let ransomed men reply!
Chanting the celestial anthem,
“Glory be to God on high!”

3 And this joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?
Hark! we hear again the chorus,
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
“Glory be to God on high!” Hymnal 25.

22. Hark, the herald angels sing.

1 Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King!

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day!

3 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

4 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

5 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

6 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!

Hymnal 24.

23. Good news from heaven the angels bring.

1 Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
To us this day a Child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

- 2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
And from our sins will set us free.
- 3 To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs:
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.
- 4 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn:
In my distress Thou com'st to me,
What thanks shall I return to Thee?
- 5 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
- 6 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
- 7 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son;
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

Hymnal 16. Ssb. 23.

24. When Christmas morn is dawning.

- 1 When Christmas morn is dawning
In faith I would repair
Unto the lowly manger;
My Saviour lieth there.

2 How kind, O loving Saviour,
 To come from heaven above
 From sin and evil save us,
 And keep us in Thy love.

3 We need Thee, blessed Jesus,
 Our dearest friend Thou art;
 Forbid that we by sinning
 Should grieve Thy loving heart.

Hymnal 27.

25. Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing!

1 Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing;
 Come see in the manger your Saviour and King!
 To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
 Oh come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the
 skies;
 And yet as a child in the manger He lies.
 To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
 Oh, come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

3 Hark, hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest all glory be given!"
 To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
 Oh, come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
 Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.
 True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
 Oh, come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Hymnal 20.

26. O little town of Bethlehem.

- 1 O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy darkness shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.
- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God our King,
And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,

The great glad tidings tell:
Oh, come to us; abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel Hymnal 28.

27. I love to hear the story.

1 I love to hear the story
 Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
 Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
 But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
 Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
 His little ones should be;
And if I try to follow
 His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
 Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
 My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
 I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
 That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
 Because He loves me so. Hymnal 30.

2. New Year.

28. Lo! Jesus' Name rich comfort is.

- 1 Lo! Jesus' Name rich comfort is,
Our haven safe, in all distress.
Through Jesus grace we do receive,
He best doth all our cares relieve.
- 2 God's only Son, O Jesus mild,
Forgive us, sinful and beguiled!
Thou seest and canst help our need,
Thou, who art God and man indeed.
- 3 In Thee is all our righteousness,
In Thee all peace and happiness.
Who trusteth in Thy Holy Name,
He shall be saved from sin and shame.
- 4 We praise Thee for Thy living Word,
Baptismal grace, Thy table, Lord.
Grant us Thy help in all our strife,
And after death eternal life. Hymnal 33.

29. Help us, O Lord, behold, we enter!

- 1 Help us, O Lord, behold, we enter
Upon another year to-day:
In Thee our hopes and thoughts now center,
Renew our courage for the way:
New life, new strength, new happiness
We ask of Thee, oh, hear and bless.

- 2 May every plan and undertaking
This year be all begun with Thee,
When I am sleeping or am waking,
Still let me know Thou art with me;
Abroad do Thou my footsteps guide,
At home be ever at my side.
- 3 Be this a time of grace and pardon;
Thy rod I take with willing mind,
But suffer naught my heart to harden,
And let me now Thy mercy find;
In Thee alone, my God, I live,
Thou only canst my sins forgive.
- 4 And may this year to me be holy;
Thy grace so fill my every thought,
That all my life be pure and lowly
And truthful as a Christian's ought;
So make me, while yet dwelling here,
Faithful and blest from year to year.
- 5 Jesus, be with me and direct me;
Jesus, my plans and hopes inspire;
Jesus, from tempting thoughts protect me;
Jesus, be all my heart's desire;
Jesus, be in my thoughts all day,
Nor suffer me to fall away.
- 6 And grant, Lord, when the year is over,
That it for me in peace may close;
In all things care for me, and cover
My head in time of fear and woes;
So may I, when my years are gone,
Appear with joy before Thy throne.

30. There is no Name so sweet on earth.

- 1 There is no Name so sweet on earth,
No Name so sweet in heaven,—
The Name before His wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.

CHORUS.

- We love to sing around our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.
- 2 His human Name they did proclaim
When Abram's son they sealed Him,
The Name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed Him.
- 3 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this Name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
Forever more must love Him.
- 4 So now, upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, in glory reigns
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.
- 5 To Jesus every knee shall bow,
And every tongue confess Him,
And we unite with saints in light,
To honor and to bless Him.
- 6 O Jesus, by that matchless Name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.

3. Epiphany.

31. O Thou, who by a star didst guide.

1 O Thou, who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;
Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

2 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy Word,
That blesséd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.
O Saviour, give us, then, Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art. Hymnal 49

32. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

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

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Hymnal 48.

33. Now Israel's hope in triumph ends.

1 Now Israel's hope in triumph ends,
With angels' glorious song ascends
A star of heavenly splendor.
O'er Bethlehem it shineth bright,
And people walking in its light,
Shall come and homage render.
Great light, Bright light,
Now descendeth, Darkness endeth,
Day beginneth,
Light to all the world it bringeth.

2 Among us dwells in truth and grace
The hidden God, who loves our race;
He brought us all salvation.
We now behold His majesty,
The only Son's true majesty,

And bow in adoration.
 Draw near, And hear,
 Every nation, Now salvation
 God bestoweth,
 And His love and mercy showeth.

- 3 Rejoice, my soul, and bless His Name
 Who to the lost and fallen came,
 To open heaven's portals.
 Rejoice that God will mercy show,
 The broken covenant renew
 With us poor sinful mortals.
 Now be Glory
 Ever given God in heaven;
 Peace unending
 Be on earth from heaven descending.

Hymnal 47.



4. Lent.

34. O sacred Head, now wounded.

- 1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded,
 With thorns Thine only crown!
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now, was Thine!
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call Thee mine.
- 2 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.

3 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve Thy place!
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine!
Of every good the Fountain,
Thou art the Spring of mine!

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Forbid that I should leave Thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish
By Thine own wounded heart.

35. In the cross of Christ I glory.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds 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.

Hymnal 68. Seb. 48.

36. There is a fountain filled with blood.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

Hymnal 59. Stanzas 1—3, 6 7=Ssb. 31.

37. All praise to Thee, our Saviour good.

- 1 All praise to Thee, our Saviour good,
Who shedst for us Thy precious blood.
From Satan's might and wicked wiles
Thou hast us saved, O Jesus Christ.
- 2 We pray, true God and man, to Thee,
Us from the bonds of sin set free,

And comfort us, increase our faith,
And save us from eternal death.

3 Keep us from sin, from grief and shame,
And help us by Thy mighty Name
To bear our cross without complaint,
And strengthen us when weak and faint.

4 O Jesus Christ, our Brother dear,
Thou ever wilt be with us here.
Remain with us, in peace, in strife,
And grant us everlasting life. Hymnal 60.

38. Memories holy, most precious and blest.

1 Memories holy, most precious and blest,
Speak to my spirit of stillness and rest;
Gently me lead to Gethsemane's dale;
Show me the sufferer trembling and pale,
Treading forsaken a path full of thorns,
Loving the world, which in turn only scorns.

2 Now I perceive Him in shadows of night,
Putting the powers of darkness to flight,
Crushed 'neath the load of the sin of the world,
Death and damnation around Him are hurled.
Thorn-crowned and scourged still the sacrificed
Lamb,
Lifting His brow, says: "A King yet I am."

3 Show me the cross where He patiently died,
There in its shadow myself will I hide,
There will I bide His victorious word,
Hear him exclaim. "It is finished", my Lord

There will I praise for His mercy and grace;
Suffering and dying He stood in my place.

Hymnal 68.

39. O Lamb of God, most holy.

O Lamb of God, most holy,
On Calvary an offering;
Despiséd, meek and lowly,
Thou in Thy death and suffering
Our sins didst bear, our anguish:
The might of death didst vanquish;
Give us Thy peace, O Jesus! Hymnal 74.

40. My crucified Saviour, despised and contemned.

1 My crucified Saviour, despised and contemned,
Thou innocent Victim for sinners condemned,
Thy garments are blood-stained, Thy spirit
doth groan,
In agony prostrate, Thou sufferest alone.

2 Thou weepest and moanest in conflict and
prayer,
And writhest in agony, pain and despair;
In thirty years' anguish our path Thou hast
trod,
And diest at last to redeem us to God.

3 For me Thou hast labored salvation to win,
For me tasted death to atone for my sin;
Neglected, forsaken, but mindful of me,
Thou prayest for those who have crucified Thee.

4 Thou consecrate Victim, my Passover slain,
 The gall and the wormwood for me Thou dost
 drain,
 That I might be blesséd Thou sufferest all woe,
 And diest at last on me life to bestow.

5 Our Saviour thus finished God's plan with
 our race,
 And laid the foundation for pardon and grace.
 And then rose triumphant, the conquering Lord,
 Appeased the Creator and mankind restored,

6 Restored to the bliss that was lost in the fall,
 Yea, greater, for Jesus prepared for us all
 Eternal salvation and mansions above;
 Come, poor burdened sinners, rejoice in His love.

7 What is, then, to be reconciled unto God?
 It is that He silenced the curse by His blood;
 And what the relation to which we're restored?
 The right to be counted the friends of the Lord.

8 So come, trembling sinner, come just as thou
 art,
 Thy cares and thy sorrows to Jesus impart;
 In Him seek salvation from death and the grave,
 For Jesus is willing and mighty to save.

Hymnal 77.

41. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

1 Alas and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred Head
 For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing wonder, God's own Son
Is suffering there for me!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For mankind's every sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
It brings to all a boundless grace,
Robs death of all its fears.
- 5 Help me, O Lord, that I may see
The debt of love I owe;
Help me to keep myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

Hymnal 79. Ssb. 27.

42. Glory be to Jesus.

- 1 Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the lifeblood
From His sacred veins.
- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!
- 3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,

Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries!

5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still, and louder,
Praise the precious Blood!

Ssb. 27.

5. Easter.

43. Blest Easter day, what joy is thine!

1 Blest Easter day, what joy is thine!
We praise, dear Lord, Thy Name divine,
For Thou hast triumphed o'er the tomb;
No more we need to dread its doom.

2 That tree, on which Thou offerdst up
Thy life, now bears the fruit of hope:
Thy precious blood for us is shed,
Now we may feed on heavenly bread.

3 We thank Thee, Jesus, that Thy hand
Has freed us from sin's galling band;

No more its thralldom we need fear;
The year of liberty is here.

4 O Jesus Christ, God's Son elect,
Our Paschal Lamb without defect,
To us Thou givest strength indeed,
In all our conflicts, all our need.

5 Through Thee we always shall prevail,
However hell may us assail,
Thou setst us free, Thy name to praise,
And leadst us into heavenly ways.

6 Oh, grant, that as Thou didst arise,
I, too, with joy, may heavenward rise,
First from my sin, to love Thy way,
Then from the grave, at the last day.

7 All praise to Thee who from death's might,
From carnal lust and sin's dark plight
Redeemest me, and show'st how I
May reach eternal life on high. Hymnal 80.

44. The day of Resurrection.

1 The day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Easter day of gladness,
The glorious day of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

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

3 Now let the heavens be joyfull
Let earth her song begin!
Let all the world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Hymnal 85.

45. Day of wonder, day of gladness.

1 Day of wonder, day of gladness,
Hail thy ever glorious light!
Gone is sorrow, gone is sadness,
Ended is the gloomy night!
Listen to the angel's story,—
Cast away all fear and dread;
Give to God the Father glory!
Christ is risen from the dead!

2 In the triumph of this hour,
Jubilant shall swell the song;
Unto Jesus, honor, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,

Sin and hell are captive led:
E'en the grave is free from terror,
Christ is risen from the dead!

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

Hymnal 86

46. All hail the power of Jesus' Name!

- 1** All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2** Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3** Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The Lord incarnate, Man divine:
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4** Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

Hymnal 101. Stanzas 1, 3, 5, 6=Ssb. 5.

47. Come, see the place where Jesus lay.

1 Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic voices say:
"He rose, He lives, who once was slain;
He said that He would rise again."

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When by His own almighty power
Our Saviour rose, and left the grave,
And ever liveth now to save.

3 Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell;
The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head.

4 No more we tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will our spirits save.
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
'To Thee our ransomed souls we give.

5 All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

Hymnal 88. Ssb. 37.

48. Praise the Saviour!

1 Praise the Saviour,
Now and ever!
Praise Him all beneath the skies!
Prostrate lying,
Suffering, dying,
On the cross a Sacrifice;
Victory gaining,
Life obtaining,
Now in glory He doth rise.

2 All is finished,
And accomplished;
Christ is now our Righteousness,
He our Saviour,
Hath forever
Set us free from dire distress.
Through His merit
We inherit
Light and peace and happiness.

3 We're delivered;
Our bonds severed,
Christ hath bruised the serpent's head;
Death no longer
Is the stronger,
Hell itself is captive led.

Christ hath risen
From death's prison,
O'er the tomb He light hath shed.

4 Praise for ever
For His favor
Unto God the Father sing;
Praise the Saviour,
Praise Him ever.
Son of God, our Lord and King;
Praise the Spirit,
Through Christ's merit
He doth us salvation bring. Hymnal 90.

49. I know that my Redeemer lives.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everliving Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears.
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there:

6 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Hymnal 92.

50. Blow ye the trumpet, blow.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad!
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Hymnal 93. Seb. 44.

6. Ascension.

51. To realms of glory I behold.

- 1 To realms of glory I behold
 My risen Lord returning;
 While I, a stranger on the earth,
 For heaven am ever yearning.
 Far from my heavenly Father's home
 'Mid toil and sorrow here I roam.
- 2 Far from my home—how long, dear Lord,
 Before my exile endeth?
 But far beyond the realms of sense
 My fervent prayer ascendeth:
 My prayer, unuttered, but a groan,
 Shall rend the skies and reach Thy throne.
- 3 Then visions of the goodly land
 By faith my soul obtaineth;
 There I shall dwell for evermore
 Where Christ in glory reigneth,
 In mansions of that blest abode—
 The city of the living God.
- 4 In that blest city is no night,
 Nor any pain or weeping;

There is my treasure and my heart
 Safe in my Saviour's keeping:
 In heaven, my blessed Lord, with Thee,
 May all my conversation be.

5 In glory He shall come again
 To earth as He ascended;
 So let me wait and watch and pray,
 Until my day is ended.
 That day, O Lord, is hid from me,
 But daily do I wait for Thee.

6 And blessed shall that servant be,
 O Lord, at Thy returning,
 Whose heart is waiting, Lord, for Thee,
 Whose lamp is trimmed and burning;
 Him wilt Thou take to dwell with Thee,
 In joy and peace eternally. Hymnal 94.

52. See the Conqueror mounts in triumph.

1 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
 See the King in royal state,
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
 To His heavenly palace gate!
 Hark! the choir of angel voices,
 Joyful alleluias sing,
 And the portals high are lifted,
 To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He hath gained the victory!

He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He hath vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death hath spoiled His foes.

3 Now our heavenly Aaron enters
With His blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan.
And the kings before Him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

4 He hath raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns adored by angels:
Man with God is on the throne:
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own. Hymnal 96.

53. The Head that once was crowned with thorns.

- 1 The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by Sovereign right:
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Hymnal 99.

7. Pentecost.

54. Holy Spirit, hear us.

- 1 Holy Spirit, hear us
On this sacred day.
Come to us with blessing,
Come with us to stay;
Come, as once Thou camest
On the faithful few,
Patiently awaiting
Jesus' promise true.

2 Up to heaven ascending
 Our dear Lord has gone;
 Yet His little children
 Leaves He not alone.
 To His blessed promise
 Now in faith we cling,
 Comforter most Holy!
 Spread o'er us Thy wing.

3 Lighten Thou our darkness,
 Be Thyself our Light,
 Strengthen Thou our weakness,
 Spirit of all might!
 In our doubts give counsel,
 In temptation aid,
 Say to us in danger,
 "Be not ye afraid!"

4 Spirit of adoption!
 Make us overflow
 With Thy sevenfold blessing
 And in grace to grow;
 "Into Christ baptized,"
 Grant that we may be,
 Day and night, dear Spirit!
 Perfected by Thee.

Ssb. 39.

55. Come, Holy Spirit, from above.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 And kindle in our hearts Thy love;
 In all our darkness on us shine,
 And fill us with Thy grace divine.

- 2 The only Comforter Thou art;
Oh, come and dwell within each heart;
And give us power from above
To keep the blessed law of love.
- 3 Enlighten every darkened heart,
And faith and hope to each impart:
What else we need Thou well dost know,
This let Thy love and grace bestow.
- 4 In Thy blest gifts on us outpoured,
Thou art the right hand of the Lord;
The Word of Truth Thou sendest forth,
In tongues of fire to all the earth.
- 5 Defend us from our wily foe,
And upon us Thy peace bestow;
Keep us securely all our days
In Thy blest covenant of grace.
- 6 Show us the Father's love and care,
And of the Son Thy witness bear;
To Both Thou showeth us the way,
Spirit of Both, adored for aye.
- 7 To God the Father, God the Son,
For precious gifts be honor done:
And for the Spirit's gracious power
Be praise and glory evermore.

Hymnal 110.

56. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,

- As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away;
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day!
- 6 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

Hymnal 109.

8. Trinity.

57. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

1 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns upon the
 glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
 Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

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

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,
 and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Hymnal 116.

III. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

1. The Word.

58. Almighty God, eternal Lord.

- 1 Almighty God, eternal Lord,
Grant us Thy grace through Thy dear Word
To praise Thee and to bear in mind
That Thou art ever good and kind.
- 2 Lord Jesus Christ, incarnate Word,
Thy Name be evermore adored,

For all Thine anguish, death, and pain
Through which salvation we obtain.

- 3 O Holy Spirit, grant us grace,
And guide us in Thy righteous ways,
That we may with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymnal 113.

59. How precious is the Book divine.

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears.
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Hymnal 210.

60. Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy Word.

- 1 Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy Word:
Curb those who fain by craft or sword
Would wrest the kingdom from Thy Son,
And set at naught all He hath done.
- 2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known;
For Thou art Lord of lords alone:

Defend Thy Christendom, that we
May evermore sing praise to Thee.

- 3 O Comforter, of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth,
Support us in our final strife,
And lead us out of death to life.

Hymnal. 212. Seb. 14.

61. Tell me the old, old story.

- 1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story;
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

- 3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave;
 Remember, I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.
 Tell me that story always,
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear,
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story:
 "Christ Jesus make the whole."

Hymnal 217.

2. Worship.

a) Opening Hymns.

62. O day of rest and gladness.

- 1 O day of rest and gladness!
 O day of joy and light!
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful and bright!
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing holy, holy, holy,
 To God the great Triune.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;

On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day, on weary nations,
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams.
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this one day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son,
The church her voice upraises,
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Hymnal 157.

63. Alleluia! Fairest morning!

1 Alleluia! Fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.

- 2 Sunday, full of holy glory!
Sweetest restday of our soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blessed moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.
- 3 In the gladness of His worship
I will seek my joy to-day:
It is then I learn the fulness
Of the grace for which I pray,
When the Word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.
- 4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it was begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
Till at last Thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

64. Each little flower that opens.

- 1 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.
The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.
- 2 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,

The sunset and the morning
That brighten up the sky,
The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruit in the garden,
He made them, every one.

3 The tall tree in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day:
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who doeth all things well.

65. We all believe in one true God.

1 We all believe in one true God,
Maker of all earth and heaven;
The Father, who to us in love
Hath the claim of children given,
He in soul and body feeds us,
All we want His hand provides us,
Through all snares and perils leads us,
Watches that no harm betides us;
He cares for us by day and night,
All things are governed by His might.

2 And we believe in Jesus Christ
His own Son, our Lord, possessing
An equal Godhead, throne, and might,
Through whom comes the Father's blessing;

Conceived of the Holy Spirit,
 Born of Mary, virgin mother!
 That lost man might life inherit
 Made true Man, our elder Brother,
 Was crucified by sinful men,
 And raised by God to life again.

- 3 Also the Holy Ghost we own,
 Who sweet grace and comfort giveth,
 And with the Father and the Son
 In eternal glory liveth;
 Who the Christian church doth even
 Keep in unity of spirit;
 Sins are verily forgiven
 Through the blest Redeemer's merit;
 All flesh shall rise again, and we
 Shall live with God eternally. Hymnal 112

66. Come, Thou almighty King.

- 1 Come, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
 From all our foes defend;
 Nor let us fall;
 Let Thine almighty aid
 Our sure defense 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.

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

Hymnal 114. Ssb. 53.

67. Lord, a little band and lowly.

1 Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how holy should we be.

- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
- 3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts, and actions, too.
- 4 Let our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

68. I love Thy Zion, Lord.

- 1 I love Thy Zion, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, o God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Hymnal 188.

b) Closing Hymns.

69. The Lord be with us as we bend.

1 The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our home-ward road;
In silent thought and friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

70. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound.
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

Hymnal 159. Ssb. 13.

3. Baptism and Confirmation.**a) Baptism.****71. Baptized into Thy Name, most holy.**

1 Baptized into Thy Name, most holy,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I claim a place, though weak and lowly,
Among Thy seed and chosen host;
Buried with Christ, and dead to sin,
Thy Spirit now shall live within.

- 2 My loving Father, Thou dost take me
To be henceforth Thy child and heir;
My faithful Saviour, Thou dost make me
The fruit of all Thy sorrows share,
Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me,
When darkest clouds around I see.
- 3 And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
I felt Thy Holy Spirit move me,
And freely pledged myself Thine own,
Renouncing sin to keep the faith,
And war with evil unto death.
- 4 My faithful God, Thou failest never,
Thy covenant will e'er abide;
Oh, cast me not away forever,
Should I transgress it on my side:
If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.
- 5 Yea, all I am, and love most dearly,—
To Thee anew I give the whole;
Oh, let me make my vows sincerely,
Take full possession of my soul,
Let naught within me, naught I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.
- 6 And never let my purpose falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou shalt call me from my post;
So unto Thee I live and die.
And praise Thee evermore on high.

72. Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

1 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share,
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy Word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them through life's dangerous way.
 Then within Thy fold eternal
 Let them find a resting place:
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Hymnal 140. Ssb. 51.

~~1~~ b] Confirmation.

73. O Jesus, I have promised.

1 O Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end;
 Be Thou forever near me,
 My Master and my Friend!
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.

- 2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle;
The tempting sounds we hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer
And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents dear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!
- 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be.
And Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Ah, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!
- 5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them have my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

74. Thine for ever! God of love.

- 1 Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O, defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

75. O Thou, whose infant feet were found.

- 1 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine.
- 2 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Hymnal 142.

4. Reformation and Mission.

a) Reformation.

76. A mighty Fortress is our God.

- 1 A mighty Fortress is our God,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He helps us in our every need
That has us now o'ertaken.
The old malignant foe
Means us deadly woe:
Deep guile and cruel might
Are his dread arms in fight,
On earth is not his equal.

- 2 With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One
Whom God Himself elected.
Ask ye who this may be?
Jesus Christ, 'tis He,
As Lord of Hosts adored,
Our only King and Lord,
He holds the field for ever.

- 3 Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
For this world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
We need not be alarmed,
For he is now disarmed;
One little word o'erthrows him.

- 4 The Word they still shall let remain,
Nor any thanks have for it;
He's by our side upon the plain,
With His good gifts and Spirit,
Take they, then, what they will,
Life, goods, all; and still,
E'en when their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won,
The kingdom ours remaineth,

Hymnal 193. Ssb. 43.

77. Be not dismayed.

- 1 Be not dismayed, thou little flock,
Although the foe's fierce battle shock,
Loud on all sides, assail thee,
Though o'er Thy fall they laugh secure,
Their triumph cannot long endure,
Let not thy courage fail thee.
- 2 Thy cause is God's—go at His call,
And to His hand commit thine all;
Fear thou no ill impending:
His Gideon shall arise for thee,
God's Word and people manfully,
In God's own time defending.
- 3 Our hope is sure in Jesus' might;
Against themselves the godless fight,
Themselves, not us, distressing;
Shame and contempt their lot shall be;
God is with us, with Him are we;
To us belongs His blessing. Hymnal 190.

78. Glorious things of thee are spoken.

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose Word can not be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Hymnal 186. Ssb. 40.

79. The church's one foundation.

- 1 The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation

By water and the Word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride,
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth.
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
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 for 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.

b) Mission.

80. Thy scepter, Jesus, shall extend.

- 1 Thy scepter, Jesus, shall extend
As far as day prevaileth;
Thy glorious kingdom, without end,
Shall stand when all else faileth.
Thy blessed Name shall be confessed,
And round Thy cross for ever blest,
Shall kings and people gather.

- 2 The child that's born to Thee we take,
To Thee in death we hasten;
In joy we often Thee forsake,
But not when sorrows chasten.
Where truth and virtue are oppressed,
Where sorrow dwells, pain and unrest,
Thy help alone availeth.

- 3 Come, Jesus, then, in weal and woe,
In life and death be near us;
Thy grace upon our hearts bestow,
And let Thy Spirit cheer us.
For every conflict strength afford,
And gather us in peace, O Lord,
When all the world Thou judgest.

- Hymnal 192.

81. Work, for the night is coming.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours.
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;

Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

82. From Greenland's icy mountains.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story.
'And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Hymnal 203. Ssb. 41.

83. The morning light is breaking.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Hymnal 202. Ssb 49.

84. On the mountain's top appearing.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has the night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Hymnal 197. Ssb 48.

85. Mighty Lord, extend Thy kingdom.

1 Mighty Lord, extend Thy kingdom,
Be the truth with triumph crowned;
Let the lands that sit in darkness
Hear the glorious gospel sound,
From our borders
To the world's remotest bound.

2 By Thine arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night;
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light;
Let all barriers
Yield before Thy heavenly might.

3 Come, in all Thy Spirit's power;
Come, Thy reign on earth restore;
In Thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more,
Till all people
Shall Thy holy name adore.

Hymnal 205.

86. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with song again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Hymnal 191.

87. Lord of all power and might.

1 Lord of all power and might,
 Father of love and light,
 Speed on the Word!
 Oh, let the gospel sound
 All the wide world around,
 Wherever man is found!
 God speed His Word!

2 Lo! what embattled foes,
 Stern in their hate, oppose
 God's holy Word;
 One for His truth we stand,
 Strong in His own right hand,
 Firm as a martyr band.
 God shield His Word!

3 Onward shall be our course,
 Despite of fraud and force;
 God is before:
 His Word ere long shall run
 Free as the noon-day sun;
 His purpose must be done:
 God bless His Word! Hymnal 215.

88. I think, when I read that sweet story.

1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,

How He called little children as lambs to His
fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hand had been placed on my
head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I only earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
Full many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

5 But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I wish they could know there is room for them
all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 And oh, how I long for that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest!

IV. THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

A. Faith.

1 Repentance.

89. Behold a stranger at the door.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Admit Him, lest His anger burn,
And He, departing, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Hymnal 237.

90. Come to the Saviour.

- 1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His Word He's shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee
 In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
 Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
 And let us freely make Him our choice;
 Do not delay, but come!

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
 Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
 Hear now His accents tenderly say,
 "Will you, my children, come?"

Hymnal 235.

91. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer;
 There humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.

CHORUS.

O Jesus, I cannot depart,
 Until Thy face I see;
 And let it fill with joy my heart
 That Thou hast died for me.

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

- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face
And tell Him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

Hymnal 242.

92. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.

- 1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face:

Heal my wounded; broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

Hymnal 247. Seb. 65.

93. Shun, my heart, such thought for ever.

- 1 Shun, my heart, such thought for ever
As that thou art cast away,
Rest upon God's Word and favor,
Never cease to watch and pray.
E'en though thou unrighteous art,
True and faithful is God's heart;
Hast thou death deserved for ever?
God's appeased, despond thou never!
- 2 Thou art, as is every other,
Tainted with the poison sin,
That the serpent and our father
Adam, by the fall, brought in.
But if thou God's voice doth hear,
With a contrite heart draw near
Unto God, He will receive thee,
All thy sins He will forgive thee.
- 3 Thou wilt find in Him a Father,
Who is patient, kind and true,
He doth love thee as no brother
And no other friend can do.
E'en our smallest cares He knows,

He is touched by all our woes;
Well our inmost prayers He heareth,
And our saddened hearts He cheereth.

- 4 Hear His word "As I am living,
I the death on none would see,
But that every sinner giving
Up his heart would turn to Me.
How my heart with rapture burns
When a prodigal returns!
As My own I love to call him,
And no evil shall befall him."
- 5 Never shepherd's heart so yearneth
For the sheep that go astray
As God's loving bosom burneth
For His erring child alway.
How He thirsts, and longs, and yearns
For the soul that from Him turns!
Couldst thou see His love so tender
Joyful praise thou wouldst Him render.
- 6 O my soul, so sad and dreary,
Rest now and contented be!
Why wilt thou thyself so weary
When there is no need for thee?
Though thy sins appear to thee
Like a vast and shoreless sea,
In God's mercy they will vanish;
Thy despair and fear then banish.
- 7 Were there thousand worlds created,
Lost in sin and misery,
Had their sins, both small and greater,
Every one been done by thee;

Still God's love and mercy are
 Greater than these sins by far;
 Naught His mercy can diminish,
 Nor His love and grace extinguish.

- 8 Of such wondrous love and favor
 Open wide the door to me;
 And Thy goodness, precious Saviour,
 Let me ever taste and see.
 Love me, Lord, and let me be
 Ever nearer drawn to Thee;
 Let Thy Spirit lead and guide me,
 In Thy loving bosom hide me.

Hymnal 248.

2) **Justification.**

94. I lay my sins on Jesus.

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accurséd load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White, in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares:

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

Hymnal 254. Seb 62.

95. My faith looks up to Thee.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my failing 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 When 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. Hymnal 271.

†

96. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure,
 Save me Lord, and make me pure,
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy Law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my 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!

Hymnal 256. Ssb. 58.

97. Jesus, Lover of my soul.

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

- 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 defenseless 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. Hymnal 255. Ssb. 59.

98. Jesus loves me! This I know.

- 1 Jesus loves me! This I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong.
 They are weak, but He is strong.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
 Though I'm very weak and ill;
 From His shining throne on high,
 Comes to watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
 Close beside me all the way,
 If I love Him, when I die
 He will take me home on high. Ssb. 60.

99. Pray, tell me, how cam'st thou so
easily in.

1 Pray, tell me, how cam'st thou so easily in
Through yonder bright portals of heaven,
Since not to a soul here polluted by sin
Admission there ever was given?
Wast thou not akin to the fallen?

2 By grace did I live, and in grace did I die,
By grace did I enter these portals,
Lo, this is the ground and the reason why I
Am one of the blessed immortals,
Who sing hallelujah for ever.

3 Oh, blessed art thou who in life and in death
Hast grace for thine only foundation!
For sinners condemned, so His holy Word saith,
Can plead nothing else for salvation.
For grace, then, give thanks everlasting.

Hymnal 265.

100. Rest of the weary.

1 Rest of the weary,
Joy of the sad;
Hope of the dreary,
Hope of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend.

- 2 Pillow, where, lying,
Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend.
- 3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the High;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.
- 4 Ever, confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise:—
All my endeavor,
World without end
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

101. Oh, joy of joys! God so did love.

- 1 Oh, joy of joys! God so did love
This world and show compassion,
That He sent down from heaven above
His Son for our salvation.
So deep in sin this world was bound,

Had God His Son not given,
Our bonds thus riven,
No help had e'er been found,
However man had striven.

2 This doth our hearts now satisfy,
And quiets all our terrors,
That Jesus Christ our Lord did die
To save us from our errors.
O God, Thy love to us is great!
Thy mercies are most tender!
Our sole defender,
None in this earthly state
Thee ample praise can render.

3 He who on Jesus Christ doth trust,
Shall happy be in heaven;
The happiness which once was lost
Through Jesus Christ is given,
For God His Son did never send
Here for our condemnation;
His incarnation
Had for its gracious end
Our joy and our salvation.

4 But all who turn from Christ away
Shall be condemned for ever;
Their doom is sealed this very day,
And death awaits them ever.
For since they willfully refused
Salvation to inherit
Through Jesus' merit,
They stand of sin accused,
And so must suffer for it.

5 All who are faithful unto death
 Are given life for ever,
 The life which is the fruit of faith
 In Jesus Christ our Saviour.
 Give us, O Lord, the faith to come
 And ever cling to Jesus!
 When death releases
 Our souls, oh, take them home,
 To dwell in heavenly places.

Hymnal 268.

3. Peace.

102. O Fount of truth and mercy.

- 1 O Fount of truth and mercy,
 Thy promise cannot fail;
 What Thou hast said must ever
 In heaven and earth prevail;
 "Call upon me in trouble,
 And I will help afford."
 Yea, to my latest moment,
 I'll call upon Thee, Lord.
- 2 What comfort in affliction
 To rest upon Thy grace,
 And in Thy wise direction
 My fainting heart to place!
 When Thou, O Lord, didst teach me
 In Thine own Name to pray,
 Thou to my hope affordedst
 A refuge and a stay.
- 3 The yearnings of my bosom
 Thou hearest, Lord, I know;

What to my weal pertaineth
 I know Thou wilt bestow.
 In times of deepest anguish
 Thy helping hand is near:
 And on Thy loving bosom
 My sorrows Thou wilt bear.

- 4 And to this blest assurance
 I'll cling for evermore;
 And never shall I weary
 A Father to implore.
 Depart, despair and anguish,
 That oft my soul oppress;
 I'll cling unto my Saviour
 Till He my soul shall bless. Hymnal 147.

103. Oh! enter, Lord, Thy temple.

- 1 Oh! enter, Lord, Thy temple,
 Be Thou my spirit's Guest,
 Who in my early childhood
 Gave'st me a life more blest.
 Though here to dwell Thou deignest
 Thou in the God-head, Lord,
 For ever equal reignest,
 Art equally adored.
- 2 Oh! enter, let me know Thee,
 And feel Thy power within,
 The power that breaks our fetters,
 And rescues us from sin,
 That I may serve Thee truly,
 Oh! wash and cleanse Thou me.
 To render honor duly
 With perfect heart to Thee.

3 'Tis Thou, O Spirit, teachest
The soul to pray aright:
Thy songs have sweetest music,
Thy prayers have wondrous might.
They pierce the highest heaven,
Unheard they cannot fall,
Till God His help hath given,
Who surely helpeth all.

4 Order our path in all things
According to Thy mind,
And when this life is over.
And all must be resigned.
With calm and fearless spirit
Oh! grant us then to die,
And after death inherit
Eternal life on high.

Hymnal 154: 1-3, 5.

104. When little Samuel woke.

- 1 When little Samuel woke,
And heard His Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice!
Oh, blessed, happy child! to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.
- 2 If God would speak to me,
And say He was my Friend,
How happy I should be!
Oh, how I would attend!
The smallest sin I then would fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does He never speak?

Oh, yes, for in His Word

He bids me come to seek

The God that Samuel heard.

And every sin I well may fear,

Since God Almighty is so near.

4 Like Samuel let us say,

Whene'er we read His Word;

“Speak, Lord, I would obey

The voice that Samuel heard;

And when I in Thy house appear,

Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.”

Hymnal 141.

105. I am Jesus' little lamb.

1 I am Jesus' little lamb,

Therefore glad at heart I am;

Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,

All that's good and fair He shows me,

Tends me every day the same,

Even calls me by my name.

2 Out and in I safely go,

Want and hunger never know;

Soft green pastures He discloseth;

Where His happy flock repositeth;

When I faint or thirsty be,

To the brook He leadeth me.

3 Should not I be glad all day

In this blessed fold to stay?

By this holy Shepherd tended,

Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
 Bear me to the world of light?
 Yes! oh yes, my lot is bright.

Hymnal 309. Ssb. 63.

106. Safe in the arms of Jesus.

- 1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
 Borne in a song to me,
 Over the fields of glory,
 Over the jasper sea.

CHORUS.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
 There by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears!
- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;

Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Hymnal 315. Ssb. 67.

107. I have a Friend.

1 I have a Friend so patient, kind, forbearing,
Of all my friends this Friend doth love me best;
Though I am weak and sinful, yet when sharing
His love and mercy I am ever blest.

2 He is my Lord, my Friend, yea, He's my
Brother;
And Jesus Christ is His most blessed Name.
He loves more tenderly than any mother;
To rest in Him is more than wealth and fame.

3 My poor and wretched soul He bought so
dearly,
And freed from condemnation, death and hell;
The old and bitter foe He crushed completely,
My soul, rejoice and sing, for all is well!

4 Thus I'm redeemed; no more the law
prevaileth,
For Christ, the Lord, is my Redeemer's Name;
His precious blood more than my sin availeth;
His merit covers all my guilt and shame.

5 With hallelujahs here I'd tell the story,
 My Lord to praise, to laud and magnify;
 And praise His Name for evermore in glory,
 Before His throne with all the saints on high.

Hymnal 298.

108. Jesus is my Friend most precious.

1 Jesus is my Friend most precious,
 Never friend doth love as He;
 Should I leave this Friend so gracious,
 Spurn His wondrous love for me.
 No! nor friend nor foe shall sever
 Me from Him who loves me so;
 His shall be my will for ever.
 There above, and here below.

2 Bitter death for me He suffered:
 From all guilt He set me free;
 To His Father He hath offered
 Everlasting prayer for me.
 Who is he that would condemn me?
 Christ hath saved me by His grace;
 Who can from my Saviour draw me?
 I am safe in His embrace.

3 And I am persuaded ever,
 Life nor death shall tear me from
 Christ, my blessed Lord and Saviour;
 Present things nor things to come,
 Height, nor depth, nor fear, nor favor,
 Aught that heaven and earth afford,
 Can me from God's love e'er sever,
 Love revealed in Christ our Lord.

Hymnal 302.

B. Love.**1) Prayer.****109. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.**

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare.

CHORUS.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

- 3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Hymnal 143. Ssb. 64.

110. O Jesus Christ, Thy grace us lend.

- 1 O Jesus Christ, Thy grace us lend,
Thy Holy Spirit to us send.

Lift up our hearts, hear us, we pray,
And lead us in life's narrow way!

2 Help us, o Lord, Thy name to praise.
On us bestow Thy power and grace,
Increase our faith, give us Thy light
To hear and keep Thy Word aright!

3 Till we in heaven with one accord,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy Lord."
And there in glory Thee behold,
Revealed 'mid angel hosts untold.

4 Praise to the Father and the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One.
Yea, to the Holy Trinity
Be praise throughout eternity!

Hymnal 150.

111. Come, Saviour dear, with us abide.

1 Come, Saviour dear, with us abide,
We need Thy kind compassion;
Thy flock to living waters guide,
Which are Thy wounds and passion;
And lead us into pastures green
Where faithful souls are ever seen
In peace and blissful union.

2 O Sea of love, pour out Thy flood
O'er all in blessed showers;
The fiery darts quench with Thy blood,
And crush hell's evil powers.
Thou of the world the Mercy-seat,
Let of Thy love the gentle heat
Set all our hearts a-glowing. Hymnal 149.

112. Gracious Spirit, Dove divine!

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Dove divine!
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Help me, Lord, forever Thine.

Hymnal 107.

113. Love divine, all love excelling.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh! breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast.

Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.

Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;

End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty, to deliver;

Let us all Thy life receive;

Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,

Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,

Pray and praise Thee without ceasing.

Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,

Pure and spotless let us 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.

Hymnal 131.

114. Shepherd of tender youth.

1 Shepherd of tender youth,

Guiding in love and truth

Thro' devious ways;

Christ, our triumphant King,

We come Thy Name to sing;

And here our children bring,
To join Thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
O all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 O wisdom's great High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain.
Help from above.

4 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thine enduring Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong!

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ, our King!

2) Sanctification.**115. Jesus, when a little Child.**

- 1 Jesus, when a little Child,
Taught us what we ought to be;
Holy, harmless, undefiled.
Was the Saviour's infancy;
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of the Son.

- 2 As in age and strength He grew,
Heavenly wisdom filled His breast;
Crowds attentive round Him drew,
Wondering at their Infant Guest;
Gazed upon His lovely face,
Saw Him full of truth and grace.

- 3 In His heavenly Father's house
Jesus spent His early days;
There He paid His solemn vows,
There proclaimed His Father's praise;
Thus it was His lot to gain
Favor both with God and man.

- 4 Father, guide our steps aright
In the way that Jesus trod;
May it be our great delight
To obey Thy will, O God!
Then to us shall soon be given
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

116. Jesus, keep me near the cross.

- 1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain

Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star,
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

Hymnal 231. Ssb. 70.

117. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more!

2 Open now the crystal fountain;
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield!

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Hymnal 286. Ssb. 72.

118. Must Jesus bear the cross alone.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once were sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Hymnal 280.

119. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss,
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Hymnal 276.

X
120. Am I a soldier of the cross?

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. Hymnal 274.

121. Onward, Christian soldiers.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;

Forward into battle,

See His banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph

Satan's armies 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, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus

Going on before.

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, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

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, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

5 Onward, then, ye faithful,
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, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

3) The Home.

122. 'Mid pleasures and palaces.

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
 there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with
 elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
Oh! give me my lovely thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer
 than all.

3 How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's
 smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

4 To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me
 there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

123. Blest be the tie that binds.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes.
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part.
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Hymnal 165.

124. Abide with us, our Saviour.

- 1 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Nor let Thy mercy cease;
From Satan's might defend us;
And grant our souls release.

2 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Sustain us by Thy Word;
That we with all Thy people
To life may be restored.

3 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Thou Light of endless light;
Increase to us Thy blessings,
And save us by Thy might.

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal One in Three,
As was, and is forever,
All praise and glory be. Hymnal 160.

X

125. Awake, my soul, and with the sun.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 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.
- 3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;

Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 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.

6 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.

Hymnal 166

126. Again Thy glorious sun doth rise.

1 Again Thy glorious sun doth rise,
I praise Thee, O my Lord;
With courage, strength, and hope renewed,
I touch the joyful chord.

2 On good and evil, Lord, Thy sun
Is rising as on me;
Let me in patience and in love,
Seek thus to be like Thee.

3 May I in virtue and in faith,
And with Thy gifts content,
Rejoice beneath Thy covering wings,
Each day in mercy sent.

4 Safe with Thy counsel in my work
Thee, Lord, I'll keep in view,
And feel that still Thy saving grace
Is every morning new.

Hymnal 170.

127. I love to steal a while away.

- 1 I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think of mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. Hymnal 180.

128. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

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

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live,
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumber, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Hymnal 173.

X
129. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care:

Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, Lord, at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Hymnal 176.

130. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.

1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

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 on Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

6 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!

7 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!

8 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!

Hymnal 172.

**131. All praise to Thee, my God, this
 night.**

- 1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, oh! keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings!
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done:
 That with the world, myself and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I my dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 Oh! when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing
In endless praise to Thee, my King?
- 5 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.
- Hymnal 171.

4) The School

132. Father, bless our school to-day.

- 1 Father, bless our school to-day;
Be in all we do and say;
Be in every song we sing,
Every prayer to Thee we bring.
- 2 Jesus, well-beloved Son,
May Thy will by us be done;
Come and meet with us to-day;
Teach us, Lord, Thyself, we pray.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Mighty power,
Consecrate this Lord's day hour;
Unto us Thine unction give;
Teach our souls that we may live.

133. Jesus, holy, undefiled.

- 1 Jesus, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night.
- 2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine;
Warmth to give and pleasant glow
On each tender flower below.
- 3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.
- 4 Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.
- 5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.
- 6 Help me never to forget
That in Thy great Book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.
- 7 Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord,
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine angels do above.

8 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
 Thine more truly every day;
 And when Thou at last shall come,
 Take me to Thy heavenly home.

Ssb. 16.

134. How shall the young secure their hearts.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night
 A lamp to lead our way.

3 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place;
 And these Thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.

4 But still Thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine;
 Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word,
 No stars so nobly shine.

5 Thy Word is everlasting truth:
 How pure is every page!
 That holy Book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age. Hymnal 213.

135. Jesus, high in glory.

- 1 Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear,
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.
- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:
- 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come. Ssb. 56.

5) Our Country.**136. God bless our native land.**

- 1 God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night,

When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies;
 On Him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee alone we cry,
 God save the State! Hymnal 183.

137. My country, 'tis of thee.

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love,
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:

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

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King. Hymnal 184.

6) Outings.

138. Who made the sky so clear and blue?

1 Who made the sky so clear and blue,
 And rich and verdant field?
 Who decked the flowers with sparkling dew,
 Them fragrance gave to yield?
 Who taught the birds to soar so high
 And sing in rapture there?
 Who gave the little butterfly
 Of wings a lustrous pair?

CHORUS.

It was our Father, God and King;
 His holy Name for ever sing!

2 Who let from endless azure sky
 The sun so brilliant beam,
 And made the snow-clad mountains high

In gold and crimson gleam?
 Who gave the moon its silvery rays
 To spread in silent night?
 Who gave there in the sombre space
 The stars their twinkling light?

- 3 Who made the mountains, woods, and hills,
 And all the bleating flocks?
 Who placed the lakes and brooks and rills
 Between majestic rocks?
 And who created you and me
 And us His Spirit gave?
 Who taught us life eternal see
 Beyond the narrow grave?

Ssb. 8.

139. Beautiful Saviour!

- 1 Beautiful Saviour!
 King of creation!
 Son of God and Son of man!
 Truly I'd love Thee,
 Truly I'd serve Thee,
 Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
- 2 Fair are the meadows,
 Fairer the woodlands,
 Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
 Jesus is fairer,
 Jesus is purer;
 He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.
- 3 Fair is the sunshine,
 Fairer the moonlight
 And the sparkling stars on high;

Jesus shines brighter,
 Jesus shines purer
 Than all the angels in the sky.

- 4 Beautiful Saviour!
 Lord of the nations!
 Son of God and Son of man!
 Glory and honor,
 Praise, adoration,
 Now and for evermore be Thine! Ssb. 7.

**140. We gather, we gather, dear Jesus,
 to bring.**

→ We gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to bring
 The breathings of love 'mid the blossoms of
 spring;
 Our Maker, Redeemer, we gratefully raise
 Our hearts and our voices in singing Thy praise.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hosanna in the highest!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hosanna our God!

- 2 When stooping to earth from the brightness
 of heaven,
 Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given,
 Thou cheerfully listened while children adored,
 With joyful hosannas, the blest of the Lord.
- 3 Those arms, which embraced little children of
 old,
 Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold,

That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

‡ Hosanna! Hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in singing Thy praise
For precept and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth, and for glories of heaven.

Hymnal 134.

141. See the shining dew-drops.

- 1 See the shining dew-drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving as they sparkle
"God is ever good,
Ever good."
- 2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
"God is ever good,
Ever good."
- 3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In its solitude,
With its ripple saying
"God is ever good,
Ever good."
- 4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
"God is ever good,
Ever good."

5 He who came to save us
Shed His precious blood;
Better things it speaketh:
"God is ever good,
Ever good."

6 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
All things join to tell us
"God is ever good,
Ever good." Hymnal 136. Ssb. 9.

C. Hope.

1) The Cross.

142. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

- 3 There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Hymnal 283. Seb. 65.

143. I need Thee every hour.

- 1 I need Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord,
 No tender voice like Thine
 Can peace afford.

CHORUS.

I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
 Every hour I need Thee:

Oh! bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One,
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. Hymnal 235.

144. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

Hymnal. 144. Ssb. 69.

145. The sign of the cross I triumphantly bear.

1 The sign of the cross I triumphantly bear,
 Though none of my kindred that emblem may
 wear.

I joyfully follow the champions of right,
 Who march on to glory with weapons of might.

2 The Pillar that guides us through peril and
 strife,

The Rock that is cleft, giving waters of life,
 Is Christ and His cross. By His Spirit and
 Word

The heart He refreshes, our Saviour and Lord.

3 O Shepherd, abide with us, care for us still,
And feed us and lead us and teach us Thy will,
And when in Thy heavenly fold we shall be
Our thanks and our praises we'll render to Thee.

Hymnal 196: 4, 5, 9.

146. I heard the voice of Jesus say.

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

Hymnal 269.

147. When I can read my title clear.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Hymnal 334. Ssb. 83.

148. Fade, fade, each earthly joy.

- 1 Fade, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine,
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no restingplace,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine.

Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine;

Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine.

All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine.

Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.

Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast:

Jesus is mine. Hymnal 327. Ssb. 74.

2) Longing for heaven.

149. On Jordan's rugged banks I stand.

1 On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away. Ssb. 82.

150. Where is the Friend?

- 1 Where is the Friend for whom I'm ever
yearning?
My longing grows when day to night is turning;
And though I find Him not as day recedeth,
My heart still pleadeth.

2 I know He's there in every force and power,
Where waves the harvest and where blooms
the flower;

I'm ever in my breath and sighs so burning,
His love discerning.

3 When summer winds blow gently, then I hear
Him;

Where sing the birds, where rush the streams,
I'm near Him;

But better far when in my heart He blesses
Me with caresses.

4 And yet to hide Him oft a cloud prevaieth;
My prayer can reach Him, but my vision faileth.
Would I could see His face and heart so loving,
And cease my roving.

5 Oh, where such beauty is itself revealing
In all that lives, through all creation stealing.
What must the source be whence it comes, the
Giver?

Beauty forever.

6 Oh, light and peace, salvation's sparkling
fountain,

Shall I thy source behold from Zion's mountain?
Who brings me to thy rills in rapture plying?

A peaceful dying!

7 My soul, be strong! Hope, pray with self-
denial!

The heavenly Friend submits Himself to trial:
So shalt thou find in Him, on Him depending,
Mercy unending.

8 Soon, in the harbor, where no waves are
 breaking,
 Or like the weary dove her refuge taking,
 Thou, timorous lamb, shalt by thy Shepherd's
 favor

Find rest for ever.

Hymnal 325.

151. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger.

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the fountains are ever flowing:
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining;
 Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
 Here in this country so dark and dreary
 I long have wandered, forlorn and weary:
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 Of the city to which I'm going
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sinning, nor any dying:
 Of the city to which I'm going
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light.

Hymnal 338. Ssb. 84,

152. Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move.

1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits its above;

Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
 Soon to the presence of God we shall go,
 Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
 Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Death with its arrows may soon lay us low,
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn.
 Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone;
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Hymnal 331. Ssb. 80.

153. There is a happy land.

1 There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is the Saviour King,
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for ay!

2 Come to that happy land.
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,

Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest, for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

Hymnal 343. Ssb. 79.

154. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and
dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for
me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms for ever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful
land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
hands,
To meet one another again.

155. There is a land of pure delight.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night;
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest 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 view the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured 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.

Hymnal 350.

156. There is a Friend for children

1 There is a Friend for children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die,
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.

2 There is a rest for children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There is a home for children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 And there are crowns for children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look to Jesus
 Shall wear them by-and-by;
 Yea, crowns of brightest glory,
 Which He shall sure bestow,
 On all who loved the Saviour
 And walked with Him below.

5 And there are songs for children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And harps of sweetest music
 For hymns of victory;
 And all above is pleasure,
 And found in Christ alone;
 Lord, grant Thy little children
 To know Thee as their own.

157. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep:
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus, peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus, oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

Hymnal 324.

158. We shall sleep, but not for ever.

1 We shall sleep but not for ever,
 There will be a glorious dawn;
 We shall meet to part—no never,
 On the resurrection morn!
 From the deepest caves of ocean,
 From the desert and the plain,
 From the valley and the mountain,
 Countless throngs shall rise again.

CHORUS.

We shall sleep, but not for ever,
 There will be a glorious dawn;
 We shall meet to part—no, never,
 On the resurrection morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom
 That we tended with such care
 Rudely taken from our bosom,
 How our aching hearts despair!
 Round its little grave we linger,
 Till the setting sun is low,
 Feeling all our hopes have perished
 With the flower we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
 In the lone and silent grave;

Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
 Blessed be the Lord that gave.
 In the bright eternal city
 Death can never, never come!
 In His own good time He'll call us
 From our rest to home, sweet home.

Hymnal 328.

3) Heavenly Glory.

159. When He cometh.

1 When He cometh, when He cometh
 To make up His jewels,
 All His jewels, precious jewels
 His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
 The gems for His kingdom;
 All the pure ones, all the bright ores
 His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
 Who love their Redeemer
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

Hymnal 340. Ssb. 73.

160. Around the throne of God.

- 1 Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven.
A holy, happy band,
Singing Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high!
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high!
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high!
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high!
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,

Singing Glory, Glory,
 Glory be to God on high!

Hymnal 342. Ssb. 78.

161. There is a gate that stands ajar.

- 1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
 And through its portals gleaming,
 A radiance from the cross afar,
 The Saviour's love, revealing.

CHORUS.

Oh, depth of mercy! can it be,
 That gate was left ajar for me?
 For me, for me?
 Was left ajar for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
 Who seek through it salvation;
 The rich and poor, the great and small
 Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
 While mercy's gate is open;
 Accept the cross and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love Him more in heaven. Hymnal 335.

162. Shall we meet beyond the river?

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where, in all the bright for ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

- Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river!
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?
- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

Hymnal 347.

163. Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

- 1 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thou city ever blest,
Within thy portals first I find

My safety, peace, and rest.
Here dangers always threaten me,
My days in strife are spent,
And labor, sorrow, worry, grief,
That is at best their strength.

2 No wonder, then, that more and more
My longings do increase,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
For thee, and never cease,
My lineage, too, to thee I trace,
A stranger in the earth,
In thee my burgherhip I have,
In thee I have my birth.

3 No wonder, then, that I do long:
O blessed home, for thee,
Where finally I shall have rest,
From sin and sorrow free;
Where tears and weeping are no more,
Nor death, nor pain, nor night,
For former things are passed away
In yonder home of light.

4 Now all for me has lost its charm
Which here so much is praised,
Since on the cross, through faith, I saw
My Saviour, Jesus, raised.
My goal is fixed, one thing I ask,
Whate'er the price may be,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Soon to arrive in thee.

Hymnal 354.

164. Jerusalem, thou city fair and high.

1 Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly!
It will not stay with me;
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain
And quit this world of pain.

2 O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When fearless to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render,
For surely will His hand
Lead me with guidance tender
To heaven, my fatherland.

3 O Zion, hail! bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me;
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy naught,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.

4 Unnumbered choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems raise,
And th' heavenly halls re-echo with the tone
Of that great hymn of praise,
And all its host rejoices,

And all its blessed throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

Hymnal 355.

165. God make my life a little light.

- 1 God make my life a little light,
 Within the world to glow,—
 A little flame that burneth bright
 Wherever I may go.
- 2 God make my life a little flower,
 That giveth joy to all,
 Content to bloom in native bower,
 Although the place be small.
- 3 God make my life a little song
 That comforteth the sad,
 That helpeth others to be strong,
 And makes the singer glad.
- 4 God make my life a little staff,
 Whereon the weak may rest,
 That so what little strength I have
 May serve my neighbors best.
- 5 God make my life a little hymn
 Of tenderness and praise,
 Of faith that never waxeth dim
 In all His wondrous ways.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

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

3 TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.
Glory to Thee, blest Trinity,
The God, whom we adore,
As was, is now, and e'er shall be,
When time shall be no more.

4 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.

5 GLORY be to Thee,
Endless One in Three,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Through the Saviour's boundless merit;
God in Unity,
Blessed Trinity.

6 TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit be
The highest honor done.
Now and for aye.
My song shall ever be,
Glory, my God, to Thee,
Glory to Thee.

7 NOW, henceforth, for ever,
Glory be to Thee,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Blessed One in Three.

8 TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song,
To Him our hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong,
On earth, in Heaven.

9 TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All glory be addressed,
As heretofore it was, is now,
And so shall be for evermore.

10 TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal One in Three,
As was, and is forever,
All praise and glory be.

11 TO God, the ever-glorious,
The Father and the Son,

And Spirit all-victorious,
Thrice Holy, Three in One;
The God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration
. Be now and evermore.

12 HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

13 PRAISE the name of God most high;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

14 HOLY Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Immanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

15 HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, we adore Thee,
Everlasting Three in One;
Let all creatures bow before Thee,
Saints and angels bless Thy Name.
Earth and heaven Thy praise proclaim.

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

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

18 GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

19 GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:
Him let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

20 PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit, throned above;
Praise the God of our salvation;
His be endless adoration.

21 NOW to the holy Three in One,
Who o'er creation reigneth,
Be everlasting honor done,
To Whom all praise pertaineth.
All blessing be to God most High,
All Glory to His Majesty,
Who all the world sustaineth.

22 TO Father, Son and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, His name adore
And spread His fame till time shall be no more.

23 O Father Almighty! to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from
heaven,
As was, and is now. and shall ever be given.

SVENSKA SÅNGER.

SÅNGREGISTER.

NR.

A

Ack, göt min Frälsare sitt blod? Watts.....	52
Ack, ljufva Herrens ord.....	77
Ack, saliga stunder. C. A.....	95
Af himlens höjd oss kommet är. Luther.....	17
Amen, amen, pris och ära. Ur Hemåt.....	110

B

Barnen små Muntra gå.....	208
Bereden väg för Herran. Franzen	11
Bergen må vika. Lina Sandell.....	155
Blott en dag, ett ögonblick. Lina Sandell..	164
Bort, mitt hjärta, med de tankar, Gerhardt	133
Bred dina hulda vingar. Lina Sandell.....	185

D

Dagar komma. Wallin, Svedberg.....	106
Den blomstertid nu kommer. Kolmodin.....	211
Den gröna jord är ung på nytt.....	214
Den port är trång. Lina Sandell.....	128
Den, som älskar Jesus här. B. E.....	192
Det blir något i himlen. Barnv. Lyra... ..	235
Det finns ett hjärta. Ur Uppåt.....	126
Det är högtid igen. Ur Hemåt.....	28
Din klara sol går åter opp. Wallin.....	179
Din spira, Jesus, sträcket ut. Franzen.....	102
Du gode, helge Jesus kär. Arndt.....	27

	NR
Du kommer, Herrens smorde. Montgomery	14
Du lilla skara, som är på resa. Blomqvist...	153
Du trofaste herde, som vårdar din hjord....	101
Du ömma fadershjärta, Lina Sandell.....	4
Dyre Jesus, du har sagt.....	146
Där flöt en gång. Cowper.....	49
Där tändes i fjärran. Holmes.....	117

E

Ende Sonen stiger neder. P. W—l.....	20
En främling klappar på din dörr.....	124
En stjärna lyste undersam. L. Jonae.....	38
Ett barn i dag är oss gifvet. B. E.....	19
Ett fjärran land jag vet. A. Young.....	232
Ett litet fattigt barn jag är. T. Truve.....	196
Ett litet ringa barn jag är, Zinzendorf.....	197

F

Flyg som en fågel till bergen, J. G. P.....	140
Fort, skynden alla, stora, små.....	163
Fram till ditt kors. Clairvaux, Gerhardt....	48
Från solens uppgång Jesus skall. Watts....	122
Från vår skola för en tid. Newton.....	201
Förlossningen är vunnen. Ambr'us, Å—m... 30	
Förläna mig din Andes nåd. Spegel.....	169
För mig till den klippan höga.....	143

G

Gif mig ett hjärta nytt och godt.....	165
Gif, o Jesus, fröjd och lycka. Rist.....	31
Glada julafton, härliga, klara. C. T.....	16
Gläd dig, du Kristi brud. Wallin.....	15
Gode herde, led och bär oss. Thrupp.....	116

NR.

Gode Jesus, får jag vara. B. E.....	189
Gud, jag hör om rika strömmar. Codner....	131
Gud signe de kära barn, de små. Topelius...	174
Guds ord är det lefvande vatten. L. Sandell	76
Guds rena Lamm, oskyldig. Decius.....	56

H

Han är densamme, som de flydda år.....	34
Har du intet rum för Jesus? L. W. M.....	127
Hela vägen går han med mig. Crosby.....	35
Hela världen fröjdes. Franck, Svedberg.....	7
Helge Ande, ljufva. G. P.; G. L. S.....	73
Heliga minnen i fastelagstid. Holmes.....	45
Hem, hem, namn, som hugsvalar. B. E.....	227
Herde, du, som fåren betar. Gjörwell.....	98
Herre, mitt hjärta. Lina Sandell.....	161
Herre Jesus, nådigt skåda.....	118
Herre, samla oss nu alla. Lina Sandell.....	92
Herren vid ditt hjärta står. Blomqvist.....	123
Herrens dag, hur skön du är. Blomqvist....	86
Hos Gud är idel glädje. Lina Sandell.....	148
Hur ljuft är ej i skogen gröna.....	216
Hur skön står ej blomman.....	207
Hur strålar helgonskaran där.....	234
Hvad bådard stormens starka ljud. L. H.....	72
Hvad jag i dag har syndat. Gerhardt.....	182
Hvar jag går i skogar, berg. Rosenius.....	65
Hvar man må nu väl glädja sig. Luther....	10
Hvar och en som hör. Bliss.....	129
Hvar är de kristnas fosterland? L. Sandell.	229
Hvem gjorde skyn så klar och blå.....	215
Hvem älskar som en moder? H. S.....	173
Hvilka äro dessa, som vid flodens? O'Kane	237
Hvilken vän vi ha i Jesus. Bonar?.....	160

	Nr.
Här en källa rinner. B. E.....	145
Här samlas vi omkring ditt ord. L. Sandell	91
Högtid för handen är. Lina Sandell.....	29
Högt upp i skyn sjunger lärkan så glad.....	210
Hör, o min själ, hur änglars sånger skalla..	22

I

I dopet jag, min Gud. Ur Syreens Sånger...	82
I hoppet sig min. Andersdotter, Wallin.....	228
I mörker världen fallen låg. H. I. L.....	42
I ungdomsår, i såningstid. Ur Uppåt.....	113

J

Jag bär min synd till Jesus. Bonar.....	132
Jag har en vän för andra vänner.....	144
Jag har en vän så huld. Rosenius.....	139
Jag kan icke räkna dem alla. L. Sandell.....	1
Jag lyfter mina händer. Arrhenius.....	171
Jag längtar till Gud. Barnvännens Lyra....	223
Jag nu den pärlan funnit har. Hamberg....	151
Jag ser dig klädd i blodigskrud. Fr. tyskan	46
Jag tänker så gärna på himlens. Hartsough	230
Jag vet ett namn så dyrt. Lina Sandell.....	33
Jag älskar söndagsskolan.....	104
Jag är ej för liten. Ur Hemåt.....	195
Jag är ett armt och ringa barn.....	199
Jag är en främling. Schindler.....	222
Jag är trött, jag sofva vill. L. Hensel.....	184
Jerusalem, du sälla stad.....	233
Jesu lilla lamm jag är. H. Louise v. Hayn..	198
Jesus allt mitt goda är. Fritsch.....	136
Jesus, dina arma små. B. E.....	26
Jesus, djupa såren dina. Heermann, Wallin	40
Jesus, du min fröjd och fromma. —?, Wallin	103

	NR
Jesus som min själ har kär. Wesley.....	138
Jesus för världen gifvit sitt lif. L. Sandell..	55
Jesus, gör mig åter stilla. Lina Sandell.....	183
Jesus jag följer, hur världen må håna.....	162
Jesus kär, gå ej förbi mig. Crosby.....	159
Jesus, vid ditt kors jag står.....	50
Jesus älskar mig, jag vet. Anna B. Warner	105
Jesus är min vän den bästa. Arrhenius.....	137

K

Klaraste stjärna på himmelens fäste. Heber	39
Klippa, du, som brast för mig. Toplady.....	41
Klockan slår, Tiden går.....	190
Kom, du väntade Messias. Wesley.....	13
Kom, Helge Ande, till mig in. —? Wallin.....	71
Kom, huldaste förbarmare. Rutström.....	93
Kom, låtom oss på barnavis.....	62
Kom, o Guds Ande, kom. Holmes.....	32
Kom, o Jesus! väck mitt sinne. Franzen.....	111
Kom till mitt kalla. B. E.....	157
Kommen, låtom oss sjunga till Jesus. B. E.	69
Kommen, tagen, äten, dricken! L. Sandell..	83
Känner du herden god? Ur Hemåt.....	54
Käre Fader i det höga. Lina Sandell.....	120
Kärlek, höga himlagåfva.....	166

L

Lofva vill jag Herran, Herran. Ollon.....	149
Låt din Andes morgonstr. Opitz, Wallin....	168
Låt barnen till mig komma.....	79
Låtom oss nu alla.....	6

M

Med Gud och hans vänskap. Rosenius.....	99
Min Jesus, uppå dig. Heermann.....	135

	NR.
Mitt hjärta, fröjda dig! Olearius.....	92
Morgon mellan fjällen.....	7
Mot heliga bergen vi lyfta. Holmes.....	112

N

Nu tacken Gud, allt folk! Rinckart.....	8
Nu är jag säll och nöjd.....	152
När han kommer, när han kommer. Cushing.....	202
När i Getsemane han går.....	43
När jag lägger mig att sofva. ?— Wallin.....	186
När jag ser i Guds bok. Jemima Luke.....	81
När juldagsmorgon glimmar.....	21
När på det blodbestänkta kors.....	53
Närmare, Gud, till dig. Sarah F. Adams.....	220

O

O anlet, blekt. Clairvaux, Gerhardt.....	47
O bönestund, så skön och dyr. Crosby.....	156
O, djup af barmhärtighet.....	142
O, du härliga, o du saliga.—påsk. Falk.....	60
O, du härliga, o du saliga—pingst. Falk.....	74
O, du mitt hjärtas trängtan. Gerhardt.....	12
O, du saliga, o du heliga. Falk.....	23
O, du, som gaf ditt lif för fåren. Wallin.....	170
O du, som med en stjärna ledt. Neale.....	36
O gläds, min själ, och sjung. Hedborn.....	66
O Gud! all sannings källa. Nyström.....	218
O Herre, när min pilgrimsfärd.....	219
O huru ljufvig är. Spegel.....	87
O Jesus, blif när oss. Rosenius.....	109
O Jesus, Herre god. Olearius.....	84
O Jesus Krist! Dig. Augustus II. Gezelius...	94
O Jesus Krist, jag är ditt lamm. E. E.—d...	194

	NR
O Jesus kär, när vill du hämta mig.....	225
O Jesus, omkring dig visamlade stå. Holmes	217
O Konung, öfver alla stor. L. L.....	204
O, låten dock barnen få komma till mig.....	80
O, låt med kraftigt ljud. Wesley.....	61
O, min själ, stäm in i sången. Fawcett.....	64
O, människa! det är dig sagdt. Wallin.....	78
Om faror förfära och nöd. Newton.....	5
Om nöjenas rosor än hölja min stig. Payne	172
Omkring Guds tron. Anne Shepherd.....	236
Onda ord, o låt dem aldrig. Palmer.....	176
Oss välsigna och bevara. Hedborn.....	108

P

Pris dig, vår Konung god. Wesley.....	63
Pris Gud, all godhets källa vid. L. Sandell..	9
På denna dag vid gryningsstund.....	85

R

Re'n bådar morgonstjärnan. Smith.....	121
---------------------------------------	-----

S

Sakta, så sakta nalkas i kvällen. Holmes...	44
Salig, salig, den som kände. Wallin.....	147
Se, Herrens ord är rent och klart. Dachstein	75
Se, huru hög är Kristi glans.....	68
Se, Jesus är ett tröstrikt namn. Förtsch.....	96
Se, vintern är förgången, och åter är det vår	209
Sjung, sjung i morgonstund. M—m—m.....	175
Skynda till Jesus, Frälsaren kär. Root.....	125
Som fåglar små, När dundra må. Rutilius..	141
Statt upp, o folk, och tacka Gud. G. P.....	205
Stå upp, stå upp för Jesus. Duffield.....	115
Stäm in i änglars kor. Dowling.....	70

NR.

Så går en dag än från vår tid. Herzog.....	181
Så högt har Gud oss till storfröjd. Kolmodin	134
Så kommer jag, min Gud, Olearius.....	89
Så älskade Gud världen all. B. E.....	3
Säg, hvar finns glädjens land? B. E.....	221
Säll är den, som lyckligt hunnit hamnen.....	238

T

Tack, att ditt hjärta öppet står!.....	224
Tiden ilar bort. Lina Sandell.....	107
Till Betlehem mitt hjärta. J. M. L.....	18
Till det härliga land ofvan skyn. Bennett...	231
Till dig, du som hörer de späda.....	88
Till fridens hem, Jerusalem. Griswold.....	226
Till härlighetens land igen. Wallin.....	67
Till verksamhet för Kristi skull. L. Sandell.	114
Tryggare kan ingen vara. Lina Sandell.....	154
Trygg i min Jesu armar. Crosby.....	150
Tätt vid korset, Jesus kär. Crosby.....	51

U

Undan vike smärtan. B.....	158
Underbar en stjärna blid.....	37
Upp, min tungal Fortunatus, Wallin.....	59
Uppstånden är vår Herre Krist. N. F. L—g	58
Uti den sköna sommartid.....	212
Uti din nåd, o Fader blid! Förtsch.....	177
Uti lifvets sköna blomma. Ur Hemåt.....	191

V

Vaka, själ, och bed. Wallin.....	167
Vak upp, min själ, gif ära. Gerhardt.....	178
Vi en liten skara barn. N. F.....	193
Vi nu samlas åter.....	90

	NR.
Vi prisa dig, o Jesus kär.....	25
Vi samlas, vi samlas. Harlingen.....	187
Vi tacka dig, o Fader kär. —en.....	213
Vi tacka dig, o Jesus god. Vischer.....	57
Vi tacka dig Så hjärtelig. Spedel.....	180
Vi äro väl ringa och svaga och små. T. T.....	200
Våga dig Dristelig. Brorson, Rosenius.....	130
Vår Gud är oss en väldig borg. Luther.....	100
Vår store Gud gör stora under.....	119
Välkommen var, o Herre kär! Luther.....	24
Välsignade timme, så ljuf och så skön.....	188
Välsigna, Gud, vårt land. Dwight.....	206

o
Å

Åter en fröjdefull högtid vi sluta.....	203
---	-----

ENGLISH HYMNS.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

NR.

A

A mighty Fortress is our God. Luther.....	76
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide. Lytel	130
Abide with us, our Saviour. Stegmann.....	124
Again Thy glorious sun doth rise. Wallin...	126
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? Watts.....	41
All glory be to God on high. Decius.....	1
All hail the power. Perronet, Rippon.....	46
All hail to thee, O blessed morn! Wallin.....	18
All praise to Thee, my God, this night. Ken	131
All praise to Thee, our Saviour. Vischer.....	37
Alleluia! Fairest morning. Krause.....	63
Almighty God, eternal Lord. Wallin.....	58
Am I a soldier of the cross? Watts.....	120
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat. Newton	91
Alsleap in Jesus! Margaret Mackay.....	157
Around the throne of God. Anne Shepherd..	160
Awake, my soul, and with the sun. Ken.....	125

B

Baptized into Thy Name. Rambach.....	71
Beautiful Saviour! King of creation.....	139
Before Jehovah's awful throne. Watts.....	2
Behold a Stranger at the door. Grigg.....	89
Be not dismayed, G. Adolphus? Wallin.....	77
Blest be the tie that binds. Fawcett.....	123
Blest Easter day, what joy is thine. Petri...	43
Blow ye the trumpet, blow. Wesley.....	50
Brightest and best of the sons. Heber.....	32

NR.

C

Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing.	25
Come, Holy Spirit. Luther, Wallin.....	55
Come, Saviour, dear. Rutström.....	111
Come, see the place where Jesus lay. Kelly..	47
Come, sound His praise abroad. Watts.....	8
Come, Thou almighty King. Wesley.....	66
Come, Thou Saviour. Ambrose, Luther.....	20
Come, to the Saviour, make no delay. Root	90

D

Day of wonder, day of gladness. Hall.....	45
---	----

E

Each little flower that opens. Alexander.....	64
---	----

F

Fade, fade, each earthly joy. Jane C. Bonar	148
Father, bless our school to-day. Anon.....	132
From all that dwell below the skies. Watts	11
From Greenland's icy mountains. Heber.....	82

G

Glorious things of thee are spoken. Newton	78
Glory be to Jesus. Caswall.....	42
Glory to the Father Give. Montgomery.....	6
God bless our native land. Dwight.....	136
God make my life a little light. M. Edwards	165
Good news from heaven. Luther.....	23
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine! Stocker.....	112
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah. Williams	117

H

Hail to the Lord's Anointed. Montgomery.	15
Hark, a burst of heavenly music!.....	21

	NR.
Hark! the herald angels sing. Wesley.....	22
Help us, O Lord, behold, we enter. Rist.....	29
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord. Heber.....	57
Holy Spirit, hear us. Parker.....	54
How precious is the Book divine. Fawcett.	59
How shall the young. Watts.....	134

I

I am Jesus' little lamb. H. L. von Hayn.....	105
I have a Friend so patient. Rosenius.....	107
I heard the voice of Jesus say. Bonar.....	146
I know that my Redeemer lives. Medley.....	49
I lay my sins on Jesus. Bonar.....	94
I love Thy Zion, Lord. Dwight.....	68
I love to hear the story. Emily H. Miller....	27
I love to steal awhile away. Brown.....	127
I need Thee every hour. Annie S. Hawks....	143
I think, when I read. Jemima Luke.....	88
I will sing you a song. Ellen H. Gates.....	154
I'm a pilgrim. Mary S. B. Shindler.....	151
In the cross of Christ I glory. Bowring.....	35

J

Jesusalem, Jerusalem. Lina Sandell.....	163
Jerusalem, thou city fair and high. Meyfart	164
Jesus high in glory. Clark?.....	135
Jesus, holy, undefiled. Mrs. Shepcote.....	133
Jesus is my Friend. Arrhenius.....	108
Jesus, keep me near the cross. Crosby.....	116
Jesus, Lover of my soul. Wesley.....	97
Jesus loves me! Anna B. Warner.....	98
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun. Watts...	86
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me. M. Duncan	129

	NR.
✓ Jesus, when a little Child. H. B.....	115
Joyfully, joyfully onward we move. Hunter	152

L

Lo! Jesus' Name rich comfort is. Förtsch....	28
Lord, a little band and lowly. Mrs Shelly...	67
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing. Fawcett	70
Lord God, the Holy Ghost! Montgomery....	56
Lord, keep us steadfast. Luther.....	60
Lord of all power and might. Stowell.....	87
Lord, with glowing heart. Key.....	3
Love divine, all love excelling. Wesley.....	113

M

Memories holy. Holmes.....	38
'Mid pleasures and palaces. Payne.....	122
Mighty Lord, extend Thy kingdom. Cottle.	85
Must Jesus bear the cross alone? Allen.....	118
My contry 'tis of thee. Smith.....	137
My crucified Saviour. Rutström.....	40
My faith looks up to Thee. Palmer.....	95

N

Nearer, my God, to Thee. Sarah F. Adams.	142
Now Israel's hope. Hedborn.....	33
Now thank we all our God. Rinckart.....	5

O

O day of rest and gladness. Wordsworth....	62
O Fount of truth and mercy. Nyström.....	102
O Jesus Christ. Augustus II, Gezelius.....	110
O Jesus I have promised. Bode.....	73
O Lamb of God, most holy. Decius.....	39

	NR.
O little town of Bethlehem. Brooks.....	26
O sacred Head. Clairvaux, Gerhardt.....	34
O Thou, who by a star didst guide. Neale...	31
O Thou, whose infant feet. Heber.....	75
O'er the distant mountains. Monsell.....	17
Oh! enter, Lord, Thy temple. Gerhardt.....	103
Oh! how shall I receive Thee?. Gerhardt.....	16
Oh! joy of joys! God so did love. Kolmodin	101
Oh, what praises shall we render. Burton...	4
On Jordan's rugged banks. Stennett.....	149
On the mountain's top appearing. Kelly.....	84
Onward, Christian soldiers. Baring-Gould..	121

P

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour. Crosby.....	92
Praise the Lord. Franck, Svedberg.....	12
Praise the Lord! Anon.....	10
Praise the Saviour. Fortunatus, Wallin.....	48
Pray, tell me. Rutström.....	99
Prepare the way, O Zion! Franzen.....	13

R

Rejoice, all ye believers. Laurentii.....	14
Rest of the weary. Palmer.....	100
Rock of Ages, cleft for me. Toplady.....	96

S

Safe in the arms of Jesus. Crosby.....	106
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us. Thrupp....	109
Saviour, who Thy flock. Muhlenberg.....	72
See the conqueror mounts. Wordsworth.....	52
See the shining dew-drops.....	141
Shall we meet beyond the river? Hastings..	162

	NR.
Shepherd of tender. Clement, Dexter.....	114
Shun, my heart. Gerhardt. Wallin.....	93
Singing for Jesus. Havergal.....	9
Stand up, stand up for Jesus. Duffield.....	116
Sun of my soul, my Saviour dear. Keble.....	128

T

Tell me the old, old story. Hankey.....	61
The church's one foundation. Stone.....	79
The day of Resurrection!	44
The happy Christmas comes once more.....	19
The Head that once was crowned. Kelly....	53
The Lord be with us as we bend. Ellerton..	69
The morning light is breaking. Smith.....	83
The sign of the cross. Rosenius.....	145
There is a fountain filled with blood. Cowper	36
There is a Friend for little children. Midlane	156
There is a gate that stands ajar. Mrs. Baxter	161
There is a happy land. Young.....	153
There is a land of pure delight. Watts.....	155
There is no Name so sweet. Bethune.....	30
Thine for ever! God of love. Maude.....	74
Thy scepter, Jesus, shall extend. Franzen...	80
To realms of glory I behold. Wallin.....	51

U

Up above the bright blue sky.	7
------------------------------------	---

W

We all believe in one true God. Luther.....	65
We gather, we gather. Harlingen.....	140
We shall sleep, but not forever. Mrs. Kidder	158
What a Friend we have in Jesus. Bonar?....	144

	NR.
When Christmas morn is dawning.....	24
When He cometh. Cushing.....	159
When I can read my title clear. Watts.....	147
When little Samuel woke. Mrs. Gilbert.....	104
Where is the Friend. Wallin.....	150
✓ Who made the sky so clear and blue. Holmes	138
Work, for the night is coming. Walker.....	81

