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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

HYMNAL.

EDITED FOR

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES

BY

GEORGE'S. BARRETT, B.A.

PART I.—HYMNS.

LONDON:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MCCCLXXXVII.
NOTE.

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The late Bishop of Ely, 102;
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Rev. B. Waugh, 749;
The Dean of Wells, 622;
The late Mr. W. Whiting, 639;
Mr. H. H. Wyatt, 648;

and to the following Authors or Translators for the Hymns
bearing their names, which are too numerous to specify in detail:—

Mrs. C. F. Alexander; The Representatives of the late Dean Alford; E. S. A.; Rev. S. Baring-Gould; The Bishop of Bedford; Rev. Dr. Bonar; The Representatives of the late Sir J. Bowring; Bishop A. C. Coxe, of Western, New York; Mr. W. C. Dix; Mrs. Downton, for hymns by the late Rev. H. Downton; Rev. J. Ellerton; The Bishop of Exeter; The Rev. Canon Furse, for the hymns of the late Rev. Dr. Monsell; Mr. Redland Furse; Mr. T. H. Gill; Rev. J. Hamilton; Miss Havergal, for the hymns of the late Miss F. R. Havergal; The Proprietors of “Hymns Ancient and Modern;” Rev. Dr. Littledale; H. L. L., for “Hymns from the Land of Luther”; Mrs. Lynch, for the Hymns of the late Rev. T. T. Lynch; Rev. W. T. Matson; The Rev. H. A. Mills, for the use of the late Rev. E. Caswall’s hymns; The Representatives of the late Dean Milman; Cardinal Newman; Mr. F. T. Palgrave; Rev. T. B. Pollock; Mr. G. Rawson; Rev. S. J. Stone; Rev. G. Thring; Rev. L. Tuttiett; Miss A. L. Waring; Rev. Chr. Wordsworth, for the hymns of the late Bishop of Lincoln;

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All further acknowledgments will be found in the full Preface to the Crown 8vo Edition of the Hymns, and to the Editions of the Hymns with Tunes.
# GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I. THE ETERNAL GOD:—</th>
<th>HYMNS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. His Glory, Worship, and Praise</td>
<td>1—23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. His Works in Creation</td>
<td>24—32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. His Goodness in Providence</td>
<td>33—50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. His Grace in Redemption</td>
<td>51—62</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>II. THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:—</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. His Godhead, Praise, and Glory</td>
<td>63—82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. His Incarnation and Birth</td>
<td>83—97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. His Manifestation to the Gentiles</td>
<td>98—101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. His Childhood</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. His Temptation</td>
<td>103—104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. His Human Life and Humiliation</td>
<td>105—109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. His Example</td>
<td>110—115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. His Miracles</td>
<td>116—119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. His Love, Tenderness, and Sympathy</td>
<td>120—132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. His Transfiguration</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. His Entry into Jerusalem</td>
<td>134—135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. His Agony in Gethsemane</td>
<td>136—137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. His Passion and Death</td>
<td>138—148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. His Burial and Descent into Hades</td>
<td>149—150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. His Resurrection</td>
<td>151—159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. His Ascension</td>
<td>160—166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. His Reign</td>
<td>167—175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. His Second Advent and Judgment</td>
<td>176—183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. His Names, Mediatorial Titles, and Offices</td>
<td>184—200</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>III. THE HOLY SPIRIT:—</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. His Manifestation at Pentecost</td>
<td>201—202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. His Operation in the Heart</td>
<td>203—209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. His Influence in the Church and in the World</td>
<td>210—220</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IV. THE MOST HOLY TRINITY:—</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Adoration</td>
<td>221—223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Invocation</td>
<td>224—228</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| V. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES | |
|-------------------------| |
| 229—235 |

| VI. THE GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS | |
|------------------------------------| |
| 236—247 |
GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

1. Repentance and Confession .................................. 248—264
2. Faith in Jesus: Pardon and Justification .................. 265—278
3. Joy and Peace in Believing .................................. 279—287
4. The Spirit of Adoption ....................................... 288—289
5. Love to God .................................................. 290—299
6. Love to Man .................................................. 300—302
7. Consecration and Holiness ................................... 303—315
8. Character and Virtues ........................................ 316—319
10. Trust in God, Resignation, Submission, Peace ............. 331—354
11. Aspiration and Hope ......................................... 355—359
12. Joy in God .................................................. 360—367
13. Communion with God ......................................... 368—374
14. Service and Reward ......................................... 375—382
15. Temptations, Declensions, and Recovery ................... 383—391
16. Conflict, Courage, Victory .................................. 392—403
17. Pilgrimage ................................................... 404—409
18. Divine Guidance and Protection ............................. 410—419
19. The Ministry of Angels ...................................... 420—421
20. Death ....................................................... 422—425
21. The Rest after Death ........................................ 426—429
22. The Resurrection ............................................ 430—431
23. The Final Glory of Heaven ................................... 432—436

VIII. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

1. Its Character, Unity, and Privileges ......................... 437—443
2. Church Meetings:—
   (1) General .................................................. 444—449
   (2) Reception of Members .................................... 450—453
3. Its Ministers:—
   (1) For a Church seeking a Pastor .......................... 454
   (2) Ordination or Recognition of Ministers ................. 455—456
   (3) Meetings of Ministers ................................... 456—469
4. Election of Deacons .......................................... 470
5. Baptism:—
   (1) Of Infants ................................................. 471—476
   (2) Of Believers .............................................. 477
6. The Lord's Supper ........................................... 478—499
7. The Communion of Saints .................................... 500—503
8. The Example, Victory, and Reward of the Saints .......... 504—508

IX. PUBLIC WORSHIP:

1. The Lord's Day:—
   (1) Morning .................................................. 509—519
   (2) Evening ................................................ 520—523
## GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IX. PUBLIC WORSHIP (continued):—</th>
<th>HYMNS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2. The House of Prayer</td>
<td>524—529</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Worship</td>
<td>530—549</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. The Close of Worship</td>
<td>550—555</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Prayer Meetings</td>
<td>556—566</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>X. CHRISTIAN MISSIONS:—</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Their Necessity</td>
<td>567—570</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Prayer for their Success</td>
<td>571—578</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Anticipation of their Final Success</td>
<td>579—584</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Missions to the Jews</td>
<td>585</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Colonial Missions</td>
<td>586</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Home Missions</td>
<td>587—588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Departure of Missionaries</td>
<td>589—592</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XI. SPECIAL OCCASIONS:—</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Marriage</td>
<td>593—596</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Burial of the Dead</td>
<td>597—606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Laying the Foundation Stone:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1) Of a Church</td>
<td>607—609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2) Of a School</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Opening and Dedication of Churches</td>
<td>611—614</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Opening of a School</td>
<td>615</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Dedication of an Organ</td>
<td>616</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Anniversary:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1) Of a Sunday School</td>
<td>617—620</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2) Of a Temperance Society or Band of Hope</td>
<td>621</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Hospital Sunday</td>
<td>622—624</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Flower Services</td>
<td>625—628</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. General Charities and Almsgiving</td>
<td>629—632</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XII. SPECIAL INTERCESSION FOR—</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Children and Home</td>
<td>633—634</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Ministers and Students</td>
<td>635—637</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. The Sorrowing and Afflicted</td>
<td>638</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Those at Sea</td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XIII. NATIONAL HYMNS:—</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. The Throne</td>
<td>640—641</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Thanksgivings:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1) General</td>
<td>642—644</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2) For Peace</td>
<td>645—646</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(3) For Victory</td>
<td>647</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(4) For Removal of Pestilence</td>
<td>648—649</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(5) For Rain</td>
<td>650</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(6) For Fair Weather</td>
<td>651</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

XIII. NATIONAL HYMNS (continued) :—

3. Prayer and Humiliation:
   (1) General ........................................ 652—658
   (2) In Times of Distress:
       (a) War ........................................ 659—660
       (b) Pestilence ................................. 661—662
       (c) Dearth ..................................... 663—664
       (d) Drought .................................. 665—666
       (e) Excessive Rain ............................ 667

XIV. SPECIAL SEASONS:—

1. Morning ........................................... 668—681
2. Evening .......................................... 682—703
3. Saturday Evening ............................... 704
4. Spring .......................................... 705—706
5. Summer ......................................... 707
6. Autumn and Harvest ............................ 708—713
7. Winter .......................................... 714
8. Close of the Year ............................... 715—718
9. Midnight Services .............................. 719—722
10. New Year ....................................... 723—728

XV. BENEDICTIONS AND DOXOLOGIES .............. 729—734

XVI. CHILDREN’S SERVICES .......................... 735—775
### ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO HYMNS.

**NOTE.—The dates given are—1. Those of the birth and death of deceased writers. 2. Where this has been found impossible the date of the birth or death is given, according to the position of the hymn after or before the date. The date of the birth is given in cases of living authors. 3. Where the dates of birth and death are both unknown the date of publication is occasionally given. Alterations of text are indicated at the end of every hymn where any such alteration has been made.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Author or Translator with date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A charge to keep I have</td>
<td>314</td>
<td>Charles Wesley (1708-1788), Dr. Horatius Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A few more years shall roll</td>
<td>408</td>
<td>William Robertson (pub. 1880).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little child the Saviour came</td>
<td>472</td>
<td>Martin Luther (1483-1543), tr. T. Carlyle (1795-1881).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A safe stronghold our God is still</td>
<td>343</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A thousand years have come and gone</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A voice upon the midnight air</td>
<td>137</td>
<td>Martineau’s Selection (1840).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide .</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>According to Thy gracious word</td>
<td>684</td>
<td>Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Across the sky the shades of night</td>
<td>486</td>
<td>James Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Again, as evening’s shadow falls</td>
<td>723</td>
<td>James Hamilton (1787- ), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All faded is the glowing light</td>
<td>523</td>
<td>Samuel Longfellow (1816- ), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All glory, laud, and honour</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All hail the power of Jesu’s name</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>Theodulph of Orleans (9th cent.), tr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All people that on earth do dwell</td>
<td>531</td>
<td>Dr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All that I was, my sin, my guilt</td>
<td>281</td>
<td>Edwd. Perronet (1776-1798), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All that’s good, and great, and true</td>
<td>736</td>
<td>William Kethe (pub. 1791).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And can it be, that I should gain</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee</td>
<td>612</td>
<td>Godfrey Thring (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And now the very joys, that ’twas thine own</td>
<td>148</td>
<td>John G. Whittier (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And wilt Thou pardon, Lord</td>
<td>577</td>
<td>Charles Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angles, from the realms of glory</td>
<td>555</td>
<td>H. W. Baker (1821-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angel voices, ever singing</td>
<td>602</td>
<td>Charles Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another year is dawning</td>
<td>616</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat</td>
<td>723</td>
<td>Jean Ingelow (1830- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arise, O King of grace, arise</td>
<td>561</td>
<td>Dr. William Bright (1824- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art thou weary, art thou languid</td>
<td>775</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As helpless as a child who clings</td>
<td>334</td>
<td>Frances Pott (1838- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>John Newton (1725-1807).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Anne Shepherd (1800-1857).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Stephen the Sabatai (725-794).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>James D. Burns (1825-1864).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1°
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Author or Translator with date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>As to His earthly parents’ home</td>
<td>750</td>
<td>Dr. Henry Alford (1810-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As with gladness men of old</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>William Chatterton Dix (1837- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At even, ere the sun was set</td>
<td>580</td>
<td>Henry Twells (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the name of Jesus</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>Caroline M. Noel (- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay</td>
<td>679</td>
<td>Dr. W. Bright (1824- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, and sing the song</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>William Hammond (1719-1783), Martin Madan (1726-1790), etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, awake, O Zion</td>
<td>584</td>
<td>Benj. Gough (1805- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, my soul, and with the sun</td>
<td>668</td>
<td>Bp. Thomas Ken (1637-1711).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, my soul, in joyful lays</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>Samuel Medley (1738-1793).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve</td>
<td>396</td>
<td>Dr. Philip Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, our souls; away, our fears</td>
<td>397</td>
<td>Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before Jehovah’s awful throne</td>
<td>532</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), alld. by C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Begone, unbelief</td>
<td>331</td>
<td>John Newton (1725-1807).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold! how glorious is thy kingdom</td>
<td>436</td>
<td>German, tr. New Congl. H. Bk. (1859).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold! the Eternal King and Priest</td>
<td>490</td>
<td>[Anon.].</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold the glories of the Lamb</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold! the Mountain of the Lord</td>
<td>581</td>
<td>Michael Bruce (1745-1767).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold the throne of grace</td>
<td>563</td>
<td>John Newton (1725-1807).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold us, Lord, a little space</td>
<td>556</td>
<td>John Ellerton (1826- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold what wondrous grace</td>
<td>288</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beneath the shadow of the cross</td>
<td>302</td>
<td>Saml. Longfellow (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beyond, beyond that boundless sea</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Josiah Conder (1789-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beyond the glittering starry skies</td>
<td>168</td>
<td>James Fanch (1704-1767), alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birds have their quiet nest</td>
<td>287</td>
<td>John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1873).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest are the pure in heart</td>
<td>319</td>
<td>Latin, 7th century, tr. J. M. Neale and others (1818-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest day of God, most calm, most bright</td>
<td>510</td>
<td>John Keble (1792-1866) and William John Hall (pub. 1836).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed</td>
<td>493</td>
<td>John Mason (.1604).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bread of the world, in mercy broken</td>
<td>494</td>
<td>Josiah Conder (1789-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Break, new-born Year, on glad eyes break</td>
<td>719</td>
<td>Bp. Reginald Heber (1783-1826).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brief life is here our portion Part I.</td>
<td>435</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brightest and best of the sons of the morning</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>Bernard of Cluny (c. 1145), tr. Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored</td>
<td>478</td>
<td>Thomas James Potter (1827-1873) and Bp. William Walsham How (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calm me, my God, and keep me calm</td>
<td>345</td>
<td>George Rawson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain and Saviour of the host</td>
<td>423</td>
<td>Dr. Hor. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children of the Heavenly King</td>
<td>444</td>
<td>George Rawson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ for the world we sing!</td>
<td>567</td>
<td>John Cennick (1717-1755).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ, from Whom all blessings flow</td>
<td>447</td>
<td>Samuel Wolcott (1833-1886).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>x</td>
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<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
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<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Christ the Lord is risen again!</td>
<td>156</td>
<td>Michael Weisse (-1540), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ the Lord is risen today</td>
<td>151</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ to the young man said, &quot;Yet one thing more&quot;</td>
<td>459</td>
<td>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ, Whose glory fills the skies</td>
<td>674</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian! dost thou see them</td>
<td>395</td>
<td>Andrew of Crete (660-739), tr. Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Christian! seek not yet repose&quot;</td>
<td>394</td>
<td>Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian, work for Jesus</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>Mary Haslock (- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christians, awake, salute the happy morn</td>
<td>369</td>
<td>John Byrom (1692-1763), alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell</td>
<td>309</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Holy Ghost, and through each heart</td>
<td>913</td>
<td>Ambrose, tr. Edward Caswall (1814-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Holy Ghost, in love</td>
<td>621</td>
<td>Robert II. of France (972-1021), paraph. Dr. Ray Palmer (1868- ).</td>
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<tr>
<td>Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire</td>
<td>220</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove</td>
<td>905</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove</td>
<td>908</td>
<td>Simon Browne (1680-1732).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come in, thou blessed of the Lord</td>
<td>453</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come! kingdom of our God</td>
<td>573</td>
<td>John Johns (1780-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, labour on!</td>
<td>382</td>
<td>Jane Borthwick (1827- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, let us anew</td>
<td>721</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, let us join our cheerful songs</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, let us join our friends above</td>
<td>501</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, let us to the Lord our God</td>
<td>369</td>
<td>John Morrison (1749-1796).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, my soul, thy suit prepare</td>
<td>559</td>
<td>J. Newton (1725-1807).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, O Creator Spirit blest!</td>
<td>211</td>
<td>Latin, 9th century, tr. E. Caswall (1814-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come on, my partners in distress</td>
<td>356</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788), alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, O Thou Traveller unknown</td>
<td>374</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Thou Almighty King</td>
<td>227</td>
<td>[Anon., c. 1758. ]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Thou fount of every blessing</td>
<td>417</td>
<td>Robt. Robinson (1735-1790), alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Thou long-expected Jesus</td>
<td>175</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to our poor nature's night</td>
<td>217</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1809- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come unto Me, ye weary</td>
<td>247</td>
<td>W. Chatterton Dix (1837- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, we that love the Lord</td>
<td>360</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched</td>
<td>240</td>
<td>Joseph Hart (1712-1768).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, ye thankful people, come</td>
<td>708</td>
<td>Dr. H. Alford (1810-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crown Him with many crowns</td>
<td>167</td>
<td>Matthew Bridges (1800- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day by day, and year by year</td>
<td>469</td>
<td>Henry Downton (1813-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day by day we magnify Thee</td>
<td>737</td>
<td>John Ellerton (1826- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Days and moments quickly flying</td>
<td>916</td>
<td>Edward Caswall (1814-1878).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Lord and Father of mankind</td>
<td>336</td>
<td>J. G. Whittier (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Lord and Master mine</td>
<td>306</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depth of mercy! can there be</td>
<td>390</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord</td>
<td>376</td>
<td>T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
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<td>No.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blessed</td>
<td>268</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord</td>
<td>207</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ere I sleep, for every favour</td>
<td>699</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Father, strong to save</td>
<td>639</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Father! who can tell</td>
<td>725</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Light! eternal Light!</td>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Love, Whose law doth sway</td>
<td>594</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eternal Shepherd, God most High</td>
<td>454</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every morning mercies new</td>
<td>672</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Except the Lord the temple build</td>
<td>610</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Far above in highest heaven</td>
<td>759</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Far down the ages now</td>
<td>439</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Far off our brethren's voices</td>
<td>586</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, I know that all my life</td>
<td>346</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, in high heaven dwelling</td>
<td>688</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, lead me day by day</td>
<td>766</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, let me dedicate</td>
<td>727</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father of boundless grace</td>
<td>583</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father of heaven! Whose love profound</td>
<td>225</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father of love and power</td>
<td>697</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father of mercies, bow Thine ear</td>
<td>636</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father, to Thy sinful child</td>
<td>300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep</td>
<td>118</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For ever here my rest shall be</td>
<td>491</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;For ever with the Lord&quot;</td>
<td>426</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the beauty of the earth</td>
<td>27</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For thee, O dear, dear country</td>
<td>435</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Thy mercy and Thy grace</td>
<td>718</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forth from the dark and stormy sky</td>
<td>498</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go</td>
<td>670</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forward! be our watchword</td>
<td>404</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friend after friend departs</td>
<td>422</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From all that dwell below the skies</td>
<td>582</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Egypt lately come</td>
<td>406</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Greenland's icy mountains</td>
<td>570</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the deeps of grief and fear</td>
<td>259</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the eastern mountains</td>
<td>99</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle, holy Jesus</td>
<td>747</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle Jesu, meek and mild</td>
<td>731</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give me the faith which can remove</td>
<td>465</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give me the wings of faith to rise</td>
<td>504</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give to our God immortal praise</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give to the winds thy fears</td>
<td>340</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glorious things of Thee are spoken</td>
<td>441</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory be to Jesus</td>
<td>140</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Glory to God on high!</td>
<td>64</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Author or Translator with date:

- Dr. Thomas Haweis (1734-1820).
- John Cennick (1717-1755).
- William Whiting (1825-1878), *add*.
- R. Dawson (1836- ).
- Dr. Thomas Binney (1798-1874).
- E. S. A.
- Dr. Richard Frederick Littledale (1833- ).
- Greville Phillimore (1821-1885), *add*.
- E. S. A.
- W. H. Scott ( - ).
- Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).
- Samuel John Stone (1835- ), *add*.
- Anna Letitia Waring (1829- ).
- G. Rawson (1807- ).
- John Page Hopps ( - ).
- Laurence Tuttiett (1825- ).
- C. Wesley (1708-1788).
- Edward Cooper (1770-1833).
- G. Rawson (1807- ).
- Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795).
- J. Conder (1789-1885).
- G. Thring (1823- ).
- Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).
- C. Wesley (1708-1788).
- J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
- Foliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835- ), *add*.
- Bernard of Cluny (c. 1143), *tr. Dr. J. M. Neale* (1818-1866), *add*.
- Henry Downton (1818-1885).
- C. Wesley (1708-1788), *add*.
- Dr. H. Alford (1810-1871).
- J. Montgomery (1771-1854).
- Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
- Thomas Kelly (1760-1855).
- Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650), *add*.
- G. Thring (1823- ).
- Emma Whittfeld ( - ).
- C. Wesley (1708-1788).
- C. Wesley (1708-1788), *add*.
- Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
- Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).
- *Italian (17th cent.), tr. E. Caswall* (1814-1878).
- Jas. Allen (1734-1804).
<table>
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<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Glory to Thee, my God, this night</td>
<td>682</td>
<td>Bp. Ken (1672-1711).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God bless our native land!</td>
<td>653</td>
<td>William E. Hickson (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God bless our native land!</td>
<td>654</td>
<td>[Anon.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God, Creator and Preserver</td>
<td>664</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1836- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God from on high hath heard!</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>Charles Coffin (1766-1749), tr. James Russell Woodford (1820-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God intrusts to all</td>
<td>760</td>
<td>James Edmeston (1791-1867).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is gone up on high</td>
<td>673</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1706-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is in His temple</td>
<td>520</td>
<td>William Tidd Matson (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is love; by Him upholden</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is love: His mercy brightens</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>Sir John Bowring (1792-1872).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is our refuge, tried and proved</td>
<td>419</td>
<td>H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God, make my life a little light</td>
<td>771</td>
<td>Matilda Beltram Edwards (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God moves in a mysterious way</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>William Cowper (1732-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of mercy, God of grace</td>
<td>579</td>
<td>H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of pity, God of grace</td>
<td>547</td>
<td>Eliza F. Morris (1821- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of that glorious gift of grace</td>
<td>476</td>
<td>J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of the living, in Whose eyes</td>
<td>425</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1836- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God save our gracious Queen</td>
<td>641</td>
<td>(?) Henry Carey (-1743).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God the All-terrible! King, Who ordestainest</td>
<td>659</td>
<td>Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God the Father’s only Son</td>
<td>193</td>
<td>Samuel John Stone (1839- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God the Lord has heard our prayer</td>
<td>648</td>
<td>Henry Herbert Wyatt (pub. 1859).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God the Lord is King—before Him</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God, Who hath made the daisies</td>
<td>774</td>
<td>Edwin Paxton Hood (1820-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go, labour on; spend, and be spent</td>
<td>457</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go not far from me, O my strength</td>
<td>555</td>
<td>Anna L. Waring (1820- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go to dark Gethsemane</td>
<td>495</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go, worship at Immanuel’s feet</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1874-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace, ‘tis a charming sound</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graceful Spirit, dwell with me</td>
<td>203</td>
<td>T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant us, O our Heavenly Father</td>
<td>769</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God, and wilt Thou descend</td>
<td>738</td>
<td>Ann Gilbert (1792-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God, bow infinite art Thou!</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1874-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God of hosts, our ears have heard</td>
<td>647</td>
<td>Edward Osler (1798-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God of wonders! all Thy ways</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>Dr. Samuel Davies (1724-1761).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God, we sing that mighty hand</td>
<td>724</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God, what do I see and hear?</td>
<td>181</td>
<td>Bartholomew Ringwald (1592-1598) and Dr. William Bengo Collyer (1782-1854), allld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great King of nations, hear our prayer</td>
<td>661</td>
<td>John Hampden Gurney (1802-1852).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great King of nations, hear our prayer</td>
<td>661</td>
<td>William Williams (1771), tr. Peter Williams (1717-1791).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah</td>
<td>415</td>
<td>William Williams (1771-1791).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, holy day, most blest, most dear</td>
<td>159</td>
<td>Charlotte Elliott (1789-1872).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail! sacred day of earthly rest</td>
<td>512</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail the day that sees Him rise</td>
<td>360</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788), allld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Thou once despised Jesus</td>
<td>173</td>
<td>John Bakewell (1721-1819).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail to the Lord’s anointed</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hallelujah! song of gladness</td>
<td>449</td>
<td>Latin (13th cent.), tr. J. Chandler and others (1818-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy the souls to Jesus joined</td>
<td>503</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1768-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line.</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark, an awful voice is sounding.</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>Latin, tr. E. Caswall (1814-1878).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling.</td>
<td>421</td>
<td>Dr. Frederick William Faber (1814-1863), <em>altd.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.</td>
<td>290</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes.</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the herald angels sing.</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788), <em>altd.</em> J. Wesley (1703-1791).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the song of jubilee.</td>
<td>580</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1856).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the sound of holy voices.</td>
<td>506</td>
<td>Bp. C. Wordsworth (1807-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the voice eternal.</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>John Julian (1839- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the voice of love and mercy.</td>
<td>146</td>
<td>Jonathan Evans (1748-1809).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harp, awake! tell out the story.</td>
<td>715</td>
<td>H. Downton (1818-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He knelt, the Saviour knelt, and prayed.</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1794-1835).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower.</td>
<td>335</td>
<td>Sarah F. Adams (1805-1848).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Head of the Church, our risen Lord.</td>
<td>448</td>
<td>Josiah Conder, adapted from Gelasius (? c. 496).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heal us, Immanuel! hear our prayer</td>
<td>119</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear, gracious God! a sinner's cry.</td>
<td>254</td>
<td>S. Medley (1738-1799).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father.</td>
<td>690</td>
<td>Harriet Parr (1828- ), <em>altd.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear us, Thou that broodedst.</td>
<td>213</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims</td>
<td>600</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavenly Father! to Whose eye</td>
<td>416</td>
<td>J. Conder (1789-1852).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Help me, my God, to speak</td>
<td>249</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest.</td>
<td>625</td>
<td>Abel Gerard Wilson Blunt (1827- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face</td>
<td>479</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High in the heavens, Eternal God</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Father, cheer our way</td>
<td>703</td>
<td>R. H. Robinson (1842- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Lamb, who Thee receive</td>
<td>311</td>
<td>J. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Spirit, Truth Divine!</td>
<td>204</td>
<td>S. Longfellow (1849- )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope of those that have none other</td>
<td>638</td>
<td>Francis Turner Palgrave (1824- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How beauteous are their feet</td>
<td>590</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How blessed from the bonds of sin.</td>
<td>381</td>
<td>Carl Johann Philipp Spitta (1801-1859), tr. Jane Borthwick (1813- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How bright these glorious spirits shine!</td>
<td>508</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), <em>altd.</em> William Cameron (1751-1811).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How pleasant, how divinely fair</td>
<td>527</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How pleased and blest was I</td>
<td>536</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How rich are Thy provisions, Lord!</td>
<td>497</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), <em>altd.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sad our state by nature is!</td>
<td>258</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How shall I follow Him I serve?</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>J. Conder (1789-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sweet the name of Jesus sounds</td>
<td>187</td>
<td>J. Newton (1725-1807), <em>altd.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How welcome was the call</td>
<td>596</td>
<td>H. W. Baker (1821-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hush! blessed are the dead</td>
<td>604</td>
<td>Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I bring my sins to Thee</td>
<td>277</td>
<td>F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be</td>
<td>325</td>
<td>Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I heard the voice of Jesus say</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I lift my heart to Thee</td>
<td>303</td>
<td>Charles Edward Mudie (1818- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I love Thy kingdom, Lord</td>
<td>438</td>
<td>Dr. Timothy Dwight (1792-1817).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I love to think, though I am young.</td>
<td>752</td>
<td>Edwin Paxton Hood (1830-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I need Thee, gracious God, for all</td>
<td>312</td>
<td>Annie S. Hawks ( - ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I thank Thee, gracious God, for all</td>
<td>468</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I thank Thee, Lord, for using me</td>
<td>468</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will praise Thee every day</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I would commune with Thee, my God</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll praise my Maker with my breath</td>
<td>372</td>
<td>George Burden Bubier (1823-1869).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immortal Love, for ever full, Part I.</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Dr. J. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In God's holy dwelling</td>
<td>618</td>
<td>J. G. Whittier (1806- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In our dear Lord's garden</td>
<td>628</td>
<td>Thomas Alfred Stowell (1832- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the cross of Christ I glory</td>
<td>144</td>
<td>E. S. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the dark and cloudy day</td>
<td>399</td>
<td>Sir John Bowring (1792-1795).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the field with their flocks abiding</td>
<td>741</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the field with their flocks abiding, pub.</td>
<td>667</td>
<td>Frederick William Farrar ( - ),</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the hour of trial</td>
<td>387</td>
<td>pub. W. C. Dix (1837-1869).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Thy name, O Lord, assembling</td>
<td>548</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It is a thing most wonderful</td>
<td>754</td>
<td>Frances Annie Hutton (1841- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It is earth too fair, is youth too bright</td>
<td>763</td>
<td>T. Kelly (1769-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It is the Lord Himself Who tends</td>
<td>627</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's earth too fair, is youth too bright</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>Dr. Edmund Henry Sears (1810-1876).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's earth too fair, is youth too bright</td>
<td>754</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823-1824).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's earth too fair, is youth too bright</td>
<td>763</td>
<td>Bp. William Dalrymple MacLagan (1826- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerusalem my happy home</td>
<td>434</td>
<td>E. S. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerusalem my happy home</td>
<td>434</td>
<td>[Anon.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerusalem on high</td>
<td>438</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerusalem the golden</td>
<td>435</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu, if still Thou art to-day</td>
<td>116</td>
<td>B., c. 1801.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu, Lover of my soul</td>
<td>275</td>
<td>Samuel Crossman (1628-1683).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu, meek and gentle</td>
<td>190</td>
<td>Bernard of Cluny (c. 1145), tr. Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu, my strength, my hope</td>
<td>358</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu! Thy boundless love to me</td>
<td>123</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesu, we thus obey</td>
<td>480</td>
<td>Joseph Grigg ( -1768), alt. Ben-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus! and shall it ever be</td>
<td>388</td>
<td>jamin Francis (1734-1799).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, blessed Saviour</td>
<td>726</td>
<td>F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus calls us o'er the tumult</td>
<td>322</td>
<td>Cecil Francis Alexander (1823-1825).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, cast a look on me</td>
<td>316</td>
<td>John Berridge (1716-1793).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, cast a look on me</td>
<td>316</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, cast a look on me</td>
<td>316</td>
<td>Ada Cross (née Cambridge) (1844-1848).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, gentlest Saviour</td>
<td>760</td>
<td>H. F. Lyte (1703-1847).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, great Redeemer</td>
<td>482</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, I my cross have taken</td>
<td>338</td>
<td>Hugh Stowell (1799-1865).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, the Solid earth</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>W. H. Davison (1837-1887).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus lives! no longer now .</td>
<td>154</td>
<td>Christian Furchtegott Gellert (1718-1769), tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox (pub. 1841).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus! Lord, we kneel before Thee</td>
<td>383</td>
<td>John James Cummins (-1867).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee</td>
<td>446</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone</td>
<td>405</td>
<td>J. Cennick (1717-1755), <em>alld</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, our best-beloved Friend</td>
<td>504</td>
<td>L. Montgomery (1717-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus shall reign where'er the sun</td>
<td>579</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), <em>alld</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, still lead on .</td>
<td>410</td>
<td>Count Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzen- dorf (1700-1760), tr. J. Borthwick (1813- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, sun and shield art Thou</td>
<td>197</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, the children are calling</td>
<td>756</td>
<td>Annie Matheson (pub. 1880).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, the very thought of Thee</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), tr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Part I.</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>E. Caswell (1814-1898).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou everlasting King</td>
<td>485</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts</td>
<td>758</td>
<td>Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), tr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrice Holy God, and fair King</td>
<td>578</td>
<td>Dr. Ray Palmer (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes</td>
<td>450</td>
<td>William Hiley Bathurst (1796-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thy sovereign grace we bless</td>
<td>488</td>
<td>W. H. Bathurst (1796-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, to Thy table led</td>
<td>611</td>
<td>R. H. Baynes (1834- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, where'er Thy people meet</td>
<td>184</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Join all the glorious names</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joy to the world! the Lord is come</td>
<td>165</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just as I am—without one plea</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake</td>
<td>452</td>
<td>John Newton (1725-1807).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb of God! Whose bleeding love</td>
<td>499</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace</td>
<td>289</td>
<td>Bernard Barton (1784-1849).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lay the precious body</td>
<td>599</td>
<td>J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us</td>
<td>473</td>
<td>J. Edmonston (1791-1867).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leader of faithful souls, and Guide</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let God arise, and let His foes</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>German, tr. New Congl. Hymn Bk. (1839), <em>alld</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let me be with Thee where Thou art</td>
<td>355</td>
<td>Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), <em>alld</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let no tears to-day be shed</td>
<td>605</td>
<td>Paris Missal (18th century), tr. Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us with a gladsome mind</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>John Milton (1608-1674), <em>alld</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up to God the voice of praise</td>
<td>643</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up thy song among the nations</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>Dr. Ralph Wardlaw (1779-1853).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up your heads, rejoice</td>
<td>177</td>
<td>T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light after darkness, gain after loss</td>
<td>427</td>
<td>F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart</td>
<td>575</td>
<td>Sir Edw. Denny (1796- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light of those whose dreary dwelling</td>
<td>192</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light up this house with glory, Lord</td>
<td>613</td>
<td>Dr. John Harris (1802-1856).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky</td>
<td>153</td>
<td>Latin (6th cent.), tr. Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866), <em>alld</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! God is here! Let us adore</td>
<td>539</td>
<td>Gerhard Tersteegen (1657-1769), tr. J. Wesley (1703-1791).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! He comes with clouds descending!</td>
<td>179</td>
<td><em>Varm.</em>, by M. Madan (1726-1790), from C. Wesley (1708-1788) and J. Cennick (1718-1753).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! on the inglorious tree</td>
<td>141</td>
<td>Latin Hymn, tr. W. J. Blew (pub. 1852), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lo! the storms of life are breaking</td>
<td>323</td>
<td>Dr. H. Alford (1810-1871)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long as I live I'll bless Thy name</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look from Thy sphere of endless day</td>
<td>391</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious</td>
<td>587</td>
<td>William Cullen Bryant (1794-1876).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looking upward every day</td>
<td>768</td>
<td>T. Kelly (1769-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord! am I precious in Thy sight?</td>
<td>906</td>
<td>Mary Butler (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing</td>
<td>554</td>
<td>J. H. Gurney (1802-1869).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, give light to do Thy work</td>
<td>456</td>
<td>John Fawcett (1739-1817).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord God, by Whom all change is wrought</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord God of morning and of night</td>
<td>681</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord God, the Holy Ghost</td>
<td>219</td>
<td>F. T. Palgrave (1824- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord God, we worship Thee</td>
<td>646</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, I have made Thy word my choice</td>
<td>233</td>
<td>J. Franck (- 1677), tr. C. Winkworth (1827-1876).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, I hear of showers of blessing</td>
<td>228</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, in the strength of grace</td>
<td>313</td>
<td>Elizabeth Codner (pub. 1860), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, in this Thy mercy's day</td>
<td>252</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, it belongs not to my care</td>
<td>339</td>
<td>Isaac Williams (1802-1865), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, I was blind: I could not see</td>
<td>284</td>
<td>Richard Baxter (1615-1694), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, Jesus, Shepherd of mankind</td>
<td>470</td>
<td>W. T. Matson (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, let me pray; I know not how</td>
<td>757</td>
<td>Thomas G. Crippen (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, mercy and of might</td>
<td>563</td>
<td>George William Conder (1821-1874).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of our life, and God of our salvation</td>
<td>199</td>
<td>[Anon.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of power, Lord of might !</td>
<td>440</td>
<td>O. Wendell Holmes (1809- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows</td>
<td>456</td>
<td>M. A. Von Loewenstern (1594-1648), tr. Philip Fussey (1799-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of the worlds above</td>
<td>526</td>
<td>G. Thring (1827- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, speak to me, that I may speak</td>
<td>464</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, teach us how to pray aight</td>
<td>557</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, this day Thy children meet</td>
<td>735</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, Thou in all things like wast made</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1772-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, we come before Thee now</td>
<td>506</td>
<td>W. Hammond (1719-1783), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, when we bend before Thy throne</td>
<td>456</td>
<td>John Dacre Carlyle (1758-1804).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, while for all mankind we pray</td>
<td>655</td>
<td>John Reynell Wreford (pub. 1837).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love divine, all loves excelling</td>
<td>122</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love me, O Lord, forgivingly</td>
<td>255</td>
<td>J. T. Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lowly and solemn be</td>
<td>424</td>
<td>F. D. Hemans (1794-1835).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March on, march on, ye soldiers true</td>
<td>569</td>
<td>E. S. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May the grace of Christ our Saviour</td>
<td>577</td>
<td>J. Newton (1728-1807).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mighty God, while angels bless Thee</td>
<td>637</td>
<td>Robert Robinson (1735-1790), altd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mighty One, before Whose face</td>
<td>521</td>
<td>W. C. Bryant (1794-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millions within Thy courts have met</td>
<td>521</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1777-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line.</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most ancient of all mysteries!</td>
<td>224</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Much in sorrow, oft in woe</td>
<td>400</td>
<td>Fragment by Harry Kirke White (1785-1806), completed by Fanny Sara Fuller-Maitland (1809-77).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My blessed Saviour, is Thy love</td>
<td>132</td>
<td>Dr. Joseph Stennett (1663-1713), <em>alld.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My dear Redeemer and my Lord</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My faith looks up to Thee</td>
<td>271</td>
<td>Dr. Ray Palmer (1806- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Father, it is good for me</td>
<td>341</td>
<td>G. Rayson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, and is Thy table spread</td>
<td>481</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751), <em>alld.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, how endless is Thy love</td>
<td>675</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, how wonderful Thou art !</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1815-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, I love Thee,—not because</td>
<td>291</td>
<td>Francis Xavier (1506-1552), <em>tr.</em> E. Caswall (1814-1878), <em>alld.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>A. A. Procter (1825-1864).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, my Father, blissful name</td>
<td>289</td>
<td>Anne Steele (1716-1778).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, my Father, while I stray</td>
<td>338</td>
<td>C. Elliott (1769-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, my King</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>H. F. Lyte (1703-1847).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, my life, my love</td>
<td>361</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, the spring of all my joys</td>
<td>365</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My gracious Lord, I own Thy right</td>
<td>359</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My heart is resting, O my God</td>
<td>347</td>
<td>A. L. Waring (1820- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My heart to Thee I give for aye</td>
<td>934</td>
<td>Latin, 9th century, <em>tr.</em> Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Lord, My love, was crucified</td>
<td>511</td>
<td>John Mason (<em>1694</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene</td>
<td>561</td>
<td>Elizabeth Ayton Godwin (<em>pub. 1865</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Saviour, my Almighty Friend</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Shepherd will supply my need</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My song is love unknown</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>S. Crossman (1624-1663).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My song, awake</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>Jane Livock (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My soul, repeat His praise</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nature with open volume stands</td>
<td>147</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), <em>alld.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nearer, my God, to Thee—</td>
<td>320</td>
<td>Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never further than Thy Cross</td>
<td>269</td>
<td>Elizabeth Charles (<em>pub. 1858</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Gospel like this feast</td>
<td>489</td>
<td>Elizabeth Charles (<em>pub. 1858</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No more, my God, I boast no more</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No sorrow, and no sighing</td>
<td>430</td>
<td>William Josiah Irons (<em>1812-1883</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not all the blood of beasts</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not only for the goodly fruit-trees tall</td>
<td>626</td>
<td>E. S. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not what these hands have done</td>
<td>267</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (*1808- *).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now begin the heavenly theme</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>John Langford (?) (<em>pub. 1760; died 1790</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now for a tune of lofty praise</td>
<td>157</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now from the altar of my heart</td>
<td>700</td>
<td>M. Jason (<em>1694</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now I have found the ground wherein</td>
<td>286</td>
<td>Johann Andreas Rothe (<em>1688-1758</em>), <em>tr.</em> J. Weasley (<em>1703-1791</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now on land and sea descending</td>
<td>702</td>
<td>S. Longfellow (*1812- *).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now pray we for our country</td>
<td>652</td>
<td>Arthur Cleveland Coxe (*1818- *).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now thank we all our God</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>M. Rinckard (<em>1856-1649</em>), <em>tr.</em> C. Winkworth (<em>1827-1878</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the day is over</td>
<td>689</td>
<td>Sabine Baring-Gould (*1834- *).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now the labourer's task is o'er</td>
<td>597</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (*1826- *).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now to the Lord a noble song!</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O blessed life! the heart at rest</td>
<td>342</td>
<td>W. Tidd Matson (*1833- *).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O bread to pilgrims given</td>
<td>484</td>
<td>Thomas Aquinas (<em>1224-1274</em>), <em>tr.</em> Dr. Ray Palmer (*1806- *).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Christ, our true and only Light</td>
<td>188</td>
<td>Johann Heermann (<em>1585-1647</em>), <em>tr.</em> C. Winkworth (<em>1827-1878</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line,</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 come, all ye faithful</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>(?) Bonaventura (1221-1274), <em>tr. F. Oakeley</em> (1802-1880), <em>ald.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 come and mourn with me awhile</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1815-1863)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 come, O come, Emmanuel</td>
<td>176</td>
<td>Latin (12th cent.), <em>tr. Dr. J. M. Neale</em> (1818-1866), <em>ald.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Day of rest and gladness</td>
<td>515</td>
<td>Bp. C. Wordsworth (1803-85)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Father all-creating</td>
<td>595</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Father, ever glorious</td>
<td>730</td>
<td>Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Father, in Thy Father's heart</td>
<td>472</td>
<td>E. S. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 for a closer walk with God</td>
<td>386</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 for a heart to praise my God</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 for a thousand tongues to sing</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 give thanks to Him Who made</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>J. Conder (1789-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God, my strength and fortitude</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>T. Sternhold (-1549) and G. Rawson (1807-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God of Bethel, by Whose hand</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>Dr. F. Doddridge (1702-1751) and John Logan (1748-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God, of good the unfathomed sea!</td>
<td>297</td>
<td>Johann Scheffler (1624-1677), <em>tr. J. Wesley</em> (1703-1791).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God of Love, O King of Peace</td>
<td>660</td>
<td>H. W. Baker (1821-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God of mercy, God of might</td>
<td>487</td>
<td>J. Keble (1792-1866), <em>ald.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God of mercy, God of might</td>
<td>630</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God of Truth, Whose living Word</td>
<td>403</td>
<td>Thomas Hughes (<em>pub. 1859</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God, the Rock of Ages</td>
<td>717</td>
<td>Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (-1825).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God! Thy children gathered here</td>
<td>461</td>
<td>S. Longfellow (1819-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God! Who didst Thy will unfold</td>
<td>234</td>
<td>J. Conder (1789-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God, Who holdest in Thy hand</td>
<td>658</td>
<td>T. G. Crippen (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 God! Whose thoughts are brightest light</td>
<td>301</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863), <em>ald.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 grant us light, that we may know</td>
<td>412</td>
<td>L. Tuttiett (-1825).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 grave, thou hast the victory</td>
<td>601</td>
<td>H. Venn Elliott’s Selection (<em>pub. 1835</em>).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 happy band of pilgrims</td>
<td>407</td>
<td>Joseph of the Studium (9th cent.), <em>tr. Dr. J. M. Neale</em> (1818-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 happy day that fixed my choice</td>
<td>363</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 happy pair of Nazareths</td>
<td>749</td>
<td>B. Waugh (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 help us, Lord, each hour of need</td>
<td>745</td>
<td>Dr. Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Holy Lord, content to fill</td>
<td>634</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. Howe (1823-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Holy Saviour, Friend unseen</td>
<td>352</td>
<td>Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Jesu, Lord, most merciful</td>
<td>251</td>
<td>James Hamilton (1819-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Jesu, Thou art standing</td>
<td>242</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. Howe (1823-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me</td>
<td>308</td>
<td>Johann Caspar Lavater (1741-1801), <em>tr. H. B. Smith</em> (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Jesus, ever present</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>L. Tuttiett (-1825).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Jesus, I have promised</td>
<td>380</td>
<td>John Ernest Bode (1816-1874).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Jesus, King most wonderful</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), <em>tr. E. Caswall</em> (1814-78).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 King of kings, Thy blessing shed</td>
<td>640</td>
<td>Cotterill’s Selection (<em>pub. 1819</em>), <em>ald.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Lamb of God! that tak’st away</td>
<td>350</td>
<td>Alessie Faussett (1841-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 lift our spirits, Lord, to Thee!</td>
<td>655</td>
<td>Gerald Massey (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Light of life, O Saviour dear</td>
<td>698</td>
<td>F. T. Palgrave (1824-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0 Lord and Master of us all!</td>
<td>191</td>
<td>J. G. Whittier (1808-).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Part II.*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Author or Translator with date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, how happy should we be</td>
<td>333</td>
<td>J. Anstic (1808-1836), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, it is a blessed thing</td>
<td>558</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, I would delight in Thee</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Dr. John Ryland (1753-1825).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of all, we bring to Thee our sacrifice of praise</td>
<td>619</td>
<td>E. S. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of hosts, Thou God of might</td>
<td>645</td>
<td>G. Moutrie (1839-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills</td>
<td>608</td>
<td>Dr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of life and death, we come</td>
<td>662</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1846- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of life, and love, and power</td>
<td>615</td>
<td>E. S. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>Dr. George MacDonald (1824- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, our God, arise</td>
<td>576</td>
<td>Dr. R. Wardlaw (1779-1853).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love divine and golden</td>
<td>592</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!</td>
<td>122</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1768-1798).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love, that stooped to share</td>
<td>351</td>
<td>O. W. Holmes (1809- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Love of God! how strong and true</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1803- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Master, it is good to be</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>Dr. A. P. Stanley (1815-1881).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Master, let me walk with Thee</td>
<td>377</td>
<td>Washington Gladden ( - ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O ! mean may seem this house of clay</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O mystery of Love Divine</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Paradise! O Paradise</td>
<td>428</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O quickly come, dread Judge of all</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>L. Tuttiett (1845- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Sacred Head! now wounded</td>
<td>138</td>
<td>P. Gerhardt (1606-1676), tr. James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O sing to the Lord</td>
<td>650</td>
<td>Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Spirit of the living God</td>
<td>571</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O the delights, the heavenly joys</td>
<td>172</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou from Whom all goodness flows</td>
<td>324</td>
<td>Dr. Thomas Haweis (1734-1820).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend</td>
<td>194</td>
<td>C. Elliott (1769-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou through suffering perfect made</td>
<td>624</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou, to Whom in ancient time</td>
<td>535</td>
<td>John Pierpont (1785-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou Who camest from above</td>
<td>495</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1768-1888).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou, Whose own vast temple stands</td>
<td>614</td>
<td>W. C. Bryant (1794-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Throned, O Crowned with all renown</td>
<td>713</td>
<td>Arbp. Edward White Benson (1830-) and B. H. Kennedy (1804-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O timely happy, timely wise</td>
<td>673</td>
<td>J. Keble (1792-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O where is He that trod the sea</td>
<td>117</td>
<td>T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O who like Thee, so calm, so bright</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>Bp. A. C. Coxe (1838- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O worship the King!</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Sir Robert Grant (1765-1838).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness</td>
<td>549</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1812-1872).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of the Father, sole-begotten</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348-c. 473), tr. J. M. Neale (1818-66), alt.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Author or Translator with date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oh, it is hard to work for God</td>
<td>378</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! let him whose sorrow</td>
<td>349</td>
<td>Heinrich Siegmund Oswald (1751-1834), tr. F. E. Cox (pub. 1841).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! let us all be glad to-day</td>
<td>739</td>
<td>M. Luther (1483-1546), tr. J. Hunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, show me not my Saviour dying</td>
<td>374</td>
<td>J. Conder (1789-1855), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh the bitter shame and sorrow</td>
<td>315</td>
<td>T. Monod (?), tr. P. Schaff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once in royal David’s city</td>
<td>743</td>
<td>C. F. Alexander (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Lord there is, all lords above</td>
<td>185</td>
<td>William Brighty Rands (pub. 1882).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One sole baptismal sign</td>
<td>442</td>
<td>George Robinson (pub. 1842).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One there is above all others</td>
<td>196</td>
<td>J. Newton (1725-1807).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On our way rejoicing</td>
<td>552</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1812-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oppressed with sin and woe</td>
<td>260</td>
<td>Anne Brontë (1820-1849).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed</td>
<td>202</td>
<td>Harriet Auber (1773-1862).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our day of praise is done</td>
<td>522</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1826- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our God! our God! Thou shinest here</td>
<td>533</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our God, our help in ages past</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>Dr. J. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Lord is risen from the dead</td>
<td>165</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1703-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out of the deep I call</td>
<td>264</td>
<td>H. W. Baker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out of the depths I cry to Thee</td>
<td>263</td>
<td>M. Luther (1483-1546), tr. New Congl. Hymn Book (1859).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
| 524 | H. F. Lyte (1793-1847). |
| 467 | J. Montgomery (1774-1854). |

#### Pleasant are Thy courts above
| 733 | Bp. T. Ken (1637-1711). |
| 541 | H. F. Lyte (1793-1847). |
| 10 | H. F. Lyte (1793-1847). |

#### Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits
| 710 | J. Hamilton (1819- ). |
| 734 | J. Conder (1789-1859). |
| 538 | H. F. Lyte (1793-1847). |

#### Praise the Lord, His glories show
| 4 | (?) Bp. Mant (1776-1849), Foundling Coll. (c. 1801-1804). |

#### Praise to our God, Whose bounteous hand
| 642 | J. Ellerton (1826- ). |

#### Praise to the Holiest in the height
| 24 | Dr. J. Watts (1674-1748), altid. |
| 473 | T. T. Lynch (1818-1871). |

#### Praying by the river-side

#### Quien, Lord, my froward heart
| 469 | G. Rawson (1807- ). |

#### Rejoice, believer, in the Lord.
| 169 | C. Wesley (1703-1788). |
| 345 | Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1812-1875). |
| 346 | Dr. W. B. Collyer (1782-1854). |
| 134 | Dr. H. H. Milman (1791-1868), altid. |

#### Rejoice, the Lord is King
| 186 | J. Cennick (1718-1755). |
| 273 | Augustus Montagu Toplady (1740-1778), altid. |

#### Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad
| 426 | Dr. B. Mant (1776-1848). |
| 134 | E. O. Dobree (1831- ). |
| 606 | Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748). |

#### Return, O wanderer, return
| 671 | G. Rawson (1807- ). |

#### Ride on! ride on in majesty

#### Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker!

#### Rock of Ages, cleft for me
| 606 | E. O. Dobree (1831- ). |
| 62 | Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748). |

#### Round the Lord in glory seated

#### Safely, safely, gathered in
| 606 | E. O. Dobree (1831- ). |
| 62 | Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748). |

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
### ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Author or Translator with date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise</td>
<td>550</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1826-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, Blessed Saviour</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>G. Thring (1833-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, breathe an evening blessing</td>
<td>657</td>
<td>J. Edmeston (1791-1867).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, sprinkle many nations</td>
<td>568</td>
<td>Bp. A. C. Coxe (1818-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour! teach me, day by day</td>
<td>765</td>
<td>Jane Elizabeth Leeson (pub. 1842).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, when in dust to Thee</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>Sir R. Grant (1785-1838).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand</td>
<td>474</td>
<td>Dr. F. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve</td>
<td>590</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shepherd of tender youth</td>
<td>620</td>
<td>Clement of Alexandria (c. 160-c. 216). tr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dr. Henry Martyn Dexter (1821-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dr. David Thomas (1813-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>256</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>248</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748). alld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>253</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>73</td>
<td>E. F. Hood (1820-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>67</td>
<td>Latin (5th cent.), tr. J. Ellerton (1826-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>95</td>
<td>Bp. Chr. Wordsworth (1807-1885).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>530</td>
<td>George Sandy (1577-1643).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>48</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>709</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>546</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>598</td>
<td>Edward Alfred Dayman (1807-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>401</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>588</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>318</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>362</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>545</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>603</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>704</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>589</td>
<td>C. F. Alexander (1823-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>462</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>591</td>
<td>T. Kelly (1769-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>635</td>
<td>J. Keble (1792-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>477</td>
<td>Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>543</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>398</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>402</td>
<td>George Duffield (1818-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>720</td>
<td>F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>633</td>
<td>W. C. Bryant (1794-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>384</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>332</td>
<td>William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>109</td>
<td>Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>707</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>683</td>
<td>J. Keble (1792-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>540</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>553</td>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>492</td>
<td>J. Allen (1734-1804) and W. W. Shirley (1725-1786).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>310</td>
<td>F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line.</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal</td>
<td>373</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1706-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>W. T. Matson (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Church's one foundation</td>
<td>443</td>
<td>S. J. Stone (1839- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The dawn of God's dear Sabbath</td>
<td>514</td>
<td>Ada Cross (1844- ), <em>altld.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day departs</td>
<td>701</td>
<td>Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen (1760-1790), <em>tr. H. L. L.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day is past and over</td>
<td>693</td>
<td>Anatolius (745-858), <em>tr. Dr. J. M. Neale</em> (1818-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day of Resurrection!</td>
<td>155</td>
<td>J. Damascenus (-760), <em>tr. Dr. J. M. Neale</em> (1818-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The festal morn, O God, is come</td>
<td>519</td>
<td>James Merrick (1710-1769), <em>altld. T.</em> Cotterill (1779-1833).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The glory of the spring how sweet!</td>
<td>705</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The God of Love my Shepherd is</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The God Who reigns on high</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>T. Oliviers (1775-1779).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Part III.</em></td>
<td>163</td>
<td>C. F. Alexander (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The golden gates lift up their heads</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>T. Oliviers (1775-1779).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The head that once was crowned with thorns</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>H. W. Baker (1821-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King of Love my shepherd is</td>
<td>551</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1826- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord be with us as we bend</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>G. Wither (1828-1867).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord is King, and weareth</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>J. Keble (1792-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord is King, He wrought His will</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>J. Conder (1789-1853).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord is King! lift up thy voice</td>
<td>241</td>
<td>T. T. Lynch (1818-1871).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord is rich and merciful</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1749).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord is glory of my light</td>
<td>183</td>
<td>H. K. White (1785-1860).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord our God is clothed with might</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>Cento from J. Milton (1608-1674), <em>altld.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord will come, and not be slow</td>
<td>692</td>
<td>H. F. Lyte (1793-1847).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The mercies of my God and King</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The night is come: like to the day</td>
<td>688</td>
<td>John Morrison (1749-1798).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gate that long in darkness pined</td>
<td>528</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The radiant morn hath passed away</td>
<td>357</td>
<td>C. F. Alexander (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The saints of God! their conflict past</td>
<td>696</td>
<td>A. A. Procter (1825-1864).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The shadows of the evening hours</td>
<td>392</td>
<td>Bp. R. Heber (1783-1826).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Son of God goes forth to war</td>
<td>231</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spirit breathes upon the word</td>
<td>706</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1873).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sun is sinking fast</td>
<td>651</td>
<td>Dr. R. F. Littledale (1833- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The stag of light</td>
<td>770</td>
<td>[Anon.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The stag of light</td>
<td>728</td>
<td>Meaux Breviar, <em>tr. F. Potts</em> (1832- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wise may bring their learning</td>
<td>298</td>
<td>Johann Scheffer (1824-1877), <em>tr. J.</em> Wesely (1703-1791).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The year is gone beyond recall</td>
<td>742</td>
<td>Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott (pub. 1873).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thee will I love, my strength, my tower</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>J. Keble (1752-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There came a little Child to earth</td>
<td>272</td>
<td>W. Cowper (1731-1800).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a book, who runs may read</td>
<td>753</td>
<td>Cecil F. Alexander (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a fountain filled with blood</td>
<td>433</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1749).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a green hill far away</td>
<td>758</td>
<td>Albert Midlane (1825- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a land of pure delight</td>
<td>125</td>
<td>Jane Crewdson (1809-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's a Friend for little children</td>
<td>420</td>
<td>Robert Campbell (1814-1868), <em>altld.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Line</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Author or Translator with date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thine are all the gifts, O God!</td>
<td>632</td>
<td>J. G. Whittier (1808– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old</td>
<td>622</td>
<td>Dr. Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This day at Thy creating word</td>
<td>518</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is My body, which is given for you</td>
<td>483</td>
<td>Charles Laurence Ford (1830– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is the day of Light</td>
<td>513</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1826– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is the day the Lord hath made</td>
<td>517</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674–1748)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This stone to Thee in faith we lay.</td>
<td>609</td>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771–1854)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee</td>
<td>602</td>
<td>Bp. R. Heber (1783–1836)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art, O God, the life and light</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>Thomas Moore (1779–1822)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art the Everlasting Word</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>J. Conder (1789–1855)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>E. E. S. Elliott (pub. 1873)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou hast gone up again</td>
<td>164</td>
<td>Eliza Scudder (pub. 1880)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou hast gone up on high!</td>
<td>162</td>
<td>Emma Toke (1812–1878)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou hidden Love of God, Whose height</td>
<td>293</td>
<td>Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769), tr. J. Wesley (1703–1791)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou hidden Source of calm repose</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708–1788)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou, Lord, art Love, and everywhere</td>
<td>327</td>
<td>J. D. Burns (1823–1864)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou say'st, &quot;Take up thy cross&quot;</td>
<td>321</td>
<td>F. T. Palgrave (1824– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Son of God and Son of man</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>Dr. J. Ryland (1753–1825)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou that sendest sun and rain</td>
<td>663</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou to Whom the sick and dying</td>
<td>693</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou wast, O God! and Thou wast blest</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>J. Mason (1664)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Who didst stoop below</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>Sarah Elizabeth Mills (1807– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Who has known the raredorn breast</td>
<td>695</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou, Whose almighty word</td>
<td>574</td>
<td>John Marriott (1808–1825)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Who Thyself didst sanctify</td>
<td>458</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though lowly here our lot may be</td>
<td>379</td>
<td>William Gaskell (1805–1884)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though Thou say me, I will trust</td>
<td>337</td>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1812–1875)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thousands of thousands stand around</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>J. Mason (1664)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three in One, and One in Three</td>
<td>236</td>
<td>Gilbert Rorison (1821–1869)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throned upon the awful tree</td>
<td>145</td>
<td>J. Ellerton (1826– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through all the changing scenes of life</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>N. Tate (1652–1715) and N. Brady (1659–1726)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the day Thy love has spared us</td>
<td>694</td>
<td>T. Kelly (1769–1835)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the night of doubt and sorrow</td>
<td>409</td>
<td>Bernhardt Severin Ingemann (1783–1865), tr. S. B. Gould (1824– ), alt. by Compilers Hymns A. and M. (pub. 1875)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throw away Thy rod</td>
<td>326</td>
<td>G. Herbert (1593–1632)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love</td>
<td>61</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708–1788)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy love for all Thy creatures</td>
<td>676</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy way, not mine, O Lord</td>
<td>344</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy Word is like a garden, Lord</td>
<td>761</td>
<td>Edwin Hodder (pub. 1868)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Till He come,&quot; O let the words</td>
<td>495</td>
<td>Bp. E. H. Bickersteth (1825– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time is earnest, passing by</td>
<td>244</td>
<td>Sidney Dyer (1814– ), alt. N. Tate (1652–1715) and N. Brady (1659–1726)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost</td>
<td>732</td>
<td>Dr. L. Watts (1674–1748)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To God the only wise</td>
<td>418</td>
<td>James Freeman Clarke (1810– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Him Who children blessed</td>
<td>473</td>
<td>J. S. B. Monsell (1812–1875)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!</td>
<td>396</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823– )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Thee, O God, we render thanks</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>G. Thring (1823– )</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise</td>
<td>712</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Thee, our God, we fly</td>
<td>656</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Thy temple I repair</td>
<td>534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To-day, the Saviour calls</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To-morrow, Lord, is Thine</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wake, harp of Sion, wake again</td>
<td>585</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waken, Christian children</td>
<td>740</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking with Thee, my God</td>
<td>371</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walk in the light, so shalt thou know</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was there ever kindest shepherd</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are but little children weak</td>
<td>772</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are only little workers</td>
<td>773</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We bid thee welcome in the name</td>
<td>425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God</td>
<td>437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We come unto our fathers' God</td>
<td>437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We faintly hear, we dimly see</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We give Thee but Thine own</td>
<td>699</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We plough the fields, and scatter</td>
<td>711</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We praise, we worship Thee, O God!</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We saw Thee not when Thou didst come</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We sing His love Who once was slain</td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We triumph in the glorious grace</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weary of earth and laden with my sin</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weary with my load of sin</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weeping as they go their way</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome, sweet day of rest</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome, welcome! sinner, hear</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What equal honour shall we bring</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What our Father does is well</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Christ came down on earth of old</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When God of old came down from heaven</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I had wandered from His fold</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I survey the wondrous cross</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When morning gilds the skies</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When our heads are bowed with woe</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the day of toil is done</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the weary, seeking rest</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When this passing world is done</td>
<td>305</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author or Translator with date.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. Chatterton Dix (1837- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel F. Smith (1808- ) and Dr. T. Hastings (1784-1873).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Edmeston (1702-1867).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. C. Hamerton ( - ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Rawson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Barton (1784-1849).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. F. W. Faber (1814-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. F. Alexander (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. M. Marryat ( - ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Montgomery (1771-1854).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Anon.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. G. Whittier (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matthias Claudius (1740-1815), tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell (pub. 1861).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. J. P. Spitta (1801-1859), tr. H. L. L. McAll’s Coll. (1824).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. H. Gill (1819- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. Gurney (1802-1869).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rowland Hill (1744-1833).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. J. Stone (1839- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Wade Robinson (1838-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Stern Raymond (1832-1883), alt. G. Thring (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ven. Fortunatus (530-609), tr. J. Ellerton (1826- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), alt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Conder (1780-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir E. Denny (1796- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Schmolzeck, tr. H. W. Baker (1821-1877).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. F. Alexander (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Keble (1792-1866).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>German, tr. E. Caswall (1814-1878).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. H. H. Milman (1791-1868).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Ellerton (1826- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Murray McCheyne (1813-1843), alt.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Author or Translator with date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>When wilt Thou save the people?</td>
<td>655</td>
<td>Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When wounded sore the stricken soul</td>
<td>276</td>
<td>C. F. Alexander (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where high the heavenly Temple stands</td>
<td>195</td>
<td>M. Bruce (1746-1767).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While the shepherds kept their vigil</td>
<td>744</td>
<td>S. J. Stone (1839- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is on the Lord’s side?</td>
<td>375</td>
<td>F. R. Havergal (1836-1879).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is this, so weak and helpless</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whom should we love like Thee</td>
<td>299</td>
<td>H. F. Lyte (1793-1845).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wide as His vast dominion lies</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter reigneth o’er the land</td>
<td>714</td>
<td>Bp. W. W. How (1823- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With broken heart and contrite sigh</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>Cornelius Elven (1777-1873).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With gladness we worship</td>
<td>544</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With joy we meditate the grace</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>Dr. I. Watts (1674-1748), <em>altd.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With sin I would not make abode</td>
<td>764</td>
<td>T. H. Gill (1810- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With Thee, my Lord, my God</td>
<td>368</td>
<td>J. D. Burns (1823-1864), <em>altd.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With the sweet word of peace</td>
<td>592</td>
<td>George Watson (1818- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within the Father’s house</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>Bp. James Russell Woodford (1820-1855).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Witness, ye men and angels, now</td>
<td>451</td>
<td>B. Beddome (1717-1795).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worship, honour, glory, blessing</td>
<td>731</td>
<td>E. Osler (1798-1863).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye boundless realms of joy</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>Nahum Tate (1652-1715) and Nicholas Brady (1659-1726).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye fair, green hills of Galilee</td>
<td>748</td>
<td>Dr. E. Conder (-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye servants of God</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>C. Wesley (1708-1788).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye servants of the Lord</td>
<td>399</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye that put on the heavenly crown</td>
<td>507</td>
<td>G. Rawson (1807- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes! the Redeemer rose</td>
<td>198</td>
<td>Dr. P. Doddridge (1702-1751).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Yet there is room!&quot; - The Lamb’s bright hall of song</td>
<td>239</td>
<td>Dr. H. Bonar (1808- ).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your harps, ye trembling saints</td>
<td>307</td>
<td>A. M. Toplady (1740-1778).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PART I.—HYMNS.
NOTE.—The verses enclosed within brackets may be omitted if the
hymn be thought too long for public worship.
HYMNS.

I.

The Eternal God.

1.—HIS GLORY, WORSHIP, AND PRAISE.

10.10.11.11.

O worship the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite!
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,

dim The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
cres With true adoration
Shall liep to Thy praise.

A. Grant.

2

PART I.

f The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
f Jehovah, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confess;
p I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest,
mf The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
cres And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower,

f The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesu's blood,
mf He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
cres I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,

f And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

PART II.

mf The godly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
THE ETERNAL GOD.

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

mf There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness;
f Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still remains,
cres And glorious, with His saints in light,
f For ever reigns.
Before the great Three-One,
They all exulting stand,
f And tall the wonders He hath done
Through all their land.
.dim .The listening spheres attend,
cres .And swell the growing fame,
f And sing, in songs which never end,
. The wondrous Name.

PART III. 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

mf The God Who reigns on high
. The great archangels sing,
f And "Holy, holy, holy" cry,
. Almighty King!

mf Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;

mf Jehovah—Father—great I AM,
We worship Thee.

mf Before the Saviour’s face!
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:

cres They show His prints of love,
.f And sound, through all the worlds
His wondrous Name. [above,
.f The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham’s God and mine;
(I join the heavenly lays);
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

T. Oliver's, Part III., v. 2, l. 8 alt.

3

L.M.

mf We praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee the Eternal Father own.

mf Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
The heavens and all the powers on high
With rapture constantly do cry,—

p "O, holy, holy, holy Lord,
cres Thou God of Hosts, by all adored;
.f Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty."

1

Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud immortal song;
Prophets enraptured hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

f Victorious martyrs join their lays
And shout the omnipotence of grace,
While all Thy Church, through all the
Acknowledge and extol Thy worth.[earth,

f Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

McAll's Coll., 1824, v. 6, l. 1 alt.

4

8.7.8.

f Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

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

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

f Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;

f Heaven and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify His name.

Pounding Coll., c. 1801-1804.

5

L.M.

mf Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

mf Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

p Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
cres Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy’s sign;
.f All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

mf Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is
Before Thy ever-blasting throne [love
We ask no lustre of our own.

p Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindly hearts that burn for Thee,
cres Till all Thy living alters claim
mf One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

6

C.M.

f Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
HIS GLORY, WORSHIP, AND PRAISE.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common things of life,
Its going out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord!

So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

H. Bonar.

Long as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

I. Watts, esp. O, I. 1 alt.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He the golden-tressed sun
Caused all day his course to run:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The moon to shine by night
'Mong her spanged sisters bright:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
THE ETERNAL GOD.

mf Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:

f For His mercies eye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton, altd.

10

mf PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?

ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

mf Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:

ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

f Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescue us from all our foes:

ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

f Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,

ff Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

H. F. Lyte.

11

4.4.6.4.4.6, or C.M.

f My God, my King,
Thy praise I'll sing,
My heart is all Thine own:
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.

f My voice, awake
Thy part to take;
My soul, the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

p But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
"Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

mp In times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,

f Piously then His vengeance flowed:
He is holy;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

mp But their Father God forgave them
When they sought His face once more;

f Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore:
He is holy;
We, too, will His grace implore.

88.88.88.

mf I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
div And when my voice is lost in death,
cres Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall never be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

f Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

mp The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

f I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall never be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

I. Watts.
HIS GLORY, WORSHIP, AND PRAISE.

mf God in Christ is all forgiving,
Wafts His mercy to fulfill;
cres Come, exalt Him, all the living;
f Come, ascend His Zion, still!
p He is holy;
cres Worship at His holy hill.
G. Rassow.

14

L.M.

mf Give to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
cres Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

mf Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
cres His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

 mf He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
cres Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

 mf He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
cres His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

p He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
cres Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

mf Through this vain world He guides our
And leads us to His heavenly seat; [feet,
cres His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
I. Watts.

15

8.8.6.8.8.6.

f Lord God, by Whom all change is wrought
By Whom new things to birth are brought,
In Whom no change is known!
What'er Thou doest, what'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part;
Still, still Thou art our own.

[ap] Ancient of Days! we dwell in Thee;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, Who changest not.

mf Each steadfast promise we possess;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love;
cres The unfailling Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
f Nor from the Refuge move.

[ap] Spirit Who maketh all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
cres 'Nestled Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
-mf From height to height we climb,

mf Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
cres New Births of Grace, new raptures bring;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
f The great Renews.

mf To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode.
cres The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
f From our unchanging God.
T. H. Gill.

16

C.M., double.

f Thou wast, O God! and Thou wast blest
Before the world begun;
Of Thine eternity possessed
Before time's glass did run.
Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
As if Thy joy could fade:
Couldst Thou have needed anything,
Thou couldst have nothing made.

[mf] Great and good God! it pleased Thee
Thy Godhead to declare;
And what Thy goodness did decree,
Thy greatness did prepare, appeared,
f Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth
And answered to Thy call;
As if their Maker's voice they heard,
Which is the creature's all.

f To whom, Lord! should I sing, but Thee?
The Maker of my tongue!
Lo! other lords would seize on me,
But I to Thee belong.

mf As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to Thee,
From Whom it had its birth.

p But I am fallen on the night,
And cannot come to Thee;
cres Yet speak the word, let there be light;
It shall enlighten me:
mf And let Thy word, most mighty Lord!
Thy fallen creature raise:
Oh, make me o'er again, and I
f Shall sing my Maker's praise.
J. Mason.

17

C.M.

f Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high!
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise—but who am I?

mf Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whiles I Thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold Thy Face.
THE ETERNAL GOD.


mf How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
   Which doth all beings keep!
   Thy knowledge is the only line
   To sound so vast a deep.


mf Thy arm of might, most mighty King,
   Both rocks and hearts doth break:
   My God, Thou canst do everything
   But what should show Thee weak.


mf Most pure and holy are Thine eyes,
   Most holy is Thy name;
   Thy saints, and laws, and penalties
   Thy holiness proclaim.


mf Great is Thy truth, and shall prevail
   To unbelievers' shame;
   Thy truth and years do never fail,
   Thou ever art the same.

J. Mason.

18


mf My God, how wonderful Thou art!
   Thy majesty how bright!
   How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
   In depths of burning light!


pf How dread are Thine eternal years,
   O everlasting Lord!
   By prostrate spirits, day and night,
   Incorruptly adored.


[pf] How beautiful, how beautiful
   The sight of Thee must be:
   Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
   And awful purity!


pf O how I fear Thee, Living God!
   With deepest, tenderest fears;
   And worship Thee with trembling hope
   And penitential tears.


pf Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
   Almighty as Thou art;
   For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
   The love of my poor heart.


pf No earthly father loves like Thee,
   No mother half so mild
   Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,
   With me, Thy sinful child.


pf Father of Jesus, love's reward!
   What rapture will it be
   Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
   And gaze, and gaze on Thee!

F. W. Fuber.


20


Jf Eternal Light! eternal light!
   How pure the soul must be, [sic]
   When, placed within Thy searching
   It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
   Can live, and look on Thee!


pf The spirits that surround Thy throne
   May bear the burning bliss;
   But that is surely theirs alone,
   Since they have never, never known
   A fallen world like this.


pf O! how shall I, whose native sphere
   Is dark, whose mind is dim,
   Before the Ineffable appear,
   And on my naked spirit bear
   The uncreated beam?


pf There is a way for man to rise
   To that sublime abode:
   An offering and a sacrifice,
   A Holy Spirit's energies,
   An Advocate with God:


pf These, these prepare us for the sight
   Of Holiness above:
   The sons of ignorance and night
   May dwell in the Eternal Light.

f Through the Eternal Love?

T. Biny


21


mf Round the Lord in glory seated,
   Cherubim and Seraphim
   Filled His temple, and repeated
   Each to each the alternate hymn:


mf "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
   Earth is with its fulness stored;
   Unto Thee be glory given,
   Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"


mf Heaven is still with glory ringing,
   Earth takes up the angels' cry,
   "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
   "Lord of Hosts, Thou Lord most Hi
HIS WORKS IN CREATION.

f With His seraph-train before Him,
   With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—
"O Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

R. Mant.

2 L.M., with refrain.

Wine as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill His praise.

The Lord! how absolute He reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce His horrors be.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill His praise.

High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill His praise.

Awake, ye tempests, and His fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of His name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill His praise.

f Let clouds and winds and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire,
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill His praise.

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill His praise.

I. Watts.

23

f God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

mf Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

wp Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

mf All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
cres King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

R. Mant.

2.—HIS WORKS IN CREATION.

C.M.

Praise ye the Lord, immortal choirs
That fill the world above;
Praise Him Who formed you of His fires,
And feeds you with His love.
Shine to His praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of His abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.
Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troopes of His command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak His awful hand.
Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound His praise,
And shore reply to shore.

mf Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
cres Ye mortals, catch the sound;
f Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

I. Watts, vv. 1, 2 attd.

25 C.M.

f The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

f Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

f Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

f His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;  
Ye nations, wait His nod;  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God.

H. K. White.

There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker’s love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

One Name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit’s viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: ‘tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou Who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces, human and Divine,  
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven:

Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Its pure sacrifice of love:

Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

P. S. Pierpoint, alt.

7s., 6 lines.

O give thanks to Him Who made  
Morning light and evening shade;  
Source and Giver of all good,  
Nightly sleep and daily food;  
Quickeners of our wearied powers,  
Guard of our unconscious hours.

O give thanks to nature’s King,  
Who made every breathing thing:  
His, our warm and sentient frame,  
His, the mind’s immortal flame.  
O, how close the ties that bind  
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

O give thanks with heart and lip,  
For we are His workmanship,  
And all creatures are His care:  
Not a bird that cleaves the air  
Falls unnoticed; but who can  
Speak the Father’s love to man?

O give thanks to Him Who came  
In a mortal, suffering frame—  
Temple of the Deity—  
Came, for rebel man to die;  
In the path Himself has trod,  
Leading back His saints to God.

J. Conder

7.6.1

The Lord is King, and weariseth,  
A robe of glory bright;  
He clothed with strength appeareth,  
And girt with powerful might.

The earth He hath so grounded  
That moved it cannot be;  
His throne long since was founded;  
More old than time is He.

The waters highly flow’d,  
And raised their voice, O Lord;  
The seas their fury showed,  
And loud their billows roared.

But God in strength excelleth  
Strong-seas and powerful deeps;  
With Him all pureness dwelleth,  
And firm His truth He keeps.
0

L.M.

The Lord is King: He wrought His will
In heaven above, in earth below;
His wonders the wide ocean fill, fashow.
The caverned deeps His judgment

The Lord is King; the word stands fast:
Nature abides, for He is strong;
The perfect note He gave, shall last
Till cadence of her even-song.

The Lord is King: ye worlds, rejoice!
The waves of power, that from His shrine
Thrust out in silence, have no choice:
They harm not till He gives the sign.

The Lord is King; dim hush, wayward heart!
[saints;]
Earth's wisdom fails, earth's daring
To seek Him whom He never departs,
And own Him greatest in His saints.

Thou, Lord, art King; crowned priests are we,
To cast our crowns before the Throne.
By us the creature worships Thee,
Yet we but bring Thee of Thine own.

To the Great Maker, to the Son,
Himself vouchsafing to be made.
To the Good Spirit, Three in One,
All praise by all His works be paid.

J. Keble.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rulest the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glorious stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3

C.M.

The mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
O happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.

As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy truth shall run,
And chance and change defy.

Let them adore the Lord, And praise His holy Name,
By Whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came:

cres And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever Blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

N. Tate and N. Brady.

32

mf Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;

cres Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

mp When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
We can almost think we gazed
Through golden vistas into heaven;—

cres Those hues, that mark the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

mp When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—

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

mp When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer breathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;—

cres Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

T. Moore.

3—His Goodness in Providence.

The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will:
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.
THE ETERNAL GOD.

f In earth below, in heaven above,  
Who, who is Lord like Thee?  
O spread the gospel of Thy love,  
Till all, Thy glories see.

H. F. Lyte.

34

Now thank we all our God,  
With hearts, and hands, and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In Whom His world rejoices;

Who, from our mother's arms,  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

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.

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.

M. Rinehart, tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

35

My Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is His Name;  
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways,  
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of 
Thy presence is my stay: (death,
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
Dost still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days;  
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

I. Watts.

36

The God of Love my Shepherd is,
To watch me and to feed:  
I shall not want, for I am His,  
He careth for my need.

His gentle goodness leadeth me,  
And makes me down to lie
In greenest pastures fearlessly
The quiet waters by.

And so restoreth He my soul:
And when I go astray
He brings me back with sweet consolations
Into the right way.

When darkness comes and death is near
I feel my Shepherd's rod,
And so I quite forget my fear,
And lean upon my God.

Thy bounties, amid all my foes,
My life, my spirit blesses,
My cup of comfort overflows
With tender faithfulness.

Goodness and mercy, peace and love,
Shall fill my earthly days;
Till the eternal house above
Shall witness to my praise.

G. Raine.

37

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, for ever.

Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy Unction grace bestowest;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of day
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

H. W. Baker.

38

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home;

f g
HIS GOODNESS IN PROVIDENCE.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficiency Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

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

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts.

C.M.

I worship Thee, sweet will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumph mine.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God’s will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill, that He blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

F. W. Faber.

L M.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death’s unnumbered pains.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Ledes every minute as it flies
With benefits unsought.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From Whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope’s transporting ray, [death
That lights through darkest shades or
To realms of endless day.

R. Wardlaw.

41

High in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But Saints are Thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring,
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
Where mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

I. Watts.

42

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all my joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth’s bliss may be my guide,
And not my chain.
THE ETERNAL GOD.

[p For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
cres So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.]

f I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
 mf I have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

 mf I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek
A perfect rest,—
dim Nor ever shall, until they lean
rall On Jesus' breast.
 Adelaide Anne Procter.

43

C.M.

 mf O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence,
In my necessity.
 f The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth,
My strong Deliverer, and my trust,
My spirit's only health.
p In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face;
cres My cry before Him came; He heard
Out of His holy place.
cres The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
 f On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
 ff And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad,
 ff The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen,
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.
p And so delivered He my soul:
Who is a rock but He?
cres He liveth—blessed be my rock!
My God exalted be!
 T. Sternhold and G. Rawson.

44

8.7.8.7.

 mp God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
cres Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
 f God is wisdom, God is love.
 mp Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
cres But His mercy waneth never;
 f God is wisdom, God is love.

mp E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
cres From the gloom His brightness streams;
 f God is wisdom, God is love.

mp He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
cres Everywhere His glory shineth;
 f God is wisdom, God is Love.
 J. Bowring.

45

8.7.8.7.8.7.

f LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In every generation;
Thy people still have known Thy grace,
And blessed Thy consolation;
Through every age Thou hast kept Thy people;
Through every age we found Thee mighty;
Our strength and our salvation.

 mp Our clearing sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience proved;
cres But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy name we still have loved:
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
 f Unshaken, unremoved.

 mp Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever;
cres Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
 f Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee;
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
 ff For ever and for ever.
 T. H. Gill.

46

C.M.

f O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
dim Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

 mf Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease.
dim And at our Father's loved abode
 p Our souls arrive in peace.

 mp Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore
 f And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.
 P. Doddridge and J. Logena.
47

\[ \text{For life below, with all its bliss,} \\
\text{And for that life, more pure and high,} \\
\text{That inner life which over this} \\
\text{Shall ever shine, and never die;} \\
\text{Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,} \\
\text{Whom angels serve and saints adore,} \\
\text{The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,} \\
\text{To Whom be praise for evermore.} \]

- J. S. B. Monsell.

49

\[ \text{Through all the changing scenes of life,} \\
\text{In trouble and in joy,} \\
\text{The praises of my God shall still} \\
\text{My heart and tongue employ.} \\
\text{Of His deliverance I will boast,} \\
\text{Till all that are distressed,} \\
\text{From mine example comfort take,} \\
\text{And soothe their griefs to rest.} \\
\text{Magnify the Lord with me,} \\
\text{With me exalt His name;} \\
\text{He to my rescue came.} \\
\text{Make but trial of His love,} \\
\text{Experience will decide} \\
\text{How blest are they, and only they,} \\
\text{Who in His truth confide!} \\
\text{Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then} \\
\text{Have nothing else to fear;} \\
\text{Make but His service your delight,} \\
\text{Your wants shall be His care.} \]

- N. Tate and N. Brady.

50

\[ \text{The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,} \\
\text{O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!} \\
\text{From world to world the joy shall ring,} \\
\text{The Lord Omnipotent is King.} \\
\text{The Lord is King! who then shall dare} \\
\text{Resist His will, distrust His care,} \\
\text{Or murmur at His wise decrees,} \\
\text{Or doubt His royal promises?} \\
\text{The Lord is King! Child of the dust,} \\
\text{The Judge of all the earth is just:} \\
\text{Holy and true are all His ways:} \\
\text{Let every creature speak His praise.} \\
\text{He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;} \\
\text{Your God is King, your Father reigns;} \\
\text{And He is at the Father's side,} \\
\text{The Man of Love, the Crucified.} \\
\text{O, when His wisdom can mistake,} \\
\text{His might decay, His love forsook,} \\
\text{Then may His children cease to sing,} \\
\text{The Lord Omnipotent is King.} \]

- J. Conder.
4—HIS GRACE IN REDEMPTION.

51  C.M.

1 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
   And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
   Most sure in all His ways!

mf Oh, loving wisdom of our God!

dim When all was sin and shame,
cres A second Adam to the fight,
   And to the rescue came.

mf Oh, wisest love! that flesh and blood,
   Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
   Should strive and should prevail!

f And that a higher gift than grace
   Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very Self,
   And essence all-divine!

f Oh, generous love! that He, Who smote
   In man for man the foes,
p The double agony in man
   For man should undergo;

p And in the garden secretly,
   And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
   To suffer and to die!

J. H. Newman.

54  S.M.

f My soul, repeat His praise
   Whose mercies are so great,
dim Whose anger is so slow to rise,
   So ready to abate.

f High as the heavens are raised
   Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
   Our highest thoughts exceed.

mp His power subdues our sins;
   And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
   Doth all our guilt remove.

mp Lord, what is man or all his race,
   Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
   And love his nature so?—

mp That Thine eternal Son should bear
   To take a mortal form;
Made lower than His angels are,
   To save a dying worm?

dim Let Him be crowned with majesty
   Who bowed His head to death;
And be His honours sounded high
   By all things that have breath.

Jf Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
   Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state
   Let the whole earth proclaim.

I. Watts.

55  C.M.

f Bring, my tongue, some heavenly thesis
   And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier Name
   Of our eternal King.
HIS GRACE IN REDEMPTION.

f Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

mf Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

f His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

p Oh! might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine;"
cres Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

mf How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
f I'd trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

I. Watts.

56

L.M.

f O Love of God! how strong and true,
Eternal and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

[f O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate:
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

mp O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill!
p In nights of pain and helplessness,
cres To heal, to comfort, and to bless!]

mp O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
cres In seas that swell and streams that flow.

mp We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
cres Sent by the Father from on high,
f Our life to live, our death to die.

mf We read thy power to bless and save
dom Even in the darkness of the grave;
cres Still more in resurrection light
f We read the fulness of thy might.

mf O love of God! our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
f Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest!  

H. Bonar.

57

8.7.8.7.4.7.

mf Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme,
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

[Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.]

mf For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

mf For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

mf But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

[Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord Who came to die.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.]

mf From the highest throne of glory,
p To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,—
cres Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

f Go—return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,
Thence return and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

R. Robinson, v. 1, l. 2 altld.

58

8.7.8.7.1.7.

f God is love; by Him upheld,
Hang the glorious orbs of light.
In their language glad and golden
Speaking to us day and night
Their great story,
God is Love, and God is Light.

f And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is Might, and God is Love.
THE ETERNAL GOD.

With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story;
God is Love and God is Life.

Through that precious Love He sought us
Wandering from His holy ways,
With that precious life He bought us;
Then let all our future days
Tell this story:
Love is Life—our lives be praise.

Gladsome is the theme and glorious,
Praise to Christ our gracious Head,
Christ, the risen Christ, victorious
Earth and hell hath captive led.
Welcome story!
Love lives on, and Death is dead.

Up to Him let each affection
Dally rise, and round Him move
Our whole lives, one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Their glad story,
God is Life, and God is Love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

59
L.M., with refrain.

Great God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God—
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood.

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic hosts above.

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

S. Davies.

60
S.M.

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge.

C.M.

Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

Thou waitest to be gracious still:
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound,
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

C. Wesley.

S.M.

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

I. Watts.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

II.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

I.—HIS GODHEAD, PRAISE, AND GLORY.

63

C.M.

f All hail the power of Jesu’s name!

dim Let angels prostrate fall;
cres Bring forth the royal diadem,

f To crown Him Lord of all.

mf Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,

Who from His altar call;
cres Exalt the Stem-of-Jesse’s rod;

f And crown Him Lord of all.

mf Ye seed of Israel’s chosen race,

Ye ransomed of the fall,
cres Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,

f And crown Him Lord of all.

p Sinners! whose love can ne’er forget

The wormwood and the gall,
cres Go—spread your trophies at His feet,

f And crown Him Lord of all.

f Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,

To Him all majesty ascribe,

And crown Him Lord of all!

mf O that with yonder sacred throng

We at His feet may fall;
cres Join in the everlasting song,

f And crown Him Lord of all.

E. Perronet, v. 5 alt. J. Rippon,

and v. 6 J. Rippon.

65

C.M., double.

f Jesus is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer’s sun, the winter’s frost,
His own creations were.

f Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem’s crib,
On Calvary’s cross true God,
He Who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

f Jesus is God! Oh could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel’s voice
I would proclaim so loud!
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

mp Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,

And pain, and every ill;
cres All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfill.
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,

f If by that “I believe” we own

The Godhead of our Lord.

J. Allen.

F. W. Faber, v. 4, l. 7 alt.

66
66

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See, in His face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace!

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

Oh! let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There He displays His powers abroad,
And shines and reigns, th'incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor sea, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

I. Watts

67

Sing Alleluia forth in due time praise,
Oh! citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

Ye next who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height,
An endless Alleluia.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And, with glad songs resounding, wake again
An endless Alleluia.

In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
[voice]
To render to the Lord, with thankful breast,
An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be sung
An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
[your King,
The strains which tell the honour of
An endless Alleluia.
This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
[shall lack,
The food and drink which none
An endless Alleluia.

While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays,
An endless Alleluia!

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Latin, 6th century (?), tr. by J. Ellerton.

68

Jesus, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

Let every moment as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all His Father's glories on.

I. Watts

69

What equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;
And worthy to rise and live and reign [here.
Though He was charged with madness
All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained His amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

I. Watts

70

My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.
His Godhead, Praise, and Glory.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

I. Watts.

6.5., 8 lines.

Saviour, Blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded Side,
Hastily we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou, for our redemption,
Can't on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toll nor care, is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unforg'd,
Love that never dies.

Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Brighter still, and brighter,
Gloves the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toll and sorrow past;
May we, Blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

G. Thring.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

O.M.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

65., 12 lines.

73

Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When the heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint;
If the work is sorrow,
If the way is long,
If thou darest at the morrow,
Tell it Him in song;
Though thy heart be aching
For the crown and palm,
Keep thy spirit waking
With a thankful psalm.

Jesus, we are lowly,
Thou art very high;
We are all unholy,
Thou art pure;
We are frail and fleeting,
Thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting
In Thy blessed Name.

Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

All begins in Jesus,
And in Him I see
All the eternal Godhead
Coming down to me.
I climb to His brightness,
Up my steps of praise;
And a sudden lightness
Gulds my darkened days.

So I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

All His words are music,
Though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender,
Infinitely deep.
Time can never render
All in Him I see;
Infinitely tender,
Human Deity.

Sing a hymn to Jesus,
When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

Jesus, let me love Thee,
Infinitely sweet!
What are the poor odours
I bring to Thy feet?

Yet I love Thee, love Thee;
Come into my heart!
And are long remove me
To be where Thou art.
Thus I sing to Jesus,
When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
Worthy the Lamb that died,—they cry,—
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb,—our lips reply,—
For He was slain for us.
Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and sea,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

75

Ar the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow;
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word:
Mighty and mysterious
In the highest height,
God from everlasting,
Very Light of light.
In the Father's bosom,
With the Spirit blest,
Love, in Love Eternal,
Rest, in perfect rest.
At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light;
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.
HIS GODHEAD, PRAISE, AND GLORY.

p Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
cres Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

f Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father’s breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

[mf In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cres Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation’s hour,
Let His will unfold you
In its light and power;]
f Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father’s glory,
With His angel-train;

f For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline M. Noel.

Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,—
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
For infinite love.

C. Wesley.

77

THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father’s only Son;
God, manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven’s beloved One.

f Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

f In Thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father’s glories shine:
Of the full Deity possessed;
Eternally divine.

f Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

f True Image of the Infinite,
Whose Essence is concealed;
Brightness of Uncreated Light;
The heart of God revealed.

f Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

f But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel’s grasp transcend:
The Father only—glorious claim—
The Son can comprehend.

f Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

mp Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
cres Thy glorious worshippers above,
As one with Thee, are blest.

f Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

f Throughout the universe of bliss
The centre Thou, and sun,
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven’s Beloved One:—

f Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

J. Conder.

78

f AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour’s name.

p Sing of His dying love;
cres Sing of His rising power;

Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

mf Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
cres Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

wp Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
cres Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

mf Soon shall we hear Him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;

p Soon will He call us hence away,
cres And take His wanderers home.

f There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim:
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. Hammond, alt. M. Madan,
A.M. Toplady, & W. J. Hall.

79

6.5, 12 lines.

f HARK! the voice eternal
Robed in majesty,
Calling into being
Earth and sea and sky;
HARK! in countless numbers
All the angel-throng
Hail Creation's morning
With one burst of song.
cres High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
jf Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

mf Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea;
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity:
dim Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fail;
p Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
cres Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

mf Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
cres Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.

f Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

f Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.

dim Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
p As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
cres Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

mf Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
cres Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.

f Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

f Jesu! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
p Thine the pain and weeping,
cres Thine the victory;
mf Power, and peace, and honour,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.

f High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

J. Julian.

80

6s., 6 lines.

mf When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
cres "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

mf When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
cres "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
cres "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Does sadness fill my mind?
cres A solace here I find,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

mf Or fades my earthly bliss?
cres My comfort still is this,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

mf In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p The powers of darkness fear
mc When this sweet chant they hear,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
To God, the Word, on high,
The hosts of angels cry,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let mortals, too, upraise,
Their voices in hymns of praise;
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let earth’s wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

German, 19th century, tr. E. Conwell.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free:
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

I. Watts.

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus’ face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands;
The radiant lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace! ’tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus’ name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face!
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

C. M.

Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father’s throne:
Prepare new honours for His Name,
And songs before unknown.
Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

2.—His Incarnation and Birth.

Irregular.

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
True God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin’s womb.
Son of the Father,
Begotten not created;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above,

Sing ye, “All glory
To God in the Highest;”
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, [Lord.
Yes, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning:
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, f Christ the
(?) Bonaventura (1221-1274), tr. F. Oakeley, (1809-1880) altid.

Hark! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

7a, 8 lines.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise; 
Join the triumph of the skies; 
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Christ, by highest heaven adored, 
Christ, the everlasting Lord; 
Late in time, behold Him come, 
Offspring of a virgin’s womb! 
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; 
Hail the Incarnate Deity!

Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

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

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

C. Wesley, altl. by G. Whitefield and M. Madan.

86

Thou didst leave Thy throne and kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me
But in Bethlehem’s home there was no room
For Thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus
There is room in my heart for Thee
Heaven’s arches rang when the angel sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam’st Thou, Lord
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus
There is room in my heart for Thee
The foxes have their holes, and the birds their nests
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

When Thy word didst ring, and the holy host didst sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying “Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee:
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest.”

Emily B. S. Elliott.

87

Hark the glad sound, the Saviour come
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan’s bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

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

P. Doddridge.

Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before;
For news that men should be as they
To darkened earth they bore;

p So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
cres And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.

f And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And, dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

p For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
cres And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict and of sin,
f May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

T. T. Lynch.

Then may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved
From His poor manger to His bitter cross,
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

J. Byrom, v. 3, l. 6, v. 4, l. 1, v. 5, l. 6 and id.

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J. Byrom, v. 3, l. 6, v. 4, l. 1, v. 5, l. 6 and id.

91

C. M., double.

f A thousand years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;

m And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred, (tongue
That sent such news from tongue to
As ears had never heard.

f Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

f Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

p No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
cres He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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

I. Watts.

f Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

m Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
cres God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;

f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

mf Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;

f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mf Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
cres Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;

f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

mp Sinners wrong with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
cres Justice now revoketh your sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;

f Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery.

Hark, an awful voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day."

Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ her Sun, all sloth dispensing,
Shines upon the morning skies.

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

mf So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
cres May He then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

f Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
While eternal ages run.
Latin, 5th century, tr. E. Caswall.

mf It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
dim From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
cres "Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;"

pp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

mf Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:

mp Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
cres And ever o'er its Babel sounds
pp The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world hath suffered long;
Beneath theangel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong.

And man at war with man hears
The love-song which they bring
O hush the noise, ye men of strife;
And hear the angels sing.

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

mf For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
cres When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:

f When peace shall all over the earth
Its ancient splendours bushes:

ff And the whole world send back the

pp Which now the angels sing.

E. H. S.

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.

[cres He comes with succour speedy
To those that suffer wrong;

pp To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
cres To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light.
dim Whose souls condemned and dying

mf Were precious in His sight.]

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
cres And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

mf Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go.
cres And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

[mf Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee:
The Ethiopian stranger
Fell all the world to see:
cres With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.]
HIS INCARNATION AND BIRTH. 27

Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell:
The hosts of Heaven proclaim
God comes on earth to dwell!

Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of Grace:

A manger-bed, a Child,
Is all the eye can trace.

Is this the Eternal Son,
Who on the starry throne,
Before the world began,
Was with the Father one?

Yes, Faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds His glory now;

And hailst Him Lord and God,
To Whom all creatures bow.

[Faith sees the sapphire throne
Where angels evermore

Adoring, tremble still,
And trembling, still adore.

O Child! Thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse

To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

Fill us with holy love,
Heal Thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide.

C. Cuffin, tr. J. R. Woodford.

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.3.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing,
Praise, O my God, to Thee!

Creator, wise is Thy decree!

The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woes He brings:
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings

Praise, O my God, to Thee!

O Saviour, great Thy deeds shall be!

Oh, blesst the land, the city blesst,
Where Christ the ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringest pure delight and bliss;

Praise, O my God, to Thee!

Comforter, for Thy comfort free!
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Praise, O my God, be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace Divine.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won!

Eternal praise and fame,
Be offered, Saviour, to Thy Name!

G. Weissel, tr. Catherine Winkworth.

3.—HIS MANIFESTATION TO THE GENTILES.

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

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lovely bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

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

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

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

W. C. Dix.

From the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.
Light of Life that shinedst,
Ere the world began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

G. Tering.
4.—HIS CHILDHOOD.

And faithful pondering hearts await

The full Epiphany.

Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by Thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;
Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;
Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One.

J. R. Woodford.

5.—HIS TEMPTATION.

He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan’s fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears:
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
H[e]ll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorbs the meanest name.
Then let our humble faith address,
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

I. Watts, v. 1. l. 4 alt'd.

I.-His Human Life and Humiliation.

Who is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting, God.

Who is this, a Man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails and crowned with
'Tis the God Who ever liveth [thorns?]
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning eternally.

W. W. How.

Our faith is weak;—O Light of light!
Clear Thou our clouded view;
That, Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honour due.

O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil, and scant reposes,
Death's agonies and fears.

O Son of God! in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.

Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Most blest in earth and heaven.

J. Anstic.

W. L. M.

O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before;
So meek, forgiving; Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;

And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pangs, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowing,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowing.

O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee;
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within;

And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like Thee, all our journey run,
Above the world, and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

Oh in this light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give us ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God.

A. C. Cow.

Thou Son of God and Son of man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel;
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with Thy Father dwell;—

We sing Thy love, Who didst in time,
For us humanity assume;
To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.

The ransomed Church Thy glory sings:
The hosts of Heaven Thy will obey:
And, Lord of lords and King of kings,
We celebrate Thy blessed sway.
**His Example.**

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{A servant's form didst Thou sustain;} \\
\quad \text{And with delight the law obey;} \\
\quad \text{And then endure amazing pain,} \\
\quad \text{Whilst all our sorrows on Thee lay.} \\
\text{mf} \quad \text{Blest Saviour! we are wholly Thine;} \\
\quad \text{So freely loved, so dearly bought:} \\
\quad \text{Our souls to Thee would we resign,—} \\
\quad \text{To Thee would subject every thought,} \\
\quad \text{J. Ryland.} \]

108

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{O! mean may seem this house of clay;} \\
\quad \text{Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;} \\
\quad \text{Our feet may mourn this thorny way,} \\
\quad \text{Yet here Immanuel trod.} \\
\quad \text{This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;} \\
\quad \text{This watch the Lord did keep;} \\
\quad \text{These burdens sore the Lord did bear,} \\
\quad \text{These tears the Lord didweep.} \\
\quad \text{Our very frailty brings us near} \\
\quad \text{Unto the Lord of Heaven;} \\
\quad \text{To every grief, to every tear} \\
\quad \text{Such glory strange is given.} \\
\quad \text{But not this fleshly robe alone} \\
\quad \text{Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;} \\
\quad \text{Not only in the tear and groan} \\
\quad \text{Shall the dear kindred be;} \\
\quad \text{f We shall be reckoned for Thine own} \\
\quad \text{Because Thy heaven we share,} \\
\quad \text{Because we sing around Thy throne,} \\
\quad \text{And Thy bright raiment wear.} \]

109

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;} \\
\quad \text{Thou madest man, he knows not why;} \\
\quad \text{He thinks he was not made to die;} \\
\quad \text{And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.} \\
\quad \text{Thou seest human and Divine;} \\
\quad \text{The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;} \\
\quad \text{Our wills are ours, we know not how;} \\
\quad \text{Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.} \\
\quad \text{Our little systems have their day;} \\
\quad \text{They have their day and cease to be;} \\
\quad \text{They are but broken lights of Thee;} \\
\quad \text{We have but faith: we cannot know;} \\
\quad \text{For knowledge is of things we see,} \\
\quad \text{And yet we trust it comes from Thee;} \\
\quad \text{A beam in darkness: let it grow.} \\
\quad \text{Let knowledge grow from more to more,} \\
\quad \text{But more of reverence in us dwell:} \\
\quad \text{That mind and soul, according well,} \\
\quad \text{May make one music as before,} \\
\quad \text{But vaster. dim We are fools and slight,} \\
\quad \text{We mock Thee when we do not fear;} \\
\quad \text{But help Thy foolish ones to bear;} \\
\quad \text{Help Thy vain world to bear Thy light.} \\
\quad \text{A. Tennyson.} \]

7.—**His Example.**

110

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,} \\
\quad \text{And plead to be forgiven,} \\
\quad \text{So let Thy life our pattern be,} \\
\quad \text{And form our souls for Heaven.} \\
\quad \text{Help us, through good report and ill,} \\
\quad \text{Our daily cross to bear,} \\
\quad \text{Like Thee, to do our Father's will,} \\
\quad \text{Our brethren's griefs to share.} \\
\quad \text{Let grace our selfsickness expel,} \\
\quad \text{Our earthliness refine,} \\
\quad \text{And kindness in our bosoms dwell,} \\
\quad \text{As free and true as Thine.} \\
\quad \text{If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,} \\
\quad \text{And grief's dark day come on,} \\
\quad \text{We, in our turn, would meekly cry,} \\
\quad \text{Father! Thy will be done!} \]

**Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,**

\[ \text{Or brethren faithless prove,} \]

\[ \text{f} \quad \text{O mighty grace, our life to live,} \\
\quad \text{To make our earth divine!} \\
\quad \text{O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,} \\
\quad \text{And lift our life to Thine.} \]

111

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{What grace, O Lord, and beauty alone} \\
\quad \text{Around Thy steps below;} \\
\quad \text{What patient love was seen in all} \\
\quad \text{Thy life and death of woe.} \\
\quad \text{For, ever on Thy burdened heart} \\
\quad \text{A weight of sorrow hung;} \\
\quad \text{Yet no ungentle, murmuring word} \\
\quad \text{Escaped Thy silent tongue.} \\
\quad \text{Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,} \\
\quad \text{Thy friends unfaithful prove;} \\
\quad \text{Unworn in forgiveness still,} \\
\quad \text{Thy heart could only love.} \]

\[ \text{T. H. Gill.} \]

\[ \text{L. M.} \]

\[ \text{J. H. Gurney.} \]
O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve,
Dim far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. Denny.

How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?
Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

"Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk, the bitter cup of gall.

Lord, should my path through suffering
Forbid it I should e'er repine; [lie,
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
Let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:
To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou canst not Thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

J. Conder.

Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
And give me an obedient mind,
That in Thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.
Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessed land.

Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, trust, and grace.
Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forbear the right, or do the wrong;
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee;
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

W. T. Matson.

Who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality;
Thy blesséd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy
Home on high.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around I
Spread?

O Thou, Who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storm
Was bowed.
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love,
Beam like the bow of promise through
The cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star
Shall be.
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy path to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

Sarah B. Miles.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living charas there.
Such was Thy truth, and such Thy grace
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
Cold mountains and the midnight stars
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
Be Thou my pattern; make me
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own
Amongst the followers of the
8.—**HIS MIRACLES.**

118

**F I E R C E** raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servante keep:
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still,

"Save, Lord, we perish!" was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

The wild winds howled; the angry deep
dim sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

**G. THRING.**

119

**H E A L U S, IMMANUEL!** hear our prayer;
We wait to feel Thy touch;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?

Be that far from Thee, Lord,
Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,—
"O help my unbelief!"

She too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
dim Was answered,—"Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home:
Send none unhealed away.

**W. COOPER, v. 1, l. 1 all**
9.—HIS LOVE, TENDERNESS, AND SYMPATHY.

120

My song is love unknown;
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blessed Throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know,
But oh! my Friend;
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannas to their King.

Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?

He made the lame to run;
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away.
A murderer they save:
The Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suffring goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!

This is my Friend,
In Whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

A. Crossman.

121

O love divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The firstborn sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;

They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height,

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor soty heart:

For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

C. Wesley.

122

Loves 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 longing heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never
More Thy temple leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing
Glory in Thy precious love.

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

C. Wesley.

123

Jesus! Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach. no tongue can scan
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
His Love, Tenderness, and Sympathy.

My joy, my treasure, and my crown:

My every act, word, thought, be love!

O Love! how cheering is thy ray!

All pain before thy presence flies;

Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,

Where'er thy healing beams arise:

O Jesu! nothing may I see,

Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

[Still let Thy love point out my way!

How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!

Still lead me, lest I go astray:

Direct my word, inspire my thought;

And if I fall, soon may I hear

Thy voice, and know that love is near.]

In suffering be Thy love my peace;

In weakness be Thy love my power;

O Jesu, in that solemn hour,

In death, as life, be Thou my guide,

And save me, Who for me hast died.

Thy mighty name salvation is,

And keeps my happy soul above;

Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,

And joy and everlasting love:

To me, with Thy dear name, are given

Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art,

My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;

The medicine of my broken heart;

In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:

My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;

In shame, my glory and my crown:

In want, my plentiful supply;

In weakness, mine almighty power;

My light in Satan's darkest hour;

In grief, my joy unspeakable;

My life in death; my heaven in hell.

There's not a secret sigh we breathe,

But meets the ear divine;

And every cross grows light beneath

The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's woes without, sin's strife within,

The heart would overflow;

But for that love which died for sin,—

That love which wept with woe.

All human sympathy but cheers,

When it is learned from Thee.

Alas for grief!—but for those tears

Which fell at Bethany!

Jane Crowson.

126

Part I.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee,

With sweetness fills my breast;

But sweeter far Thy face to see,

And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,

Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than Thy best Name,

O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!

O joy of all the meek!

To those who fall, how kind Thou art!

But what to those who find? Ah, this

Nor tongue nor pen can show

The love of Jesus, what it is

None but His loved ones know.

O Jesus, Light of all below!

Thou Fount of life and fire,

Surpassing all the joys we know,

And all we can desire!

Jesus, my only joy be Thou,

As Thou my prize wilt be;

Jesus, be Thou my glory now,

And through Eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.

Part II.

O Jesus, King most wonderful!

Thou conqueror renowned!

Thou sweetness most ineffable

In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,

Then truth begins to shine;

Then earthly vanities depart;

Then wakens love divine.

Jesus! Thy mercies are untold,

Through each returning day;

Thy love exceeds a thousandfold

Whatever we can say.

May every heart confess Thy Name,

And ever Thee adore;

And seeking Thee; itself inflame,

To seek Thee more and more.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

f Thou may our tongues for ever bless;  
Thou may we love alone;  
cres And ever in our lives express 
The image of Thine own.

p Grant me, while here on earth I stay,  
Thy love to feel and know;  
cres And when from hence I pass away,  
To me Thy glory show.
Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Casswell.

127 10.10.10.6.
mf And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee?  
brow?  
And didst Thou take to heaven a human  
Dost please with man's voice by the 
marvellous sea?
Art Thou his kinsman now?
O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!  
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,  
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,  
Whose lips drawn human breath!
By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,  
By that one nature which doth hold us  
By that high heaven where, sinless,  
Thou dost shine,  
To draw us sinners in;

p By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,  
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,  
By darkness, by the wormwood and the  
I pray Thee visit me.  
gall
mf Come, lest this heart should, cold and  
cast away,  
dim Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—  
p Last eyes which never saw Thine earthly  
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.
Jean Ingelow.

128 L.M., with refrain.
mf Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:

cres Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore; [more.  
Oh, make me love Thee more and
f Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;  
cres How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how exult Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy name?

f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore; [more.  
Oh, make me love Thee more and

p Jesu, what didst Thou find in me  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
cres How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought;

f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore; [more.  
Oh, make me love Thee more and

f Jesus of Thee shall be my song;  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.

f Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore; [more.  
Oh, make me love Thee more and

H. Odell

129

f O MYSTERY of Love Divine,  
That thought and thanks o'er  
Lord Jesus! was our portion Thine,  
And is Thy portion ours?

p Emmanuel! didst Thou take our part  
To set us in Thine own?

cres Didst Thou our low estate embrace  
To lift us to Thy throne?

p Didst Thou fulfil each righteous deed  
God's perfect will express,  
That we, the unfaithful ones, might  
Thy perfect faithfulness?

p On Thy pure soul did dread and gloom  
In that drear garden rise?  
Are ours the brightness and the bliss  
Of Thine own Paradise?

f For Thee the Father's hidden face,  
For Thee the bitter cry?

f For us the Father's endless grace,  
The song of victory?

p Our load of sin and misery  
Didst Thou, the Sinless, bear?

f Thy spotless robe of purity  
Do we, the sinners, wear?

mf Lord Jesus! is it even so?  
What love can we on Thee bestow  
Who hast exchanged with us?

f Thou, Who our very place didst take,  
Dwell in our very heart!  
Thou, Who Thy portion ours dost make  
Thyself—Thyself, impart.

Y. H. Gill.

130

f Now begin the heavenly theme:  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

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

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

p Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
cres Now from bliss no longer rove;  
Stop and taste redeeming love,
f Welcome, all by sin oppressed:
Welcome to His sacred rest:
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

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

— Langford.

f Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer’s praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness is so free!

f He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness is so great!

f Often I feel my sinful heart
Frome my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

f So when I pass death’s gloomy vale,
And all the powers of nature fail,
O may my last expiring breath
cre Cries His loving-kindness sing in death!

f Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
Then shall I sing with sweet surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

f Then with the golden harps I’ll join,
And with their anthems mingle mine;
And loudly sound, on every chord,
The loving-kindness of the Lord.

— S. Medley.

mf My blessed Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to Thee.

mf I love Thee for that glorious worth
In Thy great self I see;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

mf No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for Thy foes, Lord, Thou wast slain;
cres What love with Thine can vie?

J. Stennett, v. 3, l. 2 alt.

IO.—HIS TRANSFIGURATION.

f O Master, it is good to be
High on this mountain here with Thee,
Here, in an amphithe, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care;

im Of hearts distract with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,

f Calling Thy servants all in vain
To ease them of their bitter pain.

f O Master, it is good to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three
Here, where the Apostle’s heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation’s shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word
that burns;
Here, where on eagles’ wings we move
With Him Whose last best creed is Love.

f O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapped alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glittering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon’s whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiate with a light divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

mf O Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,

dim We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,

p Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
cres “This is My Son! oh, hear ye Him!”

A. P. Stanley.

II.—HIS ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry.

mf O’er your meek, pure Thy road[strewed.
With palms and scattered garments
f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!

mf Ride on! ride on in majesty!

mf Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
p To see the approaching Sacrifice.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!

mf Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;

The Father on His sapphire Throne
Expects His own anointed Son.
38

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
pp Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain!
f Then take, O God! Thy power, and reign!

H. H. Milman, v. 1, i. 3 alt.

135

7.6.7.6., with chorus.
f All glory, land, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, etc.

f The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply,
All glory, etc.

mf To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

cres Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, land, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Theodolph of Orleans, tr. J. M. Neale
alt.

ix.—HIS AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.

136

8.6.8.6.3.8.
p He knelt, the Saviour knelt, and prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour:
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him:
That He, Who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round His head:
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
cres But there was sent Him from on high
f A gift of strength for man to die.

mf And was His mortal hour best?
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet

f The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

mf To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

cres Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, land, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Theodolph of Orleans, tr. J. M. Neale
alt.

137

p A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Redron's moonlight waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away."
Ah! Thou Who sorrowest unto death,
cres We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
O God! take not this cup away.

p O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

mf Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

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

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

J. Martineau's Selection, 1868.
HIS PASSION AND DEATH.

13.—HIS PASSION AND DEATH.

138 7.6.7.6., double.

mf O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
dim Now sorrowfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
f O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
cres I joy to call Thee mine.
p O noblest brow, and dearest!
In other days, the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!

p How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

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

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

p Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
cres And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
p For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.
Paul Gerhardt, tr. J. W. Alexander,
v. 1, i. 7 alth.

139 L.M.

mf When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
cres Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

pp See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
cres Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;

f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

I. Watts.

140 6.5.6.5.

mf Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pain,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem!

[Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleased to the skies;
cres But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.]

p Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,

mf Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;
Oft as earth exulting

cres Waits its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

f Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
cres Londer still, and londer,
Praise the precious blood.

Italian, tr. R. Caswall.

141 6.6.6.4.

mf Lo! on the inglorious tree
The Lord, the Lord of glory hangs;
p Forsaken now is He,
And pierced with pangs.

A shameful death He dies,
cres Uplifted with transgressors twain;
A Lamb for sacrifice,
p By sinners slain.

pp Full is His cup of woe;
In death His drooping head declines;
'Tis done! He cries; and now

His soul resigns.

mp O come, my soul, and gaze
On that great grief, that crown of thorn;
cres In deep and dread amaze
p There look and mourn.

For thee He shed His blood;
Weep, till with woe thine eyes grow dim;
To that accursed wood
Thou hast nailed Him.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

40

mf To Thee, the mighty Lord,
Who washed in blood our sins away,
Our boundless gratitude
Its thanks would pay.
Latin, 19th century, tr. W. J. Blee, alth.

142

L.M.

p O come and mourn with me awhile:
O come ye to the Saviour's side:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

mp Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

mf Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

[cres Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.]

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

[cres A broken heart, a fount of tears.—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's offering is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

f O love of God! O sin of man!
And victory remains with love;
dim For He, our Lord, is crucified.

F. W. Faber, v. 1, ll. 2, 3; v. 5, ll. 2, 3; v. 4, l. 3, and last line of each v. altd.

143

S.M.

mf Nor all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

[cres But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

mp My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

mf Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts.

144

8.7.8.

mf 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.

p When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
cres Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
pp Peace is there, that knows no measure;
cres Joys, that through all time abide.

f 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.

J. Bowring.

145

7a., 6 lines

mf Throned upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee:
dim Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace.
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.

p Silent through those three dread hours
Wrestling with the evil powers,
dim Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
pp Till the Lamb of God may die.

mf Hark! that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the-whirling cloud!

cres Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—"Can it be?
dim Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

p Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
cres That Thine own might never be left—
Teach me by that bitter cry
mf In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

J. Ellerton.
146

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finished!
Hear the Saviour cry.
It is finished! — O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
Saints, the dying words record.

All the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law:
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join in the glorious theme,
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel’s name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

J. Bowes.

147

Nature with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker’s praise abroad;
And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, ‘tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson line.

O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ my Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

148

I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father’s throne.

I. Watts, v. 3, l. 2 alt.

All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is:
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.
He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work
Ye all may receive; He hath done.
The peace He did leave; [give]
Who made intercession, “My Father, for
For you and for me
He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely, [deny].
And come for the pardon God cannot
My pardon I claim;
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus’ name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace; [my place.
O Father, Thou know’st He hath died in
His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath
answered for me.
My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross;
And by losing His life He hath carried
my cause.

C. Wesley.

149

Weeping as they go their way,
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even! — who are they?
Those are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursed tree.

All is over—in the tomb
Sleeps He, ‘mid its silent gloom,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

All is over—fought the fight;
Sleeplessness is for a night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leaving we in the grave with Him,
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

Glory to the Lord Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

W. S. Raymond, v. 3, l. 2 alt.
G. Thring.

It is finished! Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Lifeless lies the broken Body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the Spirit fled?

In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

See! He comes, a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the Cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

For Himself proclaim the story
Of His own Incarnate life,
And the death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me, too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.

W. D. Macgregor

15.—HIS RESURRECTION.

151

f Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is over;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

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

f Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now Thy sting?

p Once He died, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

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

f Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
This we great triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

C. Wesley.

152

f "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
Heavens is vanquished; Heaven is
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!—
To age shall say.

f "Welcome, happy morning!" age
Earth with joy confesses, clothing her
for Spring;
Turning King:
All good gifts returned with her re-
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,

Speak His sorrows ended, hail His
Hail to-day is vanquished; Heaven
is won to-day!

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
[Thee in their sight]
Hours and passing moments pass
Brightness of the morning, sky and sea;
[praise to Thee]
Vanisher of darkness, bring!

f "Welcome, happy morning!" age shall say.

f Maker and Redeemer, Life and He of all,
[nature's]
Thou from Heaven beholding hast
Of the Father's Godhead true and Son,
[put]
Manhood to deliver, manhood of

f Hall to-day is vanquished; He is
won to day!

p Thou, of Life the Author, death & under, [strength to abs]
Tread the path of darkness, sa
f Come, then, True and Faithful, fulfil Thy word; [O buried in "Thus Thine own third morning!"

f "Welcome, happy morning!" age shall say.

mf Loose the soul's long prisoned, be
with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen rise to
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid
nations see;
[with Thee]
Bring again our daylight: day ret

f Hall to-day is vanquished; He is
won to day!

V. Fortunatus, tr. J. Bilerti

153

f Light's glittering morn bedecks the
Heaven thunders forth its victor-
The glad earth shrouds her triumph
And groaning hell makes wild reply
While He, the King, the mighty
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of
Brings forth His ransomed salvation to
HIS RESURRECTION.

[ms] His tomb of late the threelfold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
cres But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.)
The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
An angel robed in light hath said,
"The Lord is risen from the dead."
p Joss, the King of Gentleness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
cres That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.
ms O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.
fs All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

154

7.8.7.8.7.7.

fs Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terror, Death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me;
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.
ms Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven;
God through Christ forgives offences;
cres This shall be my confidence.
ms Jesus lives! for me He died:
cres Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving;
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.
fs Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought from me His Love shall sever;
Life, nor Death, nor powers of hell,
Part not now from Christ for ever;
God will be a sure Defence;
This shall be my confidence.
fs Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath,
cres When I pass its gloomy portal;
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
Lord, Thou art my Confidence.

F. Gellert, tr. F. B. Cox.

155

7.6.7.6. double.

fs The Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God:
From Death to Life Eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
cres But our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.
ms Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-Light;
cres And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.
fs Now the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
cres For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

J. Damascenus, tr. J. M. Neale.

156

7a

fs Christ the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah.
ms He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We too sing for joy and say:
Hallelujah.
pp He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
cres Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah.
ms He Whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man armed hath bound,
cres Now in highest heaven is crowned:
Hallelujah.
ms He Who slumbered in the grave,
cres Is exalted now to save;
cres Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings!
Hallelujah.
ms Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
cres That we all may sing for aye,
Hallelujah.
M. Weisse, tr. C. Winkworth.

157

7m

fs Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders He hath done.
Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was His flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry,—
Jesus, Who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'rt us with Thy blood;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

I. Watts.

P. Doddridge.

---

158

Yes! the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head;
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sank away.

Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

Then back to Heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—
Jesus, Who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day.

Shall this triumphant theme inspire
Each angel's song, each seraph's lyre,
And I not sing with such a choir,

The Holy Captive's bonds are riven,
To Him the keys of death are given;
Be glad, O earth, and about, O heavens,

The Lord is risen.

Yet not for them His life He gave;
He did not die their souls to save;
It is for man that from the grave

The Lord is risen.

For man He left His glorious throne,
For man to death's dark realm went down;
And now to heaven, for man alone

The Lord is risen.

Charlotte Elliot.

160

Hail the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

Still for us His death He pleads,
Prevent His interceding,
Near Himself prepares our place,
Firstfruits of the human race.
Lord, though parted from our sight
High above you azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee above the skies.

C. Wesley, v. 1, l. 2, v. 2, l. 1, v. 5,
l. 4, v. 6, l. 4 alt.

Charlotte Elliot.
HIS ASCENSION.

161

\[ 6.6.6.6.8.8. \]

\[ 161 \]

f

Gon is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory’s King.
fs God in the flush below,
For us He reigns above;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus’ conquering love.
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory’s King.
\[ \]

f

All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven;
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory’s King.
fs High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away:
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory’s King.
\[ \]

mf

His foes and ours are one,—
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall trample them down,
And bring His kingdom in:
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory’s King.
\[ \]

mf

Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join;
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory’s King.

C. Wesley.

162

S.M., double.

f

Thou hast gone up on high!
Triumphant o’er the grave,
And captive led captivity,
Thy ransomed ones to save.
dim Oh! help us to ascend,
cres And there with Thee continually
In heart and spirit blend.
fs Thou art gone up on high!
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Oh! let the Comforter be near,
To lead us to our rest.
[fs Thou art gone up on high!
dim But Thou didst first come down,
p Through earth’s most bitter agony,
To pass unto Thy crown.

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be,
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.
fs Thou art gone up on high!
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant on Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke.

163

C.M.

f

The golden gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father’s side.
fs Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God’s face.
cres And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.
fs Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
dim That, while we linger yet below,
cres Our treasure be in heaven.
fs That, where Thou art at God’s right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell now in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

C. Frances Alexander.

164

6.6.6.6.

f

Thou hast gone up again,
Thou Who didst first come down,
Thou hast gone up to reign,
Gone up, from Cross to Crown.
Beyond the opening sky
No more Thy face we see;
Yet draw our souls on high,
That we may dwell with Thee.
Up to those regions blest,
Where faith has fullest sway;
Up to Thine endless rest,
Up to Thy cloudless day.
[fs Up to that glowing life,
Up to that perfect peace,
Unvexed by doubt or strife;
dim Where care and conflict cease;
cres Up, up to where Thou art,
Fount of unwasting Love;
fs Up to that mighty Heart,
f All its great power to prove.]
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

mp Not now for distant heaven
Or future life we pray;
Lord, let Thy grace be given
To make us Thine to-day.
p Here hold us in Thy hand,
Here by the Spirit guide;
cres So shall our hearts ascend,
And still with Thee abide.

Eliza Scudder.

165

L.M.

Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive lost,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the eternal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right:
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord that all our foes o’ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror’s name.

Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

166

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Let God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered now before Him,
Let all on Him with joy reposes,
In worship who adore Him;
Before the Lord let them rejoice,
And in His praise lift up their voices
Who rideth on the heavens.

When Thou, O God, Thy flock didst guide,
Earth shook at Thy descending:
When Thou on Sinai didst abide,
The rocks beneath were rending.
Thou, Lord, didst send a plenteous rain,
And didst Thy heritage sustain,
Their weakness refreshing.
Thou hast gone up, O God, on high,
With angel hosts attending;
Thou captivest captivity,
E’en with our race rebellious.
Beast be the Lord for all His love,
The God of our salvation;
He daily blesteth from above
His own—His ransomed nation.
The Father, Son, and Spirit bless,
One God of Power and Holiness;
Eternal be our praises.

Tr. New Congregational Hymn Book, 1859, v. 1, l. 4 alt.

167

S.M., double.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem dawns
All music but its own.

Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as Thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich Wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:

No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him, the Lord of Peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole—that ware may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:

His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit, through His given,
From yonder glorious throne!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

M. Bridges.

168

Brevo the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of sky,
Our Great Redeemer dwells.
Legions of angels round His throne
In countless armies shine;
At His right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

Hail, Prince!—they cry,—for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above.

p

They cast their honours at His feet,
To suffer rude disdain.

v

Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend;

p

Oft gazed and wondered where at last
The scene of love would end.

pp

They saw His heart, transfixed with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er:

f

They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none o'er brakes before.

p

They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;

f

Spread their triumphant wings and cried,
The glorious work is done!

J. Fanch. v. 1, l. 1, v. 6, l. 2, v. 7, l.
3 alld.

170

C.M.

mp

The head that once was crowned with
f

Is crowned with glory now: [thorns

A royal diadem adorns

The mighty Victor's brow.

f

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right:

The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

mf

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

p

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;

f

Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

p

They suffer with their Lord below;

f

They reign with Him above;

mf

Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;

f

His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly.

171

8.7.8.7.4.7.

f

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious:

See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious:

Every knee to Him shall bow.

f

Crown Him, crown Him:

Crowns become the victor's brow.

f

Crown Him, crown Him:

Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

f

Crown Him, crown Him:

Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

p

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;

f

Saints and angels crowd around Him,

Own His title, praise His name.

f

Crown Him, crown Him:

Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

f

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!

Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station:

O what joy the sight affords!

f

Crown Him, crown Him,

King of kings, and Lord of lords!

T. Kelly.

172

C.M.

f

O the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glory of the place
Where Jesus shews the brightest beam
Of His overflowing grace.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

mf Sweet majesty and awful love
   Sit smiling on His brow,
   And all the glorious ranks above

dim At humble distance bow.

Princes to His imperial Name
   Bend their bright sceptres down;

f Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
   To see Him wear the crown.

Archangels sound His lofty praise
   Through every heavenly street,
   And lay their highest honours down

dim Submissive at His feet.

p His head, the dear majestic head
   That cruel thorns did wound,

f See what immortal glories shine,
   And circle it around.

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
   Whom we unseen adore:

ff But when our eyes behold His face,
   Our hearts shall love Him more.

I. Watts.

173

8.7.8.7., double.

mf Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,
   Hail, Thou Galilean King!
   Thou didst suffer to release us,
   Thou didst free salvation bring:

p Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
   Bearer of our sin and shame;

f By Thy merits we find favour;
   Life is given through Thy Name!

mf Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
   All our sins were on Thee laid;

f By Almighty Love anointed,
   Thou hast full atonement made:

All Thy people are forgiven
   Through the virtue of Thy blood;
   Opened is the gate of heaven;

p Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
   There for ever to abide;
   All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
   Seated at Thy Father's side.

f There for sinners Thou art pleading;
   There Thou dost our place prepare;
   Ever for us interceding,
   Till in glory we appear.

f Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
   Thou art worthy to receive;
   Loudest praises, without ceasing,
   Meet it is for us to give!

ff Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
   Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
   Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
   Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

J. Bakewell.

174

9.6.9.9.9.9.

mf Oh, show me not my Saviour dying,
   As on the Cross He bled,

f Nor in the tomb, a Captive lying,
   For He has left the dead.

ff Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
   In glory fills the throne.

p Weep not for Him at Calvary's station!
   Weep only for thy sins:

f View where He lay with exultation;
   'Tis there our hope begins.

ff Yet stay not there, thy sorrow feeding
   Amid the scenes He trod;
   Look up and see Him interceding
   At the right hand of God.

[f Still in the shameful Cross I glory,
   Where His dear blood was spilt;
   For there the great Propitiatory
   Abolished all my guilt,
   Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
   Shall strength and succour give?

f He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
   Therefore His servants live.

By death, He death's dark king defeated,
   And overcame the grave;

f Rising, the triumph He completed,
   He lives, He reigns to save.
   Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him:
   He comes, the Judge of men:

ff These eyes shall see Him and adore Him:
   Lord Jesus! I own me then.

J. Condor.

175

8.7.8.7., double.

mf Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
   Born to set Thy people free;
   From our fears and sins release us:
   Let us find our rest in Thee.

f Israel's strength and consolation,
   Hope of all the earth Thou art:
   Dear desire of every nation,
   Joy of every longing heart.

f Born Thy people to deliver:
   Born a child, and yet a King;
   Born to reign in us for ever;
   Now Thy gracious kingdom bring;

mf By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
   Rule in all our hearts alone:

f By Thine all-sufficient merit,
   Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley.
The God of Glory comes,  
_and in gentleness and might,  
to comfort and alarm,  
_and ancient wrong to end;  
He comes to fill with light  
The weary waiting eye:

Lift up your heads, rejoice,  
Redemption draweth nigh.

T. T. Lynch.

...[verse 18...]

Be with us in that awful hour,  
And by Thy crown and by Thy grave,  
By all Thy love and all Thy power,  
cres In that great day of judgment save.

C. Frances Alexander.

...[verse 179...]

Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment, come away!

Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
See the day of God appear!
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Yes, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O, come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

Variation by M. Madan from C. Wesley, and J. Cennick.

O quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
O quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

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

L. Trottet.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding.
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
Far over space, through distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing;
The ungodly rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away:
And thus prepare to meet Him.

All faded is the glowing light
That once from heaven shone,
When startled shepherds in the night
The angels came upon.
O, shine again, ye angel host,
And say that He is near;
Though but a simple few at most
Believe He will appear.
Ye heavens, that have been growing dark
Now also are ye dumb;
When shall the listeners say, "Hark,
They're singing—He will come!"
Lord, come again, O, come again,
Come even as Thou wilt;
But not anew to suffer pain,
And strive with human guilt.
O, come again, Thou mighty King,
Let earth Thy glory see;
And let us hear the angels sing,
"He comes with victory."

The Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Mercy and truth that long were missing
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have
And hand in hand are set. [kissed]
Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bow,
Look down on mortal men.
Rise, Lord, judge Thou the earth
This longing earth redress; [might
For Thou art He Who shall by right
The nations all possess.
The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.
For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

Cento from J. Milton, v. 4, l. 2 alio
19.—HIS NAMES, MEDIATORIAL TITLES, AND OFFICES.

184

6.6.6.6.8.8.

mf Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

mf But oh! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace!

cres Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

mf Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
cres The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

f Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide,
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near Thy side:

p O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

[mf I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
cres He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.]

mf Jesus, my great High Priest,
p Offered His blood, and died;
cres My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:

f His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

mf My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy Sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
dim Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

I. Watts.

185

L.M.

mf Own Lord there is, all lords above;
His name is Truth, His name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

mf But ah! to Wrong, what is His name?
This Lord is a consuming flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

f Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
dim Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

p If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies; [hate;]
With things that harm, and things that
And roam by night, and miss the gate—
mf The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
cres And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

W. B. Rands.

186

9.9.9.9.

mf Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad;
p Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad;
cres Home of the stranger, Strength to the end;

mp Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
p Peace of the dying, Life of the dead;
cres Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

-mf When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll cry,
Crown of the humble, Cross of the high;
cres When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

mf Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

J. S. B. Monsell.

187

C.M.

mf How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
p It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
cres And drives away his fear.

p It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

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

f Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend;
cres My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

mp Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
cres But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought:
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

188

O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night,
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

And all who else have strayed from Thee,
Oh gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.

Oh make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

7.6.7.6.

O JESUS, ever present,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.

It woke our wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew our harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

How oft to sure destruction
Our feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of our way.

How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy Hand has gently raised us,
And healing balm poured in.

Thy Voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make us bold:
O bring us all together
To Thine eternal fold.

O Shepherd good! we follow
And trust in Thee for all,
To guide us and to feed us,
And raise us when we fall.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through earth's passing darkness
To Heaven's endless day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Pryanc.

191

PART I.

IMMORTAL LOVE, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender even yet,
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

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

PART II.

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

Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.
His Names, Mediatorial Titles, and Offices. 53

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

PART III. C.M.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving Name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altar raise,
Its faith and hopes Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

J. G. Whittier.

192

Lament of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Give the pardon of our sins.
By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

C. Wesley.

193

God the Father's only Son,
Yet with Him in glory One,
One in wisdom, One in might,
Absolute and Infinite:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Thou art Lord and God to me.

Prescher of eternal peace,
Christ, anointed to release,
Setting wide the dungeon door,
Unto sinners chained before:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Prophet sent from God to me.

Low in sad Gethsemane,
High on dreadful Calvary,
In the garden, on the Cross,
Making good our utter loss:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Priest and Sacrifice for me.

Ruler of Thy ransomed race,
And Protector by Thy grace,
Leader in the way we wend,
And Rewarder at the end:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Christ, the King of kings to me.

Light revealed through clouds of pain,
That the blind might see again;
Love, content in death to lie,
That the dead might never die:
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Light, and Love, and Life to me.

All that I am faint to know,
While I watch and wait below;
All that I would find above,
All of everlasting love,
dim Jesu! I believe in Thee,
Thou art all in all to me.

E. J. Stone.

O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
dim That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
dim Then, Saviour, plead for me!
p When I have erred and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me!  

p When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
That with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me!  

pp And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me!  

mf When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast washed them all away;  
O say, Thou plead'st for me!  

Charlotte Elliot.

195  
L.M.  

mf Where high the heavenly Temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.  

mf He Who for men their Saviour stood,  
And poured on earth His precious Blood,  
Pure blood in heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.  

mf Though now ascended up on high,  
f He bends on earth a Brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.  

p Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.  

p In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.  

mf With boldness, therefore, at the Throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.  

M. Bruce.

196  
8.7.8.7.7.  

mf O'er there is above all others  
Wall deserves the name of Friend;  
His love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end:  

mf They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.  

mf Which of all our friends to save us  
Could, or would, have shed his blood?  

mf But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God:  

mf This was boundless love indeed!  

Jesus is a Friend in need.

mp When He lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was His name;  
cres Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same:  
Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.  

p Oh for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a friend we have above:  
cres But, when home our souls are brought  
f We shall love Thee as we ought.  

J. Newton.

197  
7.6.7.6.  

f Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou;  
Sun and Shield for ever!  
Never canst Thou cease to shine,  
Cease to guard us never.  
Cheer our steps as on we go,  
Come between us and the foe.  

f Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,  
Wine and bread for ever!  
Never canst Thou cease to feed,  
Or refresh us never.  
Feed we still on bread divine,  
Drink we still this heavenly wine!  

mp Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,  
Life and love for ever!  
Never to quicken shall Thou cease,  
Or to love us never.  
All of life and love we need  
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.  

p Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,  
Joy and peace for ever!  
Joy that fades not, changes not,  
Peace that leaves us never.  
Joy and peace we have in Thee,  
Now and through eternity.  

f Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,  
Strength and song for ever!  
Strength that never can decay,  
Song that ceaseth never.  
Still to us this strength and song  
Through eternal days prolong.  

H. Bonar.

198  
7.6.8.7.8.  

mf Son of God, to Thee I cry;  
By the wondrous mystery  
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
By Thy pure and holy birth,  
cres Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.  

p Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;  
By Thy bitter agony,  
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,  
By Thy Spirit's parting goss,  
cres Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.
HIS MANIFESTATION AT PENTECOST.

my Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
jes Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
jes Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.
R. Mant, aid.

39

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite:
p Jesus, hear and save!

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
p Jesus, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels’ wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
p Jesus, hear and save!

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men;
Hearus now, and hear us then:
p Jesus, hear and save!
R. Heber.

200

p Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;

O! by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
cres Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

My by Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
jes By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter’s power;
cres Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

My by the sacred gries that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem’s loved abode;
By the anguish’d sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
cres From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany.

p By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
cres By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
dim Listen to our humble cry;
pp Hear our solemn litany.

pp By Thy deep expiring groan;
cres By the sad sepulchral stone;
pp By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;

p O! from earth to heaven restored,
dim Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany.
R. Grant.

III.

The Holy Spirit.

I.—HIS MANIFESTATION AT PENTECOST.

201

f When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

f Around the trembling mountain’s base
The prostrate people lay;
dim A day of wrath, and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.
[ʃ But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

ʃ The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dreed,
ʃ Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.
ʃ And, as on Israel’s awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud;
ʃ The trumpet, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;
ʃ So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down, His flock to find,
cres A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.
THE HOLY SPIRIT.

f It fills the Church of God, it fills 
The sinful world around;
p Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.
mf Come, Lord! come, Wisdom, Love, and
Power;
Open our ears to hear!
cres Let us not miss the accepted hour;

f Save, Lord, by love or fear!

J. Keble.

8.8.8.4.

p Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

[mf He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
p The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.]

f He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.
mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
p And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms and
And speaks of Heaven. [see

cres And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
mf And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
p Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying sees;
cres O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
f And worthier Thee.

Harriet Aube.

2.—HIS OPERATION IN THE HEART.

203

mf Gracious Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine appear;
cres And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

mf Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

p Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
cres Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

p Silent Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would quiet be:
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made,
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to right.

f Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
cres Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

p Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be:
cres Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
mf And whatever I can be
Give to Him Who gave me Thee.

T. Lyte.

204

[mf HOLY SPIRIT, Truth Divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
mf Holy Spirit, Love Divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!
mf Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!
mf Holy Spirit, Right Divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.
p Holy Spirit, Peace Divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.
mf Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
f Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

S. Longfellow.
205. C.M.

mf Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

cres Look how we grove here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys!
p
In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

p
Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

H. Watts.

206. C.M.

mf LORD! am I precious in Thy sight?
Lord! would'st Thou have me Thine?
What! may I grieve, may I delight
The Majesty Divine?

mp O Holy Spirit! dost Thou mourn
When I from Thee depart?

mf Dost Thou rejoice when I return
And give Thee back my heart?

mf O sweet, strange height of Grace Divine
My sin Thy grief to make,
And this poor faithfulness of mine
For Thy delight to take!

mp Strange height of sin to spurn the love
That yearns to make me blest,
And drive away the Heavenly Dove
That fain would be my guest!

mf O happy Heaven where Thine embrace
I never more shall leave,
Nor ever cast away Thy grace,
Nor once Thy Spirit grieve!

mf Let me, dear Lord, each grace possess
That makes Thy Heaven more bright,
cres And bring the humble holiness
That gives my God delight.

T. H. GII.

207. C.M.

f Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Null us in Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

mf On our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
dns Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

mp Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give:
cres Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.

mf To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

mf His love within us shed abroad,
Life’s ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

T. Hawes.

208. L.M.

mf Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
Our every thought and step preside.

mf The light of truth to me display;
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may never depart.

mf Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every snare and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

mp Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray:
cres Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

mf Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.

mf Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
cres Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

S. Browne.

209. L.M.

f Come, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
In Thy full flood of glory pour;
Who, with the Son and Father, art
One Godhead blessed for evermore.

f So shall voice, mind, and strength contain Thy praise eternal to resound: [spire
So shall our hearts be set on fire,
And kindle every heart around.

mf Father of mercies, hear our cry,
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son;
Who with the Holy Ghost Most High,
Reignest while endless ages run.

Ambrose, tr. E. Caswall.
3.—

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

210

m/s CREATOR Spirit! by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;

p From sin and sorrow set us free,
cres And make Thy temples worthi Thee.

m/s O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy font, thrice holy fire,
cres Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
f Come, and Thy sacredunction bring
to sanctify us, while we sing.

m/s Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.

f P的手ئس of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe.
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

f Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
cres And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Gregory the Great, par. J. Dryden.

211 L.M.

m/s Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

mp Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
cres O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

mf The sacred sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the hand divine!
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

mf Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
din The weakness of our flesh supply.

mf Far back our enemy repel,
din And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

m/s O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
cres And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

Gregory the Great, tr. E. Caswall.

212

m/s HOLY SPIRIT! Lord of light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beams of radiant light:

mf Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure,
Thou Light of all that live!

[mp Thou, of all consider best,
Thou the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

mp Thou in toil art comfort sweet:
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.]

mf Light-immortal! light divine!
Visit these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:

p If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

[mp Heal our wounds; our strength rend
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away.]

mp Bind the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

mf Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend:

f Give them comfort when they die,
cres Give them life with Thee on high,
f Give them joys that never end.

Robert II. of France, tr. E. Caswall.

213

m/s Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each and heart:
cres O come to-day.

m/s Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:

p Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs overwhelm.
cres Cheer us this hour.
US INFLUENCE IN THE CHURCH AND IN THE WORLD.

mf Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;

cres Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

mf Exalt our low desires,
p Extinguish passion’s fire,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,

cres Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

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

Robert II. of France, paraphrased
R. Palmer.

14

wtp Come Thou, O come;
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul;
In all anxiety
With pow’r from heav’n on high

Console.

mp Come Thou, O come;
Help in the hour of need,
dim Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans’ and widows’ stay,
Who tread in life’s hard way

pp Alone.

f Come Thou, O come;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbour our souls to save
dim When hope upon the wave

pp Is lost.

f Come Thou, O come;
Joy in life’s narrow path,
dim Hope in the hour of death,
Come, Blessed Spirit, come;
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee

pp Our home.

Latin, 9th century, tr. G. Moultrie.

216

wtf Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

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

p Prophecy will fade away,
Making in the light of day;

Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with Thine.

ff Light and Life Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

[wf When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, high;
Shed Thy radiance o’er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.

ff Light and Life Immortal! etc.]

wtf When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour’s feet,
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle’s won.

ff Light and Life Immortal! etc.

p If the day be falling
Sadly, as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
cres May Thy love in mercy
Kindling ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O’er our evening sky.

ff Light and Life Immortal! etc.

[wf Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe’er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.

ff Life and Light Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

G. Thring.
THE HOLY SPIRIT.

60

cres Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us love.

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

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

p From the overshadowing
Of Thine gold and silver wing,
cres Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
f Holy, heavenly Love.

C. Wordsworth.

217

mfp Come to our poor nature’s night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
p Comforter Divine.

p We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
cres Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

[p Orphans are our souls, and poor;
cres Give us from Thy heavenly store
f Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
p Comforter Divine.

mfp Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
p Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.]

p Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast—
There Thy presence be confessed;
Comforter Divine.

p With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need;
Comforter Divine.

mfp In us, “Abba, Father,” cry;
cres Earliest of the bliss on high;
f Seal of immortality;
Comforter Divine.

mfp Search for us the depths of God;
cres Upwards by the starry road
f Bear us to Thy high abode;
din Comforter Divine. G. Ranson.

218

mfp Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

mfp Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

p Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus’ blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

mfp 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

f Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
cres Then we shall know, and praise, and love
f The Father, Son, and Thee!

J. Hart.

219

mfp LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
cres Descend in all Thy power!
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

f Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breath;
p The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
cres And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

p Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
cres With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!

mfp Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide!
cres O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

J. Montgomery.

220

mfp Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

mfp Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.

mp Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o’er our nature’s night;
On our disordered spirits move,
cres And let there now be light.

mfp God, through Himself, we then
If Thou within us shine,
cres And sound, with all Thy saints above
The depths of love divine.

C. Wesley.
IV.

The Most Holy Trinity.

I.—ADORATION.

7a, 6 lines.

Holy, Holy, Holy! cresses all the saints adore Thee, 
(adore Thee, the glamy sea;)
Casting down their golden crowns around
Cherubim and seraphim falling down
before Thee, shalt be.

Who wert, and art, and evermore

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

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside
Thee

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, cresses Lord God Almighty! (earth and sky and sea;
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in
Holy, Holy, Holy, cresses Merciful and
Mighty, (Trinity!)

God in Three Persons, Blessed

R. Héber.

223

7a, 8 lines.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
God of Hosts, when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,

cresses All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good;
While they sang, with sweet accord,

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Thee
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,

Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
dresses Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

Holy, Holy, Holy, all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing:
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King,

Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the Throne with fall accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

J. Montgomery.

222


Holy, Holy, Holy, cresses Lord God Almighty! (to Thee.
Early in the morning our songs shall rise

Holy, holy, holy, cresses Merciful and
Mighty, (Trinity!)

God in Three Persons, Blessed

24

G.M.

More ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity!

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,

Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone!

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless,
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveness?

How beautiful the Angels are,
The Saints how bright in bliss;
But with Thy beauty, Lord I compared,
How dull, how poor is this!
233

My Lord, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave;
And our eternal rest.

I. Watts.

234

O God! Who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous ways to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer,
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?

What though no answering voice is heard?
Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known?
Enough the promises reveal;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

235

My Faith asks no signal from the skies
To show that prayers accepted rise;
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

My Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire
Answer our sacrifice by fire;
And by Thy mighty acts declare
Thou art the God Who heareth prayer.

J. Conder.

VI.

The Gospel and its Invitations.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guardian here?

Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

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

Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.

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

Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.
THE GOSPEL AND ITS INVITATIONS. 65

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"
Stephen the Sabaste, tr. J. M. Neale,
v. 7, l. 3 alt.

37

WELCOME, welcome! sinner, hear;
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace:
Welcome, prisoner, to release;
Burst thy bonds: be saved; be free;
Rise and come; He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long-strangled child:
God in Christ is reconciled.

Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest.
All is ready; hear the call,
There is ample room for all.

J. Conder.

To-DAY, the Saviour calls
Ye, wanderers, come!

O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

To-DAY, the Saviour calls;
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

To-DAY, the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruine is nigh.

The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power!
O grieve Him not away,
Tis mercy's hour.

B. Smith and T. Hastings.

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter
[It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste! make haste!—'tis not too full for thee;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter
Yet there is room!" Still open stands the gate;
The gate of love,—it is not yet too late;
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!]

Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee,
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win;
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

Louder and louder sounds the loving call!
Come, lingerer, come! enter that festal hall!
Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
[No room!"
Then the last, low, long cry—"No room,
No room! no room!—O woeful cry—
"No room!"

H. Bonar.

240

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance;
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

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

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

f Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.

f Sinner here may sing the same.
J. Hart.

241 C.M., double.

f The Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
Oh, come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.

p His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

f The Lord is glorious and strong;
Our God is very high;
Oh, trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.

He shall be to thee as the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

f The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh, learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therewith to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.

242 7.6.7.6., double.

p O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:

f Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear.
Oh shame, thine shame upon us,

p To keep Him standing there,
O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,

cres Oh love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
dim Oh sin that hath no equal

p So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"

mf O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

W. W. How.

243 8.7.8.7.

mp Was there ever kindlest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather at His feet?

mf It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
- Goes far out beyond our dreams.

mf There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

f For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

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

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

mp If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
cres And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

244 7a

mf Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

mf Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

p God is earnest: kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He set His judgment throne;
Ere the day of grace be gone.

mf Christ is earnest; bids thou come;
Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?
REPTONANCE AND CONFESSION.

mf O be earnest, do not stay;
dim Thou mayest perish e'en to-day,
cres Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;

f Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

S. Dyer.

245

mf To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
S.M. Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

mf The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

mf Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

mf One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,

dim Last, alighted once, the season fair
p Should never be renewed.

mf To Jesus may we fly,
cres Swift as the morning light,
dim Last life's young golden beams should die
p In sudden, endless night.

P. Doddridge.

246

L.M.

mp Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

mp Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

mp Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

mp Return, O wanderer, return,
cres Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
f' How freely Jesus can forgive.

W. B. Collyer.

247

7.6.7.6., double.

mf "Come unto Me, ye weary,
p And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
cres Which comes to hearts oppressed,

mf It tells of benediction,
cres Of pardon, grace, and peace,

f Of joy that hath no ending
f Of love which cannot cease.

mf "Come unto Me, dear children,
p And I will give you Light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
cres Which comes to cheer the night,
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,

f But morning brings us gladness,
And song the break of day.

mf "Come unto me, ye fainting,
p And I will give you Life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
cres Which comes to end our strife.

mf The foe is stern and eager,

L.M. The fight is fierce and long.

f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mf "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus.
cres Which drives away our doubt;

mf Which calls us very sinners,
p Unworthy though we be
cres Of love so free and boundless,

rail To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

W. C. Dix.

VII.

The Christian Life.

1.—REPTONANCE AND CONFESSION.

248

L.M.

p Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
cres Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

mf My sins, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
cres Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

p O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

p My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair,
I. Watts, v. 2, l. 1 alt.

249

H. Bonar.

250

Writ broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
O God, be merciful to me.
I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea,
Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.
Nor sins, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee,
O God, be merciful to me.
And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

C. Elwin.

251

O Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

m| Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

m| By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

m| Neath Thy wings let us have place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.
J. Williams, v. 3, l. 1, 2 alt.

253

m| Sinful, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest,
God be merciful to me!

m| Goodness, I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need;
God be merciful to me!

m| Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs;
God be merciful to me!
REPENTANCE AND CONFESSION.

254

**Hear, gracious God! a sinner's cry**,  
For I have nowhere else to fly;  
My hope, my only hope's in Thee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

**To Thee I come, a sinner poor,**  
And wait for mercy at Thy door;  
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

**To Thee I come, a sinner weak,**  
And scarce know how to pray or speak;  
From fear and weakness set me free:  
O God, be merciful to me!

**To Thee I come, a sinner vile,**  
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile!  
Mercy alone I make my plea:  
O God, be merciful to me!

**To Thee I come, a sinner great,**  
And well Thou knowest all my state;  
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

**To Thee I come, a sinner lost,**  
Nor have I sought wherein to trust;  
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be;  
O God, be merciful to me!

**Love me, O Lord, forgivingly,**  
O ever be my Friend;  
And still, when Thou reprovest me,  
Reproof with pity blend.

**O pity me when weak I fall,**  
And as, with saddened eyes,  
I upwards look, O let Thy call  
Come, strengthening me to rise.

**My sins, dispersed by mercy bright,**  
Like clouds again grow black;  
O change the winds that bring such night,  
And drive the darkness back.

**This striving weather, let it cease,**  
Then fervent, fruitful days  
Shall yield both promise and increase,  
And make my growth Thy praise.

J. S. B. Monsell.

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256

**Snow pity, Lord,**  
For we are frail and faint;  
We fade away,  
O list to our complaint!  
We fade away  
Like flowers in the sun;

**We just begin,**  
And then our work is done.  
**Show pity, Lord,**  
Our souls are sore distressed;  
**As troubled seas,**  
Our natures have no rest;  
**As troubled seas,**  
That surging beat the shore,

**Thy word of love,**  
Can make the conscience free.  
**Show pity, Lord,**  
Inspire our hearts with love;  
**That holy love,**  
Which draws the soul above!

**That holy love,**  
Which makes us one with Thee,  
**Through all eternity.**  
D. Thomas.

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257

**O Lord, turn not Thy face away**  
From them that lowly lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful life  
With tears and bitter cry;

**Thy mercy-gates are open wide**  
To them that mourn their sin;  
**Shut them not against us, Lord,**  
**But let us enter in.**

**We need not to confess our fault,**  
For surely Thou canst tell;  
**What we have done,**  
And what we are,  
**Thou knowest very well;**

**Whence, to beg and to entreat,**  
With tears we come to Thee,  
**As children that have done amiss**  
**Fall at their father's knee.**

**And need we then, O Lord, repeat**  
The blessing which we crave,  
When Thou dost know, before we speak,  
The thing that we would have?

**Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,**  
This is the total sum;  
**For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;**  
**Let Thy mercy come!**

*Variation by H. Heber from J. More cant.*
258

p How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

cres But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

f My soul obeys the Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

mp To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

mp A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
cres Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

l. Watts, v. 4, l. 2 alt.

259

mp From the deeps of grief and fear,
Lord, to Thee my soul repairs:
From Thy heavenly bow down Thine ear;
Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.
O if Thou markst what's done amiss,
What soul so pure, can see Thy bliss?

mf But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait, my soul, wait on His hands;
Wait, mine eye, O wait, mine ear;
If He His eye or tongue affords,
Watch all His looks, catch all His words.

mp As a watchman waits for day,
Looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and grey,
For relief he calls amain:
So look, so wait, so long mine eye,
To see my Lord, my Sun, my light.

mf Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord;
From His tongue sweet mercy flows;
Trust His cross, wait on His word;
On that tree redemption grows.

f He will redeem his Israel
From sin and wrath, from death and hell.

P. Fletcher, v. 3, l. 4, v. 4, l. 3 alt.

260

mp Oppressed with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
But I will not despair.

mp With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,—
Holy and mighty as Thou art,—
For Thou wilt pardon me.

262

p And wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I;
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?
FAITH IN JESUS: PARDON AND JUSTIFICATION.

So deep are they engraved,—
So terrible their fear,
My soul, make all things known
To Him Who all things sees;
O Thou Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul!
And me, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore and keep me whole!
I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love:
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed:
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression.

263 8.7.8.7.8.7.

My Lord, O hear my waiting!
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing!
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee?
Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living;
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.
Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation:
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation.

264 S.M.

Out of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.
Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.
Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the Precious Name.
Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee:
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me.

II. W. Baker.

2.—FAITH IN JESUS: PARDON AND JUSTIFICATION.

Just as I am—cres Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
Just as I am—cres Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yes, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
Just as I am, cres of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height
Here for a season, then above, to prove,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Chart ofte Elliot.

Wharry of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice, that bids me come.

266 10.10.10.10.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

p So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of the promised land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appears?
Yet there are hands stretched out to me near.

p The while I faint would tread the heavenly way,
Seems evil ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Reconcile, confess, and thou art loosed from all."

f It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands outstretched to draw me near,
And His the Blood, that can for all
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

[nsf] O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

nsf Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life.

nsf Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like that sweet word let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. Stone.

268

nf I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine;
cres And with unaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

H. Bower.

8.8.8.

mp Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blessed
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
cres To find in Thee my Life, my Rest,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp Stained with the sins which I have wrought
In word and deed and secret thought,
cres For pardon which Thy Blood hath bought,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp Weary of selfishness and pride,
False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,
Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my mispent years,
Yet now to Thee, for cleansing tears,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp I would not, if I could, conceal
The ill which only Thou canst heal,
cres So to the Cross, where sinners kneel,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp Wash me, and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

[mp And then for work to do for Thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

mp A life of labour, prayers, and love,
Which shall my heart's conversion prove,
Till to a glorious Rest above,
p Christ Crucified, I come.

nf To share with Thee Thy Life Divine,
Thy Righteousness, Thy Likeness mine,
Since Thou hast made my nature Thine,
p Christ Crucified, I come.)

nf To be what Thou wouldest have me be,
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,
cres Through what Thy grace shall work in

dim Christ Crucified, I come.

269

mp Never further than Thy Cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

mp Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing there—
Sin, which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the Cross for us.
FAITH IN JESUS: PARDON AND JUSTIFICATION.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend—
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirations end.

Till amid the Hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

Elizabeth Charles.

270

No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but lose for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleasing what my Lord has done.

I. Watts.

271

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:

Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;

O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:

As Thou hast died for me,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;

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

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

Ray Palmer.

272

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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.

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

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
'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.

W. Cowper.

273

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 double cure,—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours 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.

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.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

274

Weary with my load of sin,
All dis eased and faint within,
See me, Lord, Thy grace entreat,
See me prostrate at Thy feet:
Here before Thy Cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.

If I perish, be it here
With the Friend of sinners near;
LORD, it is enough—I know
Never sinner perished so;
Here before Thy Cross I lie,
Here I cannot, cannot die.

W. Robinson.

275

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;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hang my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

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.
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;
Springs Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

C. Wesley.
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

mf We stood not by the empty tomb,
    Where late Thy sacred body lay;
cres Nor sat within that upper room,
    Nor met Thee in the open way:
    But we believe that angels said,
    "Why seek the living with the dead?"

mf We did not mark the chosen few, [ascend,
    When Thou didst through the clouds
    First, lift to heaven their wondering
    view,
    p Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
    f Yet we believe that mortal eyes
    Beheld that journey to the skies.
    p And now that Thou dost reign on high,
    And thence Thy waiting people bless,
    mf No ray of glory from the sky
    Doth shine upon our wilderness;
    f But we believe Thy faithful word,
    And trust in our redeeming Lord.

J. H. Gurney.

3.—JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

279    C.M., double.

p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
    "Come unto Me and rest;"
cres Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
    Thy head upon My breast."
    p I came to Jesus as I was,
    Weary, and worn, and sad;
cres I found in Him a resting-place,
    And He has made me glad.
    mf I heard the voice of Jesus say,
    "Behold, I freely give
    The living water; thirty one,
    Stoop down, and drink, and live."
    p I came to Jesus, and I drank
    Of that life-giving stream;
cres My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
    And now I live in Him.
    p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
    "I am the dark world’s Light;
    cres Look unto Me, Thy morn shall rise,
    And all Thy day be bright."
    p I looked to Jesus, and I found
    cres In Him My Star, My sun;
    And in that light of life I’ll walk,
    dis Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.

281    C.M.

p All that I was, my sin, my guilt,
    My death, was all mine own;
cres All that I am I owe to Thee,
    My gracious God, alone,
    p The evil of my former state
    Was mine, and only mine;
cres The good in which I now rejoice
    Is Thine, and only Thine.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

282

We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.

The old security is gone
In which so long we lay;
The sleep of death Thou hast dispelled,
The darkness rolled away.

New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys, Thy grace has given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ones attach to heaven.

But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.

So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

C. J. P. Spitta, cr. H. L. L.

283

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him:
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

My Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's peace.

E. H. Bicknell.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>286</th>
<th>287</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.</em></td>
<td>6.10.6.10.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now I have found the ground wherein</td>
<td><em>mf</em> Birds have their quiet rest, [bed;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sure my soul’s anchor may remain;</td>
<td>Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wounds of Jesus, for my sin</td>
<td>All creatures have their rest,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before the world’s foundation slain;</td>
<td><em>dim</em> But Jesus had not where to lay His head.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose mercy shall unshaken stay</td>
<td><em>mp</em> And yet He came to give</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When heaven and earth are fled away.</td>
<td><em>cres</em> The weary and the heavy-laden rest;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>[us]</em> Father, Thine everlasting grace,</td>
<td><em>cres</em> To bid the sinner live, [breast,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our scanty thought surmises far;</td>
<td><em>dim</em> And soothes our griefs to slumber on His</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>th</em> Thy heart still melts with tenderness;</td>
<td><em>p</em> I, who once made Him grieve;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thine arms of love still open are,</td>
<td><em>mp</em> I, who once bade His gentle spirit mourn;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> Returning sinners to receive,</td>
<td>Whose hand essayed to weave</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That mercy they may taste and live.]</td>
<td>For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>mp</em> O Love! Thou bottomless abyss!</td>
<td><em>mp</em> What then, am I, my God, [tread?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My sins are swallowed up in Thee:</td>
<td>Permitted thus the paths of peace to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> Covered is my unrighteousness,</td>
<td>Peace purchased by the blood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nor spot of guilt remains on me: [skies;</td>
<td>Of Him Who had not where to lay His</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While Jesus’ Blood, through earth and</td>
<td><em>cres</em> Why, but for that unchanging, undying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!</td>
<td>Which would not, could not cease,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>w</em> With faith I plunge me in this seas;</td>
<td><em>f</em> Until it made me heir of joys above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;</td>
<td><em>[us]</em> Yea, but for pardoning grace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hither, when hell assails, I flee,</td>
<td>I feel I never should in glory see</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I look into my Saviour’s breast.</td>
<td><em>dim</em> The brightness of that face</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!</td>
<td><em>mp</em> O why should I have peace? [love,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercy is all that’s written there!</td>
<td><em>cres</em> Why, but for that unchanging, undying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>p</em> Though waves and storms go o’er my head;</td>
<td>Which would not, could not cease,</td>
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<tr>
<td>be gone;</td>
<td><em>f</em> Until it made me heir of joys above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though strength, and health, and friends</td>
<td><em>ms</em> Let the birds seek their nest, [bed;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though joys be withered all and dead;</td>
<td><em>mp</em> Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though every comfort be withdrawn;</td>
<td><em>cres</em> Come, Saviour, in my breast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> On this my steadfast soul relies;</td>
<td><em>ms</em> Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>w</em> Father! Thy mercy never dies.</td>
<td><em>mp</em> Come! give me rest, and take</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>w</em> Fixed on this ground will I remain,</td>
<td><em>p</em> The only rest on earth Thou lovest,—within</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> Though my heart fail and flesh decay;</td>
<td>A heart, that for Thy sake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> This anchor shall my soul sustain,</td>
<td>Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When earth’s foundations melt away;</td>
<td>J. S. B. Monsell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> Mercy’s full power I then shall prove,</td>
<td><em>cres</em> My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>f</em> Loved with an everlasting love.</td>
<td><em>mp</em> We would no longer lie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Wesley, from J. A. Rothe.</td>
<td>Like slaves beneath the throne;</td>
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<tr>
<td>4.—<em>THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.</em></td>
<td><em>cres</em> My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And Thou the kindred own: J. Watts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>288</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>f</em> Behold what wondrous grace</td>
<td><em>mf</em> My God, my Father, blissful name!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Father hath bestowed</td>
<td>O may I call Thee mine?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On sinners of a mortal race,</td>
<td>May I with sweet assurance claim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To call them sons of God!</td>
<td>A portion so divine!</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>w</em> Nor doth it yet appear</td>
<td><em>mf</em> This only can my fears control,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ms</em> How great we must be made;</td>
<td>And bid my sorrows fly,—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>w</em> But when we see our Saviour here,</td>
<td>What harm can ever reach my soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We shall be like our Head.</td>
<td>Beneath my Father’s eye?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>f</em> A hope so much divine</td>
<td><em>mp</em> What’er Thy providence denies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May trials well endure;</td>
<td>I calmly would resign,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May purge our souls from sense and sin,</td>
<td>For Thou art just, and good, and wise;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Christ the Lord is pure.</td>
<td><em>mp</em> We would no longer lie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>mp</em> If in my Father’s love</td>
<td>Like slaves beneath the throne;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I share a filial part,</td>
<td><em>cres</em> My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Send down Thy Spirit like a dove</td>
<td>And Thou the kindred own: J. Watts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To rest upon my heart.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

mp Whatso'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

mp Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;

cres Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

mf My God, my Father, be Thy name
My solace and my stay.

f O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away

---

Ann B. Stein.

5.—LOVE TO GOD.

290

mf Hark, my soul, it is the Lord:
Tis thy Saviour; hear His word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
p Say, poor sinner, lov'vst thou Me?

mf I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
cres Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

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

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

f Thou shalt see my glory soon,
p When the work of grace is done;
cres Partner of My throne shalt be;
pp Say, poor sinner, lov'vst Thou Me?

mf Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
cres Yet I love Thee, and adore;

f O for grace to love Thee more.

W. Cowper.

291

mf My God, I love Thee,—not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor because they who love Thee not
p Are lost eternally.

mf Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,

dim And manifold disgrace,

mp And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
dim And death itself—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

cres Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

mp Not with the hope of gaining anght;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

mf Even so I love Thee, and will love.
cres And in Thy praise I will sing;

f Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King.

F. Xavier, tr. K. Caswall, v. 1, t. 4 add.

292

mf When I had wandered from His fold
His love the wand'rer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood by my freedom bought.
cres Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,
Is His through all its days,
And as with blessings it hath teemed,
So let it teem with praise:

f For I am His, and He is mine.

mf When I forgot His tender love,
And my affections set
Not upon holy things above,
He did not me forget,
dim But gently chastening, gently tried
To draw me back to bliss,
And hide me in His wounded side,
cres Therefore I'm tenfold His:

f For I am His, and He is mine, etc.

p When, sunk in sorrow, I despaired
And changed my hopes for tears,
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears;
cres Therefore the joy by Him restored
To Him by right belongs,
And to my gracious loving Lord
mf I'll sing through life my songs:

f For I am His, and He is mine, etc.

mp When I beneath my cross lay down,
And could no further move,
cres He raised me up, He showed the crown,
p And whispered, "I am love;"
cres Therefore that Love my song shall be,
And to my glorious King,

mf Through time and through eternity,
cres My life His praise shall sing:

f For I am His, and He is mine,
The God Whom I adore

cres My Father, Saviour, Comforter,

ff Now and for evermore!

J. S. B. Mendell.
293

mf Thou hidden Love of God, Whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows; I see from far Thy beauteous light, His Joly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee. cres
Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought My mind to seek her peace in Thee; Yet while I seek, but find Thee not, No peace my wandering soul shall see;
When shall all my wanderings end, And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

wf Is there a thing beneath the sun That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone, The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found repose in Thee.

mw O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart, To save me from low-thoughted care: Chase this self-will through all my heart, Though all its latent mases there: Make me Thy dutless child, that I Ceaseless may “Abba, Father” cry!

mf Each moment draw from-earth away My heart, that lowly waits Thy call; Speak to my inmost soul, and say, “I am thy Love, thy God, thy All.” To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice, To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

G. Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

294

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

wf My heart to Thee I give for aye, O Jesu, sweetest, best; Thy heart to me give Thou, I pray, O Jesu, loveliest.
Our hearts alone Thou dost require, Our hearts alone Thou dost desire, Make me love Thee as Thou dost me, O Jesu, Fount of Charity.

mwp What for Thy grace can I repay, God, Who for me was born? What for Thy love before Thee lay, Man, Who didst suffer woe? "Thy heart," Thou sayest, "give Me here."

Take Thou my heart, O Jesu dear, Make me love Thee as Thou dost me, O Jesu, Fount of Charity.

mf For me Thy heart is opened wide, That I may entrance find, And there my own within it hide, And close in union bind.
Thou, Jesu blest, by love possess, Thyself didst give, that I might live; Make me love Thee as Thou dost me, O Jesu, Fount of Charity.

mf Here is the heart’s true bulwark found, And here is rest secure, And here is love’s most certain ground, And here salvation sure.
In this cleft Rock, once rent for all, And in this heart’s protecting wall, May I confide, may I abide, O Jesu, Saviour glorified.


295

L.M.

mf O Thou Who camest from above, The pure celestial fire to impart, Kindle a flame of sacred love On the mean altar of my heart.
mf There let it for Thy glory burn, With inestinguishable blaze; And trembling, to its source return In humble prayer and fervent praise.

mp Jesus, confirm my heart’s desire To work and speak and think for Thee; Still let me guard the holy fire, And still stir up Thy gift in me.

mf Ready for all Thy perfect will, My acts of faith and love repeat, Till death Thy endless mercies seal, And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

296

7.6.7.6., double.

mf To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour! My spirit turns for rest, My peace is in Thy favour, My pillow on Thy breast; Though all the world deceive me, I know that I am Thine, And Thou wilt never leave me, O blessed Saviour mine.

mf In Thee my trust abideth, On Thee my hope relies, O Thou Whose love provideth For all beneath the skies; O Thou Whose mercy found me, From bondage set me free, And then for ever bound me With threelfold cords to Thee.

mp My grief is in the dulness With which this sluggish heart Doth open to the fulness Of all Thou wouldst impart;

cres My joy is in Thy beauty Of holiness divine, My comfort in the duty That binds my life to Thine.

[mp Alas, that I should ever Have failed in love to Thee, The only one Who never Forgot or slighted me!}
cres O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

f O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;

mf O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,

dim The holy calm and quiet
p Of faith's serene repose.

J. S. B. Mouset.

297

mf O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

[f Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air Thy bounty streameth
On all Thy works; Thy mercy's beams
Diffusive as Thy sun's arise,

astounded at Thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;

f Terrible majesty is Thine!
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows Thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till Thou art mine?]

mf Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fulness knows;
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as Thine art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost Thou require.

f O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind,

ff Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

J. Schaffer, tr. J. Wesley.

298

[f These will I love, my strength, my tower,
These will I love, my joy, my crown,
These will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
These will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

[p In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see, [Thee]
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from
I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shone;
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrow
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

f Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

f These will I love, my joy, my crown;
These will I love, my Lord, my God;

mf These will I love, beneath Thyrown,
Or smile, Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;

p What though my flesh and heart decay?

These shall I love in endless day.

J. Schaffer, tr. J. Wesley.

299

[f Whom should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?

[f O for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.

mf The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose;
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close.

dim To God we cried in strong despair,
Cres He heard, and came to help our prayer.

mf He came, the King of kings,
He bowed the sable sky;
And on the tempest's wings
Walked down serene from high.

mf The earth beneath His footsteps shook,
The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

dim Above the storm He stood,
And averted to repose;
He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes.

cres He set us in a spacious place,

mf And there upheld us by His grace.

[f Whom should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?

[f O for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.

H. F. Lyte.
6.—LOVE TO MAN.

300

\[mf\] Farner, to Thy sinful child
Though Thy law is reconciled,
Dim By Thy pardoning grace I live;
Daily still I cry,—Forgive.

[f] Though my ransom-price He paid
Upon Whom my guilt was laid,
Dim Humbly at Thy mercy seat,
Full remission I entreat.\]\n
\[mp\] Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay;
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have failed to shun;

\[mp\] Trespasses in word or thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude, distrust;
Thoughts unshallowed or unjust.

\[mp\] Pardon, Lord! and are those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

\[mp\] May I feel beneath my wrongs
Vengeance unto God belongs,
Nor a worse requital dare
Than the meek revenge of prayer.\]

\[mp\] Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be,
\[f\] Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

J. Conder.

301

\[mf\] O God! Whose thoughts are brightest
Whose love runs always clear, \(\text{[light]}\),
To Whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear

C. M.

7.—CONSECRATION AND HOLINESS.

303

\[mf\] I lift my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine!
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.

Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His"?

\[mf\] Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine,
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

\[mp\] To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

\[mf\] How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing
From Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear
Self for me?
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

304

C. E. Mucic.

f O pour a heart to praise my God;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely split for me.

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

m/ A heart lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

mp A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

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

C. Westey.

305

L.M., with refrains.

mf O love, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Thou taughtst me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild.

m/ O love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf O love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know.

m/ O love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

[mf O love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power;
Whose heart was bare to them that saw
To shield us in our trial hour;

m/ O love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.]

mf O love, WhoLovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead.

m/ O love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
CONSECRATION AND HOLINESS.

310

mf TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

mf Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

mf Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

mf Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

mf Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;

p Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

mf Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;

cres Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Haverbal.

311

mf HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,—
As Thou art, so let me be.

mp Jesu, see my panting breast!
See, I pant in Thy rest!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin.

mp Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To Thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

p Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,

cres Thine we are, Thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of Thy blood!

mp Jesu, when Thy light we see,
All our soul’s thirst for Thee:
When Thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

mf Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are Thine;

f Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

A. Dober, tr. J. Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

312

6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4. 6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.

mf I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
cres I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
f O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

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

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

mf I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

mf I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
cres O make me Thee indeed,
Thou blessed Son!
cres I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
f O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee! Annie S. Hawks.

313

S.M.

f Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.
f Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own,
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.
C. Wesley.

314

S.M.

mf A chaos to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

mf To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

mf Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:

mf Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
dim Assured, if I my trust betray,
p I shall for ever die.
C. Wesley.

315

8.7.8.8.7.

p On the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:

mf "All of self, and none of Thee!"

p Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree:[Father!"
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them,
dim And my wistful heart said faintly,
pp "Some of self, and some of Thee!"

mf Day by day, His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p "Less of self, and more of Thee!"

f Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
cres Grant me now my soul's desire,
cres "None of self, and all of Thee!"

T. Monod, (?) tr. P. Schaff.

8.—CHARACTER AND VIRTUES.

316

7s.

mf Jesus, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know;

mf Weaned from my worldly self,
Weaned from the miser's self,
Weaned from the scorners' ways,
Weaned from the lust of praise.

mf All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

mf Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
cres Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy light,

mf Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious Blood.

mf In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
cres In this temper let me die,
f And hosannas ever cry!
DISCIPLINE AND COMFORT.

6.5.6.5., double.

mf Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

mp Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

mf Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
cres Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
dim Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

mf Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
cres Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Never can be expressed.


319

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble and W. J. Hall.

[See also Section VII. 16.]

9.—DISCIPLINE AND COMFORT.

6.4.6.4.6.4.

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

wf There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:

Angels to beckon me

cres Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

f Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,

p So by my woes to be

cres Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

f Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
cres Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
dim Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams
321
mS Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross, O Man, and follow Me;"
The night is black, the feet are slack, Yet we would follow Thee.
mp But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy Face could see!
Thy blessed Face one moment's space; Then might we follow Thee!
mp Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of How can we follow Thee? [change;
mp Comes faint and far Thy voice From values of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades; How should we follow Thee?
mp Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see? Can time undo what once was true? Can we not follow Thee?
mF Within our heart of hearts In nearest nearness be:
cres Set up Thy Throne within Thine own:--
fGo, Lord: we follow Thee. F. T. Palgrave.

322
mf Jesus calls us o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, p "Christian, follow Me."
p Jesus calls us cres from the worship Of the vain world's golden store, From each idol that would keep us, Saying, p "Christian, love Me more."
mF In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, cres "Christian, love Me more than these."
p Jesus calls us cres By Thy mercies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
fGive our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all. C. Frances Alexander.

323
8.8.6.6, Trochaic.
fLo! the storms of life are breaking; Faithless fears our hearts are shaking; For our succour undertaking,
dim Lord and Saviour, help us.
mp Lo! the world from Thee rebellng, Bound Thy Church, in pride, is swelling; With Thy word their madness quelling,
dim Lord and Saviour, help us.
f On Thine own command relying, We our onward task are plying, Unto Thee for safety sighing,
dim Lord and Saviour, help us.
p By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion, By Thy tears of deep compassion,
cres By Thy mighty intercession, Lord and Saviour, help us.
H. Alford.

324
C.M.
mf O Thou from Whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee; dim In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, p Good Lord, remember me.
mp When on my aching burdened heart My sins lie heavily, cres Thy pardon speak, new peace impart; p Good Lord, remember me.
mp When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee, cres O let my strength be as my day; p Good Lord, remember me.
mp When worn with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see; Grant patience, rest, and kind relief; p Good Lord, remember me.
mp If for Thy sake upon my name Shame and reproach shall be, All hate reproach, and welcome shame; p Good Lord, remember me.
pp When, in the solemn hour of death, I wait Thy just decrees, Be this the prayer of my last breath, p Good Lord, remember me.
mp And when before Thy throne I stand, And lift my soul to Thee, cres Then with the saints at Thy right hand, p Good Lord, remember me. T. Hayeis and T. Cotterill.

325
10.4.10.4.
mF I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleasant road; [me I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from Augt of its load: mF I do not ask that flowers should always spring Beneath my feet:
I know too well the poison and the sting Of things too sweet.
mF For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead: Lead me aright,
dim Though strength should falter, and cres Through Peace to Light. though heart should bleed, I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
fcres Full radiance here;
mp Give but a ray of peace, that I may break Without a fear.
mp I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  

cres Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine  
Like quiet night:  

p [shine,  

cres Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall  
f Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide A. Procter.

326 5.5.3.5.

mp Throw away Thy rod,  
Throw away Thy wrath,  
O my God;  
Take the gentle path.

mp For my heart's desire  
Unto Thine is bent;  
I aspire  
To a full consent.

mp Though I fall, I weep,  
Though I halt in pace,  
Yet I creep  
To the throne of grace.

mp Then let wrath remove,  
Love will do the deed;  
cres For with love  
Stony hearts will bleed.

mp Throw away Thy rod:  
Though man frailties hath,  
cres Thou art God;  
Throw away Thy wrath.

G. Herbert.

327  C.M.

mp Thou, Lord, art Love, and everywhere  
Thy name is brightly shown;  
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,  
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.

mp Thy ways are Love—though they  
Our feeble range of sight, (transcend  
They wind through darkness to their end  
cres In everlasting light.

mp Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is  
The loving voice they find;  
His Love lights up the vast abyss  
Of the Eternal Mind.

mp Thy chastisements are Love—more deep  
They stamp the seal Divine,  
And by a sweet compulsion keep  
Our spirits nearer Thine.

mp Thy heaven is the abode of Love!  
O blessed Lord, that we [remove,  
May there, when time's dim shades  
Be gathered home to Thee!

mp Then with Thy resting saints to fall  
Adoring round Thy throne,  
cres When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all  
Shall in Thy love be one.  

J. D. Burns.

328 8.7.8.7., double.

mp Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  

cres Thou from hence, my all shall be:  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  

mf Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and Heaven are still my own!

[mp Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like man, untrue:  
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  

f Show Thy face, and all is bright!

p Man may trouble and distress me,  
Twilight but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!

cres O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me!  
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!]

mf Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.

p Think what Spirit dwells within thee!  
cres What a Father's smile is Thine!  

mf A Saviour died to win thee!  
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

f Hast thou on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there;

p Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;

cres Hope soon change to glad fruition,  

f Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

H. F. Lyte.

329 7.7.7.6.

mp In the dark and cloudy day,  
When earth's rich fleece away,  
And the last hope will not stay,  

p My Saviour, comfort me.

mp When the board of many years  
Like a fleet cloud disappears,  
And the future's full of fears,  

p My Saviour, comfort me.

mp When the secret idol's gone  
That my poor heart yearned upon,  
dim Desolate, bereft, alone,  

p My Saviour, comfort me.

mp Thou Who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
cres Bid me in Thy love confide:  

p My Saviour, comfort me.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

mf Not unduly let me grieve,
    Week by the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe:
    My Saviour, comfort me.

p So shall it be good for me
    Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
    My Saviour, comfort me.

G. Ransome.

330

p When our heads are bowed with woe,
    When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
    dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

io._TRUST IN GOD, RESIGNATION, SUBMISSION, PEACE.

331

f BECOME, unbelief;
    My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
    Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
    And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel
    I smile at the storm.

mp Though dark be my way,
    Since He is my Guide,
Tis mine to obey,
    'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
    And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
    Shall surely prevail.

[mf His love in time past
    Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last,
    In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenzer
    I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
    To help me quite through.]

mf Why should I complain
    Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
    He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
    I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
    Must follow their Lord.

mp How bitter that cup,
    No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
    That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
    And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
    And shall I repine?

p Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
    Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
    dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!
[ p Thou hast bowed the dying head;
    Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
    dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!]

p When the heart is sad within
    With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
    dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

p Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
    creas Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear
    dim Jesu, Son of Mary, hear! H. H. Milman.

332

mf Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary, chastening rod;
    And the heart faint beneath His Though rough and steep our pathway,
    worn and weary;
    Still will we trust in God.

mf Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
    And our blind choosing brings us grief
    and pain;
Through Him alone Who hath our way
    We find our peace again.

mp Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring [hast designed;
    Cheat our poor souls of good Thou
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is un-
    erring,
    And we are fools and blind.

mf Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
    Accept the hardship, shrinks not from the love;
    Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
    Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Barlow.

333

f O LORD, how happy should we be
    If we could cast our care on Thee,
    dim If we from self could rise,
    And feel at heart that One above,
    cres In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
    Is working for the best!
TRUST IN GOD, RESIGNATION, SUBMISSION, PEACE. 89

mp How far from this our daily life,
   Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
   By sudden wild alarms!

cros Oh, could we but relinquish all
   Our earthly props, and simply fall
   On Thine Almighty arms!

p Could we but kneel and cast our load,
   Even while we pray, upon our God,
   Then rise with lightened cheer,
   Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
   To still the famished raven's cry,
   Will hear in that we fear!

mp We cannot trust Him as we should:
   So chafes weak nature's restless mood
   To cast its peace away;

cros Yet birds and flowerets round us preach;
   And all the present evil teach
   Sufficient for the day.

mp Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
   Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
   Make them from self to cease,
   Leave all things to a Father's will,
   And taste, before Him lying still,
   Even in affliction, peace.

J. Anstis, v. 4, l. 2 alt.

334 C.M., double.

mp As helpless as a child who clings
   Fast to his father's arm,
   And casts his weakness on the strength
   That keeps him safe from harm,
   Leave all things to a Father's will,
   As weak a faith as mine.

w As trustful as a child who looks
   Up in his mother's face,
   And all his little griefs and fears
   Forgets in her embrace.

mp So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
   And thus I every hour
   Would link my earthly feebleness
   To Thine Almighty power.

cros As loving as a child who sits
   Close by his parent's knee,
   And knows no want while he can have
   That sweet society,

mp So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
   Would all its love outpour,
   And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,
   To love Thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

335 88.88.88.

mp He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
   Alike they're needful for the flower;
   And joys and tears alike are sent
   To give the soul fit nourishment:

p As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
   Father, Thy will, not mine, be done,
   Can loving children e'er reprove
   With murmurs those they trust and love?

cros My Father, I would ever be
   A trusting, loving child to Thee:
   As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
   Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

mp O ne'er will I at life repine,
   Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
   When falls the shadow cold of death,
   I yet will sing, with parting breath,
   As comes to me, or shade or sun,
   Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah F. Adams, v. 2, l. 2, 3 alt.

336 8.8.8.8.6.

wff Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
   Forgive our feverish ways!
   Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
   In purer lives Thy service find,
   In deeper reverence, praise.

mp In simple trust like theirs who heard,
   Beside the Syrian sea,
   The gracious calling of the Lord,
   Let us, like them, without a word
   Rise up and follow Thee.

mp O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
   Of calm of hills above,
   Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
   The silence of eternity,
   Interpreted by love!

p With that deep hush subduing all
   Our words and works that drown
   The tender whisper of Thy call,
   As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
   As fell Thy manna down.

mp Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
   Till all our strivings cease:
   Take from our souls the strain and stress;
   And let our ordered lives confess
   The beauty of Thy peace.

mp Breathe through the pulses of desire
   Thy coolness and Thy balm;
   Let sense be dumb, its hues expire;
   Speak through the earthquake, wind,
   O still small voice of calm! [and fire,
   J. G. Whittier.

337 7s.

wff Though Thou say me, I will trust,
   Thou art God, but I am dust;
   Though Thou grieve, Thy grace I'll prove,
   I am loveless, Thou art love.

mp Though Thou seem to turn away,
   I will nearer to Thee stay;

mp Though Thy silence wound me sore,
   I will follow Thee the more.

mp Though Thy face I cannot see,
   Well I know 'tis turned to me;

mp Though the clouds exclude its light,
   Well I know its beams are bright.
Though the children's bread denied,
Still I linger by Thy side;
Though Thy fulness Thou refuse,
Still the crumbs I may not lose.

Any sorrow I can bear,
Save the sorrow of despair;
Anything Thou ask'st resign,
Save the bliss of being Thine.

Nothing that mine eyes can see
Shall disturb my faith in Thee;
Love to wait can well afford
For the leisure of the Lord.

J. S. B. Monseel.

338

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still," and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prized,—it never was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

339

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may still obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

R. Baxter, v. 1, l. 1, u. 2, l. 4 aitd.

340

PART I.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure Truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven command.

Who points the cloud's our course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering foot,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His Work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting Truth,
Father! Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knew
What best for each will prove.

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

J. Wesley, from P. Gerhardt.

PART II.

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

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

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own the
How wise, how strong His
Thou seest our weakness, how
Our hearts are known to
Oh! lift Thou up the sinking
Confirm the feeble knee.
TRUST IN GOD, RESIGNATION, SUBMISSION, PEACE. 91

f  Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!
J. Wesley, from P. Gerhardt.

41  C.M.

f  My Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace,
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

p  Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.

p  I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

f  So faith and patience! wait a while!
Not doubting, not in fear;
For soon in heaven my Father’s smile
Shall render all things clear.

f  Then Thou shalt end Time’s short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night;
Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light. G. Rawson.

42  L.M.

f  O blessed life! the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.

f  O blessed life! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

f  O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

f  O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free;
In all—at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord’s control.

f  O life! how blessed, how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Whatever, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine.
W. T. Mason.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.

f  With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?

f  Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth’s Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

f  And were this world all devils o’er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us,
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as ever he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;

f  A word shall quickly slay him.

mf  God’s word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
Tis written by His finger.

p  And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.
M. Luther, tr. T. Carlyle.

344  6.6.6.

f  Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

p  Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

p  I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

mf  Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

mf  Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

mf  Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!
H. Bonar.

345  C.M.

mf  Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew’s cooling balm
Upon earth’s fevered brow.
92

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

B R I E F S 24, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast.
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the suffering of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate Thy holy Name; (throng,

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
Ever find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving un Mister through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar.

F A T H E R, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;

I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,

To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,

To soothe and sympathise.
I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
SECRET THING TO KNOW

I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever place,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;

A work of lowly love to do
For Him on Whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;

A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

Briers beset our daily path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:

But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy anywhere.
In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;

My inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free";
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring, alt.

C. M., double.

My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing:

NOW the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise—
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;

And a "new song" is in my mouth
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known—
The fear that sends me to Thy breast,
For what is most my own.

I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The Hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care—
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say;
The music of their glad Amen,
Will never die away.

Anna L. Waring.

C. M.

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on this earth
Of those who trust in Thee;

We ask not, Father, for renown,
Which comes from earth.
If we may have through all
Thy peace within our heart.

Anna L. Waring.
TRUST IN GOD, RESIGNATION, SUBMISSION, PEACE. :93

 mf That peace which suffers and is strong,
 Trusts where it cannot see,
 Deems not the trial-way too long,
 But leaves the end with Thee.

 mp That peace which flows serene and deep,
 A river in the soul
 Whose banks a living verdure keep—
 God’s sunshine o’er the whole.

 p O Father, give our hearts this peace,
 Whence the outward be,
 Till all life’s discipline shall cease,
 And we go home to Thee.

 49

 6.5.6.5.

 mf Oh ! let him whose sorrow
 No relief can find,
 cres Trust in God, and borrow
 Ease for heart and mind.

 p Where the mourner weeping
 Sheeds the secret tear.

 mf God His watch is keeping,
 Though none else be near.

 mf God will never leave thee,
 All thy wants He knows,
 Feels the pains that grieve thes,
 Sees thy cares and woes.

 f Raise thine eyes to heaven
 When thy spirit quail,
 When, by tempests driven,
 Heart and courage fail.

 p When in grief you languish
 cres He will dry the tear,
 mf Who His children’s anguish
 Soothes with succour near.

 p All thy woe and sadness,
 In this world below,
 cres Balance not the gladness
 Thou in heaven shalt know.—

 mf When thy gracious Saviour,
 In the realms above,
 Crowns thee with His favour,
 cres Fills thee with His love.

 H. S. Osgold, tr. Frances F. Cox.

 150

 8.8.8.4.

 mf O Lamb of God! that tak’st away
 Our sin, and bidd’st our sorrow cease,
 Turn Thou, oh, turn this night to day,
 p Grant us Thy peace!

 mf The troubled world hath war without;
 The restless waveward heart within
 Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
 And death and sin.

 mf And there are needs that none can know,
 And tears no eye but Thine can see;
 Hopes nought can satisfy below;
 We look to Thee.

 mp Probe deep the wound if so Thou wilt,
 If pain must wake us. Purge our dress:
 Help us to lay our load of guilt
 Beneath Thy cross;

 mf That we, amid the toil and strife,
 And storms that never end below,
 Through all the chance and change of life
 Thy peace may know:

 mf The peace that is not ours, but Thine,
 cres O safe and true and deathless thus!—
 f ’Gainst which all storms in vain combine,
 p Grant, grant to us!

 Alesie Fauquet.

 351

 7.3.7.3.

 mf O love divine, that stopped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On Thee we cast each earthborn care:
 We smile at pain while Thou art near!

 mf Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year;
 cres No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

 mf When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 dim And trembling faith is changed to fear;
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

 mf On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love divine, for ever dear;
 cres Content to suffer, while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near!

 O. W. Holmes.

 352

 7.3.7.3.

 mf O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
 The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
 Help me, throughout life’s varying scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee!

 mf Blest with communion so divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
 When, as the branches to the vine,
 My soul may cling to Thee?

 mf What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove?
 cres With patient uncomplaining love
 dim Still would I cling to Thee!

 mf Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside:
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to Thee!

 mf They fear not life’s rough storms to brave,
 Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
 Nor shudder e’en at death’s dark wave;
 Because they cling to Thee!

 mf Blest is my lot, what’er befall;
 What can disturb me, who appall,
 While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Saviour! I cling to Thee!

 Charlotte Elliott.
353  C.M., 6 lines.

mf Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

mp On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
cres Oh! 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

mf Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

mp When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
cres Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
 And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day.

mf There is no death for me to fear;
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified,
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

mf My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength
My heart is strong to bear;
cres I will be joyful in Thy love,
dim And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.
Anna L. Waring

354  Tn., 6 lin.

p Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
mf Pleased with all that pleases Thee,

mf What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
cres 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
dim Why should I the burden bear?

mf As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
cres Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

mf Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fear,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
cres When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.
J. N. Darby

II.-ASPIRATION AND HOPE.

355  L.M.

p Lead me with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
cres Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
mf Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
dim Then only will this wayward heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

mf Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
dim Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

mf Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
p Where none can die, whence none remove;
cres There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.
Charlotte Elliott, v. 2, l. 3, v. 4, l. 2, 3 alt.

356  8.8.8.8.6.

mf Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your sorrows feel;

Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

mf Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
 On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

[mp Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

mf Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up,
It brings to life the dead,
On our conflicts here shall rest
And we in joy ascend to
Triumphant with our
ASPIRATION AND HOPE.

That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
Shall diffuse the golden blaze of everlasting light.
The Father shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Comprise our rapture to complete;
And, lo! we fall before His feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

In hope of that eonatous peace,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at Thy footstool fall;
Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
Till Thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God is all in all!

C. Wesley, v. 1, l. 3, v. 8, l. 5 altld.

359

O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it panta for Thee;
O, burst these bands, and set it free!
Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
When rising floods my soul overflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!
If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease;
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

N. L. von Zinzendorf, v. 4. J. A.
Freylinghausen, tr. J. Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

12.—JOY IN GOD.

360

Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

[MF]  
The sorrows of the min  
Be banished from the place;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

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

The man of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.

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

There shall we see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of His grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

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

I. Watts, v. 3, l. 3 alt.

mf Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings:  
cres It is the Lord Who raises  
With healing in His wings.  
p When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul, again,  
cres A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

mf In holy contemplation  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God’s salvation,  
And find it ever new.

cres Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
mf Even let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may,—

mf It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too.

Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He Who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

Thou vine nor figtree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear  
Though all the field should with  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

cres Yet, God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper

361

My God, my life, my love,  
To Thee, to Thee I call,  
I cannot live if Thou remove,  
For Thou art all in all.

To Thee, and Thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around Thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God His residence remove,  
Or but conceal His face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky  
Can one delights afford,  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without Thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll,  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

I. Watts.

363

O happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,  
Well may this glowing heart rejoy  
And tell its raptures all abroad.  

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him Who merits all my love;  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

’Tis done! the great transaction’s done  
I am my Lord’s, and He is mine:  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest  
With ashes who would grudge to see  
When called on angels’ breast to be.

High heaven, that heard the anthem’s voice  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life’s latest hour I leave  
And bless in death a bondless love.
COMMUNION WITH GOD.

366

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are you shall not faint:
Or fainting, shall not die:
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A Guide, a glory, a defence:
Thee what have you to fear?

As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name,
Shall in Him triumph too.

J. Newton.

367

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love divine,
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

His Grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see!

A. M. Toplady.

13.—COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Wilt Thou, my Lord, my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;

Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear Thy voice, midst clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.
mp With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

mp With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

mf With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
cres By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns, v. 3, l. 3 alt.

369

mf Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

mf Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

f Now to the God Whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

I. Watts.

370

f Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

mf Walk in the light! and sin abhorred
Shall never defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

mf Walk in the light! and then shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In Whom no darkness is.

mf Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
cres Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

mf Walk in the light! and s'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
cres Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

mf Walk in the light! and Thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
cres For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
f And God Himself is Light.

B. Barton.

371

mf Walking with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine:
Jesus, in Thee restored,
Brother and blessed Lord,
Let it be mine.

mf Walking with Thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his father's strength,
Crossing the wild;
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.

mf Darkness and earthly mists,
How do they flee,
Far underneath my feet,
Walking with Thee:

f Pure is that upper air,
Cloudless the prospect there,
Walking with Thee.

mp Walking in reverence
Humbly with Thee,
cres Yet from all object fear
Lovingly free:
f E'en as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey's end,
Walking with Thee.

mf Then Thy companions here
Walking with Thee,
cres Rise to a higher life,
Soul liberty:
dim They are not, here to love,
But to the home above,
Taken by Thee.

p Gently translated, they
Pass out of sight,
Gone as the morning stars
Flee with the night:
Taken to endless day,
dim So may I fade away
Into Thy light.

G. Rawson.

372

mf I would commune with Thee, my God
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my aims,
And seek in Thee my home.

mf I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vale beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

mf But I am calm with Thee,
cres Beneath these glorious
And to the height on which
Nor storms nor clouds

G. I.
SERVICE AND REWARD.

3

TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

Let this mine every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

G. Wesley.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;

With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;

Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But Whom, I ask Thee, Whom art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?

Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!

Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy Name is Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou dost for me,
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art!

To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live;

In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner’s Friend!
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!

Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

C. Wesley, v. 5, l. 5 altid.

14.—SERVICE AND REWARD.

5

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who shall be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will for Him go?

By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Not for weight of glory,
Nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;

But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
His name, by which He nameth
Man to be on His side.

By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.

With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is sure!
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord’s side.
Saviour, we are Thine!

376

Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfill;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

How many serve, how many more
May to the service come;
To tend the vine, the grapes to store,
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Will Thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks us of to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

Dismiss me not, Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfill;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

How many serve, how many more
May to the service come;
To tend the vine, the grapes to store,
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Will Thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

379

Though lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do;
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father’s love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

Our lives enriched with gentle tones
And loving deeds may be,
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.
SERVICE AND REWARD. 101

nf To duty firm, to conscience true,
   However tried and pressed,
   In God's clear sight high work we do,
   If we but do our best.

nf Thus may we make the lowliest lot
   With rays of glory bright:
   Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
   Into a crown of light. W. Gaskell.

380

7.6.7.6., double.

nf O Jesus, I have promised
   To serve Thee to the end;
   Be Thou for ever near me,
   My Master and my Friend!

cre I shall not fear the battle
   If Thou art by my side,
   Nor wander from the pathway
   If Thou wilt be my Guide.

nf Let me feel Thee near me,
   The world is ever near;
   I see the sights that dazzle,
   The tempting sounds I hear:

p My foes are ever near me,
   Around me and within;

cre But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
   And shield my soul from sin.

p Let me hear Thee speaking
   In accents clear and still,
   Above the storms of passion,
   The murmurs of self-will.

nf Speak! to reassure me,
   To hasten or control;

cre Speak! and make me listen,
   Thou Guardian of my soul.

nf O Jesus! Thou hast promised,
   To all who follow Thee,
   That where Thou art in glory
   There shall Thy servant be;

cre And, Jesus, I have promised
   To serve Thee to the end;

dim Give me grace to follow
   My Master and my Friend!

p Let me see Thy footsteps,
   And in them plant mine own;
   My hope to follow duly
   Is in Thy strength alone.

cre Guide me, call me, draw me,
   Uphold me to the end;

f And then in heaven receive me,
   My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. Bode.

C. M., double.

nf How blessed from the bonds of sin
   And earthly fetters free,
   In singleness of heart and aim,
   Thy servant, Lord, to be!

The hardest toil to undertake
   With joy at Thy command,

dim The meanest office to receive
   With meekness at Thy hand.

mf With willing heart and longing eyes,
   To watch before Thy gate,
   Ready to run the weary race,
   To bear the heavy weight;

p No voice of thunder to expect,
   But follow calm and still,

cre For love can easily divine
   The One Beloved's will.

nf Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
   Thus ever Thine alone,
   My soul and body given to Thee,
   The purchase Thou hast won,

p Through evil or through good report
   Still keeping by Thy side,

cre By life or death, in this poor flesh,
   Let Christ be magnified.

mf How happily the working days
   In this dear service fly,
   How happily the closing hour,
   The time of rest draws nigh!

cre When all the faithful gather home,
   A joyful company,
   And ever where the Master is,
   Still His best servants be.

C. J. Spitta, tr. H. L. L.

382

4.10.10.10.4.

f Come, labour on!

mf Whose dost still stand idly on the harvest plain?
   While all around him waves the golden grain,
   And to each servant does the Master say,
   "Go work to-day!"

f Come, labour on!

mf Claim the high calling angels cannot share,—
   To you young and old the gospel-gladdness bear:
   Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,

p The night draws nigh.

f Come, labour on!

mf The labourers are few, the field is wide,
   New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
   From voices distant far, or near at home,
   The call is, "Come!"

f Come, labour on!

mf The enemy is watching, night and day,
   To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away.
   While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
   He slumbered not.

f Come, labour on!

mf The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
   Blessed are those who to the end endure;

cre How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
   O Lord, with Thee!

H. L. L

[See also Section VIII. 3 (3).] 5
15.—TEMPTATIONS,DECLENSIONS,AND RECOVERY.

383

mf Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
cres Upraise me with Thy gracious hand;
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. Wesley.

385

mf O help us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour, on earth, we live.

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

mf O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
cres For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

p O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
cres O help us so to live and die,

f As Thine in heaven to be.

H. H. Milman.

386

p O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
cres A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

p Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

mp What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!

p But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

mp Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
cres I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
dim And drove Thee from my breast.

mf The dearest idol I have known,
What's'er that idol be,
cres Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

mf So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper.

387

mf In the hour of trial,
Jesu! plead for

lest by base denial
I depart from Thee.
TEMPATIONS,DECLENSIONS, AND RECOVERY. 103

When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its tempting treasures
Spread, to work me harm:
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in dark resemblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

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

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


389

mf Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

[mf] His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

mf Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

J. Morrison.

390

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Kindled His relentings are;
Me He still deigns to spare;
Cries—"How shall I give these up?"
Let's lift the thunder drop,
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus pleads, and loves me still.

Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.

Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now, the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now, my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more. C. West.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

391 C.M.

Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!
Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain!
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!
How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!

How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
Great God! Thy sovereign power is-
To give Thy word success; [par,
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.
Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

J. Watts.

16.—CONFLICT: COURAGE: VICTORY.

392 C.M., double.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.
The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant’s brandished steel,
The lion’s gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

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

R. Heber.

393 6.5.12 lines.

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.

At the sign of triumph
Satan’s host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell’s foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, etc.

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

Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song;
Glory, praise, and honour,
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.

S. Baring-GOULD.
CONFLICT: COURAGE: VICTORY.

394

7.7.7.3.

mf “Christian! seek not yet repose,”
Cast thy dreams of ease away,
Thou art in the midst of foes:
p “Watch and pray.”

mf Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
p “Watch and pray.”

mf Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
cres Ambushed lies the evil one:
p “Watch and pray.”

f Hear the victors who o’ercome;
p Still they mark each warrior’s way;
cres All with one sweet voice exclaim,
p “Watch and pray.”

mf Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart His word,
“Watch and pray.”

mf Watch, as if on that alone
Hang the issue of the day;
p Pray that help may be sent down,
“Watch and pray.”

Charlotte Elliott, v. 1, l. 2 alt.

395

6.5.6.5., double.

mf Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?

f Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross.

mf Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goad ing into sin?

f Christian! never tremble;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

mf Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
“Always fast and vigils?
Always watch and prayer?”

f Christian! say but boldly,
“While I breathe I pray;”
Pace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

p “Well I know Thy trouble,
O my servant true;
pp Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:”

cres But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;

mf And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.”

Andrew of Crete, tr. J. M. Neale,
v. 1, l. 3, 4, v. 2, l. 6, 7, 8 alt.

396

C.M.

f Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

f A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey,
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge Thy way.

f ’Tis God’s all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
’Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

f That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors’ wreaths and monarchs’
P Shall blend in common dust.

f Bless Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I’ll lay my honours down.

P. Doddridge.

397

L.M.

f Awake, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

mf True, ’tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint:—

f The Mighty God whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

mf From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

mf Swift as an eagle cutes the air,
We’ll mount aloft to Thine abode;
cres On wings of love our souls shall fly,

f Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

I. Watts.

398

L.M.

f Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour’s g
HELL AND STRY SINS RESIST THY COURSE.
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

There I shall wear a starry crown,
And triumph in an almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

I. Watts.

YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD.
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch;—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

P. Doddridge.

MUCH IN SORROW, OFT IN WOE.
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Stoop with tears the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faith not much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians! wilt ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Fragment by H. K. White, completed by Fanny F. Martland.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.
Put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trust
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endured;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

C. Wesley.

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 He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear!
Where'er you meet with evil—
Within you, or without—
Charge ye for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout.
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.  

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 armour,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.  

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!  
Each soldier to his post;  
Close up the broken column,  
And shout through all the host.  
Make good the loss so heavy,  
In those that still remain;  
And prove to all around you  
That death itself is gain.]  

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.  
G. Duffield.

--- PILGRIMAGE. ---

Forward! be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind;  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led?  

Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight;  
Jordan flows before us,  
Sion beams with light.  

Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind;  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steps of grace;  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our Father's face.  

Forward, all the lifetime,  
Climb from height to height;  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eye be light.

Glories upon glories  
Hast our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared;  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word;  
Forward, ever forward,  
Clad in armour bright;  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.
Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,—
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdest river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims, to your country,
Forward into light.

To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be-men and angels
Endless honour done.

Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

H. Alford.

405

JESUS, my all, to Heaven is gone;
He that I placed my hopes upon;
His track I see; and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul I for I'm the Way!"

Lo! I glad I come; and Thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Yet help me, and Thy praise I'll live!

Now I will tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood;
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"

J. C. Maffie.

406

From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we rest shall gain,

We are on our way to God.

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never clouy.

Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

Our toils and conflicts cease,
On Canaan's happy shore;
We shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.

Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head;

O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered them.

The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven, on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

DIVINE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

408

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal sabbath day:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that eternal rest;
O! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

H. Bonar.

409

Through the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land;
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould,
alltd. by compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

18.-DIVINE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the road be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, though many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

N. L. v. Zinzendorf, tr. H. L. L.
411

L.M.

O grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

God grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore;
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe,
Lonely and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloyle.

Thus provided,
Fardened, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edgerton.

414

10.4.10.4.10.4.10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the enrobing
Lead Thou me on:
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on; now,
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; but remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blastèd me,
Will lead me on; (it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone; (till
And with the morn those angel faces, dim
Which I have loved long since, p and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

415

GUIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through 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.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow:
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
The Ministry of Angels.

**416**

*Heavenly Father! to whose eye*
*Future things unfolded lie;*
*Through the desert where I stray,*
*Let Thy counsels guide my way.*

---

*To God the only wise,*
*Our Saviour and our King,*
*Let all the saints below the skies,*
*Their humble praises bring.*

---

*He will present our souls,*
*Unblemished and complete,*
*Before the glory of His face,*
*With joys divinely great.*

---

*To our Redeemer, God,*
*Wisdom and power belong,*
*Immortal crowns of majesty,*
*And everlasting song.*

---

*J. Conder.*

---

**417**

*Come, Thou fount of every blessing,*
*Turn my heart to sing Thy grace:*
*Streams of mercy, never ceasing,*
*Call for songs of loudest praise.*

---

*The waves may roar, the mountains shake,*
*Our comforts shall not cease;*
*The Lord His saints will not forsake;*
*Tears the Lord will give us peace.*

---

*A gentle stream of hope and love,*
*To us shall ever flow;*
*It issues from His Throne above,*
*It cheers His Church below.*

---

*H. F. Lyte.*

---

**420**

They come, God's messengers of love,*
They come from realms of peace above,*
From homes of never-fading light,*
From heavenly mansions ever bright.*

---

*They come to watch around us here,*
*To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:*
*They come to speed us on our way;*
*God willeth them with us to stay.*
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

\[\text{mp} \text{ But chiefly at its journey's end} \]
\[\quad \text{Tis theirs the spirit to befriend,} \]
\[\quad \text{And whisper to the faithful heart,} \]
\[\quad \text{"O Christian soul, in peace depart."} \]
\[\text{p} \text{ Blest Jesus, Thou Whose groans and tears} \]
\[\quad \text{Have sanctified frail nature's fears,} \]
\[\quad \text{When to the earth in sorrow weighed} \]
\[\quad \text{Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ An angel-guard to us supply,} \]
\[\quad \text{When on the bed of death we lie;} \]
\[\text{p} \text{ And in Thine own Almighty Arms} \]
\[\quad \text{O shield us in the last alarms,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ To God the Father, God the Son,} \]
\[\quad \text{And God the Spirit, Three in One,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ From all above, and all below,} \]
\[\text{f} \text{ Let joyful praise unceasing flow.} \]
\[\quad \text{R. Campbell, alt.} \]

421

11.10.11.10.9.11.

\[\text{mf} \text{ Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs} \]
\[\quad \text{are swelling wave-soft shore:} \]
\[\quad \text{O'er earth's green fields and ocean's} \]
\[\quad \text{How sweet the truth those blessed strains} \]
\[\quad \text{are telling [more.} \]
\[\text{Of that new life when sin shall be no} \]
\[\text{p} \text{ Angels of Jesus,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{Angels of light,} \]
\[\text{f} \text{ Singing to welcome [night!} \]
\[\text{The pilgrims of the} \]

\[\text{mf} \text{ Onward we go, for still we hear them} \]
\[\text{p} \text{"Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids} \]
\[\text{you come!"} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ And through the dark its echoes sweetly} \]
\[\text{The music of the Gospel leads us home.} \]
\[\text{Angels of Jesus, etc.} \]
\[\text{pp} \text{ Far, far away, like bells at evening} \]
\[\text{pealing,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ The voice of Jesus sounds o'er had} \]
\[\text{p} \text{ And laden souls by thousands yearly} \]
\[\text{stealing,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps} \]
\[\text{Angels of Jesus, etc.} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ Rest comes at length; though life be} \]
\[\text{long and dreary, [night be past;} \]
\[\text{The day must dawn, and darkness} \]
\[\text{All journeys end in welcome to the weary,} \]
\[\text{Angels of Jesus, etc.} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ And heaven, the heart's true home,} \]
\[\text{will come at last.} \]
\[\text{Angels of Jesus, etc.} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ Angels! sing on: your faithful watches} \]
\[\text{keeping, [above;} \]
\[\text{Sing us sweet fragments of the songs} \]
\[\text{Till morning's joy shall end the night of} \]
\[\text{weeping, [less love.} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ And life's long shadows break in cloud-} \]
\[\text{Angels of Jesus, etc.} \]
\[\text{F. W. Faber, v. 5, ll. 3, 4 alt.} \]

20.—DEATH.

422

.6.6.8.6.8.8.

\[\text{mp} \text{ Friend after friend departs;} \]
\[\text{Who hath not lost a friend?} \]
\[\text{There is no union here of hearts,} \]
\[\text{That finds not here an end:} \]
\[\text{Were this frail world our only rest,} \]
\[\text{Living or dying, none were blest.} \]
\[\text{mp} \text{ Beyond the flight of time,} \]
\[\text{Beyond this vale of death,} \]
\[\text{There surely is some blessed clime,} \]
\[\text{Where life is not a breath,} \]
\[\text{Nor life's affections transient fire,} \]
\[\text{Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ There is a world above,} \]
\[\text{Where parting is unknown;} \]
\[\text{A whole eternity of love,} \]
\[\text{Formed for the good alone:} \]
\[\text{And faith beholds the dying here} \]
\[\text{Translated to that happier sphere.} \]
\[\text{p} \text{ Thus star by star declines} \]
\[\text{Till all are passed away.} \]
\[\text{mf As morning high and higher shines} \]
\[\text{To pure and perfect day;} \]
\[\text{Nor sink those stars in empty night;} \]
\[\text{mf They hide themselves in heaven's own} \]
\[\text{light.} \]
\[\text{J. Montgomery.} \]

423

.6.6.4., double.

\[\text{mf} \text{ Captain and Saviour of the host} \]
\[\text{Of Christian chivalry,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ We bless Thee for our comrade true,} \]
\[\text{Now summoned up to Thee.} \]
\[\text{mp} \text{ We bless Thee for his every step} \]
\[\text{In faithful following Thee,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ And for his good fight fought so well,} \]
\[\text{f} \text{ And crowned with victory.} \]
\[\text{mp} \text{ We thank Thee that the wayworn sleeps} \]
\[\text{P The sleep in Jesus blessed;} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ The purified and ransomed soul} \]
\[\text{f} \text{ Hath entered into rest.} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ We bless Thee that his humble love} \]
\[\text{Hath met with such regard;} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ We bless Thee for his blessedness,} \]
\[\text{mf} \text{ And for his rich reward.} \]
\[\text{G. Ranson.} \]

424

.6.6.4., double.

\[\text{mp} \text{ Lowly and solemn be} \]
\[\text{Thy children's cry to Thee,} \]
\[\text{Father divine;} \]
\[\text{A hymn of supplicant breath;} \]
\[\text{Owning that life and death;} \]
\[\text{Alike are Thine.} \]
THE REST AFTER DEATH.

425

God of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine,—we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.
Felicia D. Hemans.

88.88.88.

426

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
Tis immortality:
Here in the body pout,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith’s far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
to reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth’s Babel tongues o’erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if ’tis Thy will,
The promise of that; faithful word
Even here to me fulfilled.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, when’er they be,
Our dear are living unto Thee.

Not split like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just:
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be,
For ever living unto Thee!
J. Ellerton.

S.M., double.

Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"
The trumpet of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And Heaven’s voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"
That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be.

Light after darkness, gain after loss,
Strength after weakness, crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tear.

J. Montgomery.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

428

p O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
mf Where loyal hearts are true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight!

p O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
mf Where loyal hearts are true, etc.

mf O Paradise! O Paradise!
"Tis weary waiting here;
cres I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,
mf Where loyal hearts are true, etc.

mf O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
cres I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore:
mf Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

P. W. Fuber.

429

p When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy weary one
Rest for evermore!

p When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
cres Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore!

mf When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
cres Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore!

p When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
cres Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

p When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
cres Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

pp When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
cres Lord of life! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore!

J. Ellerton.

22.—THE RESURRECTION.

430

mf No sorrow, and no sighing,
O world of peace undying!
There shall true life begin,
No curse, no pain, no sin,
Above, around, within;
f We shall be changed.

mf Transformed, from light to light,
From grace, to glory’s height;
To more than angels knew
Of perfect, pure, and true,—
For all things shall be new:
f We shall be changed.

mf Eternal life, with God,
“Christ’s joy” in spheres untrod!
When shall time’s shadows fly,
And morning fill the sky,
When shall the Lord draw nigh,
f And we be changed?

mf We shall be like our Lord,
Our nature all restored
In Him Who is our Head,
The First-Born from the dead,
f By Him to glory led:
The same, yet changed.

W. J. Irons.

431

I.M., with refrain.

mf We sing His love, Who once was slain:
Who soon o’er death revived again, [have
That all His saints through Him might
Eternal conquests o’er the grave.
cres Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

mp The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
cres Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.
cres Soon, etc.

f How loud shall our glad voices rise
When Christ His risen saints shall raise
From beds of dust and silent sleep
To realms of everlasting day!
cres Soon, etc.
THE FINAL GLORY OF HEAVEN.

f When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

m/ Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

f Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

R. Hill.

[See also Section XL. 2.]

23.—THE FINAL GLORY OF HEAVEN.

432

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

n/ Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home where'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.

f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

m/ Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnished,
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.

f O happy place! etc.

w/ There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.

f O happy place! etc.

[m/ The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of peace.

f O happy place! etc.

m/ The Lamb’s apostles there
I might with joy behold:
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.

f O happy place! etc.

p No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir:
But death itself there dies,
And sights themselves expire.

f O happy place! etc.

m/ Sweet place; sweet place alone!
The court of God most high,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!

f O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

S. Crossman.

434

C.M.

n/ Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

m/ When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold, [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

w/ There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
There blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes,

p Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?

cres I’ve Canaan’s goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

m/ Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

m/ Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

B., circ. 1901.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

7.8.7.6., double.

PART I.

p Brief life is here our portion;
    Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cres The life that knows no ending,
    The fearless life, is there;
wf O happy retribution!
    Short toll, eternal rest;
    For mortals and for sinners
    A mansion with the blest!

mf There grief is turned to pleasure,
    Such pleasure, as below
    No human voice can utter,
    No human heart can know:
    p But now we fight the battle,
    cres But then shall wear the crown
    Of full and everlasting
    And passionless renown.

mf And there is David's fountain,
    And life in fullest glow,
    And there the light is golden,
    And milk and honey flow;
    The light that hath no evening,
    The health that hath no sore,
    The life that hath no ending,
    But lasteth evermore.

f 'Midst power that knows no limit,
    And wisdom free from bound,
cres The beatific vision
    Shall glad the saints around.
mp For He Whom now we trust in
    Shall then be seen and known;
cres And they that know and see Him
    Shall have Him for their own.

f Yes! God, our King and Portion,
    In fulness of His grace
    Cres We then shall see for ever,
    And worship face to face.
    p In mercy, Jesu, bring us
    To that dear land of rest,
cres Where Thou art with the Father
    And Spirit ever blest.


PART II. 7.8.7.6., double.

wF For thee, O dear, dear country,
    Mine eyes their vigil keep;
    For very love, beholding
p Thy happy name, they weep.
cres The mention of thy glory
    Is union to the breast,
dim And medicine in sickness,
    And love, and life, and rest.

wf O one, O only mansion,
    O paradise of joy,
    Where tears are ever banished,
    And smiles have no alloy!
    Thine ageless walls are bonded
    With amethyst unpriced;
    The saints build up its fabric;
    The corner stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendour,
    The Crucified thy praise,
    His land and benediction.
    Thy ransomed people raise:
    f Jesus, the Crown of Beauty
    True God and Man they sing;
    Their never-failing portion,
    Their glorious Lord and King.

mf Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
    Thou hast no time, bright day!
    p Dear fountain of refreshment
    To pilgrims far away!
cres Upon the Rock of Ages
    They raise thy holy tower;
    f Thine is the victor's laurel,
    And thine the golden dower.
    The only art thou needest,
    Thanksgiving for thy lot:
    The only joy thou seekest,
    The life where death is not.
    p In mercy, Jesu, bring us
    To that dear land of rest.
    Cres Where Thou art with the Father
    And Spirit ever blest.

v. 3, 5, 7, 8 alt.

PART III. 7.8.7.6., double.

mf Jerusalem the golden,
    With milk and honey blest,
dim Beneath thy contemplation
p Sink heart and voice oppressed.
cres I know not, oh! I know not
    What social joys are there;
f What radiance of glory,
    What light beyond compare.

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

mf There is the throne of David;
    There and, from care released,
    Cres The song of them that triumph,
    The shout of them that feast;
wf And they, who with their Leader
    Have conquered in the fight,
    For ever and for ever
    Are clad in robes of white.

mf Jerusalem the glorious!
    The joy of the elect!
    O dear and future vision
    That eager hearts expect;
cres Ev'n now by faith I see thee;
    Ev'n here thy walls discern;
    To thee my thoughts are kindled
    And strive, and pant, and fly.
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Then who would wear this earthly clay,
When bid to cast life's chains away,
And win Thy gracious favour?

Holy, Holy, Holy! forgive us;
And receive us, Heavenly Father,
When around Thy throne we gather.

Confiding in Thy sacred word,
Our Saviour is our hope, O Lord,
The guiding star before us;
Our Shepherd, leading us the way,
If from Thy paths our footsteps stray,
To Thee He will restore us;

Holy, Holy, ever hear us,
And receive us, while we gather
Round Thy throne, Almighty Father!

Tr. New Congregational Hymn Book,
1835.

VIII.
The Church of Christ.

1. ITS CHARACTER, UNITY, AND PRIVILEGES.

Ye saints to come, take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavour!

Unbroken be the Golden Chain!
Keep on the song for ever!

Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver!

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand;
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

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

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given

The highest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight.
Far down the ages now
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
In haste to reach the crown.
The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new!

Of sin and weariness;
Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless:
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still:
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe.

No less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good;
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood:
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view.

mf Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,
Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God:
He, Whose word cannot 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 mayst smile at all thy foes.

mf Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raise
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thankoffering brings.

mf 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.

mf Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
And sighs from contrite hearts the
Chief, our choiceest offering.

O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
Ere to His throne He
No longer unfulfilled
The world's offence, His
CHURCH MEETINGS.

2.—CHURCH MEETINGS.

(1) GENERAL HYMNS.

44

f Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

w We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

f Shut up, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' Throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

f Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

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

w Lord! obediently we go,
Gladdly leaving all behind;

w Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

J. Cennick

7a.

45

C.M.

f Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Let Thy Church wait with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

w One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endowed.

f 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of the war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;

w All the Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

w Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,

w And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:

w O happy ones and holy!

w Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,

w On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone

446

w Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid all strife for ever cease.

w Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like the Lord.

w Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To Thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

J. Cennick

7a.
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{mp} & \quad \text{Free from anger and from pride,} \\
& \quad \text{Let us thus in God abide;} \\
& \quad \text{All the depths of love express;} \\
& \quad \text{All the heights of holiness!} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Let us then with joy remove} \\
& \quad \text{To the family above;} \\
& \quad \text{On the wings of angels fly;} \\
& \quad \text{Show how true believers die!} \\
& \quad \text{C. Wesley.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[447\]
\text{Ts.}
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{mf} & \quad \text{CHRIST, from Whom all blessings flow,} \\
& \quad \text{Perfecting the saints below;} \\
& \quad \text{Hear us, who Thy nature share,} \\
& \quad \text{Who Thy mystic body are.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Join us, in one spirit join,} \\
& \quad \text{Let us still receive of Thine;} \\
& \quad \text{Still for more on Thee we call;} \\
& \quad \text{Thou Who fillest all in all.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Closer knit to Thee, our Head;} \\
& \quad \text{Nourish us, O Christ, and feed!} \\
& \quad \text{Let us daily growth receive,} \\
& \quad \text{More and more in Jesus live.} \\
\text{mp} & \quad \text{Sweetly may we all agree,} \\
& \quad \text{Touched with softest sympathy;} \\
& \quad \text{Kindly for each other care;} \\
& \quad \text{Every member feel its share.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Fill us with the Father's love;} \\
& \quad \text{Never from our souls remove;} \\
& \quad \text{Dwell in us, and we shall be} \\
& \quad \text{Thine through all eternity.} \\
& \quad \text{C. Wesley.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[448\]
\text{L.M.}
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{mf} & \quad \text{HEAD of the Church, our risen Lord,} \\
& \quad \text{Who by Thy Spirit dost preside} \\
& \quad \text{Over the whole body; by Whose word} \\
& \quad \text{They all are ruled and sanctified:} \\
\text{mp} & \quad \text{Our prayers and intercessions hear} \\
& \quad \text{For all Thy family at large;} \\
& \quad \text{That each in his appointed sphere} \\
& \quad \text{His proper service may discharge.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{So, through the grace derived from Thee} \\
& \quad \text{In Whom all fulness dwells above;} \\
& \quad \text{May Thy whole Church united be,} \\
& \quad \text{And edify itself in love.} \\
& \quad \text{J. Condor, adapted from Gelasius.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[449\]
\text{S.7.S.7.}
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{f} & \quad \text{Hallelujah! song of gladness,} \\
& \quad \text{Song of everlasting joy;} \\
& \quad \text{Hallelujah! song the sweetest} \\
& \quad \text{That can angel-hosts employ;} \\
& \quad \text{Hymning in God's holy presence} \\
& \quad \text{Their high praise eternally.} \\
\text{f} & \quad \text{Hallelujah! Church victorious,} \\
& \quad \text{Thou may'st lift this joyful strain;} \\
& \quad \text{Hallelujah! songs of triumph} \\
& \quad \text{Well best the ransomed train;} \\
& \quad \text{We our song must raise with sadness,} \\
& \quad \text{While in exile we remain.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Hallelujah! strains of gladness} \\
& \quad \text{Suit not souls with anguish torn;} \\
& \quad \text{dms Hallelujah! notes of sadness} \\
& \quad \text{Best beft our state forlorn;} \\
& \quad \text{For, in this dark world of sorrow,} \\
& \quad \text{We with tears our sin must mourn.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{But our earnest supplication,} \\
& \quad \text{Holy God, we raise to Thee;} \\
& \quad \text{Bring us to Thy blissful presence;} \\
& \quad \text{Make us all Thy joys to see;} \\
& \quad \text{dms Then to Thee our Hallelujah} \\
& \quad \text{Singing eternally.} \\
& \quad \text{Latin, 13th century, tr. J. Chandos} \\
& \quad \text{and others.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[450\]
\text{L.M.}
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Jesus, Thy sovereign grace we bless,} \\
& \quad \text{That crowns Thy gospel with success;} \\
& \quad \text{Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,} \\
& \quad \text{And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Those who have now Thy truth confessed} \\
& \quad \text{As their own faith and hope rest,} \\
& \quad \text{We, in Thy name, with love embrace} \\
& \quad \text{As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.} \\
\text{mp} & \quad \text{As living members, may they share} \\
& \quad \text{The joys and griefs which others bear;} \\
& \quad \text{And active in their stations prove,} \\
& \quad \text{In all the offices of love.} \\
\text{mp} & \quad \text{From all temptations them defend,} \\
& \quad \text{And keep them steadfast to the end;} \\
\text{cres} & \quad \text{Ever abiding in Thy love,} \\
\text{f} & \quad \text{Until they join the Church above.} \\
& \quad \text{W. H. Bathurst.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[451\]
\text{C.M.}
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{mf} & \quad \text{Witness, ye man and angels, now;} \\
& \quad \text{Before the Lord we speak;} \\
& \quad \text{To Him we make our solemn vow,} \\
& \quad \text{A vow we dare not break;} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{That, long as life itself shall last,} \\
& \quad \text{Ourselves to Christ we yield;} \\
& \quad \text{Nor from His cause will we depart,} \\
& \quad \text{Or ever quit the field.} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{We trust not in our native strength,} \\
& \quad \text{But on His grace rely,} \\
& \quad \text{That, with returning wants, the Lord} \\
& \quad \text{Will all our need supply.} \\
\text{mp} & \quad \text{O guide our doubtful feet aright;} \\
& \quad \text{And keep us in Thy ways;} \\
\text{cres} & \quad \text{Turn Thou our prayers to praise.} \\
& \quad \text{J. Chandos}
\end{align*}
\]
ITS MINISTERS.

52

KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
May He by Whose kind ears we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus:
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died and reigns for us.
We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

J. Newton.

453

C.M.

mf Come in, thou blessed of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

mf The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

mp In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens share;
They lend their mutual powers.

mf Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

p And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
cres May each, translated into day,
mf Be lost and found in Him.

J. Montgomery.

3.—ITS MINISTERS.

1. FOR A CHURCH SEEKING A PASTOR.

54

L.M.

p Eternal Shepherd, God most High,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us in our time of need
A pastor wise, Thy flock to lead.

p Be his, like Thee, O Jesus meek,
To heal the bruised, to stay the weak,
And, in Thy might make brave and strong,
To war with sin, to right the wrong.

R. F. Liddell.

(2) ORDINATION OR RECOGNITION OF MINISTERS.

55

L.M.

If we bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus our exalted Head;
Come as a Servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.

If Come as a Shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

If Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

mp So leading where Thyself hast trod,
So guiding with Thy staff and rod,
May He Thy sheep in safety bring
To those bright pastures of the King.

mf And when at last, O gracious Lord,
Thou shalt bestow his full reward,
cres Let those whom He hath led aright
Be jewels in his crown of light.

R. F. Liddell.

456

7.8.7.6., double.

mf Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at Thy side,
We fall not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

mf Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
cres Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

J. Montgomery.

mf Lord of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
cres And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.
mf As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
dim Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee.

mf We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

mf O come, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

mf Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
O blessed Three in One!
cres Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
f And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell, v. 3, l. 5 altid.

457.

mf Go, labour on: spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father’s will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

mf Go, labour on, ‘tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
cres The Master praises:—what are men?

mf Go, labour on; enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

[Go, labour on while it is day,
The world’s dark night is hastening on;
cres Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away:
dim It is not thus that souls are won.]

p Men die in darkness at Thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
f Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time’s thickest gloom.

mf Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world’s highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
cres Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom’s
f The midnight peal, “Behold I come.”

II. Bomar.

458

f Thou Who Thyself didst sanctify,
And set Thyself apart,
Thy servant’s purpose ratify,
The purpose of his heart.
mf In reverence he himself would yield
To be Thy soldier true,
In the high places of the field
Thy glorious work to do.

mf Captain Divine! his name enrol:
In token, let him feel
The fire from heaven within his soul,
The ever-burning zeal!

mf Give him his armour, all of light,
And with unfailling breath,
Lord, make him Thy great battle fight
And faithful be to death!

mf He that o’ercometh, Lord, with Thee
The morning star shall own,
f The robe and palm of victory,
And the immortal crown.

G. Rarson.

459

10.6.10.

mf Christ to the young man said, “Yet
thing more;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor
And come and follow Me!”

mp Within this temple Christ again, unseen
Those sacred words hath said;
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man’s head.

mp And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm, and say
“Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve;
mp Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.
p O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
cres To lay his head upon the Saviour’s breast
And thus to journey on!

H. W. Longfellow.

460

mf Reaper! behold the fields are white
With the great harvest of the world;
Soldier! seek thou the thickest field,
Thy Captain’s standard is unfurled.
ITS MINISTERS.

mf Wise to win souls,—exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by blood;
Warn with thy tears, preach in deep love.
The gospel of the grace of God.

mp Toil on, in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day;
The shadows lengthen,—night is near.

mf Soon shalt thou hear the Master’s voice,
The welcome cry, “Behold I come!”
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy home.

G. Rawson.

461

mf O God! Thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now await;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple gate.

mp A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood’s Nazareth
He comes to do Thy will.

mp O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
cres And may his life of love proclaim
Man’s truest brotherhood!

mp O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong!

mp O give him, in Thy holy work,
Patience to wait Thy time;
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul’s serener clime!

mp And grant Him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest:
cres Bless Thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless! and they shall be blest!

S. Longfellow, v. 1, l. 2 altid.

462

mf Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o’er the land.

8.8

mf Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

mf Thou the anointing spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

mf Thy blessed runction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

mf Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

mf Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

dim Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
cres Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

mf Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
cres That, through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song:

f To Father, Son, and Spirit One,
ff Be everlasting praises done.

Latins, 9th century, tr. J. Cosin,
v. 8, l. 2, v. 9 altid.

(3) MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

464

mf Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

mp O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;

O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

[f O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,

dim I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.]
124

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

mf O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

[p O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.
]

f O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Unto my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

cres O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

465

mf Give me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like, praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again;

cres Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
Let it my ransomed soul devour,

up I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,—
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;


cres Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

mp My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word;
And let me to Thy glory live;


cres My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

wf Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;


cres And lead them to Thine open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

C. Wesley, v. 1, l. 6 alt.

466

mf LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.

[mp In plainest things I daily err,
When walking in the light
The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.]

[w In word and plan and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work:
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.

mf The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewed;
dim I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in mine own.

cres Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
dim But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
All prone to go astray.

cres Oh! send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give!

mf Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

mf The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord!
It is Thy race we run;
cres Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

H. Bonar.

467

mf Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
cres Graces and gifts to each supply;
[mp And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

mf Within Thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
saviour, like stars in Thy right hand:
The angels of the churches be.

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

mf To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

p Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
cres When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
f O God, may they and we be Thine.

J. Montgomery.

468

PART I.

mf I thank Thee, Lord, for using me
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

mf I thank Thee, Lord, that some true rays
Of Thine from me have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
However faint and wan.

mf I bless Thee for each seed of truth
That I through Thee have sowed
Upon this waste and barren earth—
The living seed of God.

mf For those to whom, through me, Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given;
For some, it may be, saved from death;
And some brought nearer heaven.
ELECTION OF DEACONS.—BAPTISM.

For any hope, or light, or joy,
Imparted, Lord, through me
To one sad soul upon this earth,
Unknown to all but Thee.

For every note of Christian song,
However poorly sung;
For lips that sought to speak but truth,
And for a willing tongue.

PART II.

I thank Thee, gracious God, for all
Of witness there hath been
From me, in any path of life,
Though silent and unseen.

For solace ministered perchance
In days of grief and pain;
For peace to troubled, weary souls,
Not spoken all in vain.

Oh, honour higher, truer far,
Than earthly fame could bring,
This to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King!

Lord, keep us still the same as in
Remembered days of old;
Oh, keep us servant still in love,
Mid many waxing cold.

Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth,
With hand as firm and true
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.

"Thy Name to name, Thyself to own
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed,
As in our Christian spring."  

H. Bonar.

469

Day by day, and year by year,
Late and early, far and near,
At Thy bidding, O my Lord,
I have sown Thy precious word.

Give the increase, let me know
Thou hast chosen me to sow;
Bid me come with joy again,
Bringing sheaves of ripened grain.

For the earnest Thou hast given,
For souls garnered safe in heaven,
O Lord, I praise Thee, and I pray
There to meet them in that day.

In some hearts if hid there lie
Good seed slow to fruitify,
This Thy power can quicken still,
And the reaper's bosom fill.

Cheer Thy servant's heart, O Lord;
Give large blessings on Thy word;
Multiply the scattered seed,
Then shall I rejoice indeed.

But if this I may not see,
Lo! my work is yet with Thee;
And my day of joy shall come
In the final harvest-home.

H. Downton.

[See also Section VII. 14.]

4.—ELECTION OF DEACONS.

0

LORD JESU CHRIST, by Whom alone
Is fitly placed each living stone,
Anointed with Thy Spirit free
For every task assigned by Thee;
Till the whole Church fulfils her boast—
"A Temple of the Holy Ghost":—
Choose for us men, to serve aught
In this Thy house, as in Thy sight;

Of conscience pure, and steadfast aim,
Of good report, and free from blame;
And "full"—"tis this we need the most—
"Of faith, and of the Holy Ghost."

Grant them in wisdom to excel,
To use the deacon’s office well:
That each may win "a good degree,
And boldness in the faith" in Thee;
And praise, with all the heavenly host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. G. Crippen.

5.—BAPTISM.

(1) OF INFANTS.

O FATHER, in Thy Father’s heart
We know our children have their part;
We sign them in Thy threecfold Name,
And by the sprinkled water claim
Thy covenant in Christ revealed
To us and to our children sealed.

Name of the Father! pledge that we.
Our inmost being draw from Thee;
Name of the Son! whereby we know
The Father's love to men below;
Name of the Spirit! blessed sign
That now we share the life divine.
472

mf A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still His name;
And angels worshipped as He lay,
The seeming Infant of a day.

mf He Who a little child began
The Life Divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to me."

p We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water, name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

mf O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

f O Thou Who by an Infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung;
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

W. Robertson.

473

mf PRAYING by the river-side,
From the heaven serenely wide,
To Thee, Saviour, came the Dove,
Fullest life of peace and love.

mf And He came not as a guest,
Thou art His eternal rest,
O Thou holiest abode
Of the immost life of God.

p Saviour, now this infant bless
As with a Divine caress;
Make this little heart Thy home,
To it with Thy Spirit come.

p Soft as water on the brow,
Softly, gently, comest Thou;
Not but soul gifts for every hour,
Purity and peace and power.

mf Faith and hope and holy love,
Wings and spirit of the Dove,
cres Father, on this babe bestow;
Like the Saviour may he grow.

T. T. Lynch.

474

mf See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lamb,
And folds them in His arms.

mf "Permit them to approach," He cries:
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

mf We bring them, Lord, in thankful haste
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be.

P. Doddridge.

475

mf To Him Who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,
To Him Who took them to His breast
We bring these children home.

mf To Thee, O God! Whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

mf And as the blessing falls
Upon each youthful brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now.

J. F. Clarke.

476

mf God of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

mf Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be received and reared for heaven.

p Lent to us for a season, we
mf Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee!
Assured, that, if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

mf Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon his head
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face!

mf Make him and keep him Thine child,
Meek follower of the Undaunted
Possessor here of grace and love;
Inheritor of heaven above!

J. S. B. Marsh.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

(2) OF BELIEVERS.

477

S.M.

\( \textit{stand, soldier of the cross,} \)

And thy high allegiance claim,

And vow to hold the world but lose

For thy Redeemer's name.

\( \textit{arise, be baptized,} \)

And wash thy sins away:

\( \textit{thy league with God be solemnized,} \)

Thy faith avouched to-day.

\( \textit{no more thine own, but Christ's,} \)

With all the saints of old,

\( \textit{apostles, seers, evangelists,} \)

And martyrs throughs enrolled,


cres

In God’s whole armour strong,

Front hell’s embattled powers:

\( \textit{the warfare may be sharp and long;} \)

\( \textit{the victory must be ours.} \)

\( \textit{o bright the conqueror's crown,} \)

When faith casts every trophy down

\( \textit{at our great Captain's feet.} \)

E. H. Bickersteth.

See also Hymns 450 and 453.

6.—THE LORD’S SUPPER.

478

S.S.S.S.

\( \textit{by Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,} \)

We keep the memory adored,

\( \textit{and show the death of our dear Lord} \)

\( \textit{until He come.} \)

\( \textit{his body broken in our stead} \)

\( \textit{is here, in this memorial bread,} \)

\( \textit{and so our feeble love is fed} \)

\( \textit{until He come.} \)

\( \textit{the streams of His dread agony,} \)

\( \textit{his life-blood shed for us, we see;} \)

\( \textit{the wine shall tell the mystery} \)

\( \textit{until He come.} \)

\( \textit{and thus that dark betrayal night} \)

\( \textit{with the last advent we unite} \)

\( \textit{by one blest chain of loving rite,} \)

\( \textit{until He come.} \)

\( \textit{until the trumpet of God be heard,} \)

\( \textit{until the ancient graves be stirred,} \)

\( \textit{and with the great commanding word} \)

\( \textit{the Lord shall come.} \)

\( \textit{o blessed hope! with this elate} \)

\( \textit{let not our hearts be desolate,} \)

\( \textit{but strong in faith, in patience wait} \)

\( \textit{until He come.} \)

G. Rawson.

479

10a.

\( \textit{here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;} \)

\( \textit{here would I touch and handle things unseen;} \)

\( \textit{here grasp with firmer hand the eternal,} \)

\( \textit{and all my weariness upon Thee lean;} \)

\( \textit{here would I feed upon the Bread of God;} \)

\( \textit{here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven;} \)

\( \textit{here would I lay aside each earthly load;} \)

\( \textit{here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven,} \)

\( \textit{this is the hour of banquet and of song;} \)

\( \textit{this is the heavenly Table spread for me;} \)

\( \textit{the brief bright hour of fellowship with} \)

\( \textit{too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;} \)

\( \textit{the Feast, though not the Love, is past} \)

\( \textit{and gone;} \)

\( \textit{the Bread and Wine remove; but Thou} \)

\( \textit{nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.} \)

\( \textit{feast after feast thus comes, and passes} \)

\( \textit{by;} \)

\( \textit{yet, passing, points to the glad Feast} \)

\( \textit{giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,} \)

\( \textit{the Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss} \)

\( \textit{and love.} \)

H. Bonar.

480

S.M., double.

\( \textit{jesus, we thus obey} \)

\( \textit{thy last and kindest word,} \)

\( \textit{here, in Thine own appointed way,} \)

\( \textit{we come to meet our Lord;} \)

\( \textit{the way Thou hast enjoined} \)

\( \textit{Thou wilt therein appear;} \)

\( \textit{we come with confidence to find} \)

\( \textit{thy special presence here;} \)

\( \textit{our hearts we open wide;} \)

\( \textit{to make the Saviour room;} \)

\( \textit{and lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,} \)

\( \textit{the Sinners' Friend is come!} \)

\( \textit{His presence makes the feast;} \)

\( \textit{and now our spirits feel} \)

\( \textit{the glory not to be express,} \)

\( \textit{the joy unspeakable.} \)

\( \textit{thee, King of Saints, we praise} \)

\( \textit{for this our living Bread;} \)

\( \textit{nourished by Thy preserving grace;} \)

\( \textit{and at Thy table fed;} \)

\( \textit{we in these lower parts} \)

\( \textit{of Thy great kingdom feast,} \)

\( \textit{and feel the earnest in our hearts} \)

\( \textit{of our eternal rest.} \)
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

mf Yet still a higher seat
We in Thy kingdom claim,
Who here began by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb;
cres That glorious heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
\(f\) And in the palace of the skies
With Thee for ever reign.
---Cento from C. Wesley.

481

p My God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
cres Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

mf Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
cres Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

wp Why are these emblems still in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

mf O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
---P. Doddridge, v. 3, l. 1 altd.

482

6.5., 8 lines.

mf Jesus, great Redeemer!
Source of life divine!
In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine!

mp Light of peace eternal,
Prince of Peace, restore;

mf Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore!

wp Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed!
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need;

cres Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of charity!

wp Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin!

cres Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou Who art so pure!
And O let Thy likeness
In our heart endure.

mp Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blessed Dove!

cres Father, O receive us,
Now for Jesus' sake,
\(\dim\) And our feeble worship
Condescend to take!
---Ada Cross.

483

\(m\)p "This is My body, which is
You!
Do this," He said, and brake, "re-

O Lamb of God, our Paschal | offers
true,
To us the bread of life each | moment
\(m\)p "This is My blood, for sins' re | miss
shed,"

He spake, and passed the cup of | blid
round;
cres So let us drink, and on life's | fulsm

\(f\) With heavenly joy each quickening
pulse shall bound.

p "The hour has come!" with us in | p
sit down;
Thine own beloved, O love us | to the
Serve us our banquet, ere the | nigh
dark frown | Flor
Veil from our sight the presence | cres
Girded with love, still wash Thy
servants' feet,

\(\dim\) While they, submissive, wonder | a
Bathed in Thy blood, our spirits, | ev
whit
Are clean: yet cleanse our goings | se
and more.

\(m\)p Some will betray Thee—"Master, it I?"
Leaning upon Thy love, we | ask in fe
Ourselves mistrusting, earnest | ly we
To Thee, the strong, for strength, when
sin is near.

\(\dim\) But round us fall the evening | shall dim,
\(\text{co}m\) A saddened awe pervades our | dark
In solemn choir we sing the | part
hymn,
\(\text{be}m\) And hear Thy voice, "Arise, let us
---C. L. Ford.

484

7.6.7.6., dow

mf O bread to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet,

cres Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stillled.

mp O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:

cres O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage:
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age,
---
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

J. Montgomery.

487

mp O God of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear?

mf For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud;
cres And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

p Fresh from the atoning sacrifice,
The world's Redeemer bleeding lies,
cres That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

p Oh ! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought:
It is my Maker — dare I stay?
cres My Saviour — dare I turn away?

mp Refresh us, Lord, to hold Thee fast;
And when Thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace.

J. Keble, v. 1, l. 2, v. 5, l. 1 alt.,

488

mf Jesus, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

p While in penitence we kneel,
cres Thy sweet presence let us feel,

f All Thy wondrous love reveal.

p While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
cres Mourning o'er our sinful ways,

f Turn our sadness into praise;

cres Draw us to Thy wounded side,
cres Whence there flowed the healing tide,

dim There our sins and sorrows hide.

mf From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

mf Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cres Till around Thy throne we stand,

f In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes.

489

f No Gospel like this feast,
Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

mf All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.

dim Thine was the bitter price,
cres Ours is the free gift given;
dim Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
cres Ours is the wine of heaven.
For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height;

That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,

Up to the heights of blest repose,
Thy love prepares with God;

Till, from self’s chains released,
One sight alone we see,

Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee!

Elizabeth Charles.

---

Behold! the Eternal King and Priest
Brings forth for me the bread and wine;
Himself the Master of the Feast,
His flesh and blood the food divine!

Jesus! I come, for Thou dost call;
I eat and drink at Thy command;

Low at Thy feet I humbly fall:
O touch me with Thy pierced hand.

Wash thoroughly cleanse this heart of mine,
That it may beat for Thee alone;
O let it lose its life in Thine,
And have no will except Thine own.

In weariness be Thou my rest,
In loneliness be Thou my friend,
In sorrow hold me to Thy breast,
And keep me, Jesu, to the end.

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy blest side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

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

The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley.

---

Here I’ll sit for ever viewing
Mercy’s streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God;

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I’ll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

May I still enjoy this feeling;
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more dear,
And Himself more deeply know.


---

Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed,

Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread.

Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.

Thy wounds my healing give:
To Thy cross I look, and live.

Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

J. Conyngham.

---

Bread of the world, in mercy broke
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;

By Whom the words of life were spake
And in whose death our sins are slain.

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed.

And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber.

---

“Till He come,” O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords:
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast!

Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only “Till He come.”

Clouds and conflicts round us press
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world to know.

Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, “Till He come.”

---

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner’s dying Friend.

8.7.

---
THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

ny See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory gone,
severed only "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth.

96

7a., 6 lines.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see:
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross,
Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished! hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay,
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery.

97

L.M.

How rich are Thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnished from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love,
We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel-call we came,
And every want received supply.
From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy Thy presence here.

What shall we render to the Son,
That left the heaven of His abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

mp It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost His own;
And all the unknown joys He gives
Wore bought with agonies unknown.
Our everlasting love is due
To Him that ransomed sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when He knew
The vast expense His love would cost.

J. Watts, v. 4, l. 1 altl.

498

mp Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here.

mp Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!
Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Widened in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay,

p Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

R. Heber.

499

LAMBS of God! Whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on Thee,
Every struggling soul release;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

By Thine agonising pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away,
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From iniquity release;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinners' pardon seal,
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:

By Thy Passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

C. Wesley.

7.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

00

L.M.

We triumph in the glorious grace
That set us in this English land,
And welcome the high earthly place
Wherein our God hath made us stand.

But, oh! to us a grace more great,
A dignity more dear is given;
He links us to a nobler state,
He makes us citizens of heaven.

Yes, mightily our hearts are bound
This godly fatherland to love.
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

502

f Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command!
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4

mp Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
cres And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face!
f God's praises sound,
As in His light,
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

f Ye saints, who toll below!
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:

cres Take what He gives;
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

mp My soul! bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!

503

f Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

f The Church triumphant in Thy love—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

f Thee, in Thy glorious realm the praise,
And bow before Thy throne:
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.

mp The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
cres And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. Wesley.

501

f Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise;
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

m magna

m One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

m One of our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity;
cres Then now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-bespinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

m Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
cres Come, Lord of Hosts! the waves divide,
f And land us all in heaven!

C. Wesley.
8.—THE EXAMPLE, VICTORY, AND REWARD OF THE SAINTS.

504  

mf Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys !
How bright their glories be !
mp Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

mf I asked them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
cres Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
f Their triumph to His death.

wf They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

f Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

505

I. Watts

506

8.7.8.7., double.

f Hark the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Lord, to Thee.
p Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

p They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
[mented,
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, torn,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cres They have conquered Death and Satan,
f By the might of Christ the Lord.

[unison) Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
[suffered ;
dia(harm.) Gladly, Lord, with Thee they
Gladdily, Lord, with Thee they
died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.]

f Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
(unison) Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite ;

p (harm.) Love and peace they taste for ever ;
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

f God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, joined together,
All the Saints for ever dwell ;
p Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

C. Wordsworth.

507

mf Ye that put on the heavenly crown
And sing with seraphim,
Brethren in glory, bend ye down,
And aid our faltering hymn,
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

mf Come let us praise the One Great Head,  
The selfsame power to save;  
Ye, who in bliss are perfected,  
And we, so near the grave!

f Glory to Him, Who tasted death,  
Life to us all to give!  
Ye in His presence—we by faith,  
In, through, and to Him live.

f Glory to Him Who won the strife,  
For you gone up on high!  
The Resurrection and the Life,  
By Whom we never die.

f Glory from us, who think Him long,  
And for His coming wait;  
And glory from your pulpy thron  
Within the pearly gate.

mf When wilt Thou be at once adored  
By one Church, in one home?  
Hasten the time; delay not, Lord—  
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

G. Rawson.

508 C.M.

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

p Lo! those are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light;  
cres And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

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

f His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every voice to sing;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.

mf Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray;  
cres God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.

mf The Lamb that dwells amidst the throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside;  
p Feed them with nourishment Divine,  
cres And all their footsteps guide.

p 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,  
Where living streams appear;  
cres And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

Variation from I. Watts and Scripture Songs, 1745, by W. Cameron.

IX.

Public Worship.

1.—THE LORD'S DAY.

(a) MORNING.

509 L.M.

mf Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows,  
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from the desert rise.

mf Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
cres But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our labouring souls aspire,  
With ardent hope and strong desire.

mp No more fatigue, no more distress;  
No guilt the conscience to oppress;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues:

mf No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
cres But sacred, high, eternal noon.

mf O long-expected day, begin!  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
dim Fain would we leave this weary road;  
p And sleep in death to rest with God.

P. Doddridge, v. 2, l. 4, v. 3, ll. 2, 4 alt.

510 C.M.

mf Blessing day of God, most calm, most bright,  
The first and best of days;  
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,  
A day of mirth and praise.

mf My Saviour's face did make these shine;  
His rising did thee raise;  
This made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond the common days.

mf The firstfruits do a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind;  
And they that do a Sabbath love,  
A happy week shall find.

mf This day must I for God appear,  
For, Lord, the day is Thine;  
O let me spend it in Thy fear!  
Then shall the day be mine. J. Mason.

511 C.M.

p My Lord, my Love, was crucified,  
He all the pains did bear;  
cres But in the sweetness of His love  
He makes His servants more.
THE LORD'S DAY.

"How sweetly rest Thy saints above,
Which in Thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.
"Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!
"I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.
"I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.
"These are my preparation days;
And when my soul is drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me
To mine eternal rest.

J. Mason.

8.6.8.4.

Hail! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free:
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.
"A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.
"No sound of jarring strife is heard
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.
"On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.
"I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soars to heav'n's eternal height,
To Thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.
"All earthly things appear to fade
As rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.
"For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing—when songs on earth have ceased—
With saints above.
"Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,—
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring.

513

S. M.

This is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day!
O Daybreak, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
This is the day of Rest!
Our falling strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
This is the day of Peace!
Thy Peace our spirits fill!
Blest Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
This is the day of Prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
Come down to meet us here.
This is the First of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death!

J. Ellerton.

514

7.8.7.6., double.

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.
O day when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy,—
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast!]

Lord! we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure:
**PUBLIC WORSHIP.**

**515**

To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, Blest Three in One.  
C. Wordsworth.

**516**

Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise:  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.  
S.M.

**517**

This is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.  
C.M.

**518**

This day at Thy creating word,  
First o'er the earth the light was poureth  
O Lord, this day upon us shine,  
And fill our souls with light.  
I.L.
THE LORD'S DAY.

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

Day of Light, and Life, and Grace!
From earthly toks sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above.

W. W. How.

Behold to our enraptured eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
By faith with glad survey,
We view her mansions that contain
Angelic forms, a glorious train,
And shine with cloudless day.

Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute thither bring:
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King.

There in Thy house not made with hands,
May we amid these heavenly bands
Thy holy Name adore.

There all Thy works of grace resound,
When of these courts no trace is found,
And time shall be no more.

J. Merrick, and T. Cotterill.

(5) EVENING.

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;

O in what divers pains they met!
With what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who in Thee would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
In this solemn evening hour,

In Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Trelfa.

Millions within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adorning throns,
And still where evening stretched her shade
The stars came out to hear their songs.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more!—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord;—

Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.

J. Montgomery.

Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightest all!
526

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode,

My heart aspires
With warm desires,
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!

They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,

When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:

He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:

Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

527

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee?

Best are the saints who sit on high
Around Thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Best are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentle rays,
And seek Thy face and learn Thy praise.

Best are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;

528

God is their strength, and through the
They lean upon their helper, God. [road

Cheerful they walk with growing
Strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. I. Watts.

The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound. I. Watts.

God is in His temple,
The Almighty Father!
Round His footstool let us gather:—
Him with adoration
Serve, the Lord most holy,
Who hath mercy on the lowly.

Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For His great salvation:—
God is in His temple!

Christ comes to His temple:
We, His word receiving,
Are made happy in believing.
Lo! from sin delivered!
He hath turned our sadness,
Our deep gloom to light and gladness!

Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For our bonds are severed:—
Christ comes to His temple!

Come and claim Thy temple,
Gracious Holy Spirit!
In our hearts Thy home inherit:—
Make in us Thy dwelling;
Thy high work fulfilling,
Into ours Thy will instilling;

Till we raise
Hymns of praise,
Beyond mortal telling,
In the eternal temple!

W. T. Matson.
3.—WORSHIP.

530
f Sing the great Jehovah’s praise;  
Trophies to His glory raise:  
Say,—How wonderful Thy deeds!  
Lord, Thy power all power exceeds!  
mf Let the many-peopled earth,  
All, of high and humbled birth,  
Worship our eternal King;  
f Hymns unto His honour sing.

mf We, through fire, with flames embraced,  
We, through raging floods, have passed;  
f Yet, by Thy conducting hand,  
Brought into a wealthy land.

mf We will to Thy house repair,  
Worship, and Thy power declare:  
Offerings on Thine altar lay;  
All our vows devoutly pay.

dim Fervently to Thee we cried;  
We His goodness magnified;  
cres Source of mercy, be Thou blest,  
f That hast granted our request.

G. Sandys.

531
f All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

mf The Lord ye know is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

sf O enter, then, His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise loud, and bless His name always,  
For it is soonly so to do.

f For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
cres His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

532
f Before Jehovah’s awful throne  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and He destroy.

mf His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and formed us men;  
p And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,

cres He brought us to His fold again.  

f We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

533
f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices rise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

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

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

J. Watts, and C. Wesley.

534
f To Thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.

f While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unlock my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

T. H. Gill.
WORSHIP.

535

O THOU, TO WHOM IN ANCIENT TIME
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;
Not now on Zion’s height alone
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch’s well;
From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee;
And childhood lipt, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O THOU, TO WHOM, IN ANCIENT TIME,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. Pierpont.

536

HOW PLEASED AND BLESSED WAS I
To hear the people cry,—
Come, let us seek our God to-day!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion’s hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

ZION, THRICE HAPPY PLACE,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred Gospel’s joyful sound.

There David’s greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bides the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

MAY PEACE ATTEND THY GATE,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A THOUSAND BLESSINGS ON HIM REST.

My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

J. Montgomery.

I. WATTS.

537

WHEN THE WEARY, SEEKING REST,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high,

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To His Father’s love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name:

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip
Youth or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer;

6
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

540

L.M.

f Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing:
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

p Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David’s harp of solemn sound.

f My heart shall triumph in My Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

mf But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

mp Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex me eyes and ears no more;
Nor Satan break my peace again.

f Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

I. Watts

541

L.M.

f Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion wait;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple-gate;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

p Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fall;
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner’s friend.

mf How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
Happy they who rest in Thee!

mf Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty widely display.

mf The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around:
Through Thee the dew on earth doth fall,
And Nature smiles, and seems her King.
p Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour:
The moral waste within restore;
cres O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

542

7s., 6 lines.

f Lord of power, Lord of might!
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

mf Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

mf Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy Name,
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread afar Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

mp Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
dim And at last we sink to rest,
cres Fountain of eternal love!
Call us to our home above.

G. Thring.

543

S.M.

nf Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

nf Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And loud and magnify?

nf O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

nf There, with benight regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

f God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

f Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

J. Montgomery.

544

6.5.6.5., 8 lines.

f With gladness we worship,
Rejoice as we sing,
Free hearts and free voices
How blessed to bring.
The old, thankful story
Shall scale Thine abode,
Thou King of all glory,
Most bountiful God.

f Thy right would we give Thee,
True homage Thy due,
And honour eternal
The universe through,
With all Thy creation,
Earth, heaven, and sea,
In one acclamation,
We celebrate Thee.

mf Renewed by Thy Spirit,
 Redeemed by Thy Son;
Thy children reverence For all Thou hast done.
O Father, returning
To love and to light,
Thy children are yearning
To praise Thee aright.

f We join with the angels,
And so there is given
From earth, Hallelujah,
In answer to heaven.
Amen! Be Thou glorious
Below and above;
Redeeming, victorious,
And infinite love.

G. Rawson.

545

7s.

f Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work began,
When He spake, and it was done.

f Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when His
Captive led captivity.

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

f And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
cres No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

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

nf Born on all their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
cres Then, amidst eternal joy,
cres Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery.
546

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim's way;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song;

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is Thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

Then, Hallelujah! power and praise
To God, in Christ, be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in Heaven.

J. Montgomery.

547

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive, and save.

When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill;
Lord, accept and save.

Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

Ellis F. Morris.

548

IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without clouds in heaven we see.

There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee, Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment;
Full, unmixed and evermore.

T. Kelly.

549

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Proclaim;
Bow down before Him, His glory
With gold of obedience, and Incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of care,
[for thee,
High on His heart He will bear it
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
[thee be,
Guiding Thy steps as may best for

Fear not to enter His courts in the
[reckon as thine:
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst
Truth in its beauty, and love in its
tenderness,
[His shrine.
These are the offerings to lay on

These, though we bring them in trem-
bling and fearfulness,
[drear;
He will accept for the Name that is
cres Mornings of joy give for evenings of
tearfulness,
[for our fear.
Trust for our trembling, and hope

O worship the Lord in the beauty of
[Prolam;
Bow down before Him, His glory
With gold of obedience, and Incense of
lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord
His Name.

J. H.
THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

4.—THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

550

If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day Thou dost us doing all we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,

On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
Victor is the Leader!
Vanquished is the foe!
Christ without—our safety!
Christ within—our joy!
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

Unto God the Father!
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour!
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit!
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Ever, evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell.

553

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our thoughts warm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
With purity and inward peace,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
554

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

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.

So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

J. Fawcett.

555

And now the want's are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—'tis a perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While endless ages run.

W. Bright.

556

Behold us, Lord, a little space,
From daily tasks set free,
And meet within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

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

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

Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
'Th' universal sway to claim
The kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

J. Ellerton.

557

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

Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Figh'tings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
PRAYER MEETINGS.

[p Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
Of A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;]
[mf Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
Of To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;]
[mp Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Of Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay;
Of Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Of Thus strengthened with all might,
Of We by Thy Spirit, and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.
J. Newton.

558

[mf O Lord, it is a blessed thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering:—]
[mp And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day:—]
[f And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.
Of O Jesu, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
Of With strength renewed and armour bright.
Of And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
Of Oh, then be Thou our Light once more.
Of Light of the world! with us abide,
And Thine own footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide.
W. W. How.

559

[mf Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
Of Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
Of With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
Of Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
Of As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face!
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

mp While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
Of Show me what I have to do;
Of Every hour my strength renew;
Of Let me live a life of faith;
Of Let me die Thy people's death.
J. Newton.

560

[mf Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
Of Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Of O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer!
Of Thy Spirit's interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
Of To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.
Of Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
"I will not let Thee go."
Of "I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me;
Of With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee."
Of Then let me, on the mountain top,
Behold Thine open face,
Of Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.
C. Wesley.

561

[mf Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
Of Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Of Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
Of Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
Of Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
Of I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.
Of O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!
J. Newton
562

**BEHOLD the throne of grace,** S.M.

*uf* The promise calls me near: The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face, There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer. And waits to answer prayer.

*uf* That rich atoning blood, That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see, Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea. An all-prevailing plea.

*mp* My soul, ask what thou wilt, My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold; Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He split, Since His own blood for thee He split,
What else can He withhold? What else can He withhold?

*uf* Beyond thine utmost wants, Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless: His love and power can bless:
To praying souls He always grants To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express. More than they can express.

*uf* Thine image, Lord, bestow, Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love: Thy presence and Thy love:
cres I ask to serve Thee here below, I ask to serve Thee here below,
f And reign with Thee above. And reign with Thee above.

J. Newton.

563

**LORD, let me pray ; I know not how,** L.M.

*mp* Nor what to pray for—Thou must show; Nor what to pray for—Thou must show;
The darkest, feeblest, need the most The darkest, feeblest, need the most
The "praying in the Holy Ghost." The "praying in the Holy Ghost."

*mp* What can man do, himself alone, What can man do, himself alone,
Beyond a faithless, useless moan? Beyond a faithless, useless moan?
Helper of man's infirmity, Helper of man's infirmity,
O God the Spirit! help Thou me. O God the Spirit! help Thou me.

*uf* Descend, O purity Divine, DESCEND, O purity Divine,
And stoop to sins and wants like mine; And stoop to sins and wants like mine;
Humble Thyself to all my need, Humble Thyself to all my need,
And in me, for me, with me plead. And in me, for me, with me plead.

*uf* Spirit of Holiness I control, Spirit of Holiness I control,
Dilate, inspire, pervade my soul: Dilate, inspire, pervade my soul:
Make it a harp, from whose poor strings Make it a harp, from whose poor strings
Thy hand the suppliant music brings. Thy hand the suppliant music brings.

*uf* Make it a voice for heavenly thought, Make it a voice for heavenly thought,
Spirit of power! by Thee inwrought; Spirit of power! by Thee inwrought;
dim Thou tender Spirit! breathe in me Thou tender Spirit! breathe in me
The tenderness of Deity. The tenderness of Deity.

*uf* Then God will hear; He knows right well Then God will hear; He knows right well
The holy mind: Thy groanings tell The holy mind: Thy groanings tell
cres All interceding might is there; All interceding might is there;
Spirit of God! I pray Thou the prayer. Spirit of God! I pray Thou the prayer.

564

**Jesus, our best-beloved Friend,** L.M.

*uf* Draw out our souls in pure desire; Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend; Jesus, in love to us descend;
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire. Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

*uf* On Thy redeeming name we call, On Thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be; Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all; Pardon and sanctify us all;
Let each Thy full salvation see. Let each Thy full salvation see.

*uf* Our souls and bodies we resign, Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands. To fear and follow Thy commands.
O take our hearts; our hearts are Thine; O take our hearts; our hearts are Thine;
Accept the service of our hands. Accept the service of our hands.

*uf* Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer, Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey: May we Thy blessed will obey:
Tell in Thy vineyard here, and bear Tell in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burdens of the day. The heat and burdens of the day.

*mp* Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare: In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare:
cres And till we see Thee face to face, And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there. Be all our conversation there.

J. Montgomery.

565

**LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,** C.M.

*mp* Teach us to feel the sins we own, Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore. And hate what we deplore.

*mp* Our broken spirits piteously see, Our broken spirits piteously see,
And penitence impart; And penitence impart;
cres Then let a kindling glance from Thee Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart. Beam hope upon the heart.

*uf* When we disclose our wants in prayer, When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign, May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share, And not a thought our bosoms share,
That is not wholly Thine. That is not wholly Thine.

*mp* Let faith each meek petition fill, Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies; And waft it to the skies;

*uf* And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still, And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies. That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle.

566

**LORD, we come before Thee now,** 7s

*mp* At Thy feet we humbly bow: At Thy feet we humbly bow:
O do not our suit disdain: O do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

*mp* In Thine own appointed way, In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee: here we stay: Now we seek Thee: here we stay:
Lord, from hence we would not go, Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow. Till a blessing Thou bestow.

*uf* Send some message from Thy word, Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford; That may joy and peace afford;
cres Let Thy Spirit now impart Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart. Full salvation to each heart.

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

*uf* Grant that those who seek may find Grant that those who seek may find
Thee, a God supremely kind. Thee, a God supremely kind.
cres Heal the sick; the captive free: Heal the sick; the captive free:
*uf* Let us all rejoice in Thee. Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond, v. 3, l. 3; w. & L. v. 3, l. 2 alt.

[See also Section VII, 7, 8, 11, 12, 18.]
X.

Christian Missions.

I.—THEIR NECESSITY.

567

6.6.4.6.6.4.

f Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;

wf The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

f Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;

wp The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

f Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the Cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

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

S. Wolcott.

568

8.7.8.7., double.

wf Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;

cres Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

wf Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
dim Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

mf Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,[sight,
Stretched the hand, and strained the
For Thy Spirit, now creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
cres Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
f Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. C. Coxe.

569

(For Sunday Schools.)

f March on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.

wf Through the earth's wide round, we the tidings sound
Of the Lord Who came from heaven;
Of the mighty hope, that with death can cope,
And the love so freely given.

March on, etc.

[ We march to fight with the powers of night
That hold the world in sorrow;

dim And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart,
cres And arise to a joyful morrow.

f March on, etc.]

wf We fight against wrong, with the weapon strong,
Of the Love that all hate shall banish;
wf And the chains shall fall from the downtrodden thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish.

March on, etc.

[wf 'O'er the realms of night, shall our standard bright
Arise, their darkness clearing;
cres And the souls that were dead to the
Lord Who bled,
Shall revive at His glad appearing.

March on, etc.]

wf Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us;
cres And prayers that rise to the listening skie-
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.

March on, etc.
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

f Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
   Shall shine on the Victor's glory,

mf And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,
   Shall rejoice in the finished story.

f March on, march on, ye soldiers true,
   In the cross of Christ confiding,
   For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
   And the Lord His own is guiding.

E. S. A.

570 7.6.7.6., double.

mf From Greenland's icy mountains,
   From India's coral strand,
   Where Argo'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.

mf 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.

mf Can we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high,—
   Can we to men benighted
   The lamp of life deny?

f Salvation! O salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim,
   Till each remotest nation
   Has learned Messiah's name.

f 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,
   In bliss return to reign. R. H. E.

2.-PRAYER FOR THEIR SUCCESS.

571 L.M.

mf O Spirit of the living God,
   In all Thy plenitude of grace,
   Where'er the foot of man hath trod
   Descend on our apostate race.

f Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
   To preach the reconciling word;
   Give power andunction from above,
   Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

mp Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
   Confusion, order in Thy path; [might;
   Souls without strength inspire with
   Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

mp O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
   All the round earth her God to meet;
   Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
   Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

mf Baptize the nations; far and nigh
   The triumphs of the cross record:
   The name of Jesus glorify,
   Till every kindred call Him Lord.

mf God from eternity hath willed
   All flesh shall His salvation see;
   So be the Father's love fulfilled, [Thee.
   The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
   J. Montgomery.

572 7a., 6 lines.

mf God of mercy, God of grace,
   Show the brightness of Thy face,
   Shine upon us, Saviour, shine!
   Fill Thy Church with life divine;
   And Thy saving help extend
   Unto earth's remotest end.

mf 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.

mf Can we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high,—
   Can we to men benighted
   The lamp of life deny?

f Salvation! O salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim,
   Till each remotest nation
   Has learned Messiah's name.

f 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,
   In bliss return to reign. R. H. E.

573 S. I.

f Com! kingdom of our God,
   Sweet reign of light and love,
   Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
   And wisdom from above.

mf Over our spirits first
   Extend Thy healing reign;
   Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
   That never pains again.

mf Come! kingdom of our God,
   And make the broad earth Thine;
   Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
   That flowers with grace divine.

mf Soon may all tribes be blest
   With fruit from Life's glad tree
   And in its shade like brothers meet,
   Sons of one family.
576  S.M.

f  O Lord our God, arise,
   The cause of truth maintain;
   And wide o'er all the peopled world
   Extend her blessed reign.

f  Thou Prince of Life, arise,
   Nor let Thy glory cease;
   Fast spread the conquests of Thy grace,
   And bless the earth with peace.

mf  Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
   Expand Thy quickening wing,
   And o'er a dark and ruined world
   Let light and order spring.

f  All on the earth arise,
   To God the Saviour sing;
   From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
   Let echoing anthems ring.

R. Wardlaw.

577  L.M.

mf  Almighty God, Whose only Son
   O'er sin and death the triumph won,
   And ever lives to intercede
   For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

mp  In His dear Name to Thee we pray
   For all who err and go astray,
   For sinners, where'er or they be,
   Who do not serve and honour Thee.

mp  There are who never yet have heard
   The tidings of Thy blessed word,
   But still in heathen darkness dwell,
   Without one thought of heaven or hell;

[mp  And some within Thy sacred fold
   To holy things are dead and cold,
   And waste the precious hours of life
   In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

mp  And many a quickened soul within
   There lurks the secret love of sin,
   A wayward will, or anxious fears,
   Or lingering taint of bygone years.]

mf  O give repentance true and deep
   To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,

cre  And kindle in their hearts the fire
   Of holy love and pure desire.

f  That so from angel-hosts above
   May rise a sweeter song of love,
   And we, with all the blest, adore
   Thy Name, O God, for evermore.

II. W. Baker.
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

578

L.M.

mf Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thy expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
cres And glory beam from Zion's gates?

mf Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

mp Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

mf O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurried;
All nations bow to Thy command
And grace revive a dying world!

mf Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
The smitten earth already reaps;
cres And not far off we seem to hear
f The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.

mp Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
cres And fit us by Thy grace to share
f The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

W. H. Ballarat.

3.—ANTICIPATION OF THEIR FINAL SUCCESS.

579

L.M.

f Jesus shall reign wherever the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

mf For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

f People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
cres Their early blessings on His name.

f Blessings abound wheresoe'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
dim The weary find eternal rest,
cres And all the sons of want are blest.

f Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
cres Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

J. Watts, v. 2, l. 2 altd.

580

7s., 8 lines.

f Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;"
cres Hallelujah!" let the word
f Echo round the earth and main.

f "Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
[done, Sheathed His sword: He speaks—"his"
cres And the kingdoms of this world
f Are the kingdoms of His Son.

f He shall reign from pole to pole
With immittale sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
cres "Hallelujah!" Christ in God,
 f God in Christ is All in All!

J. Montgomery.

581

L.M.

f Behold! the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

f To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

f The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tower Shall all the world command.

mp No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years; [seen To ploughshares men shall beat &
To pruning-hooks their spears.

mf No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

mf Come, then! O, come, from every land
To worship at His shrine;
cres And, walking in the Light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

M. Brut.}

582

f 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.
Eternal art Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

_I. Watts._

Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

_W. From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridgroom,
And cleansed from every sin;_

_B. With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
_P. Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious Name._

Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close.
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and heaven adore.

_W. The Lamb Who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but victor,
For evermore to reign._

_B. To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
Oh world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne!_

_A. Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh;
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high._

_B. Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
_C. Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord._

_B. Cough._

4.—MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

Wake, harp of Sion, wake again,
Upon thine ancient hill,
On Jordan's long deserted plain,
By Kedron's lowly rill.
The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,
As once in ancient days.

For Israel yet shall own her King,
For her salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.

_O hasten, Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;_

_C. And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice._

_J. Edmundston._
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5.—COLONIAL MISSIONS.

586 7.6., 8 lines.

mf Far off our brethren’s voices
Are borne from distant lands,
Far off our Father’s children
Reach out their waiting hands.
“Give us,” they cry, “our portion;
Co-heirs of grace divine!
Give us the Word of promise,
On us let glory shine.”

mf Yes, though the world of waters
Between us ever rolls,
No ocean waves may sever
The brotherhood of souls;
Far from us, they are of us;
No bound of all the earth
May part the sons and daughters
Who share the second birth.

[mpf One standard floats above us;
One old historic throne,
In nearness or in distance,
One loyal faith we own;
cres So in the things eternal
Adore we at one shrine,
And with the nation’s banner
Bear we the Church’s sign.

mf In happiest homely commune,
When sweetest songs are sung,
Awakes those alien echoes
One sacred mother-tongue.
cres Then let us praise together!
Together let us pray,
And go together homeward
Upon the ancient way.

f Together, heavenward, homeward;
For ever in our view
One spiritual city—
Jerusalem the New;
For ever drawing nearer
To One beloved, adored,
The Crucified Who bought us,
The crowned Incarnate Lord.

mp Lord God! Eternal Father!
Send down the Holy Dove,
For His dear sake Who loved us,
To quicken us in love.
cres Bless us with His compassion,
That we, or ere we rest,
May work to bless our brethren.

f And, blessing, be more blest.


6.—HOME MISSIONS.

587 L.M.

mp Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

mp In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

mf Send forth Thy herald, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

mf Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

mpf Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
dim That make us sad as we gaze,
cres Shall grow, with living waters green,
f And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

588 7s.

f Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright,
Mighty are your enemies.
Hard the battle ye must fight.

mf O’er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

dim Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour’s herald go,
cres Let the voice of hope be heard.

[mp Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth’s unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.]

mp To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

mp Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
cres In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

mf Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit’s sword,
cres Till the kingdoms of the world
f Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How.
7.—DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

589

S.OUls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Soulds that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,

Chorus

Thousand voices,
Call us o'er the waters blue,

Chorus

Christians, hearken! none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;

Chorus

Ye, who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Chorus

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter tidings
Rise against us, when we stand

In the Judgment.
From some far, forgotten land.

Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten,—
Light of nations, lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

C. Frances Alexander.

590

S.M.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongue,
And words of peace reveal.

Chorus

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
Zion, behold thy Saviour-King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

Chorus

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!

Chorus

Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

Chorus

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!

Chorus

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;

Chorus

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

Chorus

The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts.

591

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed
Now they go to free the slaves: [them;

Chorus

Be Thou with them!
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

Chorus

Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord! they go, at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:

Chorus

O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand!

Chorus

Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day,
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay:

Chorus

Be Thou with them!
Drive their terrors far away.

Chorus

When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;

Chorus

Be Thou with them!
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

Chorus

When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,

Chorus

Rest from toil, and weep no more!

Chorus

Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:

Chorus

Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!

Chorus

In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be;

Chorus

Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

Chorus

There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown!
There to be with Him, Who never
Cease to preserve His own,

Chorus

And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone!

T. Kelly.

592

With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.
XI.

Special Occasions.

593

7.6.7.6., double.

mp O love divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beheld,
Looks up for life and light.
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the bleft!
Beneath Whose care parental
The world lies down in rest.

f The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:
Thou art the joy of goodness;
The life of life Thou art;
dim The dew of gentle sadness,
P That droppeth on the heart.

mp O Love! divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love;
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.
cres God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
f And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is love."

J. S. B. Monson.

594

8.6.8.4.

mf Eternal Love, Whose law doth sway
The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way
With sacred force;

p O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,—
So searching in Thy presence,
So tender in Thy love;

That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.

mf Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam;
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.

mf Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
cres Till He Whose home is ours above
f Unite us there! G. Watts

To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift,
For marriage dower.

mf Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
That bind two souls in one;
Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
Thy heaven begun.

mp O hallow with Thy presence now
This sacrament of love;
Breathe in the trembling human vow
Strength from above.

mp Then through what scenes the unknown
Of outward life may roam,
A flame that on Thine altar glowed
Shall light the home.

E. S. A.
BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

That guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Lord, sustain it,
The joy will turn to pain:
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love, which Thou hast hallowed,
Is endless love begun.

G. Thring.

How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus, seated in Cana’s hall
To bless the marriage-day.

S. M.

And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom’s heart,
For He Who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power divine
The water-vessels knew;
And plentiful was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above
That ne’er shall pass away.

O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou didst knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

H. W. Baker.

2.—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Now the labourer’s task is o’er:
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes;
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well;
He Who died for their release.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust;”
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection-day.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

M. E. Ellerton.

Bless thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep,
Till th’ eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O’er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

Life’s dream is past,
All its sin and sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping.
Bidding rejoices
All in Jesus sleeping.

E. A. Dayman.

Lay the precious body
In the quiet grave;
Tis the Lord hath taken,
’Twas the Lord that gave:
Till the resurrection,
Lay the treasure by;
It will then awaken,
And go up on high!
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

p Farewell, blessed body,
    Till the morn arise;
    Welcome, happy spirit,
    Into paradise!

cres No more work or weeping;
    Gone for ever home;
    In Christ's holy keeping
    Rest until He come.

p Here the casket lieth
    Waiting for repair;
    There doth Christ the jewel
    In His bosom wear:

cres Wait a little season,
    And in Him shall be
    Both again united
    Through eternity!

J. S. B. Monseil.

600 mp Hear what the voice from heaven
    For all the pious dead; [proclaims
    Sweet is the savour of their names,
    And soft their sleeping bed.

mp They die in Jesus and are blest;
    How kind their slumbers are!
    From sufferings and from sins released,
    And freed from every snare.

mp Far from this world of toil and strife,
    They're present with the Lord;
    The labours of their mortal life
    End in a large reward.

I. Watts.

601 mp O Grave, thou hast the victory;
    Beauty and strength are laid with thee;
    Yet than earth's mightiest, mightier,
    O grave, thou hast thy Vanquisher.

mp Long in thine sight was man forlorn;
    Long didst thou laugh his hope to scorn;
    Till rose the Conqueror of Death,
    Jesus, the Man of Nazareth.

mp He stood between us and despair;
    He bore, and gave us strength to bear;
    The mysteries of the grave unsealed,
    Our glorious destiny revealed.

mp Our home is not this mortal clime;
    Our life has not its bounds in time;
    And death is but a cloud that lies
    Between the soul and paradise.

Elliot's Selection.

602 mp Thou art gone to the grave; but we
    will not deplore thee,
    Though sorrows and darkness encom-
    pass the tomb:

cres The Saviour hath passed through its
    portal before thee,
    And the lamp of His love is thy
    guide through the gloom!

mp Thou art gone to the grave: we no
    longer behold thee,
    Nor tread the rough path of the
    world by thy side;

cres But the wide arms of mercy are spread
    to enfold thee,
    And sinners may die, for the Sinner
    has died!

mp Thou art gone to the grave: and, its
    mansion forsaking,
    Perchance thy weak spirit in fear
    lingered long;

cres But the mild rays of Paradise beam
    on thy waking,
    And the sound which thou heardst
    was the Seraphim's song!

mp Thou art gone to the grave; but we
    will not deplore thee.
    Whose God was thy Ransomer, thy
    Guardian, and Guide!

cres He gave thee, He took thee, and He
    will restore thee;
    And death has no sting, for the
    Saviour has died!

R. Heber.

603 mp Soon and for ever
    Such promise our trust,
    Though ashes to ashes,
    And dust unto dust;

cres Soon and for ever
    Our union shall be
    Made perfect, our glorious
    Redeemer, in Thee.

mp Long in thine sight was man forlorn;
    Of time shall be o'er;
    Its pangs and its partings
    Remembered no more;
    Where life cannot fail, and where
    Death cannot sever,

mp Christians with Christ shall be
    Soon and for ever.

mpf Soon and for ever,
    The breaking of day
    Shall drive all the night-clouds
    Of sorrow away;
    Soon and for ever
    We'll see as we're seen,
    And learn the deep meaning
    Of things that have been.
    When fightings without us,
    And fears from within,
    Shall weary no more in
    The warfare of sin;
    Where fears, and where tears, and
    Where Death shall be never, [wher
    mpf Christians with Christ shall be,
    Soon and for ever.
BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

mp Soon and for ever
   The work shall be done,
   The warfare accomplished,
   The victory won;
cres Soon and for ever
   The soldier lays down
   His sword for a harp, and
   His cross for a crown.
   Then droop not in sorrow,
   Despond not in fear,
   A glorious to-morrow
   Is brightening and near;
   When (blessed reward of each
   Faithful endeavour)
   f Christians with Christ shall be,
   Soon and for ever.

J. S. B. Monsell.

104

mp Hush! blessed are the dead
   In Jesus' arms who rest,
   And lean their weary head
   For ever on His breast.

mp O beatific sight!
   No darkling veil between,
   They see the Light of Light,
   Whom here they loved unseen.

mp For them the wild is past,
   With all its toil and care;
   Its withering midnight blast,
   Its fiery noonday glare.

mp They are the Good Shepherd leads
   Where storms are never rife;
   In tranquil dewy meads,
   Beside the Fount of Life.

p Ours only are the tears,
   Who weep around their tomb,
   The light of bygone years
   And shadowing years to come.

mp Their voice, their touch, their smile,
   Those love-springs flowing o'er;
   Earth for its little while
   Shall never know them more.

mp O tender hearts and true,
   Our long lost vigils kept,
   We weep and mourn for you;
   Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

But soon, at break of day,
   His calm almighty voice,
   f Stronger than death, shall say,
   f Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

E. H. Bickersteth.

[See also Section VII. 20, 21, 22.]

605

(For the death of a child.)

mp Last no tears to-day be shed,
   Holy is this narrow bed.
   Hallelujah! 
[mp Death eternal life bestows,
   Open heaven's portal throws.
   Hallelujah! ]

cres And no peril waits at last
   Him who now away hath past.
   Hallelujah! ]

mp Not salvation hardly won,
   Not the need of race well run;
   Hallelujah!

mp But the pity of the Lord
   Gives His child a full reward;
   Hallelujah!

mp Grants the prize without the course;
   Crowned, without the battle's force.
   Hallelujah!

p God, Who loveth innocence,
   Hastens to take His darling hence.
   Hallelujah!

p Christ, when this sad life is done,
   Join us to Thy little one.
   Hallelujah!

mp And in Thine own tender love,
   Bring us to the ranks above.
   Hallelujah!

Paris Missal, 18th century, tr. R. F.
Littledale.

606

mp SAFELY, safely gathered in,
   No more sorrow, no more sin,
   No more childish griefs or fears,
   No more sadness, no more tears;

p For the life, so young and fair,
   Now hath passed from earthly care;
   God Himself the soul will keep,
   Giving His beloved—sleep.

mp SAFELY, safely gathered in,
   Free from sorrow, free from sin,
   Passed beyond all grief and pain,
   Death, for thee, is trust gain;

cres For our loss we must not weep,
   Nor our loved one long to keep
   From the home of rest and peace,
   Where all sin and sorrow cease.

mp SAFELY, safely gathered in,
   No more sorrow, no more sin;

p God has saved from weary strife,
   In its dawn, this young fresh life,
   Which awaits us now above,
   Resting in the Saviour's love;

f Jesus, grant that we may meet
   There, adoring at Thy feet, R. O. Dobrev.
3.—LAYING FOUNDATION STONE.

(1) OF A CHURCH.

607

mf Blessing city, heavenly Sisaii,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilt,
Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move.
Christ is made the sure foundation,
And the precious corner-stone,
Who, the walls of living stones,
Bound in each, binds both in one;
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

mf All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation,
Pours perpetual melody;
God, the One in Three, adoring
In glad hymns eternally.
To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.
Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
That they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

608

O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafe, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

(2) OF A SCHOOL.

610

Except the Lord the temple build,
In vain their toil the workmen yield;
Except the Lord shall guard the bounds,
In vain the watchman's voice resounds.
O Lord, the Master-builder Thou,
Make us Thy fellow-workers now;
Builders of souls here may we be,
And living shrines be raised for Thee.
Give to our teachers words of fire,
To kindle every high desire;

Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
The heads that guide endure with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect:
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O Ever-blessed Trinity!

This stone to Thee in aith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive!
Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
But will, indeed, Jehovah reign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

And form in all the constant mind
To serve their God and serve mankind.

Watch Thou within, lest we should
Thy work, or fail in earnest toil;
May Thine abiding presence keep us safe;
Our hearts from strife, our souls from care.
Thus may we train, in Thy bless will,
Young ardent souls to serve Thee still,
To bear, in bright and eager bands,
The torch that leaves our drooping hands.
4.—OPENING AND DEDICATION OF CHURCHES.

311

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitst the heaven's mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
Teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, crev but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear.
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

W. Cowper.

312

All things are Thine: no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts! to offer Thee;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst we wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for Whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father! deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness:
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee!

J. G. Whittier.

5.—OPENING OF A SCHOOL.

Lord of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be,
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee!
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side.

Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin.
And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

"In this new house our hands have raised, Thy service to pursue, O may Thy Name henceforth be praised / By work more pure and true; May child and teacher evermore / Come here with earnest heart, And those who never worked before / Stand forth and bear their part;"

"For ourselves alone we plead, But for all faithful souls / Who serve Thy cause by word or deed, Whose names Thy book enrols / Go speed Thy work, victorious King! And give Thy workers might, [ring] / That through the world Thy truth may / And all men see Thy light!"

6.—DEDICATION OF AN ORGAN.

616

"Angels voices, ever singing / Round Thy throne of light, Angel harps for ever ringing, / Rest not day nor night; Thousands only live to bless Thee, And confess Thee, Lord of might!"

"Thou, Who art beyond the farthest / Mortal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou regardest / Songs of sinful man? Can we know that Thou art near us / And wilt hear us? Yea! we can.

"Yea! we know that Thou rejoicest / O'er each work of Thine;"

"Thou didst ears and hands and voices / For Thy praise design; Craftsman's art and music's measure / For Thy pleasure All combine.

"In Thy house, great God, we offer / Of Thine own to Thee; And for Thine acceptance proffer, All unworthily, Hearts and minds, and hands and voices / In our choicest Psalmody.

"Honour, glory, might, and merit, / Thine shall ever be! Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Blessed Trinity! Of the best that Thou hast given, Earth and Heaven Render Thee."

7.—ANNIVERSARY.

617

"Jesus, King of glory, Throned above the sky, Jesus, tender Saviour, Hear Thy children cry."

"Pardon our transgressions, Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy Spirit help us Heavenly life to win."

"Jesus, King of glory, Throned above the sky, Jesus, tender Saviour, Hear Thy children cry."

"On this day of gladness, Bending low the knee / In Thine earthy temple, Lord, we worship Thee;—/ Celebrate Thy goodness, / Mercy, grace, and truth: All Thy loving guidance Of our heedless youth."

"Jesus, King of glory, Throned above the sky, Jesus, tender Saviour, Hear our grateful cry."

"Who have come to Thee; For the glad, bright spirits / Who Thy glory see; For the loved ones resting / In Thy dear embraces; For the pure and holy / Who behold Thy face; Jesus, King of glory, Throned above the sky, Jesus, tender Saviour, Hear our grateful cry."

"For Thy faithful servants / Who have entered in; For Thy fearless soldiers / Who have conquered sin; For the countless legions / Who have followed Thee, Headless of the danger, On to victory; Jesus, King of glory, Throned above the sky, Jesus, tender Saviour, Hear our grateful cry."
Help us ever steadfast
In the faith to be;
In Thy Church's conflicts
Fighting valiantly.

Loving Saviour, strengthen
These weak hearts of ours,
Through Thy cross to conquer
Crafty evil powers.

Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.

When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.

Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

W. H. Davison.

In God's holy dwelling
Spared to meet again,
Hark! glad voices swelling,
Raise their yearly strain;

Children, bending lowly,
Join the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the Lord most High!"

All things tell His glory—
Earth and heaven above,
And the Gospel story
Tells His wondrous love:

How the Father gave us
His own Son to die;
How the Son, to save us,
Left His throne on high.

Oh, how blest to know Him,
And His love so true!
Oh, what joy to show Him
How we love Him too!

For to us is given,
Here to taste His grace,
And the hope in heaven
To behold His Face.

Then, within His dwelling,
Raise the yearly song;
Let glad voices swelling
Still the strain prolong;

Children, bending lowly,
Join the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the Lord most High!"

T. A. Stowell.
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

mf Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;

p Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin’s deep disgrace

ces Thou mightest save our race,

f And give us life.


mf Thou art the Great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:

p While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain:

f Help Thou dost not refrain,—

Help from above.

mf Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our staff and song:

Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;

f Make our faith strong.

mf So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.

Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
cres Unite to swell the song

f To Christ our King.

H. M. Dexter, from Clement of Alexandria.

[See also Section for Children’s Services.]

(2) OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OR BAND OF HOPE.

621

mf Christian, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Labourd, weared, suffered,—
Died upon the tree.

[mf Work with eye that rangeth
Over sin’s great deep;

dim Where lie thousands drifting,
Rocked to fatal sleep.

mf Work with hands that Jesus
Maketh strong to bring
Souls to Him their Saviour,
Trustfully to cling.

mf Work with feet unstirring
By the Master led,
Help to free the drunkards
From their bondage dread.

622

C. M., double.

f Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o’er disease and death,
O’er darkness and the grave;

p To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The loper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

cres And, lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;

f And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.

p And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth’s shore.

mf Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

mp Work with heart that burneth
Humbly at His Feet

cres Priceless gems to offer,
For His crown make meet.

mp Work with prayer unceasing
Borne on faith’s strong wing,
cres Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

mf Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
cres Then thy Lord’s sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

M. Huslock.

8.—HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

623

mf Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath:

To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom’s heavenly lore,
cres That whole and sick, and weak and strong.

f May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre.

mf Thou to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words answering
To the wearied cry of need;

dim Hear us, Jesu, as we now
Suppliants at Thy
FLOWER SERVICES.

624

L.M.

mp O Thou through suffering perfect made,
On Whom the bitter cross was laid;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

mf The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

mf O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure.

cres For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

p But, O! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

cres O! heal the bruised heart within:
O! save our souls all sick with sin:
Give life and health in bounteous store,

f That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. How.

9.—FLOWER SERVICES.

625

11.10.11.10.

mp Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
[from the field;]
Bloom from the garden, and flowers
[that we yield.
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing
Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth

Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying:
[of peace;]
Speak to their hearts with a message
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;
Grant the departing a gentle release.

cres Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
[bloom;]
Fair be their lives as the roses in
Glove of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast
quickened,
[for gloom.
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness

mp We, Lord, like flowers must bloom and
must wither;
[must die;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and
cres Gather us, Lord, to Thy Bosom for ever,
[grant us a place in Thy House in the
sky.

A. G. W. Blunt.

626

10e.

mp Not only for the goodly fruit-trees tall
The Master cares, Whose love is over all;
The tiny herbs which blossom everywhere
No less His watchful toil and patience share.

cres A garland meet for His most holy shrine.

E. S. A.

627

C.M.

mf It is the Lord Himself Who tends
His garden here below.
The sunshine and the rain He sends,
That it may thrive and grow.
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

628

[For Children.]

mf In our dear Lord’s garden,
Planted here below,
Many tiny flowerets
In sweet beauty grow.

mp Christ, the loving Gardener,
Tends these blossoms small;
Loves the little lilies
As the cedars tall.

mp Nothing is too little
For His gentle care;
Nothing is too lowly
In His love to share.

mf Jesus loves the children,
Children such as we,
Blessed them when their mothers
Brought them to His knee.

mf Jesus calls the children,
- Bids them come and stand
In His pleasant garden,
Watered by His hand.

mp Lord, Thy call we answer;
Take us in Thy care,
Train us in Thy garden,
In Thy work to share.

E. S. A.

10.—GENERAL CHARITIES AND ALMSGIVING.

629

mf We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate’er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

mf May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our firstfruits give.

mp O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

mp To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels’ work below.

mp The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

mf And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
cres Whate’er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How.

630

mf O God of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

mp And Thou, Who canst on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

mp Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy Blood hath bought;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

mf For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:—
Then teach us, whate’er be side,
To love them all in Thee.

p In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate’er it be, ’tis ours to share;
cres May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

mf And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
cres Till Thou shalt reign in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

G. Thrang.
FOR CHILDREN AND HOME. 167

631 8.8.8.4.

f 0 LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?
f
mf For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
ce We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.
p
Then didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cce And on that gift Thou dost outrun,
f
And give us all.
mf Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
cce For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
dim Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all!
p
We lose what on ourselves we spend;
cce We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
f
Who givest all.

632

mp Thine are all the gifts, O God!
Thine the broken bread;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

mp Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

mf Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.
f
Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier.

XII.

Special Intercession.

1.—FOR CHILDREN AND HOME.

633 7.4.

mp Standing forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray
Go beside them.

mp When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them:
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

mp Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them:
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them—
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them. W. C. Bryant.

634 L.M.

mp O Holy Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowest place,
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

mp Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey!

mp O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

p Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there!

mp So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.

W. W. How
SPECIAL INTERCESSION.

2.—FOR MINISTERS AND STUDENTS.

635

\[ mf \text{ Spirit of Christ! be earnest given} \]
\[ That these our prayers are heard, and they} \]
\[ Who grasp, this hour, the sword of heaven} \]
\[ Shall feel Thee on their weary way.} \]
\[ mp \text{ Oft as at morn or soothing eve} \]
\[ Over the holy Fount they lean,} \]
\[ cre\text{ Their fading garland freshly weave,} \]
\[ Or fan them with Thine airs serene.} \]
\[ mp \text{ Spirit of Light and Truth! to Thee} \]
\[ We trust them in that musing hour;} \]
\[ cre\text{ Till they with open heart and free} \]
\[ Teach all Thy word, in all its power.} \]
\[ mp \text{ When foemen watch their tents by night,} \]
\[ And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell} \]
\[ cre\text{ Spirit of counsel and of might,} \]
\[ Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.} \]
\[ p \text{ And O! when worn and tired, they sigh} \]
\[ With that more fearful war within,} \]
\[ cre\text{ When passion's storms are loud and high,} \]
\[ And, brooding o'er remembered sin,} \]
\[ p \text{ The heart dies down—O Mightiest! then} \]
\[ Come, ever true; some, ever near;} \]
\[ cre\text{ And wake their slumbering love again,} \]
\[ Spirit of God's most holy fear!} \]
\[ J. Keble, v. 1, l. 1 alt.} \]

636

\[ mp \text{ Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,} \]
\[ Attentive to our earnest prayer,} \]
\[ We plead for those who plead for Thee;} \]
\[ Successful pleaders may they be.} \]

mp How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

cres Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

\[ mf \text{ Teach them to sow the precious seed;} \]
\[ Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;} \]
\[ cre\text{ Teach them immortal souls to gain,} \]
\[ Souls that will well reward their pain.} \]

\[ mf \text{ Let thronging multitudes around} \]
\[ Hear from their lips the joyful sound;} \]
\[ In humble strains Thy grace implore,} \]
\[ And feel Thy new-creating power.} \]

B. Beddome.

637

\[ j \text{ Mighty One, before Whose face} \]
\[ Wisdom had her glorious seat,} \]
\[ When the orbs that people space} \]
\[ Sprang to birth beneath Thy foot!} \]

\[ mf \text{ Source of truth, Whose rays alone} \]
\[ Light the mighty world of mind!} \]
\[ God of love, Who from Thy throne} \]
\[ Watchest over all mankind!} \]

\[ mf \text{ Shed on those who in Thy name} \]
\[ Teach the way of truth and right,} \]
\[ Shed that love's undying flame,} \]
\[ Shed that wisdom's guiding light.} \]

W. C. Bryant.

3.—FOR THE SORROWING AND AFFLICTED.

638

\[ mp \text{ Hopes of those that have none other,} \]
\[ Left for life by father, mother,} \]
\[ All their dearest lost or taken,} \]
\[ Only not by Thee forsaken,} \]
\[ Comfort Thou the sad and lonely,} \]
\[ Saviour dear, for Thou canst only.} \]

mp When the glooms of night are o'er us,} \]
\[ Satan in his strength before us;} \]
\[ When despair, and doubt, and terror} \]
\[ Drag the blinded heart to error;} \]
\[ Comfort Thou the poor and lonely,} \]
\[ Saviour dear, for Thou canst only.} \]

mp By Thy days of earthly trial,
By Thy friend's foreknown denial,
By Thy cross of bitter anguish,
Leave not Thou Thy lambs to languish;
Comforting the weak and lonely,
Lead them in Thy pastures only.

mp Sick with hope deferred, or yearning
For the never-now-returning;
When the glooms of grief o'ershade us,
Thou hast known, and Thou wilt aid us!
To Thine own heart take the lonesome,
Leaning on Thee only, only.

F. T. Penlygrave.
4.—FOR THOSE AT SEA.

639  L.M., with refrain.

mf Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

p O Saviour, Whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

mf O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
p O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

f O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foes,
Protect them where so'er they go;
f And ever let them rise to Thee [sea.
Glad hymns of praise from land and
W. Whiting, v. 3, l. 1, v. 4, ll. 3, 4
aild.


XIII.

National Hymns.

1.—THE THRONE.

640  L.M. 641

f O King of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed sovereign's head;
And, looking from Thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

mf Her with Thy choicest mercies bless,
To all her counsels give success;
In war, in peace, on Thee we lean,
Thy strength command, God save the Queen.

mf Her may we honour and obey,
Uphold her right and lawful sway,
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained of Thee.

mf Thou, ever mindful of her want,
Through all her days Thy blessing grant;
And bid the golden circlet spread
Its purest splendour round her head.
p And oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
mf Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
P A crown of immortality.

Catterall's Selection, 1819.

2.—THANKSGIVINGS.

(1) GENERAL.

642  L.M.

mf Praise to our God, Whose bounteous
Prepared of old our glorious land; and
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, bold, and free.

mf Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

* Or, as in the original text:—

"... Thy succour bring, Thy strength command, God save the King."
Praise to our God; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God; Who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage!

J. Beverley.

8.7.8.7., double.

Sing how thy song among the nations,
England of the Lord beloved!
Sing the grace for generations
That hath kept thy lamp unmov'd;
Sing how vainly hosts assembled
'Gainst the isle of His delight;
Sing how tyrants turned and trembled
When His arm upheld thy right.

Sing how He, the Lord, hath brought thee
Onward still from height to height,
How the Heavenly Lustre sought thee
Ere it made the world more bright.
Let the freedom long-descended
Gloriously uplift thy voice!
In the Good Old Cause defended
By thy men of might; rejoice!

Sing how He His England crowned
When He loosed the yoke of Rome;
Sing how He His truth enthroned
In this consecrated home;
How He trusts thee with the treasure
Of His Word to send it forth:
Mightily fulfill His pleasure;
Send His Word o'er all the earth!

Sing how gleamed His sword victorious
In the hands of heroes thine;
How His fire more sweetly glorious
Streamed from thy souls divine;
Let no marvel of thy story
Loss's place amidst the praise;
Praise Him for thine olden glory!
Praise Him for these latter days!

Sing how freedom's fire abideth
Where it first did burn and shine;
How for thee the Lord provideth
Boundless realms and tasks divine;
As ascends and spreads thy glory,
So thy strain advance, prolong;
With the fulness of thy story
Blend the fulness of thy song!

T. H. Gill.

Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favoured land.

When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God!

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made
In justice and in love.

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fulness and peace.

J. Watts.

We thank Thee, Lord, Thou Prince of Peace,
That Thou dost bid war's fears to cease;
With Thee the message comes again—
"Be peace on earth, goodwill to men."

The cannon's voice is heard no more,
Is hushed the furious battle roar,
And silent sinks the deadly blast—
The earthquake and the storm are past.
THANKSGIVINGS.

mp And while we hear their echo still
Fadeth faintly on the distant hill,
Be present, Lord, as we rejoice,
Be present in the still small voice.

mp Speak Thou, and with the battle-fray
Bid wrath and malice pass away;
Forgotten be all hatred then,
For sake of Jesus Christ: Amen.

G. Moutrie.

646

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

mf Lord God, we worship Thee:
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us:
In loud and happy chorus;
To heaven our song shall soar;
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

mf Lord God, we worship Thee,
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.

Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.

Lord God, we worship Thee:
Thou didst indeed chastise us;
Yet still Thy goodness spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee.

J. Franck, tr. Catherine Winkworth.

(3) FOR VICTORY.

647

C.M.

mf Great God of Hosta, their God and ours!
Our only Lord and King!
Let that right arm which fought for them
To us salvation bring.

mf To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,
By Whom the conquest came,
And, in triumphant songs of praise,
Will celebrate Thy Name.

E. Oster.

(4) FOR REMOVAL OF PESTILENCE.

648

7.8.8.7.6.6.6.7.

mpl: And while we hear their echo still
Fadeth faintly on the distant hill,
Be present, Lord, as we rejoice,
Be present in the still small voice.

mpl: Speak Thou, and with the battle-fray
Bid wrath and malice pass away;
Forgotten be all hatred then,
For sake of Jesus Christ: Amen.

G. Moutrie.

649

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

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

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

H. W. Baker.

(5) FOR RAIN.

650
f O SING to the Lord,
Whose bountiful hand
Again doth accord
His gifts to the land.
unf His clouds have shed down
Their plenteousness here;
His goodness shall crown
The hopes of the year;
And every fold
Shall teem with its sheep,
With harvests of gold
The fields shall be deep;

5.5.5.5. The vales shall rejoice
With laughter and song,
And man's grateful voice
The music prolong.
So, too, may He pour,
The Last and the First,
His graces in store
On spirits athirst,
mp Till when the great day
Of harvest hath come,
cres He takes us away
To garner at home.
R. F. Littleale.

(6) FOR FAIR WEATHER.

651
mp The wintry time hath ended,
The rain is past and gone;
With genial glory splendid
Once more shines out the sun.
mp The chill and wasting showers
Yield now to radiant morn;
cres The earth is gay with flowers,
The fields are thick with corn.

7.6. f We praise Thee, Sun unsetting,
Whose bountiful right hand
In mercy unforgetting
Hath blest again the land.
mp And when is closed earth's story,
And past its rain and storm,
cres Illume us with the glory
mp Of Thine all-beauteous form.
R. F. Littleale.

3.—PRAYER AND HUMILIATION.

(1) GENERAL.

652
mp Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy, and the happy,
And the gloriously free.
Who blesseth her is blessed!
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls.

7.6. A. C. Coxe.

653
mp God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard her shore;

6.6.4.6.6.6.4. May peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.
mp Through every changing scene,
O Lord! preserve the Queen;
Long may she reign.
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.
mp May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may

[Note: The text is incomplete and contains a section that seems to be cut off or incomplete.]
PRAiER AND HUMILIATION.

654
6.6.6.6.6.6.

 mf And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
cres Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.
W. B. Hickson.

655
7.6.7.6.8.8.8.

 wp WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings or lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
cres God save the people!

wp Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall sin for wrong?
“No,” say Thy mountains; “No,” Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
cres God save the people!

wp WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thine children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!
Bennett Elliott.

656
6.6.6.6.8.8.

 wp To Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O! hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
cres O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

 wp Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
cres O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

 f Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
cres O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

 mf The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
cres O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

 mf The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
cres O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

 p Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh! let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
cres O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

 p Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
cres O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

657
3.6.6.6.6.6.

 wp LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every climate and coast,
O hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

wp Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well!

 mf O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless:
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

C. M.
### NATIONAL HYMNS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>174</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Unite us in the sacred love</td>
<td>We bless Thee for Thy guardian care,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:</td>
<td>Who dost our foes restrain,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And let our hills and valleys shout</td>
<td>And for the freedom, large and fair,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The songs of liberty.</td>
<td>Our fathers died to gain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mp Here may religion pure and mild</td>
<td>mp Now bend our hearts to Thy command;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upon our Sabbaths smile;</td>
<td>And grant us wisdom true</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And piety and virtue reign,</td>
<td>To know the times, and understand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And bless our native isle.</td>
<td>What England ought to do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mp Lord of the nations, thus to Thee</td>
<td>mp The heat of party strife abate,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our country we commend;</td>
<td>And teach us how to choose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ctes Be Thou her refuge and her trust,</td>
<td>Good men and wise to guide the State—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her everlasting Friend.</td>
<td>The evil to refuse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Wreford.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 658

BEFORE A PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>658</th>
<th>C.M.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>mpf O God, Who holdest in Thy hand</td>
<td>mlf Let all our chosen rulers hail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The islands of the sea;</td>
<td>The kingdom of Thy Son,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose bounty makes our native land</td>
<td>And strive that virtue may prevail,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So glorious, great, and free:</td>
<td>That justice may be done:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>f That so the land Thou deign'st to bless</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>May flourish, all our days,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>In freedom, peace, and righteousness;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And Thine shall be the praise.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Wreford.</td>
<td>T. G. Cripps.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### (2) TIMES OF DISTRESS.

### (a) War.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>659</th>
<th>11.10.11.9.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>f God the All-terrible! King, Who or-</td>
<td>mlf So shall Thy children in thankful devo-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dainest</td>
<td>tion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nings Thy sword;</td>
<td>Land Him Who saved them from</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great winds Thy clarions, the light-</td>
<td>peril abhorred,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dim Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou</td>
<td>Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reignest;</td>
<td>“Peace to the nations and praise to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.</td>
<td>the Lord.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,</td>
<td>H. F. Cherley, alt., by J. Ellerton.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watching invisible, judging un-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heard;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dim Doom us not now in the hour of our</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mlf God the All-merciful! earth hath for-</td>
<td>mlf Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>saken</td>
<td>The wonders that our fathers told;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Thy word:</td>
<td>dim Remember not our sin's dark stain;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy way of blessedness, slighted</td>
<td>p Give peace, O God, give peace again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dim Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;</td>
<td>mlf Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.</td>
<td>The wonders that our fathers told;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[f God the All-righteous One! man hath</td>
<td>dim Remember not our sin's dark stain;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>defied Thee;</td>
<td>p Give peace, O God, give peace again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;</td>
<td>mlf Whom shall we trust but Thee, O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry</td>
<td>Lord?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beside Thee;</td>
<td>Where rest but on Thy faithful word?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!</td>
<td>ctes None ever called on Thee in vain;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mlf God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy</td>
<td>p Give peace, O God, give peace again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chastening,</td>
<td>f Where saints and angels dwell above,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth shall to freedom and truth be</td>
<td>All hearts are knit in holy love;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>restored:</td>
<td>O bind us in that heavenly chain;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom</td>
<td>p Give peace, O God, give peace again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is hastening;</td>
<td>H. W. Baker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mlf Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PRAYER AND HUMILIATION. 175

(b) Pestilence.

661 C.M., double.
mp Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall;
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
O turn us not away;
cres But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.
mp Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own;
cres Yet wondrously, from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.
mp When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beat our country round,
cres To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.
mpf Though love and might no longer heal
By touch or word or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book:
cres Yet come to cleanse the sick man's soul,
Come cleanse the leprous taint,
f Go ease and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.
p With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
cres With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
mp Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.
J. H. Gurney.

662 C.M.
mp O Lord of life and death, we come
In sorrow to Thy throne,
Yet not bewildered, blind and dumb,
Before some power unknown.
mp The scourge is in our Father's hand;
The plague comes forth from Thee;
Oh, give us hearts to understand,
And faith Thy ways to see!
mp Forgive the foul neglect that brought
Thy chastening to our door;
The homes uncared for, souls untaught,
The unregarded poor.
mp The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
The wasted years, forgive;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
Then turn, and bid us live.
mp So shall the lives for which we plead
Be spared to praise Thee still,
cres And we, from fear and danger freed,
mf Be strong to do Thy will.
J. Ellerton.

(c) Dearth.

663
mp Thou that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea,
May we no'er of Thee complain,
Whate'er our lot may be.
mp Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
May we still this lesson learn,
No'er to murmur or complain.
mf Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
Still we seem to hear Thy words,
cres "Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me."
mf All we have, we know, is Thine,
Thine to give and take away;
Feed us then with food divine,
Feed us this and every day.
mp Thus as changeful seasons bring
Wealth or want, which'er it be,
cres Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
Simply trusting all to Thee.
G. Thring.

664
mp God, Creator and Preserver;
God, Who feedest man and beast;
God, Whose tender mercy careth
For the weakest and the least;
mp If in former times of gladness,
In the fulness of our bread,
Harvest gifts to Thee we offered,
Harvest songs to Thee we said:
cres Shall we not in trustful patience
Cast our cares upon Thee now?
Shall we not in meek obedience
To Thy righteous judgments bow?
mp Though the earth withhold her increase,
Though the heaven restrain its dow,
Though his hand the reaper fill not,
Yet we know that Thou art true.
mf Not in vain the mighty promise,
From beneath the bow of peace,
Told us, while the earth remaineth,
Seed-time, harvest, shall not cease.
dim But our sins have stayed Thy blessing,
Our rebellions drawn Thy sword;
Pity now Thy mourning people,
Think upon Thy covenant, Lord!

mf So the sunshine of Thy bounty
Once again shall dry our tears,
cres And Thy gracious Hand restore us
All our canker-eaten years!
J. Bilton.

(d) Drought.

665

888.888.
mf O lift our spirits, Lord, to Thee!
We would not earthward bend the knee
To grovel for some golden gain;
It is for very life we plead!
p O hear us, Father, in our need,
And ope Thy hand to us in rain.
mf We trust our seed to the dark earth,
But only Thou canst bring it forth
In ripened fruits of smiling grain:
By Thee alone are all things fed,
To Thee alone we look for bread:
Pity us, Lord, and send the rain.

mp A world of dumb things droop and die;
For their sake hear the human cry,
O make Thy covenant once again,
And bid the bow of promise rise,
cres While smiling earth drinks from the skies
The life and glory of the rain.

mf The world revive; make glad the vine
That turns the water into wine;
In the green ear enrich the grain;
Anoint the flower and crown the fruit,
All nature quicken, core and root,
And send Thy blessing, Lord, in rain.
G. Massey.

666

7a., 6 lines.
mf What our Father does is well:
Blessed truth His children tell!

(c) Excessive Rain.

667

7.7.6.7.6.
mf In the hollow of Thy Hand,
Maker of the sea and land,
Thou dost hold the waters;
dim Father, in our sore distress,
Seal the opened heavens, and bless
Zion's sons and daughters.

mf Evermore Thy words remain,
Ne'er again shall floods and rain
Overwhelm in sadness;

dim Merciful, receive our cry,
By Thy Covenant, Most High,
Visit us with gladness.

f Then our land shall laugh and sing.
Then the valleys increase bring,
Fear no more oppress us,
Sunlight fall on field and fold,
On the stall and on the fold,
God, our own God, bless us.
W. C. Dix.

XIV.

Special Seasons.

x.—MORNING.

668

L.M.
mf Thy precious time mispent re
deem:
Each present day thy last estate;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

f 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.
670

L.M.

\( m^f \) In Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

\( m^f \) The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
- O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

\( m^f \) Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

\( m^p \) Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
\( c^p \) And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

\( f \) For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. Wesley, v. 2, t. 4 alt.

671

8.3.3.6.

\( f \) Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker!
Angels praise,
Join thy lays:
With them be partaker.

\( m^f \) Father, Lord of every spirit,
In Thy light
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

\( m^p \) Never cast me from Thy Presence
Till my soul
Shall be full
Of Thy blessed Essence.

\( m^p \) O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me
Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.

\( m^p \) Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
Be my Guide,
Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

\( c^p \) Thou by night wast my Protector:
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my director.

\( m^f \) Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
Reign, adored for ever! J. Connick.

672

7s., 6 lines.

\( m^f \) Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day.

\( c^p \) For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure:
Thy compassion doth endure,
SPECIAL SEASONS.

mf Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
cres Gives unbehous to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

mf Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And as we confess the sin,
And the tempter’s power within,
cres Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of life.

mf As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-Blessed Trinity,
cres With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore, v. 1, l. 1 altd.

675

L.M.
mf My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

mp Thou spread’st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
cres Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

mf I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
cres Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. Watts.

676

7.6.7.6., double.

f Thy love for all Thy creatures
What tongue, O God, may tell?
The morning, noon, and evening,
Alike our praise compel:
The morning, noon, and evening,
Where’er they rise or fall,
Unite to hymn Thy praises,
Great Maker of them all.

f Behold the sun in splendour
Hath lit his fires on high,
The farther on his journey,
The higher in the sky;
dim And when again he sinketh
Beneath the western wave,
cres A radiant crown of glory
Shall kindle o’er his grave.

mf May we to whom in mercy
A brighter light is given,
The farther on our journey,
The nearer be to heaven;
dim And when the shades of evening
Shall lengthen o’er our heads,
cres May rays of heavenly glory
Illume our dying beds.

mf Shine! shine! Thou Sun Eternal,
And cast a ray divine
On those who hymn Thy praises,
Both now and ever shine;
cres For, then, no cloud of evening
Shall gather round the past,
f But Thou, O Christ, shalt light us
Safe Home,—safe Home at last.

C. Wren.
677
C.M., or 4.4.6.4.4.6.

\( f \) My soul, awake!
Thy rest forsake,
And greet the morning light;
With song arise—
Glad sacrifice
For mercies of the night.

\( f \) With courage drest,
Strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad.
Fearless and true,
Thy way pursue,
A happy child of God.

\( mf \) Amid the strife
Of daily life,
Amid its noontide heat,
Fear not to miss
Thy secret bliss,
The rest of sonship sweet.

\( mf \) In liberty,
O holy gle.
Accept thy childhood's part,
And thou shalt find,
By faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart.

\( mp \) O blessed rest,
With such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold,
And, as of old,
The water turns to wine.

\( f \) Eternal praise
To Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God,
Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Immanuel! Jane Livock.

678
L.M.

\( mf \) O God, who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the mid-day sky.

\( mp \) Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
\( dim \) From peril guard our feeble life,
\( p \) And to our souls Thy peace impart.

\( mp \) Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
\( cres \) To Whom all glory, Three in One,
\( mf \) Be given in every time and place.


679
7s., 6 lines.

\( mf \) At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day:
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more:
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

\( mp \) If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless:
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

\( mp \) We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies:
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

\( mp \) Pain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

\( mp \) Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can ever impart,
Loyal singleness of heart:

\( cres \) So shall this and all our days
\( mf \) Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

W. Bright.

680
C.M.

\( mf \) O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.

\( mf \) I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind!
Earth is Thy uttered word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.

\( mf \) Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

\( mp \) Lord, let me live and act this day,
Still rising from the dead.

\( cres \) Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.

\( mp \) Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on;
My heart alive to keep
Till the night comes, and, labour done,

\( p \) In Thee I fall asleep. G. Macdonald.

681
L.M.

\( f \) Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

\( mf \) Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy slumber-gifts our strength restore
Throughout the day to serve Thee more.

\( mp \) Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,

\( dim \) But on the soul thick midnight lies.
SPECIAL SEASONS.

mf O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own:
O then be with us, Lord, that we
In Thy great day may wake to Thee.

f Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall
creς Till psalm and song His Name endure [end;]
şf Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.
F. T. Palgrave.

2.—EVENING.

682 L.M.

f Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

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

Teach me to live, that I may dare
The grave as little as my bed!

p To die, that this vile body may
cres Rise glorious at the awful day!

wp O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

[p When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply! Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness molest me!]

wf O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

ff 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!
T. Ken.

684

mf Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
[see,
When other helpers fail, and comfort
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!]

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day!
Away; Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

wp 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!

mp Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
[ wings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide
with me!

[mf Thou on my head in early youth didst
smile;
Meanwhile, And, though rebellious and perverse
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left
Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, and bless me!

mf I need Thy presence every part;
What but Thy grace can foil
power?
Who like Thysel my guide be?
Through cloud and sun,
EVENING.

8f I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:  
His love no weight, and tears no bitterness:  
thy victory?  
8m Where is death's sting? where, Grave,  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!  
pp Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!  
[to the skies!  
8m Shine through the gloom, and point me  
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's  
vain shadows flee;  
true!  
In life and death, O Lord, abide with  
H. F. Lyte.

585

8.4.8.4.8.3.8.4.

8f God that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil last given,  
For rest the night;  
8p May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.  
8f Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;  
And when we die,  
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lies.  
8m When the last dread call shall wake us,  
8m No do not Thou, our God, forsake us;  
f But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.  
R. Heber and R. Whately.

686

8.8.7.8.8.7.

8f Father, in high heaven dwelling,  
May our evening song be telling  
Of Thy mercy large and free.  
Through the day Thy love has led us,  
Through the day Thy care has led us,  
With divinest charity.  
8m This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,  
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,  
Envy, pride, and vanity;  
From the world, the flesh, deliver,  
Save us now, and save us ever,  
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!  
8m From enticements of the devil.  
From the might of spirits evil,  
Be our shield and panoply;  
Let Thy power this night defend us,  
8p And a heavenly peace attend us,  
And angelic company.  
8m Whilst the night-dews are distilling,  
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling  
With Thine own serenity;  
8m Softly set the eyes be closing,  
Loving souls on Thee reposing,  
Ever blessed Trinity.  
G. R. Rouseon.

687

8.4.6.6.

8m The sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies;  
cres Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.  
8m As Christ upon the cross  
In death reclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned;  
8f So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live.  
8m So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast,  
8f Save that His will be done,  
Whatever 'tis:  
Dead to herself; and dead  
In Him to all beside.  
8m Thus would I live,—yet now  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me!  
f One sacred Trinity!  
One Lord divine!  
May I be ever His!  
And He for ever mine!  
Latin, 7th century, tr. E. Cowell.

688

8.8.8.8.

8m The radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.  
8p Our life is but an autumn day,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—  
cres Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,  
Safe home at last.  
8f Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky;—  
f Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thro'ring angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;—  
8m Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
f Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all.  
G. Thring.

689

8.5.6.5.

8m Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.
SPECIAL SEASONS.

mp Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peer,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

mp Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
pp With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
cres Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
p Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in vain;
cres Those who plan some evill
From their sin restrain.

wf Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
cres When the morning wakes,
Then may I arise
f Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould.

690 8.7.8.7.

mp Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

mp Heavy though my sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one:
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

mp Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

mp None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought:
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Soul hath bought.

mp Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
cres Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr, v. 2, l. 1 altd.

691 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

wf Father of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
cres Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this night
Our grateful thanks we pay,
dim And to our Father pray.—
pp Bless us to-night!

mp Jesus, Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite.
dim For all our sins we grieve,
cres But Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
p Bless us to-night!

mp Spirit of holiness,
Gentle transforming grace,
Indwelling light!
dim Sooths Thou each weeping breast,
Now let Thy peace possessed
Calm us to perfect rest,
p Bless us to-night!

G. Rowson.

692 L.

mp The night is come: like to the day
Depart not, Lord, great God, away;
Let not my sins, all black as night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.

mp Keep Thou still in my heaven: for me
The day doth need no sun but Thee;
O Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
O'er my closed eyelids sentry keep.

mp Guard me against those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close
Let no ill dreams my sleep infect,
But such as Jacob's slumber's bless;

mp That so I may, my rest being wont
Awake into some holy thought;
cres And with an active vigour run
My course, as doth the unvaried sun.

mp Sleep is a death: O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die;
p And then as gently lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed.

T. Brown.

693 7.6.7.6.8.

wf The day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
dim I pray Thee that I may
The hour of dark may come;
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy night,
And save me through the coming night.

wf The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
dim And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of sin may be;
pp O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

wf The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee;
dim And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be;
pp O Jesus, keep me in Thy night;
And guard me through the coming night.
EVENING.

mf Be Thou my soul’s preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.

pp Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale.

394

5.7.8.7.7.7.

mp Though the day Thy love has spared
Now we lay us down to rest; [us,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;

mf Jesus, Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

mp Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thy love may we repose!

p And, when life’s sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. Kelly.

395

L.M.

mp Thou Who hast known the careworn breast,
The weary need of sleep’s deep balm,
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
And breathe around Thy perfect calm.

mf Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
Gladness, and hope without alloy,
At the faith that triumphs o’er the dust,
And gleanings of eternal joy.

mp Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
“Peace be to you, this evening hour,”
Then all the struggles of the day
Vanish before Thy loving power.

mf Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven,
A little nearer every night;
Christ, to our earthly darkness given,
Till in His glory, there is light.

G. Rawson.

396

C.M., double.

p Thee shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dew of evening lie:

res Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:

dim Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray:

p The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;

res The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;

f With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

p Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;

cres Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;

f Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

p Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend;

res From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;

cres Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;

dim Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter.

697

5.7.8.7.

mp Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

res Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,

mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

p Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;

res Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

p Should swift death this night o’ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,

res May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

J. Edmiston.

698

L.M.

mp O Light of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear:

cres Through dark and day, o’er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

mp Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart!

res Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

mf What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv’st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.

mp Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near,
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God’s own Paradise.

f Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him, through time, till time shall end!

res Till psalm and song His Name adore,

ff Through heaven’s great day of evermore.

F. T. Palgrave.
699
mf E'en I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
mf O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?
mf Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.
mf Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.
mf Visit me with Thy salvation,
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

$f$ Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

$p$ So, where'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
.Counted in their number.

J. Cunnick.

700

C.M.

mf Now from the altar of my heart
Let incense-flames arise!
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

$f$ Awake, my love! awake, my joy!
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

mf This day God was my sun-and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

$mp$ Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

mf New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require;
cres Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

mf Lord of my time, Whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
$f$ Thee shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

J. Mason.

701

C. M.

mf The day departs;
Our souls and hearts
Long for that better morrow,
cres When Christ shall set His people free
From every care and sorrow.

$mp$ The sunshine bright
Is lost in night;
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
cres Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

$mp$ Be Thou still night,
With sleepless eye,
While all around are sleeping;
cres And angel-guards, at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

$p$ The land above,
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten,
cres For all its borders Christ Himself
$f$ Doth with His glory lighten.

$mp$ May we be there,
That joy to share,
cres Glad Hallelujahs singing:
$f$ With all the ransomed evermore
Our joyful praises bringing.

$mp$ Lord Jesu, Thou
Our Refuge now,
Forsake Thy servants never;
cres Uphold and guide, that we may stand
$mf$ Before Thy throne for ever.

J. A. Freylinghausen, tr. H. L. L

702

7.7.7.7., double

$p$ Now on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vespers-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.

Soon as dies the sunset glory,
cres Stars of heaven shine out above,
$f$ Feeling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

$p$ Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, Who cares for all,
Calm we fearing, calm we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall.

cres As the darkness deepens o'er us
Lo! eternal stars arise;
$f$ Hope and faith and love rise glorius,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. Longfellow.

703

7.7.7.5

$mf$ Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
$f$ Light at evening-time.

$mp$ Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
$f$ Light at evening-time.
SATURDAY EVENING.—SPRING.

p Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;

pp Grant us, as we come to die,

cres Light at evening-time.

mf Holy, Blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see

f Light at evening-time.

R. H. Robinson.

3.—SATURDAY EVENING.

'04
S.M., double.

mp Soul, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, whilst world-cares fly,
With the closing hours is blended,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.

mf Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee!
Let thy calmness fill my breast;
Let me even now possess thee;
And anticipate thy rest.

im Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?

Be to me a well of gladness;
Bid me quite forget my fear.

mp So when life’s long week is over,
Blessed it will be to die;
Angels whispering, as they hover,
“Rest is coming, rest is nigh.”

mp Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine:
cres Rest of God! the sun and centre
Of the bliss that is divine.

G. Rawson.

4.—SPRING.

'05
C.M.

f The glory of the spring how sweet!
The newborn life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad!

mf Divine Renewer! Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.

f But O! these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine!

mp These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true.

mf Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine!
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine!

mf Still let new life and strength upspring,
cres Still let new joy be given!

f And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven!

T. H. Gill.

And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

mf Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;

dim But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

mp Dews fall asleep,—
The dews of grace,—
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within.

cres Yet year by year
Fruits, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;

dim But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

mp Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
cres Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

f And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing:
cres Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
ff And join the praise of spring.

J. S. B. Monsell.
5.—SUMMER.

707 6.5., 8 lines.

f Summer suns are glowing
   Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
   Bountiful and free,
Everything rejoices
   In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
   Swell the psalm of praise.

f God's free mercy streameth
   Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
   Everywhere unfurled,
Broad and deep and glorious
   As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
   His eternal Love.

p Lord, upon our blindness
   cres Thy pure radiance pour;
m/s For Thy loving-kindness
   Make us love Thee more
p And when clouds are drifting
   Dark across our sky,
cres Then, the veil uplifting,
   Father, be Thou nigh.

m/s We will never doubt Thee,
   dim Though Thou veil Thy light:
p Life is dark without Thee;
cres Death with Thee is bright.
f Light of Light! shine o'er us
   On our pilgrim way,
   Go Thou still before us
   To the endless day.

W. J. For.

6.—AUTUMN AND HARVEST.

708 7a., 8 lines.

f Come, ye thankful people, come,
   Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
   Ere the winter storms begin;
m/s God, our Maker, doth provide
   For our wants to be supplied;
f Come to God's own temple, come,
   Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

m/s All the world is God's own field,
   Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
   Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
   Then the full corn shall appear:
   Lord of harvest, grant that we
   c/res Wholesome grain and pure may be!

p For the Lord our God shall come,
   And shall take His harvest-home!
cres From His field shall in that day
   All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
   In the fire the tares to cast,
cres But the fruitful ears to store
   m/s In His garner evermore.

m/s Even so, Lord, quickly come
   To Thy final harvest-home;
cres Gather Thou Thy people in,
   Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
   In Thy presence to abide:
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,
   raise Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

H. Alford.

709 7.6.7.6., double

f Sing to the Lord of harvest,
   Sing songs of love and praise;
   With joyful hearts and voices
   Your Hallelujahs raise:
By Him the rolling seasons
   In fruitful order move,
   Sing to the Lord of harvest
   A song of happy love.

m/s By Him the clouds drop fatness,
   The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
   The valleys laugh and sing:
   He filleth with His fulness
   All things with large increase,
   He crowns the year with goodness,
       With plenty and with peace.

m/s Heap on His sacred altar
   The gifts His goodness gave,
   The golden sheaves of harvest,
   The souls He died to save:
mp Your hearts lay down before Him,
   When at His feet ye fall,
   And with your lives adore Him,
   Who gave His life for all.

f To God the gracious Father,
   Who made us "very good;"
cres To Christ, Who when we wandered
   Restored us with His blood;
And to the Holy Spirit,
   Who doth upon us pour
   His blessed dews and sunshine,
f Be praise for evermore.

J. B. B. Monial.
'Praise, O praise the Lord of harvest,—
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above!
'Praise Him, every living creature,
By His goodness fed,
Whose rich mercy daily giveth
Daily bread.
'Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious Hand;—
Smiling peace and welcome plenty,
O'er our land.
'Praise His Name that war's loud thunder
Breaks not on our shores!
Fields of harvest, not of plunder,
Yield their store.
'Quickened unto life eternal,
Bear we heavenly fruit;
Lest, if barren, He reject us
Branch and fruit.
'Now the Church of God in patience
Waiteth for His Homestead,
Till, with angels for His reapers,
Christ shall come.
'May we all be safely gathered,
At the Master's word,
In the everlasting garner,
With the Lord!—
'With the saints of far back ages,
Crowns upon their brows;—
With the army of the martyrs,
Conquerors now:—
'With the flowers of strength and beauty,
Reaped before their time—
'Those downed by Death's sharp sickle,
In their prime:—
'With the sweet departed faces
Missed these weary years:—
'Given back in heavenly places,
Past all fears:—
'Speed, O speed that glorious harvest
Of the souls of men;
When Christ's members, here long scattered,
Meet again.
'Glory to the Lord of harvest!
Holy Three in One!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise be done.

J. Hamilton.

He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breeze and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
'All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
'Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
'Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

M. Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell.

712

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous Hand conferring,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The firstfruits of Thy blessing;
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.
SPECIAL SEASONS.

O, blessed is that land of God, Where saints abide for ever; Where golden fields spread far and broad, Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng With ours to-day are blending; Thrice blessed is that harvest-song Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix.

713

C.M., double.

O THRONED, O Crowned with all renown, Since Thou the earth hast trod, Thou reignest, and by Thee come down Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn Unspent, their watches hold; The hosts that turn, and still return, Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.
The powers of earth, for all her ills, An endless treasure yield, The precious things of the ancient hills, Forest and fruitful field. Thine is the health and Thine the wealth That in our halls abound; And Thine the beauty and the joy With which the years are crowned.

By as, when ebb'd the Flood, our sire Kneed on the mountain sod; While o'er the new world's altar-flame Shone out the bow of God; And sweetly fell the peaceful spell, Word that shall aye avail: "Summer and winter shall not cease, Seed-time nor harvest fail;"

Thus in their change let frost and heat And winds and dews be given: All fostering power, all influence sweet, Breathe from the boundless heaven.
Attempt fair with gentle air The sunshine and the rain, That kindly earth, with timely birth, May yield her fruits again.

That we may feed Thy poor aye bright, And, gathering round Thy throne, Hero, in the holy angels' sight, Repay Thee of Thine own.
That we may praise Thee all our days, And with the Father's Name, And with the Holy Spirit's gifts

The Saviour's love proclaim.


7.—WINTER.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land, Freezing with its icy breath, Dead and bare the tall trees stand: All is chill and drear as death.
Yet it seemeth but a day Since the summer flowers were here, Since they stacked the balmy hay, Since they reaped the golden ear.
Sunny days are past and gone: So the years go, speeding fast, Onward ever, each new one Swifter speeding than the last.

Life is waning; life is brief; Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf, Soon shall fade and fall and die.
But the sleeping earth shall wake, And the flowers shall burst into bloom.
And all Nature rising break Glorious from its wintry tomb.
So the saints, from slumber blest Rising, shall awake and sing,
And our flesh in hope shall rest Of a never-fading Spring.

HARP, awake! tell out the story Of our love and joy and praise; Lute, awake! awake our glory! Join a thankful song to raise! Join we, brethren faithful-hearted, Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed Of our three-score years and ten!

Lo! a theme for deepest sadness, In ourselves with sin defiled; Lo! a theme for holiest gladness, In our Father reconciled!

In the dust we bend before Thee, Lord of sinless hosts above;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee, God of mercy, grace, and love!
Gracious Saviour! Thou hast lengthened And hast blest our mortal span, And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!
Still, when danger shall beset us, Do Thy warning whisper heard; Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us By Thy Spirit and Thy Word!
MIDNIGHT SERVICES.

189

f Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin!
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour! we will trust in Thee!

H. Downton.

16

8.7.8.7.; last verse L.M.

f Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying,
Each within his narrow bed.
Soon our souls to God Who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

f Jesus, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mortal frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;
Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit life unending,
Or the death of shame and woe.

Life passeth soon; death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear:
For Thee to live, in Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

E. Caswall; v. 5, E. H. Bickersteth.

718

mF For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
cres Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

mF Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice;
cres And, forgetting all the past,
f Press towards our glorious prize.

p Dark the future; cres let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
f Fierce our foes, and hard the fight,
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

mF In our weakness and distress,
cres Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

p Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

mF Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

f So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

H. Downton.

9.—MIDNIGHT SERVICES.

19

C.M.

f Break, new-born Year, on glad eyes
Malodious voices move! [break,
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

p The parted year had winged feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:

The New Year comes! but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

mp Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er:
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.
mf Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

cres Then we may bless its precious things
If earthy cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou shouldst take us home.

f O! golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill.

720

6.5., 12 lines.

mf Standing at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear:
Spoken through the silence
By our Father’s voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

f Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

mf I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yes, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.

f Onward, then, and fear not, etc.

mf For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

f Onward then, and fear not, etc.

mf He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

f Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

Frances R. Havergal.

721

5.5.5.11.

mf Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

mf His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

mp Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

mf O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
“I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!”

mf O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
“Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne.”

C. Wesley.

722

8.7.8.7.8.

mp Across the sky the shades of night
This winter’s eve are fleeting:
We come to Thee the Life and Light;
In solemn worship meeting.
And as the year’s last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreat,

p Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing:
Beseeching Thee this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

mp And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o’er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To reunite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

mf We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and praise,
Our grateful song rehearse;
For Thou hast been our strength and aid
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverse.
NEW YEAR.

In many an hour, when fear and dread
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm round us.

Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. Hamilton, v. 1, l. 3 oltd.

10.—NEW YEAR.

Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise
Adored throughout our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in Whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

P. Doddridge, v. 1, l. 4, v. 5, l. 4 oltd.

Eternal Father! who can tell
The years of Thy right hand?
Like sunbeams bright, but numberless,
Or as the ocean's sand.

Thine ageless age no limit knows,
No dawn began Thy day,
Nor evening shade shall ever fall
Upon Thy glorious way.

All time is but a fleeting wave
Upon Thy calm, deep sea,
A fading leaf that feebly falls
From Life's Eternal Tree.

Yet unto Thee our fleeting years,
Our fading days, are known,
And every hour its message bears
Up to the eternal throne.

[Old year, farewell! Thou'ret gone to God,
Gone to record our life,
Its poor success, its wasted hours,
Its oft unworthy strife.

New year, all hail! Thou'ret come from
Blest be thy dawning bright! [God;
Blest be thy swiftly-fleeting hours!
And blest Thine evening light.]

Into the hand of Him Who died,
Who evermore doth live,
This strange and solemn New Year's path
In trustful prayer we give.

Enough for us to hear His voice,
To feel His guiding hand,
To know each step is bringing us
Nearer the Better Land.

R. Dawson.

Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
Oh, how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
Oh, how many blessings
Every day has seen!

Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.
Benedictions and Doxologies.

mp Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell!
All our sins (so many!),
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.

p Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

mf Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go;

mp So, we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
cres Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land.

mf Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

mp Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.

cres Let each day, each moment
Of this glad New Year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.

f Then, O blessed Saviour,
Never need we fear:
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year.
Frances R. Havergal.

727 7.5.7.5., double.

mf Father, let me dedicate
This new year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be,
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
cres This alone shall be my prayer:
f Glorify Thy Name.

mp Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father’s love refuse
All the best to give?

More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

mp If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
cres Let my glad heart while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim;
And, whate’er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

p If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
Glorify Thy Name.

L. Tcottii.

728

mf The year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smile
With all its mourners’ tears.

mf Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

mf To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plentyousness.

mp Forgive this nation’s many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

p From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
cres And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

mf O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year
As angels do above.

Maurus Breviary, tr. F. Potts

XV.

Benedictions and Doxologies.

729 8.7.8.7., double.

mf May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father’s boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit’s favour,
Rest upon us from above!

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

J. Newton
CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

7.6.7.6., double.

30

O FATHER, ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice holy Three in One:
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore.

E. H. Bickersteth.

732

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

N. Tate and N. Brady.

733

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.

T. Ken.

734

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.

J. Conder.

8.7.8.7., double.

31

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy name;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne,
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!

B. Osler.

XVI.

Children's Services.

73

Lord, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet:
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day!
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love,
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
Then, through all eternity,
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

W. W. How.

736

All that's good, and great, and true,
All that is, and is to be,
Be it old, or be it new,
 Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,
Nawer, brighter than before,
And the sun’s declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy Name;
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee
Songs of love ineffable.

Fill us then with love divine,
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May in spirit, being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

May we all with songs of praise
Whilst on earth Thy Name adore,
Till with angel-choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

G. Thring.

737

Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

\( f \) Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home, we bless Thee,
For the mercies of the morn.

\( mp \) Day by day we magnify Thee,—
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ’s dear lambs all night to keep.

\( mf \) Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips, and meek obedience,
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

\( mp \) Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When for Jesus’ sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

\( mp \) Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
dim Till we rest from these our labours,
p Waiting for Thy day in peace.

\( mf \) Then on that eternal morning,
With Thy great eternal host,

\( f \) May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. Ellerton.

738
L.M.

\( mf \) Great God, and wilt Thou condescend To be my Father and my Friend? I, a poor child, and Thou so high, The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

\( mp \) Art Thou my Father? Canest Thou bear To hear my poor imperfect prayer?

dim Or wilt Thou listen to the praise That such a little one can raise?

\( mf \) Art Thou my Father? Let me be A meek, obedient child to Thee: And try, in word and deed and thought, To serve and please Thee as I ought.

cres Art Thou my Father? I’ll depend Upon the care of such a Friend; And only wish to do and be Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

\( f \) Art Thou my Father? Then at last, When all my days on earth are past, Send down and take me in Thy love To be Thy better child above.

Ann Gilbert.

739
L.M.

\( f \) Or! let us all be glad to-day, And with the shepherds homage pay: Come, see what God to us hath given, His only Son, sent down from heaven.

\( mf \) Awake, my soul! from sadness rise, Come, see what in the manger lies: Who is this smiling infant Child?— ‘Tis little Jesus, sweet and mild.

\( mp \) Twice welcome, O Thou heavenly Guest, To save a world with sin distressed; Com’est Thou in lowly guise for me? What homage shall I give to Thee?

\( mp \) Ah! Lord Eternal, heavenly King, Hast Thou become so mean a thing; And hast Thou left Thy blissful seat, To rest where colts and oxen eat?

\( mp \) Were this wide world much wider made, With gold and costly gems arrayed; E’en then, by far too mean ‘twould be, To make a little crib for Thee.

\( mp \) No silken robes surround Thy head, A bunch of hay is all Thy bed! Where Thou, a King so rich and great, Art bright as in Thy heavenly state.

\( mp \) Jesus, my Saviour, come to me— Make here a little crib for Thee: A bed make in this heart of mine, That I may eye remember Thine.

\( mf \) Thron from my soul glad songs all ring— Of Thee each day I’ll gaily sing:

\( f \) The glad hosannas will I raise, From heart that loves to sing Thy praise

M. Luther, tr. J. Hunt.

740
6.5.6.5

\( f \) Waken, Christian children, Up, and let us sing With glad voice the praises Of our new-born King.

\( mf \) Come, nor fear to seek Him, Children though we be; Once He said to children, “Let them come to Me.”

\( mp \) In a manger lowly Sleeps the Heavenly Child, O’er Him fondly bendeth Mary, mother mild.

\( mp \) Far above that stable, Up in heaven so high, One bright star outshineth, Watching silently.

\( mp \) Fear not then to enter, Though we cannot bring Gold, or myrrh, or incense, Fitting for a king.

\( mf \) Gifts He asketh richer, Offerings costlier still, Yet may Christian children Bring them if they will.

\( mp \) Brighter than all jewels Shines the modest eye; Best of gifts He loveth Childlike purity.

\( mf \) Haste we then to welcome, With a joyous lay,

cres Christ the King of glory, Manifest to-day.

E. C. Hemerton.
CHILDREN’S SERVICES.

741

P.M.

mf In the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground;
And glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around.
When the light of the Lord streamed
O’er them,
And lo! from the heaven above
An angel leaned from his glory,
And sang his song of love.
He sang that first sweet Christmas
The song that shall never cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, goodwill and peace.”

f “To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day!”
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay!
Oh, never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the heavens themselves had never
A gladder choir till then.
[heard
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, goodwill and peace.”

mp And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child,
And calmly o’er that rude cradle
The Virgin Mother smiled,
And the sky in the starlight silence
Seemed full of the angel lay:
“To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day.”
Oh they sang—and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, goodwill and peace.”

742

P.M.

mf There came a little Child to earth
Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His
High and low.

p Out on the night, so calm and still,
Their song was heard;

cres For they knew that the Child on Bethleh-

mp Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white;

mF In white more pure than the snowless snow,
And their tongues unite [ago

p In the psalm which the angels sang long
On Christmas night.

mf They sing how the Lord of that world so
A child was born;
[fair
And that they might a crown of glory
Wore a crown of thorns.
[wear,
And in mortal weakness, in want and
Came forth to die;
[pain,
cres That the children of earth might for ever
With Him on high.
[reign
f He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land,
[flow
And He leads to where fountains of water
That chosen band:

cres And for evermore in their robes most fair
And undefiled,
[clare
Those ransomed children His praise de-
Who was once a child,
Emily E. S. Elliott.

743

8.7.8.7.7.

mf Once in royal David’s city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,

p Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed.

mf Mary was that mother mild,

p Jesus Christ her little Child.

p He came down to earth from heaven,

cres Who is God and Lord of all,

p And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

mf And through all His wondrous child-

mp And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,

p For that Child so dear and gentle

f Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

mf Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,

f We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God’s right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

C. Frances Alexander.
744

8.7.8.7.8.7.

f While the shepherds kept their vigil,
   And the world in darkness lay,
   Came the holy Advent Angel,
   Shone the sudden glory ray.
   Then, ten thousand times ten thousand
   Radiant heralds of the day.

f Then they sang the first sweet carol,
   "Glory be to God on high,
   And on earth be peace and blessing
   To the nations far and nigh!"
   So our God made good His promise,
   And the old prophetic cry.

f Fuller, farther o'er the wide world
   Year by year that music swells;
   Year by year to some new people
   Christmas-tide the story tells,
   With the chanting of the children,
   And the pealing of the bells.

f Louder over hill and valley
   Let the towers and steeples ring!
   In the hamlet and the city
   Sweeter carols let us sing—
   Louder peals of holy pleasure,
   Sweeter carols to our King.

mp Hear Thy children, blessed Jesus,
   Ones for us on earth a Child;
   Keep us in Thy great compassion,
   Holy, harmless, undefiled;
   Blest through Thee by God the Spirit,
   To the Father reconciled.

mf Still we look for Thine appearing,
   O Thou bright and Morning Star!
   cres Still we wait to hear the rolling
   Of Thy great triumphal car;
   f We who sing Thy first glad Advent,
   Know Thy second is not far.

S. J. Stone.

745

P.M.

mf 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,
   [then; I should like to have been with them]
   I wish that His hands had been placed
   on my head,
   That His arm had been thrown around
   And that I might have seen His kind
   look when He said,

p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

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

In that beautiful place He has got
prepare
For all that are washed and forg
cres And many dear children are gathered there,
   "For of such is the kingdom of heav
p But thousands and thousands who wake
and fall,
   Never heard of that heavenly home,
cres I should like them to know there is a
   place for them all,
   And that Jesus has bid them to come
mf I long for the joy of that glorious
   The sweetest, and brightest, and best
   When the dear little children of the
   world
   Shall crowd to His arms and be

Jenina Jones

746

6.5.5, 12 lines

mf Brightly gleams our banner,
   Pointing to the sky,
   Waving on Christ's soldiers
   To their home on high;

mf Marching through the desert,
   Gladly we thus pray,
   mf Still, with hearts united,
   Singing on our way,—

ff Brightly gleams our banner,
   Pointing to the sky,
   Waving on Christ's soldiers
   To their home on high

mf Jesus, Lord and Master,
   At Thy sacred feet,
   Here, with hearts rejoicing,
   See Thy children meet.

p Often have we left Thee,
   Often gone astray;

cres Keep us, mighty Saviour,
   In the narrow way.

ff Brightly gleams, etc.

mf Pattern of our childhood,
   Once Thyselv a Child,
   Make our childhood holy,
   Pure and meek and mild.

p In the hour of danger
   Whither can we flee,
cres Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
   Only unto Thee?

ff Brightly gleams, etc.

mf All our days direct us
   In the way we go;
   Crown us still victorious
   Over every foe;

p Bid Thine angels shield us
   When the storm-clouds roar;
   Paréon Thou and save us
   In the last dread hour.

ff Brightly gleams, etc.
Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.

When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!

Brightly gleams, etc.

F. J. Potter and W. W. How.

GENTLE, holy Jesus,
Saviour meek and mild,
Thou, Who once wast fashioned
Like a little child;

And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew;
Sharing human weakness,
Human sorrow too:

In Thy Word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
"Let them come to Me."

Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live,

Like Thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of Thee.

May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
Till we bear His likeness,
Perfected above.

Emma Whitfield.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not:
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the Kingdom of Thy grace.
CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

752

mf I love to think, though I am young,
    My Saviour was a child;
    That Jesus walked this earth along,
    With feet all undefiled.

mf He kept His Father's word of truth,
    As I am taught to do;
    And while He walked the paths of youth,
    He walked in wisdom too.

mp I love to think that He Who spake,
    And made the blind to see,
    And called the sleeping dead to wake,
    Was once a child like me.

p That He Who wore the thorny crown,
    And tasted death's despair,
    Had a kind mother like my own,
    And knew her love and care.

mp I know 'twas all for love of me
    That He became a child,
    And left the heavens, so fair to see,
    And trod earth's pathway wild.

mf Then, Saviour, Who wast once a child,
    A child may come to Thee;
    And oh, in all Thy mercy mild,
    Dear Saviour, come to me!

B. Paxton Hood.

753

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

754

mf It is a thing most wonderful,
    Almost too wonderful to be;
    That God's own Son should come from
    And die to save a child like me.

mf And yet I know that it is true:
    He chose a poor and humble lot,
    And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and
    For love of those who loved Him not.

mp I cannot tell how He could love
    A child so weak and full of sin;
    His love must be most wonderful,
    If He could die my love to win.

mf It is most wonderful to know
    His love for me so free and sure;
    But 'tis more wonderful to see
    My love for Him so faint and poor.

mf And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
    O light the flame within my heart,
    And I will love Thee more and more,
    Until I see Thee as Thou art.

W. W. How.

755

mf Jesus is our Shepherd,
    Wiping every tear;
    Folded in His Bosom,
    What have we to fear?
    Only let us follow
    Whither He doth lead,
    To the thirsty desert,
    Or the dewy mead.

mf Jesus is our Shepherd:
    Well we know His voice,
    How its gentliest whisper
    Makes our heart rejoice;
    Even when He chideth,
    Tender is His tone:
    None but He shall guide us;
    We are His alone,
**CHILDREN’S SERVICES.**

* mp Jesus is our Shepherd,
  For the sheep He bled;
  Every lamb is sprinkled
  With the blood He shed;
  Then on each He setteth
  His own secret sign,—
  They that have My Spirit,
  These, saith He, are Mine.

* Cres Jesus is our Shepherd;
  Guarded by His arm,
  Though the wolves may ravin,
  None can do us harm;
* Dim When we tread death’s valley,
  Dark with fearful gloom,
  Cres We will fear no evil,
  For Victor o’er the tomb. H. Stowell.

756 8.8.8.8. 

* mf Jesus, the children are calling,
  Oh, draw near!
  Fold the young lambs in Thy Bosom,
  Shepherd dear.

* mp Slow are our footsteps and failing,
  Oft we fall:
  Jesus, the children are calling,
  Hear their call!

* mp Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
  Large is Thine;
  Faithful and stronger and tender—
  So be mine!

* mp Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
  Weary they;
  Bless all our sisters and brothers
  Night and day.

* wp Fathers themselves are God’s children,
  Teach them still:
  Let the Good Spirit show all men
  God’s wise will!

* Cres Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
  Three in One—
  Cres Bountiful God of our Fathers,
  Praise be done! Annie Matheson.

757 L.M. 

* mp LORD JESUS, Shepherd of mankind,
  Tender and watchful, good and kind,
  List to the song Thy lambs would raise,
  Deign to accept their humble praise.

* mp Beloved Son of God most high,
  How shouldst Thou come to earth and die,
  To ransom thus Thy sinful sheep,
  Who never would Thy pastures keep!

* mp O love, most tender, deep, divine—
  That Thou shouldst wish us to be Thine,
  Shouldst gather us into Thy fold
  From this world’s bleak and barren wold!

* f O grace, surpassing mortal song,
  That Thou, omnipotently strong,
  Shouldst our defence and refuge be,
  And ever make us safe in Thee.

* mp Lord, in Thy pastures let us feed,
  That we may know nor fear nor need;
  By Thy still waters let us rest,
  Only in Thee content, and blest.

* mp Walk Thou before us all the way:
  From Thee, O let us never stray;
  Cres And in life’s sunset let us lie
  In Thy strong, loving arms to die.

  G. W. Conder.

758 7.6.7.6., double.

* mf There’s a Friend for little children,
  Above the bright blue sky;
  A Friend Whose love can never die.
  Who never changeth,
  Whose love can never die.
  Unlike our friends by nature,
  Who change with changing years,
  This Friend is always worthy
  The precious name He bears.

* mp There’s a rest for little children,
  Above the bright blue sky;
  Who love the blessed Saviour,
  And “Abba, Father” cry;
  A rest from every turmoil,
  From sin and danger free;
  Where every little pilgrim
  Shall rest eternally.

* mf There’s a home for little children,
  Above the bright blue sky;
  Where Jesus reigns in glory,
  A home of peace and joy.

* f No home on earth is like it,
  Nor can with it compare;
  For everyone is happy,
  Nor could be happier, there.

* mf There’s a crown for little children,
  Above the bright blue sky;
  And all who look for Jesus
  Shall wear it by-and-by.

* Cres A crown of brightest glory,
  Which He will then bestow
  On all who’ve found His favour
  And loved His name below.

* mf There’s a song for little children,
  Above the bright blue sky—
  A song that will not weary,
  Though sung continually;
  A song which even angels
  Can never, never sing;
  They know not Christ as Saviour,
  But worship Him as King.

* f There’s a robe for little children,
  Above the bright blue sky;
  And a harp of sweetest music,
  And a palm of victory.
  All, all above is treasured,
  And found in Christ alone;
  O come, dear little children,
  That all may be your own.

  A. Midlane.
759 8.7.8.7., double.

_Praise above in highest heaven,
Jesus reigns, our Lord and King;
He His life for us has given,
He did life eternal bring._

Sing, then, children, sing with gladness,
Loud let grateful anthems ring;
Jesus is the children’s Saviour,
Jesus is the children’s King.

_Once on earth the children praised Him,_
_And “Hosanna” was their cry;_
Now that God to heaven has raised Him,
Loud they praise Him in the sky;

_Shout, then, children, shout your praises,_
_Loud let grateful anthems ring;_
Jesus is the children’s Saviour,
Jesus is the children’s King.

_Come, then, early, come to Jesus,_
As the children did of old;
He from sin and sorrow frees us,
Never will His love grow cold.

_Daily let us learn to love Him,_
_Daily let us join to sing._
Praises to our Lord and Saviour,
Praises to the children’s King.

_Then, when life’s short days are ended,_
_If we’ve served our Saviour well,_
By His angels gently tended,
In His kingdom we shall dwell;

_There we’ll shout our joyous praises,_
_There the song of victory sing;_
Jesus is our Lord and Saviour,
Jesus is the children’s King._

_W. H. Scott._

760 6.5.6.5.

_Jesus, gentlest Saviour,_
_God of might and power,_
Thou Thyself art dwelling In us at this hour._

_Nature cannot hold Thee,_
_Heaven is all too strait,_
_For Thine endless glory,_
_And Thy royal state._

_Out beyond the shining_ Of the farthest star, Thou art ever stretching Infinitely far.

_Yet the hearts of children_ Hold what worlds cannot, And the God of wonders Loves the lowly spot.

_Jesus, gentlest Saviour!_ Thou art in us now; Fill us full of goodness Till our hearts overflow.

_Pray the prayer within us,_ That to heaven shall rise; Sing the song that angels Sing above the skies._

_—mul._

_Cresc._

_Praise in our gracious_ Chiefly love and fear; And, dear Lord, the chiepest, Grace to persevere._

_With what can we thank Thee_ For a gift like this?— Gift that truly maketh Heaven’s eternal bliss._

_Ah! when wilt Thou always_ Make our hearts Thy home?_ We must wait for heaven, Then the day will come._

_F. W. Faber._

761 C.M.

_Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,_ With flowers bright and fair; And every one who seeks may pluck A lovely nosegay there._

_Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;_ And jewels rich and rare Are hidden in its mighty depths, For every searcher there.

_Thy Word is like a starry host:_ A thousand rays of light Are seen, to guide the traveller And make his pathway bright.

_Thy word is like a glorious choir,_ And loud its anthems ring; Though many tongues and parts unite, It is one song they sing._

_Thy Word is like an armoury,_ Where soldiers may repair, And find for life’s long battle-day All needful weapons there._

_O, may I love Thy precious Word,_ May I explore the mine, May I its fragrant flowers glean, May light upon me shine!_ 

_O, may I find my armour there,_ Thy Word my trusty sword; _I’ll learn to fight with every foe_ The battle of the Lord._

_E. Hodder._

762 8.7.8.7.

_Grant us, O our Heavenly Father,_ Now in these our early days, Thee in all things to remember, Thee to serve, and Thee to praise._

_Drawing nearer still and nearer,_ May we close and closer cling To our Lord, and to His altar There ourselves an offering bring._

_Step by step in life advancing,_ Onward, upward, as we move Through the world unharmed,— rejoicing In His all-redeeming love:_

_—mul._
CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

763

㎝ Is earth too fair, is youth too bright
To need the smile of heaven?
Have I no deadly foes to fight?
No sins to be forgiven?

㎝ Am I too young to seek that Lord
Who left His heaven for me?
Too young to hold those sins abhorred
He bore upon the tree?

㎝ My Father, may not this glad heart
Feel Thee its sovereign good,
And bless, my Saviour, its dear part
In Thine eternizing blood?

㎝ Hath not Thy Word a promise sweet
For spirits young as mine?
May not my soul have leave to greet
Some vision all divine?

㎝ May not I nobest pleasure win
And still Thy servant be?
May not I drink Thy beauty in,
Nor miss Thy purity?

㎝ O awful God of holiness!
I would be all Thine own;
㎝ O God of joy! O God of grace!
I smile before Thy throne.

㎝ I pray Thee not to keep from me
All sorrow and all smart;
㎝ But now I bring my joy to Thee,
Accept this glowing heart.

T. H. Gill.

765

㎝ SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

㎝ Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine and Thine alone;
Thine to keep, to rule, to save
From all sin that would enslave.

㎝ With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

㎝ Though Thy will should cross my own,
May it instantly be done;
㎝ Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe.

㎝ Thine, Lord, was a bitter cup,
Thou didst meekly drink it up;
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Ever saidst, Thy will be done.

㎝ Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
 Antony to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him Who so loved me.

㎝ Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
㎝ Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

㎝ Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek:
㎝ Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me.

J. B. Leeson.

766

㎝ Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
When in danger, make me brave;  
Make me know that Thou canst save;  
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;  
Let me in Thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,  
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;  
And, when all alone I stand,  
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,  
Help me to remember Thee,  
Happy most of all to know  
That my Father loves me so.

When my work seems hard and dry,  
May I press on cheerily;  
Help me patiently to bear  
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

May I see the good and bright,  
When they pass before my sight;  
May I hear the heavenly voice  
When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know;  
Be Thy loving child below,  
Then at last go home to Thee,  
Evermore Thy child to be.

J. P. Hopps.

Lord, Thy children guide and keep,  
As with feeble steps they press  
On the pathway, rough and steep,  
Through this weary wilderness.

Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony ways to tread,  
Give the strength we sorely lack;  
There are tangled paths to thread,  
Light us, lest we miss the track.

Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die;  
Grant us grace to persevere.

Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades  
Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
Sunny slopes and scented shades;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.

Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest.

Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

W. W. How.

Looking upward every day,  
Sunshine on our faces;  
Pressing onward every day  
Toward the heavenly places.

Growing every day in awe,  
For Thy Name is holy;  
Learning every day to love,  
With a love more lowly.

Walking every day more close  
To our Elder Brother;  
Growing every day more true  
Unto one another.

Leaving every day behind  
Something which might hinder;  
Running swifter every day,  
Growing purer, kinder.

Lord, so pray we every day,  
Hear us in Thy pity,  
That we enter in at last  
To the Holy City.

Mary Butler.

God intrusts to all  
Talents few or many;  
None so young and small  
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise  
Have a greater number,  
Yet my one I prize,  
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,  
Ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task  
Which to me was given?

Every little mitre,  
Every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.

Little drops of rain  
Bring the springing flowers;  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.

J. Edmunds.

The wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth;  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and heart.

We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King;  
We have no wealth or learning,  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love  
We'll bring Him thankful praise,  
And young souls meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways.
CHILDREN’S SERVICES.

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that ever
The poorest child may bring.

We’ll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We’ll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.

And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
Helpeth others to be strong,
And maketh the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Wherein the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

C. Frances Alexander.

773

8.7.8.7.

We are only little workers,
Yet we fain would do Thy will;
So we pray Thee, Lord, to help us,
Lowly duties to fulfill.

Little souls perchance may brighten
Lives that sorrow, care, and sin
Darken, till hope’s blessed sunshine
Scarcely ever enters in.

Little feet are never weary,
Little hearts are seldom sad;
So we ask that Thou wouldst teach us
How to make grown people glad.

We would often bring them comfort,
But we know not what to say:
Some sweet message fresh from heaven
Lay upon our lips to-day.

Thou hast taught us, dearest Saviour,
That e’en whispered words can fly
Straight above the clouds of heaven,
And be heard by Thee on high.

Help us, then, to say to others,
Who have never learnt to know—
“God is listening still to answer
Those who watch and wait below.”

Grant that we, Thy willing workers,
By Thy grace may find at length,
Even children in their weakness
May help others in Thy strength.

A. Martyn.

774

7.6.7.6., double.

God, Who hath made the daisies
And ev’ry lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
“Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.”

Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
“Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.”

He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o’er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
dim But see the heart's low breathings,
And says (well pleased to see),
pp "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."
mf Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
cres No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
pp "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

E. P. Hood.

775 C.M., with chorus.
mf 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.

mf In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mp Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as they do now
The Lord Who loved them so,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mp 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?

mp Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that precious, purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

mp 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.

Anne Shepherd.

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH HYMNAL.

EDITED FOR
THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES
BY
GEORGE S. BARRETT, B.A.

THE POINTING ARRANGED AND THE MUSIC SELECTED BY
JOSIAH BOOTH.

PART II.—LITANIES AND CHANTS.
PART III.—ANTHEMS.

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCLXXXVII.
GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

I. METRICAL LITANIES .......................... 1
II. ANCIENT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH .............. 9
III. SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS ...... 22
IV. CHANTS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS ............ 113
V. SELECTED PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE FOR CHANTING 119
### METRICAL LITANIES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>Litany</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>The Eternal Father</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Jesus Crucified</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Jesus in Glory</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>The Holy Ghost</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Penitence</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>The Christian Life</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>For Every Need</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>For the Young</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ANCIENT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>Hymn</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>Te Deum Laudamus</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>Te Deum Laudamus</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>Te Deum Laudamus</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>Benedictus</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>Magnificat</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Magnificat</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>Nunc Dimittis</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Salvator Mundi</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>Gloria in Excelsis</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>Sursum Corda</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>The Strain Upraise</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Benedictus, Omnia Opera</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>Dies Irae</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>Psalm</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>I.</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>II.</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>IV.</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>V.</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>VIII.</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>XV.</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>XVI.</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>XVII.</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>XIX.</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31.</td>
<td>XX.</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>XXIII.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>XXIV.</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>XXV.</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35.</td>
<td>XXVI.</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>XXVII.</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37.</td>
<td>XXIX.</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38.</td>
<td>XXX.</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39.</td>
<td>XXXII.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40.</td>
<td>XXXIII.</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41.</td>
<td>XXXIV.</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42.</td>
<td>XXXV.</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43.</td>
<td>XXXVI.</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44.</td>
<td>XXXVII.</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>Psalm</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>45.</td>
<td>XXXVIII.</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>Psalm</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>57.</td>
<td>XXXIX.</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59.</td>
<td>XL.</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61.</td>
<td>XLI.</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62.</td>
<td>XLIIL.</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63.</td>
<td>XLIIV.</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64.</td>
<td>XLI.</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65.</td>
<td>XLVII.</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66.</td>
<td>L.</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.</td>
<td>LVI.</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69.</td>
<td>LXI.</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70.</td>
<td>LXV.</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71.</td>
<td>LXVII.</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72.</td>
<td>LXVIII.</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73.</td>
<td>LXX.</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74.</td>
<td>LXXII.</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75.</td>
<td>LXXIII.</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76.</td>
<td>LXXIV.</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77.</td>
<td>LXXV.</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>Psalm</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>85.</td>
<td>LXXVII.</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### GENERAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PSALM</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PSALM</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>66.</td>
<td>LXXX.</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>90.</td>
<td>CXIV.</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.</td>
<td>LXXXIV.</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>91.</td>
<td>CXV.</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68.</td>
<td>LXXXV.</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>92.</td>
<td>CXVI.</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69.</td>
<td>LXXXVI.</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>93.</td>
<td>CXVII.</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70.</td>
<td>LXXXVII.</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>94.</td>
<td>CXVIII.</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71.</td>
<td>LXXXVIII.</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>95.</td>
<td>CXXI.</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72.</td>
<td>XC.</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>96.</td>
<td>CXXII.</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73.</td>
<td>XCI.</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>97.</td>
<td>CXXV.</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74.</td>
<td>XCI.</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>98.</td>
<td>CXXX.</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75.</td>
<td>XCII.</td>
<td>99</td>
<td>99.</td>
<td>CXXXII.</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76.</td>
<td>XC.</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>100.</td>
<td>CXXXIII.</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77.</td>
<td>XCVI.</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>101.</td>
<td>CXXXIV.</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78.</td>
<td>XCVII.</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>102.</td>
<td>CXXXV.</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79.</td>
<td>XCVII.</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>103.</td>
<td>CXXXVI.</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80.</td>
<td>XCVIII.</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>104.</td>
<td>CXXXVIII.</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81.</td>
<td>XCIX.</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>105.</td>
<td>CXXXIX.</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82.</td>
<td>X.</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>106.</td>
<td>CXL.</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83.</td>
<td>CI.</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>107.</td>
<td>CXLII.</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84.</td>
<td>CII.</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>108.</td>
<td>CXLIII.</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85.</td>
<td>CIV.</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>110.</td>
<td>CXLIV.</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86.</td>
<td>CV.</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>111.</td>
<td>CXLV.</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87.</td>
<td>CVI.</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>112.</td>
<td>CXLVI.</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88.</td>
<td>CX.</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>112.</td>
<td>CXLVII.</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89.</td>
<td>CXI.</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>113.</td>
<td>CXLVIII.</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90.</td>
<td>CXII.</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>114.</td>
<td>CXLIX.</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CHANTS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PSALM</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>113.</td>
<td>The Burial of the Dead</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114.</td>
<td>The Burial of the Dead</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115.</td>
<td>Christmas</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>116.</td>
<td>Easter or the Lord’s Supper</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>117.</td>
<td>The Opening of a Church</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118.</td>
<td>Baptism</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SELECTED PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE FOR CHANTING.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>PSALM</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>119.</td>
<td>Is. ii. 1-7, 17, 18</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120.</td>
<td>Deut. xlii. 1-4, 7, 9-12; xxxiii. 26, 27</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121.</td>
<td>Ex. ii. 1-3, 6-10</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122.</td>
<td>Chron. xxix. 10-13</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123.</td>
<td>Prov. iii. 5-7, 9-18; viii. 4-10</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>125.</td>
<td>Prov. viii. 1, 4, 10-20, 32-36</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>126.</td>
<td>Isa. xi. 1-6, 9, 10</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>127.</td>
<td>Isa. xii.</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128.</td>
<td>Is. xxi. 1-9</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129.</td>
<td>Is. xxv. 1-13</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>130.</td>
<td>Is. xxxv.</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>131.</td>
<td>Is. xl. 1-11, 26-31</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132.</td>
<td>Is. xlv. 10, 17, 18, 20; xliii. 1-3; liv. 7, 8, 10, 17</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133.</td>
<td>Is. lii. 7-10</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134.</td>
<td>Is. liii. 1-12</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135.</td>
<td>Is. lv. 1-5, 11, 18-22</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>136.</td>
<td>Lam. iii. 22-27, 31-33, 39-41</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>137.</td>
<td>Hab. iii. 2-6, 10, 12, 13, 17, 18</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>138.</td>
<td>Rom. viii. 31-39</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>139.</td>
<td>Rev. v. 5-8; iv. 8-11</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>140.</td>
<td>Rev. vi. 8-11</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>141.</td>
<td>Rev. vii. 10, 13-17</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>142.</td>
<td>Rev. viii. 10-12; xiv. 13</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143.</td>
<td>Rev. xiv. 3, 4; xi. 15</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>144.</td>
<td>Rev. xvi. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145.</td>
<td>Rev. xxii. 1, 2, 9, 11, 12, 15, 19, 25-27</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
METRICAL TITANIES.

1 THE ETERNAL FATHER. 7.7.7.6.

PART I.

1. Uncreated Pount of light,
    Glory without shade of night,
    Everlasting, infinite:
    Holy Father, hear us.

2. Well of life that ever flows,
    Life more pure than stainless snows,
    Life in calm, serene repose:
    Holy Father, hear us.

3. Blessed One, whose name is love,
    Pleads with Thee Thy Son above;
    Broods o'er us Thy hovering Dove:
    Holy Father, hear us.

4. Round about Thy sapphire throne
    Shines the rainbow's emerald zone,
    Breathing heavenly peace alone:
    Holy Father, hear us.

5. There before Thy mercy-seat
    Saints in light and angels meet;
    Yet behold us at Thy feet:
    Holy Father, hear us.

6. Thou Whose deep compassion years
    For the prodigal's return,
    And his far-off steps discern:
    Holy Father, hear us.

7. All have some great gift to seek,
    Hungred, thirsty, weary, weak,
    All have want no words can speak:
    Holy Father, hear us.

PART II.

1. Thou Who sparedst not Thy Son,
    Him Thine own, Thine only One,
    Till Thy work by Him was done:
    Holy Father, hear us.

2. Thou, in all His sorrows nigh,
    Thou Who hearest His last cry,
    Thou Who sufferest Him to die:
    Holy Father, hear us.

3. Thou, omnipotent to save
    From destruction's whelming wave,
    Death and hell and vanquished grave:
    Holy Father, hear us.

4. Thou Who crownest Him with grace,
    Foldest Him to Thine embrace,
    Him the brightness of Thy face:
    Holy Father, hear us.

5. All the richest gifts of heaven,
    Sevenfold from the Spirits Seven,
    Measureless to Him are given:
    Holy Father, hear us.

6. At His word Thy Spirit came,
    Crowns of light and tongues of flame:
    Oh, for our Redeemer's name:
    Holy Father, hear us.

7. Hear our cry, our voiceless needs:
    Hear; in us Thy Spirit pleads:
    Hear, for Jesus intercedes:
    Holy Father, hear us.

T. B. Potter.

2 JESUS CRUCIFIED. 7.7.7.6.

PART I.

"Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do."

1. Jesu, in Thy dying woe,
    Ever while Thy life-blood flows,
    Craving pardon for Thy foes:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2. Saviour, for our pardon sue
    When our sins Thy pangs renew,
    For we know not what we do:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3. Oh, may we, who mercy need,
    Be like Thee in heart and deed
    When with wrong our spirits bleed:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

"To-day shall thou be with Me in Paradise."

1. Jesu, pitying the sighs
    Of the thief who near Thee dies,
    Promising him Paradise:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2. May we, in our guilt and shame,
    Still Thy love and mercy claim,
    Calling humbly on Thy Name:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3. Oh, remember us who pine,
    Looking from our cross to Thine;
    Cheer our souls with hope Divine:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

"Woman, behold thy son. . . . Behold thy mother."

1. Jesu, loving to the end
    Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
    And Thy dearest human friend:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2. May we all Thy sorrows share,
    And for Thee all peril dare,
    And enjoy Thy holy care:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.
3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART IV.
"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
1 Jesus, bewildered in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
3 Though no Father seems to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

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

PART VI.
"It is finished."
1 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
2 Save us in our souls' distress;
Be our help to cheer and bless
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
3 Brighten all our heavenward way
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VII.
"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."
1 Jesus, all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
2 When the death-shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power;
Keep us in that trial-hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the House on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

T. B. Pollock.

3 JESUS IN GLORY. 7.7.7.

PART I.
1 God the Father, throned on high;
Saviour Who didst come to die;
Spirit Who dost sanctify:
Save us, Holy Trinity.
2 Jesus, Prince of Life and Light,
Dwelling now in glory bright,
Ruling all things by Thy might:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
3 Thou Who didst to heaven ascend,
Still to be the sinner's Friend,
Still Thy people to defend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
4 Thou Whose death did death destroy,
Who through pain didst pass to joy,
Endless and without alloy:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
5 Thou Who must in glory reign,
Conqueror of sin and pain,
Till no enemy remain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.
1 Jesus, Who art glorified
In the very flesh that died,
With the pierced hands and side:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
2 Jesus, though enthroned on high,
Still for our infirmity
Touched with human sympathy:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
3 Jesus, in our time of need
Our High-priest to intercede,
Living still Thy Death to plead:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
4 Jesus, Who, to heaven upborne,
Didst not leave Thy Church to mourn,
Orphaned, comfortless, forlorn:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
5 Thou Who, still our Saviour-Friend,
Didst the Holy Spirit send
To be with us to the end:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
PART III.

1 Thou Who the gifts of grace on all
Who to Thee for succour call
Like the dews of evening fall:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Only Balm for souls distressed,
Happiness of all the blessed,
Peace of those who long for rest:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Thou Who, as Thou once didst rise,
Shalt be seen by human eye
Coming through the parted skies:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Thou Who on the quick and dead,
All for whom Thy blood was shed,
Shalt pronounce the judgment dread:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Thou Who then shalt call to rest,
In the mansions of the blest,
Those who have Thy Name confessed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock.

4 THE HOLY GHOST. 7.7.7.6.

PART II.

1 Spirit, strength of all the weak,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, Fount of faith and joy,
Giving peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Source of love and light Divine,
With that hallowing grace of Thine,
More and more upon us shine:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 May we soon, from sin set free,
Where Thy work may perfect be,
Jesus' face with rapture see:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

T. B. Pollock.

5 PENITENCE. 7.7.7.6.

PART I.

1 Father, hear Thy children's call;
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Christ, beneath Thy Cross of shame,
All our sinful life we blame;
Penitent, we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART II.

[To be sung with Part I.]

1 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Sick, we come to Thee for cure;
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure;
Evil, come to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
METRICAL LITANIES.

3 Blind, we pray that we may see;
Bound, we pray to be made free;
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong,
And our day of grace prolong:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

[To be sung with Part I.]

1 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That, with loving sorrow torn,
Truly contrite we may mourn:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Gifts of light and grace bestow;
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what indeed is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May we to all evil die,
Fleerly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts to high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Grant us Faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Grant us Hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Grant us Love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy Face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

T. B. Pollock.

6 THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. 7.7.7.

1 Jesus, God’s Incarnate Son,
By Thy work for sinners done,
By the gifts for sinners won:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 That, with faithful hearts, we may
Love the things which are for eye
More than those which pass away:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 That while pilgrims toiling here
We Thy Name may love and fear,
And to death may persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 That Thy grace our lusts may kill,
That we may subdue our will,
All Thy pleasure to fulfill:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 That, all holy as Thou art,
Thou wouldst dwell within our heart,
Never from us to depart:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 That our love may stronger grow,
And our faith more clearly show
What we hope to see and know:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 That, when earthly toil is o’er,
We, in rest for evermore,
May enjoy Thee and adore:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 That in mercy Thou wouldst come,
Seeking those who careless roam,
Bringing wanderers safely home:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 That we soon may welcome Thee,
And may hear Thee say that we
Where Thou art shall ever be:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

T. B. Pollock.

7 FOR EVERY NEED. 7.7.7.

1 God the Father, throned on high;
Saviour Who didst come to die;
Spirit Who dost sanctify:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 We would hope in Thee alone;
May our hopes be all Thine own,
And in fuller peace be shown:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Lord, we love Thee; we deplore
That we do not love Thee more;
Warm our coldness, we implore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 At Thy feet our thoughts we lay;
Make Thine own the words we say;
Make our lives more pure each day:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
FOR THE YOUNG.

5 What Thou wilt may we will,
Nor our own desires fulfil,
For we know not good from ill:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 May our lips our faith confess;
Teach us, when reviled, to bless,
Conquering by gentleness:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 Make us wise to do the right,
Calm in trouble, brave in fight,
Humble when our path is bright:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 May we live that, free from fear,
We the angels' call may hear,
And before Thy throne appear:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 May we then, from sin set free,
Rise to heaven to dwell with Thee,
Safe for all eternity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

T. B. Pollock.

8 FOR THE YOUNG. 7.7.7.6.

PART I.

1 Jesu, from Thy Throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Little lambs may come to Thee;
Thou wilt fold them tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Little lives may be Divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, once an Infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Once a Child so good and fair,
Feeling want and toil and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Fold us to Thy loving breast;
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

1 Jesu, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 May our thoughts be undefiled:
May our words be true and mild;
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Jesu, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon a cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 Jesu, Whom we hope to see,
Calling us to come to Thee,
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

T. B. Pollock.
Ancient Hymns of the Church.

9, 10, 11* TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

1. We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
2. All the earth doth worship Thee.
3. To Thee all angels cry aloud.
4. To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim cry.
5. Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts.
6. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of the glorious company of the apostles.
7. The goodly fellowship of the prophets.
8. The noble army of martyrs.
9. The holy Church throughout all the world.
10. Doth we acknowledge Thee:

11. The Father of an infinite majesty.
12. Also the Holy Ghost.
13. Thou art the King of glory.
14. Thou art the everlasting Son.
15. When Thou tookst upon Thee to die.
16. When Thou hast overcome the sharpness of death.
17. Thou sittest at the right hand of God.
18. We believe that Thou shalt come.
19. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants.

20. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints.
22. Go, ye, and bless Thee.
23. Day by day.
24. And we worship Thee.
26. Let us this day.
27. O Lord, let Thy mercy.

12. BENEDICTUS.

Luke i. 68—79.

1. Blessed be the Lord, God of Israel.
2. For he hath visited the people of Israel.
3. And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us.
4. And in the house of his servant David.
5. As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets.
6. Which have been.
7. That we should be saved.
8. From the hand of all that hate us.
9. To perform the mercy promised.
10. To our fathers.
11. And to remember his covenant.
12. The oath which he swore.
14. That he would grant unto us.
15. That we, being delivered out of the hand.
16. Our enemies.
17. Might serve him without fear.
18. In holiness and righteousness.
19. All the days.

* These numbers refer to the different chants in the edition with music.
5 And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet. [of the] Highest. For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord, and prepare His ways; To give knowledge of salvationunto His people. 
By the re-|mission of their sins, 
To guide our feet. [into the] way of peace. 
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son. 
And. [to the] Holy Ghost, 
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. 

13, 14 MAGNIFICAT. 
Luke i. 46—55. 
1 My soul doth magnify the Lord. 
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. 
2 For He hath exalted me, [above] all men. 
The low estate of His hand—maid: 
For, be—hold, from henceforth 
All generations shall call me blessed. 
4 For He that is mighty hath done. to me great things. 
And. [holy] is His Name. 
And His mercy, is on them that fear Him. 
From generation to generation. 
6 He hath shewed strength. [with] His arm. 
He hath scattered the proud in the imagi—nation of their hearts. 
7 He hath put down the mighty [from their] seats. 
And exalted them of low degree. 
8 He hath filled the hungry with good things. 
And the rich. He hath sent. empty away. 
9 He hath holpen. His servant Israel. 
In re—membrance of His mercy. 
10 As He spake. [to] our fathers. 
To Abraham, [and] to his seed for ever. 

2 For. mine eyes have seen the R Thy [s]alvation, 
Thy mercy in the sight of all the earth. 
3 Which. Thou hast pre—pared. before the face of all people; 
And to the glory of Thy people Israel. 

GLORY BE, ETC. 

16 SALVATOR MUNDI. 
1 O Saviour of the world, the Son, Lord Jesus. 
Stir up Thy strength, and help us. we humbly beseech Thee. 
2 By Thy Cross and precious blood. Thou hast redeemed us. 
Save us and help us. we humbly beseech Thee. 
3 Thou didst save Thy disciples. when they were ready to perish. 
Hear us and save us. we humbly beseech Thee. 
4 Let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy. Loose us from our sins. we humbly beseech Thee. 
5 Make it appear that Thou art our Saviour and mighty Deliverer. 
Oh, save us, that we may praise Thee. we humbly beseech Thee. 
6 Draw near, according to Thy promise, from the throne. we see Thy glory. 
Look down and hear our crying. we humbly beseech Thee. 
7 Come again, and dwell with us. O Lord Christ, Jesus. 
Abide with us for ever. we humbly beseech Thee. 
8 And when Thou shalt appear with power. and great glory. 
May we be made like unto Thee. in Thy glorious kingdom. 
9 Thanks be to Thee, O Lord. 

17 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. 
1 Glory be to God on high. 
And in earth peace, goodwill towards men. 
2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee. 
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee. 
3 For Thy great glory. we praise Thee, O Lord, God, 
Heavenly King, Lord of hosts, the Father Almighty, mighty.
4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son. | Jesus |
   Christ. |
O Lord God, Lamb of God. | Son ... |
   of the Father, |
5 That takest away the sins. | of the world. |
   Have | mercy up... on us. |
6 Thou that takest away the sins. | of the world. |
   Have | mercy up... on us. |
7 Thou that takest away the sins. | of the world. |
   Re... give... our... prayer. |
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand. | of God the Father. |
   Have | mercy up... on us. |
9 For Thou | only art holy. |
   Thou | only art the Lord. |
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy |
   Ghost most high in the glory of God. |
   the Father. | A ... men. |

SURSUM CORDA.

I. Unis.
1 Lift | up your hearts. |
   II. Unis.
   We lift | them up unto the Lord. |
I. Unis.
2 Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God. |
   II. Unis.
   It is meet | and right | so to do. |
   Full.
3 It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty. |
   That we | should at all times |
4 And | in all places. |
   Give | thanks unto Thee, O Lord, |
5 Holy | Father. |
   Almighty, | Ever-lasting Father. |
6 Therefore, with angels, and archangels. |
   And all | the company of heaven. |
7 We laud and magnify | Thy glorious Name. |
   Everywhere | praising Thee and saying, |
8 Holy, | Holy, Holy. |
   Lord | God ... of Hosts. |
9 Heaven and earth are full | of Thy glory. |
   Glory be | to Thee, O Lord most high. |

19 THE STRAIN UPRaised.
"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord."
1 The strain upraised of joy and praise, |
   Alleluia | ia ! |
To the glory of their King shall the ransomed | people sing |
   Al ... le-ia ! || Al ... le-ia ! |
2 And the choirs | that dwell on high |
   Shall re-echo | through the sky, |
   Al ... le-ia ! || Al ... le-ia ! |
3 They in the rest. | of Paradise who dwell. |
   The blessed ones, with joy | the choirs swell, |
   Al ... le-ia ! || Al ... le-ia ! |
4 The planets glittering on | their heavenly way. |
   The shining constellations | join and say |
   Al ... le-ia ! || Al ... le-ia ! |
5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds. |
   on | luminous light. |
   Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye |
   lightnings | wildly bright. |
   In sweet | consummation. |
   Your Al ... le-ia ! |
6 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms. |
   and | winter snow. |
   Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost. |
   and | summer glow, |
   Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious forests, sing |
   Al ... le-ia ! |
7 First let the birds, with painted plumage |
   Exalt their great Creator | praise, and say |
   Al ... le-ia ! || Al ... le-ia ! |
8 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain |
   Join in creation's hymn, and cry again |
   Al ... le-ia ! || Al ... le-ia ! |
9 Here let the mountains thunder forth. |
   so ... nor | ous. |
   Al ... le-ia ! |
   There let the valleys sing in gentler voice. |
10 Thou jubilant hymn | of ocean, cry |
   Al ... le-ia ! |
   Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply |
   Al ... le-ia ! |
11 To God, Who all creation made. |
   The frequent hymn | be duly paid. |
   Al ... le-ia ! || Al ... le-ia ! |
12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the |
   Lord | of mighty love, |
   Al ... le-ia ! |
   This is the song, the heavenly song, that |
   Christ | the King approves. |
   Al ... le-ia ! |
13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice. |
   a | waking |
   Al ... le-ia ! |
   And children's voices echo, |
   making |
   Al ... le-ia ! 
BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA.—DIES IRAE.

14 Now from all men, be outpoured ||
Alleluia to the Lord,
With Alleluia evermore ||
The Son and Spirit, we adore.

15 Praise be done to the Three in One ||
Alleluia. ||
Amen.

20 BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA.

1 O ye children of men, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

2 O ye heavens, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

3 O ye angels of the Lord, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

4 O sun, moon, and stars, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

5 O ye winter, and summer, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

6 O ye nights, and days, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

7 O let the earth bless, ||
... the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

8 O ye green things upon the earth, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

9 O ye seas, ||
... floods, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

10 O ye that move in the waters, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

11 O ye fowls of the air, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

12 O ye beasts, ||
cattle, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

13 O ye servants of the Lord, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

16 O ye holy and humble men, ||
bless ye the Lord ||
Praise Him, and magnify Him for ev.-er.

Amen.

21 DIES IRAE.

1 Day of wrath! oh day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!
Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

2 Wondrous sound the trumpet singeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.
Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

3 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

4 What shall I, frail man, be pleasing,
Who for me be interesting,
When the just are meekly needing?
King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

5 Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation
Leave me not to repudiation.
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

6 Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty, now I pour my meaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

7 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

Worship are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.
8 With Thy favoured sheep, oh, place me,
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbound,
Call me with Thy saints surrounded.

9 Low I kneel with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.
Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.
Lord all-pitying, just beilest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest. Amen.

Selections from the Book of Psalms.

22

PSALM I.

1 Blessed is the man ||
That walketh not , in the counsel of the ungodly,
2 Nor standeth in the way of sinners ||
Nor sitteth in the seat || of the scornful:
3 But his delight is in the law || of the Lord ||
And in His law doth he meditate day and night;
4 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water |
That bringeth forth his fruit || in season;
5 His leaf also shall not wither ||
And whatsoever he doeth || shall || prosper.
6 The ungodly are not so ||
But are like the grass, which the wind || driveth || a-way.
7 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand || in the judgment ||
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
8 For the Lord knoweth the way || of the righteous ||
But the way of the ungodly shall || perish.

GLORIA PATRI.

GLORY be to the Father, || and to the Son ||
And || to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be ||
World without end, ... A-men.

23

PSALM II.

1 Why do the heathen rage ||
And the people imagine a vain thing?
The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel || together:
Against the Lord, and against His anointed, speaking;
2 Let us break their bands || and || sunder;
And cast a-way their cords || from us.
He that sitteth || in the heavens shall laugh;
The Lord shall have them || in derision.
3 Then shall He speak unto them || in His wrath ||
And vex them || in His sore displeasure.
Yet have I set My King ||
Upon My holy hill || of Zion.
4 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son ||
This day have I begotten Thee.
Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen || for Thine inheritance ||
And the uttermost parts || of the earth for Thy possession.
5 Thou shalt break them || with a rod of iron ||
Thou shalt dash them in pieces || like a potter's vessel.
Be wise now, therefore, || O ye kings ||
Be instructed, ye judges || of the earth.
6 Serve the Lord with fear, || and时常 ||
Wit || with trembling ||
Kiss the Son, lest He be angry || and ye perish || from the way.
When His wrath is kindled || but a little ||
Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.

GLORY be, etc.
24

PSALM IV.

1 Hear me when I call, O God, of my righteousness.
Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.
O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? and seek afterleasing?
2 But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself. The Lord will hear when I call unto Him.

Stand, in awe, and sin not. Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.
3 Offer the sacri-fices of righteousness. And put your trust in the Lord. There be many that say, Who shall shew us any good?
Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.

4 Thou hast put gladness in my heart. More than in the time that their corn and their wine was increased.
I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep.
For Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

GLORY BE, ETC.

25

PSALM V.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord.
Consider my meditation.
2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God. For unto Thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.
4 For Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness. Neither shall evil dwell with Thee.
5 The foolish shall not stand in Thy sight.

Thou hast tested all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasning.
The Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.
7 But as for me, I will come into Thy house in the multitude. of Thy mercy. And in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, because of mine enemies. Make Thy way straight before my face.

9 For there is no faithfulness in their mouth. Their inward part is very wickedness. Their throat is an open sepulchre.

They, [flatter with their tongue.

11 Destroy. Thou hast, O God, let them fall. by their own counsels;

Cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions.

For, they have belied and against Thee.

13 But let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice. Let them ever shout for joy, because Thou dost confound them.

14 Let them also that love Thy Name, be joyful in Thee. For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt Thou compass him as with a shield.

GLORY BE, ETC.

26

PSALM VIII.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy Name. in all the earth. Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.

3 Because of Thine enemies. That Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

4 When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers. The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained.

5 What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?

6 For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. And hast crowned him with glory and honour.

7 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast put all things under his feet.

8 All, [sheep and oxen] Yes, and the beasts of the field
9 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,  
   And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,  
   How excellent is. Thy Name in all the earth!  
   GLORY BE, ETC.

27 PSALM XV.  
1 LORD, who shall abide | in Thy tabernacle?  
   Who shall dwell | in Thy holy hill?  
2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,  
   And speaketh the truth | in his heart,  
3 He that keepeth not | with his tongue,  
   Nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a re | prosach a | gainst his neighbour,  
4 In whose eyes a vile person | is cons - temned,  
   But he honoureth | them that fear the Lord.  
5 He that sweareth | to his own hurt,  
   And changeth not | to his word,  
6 He that putteth not out | his money to usury,  
   Nor taketh re | ward of a | gainst the innocent,  
   Shall | not | yer be | moved.  
   GLORY BE, ETC.

28 PSALM XVI.  
1 Preserve | me, O God,  
   For in Thee | do I put | trust.  
   O my soul, thou hast said upon the Lord,  
   Thou art my | Lord;  
   My goodness | ex | tendeth | not | to Thee;  
2 But to the saints | that are in the earth,  
   And to the excellent | in whom is all My de | light,  
   Their sorrows | shall be | multiplied,  
   That hasten | after an other god;  
3 Their drink | offerings of blood | will | I not offer,  
   Nor take up | their | names | into my lips,  
   The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance | and | of my cup  
   Thou | main | tallness | my | lot.  
4 The lines are fallen unto me | in pleasant places,  
   Yes, I have a | goodly heritage.  
   I will bless the Lord, Who hath | given me | censed,  
   My reins also instruct | me | in the night | seasons,  
5 I have set the Lord | always before me,  
   Because He is at my right hand,  
   Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory re | joiceth,  
   My flesh | also shall | rest in | hope.  
6 For Thou wilt not leave | my soul | in hell,  
   Neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.  
   Thou wilt show me | the | path of life,  
   In Thy presence is fulness of joy;  
   And please for ever and more.  
   GLORY BE, ETC.

29 PSALM XVIII. (VERSE 1-20)  
1 I will love Thee, O | Lord, my strength,  
   The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;  
   My God, my strength, in Whom I will trust;  
   My buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower,  
2 I will call upon the Lord, Who is worthy | to be | praised,  
   So shall I be | saved from mine enemies,  
   The sorrows of death | com | passed | me,  
   And the floods of ungodly men made | me a | trait,  
3 The sorrows of hell compassed | me about,  
   The snares of death | were | vented,  
   In my distress I called upon the Lord,  
   And cried | unto my God,  
   He heard my voice out of His holy temple,  
   And my cry came before Him, even into His ears,  
4 Then the earth | shook and trembled,  
   The foundations also of the hills moved,  
   And were | shaken,  
   There went up a smoke | out of His nostrils,  
   And fire out of His mouth devoured | coals were | kindled | by it,  
5 He bowed the heavens also,  
   And | darkness was | under His feet,  
   And He rode upon a cloud,  
   Yes, He did fly | up | out the wind.
PSALMS XIX., XX.

30

PSALM XIX.

The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night shineth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven and his circuit unto the ends of it. And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

31

PSALM XX.

1 The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble. The Name of the God of Jacob defend thee.

2 Send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Zion.

3 Remember all thy offerings and accept the burnt sacrifice.

4 Grant thee according to thine own heart and fulfil all thy counsel.

5 We will rejoice in thy salvation and in the name of our God we will set up our banners. The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

6 Now know I that the Lord saveth His anointed. He will hear him from His holy heaven with the saving strength of His right hand.

4 The law of the Lord is perfect preserving the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right rejoicing the heart. The commandment of the Lord is pure enlighening the eyes.

5 The fear of the Lord is clean enduring for ever. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold yea than much fine gold. Sweeter also than honey and the honey comb.

6 Moreover by them is Thy servant warned and in keeping of them there is great reward. Who can understand his errors Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins. Let them not have dominion over me. Then shall I be upright and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight O Lord my strength and my Redeemer.

GLORY BE, ETC.

5 He made darkness His secret place. His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds passed. Hail stones and coals of fire. At the brightness that was before Him His thick clouds passed. Yea He sent out His arrows and scattered them. And He shot out lightnings and discomfited them.

8 Then the channels of waters were seen and the foundations of the world were dis covered. At Thy rebuke O Lord at the blast of Thy nostrils.

9 He sent from above He took me He drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy. And from them which hated me for they were too strong for me.

0 They prevented me in the day of my calamity. But the Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also into a large place. He delivered me because He do lightened me.

GLORY BE, ETC.
7 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: But we will remember the Name of our God.  
8 They are brought down, they are fallen: But we are risen, and stand up right.  
9 Save, O Lord: let the King hear us when we call.  
GLORY BE, ETC.

32 PSALM XXIII.  
1 The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want.  
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
3 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.  
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For Thou art with me.  
5 Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.  
6 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over.  
7 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.  
GLORY BE, ETC.

33 PSALM XXIV.  
1 The earth is the Lord's: and the fulness thereof;  
2 The world, and it dwell there in: For He hath founded it upon the seas, And established it upon the fountains of the deep.  
3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord; Or who shall stand in His holy place?  
4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.  
5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his salvation. This is the generation of those that seek Him:  
6 That seek Thy face, O Jacob.  

4 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; And the King of glory shall come in.  
5 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; And the King of glory shall come in.  
Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.  
6 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; And the King of glory shall come in.  
Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts; He is the King of glory.  
GLORY BE, ETC.

34 PSALM XXV.  
1 Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul:  
2 O my God, I trust in Thee: Let me not be ashamed; let not mine enemies triumph over me.  
3 Let them be ashamed which transgress with-out ... cause. Shew me Thy ways, O Lord; Teach me: Thy paths, O Lord;  
4 Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me: For Thou art the God of my salvation; on Thee do I wait all the day. Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies and Thy loving-kindnesses: For they have been of old.  
5 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. According to Thy mercy remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake,  
6 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. According to Thy mercy remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake,  
7 Good and upright is the Lord: Therefore will He teach sinners in the way.  
8 The meek will He guide in judgment: And the meek, He will teach His way. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth: Unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.  
9 For Thy Name's sake, O Lord; Pardon mine iniquity; for ... it is great.  
10 What man is he that feareth the Lord? Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose.  
11 His soul shall dwell at ease: And his seed shall inherit the earth.  
12 The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him: And He will show them of His covenant.
8 Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; I will not be moved: 
For He shall pluck up my feet out of the net.
Turn Thou unto me, and have mercy up-on me.
For I am desolate, and afflicted.

9 The troubles of my heart are enlarged.
Oh, bring Thou me out of my distresses. 
Look upon mine affliction, and my pain.
And give ... all my sins.

10 Consider mine enemies; for they are many.
And they hate me with cruel hatred.
Oh, keep my soul, and deliver me.
Let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in Thee.

GLORY BE, ETC.

35 PSALM XXVI.

1 Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine iniquity; 
I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore shall I not be put aside.

2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; 
Try my reins and my heart.

3 For Thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes; 
And I have walked in Thy truth.

4 I have not sat with vain persons; neither will I go in with dissemblers.
I have hated the congregation of evildoers; 
And will not sit ... with the wicked.

5 I will wash mine hands in innocency.
So will I compass Thine house; 
O Lord:

7 That I may publish with the voice of thanks-giving; 
And tell of all Thy wondrous works.

8 Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, 
And the place where Thine honour dwelleth.

9 Gather not my soul with sinners; 
Nor my life with bloody men; 

10 In whose hands is mischief; 
And their right hand is full of bribes, 

11 But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity; 
Redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

12 My foot standeth in an even place; 
In the congregations will I bless the Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

36 PSALM XXVII.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
When the wicked, even mine enemies, and my foes 
Came upon me to eat up ... flesh, 
yet stumbled and fell.

2 Though an host should stand against me, 
My heart shall not fear; 
Though war should rise against me.
In this will I be confident.

3 One thing have I desired, of the Lord; 
That will I seek ... after; 
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, all the days of my life; to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire ... in His temple.

4 For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; 
In the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me.

5 And now shall mine head be lifted up; 
Above mine enemies round about me: Therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifice of joy; 
I will sing, yes, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

6 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice; 
Have mercy also, up-on me, and answer me.
When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; 
My heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

7 Hide not. Thy face far from me; 
Put not Thy servant away in anger:
Thou hast been my help; Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

8 When my father, and my mother for-sake me; 
Then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me. Thy way, O Lord; 
And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.
37 PSALM XXIX.

1 Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty!
   Give unto the Lord, his glory and strength.
2 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.
   Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
3 The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.
   The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
4 The voice of the Lord is powerful.
   The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
5 The voice of the Lord doth break forth.
   Yes, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
6 He maketh them also to skip like calves.
   Lebanon and Sirion like young unicorns.
7 The voice of the Lord is upon the waters.
   Wideneth the flames of fire.
8 The voice of the Lord shallaketh the wilderness.
   The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
9 The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forest.
   And in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.
10 The Lord sitteth upon the flood.
   Yes, the Lord is King for ever.
11 The Lord will give strength unto his people.
   The Lord will bless his people with peace.

38 PSALM XXX.

1 I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast exalted me above those that hate me.
   And they who delight in my salvation, say unto the Lord, "Let them be put to dishonor.
   O Lord my God, I cried unto thee; and thou hast healed me.
2 O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.
   Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his name; give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.
3 For his anger endureth but a moment; his years are ended at the end of a time.
   In his anger he turneth away, and in his mercy he oppresseth not for ever.
   Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.
4 And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.
   Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong.
   Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.
   I cried to thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made supplication.
5 What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?
   Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?
   Hears, O Lord, and have mercy upon me.
6 O Lord, be thou my help.
   Thou hast turned to me; thou hast strengthened me.
   My mourning into singing; Thou hast put off my sackcloth; and girded me with gladness.
   To the end, that my glory may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent.
7 O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.
   GLORY BE, ETC.

39 PSALM XXXIII.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
   Whose soul is not counted unto them that are guilty.
   Whose sin is sin.
2 When I kept silence, my bones roared within me, as a heavy load.
   For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me.
   My moisture is turned into drought of summer.
   GLORY BE, ETC.
PSALMS XXXIII, XXXIV.

3 I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, And mine iniquity have I not hid.
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.
4 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found.
Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.
Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs; of deliverance.
5 I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way, wherein thou shalt go.
I will guide thee with Mine eye.
Be not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding.
Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.
6 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked.
But he that trusteth in the Lord, shall be glad in good things.
Be glad in the Lord, and rejoin, ye righteous.
And shout for joy, all ye that love his heart.
GLORY BE, ETC.

40 PSALM XXXIII.

1 Rejoice in the Lord: O ye righteous; For praise is comely for the upright.
Praise the Lord with harp; Sing unto Him with psaltery; and an instrument of ten strings.
2 Sing unto Him, a new song: Play skilfully: with a loud voice.
For the word of the Lord is right; and all His works are done in truth.
3 He loveth righteousness and judgment; The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.
The word of the Lord was made; And all the hosts of them by the breath of His mouth.
4 He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as a heap;
He layeth up the depth in storehouses,
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him.
5 For He speaketh, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast.
The Lord bringeth the counsel of the earth to naught; He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.
6 The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever.
The thoughts of His heart to all generations.
Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; And the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance.
7 The Lord looketh from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men.
From the place of His habitation He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.
8 He fashioneth their hearts as a winding road;
He considereth all their works.
There is no king saved by the multitude, of an host.
A mighty man is not delivered by much strength.
9 An horse is a vain thing for safety.
Neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.
Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him.
Upon them, that hope in His mercy;
10 To deliver their soul from death.
And to keep them alive in famine.
Our soul waiteth for the Lord: He is our help and our shield.
Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us: According as we hope in Thee.
GLORY BE, ETC.

41 PSALM XXXIV.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord.
The humble shall hear there of, and be glad.
2 O magnify the Lord with me; And let us exalt His name together.
I sought the Lord, and He heard me: And delivered me from all my fears.
3 They looked unto Him, and were lightened. And their faces were not ashamed. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him. And saved him out of all his troubles.

4 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him. And...de-liver eth them. O taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that truseth in Him.

5 O fear the Lord, ye His saints! For there is no want to them that fear Him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger. But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that despiseth the life of the Lord? And loveth many days, that he may see good?

7 Keep thy tongue from evil. And thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good. Seek peace, and pursue it.

8 The eyes of the Lord are up on the righteous. And His ears are open unto their cry. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil. To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

9 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth. And delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart. And saith such as are contrite in spirit.

10 Many are the afflictions of the righteous. But the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all His bones. Not one of them is broken.

11 Evil shall slay the wicked. And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servant. And none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate. GLORY BE, ETC.

42 PSALM XXXVI.
1 The transgression of the wicked saith with...in my heart. That there is no fear of God before his eyes. For he flattereth himself in his own eyes. Until his iniquity be found out. To be hateful.

2 The words of his mouth are iniquity. And deceit. He hath left off to be wise, and to do good. He deviseth mischief, up on his bed. He setteth himself in a way that is not good. He abhorreth not evil.

3 Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens. And Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains. Thy judgments are a great deep.

O Lord, Thou pre...servest man and beast.

4 How excellent is Thy loving kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house. And Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.

5 For with Thee...is the fountain of life. In Thy light, shall we see light. O continue Thy loving-kindness unto them that know Thee.

And Thy righteousness unto the upright in heart.

6 Let not the foot of pride come a gainst me. And let not the hand of the wicked remove me. There are the workers of iniquity fallen. They are cast down. And shall not be able to rise.

GLORY BE, ETC.

43 PSALM XXXVII.
1 Fret not thyself because of evil. Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity: For they shall soon be cut down like the grass. And wither. as the green herb.

...
PSALM XXXVII.

2 Trust in the Lord, and do good; So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.
Delight thyself also, in the Lord; And He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

3 Commit thy way unto the Lord; Trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass:
And He shall bring forth thy righteous ness, as the light, And judgment as the noon-day.

4 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him; Purt not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
Cease from anger, and despise not wrath; Purt not thyself in any wise to do evil.

5 For evildoers shall be cut off; But those that wait upon the Lord, shall inherit the earth.
For yet a little while, and the wicked shall be cut off; But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

6 But the meek shall inherit the earth; And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.
The wicked plotteth against the just; And gnasheth his teeth of them.

7 The Lord shall laugh at him; For he seeth that his day is coming; The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow.
To cast down the poor and needy, to slay such as be of upright conversation.

8 Their sword shall enter into their heart; And their bows shall be broken; A little that a righteous man hath shall be better than the riches of many wicked.

9 For the arms of the wicked shall be broken; But the Lord uph upholdeth the righteous.
The Lord knoweth the days of the upright; And their inheritance shall be for ever.

10 They shall not be ashamed in the evil time; And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.
For such as be blessed of the Lord, shall inherit the earth; And they that be cursed of the Lord, shall be cut off.

11 The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; And He de-lighteth in his way.
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; For the Lord upholdeth him with His hand.

12 I have been young, and now am old; Yet have I seen the righteous forsaken, and his seed beggning bread.
He is ever merciful, and lendeth; And his seed is blessed.

13 Depart from evil, and do good; And dwell for evermore.
For the Lord loveth judgment, and the righteous shall inherit the land; And dwell there in for ever.
The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom; And his tongue talketh of judgment.

15 The law of his God is in his heart; None of his steps slanted aside.
The wicked watcheth the righteous; And seeketh to slay him.

16 The Lord will not leave him; in his hand; Nor condemn him when he is judged.
Wait on the Lord, and keep His way, and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land; When the wicked are cut off; off thou shalt see it.

17 Mark the perfect man, and be upright; For the end of that man is peace.
But the transgressors shall be destroyed from the earth; The end of the wicked is cut off; off.

18 But the salvation of the righteous is in the Lord; He is their strength in the time of trouble.
And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them. He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them. be cause they trust in Him.
GLORY BE, ETC.

44 PSALM XXXIX.
1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not. [with my tongue]
I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.
I was dumb with silence. I held my peace, even from good: I and my sorrow was stirred.

2 My heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire...burned. Then spake I with my tongue, Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; That I may know how I am.

3 Behold, Thou hast made my days, as an hand-breath, and mine age. is as nothing before Thee:
Verily every man at his best state is. [also gether] vanity.

4 Surely every man walketh in a vain show. Surely they are, is quiet-ed in vain:
He heareth up riches. And noweth not. [who shall gather] them.

5 And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope...is in Thee. Deliver me from all. my transgressions. Make me not. the reproach...of the foolish.

6 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth. Be. [cause...Thou...didst it]. Remove Thy stroke. a way from me. I am consumed. by the blow...of Thine hand.

7 When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Thou maketh his beauty to consume away. like a moth. Surely every man is vanity. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry. Hold not. Thy peace...[at my tears];

8 For I am a stranger with Thee. And a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may. recover strength;
Before I go. [hence, and] be no more. GLORY BE, ETC.

45 PSALM XL.
1 I waited patiently. [for the] Lord; And He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out. of the miry clay, And set my feet. upon a rock; And established my goings. And He hath put a new song. in my mouth; Even praise unto our God:

2 Many shall see it, and fear: And shall trust in the Lord. Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord His trust:
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

3 Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works. which Thou hast done, And Thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
They cannot be reckoned up in order. unto Thee:
If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

5 Sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire: mine ears. hast Thou opened: burnt-offering and sin-offering. hast Thou not re-quired.
Then said I. Lo, I come; In the volume of the book, it is written of me;

6 I delight to do Thy will. [O my God]: Yes. Thy law is with-[in] my heart. I have published righteousness in the great congregation; Lo, I have not refrained. my lips, O Lord, Thou knowest.

7 I have not hid Thy righteousness. with-[in] my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness. and Thy sal-vation: I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness. and Thy truth:
From. the great congregation, I

8 Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies. from me, O Lord: Let thy loving-kindness... Thy truth. con.-tion. pre...[are] mine iniquities have covered me a-bout; Mine iniquities have taken hold on me, so that I am. a... look...up:
9 They are more than the hairs. [of mine] head.
Therefore, my heart ... faileth] me.
Be pleased, O Lord, ... to deliver me.
O, [Lord, make haste to help me.
10 Let them be ashamed, and confounded together.
That seek after, my soul ... to destroy it;
Let them be driven, [backward] and put to shame, that wish me evil.
11 Let all those that seek Thee rejoice.
and be glad in Thee.
Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.
But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord... thinketh upon me.
Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, [O my] God.
GLORY BE, ETC.

46
PSALM XLII.
1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks.
So panteth my soul, after Thee, O God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, ... for the living God.
When shall I come, and appear before God?
3 My tears have been my meat, [day and night].
While they continually unto me, Where ... is thy God?
4 When I re-member these things, I pour out my soul ... in me.
5 For I had gone... with the multitude... I went with them... to the house of God.
6 With the voice of joy and praise.
With a multitude, that kept holy day.
7 Why art thou cast down, [O my soul]
And why art thou, disquieted in me?
8 Hope thou in God... for I shall yet praise Him.
For ... of his countenance, ... deep calleth unto deep at the noise.
All Thy waves, and Thy billows are gone over me.
9 Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness... in the day-time.
And in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God... [of my] life.
11 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast Thou forsaken me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
12 As with a sword in my bones, [mine enemies re-proach me...]
While they say daily unto me, Where ... is thy God?
13 Why art thou cast down, [O my soul]... And why art thou disquieted in me?
14 Hope thou in God... for I shall yet praise Him.
Who is the health, [of my] countenance, and [my] God.
GLORY BE, ETC.

47
PSALM XLIII.
1 Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation.
O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.
2 For Thou art the God of my strength:
why dost Thou cast me off?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
3 O send out Thy light and Thy truth... let them ... lead me.
Let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles.
4 Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my ex-ceeding joy.
Yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O my God.
5 Why art thou cast down, [O my soul]... And why art thou disquieted in me?
6 Hope thou in God... for I shall yet praise Him.
Who is the health, [of my] countenance, and [my] God.
GLORY BE, ETC.

48
PSALM XLV.
1 My heart is inditing, a matter... I speak the things which I have made... touching the King.
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.
2 Thou art fairer than children of men.
Grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.
Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, [O most mighty]
With thy glory and thy majesty.
3 And in thy majesty ride on prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness.
And thy right hand, shall teach thee terribleness of things.
Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's ... enemies. Whereby the people fall ... under thee.

4 Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.
The sceptre of Thy kingdom is an everlasting right ... sceptre.
Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness.
Therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness among thy fellows.

5 All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces. Whereby they have made thee glad.
Kings' daughters are among thy ... women.
Upon thy right hand did stand the queen ... Ophir.

6 Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear.
Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.
So shall the king greatly de-sire thy beauty.
For He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him.

7 And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift.
Even the rich among the people shall en-treat thy favour.
The king's daughter is all ... in. Her clothing is in ... brought with gold.

8 She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle-work. The virgin's ... companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee. With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought. They shall enter into the king's ... palace.

9 Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children. Whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.
I will make thy name to be remembered in all ... nations.
Therefore shall the people praise Thee for ever and ever.

49 

PSALM XLVI.

1 God is our refuge and strength a very present help in trouble.
Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be moved.
And though the mountains be carried into the midst ... of the sea;

2 Though the waters thereof roar ... troubled.
Though the mountains shake ... swaying there-of.
There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city ... of God.
The holy place of the tabernacles ... the Most ... High.

3 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved.
God shall help her, and that right early.
The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved.
He uttered His voice, the earth ... melted.

4 The Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our refuge.
Come, behold the works of ... Lord.
What desolations He hath made ... in the earth.

5 He maketh wars to cease; Unto the end ... of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder.
He burneth the chariots in the fire.

6 Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our refuge.

50 

PSALM XLVII.

1 O clap your hands, all ye people; Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

2 For the Lord is high and terrible; He is a great King over all the earth. He shall subdue the people under us. And the nations under our feet.

4 He shall choose our inheritance for us.
The excellency of Jacob whom He loved.

5 God is gone up with a shout, The Lord with the sound ... of the trumpet.

6 Sing praises to God, sing praises; Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

GLORY BE, ETC.
For God is the King, of all the earth. Sing, ye praises, with understanding. God reigneth over the heathen. God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness. The princes of the people are gathered together. Even the people of the God of Abraham: For the shields of the earth belong unto God. Haste, ye exalted. GLORY BE, ETC.

PSALM XLVIII.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised. In the city of our God, in the mountain of His holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion. On the sides of the north, the city of the great King. God is known in her palaces, for a refuge. For lo, the kings were assembled, they pass ed by to gather. They saw it, and so they mar velled. They were troubled, and hastened away. Fear took hold upon them there. And pain, as of a woman in travail. Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish. With shaketh the earth. We have heard, so have we seen. In the city of the Lord of hosts. In the city of our God, God will establish it for ever. We have thought of Thy loving-kindness, O God. In the midst of Thy temple. According to Thy Name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the ends of the earth. Thy right hand is full of righteousness. Lift up Zion, rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad. Be glad, cause of Thy judgments. Walk about Zion and go round about her. Tell, the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces. That ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God, for ever and ever. He will be our guide, for ever unto death. GLORY BE, ETC.

52

PSALM LII.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God. According to Thy loving-kindness: According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies. Blot out all my transgressions. Wash me throughly from mine iniquity. And cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions. And my sin is ever before me. Against Thee, Thou only, have I sinned. And done this evil in Thy sight: That thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest and be clear when Thou judgest. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity. And in sin did my mother conceive me. Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts. And in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness. That the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. Hide Thy face from my sins. And blot out all mine iniquities. 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. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways. And sinners shall be converted unto Thee. O Lord, open Thou my lips. And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise. For Thou desirest not sacrifice. Else would I give it. Thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and a contrite heart, O God. Thou wilt not despise. GLORY BE, ETC.
53 **PSALM LVII.**

1 Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me.
   For my soul trusteth in Thee. 
   Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge.
   Until these calamities be overpast.

2 I will cry unto God, that per-formeth all things for me.

He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him. that would swallow me up.
God shall send forth His mercy and truth.

3 My soul is a-mong lions. I lie among them, that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows.
   And their tongue sharp as sword.

4 Be Thou exalted, O God. a-bove the heavens.
   Let Thy glory be a-bove all the earth. They have prepared a net, for my steps.
   My soul is bowed down.

5 They have dug a pit before me.
   Into the midst whereof they are fallen, them-selves.
   My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed.
   I will sing and give praise.

6 Awake up, my glory; awake, my psaltery and harp.

I will sing early.
I will sing, unto Thee a-mong the people.
I will sing, unto Thee a-mong the nations.

7 For Thy mercy is great. unto the heavens.
   And Thy truth unto the clouds.
   Be Thou exalted, O God. a-bove the heavens.
   Let Thy glory be a-bove all the earth.

54 **PSALM LXIX.**

1 Hear, my cry, O God.
   At length, unto prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee.
   When my heart is over-welmed.

3 Lead me to the rock, that is higher than I.
   For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in Thy tabernacle for ever.
   I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.

5 For Thou, O God, hast heard my voice.
   Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear Thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life.
   And his years, as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever.

8 So will I sing praise, unto Thy name for ever.
   That I may daily perform my vows.

Glory be, etc.

55 **PSALM LXII.**

1 Truly my soul waiteth on God. From Him I cometh my salvation.
   He only is my rock, and my salvation.
   He is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

2 How long will ye imagine mischief against a man?
   Ye shall be slain, all of you, as a wall shall ye be, and as a terrifying fence.
   They only consult to cast him down from his excellency.
   They delight in lies; they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

3 My soul, wait thou only on God. For my expectation is from Him.
   He only is my rock, and my salvation.
   He is my defence; I shall not be moved.

4 In God is my salvation, and my glory.
   The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in Him at all times.

If ye people, pour out your heart before Him:
God is a refuge for us.

5 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery.
If riches increase, set not your heart up on them.

6 God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this.
   That power be long to God.
   Also unto Thee, O Lord, is mercy.
   For Thou renderst to every generation,.

Glory be, etc.
PSALMS LXIII, LXV, LXVI.

56

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, Thou art my | God | Earth ||
    Early will I | seek | Thee : ||
    My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh | longest for Thee ||
    In a dry and thirsty land, | where no | water is, ||

2 To see Thy power | and Thy glory ||
    So as I | have seen Thee | in the sanctuary: ||
    Because Thy loving-kindness is | better than life ||
    My lips shall | praise | Thee. ||

3 Thus will I bless Thee, while I live ||
    I will lift up my hands in Thy name. ||
    My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness ||
    And my mouth shall praise | Thee with joyful lips. ||

4 When I remember Thee, up on my bed ||
    And meditate on Thee, in the night-watches. ||
    Because Thou hast been my help ||
    Therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I | rest, ||

5 My soul followeth hard | after Thee ||
    Thy right hand holds up | me. ||
    But those that seek my soul, to destroy it ||
    Shall go into the lower parts of the earth. ||

6 They shall fall | by the sword ||
    They shall | be | portion for foxes. ||
    But the king shall rejoice in God : every one that sweareth, by Him shall | glory ||
    But the mouth of them that speak lies | shall be stopped. ||

GLORY BE, ETC.

4 Who art the confidence of all the ends | of the earth ||
    And of them that are afar | off up | on the sea: ||
    Which by His strength setteth fast the mountains ||
    Being girded | with power: ||

5 Which stilleth the noise | of the sea ||
    The noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people. ||
    They also that dwell in the uttermost parts ||
    Are | afraid | at Thy tokens: ||

6 Thou maakest the outgoings | of the morning ||
    And even | the | joy of | re | joyce. ||
    Thou visitest | the earth, and waterest it ||
    Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, | which is | full of water. ||

7 Thou | preparest | it | abundantly ||
    When Thou hast so prepared for it, ||
    Thou waterest the ridges thereof | of: ||

8 Thou maakest | it | soft with showers ||
    Thou | blessest | the | springing thereof. ||
    Thou crownest the year | with Thy goodness ||
    And | Thy paths | drop | fatness. ||

9 They drop upon the pastures | of the wilderness ||
    And the little hills re | joyce on ||
    The pastures are clothed with flocks ; the valleys also are covered over with corn ||
    They shout | for | joy, they also | sing. ||
    GLORY BE, ETC.

57

PSALM LXV.

1 Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion ||
    And unto Thee shall the vow | be performed. ||
    O Thou, that hearest prayer ||
    Unto Thee shall all flesh come. ||

2 Iniquities | veil | against me ||
    As for our transgressions, Thou shalt purge them a way. ||
    Blessed is the man | whom Thou choosest ||
    And causeth to approach unto Thee, that His may dwell | in Thy courts. ||

3 We shall be satisfied with the goodness | of Thy house ||
    Even of Thy Holy temple. ||
    By terrible things in righteousness ||
    wilt Thou answer us ||
    O God, of our salvation: ||

58

PSALM LXVI.

1 Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands ||
    Sing forth the | honour of His name: ||
    Make | His praise | glorious ||
    Say unto God, How terrible | is Thee in Thy works. ||

2 Through the greatness of Thy power ||
    Shall Thine enemies sub | mit themselves unto Thee. ||
    All the earth shall worship Thee, and shall sing | unto Thee ||
    They shall sing | to Thy name. ||

3 Come and see, the works of God ||
    He is terrible in His doing, toward the children of men. ||
    He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot ||
    There did we re | joyce in Him.
4 He ruleth by His power for ever; His eyes be hold the nations! Let not the rebellious exalt themselves. O bless the God of men, the people! And make the voice of His praise to be heard.

5 Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. For Thou, O God, hast prov ed us as silver is tried.

6 Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidest a snare for our feet. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water. But Thou broughtest us out; for Thine name sake.

7 I will go into Thy house, burnt offerings and sacrifices will I offer unto Thee burnt sacrifice of righteousness, with the incense of rams. I will offer bullocks with goats. Come and hear, all ye that fear God; and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.

8 I cried unto Him, with my mouth; and He was exalted within me; if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. But verily God hath heard me; He hath attended to the voice of my prayer; blessed be God, which hath not turned a way my prayer; nor His mercy from me. Glory be, etc.

59 PSALM LXVII.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us! And cause His face to shine up on us; 2 That Thy way may be known, up on earth! Thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise, Thee, O God! Let all the people praise Thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy! For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations up on earth.

5 Let the people praise, Thee, O God! Let all the people praise Thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

GLORY BE, ETC.

60 PSALM LXVIII.

1 Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered; Let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

2 As smoke is driven away; so let the wicked perish, at the presence of God. But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice, be exulting in the presence of God.

3 Sing unto God, sing praises to His Name! Extol Him that rideth upon the heavens by His Name Jah, and re joice before Him.

4 God setteth the solitary in families, He bringeth out those that are bound with chains; But the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

5 The earth is a habitation for Him, even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God.

6 Thy congregation is dwelt there in; Thy, O God, hast prepared of Thy goodness for the poor. The Lord gave the word: Great was the company of those that published it.
7 Kings of armies, did flee as [pace!] And she that tarried, at home divided the spoil.
Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver!
And her feathers with yellow!gold.
8 When the Almighty scattered, kings [in it]—
It was white as snow in Salmon.
The hill of God, is as the hill of Bashan;
An high hill, as the hill of Bashan.
9 Why leapt ye, ye high hills? This is the hill which God de- sireth to dwell in!
Yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever.
The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels;
The Lord is among them as in Sinai, in the holy place.
10 Thou hast as[conded on high—
Thou hast [ed caps;—tivy captive;
Thou hast received, [gifts for men—
Yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord—God might dwell a-mong them.
11 Blessed be the Lord, Who daily loadeth us with benefits—
Even the God of our salvation;
He that is our God, is the God of salvation—
And unto this Lord, be long the issues from death.
12 Sing unto God, ye kingdoms, of the earth—
O sing praises unto the Lord,
To Him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old—
Lo, He doth send out His voice, and that a-mighty voice.
13 Ascribe ye, strength unto God—
His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds.
O God, Thou art terrible out, of Thy holy places—
The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people. Blessed be ... God.
GLORY BE, ETC.

61 PSALM LXXI.
1 In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; Let me never be put to confusion.
Deliver me in Thy righteousness, and cause me to escape—
Incline Thou ear unto me, and save me.
2 Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continue;—by re-sort—
Thou hast given commandment to save me; for Thou, art my rock and my fortress.
Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked—
Out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel—man.
3 For Thou art my hope, O Lord—
Thou, art my trust;—from my youth.
By Thee have I been holden up from the womb—
My praise shall be con[tinual—ly of Thee.
4 I am as a wonder unto many—
But Thou, art my strong refuge, Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise—
And with Thy honour all the day.
5 Cast me not off in the time of old age—
Forsake me not, when my strength falleth.
For mine enemies speak against me; And they that lay wait for my soul take counsel against me,
Saying, God hath forsaken him; persecute and take him.
For there is none to deliver him.
O God, be not far from me—
O my God, make haste ... for my help.
7 Let them be confounded and consumed that are adversaries, to my soul—
Let them be covered with reproach, and dishonour that seek my hurt.
But I, will hope continually—And will yet praise Thee more and more.
8 My mouth shall shew forth Thy righteousness and Thy salvation all the day—
For I know not the numbers thereof.
I will go in the strength of the Lord, and of God,
I will make mention of Thy righteousness,—even of Thine only.
9 O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth—
And hitherto have I de-scended Thy wondrous works.
Now also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, for ... me not—
Until I have shewed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to ever ... one that is to come.
SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

10 Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high; Who hast done [great things]
   O God, [who is] like unto Thee?
   Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again
   And shalt bring me up again, from the depths ... of the earth.

11 Thou shalt, [in] crease my | greatness | And comfort me on every side.
   I will also praise Thee with the psaltery, even Thy truth, | O my God.
   Unto Thee will I sing with the harp, O Thou Holy | One of Israel.

12 My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing | unto Thee
   And my soul, which [Thou ...] hast rejoiced.
   My tongue also shall talk of Thy righteousness, | all the day long.
   For they are confounded, for they are brought ... unto shame, that seek my hurt.

GLORY BE, ETC.

62 PSALM LXXII.
1 Give the King | Thy judgments, O God
   And Thy righteousness, unto the king's | son.
   He shall judge, Thy people with righteousness
   And, ... Thy poor with judgment.

2 The mountains shall bring peace | to the people
   And, the little hills by righteousness.
   He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy
   And shall break, in pieces the oppressor.

3 They shall fear Thee as long as the sun | and moon en- -dure.
   Throughout, all gener- ations.
   He shall come down like rain upon, the mown | grass
   As, showers, that water the earth.

4 In His days, shall the righteous flourish | And abundance of peace, so long as the moon en- -dureth.
   He shall have dominion also, from sea to sea
   And from the river, unto the ends | of the earth.

5 They that dwell in the wilderness .
   And His one - mist shall lick the dust.
   The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring | presents
   The kings of Sheba and Sheba shall offer | gifts.

6 Ye, all kings, shall fall | down before Him.
   All nations shall serve Him.
   For He shall deliver the needy, when he crieth
   The poor also, and him that hath no helper.

7 He shall spare the poor and needy
   And shall save the souls ... of the needy.
   He shall redeem their soul, from death and violence
   And precious, shall their blood be, in His sight.

8 And, He shall live | And to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
   Prayer also shall be made, for Him continually
   And, (daily) shall He be praised.

9 There shall be an handful of corn | in the earth
   Upon the top ... of the mountains.
   The fruit thereof, shall shake like Lebanon.
   And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

10 His Name, shall ensue for ever | His Name shall be continued, as long as the sun:
   And men shall be blessed in Him.
   All nations shall call Him blessed.

11 Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel:
   Who only doeth wondrous things: And blessed be His glorious Name forever
   And let the whole earth be filled with His glory. A -men.

GLORY BE, ETC.

63 PSALM LXXIII.
1 Truly God, is good to Israel | Even to such, as are of a clean heart.
   But as for me, my feet were almost | gome
   My steps had well nigh slipped.

2 For I was envious at the foolish
   When I saw the prosperous |ed of the wicked.
   For there are no bands, in their death
   But, their strength is firm.
PSALM LXXVI.

8 They are not in trouble as other men. Neither are they plagued like other men.
Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain.
Violence covereth them as a garment.
4 Their eyes stand out with fatness. They have more than heart could wish.
They are corrupt, and speak wickedly.
Concerning opression.
They speak lofty.
5 They set their mouth against the heavens.
And their tongue walketh through the earth.
Therefore His people return turn.
Hither.
And waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.
6 And they say, How doth God know? And is there knowledge in the Most High?
Behold, these are the ungodly. Who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.
7 Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain.
And washed my hands in innocency.
For all the day long have I been plagued.
And chastened every morning.
8 If I say, I will speak thus; Behold, I should offend against the generation of Thy children.
When I thought to know, this.
It was too painful for me.
9 Until I went into the sanctuary of God.
Then understood I their end.
Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places.
Thou castest them down into destruction.
10 How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! They are utterely consumed with terror.
As a dream when one awaketh.
So, O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou shalt despise their image.
11 Thus my heart was grieved.
And I was pricked in my reins.
So foolish was I, and ignorant.
I was as a beast before Thee.
12 Nevertheless, I am continual with Thee.
Thou hast held me by my right hand,
Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel;
And afterward receive me to glory.
13 Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I de sire be side.
My flesh, and my heart faileth. But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.
14 For lo, they that are far from Thee shall perish.
Thou hast destroyed all them that go a whoring from Thee.
But it is good for me to draw near to God.
I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all Thy works.
GLORY BE, ETC.

64 PSALM LXXVI.

1 In Judah is God known.
His Name is great in Israel.
In Salem also is His tabernacle.
And His dwelling place in Zion.
2 There brake He the arrows of the bow.
The shield, and the sword.
And the battle.
Thou art more glorious and excellent Than the munient tains of prey.
3 The stout hearted are spoiled, they have slept their sleep.
And none of the men of might have found their hands.
At Thy rebuke, O God of Jacob.
Both the chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep.
4 Thou, even Thou, art to be feared.
And who may stand in Thy sight when once.
Thou art angry?
Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven.
The earth feared, and was still.
5 When God a rose to judgment To save all the neck of the earth.
Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee.
The remainder of wrath shall Thou restrain.
6 Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God.
Let all that be round about Him bring presents unto Him; that ought to be feared.
He shall cut off the spirit of princes.
He is terrible to the kings of the earth.
GLORY BE, ETC.
65  PSALM LXXVII.

1 I cried unto God, with my voice: even unto God with my voice will I cry. If he had regarded me, he would have heard me: if he had been desirous of me, he would have quickly answered me.

In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord:

My sore ran in the night, and ceased not; my soul was covered with fear.

2 I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes in waking: I am so troubled, that I cannot speak.

3 I have considered the days of old: the years of ancient times. I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart, and my spirit makes diligent search:

And my spirit made me to consider of old time:

Wherefore shall I not look into the works of thy hands, and into thy wonders? the sea, and all that they contain, is thy hand and thy work.

4 Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be angry forever? and will he keep his anger for ever? Is his mercy clean gone forever? Doth his promise fail forever?

5 Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up? has he not mercy? and I said, This is mine infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High.

6 I will remember the works of the Lord: of his wonders and his miracles; of his acts toward the sons of Jacob.

7 Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great as our God, who is like unto thee, O mighty one? Thou art a great God and a strong; thou hast made a goodly work: a man of counsel understands the people.

8 Thou hast with Thine arm redeemed Thy people:Thine arm is lifted up in strength: the heavens rejoice: the earth also is glad, for thou hast done it.

9 The clouds poured out water; the skies sent down their treasures: Thine arrows were broad: the voice of Thy thunder was in the waters: the earth trembled and shook.

10 Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.

And Thy footsteps are not known.

Thou hast led in safety Thy people like a flock: by the hand of Moses and Aaron, glory be, etc.

66  PSALM LXXX.

1 Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock.

Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

2 Before Ephraim and Benjamin, and Manasseh, stir up thy strength, and come among us, save us.

3 Turn us again, O God of hosts. And cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

4 O Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry against the prayer of thy people? Thou feedest them with the bread of tears.

And givest them tears to drink in great measure.

5 Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours. And our enemies laugh at us.

Turn us again, O God of hosts. And cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

6 Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt. Thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparedst it room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

7 The hills were covered with the shadow of it. And the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea. And her branches unto the river.

8 Why hast Thou then broken down her hedges? So that all they which pass by pluck her.

The bear of the wilderness hath eaten it. And the wild beasts of the earth have eaten it.
9 Return, we beseech Thee, O God of our hosts! Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine, And the vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted And the branch that Thou madest strong... for Thy self.

10 It is burnt with fire, it is cut down... down. They perish at thr... bane... of Thy countenance. Let Thy hand be upon the man of Thy right hand. Upon the son of man whom Thou madest strong... for Thy self.

11 So will not we go back from Thee. Quicken Thou us, and we will call up... on Thy Name. Turn us again, O God. Of God of hosts! Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved. GLORY BE, ETC.

67 PSALM LXXXIV.
1 How amiable... are Thy tabernacles! O Lord, ... of... hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts... of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out... for the living God.

2 Yea, the sparrow... hath found an house! And the swallow, a nest... for herself.

Where she may... lay her... young! Even Thine altar, O Lord of hosts, my King... and my God.

3 Blessed are they that dwell... in Thy house! They will be still... praising Thee. Blessed is the man... with strength... in whose heart... are the ways of them.

4 Who passing through the valley of Baca... make it a well... The rain... shall fill the pools. They go up... with strength... strength. Every one of them in Zion... appeareth before... God.

5 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer! Give ear, O God of Jacob. Behold, O God our shield and look upon the face of Thine anointed.

6 For a day... in Thy courts! Is... better than a thousand. I had rather be... doorman... in the house... of my God. Than... to dwell... in the tents of wickedness.

7 For the Lord God is... a sun... and a shield... The Lord... will give grace and... glory. No good thing... withhold from them. That... walk up... rightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed... is... the man that... trusteth... in Thee. GLORY BE, ETC.

68 PSALM LXXXV.
1 Lord, Thou hast been... favourable unto Thy land. Thou hast brought... the captivity... of Jacob. Thou hast forgiven... the iniquity... of Thy people! Thou hast covered... all their sin.

2 Thou hast taken away... all Thy wrath. Thou hast turned... Thyself... from the fierceness... of Thine anger. Turn us, O God, of our salvation! And cause Thine anger... toward... us... cease.

3 Wilt Thou be angry... with us for ever... Wilt Thou... draw... Thine anger... to all... generations? Wilt Thou not... revive... us... again? That Thy people... may rejoice... in Thee?

4 Show us, Thy mercy, O Lord! And... grant us... Thy salvation. I will hear what God... the... Lord... speak. For He... will speak peace... unto His... people, and... to His... saints.

5 But... let them... not... Turn... as... a... gain to... folly. Surely His salvation is... high... them that fear Him! That glory... may dwell... in... our... land.

6 Mercy and truth... are... met... other. Righteousness... and peace... have... kissed each other. Truth shall spring... out... earth. And righteousness... shall... look... down from... heaven.

7 Yea, the Lord... shall... that which is... good. And... shall... yield... increase. Righteousness... shall... go before... Him. And shall set us... in... the... way... of His... steps. GLORY BE, ETC.

69 PSALM LXXXVI.
1 Bow down Thine ear... O Lord... hear me! For... I am... poor... needy. Preserve my soul; for... I am... holy! O Thou my God, save! Thy servant... that... trusteth... in Thee.
3 Be **merciful** unto me, O Lord; **for** if I cry unto Thee, **daily**.
Rejoice the soul **of Thy servant**.
For unto Thee, O Lord, **do I lift up my soul**.

3 For Thou, Lord, art good, and **ready to forsake** me.
And plenteous in mercy unto **all**;
them that call upon Thee.
Give ear, O Lord, **unto my prayer**.
And attend unto the voice **of my supplications**.

4 In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee; **for Thou wilt answer me**.
Among the gods there is none **like unto Thee, O Lord**.
Neither are there any **works** like unto Thy works.

5 All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord.
And **shall glorify Thy Name**.
For Thou art great, and **doest wondrous things**.
**Thou** art **God alone**.

6 Teach me Thy way, **O Lord**; I will **walk** in Thy truth.
**Unite** my heart to fear Thy Name.
I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, **with all my heart**.
And I will glorify Thy Name for evermore.

7 For great is Thy mercy toward me; **and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell**.
O God, the **proud are risen against me**;
And the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul, and have sought to destruction.

8 But Thou, O Lord, art a **God full of compassion and gracious**;
Long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.
O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me.
Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, **and save** the son of Thine handmaid.

9 **Shew me a token for good**.
That they which **hate me** may see it, and be ashamed.
Because **Thou, O Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me**.
**Glory be** unto Thee, etc.

70 **PSALM LXXXVII**.
1 His foundation is **in the holy mountains**.
The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than **all the dwellings of Jacob**.

2 **Glorious things are spoken of thee**.
O city of **Jacob**.

3 I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon, **to them that know me**;
Behold Philistia and Tyre, **with Ethiopia; this man was born in her**.

4 And of Zion it shall be said, This is that **man was born in her**.
And the **Highest** Him-self shall establish her.

5 The Lord shall count, when He **writeth up the people**.
That **this** man was born in her.

6 As well the singers as the players on **instruments** shall be there.
All my springs are in Thee.
**Glory be** unto Thee, etc.

71 **PSALM LXXXIX.** vv. 1–18.
1 **I will sing of the mercies of the Lord** for ever.
With my mouth will I **make known Thy faithfulness**.
For I have said, Mercy shall be **established**.
Up for ever, Thy faithfulness shall be established in the **heavens**.

2 I have made a **covenant** with My chosen; I have sworn unto David My servant, Thy seed.
I will establish it for ever; And build up thy throne, to all the **generations**.

3 And the heavens shall **praise** the Lord; Thy wonders, Thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.
For who in the heaven can compare? unto the Lord? Who among the sons of mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

4 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of His saints; To be had in reverence of all them that are about Him.
O Lord God of hosts, who is a **great Lord**.
Like unto Thee, **Oh Lord**

Or to Thy faithfulness round about Thee;
5 Thou rulest the raging of the sea. When the waves thereof arise. Thou...stillest them.
Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, one that is slain.
Thou hast scattered Thine enemies with Thy strong arm.

6 The heavens are Thine, the earth also is Thine. The world and the fulness thereof are
destroyed. The north and the south, Thou hast created them.
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy Name.

7 Thou art a mighty arm. Strong is Thy hand, and high is Thy right hand. Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne. Mercy and truth shall go before Thy face.

8 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.
In Thy Name shall they rejoice, all the day.
And in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

9 For Thou art the glory of their strength. And in Thy favour, our horn shall be exalted.
For the Lord is our defence. And the Holy One of Israel is our King.
Glory be, etc.

72 PSALM XC.
1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place. In all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth...and the world,

2 Even from everlasting. To everlasting. Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction. And sayest, Return, ye children of men.

3 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, when it is past. And as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep.
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

4 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up. In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
For we are consumed by Thine anger. And by Thine wrath, we are troubled.

5 Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee. Our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.
For all our days are passed away. In Thy wrath we spend our years as a tale. That is told.

6 The days of our years are threescore years. And if by reason of strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow.
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

7 Who knoweth the power of Thine anger. Even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath. So teach us. To number our days. That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

8 Return, O Lord; how long shall it be that we contend against Thy Spirit? How long shall we hate Thy commandments. O satisfy us early with Thy mercy. That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

9 Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us. And the years, where-in we have seen evil.
And Thy glory. Unto their children.

10 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be;...unto our hands. Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.
Glory be, etc.

73 PSALM XCVI.
1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress. My God; in Him will I trust.
2 Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

3 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon Day.

4 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou see ridge of stone.

5 For thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation. There shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

6 For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will call him unto my name.

8 I will set him on high, because he hath known my Name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him: with long life will I satisfy him. And will show him My salvation.

GLORY BE, ETC.

74 PSALM CXXXI.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy Name. O Most High; to shew forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, Thy faithfulness every night.

2 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the harp, with a solemn sound. For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.

3 O Lord, how great art Thou, O Lord! And Thy thoughts are very deep. A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand; this:

4 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; It is that they shall be destroyed for ever; But Thou, Lord, art forever more.

5 For Lo, Thine enemies, O Lord; for Lo, Thine enemies shall perish; All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

6 But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn: I shall be as a sanctuary to my people, and mine ears shall hear my desire. I will go up, up against me.

7 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

8 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; They shall be fat and flourishing. To shew that the Lord is upright, He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him.

PSALM XCVII.

1 The Lord reigneth; He is clothed with majesty. The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith He hath girded Himself.

2 The world also is established; That it cannot be moved.

3 Thy throne is established of old; Thou art from everlasting.
4 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice.
   The floods lift up their waves.
5 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters.
   Yea, than the mighty waves [of] the sea.
6 Thy testimonies are very sure.
   Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, forever.
   Glory be, etc.

76 PSALM XCV.
1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise; let the rock of our salvation.
2 Let us come before His presence with thanks-giving; and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.
3 For the Lord is great; and the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised.
4 In His hand are the deep places of the earth.
   The strength of the hills is His.
5 The sea is His; and He made it.
   And His hands have formed the dry land.
6 O come, let us worship and bow down;
   Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.
7 For He is our God; and we are the sheep of His pasture, and the children of His hand.
8 To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart.
9 As in the morning of the tabernacle in the wilderness,
   in the day of temp-tation; in the wilderness,
   prove Me, and I will show My work.
10 When your fathers tempted Me and saw My work.
11 Forty years long; I was grieved with this generation.
12 And said, It is a people that do err in their heart;
   and they have not known My ways;
13 Unto whom I sware; in My wrath and in My indignation.
   That they should not enter into My rest.
   Glory be, etc.

77 PSALM XCVI.
1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
   Shew forth His salvation from day to day.
2 Declare His glory among the heathen; His Name among all people.
   For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.
   He is to be feared above all gods.
3 For all the gods of the nations are idols.
   But the Lord made the heavens.
   Honour and majesty are before Him; strength, and beauty are in His sanctuary.
4 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds, of the people.
   Give unto the Lord, glory and strength.
   Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name.
   Bring an offering, and come into His courts.
5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before Him, all the earth.
   Say among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth.
   The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved.
   He shall judge the people righteously.
6 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;
   Let the sea roar, and let the fulness thereof.
   Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein.
   Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.
   Then shall the Lord be pleased.
7 For He cometh to judge the earth.
   He shall judge the world with righteousness.
   And the nations with His truth.
   Glory be, etc.

78 PSALM XCVII.
1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of people praise Him.
   Clouds and darkness are round about Him.
   Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.
2 A fire goeth before Him; and burneth up His enemies; round about.
   His lightnings enlighten the world.
   The earth saw, and trembled.
36 SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

3 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord:
   At the presence of the Lord, of the whole earth.
   The heavens declare His righteousness;
   And all the people see His glory.

4 Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols.
   Worship Him, all ye gods.
   Zion heard, and was glad;
   And the daughters of Judah rejoiced, because of Thy judgments, O Lord.

5 For Thou, Lord, art high above all the earth;
   Thou art exalted far above all gods.
   Ye that love the Lord, hate evil;
   He preserveth the souls of His saints;
   He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

6 Light is sown for the righteous;
   And gladness for the upright in heart.
   Rejoice in the Lord, all ye righteous;
   And give thanks at the re-]meinbrace of His holiness.

79 PSALM CXXVIII.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; His right hand, and His holy arm.
   Hath gotten Him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known His salvation;
   His righteousness hath He openly shewed, in the sight of the heathen.
   He hath remembered His mercy and His truth, toward the house of Israel.
   All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

3 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands;
   Make a loud noise, and rejoice together;
   Sing unto the Lord, with the harp;
   With the psalm.

4 With trumpets and sound of cornet;
   Make a joyful noise, be fore the Lord, be fore the King.
   Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
   The world, and they that dwell therein;

5 Let the floods clap their hands;
   Let the hills be joyful, to gather before the Lord;
   For He cometh to judge the earth;
   With righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.
   Glory be, etc.

80 PSALM CXXIX.

1 The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble;
   He sitteth upon the cherubims, and the earth shall move.

2 The Lord is great in Zion; He is high above all the people.
   And He doeth marvellous things;
   Terrible Name.
   For, it is holy.

4 The King's strength also loveth judgment;
   Thou dost establish equity; Thou executest judgment, and righteousness in Jacob.

5 Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool;
   For, He is holy.

6 Moses and Aaron among His priests, and Samuel among them that call upon His Name.
   They called upon the Lord, and He answered them.

7 He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar;
   They kept His testimonies, and His ordinance, that He gave them.

8 Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God;
   Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance of their iniquities.

9 Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at His holy hill;
   For, the Lord our God is holy.
   Glory be, etc.

81 PSALM C.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands;
   Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.

2 Know ye that the Lord He is God;
   It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

3 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise;
   Be thankful unto Him, and bless His Name.
4 For the Lord is good; His mercy is | ever-lasting. And His truth endureth. To all ... genera-tions.

GLORY BE, ETC.

PSALMS CII., CIII

82

PSALM CII

1 Hear, my prayer, O Lord; And let my cry, I come... untoThee. Hide not Thy face from me; In the day when I am in trouble;

2 Incline Thine ear, unto me; In the day when I call, answer me; speedily.

For my days, are consumed like smoke; And my bones, are burned as an hearth.

3 My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; So that I, for, get to eat my bread. By reason of the voice, of my groaning:

My bones, cleave... to my skin.

4 I am like a pelican, of the wilderness; I am like an owl, of the desert. I watch, and am as a sparrow.

A lone up, on the house-top.

5 Mine enemies reproach me, all the day; And they that are mad, a gainst me are sworn a gainst me, For I have eaten saucers like bread.

And mingled my drink with weeping.

6 Because of Thine indignation, and Thy wrath; For Thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down. My days are like a shadow, that doth clineth

And I am withered like... grass.

7 But Thou, O Lord, shalt en-dure for ever; And Thy remembrance unto all... genera-tions. Thou shalt arise, and have mercy up-on... Zion;

For the time to favour her, yea, thou set... time, is come.

8 For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones; And favour the dust thereof. So the heathen shall fear the Name... of the Lord... and all the kings... of the earth Thy glory.

9 When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear... in His glory. He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the genera-tion to come; And the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.

10 For He hath looked down from the height, of His sanctuary; From heaven did the Lord behold the earth; To hear the groaning of the prisoner; To loose those, that are appointed to death;

11 To declare the Name of the Lord in Zion; And His praise... in Jerusalem; When the people are gathered together; And the kingdoms, to serve the Lord.

12 He weakened my strength... in the way; He... shortened my days. I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst... of my days; Thy years are throughout... all... genera-tions.

13 Of old hast Thou laid the foundation... of the earth; And the heavens, are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; Yea, all of them shall wax old as a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed.

14 But Thou... art the same; And Thy years... shall have... end. The children of Thy servants shall continue; And their seed... shall be established... for Thee.

GLORY BE, ETC.

83

PSALM CIII

1 Bless the Lord... O my soul; And all that is within me, bless His holy Name. Bless the Lord... O my soul; And... for... get not all His benefits.

2 Who forgiveth... All... thine iniquities, Who healeth... all... thy disease; Who redeemeth... thy life... from death; Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;
SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

38

3 Who satisfeth thy mouth, with|good...| things ||
So that thy youth, is re-newed, like the|eagle's.||
The Lord executeth righteousness, and| judgment ||
For, all that are oppressed. ||

4 He made known His ways, unto||
Moses, unto the children of Israel.||
The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. ||

5 He will not always chide;||
Neither will He keep His anger for ever,||
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,||
Nor rewarded us, according to our iniquities. ||

6 For as the heaven is high above the\ earth,||
So great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.||
As far as the east is from the west,||
So far hath He removed our transgressions from us.||

7 Like as a father pitieth his children,||
So the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. ||

8 For He knoweth our frame,| He re-membereth that we are dust,||
As for man, his days are as grass;| As a flower of the field,||
Flourisheth.||

10 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone,||
And the place thereof of shall know it no more.||

11 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear Him,||
And His righteousness unto children of children,||
To such as keep His covenant,||
And to those that remember His commandments to do them.||

12 The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens,||
And His kingdom ruleth over all,||
Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength,||
That do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word.||

13 Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts,||
Ye ministers, of His, that do His pleasure,||
Bless the Lord, all ye His works in all places, of His dominion,||
Bless the Lord, O my soul.||

GLORY BE, ETC.

84

PSALM CIV.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul.||
O Lord, my God, ||
Thou art very great,||
Thou art clothed with honour and majesty,||
Who coverest Thyself, with light as with a garment,||
Who stretchest out the heavens, like a curtain,||
Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters,||
Who maketh the clouds His chariot,||
Who walketh upon the winds,||
Of the wind,||

3 Who maketh His angels spirits,||
His ministers a flaming fire,||
Who laid the foundations of the earth,||
That it should not be removed for ever.||

4 Thou coveredst it with the deep, as with a garment,||
The waters stood above the mountains,||
At Thy rebuke they fled,||
At the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away;||

5 They go up by the mountains, they go down, by the valleys,||
Unto the place, which Thou hast founded,||
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over,||
That they turn not again to cover the earth.||

6 He sendeth the springs into the valleys,||
Which run among the hills;||
They give drink to every beast of the field,||
The wild,||

7 By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,||
Which sing among the trees,||
He watereth the hills with his showers,||
The earth is satisfied with fruit,||

[The rest of the page is not visible due to the limits of the image.]
8 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man;
That He may bring forth [food ...] out of the earth:
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man;
And oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

9 The trees of the Lord are full of sap; The cedars of Lebanon, which are ..., He hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests; As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

10 The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; And the rocks for the [conies, He appointed]; the moon for [seasons];
The sun knoweth his going down.

11 Thou makest darkness, and it is night; Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

12 The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together; And lay down ... in their dens.

13 O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.
So is this great, and wide ... sea.

14 There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom Thou hast made to play there-in.

15 That Thou givest them they gather; Thou openest Thine hand, thou art filled with good.
Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled;
Thou taketh away their breath, they die, and re-turn ... to their dust.

16 Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; And Thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure; The Lord shall rejoice [in His] works.

17 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live;
I will sing praise to my God, while I have my being.

18 My meditation of Him shall be sweet; Y. I will be glad ... [in the] Lord.
Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more;
Bless thou the Lord, O my soul; Praise ye the Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

85 PSALM CV.

1 O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His Name;
Make known His deeds among the people.
Sing unto Him, sing praises unto His Name.
Talk ye of all His wondrous works.

2 Glory ye in . His name; Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.
Seek the Lord, and His strength;
Seek His face ... ever-more.

3 Remember His marvellous works, that He hath done; His wonders, and the judgments of His mouth.
O ye seed of Abra-ham His servant; Ye children of Jacob His chosen.

4 He is the Lord our God; His judgments are in all the earth.
He hath remembered His covenant for ever.
The word which He commanded to a thousand generations,

5 Which covenant He made with Abraham; And His oath ... unto Isaac;
And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law;
And to Israel for an everlasting covenant:

6 Saying, Unto thee wilt I give the land of Canaan;
The lot of your inheritance:
When there were but a few, men in number;
Yea, very few, and strangers in
38 He blessed them also, so that they are multi-plied greatly; And suffereth not their cattle to decrease.
39 Again, they are minished, and brought low; Through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.
40 He poureth contempt upon princes; And causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.
41 Yet setteth he the poor on high, from affliction; And maketh him like a flock.
42 The righteous shall see it, and rejoice; And all iniquity shall be stopped in his mouth.
43 Whose is wise, and shall serve these things; Even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

87 PSALM CXI.
1 Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord, with my whole heart; In the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.
2 The works of the Lord are great; Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
3 His work is honourable, and glorious; And His righteousness endureth for ever.
4 He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered; The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion.
5 He hath given meat unto them that fear Him; He will ever be mindful of His covenant.
6 He hath shewed His people the power of His works; That He may give them the heritage of the heathen.
7 The works of His hands are verity, and judgment; All His commandments are sure.
8 They stand fast for ever and ever; And are done in truth and uprightness.

GLORY BE, ETC.

88 PSALM CXII.
1 Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord; That delighteth greatly in His commandments.
2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth; The generation of the upright shall be blessed.
3 Wealth and riches shall be in his house; And his righteousness shall exalt him for ever.
4 Unto the upright there ariseth light; in the darkness; He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.
5 A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth; He will guide his affairs; with discretion.
6 Surely he shall not be moved for ever; The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.
7 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.
8 His heart is established; he shall not be afraid; Until he see his desire up on his enemies.
9 He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; His righteousness endureth for ever; His horn shall be exalted with honour.
10 The wicked shall see it, and be ashamed; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away; The desire of the wicked shall perish.

GLORY BE, ETC.

89 PSALM CXIII.
1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord; Praise the Name of the Lord.
PSALMS CXIV, CXV, CXVI.

43

2 Blessed be the Name of the Lord more.
3 From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, The Lord's Name is to be praised.
4 The Lord is high above all nations, And His glory dwelleth in the heavens. Who is like unto the Lord our God, Who dwelleth on high? That humbleth Himself to behold the things that are, in heaven and earth!
6 He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the needy out of the dunghill.
7 That He may set him with princes, and even with the princes of His people, Praise ye the Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

90

PSALM CXIV.

1 When Israel went out of Egypt, The house of Jacob from a people of strange language, 2 Judah was his sanctuary, and he doeth minion.
3 The sea saw it, and fled, Jor- dan, the little hills like lambs.
4 The mountains skipped like rams, And the little hills like lambs.
5 What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest, thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
6 Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams, And ye little hills, like lambs?
7 Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, At the presence of the God of Jacob;
8 Which turned the rock into a standing fountain of waters.

GLORY BE, ETC.

91

PSALM CXV.

1 Nor unto us, O Lord, nor unto us, but unto Thy Name, give glory.
2 Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?
3 But our God, is in the heavens, He hath done what He pleased.
4 Their idols are silver and gold, The work of men's hands.
5 They have mouths, but they speak not, Eyes have they, but they see not:
6 They have ears, but they hear not, Noses have they, but they smell not:
7 They have hands, but they handle not, feet have they, but they walk not:
Neither speak they through their throat.
8 They that make them are like unto them, So is every one that trusteth in them.
9 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord, He is their help and their shield.
10 O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord, He is their help and their shield.
11 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord, He is their help and their shield.
12 The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us.
He will bless the house of Israel, He will bless the house of Aaron.
13 He will bless them, that fear the Lord, Both small and great.
14 The Lord shall increase you more and more, You and your children.
15 Ye are blessed of the Lord, Which made heaven and earth.
16 The heavens, even the heavens, are the Lord's, But the earth hath He given to the children of men.
17 The dead praise, not the Lord, Neither are they any that go down into silence.
18 But we will bless the Lord, From this time forth and for evermore.
Praise ye the Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

92

PSALM CXVI.

1 I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice, and my supplications.
2 Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, Therefore will I call upon Him, as long as I live.
3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell, gat hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow.

GLORY BE, ETC.
SELECTIONS FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

4 Then called I upon the Name. |of the| Lord || O Lord, I beseech. |Thee, de-|| live my | soul. ||
5 Gracious is. |the| Lord, and righteous || Yea, our . . . God is | merciful. ||
6 The Lord. pre-|| serveth the simple | I was brought low, . . . and He| helped| me. ||
7 Return unto thy rest. |O my| soul || For the Lord hath dealt . . . bounti-|| fully| with thee. ||
8 For Thou hast delivered. my soul from | death | Mine eyes from tears . . . and my | feet| from falling. ||
9 I will walk. be-|| fore the |Lord || In. |the| land ...of the| living. ||
10 I believed; therefore. |have| I spoken | I was| great ...|ly at-|dicted. ||
11 I said. |in| my haste || All . . . . . men are liars. ||
12 What shall I render |unto the| Lord | For all. His |bene-| fits| toward me? ||
13 I will take the cup. |of sal-| vation || And call upon. the |Name ...|of the | Lord. ||
14 I will pay my vows. |unto the| Lord || Now . . . in the| presence |of all His |people. ||
15 Precious in the sight. |of the| Lord || Is. |the| death ...|of His |saints. ||
16 O Lord. truly |I am Thy |servant || I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine | handmaid. |Thou hast |loosed my | bonds. ||
17 I will offer to Thee the sacrifice. |of |thanks-giving || And will call upon. the |Name ...|of the |Lord. ||
18 I will pay my vows. |unto the| Lord || Now . . . in the| presence |of all His |people. ||
19 In the courts. of the |Lord’s ...|house || In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem, | praise ...|ye the| Lord. ||
20 GLORY BE, ETC. ||

PSALM CXVIII.

1 O give thanks unto the Lord; . for | He is |good. || Because His mercy |en-|dur-|eth for ever. ||
2 Let Israel. [now ...|say] | That His mercy |en-|dur-|eth for ever. ||
3 Let them now. that |fear the |Lord |say || That His mercy |en-|dur-|eth for ever. ||
4 I called upon the Lord. |in dis-|tress || The Lord answered me, and set. me |in a| large ...|place. ||
5 The Lord is on my side; . I will not | fear || What. can man ...|do unto me? ||
6 It is better. to trust in the Lord || Than to put. |con-|fidence in man. ||
7 It is better. to trust in the Lord || Than to put. |con-|fidence in princes. ||
8 The Lord. is |my| strength and song || And is. be-|come ...|my sal-|vation. ||
9 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles. |of the |righteous || The right hand. of the |Lord ...|doeth valiantly. ||
10 The right hand of the Lord. is ex-||alted || The right hand. of the |Lord ...|doeth valiantly. ||
11 I shall not. |die, but| live || And declare. the |works ...| of the | Lord. ||
12 The Lord. hath chastened me| sore || But He hath not given. me |over| unto death. ||
13 Open to me. the |gates of |righteousness || I will go into them . . . and I will |praise the| Lord. ||
14 This gate. |of the| Lord || Into which. the |righteous| shall ...| enter. ||
15 I will praise Thee. |for |Thou hast |heard me || And art. be-|come ...|my sal-|vation. ||
16 The stone. which the |builders |re-| fused || Is become. the |head stone of the corner. ||
17 This. is the |Lord’s ...|doing || It. is |marvel-|lous |in our |eyes. ||
18 This is the day. which the |Lord hath |made || We will rejoice. |and be|glad in it. ||
19 Save now. I be-|seek Thee, O |Lord || O Lord. |I be-|seek Thee, send |now| prosper-ity. ||

GLORY BE, ETC.
11 Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.
God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light.
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.
12 Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee.
Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee.
O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good.
For His mercy en-dureth for ever.

GLORY BE, ETC.

95 PSALM CXLI.
1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.
From whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh from the Lord, which is the heaven of heavens.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall not sleep nor slumber.
5 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

GLORY BE, ETC.

96 PSALM CXLII.
1 I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
3 Jerusalem is builded as a city.
That is com- pact to gather.
4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord.
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.
5 For there are set thrones of judgment in the house of David.
6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.
And prosperity within thy palaces.
8 For my brethren and companions that have suffered.
I will now say, Peace be within in thee.
9 Because of the house of the Lord our God.
I will seek thy good.

GLORY BE, ETC.

97 PSALM CXLV.
1 They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.
2 As the mountains are round so the Lord is round about him that trusteth in him.
3 For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous.
Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.
4 Do good, O Lord, unto those that love thee and to them that keep thy ways.
And to their children for evermore.
5 As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.
But peace shall be upon Israel.

GLORY BE, ETC.

98 PSALM CXXX.
1 Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.
My soul waiteth for the Lord; I will hope in His word.
2 In the morning therefore will I direct the voice of my supplications unto thee.
That is Thou mayest be feared.
3 I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait; and in His word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
4 Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.
And He shall redeem Israel.
From all his iniquities.

GLORY BE, ETC.
PSALM CXXXII.

1 Lord, re-|member| David ||
   And, |all |his |af-||ictions, |
   How he a-|s-|are |unto |the |Lord ||
   And vowed unto |the|m-||mighty| God of |
     Jacob. |

2 Surely I will not come unto the taber-|nacle |of |my |house ||
   Nor |go up |into |my |bed, |
   I will not give sleep |to |mine |eyes ||
   Or ||umber |to |mine |eyelids, |

3 Until I find out a |place |for |the |Lord ||
   An habitation for |the |m-||ighty |God of |
     Jacob. |

4 We go |into |His |tabernacles ||
   We will |worship |at |His |foot-||ool. |
   Arise, O Lord, |into |Thy |rest ||
   Thou, |and |the |ark |of |Thy |strength. |

5 Let Thy priests |be |clothed |with |right-||ou-||ness ||
   And let. Thy |saints |shout |for |joy. |
   For Thy servant |David's |sake |

6 The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David, |
   He will not turn |from |it ||
   Of the fruit of thy body will I set up |on |thy |throne. |
   If thy children will keep My covenant and |
   My testimony |that |I shall teach |them. |
   Their children shall also sit upon. thy |throne |for |ever |more. |

7 For the Lord |hath |chosen |Zion ||
   He hath desired |it |for |His |habi-||ation. |
   This is My rest |for |ever ||
   Here will I dwell; |for |I have desired it. |

8 I will abundantly |bless, |her |pro-||vision ||
   I will sati-|fy |her |poor |with |bread. |
   I will also clothe her priests |with |sal-||vation |
   And her saints shall shout |a-||loud |for |joy. |

9 There will I make the horn |of |David |to |
   I have ordained a lamp for |Mine |an-|
   His enemies will |I clothe |with |shame |
   But upon himself |shall his |crown |flourish. |

GLORY BE, ETC.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 Behold, how good, and how pleasant |it; |
   For brethren |to dwell |together in |
   unity! |

2 It is like the.pious ointment upon the |
   head, that ran down upon the beard, |
   even Aaron's beard. |
   That went down |to |the |skirts |of |his |garments; |

3 As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew |
   that descended upon |the |mountains |
   of Zion; |
   For there the Lord commanded the |
   blessing, even life for |ever |more. |

GLORY BE, ETC.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 Bless ye the Lord. Praise ye the Name ||
   of the Lord. |
   Praise Him, O ye servants of the |
   Lord. |

2 Lift up your hands |in the |sanctuary |
   And bliss; |the |Lord. |

3 The Lord that made |heaven and earth; |
   Bless thee |out of |Zion. |

GLORY BE, ETC.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Name ||
   of the Lord. |

2 Praise the Lord; for the Lord is good |
   Sing praises unto |His |Name; |for |
   it is pleasant. |

3 For the Lord hath chosen Jacob ||
   unto Him |self. |
   And Israel for His peace; |
   treasure. |

4 For I know, that the Lord is great ||
   And that our Lord is above all |
   gods. |

5 Whosoever the Lord pleased, that did |
   He in heaven, |and in earth. |
   In the heavens, and all deep places. |

6 He causeth the vapours to ascend from |
   the ends |of |the earth. |
   He maketh lightnings for the rain; He |
   bringeth the wind; |out of His |
   treasuries. |

7 Who smote the firstborn of Egypt |
   Both of man and beast. |
5 Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egyptians! 
Upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.
Who made great nations 
And mighty kings:
6 Sion kingdom of the Amorites, and Og | king of Bashan |
And all the kingdoms of Canaan; 
And gave their land | for an heritage |
An heritage | unto Israel His people.
Thy Name, O Lord, | ever |
And Thy memorial, O Lord, | through all generations.
For the Lord will judge His people 
And He will repent | Him self concerning His servants.
8 The idols of the heathen | are silver and gold.
The | work of men's hands. 
They have mouths, | but they speak not 
Eyes, | but they see not; 
9 They have ears, | but they hear not. 
Neither is there breath | in their mouths.
They that make them are | like unto them.
So is every one that trusteth in them.
10 Bless the Lord, O house of Israel! 
Bless the Lord, O house of Aaron: 
Ye that fear the Lord, | bless the Lord.
Bless be the Lord out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem.
Praise | ye the Lord. 
GLORY BE, ETC.

104 PSALM CXXXVIII.
1 I will praise Thee, with my whole heart. 
Before the gods will I sing. praise | unto Thee.
2 I will worship toward Thy holy temple, and praise Thy Name for Thy loving kindness. and for Thy truth. 
For Thou hast magnified Thy word. above ... all Thy Name.
3 In the day when I cried Thou answeredst | me. 
And strengthenest me, with strength, | in my soul.
4 All the kings of the earth shall praise Thee, O Lord. 
When they hear the words, of Thy mouth.
5 Yes, they shall sing in the ways, of the Lord. 
For great is the glory of the Lord.
6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly. 
But the proud He knoweth afar off.
7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me. 
Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and. Thy right hand shall save me.
8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me; Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of Thine own hands.

GLORY BE, ETC.

105 PSALM CXXXIX.

1 O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me; Thou knowest my downsitting and mine up-riseing; Thou knowest my thought afar off.

2 Thou compest my path and my lying down; and are acquainted with all my ways. For there is a word in my tongue; But lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.

3 Thou hast set me behind, and fenced me; And my hand and my right hand hath dealt for me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

4 Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? Or whithershall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there.

5 If I take the wings of the morning, And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall my hand lead me; And Thy right hand shall hold me.

6 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; Even the night shall be light about me: Yes, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; The darkness and the light are both as light to Thee.

7 How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God; How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand. When I awake, I am still with Thee.

8 Search me, O God, and know my heart; Try me, and know my thoughts; And see if there be any wicked way in me; And lead me in the way everlasting.

GLORY BE, ETC.

106 PSALM CXLII.

1 I cried unto the Lord; with my voice I would make my supplications; I poured out my soul before Him.

2 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knowest my path.

3 I cried unto Thee, O Lord; I said, Thou hast set me right; my portion is in the land of the living.

4 Bring my soul out of prison; For Thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

GLORY BE, ETC.

107 PSALM CXLIII.

1 Hear my prayer, O Lord; give ear to my supplications.

2 In Thy faithfulness answer me, and in Thy righteousness, and in Thy salvation.

3 For in Thy sight shall no man live, who is justified.

4 For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; He hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; My heart is desolate.

3 I remember the days of old; I meditate on all Thy works; I muse on the work of Thine hands; I stretch forth my hand unto Thee; My soul thirsteth after Thee, as a thirsty land.

4 Hear me speedily, O Lord; my spirit faileth; Hide not Thy face from me; lest I be like unto the dead.
PSALMS CXLV., CXLVI.

Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning. For, in Thee, do I trust. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk. For I lift up mine eyes unto Thee, unto Thee. Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies. I flee unto Thee to hide me. Teach me to do Thy will. For Thou art my God. Thy spirit is good. Lead me into the land of uprightness. Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy Name’s sake. For Thy righteousness’sake, bring me out of trouble. And of Thy mercy cut off mine enemies, and destroy all them that afflict my soul. For I am Thy servant. GLORY BE, ETC.

108 PSALM CXLV.
1 I will extol Thee, my God, O King. And I will bless Thy Name for ever and ever. Every day I will bless Thee. And I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever.
2 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised. And His greatness is unsearchable. One generation shall praise Thy works, to another. And shall declare Thy mighty acts.
3 I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy majesty. And of Thy wondrous works. And men shall speak of the might of Thy terribleness. And I will declare Thy greatness.
4 They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness. And shall sing of Thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion. Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
5 The Lord is good to all. And His tender mercies are over all His works.
6 All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord. And Thy saints shall praise Thee.
7 They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom. And talk of Thy power;

8 To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts. And the glorious majesty of His kingdom.
9 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. And Thy dominion endures through all generations.
10 The Lord upholdeth all that fall. And raiseth up all those [that be bowed down].

The eyes of all wait upon Thee. And Thou givest them their meat in due season.

11 Thou openest Thine hand. And satisfieth the desire of every living thing.
The Lord is righteous in all His ways. And holy in all His works.
12 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him. To all. [that] call upon Him in truth.

He will fulfill the desires of them that fear Him. He also will hear their cry. And will save them.

13 The Lord preserves all them that love Him. But all the wicked will He destroy. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord. And let all flesh bless the holy Name of the Lord ever and ever.

GLORY BE, ETC.

109 PSALM CXLVI.
1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord. O my soul. While I live, will I praise the Lord. I will sing praises unto my God. While I have, in any being.
2 Put not your trust in princes. Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth. In that very day his thoughts perish.
3 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob. for his help. Whose hope is in the Lord his God. Which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is. Which keepeth truth for ever.
4 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed. Which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners. The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;
5 The Lord raiseth them. that are bowed down.
The Lord loveth the righteous;
He relieth... the... father-less
and widow;
6 But the way. of the wicked
He turneth upside down.
Even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
Praise ye the Lord.
GLORY BE, ETC.

110 PSALM CXLVII.
1 Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praise unto our God;
For it is pleasant; and praise is comely.
The Lord doth build. [up Je-rusalem]
He gathereth together. the out-cast of Israel.
2 He healeth. the broken in heart
And bindeth up their wounds.
He... lasseth them. all. by their names.
3 Great is our Lord. and of. great power.
His understandings are infinite.
The Lord lifteth. up the meek
He casteth the wicked. down
unto the ground.
4 Sing unto the Lord. with thanks-giving.
Sing praise. upon the harp.
unto our God:
Who covereth the heaven with clouds, Who prepareth rain. [for the] earth
Who maketh grass. to grow upon the mountains.
5 He giveth. to the beast his food. And. to the young... ravens which cry.
He... lighteth not in the strength.
of the horse
He taketh not pleasure. in the legs of a man.
6 The Lord taketh pleasure. in them that... fear Him.
In those that... hope. [in His]... mercy.
Praise the Lord. [in Je-]rusalem
Praise. [thy]... God, O Zion.
7 For He hath strengthened the bars. of thy gates.
He hath blessed thy children within thee.
He maketh peace. [in thy] borders
And... thee. with the finest.
of the wheat.
8 He sendeth forth his commandement. up-... [on earth]
His word. runneth. very. swiftly.
He giveth. [snow like] wool:
He scattereth. [the hoar]... frost like.
ahes.
9 He casteth forth. His ice like... morsels.
Who can stand. before. His face?
He sendeth out. His word. and melteth them.
He causeth His wind to blow. and... waters flow.
10 He sheweth His word. unto. [Jacob]
His statutes and. [His] judgments.
to. Israel.
He hath not dealt so with any nation:
and as for His judgments. they have not known them.
Praise ye the Lord.
GLORY BE, ETC.

111 PSALM CXLVIII.
1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.
from the heavens:
Praise ye Him. [in] the heights.
Praise ye Him. [all] His angels.
Praise ye Him. ye heavens of heavens.
And ye waters. that be... above the heavens.
3 Let them praise the Name. [of the] Lord.
For He commanded. and they were cre-ated.
He hath also established... for. ever and. ever.
He hath made. a de-... cre which shall not pass.
4 Praise the Lord. [from the] earth.
Ye. [dragons. and all]... deeps:
Fire and... [snow and... vapours]
Stormy wind. ful... filling His... wind.
5 Mountains. and. all... hills.
Fruitful trees. and. all... cedars:
Beasts. and. all... cattle.
Creeping things. and. flying... fowl.
6 Kings of the earth. and. all... people.
Princes. and. all. [judges] of the earth:
Both young... and. maidens.
Let them praise. the Name. of the Lord.
7 For His Name. set... [excellent]
His glory. is... above the earth and heaven.
CHANTS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

He also exalteth the horn of His people, the praise. of all His saints.
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto Him. Praise. ye the Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

112

PSALM CL.
1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God.
   in His sanctuary.
Praise Him, in the firmament of His power.
2 Praise Him, for His mighty acts.
Praise Him according to His excellency.

GLORY BE, ETC.

Chants for Special Occasions.

113 THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

1 Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord.
   From henceforth. ye shall rest.
Ye shall be changed. in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.
At. the last trump:
2 For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.
   And this mortal must put on immortality.
3 So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption,
   And this mortal shall have put on immortality,
   Then shall be brought to pass the saying. that is written:
   Death is swallowed up in victory.
4 O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
   The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.
   But thanks be to God. Which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

GLORY BE, ETC.

114 1 CORINTHIANS XV. 51-57.

1 Behold. I shew you a mystery. We shall not all. sleep.
   But shall all be changed.
   In a moment. in the twinkling of an eye.
   At the last trump:
2 For the trumpet shall sound. and the dead shall be raised.
   And we shall be changed.
   For this corruptible must put on incorruption.
   And this mortal must put on immortality.
3 So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption,
   And this mortal shall have put on immortality,
   Then shall be brought to pass the saying. that is written:
   Death is swallowed up in victory.
4 O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
   The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.
   But thanks be to God. Which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

GLORY BE, ETC.

115 CHRISTMAS.

1 Rejoice greatly. O daughter of Zion:
   Shout. O daughter of Jeusalem:
   Behold thy King cometh unto thee.
   He is just, and having salvation.
2 And the battle-bow shall be cut off; and He shall speak peace unto the heathen: and His dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth.—Zech. ix. 9, 10.

3 But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be Ruler in Israel; Whose goings forth have been from of old, even from everlasting.—Micah v. 2.

4 Therefore shall the Lord be exalted among the heathen; and He shall be exalted in the name of the Lord our God.—Isa. vii. 14.

5 For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son; And the government shall be upon His shoulder: And His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace:—Isa. ix. 6, 7.

6 Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, and upon the throne of David, and for ever more.—Isa. lx. 8.

7 Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, Even God, with a recompense: He will come and save you. 8 Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, And the tongue of the dumb shall sing:

9 For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert; And a highway shall be there, and a way, And it shall be called the way of holiness,

10 And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and enter into an everlasting joy on their heads: They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—Isa. xxxv. 5, 10.

GLORY BE, ETC.

116 EASTER, OR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: Therefore let us keep the feast.

2 Not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.—1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

3 Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more: Death hath no more dominion over Him.

4 For in that He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Rom. vi. 9-11.

6 Now is Christ risen from the dead; and become the firstfruits of them that are raised.

7 For since by man came death, By man came also the resurrection of the dead.

8 For as in Adam all die; Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—1 Cor. xv. 20-22.

GLORY BE, ETC.

117 THE OPENING OF A CHURCH.

2 Chronicles vi. 14, 18-21, 41.

1 O Lord, God of Israel! There is no God like Thee in heaven nor on the earth; Which keepest covenant, and shewest mercy unto Thy servants!

That walk before Thee with all their hearts.

2 But will God in very deed Dwell with men on the earth! Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; How much less this house which I have built!
Selected Passages of Scripture for Chanting.

**EXODUS XV. 1—13, 17—18.**

1 I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is my strength and song.
And he is become my salvation.

2 He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; My father's God, and I will exalt him.
The Lord is a man of war; The Lord is his name.

3 Pharaoh's chariots and his host he cast into the sea; His chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.
The depths have covered them; They sank into the bottom; as a stone.

4 Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy;

And in the greatness of Thine excellence; Thou hast overthrown them, that rose up against thee.

5 Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble: And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together.
The floods stood upright as an heap; And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

6 The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil.
My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow.

7 Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea; Covered them; They sank as lead, in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praise, doing wonders?
8 Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand, the earth...swallowed them. Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people, which Thou hast re-deemed. Thou hast guided them, in Thy strength. Unto, Thy holy habitation.

9 Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain, of Thine inheritance. In the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established. The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. GLORY BE, ETC.

120 DEUTEROEONY XXXII. 1—4, 7, 9—12; XXXIII. 26, 27.

1 Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak. And hear, O earth, the words of my mouth: My doctrine shall drop as the rain. My speech shall dis[t]il...as the dew. As the small rain upon the tender herb. And as the showers upon the grass: Because I will publish the Name of the Lord. Ascribe ye greatness unto our God.

3 He is the Rock, His work is perfect. He is the Lord, and doeth judgment. A God of truth, and with [in]iquity shall He have no part. And He...right...in...the...He.

4 Remember the days of old. Consider the years of many generations: Ask thy father, and he will show thee Thy elders, and they will tell thee. For the Lord's portion is His people. Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness. He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye.

6 As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young. Spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them [on her wings]: So the Lord...lead him. And there was no strange god...with him. There is none like unto the God. [of Jesus]. Hurun. Who rideth upon the heaven, in Thy help, and in His excellency are the everlasting arms. GLORY BE, ETC.

121 1 SAMUEL II. 1—3, 6—10.

1 My heart rejoiceth in the Lord. Mine horn is exalted in the Lord: My mouth is enlarged. Over mine enemies Because I rejoice in the Lord my salvation.

2 There is none holy as the Lord. For there is none like to Thee, O Lord. For the Lord is...knowledge. And by Him...actions...weighed.

3 The Lord lifteth up and maketh alive. He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich. He bringeth low, and lifteth up.

4 He raiseth up the poor from the dust. And lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, To set them among the princes. And to make them...inherit the throne of glory.

5 For the pillars of the earth are the Lord's. And He...bath...set...world...on them. He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be...silent in darkness. For by strength...shall no man...man...vail.

6 The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces. Out of heaven shall He thunder...der up...on them. The Lord shall judge...the...ends...of...the...earth. And He shall give strength unto His King, and exalt...the horn...of...His Anointed.

GLORY BE, ETC.

122 1 CHRONICLES XXXIX. 10—13.

1 Blessed be Thou, Lord God, of Israel our Father. For...ever...and...ever.

2 Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the majesty.

3 For all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord. And Thou art exalted...head...all.

5 Both riches and honour come of Thee. And Thou...reignest...over...all.
And in Thine hand is power and might. And in Thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee. Praise Thy holy Name. GLORY BE, ETC.

23 PROVERBS III. 5-7, 9-18; II. 2-11.

1 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

2 Be not wise in thine own eyes, neither be thou simple. Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

3 Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

4 My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord. Neither be weary of His correction:

For whom the Lord loveth He correcteth. Even as a father the son in whom He delights,

5 Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and understanding: For the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof is than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies. And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.

6 Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her and happy is every one that retaineth her.

7 So thou incline thine ear unto wisdom and apply thine heart to understanding. Yea, if thou criest after knowledge and liftest up thy voice for understanding;

8 If thou seekest her as silver and searchest for her as for hid treasures. Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God.

9 For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

He layeth up sound wisdom, and knowledge for the righteous; He is a buckler to them that trust in Him, to them that walk in His ways.

He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of His saints.

10 Then shalt thou understand righteousness, judgment, and equity. Yea, every good path.

When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul. Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.

GLORY BE, ETC.


1 But where is wisdom? And where is understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of living.

2 The depth saith, It is not in me: And the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold: Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

3 No mention shall be made of coral, nor of pearls. For the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it. Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

4 Whence then cometh wisdom? And where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes, and is not found by the feet of all living.

And kept close from the fowls of the air.

5 Destruction and death are there. We have heard the fame thereof, with our ears. God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof.

For He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth all its bounds.

And heaven.
6 To make the weight [for the winds measure.
When He made a decree, [for the rain]
And a way, for the lightning of the thunder:
7 Then did He see it, [and de-clare it]
He prepared it, [yee, and searched it]
And unto man He said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, [that is wisdom]
And to depart from evil is under-standing.
GLORY BE, ETC.

125 PROVERBS VIII. 1, 4, 10–20, 32–36.
1 Doth not wisdom cry [unto you, O men]
And my voice is to the sons of man.
2 Receive my instruction, [and not] silver
And knowledge [rather than] choice...gold.
For wisdom is better than rubies
And all the things that may be desired are not to be compared...to it.
3 I wisdom...dwell with prudence
And understanding...knowledge of witty inventions.
The fear of the Lord is to hate...evil
Pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward...mouth...do I hate.
4 Counsel is mine...[sound] wisdom
I am under-standing...I have strength.
By me kings reign, and princes...degree...justice
By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth.
5 I love them that love me, and those that seek me...early shall find me.
Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable...riches and righteousness.
My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine...gold.
And my...re-venue than...choice...silver.
6 I lead in the way...righteousnesses
In the midst of the paths of judgment:
Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children.
For blessed are they that keep my ways.

7 Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.
Blessed is the man that heareth my voice.
Watching daily...at my gates.
Waiting...at the...posts...of my door.
8 For whom findeth...me...findeth...life
And shall obtain...[favour] of the Lord.
But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own...soul.
All they that hate...destruction.
GLORY BE, ETC.

126 ISAIAH XI. 1–6, 9, 10.
1 There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse.
And a Branch shall grow...of his roots.
And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him.
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
2 The spirit of counsel and might.
The spirit of knowledge...and of the fear...of the Lord.
And shall make Him of quick under-standing in the fear...of the Lord.
And He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears.
3 But with righteousness shall He judge the poor
And reprove with equity for the meek of His earth.
And He shall smite the earth, with the rod of His mouth.
And with the breath of His lips.
shall He slay the wicked.
4 And righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins.
And faithfulness...the girdle of His reins.
The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down...with the kid.
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.
5 They shall not hurt, nor destroy.
In all My holy mountain.
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge...of the Lord.
As...the waters...cover the sea.
6 And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse...Which shall stand...for an ensign of the people.
To it shall the Gentiles...seek.
And...His...rest...shall be...glory.
127

ISAIAH XII.

1 O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.

2 Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid.

3 For the Lord Jehovah is my strength, and my song; He also is come into my salvation.

4 Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

5 And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon His Name.

6 Declare His doings, psalms, and songs: make mention of His Name; exalt His doings.

7 Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellently; This is known in all the earth.

8 Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; For great is the Holy One of Israel, in the midst of thee.

GLORY BE, ETC.

128

ISAIAH XXV. 1—9.

1 O Lord, Thou art my God; I will exalt Thee, I will praise Thy Name;

For Thou hast done wonderful things;

Thy counsels of old are faithful and true.

2 For Thou hast made of a city an heap;

Of a city a wilderness; A palace of strangers to be no city;

It shall not be built;

3 Therefore shall the strong people glorify Thee, the city of the terrible nations shall shall fear Thee;

For Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress;

A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat;

When the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.

4 Thou shalt bring down the noise of strangers as the heat in a dry place;

Even the heat with the shadow of a cloud;

The branch of the terrible ones shall be brought low.

5 And in this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make a feast of fat things, a feast of fat things, full of marrow, of wines on the lees, well refined.

6 And He will destroy; in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations.

7 He will swallow up death in victory; And the Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces;

And the rebuke of His people shall He take away from all the earth.

For the Lord hath spoken it.

8 And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; We have waited for Him, and He will save us;

This is the Lord; we have waited for Him;

We will be glad and rejoice in His salvation.

GLORY BE, ETC.

129

ISAIAH XXVI. 1—13.

1 We have made strong our city; Salvation will God set up a point for walls and bulwarks.

Open ye the gates; That the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in,

2 Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee;

Be still, cause he trusteth in Thee.

Trust ye in the Lord forever; For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

3 For He bringeth down them that dwell on high;

The lofty city, He layeth it low;

He layeth it low, even to the ground;

He bringeth it, even to the dust.

4 The foot shall tread it down; Even the feet of the poor, and the steps of the needy.

The way of the just, is uprightness; Thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the just.

5 Ye, in the way of Thy judgments, O Lord;

Hast waited for Thou; The desire of our soul is to Thy Name;

And, to the remembrance of... Thee,
6 With my soul have I desired Thee, [in the night;]
Yea, with my spirit within me, [will I]
seek Thee early:
For when Thy judgments [are] in the earth;
The inhabitants [of] the world will learn [righteousness].

7 Let favours be shewed [to] the wicked.
Yet, will he not learn [righteousness]:
In the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly;
And will not behold the majesty of the Lord.

8 Lord, when Thy hand [is] lifted up
They [will] not see:
But shall they see, and be ashamed for their envy [at the people];
Yea, the fire of Thine [enemies] shall devour them.

9 Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us;
For Thou also hast wrought [all our works] in us.
O Lord our God, other lords beside Thee have had [do] - minion [over us];
But by Thee only wilt we make mention of Thy Name.
Glorify be, etc.

130 ISAIAH XXXV.
1 The wilderness, and the solitary place, shall [be] glad for them;
And the desert shall rejoice, and [blossom] comoas the rose.
It shall blossom abundantly [and rejoice] even:
Unto it shall the glory of Lebanon be [given], [double] for all her sins.
They shall see the [glory of the] Lord [and] the excellency of our God.

3 Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees:
Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be [strong], [be] not afraid:
Behold, your God will come with vengeance;
Even God with a recompense; [He will] come and save you.

4 Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened [and]
The ears of the deaf shall be un - stopped,
The lame shall leap as an hart;
The tongue of the dumb shall sing:
And the mouth of the speechless shall cry:

5 For in the wilderness shall waters break out; [And streams shall be in the desert:
The parched ground shall come a pool;]
And the thirsty land springs of water.

6 In the habitation of dragons, where each lays,
Shall be grass with reeds and rushes.
And an highway shall be there, and a way,
And it shall be called the way of holiness.

7 The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those:
The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein:
No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast:
It shall not be found there; but the re - deemed shall walk there:
And the ransomed of the Lord shall return,
And come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads:
They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.
Glorify be, etc.

131 ISAIAH XL. 1—11, 29—31.
1 COMFORT ye, comfort ye My people,' saith your [God]; Speak ye comfortably: [to] Je - rus -alem,
And cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned;
For she hath received of the Lord's hand, [double] for all her sins.

2 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness:
Prepare ye, the way of the Lord, [highway for our God],
Make straight, [in the desert].

3 Every valley shall be exalted; And every mountain and hill shall be made low:
And the crooked shall be made straight;
And the rough places [places] plain.

4 And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed:
And all flesh shall see it together.
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
5 The voice . . . said... Cry II
   And he said, What... shall I cry? All... flesh is grass.
   And all the goodness thereof is as... the flower of the field.

6 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.
   Because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass.
   The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.
   But the word of our God shall stand for ever.

7 O Zion, that bringest good tidings!
   Get thee up into the high mountain;
   O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings!
   Lift up thy voice with strength.

8 Lift it up, & be not afraid.
   Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!
   Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule... for Him.
   Behold, His reward is with Him, & His work be before Him.

9 He shall feed His flock, like a shepherd.
   He shall gather the lambs... with His arm,
   And carry them, in His bosom.
   And shall gently lead, those that are with young.

10 Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard?
   That the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator, of the ends... of the earth.
   Fainteth not, neither is weary.
   There is no searching of His understanding.

11 He giveth power, to the faint.
   And to them that have no might.
   He increaseth strength.
   Even the youths shall faint, and be weary.
   And the young men shall utter-ly fall.

12 But they that wait upon the Lord.
   Shall reap... new their strength.
   They shall mount up... with wings as eagles;
   They shall run, and not be weary.
   And they shall walk, and not faint.

GLORY BE, ETC.

132 ISAIAH XL. 10, 17, 18, 20; XLIII. 1—3; LIV. 7, 8, 10, 17.
1 Fear thou not; for I am with thee.
   Be not dismayed; for I am thy God.
   I will strengthen thee; yea, & I will help thee.
   Yea, I will uphold thee, with the right hand of My righteousness.

2 When the poor and needy seek water, & there is none; &. their tongue... faileth for thirst.
   I, the Lord will hear them.
   I the God of Israel will not forsake them.

3 I will open rivers in high places.
   And fountains in the midst of the valleys.
   I will make the wilderness a pool of water.
   And the dry land springs of water.

4 That they may see, and know.
   And consider, & under-stand togetherness.
   That the hand... of the Lord bath done this.
   And the Holy One... of Israel hath created it.

5 Fear not; for I have redeemed thee.
   I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine.
   When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.
   And through the rivers, they shall not over-flow thee.

6 When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.
   Neither shall the flame... kindle upon thee.
   For I am the Lord thy God.
   The Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.

7 For a small moment have I, for... sake
   But with great mercies will I gather thee.
   In a little wrath I hid My face from thee.
   But with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.
   Saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.

8 For the mountains shall depart, and the hills.
   Be re-moved.
   But My kindness... shall not depart from thee.
   Neither shall the covenant of My peace.
   Be re-moved.
   Saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.
9 No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

183 ISAIAH LII. 7-10.
1 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good: that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion: Thy God reigneth!
2 Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring a shew of victory.
3 Break forth with joy into the mountains, and run in the high places thereof: For the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted. He hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified his people Israel.
4 The Lord hath made bare his arm. His holy arm. In the eyes of all the nations: And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

GLORY BE, ETC.

134 ISAIAH LII. 3-12.
1 He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; He was despised, and we esteemed him not.
2 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.
3 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: The chastisement of our peace was upon him: And with his stripes we are healed.
4 All we like sheep have gone astray: We have turned every one to his own way; And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.
5 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted: Yet he opened not his mouth: He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter: and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.
6 He was taken from prison, and from judgment: And who shall declare his generation? For he was cut off out of the land of the living: For the transgression of my people was he stricken.
7 And he made his grave with the wicked: With the rich in his death: Because of the iniquity of my people was he reckoned with the transgressors: And the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all.
8 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin: He shall see his seed, and prolong the days of his days.
9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall be fulfilled in his soul: He shall see of the travail of his soul; And his soul shall be satisfied: Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong.
10 By knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: For he shall bear their iniquities: Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong.
11 Because he hath poured out his soul unto death: And he was numbered with the transgressors: And he bare the sin of many: And made intercession for the transgressors.

GLORY BE, ETC.

135 ISAIAH LV. 1, 2, 6-13.
1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; And he that hath no money; come ye: buy and eat; Yea, come, buy wine and milk: Without money and without price.
2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labour for that which is not good? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, And let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Seek ye the Lord while He may be found. Call ye upon Him while He is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and let your righteousness shine, like the morning, like the early rain, like the latter rain, that watereth the earth.

4 And let him return. unto the Lord; And He will have mercy upon him: And to our God. For He will exalt you above your fellows, and lift you up above your neighbours.

5 For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways.

6 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, And returneth not thither, but lieth upon the earth, And maketh it bring forth and bud, That it may give seed to the sower, And bread to the eater.

7 So shall My word go forth. It shall not return unto Me void. But it shall accomplish that which I please, And it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.

8 For ye shall go out with joy; And be led. forth with peace. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you, and the young valleys before you. And all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree; And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. And it shall be to the Lord. for a name, For an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off.

GLORY BE, ETC.

136 ISAIAH LX. 1—5, 11, 18—22.

1 Arise, shine, for thy light is come. And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth. And gross darkness the people:

2 But the Lord shall rise upon thee, And His glory shall be seen upon thee, And the Gentiles shall come to The light, And kings, to the brightness of Thy rising.

3 Lift up thine eyes round. And see: All they gather themselves together, to gether, they come to thee: Thy sons. shall come from far, and Thy daughters. shall be nursed at thy sides.

4 Then thou shalt see, and flow together. And thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

5 Therefore thy gates shall be open continually, They shall not be shut ... day nor night; That men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles. And that their kings may be brought.

6 Violence shall no more be heard. In thy land, Wasting. nor destruction within thy borders, But thou shalt call. thy walls Salvation. And. thy gates ... praise.

7 The sun shall be no more. thy light by day. Neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light. And. thy glory. God thy glory.

8 Thy sun. shall no more go down; Neither shall. thy moon wither, draw it self; For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light. And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.
9 Thy people also shall be all righteous:
They shall inherit the land for ever.
The branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that I may be glorified.

10 A little one shall be born to a thousand, and a small one to a strong nation.
I will haste it in My time.
GLORY BE, ETC.

1 It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.
Because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.
Great is Thy faithfulness.
2 The Lord is my portion, saith my soul. Therefore will I hope in Him.
The Lord is good unto them, that wait for Him.
To the soul that seeketh Him.
3 It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait.
for the salutation of the Lord.
It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.
4 For the Lord will not cast off for ever.
But though He cause grief, Yet will He have compassion, according to the multitude of His mercies.
For He doth not afflict willingly.
Yet doth He not die, that is, for ever;
5 Wherefore doth a living man complain?
A man for the punishment of his sins?
Let us search and try our ways, and turn again.
unto the Lord.
Let us lift up our heart with our hands.
unto God, in the heavens.
GLORY BE, ETC.

138 HABAKKUK III. 2-6, 10, 11, 13, 17, 18.
1 O Lord, I have heard Thy speech, and was afraid.
O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years.
In the midst of the years make known Thy wrath.
In wrath re-member mercy.
2 God, from Teman, and the Holy One, from Mount Paran.
His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise.

3 And His brightness was as the light.
He had horns coming out of His hand, and there was the hiding of His power.
Before Him went the pestilence.
And burning coals went forth at His feet.

4 He stood, and measured the earth; He beheld, and it did not move.
And the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow.
His ways are everlasting.

5 The mountains saw Thou, and they trembled.
The overflowing of the water passed by:
The deep uttered His voice.
And lifted up His hands on high.

6 The sun and moon stood still in their habitation.
At the light of Thine arrows they went, and at the shining of Thy glittering spear.
Thou wentest forth for the salvation of Thy people.
Even for salvation, with Thine anointed.

7 Although the fig tree shall not blossom.
Neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail.
And the fields shall yield no meat;

8 The flock shall be cut off. [from the] fold.
And there shall be no herd in the stalls.
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord.
I will joy in the God of my salvation.
GLORY BE, ETC.

139 ROMANS VIII. 31-39.
1 If. [God be] for us.
Who can be against us?
He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all. How shall He not with Him freely give us all things?

2 Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?
It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?
It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again.
Who is even at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us.
3 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

4 As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; We are accounted sheep for the slaughter:
Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors. Through him that loved us.

5 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers,
Nor things present, nor things to come,
Nor height, nor depth,
Nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

GLORY BE, ETC.

140 REVELATION I. 5–8; IV. 8, 11.

1 Unto Him that loved us, And washed us from our sins, in His own blood,
2 And hath made us kings and priests unto God, and His Father,
To Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

3 Behold, He cometh with clouds, And every eye shall see Him,
4 And they also, which pierced Him, And all kindreds of the earth, shall beaillecause of Him.

5 I am Alpha and Omega, The beginning and the ending, saith the Lord,
6 Which is, and which was, And which is to come, the Almighty,
7 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, God Almighty, mighty,
8 Which was, and is, and is to come.
Thou art worthy, O Lord, To receive glory and honour and power;
10 For Thou hast created all things, And for Thy pleasure they are and were created.

GLORY BE, ETC.

141 REVELATION V. 2, 9, 10, 12, 13.
1 Who is worthy, to open the book, And to loose the seals thereof?
2 Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, And hast redeemed us, to God by Thy blood.
3 Out of every kindred, And of every tongue, and people, and nation,
And has made us unto our God, kings and priests,
And we shall reign upon the earth.
4 Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain, To receive power, and riches,
And wisdom, and strength,
And honor, and glory, and blessing.
5 Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,
Be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne,

And unto the Lamb for ever, and ever. Amen.

GLORY BE, ETC.

142 REVELATION VII. 10, 12–17.
1 Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, And unto the Lamb.
2 And men, Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanks giving,
And honour, and power, and might,
Be unto our God, and unto the Lamb.

4 What are these which are arrayed in white, And wherein came they?
5 These are they which came out of great tribulation, And hath washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
6 Therefore are they before the throne of God, And serve Him day and night in His temple.

7 And He that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell a thousand years.

8 They, shall hunger no more, Neither shall thirst any more;
Neither shall the sun, light, nor heat.

10 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, And shall lead them unto living fountains of waters:

11 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

GLORY BE, ETC.
143 REVELATION XI. 17; XII. 10—12; XIV. 13.
1 We give Thee thanks, O Lord | God Almighty; mighty. Which art, and wast, and art to come.
2 Because Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power, and hast reigned.
3 Now is come salvation and strength. And the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ;
4 For the accuser of our brethren is cast down. Which accused them before our God day and night.
5 And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony.
6 And they loved not their lives unto the death.
Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them.
7 Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit.
8 That they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.
GLORY BE, ETC.

144 REVELATION XV. 3, 4; XI. 15.
1 Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord; God Almighty; mighty.
2 Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.
3 Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name?
For Thou, only art holy:
4 For all nations shall come and worship before Thee; For Thy judgments are made manifest.
5 The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ;
6 And He shall reign for ever and ever.
GLORY BE, ETC.

145 REVELATION XIX. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.
1 Alleluia. Salvation, glory, and honour, and power.
2 Unto the Lord our God and His Christ;
3 Alleluia. Praise, our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him; and all those who love the truth.
4 And ye that fear Him; and all those who love the truth.
Both small and great.
5 Alleluia. For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and His name is Jesus.
6 Let us be glad, and rejoice, and give Him honour:
And His wife, made ready.
7 For the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife has made herself ready.
8 Blessed are they, which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.
GLORY BE, ETC.

146 REVELATION XXI. 3, 4; XXII. 3—5, 17.
1 Behold, the tabernacle of God, which is with men; And He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people.
2 And God Himself shall be with them, and be their God; And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.
3 And there shall be no more death. Neither sorrow, nor crying.
4 Neither shall there be any more pain. For the former things are passed away.
5 And there shall be no more curse. But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it.
6 And His servants shall serve Him; And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.
7 And there shall be no night there. And they need no candle, neither light of the sun.
8 For the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever, and ever.
9 And the Spirit and the bride says, Come.
And let him that heareth say, Come.
10 And let him that is thirsty come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.
GLORY BE, ETC.
147 Revelation XXI. 1, 2, 10, 11, 18, 19, 21—27.

1 I saw a new heaven, and a new earth.

For the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea.

2 And I saw a holy city, new Jerusalem.

Descending out of heaven from God,

3 Having the glory of God.

And her light was like unto a stone, most precious;

4 And the building of the wall of it was of jasper.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.

5 And the twelve gates were twelve pearls.

Every gate was one pearl.

6 And the street of the city was pure gold.

As it were透明parents glass.

7 And I saw no temple in the city, for the Lord God almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

9 And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it.

And the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

10 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day.

For there shall be no night there.

11 And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it, anything that defileth,

12 Neither whatsoever worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie.

But things that are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Glory be, etc.
PART III.—ANTHEMS.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Anthems</th>
<th>NO.</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>NO.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abide with me</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Nunc Dimittis (Baptiste Calkin)</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All ye nations, praise the Lord</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Nunc Dimittis (Bunnett)</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almighty God, unto Whom</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>O Dayspring</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arise, shine, for thy light is come</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>O death, where is thy sting?</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As the hart panteth</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>O Emmanuel</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ave Verum (Gounod)</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>O Holy of holies</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ave Verum (Mozart)</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>O Key of David</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessed are the merciful Blessing, glory,</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>O King and Desire</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wisdom, and thanks</td>
<td></td>
<td>O Lord and Ruler</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>O Lord, bow down</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>O Lord, how manifold</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cantate Domino</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>O Lord my God</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cast thy burden</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>O Lord my strength</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ is risen</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>O love the Lord (Sullivan)</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come unto Me</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>O love the Lord</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comfort the soul of Thy servant</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>O praise God in His holiness</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Create in me a clean heart, O God</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>O Root of Jesse</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deus Misereatur</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>O Shepherd of Israel</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enter not into judgment</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>O taste and see</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>O Wisdom which cameast</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>O worship the Lord</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>O worship the Lord (Smith)</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Prevent us, O Lord</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory to God in the highest</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>Rejoice in the Lord</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God, my help</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant, we beseech Thee</td>
<td>68</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He that shall endure</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>Sanctus (Forbes)</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How lovely are the messengers.</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Sanctus (Camidge)</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sanctus (Attwood)</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sleepers, wake; a voice is calling</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will arise</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Te Deum (Smart)</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will extol Thee</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Te Deum (Garrett)</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will lift up mine eyes</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>Teach me, O Lord</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It is high time to awake</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>Teach me Thy way</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The day is gently sinking</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The heavens proclaim Him</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Lord is my strength</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The radiant morn hath passed away</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>There were shepherds</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>They that wait upon the Lord</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thine, O Lord, is the greatness</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thou knowest, Lord</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thy goodness spreads</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Turn Thy face from my sins</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jubilate Deo</td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let Thy merciful ear</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>We bow in prayer</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let us now go</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>What are these that are arrayed</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up your heads</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>What shall I render</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up your hearts</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>When my heart is overwhelmed</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like as the hart</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Worthy is the Lamb</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look up to God</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake</td>
<td>69</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord of all power and might</td>
<td>65</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnificat (Baptiste Calkin)</td>
<td>76</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnificat (Bunnett)</td>
<td>78</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now unto Him</td>
<td>48</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Anthem.

[Words repeated in singing are printed in italics, and words sung by other voices than the treble are enclosed in brackets.]

1 O WORSHIP THE LORD.
  Psalm xcv. 9, 6.
  O worship the Lord, O worship the Lord, O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, the beauty of holiness; fear before Him, all the earth, fear before Him, all the earth. Honour and majesty are before Him; strength and beauty are in His sanctuary. (O worship the Lord.) O worship the Lord, O worship the Lord, O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, the beauty of holiness.

2 I WILL EXTOL THEE.
  Psalm cxxv. 1, 2, 8.
  L. Mason.
  I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy Name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever. Every day, every day I will bless Thee; and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever.

  The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy, slow to anger, and of great mercy. The Lord is good, is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works, His tender mercies are over all His works.

  All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee, Thy saints shall bless Thee. All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee, Thy saints shall bless Thee. All Thy works shall praise Thee, shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee, Thy saints shall bless Thee.

3 O PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS.
  Psalm cl.
  J. Weldon.
  O praise God in His holiness; praise Him in the firmament of His power. Praise Him in His noble acts, praise Him in His noble acts; praise Him according to His excellent greatness. Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet; praise Him upon the lute and harp; praise Him in the cymbals and dance; praise Him upon the strings and pipe. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

4 BLESSING, GLORY, WISDOM, AND THANKS.
  J. S. Bach.
  Blessing, glory, wisdom and thanks, blessing, glory, wisdom and thanks, power and might, power and might, power and might be unto our God, be unto our God, be unto our God, for evermore, for evermore.

  Blessing, glory, wisdom and thanks, blessing, glory, wisdom and thanks, power and might, power and might, power and might be unto our God for evermore, for evermore, for evermore, for evermore. Amen.

5 THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD.
  Isaiah xi. 8l.
  G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
  They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings, shall mount up with wings, with wings as eagles. (They that wait upon the Lord,) they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, shall mount up with wings, shall mount up with wings, with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint, they shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not be faint, they shall walk and not be faint.

  Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength, everlasting strength.

6 TEACH ME THY WAY.
  Psalm lxxxvi. 11, 16.
  From Sperli.
  Teach me Thy way, O Lord, I will walk in Thy truth. O knit my heart to Thee, that I may fear Thy Name. Teach me Thy way, O Lord, I will walk in Thy truth. O knit my heart to Thee, that I may fear Thy Name. O turn Thou unto me; have mercy upon me. Teach me Thy way, O Lord, I will walk in Thy truth. O turn Thou unto me; have mercy upon me. Teach me Thy way, O Lord, I will walk in Thy truth, I will walk in Thy truth. Amen.
7

GOD, MY HELP.

M. Hauptmann.

(God, my help, unto Thee I lift my eyes; hear, O hear, O Lord, my prayer;) unto Thee I lift my eyes, God, my help: hear, O God, my help; hear, O Lord, my prayer; leave me not, (and leave me not, and leave me not,) and leave me not, and leave me not in days of grief, of grief, not in days of grief, and leave me not in trouble, in days of grief.

O God, my help, show Thy mercy; God, leave me not in days of grief; O God, O God, my help.

8

LOOK UP TO GOD.

M. Hauptmann.

Look up to God and bless His Name, thy broken heart will then find peace; His streams of mercy never cease, and hosts on high His powers, His powers proclaim. Look up to God and bless His Name, thy broken heart will then find peace; His streams of mercy never cease, and hosts on high His powers, His powers proclaim.

O trust Him, O trust Him; soon He'll hear thy cry, soon He'll hear thy cry, and send thee comfort, peace, and joy. His justice like the hills remains; His providence the world sustains, His providence sustains, His providence the world sustains, Look up to God and bless His Name, thy broken heart will then find peace. His streams of mercy never cease, and hosts on high His powers proclaim.

9 THE HEAVENS PROCLAIM HIM.

Beethoven.

The heavens proclaim Him with ceaseless devotion, the Eternal's Name o'er all is heard; His praise is echoed by earth and by ocean, receive, O man, their Godlike word.

He holds the stars in the firmament glowing, (He bids) He bids the sun in splendour rise; in songs of gladness we join to adore Him, our God all-good, all-great, all-wise, our God all-good, all-great, all-wise.

10 THY GOODNESS SPREADS.

Beethoven.

O God, Thy goodness spreads around, alike o'er all extended; by Thee we are with mercy crowned, in danger's hour defended, in danger's hour defended. O Lord, my tower, my refuge here, receive my tears, receive my prayer, for I will pray before Thee, for I will pray before Thee.

11 COME UNTO ME.

Matt. xi. 28-30.

J. S. Smith.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; (for I am lowly,) meek and lowly in heart, take My yoke upon you, (and learn of Me, learn of Me;) and ye shall find rest unto your souls, and rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light, My yoke is easy, My burden is light, My yoke is easy, and My burden is light, and My burden is light, My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

12 I WILL ARISE.

Lk. xv. 18, 19.

R. Cecil.

I will arise, I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, Father, I have sinned, have sinned, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son. I will arise, I will arise and go to my Father, my Father.

13 LIKE AS THE HART.

Psalm xiii.

V. Novello.

Like as the hart doth the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. Like as the hart doth the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. Why art thou so full of heaviness, so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust, thy trust in God, O put thy trust, thy trust in God, put thy trust, thy trust in God.

14 AS THE HART PANTETH.

Psalm xl., 1, 2.

I. Mason.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth, my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God, for the living God. When shall I come, when shall I come and appear before God? When shall I come, when shall I come and appear before God? As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.
15 O LORD, MY STRENGTH.

Auber.

O Lord, my strength, to Thee I pray; turn not Thou Thine ear away. O Lord, my strength, to Thee I pray: turn not Thou Thine ear away. Grant me, Lord, Thy love to share; feed me with a shepherd's care. Thou my rock and fortress art, Thou the refuge of my heart.

O Lord, my strength, to Thee I pray.

16 WHEN MY HEART IS OVERWHELMED.

Psalm lxi. 2; xliii. 5. W. B. Bradbury.

When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock, lead me to the rock that is higher than I, lead me to the rock that is higher than I. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God, hope thou in God, hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance and my God, Who is the health of my countenance and my God.

17 ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.

Psalm cxliii. 2. T. Attwood.

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified. Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified, (for in Thy sight,) for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified, (for in Thy sight,) for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified, shall no man living be justified, shall no man living be justified, shall no man living be justified.

18 TURN THY FACE FROM MY SINS.


Turn Thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds. Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me, renew, renew, renew, renew a right spirit within me, renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away, away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, Thy Holy Spirit from me. Cast me not away, away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, Thy Holy Spirit from me.

19 AVE VERUM.

Mozart.

Jesu, Word of God incarnate, of the Virgin Mary born, on the Cross Thy sacred body for us men with nails was torn. Cleanse us by the blood and water streaming from Thy pierced side; be through life our daily manna, and in death's lone path our Guide, in death's lone path, in death's lone path our Guide.

20 HOW LOVELY ARE THE MESSENGERS.

Rom. x. 15, 18. Mendelssohn.

(How lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace, how lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace, the Gospel of peace, the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace. How lovely are they that preach us the Gospel of peace!) To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, to all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, (How lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace,) how lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace, they that preach us the Gospel of peace. To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, (to all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words,) to all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, (How lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace,) how lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace, they that preach us the Gospel of peace.

21 —— TEACH ME, O LORD.

Psalm cxix. 33. T. Attwood.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, teach me, teach me the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it, and I shall keep it unto the end, (and I shall keep it,) and I shall keep it, and I shall keep it unto the end, (and I shall keep it unto the end.)

Teach me, O Lord, teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, (and I) shall keep it, (and I) shall keep it, and I shall keep it unto the end, (and I) shall keep it unto the end, unto the end.

22 ALL YE NATIONS, PRAISE THE LORD.

W. F. Müller.

All ye nations, praise the Lord, all ye lands, your voices raise; heaven and earth, with one accord, praise the Lord.
Lord, praise the Lord, for ever praise. All ye nations, praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise the Lord, all ye lands, your voices raise; heaven and earth, with loud accord, heaven and earth, with loud accord, praise the Lord, for ever praise, praise the Lord, for ever praise, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for ever praise, praise the Lord. All ye lands, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for ever praise. For His truth and mercy stand, past and present and to be, like the years of His right hand, like His own eternity. For His truth and mercy stand, past and present and to be, like the years of His right hand, like His own eternity. All ye nations, praise the Lord, all ye lands, your voices raise; heaven and earth, with loud accord, praise the Lord, for ever praise, praise the Lord, for ever praise, praise the Lord.

23 O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

1 Cor. xv. 55-57. A. H. Brown.

O death, where is thy sting? Where, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Where, where is thy victory, thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks, thanks, but thanks be to God, thanks, thanks, thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, thanks be to God, thanks be to God, to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

24 WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Rev. v. 12, 13. C. Darton.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God, to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God, to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever, and ever. Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever, and ever. Amen.

25 WHAT SHALL I RENDER?


What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me, for all His benefits toward me, toward me, I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord, and call upon the Name of the Lord, the Name of the Lord. I will pay my vows, I will pay my vows, my vows unto the Lord, unto the Lord, now in the presence of all His people, now in the presence of all His people. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.

26 CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD.

E. Proust.

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, take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted, and sinners shall be converted, converted unto Thee. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted, converted unto Thee.

27 THINE, O LORD, IS THE GREATNESS.

J. Kent (adapted by W. Short).

1 Chron. xxix. 11.

Thine, O Lord, O Lord, is the greatness. (Thine, O Lord, O Lord, is the greatness.) Thine, O Lord, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty, the victory and majesty. (Thine, O Lord,) Thine, O Lord, (is the greatness, and the power,) (and the glory,) and the victory, and the majesty, the majesty; for all that is in the heaven, in the heavens, and the earth are Thine. (Thine is the kingdom,) Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head over all, as Head over all, as Head, Head over all.

28 LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

J. L. Hopkins, M. A. Doc.

Psalm cxxiv. 7, 8, 10.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in, and the King of glory shall come in. (Who is the King,) who is the King, the King of glory? (Who is the King,) who is the King?
ANTHEMS.

32 THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH.


PSALM cxviii, 14, 19, 22, 24.

The Lord is my strength, my strength and my song, and is become my salvation, and is become my salvation, and is become, become my salvation. Open me the gates of righteousness, that I may go into them, and give thanks, give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord. The same stone which the builders refused, the same stone which the builders refused is become the head stone in the corner, is become the head stone in the corner. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it, we will rejoice and be glad in it. Hallelujah! Amen.

33 O LOVE THE LORD.


O love the Lord, all ye His saints, for the Lord preserveth them that are faithful, and plenteously rewardeth the proud doer, and plenteously rewardeth the proud doer, rewardeth the proud doer. (Be strong, and He,) be strong, and He shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord, (and He) and He shall establish your heart, be strong, and He shall establish your heart, be strong, be strong, (be strong, and He shall establish your heart.) O love the Lord, all ye His saints, for the Lord preserveth them that are faithful, and plenteously, and plenteously rewardeth the proud doer. (O love,) O love the Lord, all ye His saints, O love the Lord. Amen.

34 WHAT ARE THESE THAT ARE ARRAYED?


Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! What are these, what are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, the blood of the Lamb. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Therefore are they, are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. For the Lamb
the midst of the throne shall
shall feed them, and shall lead
vying fountains of waters; and
re away all tears, all tears from
and God shall wipe away all
s from their eyes, all tears from
tears from their eyes.

A V E V E R U M.

G. Gounod.

If God incarnate, of the Virgin
in the Cross Thy sacred body
rich and nails was torn, Cleanse
and water streaming from
side; feed us with Thy body
and in death's agony. O Jesu,
Jesu, spare us; Jesu, Jesu,
grant us, Lord, Thy mercy,
Lord, Thy mercy, O grant us, O

L O R D M Y G O D.

S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.

28, 30.

God, O Lord my God, hear
Thy servant prayeth; have
unto his prayer, respect unto
Hear Thou in heaven Thy
and when Thou hearest,
Hear Thou in heaven Thy
and when Thou hearest, Lord,
and when Thou hearest, Lord,
and when Thou hearest, Lord,
and when Thou hearest, Lord,
and when Thou hearest, Lord,
and when Thou hearest, Lord.

H O W M A N I F O L D A R E
T H Y W O R K S.

J. Barnby.

Is. lxv. 14: ciii. 2.

manifold, how manifold are
wisdom, in wisdom hast Thou
O Lord, how manifold, how
Thy works; in wisdom hast
in all, in wisdom hast Thou
The earth is full, the earth
riches. The valleys stand so
that they laugh and sing,
and so thick with corn, that
(with tears the earth 
Thy works; in wisdom, in
Thou made them all. O Lord,
manifold are Thy works:
Thou made them all, in
made them all. The earth
is full, the earth is full of Thy riches. Praise
the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my
soul, and forget not all His benefits. Praise
the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my
soul, and forget not all His benefits. Praise
the Lord, praise the Lord.

3 8 B L E S S E D A R E T H E M E R C I F U L.


Blessed are the merciful, for they shall
obtain mercy. (O blessed,) blessed are the
poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of
heaven. Blessed, blessed, blessed are the merciful. Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed are the merciful. Blessed, the pure in heart, blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God, for they shall see God.

3 9 I T I S H I G H T I M E T O A W A K E
O U T O F S L E E P.

ROM. xiii. 11, 12. J. Barnby.

(Tr is high time to awake, to awake out of
sleep,) for now is our salvation nearer than
when we believed, is nearer, nearer. (It is
high time to awake, to awake out of sleep,
for now is our salvation nearer than when we
believed; it is high time to awake, to awake
out of sleep, it is high time to awake, to
awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation
nearer than when we believed, now is our
salvation nearer than when we believed. It is
high time to awake out of sleep.
The night is far spent, far spent; the day
is at hand, the day is at hand. Let us there
fore cast off the works, the works of darkness,
and let us put on the armour, the armour of
light. Let us put on the armour, the armour of
light. Let us cast off, cast off the works of
darkness, and let us put on the whole armour of
darkness.

4 0 R E J O I C E I N T H E L O R D.

G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.

PSALM xxxiii. 1, 2.

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice in the Lord, rejoice,
rejoice, rejoice, rejoice in the Lord, O ye
righteous; for it becometh well the just,
for it becometh well the just, the just to be
thankful.
Praise the Lord with harp, praise the Lord
with harp; sing praises unto Him, sing
praises unto Him, sing praises unto Him,
unto Him with the lute and instrument of
ANTHEMS.

41 HE THAT SHALL ENDURE.

Mendelssohn.

He that shall endure to the end shall be saved. He that shall endure to the end (shall, shall,) shall be saved, shall be saved, shall be saved, shall be saved. He that shall endure to the end shall be saved. (He that, he that,) he that shall endure to the end shall be saved, shall be saved, shall be saved, shall be saved.

42 CAST THY BURDEN.

Mendelssohn.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He will never suffer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee.

43 O TASTE AND SEE.

PSALM XXXIV. 8, 9, 10. J. Goss, Mus. Doc.

O taste and see how gracious the Lord is; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O taste and see, taste and see, taste and see how gracious the Lord is; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O taste and see, taste and see, taste and see how gracious the Lord is; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O fear the Lord, ye that are His saints, for they that fear Him, that fear Him lack nothing.

(The lions do lack and suffer hunger;) but they who seek the Lord, they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good, shall want no manner of thing that is good, shall want no manner of thing that is good, shall want no manner of thing that is good. The lions do lack and suffer hunger, and suffer hunger, but they who seek the Lord, they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good, shall want no manner of thing that is good, shall want no manner of thing that is good, shall want no manner of thing that is good. O taste and see how gracious the Lord is; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

44 I WILL LIFT UP Mine EYES.


PSALM XCVI.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord, (my help cometh even from the Lord,) Who hath made heaven and earth, Who hath made heaven and earth.

(The Lord Himself is thy Keeper, the Lord Himself is thy Keeper; the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand, the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;) so that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night, so that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night, neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is He that shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, thy going out) and coming in from this time forth for evermore. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is He that shall keep thy soul. Hallelujah! Amen.

45 O LOVE THE LORD.

PSALM XXXI. 23, 24.

O love the Lord, O love the Lord, O love the Lord, all ye His saints; for the Lord preserveth, preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen, shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope, that hope in the Lord, all ye that hope, that hope in the Lord.

46 O WORSHIP THE LORD.

PSALM CVI. 9, 10.

T. Smith.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Let the whole earth, let the whole earth, let the whole earth stand in awe of Him. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, worship the Lord, worship the Lord, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Let the whole earth, let the whole earth, let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.

(Tell it out among, tell it out among,) tell it out among the heathen, tell it out, tell it out among the heathen that the Lord, the Lord is King. Tell it out, tell it out among the heathen that the Lord, the Lord is King. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out, tell it out, tell it out among the heathen that the Lord, the Lord is King. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.

47 O LORD, BOW DOWN.

Adapted from Himmel.

PSALM XXXI. 1, 2, 18.

O Lord, bow down, bow down Thine ear to me, bow down, bow down, bow down Thine
48 NOW UNTO HIM.

J U D G E 24, 25 L. Mason.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, Amen, both now and ever, Amen.

49 THE DAY IS GENTLY SINKING.

H. Smart.

This day is gently sinking to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows; O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou, Eternal Light of light, be with us now; Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be, Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end, Onward to darkness and to death we tend; O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide, Be Thou our Light, in death's dark eventide; Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

Thou Who, in darkness walking, didst appear Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer, Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail, And earthly hopes and human succours fail; When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh, And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
The weary world is trembling to decay, Its glories wane, its pagents fade away; In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall, May we arise, awakened by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide, In that blest day which has no eventide. Amen.

50 A B I D E W I T H M E.

J. Barnby.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide. When other helpers fail and comfort flce, when other helpers fail and comfort flee, Help of the helpless, help of the helpless, help of the helpless, O abide with me.

(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, O Thou Who changest not, abide with me. I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thee my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

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, I triumph still if Thou abide with me.)

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, heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, abide with me, in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen. Amen.

51 THE RADIANT MORN HATH PASSED AWAY.

H. H. Woodward.

The radiant morn hath passed away, And spent too soon her golden store; The shadows of departing day Creep on once more, the shadows of departing day creep on once more. Our life is but a fading dawn, Its glorious noon, its noon now quickly past; Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last, safe home at last. Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last, safe home at last. When saints are clothed in spotless white, And evening shadows never fall, Where Thou, Where Thou, Eternal Light of light, Art Lord of all, art Lord of all, art Lord of all. Where saints are clothed in spotless white, and evening shadows never fall, where Thou, Eternal Light of light, art Lord of all, art Lord of all, art Lord of all.


Arise, shine, for thy light is come, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, is risen upon thee.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness, and darknesses, gross darkness the people, gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise, the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen, His glory shall be seen upon thee, and His glory shall be seen, His glory shall be seen upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee.
the Gentiles shall come, shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising, and kings to the brightness, the brightness of thy rising. Arise, arise, shine, for thy light is come, shine, for thy light is come, thy light is come.

53 LET US NOW GO.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.

Luke ii. 15, 10, 11.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known unto us, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known unto us, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known unto us, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known unto us, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known unto us, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known unto us.

For the angel said unto us, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all, to all people, (I bring you) good tidings, (I bring you) good tidings, which shall be to all, to all people. (For unto you), for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. (For unto you is born this day, is born in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord), a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

54 THERE WERE SHEPHERDS.

G. Vincent, Mus. Doc.

Luke ii. 8-11, 13, 14.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch, keeping watch over their flocks by night. There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory, and the glory, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, Fear not, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings, good tidings of great joy, good tidings of great joy, which shall be, which shall be to all, to all people. For unto you is born this day, this day in the city of David a Saviour, a Saviour, which is Christ, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, praising God, and saying, Glory to God, Glory, Glory to God, Glory, Glory to God, Glory to God in the highest.

55 O WISDOM WHICH CAMEST.

J. Kinross.

O Wisdom which camest out of the mouth of the Most High, reaching from one end to another, mightily and sweetly ordering all things, come and show us the way of understanding. Come, Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus, come!

56 O LORD AND RULER.

E. Prout.

O Lord and Ruler of the house of Israel, Who didst appear to Moses in a flame of fire in the bush, (and gavest him the law,) and gavest him the law in Sinai, come, come and redeem us, come and redeem us, come, come, come, come and redeem us with an outstretched arm, come and redeem us with an outstretched arm. Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus! Come! come!

57 O ROOT OF JESSE.

M. B. Foster.

O Root of Jesse, which standeth for an ensign of the people, at Whom kings shall shut their mouths, at Whom kings shall shut their mouths, to Whom the Gentiles shall seek, come! Come and deliver us! Come, and tarry not! Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus! Come!

58 O KEY OF DAVID.

M. B. Foster.

O Key of David and Sceptre of the house of Israel, Thou that openest and no man shuttest, and shuttest and no man openeth, come and bring the prisoner out of his prison-house, who sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death, come and bring the prisoner out of his prison-house, who sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death. O Key of David and Sceptre of the house of Israel, come, Lord Jesus! come, Lord Jesus! come! come, Lord Jesus! come, Lord Jesus! come!
59 O DAYSpring.

J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.

O DAYSpring, O Dayspring, brightness of
the everlasting Light, and Sun of righteousness,
O Dayspring, O Dayspring, come and enlighten them that sit in darkness,
and enlighten them that sit in darkness and

60 O KING AND DESIRE.

J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.

O King and Desire of all nations, Thou
Corner-stone, Who hast made both one, come
and save man, whom Thou forrested from the
clay, come and save man, whom Thou
forrested from the clay, come and save man,
whom Thou forrested from the clay. Come.
Come, Lord Jesus, come! Come, Lord Jesus, come! Come, Lord Jesus, come! Come, Lord Jesus, come!

61 O EMMANUEL.

J. M. Coward.

O EMMANUEL, O Emmanuel, our King and
Lawgiver, King and Lawgiver, O Emmanuel, O Emmanuel, O Emmanuel, O Emmanuel, Hope of all
nations and their Saviour, come and save us,
(nations and their Saviour, come and save us,
O Lord our God, O Lord our God, come and save us, O Lord
our God, (Hope of all nations and their
Saviour, come and save us, come and save us,
O Lord our God, O Lord our God,) O Lord
our God, O Lord our God, our God, (our
God,) our God, (come and save us, come and save us,) save us, O God. Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus! Come.

62 O HOLY OF HOLIES.

J. M. Coward.

O HOLY of holies, O Holy of holies, unpotted
mirror, unpotted mirror of the majesty of
God, of the majesty of God and image of His
bounty, (come and take away, take away,
come and take away) come and take away
iniquity, iniquity, iniquity, (and bring, and
bring, and bring,) and bring, and bring in
eternating, and bring in everlasting,
and bring in everlasting, everlasting
righteousness. Come, come, Lord Jesus! Come,
Lord Jesus! Come, come, Lord Jesus! Come,
Lord Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus! Come!

63 O SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.

G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M.

(O SHEPHERD of Israel, O Shepherd of Israel
and Lord over the house of David, Whose
comings forth, Whose comings forth have been,

have been of old, (of old,) of old from ever-
lasting, come and feed Thy people in Thy
strength, and rule over them with justice
and judgment, come and feed Thy people in
Thy strength, and rule over them in justice
and judgment. (O come,) Lord Jesus! (O
come,) Lord Jesus! (come,) come, (come,) come,
(come,) Lord Jesus! come, Lord Jesus! come,
(come, come, Lord Jesus! come, come, come,
(become, become, become, become, come!)

64 GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

F. Schubert.

GLORY, glory to God in the highest!
Angels in chorus joyfully cry:
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Trembling and weak our voices reply,
Fain would we echo their anthem above,
Fain would we sing to the Fountain of life
Glory to God in the highest!
What though but feebly our accents arise?
esigning to hearken, He bends from the skies—
Glory to God in the highest!

Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Bright-beaming stars of midnight proclaim;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
All nature peals forth in praise to His Name.
Warbles the woodland and whispers the breeze,
Roar out the torrent and tempest-tossed seas,
Glory to God in the highest!
Loud His creation, still ceaseless, proclaims
Praise to her Maker in all her glad songs—
Glory to God in the highest!

Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Joining the choir, our tribute we bring;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Mortals, break silence, gratefully sing.
Reigning in majesty, throned above,
Yours is the royal gift of His love—
Glory to God in the highest!
Spread through creation, His grandeur we
trace,
Only in man He reveals His grace—
Glory to God in the highest!

65 LORD OF ALL POWER AND
MIGHT.


Lord of all power and might, Who art the
Author and Giver of all good things, cast
in our hearts the love of Thy Name, grieve
in our hearts the love of Thy Name, increase in
us true religion, nourish us with Thy good-
ness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the
same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
66 PREVENT US, O LORD.

W. Couchman.

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favour, and further us with Thy continual help, that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy Name, and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

67 LET THY MERCIFUL EAR.

B. Fine Westbrook, F.C.O.

Let Thy merciful ear, O Lord, (be open,) be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants, let Thy merciful ear, O Lord, (be open,) be open to the prayers, the prayers, to the prayers of Thy humble servants; (and that we may obtain our petitions,) and that we may obtain our petitions, make us to ask such things as shall please Thee, make us to ask such things as shall please Thee, such things as shall please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

68 GRANT, WE BESEECH THEE.

J. Booth.

Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people, pardon and peace, pardon and peace, pardon and peace, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, pardon and peace, (that they may be cleansed from all their sins,) (that they may be cleansed from all their sins,) that they may be cleansed from all their sins, be cleansed, be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind, and serve Thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. Amen.

69 LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES’ SAKE.

R. Farrant.

Lord, for Thy tender mercies’ sake, lay not on our sins to our charge; but forgive that is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful lives, to decline from sin and incline to virtue, (that we may walk, that we,) that we may walk with a perfect heart, that we may walk with a perfect heart before Thee now and forevermore, (that we may walk, that we,) that we may walk with a perfect heart, that we may walk with a perfect heart before Thee now and forevermore.

70 ALMIGHTY GOD, UNTO WHOM.

J. Kinross.

Almighty God, unto Whom all hearts are known, all desires manifest, and from Whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy Name, through Christ our Lord, through Christ our Lord. Amen. Amen.

71 WE BOW IN PRAYER.

W. B. Bradbury.

We bow in prayer before Thy throne, O God. Help us to worship Thee, to worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Help us to pray, help us to praise, and hear Thy word. Look down, O Lord, in mercy upon us, and blot out all our transgressions. O hear our prayer, accept our praise, forgive and bless us, for Jesus’ sake, forgive and bless us, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

72 THOU KNOWEST, LORD.

H. Purcell.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts. Shut not, shut not Thy merciful ears unto our prayer, but spare us, Lord, spare us, Lord most holy. O God, O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, for any pains of death, to fall, to fall from Thee. Amen.

73 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

H. Smart.

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting. To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. To Thee cherubin and seraphin continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. (The glorious company of the apostles) praise Thee; (the goodly fellowship of the prophets) praise Thee; (the noble army of martyrs) praise Thee: the holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee, the Father of an infinite majesty, Thine honourable, true, and only Son, also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver
ANTHEMS.

man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting. O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine heritage. Govern them and lift them up for ever. Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy Name ever world without end. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon us. O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

74 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc.

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting. To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. To Thee cherubin and seraphin continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory; the glorious company of the apostles praise Thee; the goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee; the noble army of martyrs praise Thee; the holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee, the Father, of an infinite majesty, Thine honourable, true, and only Son, also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Thou art the King of glory, the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven, of heaven to all believers. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting. O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine heritage. Govern them and lift them up, lift them up for ever. Day by day, day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy Name, Thy Name ever world without end. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon us. O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten, lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

75 JUBILATE DEO.

G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands, serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord, He is God; it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, (we are His people,) and the sheep of His pasture, and the sheep of His pasture. O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts, His courts with praise. Be thankful unto Him, be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His Name. For the Lord, the Lord is gracious, His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth, His truth endureth from generation to generation. 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, ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

76 MAGNIFICAT.

J. Baptiste Calpin.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the lowliness, the lowliness, the lowliness of His handmaiden. (For behold, from henceforth, for behold, from henceforth,) for behold, from henceforth all generations. He hath shewed strength with His arm, He hath shewed strength with His arm. He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things, (and the rich He hath sent empty away).

He, remembering His mercy, hath helped His servant Israel, as He promised our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever, for ever, for ever. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, as it was in the beginning, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

77 NUNC DIMITTIS.

J. Baptiste Calpin.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, according
ANTHEMS.

to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen, have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory, the glory of Thy people Israel.

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, world without end. Amen, Amen.

78 MAGNIFICAT.

E. Bunnell, Mus. Doc.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the lowliness, the lowliness of His handmaiden. For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy, holy is His Name. And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations. He hath shewed strength, shewed strength with His arm. He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away. He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel, as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever. 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.

79 NUNC DIMITTIS.

E. Bunnell, Mus. Doc.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen, have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

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.

80 CANTATE DOMINO.

E. Bunnell, Mus. Doc.

O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done, hath done marvellous things. With His own right hand and with His holy arm hath He gotten Himself the victory. The Lord declared His salvation; His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen. He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel, and all the ends of the world have seen, have seen the salvation of our God. Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands, sing, rejoice, and give thanks. Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving, with trumpets also and shawms, with trumpets also and shawms. O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King. Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is, the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord, before the Lord, for He cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity, the people, the people with equity.

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.

81 DEUS MISEREATUR.

E. Bunnell, Mus. Doc.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and shew us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise Thee. O let the nations rejoice and be glad, for Thou shalt judge, shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise Thee, praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing. God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear, shall fear Him.

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.

82 LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS.

J. Barnby.

(Lift up your hearts.) We lift them up unto the Lord. (Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God.) It is meet, meet and right so to do. (It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, holy Father almighty, everlasting God, holy Father, everlasting God.

Therefore, with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name, therefore, with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, (we magnify Thy glorious, Thy glorious Name,) we magnify Thy glorious, Thy
glorious Name, (see magnify Thy glorious,)
we magnify Thy glorious Name, therefore,
with angels and archangels and all the
company of heaven, we laud and magnify,
laud and magnify Thy glorious Name, ever-
more, evermore praising Thee, evermore,
evermore praising, praising Thee, evermore
praising Thee and saying.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts,
heaven and earth, heaven and earth are full
of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord,

83 SANCTUS.
T. L. Forbes.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven
and earth are full of the majesty, the majesty
of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, glory be to Thee, O Lord
most high. Amen.

84 SANCTUS.
J. Camidge, Mus. Doc.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven
and earth, are full of Thy glory. Glory to Thee, O Lord
most high. Amen.

85 SANCTUS.
T. Attwood.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven
and earth are full of the majesty, the majesty
of Thy great glory. Glory be to Thee, glory be to Thee, O Lord
most high. Amen.